

FIRST-TIME CUCKOLD SISSY TRANSFORMATION



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First-Time Cuckold: Sissy Transformation

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Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Other Titles

[First-Time Cuckolds: XXX Bundle](#)

[Humiliated Husbands: Interracial Cuckold Bundle](#)

[Take My Hotwife: A Hotwife Collection](#)

Chapter 1

I stared hungrily at my wife as she spread out on our bed. Cynthia had just turned thirty that year, but her body was still as tight and fit as the day we met in college. My cock stiffened as her long, tanned legs spread to reveal her pink slit.

But I didn't go over to her as she eagerly offered herself. Today was special. I'd been begging her for a threesome with another woman for years—and she'd finally relented. Her only condition was that she get to fulfill a fantasy of her own: being fucked by a big black cock.

After thinking about her offer, I agreed. That's how I ended up sitting on a chair in my own bedroom, watching my naked wife get ready to fuck Jerome.

Looking over at Jerome, I couldn't help but feel a bit intimidated. He was absolutely massive. Thick cords of muscle crisscrossed his body. They rippled underneath his perfect ebony skin as he pulled his clothes off. He was taking his time, admiring my wife while she waited for him.

After I agreed that we'd both get to fulfill our fantasy, Cynthia had found Jerome online. His profile was on a website for "black bulls." I wasn't even sure what that meant, but Cynthia had assured me it was what we wanted. It had only taken a few pictures of my wife dressed up in sexy lingerie for Jerome to agree to come over to our house.

"Stay in that chair, sissy," Jerome boomed, looking over at me as he approached my wife.

"I'm going to show you how a real man pleases a woman."

I felt my face flush. *Sissy? Why is he calling me that?* I wondered. I didn't dare ask him, though. I just wanted to get this over with. Once Jerome had fucked my wife, Cynthia promised she would help set up a threesome. She even said she knew some women who might want to do it. The sooner Jerome fucked Cynthia, the sooner this would all be behind me, and I'd just have my fantasy to look forward to.

“Get on your knees, slut,” Jerome ordered my wife, pointing at the floor in front of him. A surge of shame shot through me. I couldn’t believe Jerome was talking to my wife like that right in front of me. Should I say something?

But Cynthia didn’t seem to mind. She practically ran over. She sank down to the ground and looked up at Jerome expectantly. She ran her tongue over her red lips, her eyes shining with desire. Jerome smirked at her. His massive black cock bobbed in the air just in front of her face.

“Beg, slut,” he commanded. My wife didn’t hesitate.

“*Please* let me suck your cock,” she whispered, holding her full lips open for him. With one motion, Jerome thrust his black cock into her mouth. Cynthia struggled to take his massive member in her mouth. Her jaw stretched, and a line of saliva hung out of her mouth as Jerome pumped in between her lips.

“Fuck that feels good,” he sighed. “Your wife sure knows how to suck cock,” he declared, glancing over at me as I watched from the chair. I flushed with embarrassment. I guess it was a compliment, but there was something humiliating about another man saying your wife was giving him a good blowjob.

Despite my embarrassment, my cock was hard in my pants. Cynthia had abandoned herself completely to her task. She bobbed up and down on Jerome’s huge dick, completely focused on worshipping it. Her forehead creased in concentration, she struggled to take even half its length down her throat.

“Stop. I’m going to fuck your tight little pussy now,” Jerome declared. He reached down and scooped Cynthia up, carrying her effortlessly to the bed. Putting her down gently, he took charge. His huge ebony hand wrapped around her my wife’s thighs and pulled her legs apart. Then, he climbed on top of her.

Cynthia ran her hands over his bulging muscles, waiting for him to take her. She was completely at his mercy. I stared in fascination at his pulsing cock as Jerome placed it at the entrance to my wife’s pussy.

“Please fuck me,” she begged. She desperately raised her hips off our bed, trying to get Jerome’s cock inside of her. Jerome just chuckled. Reaching down, he pinned my wife to the bed and started to ease his massive cock into her.

The lips of her pussy bulged around Jerome’s black dick as it stretched her. Cynthia let out a ragged cry, biting her lip to stop herself from screaming. It looked like it was impossible that Jerome would fit inside of her. But he kept slowly skewering my wife.

I was frozen in place, staring at Jerome entering my wife’s tight pussy. Her pink slit stretched obscenely around his coal-black cock, but she was whimpering with pleasure. When Jerome finally slid all the way in, I let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding.

That's when he started to fuck her in earnest. Jerome pounded in and out of my wife. Her pale, fit legs wrapped around his broad back while she made noises I'd never heard her make before. Grunting and moaning, she completely lost control.

I could hardly recognize my wife as Jerome rutted her. Skewered by his massive cock, Cynthia was screaming at Jerome to fuck her harder. Her fingers clawed desperately at his muscular back, trying to draw him even deeper into her. I'd never seen her like this before. When I fucked her, she lay on the bed demurely. Now she was acting like she was possessed.

Without thinking, I reached down and took my stiff cock in my hand. Compared to Jerome, I was pathetically tiny. From base to the tip, my cock was maybe three inches long. As I grabbed it, shame washed over me. Maybe my size was the reason my wife was going wild as Jerome fucked her. But I pushed that thought from my mind.

I started stroking my cock, still staring at my wife as Jerome fucked her roughly. Her mouth was hanging open as she tossed her head from side to side, completely lost in the pleasure Jerome was giving her.

My wife's heavy breasts bounced up and down while Jerome slammed into her. And as I stared at them, I felt my balls tingle and tighten. With a groan, I came. Cum dribbled weakly out of my cock and over my hand as I jerked it furiously. The sight of my wife getting ravaged by the huge black cock made it impossible to hold back.

Holding my now limp cock in my hand, I felt a pang of regret. Did I really just come to my wife getting fucked in front of me? But I still watched intently as Jerome kept plowing into Cynthia.

It didn't take for long her to scream that she was coming, too. Twisting underneath the black stud, she clung to him as he bred her, fucking her deep and hard.

With a grunt, Jerome unloaded into my wife. I felt my stomach sink as I realized that he was pumping his seed into wife's bare pussy. He hadn't put on a condom. But I still couldn't look away. My cock twitched to life as I watched him bottom out in my wife, shooting his seed deep into her.

When Jerome was finally done, he rolled off her. Cynthia was dead to the world. Her eyes closed, she gasped for air, looking completely out of it. I couldn't blame her. I'd never seen her orgasm even close to that hard.

As he got dressed, Jerome looked me up and down and shook his head. I just sat there with my deflated cock out, still covered in my sticky load.

"Your wife is a good fuck, sissy," he declared. His deep voice startled me from my silent embarrassment, and I jumped.

“Thanks,” I stuttered, not sure what to do next. But Jerome spared me any awkwardness, he looked at my wife, nodded his approval, and walked out. Glancing over at her, I could see Jerome’s load leaking out of her red, used pussy.

After cleaning myself up, I left the room quietly, leaving Cynthia sleeping peacefully in bed. I was too ashamed to talk to her. I didn’t know what I’d do if she knew that I’d blown my load watching her get rutted by Jerome. Luckily, she hadn’t paid me any attention when Jerome was fucking her. She’d been completely focused on her new black lover.

Chapter 2

When are we going to have the threesome for me?" I asked. I couldn't hide the eagerness from my voice. The idea of having two hot women all to myself had always been a dream of mine.

"I'm talking to a friend of mine who might be interested, but it's going to take a little convincing," Cynthia replied, not seeming very worried.

"In the meantime, why don't we invite Jerome back over?" she asked innocently. "It was such fun last time, wasn't it, Aaron?"

"What?" I asked, stunned. We had agreed our fantasies were going to be a one-time thing. Cynthia would get to fuck a hung, black stud, and I'd get to fuck her and one of her friends. What was she talking about now?

"Oh, don't act so surprised," she chided me. "I know you loved watching us. Jerome told me he caught you with your cock out," she laughed. "What's the harm in having fun again?"

I flinched when she revealed she knew that I'd jerked off after all. Shame rolled through me. It *had* been fun. I couldn't deny it.

Cynthia shook her head and walked around the table to me. "Stop pouting," she teased. "It's only natural you got excited seeing your wife naked in bed—getting fucked by a big cock."

Reaching down, she unzipped my pants. To my horror, my cock was already stiff and standing at attention. It bulged out of the slit in my boxers. Just hearing Cynthia talk about Jerome had made me hard.

She snorted with laughter. "You really did like watching me, huh?"

My cock twitched involuntarily in the cold air. The head was crimson and pulsing. Cynthia traced one delicate, painted nail down my shaft, eliciting a pained groan from me. It felt like my cock was going to burst.

"Did Jerome's cock look as big as it felt?" she purred, taking my pulsing shaft between two of her fingers. She softly stroked up and down, making stars dance in front of my eyes.

“I could feel it stretching me out. It was so fucking amazing to be filled like that.”

I remembered the sight of my wife’s little slit as Jerome’s black cock slid into it. It had looked like he was going to split her in two. My cock throbbed with pleasure as Cynthia kept teasing my aching head with one of her sharp nails. Without warning, I felt my muscles tighten. The image of Jerome fucking my wife for the first time was too much for me to take.

I tried to warn Cynthia, but it was too late. Cum bubbled up out of cock and spurted over her hand as she jerked me off. Pleasure and shame washed through me. I’d come almost instantly just from the thought of my wife getting fucked by another man.

“Oh my God!” Cynthia exclaimed snatching her hand back. She watched as my cock kept twitching. Stream after stream of my seed slid down the rigid shaft as my orgasm swept through me.

“I wanted to go upstairs and fuck. I had no idea that was going to set you off.” I could hear the disappointment in her voice, and I flushed red with embarrassment.

“Uhh, yeah, I don’t know what happened,” I mumbled. Cynthia just shook her head.

“I’ll call Jerome then. I need to get fucked today, sweetheart.”

With a sigh she took out her phone. I was too humiliated to even protest. My limp cock rested on my pants, and I went to clean myself off while she called Jerome. Even from the bathroom, I could hear the excitement in her voice as she talked to him.

Chapter 3

A few hours later, the doorbell rang. Cynthia jumped up from the couch and rushed to answer it, her raven hair streaming behind her.

“Wait here,” she called over her shoulder as I stood up, too. I heard their muted voices from across the house as they discussed something, but I couldn’t make out what they were saying.

Worry wormed through my belly as I waited. What did they have to talk about for so long?

Finally, Cynthia pranced back into the living room, bouncing with eagerness.

“I sent Jerome upstairs,” she gushed. “He’s waiting for us. There’s just one thing—”

She paused.

“Well, what is it?” I finally asked, not able to contain myself.

“Jerome says that—” she paused again, searching for the right word. “Well, *Jerome* says that he doesn’t want to see a sissy who can’t control himself, so you have to wear a cock cage while he’s here.”

“A—A cock cage?” I stuttered incredulously. “What? What does that even mean?”

A smile flittered across Cynthia’s face as she pulled out an odd little device from behind her back. The bubblegum pink piece of plastic looked kind of like a little dick with a ring at the base.

“This is it,” my wife announced, holding it out for me. “After it’s locked on, you won’t be able to take it off—or play with yourself,” she giggled.

My stomach sank as I reached out and took it from her. I couldn’t believe I was even considering this. But Jerome was already here. In my bedroom. I didn’t want to back out now—and I had a bad feeling that if I refused to wear the cage, he’d still fuck my wife. They probably just wouldn’t let me watch.

“Okay,” I sighed.

Cynthia clapped her hands excitedly and pecked me on the cheek as she turned around and bounded upstairs.

“Hurry up and put it on,” she shouted down at me.

I examined the device, trying to figure out how to put it on for a minute. At last, I realized the ring must fit around my cock and balls so the whole contraption would stay on. I slid it on and then positioned the plastic cock-shaped part over my dick. It fit snugly, the hard plastic pressing against my sensitive flesh. With a heavy sigh, I connected the two pieces and snapped the tiny padlock shut, locking them in place.

Swallowing hard, I padded upstairs. Even before I made it to the second floor, I could hear the sounds of my wife getting fucked. The bed creaked and groaned, but not even that could drown out the sound of Cynthia’s moans.

Walking into my bedroom, I saw my wife on her hands and knees in the middle of the bed. Jerome was kneeling behind her with one of his huge hands wrapped around her dark ponytail. His black cock slid in and out of her pink pussy right in front of me as he pulled on her hair, jerking her head back.

Cynthia seemed to love it. Moaning and gritting her teeth, she was slamming her hips back to meet his thrusts.

My caged cock stiffened at the sight, but it had nowhere to go. The rigid plastic of the chastity cage surrounded it, stopping me from getting hard.

I let out a groan of frustration, and Jerome turned at the noise.

“Let’s see it, sissy,” he boomed. “I won’t have you in here unless you’re caged.”

I could feel the heat rise in my face at his words. Staring down at the ground, I unbuttoned my jeans and let them fall to the floor. The tiny, pink cage was exposed for Jerome and my wife to see.

The bull nodded, satisfied.

“You’re going to make a good, sissy,” he stated matter-of-factly, before turning back to my wife. She hadn’t even looked at me during the exchange. Her eyes clenched shut, she was enjoying Jerome’s cock too much to even notice me.

Full of shame, I walked over to the chair in the corner of the bedroom and sank down into it. I put the tiny key to my chastity cage on the dresser next to me. The smacking sound of Jerome’s muscular stomach meeting my wife’s fleshy ass filled my bedroom.

Watching Jerome breed my wife right in front of me was too much to bear in the tight chastity cage. My dick strained painfully against the tiny walls of its prison, making the plastic ring pinch painfully against my sensitive skin.

I tried as hard as I could to stop getting hard, but there was no hope. The situation was too arousing. I realized that Jerome wasn't doing me any favors by letting me watch in the cage: This was torture.

More than anything, I wanted to reach down and stroke myself off. I remembered how hard I'd come the first time watching him fuck Cynthia. Now that was impossible. All I could do was sit quietly in the corner, completely ignored while my wife had the time of her life.

Cynthia had absolutely lost control on the end of Jerome's black cock. She was frantically impaling herself on him, her tits bouncing under her. Her pretty face was twisted into a look of utter concentration as Jerome pounded into her harder and harder, until finally she came.

With a scream, she stopped moving, shuddering as her orgasm swept through her. But Jerome didn't let up. He kept rutting her relentlessly while she cried out.

My caged cock twitched and jumped helplessly in my lap, drooling precum. I *needed* to come. It felt like pressure was building in my cock, and I'd only just been locked in the cage.

Reaching down, I tried desperately to stroke myself around the plastic tube, but I could barely feel anything at all. A hollow feeling filled my chest. It was hopeless. I was completely at the mercy of Cynthia and Jerome. Hopefully, they would let me out of the cage soon.

My wife had sunk down onto the bed, letting her upper body rest on the sheets while her ass was still in the air for Jerome. He plowed into her, and again I stared at her pussy as it stretched around his massive cock. I still could barely believe that her tight slit fit it.

Before long, Jerome said he was going to come. My wife moaned encouragements as he flooded her pussy, and my cage cocked bounced weakly in my lap as it struggled to get hard. It was almost too embarrassing to stand.

Cynthia stretched out languidly on our bed, sweaty and tussled. Her perfect breasts heaved up and down as she struggled to catch her breath. As my eyes roamed over her body, she fixed her gaze on me.

"Come here, Aaron," she purred, reaching out a delicate finger to beckon me over. She didn't have to ask twice. I almost tripped as I rushed over, making Jerome snort with laughter.

"Will you do something for me?" she asked, staring at me with her wide, blue eyes. I nodded enthusiastically. I'd do anything for her, especially if she let me out of this chastity cage.

“I want you to clean me up,” she said, her voice sultry but steely. My breath caught in my throat. I followed her pointing finger down to her pussy. It was a wet mess of her juices and Jerome’s seed. His cum streaked down, dribbling out of the red, swollen lips of her fucked pussy.

“But—” I started.

“Aaron,” she cut me off. “I want to feel your tongue on me. It’s going to be so hot.”

Something inside of me broke. I’d come this far, and Cynthia was insisting that I do just one more thing for her.

Crawling into my bed, I lowered my face to her sodden pussy. The smell of sex overwhelmed me as I stuck my tongue out and hesitantly lapped at my wife. The familiar sweet taste of her juices was mixed with the salty muskiness of Jerome’s load.

Against my will, I felt my cock twitch, trying to break out of its cage, trying to get hard so I could come. The realization that I was turned on by licking Jerome’s load from my wife’s pussy made my stomach drop. What kind of man was I? I didn’t feel like much of a man at all right then.

The intoxicating smell and taste of their mingled juices was making it hard to concentrate. I licked and sucked eagerly at my wife’s slit, trying to please her as much as I could. I might not have a cock as big as Jerome’s but at least I knew I was good at eating her out.

Soon, I felt her twist and moan under me. Her fingers grabbed the back of my head, pushing my face down into her wetness as I nibbled on her clit. With a whimper, she came, and I felt satisfaction flood through me. I had managed to please my wife after all. This was exactly how things should be.

As I lay down next to her, my cock strained against the chastity cage.

“Can I unlock the cage now?” I begged, my voice cracking.

Cynthia just smirked and shook her head. “Not yet,” she murmured, closing her eyes. “I promise it will be worth it in the end.”

Chapter 4

It turned out Jerome had taken the key with him when he left. I hadn't even noticed at the time, but I was stuck in the chastity cage until the next weekend when Cynthia said he was coming back over.

There was nothing for me to do but get used to the tight, pink cage. At first, it was hard to do. Every morning, I woke up to it digging into my flesh painfully as my morning erection strained against the plastic. But soon my body seemed to learn that it was useless. My cock stayed soft in its prison, not even trying to get hard.

Still, there was no denying the effect the chastity cage had on me. Every sensation was heightened. In fact, I was in a state of permanent heightened arousal that got worse and worse as the days passed. Unable to get off, my balls felt heavy and full in the plastic ring that held them tight. The brush of my underwear against my aching cock or any touch at all was enough to send a surge of desire through my desperate body.

I honestly didn't know if I could wait until Saturday to get the cage off. I thought about cutting it off with tools in the garage—it wouldn't have been hard. But every time, something held me back. I didn't want to disappoint Cynthia, and I knew she had some sort of plan.

My wife loved the chastity cage. She smiled and giggled whenever she saw it. In bed, she'd run her fingers lightly over it, cuddling up close to me as I groaned in frustration and wriggled under her touch. I knew that whatever she had planned I wanted to see for myself.

On Saturday, I finally got a taste of what it was. Cynthia called me into our bathroom, and I came in to find her standing over a tub full of water with a razor in her hand.

"Get in," she ordered, grinning mischievously at me.

"Uhh, what's going on?" I asked hesitantly as I took off my clothes. Looking at my naked body in the mirror, I felt a little ashamed. Compared to Jerome, I was scrawny and out of shape. My thin legs and wide hips had no hope of

looking as masculine as Jerome's body with his V-shaped torso and six-pack abs.

"I'm getting you ready for your threesome," she giggled.

Hope dawned inside of me, and I nearly jumped for joy. My threesome! It was finally happening.

"That's great!" I gushed, trying to control my excitement. "But what about the cage?" Doubt wormed its way through my mind. Something didn't add up.

"Don't worry," Cynthia reassured me. "If you do exactly what I say, you'll get to come today."

I let out a sigh of relief. I'd had visions of another woman coming over and me being left in this damned chastity cage.

"Okay," I said, sliding into the bathtub of steaming hot water.

My wife gently took one of my legs and lifted it out. She squirted some shaving cream on it, grabbed one of her disposable razors, and carefully swept it down the length of my skin.

"What the hell?" I gasped, realizing too late what was happening.

Cynthia shushed me. "Just relax, Aaron. You're going to look great. Don't you want a threesome?"

I couldn't quite follow what she was talking about, but I decided not to push it. Who cares if she shaved my legs? I could wear pants for a while, I decided. It was worth it if I got a threesome with another woman.

Cynthia quickly shaved me legs before having me stand up so she could keep going. She shaved every inch of my body except for my head, leaving me completely hairless. I had to admit there was something sensual about it. After soaking in the tub, my skin was completely smooth and soft.

I ran my hands over myself and a strange feeling passed through me—it was like I was sexier than I'd ever been before. My cock stiffened a little in my cage, which made it bounce, drawing Cynthia's eye. She smiled a little and took my hand, guiding me to the mirror.

"Hold still," she said.

Opening her makeup case, my wife took out some powder and brushed it onto my face. I could hardly believe it. What was going on? Cynthia seemed to sense the tension in my body.

"It's okay, sweetie. Just trust me," she said, still applying different kinds of makeup to my face.

I sighed. Whatever was going on couldn't be worse than having my cock locked in this cage—and Cynthia had promised I'd finally get to come.

When my wife finished, I could hardly recognize myself in the mirror. My eyelashes were long and dark, my cheekbones looked higher, and my lips full and cherry red.

“Wow,” I exhaled. I looked amazing. My cock stirred, and I realized with a start that I was making myself hard.

Cynthia nodded. “Look how hot you are,” she agreed, patting me on the shoulder. My chestnut hair was already close to my shoulders, so all my wife had to do was brush it and spray something into it to give it more body.

The only indication that I wasn't a woman was my flat chest and the little bulge of the pink chastity cage at my waist. But Cynthia seemed to have a solution for even that. After rummaging around in our closet, she came back with some of her lingerie. She clipped the bra on behind my back and the hard cups stood up, giving the illusion of tits. Then, she helped me step into the tight black panties. They covered the cage so there was just a small bulge where my cock used to hang.

“Perfect,” she announced. I didn't know what to say. Perfect for what? What was going on? Now that Cynthia had finished with me, worry gnawed at my stomach. What happened next?

Chapter 5

Are you ready for your threesome?" my wife asked, a devilish glint in her eyes.

"Hell yeah," I answered. I didn't care at all that I was dressed like a woman by that point. My wife promised I'd get this cage off.

Grinning, Cynthia swung the door to our bathroom open and I gasped in surprise. Jerome stood in the middle of our bedroom, totally naked, his huge black cock hanging in front of him. His dark eyes looked me from head to toe, and he nodded approvingly.

"You look good, sissy," he said.

I turned to my wife. "But you said it was *my* threesome. I wanted to fuck you and *another woman*."

Cynthia looked at me with a mixture of confusion and pity. "But *you're* the other woman, silly. You're a sissy now."

My jaw dropped. I felt dizzy, and I staggered over to the bed and sank onto it. Cynthia followed behind me.

"Don't you feel sexy, baby? I could tell you liked getting dressed up."

I nodded numbly. It was true. I did like it. I felt sexier—more powerful—than I'd ever felt before, like this was who I was meant to be. Admiring myself in the dresser mirror, I couldn't argue with her.

"Good, now we're going to have fun, Aaron. I know how much you want to come."

A thrill shot through me at her words. I could think about all of this later. It was too much to process right now, but I *needed* to get off.

"Come here," Jerome said, his deep voice filling the room. I looked over at him, and to my surprise he was staring at me and pointing at the floor in front of him. Unsteadily, I got to my feet and walked over to him. Standing next to him, I realized just how much bigger he was than me. Not only did he tower over me, his broad shoulders made him far wider as well.

A feeling of vulnerability like I'd never experience washed over me as I trembled in front of him in my black bra and panties.

"Get on your knees."

I didn't hesitate. I fell to the ground, feeling the roughness of the carpet dig into my carefully shaved skin. Jerome's massive cock was inches in front of my face, and I swallowed hard. Leaning forward, I stuck my tongue out and licked it. The musky taste of it filled my mouth as I swirled my tongue around the huge head.

"That's it, sissy," he coaxed me on.

Taking a deep breath, I took the heavy head between my red lips. It felt warm in my mouth. I'd never imagine sucking a cock before, so I didn't know what to expect. But it was more erotic than I expected. The warm member pulsed in my mouth, and I could feel it swell and harden under my tongue.

A bead of precum oozed off the tip, and I licked the salty drop away. My cock strained against the pink chastity cage holding it, and for a second I paused. What was I doing? I was a man. I shouldn't be doing this. But why did it seem so right?

I pushed the thoughts from my mind and started bobbing up and down slowly on Jerome's cock. It had grown so big I struggled to fit it all in my mouth. But I kept trying to sink farther down his shaft until I had a lot of his length between my lips.

"You're a natural," Jerome growled, and for a second, pride welled inside of me before it was replaced by embarrassment. What had gotten into me? The heady taste and feeling of Jerome's cock in my mouth was pushing all reason from my mind. But lust burned in the pit on my stomach, making my cock ache as it strained against the cage holding it.

Kneeling on the floor, I sucked and bobbed on Jerome's cock for what must have been minutes, completely lost in the sensations overwhelming me. Finally, he stepped back, leaving me breathless on the floor.

"Oh my God! Look how excited he is!" Cynthia's voice rang out. Looking down at my caged cock, I felt embarrassment sweep through me. A glistening trail of precum hung from the tip of the pink cage down to the floor. I had leaked all over myself from excitement. As if to humiliate me even more, my caged cock bounced wildly as we all three stared at it. My cock was still straining to get hard.

There was no use pretending anymore. Everyone knew I was a sissy now. Maybe I had been the last one to fully realize it, I thought.

"Get in bed, sissy," Jerome ordered, and I rose to my feet. My knees wobbled as I walked over to the bed and lay down. Desire and confusion pulsed

through me.

Cynthia came over to the bed with the key to my chastity cage and took it off. My cock immediately sprang out, completely hard and throbbing in the air in time with my heartbeat. It took every ounce of my self-control not to reach down and stroke it until I came.

Jerome walked over to the bed. He rolled me over easily so that I was lying face down. The silky sheets pressed against my hard cock, sending tingles through me. Then, I felt a squirt of cold lube hit my ass. Suddenly, it hit me what was going to happen. He was going to fuck me like I was a sissy. Well, I *am* a sissy, I reasoned. Jerome climbed on top of me, and I felt the warm head of his cock settle on my asshole.

“Relax,” he said gently as he pushed inside of me. It felt like I was being cut in two by a steel rod. His dick felt harder and hotter than I thought it would. Trying desperately to relax, I lay under him as he stretched me out, slowly working his way inside.

After what seemed like an eternity, I felt his hard stomach hit my back. He was all the way inside. I sighed with relief.

Then, he started fucking me. I could feel every inch of his cock as it withdrew and then slammed into my virgin ass. At first, it just felt strange, but soon a new feeling bloomed deep inside of me. A feeling of fullness.

With each stroke, Jerome was hitting a spot that sent a pulsing wave of pleasure through me. As he fucked me deeper and harder, the pleasure grew.

My cock, trapped by my stomach, rubbed up and down against the soft sheet while Jerome pounded me from above. The silky softness was driving me crazy, and I could feel my balls tighten as the sound of Jerome’s body slapping against mine filled the room.

Before I even knew what was happening, ecstasy exploded through me. I could feel my hard cock spasm uncontrollably under me as I moaned wordlessly. Wetness spread under me as my sticky load drained onto sheet from my untouched cock.

“Oh, fuck,” I whimpered, trembling helplessly under Jerome as he picked up his pace, fucking me harder as my orgasm faded into a hazy afterglow of bliss.

With a guttural roar, he came inside of me. I could feel a flood of warmth in my asshole as his body tensed on top of me. After a moment, he stood up and slapped me on the ass.

“That was a good first time, sissy,” he said. I barely even heard his words. After not coming for a week, I was almost delirious from the pleasure of finally getting off.

I relaxed into the bed, past caring that I'd just been fucked in the ass by my wife's lover. In the back of my mind, I knew nothing would ever be the same. I'd embraced the fact that I was a sissy. There was no going back. I didn't *want* to go back. There was too much fun to be had.

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