

# THIRD DATE

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**A STORY OF  
FEMDOM CUCKOLD  
SISSY HUMILIATION**

# **THIRD DATE**

## **A Story of Femdom Cuckold Sissy Humiliation**

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*Third Date* is an explicit 7,400-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience. It includes female and male domination, male sissy submission, cuckoldry, erotic humiliation, forced feminization, spanking 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 Third Date: A Story of Femdom Cuckold Sissy Humiliation**

Smokin' hot blonde Suzette is on her third date with handsome stud Josh. Josh hopes the third date is the one where he'll get lucky. He's been going slowly with Suzette, not wanting to spook her. After all, he knows that she's married, and going "all the way" with him may be a significant step.

But as Josh had hoped, Suzette invites him inside for a drink. He makes his move; he and Suzette start to make out furiously on the couch. Things get hot and heavy. Pants come undone. Josh's fingers slip inside the hot, cheating wife. Finding Suzette's entry tight, wet, and willing. Suzette's sure hands work Josh's zipper down, exposing a well-apportioned cock.

Suzette begins to give Josh what promises to be the blowjob of his life, obviously enjoying sucking cock as much as Josh enjoys getting his cock sucked.

But when Suzette shows her true colors and asks Josh to pull her hair, slap her face, and spank her, things take a turn for the pervy -- as Suzette's sissified husband, Carl, steps in and offers to lend a hand, via a "spanking stick" that will help Josh more confidently spank the horny Suzette while she sucks him. It seems Carl, although chastity-locked, has been watching from the shadows. This bewilders Josh, but it makes Suzette angry. She snatches the spanking stick and begins barking orders to Carl -- aka "Cara" -- who has little choice to grab his ankles for the punishment his wife starts to dish out...right in front of her date.

Josh watches the pervy pair in fascination. He's never found himself wanting a sissy before, but Cara's hot sissy ass is so good it makes his mouth water and his cock throb... especially once the sadistic Suzette starts to put a few stripes on it...

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## Third Date by Elise Le Roux

Suzette relaxed into the soft leather sofa, feeling Josh's hands caressing her body through her clothes.

His kisses were deep and aggressive tonight, his touch more insistent and expectant than on their previous two dates. Josh plainly expected to get lucky tonight. His hands wandered all over her body, gradually taking greater liberties. Suzette allowed him to do so, responding positively to each increasingly sexual touch.

Still, Josh did not go too quickly. He did not want to go any further than was comfortable for Suzette. What a gentleman!

They'd been making out for some time when Josh passed the sacred under-the-shirt barrier. Suzette was wearing a very tight, very provocative sweater -- one that practically begged to be lifted, her fine tits exposed. The Wonder Bra she was wearing certainly didn't hurt, making her cleavage that much more visible. But Josh still went slow. He looked in her eyes first, sliding his right hand up under the bottom of her tight sweater as if to ask if he could go deeper.

She gave him a coy but accepting look that said she wanted it; maybe she even wanted *more*. Maybe she wanted to feel his hands on her tits. They were ample C-cups, pushed up and together by the bra, half-revealed in the deep V-neck of her sweater. Josh had been eyeing them with obvious lust all evening. In fact, he'd been admiring her tits since before he asked her out. They were two of Suzette's best features, and everyone knew it -- her most of all. She showed them off shamelessly. Finally getting to touch them, Josh thought, would be divine.

Josh's hand worked up deep into Suzette's tight sweater, cupping her left breast. He tugged down the lacy cup of her bra and found her pleasure-hardened nipple. He caressed it.

Josh went back to kissing Suzette as his skilled fingers teased first one hard nipple, then the other. She responded with a soft moan, arching her back, pushing her tits up toward Josh.

It didn't take long. Soon, Suzette's sweater was pulled up to her neck, exposing her tits. Her lacy white bra cups hung down, her full, round orbs spilling out of them.

Josh lowered his head, his mouth close to her nipples, but he looked up and into Suzette's pretty blue eyes again, before he went any further.

She smiled at him coyly again. It was a flirty little smile that she'd made a habit of giving him; it implied she was shy on the surface, but very slutty underneath. She had reacted to his touch on her tits in a way that left to doubt in his mind what she wanted. No doubt about it; tonight he was going to get lucky.

Josh dipped his face lower. He made contact. He wrapped his lips around one of Suzette's hard, sensitive nipples. He sucked one, then the other. Suzette moaned.

Josh plainly had some skills. His quick tongue flickered quickly across Suzette's nips as Josh traded off from tit to tit, sucking them hard and even biting a little.

Suzette encouraged him, arching her back more, thrusting her tits up as if offering them to Josh. She moaned in pleasure, seething in rhythmic, suggestive thrusts that made Josh's cock harden all the way as he sucked her. Suzette cradled Josh's head affectionately in her arms as he suckled.

Taking a cue from Suzette's eager response, Josh unfastened the front clasp of Suzette's bra.

She didn't stop him. He slid her bra cups back and down. She still had her sweater on, and the bra hung half-useless from her shoulders, but she was topless for all practical purposes. Josh felt like he'd reached a turning point. He was going to get laid.

He kissed, sucked and caressed Suzette's lovely tits, getting a little rougher with each passing moment. Suzette responded with mounting excitement.

"Oh, fuck, that feels so good," she moaned. "Be rough with them. I like it when guys are rough."

"Yeah? You like that? You want more?"

"You know I do," Suzette said coyly, flirtatiously.

Suzette felt Josh's skilled fingers tickling her flat, hard belly, caressing his way from the mounds of her tits down across the hollow of her pierced navel and then below, to the fly of her jeans. They were low-cut jeans, so tight on Suzette's lean body that they had very nearly strained the boundaries of decency when they'd been out in public together. But now they weren't out in public, and Josh wanted in to those jeans.

Josh looked into Suzette's eyes as his fingers toyed with the button; she looked shy all of a sudden.

Looking up at Josh with wide, innocent eyes, Suzette bit her lip nervously. The gesture managed to be, at once, both provocatively flirtatious and anxiously virtuous.

Josh spoke softly, in a calm, seductive voice.

"I know you're in a special...*situation*," he said.

Suzette laughed, as if embarrassed. "That's putting it mildly," she said, her face reddening.

"You'll stop me if I'm going too fast?"

"You're not going too fast," Suzette said breathlessly.

"But if I do," he said tenderly. "If I do go too far or too fast, I want you to stop me, baby. It's okay to slow me down. I only want to go as far as you wanna go tonight."

But Josh opened her jeans as he said it, his hand sliding down into Suzette's pants even as he promised her he would not go too fast.

Suzette let him.

Josh's hand travelled down, very slowly, breaching the deep "V" formed by the open fly of Suzette's skintight jeans. He got his fingertips under the very low front of the flimsy, pale-yellow thong.

The thong was a seriously sexy garment. Even a gentleman like Josh had to admit that it was unlikely a woman who wore something like this on a date wasn't planning on getting laid.

Suzette's jeans were very low-cut, too -- low enough that Josh had practically drooled all night on her, every time she'd wiggle his butt in her face and he'd get a flash of her "whale tail" and, sometimes, her pert crack beyond. Now that he got her pants open and saw what she wore underneath, Josh decided this thong was far skimpier than any garment pretending to be panties had any right to be. Which was just how he liked it.

He slid his hand down into Suzette's panties and started to finger her. One finger only, to start with -- the middle. Suzette was so tight even that felt real snug.

Suzette's eyes widened as he penetrated her. She seemed to be playing reluctant, but she didn't stop him. She just looked into his eyes the whole time, in a romantic way, a way that said, "I'm not sure if we should go this far... but I like it."

That made Josh's dick so hard he couldn't fucking stand it.

Suzette's hands seemed to float in the air at her sides, nervously, almost like she was thinking of maybe stopping him.



But she didn't.

The weird thing was, Suzette's feigned reluctance turned Josh on even more, to see her acting all reluctant.

Given what he knew about her, it made Josh nervous to push so far on their third date... but oh, it was worth it. Every cue she gave Josh seemed to indicate it was time. He was going to get lucky. This was the night he'd get laid.

He kept fingering her. Suzette not only didn't stop him; she grew more excited as he caressed her slit. She was already impossibly wet, and Josh could feel her moistening further even as her nervousness grew more evident. Was he going too far? Suzette's lubricating pussy seemed to imply he was not, even while her hands hovered, unsure, as if waiting to intervene.

"Only as far as you want to go," he said, pushing his middle finger up in her. How the hell was it that a girl like Suzette was so tight?

Suzette moaned, her eyes crossing slightly as his fingers entered her pussy.

While he fingered her cunt, Suzette kept looking up into Josh's eyes. She kept biting her lip. She kept rocking her hips very gently against him, pushing her pussy up onto his hand. She did it with mounting urgency.

Very soon, her ass was raised off of the couch, pushed deliciously into the air. Suzette's pubis rubbed firmly onto Josh's hand. He was in her cunt deep, then, with two fingers, and she pumped her hips more urgently with each thrust.

With an invitation like that, how could Josh resist?

Josh looked deep into Suzette's nervous eyes and said firmly but softly, "Only as far as you wanna go tonight, baby."

But he was sliding a second finger into her as he said it.

Suzette liked that. She grinded against him.

Suzette's pussy was so tight that Josh could barely even get two fingers into her. But he managed it, and Suzette seemed to like it.

Her pussy felt incredible against Josh's hand. She was shaved, not just trimmed, but full-on *shaved*, smooth, so smooth Josh thought she was maybe even waxed. It was a full Brazilian, no landing strip or anything.

Her pussy lips were full, swollen with lust; the smooth slit between them was as wet as it gets. She was slippery and responsive when Josh fingered her. She left fragrant juice not only on his fingers but in beads that ran down onto his hand.

As she rocked herself onto his fingers, pumping her hips in time with Josh's explorations, Suzette let her hand press the front of Josh's jeans; they were looser than hers, but his cock still stretched them. Hard for long, agonizing minutes, now, Josh relished the touch of Suzette's eager hand around the outline of his giant member. But he got something he liked even more, then: the shock and dismay in Suzette's pretty blue eyes as she felt just how big it really was.

As she groped Josh's dick, her dismay slowly gave way to eager excitement, perhaps tinged with fear. Her hands moved with mounting sureness as she undid his belt, unbuttoned his pants and unzipped them. She reached in, tugged down the waistband of Josh's boxer briefs, and took out his cock with a soft cry of wonder.

Josh had dozens of clever one-liners for this cherished moment; he'd been with enough girls to know that a little levity eased their anxiety about what was to come. He was about to lay one on hot little Suzette when she shut him up by shoving him back into a sitting position and leaning down into his lap.

Once she had seen it and felt it, Suzette couldn't let her lips get there soon enough. Her lips, wet and soft from the kissing, now wrapped around Josh's dick and started bobbing. When she'd pushed him back, his hand had come out of her jeans and her panties; he smelled the delicious aroma that lingered on his fingers as Suzette used her right hand to stroke his lower shaft, her mouth to worship his head, and her left hand to urgently pull her jeans down to her knees. The panties were stretched between her thighs, wet from excitement, when Suzette's warm throat pressed against the full tip of Josh's erection; she gagged as she tried to deep-throat. Far from dissuaded, Suzette came up for air, worshipped him with both hands and her mouth for a while, and then tried again. This time she gagged far more, getting his cock no more than an inch or so down her throat. Josh's eyes rolled back in his head as she tried again and again, seemingly loving the effort, maybe even loving the choking and gagging. When he slid his hand into her long dark hair, Suzette came up and hovered above his cock, drooling and panting.

She whimpered eagerly: "Pull my hair. Pull it hard. Pull my hair. Spank my ass." Suzette wiggled her butt in the air, looking so fetching with her skintight jeans around her knees that Josh's cock gave a surge.

Josh was surprised. This was a turnaround. He hesitated.

"I said spank my hot little slutty fuckin' ass," moaned Suzette urgently. "Pull my hair. Slap my face. Fuckin' abuse me, Daddy."

*Daddy?* Josh moved tentatively, sliding his hand into her hair, pulling it.

"Oh, yeah," she moaned. Her mouth worked against his cock. "Spank my ass!" It was hard to make out her words with her mouth full of cock, but Josh didn't need an engraved invitation. He reached down, grabbing her ass and swatting at it while Suzette opened wide and took his cock in her mouth.

"Harder!" she gurgled, the word barely discernable through the slurping sound of her sucking his cock. Her hot, wet mouth engulfed him and she started to give him some of the most amazing head he had ever gotten. Josh

moaned in pleasure, reaching down her back to spank her ass. He couldn't really get a good angle, but every time he swatted Suzette's perfect round butt, she wiggled it fetchingly and sucked his cock ever more eagerly.

"Oh, yeah," she said when she came up for air a little. "Harder! Pull my hair, Daddy. Pull my hair, spank my ass! Make me your bad girl!"

Josh pulled her hair and spanked her ass, finding that the harder he did both of those, the better she sucked his cock. Damn! She was really getting into it! Suzette was one pervy little cunt! He tried to hit her ass harder, but it wasn't easy in this position. He ended up not spanking her nearly as hard as he could have -- or would have liked to. Even so, the harder he managed to smack her, the more she liked it.

"If I may, Sir?" came a feminine voice from the darkness.

"Holy shit!" shrieked Josh. "What the fuck?"

A maid in a lacy black uniform stepped into the soft band of moonlight that spilled from the window.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Sir. Did I startle you?"

"What do you think?" barked Josh.

"I'm very sorry, Sir. I was just going to make a suggestion... if that is okay?"

Josh heard Suzette laughing. He felt her vocal cords thrumming against his cock. Her face was still in his crotch. She didn't look up from his dick.

Josh had been so engrossed in getting his cock sucked that he hadn't noticed the maid. It was Suzette's husband Carl, whom he'd met before their first date. On that particular night, Carl had been dressed in a white garter belt, thong, white fishnet stockings and high heels, plus a white dog collar around his throat and a white bridal veil -- because it was Suzette and Josh's first date.

"It's like I'm a virgin," Suzette had explained to Josh, then, saying, "That's why I dressed him like this."

That first date, Josh hadn't been invited in. Instead, they'd made out for almost an hour in his car. Suzette had said, "I like to take things a little slow... is that all right?"

Josh had said that was far more than all right. In fact he liked it. He liked the tender game Suzette played, making like she was a virgin or just one of those "good girls."

And she played the role well, despite being married -- and, by all accounts -- being *extremely* far from a virgin. Nonetheless, she was hella convincing. On their second date, they had made out some more, but Josh hadn't even gotten a handjob. All she'd let him have was a feel of her tits, and even then, it was only through her sweater. Suzette had said shyly, "Maybe next time I'll invite you up to get...closer."

And here they were: Third date, and Josh and Suzette were making out on the couch. The last thing Josh had expected was for Suzette's pervert faggot sissy husband to tiptoe into the room and start making suggestions.

Josh figured that's what he got for letting Suzette turn the lights down low, right? Josh usually made it a policy to fuck with the lights on -- and this seemed like an even better reason than the usual.

Carl was done up like a French maid -- or, more accurately, a cheap stripper in a French maid uniform that probably cost about six times what she would have charged a customer for a blowjob in a VIP booth. Which wasn't saying much.

Nonetheless, Josh appreciated both the uniform and the sissy. Carl had a very lean body, shaved smooth all over. His face was smooth, too, and made up with heavy, slutty whore-makeup. He may have been a guy, but those red lips looked positively fuckable. Any "maid" dusting chess pieces looking

like that wouldn't have gone more than five minutes without getting bent over *hard*.

*Cara*. That was his name as a girl. Suzette said she always called him Cara; she said he wasn't Carl. Not anymore -- not anywhere, she said, but work and stuff.

Josh thought he looked more like Cara than Carl. He liked that.

The maid's dress was so short that Josh could see the bulge in the sissy's see-through black panties from this angle. It wasn't his cock that was bulging; that thing *couldn't* bulge, from what Suzette had told Josh by email, online, after he'd answered her personal ad but before they'd even met.

Suzette kept it locked up, because that's how she maintained "control." And no wonder! Josh realized the sick little perv had been lurking in the shadows of the darkened living room, watching his wife get it on with him.

Carl repeated: "I wanted to make a suggestion, Sir. If I may?"

Suzette didn't stop what she was doing. She just went on sucking Josh's dick as Carl -- *Cara* -- talked.

The sissy was holding a long, supple, flat piece of polished red wood. She held it out for Josh.

"It's a spanking stick," Carl said. "I doubt you can reach, at that angle. Not very easily, Sir. Not while she sucks your dick. But my Mistress says that she wants her hair pulled and wants you to spank her ass. Perhaps this will prove useful in doing just that?"

Josh looked at Carl in disbelief. He looked at the spanking stick, but didn't reach up to get it. Instead, he just noted with some interest that the sissy wore black lace fingerless gloves and had her nails painted red. They were pretty hands, with the gloves on; there were no telltale knuckles or

ridged lines to indicate Cara had once been a man -- still was, from some perspectives...

But Suzette called the shots around here, and she said Carl was Cara, and Cara was a girl. She didn't get fucked except by strap-on, and she didn't get what Josh was getting now -- *ever*. She gave it, though -- not to guys, Suzette said, at least not *yet*, but to Suzette's own hard, strap-on cock.

Carl/Cara didn't even get to jerk off. That's why Cara's little thing was locked up inside those tight white panties under that slutty French maid's uniform. And that's why Cara was handing a spanking stick to Josh to give Suzette's ass the spanking she was begging for, while his dick was in Suzette's mouth.

But Suzette took interest and reached up before Josh could get the stick. She snatched the stick out of Cara's hand.

A cruel laugh erupted from Suzette's spit-and-precum-wet mouth.

"Were you watching from the dark, cunt?"

"I was--here, Mistress. I wasn't watching."

"You were watching. You were so close you could smell it."

"I heard some things," said Cara. "I did hear, you know... I heard you kissing and... that sound you were making down... down below. On his dick, Mistress. But I didn't watch, Mistress. I was looking at my feet."

"Looking at your *dick*, more like!" Suzette cradled Josh's cock with obvious admiration. "What do you think? Does it compete with Josh's?"

Cara whimpered and trembled. He sounded genuinely sad while he said: "No, Mistress."

"No, Mistress, *what*?" hissed Suzette furiously.

Cara's added to his answer hurriedly: "No, Mistress, this slave's tiny dick doesn't compete with Josh's. You're clearly dating a real man, Mistress. If you go all the way with him, Mistress -- if you choose to go all the way with him -- I am sure Josh will fuck you just right, Mistress." His eyes lingered longingly over Josh's spit-covered cock. "With his big, hard, beautiful cock, Mistress. So much bigger than this slave's pathetic worm."

Suzette hadn't really been listening; the second she'd hissed her last question, she'd gone back to sucking Josh's dick, making obscene slurping noises and obviously enjoying herself. Josh's cock popped from Suzette's mouth.

She looked up at Josh and spoke more softly, playfully, almost shyly. She turned coquettish, nervous, unsure of herself.

She said breathlessly: "But, sissy, it's only our third date. I don't even know if I should be going *this* far. I mean... you think I should go all the way with him?"

Cara squealed and whimpered: "If it please you--"

Suzette's voice turned on a dime and went back to its cruel, savage, dominant, almost brutal bark.

"What the fuck, Cara, do you think I'm some kind of *slut*!?" she snapped.

"No, Mistress, I just--"

"I barely know Josh!" she hissed. "Do you think I fuck guys I barely know? You think I'm a slutwife, like in those sick disgusting things you jerk off to online?"

"No, no, Mistress," chirped Cara, his hips grinding more suggestively as he watched his wife's lips once again grazing the underside of Josh's big cock.



Suzette did not put it back in her mouth, though; instead, she looked up at Josh nervously and returned to her sensuous, shy, flirtatious, virginal voice. She said:

"What about you, Josh? Do you think I'd be a big *slut* if I went all the way with you?"

Josh said: "No, not at all, baby. Don't even think that. I'm just loving the ride, baby. Loving getting to know you. We can take it slow, if you want, baby... I only want to go as far as you do. As far as you want, baby, only as far as you want."

"Mmmmm, but would I be a slut if I *wanted* to go all the way?" purred Suzette, her lips working up and down Josh's shaft while she spoke, her tongue flickered out and grazing his shaft's tender underside with each syllable. She licked down and started to tongue Josh's balls.

"No, not at all, baby. I feel like I know you. If you feel it's right, baby...oh, fuck, ohhhhh fuck, that feels good."

He heard a squeal from Cara. He saw the sissy's hand drop down to his crotch, pushing the very short maid's skirt out of the way. Cara began rubbing his crotch through his panties.

Josh didn't blame the sick little fucker. Hell, was going crazy himself, not just from the feel of Suzette's obviously skilled tongue on his balls, but from the heat of Suzette's breath against his dick whenever she said abusive things to her hot little bitch husband. He loved every second of this teasing blowjob, but what's more, he loved the way she was working her sissy.

What a hot little fucking faggot "Cara" was! The way he was done up, with all of that lace and that makeup and everything, Josh almost thought the bitch looked like a *real* girl.

He wasn't the least bit gay or anything... but he'd tap that. No doubt about it. He'd tap the hell out of that sissy ass. It would be way down on his list, though, well below Suzette's unbelievably tight, wet and oh-so-ready

pussy... and *well* below her eager mouth, which was going to town on Josh's balls.

Josh watched Cara's hand working up and down in his panties. He got a hard, hot, unexpected thrill from saying:

"Is your bitch allowed to jack off?"

Suzette's mouth came away from Josh's balls. She turned her head just in time to catch Cara whipping his hand out of his panties.

"You little bitch!" she howled. "Slap your face!"

"Yes, Mistress," Cara whined. There was a sharp slap as he obeyed her.

"Again!" she screamed. And, "Again!" when he'd done it. And, "Three times, *fast!* Harder!" after that.

Cara obeyed her again and again, slapping himself until the tears spilled from his heavily-painted eyes. They ran black down his face, dark with mascara, standing out on the sissy's smooth, pretty, rouged cheeks.

A soft sob escaped the sissy's red-painted lips.

*Damn*, Josh thought. *With that lipstick she's wearing, that is one fuckable mouth. No doubt I would tap that. No doubt at all.*

Still angry, Suzette was breathing hard. As she yelled at her husband, she'd slumped forward a little, pushing her face against Josh's balls. Her head moved slightly, her fine blonde hair caressing his dick as she growled at her husband:

"Now put your hands up! Back your head, slave! I want to see those fingers laced together, and don't you dare take them down till I give you permission."

"Yes, Mistress," said Cara through his tears. He laced his fingers together at the back of his head, just beneath the black, lacy hat that was probably bobby-pinned to his long, bleach-blonde hair.

Suzette watched him. Her face was still in Josh's crotch; she still had one hand down there, gently caressing his shaft. Josh had not softened; he was hard as a rock. If anything, he was harder than ever, from seeing and hearing his "shy" little Suzette abuse her sissy husband.

Suzette's voice softened, but only slightly this time.

She said: "That's more like it, faggot." She moved her head aside and gripped Josh's cock, showing it to her husband.

"I bet you're just *drooling* for it, you sick sissy pervert. Aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Cara whimpered pathetically.

His makeup-slathered eyelids were blinking furiously in humiliation. His blue eyes glistened in the half-light. More tears drizzled, black and heavy, down his pink cheeks. But the sissy's hips still worked slowly back and forth, dry-humping the air. He showed his sexual hunger as plainly as Suzette had when Josh had been fingering her.

"That's why you came in, sissy, isn't it?" Suzette said. "That's why you didn't announce yourself."

"I was bringing the spanking stick," Cara whined. Josh had completely forgotten about it. He hoisted it and brought it down toward Suzette's ass. She looked up at him in shock, her mouth dropping open -- then she put her ass up and wiggled it back and forth.

"Only as far as you wanna go," Josh said. "Is this okay?"

Suzette's "virgin voice" was back. She giggled and said flirtatiously: "I asked you to spank me, didn't I?"

"yes, you sure did," said Josh, and he brought down the spanking stick, right on Suzette's upthrust cheeks.

Suzette squealed and wiggled. Josh gave her another smack with the stick while she writhed in his lap, rubbing her face against Josh's cock.

She kept talking to Cara accusingly: "You were so close you could smell us, you pervert. You *wanted* to smell us. Just like you sniff my fucking panties, you sick deviant. Did you get a good whiff?"

Cara said: "Yes, Mistress. I can smell you *now*."

Suzette said innocently: "Oh, you can smell my hot pussy, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," Cara said.

Suzette laughed cruelly. "Hear, get a better sniff, pervert." She got up from the couch and reached out for Cara's crotch.

Josh watched in surprise as Cara tried to back away. Suzette got hold of the sissy's denial-swollen balls before Cara could get very far.

Suzette dragged Cara by the balls. She forced him over to the couch.

She said: "Oh, no you don't, bitch. You don't get away now! Just when things are getting good? No, no, slave, you're going to get what you want. That's what marriage is about, isn't it? You wanna get close to the action? You wanna be close enough to smell my date's ball, before I even fuck him? You wanna get up close and personal as I suck his big cock? Then you've gotta earn the right, sissy!"

Suzette snatched the spanking stick out of Josh's hand. She brandished it.

"Bend over, bitch," she snarled. "Turn around, bend over, shut your eyes and grab your ankles!"

Cara obeyed miserably. He turned around and bent over, legs spread. The fishnet stockings looked hot on those slim, smooth-shaved legs, Josh thought. The short skirt rode up and put Cara's swollen balls on display. Secured to the distended orbs was a small, oblong cylinder of clear plastic.

Josh thought, *So that's what a chastity-locked dick looks like. She said she locked the bitch down, but damn! I would not want to be this poor sissy cunt right now! She must be hurting...*

The sissy's hard little dick seemed to be swelling painfully in the chastity tube. He heard a whimper escape the sissy's pretty red mouth.

Josh's cock throbbed as he thought about the poor sissy's plight. He could see right up that short maid's uniform, glimpsing the sissy's pink asshole where the black see-through thong had tugged its way to the side.

*First chance I get, Cara thought. I'm tapping that. So hard the hot little bitch's eyes will roll back. What's that thing up a guy's ass? The prostate. Yeah, I'm hitting that. I'll hit it so hard the hot slut's voice will go up an octave... permanently.*

Suzette pulled her jeans up. They were so fucking tight that she really had to wiggle that butt to get them up all the way, along with her lemon-yellow thong.

Josh didn't even mind that his date had broken their clinch. He didn't care that she was putting her sweet cunt away, just when things had been getting good. Suzette didn't button or zip, anyway... and neither did Josh, naturally; he just sat there on the couch with his spit-covered dick in his hand, watching the action. All things being equal, Suzette was going to give it up nice and sweet tonight. They'd go all the way, all right.

And if not? No problem. Josh genuinely didn't want to go any further than Suzette wanted to go. After all, from just the few sucks he'd gotten so far, the hot little blonde piece of ass gave the best head Josh had ever received. He wouldn't mind one damn bit if she felt that third dates were for blowjobs after all. If she wasn't a big enough slut to put out tonight, well...

Josh was more than fine with that. He would get to see some sissy ass beaten, and that sounded almost as good as a night in Suzette's arms... and between her legs.

Cara bent over so far he could place his black-lace-gloved hands on his knees. He did not bend his knees. His hot little ass was up high in the air. His hips began to form circles, pumping in obvious agony. That sad little thing of his really was trying to stiffen, Josh figured. The hot little bitch was more turned on than he looked.

Josh watched eagerly. This was gonna be good.

"Further!" hissed Suzette, testing the spanking stick by swishing it through the air. "Bend over further! And I said grab your fucking ankles, not your knees! Grab your ankles, fatty!"

Cara was anything but fat; he could not have been much more than a hundred and twenty pounds. But Suzette quite clearly knew how to make Cara's little dick harden. That's why Cara kept working that butt in the air as if he was in serious pain. Because he was. Josh liked that.

There was another whimper of agony, and a softly-whined, "Yes, Mistress" as Cara spread his legs wider, with difficulty. He tottered.

The black-lace-gloved hands slid their way down the fishnet-stockinged legs to wrap around Cara's ankles. It wasn't an easy position, especially not with those six-inch spiked heels on. The sissy's shoes were patent leather and had heavy straps around the ankles, fitted with padlocks. Those shoes didn't come off until Suzette decided she wanted them off -- just like the locked tube on Cara's little cock.

Suzette spanked her sissy's shaved ass with her hand experimentally. She began to feel Cara up with quick, rough gropes. She squeezed the sissy's cheeks and raked Cara's sensitive thighs with her fingernails. Cara responded with soft, feminine grunts.

Suzette pinched the sissy's shaved ass-flesh and twisted it painfully, hissing: "Is this what you call a tight ass? You're getting flabby! Have you even been doing your squats, cunt?"

Cara squealed: "I have, Mistress. I promise I have!"

"Bullshit!" Suzette screamed. "Didn't I tell you to shut your eyes, bitch? I can see you in the wall mirror! Open your eyes one more time and I'll shove this stick up your ass!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress," whimpered Cara. "I'll keep my eyes closed, Mistress!" Josh saw black mascara tears dribbling onto the politely pale suburban carpet of Cara and Suzette's living room. That shit would be a *bitch* to clean up. Josh was glad it wasn't his problem.

Suzette's hand rose and fell without warning, spanking Cara's shaved ass viciously with the spanking stick. Cara squirmed and howled in pain. He almost lost his balance. Josh's cock throbbed.

Suzette gave the sissy perhaps a dozen strokes. She was panting, as much from her evident anger as from the exertion of spanking her sissy.

Out of breath, she howled at Cara: "From now on, sissy, no more suggestions, got it? Josh here's a real man! He knows how to abuse a hot fuckin' slut like me! He doesn't need some sissy faggot's help to give a cheating wife a proper spanking while she sucks his dick... do you, Josh?" Her voice had softened quickly on that last little bit. She turned toward Josh and batted her eyelashes.

Josh stared blankly for a few seconds, unsure what to say.

Finally, he went for it: "Nah, I don't think I need a faggot sissy's advice on how to spank his wife, Cara. I think I got this one covered." Inspiration surged in him, and he added "In fact, I'll tell you what. If I need help spanking the shit out of your wife and then fucking her brains out, I'll call a few friends."

Suzette's eyes widened. Her pretty mouth opened wide in an expression of shock, then twisted into a smile.

She said brightly, in her flirtatious voice: "Oh! You'd do that, you bad man?"

"Why?" sneered Josh. "Is that too far?"

Suzette had to struggle to suppress her laughter.

"Maybe for a third date," she purred. "But, later... I mean... if you really wanna... I mean, once we really know each other, you know?" Suzette finally laughed "I had no fucking idea you were such a kinky guy."

"Oh, yeah," Josh said, eyeing the sissy's hot ass. "I'm full of surprises."

Suzette's voice was softer, shyer, more innocent-sounding than ever: "Well, if we get to that point, Josh... if our *relationship* gets to the point where we want to... *explore*... then, I mean, if we fall in love... and I love you... and stuff... then if I really love you... I'd have to let you pimp me to your friends, wouldn't I?"

"That's what love is, baby," Josh said, his eyes roaming freely between Cara's ass and Suzette's hot little body.

"Just promise me you'll never pass me around to my sissy faggot pervert husband, Daddy. Promise?"

"I promise," he said.

"Did you hear that, Cara?" asked Suzette. "Josh said he's going to pass me around. He's gonna get me to fuck his friends. Did you hear what I told him? Ill fuck anyone other than you, Cara. Isn't that right, Josh? Isn't that who you'll pimp me to? *Everyone*, except this -- little -- piece -- of -- shit!"

With each word of that last little bit, Suzette smacked her sissy with the spanking stick.



Breathless with excitement, Josh agreed: "*Anyone* other than Cara here. Even another strap-on-dicksucking faggot would probably do better than you at acting like a real man."

"Did you hear that, bitch?" Suzette spanked Cara again. "He's going to make me fuck faggots. *Real man* faggots, thought, not little sissy fucking cunts like you!"

Josh continued: "Hell, your wife's probably gonna turn into a lesbian before she ever fucks you again."

Suzette laughed: "Oh, yeah, he's so fucking right! I mean, I've never had pussy -- *real* pussy, not *this* gross little hole--" Suzette reached down and fingered Cara's tight asshole without warning. "But *real* pussy, to lick and suck, plus some strap-on cock...." His voice was deep and rich with arousal. "Maybe Josh has a girlfriend he wants to bring over!"

Josh couldn't suppress the soft expression of surprise that escaped his lips in response to that: "*Whoa*." It took him a second to compose himself. "Um, yeah. Yeah, yeah, for sure." He mouthed silently at Suzette: "Really?"

Suzette shot Josh a hungry look and blew him a kiss.

Then, to Cara, she snapped: "Stay there, sissy! Stay there until I tell you to move! If I see your eyes opening even just a slit, I swear, bitch, I'm gonna make you walk funny for *days*..."

"Yes, Mistress!" mewled Cara.

The sissy remained there, bent over full with her hands on her ankles, her ass pointed right at Josh as Suzette climbed onto the couch.

She kissed Josh eagerly on the lips, her wet, supple tongue pushing into his mouth.

When their kiss finally broke, she whispered -- so quietly Josh thought that Cara probably couldn't hear it -- "Is this too much?"

Josh shook his head slowly, grinning. He gave her a thumbs-up.

Suzette liked that. She responded just as Josh hoped she would. She kissed him again, dropped the spanking stick, and began to kiss down to his cock. A moment later, Suzette's hot, wet mouth engulfed it. Josh threw his head back and felt his eyes rolling deep in his head as Suzette opened wide and swallowed him -- all the way down to her base. She was a deep-throat fanatic, and started to pump herself onto his cock in wet, tight, hard thrusts.

She came up for air and lavished affection on Josh's cock, first on the underside of his shaft, then on his balls. She licked up to his head again, teasing his glans for a moment before looking up at him, bright blue eyes flashing, and said:

"Cum in my mouth, Daddy?"

Josh didn't have to say "yes." In fact, he could hardly have said "no." Suzette knew the routine better than any two-dollar street whore! Her lips cinched tight around Josh's upper shaft; her had closed around the lower. She started pumping urgently, eyes turned up toward him, staying wide open even as she sucked him. Her bright blue eyes filled with tears from the repeated thrusting of his cockhead against the back of her throat, activating her gag reflex -- but that only fueled Suzette's eagerness, making her suck him even harder. Black tears rolled down her cheeks, matching those cried by her husband.

Suzette didn't shy back from making slurping sounds; this was the noisiest blowjob Josh had ever gotten. He knew why, too; Cara was still clutching his ankles, bent over all the way with his ass in the air, his cute little asshole winking from under the maid's uniform as if beckoning to Josh. *Yeah, goddamn it, he thought. First chance I get.*

Suzette knew what she was doing, and she'd decided what she wanted: a mouthful of cream. Josh couldn't have held back if he'd wanted to.

It didn't take long. Josh's groan filled the living room. Pleasure erupted inside him. His cock erupted in Suzette's eager mouth. He squirted great streams of hot jizz into her; she cupped her tongue to catch it. When she came up off of his cock, she still had it. She showed it to him, opening her ruined red mouth wide, not quite able to smile but not quite able to *not* smile.

Josh reached out and slapped Cara's ass. Cara squealed but didn't move. Josh growled: "Turn around, sissy! Your wife has something to show you."

Suzette's eyes brightened with something like love. Cara obeyed Josh, straightening and turning around. He moaned softly as Suzette looked up, showing him the mouthful of cream she'd just sucked out of Josh.

Suzette closed her mouth, swallowed, and opened again. She stuck out her clean tongue and showed it to Josh and to Cara. She looked quite pleased with herself.

She crawled up into Josh's lap. She did not try to kiss him on the mouth, even though Josh would have been basically fine with that. Instead, Suzette nuzzled his neck, purring softly:

"I'm sorry, baby. I know we talked about going... you know... *all the way*... I know we talked about doing that... and I want to, but... I want it to be... *special*. Is this okay? Is it okay what I did?"

"Babe, it's more than okay," Josh said. "I gotta be up for work in the morning, anyway." He caressed Suzette's bare tits and said: "When it happens, baby... we'll make it special."

"So special," sighed Suzette. She carefully put Josh's cock back into his shorts and then zipped and buckled his pants. She even buckled his belt for him. She was damned good at this. Josh wondered how many guy's cocks she'd sucked since she'd gotten married. A hell of a lot, from how smoothly and easily she handled his equipment.

Josh did not mind that one damned bit. He wasn't clutch. Far from it. In fact, he didn't mind sharing... with Cara, or whoever. The fact that Cara didn't get anything close to what he just got only made the sharing more pleasurable for Josh, on every level.

After Josh and Suzette cuddled a little more, Josh got up from the couch. Suzette made Cara get Josh his coat. She saw him to the door.

Suzette finally kissed him then, open-mouthed and deep, her tongue tasting of Josh's cum. He didn't mind it all that much.

"You know what?" she said. "I think maybe I'll strap on--*you know*." She gave Josh a wicked yet innocent smirk. "You know, to *practice*." She shot a glance over her shoulder, at Cara -- who was watching their tender goodbye. Suzette clarified: "I don't mean--I'm not going to strap-on fuck *you* or anything -- God, that's perverted! I'd never do that. Not a guy like you..." She bit her lip flirtatiously. "But I mean, you know...really big cocks slamming in to really tight holes...stretching them out...I can get used to that, and it doesn't have to be *my* hole..." Her hand cupped the front of Josh's pants, caressing him. "*For now*."

"Sounds good, baby," Josh said. "You practice real good on that sissy of yours. When it happens..." He slid his hand up between Suzette's legs and rubbed her pussy through her jeans. "It's gonna be right."

"When it happens," she purred. "Next time, or... whenever. Whenever it feels like it's time."

"You got that right," said Josh. He gave Suzette one last deep, tender kiss, and went out the front door.

The night air felt good. Josh lingered for a few seconds on the front porch of the house. From beyond the door, he heard Suzette's voice turning from the soft-loving-gentle she'd just used with him, back to the strident howl that he used with her husband.

She screamed: "Get your clothes off, cunt! I want you face-down, ass-up on the bed by the time I get my cock on! I'll fuck your bitch hole all night! I'll make you scream..."

Josh grinned in the darkness, thinking of Suzette's hot pussy and Cara's tight ass.

*Oh, yeah, he thought. I'll tap both of those. First chance I get.*

He drove home fast. When he got there, he had to jerk off -- *twice*.