

He's The Bride



by *Sara Desmarais*

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I heard the discrete knock at the door and looked over annoyed. Who would disturb a couple on their wedding night? Surely the hotel staff would not tell anyone which suite we were staying in tonight. And they would not send someone to check on us tonight—in the morning maybe, but not tonight. I looked away from the door to the suite to the closed bedroom door and thought, just for a moment, of my bride who had gone in there twenty minutes before with a parting, demure kiss and a whisper, “give me half an hour.”

I looked at my watch—ten minutes. Enough time to deal with whoever was at the door, which ever bell boy was about to get mildly scolded. Oh, relax, Andy, I told myself, tonight your sleeping, for the first time, with the most beautiful woman in the world. Well, hopefully, that is.

Yes, the first time. Monica and I dated for two years, were engaged for another eighteen months, but had yet to actually have sex. It wasn't as if we were virgins, far from it actually. We'd messed around with one another, but never had sex. Even if we'd had sex with others. I'd had lost my virginity in the back of a truck in high school, had a few flings in college, but, with the exception of heavy petting, very heavy petting, had been celibate since Monica and I started dating. She was no rookie either—my bride was quite the party girl when she was at the university—but that was the problem. She'd dated a series of jerks, one worse than the next, and had been taken advantage of, sexually, by each one. It ended her senior year when she got drunk and stoned at a fraternity party and fucked, or more accurately was passed around and fucked by, ten Beta fraternity brothers in an orgy that was still talked about on campus.

And tonight, I was going to sleep with her. Maybe. Hopefully. Finally.

So I was annoyed at the knocking at the door. Tonight, finally, after three years, I was going to fuck Monica. It was a source of contention between us, I thought, hell, she'd fucked, in her life, at least twenty guys, including ten in one night! Why should she suddenly become such a prude and refuse me? But I suppose I understood it from her point of view, too. She had been a slut, self admitted, and now wanted to save herself for marriage. So, Monica was the biggest prude I'd ever known. Ironical, since she was far more sexually experienced than I was.

Truth be told, I was a little nervous that I'd fail to live up to her past. After all, she'd been fucked by football players, rugby players, hockey players. All I was in school was a computer nerd, the prototypical “hundred

pound weakling” (actually about one forty five soaking wet.) So while she was nervous, as much as I wanted to fuck her brains out tonight, I was really kind of worried I’d never match up to the guys she had in the past.

Plus, there was the other thing. The promise. Monica was nervous, almost afraid, of tonight. She knew what I wanted; she wanted it, too, but she was afraid just the same. So I had to promise—if she asked, I was to stop, no questions asked, no pressure, just stop, immediately, not matter what. If she froze up, I was to stop, no sex, just stop. I promised, on my wedding night, to, if she asked, forego the sex I’d been waiting for and wanting for three years. But I was hoping it would not come to that, for truth be told, I wasn’t sure, if things went too far, that I could stop.

The knocking at the door again. Fuck! I had to deal with this.

I looked at the door to the bedroom again; simply wanted to ignore the door to the suite and go see what my bride was doing. But she’d told me. Half an hour. Half an hour and I could be sleeping, no, fucking her. Finally. Half an hour.

She knew I had an inferiority complex, though the way she saw it, her self image as a slut was much worse than my self image as a beta. Maybe it was worse for her, thinking about it as I walked to the door, I pondered the thought for a moment, ready to scold whoever was disturbing us.

But the person at the door was the absolute LAST person I expected to see.

“Judith,” I exclaimed seeing my brand new mother-in-law standing in the hallway. “What...what are you doing here? Is something wrong?” What would possibly possess my fucking MOTHER-IN-LAW to come knock on our hotel room door on our wedding night? It was bad enough dancing with her at the reception knowing that in mere hours I was going to fuck her daughter, but now, here, at our door? I’m sure I blushed, how could I not have? She must know what I was thinking, the dirty thoughts going through my mind.

“No, Andrew, nothing’s wrong,” she said reassuringly, “but we need to talk.”

“Judith, this...this is my wedding night,” I stammered, blushing deeper at the implication of those words, of what she was interrupting, that I was going to fuck her daughter in mere minutes.

“That’s exactly why I’m here, Andrew,” she said emphatically. “Meet me in the bar downstairs in five minutes. It’s important, very important.” With

that she turned and walked away, giving me no time to argue, no time to protest, no time to do anything. I stood there, in the doorway for two, three minutes, looked at my watch. My bride would expect me in less than ten minutes, my mother-in-law in two. What the fuck was I supposed to do?

“Fuck,” I mumbled, checking my pocket for the room’s key card, and feeling it, let the door close quietly behind me. Maybe Monica would be a few minutes late. I had to make this quick.

The bar was dimly lit but I saw her sitting at a table in the corner, two drinks before her—something in a rock glass, gin or vodka and a glass of white wine. She saw me walking toward her, raised her eyes in a “come here” manner and, as I approached the table, she took the rock glass in her hand and sipped from it. The gesture was a subtle one, but said everything about her, about what she thought of me, the man her daughter married. You see, to her, I was a white wine kind of guy, not a hard drinking boozier. Like her. Like any man. That was just the point, she was more masculine than I was, any man was more masculine than I was, for she saw me as soft. White wine.

I sighed at her obvious slight, but let it go. I had more important things to do tonight. Like fucking her daughter, I thought, willing her to read my mind. Bitch. I’d have the last laugh tonight.

Standing, refusing to play her game, I mustered all the masculinity I could. “Judith, what is it? It’s my wedding night, Monica will be worried.” I realized immediately that mentioning her daughter was a sign of weakness but it was too late, Monica’s name was out there, on the table as it were.

“She knows you’re here, Andrew,” she said, a smug look on her face; she’d anticipated my resistance, met it, forcefully. “Now sit down and drink your wine.” Her voice was a command, dominant, alpha. She may be a woman, but she threw her metaphorical cock down on the table as forcefully as any man. And she knew it, that’s what made it all that much worse. She knew I’d obey her. She knew.

I sat.

She said nothing for an eternity. She just waited. Her imaginary cock was on the table, challenging me. She waited with the air of a woman who knew she’d win, who knew I’d submit, who knew her cock was bigger.

Drink, she had said. Finally, thirsty, nervous, I reached for the glass of wine in front of my. The gesture was small, but highly symbolic. I surrendered. Yes, I admitted to both her and me, her cock was bigger than mine.

“Monica’s discussed with you her fear of intimacy,” she asked. “And more importantly, why she’s afraid?”

“Yes,” I sighed. “Is that what you wanted to talk to me about? Monica and I have discussed this, Judith,” I said, irritation creeping into my voice. “It’s all under control and...”

“Really,” she interrupted me, furrowing her brow, glaring at me. “It’s all under control? Then why is your new bride locked in her bedroom? If it’s all under control, why did she beg me to talk to you?”

“I...” God I hated her at that instant. “What are you talking about, Monica and I discussed this, I agreed...I promised...I’ve got this,” I insisted.

“You’re wrong, Andrew, it’s not under control, not at all. Monica is more scared than you know. Terrified, in fact. I know all about your promise, I know you promised to go slowly tonight, to take things at her pace, and to STOP, if she insists. But she doesn’t believe you. You’ve made promises before, you’ve pressured her before.”

“This is different,” I insisted, “this is our wedding night!”

“That’s what makes it so much worse for her, damn you. She’s terrified that you’ll lose control, that you’ll take her, regardless of what she wants, just like...before.”

I looked at her, for an instant, felt tenderness. Fine, while I may think she was a bitch, and she was, at that moment, she was nothing but a mother worried about her daughter.

“Judy...Judith,” I corrected quickly, “I’d NEVER hurt her.”

“Are you that dense? Really? This isn’t about you, Andrew, it’s about men in general. I know you promised, but she doesn’t believe you, but it isn’t about you. She trusts you, to a point, but she doesn’t trust males, in general.”

I sighed again. For the love of god, this was my fucking wedding night; all I wanted to do was get laid, all I wanted to do was to be with Monica, finally, after all these years. I loved her, I’d never hurt her. Never. Honestly, if she didn’t want to fuck tonight, I’d suck it up, I’d deal with it, I was sure. But I had Judith to deal with right now. Somehow, I had to rid myself of the meddlesome woman.

“What am I supposed to do,” I asked, my hormones forcing me to ask my bride’s mother for wedding night advice.

She knew, her eyes betrayed her thoughts. She knew I’d ask her for help, she knew I’d fucking ask her—the smugness, damn her, the fucking smugness. What a fucking bitch! “Listen, Andrew, you and I like each other, no?”

Like her? Was she insane? I fucking hated her. “Yes, of course,” I lied.

“And we trust one another?”

“Yes, yes,” I agreed, fine, whatever.

“You’re lying, Andrew. You hate me. And this is exactly why Monica is concerned. Men lie. Especially when it comes to sex.”

I sighed. “Listen, Judith, I know you have Monica’s best interest at heart,” I said, which was true, which was obviously true, that much we could agree on, I knew.

“Well, I’ll be blunt then, Andrew. If you want to see Monica tonight, if you want her to let you back into your suite, must let me...” she looked down, blushed, something I don’t think I’d ever seen her do before. I don’t think ever, not once, I’d seen any sign of weakness from her.

“Let you what,” I asked, wondering if somehow, someday, I finally had the upper hand.

“You must let me...relieve you.”

“Relieve me,” I asked, confused. What was she talking about? “Relieve me from what?”

Judith took a deep breath, looked me right in the eye, the blush gone, her normal confidence back. “You must let me relieve you sexually, Andrew, that’s what I mean. Monica wants to know she’ll be safe, safe if she asks you to stop.”

For the longest time I just sat there, attempting to mentally process what I’d just heard. Surely I’d heard her wrong—she could not have just asked what I thought she asked. No, I must have heard her say one thing when she really said something else. I tried to speak, but could not, no words would form. Relieve me? Sexually? No, I could not have heard her right.

Finally, she spoke again, still looking straight at me. “I know this is awkward, Andrew, believe me, it is for me, too, but as much as I may come across differently, I want the same thing you want, I want this marriage to work. For better or for worse, my daughter married you and I will not have her live in an unhappy marriage, as I did.”

“How,” I heard myself ask, stunned at the sound of my own voice. “I mean, she...she wants us to...to do what? Have sex,” I asked with a disgusted and shocked look on my face. Belatedly I looked around, hoped no one could hear our conversation. We must already have drawn looks, me in my tuxedo, her in her mother of the bride dress, people must wonder what I was doing here sitting in the hotel bar with my mother-in-law on our wedding night.

“Sex, Andrew, please,” she snapped at me. “Don’t be perverted. It means that I’ll supervise you relieving yourself. I’m a nurse, I’ve seen it before, it’s clinical, that’s all. It will be embarrassing, for both of us, but it can be done easily and quickly enough. Now, I’ll be in my room, it’s right next to yours. I’ll expect you there in five minutes.”

Before I could say anything, she stood and walked away from the table and out of the bar towards the elevators without so much as a glance back in my direction.

Clinical, that was the word that stuck in my brain. Clinical. Supervise, she’d said. She was a nurse. Okay. I’d been to the doctor—while I’d never given a sperm sample, I’d given blood and urine before—a nurse’s supervision was handing the patient a cup and waiting outside the door. The thought disgust me still, but I could do that. Sure, I’d have a little trouble getting an erection again, but perhaps my bride would feel safer if my raging hormones were dampened somewhat.

I stood outside my mother-in-law’s room for a full minute, one eye on her door, one eye on the door down the hall where my bride was waiting, unbelievably, waiting for me to relieve myself, sexually, IN FRONT OF HER MOTHER! This was insane, this was not happening, this was...no, I reminded myself. Clinical. It was clinical.

I knocked softly on Judith’s door. Like a urine test at the doctor’s office. Yes, a medical procedure, that’s all, that’s all, I thought.

And then Judith opened the door and let me in without a word and my entire world began to spin.

She had removed her dress so was standing in the entranceway to her own suite wearing just her undergarments—a white satin slip, through which I could see the outline of her full figured bra; hosiery; and heels—

and had donned latex gloves. Though it was a slip, not a dress, and she had no cap, with the serious look on her face, she looked every bit the nurse she'd been for thirty years. And she terrified me. I quickly looked up and down the hall, she was so close to the door anyone walking by would see her. I swear, that's the only reason I entered the room.

"Judith," I stammered.

She shook her head. "I don't want to soil my dress, stop being so melodramatic," she chastised me. "Now, step over there," she pointed towards a desk in suite's sitting room, "take off your coat and shirt and put your hands on the edge of the desk and leave everything to me." It was then I realized that she'd meant not to let me go to the bathroom, meant not even to simply supervise as she'd said down in the bar. She meant to do it herself!

"Judith, you...you can't expect me to..."

"I can and I do," she said harshly, "now do as you're told so we can get this over with."

I gulped, mortified, but did as she asked. She was right behind me, so close I could smell her perfume. She reached around me and unbuckled my belt and pants and they immediately fell down around my ankles, leaving me standing there, leaning against the desk, wearing just my boxer shorts, though not for long—she yanked those down as well.

"Judith, please," I begged, trying to turn and look at her. "Why can't I go to the bathroom," I said, voice shaking, "please."

"Keep still, damn you," she hissed. "The sooner we get this over with the better for both of us." I felt her reach around again and grab my limp dick in her hand. "Your soft," she said, which was true, obviously, I was taking no pleasure in being naked and vulnerable before my mother-in-law! "I can't do this when you're soft."

"I..."

"Shush, it doesn't matter, I can take care of that. This is going to be cold," she warned.

I tried to look over my shoulder to see what she was doing, but she placed a hand on my neck, twisting my head away from her. "Eyes forward," she said in a nurse's tone. "It's best you don't watch."

I felt her other hand behind me, between my legs and assumed she was going to grab my balls and massage me until I grew erect, as if I'd EVER grow erect from being fondled by my mother-in-law, but her hand did not

reach forward towards my balls. Rather, she reached upwards, between my ass cheeks and I suddenly understood what she meant to do, though I could scarcely believe it and simply would not believe it, even as I felt the cold, wetness as two of her gloved, lubricated fingers pushed into my ass much like I'd felt during a prostate exam.

"Judith," I yelped as she spread me open. "Stop, this isn't right," I tried to squirm away, instinctively recoiling from her hand, but she had deftly anticipated my reaction, for she immediately pushed down with the hand on the back of my neck, pushing my head and torso forward towards the desk, unbalancing me. I felt like I'd fall, hoped I'd fall, even if I hurt myself, anything to be away from her hand, but she'd wrapped one nylon clad leg around mine and pulled me by the ass towards her so I did fall, sort of. I fell BACKWARDS, not forward, and only an inch, but I fell into a trap, I fell into the locked position she'd obviously planned.

"You think this is the first time I've milked a man, Andrew," she laughed at the position she'd easily manipulated me into. I felt like any second the desk would rush up and hit me in the face, that I'd fall to the floor, but I couldn't, not the way she was holding me, I was trapped. I wanted to struggle, but I could neither gain my balance to fall away from her to nor could I fall to the desk or the floor either. I was trapped! She was right, she'd positioned me so I could do nothing, absolutely nothing, but hold still and allow her to do whatever it was she intended to do. "Stop struggling and relax, Andrew, this will only take a minute."

And with that her fingers danced inside me. While my doctor had examined my prostate, his exam was quick, deliberate, over almost as soon as it started. Judith's fingers found my prostate and lingered, massaged it, flicked it, danced over it. I felt her tug with her hand, towards her, pulling my hip directly into her stomach and her pelvis, so I was pressed against the satin slip she wore. She took her hand off my head, but by pulling me closer to her, even without her holding me down, I could not stand, move, struggle, anything. Somehow, expertly, she had trapped me so there was nothing I could do but wait for her to release me.

Her free hand went around my front, between my legs, and around my cock and balls. "You're smaller than most," she chuckled as her hand wrapped around my erection. "Seems Monica had little to be afraid of." Her words stung; it was humiliation enough to have her fingers in my ass, but to be called small, was an even harsher assault on what little manhood I'd

managed to hold onto. “Maybe she shouldn’t have been so worried, I doubt you’re like the men she’s been with,” she said, twisting my penis at the same time she twisted the verbal knife in my side.

I gasped, seemingly in shame, for I felt shame, but oddly in pleasure too, for there was no denying the physical pleasure I felt, with her fingers massaging my prostate and her hand slowly stroking me to erection. It took only minutes, for I easily surrendered to the physical sensations. Suddenly I was twitching and jerking and knew I was approaching orgasm and, with what little movement I had, the mere inch or two I could maneuver, I began to actively hump Judith’s hand, fucking it really, fucking my mother-in-law’s fist like a fucking dog.

She let me pump her hand once, twice, three times, let me approach an orgasm, and then just as suddenly as she had grabbed my erection, she let go, put her hand back on my neck, pushed me roughly to the desk and massaged my prostate harder and harder and harder and harder until I was twitching and breathing heavily and...

“Oh, oh, oh,” I gasped, reaching around as a blind man would in the dark, trying to find the orgasm that was so close only moments ago, feeling it elude me, yet...

I knew I was twitching, I could feel it, not the physical sensation of an orgasm, but the physical sensation of cum dribbling from my penis onto the floor. It seemed with each push onto my prostate I could feel a small squirt of cum from my penis, push, cum, push, cum, but as hard as I tried, the physical and mental sensations of a true orgasm were absent.

If she had not pushed me down onto the desk, I would fallen to the ground when she let go of me. All at once her hand left my neck, her fingers pulled out from my ass and she shoved me upright. I felt her between my legs, my ass again, a towel in her hand, calmly cleaning the mess, the lubricant, the cum.

“Judith,” I managed to groan, “what...what did you do to me?” Why? Why did I cum if I did not orgasm? What happened, what?

“Milked you,” she said in a very manner of fact tone, “a medical procedure, dear, which allows extraction of the sperm from a male without inducing or allowing orgasm. It commonly leaves a male as sexually aroused as before the procedure, yet unable to orgasm or to ejaculate again for hours.”

“But...but...”

“I don’t think you’ll have any trouble keeping your promise to my daughter tonight. Who, by the way, is patiently waiting for you next door. Now that you can’t harm her.”

I suddenly thought of my bride. Fuck. Monica. Monica! She wanted this? She wanted her mother to do this to me? She knew about this? All day, all throughout the ceremony, she knew? I looked towards the door to the suite, down to my clothes. I had to get to Monica, had to, I wanted to. Oh fuck, what was happening?

“You won’t need those, dear,” Judith said softly.

“What,” I asked, looking down at my pile of clothes. I couldn’t walk through the hallway naked, even just to go next door.

“No, you don’t need to go out in the hall naked, silly boy,” she chuckled standing next to me, hands on her hips as I slowly stood from bent over the desk. “I don’t want you arrested. There, dear,” she pointed to the wall and I realized, there was a connecting door, obviously connecting Judith’s suite to my own.”

I took a step towards it, eager to be away from this witch, eager to talk to Monica, eager to out of this room, away from the place of my shame.

“Before you go, Andrew,” her voice froze me.

“Yes,” I turned towards her, quickly lowering my eyes due to the shame I felt.

“You won’t need your clothes, but you’ll need these.” She was holding something white in her hands. The towel she cleaned me with?

“What’s that,” I asked.

She tossed me what she was holding, somehow I managed to catch it. It was soft, satin, so soft the satin fabric almost slipped through my fingers. Panties. She tossed me a pair of white satin panties overlaid with lace and tiny bows on the waistband. “I don’t understand, I...I assumed Monica was getting ready, why do I need to bring these to her?”

The look on her face, the grin, the triumph, terrified me. She may have said she was as ashamed and embarrassed as I, but that was obviously not the case, if anything she seemed to take pleasure in my humiliation. “The panties are not for my daughter, they are for you.”

“Me,” I said, my blood running cold. She didn’t mean...she could not possibly mean...

“You’re not going to be a man with her tonight, we’ve taken care of that.”

“But...but she said...I mean, I promised to stop if she asked.”

“She asked, don’t you see, she asked me to tell you,” she crossed her arms, “and when you come to her wearing those, that’s how she’ll know you’re keeping your promise. If you want to go to her, you’ll do so wearing those. Otherwise, don’t bother.”

I looked down at the panties in my hand. “Fine,” I snapped, stepping into the panties and pulling them up my legs and over my shrunken penis as fast as I could. “Can I go now?”

“I’ll bring you to her,” she said for an answer walking towards the connecting door leaving me to either stand there or to follow her to where my bride was waiting.

Monica was waiting on the bed and for a moment, I was relieved, even excited, to see my beautiful bride lounging on the satin comforter in exquisite white bridal lingerie—a basque showing off her wonderful breasts, stockings attached to it, heels, the garter from our wedding. And then she looked down at my pelvis, at the panties I was wearing, smiled, every so slightly, her shy smile.

“I’m so sorry, darling, you must hate me.”

Her look shrunk me. I had wanted to scream at her, challenge her, complain to her, but I could not. It was too much. After being drained by her mother, I felt emasculated both physically. Wearing panties, I felt emasculated emotionally. Her mother right behind me, I felt weak, helpless, and I was. “No, but, but you, you should have said something,” I managed to say, trying not to blame her for what was happening, thinking of her mother behind me, blaming Judith, not Monica.

Monica shifted in the bed, the top of her bustier hardly contained her breasts. “I was scared,” she said, “I...I was just so nervous, Andrew, please understand, I couldn’t stand the thought of you coming in here with an... an...” She blushed, unable to complete her sentence.

“An erection,” I asked.

“Yes,” Monica said, still red, biting her lip.

“Well that’s not a problem now,” I said, a harsh tone, looking back towards Judith.

“Come here,” she patted the bed beside her, “I’m sorry, I really am, but you see, don’t you? Now we can enjoy our wedding night without me worrying about you getting over-excited and, you know.”

“What are we supposed to do,” I asked, hopefully, feeling the excitement running through me, mentally and physically, everywhere, that is, except in my penis, which was frustratingly flaccid in the panties I was wearing.

“Everything you wanted to do, sweetie, just...with your mouth and your hands instead of with...with that.”

I took a step towards her, involuntarily drawn to her, mouth instantly watering. And then I heard her behind me, breathing. Judith. Fuck. I looked back towards her with my eyes, Monica saw it, looked up at her mother, then down, as if ashamed.

“I’ll be chaperoning,” the cold voice behind me said.

“Monica,” I whispered, mouthed, “please.”

“I told her she can stay,” my bride answered, loud enough for her mother to hear, “to...to make sure you don’t...that nothing happens.”

“Monica, I’m not going to hurt you,” I said trying to reassure her. “How...how could I? I don’t even think I can,” I lowered my voice, “get an erection.”

Monica said nothing at first, though she was clearly torn. I begged her with my eyes, it was our wedding night, I didn’t want her mother here watching, not after what she’d done to me. Finally Monica looked at Judith, then back to me. “I’m sorry, but she can stay.”

I woke up with a raging erection. For hours the night before I kissed and massaged and licked and touched my wife. All under the watchful eye of her mother. Every time Monica orgasmed, I felt myself look up at her mother who simply stood there or sat there, watching, saying nothing verbally, but everything with her gaze.

Except when Monica would reach for me. “No,” her mother said. Every time.

“No”, she said as Monica’s her hands would drift towards my panties.

“No”, she said Monica’s pelvis would try to find my crotch.

“No,” if I let pushed or tried to thrust, or did anything, even the smallest steps of what a man should do on his wedding night.

No, no, no.

Monica was awake before me; she was laying on the bed looking at me as I drifted out of sleep, almost purposefully putting some distance between us so there was not even the slightest chance my panty clad erection would come close to touching her beautiful skin. She looked afraid of it.

“Good morning,” I said, looking at her before the flood of memories of the night before came rushing into my mind and my shame forced me to look down.

Monica’s hand reached out, very, very slowly and touched my erection through the satin panties, she touched it as carefully as one would touch a piece of fragile glass. “I think you should go visit my mother,” she said softly.

I thought she was joking, but the look on her face was completely serious. “Monica, no, you don’t mean it?”

She rolled onto her back with a frown. “Last night was wonderful, Andrew, everything I could hope for on my wedding night please, don’t spoil everything.” Everything she could hope for, maybe, but what about me? But I went, seeing her face, I went, I did not want to, but I did, for her, for us.

I walked softly through the suite towards the door to Judith’s room, which stood open, menacingly open. She was sitting at a table in a straight backed chair, reading the paper, sipping a cup of coffee. And she was only half dressed. I’d seen what she was wearing in magazines, old catalogues. A white all in one undergarment, bra and girdle skirt, a corselette, if memory served me right, with garter straps which held up nude stockings.

“Yes,” she said by way of greeting. No pleasantries, no hello, nothing; she greeted me as one would greet an employee, a servant. A slave.

“Monica said...er...said I should...that I should come see you,” I stammered.

She looked down at the front of my panties, the erection showing through the satin, shook her head. “Already?” The way she said it made me feel guilty for having an erection. Here I was a newly married man who should be in his hotel suite fucking his bride silly and all I felt was guilt for

what should be natural. "I'm sorry," I found myself apologizing, "but, er, how long do I have to put up with this?"

"Put up with this? You? How do you think it makes me feel," she shook her head, "or my daughter. Afraid to be around her own husband."

"But all I want to do is, is," I could not quite say it, what I was thinking. Not to her mother! What, was I going to tell her how much I wanted to fuck her daughter? "All I want is to be with her."

"Well that's an easy thing for you to say, you're not the one having a cock shoved inside you, even a small one," she shook her head, was about to say something else, then caught herself as another look came over her face.

"What is it," I asked, afraid I'd done something wrong.

Seeming to ignore me, she half repeated herself. "When you're not the one having a cock shoved inside you."

"Judith?"

"Um, nothing, nothing," she turned back towards me. "Come here," she shook her head and reached behind a carafe of coffee on the table and pulled out a pair of latex gloves and a small tube. My heart shrunk as I realized she'd been waiting for me to wake up, that she'd anticipated the state I'd wake up in, and worse, that she knew that Monica would send me to her again. "Take off your panties and lie across my lap," she ordered me seeing the realization on my face, knowing that I understood.

I moved slowly, too slowly for her. When I had the panties off, she reached out and grabbed my erection with a gloved hand and yanked me to her, pulling me down, hard, until I was across her lap, my erection now trapped between her stocking covered thighs.

"Ouch, fuck, Judith, that hurt," I grunted.

"Really? Well so will this," she hissed and suddenly I felt a sharp sting on my ass as she slapped it, one side, then the other, once, twice, five times on each side. "When I tell you to move, you move," she said as the blows rained down, "do you understand?"

"Yes, ohhh, yes," I howled, gritting my teeth as I jumped up and down on her lap. Every time I moved up or down, she'd release then squeeze her thighs against my erection.

"Ready, Andrew?"

Ready? Ready? Was she insane? Ready to have my mother-in-law shove her fingers up my ass for the second time in twelve hours? Ready to be

humiliated yet again? Ready? But what was I to say? No? That's what I should have said, as I jumped up and ran from the room, but I didn't, I just agreed. "Yes," I said softly, resigned to it.

"Yes, Ma'am," she smacked my ass again, harder than any of the other blows.

Fuck, what a bitch! "Yes, Ma'am," I managed to say through gritted teeth. There was no warning this time, no gentleness, just the wet, cold lubricant on the outside of her gloved fingers pushing into my clenched ass, overcoming easily the meager resistance I tried to offer much to her amusement.

"This will take longer if you don't relax, not that it matters to me," she said happily working her two fingers around over my prostate.

I thought of Monica, relax, thought of my bride, relax, though the promise of sleeping with wife, relax. Maybe, I thought if I relaxed, and concentrated, I could hold back from squirting, let the orgasm I was denied yesterday build up inside me until I exploded. I let my mind drift away from the horrors of the humiliation to the simple physical sensations. While I'd never want to admit it, there was some physical pleasure to Judith's manipulation of my prostate.

There, I sensed it, like an island in the fog, there, up ahead, an orgasm. I did not want to let on to approach, I wanted to cum, not just leak like yesterday, but to cum, to explode, a physical and mental release. I was desperate for it, needed it, wanted it so badly. I inhaled, sharply, too sharply, did she hear it? I bit my lip, held my breath, no, her movements remained unchanged, her fingers massaged, her thighs squeezed and released.

Closer, I was getting closer...closer...I felt it...so close...

And just as I was about to walk to the edge, her thighs separated, wide apart, releasing the pressure on my erection.

"Not today," she said.

"No, please," I begged, humping the air, the spot where an instant before there was pressure, there was fucking, "please Judith, please." The edge receded, the fog thickened, "please," I begged, "please."

She laughed, simply continued to massage my ass, push her fingers in me until I felt it once again, the physical sensation of cumming without orgasm, the sensation of seminal fluids leaking from my erection from the manipulation of my prostate without the accompanying orgasm.

“Please,” I begged realizing it was too late, ready to cry, frustrated, helpless. “Please.” She held me, continued to milk me, until everything had dribbled out, until my erection was gone but my sexual frustration was peaking, my horniness all consuming.

She pushed me off, gently, helping me stand in the process. “Go shower first,” she nodded towards her bathroom, “then you can go back to her. And be quick, she’s waiting.”

Five minutes later I stepped back into the living area of her suite, a towel wrapped around me, smelling of lilacs, the only shower scent she had in her shampoo or her soap. She was sitting in the chair still, though the gloves were off, the lubricant not to be seen, and the mess on the floor wiped away. On the table in front of her was a pair of pink satin panties. And as soon as I saw them, I knew what they were for.

“Judith, please this isn’t right, I’m her husband.”

“Not yet, you’re not, or did you consummate the relationship last night when I wasn’t looking?”

The verbal big stung, the reminder that I’d spent my wedding night making love to my wife more like a girl than a boy, which I suddenly realized was exactly what I’d done.

“She doesn’t want you like that, not yet, so you’ll show her you’re living up to your promise, that you understand what she wants. Now put them on and go see her, you’re newlyweds, you belong in bed together.”

The morning was worse than last night, made better only by the absence of Judith. “Andrew, you’re...pretty” Monica smiled strangely, drying her hair with a towel when I walked into our bedroom.

“Monica, this is...” I looked down at the satin covering my flaccid penis, feeling both foolish, yet oddly pleased that she like the way I looked.

“I know, Andrew, I know, you’re such a love for putting up with me. I know this isn’t quite, um, normal, but...” She looked so small and vulnerable, hardly like a woman who asked her mother to milk her new husband and to demand he come to her bedroom dressed in lingerie. Yet isn’t that what she was doing? “I’m just not ready, Andrew, not yet, but I didn’t want to ruin our honeymoon and...”

Suddenly she was pressed against me, kissing me deeply, passionately. “I want you so badly, Andrew, just...just not like that, not yet, please, just... just make love to me like you did last night, like...”

“Like a woman,” I said, for that’s what it was.

“Yes,” she shook, the simple words making her melt in my arms. “Like a woman, Andrew,” she kissed my lips and my neck and my ears. “Please, I know you want to do it the other way, I...I just can’t bear it, I know you don’t like my mother doing that to you, I know, but I’m afraid of it Andrew, I’m afraid that...”

“It isn’t that big,” I tried to explain, maybe if she understood it was not something to fear, maybe some man hurt her, maybe all the men she had, I didn’t know.

“You’re so tender,” she kissed my lips gently. “Mother told me, she said not to worry, you’re much smaller than most men, please, even so, I’m just so afraid, you understand, don’t you?” Her voice was so innocent, even with the vile things she was asking of me, she was so sweet, so tender. How could I say no?

“Fine, yes, fine,” I agreed, her kisses making my hormones run wild, for what little good it did since there was not even a stirring in my panties.

Monica pushed me back on the bed and I surrendered to her advances as she climbed on top of me. “I’m not afraid of it like this, Andrew, not when it’s small and,” she blushed.

“And what,” I stupidly asked.

“Small and feminine.”

I shook, for her suddenly her breasts were in my mouth and I was sucking, greedily sucking at her nipples. “Make love to me again like a girl, Andrew,” she begged.

For the next half hour I did little but lay there and let her use my mouth and my body. She found multiple ways to please herself with my body, all over, almost everything, save my flaccid penis. She rubbed herself against my thigh, leaving a wet trail like a snail would as she shook with an orgasm. She rode my hand, moving until one finger rubbed her ass, another went deep into her wet vagina, and a third rubbed her clit. She rode my mouth, clamping her thighs around my head and teasing me, lowering then raising herself away from my mouth until I begged to taste her. She came again and again and again while I was helpless, save to be the thing that gave her pleasure.

I did everything for her. Everything but fuck her. I was there for her pleasure. That alone. Not mine, hers, hers alone.

And unfortunately nothing changed for the rest of the honeymoon. We flew out that day, finally free of Judith, but nothing changed.

Every time I tried to go farther, tried to take oral lovemaking to real sex, every time I tried to penetrate her, she shut down. No matter how aroused she may have been, no matter how much she seemed to want me, even when she ASKED me to enter her, when I would try, she would roll away, crawl insider herself, cry, tell me to stop. She would apologize, over and over, tell me she would try again the next day, but the next day was the same. Every time, every day.

The entire honeymoon, we did not consummate our marriage, I did not fuck my wife, and it was horrible.

“You’re being incredibly selfish, Andrew,” Judith’s voice suddenly called out from behind me the second day we were home.

“What,” I jumped, started at her sudden entry into the study.

“I said you’re being incredibly selfish.”

I was tired, sexually frustrated, and yes, annoyed that Judith was suddenly here, in my own house, the last person I wanted to see. “I’m being selfish,” I turned, my anger quickly rising. “I’m being selfish? I’ve done everything she wanted, everything. I let you...god, I can’t even say it...on our wedding night, what you did. And after. And I wore fucking panties for her, god!.”

“So?”

“So? So I’ve done everything she wanted and yet she still won’t fuck me. What about what I want? I’m her fucking husband,” I finally snapped.

“What? And by rights, she should bend to you? She should meekly submit like the good little wife?”

“Yes,” I spit, “hell yes.”

“Fine, Andrew, I’ll go tell her that. I’ll go tell her to forget about her past, forget about what she used to be, how it made her feel. Or try to. Because she’ll do it, Andrew, she’ll get on her hands and knees and submit to you is that’s what it took to make you happy, if that’s what you wanted, that’s how much she loves you. She’ll submit to you. But know this,”

Judith's face was red with anger, "that every time she does she'll only be thinking about her past, how men used to treat her; she'll go right back there abandoning every bit of self-esteem she finally has."

"But it's not the same."

"Not to you, Andrew, but it is to her. Is that what you want? You want her your way? You can have her. Go ahead, be a pig, have her. You'll certainly have her body, any time you want. You want to fuck my daughter? Go ahead, do it, demand it, you can have her. Know this, though, you'll lose her emotionally the second you do."

"Well then what am I supposed to do? Nothing? Just be...what...just abstain?" I was frustrated and talking to Judith was upsetting me. Hell, after what she did on my wedding night, I could hardly look at her.

"I know you must think I'm some kind of monster, Andrew, but I'm not, really. I want what's best for my daughter, that's all."

"So do I," I said in all honesty.

"She's not ready for sex with a male, that's what you just can't seem to grasp, Andrew. She's tried, night after night. She tried on your wedding night, she tried on your honeymoon, she tried last night. Every time she tries, though, she thinks of them."

"What am I supposed to do," I asked again, frustration creeping into my voice.

Judith had an evil grin on her face. "You don't know how guilty she feels, that, that's she's not, well, that you've been so understanding. She wants to try again and I think this will work."

A stupid smile formed on my face.

"I be careful about that grin, Andrew, you may not like what I'm about to tell you."

What could it matter? Not if I was going to finally, after three years and two weeks, finally get to fuck Monica.

"She's still very afraid, Andrew, and quite frankly, I think she's better off waiting, there's no rush, but she thinks she may have a compromise that may allow the two of you to," she could not bring herself to say the words, "to, well, er, finish things."

"What? Anything, Judith, I mean it."

"Perhaps, perhaps. Did you notice she was happy on your wedding night? Happier so the next day?"

“I...I suppose,” I blushed thinking not of Monica, but of what Judith did to me.

“Did you happen to think why?”

“I...I don’t know, no, not, not really.”

“Because you were least threatening to her on those nights.”

“I’ve never threatened her!”

“Not with your words, not even with your actions, Andrew, you threaten her simply by being you, by being...male.”

“But...”

She continued, ignoring me. “You threaten her just walking into the room, an erection between your legs. You didn’t have that on your wedding night or the next day, so you were not a threat to her.”

I looked away. No, on my wedding night I was soft, thanks to Judith milking me. And I was certainly not very masculine, wearing the panties Judith gave me to wear. And the day after I was soft again from Judith’s doings, soft from the panties I wore.

“You were not masculine on your wedding night; you were not a threat.”

I still did not see what she was getting at, what compromise she was talking about. “I tried everything, Judith, even the...the things you did. What else is there?”

“It was something Monica said the other day when we were talking on the phone. She called me crying, upset that she just could not relax. That maybe...”

“Maybe what, please, Judith, I don’t mean to seem insensitive,” or crude for that matter, “but all I want to do is make love to my wife!”

“She wants to try the wedding night again, Andrew. But, she found you very non-threatening when you wore panties, so...”

“I’ll gladly wear panties,” I interrupted, “fuck, anything, just to fuck her,” I quickly said, interrupting Judith, not thinking she meant something else.

“You would?”

“Yes, of course, anything.”

“Anything?”

“Anything.”

“Panties weren’t enough, Andrew,” she tilted her head smugly. “Were they?”

“But I thought...”

“They helped, helped her stop seeing you as a male, but they were not enough the first wedding night, they won’t be enough the second, either.”

“What...what does she want,” I asked somehow knowing exactly what she wanted, somehow feeling it deep inside me, fearing it, too. She couldn’t mean...she wasn’t asking...

“What’s it matter? Will you not get what you want? Is wearing a bra really so awful?”

“A bra,” I stammered. A bra, good god, she wasn’t serious, there was no way, it could not be. “A bra...a bra is for women.”

“So it is. And so you’ll don it as a symbol, you’re not coming to your wedding bed as a man who means to hurt her, you’re coming as her lover, soft, gentle, even feminine. Is that so far beneath you?”

A bra? She’d have me wear a bra? But was Judith right? What of it? I’d already worn panties, and while helpful, she was right, it wasn’t enough. Monica could not overcome what I was, a man, she could not overcome her past, what men did to her.

“A bra, Andrew, panties, show her, put her at ease, for her sake if not yours.

“Please, Judith,” I groaned, “please, I...I’m her husband.”

“Yes, yes, but set that aside, just for tonight, I promise you that she’ll be yours.”

“Tonight,” I asked, stunned, “really? She’ll let me...tonight?”

“Tonight or never, Andrew.”

“But I don’t...what am I...” Tonight? I needed time to think—I wasn’t supposed to be her husband? Tonight? Fuck, wear a bra tonight? Should I? Could I?

“How pretty was she on your wedding night?”

“She...she was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen,” I said honestly, thinking of her in our honeymoon suite, stirring at the memory. Tonight? I could have her tonight at the cost of a bra.

“And you’re not going to, to,” I blushed, “you know...,” the horror of what Judith had done to me sprang to mind.

“Milk you? No, Andrew, I’m not going to milk you.”

Okay, fine, maybe this wasn’t the worst thing in the world. I’d worn panties on our wedding night, the night after. What did it matter in the end, but that I got to fuck my wife already. “Can I talk to Monica first,” I asked, stalling, maybe I could convince her to forget all this, just to come to bed

with me and I'd make love to her as carefully and gently as I could, maybe I could promise her that.

"She knew you'd ask me that. No, Andrew, no, she's already getting ready herself at my house. She wants to look just as good for you as you're going to look for her."

"A bra," I said, just to hear it again, the words making butterflies turn in my stomach.

"Yes, Andrew, she thought that would be a good way to reduce your masculinity. Don't you see it? That's what she's afraid of, masculinity. Don't you see? This is what she wants, this is the only way."

I swallowed. "You're sure that's what she wants?"

"Yes, Andrew, she wants you, trust me, she really does, she just doesn't want you as a man and she's too afraid of your reaction to ask you herself."

"But I am a man," I tried to argue.

"Dammit, Andrew," Judith snapped, "what does it doesn't matter. You're already married, if you want your marriage to work, what have you got to lose?"

My masculinity, I thought ironically, though what did that matter? It wasn't doing me any good right now, was it. Besides, so what if I dressed like that again, added a bra, what difference did it make in the end? Judith was right, a simple gesture to have what I'd waited for all these years, a simple gesture to the woman I loved.

"Fine," I said, "fine, whatever she wants, I'm okay, well not okay, but fine, okay."

"Excellent. She'll be very happy, trust me, I'll call her and tell her now while you're showering," she said directing me towards the stairs. "Use Monica's bath supplies, you'll want to cover up any male smell, too, she certainly won't want you smelling like a man any more than she'll want you looking like one."

I did as I was told, though, to be honest to myself, I was not overly anxious just yet, not with the thought of finally being with Monica. If it took wearing a bra and a pair of panties, so be it.

In the shower, I was rinsing Monica's flowery smelling body wash off me when I heard footsteps, heels walking on the tile floor. I thought of Monica—perhaps she was coming to our bedroom before I was ready—but was disappointed when it was Judith's voice I heard.

“Here,” she said, sliding the shower door halfway open and holding a plastic bottle towards me.

Why her presence was so humiliating was a good question. Hell, I’d already been naked in front of her. Naked, bent over, as she shoved her fingers up my ass! Yet, waves of horror and humiliation and shame swept over me as she stared at me, as her eyes found my mid-section, my crotch, and seemed to giggle, even if she did not, at my nakedness. But of course I was humiliated—I was naked in front of my mother-in-law—something no husband should ever be.

“What’s this,” I asked, taking it, just wanting the door shut as quickly as possible as protection from her.

“A special moisturizer,” she grinned, reaching in turning off the water. “It will smooth your skin for her, just rub it into your skin like lotion or suntan lotion.”

“Everywhere,” I asked, opening the bottle and squirting some of the thick lotion into my hand.

“Everywhere below your neck. And I mean everywhere, between your legs and ass and all over your arms and chest.”

I started rubbing the lotion into skin as she instructed. It was okay at first, but I had to turn away from her when applying it to my penis and between my ass—it was just too humiliating to do so with her eyes on me. I saw the lotion still on my legs, where I’d started, not absorbing. “It’s not soaking in,” I said.

“No,” she answered. “Here, rub it off with this,” she handed me a sponge.

I understood with the first swipe of the sponge. It did not remove just the lotion, but the hair on my legs, too. The lotion was not simply a moisturizer, it was an exfoliant and would take off what little body hair I had. “Judith!”

“You’re not going to her bed as a man, Andrew, we agreed. What will she think when you climb into bed and she feels your skin? When it’s all smooth, soft, non-threatening. Do you think she’s going to feel scared then?”

“I...I suppose not.” Well, hair grows back, so what did it matter? I was already throwing my masculinity away this evening, what was wrong with shedding my body hair?

When I got out of the shower, I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror, unable to believe how simply removing my body hair so thoroughly emasculated me. I didn't exactly look like a girl, my bride was far more beautiful, but I certainly was far, far from masculine, I certainly did not look like a man. Maybe I never looked much like a man, but now? Certainly not hairless from the neck down. Certainly not smelling of jasmine and honey and flowers. Certainly not looking between my legs.

"Ready to dress, dear," Judith asked, walking into the hallway to the bathroom? "Or are you going to just stare at yourself in the mirror?"

"I look funny," I said, my eyes darting here and there over my smooth body, trying to wrap my brain around what I was seeing in the mirror.

"Funny? Perhaps, but that's not the word I'd use, Andrew. I'd go with feminine, dear, you look softer, feminine. Just like Monica is expecting."

"Are you sure, Judith," I asked, looking at her in the mirror.

She reached out and touched my shoulder. "Yes, Andrew, this is the only way."

She kept her hand on my shoulder and led me from the bathroom to the bedroom and I stopped suddenly, halfway between to the bed, shocked at what I saw.

"Judith," I gasped, "that...that's too much." Too much was the lingerie I saw carefully arrayed on the bed. She had told me that I was going to wear panties and a bra, but my eyes took in more, much, much more, a sea of white seeming to cover the entire king size bed, and I knew she meant to dress me in every piece of it. But I balked, I had to balk, it was simply too much. "You said a bra...panties...this...this is...Judith, no."

"I never said ONLY a bra, Andrew, you inferred it, you heard what you wanted to hear. I said you must not be a male, did you think there was some other way? Do you think she'll be comfortable some other way? Andrew, she wants her wedding night with you, but not as her groom, that didn't work, it must be as her bride."

"But...but I'm her husband," I croaked weakly.

"Not tonight, Andrew, if you want her, tonight you'll be her bride."

I looked again at the array of clothes—I saw a garter belt set next to stockings, and more, a matching bra and panties, and more, carefully folded satin, and more, the garter Monica wore on our wedding day, and more and more.

“Judith,” I begged.

“It’s the only way, Andrew, the only way.”

What could I do but acquiesce? What could I do but allow my mother-in-law to dress me from head to toe as a bride? What could I do but allow her to feminize me, to complete what she’d started to do less than a fortnight before and completely emasculate me? What could I do, all for the love of my wife?

I wanted to cry when she wrapped the garter belt around my waist, but I fought the tears.

I wanted to scream when she slid stockings up my smooth, hairless, feminine legs one at a time.

I wanted to hide when she connected each garter strap, pulling them taut.

I wanted to run when she had me step into the panties.

I wanted to die when she reached under the satin and tucked my penis between my legs and commented on the swelling, wondering if dressing as a girl was the cause.

I wanted to shrink away when she fastened the bra around my chest and filled the cups with lifelike “breast forms” giving me the illusion, the feel, the weight of breasts.

But I let her continue. For Monica’s sake, I let her continue.

I wanted to beg when I felt my leg muscles tighten and lengthen as I stood there in heels and realized my legs were as pretty and feminine as any woman.

I wanted to float away when she unfolded the satin camisole and matching tap panties so as to wrap more layers of feminine beauty over me.

And that was before a wig to add a feminine hair style and before makeup to feminize my face and before she glued what she called French tip fake nails to my own, ignoring my question about how to remove them. That was before she knelt in front of me and slipped Monica’s wedding garter up my leg.

“Angela,” she spoke, stepping back to look at me over from feminized head to feminized toe.

“What?”

She was slowly walking around me, was behind me, stepped closer. “Angela,” she said again, softly, almost in my ear. “Andrew is a man’s name. You’re not a man.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but the words died when I looked at myself across the room in the mirror. How could I say I was a man when I looked nothing, absolutely nothing like that. Nothing. Worse, while she may have been saying I was not supposed to be a man tonight, I felt an undertone of a more serious accusation. That I was not a man. Period. Ever.

“Angela,” she said yet again at a whisper, “look at yourself, you’re a sissy girl.”

Shock, shame, practically dripped off my face. Sissy? The word was like a slap, hurtful, painful, but who was I do deny it? I was WEARING BRIDAL LINGERIE! Was I supposed to say, no, you’re wrong, I am a man? Really? Dressed from head to toe in satin, nylon, lace? No, dear mother-in-law, your daughter’s husband, the one you milked, the one you dressed, the one you made submit, no, no, you’re wrong, he’s really a man.

That was a lie. It may have been true three weeks ago, it may have been true three hours ago, but not now, no longer. I had surrendered to her, surrendered my masculinity, what little of it I had, my manhood, however pathetic it was. And she knew, that was the worst, she knew, Judith knew. She fucking knew!

“You’re afraid,” she walked back in front of me.

“Yes,” I shook my head in disbelief. Of course I was afraid!

“You’re afraid to admit it.”

“Admit it? Admit what,” I asked, confused by what she meant.

She smirked. Reached out to me and let her hand touch between my legs, through the two layers of satin, nylon, through the two pairs of panties. I wanted to jump away from her but knew better. And then, as soon as her hand touched me, I realized it, what she was showing me. I was straining against the inner layer of satin, my penis, tucked backwards, was nevertheless throbbing, filling with blood, trying to grow, to become erect. I was...

“Afraid to admit you like being a girl, Angela.”

No, I shook my head, no, no, she was wrong; I said so. She did not answer, just slowly, gently, rubbed between my legs, rubbed the jerking flesh hidden by satin, rubbed. Whatever my words, I felt betrayed by my reaction. No, it could not be, I was not excited, not at all.

“Sissy,” she said as softly as her caress of my penis. “Don’t lie to me.”

“But...”

“It’s so ironic, that it excites you so, giving up your masculinity to get what you want...sissy.”

“Please, I’m not,” I mumbled, my eyes half closed, heightening the sensations of the lingerie on my soft skin, intensifying her petting of my betraying organ.

“But you are, Angela, but you are. There, there, just relax, accept it... unless you’d have me tell her not to bother.”

“No,” my eyes flew open, “no, no.”

“Then accept it, you’ll never have her as a man, accept it, let her take you as a girl.”

“I’m scared,” I whispered.

“You should be,” she whispered back.

I sat on the bed of the candle lit bedroom, nervous as a child waiting for a parent, nervous what my wife would think of her husband, nervous, of all things, that she’s see the man through all the feminine. How odd, I realized. I was worried my wife would see me as masculine! But masculine had not worked, masculine had not led to the consummation of our marriage, masculine had not led to the wedding night I’d fantasized about since our first date, masculine had not led to the sex I was desperate for. So, as strange as it might be, why not try feminine? Maybe feminine would help, what could I lose since I’d yet to gain anything.

Maybe wearing satin and lace and hiding my masculinity would help Monica forget the demons of her past. What of it, if I loved her? And, loath as I was to admit it, the lingerie FELT GOOD. Sitting on the edge of the bed, every time I moved even an inch, shifted ever so slightly waiting for Monica, I could feel the cool satin against my skin, I could feel the weight of the fake breasts, I could feel the tug of the garter straps at my stockings, I could feel my taut calfs stretched wearing heels. It was so strange, so unexpected, but every physical sensation actually felt...good. I reached up, touched my bra, my breasts, fuck, my BREASTS, felt them, oh god, so natural, oh fuck, mine, mine.

I was dressed as a bride waiting for my bride, and with each passing minute, my eyes fluttered and I felt my mind drift farther and farther away from the masculine world as I became, mentally, more and more feminine.

Angela, I thought, Angela. As I let my mind float, I started to think of myself as a bride, to put myself in the position of a woman on her wedding night. Though I was waiting for Monica, my own bride, soon to step through the door as pretty as she was on our wedding night, I felt myself thinking what it must be like for a woman waiting for a man, waiting for her deflowering, to be taken, to be feel the weight of another on top of her, pressed into the bed, to surrender.

I pictured Monica kissing me and touching me, pictured girl kissing girl, woman touching woman, bride licking bride. And my swelling pressed against my satin panties. If I had to make love to her playing a girl, I'd make love to her as sweet and tender as I could, anything, anything, to relieve the pressure between my legs, anything, to find myself inside her.

I was imagining Monica on top of me, the virgin bride all dressed in white, her stocking covered legs interwoven with mine, nylon rubbing on nylon, breast touching breast, mouths pressed together as I entered her for the first time. The knock at the door startled me out of my fantasy. Monica, Monica, my dear bride, Monica. I was going to fuck her, so soon, fuck her, so soon, fuck her.

I shifted on the bed, felt once again the soft satin caress my body, felt the intense pressure between my legs where my penis was folded backwards and trapped by two layers of satin, unable to grow fully erect, but swollen with blood just the same, almost painful, yet so close to release, so close. Sissy, her mother had called me a sissy, who cares, I was so close, who cares.

"Yes," I said.

"Angela," the sweetest voice in the world called from the other side of the door. My bride, my bride, oh fuck, my bride. I pictured her again as I'd seen her two weeks ago, the virgin in white, tender, timid. If this was what it took to satisfy my bride, I'd gladly surrender to the feminine again and again. I pictured her, nervous as I was, my beautiful bride dressed in white, hesitating as she knocked softly on our bedroom door, anxious to see her husband, now that he was her bride, too. Was she scared of what she'd find? Did she wonder how well her mother had dressed me? Was she worried she'd still see me as masculine? No, no, I would not let her see that, I knew how I looked, feminine, soft, pretty, and I pushed him away with a final shove, mentally BECAME Angela, her, her, I was her girl, I was my bride's bride, and we'd kiss as girls, soft, pretty.

“Come in,” Angela’s voice answered softly. He was gone, Andrew was gone, gone, the door handle turned, the door started to open, it was Angela she’d find, Angela, soft, pretty, even sissy. Fine, fine, Angela, the pretty sissy bride dressed in white.

The door opened and there she stood, my beautiful wife, as pretty as she ever was, as vibrant, as sexy, as sensual, angelic as she was on our true wedding night, a virginal goddess in white. That’s what I saw, anyway, as she stood in the doorway, and I pictured us on the bed in a lover’s embrace, girl kissing girl, soft, tender, heaven.

But that was the vision in my head, for it was only a fantasy, it was what I imagined when her mother suggested that I be her bride, as she was mine, it was bride kissing bride, woman kissing woman, and then, finally then, man entering wife, me entering her. But that was not what was before me; after a moment, fantasy became reality, illusions came into focus.

The reality was that Monica was NOT dressed from head to toe in bridal white as I was dressed, for as my brain stopped seeing the fantasy and actually took in what was in front of me, it was black I saw, sinister not innocence, experienced not virginal, dark not light. Dressed from head to toe in white lingerie I looked like a bride, not a groom, and to the same, my “bride” looked nothing like a bride, she was wearing a black suit...nothing like a bride...a tuxedo...nothing like a bride...but like...it hit me...like...groom!

I expected to see Monica as I’d seen her on our wedding night, not as I saw her now. Instead of cascading around her shoulders, her hair was pulled back into a tight bun on top of her head. She wore her makeup much differently, harsh, dark save for bright red lips, and looked almost...masculine. The jacket was a black, single-breasted tuxedo jacket, buttoned and cut in at her waist, feminizing it as much as it made her look masculine. She wore a white tuxedo shirt and black satin tie, slim legged tuxedo pants, elegant patent leather open-toed heels with a faux diamond lined buckle, showing her black nylon covered feet and toes.

Masculine, yet feminine.

Masculine...an image created not just by her hair and her dress, but the look on her face, her stance, her aura, her presence.

Feminine...softened by the cut of her tuxedo, her heels, her makeup.

“You look beautiful, Angela,” she said when I could no longer look at her face.

“Thank you,” I blushed, eyes firmly focused on the floor, blushing, I was a bride, I was a bride, and my bride was a groom!

“You’re nervous.”

Nervous? The fucking room was spinning and I could not figure out if I was a man or a woman and what was she and she thought I was nervous? I wasn’t nervous—I was terrified. I looked up at her, did not respond verbally to her question, but my eyes said everything.

“Angela,” she took a step into the bedroom, “I’m not going to hurt you,” she said, echoing the words I told her on our wedding night.

“What...what do you want,” I asked, still stunned to see my bride dressed as a groom just as I, the groom was dressed as a bride. Not going to hurt me? How could she say that? This instant, she was terrifying me!

“The same thing you want,” her face softened, “the same think you always wanted, the same thing you wanted on our wedding night...it’s time, it’s time.”

“You...you mean it,” I asked anxiously. Wait, could this be? Finally? I’d been teased too many times, come close to the edge too many times, denied too many times, even if for good reason. I could not go on like this, not now, not after wedding her, it was not fair, it was too much to ask for. We were married, for goodness sake. She was right, it was time.

“Yes,” she said simply staring at me steadily, resolve in her voice and in her eyes and on her face.

“I mean, we...”

“Yes,” she said again more resolutely than the first time. She meant it, I saw it in her eyes, she meant it, I knew she meant it, and my body responded in kind as I melted, as all my anxiety washed away, as the throbbing between my legs resumed, as I felt my skin tingle, caressed by lingerie. She took another step towards me, was inches away from me.

“Yes,” she said again, reaching out with her hand and stroking my face.

“Yes,” she said again, pushing me backwards onto the bed. “Yes,” she said again standing between my legs with her hands on her hips, making me feel small and soft and vulnerable.

“I...I don’t remind you of...” Of a man, I wanted to say but could not. Of past lovers, I wondered but left unsaid. Of everything rough and masculine and in her past, I thought to myself but could not put into words.

But she knew what I meant, knew and responded, almost with a laugh, certainly with an ironic tone. “Not. One. Bit.”

Her words stung, were delivered with a tone I took as a rebuke, and it showed on my face. I didn't remind her of a man, at all, not at all, but how could I, dressed as a woman? And why would I, for trying to be a man did nothing, nothing. But the words stung just the same.

"You be the girl, my pretty sissy, I'll be the man and we can finish what started on our wedding night."

"Monica," I gasped, trying to think only of fucking her, trying to think only of feeling the softness of her, trying to think only of thrusting into her. But that word. Sissy. I tried to think only of release inside her. And then, in a flash, she was on the bed next to me kissing me hard and passionate and violent and with a hunger in her eyes I'd never seen before, so intense, for a moment I was scared, much like she must have been day after day and I understood her as I'd never understood her before. I sensed the reciprocal from her, actions driven by passion fueled by hormones deep in the brain. As I felt her her years of nerves, and understood, she felt my years of longing, and understood, and I knew, I felt it in every nerve in my body, I knew tonight would be the night.

"Monica," I moaned as she broke off the kiss and slowly, tongue out, licked her way across my face to my ear to my neck. "Monica," I sighed as she bit my lip, nuzzling neck, my shoulder, as I'd done to her evening after evening hoping to seduce her, getting so close time and time again. But tonight would be different, tonight, the straining I felt between my legs would end in relief, end in pleasure, end in ecstasy.

"Oh, Monica," I shook as her hands reached for and found the fake breasts and cupped them through the satin camisole and bra, kissed them, my flesh, silicone, my flesh again, the sensations blending into one another until with each touch she felt less breast form and more breast, with each touch, the breasts became less things attached to my body, became of my body.

"Such a beautiful bride," she smiled at me before kissing her way down my stomach, lifting the camisole slightly, tonguing my stomach, "such a beautiful wife." I felt her fingers caressing the insides of my thighs, along the nylon stockings, on the naked skin around my garter straps. She was teasing me as I'd teased her time and time again, I did it hoping to excite her so she'd relent and let me fuck her, she did it just the same, knowing she'd feel me inside her. "Such a beautiful girl."

She pulled away the leg of my tap panties, exposing the tight panties underneath, the panties trapping my swollen penis. I sucked in a breath, her hand was so close to touching me, waiting for her to pull aside the second pair to release me. But she didn't, instead her traced my thighs again, coming closer and closer to my penis, never quite touching me, not grabbing me, not releasing me. "Monica, please," I begged, wanting her to reach inside the panties and free my penis which was half erect, partially swollen, trapped from doing any more.

"No, no, my pretty sissy bride," she giggled, much to my dismay, though my disappointment was short lived as her tongue shot out of her mouth and licked my trapped penis slowly THROUGH the panties, running up, then down, caressing me like I'd licked her, through HER panties, but now it was through MY panties. "You like it?"

"Yes, Monica, yes," I groaned, stroking her hair.

"Being licked like a girl?"

"Oh, fuck, oh, oh," I moaned as she licked me again.

"Feels good being the girl?"

"Yesssss."

"You're my girl tonight, sissy," she purred.

"Yes, please, yes, just...don't stop," I moaned. I wanted to fuck her, god, fuck her.

"HMMMM," she laughed, sitting up, then standing up. "I want to be the boy," she took off the tuxedo jacket and set it carefully on a chair.

"What do you mean?"

She walked to the head of the bed, arranged the pillows and lay down back against them, propped up, arms behind her head. "I'm your groom, come kiss me, be my bride" she said, patting the bed beside her. I moved towards her, trying to remember what she'd do to me those times she let me do more to her. I sat next to her, legs curled under me, away from her body, leaned towards her and kissed her.

"Like that," I asked, blushing slightly, tingling where her hand was rubbing me through the lingerie I wore. Tingling because my penis, unable to fully get erect, was straining against my panties.

"Yes, Angela, like that," she said and pulled my face back to hers kissing me deeply again. "God you're so pretty," she breathed when we finally broke the kiss. I blushed. "You're embarrassed," she touched my cheek.

“A...a little, yes, I...” I looked down at my lingerie covered body. I was her husband, I wasn’t supposed to be pretty, I was supposed to be handsome, masculine, even sexy, not pretty.

“Don’t be, don’t you see, I, I want you to look pretty.”

“But I’m your...” husband, I started to say until she placed a finger over my lips, silencing me.

“My bride,” she said instead, “in your pretty wedding night lingerie.

“But you’re my...” wife, I started, silenced again by her.

“I’m your groom, Angela,” she parried, reaching for the tie knotted around her neck, loosened it with a casual air, and undid the top buttons of her shirt, “finish, love,” she looked at her the remaining studs fastening her shirt.

I looked down, was puzzled for a moment until realization flashed over my face. She was flat chested, more than she would normally be reclining on her back, her femininity hidden just as my masculinity was.

“Go ahead, look,” she encouraged me as if reading my mind.

Kneeling at her side, I began to undo the studs, curious, excited, enthralled, overcome with desire for her. By the second stud, I saw the shape, confirmed when I undid the third; she was wearing a black corset that, instead of enhancing her breasts, enveloped them with the lace trimmed cups, flattened them, oddly, her lingerie, unlike mine, made her MORE masculine, not LESS so. And turned me on unlike I’ve never been turned on in my life. Her masculinity, my femininity, the feelings of want, need, overcame me.

I hurriedly finished undoing her shirt, not realizing until she giggled that I was breathing quickly. “You’re getting turned on undressing your husband,” she said in a teasing voice. “I’m getting turned on, too...sissy.”

I responded to her words the only way I could, the only way a nervous bride could, by leaning over and kissing her deeply and letting her know through my actions instead of my words, how deeply turned on I was, how eager I was, how hungry I was. Sissy, I hated the word. Sissy, it made my penis throb. Sissy, it was a slap in the face. Sissy, it made me so hot, so needy. For her.

“I want you,” she said looking directly into my eyes.

“Are you sure,” I asked, afraid she’d say stop, afraid she’d back away, afraid that I’d be denied yet again. Afraid.

Monica looked into my eyes, gazed on my face, looked down my body, everything feminine, everything soft, everything woman. "I've never wanted to fuck you more. Are you sure?"

I was dizzy with anticipation, years of sexual frustrations about to end, I longed to be inside her, even feminized, maybe more so, I wanted to feel her, to be one with her, to finally, finally... "Yes, Monica, yes!"

"Finish undressing me," she urged, breathing more heavily, her face flushed.

Sitting up slightly, I started to reach for her trousers touched her belt and felt...hardness...something was wrong, something wasn't right...hardness where there should be soft...what...what was I feeling...oh god, she was the groom, I was the bride, my maleness was hidden, her masculinity was... I immediately looked back at her, a stunned look on my face, saw the knowing grin on hers. "Monica, no," I said, shocked...she didn't mean... she wasn't...she couldn't...it wasn't...

"I'll be gentle," she looked at me with the sincerest of looks on her face.

"Monica," I whispered, cold fear running through me.

She motioned for me to come closer; I leaned over, she kissed me quickly then whispered in my ear. "Please," she said, "please, I want you so bad and...this...this is the only way I can do it...please...please..."

"Monica," I swallowed looking down at the front of her tuxedo trousers, at the bulge, at the outline of what could be only one thing, could only mean one thing. And then I jumped; I had not seen her hand move, had not seen her reach between my legs, so when she touched my panties, when her fingers found my folded, swollen organ through the satin, I was startled.

"Please," she said, touching me and rubbing me and even though I could not get fully erect, her hand teasing me through the panties was unbearably arousing, "open my pants."

"Monica," I protested weakly, half heartedly, close to surrender.

"Open," she said, rubbing me until I could hardly stay still.

I reached for her pants, I did not want to. It wasn't that I was scared, though I was; it wasn't that I wanted to stop, but I did. It was worse, because in my mind, as scared as I was and as much as I wanted to stop, I COULD NOT. It was worse because I had to, I had to reach in and touch her, to touch that, with her touching me, I had to, I had to, I had to...

I started to undo her pants, felt the pressure against my hand, the same as I would feel undoing my own pants when I had an erection. To unbutton the

button holding her trousers closed, I had to press downward into the hardness and she moaned, fuck, she moaned, she moaned like I would have if she was undoing my pants. “Monica,” I asked as her eyes closed and her mouth smiled.

“Oh god, don’t stop, Angela, fuck, don’t stop,” she quivered. Was she acting? Faking? I thought I knew her well, while we’d never had sex, we’d certainly messed around enough, and I thought I knew her moans and groans. She did not sound like she was acting. I finally got the pants undone and, hands shaking, scared, terrified, but hungry, so hungry, slowly, carefully, slowly, lowered the zipper to my “groom’s” tuxedo pants, knowing now, waiting for me, was...

COCK

It jumped free as if acting on its own, as if it had a mind of its own, things that things in men’s pants were given to do.

COCK

It almost exploded from her pants, for suddenly it was there, in plain view, pointing at me, almost mocking me.

COCK

Waiting for a bride, waiting to deflower, waiting, waiting.

COCK

Flesh colored cock protruding from my wife’s pelvis.

COCK

Hard cock, framed by the garter straps of her corset, surrounded by black leather, held in place by black straps, buckles, and a thick, metal ring.

COCK

Cock, with a bulbous head and veins.

COCK

Not monstrous, but still, bigger than mine, longer than mine, thicker than mine.

COCK

So masculine, so manly, a man’s cock, connected to my...to my bride... yet it was I, me, dressed in virginal white.

COCK

She meant it for me, my wife, she meant the cock for me, for me. When it jumped, it was there, practically in my hand, so quick, I wanted to jump away from it before it touched me, yet I remained still, even was drawn to

it, and without thinking, involuntarily, my hand opened and was wrapped around it.

“Ohhhhh,” Monica moaned immediately upon my touch; her body twitched, she sucked in her stomach, her thighs quivered as if she was feeling real pleasure.

Again without thinking, as if possessed by a creature with a mind of its own, I stroked the hard cock up and then down, both horrified at what I was doing, horrified to be touching a cock, fake or not, and at the same time, because of Monica’s reaction, her obvious pleasure, I could not stop, I wanted to touch the cock, her cock.

“Oh, yes, god that feels so good,” she said tilting her head to one side and biting her lower lip.

“That...that feels good,” I asked somewhat skeptical.

“Hmmmm,” she giggled, “you think I’m pretending...do it again.” So I did, and her breath fluttered and she shook once again, and goose bump rose on her flesh, something she could not have faked as much as she may have wanted to.

“You’re not pretending,” I stated the obvious—she was actually getting off by me stroking her...I could hardly think it...her cock. “How...”

She snickered, “That’s what it’s designed for, don’t worry about how... just...ohhhhh,” she moaned and pressed the cock upward into my hand, “fuck, fuck, part of it is inside me, every time you move it, it makes me... fuck...just don’t stop.”

I couldn’t, I wanted to, but I didn’t want to, I stroked, watching her move, stroked, listening to her moan. “Take off my pants,” she ordered, and I did; she was wearing stockings, also black, and was now more feminine, except, of course, for the cock I was stroking.

Her cock.

“You don’t have to use just your hands,” she said softly.

I stopped stroking, looked at her, mouth wide open.

“Monica,” I yelped, “no!”

“Oh, please, Angela,” she said sarcastically, “that’s what brides do on their wedding night.”

“But Monica, I’m not,” I paused, intending to deny that I was the bride, but even unspoken, just thought, the words sounded foolish. After all, I certainly looked like the bride, I certainly felt like the bride, and I was next to her, the “groom” holding my “groom’s” cock in my hands.

“Not what, my sweet sissy,” she asked with a winner’s gleam in her eyes.

“Nothing,” I mumbled, taking in a sharp breath at the word, looking down at the cock protruding from her pelvis, stroking it still, to her obvious pleasure. But it wasn’t just nothing, because with every stroke of the cock, with every movement of my hands up and down the shaft, Monica shuddered just a little, shook, moaned. With every stroke, her eyes fluttered, her lips quivered, in obvious enjoyment. It was more than nothing, so much more.

Because I enjoyed it. Fuck, watching the pleasure in her eyes, the obvious pleasure, was exciting me, sexually exciting me; I LIKED making her happy, I LIKED putting her on the path to orgasm, I LIKED pleasing her. And as strange as it felt, I was getting more excited than I’d ever been, more than all those times she teased me before we got married, when we got so close to sex, but stopped.

She wanted me to suck her cock!

I do not know why I felt like I did, but I was excited, mentally, being her bride. I was soft and feminine and pretty and demure and submissive and pleasing. All from being her bride! My manhood was trapped, impossibly so, I was swollen, yes, but folded backwards and held in place by tight panties, and I FELT LIKE A GIRL AND LOVED IT. I was her sissy, not her man, I was her bride, not her groom, sissy, sissy.

“Do I need to say it...sissy,” she asked me with a naughty look in her eyes.

“Say what,” I asked, knowing, stroking, knowing, stroking.

“Suck my cock.”

“Ohhhh,” I gasped.

“Suck my cock,” she repeated.

“Ohhhh, Monica.”

“Suck. My. Cock.”

Too much, it was too much, the lingerie I wore, her tone, the penis in my hands, her beauty, everything. Sissy. Cock. Sissy. Cock. Before she could say it again, I shifted on the bed, straddled one of her legs, my crotch resting on her stocking covered leg through my two layers of panties, bent down, and before I lost my nerve, I opened my mouth and took the head of the COCK into my mouth. My brain screamed at me, somewhere, deep inside, a small part of me revolted at what I was doing, revolted at the head

of a cock, even a fake cock, parting my lips. It was a tiny voice, almost a whisper, cock, it tried to say, you're sucking cock, stop, stop, stop.

It was Monica's moan that silenced the warning voice, a thin moan that escaped her lips as the head of the cock went into my mouth, a moan so soft, so gentle, so genuine, yet so loud that it drowned out the warning that part of my brain was giving, overwhelmed me, feminine trumping masculine. The moan spoke to me, where the voice in my head said stop, the moan spoke louder, don't stop, don't stop, suck, suck, suck cock, sissy, suck her cock, suck it, SUCK IT. The moan's quiet whisper was taken up by other voices in my head, echoing Monica's voice...

"Suck my cock," the moan said to me.

"Suck her cock," the voices inside me echoed.

"Suck my cock," she said.

"Suck her cock, suck her cock, suck her cock." I let part my lips, let the cock comfortably settled, my lips seemed to naturally take it in and settle just below the bulbous head. It seemed so...so right, so natural, so expected, even though it should not be, but the head just settled into my mouth, perfectly surrounded by my lips, as if my they were molded and shaped and created just for this task.

Cock sucking lips.

That's what they felt like, what I felt like, my lips, holding the head of Monica's cock, felt made to do this. Lips that are round and plump and just perfect for sucking cock. It felt so right, my mouth, my lips, they were made for cock.

I felt my tongue swirl around the head of the cock, part of me knowing, just knowing what to do with my cock sucking lips.

"Oh fuck, Angela, fuck, fuck," my wife and bride and husband and groom moaned as I tongued the tip of her cock and all I felt was the swelling of PRIDE, for god's sake, PRIDE, at tasting her cock; PRIDE, at making her moan; PRIDE that she was enjoying my first blow job; PRIDE, that I knew what to do with a cock; PRIDE, at being such a good sissy cock sucker; PRIDE. And so easily, effortlessly, WANTING TO, I opened my mouth every so slightly more, instinctively, lowered my head so the head of Monica's cock slipped farther into my mouth.

"Oh god," Monica purred, running her fingers through my hair, carefully, so subtlety, guiding my mouth down onto the cock, back up, down again. "Ohhhhh," she thrust her hips upward ever so slightly, not hard, but enough

to push the cock into my mouth just slightly more than I would have on my own. “Ohhhh, yes, Angela, yes, such a good little cock sucker.”

Such a good little cock sucker! I don’t care if she was dressed like a groom and I was dressed like a bride, I don’t care, my wife just complimented me on my cock sucking skills. I LOVED IT.

And then I moaned. She was obviously aware of her body, her senses heightened, somehow, by my mouth on her cock, by my submission to her, by the pleasure she felt. I was straddling her leg and felt her move, felt her black stocking covered thigh move, brush, against my panty covered, panty trapped, penis. “Ohhhh,” I moaned, mouth full of cock as the nylon covering her leg moved back and forth across my swollen, helpless penis. In response to the pressure on my own organ, I dipped my head lower still, taking more of her cock into my virgin mouth, making her moan, taking more of Monica’s cock into me, making her shudder. I don’t know how, she said it was inside her, it must rub against her, it must have been designed that way, but she was not faking, with every touch, with every thrust into my mouth, she got closer and closer to orgasm, closer and closer to going over the edge, closer, closer.

“Wait,” she gasped, pushing my head up, off the cock, “wait, wait, not... not in your mouth, not the first time.”

“What,” I asked, mouth feeling empty, strangely empty without the cock, without her cock.

She looked me right in the eye. “Take off your panties, Angela.”

And I knew, of course I knew. “I’m not going to...” was all I could ask. I realized, I was not going to fuck her, I realized, I knew.

“You’re the bride,” she whispered.

“You’re going to...”

“Yes,” she touched my face, “yes, my sissy, yes.”

I wanted to tell her no, I wanted to tell her to fuck off, I wanted to throw her onto her hands and knees and fuck her silly. I wanted to scream that I was the man and she would take my cock. I wanted to say and do so many things, but of everything that went through my mind, the only thing I managed to say was, “I’m scared.”

She smiled, she laughed, she looked so happy, she touched my face again, she sucked in a breath. “Like any bride on her wedding night,” she said. “Do you know how excited that makes me?”

“What...what am I supposed to do?”

She took hold of my shoulders, pushed me to the side, rolled us over so our positions were reversed and she was on top of me. "Take off your panties," she said again. And I did, reaching down between us, first the looser tap panties, then, the tighter pair as she lifted her legs so I could pull them down. My poor penis, the instant it was free from the second pair of panties, it unfolded and swelled as blood and hormones rushed into it, there it was, swelling, instantly hard. And right next to it was Monica's cock. I couldn't help but stare; her cock was thicker and longer, not obscenely so, but without a doubt, her cock was different, more masculine, than mine. Her cock, cock, cock.

She saw me looking at it, staring at it, and watching her watch me, I blushed. "I'm sorry," I said, not meaning to, apologizing for having a smaller penis than she did.

"Angela, it's perfect...for a sissy." She reached up above us, took something from under the pillow, a tube, lubricant.

"Is...is it going to hurt," I practically begged.

She looked so tender, so thoughtful, as she looked at me and answered. "I won't lie, at first, yes. Just like it would for any virgin bride. But only at first. And I promise to be gentle. While I can. Here, push your legs up, there, like that," she pushed my legs to my chest like a man would to a woman.

Oh god, she was going to fuck me, oh god, my wife was going to fuck me, gently, while she can! Meaning, if her fucking me was anything like my giving her a blow job, she was going to enjoy it, get off on it, cum from it, love it. She was going to fuck me. Oh, god, oh god. Hard, I knew, she was going to fuck me hard. "What are you doing," I yelped when I felt something cold between my spread, vulnerable legs.

"Sorry, it's cold," she said, rubbing lubricant over my tiny hole.

"I...I don't know about this," I stammered. She was putting pressure on my legs, exposing my ass, pushing my stocking covered knees into my fake breasts. "Ohhhh, Monica, wait," I said, practically begging. Fuck, what the fuck, she was going to shove that cock up my ass! No, fuck, no, no.

"Relax, love, relax."

"Ohhhh, ohhhh," I stammered as she rubbed the head of her cock against my perineum.

"Maybe I should stop," she toyed.

"No," the word escaped my lips before I could think.

“Don’t stop? You want me to continue?”

“No, no,” I lied softly, then even quieter, “yes.”

I felt something pressing against me, the head of her cock, clearly, cock, my wife’s COCK, pressing, pressing, pressing as she did against my mouth, not now though, now it was against my small hole.

“I’m going to fuck you, Angela,” she teased, pressing forward slightly, not hard enough to penetrate me, just enough to toy with me. I tried to press against her, to force it, that’s how badly I wanted it, but the position I was in would not allow her to enter me without her wanting to enter me. “Angela, listen to me,” she said, pushing back against me.

“What, please Monica, what, what?”

“You want me to fuck you?”

No, my brain screamed, but not my mouth. No, it spoke, it begged. “Oh god, yes, yes,” I moaned as the tip of her cock pressed against me, close, so close, to entering me.

“Angela, look at me, now, look me in the eyes.”

“What,” I asked lazily, the sensations of her cock around me almost too much to bear.

“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes,” I almost yelled, “yes, please, yes, yes.”

“Lover...”

“What, please Monica...”

“Wait, listen to me, listen...”

“What, Monica, what?” The cock was still pressed against me, bulbous head threatening to push into me, but not quite, so close, so close.

“Lover, you...you understand, don’t you?”

“Monica,” I moaned, “ohhhhh, please, what, what, please, what?”

She looked me deeply in the eyes, lovingly. “You have to understand, once I fuck you like this, there’s no other way.”

I started breathing heavily. “Monica,” I bit my lip. She meant it, I could see it in her eyes, she meant it. And she said so, as if to confirm what I thought.

“Yes, I mean it, Angela. Once...once my cock is in you, you’re never going to be inside me. Never, I mean it, never. Oh, we’ll make love, often, passionately, but with my cock, sissy, never this.” She flicked my erection. “I’ll fuck you, but you’ll never, ever, fuck me.”

If she had told me this yesterday, I would have laughed. If she had told me an hour ago, I might have been able to resist. But now, with the tip of her cock pressed against me, now, with her on the verge of fucking me, I was powerless to resist, hopeless, helpless. Maybe she knew, maybe she counted on it, maybe this was exactly what she wanted. Maybe.

“What do you want, Angela.”

“Fuck me,” I whispered, the only thing I could say, the only choice I could make.

And she did, immediately, without making me repeat myself, without asking me to say the words louder or more forcefully, without giving me a chance to change my mind. She fucked me.

Immediately, the tip of her cock pressed against me, opened me, split me.

Immediately, she thrust with her hips, slowly, but steadily, pushing her cock inside me.

Immediately, she looked the dominant one, the masculine one, the powerful one, and how could she not, pushing cock, her cock, deeper and deeper inside her lover.

And it hurt, as she said it would, at first, it hurt as the cock pressed into me, but my cries of sorrow were completely and totally drown out by her cries of joy. And the pain, after thirty seconds, was replaced by something ruminating from deep inside me, a freight train of pleasure, coming slowly at first, gaining speed, but still far away. I wanted to deny it, at first, wanted to deny the pleasure I felt coming towards me, the pleasure I felt from Monica’s cock inside me, but I couldn’t. I’ll fuck you, she told me, but you’ll never fuck me, you’ll never fuck me, you’ll never fuck me. Each thrust of her cock was a conquest, you’ll never fuck me, sissy, you’ll never fuck me.

The train, closer, moving faster, gaining speed, closer. She was fucking me now, really fucking me, thrusting her hips up and down, pressing her cock into me, deeper with each push, deeper. She was lost in it, lost in her own pleasure, I saw it on her face, heard it in her moans, felt it on her skin. She was cumming, regardless of what pleasures I felt or did not feel, she was cumming, hard, harder than I’d ever seen when I licked her or touched her. Maybe, but I could not know, harder than when she’d been fucked.

She was cumming.

The train was closer now, close enough I could feel it shaking the ground all around me, shaking my body, my nerves. I did not understand the sensations at first, it was like her mother milking me, but better, so, so much better. Only later did I realize that I'd felt what a woman feels, that my whole body was alive, I was quivering and half moaning and biting my lip as she fucked me and the train roared closer to, into, then through the station, so long, so loud, going on and on and on, the orgasm everywhere, but nowhere. It should have been in my crotch, in my penis, but it wasn't there, exclusively, as every orgasm I'd ever had was, it was EVERYWHERE.

I was shaking like a woman, whimpering as she fucked me, not wanting her to stop, wanting it harder and deeper and longer and more and more and more. So different than her mother, she fucked me, she fucked me.

Wet, what the fuck was wet?

There, I felt it, wet, on my stomach. I looked down, tried anyway, hard to do panting and with my entire body on fire, with orgasm everywhere, in my toes, my fingers, my shoulders, everywhere. I was wet, wet with cum. But how could that be? How? I did not orgasm like that, I did not feel the explosive orgasm in my pelvis, in my penis, my cock, I should have felt. Different than getting milked, because I was cumming, but I did not know from where, why, how. All I knew was that I was cumming, so long, cumming, so hard.

She was thrusting, and with every thrust I moaned. She shook, I moaned, she drove her cock into me, I begged, to be fucked, I wanted it, I wanted her to fuck me. Oh god, every time she pulled back, I cried, I wanted it deeper, every time she thrust into me, I screamed, I wanted it harder.

And still the train rumbled through the station, still, I shook, still, I moaned and pressed against her. Still I leaked, as she fucked me, I leaked, not shot, leaked, not exploded, dribbled, small drop after small drop of cum onto my stomach, oozing from me, squeezed out, dripping.

She was pushing harder, if one could believe it, harder into me. And as my orgasm seemed to go on and on, even now, continued, hers was powerful, even masculine, a quick burst, hard, violent, sudden, total, complete. She clenched, pushed into me harder, twice as hard as she had yet, harder, and deeper, and held it there as she shook, like a man would, shook, orgasm slamming into her.

And still, the train went on, my orgasm, for that's what it was, my orgasm, long, slow, deep, everywhere, going on and on and on, so different than any I'd ever felt, so weak, yet so long, going, going. She held the cock inside me and my orgasm just kept going, like the ocean, wave after wave lapping at the shore, each nerve a grain of sand, soaked by the wetness of orgasm over and over. I was shaking, my teeth were clattering, dizzy, fuck, so dizzy, what happened, what had she done to me? I was wet, of course, I'd cum, everywhere, all over my stomach, yet I'd not cum, I did not feel it, never did it rush out of me. Like my orgasm, it was so slow, yet so long, so satisfying.

"Oh Monica," I gasped, close to hyperventilating, "Monica."

She laughed.

"What," I asked, almost ashamed, almost floating, unable to believe what she just did to me.

"I made you cum like a girl," she giggled.

I turned my head, exhaled. "So," I asked, embarrassed, but she was right, she had made me cum like a woman, cum, without ever touching me. Leak, yes, but not just, not like her mother, Monica made me CUM, so hard, CUM, so long, cum, like a girl, like I'd never cum before, the best, ever, the best.

She leaned forward, cock still in me, kissed me. "I loved it," she said.

I heard her words, but barely, for when she bent down to kiss me her cock pushed just slightly deeper into me and tingled my nerves, the orgasm refusing to end.

"Remember what I said, sissy," she licked my neck, moved her hips still toying me with her cock.

"Uugh," I moaned, looking to the other side, not caring, how could I, after what just happened.

"You're my girl now, my woman, my bride, my wife and this is the only way we'll ever make love."

"Yes, Monica, yes, yes, yes," I moaned, never wanting anything but, never wanting to be inside her, never wanting anything but HER COCK fucking me. Never wanting anything, ever again, but to be her girl.

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