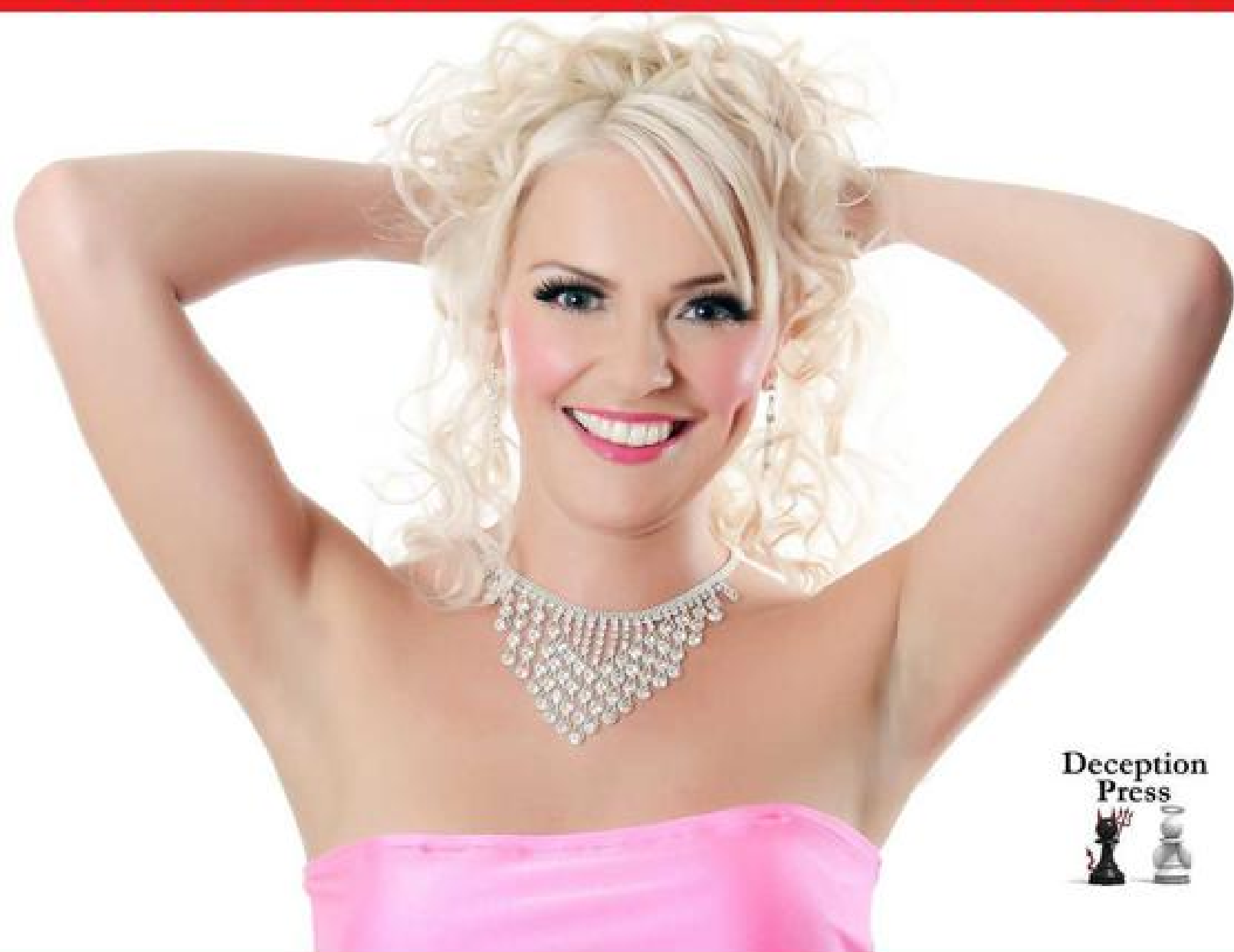


CHERRY TERRACE



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A Feminized Cuckold Story

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By Kylie Cooper

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Cherry Terrace is an explicit 9,766-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior. It includes cuckold humiliation, male and female domination, sissy submission, forced feminization, erotic humiliation, bisexuality, and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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Cherry Terrace by Kylie Cooper

On the north side of Saunders Boulevard in a neighborhood known as Cherrywood, there is a little joint known as Cherry Terrace. Calling it a "little joint" is ridiculous, now, with its three dance floors and numerous drink stations. But it was once a little joint, and for guys from the old neighborhood like Damon Burrows, Cherry Terrace was more fertile ground than it had ever been.

Both the neighborhood and the bar were named for the cherry trees that once occupied the valley nearby. But as the city expanded those cherry trees became a casualty of progress; now they're nowhere to be seen. For seventy years, Cherrywood was a racially mixed working-class neighborhood with the highest African-American home ownership in the region. Cherry Terrace was a mostly unsuccessful bar there. It was unsuccessful partly because its Italian-American owners catered defiantly to a Caucasian demographic, and also because it was one hell of a shitty little dive.

But then, about ten or fifteen years ago, Cherrywood began to gentrify. Over the course of that decade-plus, young hipsters moved in to the area seeking cheap rents and claimed Cherry Terrace as their own. Self-consciously ironic devotees of trash culture, the hipsters had loved Cherry Terrace for its tacky décor, campy retro sign and cheap drink specials.

With the influx of hipsters and a certain amount of coverage in the local press, Cherry Terrace had gotten big fast. It had become, in financial terms, a going concern. When the mom-and-pop shops on either side of Cherry Terrace had closed and their storefronts came open, the bar's octogenarian owners had been accepted a huge offer from a consortium of Persian-American investors.

They changed the bar entirely. They'd knocked out walls and renovated the two floors of office suites above Cherry Terrace, which had lain dormant for years. They installed two spiral staircases; three dance floors were next.

Cherry Terrace was now a nightclub, the embodiment of tacky -- but for a new era. Gone was the bar's kitschy charm, its ironic pallor. It was no longer self-consciously hip; it seemed to be screaming to strangers that it was the hippest bar in town.

The new patrons didn't give a damn. Cherry Terrace became the epicenter of the "pick-up culture" that flowered in the shadow of pricey condominiums and student ghettos -- the latter because Cherrywood was on the express bus line to the State University. When Freshman girls got to State, they were told by the female upperclassmen that if they wanted to get wasted, it was easy to do at Cherry Terrace. Though the drinking age was 21, bartenders there didn't card girls who showed a lot of flesh. And college girls today do love to show a lot of flesh.

Great crowds of them would get all dolled up in their sluttiest finery and hit Cherry Terrace to enjoy the pumping bass of danceable music and maybe show off on the dance floor once the cheap liquor had loosened them up. These girls often also hoped to hook up with a lawyer or banker or dot-com investor; there was plenty of money in Cherrywood in those days, and almost every sufficiently slutty State student occasionally indulged in fantasies of finding a sugar daddy.

College boys followed where the girls led; they tagged along, sometimes, or just went there in groups hoping to score on the girls' whose "investments" went bust but who still wanted sex.

To be fair, however, plenty of girls just hit Cherry Terrace to dance, and there was very little that wasn't allowed on the dirtiest dance floor in town. DJs often laced the hard-pumping music with suggestive sounds -- moans and cries of pleasure -- that helped move the action along.

But even more effective in "moving the action along" were the \$1 drink specials, not to mention the bartenders' practice of comping drinks for girls who wore little enough. Acting outrageous on the dance floor with your girlfriends would get you free liquor even faster.

That's why Damon Burrows was not surprised to see the hot pair of blondes going at it. What did surprise him was how far they went. These two were a little bit older, maybe in their mid-twenties. He suspected they were of the tribe of young white professionals who had purchased new-build condos in Cherrywood, and wanted to party at the sexiest local night spot within walking distance from their house.

These two were really going crazy, though. As they danced, they rubbed their bodies together, grinding their hips, tits and butts and occasionally doing more. Damon saw tongue during one of their "stage kisses," and he was damn sure it wasn't entirely a stage kiss. The two blondes liked to kiss open-mouthed and even to hump each other's thighs. Damon halfway expected the blondes to drop down on the dance floor and start up some out-and-out scissoring.

Both blondes wore clothes that challenged the boundaries of public decency. One had a red dress, the other a black one; both were unbelievably skimpy and neither girl seemed to be wearing much underneath. Every aggressive dance move threatened to pop one of those dresses right off the girls' undulating tits, but it never quite happened. Damon didn't even get a beaver shot. However short those dresses were, the two blondes knew how to push it to the limit, but not beyond.

Damon was somewhat impressed that the blondes' dirty dance had been so frankly aggressive that they seemed to have scared off the college boys. Maybe their openly Sapphic games had crossed a line and actually intimidated the men; maybe the guys were afraid they'd alienate the other girls there at Cherry Terrace, hurting their chances for a hookup. It was a reasonable concern; Damon had noticed that the blondes' blatant display had earned them several sour looks from the college girls nearby. He just didn't give a damn.

Panting and sweating, the two blondes sashayed to the nearest bar and waved down a bartender.

Damon elbowed through the crowd and made a beeline for them. With Damon's height and broad shoulders, he tended to clear a path through any crowd with ease. It was easy, this time. These blondes had gotten so slutty and so lezzie out there that they'd apparently intimidated the college boys even more than Damon expected. There was only one other guy there -- another black guy, not as tall as Damon and not as well-dressed, but whatever. The guy was already hitting on the taller of the two blondes. The shorter one was the hotter of the two, in his book, but she had smaller tits and a slightly narrower booty. Even so, Damon was more than happy to make his way up to the shorter blonde and give her the easy up-down that told her he was checking her out.

The girl checked him out right back, smiled broadly, and said: "Yum."

Damon might have been taken aback by the open show of interest, except that nothing surprised him anymore. A dedicated bachelor and a bit of a pick-up artist, he'd found his fair share of women who just wanted cock, and his six-three height and reasonably handsome features got him plenty of interest. Once a girl's interest was piqued, Damon's suave charm and easy physical manner would more often than not have her spreading her legs before she knew it. He'd had more luck at Cherry Terrace than almost anywhere else in the old neighborhood.

Damon worked hard to maintain his lean, muscled torso, but wore clothes that stayed classy, only hinting at what was beneath. He wore a fitted, tailored black suit of lightweight linen and a white tank top underneath. He was easy on the eyes and made eye contact like a pro. If a girl was looking for someone of "his type," Damon couldn't be missed.

The hot blonde apparently was. Maybe so was her girlfriend.

The shorter of the blondes looked Damon up and down and said, "Yum," as if she didn't even need to hide her reaction to him. Damon approved of

such openness; maybe it would help them refrain from wasting time.

He asked her, "How you doin'?"

"Great," said the petite blonde brightly. "Better, now."

"Nice to hear," said Damon with a grin. He introduced himself. They had to lean close and shout to be heard over the hard-pumping trance. The energetic anthem that had fueled the two blondes' sex show had given way to an even louder concoction.

It took them each three tries to get their names across. As the blonde heard it, Damon was "David," then "Dana" -- *as if!* -- then, finally, "Damon." The blonde shook Damon's hand with a limp, almost softly-caressing kind of hand, and gave him her name, which he heard, first, as "Amy," then "Angie," then -- finally -- "Avery," which he was sure about only after he'd spelled it back at her: "A-V-E-R-Y"?

Avery tittered flirtatiously, drunkenly. "You can spell," she joked.

Oh, so that's how she wanted to play it? Damon said, "I can do a lot of other things, too. So can you and your girlfriend. You really got wild up there."

"Did we?" asked Avery, brushing her hand through her long, messy blonde hair. "Yeah, I guess so. I don't know, sometimes the music gets hold of you, you know and--" she laughed, sounding drunker than ever. "It just kinda rolls right through you. You do crazy things." She giggled. She grabbed Damon's arm. "It probably sounds like I'm on E," she laughed.

"Are you?"

"Only the natural kind," joked Avery, putting her arms up over her head and mimicking one of the sensual dance moves she'd delivered when she and her girlfriend had been in full flight. A serpentine wave traveled through the blonde's lithe body. Damon watched, fascinated.

"Damn," he told her, shouting to be heard. "That is even nicer up close."

Avery was obviously pleased by the compliment, but didn't thank him. "Yeah?" she said. "It looks better the closer you get."

"That sounds like a plan. Can I buy you a drink?"

Damon had been so fixated on Avery's little whole-body shimmy that he hadn't noticed the bartender had already delivered the two blondes' tall, frothy drinks. Avery plucked hers off the bar and hoisted it, guiding the orange-colored straw to her lips. She never took her eyes off of Damon as she opened her very red lips -- shiny with clear gloss and lipstick beneath -- and came in for the suck.

Avery said, "Girls get drinks free, when we do stuff like that," Her hot red lips closed tight around the straw, made eye contact with Damon, and started to drink. Damon watched Avery suck down a quarter of the frothy beverage in one easy slurp. Then she put her drink down. "But you can tip the guy."

Damon never took his eyes off her. He thumbed out a five from the roll in his pocket, knowing it by its place three bills in. The first two were hundreds; beyond that were tens and twenties. He felt ostentatious about letting Avery see it, but she seemed like the kind of girl who was easily impressed. She was. Her eyes flickered over his roll and then dipped to his *other* lump -- the one that was forming in his slacks -- as if she understood there to be a concrete connection between the two.

"Damon?" asked Avery, her voice musical, as if she was halfway apologizing for not remembering his name. Damon didn't really give a shit if the girl remembered his name or not; he planned to forget hers as soon as he'd given her what she quite obviously wanted. Unless she was easy enough to be up for a repeat visit, even regular ones. Then she might end up on speed dial, with a hot picture of those full red lips as her avatar.

"Yeah, Damon," he said. "Avery." He said her name with conspicuous sensuality, and Avery visibly arched her back in response. Those tits of hers

pushed their way right through her dress, threatening to burst out at any moment. Her nipples were visibly hard, all but broadcasting her arousal. She glanced over her shoulder at her girlfriend, who was flirting with the other black guy. If anything, the taller blonde seemed even more receptive to that guy's interest; the guy certainly wasn't making any bones about it. He had his hand on the slender girl's butt, even.

"Hey, let's switch," said Avery. She reached back, grabbed the deep-plunging back of her girlfriend's dress right where it dipped down past her ass-crack. She pulled, without warning, slipping her arms around her friend's shoulders and practically shoving her up against Damon as Avery took her place there with the other guy, flirting and looking up into his eyes while he watched, flabbergasted.

"What the fuck?" Damon said, smiling good-naturedly to show that whatever game the two blondes were playing, he was ready to play along if they made it worth his while. If they were just fucking with him, well, that was a different story. Then he'd be pissed. His dick was halfway hard, and he didn't appreciate teases.

Damon thought: "What if they turn out to be hookers?" He banished that thought from his mind almost the second it arrived. No sane hooker would try to work Cherry Terrace; the free-and-clear pickings were way too easy. Besides, they didn't *feel* like hookers. Damon had been hustled before; he knew the signs, or at least had an instinct for them. Something told him these girls were just looking for cock. But where did the other guy fit in? Were they looking for a three-way? A four-way? He didn't do that. The last thing he wanted was some other guy in the room with him, grunting and sweating his ass off. As long as these sluts had at least a one-bedroom, though, things might work out just right. Damon didn't particularly care which of the two he took home. They were both hot enough to fuck, and then some.

Neither blonde could stop laughing drunkenly. They seemed to have the giggles, which annoyed Damon.

"Hi there," said the taller blonde. "I'm Britney."

This time, Damon got it the first time; her voice was louder and more confident. Since the other guy had already started copping feels, Damon didn't waste any time. He had his big hand on the taller blonde's hip before he'd finished telling her his name. She didn't try to shy away or try to move his hand; she just melted up against him and wriggled closer.

He still had to say his name three times before Britney got it. To her ears, he was "Jadyn" the first time and "Maven" the second. Britney finally got Damon's name on third repetition. She apologized for missing it the first two times by laughing and wiggling closer and putting her hand on his arm.

Damon took the opportunity to slide his other arm further around her, planting his hand on her fine, tight ass. It was round and seriously grabbable, so he grabbed it. When she didn't move away, Damon pulled her up closer and pressed her body flush to his. Britney let him, looking up into his eyes as she brought the frothy drink up to her mouth and fitted the straw between her lips.

If anything, Britney's lips were even redder, shinier and sexier than Avery's. Damon might have been considered a cad for thinking that his dick would look nice between them, if Britney hadn't so obviously been working hard to put exactly that thought in his head. There was no ambiguity in way she held eye contact while she teased her lips closer in an ever-tighter "O" and used her red tongue to toy with the straw. She held eye contact as she sucked even harder than Avery had -- nearly finishing the sweet pink drink in one beautiful suck while Damon watched. This bitch looked like she could suck the fillings out of your teeth.

"I love the way you do that," he said.

Britney kept sucking at the empty glass. The straw issued a slurping sound so loud Damon could hear it over the music. Britney gave a soft exhalation and said, "The way I suck?" Then she giggled. This girl was either very drunk or very horny or very shameless -- maybe all three at once.

Damon looked in her eyes. They were naturally blue, very pale, and painted with heavy mascara. Her cheekbones were high.

He leaned down closer than he probably needed to, in order to talk to her in a slightly lower voice, with his lips against her ear. He said:

"Your girlfriend Avery was just saying that girls get free drinks when they do dirty things on the dance floor."

Britney giggled. "Uh-huh. The dirtier the better. Watch this."

Each of the frothy drinks had a maraschino cherry, which Avery had ignored. Britney now speared the cherry at the bottom of the glass. She lifted the straw, with the impaled cherry, to her red lips. She popped it into her mouth. Her mouth did a little suckling and undulating as Damon watched in fascination. Swear to God, ten seconds later -- maybe twenty -- Britney popped her tongue out with the cherry stem tied in a knot.

Damon plucked the stem off of her tongue. HE saw that the girl had a tongue piercing.

"Ta-da!" she said laughingly, her voice rich and sonorous. "That was for you. You can keep it."

He slipped the cherry stem into his pocket. "Thanks," he said. "You know some other tricks?"

"Lots of them," she said.

"I like that. I know a few myself."

"Why don't you show me some?" Britney said.

Damon did. He leaned in and kissed her.

That tongue, which had proven so nimble with a cherry stem, was even better up against Damon's tongue. Britney kissed back with a softly

aggressive style, gradually getting more submissive as the deep kiss continued. A minute later, it was still going on, and Damon's arms were all the way around the woman's small body. He held her against him and kept right on kissing her, thrilling to the feel of her nimble tongue giving way under his thrusts.

His cock was all the way hard, now; with how close he'd pulled Britney, he knew the girl had to know. It's not like she would have not noticed. He was pushing wood up against her belly, almost reaching up to her full, ripe titties despite the high heels she was wearing. Out of those heels, this slut would be nice and petite, how Damon liked them -- but with a perfect booty that begged to be spanked. She was already letting him feel up her ass; Damon squeezed, and Britney just wiggled her butt in his grasp.

When he finally finished kissing her, he looked in her eyes and said, "How was that?"

Britney giggled. She rubbed her tits back and forth against Damon's chest. "I've got high beams," she said. "That was hot. You're a really good kisser, Damon."

Damon was moments from popping the question: "Wanna go someplace quieter?" But he never got to ask that question, because just then the other pickup artist, suddenly said loudly:

"Aw, hell, no!"

He'd gotten very nearly as much ground with Avery as Damon had gotten with Britney -- but he hadn't yet kissed her. His arms were around her, and hers around him when he said "Hell, no!" and started pulling away.

The guy disentangled himself quickly and shot off into the crowd so fast Damon couldn't believe it. He wasn't sure if this improved his chances or made it easier.

Avery couldn't start laughing. Britney looked embarrassed. Her face went very red. She didn't laugh. Avery did. Britney shied away from Damon, and

he let her go. The trio reconfigured itself so that now Damon stood facing both girls, neither one touching him -- quite -- but with Avery's arm around Britney's waist.

Damon had a deaf cousin, so he'd learned some sign language; his cousin had shown his gratitude by teaching Damon a little lip reading. That's why he knew what Avery was saying when she said to Britney:

"Oh, come on, sissy. I had to tell him."

Damon wasn't sure about the "sissy," it could have been "sister," but -- that didn't sound right. Suddenly everything fell into place. He thought about the cherry stem. If Britney was a guy, well, what the fuck? Damon knew he shouldn't be interested, but he couldn't stop thinking about that tongue and the things it could do.

Damon's eyes flickered up and down red-faced Britney again. This time he saw her with new eyes. Her hands were slightly bigger than they should have been; that's why she wore the lace gloves. Her knuckles probably would've been a dead giveaway. Her hips were full, round, smooth and feminine, but she had some shoulders on her. Those titties were definitely real -- but he knew that hormones could do that. As far as her mouth, well, maybe the bitch had had work done. Maybe on her nose, too. It was a cute little button nose, and her blue eyes looked almost too big to be natural.

It was Avery's turn again with Damon; she got up against him and guided her arms around his body. She kissed him lightly; Damon didn't open his mouth. She put her lips to his.

She still had to shout to be heard over the music. "I'm really sorry, Damon. We've been playing a game. I have something to tell you. Something about Britney."

"I know," said Damon flatly.

"She's, well...she's not a *normal* girl. She was my husband, see. But she had this weird fantasy...he wanted to watch me fuck around, and--"

"I know," said Damon.

"And he wasn't much of a man to begin with, so I started, you know, well....I mean, I do things to him, and I--sorry, I didn't expect you to kiss him...."

Damon responded by pressing his mouth against Avery's. She let him kiss her. Her tongue responded much as her husband's had; with aggressive undulation at first, then more gentle caresses, submitting softly to the thrust of Damon's more dominant tongue.

"So what do you say?" she asked breathlessly when he was done kissing her. "Wanna come home with us? Britney doesn't have to do anything." Avery's voice dipped low and got husky with lust. "It can just be you and me."

Damon's hand was on Avery's ass. He gave Britney another up-down. Damn. He couldn't believe it.

"We'll talk about it," said Damon. "How far you live?"

"Just a few blocks," said Avery.

"Let's get there, then."

#

They didn't talk about it -- Britney's "status" as a girl who used to be a guy. At least, they didn't talk about it on the walk back to Avery and Britney's place. Damon walked the first block with his hand on Avery's ass and Britney walking dejectedly, red-faced, a few steps behind. Damon couldn't stand it. He finally slowed up and gestured her in.

Britney looked like she'd given him the best present a girl could get. She scampered up to him and melted into his arms. He let one arm circle her

waist; he only hesitated a moment before he let his hand drop deeper and take hold of the sissy's ass.

With a hot ass in each hand, Damon was in heaven even if one of them was a guy's ass -- or used to be. It sure felt like a woman's butt, for sure; Damon found out by groping and squeezing it, which only made Britney rub bag against him eagerly. Damon was not drunk at all; he couldn't blame liquor for what he was going to do. What he could blame, instead, was the hot feel of both woman's asses under his groping hands, and those red lips of Britney's, and the cherry stem in his pocket.

And, most importantly of all, the throbbing ten inches in his pants. He was rock-hard, and knowing that Britney was a guy -- or had been, at one time -- had done nothing to soften his erection. When they passed through darker, emptier blocks, Avery would reach out and touch Damon's cock a little. The first few times, she let out a soft murmur of surprise, as if she could not believe it was there, or that it was hard, or maybe how big it was.

Damon knew all too well what he'd brought to the encounter; he'd had quite a few girlfriends for whom taking his monster was quite an ordeal. But Avery was a little older than most of them, and seemed like she'd been around the block. And as for Britney? Well, he hadn't decided yet what he might let the little bitch do to his joint.

When they walked down a particularly dark street, with no one out on the sidewalk and no apartment windows at ground level, Damon did something he wouldn't have expected.

He reached out and took hold of Britney's left hand. He guided it to the bulging front of his slacks.

Britney acted like she'd been given a great honor. Her hand moved up and down on Damon's prong, right alongside her wife's.

Then Damon whispered: "That's going inside your wife tonight, you little bitch."

That much, at least, Damon knew was true. And when Britney heard it, her whole body reacted. A shiver went through it. She seemed to collapse against him, stumbling a little on her very high heels. If Damon hadn't been gripping her ass so firmly, holding her up, she might have gone down.

But he was. His hand gripped the sissy's ass tightly and kept her upright. Turned out Britney had a good enough grip on Damon's cock to use it like a handhold.

He felt Britney's lips against his ear. She said:

"Yes, thank you, Sir. Please fuck my wife with your big black cock, Sir. And, please, Sir, if it please you, may this slave watch?"

Damon didn't know how he felt about that "big black cock" thing, but he figured, what the hell? Pussy was pussy, and even Britney struck him more as pussy than she was the other thing. Hell, those tits were priceless, if nothing else.

And Damon liked being called "Sir." It made him feel powerful. He'd always been kind of aggressive in bed; he didn't mind getting kinky one bit. He liked tying girls up; he'd had more than a few girlfriends who liked it, took, and even wanted to be spanked or slapped or called nasty names.

This was something way past that, though. This wasn't quite fucking a guy, but Britney was certainly not Damon's usual type -- all appearances, tastes and smells thus far to the contrary. It surprised Damon a little bit how sexually he responded to Britney. Maybe the little slut really was a girl, after all. At least, Damon decided, she was enough of a girl to have mercy and let the little whore suck his dick. She certainly wanted it bad enough.

Britney's hoop earrings dangled against Damon's lips as he growled in her ear:

"Only if you suck it first."

Britney whimpered submissively and gripped his cock tighter through his pants.

She said softly: "Yes, Sir. If I have to, Sir."

Damon said firmly: "Yeah, bitch. You have to."

He felt up the sissy's fine, tight ass with his fingers and wondered at how a guy could end up like this. He wasn't all that damn sure he cared. All he cared about was that he would let hot little blonde Britney suck his dick before he put it into Britney's wife. Damon was surprised to realize he was perfectly fine with that.

#

Britney and Avery's place was one of those bland new-build townhouses that had sprung up all over the neighborhood. Damon had always hated them, but he hated them, now, a little bit less. He noted the sign on the mailbox: "Brett and Avery Sinclair."

"Brett, huh?" he said.

"Yes, Sir," said Britney nervously.

"I like you as Britney better," he said.

"Everyone does," Britney said breathlessly. "Thank you, Sir."

Avery opened the door. The two blondes led Damon inside, each girl taking one of his hands and guiding him into the living room.

The living room was big, with a leather couch and a nice open window with the curtains open. The view of the city was spectacular. There was enough moonlight pouring through the window that neither girl bothered to turn the lights on. Instead, Avery and Britney led Damon to the big, comfortable leather couch and sat him down. Avery whispered something into Britney's ear before she sat down with Damon.

"Would you like a beer, Sir?" Britney asked in response to her Mistress's prompting.

"Love one," said Damon, not taking his eyes off of Avery. "Whatever you got."

"Yes, Sir," said Damon. "Mistress? Would you like something?"

"I'd definitely like something," said Avery with a hungry look at Damon's crotch. She smiled and told her husband, "Red wine for me."

Britney melted away for a minute while Avery slid onto the leather couch and then climbed Damon's lap. She wrapped her fingers around the bulge in Damon's slacks, obviously eager to get the party started.

Damon kissed Avery hard while she worked her hand up and down on his cock. She quickly tired of rubbing it through his slacks, and started to work on his belt.

By the time Britney came back holding a tray with a beer and a glass of red wine, Avery had Damon's slacks unzipped and his dick in her mouth.

Avery's warm, wet mouth felt like heaven gliding up and down on his shaft. As Avery sucked him, Damon's hand easily slid up the back of her thighs. He put his hand up her short dress and felt her up. He wasn't surprised to find out she wasn't wearing underwear.

Damon caressed Avery's slit as her lips worked up and down on his shaft. The little slut was dripping wet and ready for him. Damon slid two fingers into Avery's tight cunt. She moaned in response, her lips up against his cock and her tongue lapping eagerly. Avery pushed her fine, tight ass up against Damon's hand, coaxing his fingers deeper into her.

Britney stood there, watching and whimpering softly. Damon couldn't be sure, but he thought he saw the front of the girl's very tight skirt bulging slightly. Was the little bitch getting a hard-on?

Damon was more than a little surprised to realize he didn't mind the idea of being watched, especially by such a hot creature as Britney -- even if the bitch was going to pop a boner. Damon had enjoyed sex with a few married women. His favorite by far had been Isabelle, this half-Vietnamese and half-Japanese drop-dead gorgeous piece of ass that loved to get fucked really hard. Isabelle was little but had these firm, ripe tits, not too big but plenty to handle. She was gorgeous and sensual. Isabelle's husband had known she'd been fucking around. She said it turned the guy on when she told him about how good Damon fucked her.

At the time, Damon had not cared one way or the other if Isabelle's husband knew he was fucking her. He'd just wanted the pussy, and Isabelle's was the finest around. But in retrospect, the thought of Isabelle's husband jacking his sad little cock while she told him how big Damon's dick was didn't bother him one bit at all. Isabelle had been one of the ones that never had an easy time taking Damon's cock into her very tight pussy, though she'd always loved it when he finally got it in there; from the stories Isabelle had told Damon, her husband's little dick was one of the things she always teased the poor guy about. Isabelle said her husband's tiny little dick would get hard when she told the man how small it was. She'd tell her husband all about how his miniature "thing" couldn't stretch Isabelle's pussy the way Damon's could.

Damon hadn't ever met Isabelle's husband; he didn't even remember the loser's name. But the same thing was obviously true of "Brett"-cum-"Britney" and Avery. The wife had a close-fitting little hole, snug as hell and tight on his fingers. Damon wondered if he'd have trouble getting his cock into her; Isabelle's tight little pussy hadn't always wanted to cooperate even when Isabelle did. A couple of times, he'd barely been able to get it in.

Avery was really going crazy, though. When he fingered her, she responded with moans and a thrusting motion of her hips. She sucked his dick eagerly, rubbing it all over her face until her makeup was smeared. She looked up and made eye contact with Damon sometimes, her eyes big and bright in the moonlight while her lips worked their way up and down on his shaft. If anything, Avery was even more eager than Isabelle had been. She

was really going to town on both his dick and his fingers. Even better, she obviously got off on making her husband watch.

Damon suspected Avery's cunt would take his big dick nice and easy when the time came. For now, though, Damon enjoyed her mouth and took pleasure in exploring her pussy with his fingers. Damon did nothing to rush Avery's work on his joint; he enjoyed every minute of her wet lips and supple tongue gliding up and down on his shaft.

Avery was wet as a faucet. She rubbed herself up and down hungrily against his hand with every little rub he gave her clit. Whenever he buried his fingers -- two, and then three -- up into her, she did more than just rub; she shuddered all over and raised her ass higher to fuck herself onto Damon's hand.

Avery finally came up for air. Her mess mouth left sticky smears of lipstick on Damon's cock.

Avery got off the couch, wiggling her way off of Damon's fingers with a soft yelp when Damon finally let them disengage.

Damon reached up with pussy-wet fingers and took the beer from Britney's tray, which she'd been holding the whole time. Avery took her glass of wine and downed half of it; she'd certainly earned a drink. There was no drink for Britney, who was standing there obediently with her hands at her sides, watching.

Avery put the wine glass on the coffee table and planted her mouth on her husband's. The two kissed the way they'd done on the dance floor. Their hands roved all over each other. Avery unzipped the back of her husband's dress; Britney didn't have to unzip anything on her wife's simple, barely-there garment. All she did was slide the spaghetti straps over Avery's slim shoulders, and the whole thing was gone. It just whispered its way down her body to her ankles, and Avery stepped out of it. She kicked it away with the toe of her high-heeled shoes.

The wife wearing a stitch underneath -- no panties, no stockings, no bra. Damon had known that as early as the pair's second dance; there was no room under that dress for a bra, and the plunging neckline had clung to Avery's tits with too tight and revealing an intimacy for there to be anything between it and them. Especially after Avery's nipples got hard while she flirted with Damon, he'd known she'd been braless. It took one daring, horny, shameless slut to go out to Cherry Terrace dancing in a dress like that with no underwear.

Then again, it took balls of brass to feminize your husband and drag him to Cherry Terrace to pick up black guys, didn't it? Damon was impressed.

Britney's dress took a little more work to get off, because the sissy husband had more to camouflage. He had a bra under there, holding up tits that definitely on the big side, even bigger than Damon had thought they were. Once Britney had wiggled out of her dress and her wife had unfastened her bra and peeled it off of her, Damon could see that he'd been wrong about Britney's tits; they weren't natural, or even hormone-grown. She'd had a pair of big silicone mounds put in there, but it was good work. Bare, pale, and shimmering in the moonlight, Britney's tits were at least as aesthetically pleasing as her wife's hot mounds, maybe even more so. Damon liked them big, so he didn't mind the fake ones a damn bit, even if they were slightly too firm for his taste. What Britney's titties lacked in realistic texture, Damon was happy to see they more than made up for in size.

Avery and Britney had been making out the whole time they undressed each other for Damon. Now, Avery climbed into Damon's lap and asked him:

"Do you want her panties on or off? If you'd like, I can even lock her little thing up." Avery explained with a proud tone: "I've got a chastity tube. I make her wear it sometimes. Not usually anymore, but sometimes when she's bad..."

Damon barked, "Bitch! Are you gonna be bad?"

"No, Sir," said Britney breathlessly.

Damon shook his head. Avery smiled. Damon didn't know what the fuck a chastity tube was, but he could do the math. He didn't want any part of it. He didn't know why, but he liked the way Britney's dick looked with its hard little tip sticking straight out in her cherry-red panties. Britney's panties were almost see-through in front and had a thong back that was nothing more than a string up the sissy's butt-crack. Damon liked the way it tugged its way up between the slut's smooth-shaved round cheeks. Damon was a big fan of thongs. On girls, that is. He hadn't figured on being a fan of thongs on hubbies who used to be guys, but who gave a damn?

Damon kept thinking about how when he slid his dick into Avery, Britney's little pecker was just about guaranteed to be hard from watching her wife get fucked.

Damon said, "Nah, just leave those panties on. Turn around for me, Britney. Show me your ass."

"Yes, Sir."

Britney did as Damon said. She bent over and reached back and squeezed her ass cheeks and even slapped them, a few times on each cheek. They reddened nicely. Avery thrilled to the sight of her husband following Damon's orders, especially when Damon made her turn around and hold up her tits for him and pinch her own nipples. Avery got so turned on she just had to put Damon's dick back in her mouth. The whole time that her sissy husband was showing off for Damon, Avery kept on polishing his knob like it was her fondest wish in creation. Every now and then she'd come up from deep-throating Damon's joint and she'd watch for a while, obviously getting off on the sight of her hot little sissy showing off for Damon. The red-faced husband would look even more embarrassed when his wife was watching.

It was those lips that made Damon want to go further. Those perfect, red, puffy, probably collagen-plumped, glossy, painted, puckered and fuckable lips drove him crazy. Them, and the memory of the tightly-tied cherry stem Damon had in his pocket.

Avery sucked him for a while, going back and forth between rubbing his cock all over her face, sucking the head and the shaft, sliding it up between her pushed-together tits, and sucking his balls into her mouth, licking and worshipping those, too. Every now and then, Avery would stretch her throat out, open wide, and swallow him all the way down, deep-throating Damon again and again for a dozen thrusts till she lost control, gagged, and came up coughing.

By the time Damon finally gave Britney the order, the blonde sissy's wife had gotten Damon's cock and balls good and wet, and his dickhead was well acquainted with the hot wife's tonsils. He wanted to know if the sissy sucked dick anywhere near as well as his wife did.

So he said, "Get down here, bitch. Suck my dick." Then, to Avery, he said roughly, "You. C'mere."

"Yes, Sir," said Avery, obviously thrilled at the dominant attitude Damon had taken. She slid her way up against him, putting his arms around him and nuzzling his neck. Damon kissed her, only once but deep -- not even caring that he could taste his own dick on the blonde wife's hot mouth.

Britney blushed as she lowered herself to her knees. She started to crawl, her panty-clad, feminine body undulating sensuously as she crawled across the hardwood floor of the living room. She was an expert at crawling; hell, she seemed like some kind of professional. Bitch could've been a stripper, if it wasn't for the little nozzle sticking out of her panties.

Britney lowered her face into Damon's lap while he made out with her wife. His right hand made its way down to Avery's ass again, groping her crack while he reached over, petting her slit with his left hand. Britney's warm mouth felt as good as her wife's had. She sucked Damon's dick in long strokes, taking it maybe a third of the way and then breathing deep, straightening out, arching her back and pushing herself all the way onto it. She gagged as she forced Damon's full length down her throat; she wasn't the deep-throat expert her wife was.

Britney had one thing going for her, though; her ass looked damn fine shoved high up in the air like that. She wiggled it back and forth as she pumped herself onto Damon's cock. Damon got off on the gagging sounds as she fucked her face onto him. He got off even more on the way Britney's huge, firm tits felt against his legs as she bobbed up and down on his dick.

Avery's hand rested on Britney's head; she was petting her husband as the bitch sucked Damon's cock. Avery and Damon made out with increasing passion. Damon fingered Avery and felt up her crack, which she seemed to like, but she liked having her pussy fingered more. Damon didn't mind that one bit; he was a big fan of ass, but he liked pussy better. And what's more, he'd started to pay more attention to that fine sissy ass that Britney kept shaking back and forth as she sucked him. AS he saw it, that nearly amounted to an engraved invitation.

But first things first. Avery was flushed and hot, her arousal obvious. Damon had been fingering and caressing her clit for long enough to get her evidently close to an orgasm. She was humping herself against his hand.

Damon growled in Avery's ear: "Time to fuck."

Avery shivered pleasantly at the dominant sound of Damon's voice. He'd said it loud enough that Britney heard, but she didn't stop sucking his dick. He pushed Britney away gently; the sissy came off of his dick dripping spittle and pre-cum.

"Kneel, Britney," Damon said. "Put your hands behind your head. You get to watch, but I don't want you jacking that thing."

Avery was impressed. "Oh, fuck," she said. "You know what you're doing."

Not really, thought Damon, but it seemed to be good enough.

The red-faced sissy obeyed Damon, dripping spit from her chin onto her perfect tits. She put her hands together at the back of her head, fingers laced together under her mop of messy bleach-blond hair.

"Spread your legs, baby," Damon said to Avery. Avery obeyed, spreading so wide on the couch that one high-heeled shoe rested on the back of the couch and the other on the floor. Avery's pussy was shaved and pretty. Damon liked it even more now that he got a good look. It was a hell of a view, even with no lights on, just in the moonlight streaming through the windows.

Avery watched with great interest as Damon stood, slid his jacket back over his shoulders, folded it and laid it cautiously over a nearby chair. He pulled off his tank top and tossed it nearby in a ball. He kicked off his shoes and socks and let his pants and his shorts go down easy; he folded the slacks carefully and laid them over his coat. The shorts, he just kicked over into a corner.

Then he was on Avery, the wife's naked body spread out underneath him like a smorgasbord. Her hips rose up to meet him; her hand was on his dick, guiding it up against her slit. She teased herself, up-and-down strokes of his cockhead for a moment, but it didn't seem like she wanted to wait. She zeroed in on her pussy, positioning Damon's huge cockhead at her hole and lifting her hips, raising her ass a little higher off the leather couch to meet Damon's downward thrust.

As Damon had originally suspected, it wasn't all that easy to get his dick in her. Avery was tight -- tighter than he'd ever felt, almost. Damon had always known his dick was way bigger than average. He wasn't proud of it necessarily; it was simply a fact of life. For girls like Avery, a dick the size of his seemed to be the Holy Grail. Or maybe it was Britney who liked big dicks, and the sissy's wife was just showing off for her husband. Britney was really going crazy over there. Denied the pleasure of whacking her crank, she kept moaning and letting her hips rock and pump in sympathy with her wife. Avery struggled to take Damon into her, her naked body surging up against Damon's as she fought to relax against his thrust.

Finally, Avery cried out as Damon's huge cockhead finally breached her snug entrance. Her eyes went wild; she seemed to spasm all over, every muscle in her body getting rigid at once. Then she was relaxing, soft and

slow, wet and ready and slippery, just like warm butter underneath Damon's hard, muscled body.

Damon thrust into Avery's tight body. He fucked her gently at first, stroking his dick in and out just an inch at a time; it took quite a long while for Damon to get it in deep enough that he could really start to plow the hot blonde wife.

By then, Avery was going nuts with pleasure. He had thought, at first, that her cries were of pain. But when he felt the raw, powerful muscular spasms of Britney's first orgasm, he knew she wasn't crying out in pain.

The bitch was cumming.

That was just Avery's first orgasm; before long, Damon could tell she was going to cum again, and maybe again after that. Damon had always believed in taking his time, and even Avery, with her pussy stretched to the limit, wouldn't have had it any other way. She fucked herself onto him, relaxing progressively until her tight pussy opened and let him get just about all of his cock inside her. From so tight to so deep and easy in, what, ten, maybe twenty minutes of fucking, with gradual stretching? The human cunt was a wonder, thought Damon as he started to give it to Avery faster, in earnest, pinning her hard to the black leather couch and fucking her harder and deeper with every stroke.

She came again after Damon grabbed her wrists and held them against her. She liked it like that, the little kinky slut, struggling against him while he held her down and pounded her. Her body twisted and writhed underneath him, her thrusts getting ragged and uncontrollable as her second climax exploded through her naked body. She screamed at the top of her lungs when she came that time; Damon sure as fuck hoped these two bitches didn't have neighbors.

Wide-eyed, Britney emitted progressively louder moans of sympathy as she watched how hard Damon fucked her wife.

They were thirty minutes in, at least, when Avery's bright eyes opened wide and looked into Damon's. Avery's whole body was sweaty by then, beads of it running between them. Damon had sweated a little, too, but it was Avery who was really out of control. Flushed all over, she seemed nearly out of her mind. He had never seen a girl who liked dick the way this one did.

He heard Avery's soft, whimpered moan, hoarse from the screaming and building arousal:

"I'm not on the pill," she said. "Will you pull out? When it's time? Don't cum inside me?" Then, softly, she whispered: "Sir?"

Not on the pill? Damon felt a rush. The last thing he needed was to knock some girl up, even a girl with a...*husband*, of sorts. But he had to admit there was something pretty hot about that. What kind of a reckless bitch spreads her legs for a stranger without even mentioning something like that? Avery couldn't have been so drunk she did that unless she wanted to anyway.

Damon was getting there, but he wasn't that close. He could have cum any time, but he could hold back for a while, if he wanted. He decided he wanted. He leaned back and drew his cock just to the entrance of Avery's cunt, letting it push up hard against that place inside her that made her eyes roll back way into her head. Avery moaned uncontrollably as he started to jock his cock back and forth at the tightest point of her entrance, making her struggle to take it with every inch or so of his shallow thrusts.

Avery's cries of pleasure grew shrill as she almost lost control. She shivered and shuddered all over, helpless and spread underneath him.

He looked into her eyes and said, "What if I don't?"

Avery's eyes widened; she started fucking herself onto his cock harder than ever. He drew back and made her come for every inch, pushing herself onto him. He put his hand up and held it against her throat, not really

pushing, but telling her he as in charge. Even so, her hips kept on working, thrusting herself onto Damon's cock.

Her moans and cries rose louder as she fucked herself onto him, only allowed to take the cockhead. Damon had been paying attention to how Avery's cunt responded, especially the shallows where she had a full, swollen G-spot -- or whatever you wanted to call it. What Damon knew was that the shallow thrusts put pressure up tight against Avery's front side. That made her go crazy. It wasn't long before Damon felt the spasms of her pussy as Avery succumbed to a third explosive orgasm.

Damon watched with pleasure as he watched Avery cum a third time; her naked body looked gorgeous as she writhed and twisted under him. She kept pumping herself good and hard onto Damon's cock, like she needed it wanted, it couldn't say no to it. She could have pulled herself off him at any time, especially when he said:

"Oh, yeah, I'm gonna cum, baby. If you're not on the pill, you better stop doing that."

Avery's body responded apart from her sweat-dripping, beautiful face. The latter looked scared. The former behaved as if it had a desperate need her mind was not allowed to comprehend. She was just finishing cumming, and Damon's proclamation seemed to prolong her pleasure; a fresh round of spasms and shudders went through Avery's body as she fucked herself harder onto his cock. She even, finally, opened her eyes wide and looked up into Damon's eyes as she prepared to milk his cum out of his cock, knowing full well that she shouldn't.

Damon loved the look of deep conflict on Avery's gorgeous face. He liked even more than she seemed unable to stop her body from getting what it wanted. But he wasn't about to let her get it.

He pulled back, grabbing Avery's legs and pushing her knees up to her shoulders. Spread wide and pinned down like that, Avery was helpless either to stop Damon from cumming inside her or fuck herself onto him till

her tight cunt milked him dry. She could only wait underneath him and wait to see what he did.

Damon did the responsible thing. He pulled back. He felt the tight entry of Avery's cock stretching around his head as he worked to pop it free. Avery cried out in shock as Damon's fullness stretched her and then left her empty. His cock bobbed up and hovered above her shaved pussy.

"You!" Damon barked. "Cumdump! Get over here! Finish me off!" Damon looked at the sissy, who was already crawling toward him.

"Tonight, you get to be your wife's birth control, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Britney. "Th-thank you, Sir."

She wrapped her red lips around Damon's cock and started going at him with eager and obvious hunger. She sucked hard and bobbed up and down, her tongue working up and down over the underside of his cock.

Damon was right on the edge. Before he came in the sissy's mouth, he grunted:

"Rub it, bitch. Rub your little thing. Squirt for me, bitch. Squirt in your panties."

Britney was kneeling in such a way that Damon couldn't see her crotch, but he didn't need to. While she held the base of Damon's cock with her left hand, her right hand fumbled for her own dick and started to rub it through the thin, see-through panties. She beat it *hard* while she went right on sucking Damon. If anything, he thought the sissy's skills as a knob-polisher benefitted from having her own dick in her pretty little lace-gloved hand.

The sissy came just before Damon did. It seemed like record time, but that didn't surprise him. A trembling wave of pleasure went through her body, and Damon felt vibrations against the head of his dick as the sissy tried to moan even as she swallowed his cock down her throat in big, deep,

aggressive thrusts. Avery was moaning like crazy, too, still shaking and heaving from the pleasure of her triple orgasm; she watched every move her husband made as the sissy finished off Damon's cock.

Pleasure blasted through Damon. He groaned as he felt his tight balls contracting, his dickhead erupting in torrents of jizz. The sissy's mouth flooded with his seed. The little cunt knew how to make the most of it, too. Britney slid Damon's cockhead right to her lips and suckled as she jacked him, so she could taste every drop. Every new pulsing blast filled her mouth again; the little slut serial-swallowed, gulping as she kept on sucking him.

Damon had never blasted that much cum inside a girl's mouth. He had sure as hell never blown a load like that and had some slut gobble it down the way Britney did. Her throat kept on working, taking mouthful after mouthful of cream as Damon's balls emptied into her mouth. When he finally finished she kept right on sucking him, her tongue teasing the last leaking drops out of Damon's cock tip until he softened past the halfway point.

Britney came up for air, panting.

Britney wiped her chin, but Damon could tell that was just from the drool. Damon's hot load had gone right down the hatch, and the sissy's face had a rosy glow to it now. Maybe cum was her natural diet.

Britney said, "Thank you, Sir."

Britney's eyes were wild; her tits heaved as she struggled to catch her breath.

"Yes," she said. "Thank you, Sir."

"My pleasure," said Damon.

Damon turned back to Avery, who looked sweaty and exhausted. Damon and Avery just looked in each other's eyes for a while, something close to

romantic affection passing between them even through the lingering scent of raw lust.

The whole time, their sissy knelt there, staring up at both of them obediently, waiting for orders. When Damon looked down, he saw the dark stain on the front of Britney's red panties. That slut had really blasted a load. It was starting to harden.

Avery sat up and wrapped her arms around Damon's waist. She kissed his hard, rippled stomach and asked in a soft, timid voice:

"Would you like to stay the night?" Then more shyly, Avery added: "I'd love to show you the bedroom."

Damon looked down at Britney. Was it his imagination or was the wet stain in her panties starting to swell a little bit? Was the little bitch already getting hard again?

Damon figured it shouldn't surprise him too much. With Avery's tits rubbing up against his dick, he was starting to stiffen already, too.

Damon asked Britney: "What do *you* think of that, bitch? Your wife wants to take me to bed. You like that idea?"

"Yes, Sir," said Britney. Then, with breathless excitement, she volunteered:

"I'll sleep on the floor, Sir."

Damon grinned. He gently caressed Avery's pretty, messy face.

He said, "Try if you like. But I don't think you'll get much sleep."

As it turned out, she didn't. Damon and Avery made way too much noise -- all night long, and into the morning. But Britney didn't mind missing a night of sleep...or serving as Avery's cumdump, again and again...and again.

It was a long night, but as far as Avery and Britney were concerned, it was a night of the very best kind.

And Damon was far from disappointed, as well, especially when Britney got up and made breakfast in bed. Not only could the little sissy suck dick; she could also cook. There were eggs and toast, and most importantly bacon, light and crispy and perfect the way Damon liked it.

Damon had always said if he ever had a wife, cooking bacon and giving blowjobs would be her most important skills. Damon ate six or eight pieces of bacon and lost track of the number of BJs he let Britney give him between long, deep sessions of fucking Avery.

The little sissy needed the practice, and Damon was glad to be of service. He'd have Britney sucking dick like a pro in no time.

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