

FIRST MEETING



A FEMDOM STORY OF FORCED BI
CUCKOLD FEMINIZATION

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Published by Deception Press

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First Meeting by Amy Dillon

I made a real mess of the hotel bathroom turning Greg into Gigi, and it took forever. But it was more than worth it. We'd gotten early check-in at the Downtown Dumont, but it still took till 8:00 for me to be satisfied that Gigi was my little slut.

I was more than pleased with the results. As a man, my husband is a little skinnier than my usual taste. As a girl, Gigi was just my type. Her body looked hot in her matching white babydoll nightie and panties, plus a pair of white fishnet stay-ups and white high heels. My little slut liked to pretend to be innocent, when in fact she wasn't innocent at all.

Despite the white lingerie, Gigi's face, hair and body didn't make her look innocent. I had teased out Greg's normally medium-length, sandy-blond hair into a messy, slutty mop, and painted him up into Gigi just the way he likes: heavy pink eyeliner, lipstick, black mascara, and under it all enough foundation and blush to make Greg's baby-face into Gigi's girly-girl face.

Her white panties bulged already; just being dressed up was more than enough to get Gigi good and turned on. Her little "sissy clit" was stretching through the nearly see-through front of her white lace-and-mesh panties; it looked deliciously suckable, but it wouldn't be getting sucked today. Gigi had promised she'd be a good little girl for her Mistress; if she was, she might be gifted with a handjob...*after* I'd had my fill of another man's cock.

By the time Gigi was made up, I'd gotten naked except for a hot pair of black fishnet stay-ups and my highest black heels. I had thought about wearing some hot piece of lingerie for the encounter, but I'd been working so hard for so long at the gym on my belly and hips and butt and legs so that I would look hot when this finally happened. Having put all that effort in, I wanted to show off as much as possible. I wanted to be blatantly visible when our guest arrived. Even more important, I just flat-out liked the way I looked in nothing but stockings and high heels. I could tell Gigi liked it, too.

"On your knees, sissy," I told her.

I sat on the side of the big hotel bed and as Gigi obediently knelt before me, her knees apart. I ran my hand over Gigi's shaved body, admiring the way her smooth chest looked under the babydoll nightie. It was a skimpy garment, open in front and tied with a ribbon just above Gigi's smooth tits. Like her panties, the nightie was mostly see-through, so I had a nice view of Gigi's tits. They were pierced with bright, heavy silver rings, in another sign of my husband's growing submission to me. That's why I hadn't let Gigi wear a stuffed bra the way I sometimes did; even flat-chested, her titties were sexy as hell.

I played with them a little, coming in close as if I were about to kiss Gigi. Then I pulled away at the last moment, laugh, when Gigi opened her mouth to accept the kiss.

I purred, "Whores don't get kissed sissy. We're both whores tonight, so...no kissing." I said it close enough that I knew Gigi could feel the warmth of my breath against her cheek.

Her blue eyes fluttered closed. She said softly, "Yes, Mistress."

Her eyes popped wide open again when I yanked on her nipples. I tugged and twisted those heavy-duty nipple rings with my left hand. I ran my right down to the front of her panties. I felt up her healthy bulge. Gigi was *hard*.

"You little slut," I teased her. "You *want* this to happen."

Gigi was red-faced, breathing hard, her little tits heaving. Her arms submissive crossed in the small of her back, she looked down at the floor and didn't dare glance up at me. My left hand came up from her nipples and molded effortlessly to the soft hollow of her throat. I pushed her chin up so she was forced to look at me. The fear and shame in her bright blue eyes made me wet.

She wanted to fight. She wanted beg. That was fine with me. I liked it when Greg fought back, when he begged for mercy, when he whimpered and whined and let Gigi play the innocent little virgin who didn't have sick, kinky fantasies. I already knew what my husband wanted; I had finally accepted it, and I was going to give it to him. I had no more misgivings about cuckolding Greg, even if he really did have second thoughts. I had even fewer misgivings about making Greg into Gigi, something he obviously loved. And why should I? Why should I have any doubt about doing what my husband had all but begged me to do. Why should I resist giving my husband-slash-slut what "she" really needed.

Gigi was going to get what she needed, whether she liked it or not. But I wanted to look into her eyes as I gave it to her.

With one hand on her cock and the other on her throat, I told Gigi:

"Come on, baby. You know you want this to happen. You little slut. You're dying to see me get fucked by a real man."

Gigi's slim, shaved body quavered. She answered in her softest, shyest, most feminine voice:

"No, Mistress. Please don't. Please don't fuck him. Please don't make me watch. Have mercy, Mistress." Then, even more softly, she added in a whimper: "I was foolish to ask for it."

It gave me a rush of sexual pleasure to hear Gigi's plea for mercy. What's more, it gave me an even hotter feeling inside as I felt my sadism raging, whipping itself up inside me as if it were a force of nature, and outside of my control.

I laughed cruelly. "Beg all you want, Gigi. I'm finally going to fuck a real man tonight. And you're going to watch. Bring me the ropes, sissy. Then get on your knees."

Gigi sighed, "Yes, Mistress." Two black rolling suitcases sat on two side-by-side luggage stands in the hollow of the closet. One had Gigi's girl-

clothes; the other had bondage gear. Gigi retrieved a handful of heavy hemp ropes and brought them over to where I sat on the edge of the bed.

She dropped to her knees in front of me, legs wide apart. She held up the ropes as if offering me a chalice.

"Thank you, sissy. Spread your legs further." Before Gigi could answer, I kicked her knees wider apart with my toe. I got up and got behind her. I seized her wrists and brought them behind her. I made loops around her wrists, then her ankles. I started to tie.

If I may say so myself, I did a really good tie job this time. I guess I was motivated to make Gigi look extra hot for our "guest."

Before long, I had my sissy husband tied on her knees with her legs spread wide. Her wrists were bound to her ankles. I got up and went to the suitcase in the closet and came back with a plain black bit gag -- like the kind you would put on a "pony girl." Gigi's eyes widened when she saw it.

Gigi wasn't a pony girl, but I'd chosen the bit gag because it left Gigi's sexy red lips mostly visible. I'd put too much time into painting them red and making them look all plump and fuckable to let them hide behind a ball gag when our guest got here at 8:15.

As it turned out, I'd timed it just right. We'd run over with our preparations, but I hadn't really realized it. Jamal was a little bit late; he knocked on the door at 8:25. It all worked out perfectly. When Jamal knocked, Gigi was tied up and ready for our guest. I was ready, too; I could feel a syrupy wetness between my legs and the hard throbbing of my swelling clitoris.

I had packed a robe, but I answered the door without putting it on. I just stood there in the open doorway, feeling shamelessly exhibitionistic, halfway hoping someone would walk by in the corridor behind Jamal's big body. If they had, though, they probably wouldn't have seen much; Jamal was just too big. According to his stats online, he was 6'4" and 220, but that didn't account for his very broad shoulders. He wore a light-colored suit

with a black T-shirt underneath. His shoes were expensive and polished. His face was handsome, his mouth sensuous. He smiled when he saw me.

"Damn," he said. "You look good enough to eat."

I responded in a sonorous purr: "Why don't you come in and find out if I am?"

"I'll find out," he said. He came into the room, put his arms around me, and bent down to kiss me. Even in my six-inch heels, I was nowhere near as tall as Jamal. He had to bend down pretty far, but he made up the difference by putting his hands on my ass and lifting me up a little. I stood awkwardly on tiptoes as his full lips forced mine open, his tongue sliding into my mouth. He was aggressive with every kiss, and even more so with the way his fingers probed my flesh. I felt him caressing the curve of my butt and down into my inner thighs. He got close to my pussy, but he didn't quite touch it just yet. If he had, he would have realized how wet I was. Part of me wanted him to go even faster than he was.

Jamal was a really good kisser; the sensuous, invading power of his tongue made me feel all weak inside, especially at the knees. By the time our kiss broke, I could feel my nipples hard against his chest. My pussy was practically dripping. He was half-hard against my belly, and getting harder. His cock may have been half-soft, but I was getting the picture that he hadn't exaggerated when he'd told me how big he was. Maybe pictures don't lie, but sometimes camera angles do. When I felt Jamal's dick stiffen against my belly, I felt a mounting sense of mingled anxiety and excitement at the thought of actually fucking him.

I had all but forgotten about the door. It had been left wide open. Until our lips finally parted, I was completely oblivious to that fact. I tried to reach around Jamal to push it closed, but he wouldn't let me go.

Instead, he held me tight in his arms, absolutely in control.

He said, "Damn. You're even hotter than your pictures!"

I laughed nervously and said, "You're not so bad yourself."

It was true enough, that's for sure. His pictures had gotten me pretty wet. They'd made Gigi's little thing stretch her panties. I'd touched myself looking at them, trying to build up my nerve to contact him. In the end, I made Gigi do it, which made me even wetter.

Jamal was somewhere in his thirties; he'd said 32, but then, I'd said 32, and I'm 36. He might have been anywhere from thirty to forty, and I didn't care. What I cared about were those gorgeous brown eyes and that luscious sienna-colored skin. When I saw his pictures, I'd cared about his physical beauty and yeah, I'll admit, that huge cock that now swelled in his pants as he groped me and kissed me. I tried to tell myself, at first, that it was all because Gigi's thing got so hard and drippy for big black cock. *Really* big black cock. I tried to tell myself that's why I had sought out a black man, and that's why it pleased me that Jamal was so fucking huge. But the truth is, it hadn't been Gigi's pussy that got wet the first time she saw Jamal's cock. It hadn't been Gigi who'd rubbed herself off to that one elongated pic of Jamal holding his dick in the camera while his gorgeous face hovered, slightly out of focus, his intense gaze radiating power and making me want to submit to him.

Since then, Jamal and I had talked several times and traded numerous emails and pictures. I knew from his pics he was gorgeous, but you never really know until you see, taste and feel a guy up close. And until you smell him.

Jamal smelled incredible; he wore no cologne but just smelled like a man. His scent was hard, tight and musky; I don't know how else to describe it. It sent a shiver through me. I had heard his voice and seen his pics, but the smell and the taste were the two things you just can't know until you feel a man in your arms.

And the *touch*. That felt incredible; his big, powerful arms wrapped around me and seemed to possess me, as if by a passionate instinct. His lust was obvious, even without that growing monster in his pants. I found it in my hands, almost without knowing what I was doing. I wrapped my hand

around his cock through his pants as Jamal kissed me again. I felt him swell in my grasp and I knew it was right. We'd met in person less than a minute earlier, and I was naked against him. I'd never before felt like such a slut. And I'd never before known beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was doing something so unbelievably beautiful.

I led Jamal over to the bed. "We've got company," he said, glancing at Gigi's bound body. "You decided to bring your slut along after all?"

"She was a good girl this week," I told Jamal with a soft little laugh as I sat down on the edge of the bed, right in front of him. "She ate my pussy every night like a good little lezzie slut." As I said that, I started working on Jamal's belt, unbuckling it and undoing his pants. The zipper came down with a graceful slide, and his huge cock bulged fully hard through his boxer briefs.

We were very nearly in front of the kneeling, bound Gigi, who was right by the side of the bed. As one of Jamal's hands stroked my hair, his other hand started caressing Gigi's pretty face. Wide-eyed, Gigi recoiled at first from his touch. Jamal responded by slipping his fingers into her hair and pulling.

"She won't be a lezzie tonight, will she? This bitch sucks cock tonight. You promised." There was sadistic joy in his voice. It made me wet.

"I want first taste," I said breathlessly as I heaved Jamal's huge cock out of his underwear. Holy fuck! It seemed even bigger than it had before. I hovered above it breathing warmly and inhaling deeply of its delicious scent. I saw Gigi had stopped pulling back from Jamal's touch; his big hand now caressed her face and her neck, and Gigi responded as if she liked it. Her body seemed to undulate soft against the tight ropes that bound her.

Then I leaned down to get my first taste of Jamal's big, glorious cock, and I didn't think of anything else for a few yummy minutes.

I worshipped it like I'd never had cock before. My red lips wrapped around it easily, which surprised me; I've always had a fairly wide mouth,

but Jamal's cock was a monster. It slid easily into me, gliding wet on my lips and my tongue as I let a few drips of spittle emerge from my mouth and run down his shaft. I smeared it all up and down him to lubricate it; I bobbed up and down on the upper part of his dick, caressing his balls with one hand while I worshipped the head with my mouth and jacked his shaft with my other hand. I didn't make eye contact at first; I was too lost in the taste and the smell of it.

A minute later, I was up off his cock and rubbing it all over my face. Something about the smell just overwhelmed me and made me want his dick everywhere. I rubbed my face up and down his shaft, slurping wetly down to his balls and suckling them gently into my mouth. I started to worship his balls as I'd worshipped his cock, stroking his spit-covered shaft with my hand and teasing his *glans* with my thumb.

I licked my way up his long shaft again and took him into my mouth. At least, I took as much of his cock as I could swallow; it was no more than a third of its ample length. I nuzzled his head up against the back of my throat, gagging slightly; I wanted to deep throat him but knew that I shouldn't do it just yet. First things first.

I saw that Jamal had unbuckled Gigi's gag and pulled the bit out of her mouth. Gigi's pretty face was turned up toward him. Mounting fear and excitement made her bright eyes, if anything, even more beautiful. I turned my head to the side and held Jamal's cock against my cheek again, so I could watch his hand gently caress Gigi's face as I rubbed my own face all over his dick, intoxicated on the smell of him. Gigi's eyes flickered down toward me, as if asking for permission. But Jamal's strong hand was tucked under her chin; he slapped her face lightly, bringing her eyes obediently up to him.

I guided Jamal's giant cock to my sissy girl's lips. Gigi looked scared, but she opened her mouth. She kept her eyes lifted to Jamal's handsome, commanding face as she took his dick in her mouth. A visible ripple of pleasure and fear went through her slim body as she got her first taste.

I held Jamal's shaft as my sissy started to suck. She got him deeper down into her throat that I had. I heard Gigi gagging. I felt the pressure of her lips on my fingers as she tried to push herself onto Jamal's dick, taking him all the way down her throat. I had trained her to do that; there's something so hot about making Greg open his throat wide and swallow my strap-on. But Jamal was bigger than any strap-on I'd ever worn, and Gigi couldn't get it all the way down.

She went back to sucking just the upper part of Jamal's cock. Her red lips left streaks of lipstick down the dark shaft. Her tongue tickled its way out to visibly tease the underside of Jamal's cock.

I held Jamal's shaft with one hand and caressed Gigi's face with the other while Jamal pulled her hair. With every stroke of her wet mouth, Gigi went deeper, until she finally managed to choke Jamal down about two-thirds of the way. She had to come up for air, gasping. I watched in fascination as Gigi sucked air desperately, then put her lips back on Jamal's cock and started bobbing urgently up and down. Her eyes never left his face, even when they filled up with tears from the gagging. I had taught her to do that, too -- to always keep eye contact when she sucks me. My hot sissy's strap-on training was starting to pay off in a big way.

I watched, fascinated by the way my sissy husband's face looked with Jamal's cock in her mouth. Her lips looked delicious as she left every inch of his cock glistening with spit. When Jamal finally pulled his cock back and let it pop from her mouth, I had to lean in and suck it -- and then kiss my sissy, shoving my tongue into her mouth and sharing the musky, sensuous taste of Jamal's dick.

I went back to sucking Jamal's cock, making eye contact with him. I gave him just a few strokes, then began to rub his cock on my face again. I licked down to his balls again and began to caress those with my tongue. I felt Gigi leaning in for a suck. Her mouth started working up and down on Jamal's shaft as I worshipped his balls. I slurped my way wetly up his shaft again and pushed Gigi down to his balls; now it was my turn to suck as my sissy rubbed his glorious balls all over her face.

As my sissy and I shared Jamal's dick, he slipped off his suit coat and tossed it on a nearby chair. Underneath, he wore a tight black T-shirt, which looked gorgeous on him, but he didn't have it on for long. He pulled it over his head and I got my first in-person look at his beautiful torso. He was ripped, built and glorious. I wanted to feel him against me. I left Gigi down in Jamal's crotch with her mouth on his balls. I got up on my knees on the bed and wrapped myself around Jamal's muscled torso.

He pressed his lips to mine in another deep kiss. The sensuous thrust of his tongue almost made me melt. His hand traveled down to my ass; he squeezed and groped as he kissed me and played with my tits. His fingertips stroked their way down to my belly and then to my cunt. I felt Jamal's two fingers caressing my slit; then my clit. Gigi's lips were now wrapped around Jamal's cock again. She no longer tried to make eye contact; she looked down at his dick, concentrating on pleasuring it with her mouth. Her blonde head just bobbed up and down with mounting eagerness as Jamal's fingers worked gently into my sex -- two of them, at first. Then he tried three. It wasn't easy; I couldn't quite take it. I felt a soft rush of fear as I wondered if Jamal's cock was going to prove too big for me.

I suddenly felt an urgency I hadn't felt for sex since before I got married. I mean, not for sex -- not the usual kind. I love Greg and I truly love Gigi, and I like to fuck him and her when my husband and sissy are good little girls. But Greg isn't the dominant type. It had been a long time since I'd had a man like Jamal inside me. It had been a very long time since I'd really been seriously fucked.

I heard myself moaning, "I want you inside me." I rubbed up and down on his body, feeling his rippled torso against my face. I kissed his chest with pleasure. I was drooling. "I want you inside me," I whimpered. "Please fuck me. Please fuck me."

Jamal took his cock out of Gigi's mouth and eased me back on the bed. He spread my legs, positioning me on my back. I looked at Gigi, and then at Jamal. I couldn't decide which one I loved more. Jamal had started out to be just a quick, casual fuck, but I realized now that I'd spent weeks "vetting" him, teasing, flirting online and by phone, touching myself to his pictures.

I'd put more energy into Jamal than I had into Greg by the first time we fucked.

As I let Jamal spread my legs wider and guide his cock to my slit, I felt a hot rush of risky excitement. There was no mention whatsoever of a condom; I wouldn't have dreamed of it. I couldn't ever have imagined putting a sheath on Jamal's cock. One of the things our weeks of flirting and seduction from a distance had given me was total trust in what his cock would do to me. Maybe it was reckless; I didn't care. Maybe it was time to be reckless.

Jamal slid his cockhead up and down in my slit, zeroing in on my clit for a tease and then bringing it down to my entrance. He edged forward; I was too tight to enter. Did I need to relax, or was he just too fucking big? I didn't know, but I felt him taking his time, holding his dick with his hand and teasing the head up to my clit again. He caressed my clit with the tip of his cock, first in small, gentle circles and then in bigger, more aggressive ones. I let out a hot moan of pleasure as Jamal's cock slid back down deeper between my swollen sex lips. I felt him once again at my entrance. Another soft, confident stroke of his hips told him I was still too tight to enter. I was dripping, but he was just so fucking big. Once again, I felt his cock up against my clit; this time he really focused on it, aggressively teasing my clit with his cockhead while he kissed me deeply. His hard black body undulated atop me. I let my hands rest on his hips, thrilling to the feel of his alternately gentle and firm thrusts every time he tried to enter me unsuccessfully; I felt the surrender of helpless excitement and submission whenever he pulled back and just kept on teasing me.

By the time he had tried to get in me five times, I was beside myself. I was crazy with hunger for his cock. I wanted him to just pin me down and shove it in, but that's not what Jamal would do. He was going to fuck me how a woman should be fucked, the first time she's *really fucked*. After he possessed my cunt, he would know he could return and fuck me hard, the way I wanted.

But I did want this. I wanted him to fuck me however he knew I needed it. He knew what I needed more than I did. Spread and helpless under

Jamal's strength, I wanted whatever he deigned to give me. His lips left mine; he hovered over me and looked deep into my eyes. He once again rubbed his cock tip against my clit, only harder than before. He worked his cock rhythmically, almost like he was already inside me.

I never felt it coming. It just shuddered through me, exploding from deep inside me as Jamal looked into my eyes. It almost seemed to issue more from some secret place within my body, rather than the touch of his cock on my clit. But it was Jamal's instinct for a woman's body that made me cum -- and I came hard. I came before he even entered me.

My mouth dropped open. I arched my back. I thrust myself against Jamal's naked body, spread and moaning.

As I finished cumming, I looked over at Gigi. She stared at the scene on the bed, enraptured. Her smeared red mouth was opened as wide as mine were; she was moaning softly in sympathy with me. She knew what my orgasm looked like; she knew Jamal had made me cum before he even put it in me. Gigi's cock stretched her panties; her ruined red lips worked unconsciously as Gigi's breath quickened. Her tongue moved, as well, as if in sympathy for my pleasure. A thin string of drool ran out of my sissy's mouth and over her plump red lower lip. It drizzled onto her babydoll nightie.

I turned my eyes back to Jamal. I begged him, "Please fuck me. Put it in. Put your cock in me. No matter what."

This time, when Jamal guided his cock to my entrance, he didn't pull back. I still felt too tight to enter, but he just kept inching it forward. I pushed my hips up toward his slow, gentle thrust as he gained ground inside me. Fading tremors still rippled through my pussy from that first explosive orgasm.

Finally, I felt a stretching sensation even more powerful than the previous feelings. A hot flash of desperate fear and panic ran through me as mild pain touched my pussy from what felt like deep inside; he was entering me, his swollen head finally breaching my entrance.

Then Jamal's cock was in me. His cockhead, I mean; there was still plenty of shaft to put inside me. I reached down and felt it moaning as Jamal gently but firmly began to thrust. Each insistent stroke pushed him further inside me, a fraction of an inch being gained each time. I still had my hand wrapped around the base of Jamal's cock when I felt his head grinding against my cervix.

I'd never been a fan of that sensation before. I'd never had it with Greg; he simply isn't big enough, and that's fine. Letting Greg fuck me had always been an easy and pleasurable affair; his cock fits me perfectly. But Jamal's was a whole other ball game. Before I met Greg, I'd been with a few men whose cocks were big enough to hit my cervix when they thrust very deep into me. It had always felt a little uncomfortable, like having some part of me touched that wasn't meant to be touched. When a relatively large man was inside me deep enough to put pressure my cervix, it didn't exactly feel uncomfortable -- as long as he didn't thrust roughly. But it hadn't ever really felt *good*.

Well, this felt good. I don't know what had changed between my college years and now, but Jamal's cock felt totally different. When his cock nudged its way up against my cervix, I felt something deeply and dangerously pleasurable. I looked into his eyes and pushed myself up against him. As with my previous bigger-cocked lovers, it almost felt borderline uncomfortable -- *almost*. But with Jamal's gentle stroking, I experienced something powerful I'd never had before. It was a new sensation, both emotional and physical. I felt fucked more deeply than ever. I felt as if Jamal was fucking all the way through my body and into my soul.

When I looked in his eyes, the pressure only mounted.

My hand grasped the base of Jamal's cock. A good portion of his shaft remained outside of me, slick with my juices. I accepted that I was not going to take all of him into me; in a way, that acceptance felt like relief. What I had taken felt incredible; I just wanted more. But this was enough for now.

I spread wide, took my hand off Jamal's cock, and wrapped my arms around him. "Fuck me," I begged him.

He was still thrusting gently, his hands all over my tits. When I started to arch my back and push my hips up to meet his thrusts, Jamal took the hint and started fucking me harder.

His deep strokes plunged into me with increasing power as I felt my pleasure rising. I knew there was no way I'd cum again -- I never do, not that quickly. *Never*. At least, that's what I thought. But with Jamal's cock thrust deep inside of me, deeper than any man had ever been, I was finding out new things about my body all the time.

My second orgasm was slower to cum, but Jamal heard it coming. My moans grew softer, my mouth hanging open in something like surprise. I shivered beneath him with every deep stroke. I pushed up against him and started to fuck myself onto him. As my orgasm neared, I began to fuck harder, pumping and pounding myself up against Jamal's body. He answered my physical plea by fucking me harder, pinning me down and stroking into me with insistent power.

When my second orgasm hit me, the first moans sounded more like shock than pleasure. But then I was moaning, louder than ever, grinding and pumping myself up and onto Jamal's cock. His thrusts came more quickly, more deeply; I lost myself in my own orgasm and then, once that started to dissipate, in the pleasure of each of his thrusts. I felt my wet pussy loving all of his cock, every inch of it, even the inches I couldn't take. I knew they were there, waiting for me, promising more if my pussy could ever learn to take it. Something about that appealed to me almost as much as the raw sensuality he'd shown during our encounter. Whether physically, mentally or spiritually, I felt there was more to Jamal than I'd ever suspected. I may have been going slightly crazy, since he had just given me two powerful orgasms. But I didn't care. It felt like love at first fuck.

Jamal was close. He was sweaty all over and ready to pop. I felt sweat dripping on me as he asked me: "Where do you want it?"

I knew what he meant. I looked in his eyes. I wanted it in me, but I knew I shouldn't. I heard my sissy's whimpering moans. I glanced over at her. I saw Gigi's hips moving urgently, pumping in time with Jamal's strokes as if she was the one fucking me -- *as if*! The grinding of her hips rubbed the tip of her cock against the glistening front of her panties.

I told Jamal, "Give it to her."

Jamal complied with pleasure. He pulled his cock out of me; I moaned desperately as his cockhead popped out of me. I wanted his cum inside me, but I knew it wasn't yet the time. And besides, Gigi had earned this.

Jamal rose from the bed with a tension in his beautiful body. He towered over Gigi, grabbing her blonde hair and guiding her open mouth onto his dick. Gigi accepted in meekly, starting to suck as Jamal's hand cinched tight around his lower shaft. He released his cock as he started to cum; with a loud groan, he thrust himself into Gigi's wet mouth. She gagged, choked and started to drool cum all over her chin. Jamal had cum so much in her mouth that she couldn't contain it. I saw Gigi's throat working, desperately trying to swallow, but there was no way she could take it all. It ran down onto her cute little lacy nightie, milky and pearlescent. She tried to catch droplets of it with her tongue, but it was hopeless. Jamal's cum was everywhere.

When Jamal finally pulled his dick from Gigi's mouth, she was cummy all over. His semen covered her chin. Somehow it had ended up smeared on her cheeks, too, probably stray dribbles that had run out onto Jamal's balls and splashed up during Gigi's eager sucking and Jamal's vigorous thrusting. Strings of drool and cum reached down from Gigi's chin to her shaved and pierced little tits and beyond. I watched, breathless, as Jamal's copious seed met Gigi's seed, drizzling down from her chin onto the bulge in her panties, soaking them even more than Gigi's own pre-cum had.

Don't get me wrong, there was plenty of pre-cum. Gigi was close -- exquisitely close. I crawled over to the edge of the bed, my legs still trembling from my two powerful orgasm.

I leaned over and kissed my sissy, shoving my tongue into Gigi's mouth. I tasted Jamal's luscious cum. When I broke our kiss, I leaned against Jamal. Gigi's cummy mouth would be useless for any sort of "cleanup," so I started to do it. I sucked his halfway soft dick into my mouth and began to clean his cock, then licked down to his balls. They were messy with thick drizzles of semen. As I sucked Jamal's softening cock and licked his balls, I reached down and began to caress Gigi's clit through her panties.

Gigi moaned. She was already so close that it wouldn't take long, and I knew that. That's why I gave it to her nice and slow and easy, barely touching her. I wanted to tease her, at least till I'd finished cleaning Jamal. I felt her hips surging against my teasing strokes, and I pulled my hand back.

"Hold still, sissy," I ordered her. "My hand's not a cunt. You don't fuck a hand like a real man fucks your wife. If you want a handjob, then keep your hips still."

Gigi whimpered, "Yes, Mistress." I pressed my lips to hers and shoved my tongue into her mouth. I tasted Jamal's cum more strongly. I smelled Gigi's, too, as I milked more of her pre-cum out into her panties. It was a lighter, fruitier scent, much milder than Jamal's deliciously strong and erotic smell.

Gigi cried out, shuddering in her bonds. I felt the spasms going through her body just a moment before cum soaked her panties.

"That's it, sissy," I sighed, nuzzling Gigi's throat and breathing in her ear. "Give it up for me. Give up your cum for your mistress. Pump it all into your panties, baby."

Gigi did. From above us, Jamal watched with pleasure. When Gigi was empty, I kissed her once more and slid onto the bed, pulling Jamal on top of me. It was time for a post-fuck cuddle, if Jamal was that type. He'd said that he was, but...guys say a lot of things online when they think they can get you in bed. The four things they lie about the most are age, penis size, being bi and liking to cuddle after sex.

Jamal had been truthful enough about cock size, and I didn't care about his age. He'd never claimed to be bi; when Greg was Gigi, I thought of her as a girl, and so did Jamal. He'd showed no compunctions about shoving his dick in my sissy's mouth, and that was good enough for me.

As for cuddling after sex, he'd been truthful with that, as well. I let Gigi watch as Jamal and I bathed in the afterglow. The front of her panties stained, Gigi watched us with no less excitement.

As it turned out, Jamal loved to cuddle so much that it didn't take long till he and I were at it again. Maybe ten or fifteen minutes, that's all, and he was all over me and hard again. I fondled his cock and looked into his eyes. He wanted to fuck again.

But I knew I needed to untie Gigi; she'd been tied up too long.

So I asked Jamal softly: "Would you mind, baby if we..." My voice caught in my throat. I almost couldn't say it. With a glance at Gigi, I found the strength to ask.

"Can we bring my sissy to bed?"

Jamal grinned and looked over at Gigi. I don't know if Gigi had heard what I said, but the hunger in Jamal's look communicated pretty clearly what was to come.

"I think she's ready for it," said Jamal.

We untied Gigi and pulled her between us. Jamal was just getting started.

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