

J. MY HUSBAND'S *Fiancé*

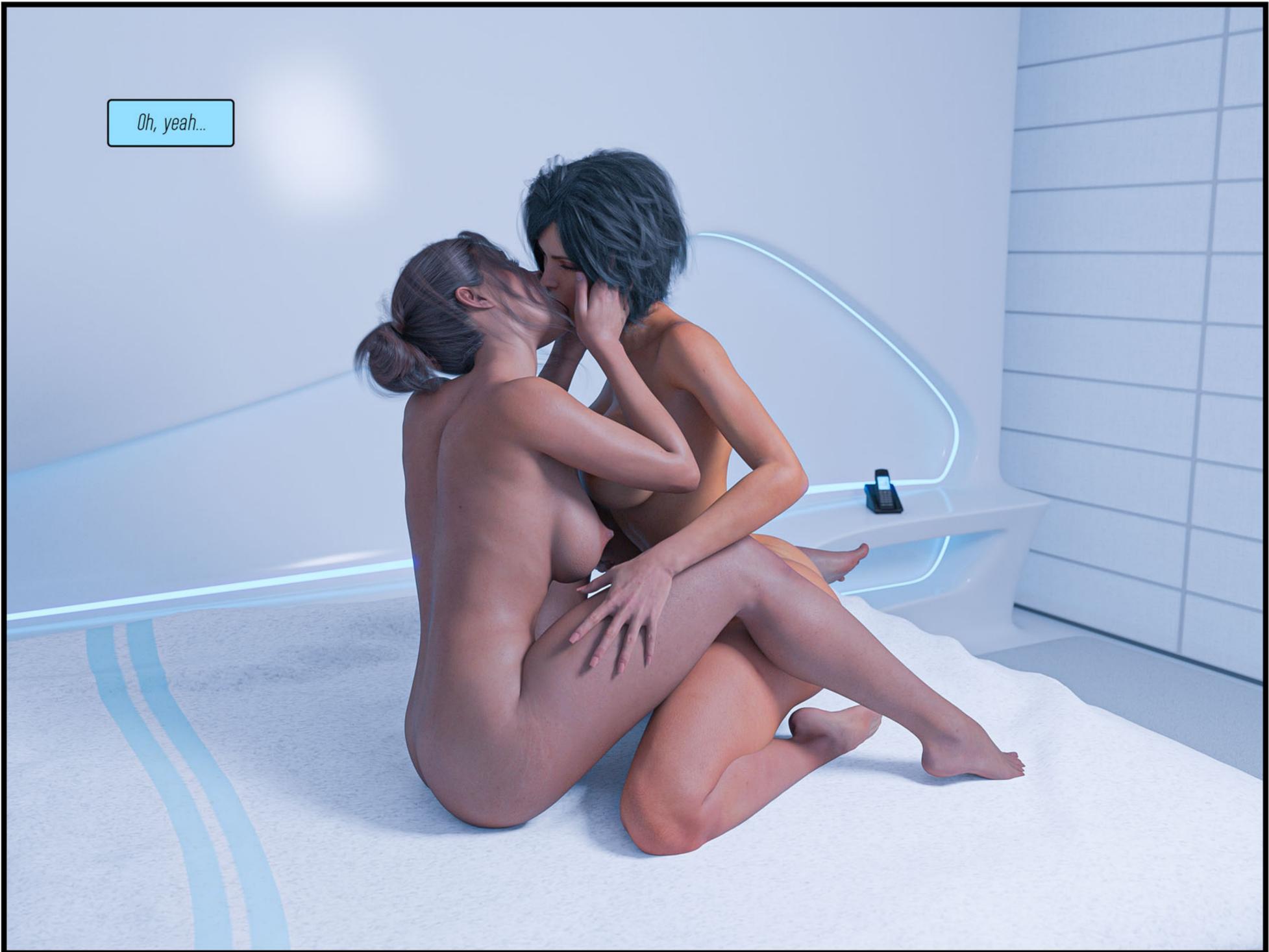
#2



Tom Reynolds

PATREON.COM/CAPS





*Our love life
was flourishing,
truly.*



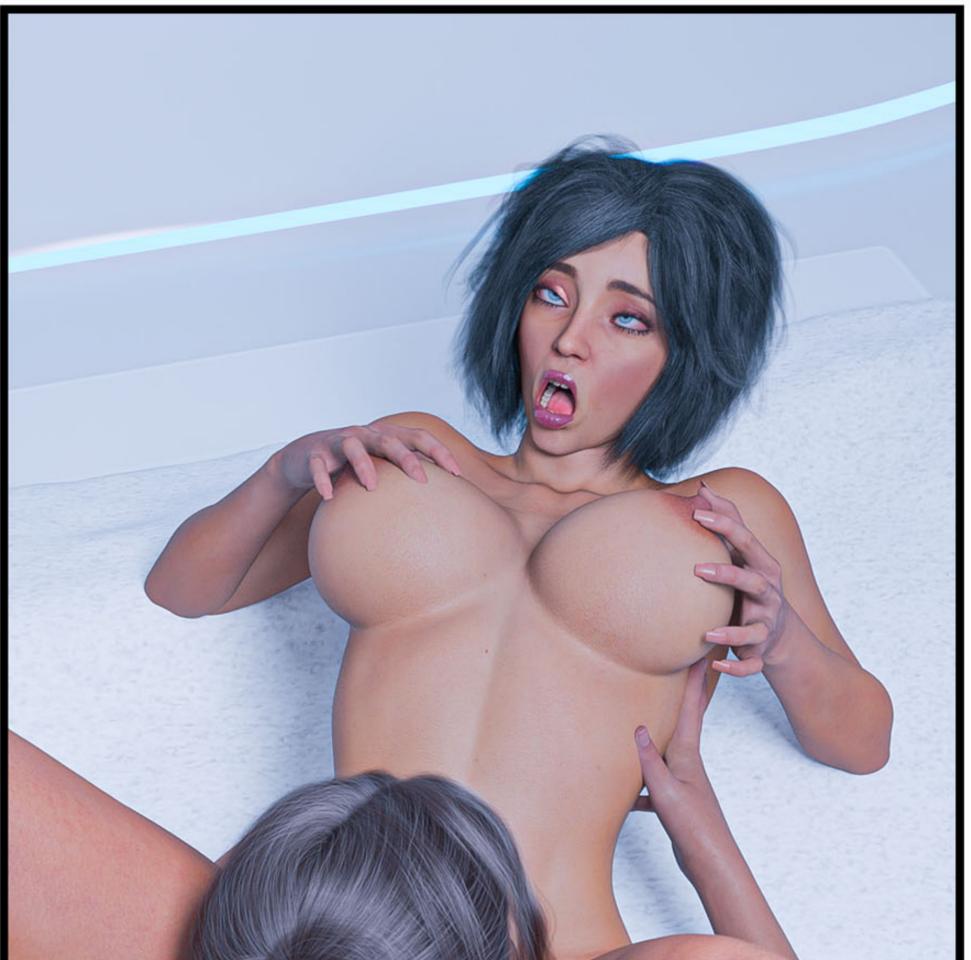
*We were both becoming
more experienced at our
new arrangement.*



*While I admit that
I did miss the old
way of things...*



*We still managed
to make it work.*







HE WAS SO EMBARRASSED ABOUT HIS BODY. HE LOOKED LIKE A SUPERMODEL. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT WEARING HIM DOWN.



SO, I TOOK IT UPON MYSELF TO PUSH HIM INTO ACCEPTING WHO HE WAS.

OUR NEW NORMAL.



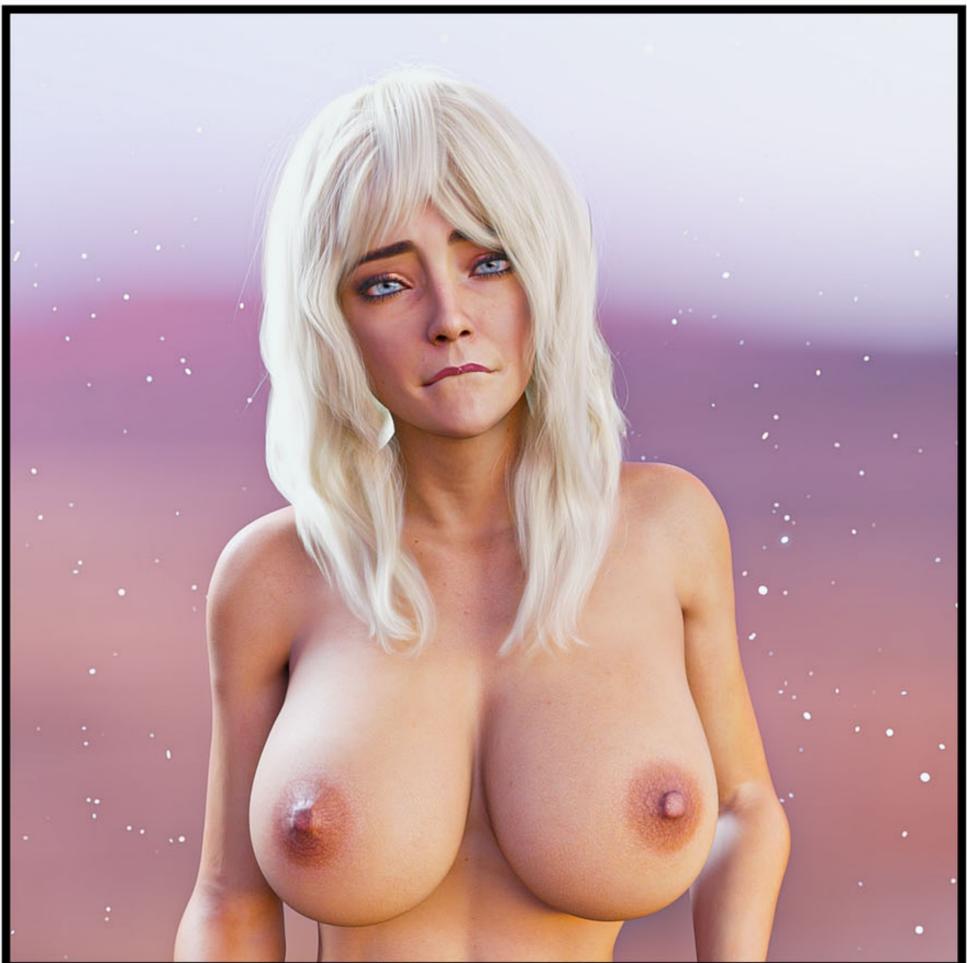
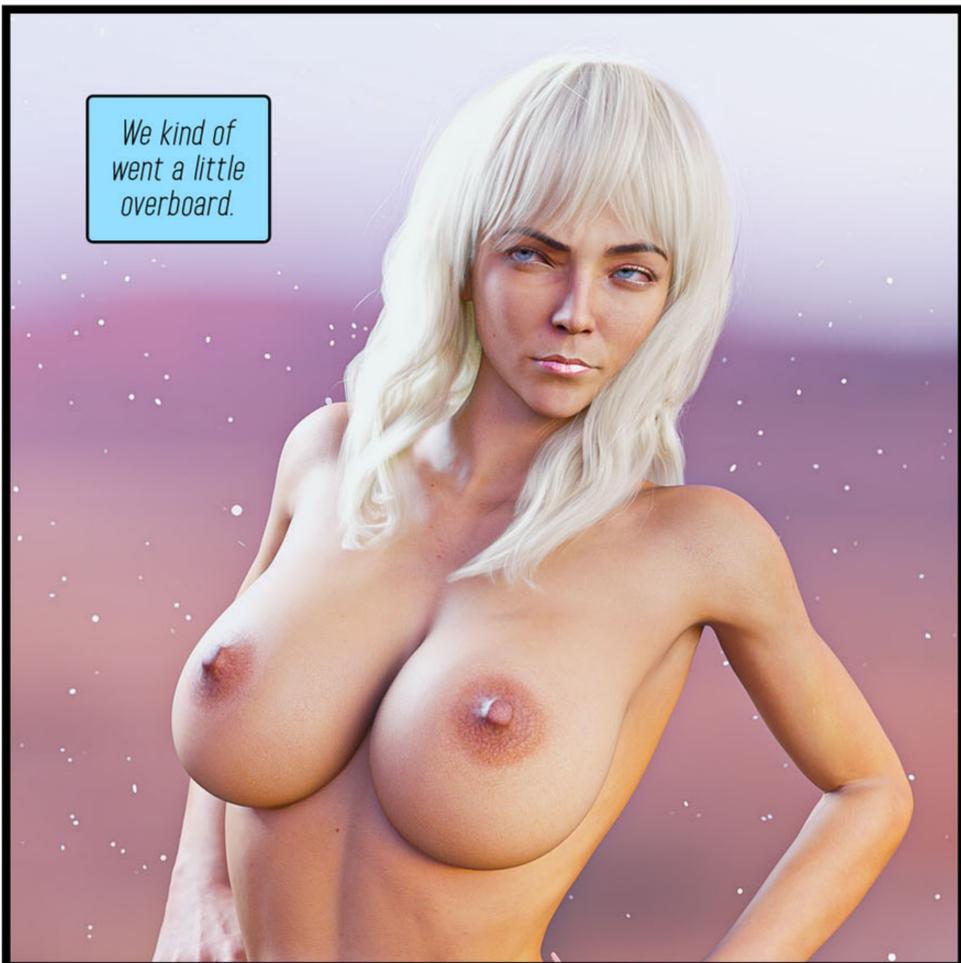
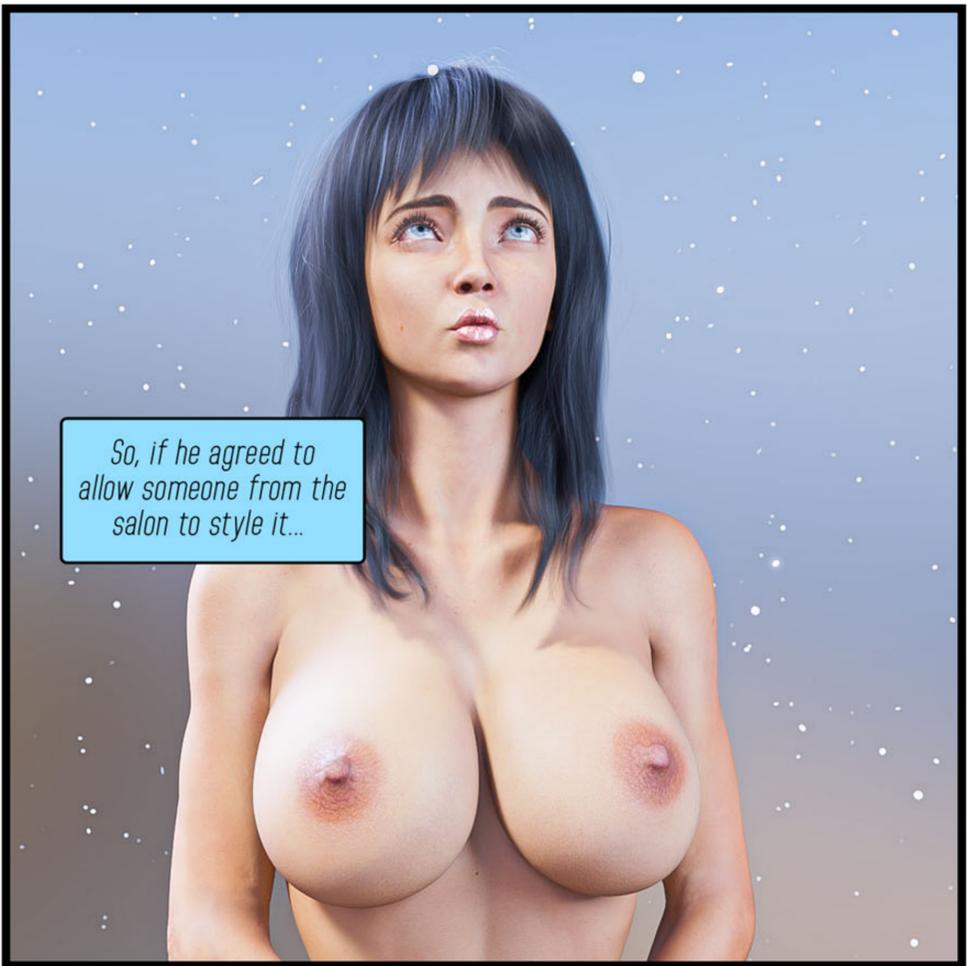
THANKS TO THE SETTLEMENT, MONEY WAS NO LONGER A PROBLEM, BUT THERE WERE ALWAYS DEALS TO BE MADE.



IN EXCHANGE FOR TAKING ANOTHER STEP TOWARD ACCEPTANCE...

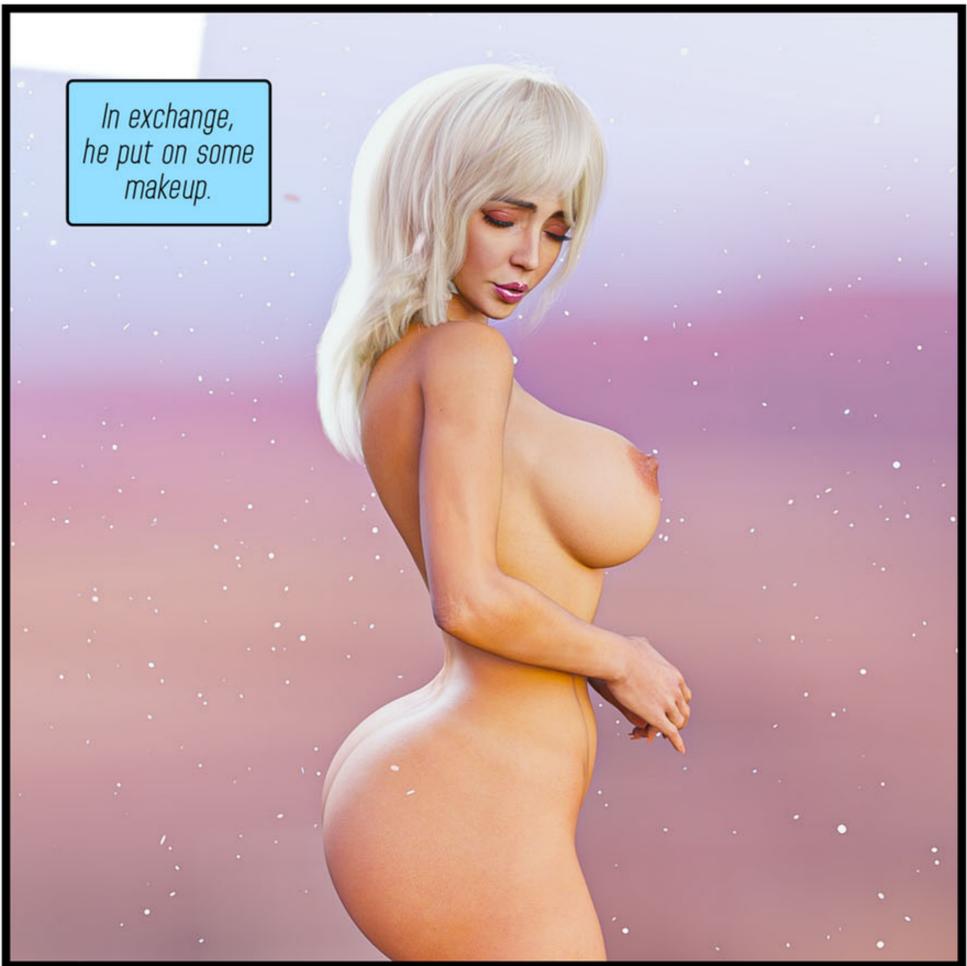


...WE WORKED OUT AN ARRANGEMENT. A REWARDS SYSTEM.

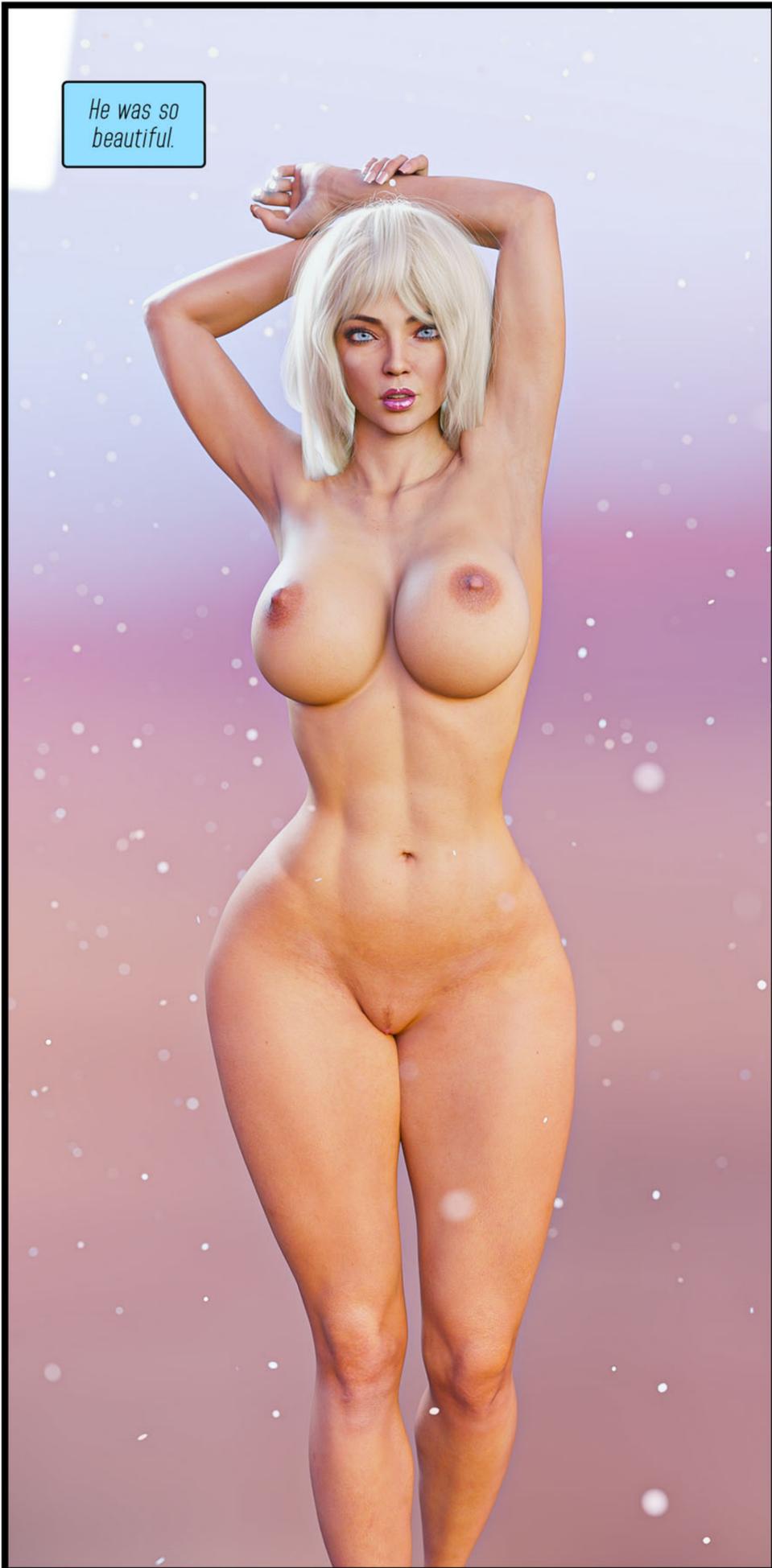




ONE TIME I
STOOD IN LINE ALL
DAY TO PICK UP SOME
SNEAKERS FOR
HIM.



In exchange,
he put on some
makeup.



He was so
beautiful.



We turned it
into a game.



Every time he
accepted a feminine
aspect about himself,
it was rewarded.



ONLY...



SOMETIMES, WHEN YOU START SOMETHING, YOU END UP SOMEPLACE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT THAN WHERE YOU EXPECTED.



LIKE WHEN YOU'RE AT A PARTY AND YOU INTRODUCE TWO PEOPLE.

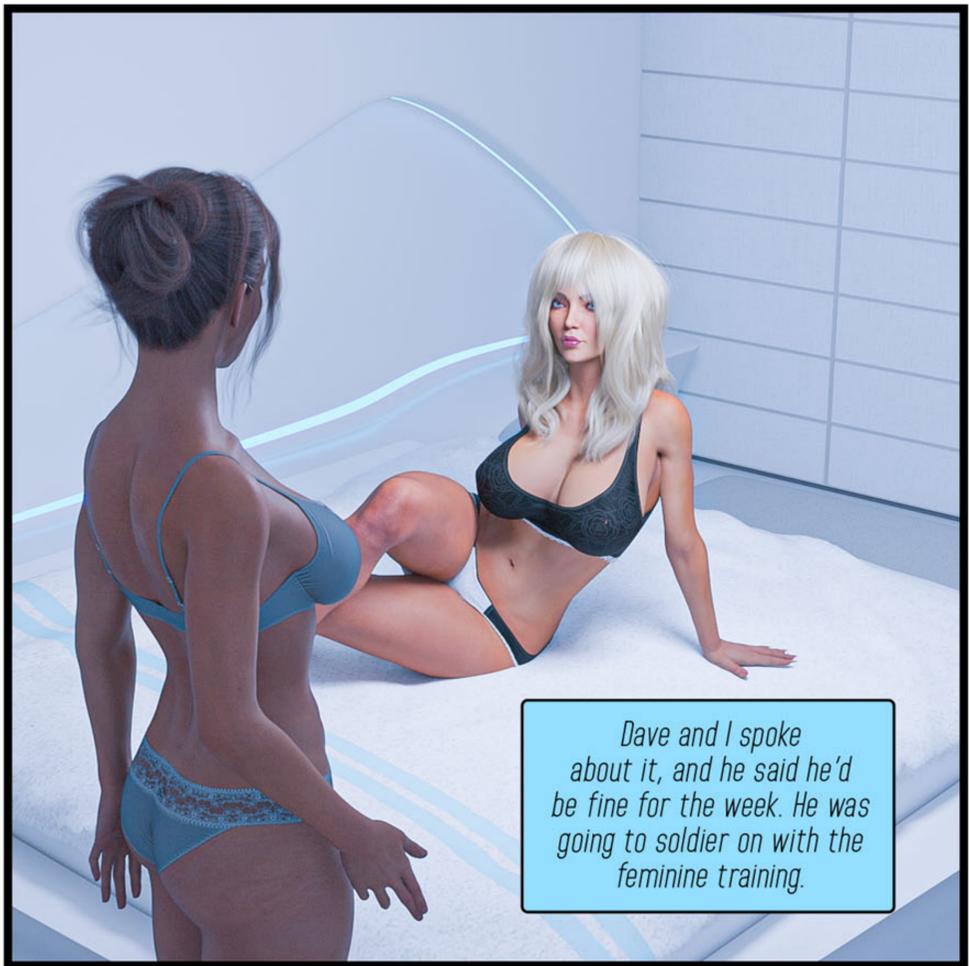


AND THEY INSTANTLY DECIDE THEY PREFER EACH OTHER TO YOU.



THEN SUDDENLY, YOU'RE THE THIRD WHEEL.

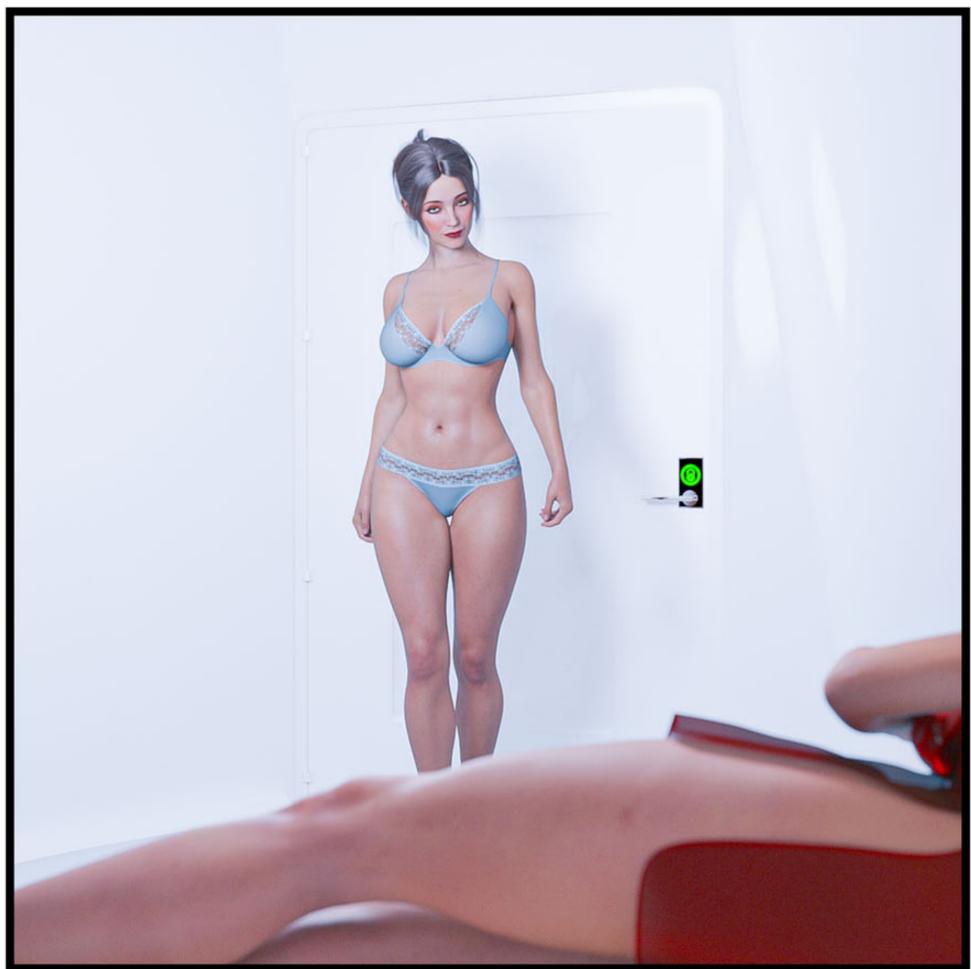






I MEANT
WITH *ME!*





So, I went away.



I travelled all day and fell asleep early the first night.



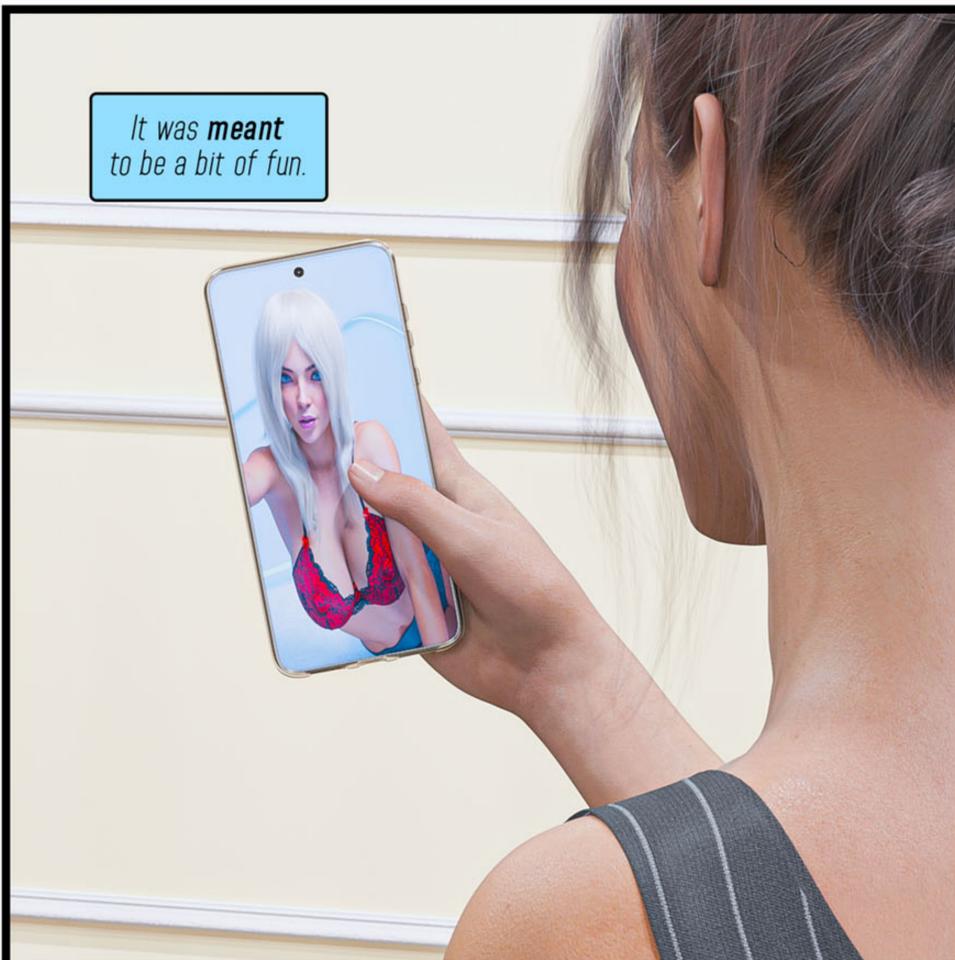
I got a couple of sexy photos from Dave. Everything seemed normal.



The idea was he was really going to glam up for Saturday night, then send me a photo of himself looking stunning and sexy.



It was **meant** to be a bit of fun.





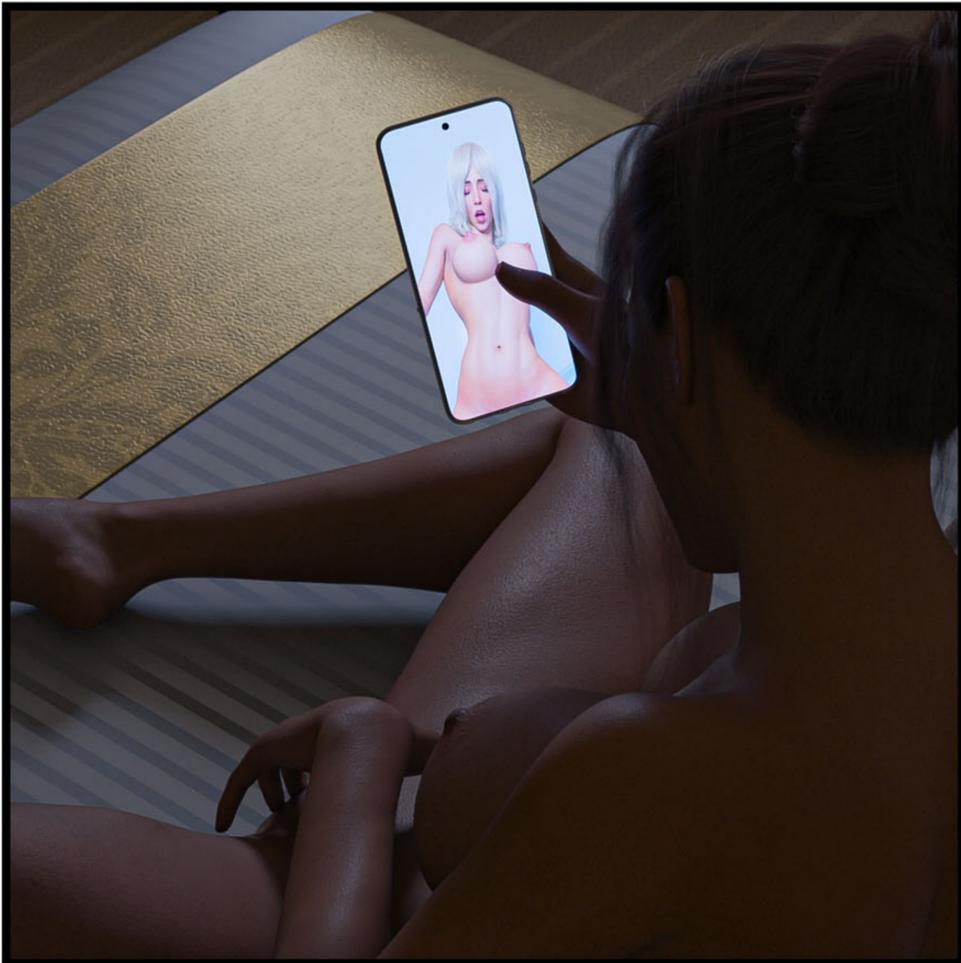
Pretty early that next night, we're both feeling hot under the collar.



He looked so beautiful in the photos.



By eleven, we were on a video call.





I HAD A FEW MEETINGS THE NEXT DAY, SO AFTER A SESSION THAT DIDN'T RUN AS LONG AS EITHER ONE OF US WOULD HAVE LIKED...



I SAID GOOD NIGHT TO DAVE AND TOLD HIM THAT I LOVED HIM. I PROMISED WE'D FINISH WHAT WE STARTED THE NEXT DAY.



HE SAID THE SAME, AND WE CALLED IT A NIGHT.



I SUPPOSE I LEFT HIM HANGING A LITTLE...



Kyle was used to turning up at the apartment late at night.



KNOCK!

KNOCK!



And often not on the day he said he would.



I suppose he felt free to once again do so after he and Dave had texted.



I can only imagine that Dave didn't think it was him at the door.



Dave was emotionally unprepared to see his old friend. And Kyle must have thought he had the wrong place.



Was Dave still wearing his sexy underwear when Kyle arrived?



I'm just guessing from here on out, but there must have been the reveal that this hot and sexy young blonde was actually Kyle's best friend.



I don't think it would have taken much to convince him.





Kyle had always been a ladies' man.



Dave, too, in his day.



The whole story would have come out. Well, maybe not the whole story.



Dave would have wanted to change into something less revealing.



Kyle would have insisted there was no need.



He would have said anything to keep Dave sitting there in that sexy lingerie.



I've always had the impression that Kyle was the kind of man who got what he wanted. Why would this night have been any different?



The idea that his best friend was now a hot blonde with the biggest, most beautiful breasts he'd ever seen? Surely, it changed everything.



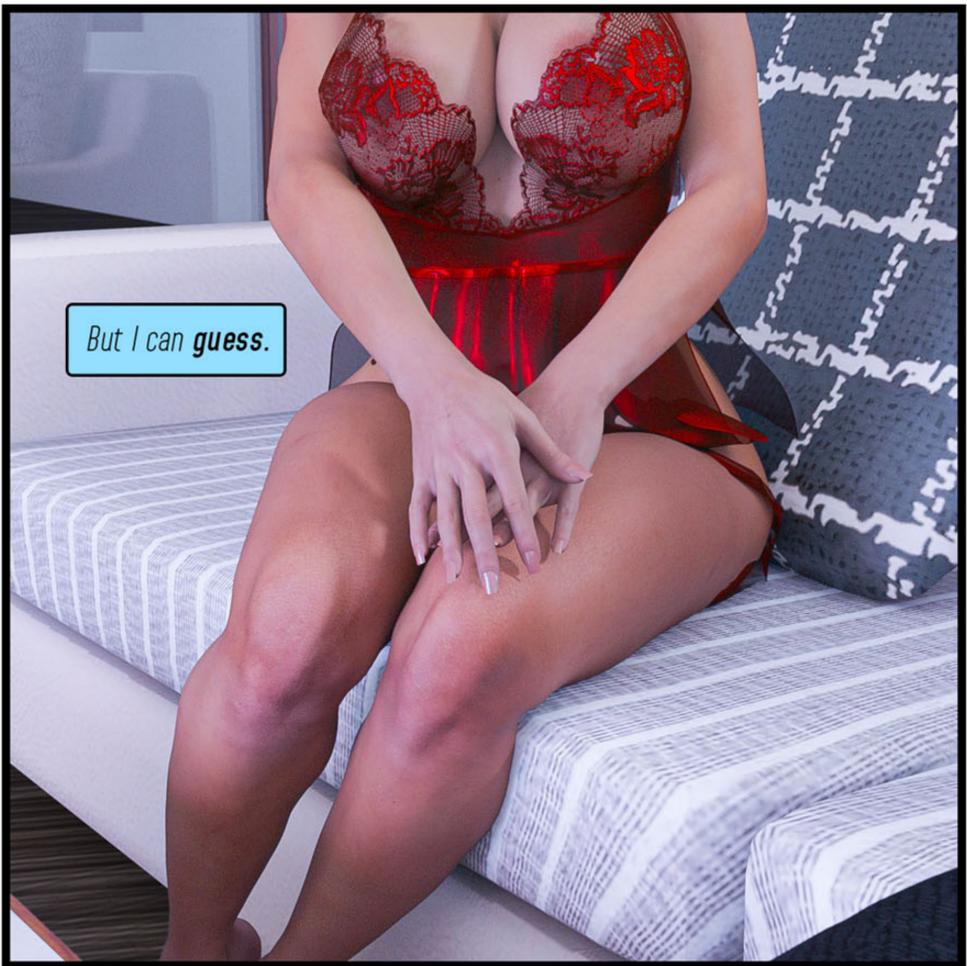
Even if he tried to resist, it wouldn't have taken long for the gears to start turning in Kyle's head.



As for Dave, even though he'd had numerous sexual experiences as a woman with me, I'm positive he wouldn't have thought about Kyle that way...



So, yeah. I don't know what happened.



But I can guess.



I'm sure it all seemed totally normal upfront. Just two guys bullshitting like old times.



But at some point, the mood must have changed.



Maybe Kyle started flirting. Cracked a few jokes about Dave's new looks.

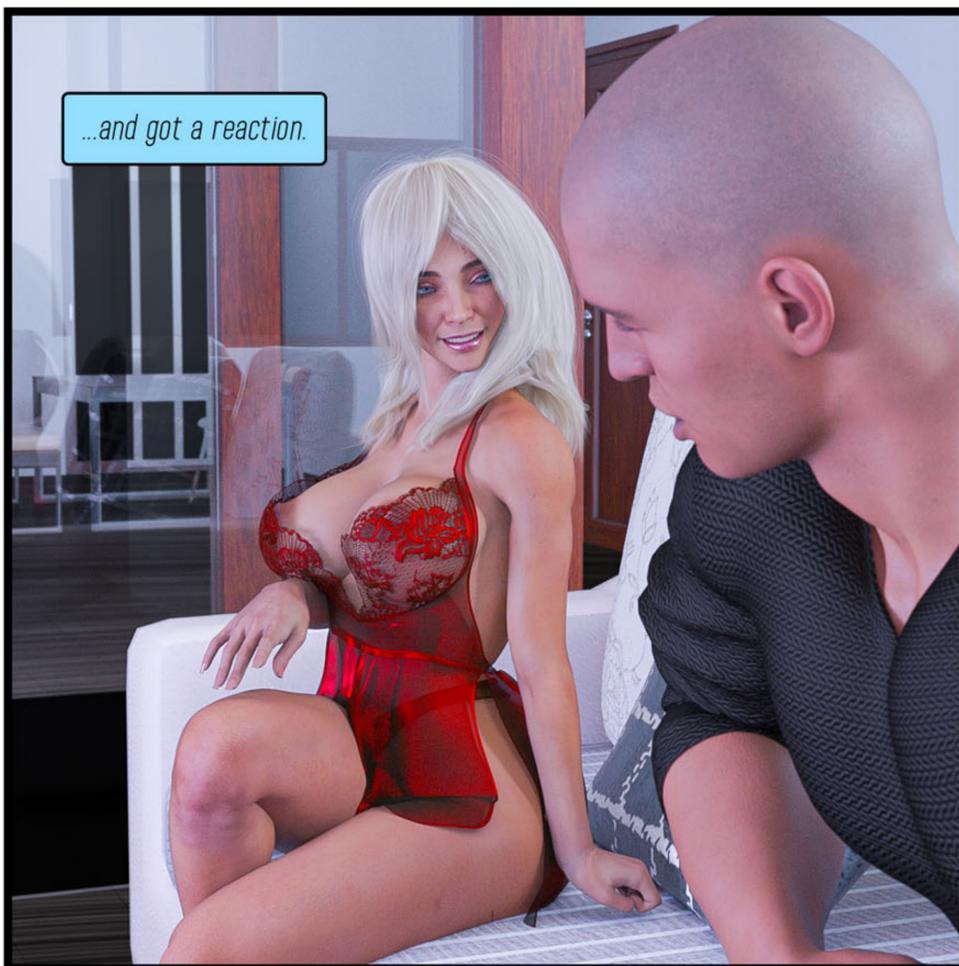


And David just didn't know how to react, didn't know what this new feeling was.

Asked him if he missed his cock...



...and got a reaction.



He just wanted to get Dave thinking about it.



Kyle had a lot of pick-up tricks.





It never used to take much for Kyle to take his shirt off. Especially if there were hot girls around.



He spent a lot of time at the gym and had a good body.



I wonder what was going through Dave's mind...



When he realized he liked what he saw...



When he realized he couldn't look away...



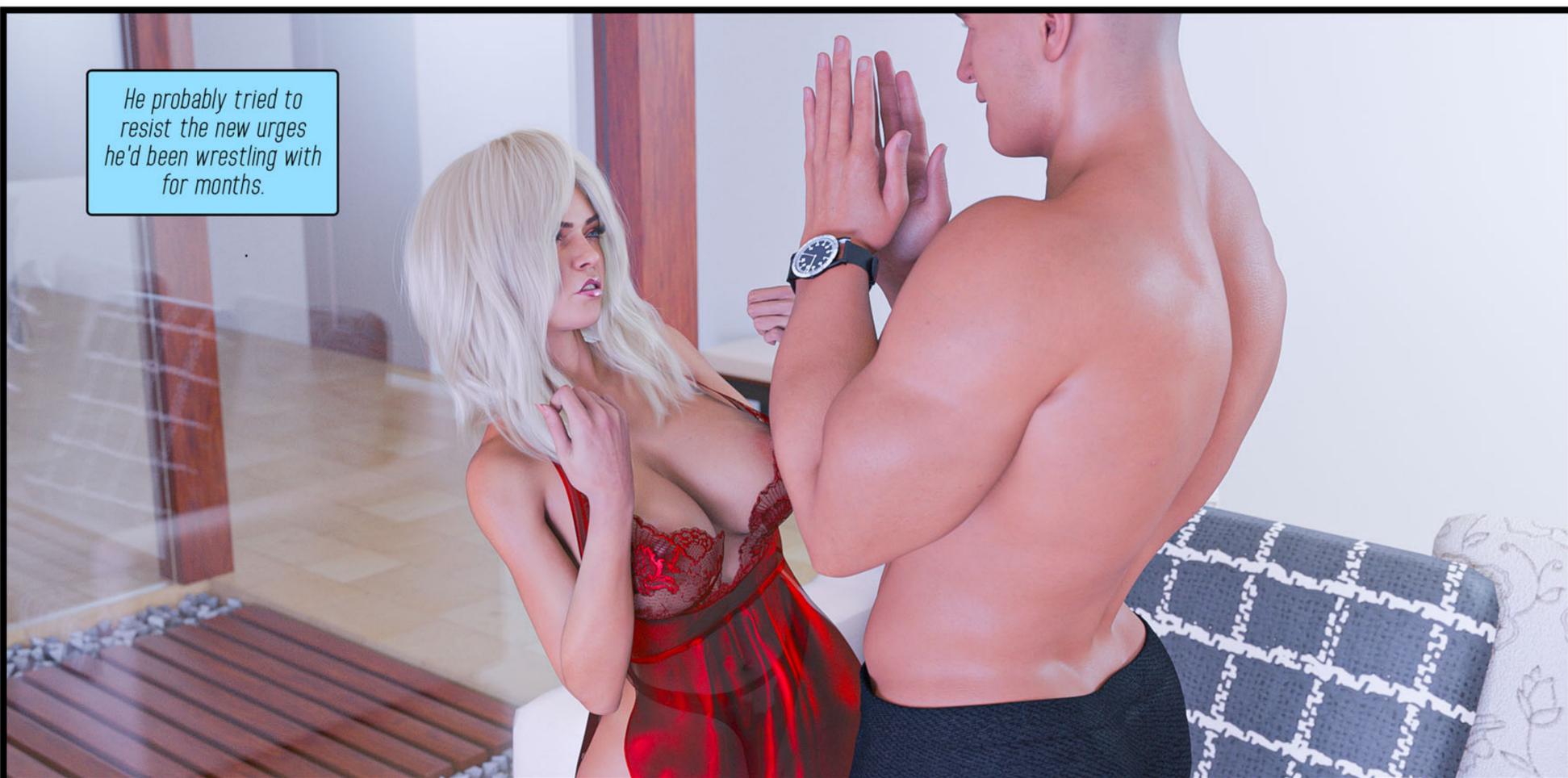
Not until that night... when everything changed.



I'm sure Dave was shocked the first time Kyle kissed him.



He probably tried to resist the new urges he'd been wrestling with for months.



Even if Dave had possessed fantasies about being with a man, they probably had never involved his best friend.



The notion of Kyle and him being intimate must have seemed like a joke.







So, Kyle probably whipped it out...



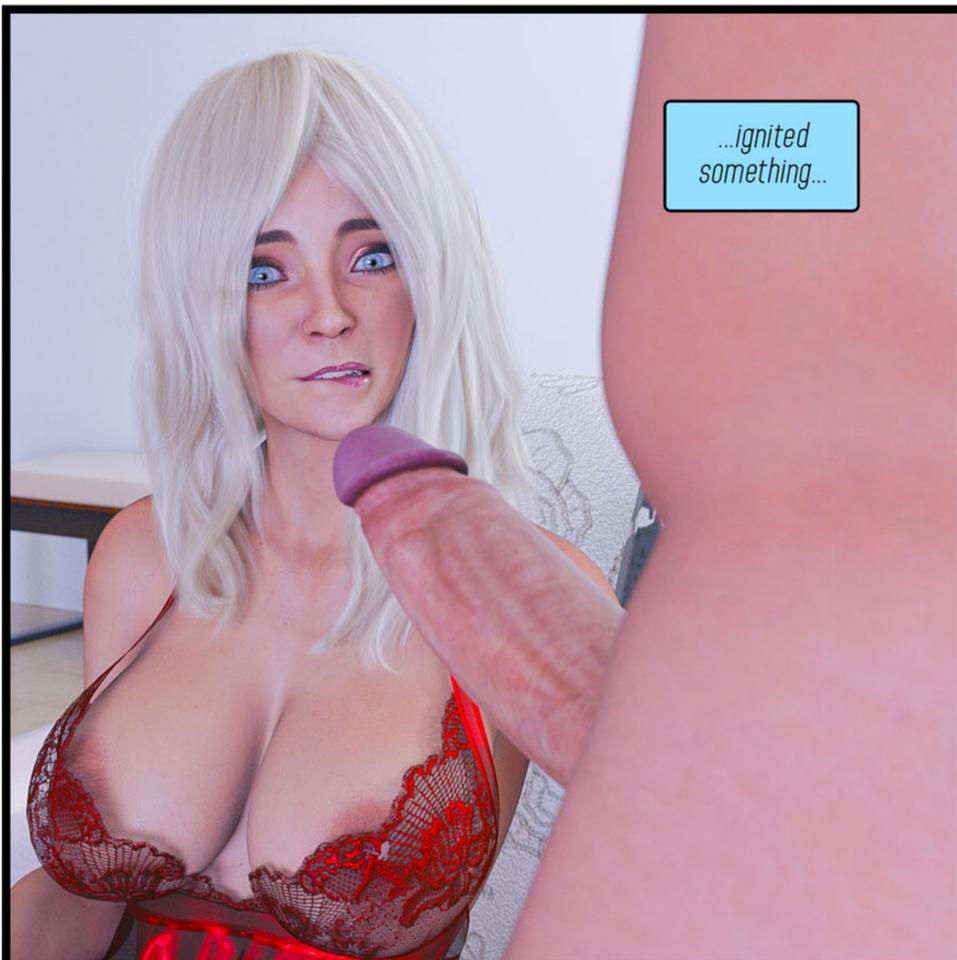
Dave's had been smaller than his friend's... Kyle never let him forget it.



And Dave had been a big, big guy.



Staring down the first cock he'd seen in months, and it wasn't his...



...ignited something...



The thought of his super-feminine body making Kyle's cock rock hard.



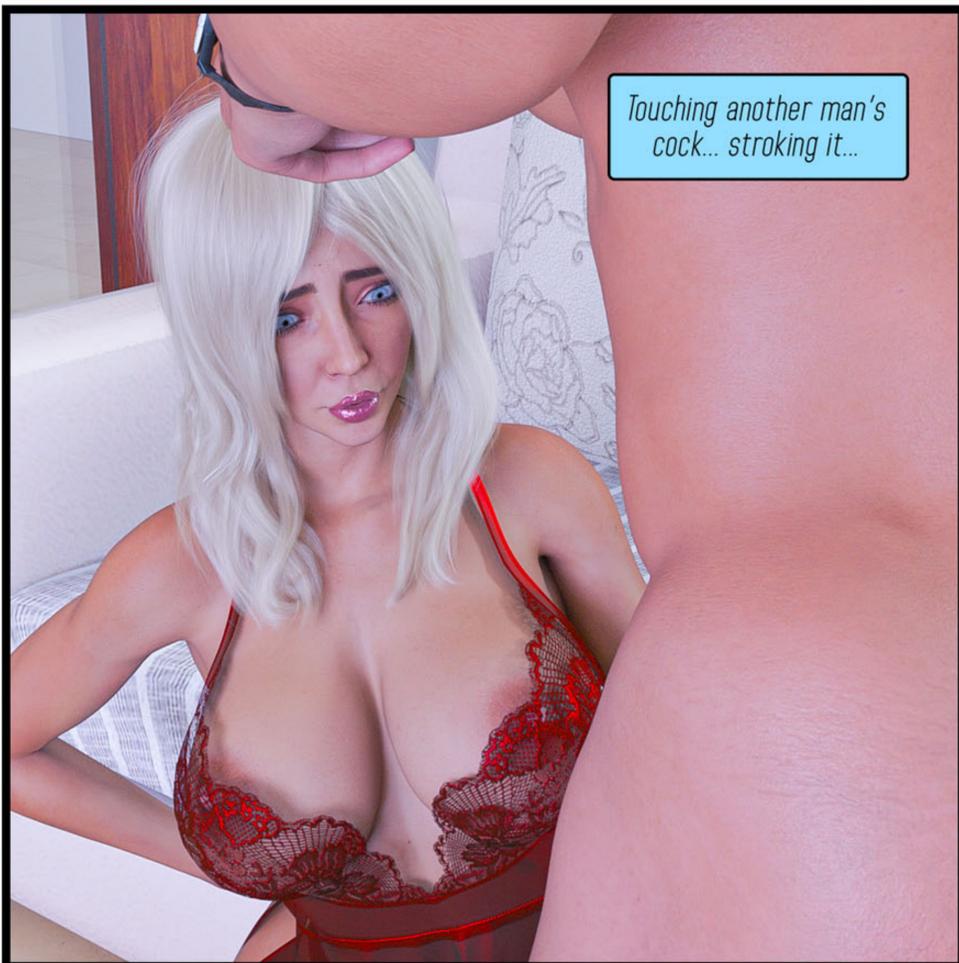
Something out of my nightmares, really.



His hand gripping Dave's...



...helping him slide his soft hands onto Kyle's rigid dick.



Touching another man's cock... stroking it...



Then Kyle's hand slowly but surely pushing Dave's head down...



Dave's luscious lips and wet mouth getting closer and closer...



It was probably happened all at once.



One minute everything's cool...



The next, he's sucking his best friend's dick.



*My husband, the
cock-hungry slut.*



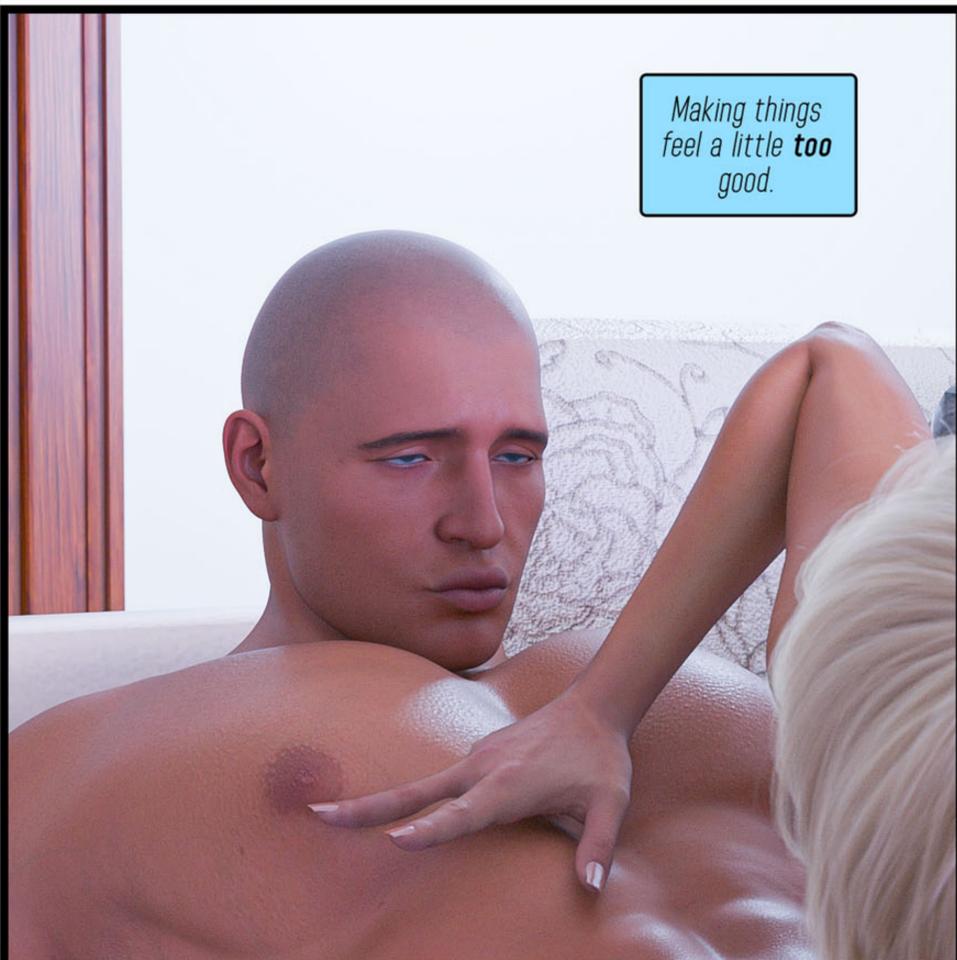
*Working his mouth up
and down the shaft.*



*Knowing exactly
what feels good.*



*Making things
feel a little **too**
good.*



*Until he's suddenly got
a mouthful of cum.*





Kyle would return the favor. But only to keep the ball rolling.



Dave was familiar with this experience. I'd eaten him out numerous times.



But feeling Kyle's rough stubble against his tender flesh as he worked his tongue over Dave's clit and pussy lips must have been very different.



Did Dave prefer it, having a man between his legs?



Did he think of me at all when he came?

They wouldn't have stopped unless they fucked, right?



Dave got to experience what it felt like to have a man on top of him.



He would be the one on the receiving end for the first time.



A cock pushed against his pussy lips...



The head pressed past those lips and was inside him.



The sensations of being filled with a big cock.



Unending pleasure.



Kyle would have been gentle at first, making sure Dave was feeling okay... and then good.



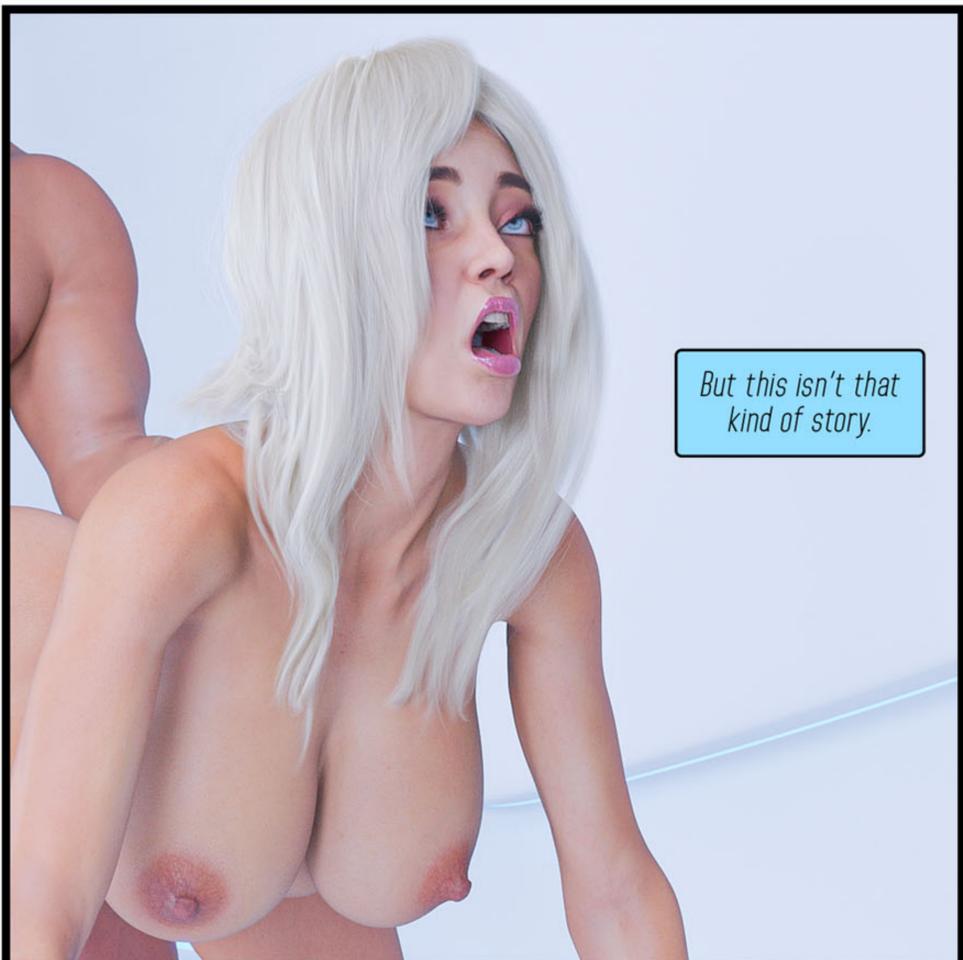
He'd let Dave get used to the sensation of having a hard rod inside him...



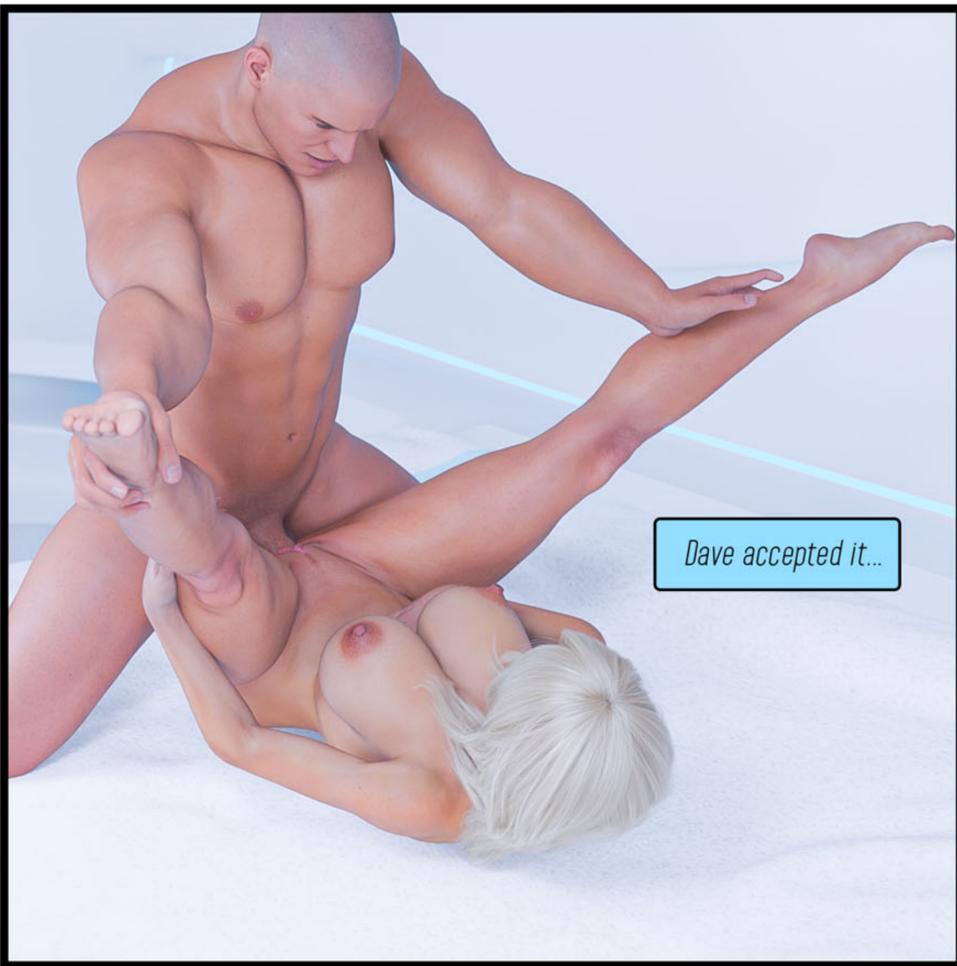
...each thrust exploding into delicious friction.



There had been a chance that Dave wouldn't like it... that being with a man and having a cock inside him wouldn't feel at all right.



But this isn't that kind of story.



Dave accepted it...



...the new aspect of being a woman.



It all felt right.



Like it was what he was made for.



His breasts belonged on his chest... as did the pussy between his legs.



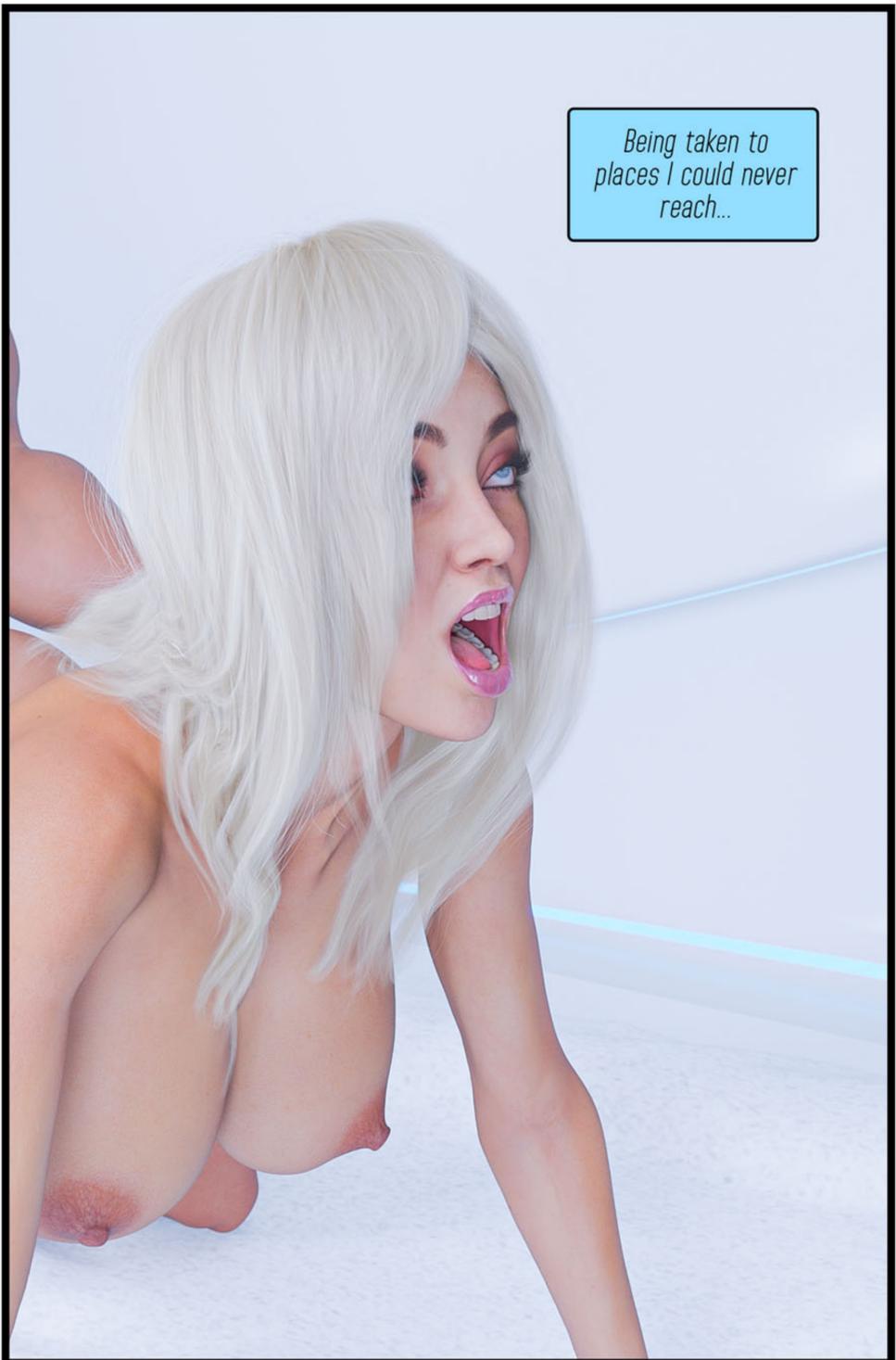
Fucking a man, it was all part of it.

*And not just
any man.*





*Getting fucked
by Kyle, by his best
friend...*



*Being taken to
places I could never
reach...*



*Nothing could ever
be the same.*

*How could he
not resolve to feel that
pleasure again?*



*Kyle didn't stay
the night*



*They weren't just friends
anymore... and never
would be again.*



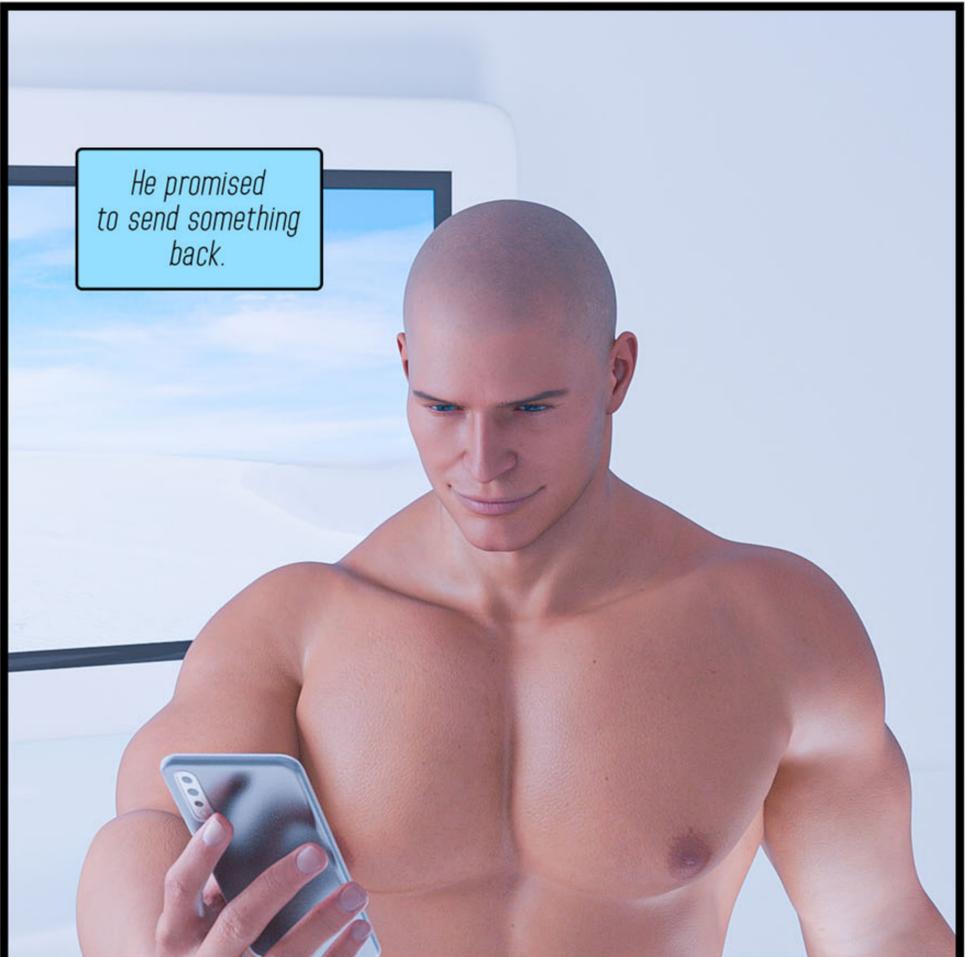
*I know he took
a photo.*



*I was no longer the
only person Dave would
exchange sexy pics
with.*

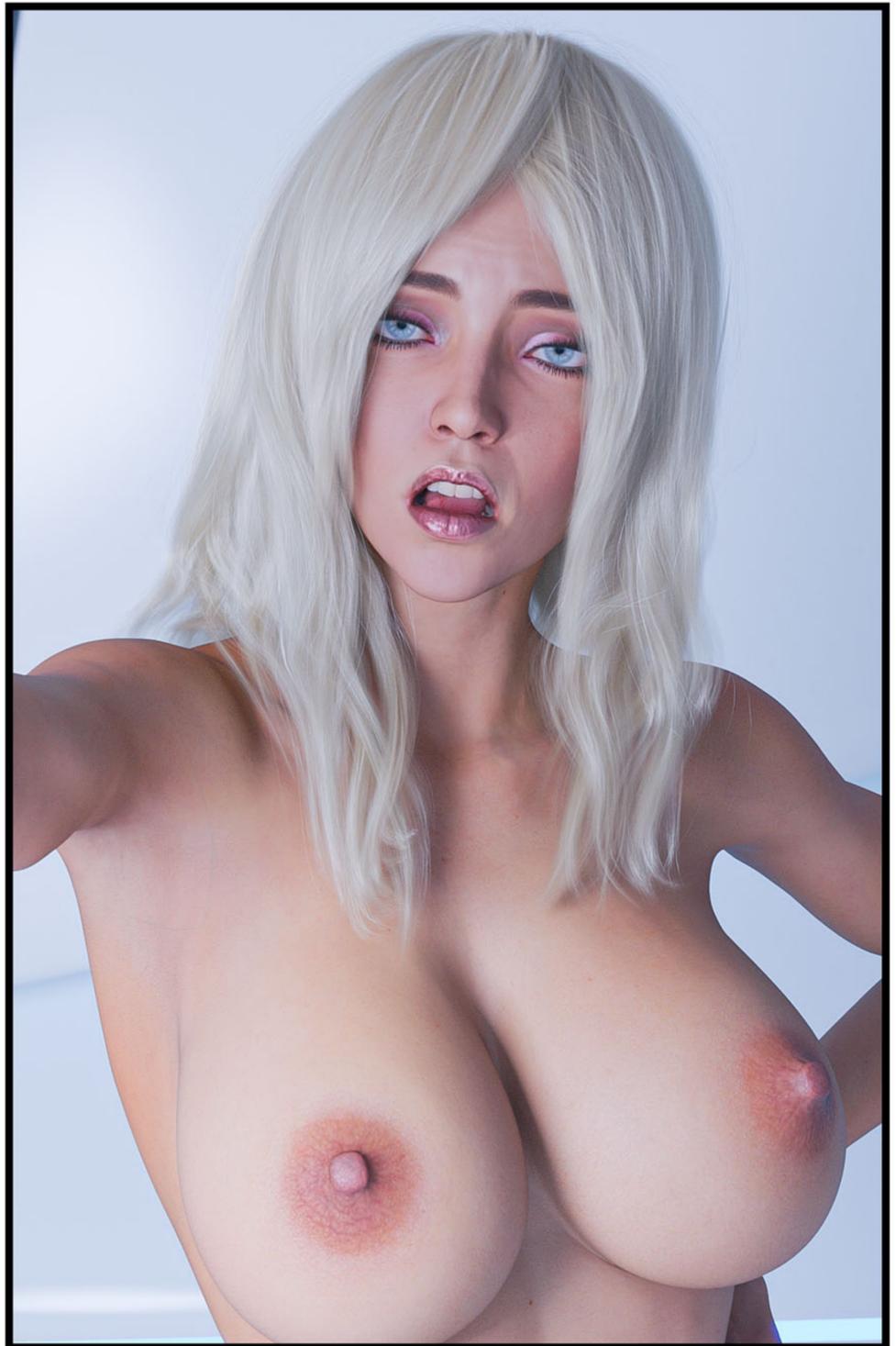


*He promised
to send something
back.*











SO, UH... YEAH.
THIS WAS THE BEGINNING
OF THE END, BUT THERE'S
STILL MORE TO THE
STORY.

