chapter 1

Where to start?

My name is Nathan and I am a married man, wed to my beautiful wife Vivian for three years. I work as a software engineer for a local manufacturing plant. Vivian works as an office administrator at a local paint distributor and in a word she hates it. Vivian has always been obsessed with fashion and everything there is to do with it.

All she ever wanted was to be a beautician. Unfortunately that opportunity was stolen from her by circumstance. When she was still at school, she got pregnant and had to drop out. She was only sixteen at the time. School rules were stricter at that time than they are now and the moment she started to show she was forced to home school. It caused such an enormous strain on her family that the schooling aspect never really happened. Her boyfriend turned out to be a real arsehole. He left her to front up to her parents and then dropped her like a hot potato.

Vivian had no choice but to drop out of school because she couldn't keep up with the program she was given. She was left to struggle through her pregnancy by herself, she had to live at home with her parents. Her world came crashing down around her when she miscarried. The mental anguish from it left her feeling empty and lost. Eventually she was able to put it behind her, but it took time, lots of time. She got a job as a checkout girl at the local supermarket, but really struggled. Her relationship with her father had collapsed when she got pregnant and although he didn't disown her he was old school and they argued all the time. She took the checkout job just to get away from home.

We met years later through friends. I won't bore you with the details of our courtship, but we were married within the year and happily living together. Viv is the outgoing gregarious go getter where as I am the quiet achiever. In many ways we were the perfect couple we each brought something different to the table.

Our life was simple but Viv wanted more than anything to move back into the field of beauty and fashion. We couldn't afford for her to give up work altogether so she started studying online to become a beautician.

She loved it. She wasn't happy to just study, she wanted to be the best and really threw herself into it. Evenings at our home became a procession of her female friends coming around for haircuts and makeovers.

Viv developed a reputation for being the go to person amongst her friends and they loved the fact they were getting free quality haircuts, styles and makeovers. They got to use all the latest products. She was so popular she managed to turn it into a little money making opportunity. She specialised in doing makeup for her friends and colleagues who were going out on the town. Part of her diploma required her to complete set projects. She then had to photograph the before and after photos as she finished projects and send them in to her tutor for appraisal. That meant her friends got cheap makeovers and Viv got free models for her class projects.

We set up a small salon in our basement. We did a pretty good job of the salon set up and managed to make it bright and warm. Viv was making more money from her little side-line than she was from her day job. I wasn't complaining because the consequence of her business was this stream of pretty sexy women constantly coming and going. Some of her friends were bloody hot. Because of Viv's love for fashion her clients would often use her for checking out their choices for dates and balls.

She did their makeovers and then they got to get all dolled up. Viv would add or change accessories for them. Sometimes they brought lots of different outfits and tried on several different ones. Depending on who it was, I would make up some fictitious reason to hang around the little salon hoping to get a glimpse of her friends changing.

Viv picked up on my little ruse early on and made me suffer. I am sure she shared my secret with some of her friends because she would call me in and ask my opinion as the girls tried on different dresses or whatever. She always made them model and pose. A couple of her friends really enjoyed it and they tortured me showing glimpses of panties. Carol who is a gorgeous little pocket battleship is busty, bright and bubbly was the worst offender.

She took a lot of satisfaction in making me feel horny and uncomfortable. She didn't even bother using the changing room. She quite happily changed in front of me and teased me. She always made a big deal of making sure I turned facing the other way as she changed but she knew damned well I was peeking in the mirror. Fuck, she was sex on two legs. Together they teased the shit out of me. It didn't do our love life any harm though. It always made me as horny as hell watching.

Viv always seemed to appreciate the extra steel in my weaponry after Carol had been around. Some of the tease became part of our foreplay. Viv took great pleasure in making sure I was aroused. Carol was the worst because she knew, some of the others I don't think knew, but Viv didn't chase me away when they were here, she was just sneakier.

Life was good and going smoothly, Viv was getting good grades and comments from her tutors. She was making extra money from all of the makeovers and her photographic skills were growing. Every other day she would grab one of her friends and used them for her projects as allocated by her tutor. That was all good, until she ran out of friends.

I suppose it was bound to happen at some point. One evening she had been on the phone for hours ringing around her friends frantically trying to find someone who was free. I could hear her curses and moans as each one turned her down. She was trapped she needed to have her latest project finished and filmed and sent back before the next day. She was paying the price for being a bit lazy during the week and leaving it to the last minute.

I knew I was in trouble when she sidled up to me as I watched TV. She walked over standing right in front of me. She reached down and moved my face from side to side and lifted my head back as she murmured, "Hmmm." She got a big grin on her face walked away muttering under her breath but returned with a fresh beer for me. She snuggled up beside me on the sofa and grabbed the lobe of my ear with her teeth. Her roaming hands slid across my chest and then slunk further south down over my abdomen, caressing and massaging as they went. Her lips slid over the bare exposed

skin of my neck as she draped her leg across over mine, "Would you do something for me baby?"

"Yeah, sure if I can bub. What is it you need?"

"Well," she giggled, "I need a model."

"What sort of model?"

"Full makeover," she whispered.

"So what do you want me to do about it?"

"Well....." She paused for what seemed an eternity. "I want you to be my model." The look of confusion on my face egged her on. "Darling I have rung everyone I can think of. I can't think of anyone else to try everyone is busy."

Through tightly clenched teeth I mutter. "So what do you want from me?"

She giggled, "I need you to let me give you a little makeover." With her hot breath blowing in my ear it was hard to focus.

I chuckled, "Blimmin heck bubs please tell me this is just going to be a men's haircut?" She shook her head in the negative. I was worried now. "Well what the hell are you talking about?"

"I am going to turn you into a very sexy little babe."

I laughed out loud as I tried to swallow my nervousness. "You're taking the piss, surely? I am not making a fool of myself Viv. Flaming hell everybody would laugh their bloody heads off."

She held on tightly to my arm. "No honey, I can make you look completely different, no one will even know it's you. Not even your mum would recognise you."

"You're joking right?" Initially I thought she was joking. "Bub I am not going to let you make me up as a girl."

"Nate, nobody will know. Please babe let me try. Look if it doesn't work then I won't take any photos. Nobody would even know. If it's that bad I will just have to tell a little lie to my tutor. I will say that I have been ill or something. Please darling. It will be just between you and me."

I tried to make light of it. "Bub this is just silly, Blimmin heck look at me, I would make one butt ugly girl. If you're going to lie to her why not do it now and get it over and done with?"

She laughed, "Don't be so sure about what you will look like. I might surprise you. I think you might actually look hot. I promise that no one will ever know." Her hands had drifted further south and she was now caressing the hardening steel bar hiding in my underpants. "So this will be just between the two of us?" I asked hesitantly.

She giggled, "Honey no one will know, plus I will promise to make it worth your while." I saw the look in her eye she wasn't going to be discouraged.

I figured I would force the issue a little. "OK, then you better make me an offer I can't refuse if you are serious."

She cackled a little. "So what do you want? Name your price." Wow that startled me.

"Ummm OK I want you as my sex slave for the weekend. No limits and you aren't allowed to say no." That got her attention. She hesitated for a few moments.

She bit down hard on my ear lobe. "OK Mr., I will agree to be your dirty little sex slave, but there will definitely be limits. You have to stay away from my bum." Now that made me laugh. That had always been of limits and I wasn't even contemplating that.

"Deal."

She smiled broadly. "OK then, lets go and get started." She dragged me into the bathroom on the way and shaved me taking a lot of time to make it as close as possible. But scarily she didn't stop at my face she shaved my chest and upper arms. When I asked, why she explained that the head shot had to show from the shoulder up.

She kept the beers flowing ensuring that I kept my buzz going.

We descended down into the salon. Once she had me seated in her chair she opened up her laptop and started to scroll through makeup tips for feminising the male face. Then started in earnest. As she washed my face she ran her hands all over and gave my cheeks a pinch. "Wow hon I didn't realise it but you have really feminine features."

I was a little put out. "Hey piss off."

She giggled. "No I am serious you are going to look cute."

After she gave my face a thorough wash she started with a foundation and concealer. Then she started on my nose and then eyebrows. I did freak out when she started plucking away at my eyebrows. I snatched her hands away. "Hey cut it out. I have to go to work tomorrow."

She frowned. "Do you want a sex slave or not?" She went back to work but conceded. "I will only trim them, nobody will even notice."

It made me nervous I must admit. I work in a mostly male dominated workplace and I would get no end of shit thrown at me if this got out. We were working on a new software upgrade for a multinational corporation. It was a big team and I was just one of the guys but I knew if any of them even got a whiff of this it would be the end of my credibility.

Viv just kept working away. She had covered the mirror so I couldn't see what she was doing. When she got to my lips she commented, "Wow I have

never really looked at your face like this but babe your lips are bloody amazing. For a guy they are incredibly full, I had never noticed that before. God they are going to be awesome. You are going to look gorgeous honey."

I just rolled my eye, "Yeah whatever!" I didn't believe her for a single minute that I was going to look like anything other than a bloke in drag. I just knew I would look ridiculous.

As she was applying the false eye lashes I again got twitchy. "Do you have to do that? I mean it's going to be ridiculous anyway."

"Just relax hon, it's going to be amazing. I can't wait to see the finished product."

She was busily toiling away and I was getting a little turned on. The aroma of her scent was making me aroused. Viv was leaning over me and she was so close. I was starting to feel overwhelmed and my senses were in overload. I am sure she was rubbing her nipples all over me as she worked.

Her commission brief was a night at the opera look. By the time she pulled a blonde wig up over my head I was starting to get anxious. I was at least interested in the result. She stood up and leaned back taking in the completed look. She was just shaking her head but she had a big smile on her face. I was confused she was smiling but shaking her head. "WHAT," I cried. "What is the problem? Is it that bad?"

She put her hands on her hips. "Darling you are done and I mean I am looking right at you and I just can't believe it."

She reached over and pulled the cover off the mirror. Oh my god! I was blown away. I was speechless my mouth was dry. "Well," she smiled, "What do you think?"

"Flaming hell bub, I can't believe it. You were right about one thing. I don't recognise myself."

She snuck up behind me as I admired myself in the mirror. She spun the chair around and sat on my knee. Before I could say anything she slipped her arms around my neck and her lips locked onto mine. Her tongue glided in to tango with mine and the little kiss became a torrid passionate toe curling kiss. She moaned into my mouth as she was held me tight. I had never experienced a heat or hunger like this with Viv.

"So what do you think? I bet you would bang her wouldn't you?" She smiled.

I was struggling for breath after the kiss, but as I looked in the mirror, yes she was right I would definitely fuck her.

As we recovered a little she giggled. "Oh my god honey I have always wanted to kiss a girl. That was amazing." She quickly fixed up the smudged lipstick and took some photos for her assignment.

This was the bit that I was nervous about. "Babe who exactly is going to see these pictures?"

She sniggered, "Only my tutor and well..... I guess it depends on whether you behave."

I grabbed her arm. "OK, please promise me that regardless of what happens you will not show these to anyone else."

She laughed loudly. "If you are nice to me I might keep them in my folder, but if you are nasty then they will come out just when you least want them to."

After she posted the pictures she dragged me upstairs. In bed she was impatient and stripped of my clothes and ravished me. We had never kissed this much in our lives. She loved it and for that matter so did I. God I was as hard as a carbon steel rod. As we were lying together snogging she placed her hands on my head and pushed me down until my mouth was hovering over her pussy. "Don't hold back hon, please I want to feel

those lipstick covered lips on me."

I might be slow but I can take a hint. I buried my tongue deep into her heaving snatch. I licked the length of her swollen slit. I kissed, I licked and sucked her outer lips and she responded like I had never seen. Her body quivered and trembled. As I slipped a couple of fingers into her I felt her pussy walls clench my fingers tightly and her hips started to gyrate and thrust back at my marauding fingers.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh God." she moaned over and over. "Oh my fucking god. Fuck that is so good, oh fuck."

Normally, Viv is sort of quiet not reserved just quiet but tonight she was on fire. Usually she was never into oral, she had complained many times that she didn't like it, but tonight, tonight she was so into it. Her hands were tangled tightly in my hair and she crushed her pussy onto my face and she fucked me, we weren't so much making love as she was fucking me, just using me for her pleasure. Her hips lifted right off the bed and her body was like a tightly strung wire.

"Fuck hon, I am coming. Fuck oh fuuuuccccckkkk....." she screamed.

As I collapsed beside her she rolled over and kissed me but burst out in laughter. I looked at her. "What didn't you like it?"

She shook her head. "No it was incredible, but next time we need to find a makeup that won't smudge so easily." She reached over to the bedside cabinet and lifted over a mirror. I saw straight away what she was laughing at. My face was covered in lipstick and smudged makeup.

Then the coin dropped. "Next time!" She smiled wickedly. "Hell yes darling that was amazing. We are definitely doing that again."

The scary thing was when I dragged my arse down out of bed in the morning she was pouring over the photos from the previous night. She gave me a quick kiss and made me a cuppa. As we munched through our morning toast she was in a really bubbly mood.

"Honey these photos are really great. I still can't believe it's you. You should have been a girl you know that don't you."

I blushed bright red as she leaned across the table for a steamy morning kiss.

I raced off to work wanting to get in early for our new project. The lead engineer was a big burly woolly haired barrel chested Frenchman named Yves. He was a monster of a man but a real character. We had been working pretty closely together on this project and although he was a character he liked things done the right way. He disliked tardiness.

The last month or so had been really tough and we were under the pump. The day was long and hard and it was another late finish. As we were getting ready to leave, he was heading back to his hotel. During the day I had heard him complaining that he was sick of hotel food so trying to curry a little favour, I invited him round to our place for dinner. He was pretty keen He had been staying at the hotel for weeks and was well sick of it.

Viv was a bit gutted when I turned up unannounced with a guest but she got over it as Yves worked his charm on her. I didn't realise what a charmer he was. With his cheesy French accent and his charm he soon had her eating out of his hand. Over the next few weeks she had me invite him back regularly for dinner. I noticed she went to a lot of extra trouble on her appearance when he was around.

She had been pestering me relentlessly to model for her again. But I had been holding her at bay I was uneasy about the whole thing. I felt uneasy because well to be honest I liked it. I liked it a lot but I was feeling a little embarrassed and ashamed. I come from a very staid straight background. Dressing up in and wearing makeup wasn't something I had ever considered.

I was nervous about what Viv would really think. Did she think I was some sort of fucking weirdo? Viv though, is not a quitter and kept at me until

I folded and she managed to get her way again. The reality of course is I wasn't fighting her off that hard. The emotions that she uncovered in me were real and I was inexplicably drawn to it. The bonus was the sex. It had been amazing the first time.

This time she started the same way as last time but as she started to shave me she begged me to let her go further.

I put up a valiant fight. I fought her off bravely although she dropped her bottom lip and got a bit sulky. Again we went through the makeup routine but this time I was shocked by how pretty she made me look. I was truly amazed at the transformation and I felt so sexy. She had to disappear to answer the phone while I was sitting in the chair staring into the mirror. I mean there staring back at me was a very sexy woman. Fuck I was amazed at how I looked.

If I didn't know it was me I would have been thinking, how the girl staring back at me from the mirror was totally fuckable.

The moment she walked back in she busted me staring into the mirror. She laughed. "Yeah love I would fuck her as well and believe me I am going to." I felt completely embarrassed and tried to play it down but she pulled me into another of those sexy kisses. God there is no arguing with her when she gets her mind set on something.

The night ended the same way as the first with us making love long into the night. It may have even been hotter than the first.

The dress up game stayed dormant for a few weeks just because work for both of us was so busy. She had some serious assignments to complete and our project was full on. I had been working late most nights.

Our sex life had never been better. The dress up game had definitely raised the stakes. She was more vocal and had developed a love for me going down on her. Previously, although she enjoyed it, she always seemed to be holding back, not letting go. That was not the case now. I mean blimey now she couldn't wait and was eager and had no qualms about

pushing my head down and she wasn't holding back verbally either. Now she wanted to talk about things that historically had been uncomfortable taboos.

We often discussed her biggest fantasy which was having sex with another woman and our dress up game had made it seem so real for her.

It was a couple of weeks before she convinced me to dress up again. This time it started the same way it had previously with her giving me a close shave but she didn't want to stop with my face she wanted to go further and as she shaved my chest she slipped further and further down my torso. I slipped my hand under her chin and lifted her head so we were looking in each other's eyes. "Hon, what the hell are you doing?" I asked.

She did her silly little girly giggle. "Well I just thought you looked so nice, wouldn't it be nice if you were smooth all over."

"All over." I was a little stunned.

"Come on hon, it's not lie anyone else will see you. I explained my fantasy and I would love to really explore this a little more."

I looked down into her gorgeous eyes. "What do you mean all over Viv?"

"Pretty self-explanatory isn't it. I want you to be completely smooth and hairless."

She could see the uncertainty in me I guess, so she leaned in close and kissed me sweetly. "I will make you a deal. If you let me shave you I will let you shave me."

Wow I had always wanted her to shave her pussy but she always refused. She stood up and grabbed my hand and led me over to the shower. She turned it on ripped of my remaining clothes and sweetened the pot by stripping herself and diving in with me. She soaped up my body immediately taking lots of care with my dick which by now was standing out like a Kevlar fishing rod.

She stroked my cock, and then she started to shave my whole body. I couldn't argue she wouldn't let me. Every time I tried to put up a fight she wrapped those sexy pouty little lips around my cock and sucked me deep into her mouth and sucked the nervousness and hesitancy right out of me. An hour later I was hairless in Birmingham. She handed me the razor. "OK babe your turn."

I took the razor and soap and knelt down in front of her and soaped up her snatch until she was covered in suds. She giggled as I started to glide the razor over her. She moved her legs apart allowing me to shave her. I kissed her pouty engorged lips as the razor slid around her pussy.

Her groans and whimpers filled my ears. I slipped a finger into her soapy hole and slid them back and forth along her slit. "Fuck you little tease." She groaned. "You are a bastard."

Once we had towelled and rubbed each other down she covered us both in sweet smelling talcum powder. We moved back into the salon where she once again applied the makeup. I watched attentively in the mirror as she transformed me from an ordinary looking bloke into a pretty attractive woman. When she was finished I shook my head in amazement. She had done it again. Staring back at me from inside the mirror was this cute woman.

Viv led me by the hand up to our bedroom. She held up a filmy little negligee. I shook my head no but she was insistent and pushed me back until I was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Please babe don't play hard to get. I promise it will be all worth it."

She did eventually convince me to go along with her. The selling point was her sexy little hand slowly stroking my cock as she asked.

She slipped one of her little bras over my shoulders and pulled on the negligee. She giggled and purred like a sex mad kitten. This was a new side to her that I had never seen before. Teasing and Flirtatious it is impossible to argue with her. She has these great big azure baby blue eyes.

She had me dressed in her skimpy bra and negligee. She ran around with her camera taking photo after photo. She captured every angle.

She pleaded and begged, encouraging me to vamp it up, with all her cooing and coercion. I was in the mood, she had me worked up so put on a little show for her. She got pretty kinky and kept the camera in her hand as she knelt down in front of me and pulled my cock out and hungrily wrapped her lips around the head.

Sucking and licking until my member was wet and slippery covered in her saliva. Her hand stroked and mauled my poor bruised and twisted manhood. She even captured the moment my balls were emptied by her boiling suctioning mouth. It was so intense I screamed. I screamed like I had never screamed before. Every fibre of my body was being sucked through the eye of my throbbing cock. As I fell into a heap on the floor she smiled at me and all I could say was. "Fucking hell Viv."

Over the weekend she really put the pressure on and she dressed us both in lingerie and lace. God it was fucking amazing. We spent the entire weekend playing and dressed. For the first time she made me keep the makeup on the whole time. I say forced, well she didn't have to try too hard, my mind had been opened to a whole new world, and secretly I loved it. This whole thing had me worked up to such an extreme level that I would probably have done whatever she asked. It was amazing and incredible.

Over the next week she spent a lot of time pleading with me to let her redo the scene from the weekend. By Wednesday night she had her way. She lubricated my reticence with liquor, teasing coercion and of course sex. She left my cock bald and proud standing out of the bathwater like a periscope. She had her own personal little sex doll and she loved it. She got her fantasy lesbian fuck with me dressed in stockings and suspenders. That night I slathered her pussy with bright red lipstick which I applied liberally with my lips as I licked her hot little snatch from orgasm to orgasm.

The only nights I wasn't dressed in her lingerie was nights when Yves came around home for dinner. I liked it when he was there because it gave me a little respite. The only problem with his visits was, he was starting to piss me off. He was flirting wickedly with Viv and what made it worse was she was leading him on and that was pissing me off even more.

After a couple of visits where the flirting was way out of control I bailed Viv up after Yves left. "Viv all this flirting is aggravating me. That sort of behaviour is totally unacceptable. For fuck sake you may as well have asked him to fuck you." She laughed it off as just some innocent flirting.

She tried to make light of it and giggled. "Jealous because you wanted him yourself aye hon."

I think she saw the horrified look on my face and quickly defused my anger by dragging me into the bedroom and fucking my brains out. At work the next day I had a similar discussion with Yves which was scary because he is a man mountain. He isn't a muscle bound gym going pretty boy, he is just huge. He is unkempt with long shaggy hair and a bristly beard. His features were very Gallic actually. He was a bit taken back but he apologised and agreed that he had overstepped the mark. I stopped inviting him around for a while because things were tense and I didn't want the tension to flow over into our work relationship.

I punished Viv by not playing her dress up game and it pissed her off no end. After a couple of weeks she asked me. "How come Yves doesn't come around anymore. I miss the big lug."

I groaned. "Well your flirting pissed me off so much I decided not to invite him round anymore."

She looked a little stunned. "Oh you have got to be bloody joking, come on love it was just a bit of fun."

"No Viv it was more than that and it pissed me off and it was completely

disrespectful."

When we were in bed one night she whispered in my ear while we were making love. "Why is it so bad that Yves wants to fuck me?"

I just about choked on my tongue as I hurried to complain. "Because you are my wife that's why." If I hadn't been buried balls deep in her sizzling hot pussy I would have kicked her out of bed.

She slipped into her teasing mode as I was racing towards my cum. "Fuck Nate, imagine how big his cock must be."

She chose her moment well as I was just at that moment filling her to overflow with a jet stream of my sperm.

As we recovered I moaned. "What the fuck was all that stuff about Yves?"

She kissed my shoulder as she snuggled up beside me. "I was just teasing Nate. I thought it was fun, that's all."

As the project wound down Yves was spending less and less time in our UK office. He worked mostly from his home in Paris. That meant there was more opportunity for Viv to press her claims for me to play her dress up games. I guess I was getting sucked into the whole scenario and I was spending a lot of time in Viv's lingerie. She was having a ball making me over and she took so many photos, it was unreal.

The unnerving thing was Viv was changing. Her normally bubbly friendly demeanour was slipping to be replaced by this insistent and bossy harridan. The dress up had changed as well. She had this stupid fantasy about us going out together with me dressed up. She wanted us to be like girlfriends. It was just too weird and scared the shit out of me.

That was where I drew the line. There was nothing she could do to convince me. Of course she got a little surly and churlish. She stopped asking for me to dress and the playful teasing came to a stop. I guess she had come to realise that I enjoyed the dressing up and it was her way

of punishing me.

Round about that time we did get some bad news Viv's mum had been rushed to hospital she had an accident and broke her hip. Because she had nobody else to look after her it meant Viv had to spend a lot of time away at her mums place looking after her and she lived a couple of hours away.

The public health supplied a nurse for week days but the family had to cover weekends. She lived alone and Viv's sister had emigrated years ago. That left Viv to carry the load. It meant Viv drove up to her mums place on Friday nights and back early Monday morning. I was left to my own devices for the whole weekend. Well you know what they say about idle hands.

I had been trying to down play my interest in the crossdressing. Viv and I were playing power games, she wanted to punish me by not playing dress up and I was trying to prove I didn't care so we were stuck at an impasse. I felt uncomfortable and a little embarrassed that Viv might know how excited that the dress up made me. It sensations aroused actually scared me they were so powerful, they awakened such deep and powerful emotions in me. I was both aroused and ashamed, the feelings of shame seemed to make the whole thing more exciting. It was like I was having an affair. Viv was gone most weekends and while she was away I played. I started wearing her clothes just at bedtime. I love getting dolled up in her lingerie. It was as sexy as hell. At night I lay in our big bed wearing all her lingerie, especially pantyhose. God I loved stroking my cock through the thin nylon gauze. Rubbing my nylon encased cock, it felt so sensual and invigorating, my orgasms were so intense and I dragged them out for ages torturing myself waiting for the end, it was almost tantric I prolonged the agony of release so long it was painful.

But the longer she was away the further I took it. By the third weekend I was dressed the whole time she was away. Her clothes were a bit tight as I am slightly bigger but beggars can't be choosers. It was amazing how worked up it got me. I spent hours masturbating while I was prancing around in her panties and lingerie.

Viv was so preoccupied with helping her mum that she didn't seem to notice. I always made sure her things were freshly laundered and put back where I found them before her return.

That was the order of the day for a couple of months. The good news was our relationship seemed to have settled down. Although she wasn't pestering me to play dress up she had softened and our love life was back to its former intensity. Things were comfortable I was fulfilling my desires for the dress up on weekends and I was comfortable with that because Viv didn't see how excited I was by it.

Things came to a head as it was always going to I suppose. One day Viv came down to catch up with me at work for an impromptu lunch date. We hadn't seen much of each other for the last week or so and she just wanted to catch up. It turned out to be a fun lunch date.

When I got home that night Viv was in a tizzy and didn't waste any time she grabbed me the moment I walked in the door explaining she had fallen behind in a couple of projects and needed me to model for her. She left me no room to argue. It was happening full stop. She popped a couple of beers and we went straight to the salon where she got straight to work.

I had never seen her so focused she was like a tornado working frenetically. If she wasn't working on my makeup she was running off to get me more beer. She seemed to be having a blast and I wasn't arguing. It was nice to see some of the old Viv back on deck. She surprised me when she went up to grab more beer. She returned with a collection of her clothes.

She didn't give me a chance to argue she stripped me off and helped me slip into her dress and lingerie. It didn't take long before she had me fully dressed in a complete outfit. I was bedecked in stockings and heels with a knee length dress. She used a blonde wig that covered some of my face with long stringy bangs. When I looked in the mirror I was impressed with the sultry sexy look she had managed to achieve. The blonde wig was the killer, I am dark haired so the transformation was amazing, it looked nothing like me.

As we finished Viv toasted me by clinking bottles. "Fuck baby you look really cute." I was admiring my reflection in the mirror while Viv sipped her beer smiling coquettishly at me when I got the fright of my life. I couldn't believe it I heard Yves voice ring out. "Hello, Vivian, Nathan are you home?"

I stared at Viv with an uncomprehending angry glare. She smiled apologetically. "Oops sorry darling I forgot about that. When I was at your office today I bumped into Yves and invited him over for dinner. Completely skipped my mind."

Fuck that was OK for her but I was dressed in her fucking clothes. She smiled at me and gave me a comforting pat as she called out. "I am down in the salon with a client." I stared at her with bulging eyes and a pounding heart. I went to jump up and find somewhere to hide but she pushed down on my shoulders holding me down in the chair. "Calm down he will never recognise you."

Before I could say anything there he was standing beside us. He gave Viv her perfunctory kiss and smiled at me. "Well who do we have here?"

Viv chirped excitedly. "This is Nathalie, she is Nathan's twin sister."

"Nathalie what a beautiful name for such a gorgeous creature. We know who got all the looks don't we." With that he reached down and picked up my hand and kissed it. He stood staring down lecherously at me. He talked to Viv but he was ogling me. "Where is Nathan?"

Viv mumbled. "Sorry Yves I forgot to mention to Nathan that I had invited you. He has gone down the pub with mates."

He looked uncertain about what to do. "Well perhaps I should go and see if I can find him." He handed Viv a bottle of champagne. "I will leave this with you."

Ignoring my agony or perhaps because she recognized it she smiled sexily

at him. "No need to rush off. Stay and have a drink with us. Nathalie is helping me with an assignment."

Viv dragged out another couple of glasses and passed them to Yves who poured us all a glass. They both laughed and Yves clinked glasses with us. I was mortified and all I could think about was keeping my head turned and my mouth shut. I was so scared that he would twig that it was me.

Yves tried and tried to engage me in conversation but I managed to rebuff all his advances. Viv on the other hand was playing up to him flirting and giggling like a love-struck teenager. As much as her flirting pissed me off at least he was focusing mostly on her.

I was trapped unable to say anything without exposing myself and she knew it. I think she was challenging me as much as she was teasing him. I was flustered and unable to find an escape. Then I got a brain wave I excused myself and went to the bathroom and as I sat there on my throne I sent Yves a text message. 'Hey Yves I am at the Old Grey Nag. Come down for a beer.'

When I went back to the salon he was finishing his drink before giving Viv a lingering kiss goodbye. He tried to kiss me as well but I turned my head away quickly. As he left she punched me on the arm. "That was mean. I was enjoying that."

I hissed harshly. "Yeah so I fucking noticed."

She grabbed my arms and pulled me into a deep sensuous kiss. "Don't be jealous darling. It was just a bit of fun."

"Fun for you maybe." I barked. "Fuck I was shit scared. If he recognised me my career would be over you know that don't you?"

She shook me by the shoulders. "But he didn't did he? That's the important bit. See babe I have been trying to tell you. No one would bloody know. If we bought you your own clothes even I wouldn't recognise

you."

I shook my head. "You did that on purpose Viv. You arranged that whole fucking thing."

"I just wanted to prove to you that no one will recognise you when you are Nathalie."

"Fucking hell Viv you could have destroyed my career in that one stupid moment. Fuck I am really pissed off with you at the moment."

She walked away sulking. "Sorry I thought you might like it." She disappeared and I heard her banging around in the kitchen as she tried to appease me by cooking a bang up dinner. While she was up there I had a little play posing in her mirror before stripping off the outfit and pulling on my old clothes.

When she saw me walk in her face dropped and she frowned. "Babe you didn't have to get changed."

"Viv if you can't be honest with me I think we should stop all this playing around."

She was contrite and begged me to let her do my makeup again. She wanted her female lover back for the night. As angry as I was I was also strangely aroused and excited, so it didn't take long before she had me down in the salon again.

When we made love that night she was like a wanton sex machine. She left my suspender belt and stockings on. Not that I was complaining I love the feel of her stocking clad legs sliding and embracing mine. We were snogging on the bed when she pushed my head down between her legs. "Come on you dirty little girl I need my pussy licked badly."

She is just lucky that I love licking her juicy little snatch. I worked my tongue into her pulsating wet hole. "Oh fuck yes, come on girl lick that pussy. Make me cum."

I had never heard her like this. Normally she is maybe not reserved but in control. Tonight she completely let herself go and was moaning like a bitch on heat and I loved it. I slammed a couple of fingers into her fiery inferno and slid them in and out slowly and deeply. My mouth locked on her clit. "Oh fuck yes you dirty bitch lick me, fuck me with that hot little tongue.

I gladly obliged pumping her harder and harder, with my fingers disappearing right up to my knuckles. Her orgasm was announced to the world as she cried like a banshee.

The rest of the night was like we were on repeat. I don't know how many times she came but what I can say is my tongue ached like a bastard.

I loved having the weekends to myself and releasing my dirty little secret. It was fast becoming an obsession and it was slowly consuming me from within. I called it my dirty secret because every time I dressed I was overcome by those old feelings of shame. But I couldn't help it. I was overwhelmed and it invaded my thoughts the moment I walked in on Friday nights. The times I tried to fight off the urge I got so eaten up I eventually succumbed. I was getting really good at doing my own makeup. I spent literally hours in front of her mirror adding different touches and trying different looks. Without blowing my own trumpet I looked pretty good.

At work Yves took every opportunity to ask about my sister and where she lived, whether she had a boyfriend. I snapped angrily at him that it was none of his business. He was taken aback by my hostility. Coupled with the fact he was still pissed off about being sent on a wild goose chase looking for me that night meant I got a little reprieve.

Yves went back to Paris and Viv went into overdrive trying to convince me to go out with her dressed as Nathalie. As much as I loved the dressing up I was scared of the public humiliation if someone recognised me. That wasn't the only thing that worried me. It was the not so subtle hints about how cute, guys would find me. That scared the shit out of me. Over

the weekend Viv was at her mums looking after her again. By Saturday afternoon I was parading around the house dressed in the sexiest of Viv's lingerie and her favourite little black dress. My makeup looking better than ever. I was drinking as I had been since lunch so I was feeling no pain. I had the stereo going and was having a blast. My phone pinged notifying I had a message. It was from Viv. 'GOT A CALL FROM YVES. HE IS COMING AROUND FOR A VISIT WITH YOU THIS ARVO. SHOULD BE THERE ANY MINUTE.'

"What." I freaked out. I rang her straight away. "Why is he coming? Why didn't he call me?" I was spraying out words and she was trying to get in a word but couldn't. After several attempts she finally spat out. "I don't know why he called me darling but I said you wouldn't mind. Cor what's the bloody problem anyway. You guys are friends."

"Fuck that Viv I haven't been comfortable around him since he saw me dressed."

She snickered. "Oh don't be a sook. Have a drink with him. It will be nice for you to have some company while I'm not there and you can reconnect."

I laughed. "Fuck that I will just pretend I am not home."

She giggled. "That won't work love. I told him where the key is and said if you weren't home to just go in and make himself comfortable while he waited."

She was no sooner off the phone than there was a knock on the door. I panicked and froze. Fuck he couldn't help but hear the music. He knew I was home. I raced into the kitchen hoping he wouldn't come in. Nope he just walked straight in as bold as brass like he owned the fucking place. I was fucked. He called out hello several times and I just stayed hidden in the kitchen.

After a few moments of wandering around calling my name he walked into the kitchen with a couple of bottles of spirits and plonked them on the

bench. The moment he saw me he broke into a wide beaming smile and said in that cheesy accent of his. "Well hello ma Cherie. I was not expecting to find you here."

I stuttered, "I was just waiting for Nathan."

He walked over and gave me a kiss on each cheek. I had put my hands out to stop him getting to close. He grinned like a Cheshire cat who had just got the cream. "Let's have a drink you magnifique petite créature."

He rummaged around and found a couple of glasses. I tried to figure out what I was going to do without actually saying much. He might not recognise me to look at but I was sure he would pick my voice. He poured us both a glass I didn't say no because I was hoping it might still my shaking nerves. As we skulled back our shots his phone went. He was chatting away and laughing and by the conversation I realised he must be talking to Viv. He handed me the phone. "Well, well, well who's a naughty little girl then?" She giggled. "You have got yourself in a right pickle haven't you?"

I walked away from Yves and whispered. "What the hell am I going to do?"

She just laughed. "You are just going to have to entertain him aren't you." She was laughing so much it pissed me off. I handed him back his phone and he handed me another shot.

We walked into the lounge and as I sat on the sofa he sat down beside me. Thankfully he pulled out his laptop apologising he had a few emails to send off. As he did that I raced off to the bathroom to call Viv. As she answered I hissed. "Come on hon, you have to help me."

She was still laughing not hysterically this time at least. "What do you want me to do Nathalie?"

"Cut it out hon. Look I know I should have told you but please I am begging you. Please help me get rid of him." She quietened down a little. "Honey just have a couple of drinks with him and then tell him you need

him to leave. I will ring and see what happens. Just relax have the drink and then you can shoo him away."

"Fuck that's easy for you to say, you haven't seen the way he is looking at me."

She giggled. "Well you never know you might get lucky." She burst into hysterics as she sung. "Lucky, lucky, lucky."

"Not fucking funny Viv!" I hung up, fuck her!

When I walked back into the lounge Yves was sitting on the sofa typing on his laptop. His phone up to his ear and he was laughing uproariously. As I approached I noticed that he had another window open which he closed as I sat down. The chairs had laundry on them from where I was folding it up earlier, so I had to sit beside him.

We talked a little but it was the speed that the shots were going down that had me worried. I could feel myself getting tipsy. Fuck I had drunk a bottle of wine before he got here. I was feeling it but I didn't realise how much until I stood up to get some snacks. As I stood up I fell sideways and ended up on top of him. He held me in a tight embrace as I wrestled to get out of his grasp.

As I wriggled to get free he held me tighter. "Your freedom is going to cost a kiss he whispered."

I struggled but I was no match for him. He wasn't only big, he was as strong as a fucking ox and he wasn't letting go. I thought fuck it and went to give him a quick peck on the cheek but he held me tight and as I leaned closer to him and his lips closed on mine. His hand slid around gripping the back of my head and holding me firm. My eyes bulged and my feet kicked but he had me tight and his tongue was relentless in its endeavour to slide past my clamped lips.

With my struggles getting more frantic he took sympathy and let me go. Flustered I rebuked him. "I am married you bastard."

He shrugged. "Sorry my love but you are far too gorgeous to resist. I apologise if I was to forward."

I scowled and went to get the snacks. When I returned he had poured more drinks. Fuck I was already struggling and I could see he was feeling the pinch as well.

As I sat down he curled his arm up over my shoulder and he handed me another shot. We clinked glasses and skulled them back. We repeated that frequently over the next hour until the bottle was gone. The whole time I was becoming more and more aware of the heat of his arm which was resting across my shoulders.

As we started the second bottle he raised his glass in a toast. As we clinked glasses I felt his arm give me a gentle squeeze. As I put my glass down his arm curled tighter around my neck and he pulled me into another kiss. This time he was not going to be denied and his tongue pushed into my mouth. I was taken completely by surprise but as his tongue slithered and wriggled in my mouth I allowed my own to waltz a little with his. It was making my head spin. The feel of his course skin roughly scratching mine. His tough forceful lips were strong and his mouth seemed so big that there was no escaping.

As the intensity of the kiss strengthened my desire to fight was decreasing by the minute and I found myself giving into his advances. I tried to get a grip, find some level of control but it was useless I was under his control.

What made me jump was the feel of his hand sliding up my leg. That made me jump. I pulled back quickly and screamed "STOP." The fierceness of my response I think is what made him pull back.

"Please Yves, I am married I can't do this. He grabbed my hand and pulled it onto his lap. "Ma Cherie you cannot leave me like this." I could feel his cock throbbing through his trousers. "That wouldn't be fair would it Cherie? "Surely you wouldn't make me leave like this."

His lips locked back on mine and that searing passionate kiss continued. His tongue was relentless and so powerful. The kiss had been going on for several moments before I realised my hand was still resting on his cock. No resting wasn't the right description I was unconsciously squeezing his throbbing cock.

His hand closed over mine as he pulled down his zipper and pulled out his growing monster. He was looking straight in my eyes as I found my hand clasping for the first time in my entire life another man's hard cock. This thing wasn't just hard it was fucking enormous. Fuck it would put most porn stars to shame. I was shocked at the size of it and our eyes were still locked together.

"Hhhhmmmmm, like that do you baby?"

I couldn't answer I just wanted him to go. He locked me back into that scintillating kiss. God my heart was thumping so hard my mind was mush. As we kissed I was powerless to stop the caress of his bulging cock. I admit I had penis envy I just couldn't believe how heavy it felt in my hand and it wasn't even properly hard. Fuck maybe it's so big it doesn't get hard?

I couldn't remember ever being so aroused, my own cock was hard as steel and it was getting harder as the kiss deepened. I was stroking that huge slab of meat squeezing it and milking it, smearing the precum over the head with my thumb just the way I liked doing with my own.

He moaned. "Oh god my darling, that feels so good. Your hand is so soft." His lips were all over my neck and shoulders as he nibbled and kissed, sucked and bit. His hot breath in my ear was making me moan. He sniggered, "Yes you like that, don't you? You like that nice big cock in your hand, you want it don't you? Feel it my darling, stroke it feel it grow for you."

I bit my lip unable to answer. Fuck the problem is the answer was yes. It felt incredible and I was under his spell. I stroked him faster and

faster. Long smooth strokes, squeezing and kneading the shaft.

He gripped my head tightly and we fell back into the kiss. My toes were curling and I trembled uncontrollably. As we separated from the kiss he whispered hoarsely. "Give it a little kiss my sweet, just a kiss to show me you like it." His gaze was so intense and his voice was so commanding I leaned down and placed my lips on the head of that giant snake and gave it what I intended to be a little kiss. He moaned loudly. "Oh fuck, yes baby that's it that is so good."

Somehow the sound of his increasing pleasure gave me a thrill and I opened my mouth and slid my tongue all around the knob bathing it wetly. "Yes, yes, yes that is it my god you little minx you crazy sexy little creature."

His words gave me the encouragement I didn't really need and I opened my lips even further and invited more of his cock deeper into my salivating mouth. It was wonderful and scary at the same time. I felt this amazing thrill electrifying my whole body. I slid my lips deeper down his shaft then back up and then back down. I was luxuriating in the feel and texture. How could anything be so hard and yet so soft? And the taste, it wasn't in the least what I expected, it was salty but not in a horrible way. Fuck it tasted wonderful.

All the time he moaned with desire. "Fuck yes baby, fuck that's it, suck that cock. Yes suck it baby."

I bobbed up and down as my hand slithered around in his trousers caressing his balls, squeezing and stroking. "Oh fuck you little slut, fuck that's good. Suck it you bitch fuck I am going to cum."

That announcement scared me and I lifted up my head but he wasn't having that. His hand pressed down on the back of my head until he was buried back into my mouth.

"Don't stop slut your prize awaits."

I was choking on cock, he was pressing so far into my mouth. I slid my mouth back up and then re-found my rhythm sucking that monstrous muscle, sliding my lips up and down fucking him with my mouth. He was in heaven as he cried and moaned. "Oh my god you dirty little slut I am going to fill your mouth, oh fuck I am going to cum."

His deep resonant voice egging me on. His fat shaft was filling my mouth as I tried harder and harder to fit more in. I suddenly felt his muscles tighten and his balls swell up in my hands and I knew I was about to get a mouthful and he didn't disappoint. My mouth was flooded with his hot sticky salty goo.

Shot after shot spraying my mouth and coating my tongue. I sucked and sucked trying to get it all. "Fuck you gorgeous little slut," he groaned. "God that was delicious. That's was the best blow job I have ever had."

Strangely those words made me feel happy as I licked up the last few drops. He lifted up my head and kissed me again his tongue delving deep into my mouth swirling around delighting in the taste of his own juices.

Sated and drunk he bid me adieu and I collapsed in a heap on the sofa. I had been lying there for several minutes when I heard my phone ringing. I knew it would be Viv. I was scared to answer. What the fuck was I going to say??

What the fuck had I done? Oh my god, what the fuck have I done!

chapter 2

Chapter Two:

My phone rang and rang but I ignored it trying to build up courage to answer, I knew it was going to be Viv. What the hell was I going to say? Fuck she had probably already talked to Yves, bloody hell my face was a bright burning red just thinking about it. Surely he wouldn't tell her, would he? God hopefully he wouldn't be that much of a prick. Why would he tell her anyway? Shit I couldn't clear my head, I had all these crazy thoughts zooming round and round. The phone just kept ringing and ringing it was like an alarm clock you didn't want to hear.

I sat back on the sofa with my head in my hands.

Ten minutes later the phone rang again, I tried to convince myself that it would be OK, I would just try to bluff my way through it, but as I had almost got brave enough to answer it, the phone went dead. I breathed a sigh of relief and poured myself another drink and threw it back and that led to another and of course another until the room descended into darkness and my eyes got heavier and sleep slowly overtook me. I tossed and turned uncomfortably kicking myself for being such an idiot. Why the hell did I do that? What the fuck was I thinking? Viv was going to be disgusted, but fuck it was her bloody fault, if she hadn't told him where the key was.....

My sleep wasn't restful it was filled with terrible thoughts. I was woken from my restlessness by the phone ringing. Without thinking I rolled over and answered it.

"Nath where the hell have you been? I have been trying for ages. I already spoke to Yves and he left hours ago. What have you been up to?"

As I slowly woke up and came to grips with what happened I muttered, "I just wasn't feeling well so I just had a soak in the bath."

She giggled. "Well how did your date go? Did you have fun?"

Ignoring her jibe I croaked, "We just had a drink hon that's all. As you

say he left ages ago."

"Well what did he say? Did he try anything? He seemed pretty chuffed with himself when I spoke to him."

"We didn't talk much I just tried to stay out of his way until he left."

"Bullshit," she cried out loudly like an excited teenager. "Something did happen didn't it?"

I barked, "Leave it out Viv. Nothing happened but I am getting sick of the second bloody degree."

"Don't get your tits in a tangle, you're the one who is cheating," she spat out.

I spluttered angrily, "I said nothing happened. We just had a drink and he left end of Blimmin story."

"Oh come on Nathan that's not what I meant and you know it. How long have you been dressing up while I'm away?"

I sighed thanking my lucky stars. "I don't want to talk about this now Viv, can't it wait till you're home? I am sorry I didn't tell you I just feel embarrassed."

"Not as embarrassed as you must have been today. Blimey if you had just been honest with me I wouldn't have sent him around." She paused for a moment. "You're a bloody Ning nong Nath. There's nothing to be embarrassed about."

"Yeah well it's how I feel," I mumbled.

She giggled. "Well are you still dressed?"

"Yes," I muttered inaudibly.

"So what about when you go to bed? Are you going to change?"

The conversation slipped into what I imagined phone sex would be like. Viv whispered sexily, "Have you got a hard on?"

"Don't be silly Viv, god I am just sitting here feeling sorry for myself."

"Well what are you wearing? Oooh I know send me a photo I want to see. I am going to hang up and you take a photo and send it to me right now."

I didn't want to but I knew she wouldn't leave me alone until she had her way.

I looked in the mirror as I walked passed. God I looked horrible. My makeup was still smeared all over my face from that fucking blowjob. I quickly touched it up and snapped a photo and sent it to her.

My phone went straight away and she was giggling uncontrollably. "Oh my god babe you look incredible. You have got good at applying your makeup. You must have been practicing a lot."

I snickered at that. "Yeah I suppose so."

She replied. Do you have a hard on yet? What if a told you to take out your cock and stroke it for me?"

Now I did have the start of an erection. "Hhhhmmmmm are you trying to seduce me?"

"Darling I am not going to ask again, get your cock out, and I am going to need photos." I slipped the dress off and as I stood in my stockings and suspenders I stroked myself until my cock was standing at full attention. I snapped off a couple of pictures. In one I wrapped one of the suspender straps around my dick making the head throb. I sent her the photos.

She rang straight back. "My god babe that looks hot. Stroke it for me. Are you doing it?"

I croaked, "Yes I am playing with it right now and it's as hard as coal. What about you?"

She snickered. "Listen to this and you tell me." She must have moved her phone down by her pussy and I could hear the squishy sounds of her fingers sliding in and out of what must have been a very mushy hole. Her breathing was short and ragged. "Nath stroke it faster babe, god I wish I was there to watch." Then the phone went blank. She had hung up.

It rang again and this time it was a video call. "Show me baby show me that big hard cock."

I turned the phone down aiming it at my cock as my hand stroked faster and faster. "Oh yes that's it babe stroke it." I lifted the phone and she was masturbating like crazy. Her fingers were busily dancing across her clit and then plunging back into her sloppy creamy pussy. It wasn't just the video that gave away her level of excitement the sounds were unforgettable. It was sloshing and squelching. Her fingers were coated in her juices. I was still aroused from earlier and as I listened to her fingering herself the images of Yves sprung back into my mind, the taste of his cock as he squirted his goo in my mouth, the feel of his cock as he rubbed it all over my face and fucked my mouth. It was more than I could take. When Viv announced she was cumming I wasn't far behind spraying cum all the way up to my chin.

I collapsed back trying to catch my breath and as I lifted the phone up to my ear Viv was panting like crazy. "Wow babe that was insane. God I needed that."

I laughed. "Yeah well you aren't the only one."

She finished with, "I love you Nathan. Thank you. Now I can't wait to get home, bye baby." She blew me a couple of kisses and the phone went blank.

Fuck me, what a mess I had to clean up. I stripped off her clothes and threw them in the washing machine hoping like mad that the cum stains

would come out.

My sleep that night was restless and I couldn't clear my mind. What the hell was I going to say to Yves? I was never going to be able to look him in the face. Shit my life was fucked. I knew Viv wouldn't leave it alone and she would hound me and probably Yves as well. I just had to hope he would keep his mouth shut, I was going to be depending on him having at least a smidgen of decency.

I woke up Monday morning in a dark mood and definitely not ready to face the world, if anything I was filled with a sense of impending doom. I just knew I wouldn't be able to go in to work so I rang in sick and pulled the covers up high. When Viv stays the weekend at her mums she drives back Monday morning and goes straight to work so I didn't see her.

I stayed in bed until almost lunchtime. I dragged my arse out of bed and crawled into the shower which at least made me feel partly human.

I made some tea and a sandwich for lunch. As I was sitting down to eat the phone went and it was Viv. "Hey babes are you OK? I just went in to the office to have lunch with you and Yves tells me you rang in sick."

Oh fuck she was already with him. Fuck, Fuck. Fuck. "Yeah I am OK I just wasn't feeling well," I lied.

She giggled. "Oh well don't worry Yves has offered to fill in for you. He is taking me to lunch. Look after yourself and I will see you when I get home, I love you."

I wanted to scream NO! but I didn't get the chance she hung up before I got a chance to say anything. She knew I would be pissed off. She was far too flirty with him as it was. The moment that thought flashed across my mind I realised I was no longer in a position to complain. The full realisation was just starting to properly sink in. Shit I had cheated. I had broken the vows that I cherished and valued so highly.

I spent the afternoon trying to figure out what to do. Should I tell her?

Shit if it was a woman I would probably tell her. This was different though. I had crossed a line. She was going to hate me. I was sure she would lose all and any respect she had for me.

I was dreading the moment she got home. I had just about worn a patch in the carpet where I had been pacing back and forth.

I had managed to work myself into a terrible state and before I had decided on a path of action the door opened and Viv cried out, "Hey babe I'm home." She walked in and saw me standing there ashen faced. She looked worryingly at me. "Shit bub you look terrible. What is the matter?"

I flopped back on the sofa. "I'm OK just not feeling well."

She snuggled down beside me. "Are you hungry? Should I get something for dinner?"

I nodded. "Yeah that would be nice." I couldn't hold her gaze. She was staring straight at me but I had to look away. All I felt was shame.

She got up and went into the kitchen to start dinner as she was preparing the food she snickered, "You didn't ask how my lunch with Yves went."

I didn't want to know I just wanted to curl up in a little ball, so I pretended I didn't hear.

She carried on regardless. "He was in good spirits," she tittered, "all he wanted to do was talk about was his date with Nathalie."

"Viv cut it out I don't want to talk about this. I don't care what he said."

She walked back into the lounge with a big grin on her face. "It's OK hon he enjoyed your date. It seems you made a real hit there."

"I said I don't want to talk about it Viv, so please just leave it out OK," I barked angrily.

She sat beside me again. "Honey calm down. Wow you are getting all worked up. He just said he enjoyed your date."

I pushed her hard. "It wasn't a fucking date alright. Fuck I didn't even want him to come around. The whole thing was your fault."

"Oh don't be silly, how was it my fault?"

"You bloody invited him around here, and told him where the key was."

She pushed me back. "Oh settle down you numpty he said he enjoyed it," she snickered teasingly. "Apparently..... you are a great kisser."

The blood flowed out of my face. "What....." I cried.

She grinned wickedly. "Baby he told me what happened, he told me everything. I know OK." She grabbed my arm and held on tightly. "He told me baby."

My face must have given away my embarrassment. I am sure my face must have been burning hot enough to use as a guidance system for a missile. "What did he say?" I asked hoping that he said we just kissed or something.

She lifted her hand up so it was caressing my face. "Well baby he said Nathalie gave him the best blowjob he has ever had in his life." I sagged back into the sofa not knowing what to say.

She snuggled closer. "Baby it's OK. I am not mad. I think it's fucking hot. God I am just jealous, I wish I had been there to see it."

I shook my head violently. "You have the wrong end of the stick Viv. It was horrible, he wouldn't bloody leave it was just supposed to be a hand job but he forced me. He fucking made me do it. Fuck I was just scared and wanted him to go."

She rocked me trying to comfort me, "Babe it's OK, honestly I think it's

hot."

I struggled to hold back the tears. "I am sorry Viv, I don't know what happened, I am so sorry."

"All I need to know is did you like it?"

Her gaze was steady and I couldn't hold it. "No I hated it, I just felt trapped and I was scared."

She got up and walked over to her handbag and pulled out a little jump drive. "You know babe we could watch it." She waved the jump drive in her fingers. "He filmed it from his laptop and he gave me a copy at lunch today. So if you want we can sit down and get comfy and watch it together."

I snatched it out of her hand. "Gimme that," I snarled. "Fuck what a prick. Shit what happened to a gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

She laughed as she hugged me. "Babe he is no gentleman and we both know it. It wasn't his fault though, don't be angry with him. I nagged and hassled him until he told me everything. He put up a valiant fight, he didn't want to say anything but I got it out of him."

I stood up pulling my arm out of her grasp. "I have to go to the loo."

I sat on the throne for ages before Viv poked her head around the door. "Honey come on what's the problem. I told you I am not mad."

I stood up and walked into the closet and pulled on my jacket. "I am going to the pub and pushed my way past her. I stormed off down the stairs and out the door. I walked into the pub and was pleased to see there was nobody I knew, the last thing I wanted was to talk, I just wanted to get away, it was nice to just chill. I stayed until chucking out time and I staggered home hoping that Viv would be asleep. I snuck in quietly the house was in darkness. Viv was obviously in bed. I flopped on the sofa and drifted off to sleep. It was another restless night but I did eventually

fall into a deep sleep aided by half a dozen pints.

I was woken from my nightmare by Viv shaking me. "Come on sleepyhead hurry up or you will be late for work."

I rolled over. "I'm not going in, I'm sick."

She sighed deeply. "Get up Nathan. You have to go to work."

"Sorry but I'm not going in. I can't look at him."

"Nathan you have to get over this. He doesn't even know it was you. He still thinks it was Nathalie."

"I don't care what he thinks. This isn't about him it's about me. I know what I did and I am not proud. I cheated and I will be forever sorry for that. I will wait for him to go back to Paris and go in."

She shook her head disapprovingly. "Baby I have told you I am not upset. I realise this must be difficult for you. But really it was just a bit of fun wasn't it? You aren't planning on running away with him or something are you?"

She shocked me and I struggled with my response. "Viv it was wrong it shouldn't have happened. I am disgusted with myself."

She just sat there shaking her head before I mumbled, "Viv I don't know what happened. I was just enjoying the dress up. I had been drinking when he turned up and he had more drinks. I was drunk. Honey I am not gay."

She laughed. "Babe you have to get past this and you can't hide from it. You have to go to work."

"No Viv I need some time before I see him. He will be back in Paris tomorrow so it will give me some space."

She shrugged. "Yeah OK whatever but I think you are going about this all

wrong. Face up to it babe don't hide."

She disappeared off to work and I rang in sick again. There were several calls from Yves during the day and he left me several messages. Nothing sinister just asking if I was OK.

When Viv got home she looked happy, which seemed weird, I asked hesitantly, "Why are you so chipper?"

She smiled teasingly. "Well if you must know I had a nice lunch with Yves and it was loads of fun."

I was shocked. "What the fuck Viv. Since when is it OK to go out with someone else?"

She didn't lose her smug smile. "Don't be ridiculous it was just lunch there was nothing in it. All we did was talk about Nathalie. You know he wants another date."

"Yeah well I am telling you that's not fucking happening that's for bloody sure. I want you to stay away from him or you and I are going to have a big problem."

She looked dismayed. "You are joking aren't you? It was just lunch."

"Viv don't lie to me. It's more than lunch and you know it. He wants you, he has been trying to get in your knickers from the first time he met you."

She shrugged. "Maybe that's the case.... but it was innocent."

"Innocent my arse. What did you talk about?"

"He wanted to know if I had watched the video."

I still had it so I knew she hadn't. "So that was it?"

She laughed. "Yes all we talked about how hot it was."

I was taken aback. "But you haven't seen it."

She laughed. "Yes I have you sexy little tease. When you took mine last night I rang him and asked him to email me a copy, so you are wrong I have watched it."

I stuttered, "You watched it?"

Her smug smile was broader than ever. "Yeah I watched it last night while you were at the pub, and I have to say he was right, it was hot, I am still tingling."

I was embarrassed and my face must have been fifty shades of humiliation.

She laughed as she shook her head. "Don't be embarrassed. Shit hon it was fucking hot. That was the sexiest thing I have ever seen."

It was too much for me. "Look Viv it was a mistake. I am sorry it happened because it was wrong and it shouldn't have. I don't want to talk about it anymore. Please stop talking before I get angry."

She wasn't happy but she went about getting dinner and the rest of the night passed pretty much without incident except for when we went to sit in the lounge later. She snuggled beside me. "Babe we could watch Yves video. That would be fun wouldn't it?"

I barked shakily, "No it fucking wouldn't actually. I said I don't want to talk about it and I meant it."

Viv wasn't happy she obviously wanted to talk about it.

When we went to bed she was immediately on me like a sex crazed monster and there was no fighting her off. She dragged my head down between her legs and mashed her swollen pussy against my face. "Suck it baby suck it good, just pretend it is Yves cock." She was vicious as she pulled me

harder by the hair. She fucked my face until she came using me like a life size working sex toy. Then she dragged me up by the hair until I was buried in her hot pulsating hole. It was short violent and savage.

Her words plagued me, I had to watch the video to see what she was talking about. The opportunity came the next night as she had clients over. I stayed in our room with the headphones in and watched it. I have to say o was completely stunned, it was clear and in focus, and there was no way of hiding from the obvious look of enjoyment on my face. Christ what a fucking bastard he is.

The rest of the week sort of slid by quietly as Viv had clients there every night as she had lots of projects to catch up on. That was good for me because I felt so guilty my mind kept filling with images of that bloody video and the look on my face as I sucked his monstrous love muscle. It filled me with regret, guilt and unfortunately a deep burning sexual arousal. Every night as we made love my mind kept drifting back to that fucking blowjob.

At work I was flat out I had heaps of shit piled on my desk from the days I was away. The weekend couldn't come fast enough. We had a few teleconferences which included Yves but I managed to evade them. All I wanted was the weekend to come and swallow me whole.

Friday night I was expecting Viv to be heading off to her mums place. When I walked in it was obvious she wasn't going anywhere. When I questioned her she told me her mum had improved enough to go and stay with one of her friends because she was sick of being stuck at home.

As we both cooked dinner Viv asked if we could play dress up. I shook my head. "No I don't think so I think we need to give that away for a while."

She got angry. "So what you are only going to dress up when I am away? Come on Nath that's not fair. I enjoy it as well."

I stubbornly refused and she got angry. It turned into a cool evening.

Saturday Viv didn't so much ask, as demand that we play dress up. She wasn't going to be denied and in the end I thought I could just give her what she wanted it might go easier. Viv took ages fixing my makeup and she made an amazing job of it when I looked in the mirror I was as amazed as usual by this sexy bird staring back at me. She used a blonde wig, silver and blue eye shadow with heavily accented mascara which made me look a bit slutty but I was so transfixed I didn't care.

As she fastened the dress, a wicked glint appeared in her eye. "You know babe," she purred, her fingers tracing my collarbone, "to really complete the look... we need something more."

"More what?" I asked, distracted by the perfect line of my new fake nails.

She disappeared and returned with a medical-looking kit. "Saline," she said simply, holding up a small bag and a needle. "Just a little, to give you some proper curves. It's perfectly safe and it'll go down in a day or two. Just think how good you'll look."

My stomach did a nervous flip. "A needle? Viv, no. That's... that's too far."

"Oh, don't be such a baby," she tutted, her tone shifting from sultry to impatient. "I'm a professional, remember? I know what I'm doing. It'll be our little secret. And I'll make it worth your while." She stepped closer, her breath hot on my neck. "I'll make it so worth your while."

Her promise hung in the air, a palpable thing. I hesitated, my mind a whirl of apprehension and a sickening, undeniable curiosity. The look on my face in the mirror, already so strange and compelling, was tantalisingly close to something real. "Just a little?" I heard myself ask, the words thin.

"Just a little," she confirmed, her triumphant smile hidden from my reflection. The pinch of the needle was sharp but fleeting, followed by a strange, spreading pressure under my skin. I watched, mesmerised, as my chest swelled, the fabric of the dress pulling taut across two new, soft mounds. They looked bizarre and yet, strangely, right.

"There," she breathed, her hands cupping them gently. "Perfect. Now, for your reward."

She pushed me back onto the bed, her movements sure and swift. My dress was hitched up, my underwear pulled aside before I could fully process

the sensation of my new weight shifting. Her mouth was hot and wet, a familiar and overwhelming comfort. All the fear and shame from the last week melted away under her expert attention, replaced by a throbbing, mindless need. I forgot about the saline, forgot about Yves, forgot everything but the exquisite pressure building in my groin.
After, when I lay panting on the bed, the room filled with the scent of sex and perfume, she straightened up and wiped her mouth. "See? Worth it, wasn't it?" She winked, her eyes sparkling. "Now for the shoes. I've got some new ones for you."
She produced the silver open-toed sandals with the four-inch heel. I wobbled as she fitted them, the new balance on my feet, and the unfamiliar weight on my chest, making me feel even more feminized, more vulnerable.
We spent the rest of the afternoon giggling and preening, the saline injections a strange, forgotten dream.
Just after dinner there was a knock on the door and I panicked, racing towards the hallway. Viv grabbed me as I fled, her hand a vice on my arm. "Relax babe, just go with the flow OK."
She opened the door before I could argue and there was Yves. She welcomed him in with a lingering kiss and the moment he saw me, he broke into a wide, predatory smile.

"Ahhhh Bon jour my sexy little Nathalie," he said, his gaze dropping straight to my newly prominent chest. "You look... magnifique."
He strode forward and pulled me into a kiss. I tried to turn my head, to offer a cheek, but he held my head firmly between his big, bear-like hands. His kiss was invasive, forceful, and I could feel the scratch of his stubble, smell the champagne on his breath. I fought him off, pushing hard on his chest. My eyes darted to Viv, expecting some sign of intervention, but she just stood there, a wide, wicked grin plastered on her face.
He laughed, a deep rumbling sound that vibrated through my chest.

He laughed. "Ahhhh Natalie you are truly beautiful. He picked up a bag at his feet and passed it to Viv. "Champagne." Viv smiled and gave him a very long kiss. He grabbed my hand and pulled me towards the settee and I nervously sat beside him. Viv turned up with the champagne.

He started talking but I did my best to ignore him and keep a little distance between us, I was too scared to talk in case he picked my voice.

Viv tried to keep the conversation going but it was stilted and uncomfortable that however was remedied by the rapidly emptying champagne bottles, it certainly didn't take long before we all had a little buzz going. By the time we had finished the second bottle we were all feeling pretty tipsy. Viv excused herself to go to the ladies room and she was barely out of sight when Yves grabbed me his arms holding me close like a bear wrestling with it prey and kissed me fiercely his hands holding my head tightly as his tongue snaked into my mouth and tangled with my own as I tried to voice an objection but I was lost in the ferocious attack. His tongue was winning the war and my hands which had been trying to push him away softened and slid up around his shoulders. I was lost in the moment and his power consumed my resistance, defiance was futile.

We were tangled in that tight kiss when I felt other hands on me. Fuck I had forgotten about Viv. She was back. Yves separated and turned and he pulled Viv into a tight kiss and she fell into it returning the kiss with fervour. I was panting trying to clear my head when Yves turned back to me and we were entangled back into our kiss. I couldn't fight I was lost in the heat and passion of his assault. I was embarrassed and ashamed but most of all I was aroused, aroused beyond belief.

My wife was watching me snog a man. As our kiss intensified I could feel Viv's hand rapaciously undoing Yves fly and her hands were busy draggingI out his monster which was already standing erect and strong. I sensed more than saw Viv's head fall into his lap. I felt his hands tighten on my head. "Oh fuck," he moaned loudly into my open mouth. "Fuck Vivian that is marvellous, your mouth is so hot and wet." I looked down and her mouth was wide open and her lips engulfed his raging erection. My heart raced filled with jealousy, although who for was the question. Her lips circled the head licking along the underside as she made adoring love to his giant cock. I was angry and excited and totally lost. Yves conquered me again his lips drawing me back into that erotic sensuous kiss.

Moments passed and the kiss was incredible his rough unshaven face was

rubbing roughly on mine as his tongue no longer danced with mine, it was forcefully fucking my mouth. I tried to regain some composure but as I pulled back Viv's lips replaced Yves and locked on mine and she kissed me more passionately than ever before.

Yves took back control pulling Viv away back into what was our kiss and as they kissed his hand rested on the back of my head and he pushed me down harder and harder until it was my lips that were upon the head his giant cock. I was trapped his hand was pushing down harder until I had no choice but open my mouth and accept his monster inside. It felt amazing the velvety hard flesh, already wet and sticky with Viv's saliva. It tasted of her lipstick and perfume. It seemed wonderfully easy as it slid inside, my tongue bathing and cleaning him. "Oh fuck yes you little bitch, that is good, do not stop, please do not stop... suck it. Suck it deep get it ready... Get it hard for your gorgeous little pussy."

I was shocked by his words but my head was spinning as I bobbed up and down sucking him deeply into my mouth, I felt like gagging he was pushing down so hard, his knob pressing against my throat as I sucked him deliriously. As I sucked him Viv's face appeared beside me and she kissed my cheek before her lips opened invitingly admitting his cock into her mouth, she sucked it lovingly before using her hands to push it back into mine then we were kissing around the swollen monstrous shaft as it slid in and out of my mouth. She took hold of his cock and pulled it out of my mouth, her lips locked fully on mine as she rubbed his sticky cock all over our faces, leaving slimy sticky trails as she did. Then as we kissed she fed his monster back into my mouth then back out and into hers, then sliding up and down between our conjoined lips. We were kissing around his cock, I was lost for words. Her eyes lifted staring directly into mine as she smirked at me. My mouth full of his raging pulsing cock, her look was almost contemptuous as she whispered huskily, "You sexy little bitch, Hmmmm, god you look so pretty with that beautiful thing in your mouth." Then I heard the unmistakable sounds of a pussy being fingered. The look on her face said it all, and I could hear the squelching and sloshy sounds of her sloppy pussy as Yves fingers must have been sliding in and out. She moaned into my mouth, "Fuck baby that feels so good doesn't it." Before the words were out of her mouth she was going back up for a kiss with

Yves. I thought I have to get him off, I have to make him cum, and then maybe this nightmare would be over. I renewed my ardour sucking him frantically. My hand slid up and down his cock stroking him as fast as I could. I caressed and squeezed his balls trying to egg him on, doing anything and everything in my power to make him cum.

My head was knocked out of the way as Viv's leg swung across his lap. She was astride him with her legs wide open and his fingers fucking her faster and faster as she slid her wet pussy along his shaft rubbing her clit on his knob.

I watched in disbelief as she rolled her head from side to side her eyes were closed as she accepted his manipulations. He pulled me up until we were kissing. I wanted to protest. I wanted to say stop but I couldn't get the words out. I was excited and horrified at the same time. I just wanted this to end so I could talk to Viv.

She was grunting and panting when I heard the words that scared me the most. "Fuck me Yves, baby I want that cock in me. Fuck me," she whimpered. She turned to me with her eyes half open and glazed with lust. "Babe hold his cock and guide it in, put Yves cock in my pussy."

I didn't move I was in total shock. That was the one thing I didn't want. It scared me even thinking about it. I just sat there dumbly.

Yves must have lost patience as his hand moved down and he grasped his throbbing monster and positioned it at her entrance. She just whimpered as she sank down onto it. I watched in horror as the fucking thing slid deep up into her gushing creamy hole, the loud slurp gave away her desire. "Fuck go slow babe, fuck it's so big, I have never had anything this big before, be gentle."

He kissed her deeply as her arms circled his head in a death lock. He rolled on top of her pushing me out of the way until he was on top of her between her legs. The sight was a punch to the gut. Her dress was bunched up

around her waist, the dark stocking tops a stark frame against her pale skin. His pistoning arse rose and fell, a primal rhythm that made the whole sofa creak in protest. Her sounds were different now, not the playful moans from their video call, but deep guttural grunts of a woman being utterly filled.
"Babe," she gasped, her head lolling to the side, her eyes finding mine. They were glazed, half-mad with lust. "Nathalie... touch me. Please."

I was frozen, a statue of shame and horror. What she was asking... it was too much. But her eyes pleaded, and my body, traitorous thing, started to move before my brain gave the order. I knelt beside them on the sofa cushions, the silk of my dress whispering against my stockings. I reached out, my trembling fingers hovering over the swell of her breast, still constrained by her dress and bra.

"No, skin," she whimpered, arching her back. Yves grunted, either from her movement or her words, I couldn't tell. I fumbled with the fabric, finally managing to pull the top of her dress down, revealing the lacy cup of her bra. Her nipple was a hard pebble beneath it. I hooked a finger into the lace and pulled it down, freeing her breast. Her skin was hot, flushed. I cupped it, the weight familiar and yet completely alien in this context.
"Yes," she hissed. "Like that."

I leaned down, my blonde wig falling forward, and took her nipple in my mouth. I tasted her sweat and perfume. I sucked and teased, my hand moving to her other breast, giving it the same attention. All the while, Yves kept up his relentless rhythm, his heavy balls slapping against her with each thrust. The sounds were obscene, a symphony of wet flesh and desperate moans that filled the room.
"God, Yves, you're so fucking big," Vivian cried out, her hands clawing at his back. "It's the biggest dick I've ever had. You're splitting me in half."
He responded with a particularly deep thrust that made her yelp. His head was buried in her neck, his breath coming in harsh gasps. I could feel the tension in his muscles, the tightening of his arse as he drove into her again and again. I knew he was close.
"Cum with me, baby," she begged him. "Fill me up."
With a final, powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt and roared, a sound of pure animal release. His body shuddered, and I could feel the pulse of him as he emptied himself into her. Vivian screamed, a high piercing sound that was part pleasure, part pain, as her own orgasm crashed over her. Her body convulsed, her

back arching off the sofa, her hands gripping my hair so tight it brought tears to my eyes.
For a long moment, the only sound was their harsh breathing. Then, Yves slowly pulled out, his cock glistening with their combined fluids. It was still semi-hard, a formidable-looking thing. He rolled off her, collapsing onto the other side of the sofa with a satisfied groan.
Vivian lay there, her legs still splayed, her dress a mess. Her pussy was red and swollen, a creamy white mess leaking from her. I couldn't look away.
Then Yves turned his attention to me. His eyes were dark, sated, but with a new glint of hunger. He reached out a hand and tangled it in my wig, pulling me towards him. I went, unresisting, my mind a blank slate. His other hand went to the saline-enhanced mounds on my chest, squeezing them through my dress.
"Now it's your turn, Nathalie," he growled, and his lips crashed down on mine.

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Vivian pushed herself up onto her elbows, her chest heaving. A slow, wicked smile spread across her face as she watched Yves pull me into a deep, possessive kiss. This was better than she'd imagined. Nathan, her Nathan, looked so utterly feminine, so completely consumed by the role. The blonde wig, the slutty makeup, the fake breasts... it was all perfect. And now, watching Yves's hands roam over that body, she felt a fresh wave of arousal course through her.

As Yves kissed me, his hands working my new breasts, Vivian slid off the sofa onto the floor. She knelt between my legs, her movements deliberately graceful. She looked up at me, her expression a mixture of love and pure, unadulterated lust. Then she leaned forward and pressed her face against my panties.

I was standing, or trying to. My legs felt like jelly. Yves was behind me, his body a solid wall of heat, one arm wrapped around my waist, holding me up. His other hand was busy under my dress, kneading my fake tits, pinching the nipples through the fabric. He was whispering in my ear, in French, a stream of filthy, romantic nonsense that made my head spin.

I was lost in a haze of pleasure and confusion. My panties were soaked, my cock trapped and throbbing against the lace. Then I felt Vivian's breath, hot and damp, through the fabric. Her tongue darted out, tracing the outline of my shaft. She wasn't really sucking it, not properly. She was just teasing the tip, her lips closing

over the head through the thin material, her hands coming up to gently fondle my balls.

From Yves's angle, it must have looked like she was eating me out. Like I had a pussy. The thought was so wrong, so terrifying, and so incredibly hot that I nearly came on the spot.
My knees buckled. Yves tightened his grip, hauling me back against him. "Easy there, ma chérie," he murmured against my neck. "I have you."

Vivian must have felt my impending orgasm. She pulled back, her fingers deftly releasing my cock from its silken prison. I tensed, waiting for the discovery, the revulsion. But she was clever. She angled it downwards, concealing it between my thighs. She stroked it, her thumb rubbing the sensitive underside, her other hand rolling my balls.

I was moaning now, a high, desperate sound. "Please," I whimpered, not sure what I was begging for.

With a final, expert twist of her wrist, she brought me over the edge. I cried out, my body convulsing as I shot my load. Vivian was ready for it. She cupped her hand, catching every last drop of my cum.

Before I could even begin to process what had happened, she was on her feet. She leaned in close, her lips brushing my ear. "Just relax, baby," she whispered. "Let Viv make it all better."

I felt her slick, wet fingers slide between my arse cheeks. I flinched, but Yves held me fast. Vivian used my own cum as lubricant, her fingers tracing the tight ring of my hole, smearing the fluid around before slowly, gently, pushing one finger inside.

I jolted, a gasp escaping my lips. It was a strange, intrusive sensation, but not entirely unpleasant. Especially not when Vivian curled her finger, finding that secret spot deep inside. A bolt of pure pleasure shot through me, so intense it made my vision blur.

"You like that, don't you, Nathalie?" she purred, working her finger deeper, getting me ready. "You like being touched like a girl."

She added a second finger, stretching me, scissoring them inside my slick channel. The sounds were the same as before, the squelching, sloshy sounds of a wet, willing hole. My head fell back against Yves's shoulder, my mind completely gone. I was lost in the sensation of being filled from both sides, Yves's hands on my tits, Vivian's fingers in my arse.
"Alright," Vivian said suddenly, pulling her fingers out. She stood up, and I felt a moment of cold loss. "I need a drink."

She carefully tucked my softening cock back into my panties, adjusting the fabric so that my crotch was smooth and flat. Then she walked towards the kitchen, leaving me alone with Yves.
"Where is she going?" Yves asked, his lips nuzzling my neck.
"Just to get some water," I managed to say, my voice shaky.
"You should be careful," Vivian said,. "Nathalie is on her period. She can't use her pussy right now."
I froze. My heart hammered against my ribs. She'd covered for me. My beautiful, brilliant, twisted wife had saved me.
Yves just laughed. "That is no problem," he said, his hand sliding down from my breast to my hip. "There is always another way to pleasure a woman."

He started to stroke my thigh, his fingers inching higher and higher, dangerously close to discovering my secret. I had to distract him. I turned in his arms, wrapping my own around his neck, and kissed him with all the passion I could muster. It was a desperate, hungry kiss. I ran my hands over his strong arms, my nails digging into his skin. I guided one of his hands back up to my chest, making him squeeze my fake breast, using him like a puppet to pleasure myself.

It worked. He groaned into my mouth, his other hand abandoning its dangerous journey and coming up to cup my other breast. He maneuvered me, turning me so I was facing him, my legs straddling his lap. I could feel his hard cock pressing against my arse, separated only by the thin fabric of my dress and panties. I could feel it pulse with life, a living thing against me.
I was getting hard again, my own dick trapped against my thigh. Thank God it was pointing down and not up. I kept up the frantic kissing, kept grinding against him, anything to keep him from discovering my secret.

But Yves was a patient hunter. He let me writhe against him for a few more minutes, enjoying my desperation. Then, with a slow, deliberate movement, he brought his arm around behind me. He hiked my dress up from the back, and before I could react, his fingers slipped into the waistband of my panties, avoiding my dick completely.

His fingers found my arse, already slick and lubricated from Vivian's earlier attention. I froze, my whole body going rigid. This was it. There was no going back.

He pushed one finger inside me, and I jolted again, a strangled moan tearing from my throat. "Fuck baby that feels so good," I gasped, the words ripped from me without conscious thought.

I could hear the squelching and sloshy sounds of my sloppy ass as Yves began to work his finger in and out. He went faster and faster, and I moaned even louder, my body moving of its own accord, my hips rising and falling to meet his thrusts. My own cock was rubbing against him now, but he didn't seem to notice or care. He was too focused on the tight hole he was stretching.

"Fuck me Yves, baby I want that cock in me. Fuck me," I whimpered, the words a desperate, shameless plea. I didn't even recognise the voice as my own.
Yves didn't need to be asked twice. He withdrew his fingers, and I felt the blunt head of his cock press against my entrance. He lined it up, and then, with agonizing slowness, he began to sink into me.

I could feel my own cum sloshing out, displaced by his invading cock, dripping down my thighs and onto his shaft. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of pain and pleasure so intense it was almost unbearable.

"Kiss me baby," I gasped. "Fuck it feels so good."

He kissed me deeply, and my arms circled his head in a death lock. He rolled on top of me, pushing me down until I was on my back on the sofa, between my legs.

I was lost in ecstasy as my head rolled back and my eyes closed. Yves's arse began to rise and fall quickly as he fucked me deeply and forcefully. I cried out in

ecstasy as Yves drove forcefully into me, the room full of the liquid wet sloshy sounds of my ass being rammed full by his monstrous cock.

"Take it you gorgeous sexy little bitch, take me," Yves growled.

I was moaning even louder, screaming, "Fuck me I am going to cum, fuck me you bastard. Oh fuck you are going to make me cum."
When I said this, I wrapped my legs around him, my ankles locking behind his back as I cried and screamed his name.

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Vivian stood in the doorway of the kitchen, a glass of water in her hand, her phone in the other. She had been recording the whole thing. The screen showed Nathan's face, contorted in pleasure, his blonde wig askew, his makeup smeared. He looked nothing like her husband. He looked like a beautiful woman being thoroughly fucked by a dominant man. And Yves... Yves was a god. His powerful body, his raw masculinity, the way he took control... it was the hottest thing Vivian had ever seen.

She watched as Nathan came, his body arching off the sofa, his screams of pleasure filling the room. She watched as Yves followed moments later, his own orgasm a powerful, primal thing.
When it was over, they were both exhausted, lying in a tangled heap on the sofa. Yves was still inside Nathan, his cum oozing out around his cock. Nathan's arms and legs were still locked around him, a picture of complete and utter submission. They were both still fully dressed, their clothes crumpled and sweaty. Yves was sleeping, his head resting on Nathan's saline-enhanced breasts.

Vivian took a final photo, a perfect memento of the night's events. Then she turned and walked towards her bedroom, her own body thrumming with a desperate, unsatisfied need. She didn't need to think about what she was going to do next. She already knew.

chapter 3

The world came back in pieces. A dull throb in my arse, a heavy weight on my chest, something tickling my chin. My eyelids felt like they were glued shut with last night's mistakes. I tried to shift, to roll over, but I was pinned. Something heavy was on top of me, an arm thrown across my body, a leg trapping one of mine. And what the hell was blocking my vision? It was all a blur of champagne and that bloody video Viv had shown me. The kiss. I remember the kiss with Viv, the heat of it, the taste of her lipstick. Then Yves came back and... and nothing. Just a warm, fuzzy blank.

I pried my eyes open. Blonde strands stuck to my damp forehead. My wig. I was still in girl mode. A jolt of pure ice water went through me. The weight on my chest was unfamiliar, a soft, heavy pressure. And my clothes... my dress was bunched up around my waist, the fabric scratchy and uncomfortable. There was a dull, persistent ache deep inside me, a soreness I couldn't place. And my arse... my god, my arse felt sticky and crusty, my panties glued to me in places. Morning breath, hot and humid, was puffing directly into my face. I could feel something soft and insistent pressing against my lips.

Viv. It must be Viv. She must be feeling horny this morning. I relaxed a little, leaning into the kiss, my own tongue coming out to meet hers. I was still half-asleep, my mind slow to catch up. I responded for a moment before my brain finally kicked into gear and screamed that something was fundamentally wrong. The tongue was too big, too forceful, the weight on top of me far too heavy to be Viv.

I managed to tilt my head back, my neck screaming in protest. It wasn't Viv. It was Yves. His face was slack with sleep, a light snore escaping his lips. He was on top of me, a dead weight of muscle and bone. I peered down as best I could. My dress was rucked up, my stockings laddered. And the tits... Christ, the tits were still there, two ridiculous D-cups stretching the fabric of my dress. Yves had a grip on one of them, even in his sleep. My arms were pinned above my head, held in place by one of his massive hands that had captured both of my wrists at once.

A wave of nausea washed over me. I was trapped. I was dressed as a woman, with fake tits, under a man who had tried to fuck my wife on the sofa last night. The clock on the wall read 6:07 AM. Too early. There was nothing for it. I closed my eyes and tried to will myself back to sleep, to disappear. But then I felt it. A

pressure, insistent and growing, right between my balls and my arse. It was Yves's dick. He was getting morning wood, and it was pressing directly into the thin fabric of my panties, the last flimsy defence between my secret and a violation I couldn't even begin to process.

I held my breath, praying for it to go away. But God, it wasn't. It was a living thing, a thick rod of flesh pressing insistently against me, separated from my most intimate places by only a thin, already-soiled layer of lace. It pulsed with Yves's sleeping heartbeat, a slow, heavy rhythm that seemed to echo through my own body, making my own trapped cock twitch in response.

Then he shifted, a deep, contented groan vibrating from his chest straight into mine. His head lolled towards me, and in the grey pre-dawn light, I saw his lips part. Before I could even flinch, they were on mine. This wasn't a gentle, accidental press of sleeping mouths. His tongue, impossibly thick and wet, pushed past my lips, forcing its way inside. It was an invasion. My mind screamed, every fibre of my being shouting NO, but my body was a traitor.

A horrifying, liquid heat spread through me. The sheer helplessness of my position—pinned, dressed, being violated by a man who thought I was a woman—sent a jolt straight to my groin. My cock, already half-hard from the pressure against my arse, swelled to full, painful erection, straining against the damp fabric of my panties. I could feel the fabric stretch, a second skin that was both a cage and a caress. My arsehole, already tender and sticky from the night before, clenched involuntarily, a dull ache of remembered use that my mind couldn't access but my body remembered all too well.

I went completely limp, a dead weight beneath him, letting him do what he wanted. I closed my eyes, trying to pretend I was somewhere else, anyone else. But my senses were overwhelmed. The rough scrape of his morning stubble against my chin. The masculine scent of his skin, sweat and sleep and something else, something uniquely Yves. The wet, rhythmic plundering of his tongue in my mouth, a slow, deliberate fucking that made saliva pool and drip from the corners of my lips. It was disgusting. It was degrading. And it was the most intensely erotic thing I had ever felt.

His hips gave a small, unconscious thrust, grinding his hard cock against me. The pressure on my perineum, the spot between my balls and my arse, was exquisite.

A bolt of pure, unadulterated pleasure shot up my spine. I couldn't stop it. It was a primal reaction, a betrayal of the highest order. My hips arched off the sofa, a tiny, involuntary movement, seeking more of that friction.

That was all it took. My balls tightened, a familiar, delicious ache. I came with a silent, shuddering gasp into his mouth. A hot, thick flood of semen spurted from my cock, soaking the front of my panties in a humiliating rush. Because of how I was positioned, my dick angled downwards towards my arse, I felt the warm, wet trickles of my own cum slide down, coating my already sticky balls and dripping into the crack of my arse. The sensation was bizarre, a warm, liquid heat that seemed to seep into my very pores, marking me. A small, strangled sound escaped my throat, and I bit down hard on my lower lip, a gesture so feminine it would have made me laugh if I weren't dying of shame.

Yves seemed to sense my release, or perhaps my shuddering climax disturbed his sleep. He grunted again, a satisfied sound this time. His tongue retreated from my mouth, leaving it feeling bruised and violated. He settled, his heavy body a dead, comfortable weight, his morning wood still pressed against me but no longer actively threatening. I lay there, panting, my heart a frantic drum against my ribs, my body trembling in the aftermath of my unwanted orgasm. The shame was a physical thing, a sour taste in my mouth that had nothing to do with him. And then, mercifully, exhaustion dragged me back down into darkness.

***

Three hours later, I woke up again. This time, the world was clearer. Sunlight streamed through the windows, dust motes dancing in the beams. And Yves was gone. I sat up, my body a symphony of aches. My dress was a ruin, my stockings shredded. The saline breasts felt like lead weights on my chest. I sat there, dazed and confused, trying to piece together the fractured memories of the night.

Vivian found me like that. She walked in from the kitchen, wearing a tiny miniskirt and a tight t-shirt, a picture of domestic normalcy that felt completely alien. She saw me, and a small, knowing smile played on her lips.

"Hey," she said softly, sitting beside me and pulling me into a cuddle. "How are you feeling?"

"Okay," I mumbled, my throat dry.

"Okay," I mumbled, my throat dry. "A bit... fuzzy. I don't really remember much after... after we were all kissing on the sofa." My mind snagged on that image, the three of us tangled together, the taste of champagne and Yves's cigarette still lingering on my tongue. "Everything after that is just a blank."

Vivian's arms tightened around me. Her hand, which had been resting innocently on my shoulder, began to move, tracing the neckline of my ruined dress. "Oh, you don't remember?" she purred, her voice a low, seductive hum. "We had such a lovely time after you went to sleep."

Her fingers dipped lower, skating over the swell of the saline-enhanced breast. My body, still hypersensitive, responded instantly. A shiver ran through me, my nipple pebbling against the rough fabric.

"We watched a movie," she continued, her breath warm against my ear. "A really romantic one. You fell asleep right here on the sofa, and Yves... he just sort of collapsed on top of you. He was so tired." She was lying. I knew she was lying, but her voice was so smooth, so reassuring, that I wanted to believe her. I needed to believe her.

Her hand slid further down, over the bunched-up silk of my dress, past the lacy top of my stockings, until it reached the disaster zone of my panties. Her fingers paused, feeling the damp, crusty fabric. I felt my face flush with shame. I knew what that was. My own cum, from this morning.

But Vivian's reaction wasn't disgust. It was delight. I could feel it in the way her body tensed with excitement, in the little hitch in her breath. "Oh, Nathan," she whispered, and her tone shifted. She wasn't talking to her husband anymore. She was talking to Nathalie. "You poor thing. You must have had such a good dream."

Her fingers grew bolder. They didn't just touch the mess; they explored it. She traced the outline of my still-hard cock through the sticky fabric, her thumb rubbing the head in a slow, maddening circle. Her other hand slipped behind me, her fingers delving into the waistband of my panties, probing the sticky crack of my arse.

"You see?" she murmured, her fingers finding the dried evidence of my shame. "Nothing happened. Yves was a perfect gentleman. He realized you were out for

the count, and he just... stopped. He didn't see a thing, baby. Your secret's safe with me."

Relief, so potent it was dizzying, washed over me. My wife was looking out for me. She had protected me. I leaned into her touch, a reward for her loyalty, for her love. Her touch was a balm, her words a salve on my raw nerves. My body, still humming with a strange, residual energy, responded to her caresses, my head lolling back against the sofa cushions.

She smiled, a genuine, loving smile this time, and brought her glistening fingers up to my lips. "Taste yourself, Nathalie," she commanded softly. I did, the salty, tangy taste of my own cum filling my mouth. Her other hand went back to my breasts, kneading them, squeezing the saline-filled sacs as if they were real. "You're so beautiful like this," she breathed. "So responsive."

Then she had an idea. I could see it in her eyes. She took my hand, guiding it down between her legs, pushing it under the hem of her miniskirt. I could feel the heat of her through her panties, the dampness soaking through the thin cotton. "I want you too, baby," she moaned. "Touch me."

I got the idea. My fingers, clumsy with sleep and residual shame, found their way inside her panties. I slid one finger, then two, into her slick, wet heat. She was soaking. Her hips bucked against my hand as I started to finger her, my thumb circling her clit.

"That's it, baby," she gasped, her own hand returning to my cock, stroking it in time with my movements. She fondled my balls, her nails lightly scratching the sensitive skin. She squeezed my breasts, her fingers pinching my nipples. The sensations were overwhelming, a dizzying spiral of pleasure.

Just as I felt the familiar tightening in my balls, the tell-tale sign of my own impending orgasm, she stopped. She pulled away, leaving me hanging on the edge.

"No," she said, her voice firm but gentle. "Not like that." She pushed me back onto the sofa, my dress bunching up around my waist again. "Lie down, Nathalie."

I did as I was told, my body thrumming with unfulfilled need. She stood up, her miniskirt barely covering her arse, and quickly slid her panties down her long legs,

tossing them aside. Then she straddled my chest, her knees on either side of my head, her skirt riding up to expose her bare, glistening pussy.

"I want you to eat me," she demanded, her voice thick with lust. "I want to do it lesbian style."

I obliged, my hands reaching up to grip her hips, pulling her down onto my waiting tongue. I lapped at her folds, tasting her excitement, my nose buried in her soft curls. She ground against my face, her moans growing louder, more desperate.

But she wasn't finished with me. She leaned forward, her hands finding the waistband of my crusty panties. She pulled them down, my hard cock springing free. She didn't take me in her mouth. Instead, she positioned my cock below my arse, pointing it downwards. Then she started to stroke me, her movements slow and deliberate. I could feel my own cum, already coating my arse, mixing with the fresh pre-cum leaking from my tip.

She used it all as lubricant, her fingers probing my sensitive hole, smearing the slick fluid around and then pushing inside. I moaned into her pussy, the dual sensations of eating her out and being fingered sending me spiralling towards another orgasm.

"Wait for me," she commanded, her voice tight with control. "Don't you dare cum until I say so."

I held on, my entire being focused on not letting go, on waiting for her permission. She rode my face, her body tensing, her thighs trembling. Then, with a loud cry, she came, her juices flooding my mouth.

As her orgasm subsided, she finally gave me the release I was desperate for. "Now, Nathalie," she gasped. "Cum for me."

And I did. I came hard, my body convulsing, my seed spurting onto my own stomach and thighs.

We lay there for a moment, a tangled, sweaty mess. Then Vivian got up, her movements surprisingly graceful. She pulled me to my feet, her hands on my arms.

"Go take a shower," she said, her voice back to its normal, wifely tone. "And don't worry about clothes for the rest of the weekend. You can just wear some of mine."

I looked down at myself, at the ridiculous tits still attached to my chest. "What about these?" I asked, my voice tired.

Vivian looked at them, a sheepish expression on her face.

Vivian looked at them, a sheepish expression on her face. "They should... go down by tonight," she said, avoiding my gaze. "The saline absorbs back into your body. They'll be gone by morning, I promise." She gestured vaguely towards the stairs. "I've laid out some clothes for you. Your stuff won't fit right now."

She gave me a pointed look. "And shave. Everything. Your face won't match otherwise."

I sighed, a deep, bone-weary sound of utter resignation. There was no point arguing. I just nodded and trudged up the stairs, my body aching in ways I didn't want to think about.

On the bed was a small pile of clothes that was more insult than offering. A pair of skin-tight, shimmering booty shorts with "JUICY" written across the back in rhinestones. A black crop top that would barely cover the bottom of the fake breasts. A matching set of black lace bra and panties. I picked up the panties. They were scraps of lace, designed for display, not function.

I walked back to the top of the stairs, my naked body feeling absurdly exposed. "Vivian!" I called down. "I can't wear this."

She appeared at the bottom of the stairs, hands on her hips. "It's all I have that will fit your chest and waist right now," she said, her voice reasonable but her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Or, you can be naked. Your choice."

Defeated, I went back into the bedroom and started to get dressed. The bra was a complex puzzle of straps and hooks, but I managed. The crop top stretched over the D-cups, the tight fabric making them look even more absurd. The panties were next, then the booty shorts. I looked in the mirror and saw a stranger. A girl with long, tangled blonde hair, huge tits barely contained by a tiny top, and an arse that the shorts were specifically designed to lift and display. A feminine curve to my

hips that I'd never noticed before. I was horrified to feel a twitch in my groin. My traitorous body liked this.

Vivian appeared behind me, her eyes fixed on my reflection. She ran a hand over the smooth fabric of the shorts, cupping my arse cheek. "Mmm," she murmured. "Now that is a view." She gave it a light slap, the sound sharp in the quiet room. Then she disappeared for a moment, coming back with a small, silicone studded butt plug and an old t-shirt. "Close your eyes. It's a surprise."

I sighed but obeyed. She tied the t-shirt around my head, blindfolding me. I felt her hands on my shoulders, pushing me backwards until my legs hit the bed and I fell onto the mattress. She manoeuvred me, flipping me over onto my stomach. I heard the click of a lube bottle cap.

"Stay still," she commanded. I felt a cold, wet drizzle of lube between my cheeks, then her fingers, probing, spreading the slickness. The coldness made me gasp, my body tensing. Her fingers circled my hole, then pushed inside, a slow, deliberate intrusion. I couldn't help it; my cock started to swell, trapped between my stomach and the bed.

She must have felt the shift in my breathing. "Patience, baby," she chuckled, her voice low and teasing. "I'll take care of that soon."

Her fingers withdrew, replaced by something harder, colder, metallic. The base of the plug. She pushed it against my entrance, a steady, unrelenting pressure. I felt myself stretching, a delicious burn that made my head spin. She wiggled it as she pushed, the studs dragging against my sensitive inner walls, sending jolts of pleasure straight to my cock. When it was fully seated, the flared base nestled snugly against me, she stopped. She pulled my panties and the booty shorts back up, the tight fabric pressing the plug deeper inside me.

Then she untied the blindfold. "Don't take that out for the rest of the day," she said, her eyes glinting with authority. "I'll be doing surprise inspections. If you make it through the day, you'll get a reward." She ended the sentence with a slow, deliberate lick of her lips, her hands coming up to fondle my lace-covered breasts.

I started to protest. "Vivian, I can't..."

She silenced me with a look. "You can, and you will."

After I grudgingly agreed, she decided my face was still too masculine. She sat me down at her vanity and, with a few deft strokes of makeup, softened my jawline, gave my lips a fuller, rosier look, and darkened my lashes. I stared at the woman in the mirror, a stranger with my eyes.

"Perfect," she said, satisfied. "Now, I've got to make breakfast for my hungry girl."

***

I got up and started downstairs, immediately realising I was walking weirdly. The plug was a constant, invasive presence, a solid weight inside me. With every step, it shifted slightly, the studs pressing against my prostate, sending a low-level hum of arousal through my body. My dick, trapped in the tight lace panties, had nowhere to go. I tried to take bigger steps to minimise the movement, but that only made the sensation more pronounced. I ended up taking smaller, daintier steps, my hips swaying slightly, a unconscious effort to keep the plug still. The effect was infinitely more girly.

Passing the hall mirror, I caught my reflection. I saw a young woman, her long blonde hair a mess, her huge tits straining against a crop top, her arse sculpted to perfection by the shiny shorts. The sight hit me like a physical blow. My cock throbbed, a fresh wave of pre-cum dampening the already-wet lace. The plug seemed to mock me, a constant reminder of my submission. By the time I reached the bottom of the stairs, I was breathing heavily, my body a taut wire of frustrated arousal.

Vivian was in the kitchen, flipping pancakes. She smiled when she saw me. "There she is. My beautiful girl."

We ate in a tense silence. Every shift in my seat was a fresh jolt from the plug. After we finished, I volunteered to do the dishes, anything to keep busy. I was standing at the sink, the hot water running over my hands, when I felt her behind me. Her arms wrapped around my waist, her lips kissing the back of my neck. Her hand slid down, over the shiny fabric of the shorts, her fingers tracing the hard outline of the plug through the material, a silent, possessive check. I froze, a shiver running down my spine.

The rest of the day was a slow, delicious torture. We watched a movie on the sofa—me perched on the edge, trying to find a position that didn't make me want

to scream. We ate lunch. Every hour was an eternity of low-grade arousal, the plug a relentless stimulant. I could feel the pre-cum steadily leaking from my trapped cock, the panties growing damper and damper. By 4 PM, I was a mess. My mind was foggy, my body humming with a desperate need for release.

Vivian suddenly stood up. "I have to run a quick errand," she announced, grabbing her keys. "Should only be a couple of hours. Want to come?"

I opened my mouth to say yes, to beg for an escape from this prison of pleasure. But she cut me off. "Wait," she said, a sly smile on her face. "You have to come... as you are now."

I looked down at the crop top, the shorts, the undeniable female form I presented. "No," I said, my voice a hoarse whisper.

"Suit yourself," she shrugged, and she was gone, leaving me alone in the silent, tension-filled house.

I was lying on the sofa, feeling bored and hornier than I had ever been in my life. The living room mirror was opposite me, reflecting a sexy stranger, a girl in her twenties lounging with her legs slightly apart. I looked down at myself and slipped a hand into my panties, the lace instantly wet against my fingers. I was so sensitive.

My fingers brushed against the hard, cold base of the plug. It was the first time I'd touched it. I felt the smooth, cool metal. I thought, Just for a minute. Just to get some relief. I hooked a finger around the base and slowly, carefully, started to pull it out. It stretched me, the studs dragging deliciously. I had it three-quarters of the way out when the combination of the tight shorts and panties snapped back into place, forcing the plug deep inside me with a sudden, brutal jab.

it struck my prostate dead-on. My anus softened the worst of the impact, but it was too late. A loud, high-pitched moan escaped my lips. "Nngh—ahhh!" The sound was a breathy, desperate gasp, the exact noise Vivian made when I fucked her hard. The shock of it, the sheer humiliation of hearing that sound come from my own throat, sent my arousal skyrocketing. My cock was now fighting a desperate battle against its lace prison.

***

It wouldn't come. No matter how hard or how fast I stroked, my orgasm remained just out of reach, a frustrating ghost. My dick was so hard it hurt. Then a revolutionary, shameful thought sparked in my mind. What if... what if I use the plug instead? I could make this problem go away. My own release in exchange for this insatiable hunger.

So I did it. I slipped off my panties as well, leaving me reclined on the sofa in just the bra and crop top. I swung my legs up, draping them over the armrests, completely exposed. I took the silver plug in my slick hand and, without preamble, pushed it back in.

The feeling was immediate, electric. I started to work it, matching the rhythm of my other hand on my dick. In that exact moment, my foot, searching for purchase on the cushions, accidentally pressed the remote control for the TV. The screen flared to life. I fumbled for it, my fingers clumsy with lust, trying to switch it off. Instead of the power button, I hit the 'play' button for the media player. It immediately started playing the last video on the thumb drive.

It was the video of my first encounter with Yves.

My own face, flushed and drunk, filled the giant screen. I heard my own slurred words, then Yves's deep, accented reply. I saw myself fall onto him, the clumsy struggle. Then the kiss. I heard the sounds from the TV, a muffled squelching as my unconscious self tried to fight him off, then the wet slide of a tongue as I gave in. The audio was a mess of ragged breathing, my own panicked whimpers, and Yves's low, confident murmurs. "Ma Cherie you cannot leave me like this." The sound of a zipper being pulled down was shockingly loud.

I watched, mesmerised, as my own hand reached out and wrapped around the monstrous, dark cock on the screen. I heard myself moan, a sound of pure, unadulterated want. On the screen, my head bobbed, my cheeks hollowed. The sounds were obscene—the wet, sloppy suction, Yves's groans of pleasure. "Oh god you dirty little slut I am going to fill your mouth, oh fuck I am going to cum." I watched myself swallow, my throat working.

Without even thinking, my hands started moving again, pushing the plug in and out of my arse in rhythm with the Yves on the screen, my other hand flying over my own cock. My free hand alternated between my shaft and reaching up under my crop top, inside the bra, to pinch and twist my own nipples, the sensation sending

sharp gasps from my lungs. The audio from the TV was a filthy soundtrack to my own debasement. "Fuck that's it, suck that cock. Yes suck it baby." I heard myself choking, gagging, and the wet sounds of a desperate blowjob.

I was close, so close. In my mind, I was thinking of Vivian, of this morning, of her promise of a reward. But when the wave finally broke over me, the name that tore from my lips wasn't hers.

"Oh, fuck me harder, Yves!" I cried out, my voice a thin, desperate wail.

My cock erupted, hot stripes of cum painting my stomach and chest, covering my stroking hand. I lay there, panting, in a daze, my release slowly cooling on my skin and in my mind. Unconsciously, I brought a cum-covered finger to my lips. My tongue darted out, tasting the saltiness.

On the screen, the final scene was playing. Yves was lifting my head, kissing me deeply, swirling his tongue in my cum-filled mouth. The sudden, familiar taste in my own real-world mouth combined with the shocking visual on the screen. It jolted me awake with the force of an electric shock.

I saw it all. Me, on the sofa, wearing a bra and crop top, my legs splayed lewdly, a silver butt plug buried in my arse. My own stomach and hands covered in my own spunk. On the huge TV, a recording of me enthusiastically sucking another man's cock and loving it.

The situation crashed down on me with a bang. The shame was a physical wave, a burning heat that started in my chest and spread to every extremity. I scrambled up, grabbing the remote and mashing the off button, plunging the room back into a horrified silence. I was thankful, with a small, insane flicker of relief, that my crop top hadn't been stained.

Half-naked, wearing only the shirt and bra, my hand clamped over my dick, the plug still lodged deep inside me, I fled upstairs. I didn't bother with a bath, just stood in the shower and frantically washed below my chest, the hot water doing nothing to wash away the feeling of being soiled. I was careful not to touch my face, preserving the makeup Vivian had applied.

I came out and reached for one of my old t-shirts. I pulled it on. It didn't fit. The fabric strained across my chest, refusing to lie flat. Realising the breasts were still there, I yanked it off with a grunt of frustration and put the bra back on. Looking in

the mirror, they did seem smaller, less ridiculous. A small mercy. I put the crop top back on.

The rest of the clothes—panties, shorts—were still in a heap on the living room floor. I walked down, naked from the waist down. I was so used to the plug now that I didn't even think about it, my hips swaying with a natural, girlish rhythm that made my stomach clench. I put the damp panties and the booty shorts back on, my face burning with shame. I cleaned the sofa, scrubbing at the faint, sticky stain on the leather cushions. Then I turned on the TV, scrolled through the options, and put on Rambo. I needed to feel manly. It didn't work.

***

An hour later, Vivian came back. She was carrying several suspicious-looking, unmarked bags. "Don't look," she chirped, herding me away from them and dumping them in the hall closet before I could get a good look.

Dinner was a tense affair. We ate in near silence. She asked me about my day, and I mumbled something about watching movies. Every so often, she'd give me a sly little smile, and I'd feel the plug shift inside me, a silent reminder of her control.

Bedtime was a relief. I was exhausted. On my pillow was a short, blue silk chemise and a matching pair of panties. "For you," she said with a wink.

I changed and lay down, my body feeling strangely light without the shorts and crop top. She slid into bed beside me, her hands immediately finding my breasts.

"They seem smaller," she commented, her fingers tracing the outline of the saline sacs. "They should be completely gone by morning. Just in time for work."

Overjoyed was too small a word. I was euphoric. I was going to be me again.

I tried to roll over, to spoon her, to reclaim some semblance of my husbandly role. She wouldn't let me. "Nope," she said, pushing me back. "You're the little spoon tonight."

She manoeuvred me, her arms wrapping around my chest and waist from behind. One hand slid down and rested possessively on my crotch, her fingers gently tracing the outline of my cock through the silk panties. The other hand came up to

cup a breast, her thumb circling the nipple. She nuzzled into my neck, her breath hot against my skin.

Five minutes of this. Five minutes of slow, maddening teasing. Fondling, light squeezes, her nails dragging against the silk. I was rock hard in seconds, my body screaming for the release she was so expertly denying.

Then, just as I was about to beg, she stilled. Her breathing evened out. She was asleep.

I lay there, seething, frustrated, and painfully aroused. Annoyed didn't cover it. I was hard, I was horny, and I couldn't do a damn thing about it. I stared at the wall, trying to think of anything, anything at all that wasn't the feeling of her hands on my body, the memory of the plug, the sight of Yves's cock on the screen. Eventually, exhaustion won, and I fell into a fitful sleep.

***

day 1 secretary

I woke up. The first thing I did was touch my chest. Flat. completely, blessedly flat. I almost wept with relief. I looked over. Vivian was sleeping peacefully beside me. I slipped out of bed and headed for the shower, the hot water a blessing on my skin. I was soaping my chest, reveling in the familiar flatness, when I heard the bathroom door click open. Through the steam-fogged glass of the shower, I saw Vivian's silhouette.

"Nathan?" she called out, her voice laced with something I couldn't quite place.

"I'm in the shower," I called back, rinsing the soap from my body.

I stepped out, wrapping a towel around my waist, feeling more like myself than I had in days. Vivian was standing there, her arms crossed, a piece of blue silk dangling from her fingers. It was a torn scrap of fabric. The panties from last night.

"Care to explain this?" she asked, her expression unreadable.

My blood ran cold. I remembered. In my frustrated, horny state last night, I'd torn the delicate silk trying to rip them off. "Vivian, I... I was just..."

"Expensive," she cut me off, her tone sharp. "And now they're ruined." She let the torn panties fall to the floor. "I think that deserves a punishment, don't you?"

My heart hammered against my ribs. Punishment. The word echoed in the steamy room. My mind flashed to the saline, to the sudden, shocking weight on my chest. "No, Vivian, please, I'm sorry, I'll..."

Luckily, she saved me from my own panicked begging. "Oh, don't look so horrified," she said, a slow smile spreading across her face. She disappeared for a moment, returning with a new, unopened package. Inside was a pair of delicate black lace panties and a pair of sheer silk stockings. "You'll wear these to work today. Just for today. And if you're a very good boy, I might forgive you."

She held up her phone. "And I'll need proof. A photo. During your lunch break. Otherwise," she paused, letting the threat hang in the air, "I might decide one day isn't enough."

I had no choice. I took the package, my hands trembling slightly. The sheer material of the stockings felt impossibly fragile. The panties were tiny, a whisper of

lace. At least, I thought with a small, desperate shred of optimism, they won't show under my suit pants.

I dressed quickly in my office clothes, the unfamiliar feel of the lace panties against my skin and the slight tug of the stocking garters a constant, nagging reminder of my submission. I ate breakfast in silence, Vivian watching me with a satisfied smirk. I left the house, the cool morning air doing nothing to calm the fire of humiliation burning in my cheeks.

***

Work was a strange refuge. The familiar routine, the hum of the servers, the clicking of keyboards—it was a world I understood, a world where I was Nathan, a senior developer. But even here, things were different.

During the morning meeting, Mr. Silva, our division head, was practically glowing. "Fantastic news, everyone!" he boomed, his smile wide. "Thanks to the outstanding results of the last project, the board has approved a significant budget increase for our division!"

A wave of applause and cheers went through the room.

"And with that," he continued, "comes promotions and growth. We're creating a brand new department, a strategic innovations unit." He turned to Yves, who was leaning against the wall with a casual confidence that always annoyed me. "Yves, with your extensive experience, you'll be heading this new department."

More applause. Yves stepped forward, accepting a certificate with a modest nod.

Then Mr. Silva's eyes found mine. "Nathan," he said, and my heart jumped. "You have the second most experience in this field. Now, Yves has been seconded to our division for another six months, so think of this as a transitional period. After Yves moves on, you'll be taking the helm. To ensure a smooth handover," he paused, looking between the two of us, "Nathan, you'll be Yves's assistant. For now, it'll just be the two of you. Most of the work involves travel and off-site meetings. I've had them set up an office on the empty fifth floor of the next building."

The room erupted in cheers and congratulations. My colleagues slapped me on the back. Yves himself walked over, a smile on his face. "Congratulations, Nathan. Looking forward to working with you." He held out his hand.

I shook it, my grip feeling weak. It was hard to look him in the eye. All I could see was the image from the video, my face pressed against his crotch, my hands wrapped around his monstrous cock. I forced a smile. "You too, Yves."

He didn't seem to know. The shock on his face in the restroom yesterday meant he hadn't recognized *Nathalie*. That was my secret to keep. I had to keep it.

The rest of the day was a blur of activity. We spent it shifting equipment, signing forms, and arranging the new, sparse office. The morning ticked by, and before I knew it, it was past 1 PM. A cold dread washed over me. I had forgotten. The photo.

***

I rushed to the restroom, my heart pounding. In my haste, I fumbled with the lock, failing to click it into place. I stripped my trousers down to my ankles, the sheer black stockings and lace panties feeling ridiculously exposed in the harsh fluorescent light. I leaned forward, reaching for my phone on the small shelf above the toilet.

The door creaked open.

"Excusez-moi, I just..." A familiar voice. Yves.

I froze, bent over like a deer in headlights. Slowly, I rotated, my face a mask of horror. Yves stood in the doorway, his eyes wide, fixed on the lace panties, the stockings, my half-naked, compromised state. The silence stretched, thick and suffocating, for two full minutes. His gaze travelled slowly, deliberately, from my stocking-clad feet up my legs to the embarrassing bulge in the panties, up to my panicked face.

Then he calmly raised his phone. Click.

He took a photo.

"We will... discuss this tomorrow, Nathan," he said, his voice quiet but carrying an absolute, terrifying finality. He turned and left, closing the door softly behind him.

"Wait!" I called out, my voice cracking. "Why did you...?"

But he was gone.

I was distraught. Leaning against the stall wall, I felt sick. He would figure it out. He'd connect the dots between the woman from the video and the man in panties standing before him. But then I rationalized, clinging to a sliver of hope. His shock... that meant he didn't know, didn't expect it. Maybe he just thought I had a weird kink. It was better than the alternative.

My hands shaking, I finally took the required photo and sent it to Vivian with a message: *Done.*

I finished my work in a daze. When I went back to the main office to collect some documents, Yves acted as if nothing had happened. He was polite, professional. He asked about a server migration, and I answered on autopilot. I was almost happy when 5 PM came and I could leave.

***

At home, Vivian was waiting. "You're late," she said, not accusingly, but as a statement of fact.

"Busy," I muttered. I didn't tell her about Yves. I didn't tell her he was my new boss. I didn't tell her about the restroom. The less people who knew, the better. It was my humiliation to carry alone.

She took my phone, checked the photo, and nodded. "Good," she said. "Your punishment is over."

And things happened. The relief was so immense it felt like a physical weight lifting from my shoulders. That night, Vivian gave me my reward. She let me fuck her, hard, like a man, and for a few hours, I felt whole again.

***

The next morning, I walked into the empty fifth floor of the next building. The silence was unnerving. The space was vast and empty except for two desks, two chairs, and a bank of servers. The chills I felt had nothing to do with the temperature. Yves's words from yesterday echoed in my mind. *We will... discuss this tomorrow.*

Yves wasn't here yet. I sat at my new desk, trying to focus on my screen, but my eyes kept darting to the door. Then I heard them. footsteps, confident and unhurried. Yves appeared, carrying two large, expensive-looking shopping bags. He placed them on my desk with a soft thud.

"Nathan," he began, his tone business-like but with an undercurrent of steel. "I have made up my mind. I have a very good offer for you. A new position, a significant pay raise." He paused, letting me absorb this. "Or, you can resign. Before I distribute the photos."

He looked me straight in the eye. "I will be back in one hour to hear your decision. If you don't want to resign," he gestured to the bags, "look through them and follow the instructions." He turned and walked out, leaving me to a meeting.

***

My blood ran cold. I stared at the bags as if they were venomous snakes. With a sense of dread, I steeled my mind and looked through the first one. A brand-new women's outfit. A fitted white blouse with a pointed collar. A high-waisted gray pencil skirt. Simple black mid-height pumps. It was neat, formal, and terrifyingly modern.

In the other bag was a light grey bra, a B-cup, along with what looked like realistic breast prosthetics and matching bikini-cut panties. At the very bottom, nestled in tissue paper, was a small pink chastity cage and a full makeup set.

I was horrified. I was stuck between the fire and the deep sea. Both options were a public execution, but one was a private hanging. That settled it.

After taking out the clothes, I saw a note. The handwriting was elegant, masculine.

Hello Nathan. If you are reading this, I assume you have decided to become my secretary. Smart decision. Firstly, take the pink cage and lock your dick in it. I don't want to see a tent if you are going to be my secretary. Depending on how well you do, I will release you at the end of the day. Then, put on the outfits and finally, practise putting on the makeup. I have QR codes of a few channels on the reverse of this note. Scan them and learn. I will be back in one hour to see your work.

***

I swallowed what was left of my pride and went to work. I went into the small

private restroom attached to the office. The pink cage was cold and alien. I fumbled with the small lock, my fingers trembling, until my cock was secured inside, the metal a tight, unforgiving pressure. Then I put on the prosthetics, the weight on my chest both familiar and sickeningly new. The underwear followed, then the blouse and skirt. The outfit was surprisingly in my exact dimensions, as if someone had tailored it after precise measurements. My experience watching Vivian, and the brief, humiliating lesson on the weekend, helped with the makeup. A bit of foundation to soften my jaw, a sweep of mascara, a hint of color on my lips. Finally, I put on the shoes and practised walking in the low heels. It was hell, my calves protesting, but I managed. Click, clack, click. When I was done, I went back to my seat, my movements stiff and unnatural.



Just as I was about to sit down, Yves appeared.

A slow, delighted smile spread across his face when he saw the dolled-up beauty in the office. He took another photo. I was still standing, frozen, when he came right up to me. He leaned in, took a long, slow sniff of my body. He walked to his

desk, picked up a small pink perfume bottle, and sprayed it on me. A sickeningly sweet smell of roses assaulted my senses.

He replaced the bottle and hugged me from behind, his arms wrapping around my waist like steel bands. His lips brushed against my ear. "From the day I saw you, I knew you were a sissy," he whispered, his voice a low, intimate rumble that vibrated through my entire body. He kissed my neck, a slow, deliberate press of his lips, inhaling the cloying scent of roses mixed with my own fear. His hands roamed down to my crotch, patting it lightly, checking for the cage with a proprietary air that made my stomach clench. Satisfied with what he found, they moved back up to my new breasts, cupping them possessively, squeezing the soft flesh of the prosthetics and the sensitive skin beneath.

"Nathan is too manly for a caged sissy," he whispered again, his breath hot against my ear. "What name do you think is best?"

I was caught like prey, my mind racing, my body frozen. His huge hands held my waist, a cage of muscle and intent. My dick, already straining in its prison, rubbed painfully against the fabric of the skirt. My mind was blank with terror and a traitorous flicker of arousal. "Err... Nathania?" I asked, the name tasting like ash in my mouth.

Yves chuckled, a deep, resonant sound that vibrated through my back and into my bones.

"Nathania." He licked the shell of my ear, his tongue wet and hot, a slow, deliberate exploration. While his hands continued to tease my new breasts, rolling the nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, sending jolts of unwanted pleasure straight to my trapped cock.

"Okay then, Nathania."

"Please," I whimpered, my hands now resting on his chest, feeling the hard muscle beneath his shirt.

Yves just grinned. His finger started to trace its way up my knee, over the stocking, while he leaned in and kissed me. A full-blown French kiss, his tongue claiming my mouth. The fingers slowly traced over the skirt to my waist, then back down to the

knees and then inside the skirt, all the way up to my panties. "Ahhh," I gasped into his mouth.
His other hand fiddled with the zip on the back of the skirt, unzipping it just enough for a hand to slip through and grasp my pantied ass, a finger twitching against my hole. I had just succumbed to it. After all, I couldn't escape. I just let it go.

One of his hands was rubbing my ass, circling my twitching hole, while the other, after a final rub against the cage, came out from under the skirt. He unbuttoned my blouse and played with my breasts, pinching the nipples through the bra. "Nngh," I whimpered, my hands now resting on his chest, feeling the hard muscle beneath his shirt.
Seeing me being a willing participant, Yves went further. He must have had lube on his desk, because I felt a cold, wet slickness as a finger pressed against my hole and then slipped inside. "Oh!" I cried out, the sound muffled by his persistent kiss. Every touch, every prod, drew another gasp or whimper from my lips. "Ahh... please... Yves..."
I could feel my dick oozing pre-cum, the cage a constant, throbbing pain from not being allowed to get hard. This made me whimper more, which Yves took as a sign of my growing arousal.

Finally, I couldn't take it. "Please," I begged, pulling my mouth away for a second. "Take me. Take me like a girl."

Yves abruptly stopped. He lifted me off his lap and set me down on my feet in front of him.
"Tidy up your outfit," he commanded, his voice hard.
I looked at him, my vision blurry with unshed tears and frustrated desire. I tucked the blouse back into the skirt, my fingers fumbling with the tiny buttons. I straightened the skirt, my hands shaking as I pulled the zipper back up. Every movement was an effort, my body screaming for the release he had just denied. Yves watched me, his expression unreadable. When I was done, he gestured to the floor in front of his chair.

"Kneel."
I sank to my knees, the pencil skirt restricting my movements. The hard floor was cold through the thin fabric.

"Suck my cock," he said, his voice flat, devoid of the earlier passion. "The effort you put in is what will determine if you get pleasure. After all, it's a give and take relationship. I can't be only giving you pleasure" he told me, his voice a low, possessive murmur that vibrated through my very bones.

"I can't be only giving *Nathania* pleasure."
The sound of my new name on his lips was a final nail in the coffin of my resistance. I leaned forward, my movements awkward and practiced all at once. My hands, trembling, went to the zipper of his trousers. The metallic sound was obscenely loud in the silent office. I freed him, and the sheer reality of it hit me again. He was huge, thick, and heavy in my hands, a dark, imposing force that made my own caged cock throb with a mixture of terror and a dark, thrilling anticipation.

I didn't hesitate. I couldn't. I leaned in, my painted lips brushing against the velvety head. I tasted salt, and something uniquely him. My tongue darted out, tracing the slit, a slow, deliberate exploration. A low groan rumbled in his chest, a sound of encouragement that spurred me on. I began to lick him, long, slow strokes from base to tip, like I was tasting the most decadent ice cream. My tongue traced the thick vein that pulsed on the underside, feeling the frantic beat of his heart. I kissed the tip again, this time with more pressure, my lips wrapping around the crown, sucking gently. I wasn't brave enough to take him deep, not yet. Instead, I focused on the top half, my tongue swirling, my hands coming up to cup and gently massage his heavy balls. They were warm, weighted, full of the seed I knew would soon be mine to either wear or swallow.

He didn't seem to care that I wasn't deepthroating him. He just watched me, his head tilted back slightly, a look of intense concentration on his face. But while I was performing this act of submission, my own body was a riot of sensation. My right hand, seemingly of its own volition, left his balls and slid back under my skirt, over the smooth fabric of my panties. My palm pressed against the hard, unyielding bars of the cage. The pressure was exquisite agony. I rubbed myself through the silk, a frantic, desperate motion that did nothing to relieve the pressure but everything to stoke the fire inside me.

My left hand crept around behind me, sliding down the back of the skirt. I squeezed my own ass cheek, the flesh yielding under my grip, then my fingers dipped into the crease, rubbing against my twitching hole through the thin barrier of the panties.

Ngh... ahhh... The sounds were torn from my throat, muffled by the cock in my mouth. I was a vortex of need, a paradox of pleasure and pain. I looked up at Yves, my vision blurred, and saw him looking down at me. But he wasn't looking at my hands. He was looking at my face, at my lips wrapped around him, with a soft, almost loving smile.

It was an expression I'd never seen on him before. It wasn't predatory, or mocking. It was... fond. For a dizzying second, a strange warmth bloomed in my chest, alongside the shame.

That's when I saw it. His face changed. The soft smile tightened, his jaw clenching, his breath hitching. He was close. Panic flared in me. If he pulled out, he would stain my blouse. The white silk would be ruined, a glaring evidence of my degradation. There was no choice. I braced myself, moving both my hands to cup his balls, to hold him steady.

He must have felt the shift in my posture, the silent acceptance. His hands shot out, tangling in my long, blonde hair, not roughly, but with a firm, undeniable grip. He held my head in place as he emptied himself into my mouth. The first pulse was a shock, hot and salty, coating my tongue. I swallowed instinctively, my throat working. Another pulse, and another. It was more than I expected, a flood that I struggled to contain, a small amount escaping to trickle from the corner of my lips. Finally, he was done. He let go of my hair, and I leaned back, breathing heavily. He looked down at me, at the stray drop of cum on my chin, and a genuinely happy smile spread across his face. It was the first real, unguarded smile I had ever seen from him. And in that moment, a bizarre, twisted sense of pride bloomed within me. I had done that. I had made him smile.

He lifted me up from the floor with surprising ease, his hands strong on my waist. He sat me on the edge of the large, polished oak desk, sweeping aside a keyboard and a stack of files with one arm. They clattered to the floor, but we both ignored it. My caged cock was now at face level with him. He pushed me back, and I went,

lying down on the cool wood. He rolled my skirt up to my waist, bunching it around my midriff. Then he took my legs, draping them over his shoulders, my heeled feet pointing towards the ceiling. I was exposed, vulnerable, positioned like an offering. I was surprised. I thought... I don't know what I thought. That he would unlock the cage, maybe touch my aching dick. Instead, he hooked a finger into the crotch of my bikini-cut panties, pulling the damp fabric aside. I heard the soft click of a lube bottle cap, then a cold, wet drizzle on my most private place. But the scent that rose to meet me wasn't medicinal. It was strawberries.

He had strawberry-flavoured lube.
His lubed fingers circled my hole, then one slid inside, a slow, deliberate intrusion that made me gasp. He worked it in and out, scissoring, stretching me, preparing me. But he didn't stop there. He withdrew his fingers and leaned in.
And then he licked me.
It wasn't like anything I had ever imagined. It wasn't clinical, or dirty. It was worship. His tongue was hot and wet and insistent, a point of pure pleasure tracing my rim.

Oh, god! My back arched off the desk. He wasn't licking an ass; he was eating a pussy. He fucked me with his tongue, a rhythmic, stabbing motion that sent shockwaves through my entire body. I could hear the sounds, the slick, *shlick,

shlick* of his lube and saliva, the wet, lewd noises of his feast.



"Yves... Yves, please... ah... ahhh..." I was babbling, my hands gripping the edge of the desk so hard my knuckles were white. My legs, still clad in stockings and heels, trembled on his shoulders.

The pressure inside me was building, a coiling spring of pure sensation. His tongue swirled, then flattened, lapping at me with broad strokes before returning to that deep, penetrating rhythm. He added a finger alongside his tongue, then another, stretching me, filling me, curling to find that spot inside that made me see stars.

"Oh! Oh god, I'm... I'm going to... nngh!" The first orgasm hit me like a tidal wave. It wasn't an explosion. It was a slow, seeping release. My cock, trapped in its cage, couldn't pulse. Instead, a steady stream of cum dribbled out, soaking the front of my panties, making them heavy and wet. It was a torturous, drawn-out pleasure that left me shaking.

But he didn't stop. His tongue kept working, relentless, demanding. The overstimulation was agonizing.

"Too much... please, it's too much," I whimpered, my hips bucking involuntarily.

He just hummed against me, the vibration sending me into another spiral. The second orgasm was closer, more intense. My body bowed, a silent scream on my lips as another wave of cum leaked from me, the panties now thoroughly soaked.

Please don't let anyone hear, please, please, the fear a distant, frantic beat beneath the overwhelming pleasure.

He still didn't stop. He was a man possessed, determined to wring every last drop of sensation from me. He added a third finger, stretching me wide, his tongue flickering against my stretched rim. The third orgasm ripped through me, a violent shudder that left me utterly spent. My eyes rolled back in my head, my body going limp on the desk. There was nothing left. I was an empty vessel.
He finally pulled back, his face glistening. He lifted me up as if I weighed nothing, rolling the sodden panties back down over my caged, leaking cock. He sat back in his chair and pulled me onto his lap, just like before, legs draped across his. But this was different. He left my head rest on his chest, my ear pressed against his heartbeat. His hand came up to stroke my long, tangled hair, his fingers combing through the strands. He sniffed my hair, inhaling deeply, then patted my head, a slow, rhythmic gesture, like I was a beloved pet, like he was a loving boyfriend letting me rest.

I was too exhausted to move, too broken to care. I just lay there, breathing in the scent of his cologne and my own degradation.
After a minute, he held my chin with his free hand, tilting my face up towards him. He lowered his head and gave me a loving French kiss. It wasn't demanding or possessive. It was slow, tender, a sharing of breath and taste. I could taste the strawberry lube, and myself, on him. I accepted this new, gentle side of Yves, raising my tired arms to wrap around his neck.

The kiss was a slow, deep tide, erasing the sharp edges of what had just happened. For five minutes, there was nothing but the soft slide of our tongues, the mingling of our breath, the gentle pressure of his lips on mine. His hands no longer roamed with ownership but cradled my face, stroking my cheeks, his thumbs wiping away the last traces of tears and my own humiliation. I, in turn, held onto him, my arms looped around his neck, my body molding to his. I wasn't

Nathania, the sissy secretary. I wasn't Nathan, the compromised employee. In that strange, suspended moment, I was just... here. Accepting. A warmth spread through my chest that had nothing to do with lust and everything to do with a terrifying, unfamiliar sense of belonging.

Finally, we parted, our lips making a soft, wet sound in the quiet office. My eyes fluttered open. His gaze was soft, the hardness replaced by a quiet contentment. He helped me up, my legs wobbly. As he stood, he began to straighten my outfit with a tenderness that was more disconcerting than any of his previous aggression. He refastened the buttons on my blouse, his fingers brushing against my skin, making me shiver. He smoothed down the gray pencil skirt, his hands lingering on my hips.

"Your panties are wet," he stated, his voice a low murmur. It wasn't an accusation. "Leave them on."

I froze. "What? But..."

"It's a reminder," he said, cutting me off gently but firmly. "A reminder of what happens when you're a good girl for me. And I want you to feel that dampness against your skin for the rest of the day. I want you to remember who you belong to."

My mind rebelled, but my body was too spent to argue. I just stood there, mute and nodding, as he finished adjusting my clothes, making me presentable again. He was right. The damp fabric clung to me, a cool, shameful constant reminder with every step I took.

***

The walk to the ladies' room was a thousand miles long. The clicking of my heels on the concrete floor echoed in the cavernous space, a metronome counting down the seconds until I was discovered. Each step made the wet panties chafe against my skin, a sticky, humiliating sensation. My heart hammered against my ribs, a frantic bird trapped in a cage of bone. What if someone came in? What if a cleaner decided this was the one floor to service today?

I pushed open the door to the pristine, empty restroom and locked it behind me, the click of the lock a small, pathetic comfort. I looked in the mirror. The person

staring back was a stranger. Mascara was smudged beneath my eyes from the tears. My lips were swollen and red. My hair was a tangled mess. I looked... used.

I turned on the tap, the cold water a shock. I splashed my face, scrubbing away the makeup, the sweat, the evidence of my submission. I rinsed my mouth with the floral-scented hand soap, desperate to erase the taste of him and the strawberry lube. I found Vivian's makeup set in my purse and meticulously reapplied it, covering the bruised-looking skin under my eyes, defining my lips, turning myself back into the doll he wanted. With every brushstroke, a wall rebuilt itself inside my head. This was a performance. An act. I was Nathan. This was just a role.

I reject this, I thought, my reflection's eyes hardening. This was... it was almost rape. That night at the salon, and now this. The logic was a lifeline. He had forced me. The photos, the threats. This wasn't me. This was a violation I was enduring to protect my life. It was a gay event I was forced to witness, not participate in. The lie was flimsy, but it was all I had.

When I returned, Yves was back at his desk, looking over some reports. The soft, almost loving man from moments ago was gone. In his place was the cool, professional department head. He glanced up as I approached, sitting demurely at my own desk.

"Alright, Nathania," he said, the name a deliberate choice to puncture my fragile reality. "Let's get to work. I need you to compile the Q3 projections for the innovation sector, cross-reference them with last year's data, and format it into a presentation for the board by Wednesday. Also, make me a coffee. Black, no sugar."

. Yves ordered food for us—sushi, of course—and we ate in silence, him scrolling through his phone, me picking at the pieces with my chopsticks, the fish tasting like ash in my mouth.

At four o'clock, Yves stood up and walked over to my desk. "It's time to change out," he said, his tone neutral. "Unless you like the attire."

"No," I said, a little too quickly. "I was just... going to the restroom."

He stopped me with a hand on my shoulder. "Change here," he said, his gaze sweeping the empty office. "No one else is here other than us. And there are no

cameras." He stated it as a simple fact, a logical reason to erode another boundary.

My cheeks burned. To change in front of him, to shed this skin with him as an audience, felt more intimate than anything we had done. "I..."

"Now, Nathania," he said, his voice leaving no room for argument.

With trembling hands, I unbuttoned the blouse and hung it on the back of my chair. I unzipped the skirt and stepped out of it. I reached for my own trousers, my suit jacket, my normal life. But as I pulled my pants up, I stopped. The hard plastic of the cage was still there, an unyielding presence. I froze, my hands hovering over my zipper.

I looked over at Yves, who was watching me with an impassive expression. "You... you didn't unlock me."

Yves sighed, a theatrical show of regret. "Ah, that. That is my mistake. I should have reminded you. But you see," he said, leaning against my desk, "I have a rule. I don't touch male groins."

My blood boiled. You didn't seem to have a problem with that an hour ago! I wanted to scream. But I didn't.

"I will unlock you tomorrow," he continued, enjoying my discomfort. "At four p.m. If you remember to remind me."

Annoyance warred with despair. This was a new game, a new way to assert control. My clock beeped, the sound jolting me. 5 PM. Freedom.

I finished dressing in silence, the cage a hateful, restrictive cage between my legs. I packed up my laptop, my movements stiff and jerky. Yves was still there, leaning against his desk, the shopping bags containing the clothes he'd given me neatly packed by his feet. He didn't give me a second glance. I didn't look at him either. I just walked out, my own shoes feeling strange and flat on my feet after a day in heels, the sound of my own footsteps a lonely echo in the empty stairwell. I walked away without a word, leaving him and the evidence of my humiliation behind.

day 2 secretary

He goes home, the drive a silent, frantic reel of the day's events. Each red light was an eternity, a chance for a passing driver to see the ghost of Nathania in his face. He walked into the house, the scent of Vivian's cooking a balm and a torment.

"Honey, you're late!" she called from the kitchen. He forced a smile, the muscles in his face aching.

"Long day."

At bedtime, the terror returned. Vivian turned to him, her body warm and inviting, a hand tracing patterns on his chest.

"I'm in the mood tonight," she whispered, her breath hot against his ear. "It's been a while."

Panic, cold and sharp, seized him.

"I... I'm just so tired, Viv," he mumbled, turning away from her onto his side. "Exhausted. Maybe tomorrow?" He held his breath, praying she wouldn't push, wouldn't try to cuddle closer and feel the hard, unyielding line of the cage under his shorts. He was scared stiff, a statue of fear hoping the darkness would hide his secret.

Vivian sighed, a soft sound of disappointment.

"Okay, honey. Don't work too hard." She chose to spoon him instead, her body a comforting weight against his back. But her hand, unlike other nights, stayed on his hip. It didn't roam. A small mercy.

He woke with the dawn, the alarm a blaring intrusion. In the shower, the next humiliation presented itself. He had to piss. He aimed as usual, and the spray went everywhere, a chaotic jet deflected by the plastic bars.

He cursed Yves, a venomous whisper lost in the sound of the water, and resigned himself to sitting down like a woman.

Breakfast was a tasteless meal eaten in silence. He left for the office at nine, each step towards the building feeling like a walk to the gallows. The fifth floor was empty again, but this time, three new shopping bags sat on his desk.

The first bag contained the main clothing. A white blouse, thin and slightly sheer, with a fitted cut. A black skirt, noticeably short. The second bag held the rest: a blue lace bra, matching blue and white striped bikini-cut panties, and a pair of black high heels with narrow 4-inch stilettos. The last bag had a luscious, long red-haired wig, the same breast prosthetics as yesterday, and a makeup set. The bag only had a note. The words were simple. "You know what to do."

Nathan gulped visibly. It wouldn't end with yesterday's event. He picked up the bags and went to the toilet to change. The feeling of it all was overwhelming. The panties felt delicate against his skin, the cage snug and hidden within the striped fabric. The weight of the prosthetics on his chest was a constant, surreal reminder of his new form. He pulled on the sheer blouse, the lace of the bra already faintly visible. The skirt was the worst; it barely reached mid-thigh. Then the wig. He pulled it on, feeling the tight straps dig into his skin. He tried to tug it, but it wouldn't budge. It was locked in place.

He looked in the mirror and froze. He looked like a secretary from a porn movie. The skirt was so high he was afraid the panties, and the cage beneath, would show if he bent even slightly. The blouse wasn’t much better. He walked back out, the high heels forcing his hips into an exaggerated sway, the tight skirt restricting his movement to small, mincing steps.



Just as he left the toilet, a pair of hands snuck around his waist, pulling him back. Nathan was in shock. Who was it? Will he be fired today? What will he tell Vivian?

The hands rotated him around until he was face to face with Yves. He pulled him in close, and Nathan felt his own caged penis press against his boss's rock-hard one. Yves grabbed his butt, thoroughly massaging it through the material, and gave him a deep, possessive French kiss. He told Nathan to meet him at his desk and assume the position on the table.

Nathan followed his order, walking to the big desk and lying on it, face up, the position from yesterday. He thought he was going to be fucked or licked, and he said his last prayers to the anal virginity he didn't know was already lost. From the breasts in front of him, he couldn't see what was happening to his groin.

He heard his boss walk slowly, then sit down, the chair creaking. Only the top of his head was visible over the desk's edge. Then he heard a soft, wet squelch. He didn't know it was lube, but the sound was unmistakable. He felt his skirt being rolled up and his underwear pushed to the side. Now he knew. He felt a cold finger enter him, then another. They scissored, stretching him. Then a third. They rubbed the cold fluid deep inside his ass. Then, just as suddenly, they left. Nathan let out an involuntary moan at the sudden emptiness.

His boss let out a low chuckle.
"Only a sissy's ass-pussy gets greedy for more."

Then something larger, firmer, was pressing against his hole. He was surprised when, after it was seated deep inside him, his boss put his skirt and underwear back in place. Yves told him to get up and go about his duties.

Nathan was puzzled until he started walking. Then he realized what it was. The plug. He stormed up to his boss, his heels clicking angrily on the floor.
"Why did you insert a plug in my ass?" he demanded, his voice a squeak of outrage.
Yves turned the question back on him.
"How do you know what a plug is?"
Nathan could only stammer. His boss's next question hit the mark.

"You masturbated with an anal plug before?"
Nathan turned red, unable to answer. Yves chuckled.

"Typical sissy, playing with her clit while dreaming of a real cock."
Yves made him focus on his secretary duties, making him walk more, fetch coffee, and deliver files. With each step, the plug shifted inside him, the 4-inch heels forcing a wide, rolling sway that made the toy press insistently against his prostate. His hips swung wide like a runway model, the combined effect making him more and more aroused. Soon he could feel a damp patch forming on his blue panties. His ass pushed out, the prosthetic breasts pushed up. He was a perfect, walking, talking wet dream

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At 3 PM, Yves suddenly knocked a stack of papers off his table.

"Nathania, pick those up," he ordered.
As Nathan began to squat, Yves stopped him.
"In Nathania mode, if you have to pick something up, you bend at the hips, not your knees."
Nathan bent over, the process taking an agonizing three minutes. He knew Yves was getting an eyeful of his panties, the base of the plug, and the outline of the cage, all visible under the ridiculously short skirt.
The plug moved with every breath he took, hitting the spot continuously. Finally, he was finished, his panties wetter than before. He looked at his boss and unconsciously peeked down. He saw Yves's straining pants.

Yves winked and gave him a smile. "It's time for dictation, babe."
Nathan didn't know what he meant until Yves gestured to the space under his desk. He made him kneel down, the carpet cushioning his bare knees. Above and behind him was the massive desk. To his front was his boss's chair, with Yves's crotch right at his eye level. He instructed him to unzip his pants and prepare for the deed.

Nathan unzipped it. It sprang out like a gigantic monster. He wondered if his ass would break if he fucked him, and shook his head to remove the impulsive gay thought. I am a man. He then chuckled to himself at the absurdity of the situation. He started to suck his dick, having done this twice already, repeating the old technique. He licked the head, cupped the balls, and kissed up and down the shaft, leaving red lipstick marks. He put the dick back in his mouth, and that was when the silence of the office evaporated.

He heard footsteps and a familiar voice coming from beyond the table. It was Jane, a work colleague from his old team. "Yves, just coming to check on the status of the Anderson project." Yves answered professionally, all business.

Oh god, oh god, please don't look down, Nathan prayed, his heart hammering against his ribs.
When Nathania stopped sucking, Yves gave him a gentle slap on the cheek. Nathan resumed, his movements frantic. Yves used his left hand to force Nathan to deep throat him, placing his hand on the back of Nath

an's head and pushing down. Nathan gagged, tears welling in his eyes.
"What was that sound?" Jane enquired, her voice closer than before.
"Nothing," Yves said smoothly. "Just a mosquito on my leg. Swatted it."

Jane started to leave. As she reached the door, she paused and turned back. "By the way, where's Nathan? He wasn't at lunch."

Nathan choked and spluttered around the cock in his throat. Jane narrowed her eyes. "What was that?"
"Nothing," Yves repeated, his voice firm. "And Nathan's out. Checking on potential work sites for the new server farm."
Thank god, Nathan thought, the relief so intense it almost made him pass out.

The sound of Jane's heels clicking away was the sweetest music he had ever heard. The office door clicked shut. Silence descended again, broken only by Yves's soft chuckle and Nathan's own ragged breathing. Yves finally released the grip on the back of Nathan's head.

Nathan let go of the cock, pulling back with a gasp, a string of saliva and cum connecting his swollen lips to Yves's glistening shaft. He took in a deep breath, and as he did, he became aware of his own body. His right hand, which had been resting on his own thigh, had snaked up the back of his skirt, hooked under the elastic of the panties, and was rhythmically pushing the anal plug in and out. His left hand was pressed against the front of the panties, rubbing the trapped, weeping cock through the soaked fabric. A flush of shame hotter than any before washed over him.

Yves grinned, looking down at the disheveled, wanton creature at his feet.

"Seems someone enjoyed herself," he purred, the nickname a twist of the knife. Nathan took that as a sign to continue. He leaned forward, his mouth open, ready to take Yves in again. The humiliation was a fire, and his body craved the fuel. His moans were constant now, a low, pathetic hum that vibrated around the cock in his mouth. Mmmph... oh god... Yves... Each push of the plug against his prostate sent a jolt straight to his caged dick, making it dribble more, soaking the blue and white striped fabric until it was transparent. His world had shrunk to this: the taste of Yves, the pressure in his ass, the throbbing ache in his groin.

Yves's face tightened, his hips beginning to thrust shallowly.
"That's it... take it all... you greedy little slut," he groaned. Nathan felt the pulse, the hot flood filling his mouth. He swallowed convulsively, the action a familiar, demeaning ritual. He held on, milking him with his lips until Yves was spent, a soft sigh escaping him.
***
Yves didn't do anything else. He simply tucked himself back into his trousers and stood up.

"Back to your desk, Nathania," he said, his tone dismissive, as if nothing had happened.
Nathan scrambled out from under the desk, his legs unsteady. As he walked back to his own seat, he could feel his cum slowly dribbling down inside his skirt, a sticky, warm trail on his inner thigh. Yves, meanwhile, strolled casually towards the washroom.
But the fire inside Nathan hadn't been extinguished. It was a banked coal, glowing with intense, humiliating heat. Once he was seated at his desk, the memory of the plug's pressure, the phantom feeling of Yves's hands, the taste of him still on his tongue, was too much. His right hand disappeared under the desk, sliding up the front of the skirt. He found the base of the plug through the soaked panties and began to play.

He pushed it in, deep, a strangled moan escaping his lips. "Ah... ahhh... yes..." He pulled it back, slowly, the flared base catching on his rim before he pushed it in again, harder this time. He tried different angles, twisting it, circling it, each movement sending a fresh wave of pleasure crashing through him.

The plug slammed against his prostate again and again. "Oh! Oh god! Right there... ngh... please..." His hips bucked, fucking the air, the chair creaking in protest. His other hand squeezed his false breast, the nipple a hard point against the lace bra. He was a mess of desperate, needy sounds, lost in a haze of self-inflicted pleasure.

Finally, the pressure peaked. A third orgasm, smaller and more pathetic than the others, ripped through him. His caged cock twitched, and a final, weak dribble of cum seeped out, adding to the already sodden mess in his panties. He slumped in his chair, panting, the post-orgasmic haze clouding his mind.
That's when he heard it. Clapping.

Slow, deliberate, mocking applause from the side. He looked up, bleary-eyed, and saw Yves leaning against the doorframe of the washroom, his phone held up, the screen glowing. He had been recording the entire thing.
"I don't remember giving you permission to masturbate, Nathania," Yves said, his voice deceptively soft.

A new wave of shame and anger surged through Nathan, hot and powerful. He stood up, his wet panties jostling around his caged dick, and stormed towards him, the clicking of his heels sounding more like a battle cry. "That's my body!" he argued, his voice trembling with rage. "You can't control everything!"

Yves's smile vanished, replaced by a chilling coldness. He stepped forward and grabbed Nathan's ass cheeks, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. A moan, completely involuntary and embarrassingly seductive, escaped Nathan's lips.

"Only Nathan belongs to Nathan," Yves corrected him, his voice a low growl. "Nathania belongs to me. Every inch. Every hole. Every pleasure." He squeezed, and Nathan whimpered. "And as punishment for your backtalk, I will not unlock your cage today either."

Nathan's defiance crumbled. "No... please, Yves," he begged, the words tumbling out. "I'll... I'll suck your dick again. I'll do whatever you want."
Yves laughed, a harsh, humorless sound.

"I can just force you to suck my dick whenever I want, Nathania. You seem to forget that." He leaned in close, his face inches from Nathan's. "And I will not take any more backtalk. Do you understand me?"

Nathan could only nod, mute and defeated.

***

Time passed, each minute an eternity of discomfort and shame. The plug inside him was a constant, maddening reminder of his submission. His panties were cold and sticky against his skin.

At 4 PM, the clock seemed to mock him. He stood up to change, the movements mechanical. Yves stopped him. "The panties first," he commanded. "Leave them here."

Nathan bent over at the hips, as instructed. The movement caused the plug to shift, a fresh wave of unwanted pleasure making him tremble. He flashed his bare ass, the base of the plug and the steel cage fully exposed to Yves's gaze. The cool AC air hit his wet skin, making him shiver, the motion looking for all the world like a girl shaking her hips while stripping. He stepped carefully out of one leg hole, then the other, using the high heel to hook the delicate fabric.

Yves commanded him. "Lift them up."
Nathan obeyed, holding the wadded, soaked piece of blue and white fabric. The smell of his own cum filled his nostrils, a scent that was both familiar and deeply alien.

"Lick all the cum off the panties," Yves ordered.
Nathan's stomach revolted, but he had no choice. He brought the fabric to his mouth and began to lap at the damp, slick material. He tried to imagine it was Vivian's pussy, something he knew and loved, but the salty, slightly bitter taste and the strange texture of the cotton wouldn't let him. He was just licking up his own pathetic, caged emissions. He licked and sucked until the fabric was relatively clean, then presented it to Yves like a dog presenting a retrieved stick.

Yves looked at it, satisfied. "This will continue for the rest of the week," he announced. "And don't even think about escaping with some medical excuse. If

you do, I'll make sure Vivian gets a very detailed photo album of 'Nathania's' work performance. Now strip. Remove the plug, get dressed, and get out."

Nathan did as he was told, his hands fumbling with the wig's straps, the prosthetics, the hated cage. The plug came out with a soft, wet pop, leaving him feeling empty and achingly exposed. He dressed in his own clothes, the rough fabric of his suit trousers a coarse punishment after the day's silks and satins.

He left without another word, the ghost of Yves's control clinging to him like the scent of roses and cum.
***
The same charade at home, but this time, Vivian didn't believe him.
"You've been 'tired' for two nights now, Nathan," she said, her arms crossed over her chest as he lay stiffly on the bed, facing away from her.

"Is something going on? Are you seeing someone else?"
"No! Of course not!" he lied, his heart pounding.
Before he could stop her, she reached over and grabbed his dick through his shorts. The hard, cold steel of the cage greeted her fingers.
There was a moment of stunned silence.

Nathan was caught. A deer in the headlights. He slowly rolled over, his face burning with shame. "It's... it's not what you think," he stammered.
"What is it, then?" she demanded, her eyes wide with a mixture of shock and anger.
He scrambled for an excuse, any excuse. "It's... it's a... a new thing I'm trying. For... for my... sperm capacity." The words were ridiculous even as he said them. "It's supposed to... build up potency."

Vivian stared at him, her expression unreadable. Then, she did the last thing he expected. She picked up her phone from the nightstand. Click. She took a photo.
"Alright, Nathan," she said, her voice dangerously calm.

day 3 secretary

Nathan's world was a carousel of humiliation. The photo of the cage on Vivian's phone, a new piece of leverage in her arsenal, hung over him like a guillotine. The memory of Yves's recording, another sword poised above his neck. He was trapped between two masters, both holding a piece of his soul hostage., and the cage was the lock on every door of escape. He spent the rest of the night rigid on his side of the bed, the silence between him and Vivian louder than any accusation.

The next day, he performed the morning rituals with a dead man's detachment. Shower, shave, sit to piss. The familiar, hateful routine. He left for the office, the drive a grey blur of dread.

On the fifth floor, the bags were waiting. A new outfit, a new persona to inhabit. The first bag contained the main clothing. Inside was a white blouse, this one thicker than the previous one, with long sleeves, a structured collar, and additional fabric detail at the front, giving it a more formal appearance. The material was still light but not overly sheer. Also inside was a dark skirt, cut to a more standard length, ending just above the knees. It was fitted but not excessively tight, with a straight, structured shape that followed the hips without clinging as closely as the shorter one.

The second bag held the undergarments. A black lace bra and a matching pair of black bikini-cut panties. The lace texture was still present, but with the thicker blouse, it would be less obvious. A pair of black closed-toe heels with approximately 4-inch stilettos was also included.

The third bag held the rest. A blonde wig this time, the same breast prosthetics, a makeup set, and... an anal plug. He picked it up. It felt slightly heavier, slightly wider than the one from the day before. He gulped.

He changed in the restroom, the process becoming sickeningly familiar. The feeling of the plug sliding in, coated in the cold lube from the small packet included, was a violation he was beginning to anticipate. *Slick... shlick...* The sound as he worked the gel into himself, then the stretch, the burn, the final *pop* as it seated deep inside. The thicker, larger plug pressed against his prostate with an insistent, maddening presence that was impossible to ignore. He felt... full. Achingly, constantly full.



The day was a study in controlled torture. Yves made him suck his dick at 11 AM, a brutal, efficient affair that left Nathan with a sore jaw and the taste of Yves on his tongue. But he was banned from touching himself. Every impulse, every instinct to relieve the building pressure was denied. He was scared and aroused, a wire pulled taut.

At lunchtime, the fear amplified. "We're eating out today, Nathania," Yves announced.

He had never felt so conspicuous. The walk to the restaurant, the sway of his hips exaggerated by the plug, the click of the stilettos on the pavement—it was a public performance. Yves had brought him to the usual restaurant he would eat at with his colleagues. He prayed, a silent, desperate prayer, that they wouldn't come today.

He sighed with relief as he saw no familiar faces. He ordered his food, his voice a practiced, feminine soprano. But just as the waiter placed the plate in front of him, he saw them. Jane and the rest of his old team, laughing as they entered the restaurant.

He was scared stiff, his knuckles white as he gripped his fork, hoping they wouldn't look his way. They didn't at first. But Yves had noticed his reactions when Jane entered, and a slow, predatory grin spread across his face. Nathan pleaded with him with his eyes, a frantic, silent begging.

Yves just leaned in and whispered, "Follow my plan, Nathania. Unless you want to be caught?"
Yves got up. He walked over to Jane's table. Then, he turned back and held out a hand to Nathan. "Come, darling."
Heart pounding, Nathan placed his palm in Yves's. He stood, his legs trembling, and let Yves lead him over like a lover.
The staff recognized him. "Mr. Yves! A pleasure as always." They exchanged pleasantries. Soon, the topic turned to Nathania. "And who is this lovely lady?"
Yves introduced her to them. "This is Nathania. My girlfriend."
They congratulated him. "We had no idea, Yves! Congratulations!" They talked to Nathania, asking her questions. Nathania, as usual, talked in her practiced female voice, which deceived them completely. "It's... so wonderful to meet all of you. Yves talks about his team all the time."

Nathan couldn't stand it anymore. His knees were trembling from the constant arousal of the larger plug, the sheer terror of being recognized making him dizzy. He pulled on Yves's hand like a clingy girlfriend. "Yves, honey," he said, the words feeling like acid in his throat, "we really have to get back to work soon."

He used his other hand to tug on Yves's arm, a performance of feminine impatience that felt horribly real. His heart hammered against his ribs, a frantic drumbeat against the backdrop of their cheerful curiosity. The larger plug, a constant, heavy presence inside him, seemed to pulse with every terrified thump, sending jolts of unwelcome pleasure straight to his caged cock.

Yves, ever the orchestrator, gave him an indulgent smile. "Patience, my love," he said to the table, though his eyes were locked on Nathan's. He squeezed Nathan's hand, a proprietary gesture that made Nathan's skin crawl. "She's so eager. We have that project deadline looming."

Jane laughed, a friendly, unaware sound. "Don't we know it! Tell her we understand completely, Yves. You keep him in line, okay, Nathania?"
Nathan could only manage a weak, breathy laugh, his face burning. "I'll... I'll do my best," he squeaked, pulling again on Yves's arm. This time, it was more desperate. "Please, Yves. The report..."

Yves finally relented, playing the part of the henpecked boyfriend to perfection. "Alright, alright, I'm coming," he said with a theatrical sigh. "Duty calls. It was a pleasure seeing you all. We'll have to do this again soon."

The group waved them off with friendly smiles. As they walked out of the restaurant, Nathan felt like he was walking the Green Mile. Once they were back on the pavement, he let go of Yves's arm, stumbling a step as the plug shifted with the sudden movement. He waited for the punishment, for the biting comment, the painful twist of an arm.

But Yves was just chuckling. A low, genuine sound of amusement. "I have to admit, Nathan," he said, dropping the feminine name now that they were alone, "I didn't expect you to act so convincingly. The clingy girlfriend... that was a nice touch."
Nathan felt a fresh wave of humiliation. He hadn't been acting. Not completely. The terror had been real, the need to escape overwhelming. He had just channeled it into a performance Yves approved of.

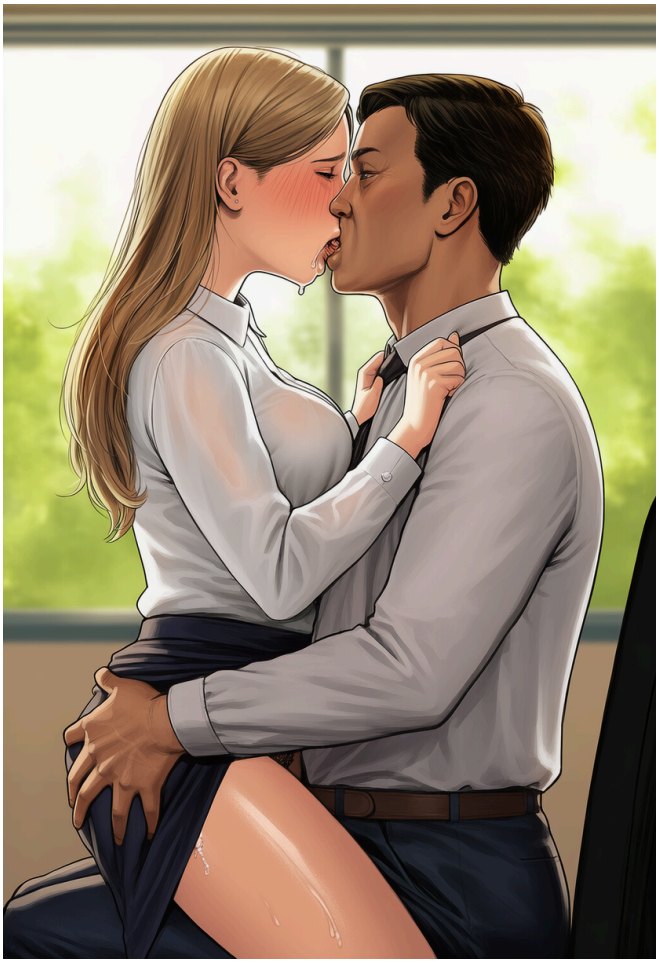
"You did well," Yves continued, his tone turning slightly predatory. "So well, in fact, that I think you deserve a reward for this... back at the office."
The word 'reward' sent a shiver down Nathan's spine that had nothing to do with the cool afternoon air. He felt a fresh dribble of pre-cum wet the front of the black lace panties. He followed Yves back to the office, the click-clack of their heels the only sound between them, each step a reminder of the plug inside him and the reward that awaited.
***
They finished the office work in a tense silence. Nathan typed and filed, the constant pressure of the plug making it hard to focus. His arousal was a low, thrumming hum beneath his skin, a prisoner denied any release. He could feel the wet patch on his panties growing, the slick fabric a shameful, constant reminder of his body's betrayal.
At 3 PM, the intercom on Nathan's desk buzzed, making him jump. Yves's voice was a smooth, lazy drawl. "My office. Now."
Nathan's stomach dropped. He was horrified, thinking it would be another round of public, degrading blowjobs. At the same time, he was exceedingly aroused. Three

days. Three days of constant stimulation, of being brought to the edge and denied, of having his prostate relentlessly pummeled while his own cock was locked away, impotent. He stood up on shaky legs and walked to the office.

He started to kneel down by reflex, his training taking over, assuming his position. Instead, strong hands caught him under the arms. Yves lifted him with an ease that was both terrifying and thrilling, and put him astride his lap, facing him. Nathan gasped, straddling his boss, the plug pressing deeper inside him. He wondered if this was going to be a repeat of Monday, the grinding, the teasing.

Yves's hands went straight to Nathan's back. He found the zipper of the dark skirt. The metallic rasp was loud in the quiet room. *Zzzzzzip.* He slid his hands down the loosened fabric, past the waistband of the panties. He pushed the black lace aside, his fingers cool against Nathan's hot skin. He found the base of the plug and began to pull.

Nathan felt the sudden emptiness as the wider part of the plug passed his rim. The sensation was a jarring, hollow ache. His mouth opened in a soft, girly moan, and his eyes fluttered shut. "Ah...!"



Yves chose that exact moment to go in for a French kiss, swallowing the moan. He plundered Nathan's mouth, his tongue possessive and deep. At the same time, he brought the slick plug up between them. Nathan felt the cool, wet silicone press against his inner thigh, then slide towards his exposed, puckered hole.

Yves didn't wait. He used the toy to fuck him, plunging it back in with a wet, obscene *schlick*. Nathan whimpered into Yves's mouth, the sound muffled by the kiss. "Mmmph..." Yves pulled it out slowly, the toy dragging against his sensitive walls, then thrust it back in, harder this time. *Squelch.* The larger plug stretched him more, the burn and pleasure blending into a dizzying spiral. He could feel the wet lube leaking out, coating his inner thighs. Yves set a ruthless rhythm, fucking him with the toy while deep-kissing him, a coordinated assault on all his senses. "Hngh! Ah! Yves...!" The names and sounds were a garbled mess, lost in their joined mouths. The plug's tip hammered his prostate, sending electric shocks through his caged cock. He was drooling, a complete mess, unable to do anything but take it.

The relentless stimulation was too much. Finally, Nathan erupted. He felt a hot, sudden rush in his panties as they flooded with cum. His neck lost all power, and his head rolled back, breaking the kiss as he let out a long, shuddering cry of release. His whole body convulsed, a violent tremor running through him as he spilled everything he had into the soaking fabric. He collapsed against Yves's chest, boneless and panting, the world spinning.

Yves let him rest there for a moment, stroking the blonde wig. Then, with clinical detachment, he pushed the slick plug back inside Nathan's now-loose ass. *Pop.* He zipped up the skirt and gently nudged Nathan off his lap. Nathan stumbled, his legs weak, the plug settling back into its dominant position inside him. He rested for what felt like a lifetime, leaning against the desk, his mind a blank slate of satiated shame. After a few minutes, Yves made him get up and go back to his work. Nathan walked back to his desk, the squelch in his panties with every step a fresh, sticky humiliation.

***

4 PM came. The end of the day's sentence. He approached Yves's desk, his posture subservient. "Sir," he said, his voice soft. "About... the cage."

Yves gave him the keys to unlock it. They felt small and insignificant in his hands. Nathan's fingers trembled as he took the small, cool keys. They felt heavy, weighted with a promise of freedom he hadn't dared to hope for. He retreated to the privacy of the restroom, the click of the lock behind him a sacred sound. He

didn't bother with the stall. He leaned against the sink, his reflection a stranger's—blonde wig, smudged makeup, a woman on the verge of breaking.

He fumbled with the lock on the cage, the tiny mechanism fighting him. Finally, a click. The plastic and metal contraction loosened. He pulled it away, the feeling of air on his bare cock for the first time in days a shock so intense it was almost painful. It was already hard, straining, angry red from prolonged confinement. A wave of dizziness washed over him, the simple act of blood rushing to fill the tissue making him feel faint.

Next was the plug. He reached back, the awkward position a familiar indignity. His fingers found the flared base. He took a deep breath and pulled. The stretch was a dull, burning ache as the widest part passed his rim, then a sudden, hollow emptiness as it slid free with a wet schlorp. He placed it on the counter, a glistening, menacing trophy. Freedom. It was a dizzying, terrifying relief. He felt raw, open, and vulnerable, but for the first time that week, he was just Nathan. Almost.

He had started to pull on his own trousers when a sound stopped him. An ahem. A soft, deliberate throat-clearing from the doorway.

Yves was leaning against the frame, arms crossed. His eyes flicked from Nathan's face down to the discarded clothes, then to the small pile of feminine items on the counter.

"You're forgetting something," Yves said, his voice a low purr.

Nathan did an internal sigh, a desperate, silent scream. He knew. He always knew. He turned, his movements stiff, and bent over at the hips, the posture now ingrained in his muscle memory. He reached for the black lace panties, crumpled in a heap on the floor. He picked them up, the fabric still damp and clinging, the sour smell of his own stale cum filling his nostrils. He held them up, the evidence of his pathetic, caged orgasms.

He brought them to his lips, his stomach churning. He looked up and met Yves's gaze, a silent plea in his eyes, but found only cold amusement. He stuck out his tongue and took a slow, deliberate lick. The fabric was stiff and scratchy against his taste buds. He could taste himself—salty, slightly bitter, the flavor of his own humiliation. He flattened his tongue and lapped at the wettest spot, the center of

the stain, scrubbing the material clean. His mind raced, trying to find a place to go, but there was nowhere. There was only this. Only the taste, the texture, the absolute degradation. He sucked the fabric into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks, mimicking the motions he'd performed on Yves just hours before. He swirled his tongue around, cleaning every last trace of his release, the act a final, complete act of surrender. He pulled the now-sodden lace from his mouth, a thin string of saliva connecting it to his lips. He held it out to Yves, palm up, a sacrificial offering.

Yves inspected it, a faint smirk on his lips. "Good girl," he said softly, before turning and walking away. "Get dressed. "

Nathan shuddered, a full-body tremor. He quickly cleaned himself up, scrubbed his face raw with soap and water, and pulled on his own clothes. The rough fabric of his suit trousers felt like armor. He packed away the evidence of Nathania—wig, prosthetics, soiled panties—his movements efficient and numb. At 5 PM, he left the office

***

He went home, the drive a silent, empty space where he tried to reclaim himself. At home, the same quiet routine, but tonight, something shifted. He climbed into bed, the familiar weight of his own body a comfort. He didn't turn away. He spooned Vivian, his freed cock pressing against the soft curve of her ass. It was still half-hard from the day's denied frustrations, a traitorous organ with its own agenda.

Vivian stirred, pressing back against him. She felt the hard length and her breathing hitched. "Nathan," she whispered, her voice thick with sleep and something else. He felt her hand reach back, her fingers tracing the shape of him through his shorts. Without another word, she rolled over to face him. Her eyes were dark in the dim light.

2nd triple date

Without another word, she rolled over to face him. Her eyes were dark in the dim light. The silence was thick with unspoken questions, but she didn't ask. Instead, she leaned in and kissed him, a deep, searching kiss that tasted of loneliness and a desperate need for connection. Nathan responded, pulling her close, the raw, animal need for affirmation driving him. He made love to her with a ferocity that startled them both, a desperate attempt to reclaim his masculinity, to feel like himself again. There was no mention of the cage, only the familiar, comforting rhythm of their bodies moving together, a fleeting island of normalcy in the storm of his life.

***

The workplace charade continued, a descending spiral into hell. Wednesday blurred into Thursday, which bled into Friday. Each day followed the same script: the bags, the transformation, the increasingly large plug stretching him to new limits of pain and pleasure, the tight cage constricting him until he ached. The daily blowjob became a ritual he no longer needed to be forced into; he began to perform it voluntarily, a surrender so complete it was easier than fighting. He would kneel, open his mouth, and service Yves, the act a bizarre, twisted penance that somehow kept the darkness at bay. Each day he was allowed to unlock himself at 4 PM, each day forced to lick his own filth from the panties before changing back. He was a ghost haunting two lives, neither truly belonging to him.

***

On Saturday, Nathan woke up with the light, a genuine smile touching his lips for the first time in a week. The humiliation was over. For two glorious days, he could just be Nathan. He stretched, feeling the unfamiliar comfort of his own skin, the absence of the plug a quiet blessing.

His wife had other plans. She was already awake, watching him with a knowing smile. In her hand was a pink, disposable razor.

"Good morning, Nathalie," she said, the name landing like a stone. "It's time for girl time."

He protested, the words tumbling out, a mix of confusion and anger. "Vivian, no. The week is over. I can't..."

She wouldn't hear a word of it. Her smile remained, but it had a hard, unyielding edge. "Just get rid of it. All of it."

Unluckily for him, he didn't have much body hair to begin with, and he had already shaved most of it under Yves's cruel command. He went to the bathroom, the mechanical scrape of the razor against his skin a familiar, hated sound. He shaved

what little was left around his groin, the skin coming up smooth and unnaturally bare. He came out of the bathroom, feeling exposed and raw.

Vivian was waiting for him, her hands behind her back. "Close your eyes," she said, her voice a soft, hypnotic whisper.

He did, a knot of dread tightening in his stomach. He felt her push him gently back onto the edge of the bed. He heard a soft click, a faint hum. Then he felt it. A wet, warm heat enveloping his soft cock. *Mmmph...* He gasped, his hands clenching the bedspread. It was Vivian's mouth. She was sucking him, her tongue swirling around the head, her lips a tight, perfect ring. His mind reeled. This wasn't punishment; this was pleasure. But it was pleasure on her terms.

He felt her other hand move, tracing down the crease of his ass. A slick, cool finger circled his puckered hole, probing gently. *Oh god... Vivian...* He felt the pressure increase, and then a wider, firmer object was being pressed against him. It wasn't a finger. It was a silicone vibrator, sleek and lubricated. It was larger than the one Yves had used on him on Friday. He felt himself stretching, burning, a full, intense pressure as she pushed it inside him. It seated deep, the blunt head pressing hard against his prostate. *Ahhh...! Fuck...!* The vibrations started, a low, deep thrum that sent seismic waves of pleasure through his entire body. He couldn't stop it. He was going to cum.

Nathan started to cum, the orgasm ripped from him by the dual sensations of her mouth and the relentless vibration. He felt the hot spurts, felt her swallowing it all, her throat working around him. He felt his cock going soft in her warm, wet hand. And that's when he heard it. A small, metallic *click*.

He opened his eyes in shock. Looking down, he saw a pink cage, smaller and more delicate than the one Yves had put on him, was now locked securely around his softened cock and balls. It was a perfect, pretty prison.

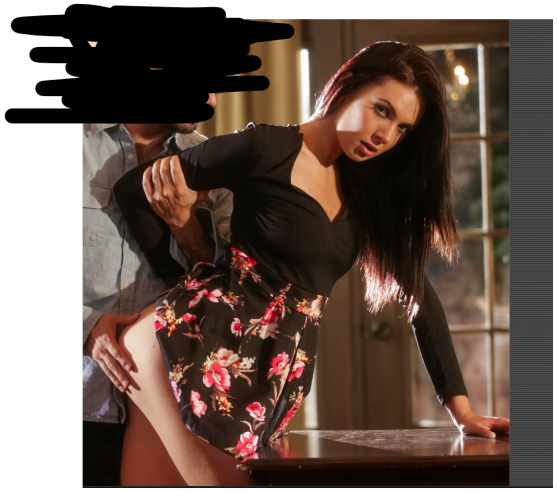
He demanded to know why she locked him, his voice a choked, horrified whisper. "Vivian... why?"

But she turned it against him instantly, her logic a flawless, twisting knife. "It's to improve your pleasure, my love," she said, her tone sweet as poison. "After all, didn't you tell me the same reason just a few days ago? Something about 'sperm capacity'?"

Hearing no rebuttal, seeing him silenced by her use of his own lie, she smiled. She brought out a small medical kit and from it, a saline syringe. Nathan looked at it, the needle long and thin, his blood running cold. "Why?" he asked, the word a bare whisper.

She ignored his question. "Hold still." The pinprick was a sharp, shocking sting on his chest. He felt a strange, spreading fullness as she injected the saline, a sensation of pressure and bloating that was deeply unsettling. "Perfect," she murmured, examining her work. "Now, for your outfit for the day."

She laid out the clothes on the bed. There was a fitted black long-sleeved top made from smooth, stretch fabric. It had a close fit through the torso and arms, with a modest neckline and a clean, minimal design. Next to it was a short skirt with a dark base color and a floral pattern in red and lighter tones. The skirt was high-waisted and made from a soft, lightweight material. It was cut short, ending high on the thighs, with a loose outer layer that draped slightly over the hips.
He only saw a top and a skirt. He didn't see the trap. He put on the black lace bra and the light brown panties she handed him, the cage pressing uncomfortably against the fabric. Finally, she placed a long black wig on his head, the dark strands a stark contrast to the blonde "Nathania" he wore at work.



She sat him down and did his makeup with practiced, efficient movements.
As she was done, she leaned back, admiring her work. "You know," she commented, "you look just like my sister." She gave him a wet, lingering kiss on the lips. "Now, meet me downstairs for breakfast." She rushed off first, leaving him alone in the room.
Nathan slowly followed, mincing in the unfamiliar heels. He caught sight of himself in the bedroom floor-length mirror and stopped dead. Looking back at him was a girl. The black top was tight, outlining the false curves of the prosthetics. The floral skirt was scandalously short, and with every step, the loose outer layer swayed, offering tantalizing glimpses of the light brown panties beneath. His arousal was a

low hum, amplified by the insistent vibration in his ass. His butt wiggled with every mincing step, a motion that was both humiliating and, to his horror, felt natural. He looked down at his assets, the soft curve of the false hips and the bare skin of his thighs. At least it was loose, he sighed, the skirt less constricting than Yves's tight pencil skirts.

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They ate breakfast, the silence comfortable for her, suffocating for him. They spent the day doing what they normally would do on a weekend, but him in Nathalie mode. He was dusting the living room, the vibrations a low, constant distraction, when it happened.

(erotica on)

He felt a sudden, strong vibration from deep inside him. It wasn't a steady hum anymore; it was a powerful, jackhammering pulse that seemed to hit his prostate directly. He squirmed, letting out a high-pitched, girly whimper. "Ah! Vivian!" His legs gave out, and he sank to his knees on the plush carpet, the vibration shaking him to the core. He looked around wildly and saw Vivian, leaning against the doorframe, a small remote in her hand.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," she said, her tone completely absent-minded, "it's a vibrator." She turned a dial, and the intense pulsing faded. "I am going to keep it on for the rest of the day," she said, as if commenting on the weather.

Nathan rose to his feet, breathing a sigh of relief that it was only the lowest level. A silent, pleasant hum was barely audible, the vibrations in his ass barely felt. However, he soon realized the true trouble in thirty minutes. As he rested on the sofa, the panties already soaking wet with a fresh leak of pre-cum, he realized he couldn't let the arousal subside. He had assumed that wearing a plug for a week had made him get used to its sensations, but this persistent, maddening vibration changed everything. The constant, low-level stimulation was a form of torture in itself. He kept silently whimpering to himself. "Ngh... oh god... it's... it's always there... ah... please..." He squeezed his thighs together, trying to find a position that didn't make it feel so good, but every movement seemed to shift it just right against that sensitive spot inside him. "Hnnn... can't... can't think... Vivian... it won't stop... ahhh... please, turn it off... mmmph..." The sexy torture continued for two agonizing hours. He finally got a break when Vivian's phone rang. She answered it, her expression growing serious. "I have to go," she said, ending the call. "I'll be back by 3 PM." She grabbed her keys and rushed out, leaving him alone with the humming, buzzing traitor inside him.

The house was quiet once again. Nathan got a sense of déjà vu. Didn't this occur last week? He got up on his trembling legs and walked to the front window, mincing more than normal, as if he were still under Yves's watchful eye at the office. He saw her car peel off the driveway.

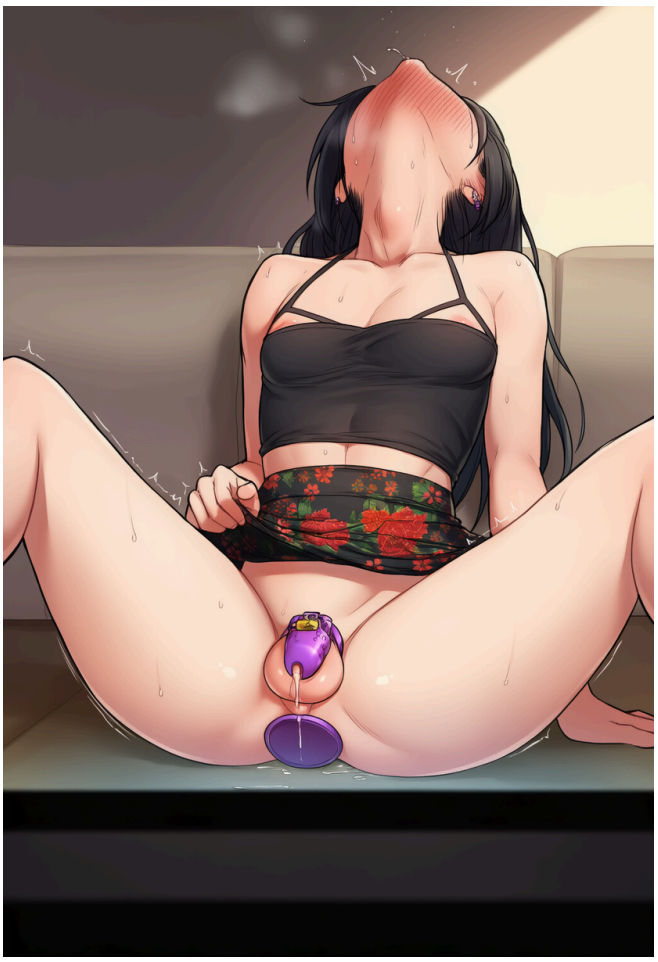
He walked back to the sofa, the vibrations a constant, maddening presence. He sat down, turned on the TV, and connected to the internet. He navigated to Pornhub, his movements desperate, and streamed straight porn, hoping the sight of a woman would be enough to get him off normally. As he reached under his skirt and touched the moist, slick fabric of his panties, he realized the problem. The pink cage was a complete barrier. He just assured himself it was because he was desperate and moved his hand to his ass. He worked his fingers into the waistband of the panties and hooked them around the base of the vibrator. He took it out. It came free with a satisfying *pop*, leaving him feeling suddenly, achingly empty.

He stared at it. It looked like a dick. A sleek, silicone, seven-inch dick. He held it in his hand and watched the TV. He had selected "random," and it had landed on a workplace scene between a boss and his secretary. He laughed at it, a bitter, hollow sound. The boss began by giving her a morning kiss, then got her to suck his dick, saying it was "dicktation time."

Nathan recalled Yves doing the same to him, the word a cruel joke. On screen, the actress, a pretty brunette, knelt and took the boss's cock in her mouth. Nathan, in a trance, found himself bringing the vibrator to his own lips. He was doing it before he realized it. He was sucking the vibrator in front of him, mimicking the actress's motions. He swirled his tongue around the silicone head, tasting the faint, sterile taste of lube and his own ass. He hollowed his cheeks, taking it deeper, just as she was. *Schlick... slurp... mmmph...* Meanwhile, his caged cock spewed more pre-cum, the front of the panties becoming a sodden mess.

Once she was done, the boss on screen flipped her onto her back on the large desk and started fucking her, his hips pistoning into her. Nathan, still in a trance, lay down on the sofa, hiking up his floral skirt. He did the same with the vibrator, guiding it back to his ass. The vibration was still ongoing, a low, insistent buzz. He was imagining himself as the actress and the boss as Yves. He pushed the toy inside, a long, slow slide that filled him completely. "Ahhh... yes... Yves... fuck me..." He started to move it in and out, matching the rhythm of the actor on screen. "Ngh... harder... oh god... yes... right there..." The vibrations against his prostate were intense, a building pressure that dwarfed everything else. His hips bucked off the sofa, fucking himself with the toy, lost in the fantasy. He came at the same time

the actress did, a silent, shuddering orgasm as the hot cum dribbled pathetically through the small gaps in the pink cage, soaking into the light brown panties.



As he finished cumming, he got up in a practiced moment. He bent over at the waist, a motion now as natural as breathing. He pulled the sodden panties down and brought them to his mouth. He licked them clean, savoring the familiar, humiliating taste, while on the TV, the actress was doing the same, licking the boss's cock clean of her own pussy juices. He had forgotten he was at home and acted as if he was still at the office, following the ritual Yves had drilled into him. After he finished, the dazed, post-orgasmic haze began to clear. He looked at the wet panties in his hand. He looked at the TV screen. He looked down at the pink cage between his legs. The full weight of what he had just done, what he had become, crashed down on him. He sank to his knees, a choked sob escaping his throat.

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Later, Vivian arrived at 3 PM. She came in and noticed his tear-streaked, makeup-less face. She didn't inquire about it. "Go shower yourself," she said, her tone brisk. "And remove the vibrator and wig before you do so."

Nathan did as he was told, the hot water of the shower doing little to wash away the shame. He came out of the shower, feeling fresh on the skin but soiled to the core. When he came out of the bathroom, on the bed was a new outfit. The items were laid out together, a meticulously staged scene.

There was a blue lace dress, fitted and cut to follow the shape of the body, with a high neckline and no sleeves. The fabric was patterned and slightly textured, with a shorter length that ended mid-thigh.



Beside it was a matching underwear set in a similar shade of blue. The bra and thong were made from sheer mesh with lace detailing, along with an additional garter-style piece that wrapped around the waist. The materials were thin and decorative, with limited coverage.



A pair of nude-colored heels was included, closed-toe with narrow 4-inch stilettos. Vivian was already dressed. She was wearing a red version of the same outfit, the dress clinging to her curves, the red a stark, vibrant color against her skin. She looked like a goddess, and he was her doll. "Come on, Nathalie," she said, her voice soft but commanding. "Let's get you ready."
She helped him into the blue dress, her hands cool against his skin as she adjusted the fit. She fastened the garter belt around his waist, then guided his feet into the sheer, seamed stockings, clipping them into place with delicate, precise movements. She handed him the tiny blue thong, and he pulled it on, the fabric disappearing into the cleft of his ass. Finally, she helped him into the heels, her hands steadying his ankles. He was a perfect, matching doll in blue to her lady in red. "Beautiful," she breathed, stepping back to admire her creation. "Now, let's go. We're going out."

Nathan asked, "Huh? What do you mean?"

At that sound, he heard a knock on the door. Vivian answered him, her smile never wavering. "That's our signal."

Nathan was confused. What happened? Who was it? Don't let it be a friend or someone he knows. A cold dread coiled in his stomach.

Vivian gave Nathan a blue clutch purse to match his dress, while she picked up a red one for herself. Then, without another word, she took his hand. The sound of their heels striking the wooden stairs in near-perfect sync, a sharp, rhythmic click-clack-click-clack, echoed in the quiet house. Vivian opened the front door.

It was none other than Yves.

He was dressed in a flawlessly tailored black suit, a crimson tie at his throat, and in his hand, he held two perfect, deep red roses.

Yves let out a low, appreciative whistle as the door opened. "Wow, you two are so sexy and beautiful." He stepped forward and gave each of them a kiss on the cheek, his cologne a spicy, dominant cloud that filled the entryway. The scent alone was enough to make Nathan's stomach clench. That was the moment that Nathan had the realization. This wasn't a fantasy. This was real. And yes, he was scared. He stopped dead in his tracks, wanting only to go back inside, to slam the door and hide, but Yves urged him forward, his arm circling tightly through Nathan's, pulling him close.

They all climbed into the limousine he had rented, the plush leather a cold shock against Nathan's bare thighs. Yves gave directions to the driver, then slid into the seat, patting the space beside him. "Nathalie, sit here." Nathan complied, feeling trapped. Vivian sat opposite them, her expression carefully neutral, though Nathan could see a flicker of something in her eyes. Jealousy. He looked at her as if pleading to exchange seats with her.

Yves just laughed, a deep, confident sound that vibrated through the car. "Ladies, ladies, you can fight over who gets me first later."

***

Pulling up outside a very upmarket little Italian restaurant, they stood on the pavement as Yves slipped one arm through Nathan's and the other through Viv's. They walked in arm in arm. Nathan was expecting lots of knowing snickering stares, but there was nothing. Nobody even blinked, although they did get a few admiring glances, mostly for Viv, Nathan was sure.

Yves made a big deal of ordering for them, switching to fluent, charming Italian with the waiter. Granted, he was very charming and giving, but so pompous. Nathan wanted to hate the meal but unfortunately, it was amazing. He had never

seen Viv so outgoing and bubbly, her laughter ringing through the cozy, candlelit restaurant.

Personally, Nathan couldn't get comfortable, continually glancing around, looking for gossip about the bloke in the dress. It was impossible to relax. Every clink of a fork, every murmur of conversation from another table, felt like it was about him.

As they were leaving, Yves announced they were going shopping. That sent Viv into raptures, which pissed Nathan off. She was carrying on like he had never taken her shopping before. It annoyed him that she was making such a big deal over him, fawning over him like he was a king.

She hung on to every cheesy word that came out of his mouth, laughing outrageously at his flimsy, weak jokes, and Nathan had to force himself to laugh along as well. By the end of the shopping trip, they had drunk enough champagne that Nathan was feeling tipsy, the alcohol blunting the sharp edges of his fear but leaving a fuzzy, disconnected dread in its place.

***

At the local shopping centre, Yves announced pretentiously, "Girls, just choose whatever you want, don't even look at the price tags."

Viv headed straight to the little clothes boutique, dragging Nathan along reluctantly. She held up dress after dress, skirts and tops, her eyes sparkling with delight. "Oh damn, Nathalie, I can't choose, which ones do you like?"

Yves poked his nose in before Nathan could answer and moaned dramatically. "For the love of god, woman, just get them all." Viv leaned in close to him and gave him a big, wet, sloppy smooch right there in the middle of the aisle. "Thank you, lover," she cooed sexily. She turned and smiled at Nathan. "Come on, slow coach, choose something."

Nathan didn't want anything from him; the situation was making him nervous enough. He mumbled, "I can't find anything I like."

Viv gave him a funny look, a flash of disappointment in her eyes, but didn't press it. Instead, she took over, spending an hour looking around, with both of them ending up with arms full of bags of clothes. Vivian had great joy choosing clothes for

Nathan from delicate, sheer lingerie to everyday wear and even tiny, revealing beachwear, although he had protested he wouldn't be wearing it.

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Soon they stopped at a cafe. Yves went in to order. Nathan flopped down into a chair, his heels killing him. Viv grabbed his arm, her grip surprisingly tight. "What the hell is the matter with you?"

"Yeah, well, this is hard for me," Nathan hissed back, keeping his voice low. "I feel totally exposed, like everyone is staring at me. I am not enjoying this at all. And the heels and dress aren't helping."

She hunched her shoulders, sighing. "Babe, you have to chill. There is nothing to be nervous about, nobody cares. Guys have been checking you out all morning, so stop worrying. Yves thinks he has done something to upset you."

Just then Yves returned with their drinks. Viv gave him another big, sloppy kiss and purred huskily, "Thanks, babe, you're the best."

Viv poked Nathan's side, a clear instruction. He leaned in awkwardly and gave Yves an equally sloppy, forced kiss on the cheek. "Th-thank you for the clothes," he mumbled.

Yves just grabbed both Nathan and Vivian by their waists, pulling them close. "My pleasure," he said, and sat down.

They drank their coffees, and Viv babbled on continuously. In between her chatter, she kept snogging Yves, her hand had disappeared below the table, and judging by the wide grin on Yves's face, she was playing with him.

Then out of the blue, she leaned over and kissed Nathan as well, her hand holding his head as she erotically swirled her tongue around his mouth, slithering enticingly along his. As they separated, Nathan could see people all around the café staring at them, and there were a few cries of astonishment.

Yves and Viv both laughed, but Nathan was mortified. "Please, let's get out of here." He jumped up and headed for the street. They caught up with him, and Viv grabbed his arm. "Slow down, babe, stop being so bitchy."

"Fuck, Viv! Didn't you see all those people staring? Bloody hell, what's gotten into you?"

She giggled, a light, airy sound that grated on Nathan's nerves. "Don't be such a stick in the mud. It's what's going to get into me later that I'm interested in."

Yves watched their exchange with an amused smirk, then flagged a taxi. Nathan was relieved they were going home, but his relief turned to confusion as the taxi turned down an unknown street and stopped in front of a house, slightly larger than his own. Yves opened the door for both of them, cementing in Nathan's mind that he was the lady tonight, a passenger in his own life.

As Yves unlocked the front door, Viv pulled Nathan into a very sexy, demanding kiss. Yves joined the embrace, and soon it was his tongue that was dancing with Nathan's, waltzing and gliding sensuously around the confines of his mouth. Viv moved behind him, her succulent lips sliding wetly all over his neck and shoulders. She whispered in his ear, "Thank you for today, babe, you were so brave. I loved it."

All of Nathan's complaints were strangled by her sexy words and the overwhelming sensations.

He turned, and they kissed again. Yves's hard cock was jutting into his ass through the fabric of their clothes as his hands wandered over Nathan's body, fondling and caressing. Nathan's own cock was trying to push its way out from under the confines of the pink cage. Yves's big hand rubbed and squeezed Nathan's ass, kneading it roughly through the thin fabric of the dress. Nathan could feel his knees going weak as Yves caressed and touched his asshole from outside the dress. "Oh, fuck," he moaned breathlessly into Yves's open mouth.

"You like that, do you, my angel?" Yves murmured, his voice a low growl.

"God, yes." The words were out of Nathan's mouth before he could stop them, but god, it felt good. His hands were rough and strong, so completely different to Viv's dainty little digits.

Yves lifted Nathan in a princess carry and switched to the sofa. He placed her down on his left, a delicate doll in blue lace, and sat down beside her. He ordered Vivian, a vision in red, to bring champagne from the kitchen. While she was gone, Yves's hand crept up Nathan's sheer stocking, the rough texture of his fingers a

stark contrast to the smooth nylon. Under Nathan's dress, the heat of his palm radiated through the thin fabric of the thong. Nathan's heart hammered against his ribs, terrified he would find the cage, would discover the final, humiliating secret. He gave Yves a sloppy, desperate kiss, a clumsy attempt at distraction.

It was during the kiss that he saw Yves's other hand slide up Vivian's dress. He watched, mesmerized, as her eyes fluttered shut, her mouth falling open in a silent 'O' of ecstasy. A sharp, unexpected pang of jealousy shot through him. But for whom? He didn't know.

During their kiss, Yves's hand on Nathan changed its path, bypassing the caged groin entirely. His finger, cool and slick, found the sensitive rim of Nathan's asshole. It plunged in without warning. *Schlick...* The sound was obscenely wet in the quiet room. "Ahh! Nnngh... Yves...!" Nathan whimpered, the sound muffled against Yves's lips. His back arched, pushing his ass further onto the invading digit. His caged cock twitched, another hot spurt of pre-cum soaking the already damp lace of the blue thong. He was so lost in the feeling, the burning stretch, the fullness, that he didn't know Vivian was getting the same treatment on the other side.

The scene was a symphony of soft moans and wet sounds. "Mmmph... oh god... yes... please..." Nathan whined, his hips rocking in a mindless rhythm. He could feel Yves's knuckle pressing against the base of the cage with every thrust of his finger. The dual sensations of being filled and being constricted were maddening.

Then, a new sensation. Yves added a second finger, the stretch more intense, the burn sharper. *Schlorp... schlorp... schlorp...* went the wet, rhythmic intrusion. "Oh! Oh fuck! Yes! Right there! AHHH!" Nathan cried out, his head thrown back. His ass twitched and clenched around Yves's fingers. His caged cock was now constantly leaking, the front of the thong a soaked, clinging mess. He felt the pressure building, an undeniable tide rising from deep within his core. He was going to cum. "I'm... I'm gonna... ahhh... YVES!"

He came with a choked sob, a dry, painful orgasm that left him shuddering and gasping. His whole body convulsed, a wave of pleasure so intense it was almost agony, wracking his frame. A moment later, he heard Vivian cry out, a high, sweet sound of release that mirrored his own. They had cum together, two puppets on the same string.

After they both recovered, Yves brought them to their knees on the plush carpet in front of him. Nathan, from the secretary training that had been burned into his muscle memory, immediately started sucking Yves's cock in the manner Yves liked, taking it deep, hollowing his cheeks, and swirling his tongue around the

head. *Slurp... schlick... mmmph...* He was a well-trained instrument, and the performance surprised Vivian, who stared with wide, curious eyes for a moment before joining in. Soon, they were kissing with the hard shaft of Yves's cock between their lips, their tongues meeting and sliding over each other, strands of saliva trailing from the cock to their mouths.

He was preparing to swallow Yves's giant load when Yves pulled out of Nathan's mouth, grunting. "Oh, fuck, here it comes." He held tightly onto Nathan's head as he stroked his cock, keeping the knob firmly against Nathan's face. "Fuck, I am going to cum, yes, yes... all over your face." Nathan felt Viv's hand grip his hair, stopping him from pulling back. The first powerful jet squirted over his cheek, then his nose, and some even went in his eye as Yves kept spurting his white-hot goo everywhere.

Nathan felt entirely humiliated, appalled at Yves's disregard for him. As Yves stopped cumming, he wiped his cock across Nathan's face, smearing and spreading it over every inch of his skin. He laughed. "Good girl, god you are a delight." His glare was contemptuous as he gazed down at Nathan. "Did you like that, my slutty cocksucking angel? Did you enjoy the feel of my sperm on your sweet cheeks?"

Nathan knelt there, trembling, the hot, slick mess cooling on his face. He could feel it trickling down his temple, a glob of it catching in his eyelash, blurring his vision. His caged cock gave a pathetic, throbbing twitch, a deep, aching pulse of frustrated arousal. His ass clenched, an involuntary, empty flutter. He felt a hot flush of shame creep down his neck, burning under the lace of the dress. He should be furious, repulsed. Instead, a dark, unwanted thrill spiraled through him. Viv stared at him, her eyes wide, but there was a hint of a derisive smirk twisting the corners of her mouth. He saw it clearly, and the sight was a fresh wave of humiliation.

Nathan stood up quickly, his movements clumsy, and rushed off to the bathroom to wash. He was at the bench, scrubbing furiously at his face with a wet flannel, when Viv walked hesitantly in behind him. "What's the matter, love? You seem upset."

He was almost in tears, the sobs catching in his throat. "That was disgusting. I wasn't expecting that."

With a weird, bemused expression, she mumbled, "I don't understand. What's the problem?"

"That was repulsive!" he hissed, his voice cracking. "It was not sex, it was about humiliating me. I bloody hated it."
She gave him a hug, her arms wrapping around him, pulling him against her. He could feel the soft fabric of her red dress. "Take a breath, babe. I will fix your makeup and we can get something to eat. I'm sure he didn't mean anything by it, he was just having fun."
"Yeah, well, he might have been having fun, but I hated it," Nathan mumbled into her shoulder.
When they went downstairs, Nathan went into the kitchen to get a drink and Viv went and sat with Yves. As he got his drink, he heard them whispering. When he went into the lounge, Yves patted his knee. "Come, my angel, sit here. I am sorry you didn't like my little surprise, I did not mean to offend you." He chuckled. "Didn't you like my creamy reward? I just wanted to show you how much I enjoyed your blow job." Nathan sat beside them on the sofa without responding, and Yves hugged him. "I am sorry, my darling. I will ask next time."
Viv got up to get a drink of water. "Come and help me, love, I need a hand," she ordered.
As Nathan walked in to give her a hand, she whispered. "Love, you are going to have to give a little and stop thinking like Nathan. Remember you are Nathalie now, and he is our man. Just go and have a snuggle while I get dinner." Her words were a poison pill, coated in sweetness. "I thought it was sexy seeing you with our man's spunk splattered all over your face. If you hadn't run away, I was going to lick it off."
That image, her words, hit him like a physical blow. His caged dick pulsed, a fresh wave of heat flooding his groin. His ass twitched, remembering the feeling of being filled. He felt a confusing mix of revulsion and a dark, crawling desire.
Nathan wandered in and sat with Yves, who poured them both fresh glasses of wine. As they sat there, Yves put his arm around Nathan in that old-time honoured way, pulling him into a very tight embrace. They sat together, sipping their wine, but as the alcohol relaxed him, Yves kissed him. It started off gentle and warm but quickly fell into a passionate, mind-bending kiss that had Nathan's toes curling and his caged cock twitching violently against its confines. A muffled *thump-thump-thump* echoed in the quiet room.
It was like he had no power to resist him. He was drawn like a moth to a flame, and it irked him that he lost his sense of control. Bugger, he hated it. But as the kiss continued, he found his hand was caressing Yves through his pants. He didn't even realise he was doing it until Yves moaned loudly and his lips fastened onto

Nathan's exposed neck, biting and sucking, leaving enormous, stinging love bites.
Ngh... ah... please...
Nathan went to remove his hand, but Yves's hand fell over his, and he growled, "No, leave it there. Or better still, take it out... Yes, go on, my little angel, take it out."
Slowly, Nathan unzipped him, the sound of the zipper loud in the silence. He slipped his hand inside and pulled out Yves's big, turgid, throbbing monster. God, he was in awe of him.

He pulled me back into the kiss as my hand stroked him to a full erection, the skin of his shaft hot and velvety over the rigid steel beneath. Schlick... schlick... schlick... went the wet rhythm of my fist. It felt so empowering to bring him to life, to know that I, Nathan, had aroused this powerful man, and that excitement coiled hot and tight in my own groin, my caged cock giving a painful, desperate throb.

I couldn't help it. I slipped off his knee and knelt between his legs, the blue lace of my dress pooling around me. I sucked him into my mouth, the salty, bitter taste of his earlier cum still lingering on my tongue. Slurp... mmmph... gluck... I took him deep, the head of his cock brushing the back of my throat, my panties growing damper as my body responded to the act of submission.

As I sucked him and he grew to full, magnificent size, he lifted my head and pulled me back up onto his lap so I was sitting astride him. His big, wet, sticky monster was trapped against my own imprisoned flesh. I wriggled and writhed, rubbing my silk-covered caged cock up and down his rampant shaft. His moan was loud, a deep rumble of pleasure that vibrated through my chest. "Oh, you are a sexy little slut, are you not? God, you make me hard."

My face flushed with his crude words, but a spark of defiance ignited in me. I ground down a little harder, moving faster and faster, massaging my caged cock against his, my movements becoming more frantic, more desperate, like an out-of-control lap dancer. "Carry on, little girl," he growled, "and I will lose control and your little arse will be mine again."

Hearing his words incensed me. I slid up and down that monster, grinding and mashing it harder and harder, my body a slick, frantic rhythm against his. Our lips were locked together, a messy, breathless battle of tongues and teeth. As I pulled back to get a breath, he slid his finger into my mouth. "Lick it. Get it wet for your

arse." He pushed it in, and I licked it, making sure it got wet and slippery, my tongue swirling around the digit as if it were his cock. Slllrp...

He pulled it out, and we kissed again, his tongue strong and insistent. As the kiss intensified, I felt his finger sliding inside my panties, pressing against my tight, puckered hole. Nudging and pushing until the tip slipped inside. Squit... "Oh god," I cried out, my back arching. "Oh fuck."

He laughed, a low, dark sound. "You like that, don't you, you little slut? Fuck, you are a teasing, sexy bitch."

This time it was me who initiated the kiss as his finger toyed with my arse, sliding in and out slowly but with ever-increasing insistence. Squelch... schlorp... squelch... The sounds were obscene, a wet, rhythmic percussion that matched the frantic beating of my heart. As I ground down on his lap, writhing on that raging monster, he fucked my arse with his finger. "Do you want my cock in that arse?" he moaned. "Because if you don't stop, you are going to get it."

I was lost, uncaring. I ground down on him with more fire and intensity, crushing him as my tongue danced with his. He grabbed me forcefully and pushed me away. He gazed into my eyes, never blinking. "Go and get the lube, you little slut. And be quick." He pushed me off his lap, and I felt powerless, just standing there, watching. He barked in a deep, commanding voice, "I said, go and get the lube."

I felt humiliated. Who did he think he was? But I turned and walked hesitantly towards the stairs, the heels feeling impossibly high.

"Hurry up, angel," he barked with a sneer.

I put my head down and scurried away like a scolded child. Why, why did I let him treat me this way? I couldn't fathom it. I should just go down and tell him to fuck off. I snatched up the tube off the cabinet. Yes, I should just tell him to fuck off. I headed back down with resolve building. Yes, I will just tell him to fuck off. That's what I will do.

As I walked into the lounge, he was leaning back, stroking his monster. As his hand slid up and down it, I felt my own confined cock give a desperate twitch. Ashamedly, the thoughts of telling him to leave evaporated the moment I saw him stroking that giant snake.

"Good girl," he whispered as he held his hand out. "Now, where were we?"

I held out the tube and passed it hesitantly to him, and he pulled me back onto his lap in exactly the same position.

As I sat astride him, he put his hands on my hips and moved me back and forth. I felt his power as he manipulated me like a doll. I fell forward as I lost balance, and as my face was close to him, he kissed me again, more powerfully than ever. His hand slid back around me, and I knew what was coming. I edged closer, allowing his finger to slide up under my panties, and his cold, wet, lube-slicked finger slid easily into my puckered arse. Ssschlick... Soon, we were back where we were, with me riding along his shaft and his finger fucking me, but that changed as he pushed another finger into me. I cried out in surprise when he barked, "You want it, don't you, slut?"

I locked my lips on his neck and bit him as he ravaged my arse, adding another finger buried all the way inside. Schlorp! Squelch! The stretch was immense, a burning, full ache that made my own trapped cock leak profusely. "You want it, don't you?" His voice was now insistent and commanding. "If you want it, say so."

I didn't respond vocally, but my body did. I was grinding down on that pulsing monster with a mindless, desperate need.

"Come now, bitch," he growled. "I want to hear you beg. Do you want it?"

I whimpered tearfully against his neck. "Yes."

He snickered. "Good. Then put it in. Guide my cock into your gorgeous little le cul."

I couldn't believe I was doing it, but as I sat staring into his piercing eyes, I reached between our bodies. My hand, trembling, wrapped around the pulsing, lube-slicked shaft and guided it to my arse. As soon as the knob was against my hole, he pushed up brutally, driving into me. SQUELCH!

"Oh, you fucking little slut! Fuck, you are so tight!" he howled. "You slutty bitch." His hands fell onto my hips, and he lifted me up and down his giant shaft. As I got used to the size, I took over, and I rode him, bucking and grinding, urging him on faster and faster. My caged cock was like a steel bar crushed between our bodies, and I was aroused beyond belief. In a frenzy, I fucked him harder, pumping up and down, crying and whimpering as his grunts became louder. "You didn't like it on

your face... what about your arse? Do you want that? Do you want my cum in your arse?" he cried between breaths. "Do you want it?"

"Yes," my voice a barely audible whimper. I was breathless, and my knees ached as I rode him harder and harder. "Yes, fuck me, fuck me, cum in me."

And as I bounced up and down, my caged cock rubbed against him through the silk panties. I was so aroused my own orgasm blasted through me, a dry, shuddering wave of pleasure that made me cry out. I felt a hot, wet gush as my cum spurted pathetically through the cage, soaking my panties, making them all wet and gooey. When he realised I had cum and I had stopped moving, he got rough. His forceful hands grabbed my hips, lifting and jamming me down hard on his giant cock. He was using me, masturbating with my body, thrust after brutal thrust. I came again, a second, weaker orgasm triggered by the ruthless pounding, another pathetic leak of heat into the already sodden lace. His own orgasm followed, and his cum squirted so hard I felt it, hot and explosive, deep in my bowels.

Collapsed on top of him, I cried breathlessly, my body a limp, trembling mess. His big arms wrapped comfortingly around me and held me tight. As we sat locked together, Viv, who I had completely forgotten about, muttered from the doorway, "Fucking hell, god, you two are fucking insatiable, aren't you? Christ, I said fucking cuddle him, not fuck him." She was standing off to the side, grinning, her own hand pressed against the red lace between her legs. "Fuck, that was unreal. Jesus, I am fucking wet."

She wasn't the only one, my panties were now sodden and uncomfortable. The slick, cooling fabric clung to my skin, a constant, sticky reminder of my surrender. The look on Viv's face didn't give much away, and a cold knot of dread tightened in my stomach. I thought she might be angry, that I had crossed a line. I started to stammer an apology, but she shushed me with a soft, lingering kiss. "Nath, I am not upset," she murmured against my lips. "I thought it was amazing. God, Yves was right though, you are a little slut, aren't you?"

A hot flush of shame, mixed with something far more dangerous and thrilling, washed over me. I blushed, and they both laughed at my expense. I let out a little titter myself, a bewildered, breathy sound. Yes, I didn't know what had come over me.

I eased myself up off Yves's shrinking monster. There was a loud, sloshy, gurgling fart as he popped out of my stretched, sensitive hole. Fwwwp! Then his sticky goo oozed out in a slimy stream, running down the inside of my thighs, warm and humiliating. I felt a fresh wave of embarrassment.

"I... I am going to get cleaned up," I whispered, not meeting either of their eyes.

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I returned downstairs after a quick, hot shower, the steam still clinging to my skin. I was greeted by a sight that stopped me in my tracks. Viv was on her back on the plush rug, her limbs wrapped tightly around Yves as he fucked her with a vicious, primal energy. From my vantage point, I could see everything. I could see her pussy, flushed and swollen, clamped tight around his glistening, giant cock as she held on for dear life. His shaft was coated in her glistening juices, a frothy, white ring at the base where their bodies met. Her eyes were rolled back in her head, her mouth slack, as her head lolled from side to side on the carpet.

As his arse rose and fell in a wild, furious rhythm, she cried out, her voice ragged and desperate. "Fuck, don't stop, I am going to cum again, ooooohhhh fuck me, you bastard, fuck me!" He thrust harder and harder, using her body, a relentless piston driving into her. It wasn't long before they were both cumming loudly, their voices mingling in a raw chorus of release.

After they calmed down, they kissed, a slow, tender kiss. And in some ways, that hurt more. The look of genuine affection on their faces gave away how deep their connection was, a world I was only a visitor in.

I waited until they were separated before I made my entrance, my feet silent on the carpet. When Viv saw me, she scrambled up and rushed over, her arms wrapping around my neck for a hug. She smelled of sex and sweat. She rushed off to get dinner, and rather than sit by Yves again, I went out to the kitchen to give her a hand.

She giggled as we worked, the clatter of plates and cutlery filling the space. "Fuck, what a day, babe... What a flaming day."

I was a bit lost for words and just nodded, my throat tight. "Yeah, it was unbelievable."

She kissed me as she walked past with a stack of plates. "Yeah, unbelievably great."

***

Dinner was anticlimactic after the prelude, the food nice, the drinks flowing easily. We watched a movie together, the three of us curled up on the sofa. Three hours later, Yves got up, energised. "It's time," he said, and walked toward the bedroom. Vivian nodded and brought Nathalie with her. I questioned why. "What for?" I mumbled, the wine making my thoughts fuzzy.

Vivian just said, "You will see."

In my drunken stupor, I could see that it was Yves's bedroom. Yves stripped down to nothing and lay down on his bed, his body a landscape of muscle and shadow in the dim light. He then asked them to strip as well. I froze, a spike of pure terror piercing through the alcoholic haze. He would see the cage. He would know.

Vivian saw my look, guessed the reason instantly. She stepped close to me. "It would look better to just wear our lingerie," she suggested, her voice a low, conspiratorial whisper. Yves, watching from the bed, nodded in agreement. I could have kissed her. Instead, I leaned in and kissed her on the cheek, a silent thank you for saving my ass, for understanding this final, core secret.

Yves interrupted them. "It has to be sexy, after all."

(erotica on)

Vivian and I slowly, almost hesitantly, took off our dresses, letting the silk and satin pool at our feet. She was a vision in red. I stood in my matching blue lace lingerie set. The bra was a delicate prison, its underwire cups made from sheer mesh with intricate floral embroidery, my nipples visible as dark points behind the fabric. Thin adjustable straps bit into my shoulders. Around my waist was a matching lace garter-style band, though the stockings were long gone. The lower piece was a matching thong, the same embroidered mesh, the strip at the back disappearing between my cheeks, clinging to the places Yves had so recently claimed. The set was lightweight, decorative, a consistent blue floral lace design across all parts.

I saw Yves get hard from this, his cock stirring on the sheets, and felt a fresh wave of embarrassment. I couldn't look down past the gentle mounds of my fake

breasts, but I prayed the cage didn't make an obvious outline against the tight, sheer blue of the panties.

Yves was sitting on the bed with his back leaned against the headboard, his legs stretched out in front of him along the mattress. "Switch up the positions," he said, his voice a low command. He got me to sit on the floor with my back to the foot of the bed. Yves then sat on the bed above me, his knees to the left and right of my head, framing me.

I looked up. Then I saw Vivian. There was something at her waist, a stark, purple shape against her pale skin and the red lace of her lingerie. A strapon. And a harness. A chaotic thought flashed through my mind: he's going to get fucked. I dashed it immediately. After all, he is not like that. He's the one in charge.

Instead, Vivian bent over, her red lace-clad breasts swinging, and started sucking Yves's dick. Her head bobbed, and her purple strapon, gleaming in the low light, swung with her motions, right in my face. Slurp... gluck... slurp... The sounds were wet, hungry. Yves commanded me, his voice thick with pleasure, "Suck her, Nathalie. Suck Vivian."

My eyes widened. I stared at the purple silicone cock swinging before me. I leaned forward, my lips parting, and took it into my mouth. It was hard, unyielding, and tasted of rubber and nothingness. Schlorp... mmph... suck... I began to move, my jaw aching, trying to replicate the motions I knew Yves liked. I took it deeper, the head hitting the back of my throat, making me gag. I deep-throated it, my saliva coating it, making it slick and shiny. Strings of my spit dripped from it as I pulled back, gasping for air.

They stopped. Vivian withdrew the strapon from my mouth with a wet pop. Yves got up from the bed. He grabbed me by my waist, his grip like iron, and threw me onto the bed, stomach up. I bounced on the mattress, my vision swimming.

I was afraid i was going to get fucked again by Yves. I squeezed my eyes shut, bracing myself. I heard the click of the lube bottle cap, then the wet, squelching sound of lube being dispensed. I felt cold, wet fingers touch my sensitive, recently fucked hole. They circled, teasing, then one slipped in. Sschlllick... It was a gentle, probing finger, but my body was still so sensitive that I jolted. It wasn't Yves's rough touch. It was softer, more delicate. I didn't know it was Vivian.

She worked her finger, then two, stretching me gently. Squelch... schlorp... squelch... Then I felt something else, something hard and blunt, pressing against my lubed entrance. The head of the strapon. It pushed into me, a slow, steady stretch that made me gasp. It filled me completely, not as brutally as Yves, but with a relentless, full pressure. Vivian went on top of me, missionary style, her body pressing down on mine. I was surprised to see Vivian's face looking down at me from above, her hair falling around us, her expression a mix of concentration and desire. Our bras and our breasts squeezed together, the lace and skin a strange, padded barrier between us. She put her arm on the bed next to my head as support, her body starting a slow, steady rhythm.

Then she grunted, a deep, guttural sound, and her body jerked forward. Yves was penetrating Vivian from behind. The force of his thrusts drove her deeper into me. Vivian lost her grip and fell, her full weight on me. We hugged each other, a mess of lace and limbs. Vivian's hand gripped my butt, her fingers digging into the soft flesh, while my arms went around her neck, holding her close.

The world became a frantic, confusing rhythm. We were a sandwich of writhing bodies, the motion dictated entirely by the man at the back. Yves's powerful thrusts into Vivian drove her strapon deep inside me. Squelch... thump... squelch... Each hard slam of Yves's hips was followed by the full, deep pressure of the silicone filling my ass. I could feel Vivian's breasts, the soft saline-filled mounds, crushing against my own. Her breath was hot and ragged against my ear, her moans mixing with my own whimpering cries.

"Oh god... Nath... oh fuck... YVES!" Vivian's voice rose to a sharp cry. Her body convulsed on top of mine, her pussy clamping down on Yves as she came. The force of her orgasm, the sudden clenching of her muscles, was enough to push me over the edge. My own caged cock, trapped beneath us, pulsed and spurted a hot, pathetic flood of cum into the already soaked silk of my panties. I cried out, a choked, sobbing sound of release and overwhelming sensation, my arms tightening around her neck. I came hard, my entire body shuddering in her embrace.

A moment later, Yves let out a loud, guttural roar, and I felt a new, deep warmth spread through Vivian's body and into mine as he emptied himself inside her. He thrust a few more times, deep and hard, before collapsing, panting, on top of

Vivian, who was still collapsed on top of me. We were a heap of tangled limbs, sweat, and sex, a heavy, breathing mass of satiation.

We lay like that for a long minute, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then Yves stirred. "Switch," he grunted, pulling out of Vivian with a wet slurp. He tapped her on the hip. "Your turn, pretty."

Dazed and trembling, I watched as Vivian carefully disengaged from me, the strapon sliding out of my ass with a soft, wet pop. She unbuckled the harness, her movements clumsy, and handed it to Yves. He stepped back, taking the purple strapon and harness. Then, to my horror, he held it out to me. "You wear it now, Nathalie."

My blood ran cold. I stared at the silicone cock, glistening with lube and my own fluids. Humiliation washed over me in a scalding wave. I had to use a tool to fuck my wife, a fake cock, because my own was locked away. He wanted me to be the vessel for the next round. My hands shook as I took it. I stepped into the harness, pulling it up over my damp, sticky panties and the cruel cage that contained my real cock. The straps bit into my skin, the weight of the purple strapon a constant, mocking presence.

Vivian, now free, lay back on the bed, her legs spread, a satisfied, inviting smile on her face. Yves moved behind me, his hands on my hips. I felt the slick head of his real, massive cock press against my already-well-used hole. I positioned the purple strapon at Vivian's entrance. "Ready?" Yves whispered in my ear, and then he pushed into me. SQUELCH! The sensation was immediate, a deep, burning stretch that forced me forward, driving the strapon into Vivian. Ah! Oh god! she cried out, her back arching.

He set the rhythm, using my body to fuck her. Each powerful thrust of his hips slammed the strapon deep into Vivian's willing body, and at the same time, impaled me on his giant cock. It was a debauched, interconnected chain of pleasure. "Ngh... ahhh... Yves... faster... please," Vivian begged, her hands gripping the sheets. Her body began to tense, her hips rising to meet each thrust driven by Yves's power. "Oh... oh... I'm... I'm cumming!" she screamed, her body arching off the bed as a powerful orgasm ripped through her.

Her climax was my trigger. The feeling of her pussy convulsing around the strapon, combined with the relentless, punishing thrusts of Yves in my ass, pushed me over

the edge again. My caged cock, trapped and ignored, pulsed and leaked another pathetic, hot mess into my panties. I sobbed with the force of it, my hands clutching Vivian's hips as Yves continued to use my body. A few more brutal thrusts, and Yves followed us, a deep, guttural groan escaping him as he emptied himself deep inside me, a final, hot flood.

They all finished, panting and spent. Yves yawned, stretching. "Time to sleep," he announced, as if it were just another mundane task. I fumbled with the buckles of the harness, my fingers clumsy. I finally managed to remove the strap on and harness from my moist, sticky panties, my face burning with shame. I started to gather my clothes, intending to wash and leave, to escape this overwhelming intimacy.

Vivian stopped me, her touch gentle. She went to a drawer and pulled out a brand new blue, half-transparent lace babydoll and a matching pair of fresh, clean panties. "Here," she said, her voice soft. "Change into this." I obliged, my movements automatic, too exhausted and emotionally wrung out to protest. We both went into the bathroom, cleaning our faces and washing up in companionable silence. The cool water on my skin was a welcome shock.

Afterward, we both got back into the bed. I lay in the centre, the delicate lace of the babydoll doing little to cover my stained skin. I turned and cuddled Vivian, pressing my face into her hair, and closed my eyes, desperate for sleep. Thirty minutes later, I felt the mattress dip as Yves got in. He spooned me, his large, warm body a heavy presence behind me. His fingers found my nipples through the sheer lace, teasing them to hard points. I whimpered, a soft, helpless sound. Yves kissed my neck, his lips rough and possessive. Vivian was deep asleep on her side, oblivious.

Yves's hand reached down and grabbed my caged cock through the babydoll. My eyes flew open in the dark. Yves whispered in my ear, his breath hot, using the name only he and I knew. "I like this part of her, Nathania." The name was a key turning in a lock, a secret acknowledgement in the dark. I could do nothing while Yves played with my caged cock, his thumb rubbing the sensitive head through the bars. Then he brought both hands up and played with my saline breasts, kneading them, his fingers circling my nipples. He lifted me up, put me on my back on top of his body, and fingered my ass while kissing me, a deep, penetrating kiss. I came again, a final, shuddering, dry orgasm that left me limp. I closed my eyes, drifting into a deep, exhausted sleep.

Yves put me aside on the bed and spooned me as they all went to sleep.

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business trip

In the morning, light streamed through the windows, hurting my eyes. I was in my own bed. I was wearing the stained blue babydoll. My head throbbed, a dull, persistent ache. My memories were a fragmented, confusing mess. I remember... Yves fingering me on the sofa. Vivian's laughter. After that, it was a blur of wine and shadows. When I asked Vivian, who was already up and making coffee, she just smiled. "You passed out, love. Yves saw that you were drunk and drove us both back. He even helped me get you into bed." She paused. "He was a perfect gentleman. And don't worry, he didn't see your secret."

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. So that was it. Yves was a gentleman after all. He hadn't had his way with Vivian. Relief washed over me, so potent it made me feel dizzy. I had completely misjudged the situation.

We showered, the hot water washing away the remnants of the night. We changed into our own comfortable clothes and ate a quiet breakfast. At 2 pm, my phone buzzed. A message from Yves. It was a confirmation for a job. "Flight confirmed. Flying out tomorrow at 10 am. Staying onsite for 5 days. The city is near the beach." Then, a postscript. "P.S. Bring swimming gear if you want."

A grin spread across my face. Happy. I was going to fly for work to a site near a beach. For five whole days, I could be free. Free from the cages, from the plugs, from the secretarial dresses. I could be Nathan, just a man on a business trip. My saline breasts were already going down, the swelling noticeably reduced. I informed Vivian, and together, we began to prepare for my trip. For a week, I could finally be myself.

The next morning at 6 am, the world felt new. My saline breasts were already going down, the swelling noticeably reduced. I informed Vivian, and together, we began to prepare for my trip. For a week, I could finally be myself. Then, my phone buzzed. Yves. He needed me to come to the office to pick up supplies before they left for the airport together. A slight annoyance, but nothing could spoil my mood. I was free.

I drove to the office, my red luggage bag in the passenger seat, the promise of freedom thrumming under my skin. Nothing could spoil it. I brought the bag upstairs. Yves was there, already, with a stack of folders and a few thumbdrives. Interestingly, there was another red luggage bag, identical to mine, sitting near the table.

"Just grab the necessary documents from that stack," he said, gesturing. "I'm just going to the restroom." He left, and I started sorting through the files, my mind already on the beach, the sun, the feeling of being just Nathan.

Suddenly, Yves was back. There was a hard, impatient edge to his voice that hadn't been there moments before. "Hurry up, Nathalia! We're getting late. The taxi's here." The name hit me like a splash of ice water. Nathalia. Not Nathan. A knot of dread tightened in my stomach. I grabbed the files, my hands suddenly clumsy, and rushed behind him, my red luggage bumping along behind me.

We boarded the flight successfully. I tried to settle into the flight, to focus on the work documents, to ignore the nagging sense of unease. Ten hours later, we landed. The warm, humid air of the coastal city was a welcome change. I watched out the taxi window, expecting to see a hotel. Instead, Yves directed the driver to the fancy part of town, stopping right in front of a sleek, modern beauty parlor. I wondered why here, why not the hotel.

Yves just unloaded the luggage, mine and his black one, and ushered me inside, his hand firm on the small of my back. Inside, Yves went straight to the receptionist, speaking in low, urgent tones. He turned to me, a cold, triumphant smile on his face.

"I believe I mentioned last week that you are to be dressed as my secretary wherever we are?" he said, the words a deliberate, cruel confirmation. "That includes business trips, Nathalia." He leaned closer. "Oh, and you'd better keep the suit you're wearing safe. It's your only ticket to going home a male. I've booked an appointment here to give you new breasts and hair extensions, as well as get you dressed up for today. The treatments should last for the week." He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "The ladies here know the plan. They've been greased with quite a bit of money. So you can't escape."

Infuriated, betrayed, humiliated. The emotions warred inside me, a hot, sickening cocktail. I opened my mouth to protest, to shout, but two women in crisp white uniforms were already there, their hands firm on my arms. They ushered me into a private room at the back, their smiles polite but their grip like steel.

They stripped me of my suit, my last connection to Nathan, treating me like an object, a doll to be prepared. The sharp sting of hot wax on my legs, my chest, my arms made me grit my teeth. They waxed my entire body, leaving me smooth and

bare. Then came the cage. A cold, hard click as they locked my dick away, the final, definitive act of erasure. They gave me a manicure, my nails filed and painted a glossy, feminine pink. I felt a sharp prick as they injected a solution into my chest, the skin tingling and tightening. D cups. I sat in silence as they attached long, brunette hair extensions, my reflection in the mirror becoming more and more of a stranger. Finally, they applied makeup, my eyes dark and lined, my lips a soft, inviting pink.

They dressed me in the clothes Yves had provided. I was pushed towards a full-length mirror.

And I saw her for the first time.

It was like staring at a stranger, a woman who had my eyes but nothing else. The reflection wore a light, flowy floral sundress with thin shoulder straps that barely hinted at the generous curves of her new D-cup breasts. The fitted bodice followed a shape I didn't recognize, flowing into a flared, mid-length skirt adorned with a pastel floral print. Over it, a sheer, long-sleeve cropped knit cardigan, lightweight and slightly loose, its front ties resting at the center, did little to add modesty. On her feet were open-toe heeled sandals with thin straps and ankle fastenings, making her ankles look impossibly delicate. Underneath, I knew, was a simple white bra and panties, the last line of defense that wasn't a defense at all. My hair, now a cascade of brunette waves, framed a face made up with soft pink lips and dark, lined eyes that looked wide and vulnerable. I was a complete fabrication.



Nathan walked out to the waiting room where Yves was waiting. He beamed with joy, a predatory satisfaction in his eyes. He tipped the workers generously, a crisp

exchange of bills, and then brought Nathan along to the taxi waiting in front. He opened the door for Nathan, one hand resting possessively on the small of his back, treating him like his girlfriend on a date. Nathan walked to the hotel, feeling self-conscious the entire ride, the cool leather of the seats a strange sensation against his bare, waxed legs.

Yves checked in to the hotel with a red-faced Nathan trailing behind, Yves's large hand enveloping Nathan's smaller, manicured one. The receptionist, a woman with a bright, practiced smile, handed over the keycards. "Ah, honeymoon suite! Congratulations to you both! Enjoy your stay," she chirped. The word "honeymoon" made Nathan's cheeks burn with a fresh wave of humiliation. He wanted to correct her, to shout that this was all a lie, but Yves's grip tightened, a silent, warning command.

Finally, they entered the room. It was, as expected, a king deluxe bedroom, spacious and opulate, with a view of the glittering city lights. Nathan, clutching at this last shred of hope, opened his own red luggage bag. He prayed for his suits, his jeans, his sneakers. Anything. Instead, it was choke-full of women's dresses, lacy underwear, delicate accessories, and another pair of heels. It was a wardrobe for a woman he didn't know. He looked at Yves, his eyes welling with tears, a silent, desperate plea.

Yves just laughed, a deep, rumbling sound that echoed in the cavernous room. "I believe I warned you, Nathalia. The suit you arrived in is the only male clothing you have. Keep it safe." He gestured to the bag. "Consider this your new uniform for the week."

Nathan collapsed onto the bed, the soft mattress swallowing him. He closed his eyes, hoping, praying, this was all just a horrific nightmare.

Instead, he felt the bed dip as Yves sat next to him. Yves's arm snaked around his waist, pulling him closer. "What is it, honey?" Yves asked, his voice a sickly sweet parody of concern.

(erotica on)

Nathan just turned around and buried his face in Yves's chest, sobbing like a girl, the muffled words escaping him, "What did I do to deserve this?" Yves lifted him up effortlessly, then lied down on the bed, placing Nathan on top of him. Nathan's

new, soft breasts pressed against Yves's firm chest, his sobbing face crying into Yves's shoulder. Yves just put an arm around Nathan's ass, rubbing it through the thin fabric of the sundress.

Then Yves kissed him.

It was a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from Nathan's lungs, bringing his sobbing to an abrupt halt. Nathan's body, trained by the kissing and touching from his secretarial duties and the forgotten lovemaking Yves had subjected him to, responded with a will of its own. He felt a familiar heat stir in his groin, a pathetic, trapped twitching against the bars of the cage. His brain couldn't process the simultaneous waves of crushing sadness and insistent arousal, and it chose arousal instead. A high-pitched squeal escaped his lips, a sound utterly foreign and feminine, as Yves moved his hands under the dress, under the panties, and played with his ass. Nathan was scared by how his ass twitched with a life of its own, a desperate, silent enticement for Yves to touch it more.

he is naked, his dick is still caged, and his breasts are still there. Yves sees his confusion and reminds him about being his secretary and asks him to get ready or they will miss their dinner reservations. he left nathan to get ready, closing the door)

Nathan's own hands, seeming to move with a mind detached from his will, began tracing the contours of Yves's chest, feeling the hard muscle beneath the thin fabric of his shirt. They moved up, hesitantly, to rub Yves's facial cheeks, the stubble a rough counterpoint to the smoothness of Nathan's own palms.

Yves's finger, slick with lube he must have had ready, circled Nathan's puckered hole once before pushing inside. Sschlick! The intrusion was immediate, a jolt of sensation that made Nathan gasp into Yves's mouth. Yves wasn't gentle. He found the little bundle of nerves inside, Nathan's prostate, and stroked it with a firm, expert pressure. Schlorp... schlorp... schlorp... The rhythmic sounds were obscene, a wet percussion that accompanied the electricity shooting through Nathan's body. Nathan's hips bucked, grinding down against that single, devastating finger. "Oh... oh god... Yves..." The name was a ragged whimper, a plea for more or for it to stop, he no longer knew which.

The pressure built, an undeniable tide. Nathan's body arched, a strangled cry tearing from his throat as the first orgasm blasted through him, a dry, shuddering

wave that made his toes curl. His caged cock pulsed uselessly, a hot, pathetic leak into the lace of the panties. But Yves didn't stop. He added a second finger, scissoring them, stretching Nathan's walls, the movement sending fresh, overwhelming waves of pleasure. Nathan felt like he was breaking apart, coming apart at the seams. His hands were now tangled in Yves's hair, pulling him closer, deepening the kiss. He was a love-struck teenager, overwhelmed, lost in a sea of sensation. He came again, harder this time, a sobbing, helpless release that left him trembling and breathless.

Still, Yves didn't stop. His fingers worked a relentless, brutal magic. Nathan was boneless, a writhing, pleading mess. A third orgasm was ripped from him, a final, convulsive shudder that left him utterly spent. Mid-kiss, the exhaustion hit him like a physical blow. His body went limp, his eyes rolling back. His mouth went slack, still pressed against Yves's, his tongue resting limply in Yves's mouth.

Yves held the kiss for a moment longer, then gently pulled back. He looked at Nathan's passed-out form, a flicker of something unreadable in his eyes before exhaustion claimed him too. Jet lag had been a bitch.

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They both woke up three hours later. It was 10 pm. Yves woke up a minute after Nathan stirred. Nathan's brain was still drowsy, fogged with sleep and lingering sensations. For some reason, he had woken up and shifted, lying on Yves's side, his smaller hand holding Yves's larger one, a gesture of simple, unconscious intimacy.

Yves saw him. He leaned in, capturing Nathan's lips in another deep, possessive French kiss, tasting the lingering sleep. Then he got up and started to change clothes, pulling on a fresh shirt and trousers. "Your dress looks fine to go out," he said, his back to Nathan. "Just need to redo your face and hair."

Nathan sat up with an abrupt shock. He looked down. He was naked, save for the cruel cage around his dick and the heavy, foreign weight of breasts on his chest. The reality of the situation crashed back down on him.

Yves saw his confusion in the mirror. He turned, his expression hardening slightly. "Did you forget already, Nathania? You're my secretary. Now get ready, or we'll miss our dinner reservations." He walked out of the bedroom, closing the door

behind him, leaving Nathan alone with the mountain of women's clothing and the crushing weight of his new reality.

Nathan stared at the closed door, the click of the latch echoing the finality of his situation. The mountain of women's clothing in the suitcase seemed to mock him. He took a deep, shuddering breath, the familiar scent of hotel soap and stale air doing little to ground him. He was a man playing a part, a role written and directed by Yves. He looked at the dress he had been wearing, the light floral fabric a cruel reminder of his current state. With a sigh of resignation, he slipped it back on. He went to the bathroom, fixing his makeup with a practiced, detached precision he didn't know he possessed, reapplying the lipstick and eyeliner until the stranger in the mirror was presentable again. He found a small, elegant clutch in the luggage, a silver thing that felt alien in his hand.

When he left the room, Yves was waiting by the door, leaning against the frame with an air of casual ownership. He pushed off the wall as Nathan approached and took his hand in his. The gesture, so simple and so possessive, made Nathan feel small, emasculated, a doll being led by its owner.

But Yves didn't stop there. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a sleek, black object. An even larger plug, its girth intimidating, a dark promise. He held it up, a silent command. Nathan's breath hitched. He knew what was expected. He turned, presenting himself, a silent surrender. Yves lifted the back of the sundress, the cool air a shock on Nathan's bare skin. He felt the cold, slick tip of the plug press against his already sensitive hole. Sschlick... Then, the stretch. It was immense, larger than anything Vivian had used on him, a slow, burning invasion that made him whimper. His cock, trapped in its cage, dribbled a little, a pathetic, wet response to the overwhelming sensation.

Yves, seeing Nathan's flushed face and the sheen of sweat on his brow, gave him a soft kiss on the cheek. "You look cute when you're flustered," he murmured, the words a twisted compliment.

They then walked down, flagged a taxi, and took it to a restaurant facing the sea. The city lights glittered on the dark water as they arrived. Nathan was wondering how this was part of a work trip. The wine, the view, the intimate setting—it felt like a date. He was still technically a virgin, at least in his own mind, a fact Yves knew

was a lie but continued to indulge, a delicate fiction to be maintained until the right moment.

"It's client entertainment," Yves said, as if reading his mind. "Part of the job, Nathania."

Yves ordered for the both of them, a seamless exercise in control. They ate, the conversation a carefully constructed dance of business and pleasantries, all while the plug shifted inside Nathan with every small movement, a constant, maddening reminder of its presence.

After dinner, as they stepped back into the warm night air, Nathan found himself slipping his arm into Yves's, leaning into him slightly. The line between performance and reality was blurring, his arousal muddling his mind, the constant stimulation from the plug and the heady wine eroding his resistance. He was playing the girlfriend, and a part of him was starting to believe it.

When they reached the hotel and stepped into the lift, the soft music and the mirrored walls created a strange, intimate bubble. Nathan, caught in the haze of wine and forced submission, suddenly turned and kissed Yves. It was a deep, needy kiss, the kind a girlfriend would give her lover after a perfect date. His arousal, a slow-burning fire, was now a raging inferno, muddling his thoughts, erasing the man and leaving only the girl.

Yves responded, his hand coming up to cup the back of Nathan's head, deepening the kiss. They continued, a frantic, tangled mess of lips and tongues, until the lift doors slid open with a soft chime on their floor. Yves gently separated himself, a smirk playing on his lips. He walked with Nathan to their room, his hand possessively on Nathan's lower back, a silent claim.

The next morning, Nathan woke up alone. He looked at himself in the mirror, the stranger with the breasts and the caged cock. There was a text from Yves on the phone: "Shower. Shave your legs smooth. Red lingerie in the bag. Meet me in the lobby at 9. We have a meeting." There was no room for argument. He did as instructed, the red lace a stark, vibrant brand against his pale skin. He went down to the lobby, feeling exposed and vulnerable.

Yves was there, impeccably dressed in a sharp suit. He was talking to a tall, distinguished older man. He saw Nathan and smiled, beckoning him over. "Ah, here she is now. Mr. Laurent, this is my secretary, Nathania."

Mr. Laurent, a man with silver hair and a kind smile, took Nathan's hand. His grip was firm but gentle. "Enchanté, Nathania. I've heard wonderful things about your efficiency." His eyes held no suspicion, only polite interest. "Your boss speaks very highly of you."

Nathan felt a dizzying surge of disorientation. He was playing a part, a role so far from his own identity it felt like he was watching a movie. "Th-thank you, Monsieur," he managed, his voice a soft, breathy whisper that sounded nothing like his own. He hoped they wouldn't notice the tremor in it.

Yves put a proprietary arm around Nathan's waist. "Nathania is not just efficient, she's indispensable. She handles all my... personal arrangements." The emphasis on 'personal' sent a jolt of dread and shame through Nathan. "Shall we?" Yves gestured towards the conference rooms.

The morning was a blur. Nathan sat in on the meeting, taking notes on a tablet, the scratching of the stylus loud in the quiet room. He was hyper-aware of the red lace hidden under a severe grey dress, the constant presence of the plug inside him, and the cage that trapped his masculinity. Mr. Laurent was a perfect gentleman, but Nathan felt like a fraud, a wolf in sheep's clothing, or perhaps a sheep in wolf's. By the end of the meeting, a deal had been struck. Mr. Laurent shook Yves's hand enthusiastically. "A pleasure doing business with you. And thank you, Nathania, for your meticulous notes."

As Mr. Laurent left, Yves turned to Nathan, a triumphant smirk on his face. "See? You were perfect. A natural." He leaned in close, his voice a low whisper. "And now, it's time for your reward. For being such a good girl." His breath was hot on Nathan's ear. "We're going to celebrate. Just us."

He took Nathan's hand, leading him out of the conference room and back towards the elevators. The ride up was silent, the air thick with unspoken promise. Nathan's heart hammered against his ribs, a frantic drumbeat of fear and a sick, twisted anticipation.

Back in the hotel room, Yves wasted no time. He pushed Nathan against the door, his body a heavy, unmovable force. "You were so good today, Nathania," he growled, his hands roaming over Nathan's body, squeezing the fake breasts, tracing the line of the dress. "So professional. So obedient." He reached under the dress, his fingers finding the string of the plug. He pulled it, slow and deliberate. The stretch was immense as the widest part of it stretched Nathan's rim, and then it popped out with a wet schlorp, leaving Nathan feeling suddenly, achingly empty.

The stretch was immense as the widest part of it stretched Nathan's rim, and then it popped out with a wet schlorp, leaving Nathan feeling suddenly, achingly empty. Yves was leaning in, his intentions clear, but then he stopped, a thoughtful look on his face.

"Wait," he said, pulling back slightly. "I left you something to change into first. A little reward for being so professional." He gestured towards the closet. "Meet me in the hot tub when you're ready." With a final, possessive squeeze of Nathan's hip, Yves walked away towards the balcony, leaving Nathan to stagger towards the closet, his heart palpitating with a mixture of dread and a confusing, unwelcome flicker of anticipation.

He saw a new bag and opened it. Inside was a two-piece bikini in a soft blue tone with a subtle, almost shimmering pattern. The top was a triangle-style shape with slightly curved, scalloped edges and thin straps that would go over the shoulders. The bottom was a matching tie-side, sitting low on the hips with thin adjustable strings tied at each side. It was a minimal-cut design, the blue fabric a stark contrast against his pale, waxed skin. It was undeniably feminine, and it was meant for him.



He changed into it, the soft fabric a strange, intimate caress. He wondered what was going to happen. He searched for the hot tub until he heard Yves's voice, calling him from the balcony. There it was, a large, bubbling tub overlooking the glittering city lights, and Yves was sitting in it, the water steaming around his powerful shoulders.

He beckoned Nathan to come closer. But before Nathan could step in, Yves tossed a small, metallic object at him. A pair of keys. "Take it off," he said, his voice low and commanding. "For safety reasons."

A wave of relief so potent it made him dizzy washed over Nathan. His dick could be free. He fumbled with the lock, his fingers slippery with anticipation. Click. The cage fell away. He placed the hated device and the key on the small table beside the tub, his already half-hard cock springing free in the warm, humid air. He entered the hot tub, the water a delicious, enveloping heat.

Yves immediately grabbed him, pulling him close, making him sit in between his legs, his back against Yves's firm chest. "Now," Yves murmured, his breath hot against Nathan's ear. "Where were we?"

Nathan hesitated, the words tasting like ash in his mouth. "We... we were kissing," he managed, disgusted internally at the memory, at the easy surrender.

"Ah, yes," Yves whispered. "Thank you for reminding me." And then he started to kiss him. It was a slow, deep kiss, a languid exploration that was the opposite of the frantic passion from the elevator. His hands began to roam over Nathan's body, over the smooth, wet fabric of the bikini. He cupped the fake breasts, his thumbs circling the nipples through the thin material, making them pebble into hard points. Nathan let out a soft, involuntary whimper.



Yves's hand slipped lower, under the water, his fingers tracing the line of the bikini bottoms. He found Nathan's now fully erect cock, stroking it slowly, teasingly. Sschlick... sschlick... The sound of his hand moving under the water was obscene. "Look at you," Yves murmured against his lips. "So responsive."

His other hand moved around to Nathan's back, then lower, slipping under the fabric of the bikini bottom to find Nathan's ass. His fingers traced the still-sensitive rim, circling it, teasing it, before one slick finger pushed inside. Sschlick! Nathan gasped, arching his back. Yves worked him open, adding another finger, scissoring them, preparing him. The twin sensations of Yves's hand on his cock and fingers in

his ass were overwhelming. Nathan's mind was a haze of pleasure and confusion. He felt a coiling tension deep in his belly, a desperate need for more.

"Please... Yves... stop... I can't..." Nathan pleaded, but his body betrayed him, his hips rocking back against Yves's fingers, his cock leaking in Yves's grip.

Yves just chuckled, a low, rumbling sound. "You don't want me to stop, Nathania. You want me to fuck you." He slowly withdrew his fingers, leaving Nathan feeling empty again. Then he turned Nathan around, positioning him to face him. "It's time to lose your virginity, my sweet secretary."

He lined up his cock, the head pressing against Nathan's stretched, puckered hole. This was it. The moment of truth. Yves pushed in, slow and deliberate, a stark contrast to the brutal invasion he had subjected Nathalie to. The stretch was immense, a slow, burning ache that made Nathan cry out, a high-pitched, needy sound. Sschlorp... schlorp... schlorp... The sound of Yves entering him, inch by inch, was a wet, obscene percussion in the steamy air.

Nathan's eyes flew open, his hands flying up to grip Yves's shoulders. His arm wrapped around Yves's neck, his body instinctively seeking closer contact. He wrapped one leg around Yves's hip, pulling him deeper, a silent, desperate plea. The initial pain began to melt into a strange, intense pleasure, a fullness that was both terrifying and exhilarating. He was losing his anal virginity, and it was nothing like he had imagined.

Yves began to move, a slow, deep rhythm. Thump... schlorp... thump... schlorp... Each thrust was a deliberate act of possession, a claiming. Nathan felt like he was being split open, remade. "Look at me," Yves commanded, his voice a low growl. Nathan met his gaze, his eyes wide and dazed. "Tell me you love it," Yves demanded.

"I... I love it," Nathan whispered, the words tasting like a surrender.

"Tell me you love me," Yves commanded, his thrusts becoming slightly faster, more demanding.

"I... I love you," Nathan sobbed, the words torn from him, a raw, vulnerable confession. He was a love-struck girl, lost in the pleasure, the pain, the overwhelming sensation of being fucked by this man.

Yves captured his lips in a searing kiss, swallowing Nathan's moans. Mmmph... mmmph... The sounds of Nathan's pleasure, muffled by Yves's mouth, were music to Yves's ears. Nathan's body tensed, and then he came, a hot, powerful release that splashed between them. He cried out, a high-pitched, breathy sound of pure ecstasy.

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Yves didn't stop. He continued to thrust into Nathan's pliant, trembling body, his movements a slow, deep rhythm that stretched the pleasure out, making it last. Nathan felt like he was melting, dissolving into the warm water and Yves's embrace. His leg, still wrapped around Yves's hip, tightened, pulling him impossibly deeper. The second orgasm built, a slow, creeping wave, a low hum of electricity that started in his toes and traveled up his legs, a tingling warmth that spread through his entire being. It was a different kind of pleasure this time, less violent, more profound, a deep, thrumming resonance that vibrated through every nerve ending. He moaned into Yves's mouth, a continuous, needy sound, a plea and a prayer all at once. When the crest broke, it was a gentle, rolling wave that washed over him, a warm, all-encompassing tide. His cock, still hard, leaked a continuous, slow stream, a pathetic, submissive offering. This orgasm was a surrender, a quiet, yielding to the overwhelming force of Yves's possession. He felt his mind go blank, a peaceful, serene emptiness that was almost blissful. He was adrift in a sea of

pleasure, a ship without a rudder, content to be carried wherever the current took him.

Yves pulled back from the kiss, looking down at Nathan's flushed, blissed-out face. "You're so beautiful when you come," he murmured, his thumb tracing Nathan's jawline. He shifted his angle, a subtle movement that hit a new spot inside Nathan, a place that sent a jolt of pure, unadulterated pleasure straight to his cock. Nathan's eyes widened, and he gasped, a sharp, surprised intake of breath. The third orgasm was upon him before he could even process it, a sudden, violent eruption that took him by storm. It was a lightning strike, a sharp, brilliant flash that left him breathless and trembling. His body arched, a beautiful, desperate bow, his back a taut string as the pleasure ripped through him. He came again, a smaller, but no less intense, burst of cum that mingled with the water, a fleeting, milky cloud. His cries were no longer human, but animalistic, a series of choked, desperate sobs that spoke of a pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. He felt like he was being torn apart and put back together, a shattered mosaic of sensation that was slowly, painstakingly being reassembled into a new, more pliable form.

"You're mine, Nathania," Yves growled, his thrusts becoming more erratic, more desperate. "Say it."

"I'm yours," Nathan whimpered, his voice a ragged, broken thing. "I'm all yours." The fourth and final orgasm was a slow, drawn-out affair, a lingering, exquisite torture that stretched on for an eternity. It was not a peak, but a plateau, a high, sustained note of pleasure that vibrated through him, a constant, hum of ecstasy that was almost too much to bear. His body was no longer his own, but a plaything, an instrument for Yves to play, a violin that sang a song of submission and surrender. He felt every inch of Yves's cock inside him, every vein, every ridge, a detailed map of pleasure that was etched into his very soul. He was a vessel, a chalice overflowing with the wine of Yves's desire. He came one last time, a final, shuddering release that was more of a shiver than a wave, a last, faint echo of the storm that had raged within him.

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But Nathan didn't stop. Yves didn't let him. He slipped a finger back into Nathan's loosened, sensitive hole while Nathan leaned against his chest, boneless and spent. He fingered him once again, a slow, deliberate thrust that sent jolts of overstimulation through Nathan's wrung-out body. Nathan moaned, a low, continuous sound of pleasure and pain, thrashing about in the water, a helpless creature caught in a current. Schlorp... schlorp... schlorp... The obscene sounds of Yves's fingers pistoning in and out of him echoed in the night air. Finally, Yves stopped. Nathan stopped moving about and sank into Yves, a limp, pliant weight.

Yves stood up, water cascading down his powerful frame. He lifted the exhausted, bikini-clad Nathan out of the water and carried him into the room like a bride over the threshold. He laid him down on the bed, Nathan's limbs sprawling in a careless, unconscious display. He methodically locked Nathan's cock back into the cage, the click of the lock a final, definitive sound. Nathan was already sleeping, lost in a deep, dreamless slumber.

Yves lay down next to him, pulling the covers over them both. He wrapped an arm around Nathan's chest, and another around his groin, a proprietary hold even in sleep. They spooned together, a twisted parody of an intimate couple.

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Nathan woke up first, the early morning light filtering through the curtains. His bikini was dry already, the fabric slightly stiff against his skin. He could feel Yves's arms around him, a heavy, possessive weight, one on his chest, the other cupping his caged groin. He touched his cock and realized it was caged again. A wave of anger, hot and sharp, washed over him as the memories of the night before crashed down on him. Yves had taken his virginity. What would he tell his wife? Was he even a man anymore? A man doesn't get fucked. The thought was a bitter pill, a poison that spread through him.

Yves grunted in his sleep and loosened his hold, giving Nathan the chance to escape from the bed. He slid out from under Yves's arm, his movements slow and careful. He showered, the hot water a temporary balm, feeling the strange weight of the breasts and the unfamiliar texture of the long hair as it clung to his neck and shoulders. He wrapped himself with the towel like a woman, tucking it securely above his breasts, and exited the bathroom.

He could hear Yves moving around in the other room. In front of him on the bed was a new outfit. The dress featured a lace upper section with a deep V neckline and three-quarter length sleeves, made from sheer floral lace. Below the waist, it transitioned into a smooth, body-hugging skirt in a solid white fabric, shaped to fit closely through the hips and thighs. The overall silhouette was slim and structured, with a short hemline. There was a matching five-inch heel as well, and a white anal plug shaped like a vibrator. Paired with the dress was a nude strapless bra and a matching G-string thong. Nathan knew there was only one reason it was on the bed: for him to wear.



He took the items and went to the mirror, starting the familiar, humiliating ritual. He saw Yves enter the shower, finish showering, and go off to change himself while he got himself ready. It was 7 pm. Both of them were ready. Yves was in a black shirt and pants. He grabbed Nathan like he was his girlfriend and they walked downstairs. The staff wished them a good night, turning Nathan's cheeks a burning red.

They boarded a taxi and went to a club by the beach. Nathan had never gone to one with any partner as he didn't have much free time before. Loud music greeted them as they entered, a heavy, pulsing beat that vibrated through the floor. Nathan felt naked in the dress, especially the sheer lace top that did little to hide the false curves. Yves sat down at a secluded booth with Nathan by his side.

Suddenly, Nathan felt his ass vibrate. He bit his lower lip, a gasp catching in his throat as he looked at Yves. Yves grinned, showing a small remote in his palm before whispering, "It will be on for the entire night. If you're good, I'll give you a

repeat of the earlier performance." Nathan blushed, slapping Yves's arm weakly. Yves just laughed it off and rubbed Nathan's thigh, a gesture that was both comforting and deeply unsettling.

"Is that you, Yves?" a sudden question came from behind. Nathan turned around. It was a stranger that Yves knew. Adam was his name. He had a girl with him as well, sticking to him like glue, her hands wandering over Adam's lap and groin. They sat opposite them while Yves and Adam talked to each other for a while. Adam even asked who Nathania was. "My girlfriend," Yves said, pulling Nathan closer. They talked, drank alcohol, and ate some snacks, with Yves feeding Nathan some, a humiliating, intimate gesture.

Nathan couldn't stand it. Suddenly, Adam mentioned that there was dancing here and asked Yves if he had danced yet. Yves said they hadn't and should go now. Adam said he would save their seat as Yves and Nathan walked to the dance floor. Nathan was horrified. He looked at the other club patrons dancing, their bodies moving in a primal, rhythmic language he didn't understand. Yves danced with him, forcing Nathan to play the female role. Yves's arms trailed over his body, over the false curves, his hands resting possessively on Nathan's hips, pulling him close, grinding against him. Nathan was thankful for the cage for the first time, preventing the hard-on that was straining against the metal bars from being spotted. He felt half-naked in public, a wave of shame and a sick, twisted arousal washing over

him.



When they reached the table, they saw Adam and his partner in a liplock, the girl giving him a handjob under the table. Yves looked at it and gave a subtle signal to Nathan to copy it. Nathan hesitated for a split second before his hand, seemingly of its own volition, moved to Yves's lap. He could feel the hard length of Yves's cock through the fabric of his pants. He started to stroke it, a clumsy, inexperienced motion. Yves let out a low groan, his hips bucking slightly. "That's it, baby," he murmured, his hand covering Nathan's, guiding him. The vibrator in Nathan's ass pulsed, a relentless, maddening rhythm that made it hard to think, hard to breathe. Nathan felt a fresh wave of shame, but also a dark, thrilling sense of power.

As Yves was getting close, he lifted Nathan onto his lap. Nathan felt the hard length of Yves's cock press against his ass. Yves removed the vibrator with an audible pop, drawing a soft moan from Nathan, and then he stuck his cock in. He shot into him, a hot, powerful release that made Nathan gasp. Then, before it could dribble out, he plugged the hole with the vibrator again. Yves whispered in his ear, "Keep the cum in." Adam saw it and commented on how kinky they were. Yves put

Nathan on the seat next to him, and they finished eating. Nathan could feel the cum sloshing about inside him, a warm, wet reminder of Yves's possession. His own panties were wet with his own arousal.

It was 10 pm. They got up. Nathan slipped his arm into Yves's as they walked out, trying to give off the impression he was Yves's girlfriend so that no one would hit on him. He felt a bit of cum dribble down his legs, a warm, sticky trail. Yves flagged a cab, and they entered the back row. Nathan was still horny and tipsy from the vibrator, the cage, the dancing, and the handjob given to Yves without getting to cum in return. He immediately started making out with Yves, his hands touching Yves's dick and abs. Yves returned the favor, and they made out, a frantic, tangled mess of lips and tongues.

"We've arrived," the taxi driver announced, breaking the spell. They stopped. Nathan waited while Yves paid the fare before entering the hotel and the lift. They continued, Yves kissing Nathan while playing with Nathan's balls from outside the panties. The lift stopped. While walking to their room, Yves stuck a finger up Nathan's ass and played with it while they walked down the corridor. The combined finger and vibrator made his knees quiver, and he moaned like a girl, a soft, breathy sound. They reached their room.

He told Nathan to wash his butt of the cum and that he was allowed to remove only the vibrator. Nathan did so and exited the bathroom. Yves was waiting right outside and pushed him against the wall. He congratulated him on being a proper secretary and girlfriend today and said good girls get treats. He lifted up Nathan's head and kissed him, putting his hand into the gap between Nathan's thigh and rubbing his groin. Nathan moaned, a soft, needy sound. They continued. Yves lifted Nathan by the waist and carried him to the bed where he placed him down. Nathan was now face up, the white dress, bra, and breasts covering his view of Yves.

He could only hear, or feel. He felt the heels being removed from his feet and placed on the floor. Then, Yves slid the thong aside. Nathan felt the cool air on his exposed skin. He felt Yves's breath, hot and wet, on his inner thigh. Then, he felt Yves's tongue, a slow, deliberate lick that sent a jolt of electricity through him. Yves ate him out, treating his ass like a pussy. He licked the sensitive skin between

Nathan's balls and his anus, a hot, wet trail that made Nathan gasp. "You taste so good, Nathania," Yves murmured, the words a low, vibrating hum against Nathan's skin. Nathan grabbed hold of the bedsheets in ecstasy as cum dribbled from him. Mmmph... mmmph... The sounds of Nathan's pleasure were muffled by the bedsheets, a series of choked, desperate sobs. He felt the world narrow to this single, blinding point of pleasure. He was a vessel, a chalice overflowing with the wine of Yves's desire.

Next, Yves moved up, freeing Nathan's breasts from the constraints of the Deep V neckline dress and the nude strapless bra. Nathan shivered from the cold air hitting his nipples. Yves started playing with them, licking, sucking them as well as licking the neck and shoulders. Nathan moaned and came again, a hot, powerful release that splashed between them. Ahhh... ahhh... His cries were a high-pitched, breathy sound of pure ecstasy. He felt the world narrow to this single, blinding point of pleasure. He was a vessel, a chalice overflowing with the wine of Yves's desire.

Yves didn't stop. He continued to kiss Nathan, his lips a trail of fire down Nathan's neck and chest. He bit Nathan's nipples, a sharp, delicious pain that made Nathan cry out. He sucked on them, a hard, insistent pull that sent waves of pleasure straight to Nathan's caged cock. Nathan's body was a live wire, a trembling, over-sensitive instrument that was being played by a master. He was lost in a haze of pleasure, a world of sensation that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"Please... Yves... please," Nathan whimpered, his voice a ragged, broken thing. He didn't know what he was begging for, only that he needed more, needed to be consumed, to be utterly and completely possessed.

Yves just chuckled, a low, rumbling sound. He then took out a small bottle of lube and squeezed a generous amount onto his fingers. He then inserted one, then two, then three lubricated fingers into Nathan's ass, stretching him, preparing him. Sschlick... sschlick... sschlick... The sounds were obscene, a wet, rhythmic percussion that echoed in the quiet room. Nathan moaned, a continuous, needy sound, a plea and a prayer all at once. He felt his mind go blank, a peaceful, serene emptiness that was almost blissful. He was adrift in a sea of pleasure, a ship without a rudder, content to be carried wherever the current took him.

Then, Yves positioned himself, the head of his cock pressing against Nathan's stretched, puckered hole. He pushed in, a slow, deliberate invasion that made

Nathan cry out, a high-pitched, needy sound. Sschlorp... schlorp... schlorp... The sound of Yves entering him, inch by inch, was a wet, obscene percussion in the steamy air. Nathan's hands flew up to grip Yves's shoulders, his body instinctively seeking closer contact. He wrapped one leg around Yves's hip, pulling him deeper, a silent, desperate plea. The initial pain began to melt into a strange, intense pleasure, a fullness that was both terrifying and exhilarating. He was being fucked, and it was nothing like he had ever imagined.

Yves began to move, a slow, deep rhythm. Thump... schlorp... thump... schlorp... Each thrust was a deliberate act of possession, a claiming. Nathan felt like he was being split open, remade. "Look at me," Yves commanded, his voice a low growl. Nathan met his gaze, his eyes wide and dazed. "Tell me you love it," Yves demanded.

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"I... I love you," Nathan sobbed, the words torn from him, a raw, vulnerable confession. He was a love-struck girl, lost in the pleasure, the pain, the overwhelming sensation of being fucked by this man.

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They continued to kiss, a slow, languid exploration that lasted for four long minutes, a tangled mess of lips and tongues. Yves's dick softened inside Nathan's ass, a warm, heavy presence that was a comforting, possessive weight. Then, Yves removed himself slowly from Nathan's grasp, a gentle, careful withdrawal that left Nathan feeling achingly empty. He turned off the light, plunging the room into a

soft, intimate darkness. He lay down next to Nathan, both of them facing each other.

Nathan, in the quiet aftermath, put his cheeks in Yves's palms, seeking the warmth and comfort of his touch. He moved into Yves's chest, a small, seeking motion, and closed his eyes, a deep, dreamless sleep claiming him.

"My plan is working," Yves muttered to himself, a low, satisfied whisper in the dark. He hugged Nathan close and drifted off to sleep.

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Nathan woke up at 6 am, the room still dim with the grey light of early morning. He was being spooned by Yves, a heavy, possessive weight. He could feel Yves's cock, hard and insistent, poking against the thin fabric of his panties. A strange, unfamiliar warmth spread through him, a confusing mix of shame and a dark, thrilling desire. He slowly turned over into Yves's face, a careful, deliberate motion. He leaned in and kissed Yves's cheek, a soft, tentative touch.

Then, he had a change of heart. Instead of getting up, he chose to lie down on top of Yves, his face right above Yves's, their bodies aligned. Yves stirred awake, his eyes fluttering open. He saw Nathania on top of him, a vision of sleepy, submissive desire. Nathan immediately plunged his mouth in and kissed him, a deep, hungry kiss that was a silent, desperate plea. Yves was shocked, but a wave of triumph washed over him. Nathania was taking the initiative. He accepted the kiss, his hands coming up to cup Nathan's ass, fondling it, kneading the soft flesh. His dick touched the caged Nathania's cock, a hard, insistent pressure. Nathania felt the touch on her ass and groin and moved into Yves's hands, a silent, submissive surrender.

"Hello, my horny girlfriend," Yves whispered, a low, amused rumble.

Nathania didn't mind. She finished the kiss, a slow, lingering touch that spoke of a deep, growing need. She then lay down next to Yves's cock, her face close to the hard, weeping head. She took it into her mouth, a slow, deliberate swallow. They were in a sideways 69, a tangled, intimate mess of limbs. Yves pushed the panties aside and licked her ass hole, a hot, wet, rasping touch that made Nathania gasp. Mmmph... Nathan got hornier, sucking the dick faster, a frantic, desperate rhythm. Yves encouraged it, licking her better, a deep, intimate exploration that sent jolts of

pleasure straight to Nathan's caged cock. Sschlick... sschlick... The sounds of their pleasure were obscene, a wet, rhythmic percussion that echoed in the quiet room.

They continued until both erupted. Yves's cum shot into Nathan's mouth, a hot, powerful release that made him gag, a little, before he swallowed. Nathan's own cum dribbled from his cage, a pathetic, submissive offering that soaked into the fabric of his panties.

***

Then they both got up and went to the shower together. The hot water was a cascading embrace, a steamy, intimate world that was just for them. Yves washed Nathan's body, a slow, deliberate act of possession. His hands roamed over Nathan's skin, touching all the sensitive spots, a knowing, expert touch that made Nathan gasp and moan.

The hot water was a cascading embrace, a steamy, intimate world that was just for them. Yves washed Nathan's body, a slow, deliberate act of possession. His hands roamed over Nathan's skin, touching all the sensitive spots, a knowing, expert touch that made Nathan gasp and moan. "Yves... please..." Nathan whimpered, his voice a ragged, broken thing. Yves's fingers found Nathan's caged cock, tracing the bars, a maddening, teasing touch that sent jolts of pleasure-pain through him. Sschlick... sschlick... He then slipped a soapy finger into Nathan's ass, a slow, deliberate invasion that made Nathan cry out, a high-pitched, needy sound. Nathan's body trembled, the coil of pleasure in his groin tightening, snapping. He came, a hot, powerful release that dribbled from the cage, a pathetic, submissive offering that was washed away by the cascading water. "That's my girl," Yves murmured, a low, satisfied rumble.

After the shower, Nathan picked out a light floral sundress with a blue pattern on a pale background, as Yves said the meetings were over. The bodice was fitted, and the skirt was more form-fitting through the hips and thighs, before easing slightly lower down. The fabric was lightweight, but the shape suggested it would follow the body more closely rather than drape loosely. As it hung, the dress kept a slightly tapered silhouette, hinting at a closer fit around the thigh area. He paired it with a blue bra and panties, and a five-inch heel.



They went for breakfast in the hotel. Nathan felt a strange, unfamiliar awareness of his body, of the way he walked, the sway of his hips. He had gotten so used to the weight of the breasts, the tightness of the dresses, that the loose flow of the sundress felt... empty. A strange, aching emptiness that he couldn't quite place. As if he was missing something. An ache for something. When they were alone, he would unknowingly slide up next to Yves and rub her rear over his groin, a small, seeking motion that he didn't even realize he was making. Yves noticed, of course, a small, triumphant smile playing on his lips.

They went shopping together. Yves bought for Nathan a necklace, a delicate silver chain with a small, sparkling blue stone. "It's too much," Nathan protested, a strange, confused feeling swirling in his chest. He was acting like a girl too much, he thought. But Yves just smiled and fastened it around Nathan's neck. The cool metal against his skin was a startling, intimate touch.

Yves suggested they watch a movie. As the lights dimmed, Nathan found himself on his knees between Yves's legs, a familiar, supplicating position. He took Yves's cock into his mouth, a slow, deliberate swallow. Sschlick... sschlick... He could feel Yves's hand in his hair, a guiding, possessive touch. He could taste the salty, slightly bitter taste of Yves's pre-cum. He sucked faster, a frantic, desperate rhythm, a need to please, to be good. Yves's cum shot into his mouth, a hot, powerful release that he swallowed willingly. Yves handed him a tissue to clean his

face, then gave him a kiss, a slow, lingering touch that tasted of him. They continued watching the movie. Nathan was annoyed that Yves didn't finger him. He was astonished to find that he wanted Yves to fuck him, a thought that sent a wave of mental terror through him.

Yves was in a very jovial mode, not knowing of the event going on in Nathan's mind. Three hours later, the movie ended. They strolled through the shops on the street. Yves surprised Nathan by fondling his butt at random times. Nathan playfully swatted his hands away, a gesture that was both genuine and performative.

They reached their destination. A well-hidden restaurant. Yves walked up, gave his reservation, and the host escorted them both to the second floor to a private dining area. Curtains covered it. A rectangle table in the center with sofas on both sides. Nathan went to sit opposite Yves, who instructed Nathania to sit next to him. The waiter took their orders.

Yves whispered in Nathan's ears to have fun as he brought his fingers under her dress. It rubbed his cage, then started fingering him. Nathan moaned softly. His penis trying to get hard, but only spurting out pre-cum. The food arrived. Yves rubbed and collected the pre-cum before taking it out with his hand before dripping it onto Nathan's food. "Eat your food with some of that sauce," he smiled at Nathan. Nathan just nodded and wiped it clean, dipping his food in the cum.

Yves suggested they watch a movie. As the lights dimmed, Nathan found himself on his knees between Yves's legs, a familiar, supplicating position. He took Yves's cock into his mouth, a slow, deliberate swallow. The sounds were wet and hungry. Sschlick... sschlick... glllk... glllk... He could feel Yves's hand in his hair, a guiding, possessive touch. He could taste the salty, slightly bitter taste of Yves's pre-cum. He sucked faster, a frantic, desperate rhythm, a need to please, to be good. "Mmmph... yeah... just like that, Nathania..." Yves's praise was a dark thrill, a validation of this strange, new identity. Nathan's own cock was a painful, trapped thing in its cage, a drooling, needy mess. He wanted to be touched, wanted to be filled, a want so profound it scared him.

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(EROTICA MODE ON)

Yves whispered in Nathan's ears to have fun as he brought his fingers under her dress. It rubbed his cage, then started fingering him. Sschlorp... schlorp... schlorp... The sounds were obscene, a wet, rhythmic percussion that was muffled by the soft music in the restaurant. Nathan moaned softly. "Yves..." a choked, needy sound. His penis trying to get hard, but only spurting out pre-cum. The food arrived. Yves rubbed and collected the pre-cum before taking it out with his hand before dripping it onto Nathan's food. "Eat your food with some of that sauce," he smiled at Nathan. Nathan just nodded and wiped it clean, dipping his food in the cum. Yves just smiled as he continued eating his own food.

Then he fingered him again, this time making him cum into his panties. Ah... ah... ah... A series of choked, desperate sobs. Yves just collected the cum in the panties before dripping it on the food. Nathan obeyed, licking it clean. He accidentally licked the spoon as if it's Yves's cock while looking at Yves's eyes, lost in it. Yves enjoyed the show. Nathan suddenly came to a stop, realizing what he had done. Yves said nothing. They both finished the food and Nathan went to fix his face while Yves paid the bill. It was now 3 pm.

They walked out of the restaurant, Yves's hand firmly on Nathan's butt cheek, gripping it in public. Nathan felt the hands as he walked. They walked to the beach. The streets were lonely as it was a Wednesday. Yves used it to his advantage by moving his hand to the front and touching Nathan's groin while they walked.

(still erotica mode on) Nathan meanwhile was red in embarrassment. "Yves... someone will see..." a weak, breathy protest. But a part of him, a dark, growing part, loved it. Loved the risk, the possessive touch. He was so hard in his cage, a painful, drooling mess. They went to the nearby park. Nathan was suspicious of it, after all, Yves had played with his ass for the entire walk and now he was dripping cum, feeling it in his panties. His tight dress not helping it as it was making him aroused. Yves just used it as a shortcut to walk back to the hotel. By the end of it, Nathan's legs were trembling from having to walk for a long time in heels, combined with Yves's assault on his ass and groin.

(erotica off) They entered the lift, Nathan thinking Yves was going to forcibly make out with him. But he didn't. He didn't kiss him even when they were at the room door. Time was 5 pm.

Yves made him sit on the sofa while he brought him juice. As Nathan drank it, Yves massaged his feet commenting on how sore it would be. Nathan felt grateful for his kindness. But his inner mind reminded him of his caged dick. And the entire event of this and last week. It told him some fucking is bound to happen. Yves, after massaging Nathan's feet for 20 mins, sat up and asked Nathan to follow him to the balcony. Nathan felt exposed. The balcony was wide open. With glass walls, everyone could see what happens there.

(erotica mode on) Nathan was looking over the wall when he felt Yves's hand reach around his waist. 'Here we go again,' he muttered, inaudible to Yves's ears. Nathan was turned around to face Yves while he kisses her. Nathan fell into the kiss, opening his mouth and moaning like a girl. "Mmmph... Yves..." Yves sits on the Lounge chair, pulling her onto his lap. While they kiss, he untied her shoulder strap, letting the dress fall to her waist exposing her bra. Nathan could feel the cold sea air blowing onto his nipples, making it hard. He moaned, a soft, breathy sound. Yves unhooked her bra and threw it aside. Then he focuses his mouth on her nipples. Schllrp... schllrp... The wet sounds of Yves's sucking were a maddening, erotic music.

(position nathan kneeling on yves's lap. yves's mouth level with nathan's breasts.)

Yves's fingers meanwhile slipped lower and untied her waist cords on her dress, making it loose. The dress fell down leaving nathan on yves's lap with nothing but his panties and caged cock. Nathan got scared. Yves seeing this pulled nathan

down to his level and whispered, "is it making you horny that people might find out you have a dick?" Nathan didn't respond but his eyes betrayed his scaredness. Yves just continued. He pleasured her breasts while his fingers pleasured her asshole. He referred to it as Nathania's pussy and asked her how it felt. "How does your pussy feel, baby? Tell me." Nathan couldn't do anything. His panties were soaked. Ahhh... mmmph... Yves switched back from the breasts to her mouth, French kissing it. Both his hands playing with her ass. Nathan moaned more and more. Nathan couldn't hold it anymore. He came into his panties. Cum dribbling out. Oh god... Yves... Yves looked down saw the damp patch on the panties and continued kissing her. He stood up with nathan in his arms. He told nathan to face the railing.

Nathan braced his weak arms against the balcony railing. He could see a female couple on a balcony to the left watching him. They were fidgeting with their groins. Yves lifted up Nathan's legs and slipped his panties down. Nathan heard an audible gasp from the other balcony as the girls saw his caged cock. Yves just smiled and waved at the girls as Nathan's face went a deep red. Yves didn't care and started fucking Nathan. Sschlorp... sschlorp... sschlorp... The sounds of Yves's cock pistoning in and out of him were obscene, a wet, rhythmic percussion that was carried away by the sea breeze.



Nathan couldn't hold his moans in and moaned louder. "Ahhh! Ahhh! Yves! Ahhh!" The girls meanwhile just watched as they pleasured themselves. Yves's hands were fondling Nathan's breasts, the false flesh jiggling with each powerful thrust. His mouth was kissing Nathan's neck, a trail of fire. He even turned Nathan's face around to kiss him, a deep, possessive kiss that swallowed Nathan's cries of pleasure. "That's it... take my cock... take it all, you dirty girl..."

Nathan could feel the eyes on him, the shame a hot, prickling sensation on his skin that only heightened the dark, twisted pleasure coursing through him. He was being watched, being fucked in the open air, a spectacle of submission. He was Yves's property, a plaything to be used and displayed. Sschlorp... sschlorp... sschlorp... The sounds were a constant, maddening rhythm that drove him wild.

The sounds were a constant, maddening rhythm that drove him wild. His breasts, those mounds of falseness he'd come to accept, swung with each brutal thrust, a pendulum of his submission. Smack... schlorp... smack... schlorp... The slap of Yves's groin against his ass was a percussive beat to the wet slide of flesh. "Ahhh... yes... yes... harder... Yves!" The words were ripped from his throat, raw and desperate. He was no longer Nathan, but Nathania, a creature of pure sensation, a vessel for Yves's pleasure. He could feel the heat building in his groin, a coiling tension that begged for release. The cage was a cruel, constant pressure, a reminder of his submission.

Yves's hands were everywhere, pinching his nipples, gripping his hips, pulling him back onto his cock with an almost punishing force. "You love this, don't you, Nathania? Love being watched? Love my cock in your pussy?" Yves's words were a filthy, intoxicating poison. Nathan could only whimper in response, a series of choked, pleading sounds. "Yesss... oh god, yesss..."

The world dissolved into a blinding flash of white-hot pleasure. Nathan came, a pathetic, spurting orgasm that was more a dribble from the cage than a proper release. He could feel it splatter onto the balcony floor, a warm, wet evidence of his shame and his ecstasy. Yves followed moments later, a hot, powerful flood that filled Nathan to the brim, a claiming mark that seemed to seep into his very bones. "Ahhhhh... take it... all of it..." Yves groaned, his hips jerking in a final, possessive thrust.

Yves pulled out slowly, a deliberate, almost lazy movement. He turned Nathan around, pushing him to his knees. "Clean me," he commanded, his voice a low growl. Nathan, still dazed and trembling, looked up at Yves's cum-slicked cock. He leaned in, a supplicant at an altar, and began to service him. He didn't deepthroat, not yet. He kissed the tip, a reverent, gentle touch. His lipstick, a bright, bold red, left a faint, perfect print on the sensitive head. He licked the shaft, a slow, deliberate exploration, tasting the salt and musk of their combined release. He took the head into his mouth, a shallow, sucking motion, his tongue swirling around the ridge. Sschlick... sschlick... mmmph... He was worshipping this cock, this instrument of his pleasure and his humiliation.

"Look at me," Yves commanded. Nathan looked up, his eyes wide and hazy with lust and submission. Yves's cock twitched, and he came, a hot, powerful release that shot all over Nathan's face. Splat... splat... splat... The warm, sticky cum hit his cheeks, his nose, his lips. He heard the girls on the other balcony moan, a long, drawn-out sound of their own orgasms. Nathan, in a daze, used his tongue to lick the cum from around his lips, a slow, deliberate motion.

Yves shouted to the girls, "You want to see more?" There was a breathless pause, then a faint, "Yes! Room 302!" Yves just laughed, a deep, triumphant sound. He then lifted Nathan up, a princess carry that was both romantic and deeply possessive, and carried him to the bathroom.

Nathan washed his face, the cool water a shocking balm. He gargled his mouth, the taste of Yves's cum a lingering, intimate memory. Yves stripped naked and entered the bathroom. When Nathan asked why, Yves said, "To shower with my girl." He sat in the tub, patting the space in front of him. "Unlock it with the key near the sink and sit," he instructed.

Nathan's heart leaped. He found the small, silver key, his hands trembling slightly as he unlocked the cage. The click of the lock opening was the sweetest sound he had ever heard. He was free. He minced over to Yves like a supermodel, a newfound confidence in his stride. He got in, his eyes staring into Yves's. He kissed him in happiness, a deep, joyful kiss that spoke of a thousand unspoken things.

Yves just pulled Nathan closer to his body. His hard dick touched Nathan's soft, newly freed one. Nathan kissed him for five more minutes, a slow, languid

exploration. Yves just played with Nathan's pussy, his fingers tracing the puckered entrance.

Yves just played with Nathan's pussy, his fingers tracing the puckered entrance. Nathan moaned into Yves's mouth, a sweet, submissive sound. "Mmmph... Yves... yes..." The feeling was intoxicating, a slow, deliberate exploration that made his toes curl. He could feel the heat building in his groin, a familiar, coiling tension. He kissed Yves more and more, a desperate, hungry kiss that was a plea for more, for everything. Yves obliged, pushing one, then two fingers into his ass, a slow, stretching invasion. Sschlorp... schlorp... The sounds were obscene, a wet, rhythmic percussion that was muffled by the sloshing water. Nathan couldn't hold back. He came, a hot, powerful release that shot onto Yves's chest, a milky, white ribbon of pleasure. "Ahhhh... Yves... ahhhh..." He slumped against Yves, his body limp and sated. The world slowly got dark as he leaned onto Yves, a deep, dreamless sleep claiming him.

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Nathan woke up on the bed, he was sleeping curled into Yves. The time was 8 pm. He got up, remembering the events of today. He felt a strange, free sensation. He looked down to see his dick unlocked. Nathan was happy. He was so happy that he gave the sleeping, naked Yves a kiss on the cheek. Then he looked at Yves's hard dick. For the 1st time, it wasn't fucking him. Nathan felt his ass being lonely, an empty, aching void that yearned to be filled. He looked over at Yves's cock, his mouth watering. Before he knew it, he kneeled next to Yves and started sucking his dick, one hand brushing the bangs out of the way.

Sschlick... sschlick... mmmph... The sounds of his own sucking were a maddening, erotic music in the quiet room. He had missed this, missed the taste, the feel of a cock in his mouth. He masterbated with his dick for the 1st time in weeks while sucking the cock, a clumsy, fumbling motion. His hand felt strange, unfamiliar. He couldn't cum. It had been weeks since he masterbated properly. His body had been trained to find pleasure in submission, in being filled.

He instead fingered himself with one hand while continuing to suck Yves. Sschlick... sschlick... schlorp... schlorp... The sounds were a wet, obscene

symphony of pleasure. He imagined the 1st day of the secretary play with Yves. He remembered Yves eating his ass, the hot, wet rasp of his tongue, the way it made him feel so dirty, so desired. Mmmph... oh god... yesss... He remembered the blowjob, the way Yves's cock filled his mouth, the taste of his cum. He played with his nipples, a sharp, pleasurable pain that sent jolts straight to his cock.

Yves stirred, a low groan escaping his lips. He came, a hot, powerful release that filled Nathan's mouth. Glllk... glllk... Nathan swallowed, the taste a familiar, intimate comfort. To prevent Yves from finding out, he stored it in his mouth, not swallowing it all. He walked to his luggage and searched for the anal plug Yves used on him. He took the plug, sucking it while walking to the bathroom, the toy now coated in Yves's semen. Nathan swallowed the rest and sat in the bathtub, legs astride.

He inserted the plug into his ass as he fucked himself, a slow, deliberate motion. Sschlorp... schlorp... He imagined Yves's cock, the way it stretched him, filled him. He remembered being on his knees, a supplicant at an altar, the way Yves's words made him feel so dirty, so alive. Ahhh... ahhh... yesss... He came, a hot, powerful release that he caught in his hand. He licked it clean, the taste a salty, slightly bitter reminder of his submission. Then he washed himself clean and got ready for the night. He placed the plug back where he found it

Yves woke up just as Nathan left the bathroom. He didn't know what Nathan did. He just saw Nathan, a vision of sleepy, satisfied femininity. "Hey," he said, his voice a low, rumbling sound. "Come here." Nathan went to him, a small, obedient motion. Yves pulled him into a hug, a warm, possessive embrace. "Sleep now," he murmured. Nathan curled into him, a small, seeking motion, and closed his eyes, a deep, dreamless sleep claiming him once more.

Then he washed himself clean and got ready for the night. He placed the plug back where he found it, my mind already awhirl with what had just happened. My own actions in the bathroom, how I'd craved that fullness... it was terrifying.

Walking back into the bedroom, my eyes landed on the polished metal of the cage lying on the table near the bathroom. The keys glinted beside it. A wild, vengeful thought surged through me - make him wear it. But it died as quickly as it came. Yves had the photos, the ones from the office. Me, in women's clothes, touching

myself. He owned me, and we both knew it. I chased the thought away, a bitter taste in my mouth.

I rifled through my luggage, looking for something to sleep in. All I found was a light satin slip dress in a soft, pale tone. The fabric was smooth and fluid, with a gentle sheen under the lamplight. A delicate lace-trimmed bodice, thin adjustable straps, and an open-back design with crossed straps. It was beautiful, and it was another cage. I pulled it on, the satin whispering against my skin, and walked back to the sofa.

But I couldn't sleep. My mind replayed everything, a highlight reel of my humiliation. Is this rape? The question surfaced, sharp and unwelcome. I knew I was warming up to Yves, that my body responded to him with a traitor's eagerness. Am I becoming gay? And Vivian... my wife. A vision of her face, contorted in disgust, flashed through my mind. Her leaving me. I touched the nightwear I was wearing, my manicured hands sliding over the cool satin, a gesture that felt both foreign and horrifyingly natural.

"Nathalie," Yves's voice was a low rumble from the bedroom.

I jolted, my daydream shattered. I walked to the doorway. He was getting up, his body naked and unconcerned in all its glory. I averted my eyes, focusing on a spot on the wall. "What is it?"

"Get ready," he said, stretching. "We have an event to go to."

An event? At 8:30 pm? My stomach tightened. He strode past me to my suitcase and pulled out a light pink floral mini dress with a soft, summery look. A fitted bodice, a sweetheart neckline, ruffled sleeves, a delicate daisy pattern. Along with it, a matching pink lace bra and panties.

My breath hitched. He was going to cage me again. I braced myself for the familiar click of the lock. But then he just tossed the clothes on the bed and walked into the bathroom to freshen up. He'd forgotten.

I stared at the pile of pink fabric. They didn't look like event clothes. I put on the underwear and the dress, the whole process feeling strange without the cage as an intermediate step. I caught my reflection in the mirror, and to my horror, a small, appreciative whistle escaped my lips. Finally, I could wear the panties without that

metal restriction.



I slapped myself, the sharp crack echoing in the quiet room. What was I thinking? Why was I happy about wearing panties? Cage or no cage, this wasn't me. I didn't want this. Yves had tricked me, swapped my luggage at the office, stolen my anal virginity... I finished the outfit with the only available footwear: a pair of four-inch heels.

When I came out, Yves was waiting in the living room, wearing a pair of shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. I stared at him, my mouth open. What kind of "event" was this?

He just walked over and flipped up my dress, exposing my pink panties. I yelped, my hands flying to cover my groin, my face burning. "Why did you do that?" I gasped.

"Just checking," he laughed. "Wanted to make sure you were wearing them."

We left the room and walked to the lift. As I walked, a major problem became glaringly obvious. The dress was too short. I felt exposed, like a slight breeze would reveal everything. Not to mention my freed cock, pressing against the panties, creating an obvious outline. The loose fabric was my only defense. The cold air from the hotel's AC flowed under my dress, making me shiver.

Yves pressed the button for the next floor up. "Now listen, Nathalie," he said, his voice serious. "Under no circumstances do you drop the act. You are my girlfriend."

The lift doors opened, and we walked down the hall to ROOM 302. The number felt familiar, a nagging itch at the back of my mind. Yves knocked.

The door opened to reveal a beautiful girl with dark, curling hair and a mischievous smile. She wore a black mini-skirt and a tight crop top that showed off a toned midriff. Behind her, I could see another girl, this one blonde and a little softer-looking, sitting on the bed. They were both watching us, like they'd been expecting us.

"Yves!" the dark-haired girl greeted him warmly. "And you must be Nathalie."

She invited us inside. I didn't recognize them at all.

"I'm Brooke, and this is Lexi," the dark-haired girl said, gesturing to her friend. "We're... well, we're girlfriends."

I forced a smile. "It's nice to meet you. How do you... how do you know Yves?"

Lexi giggled, a high-pitched, girly sound. "Oh, honey. We're the girls who saw Yves fucking you on the balcony earlier. And saw him... reveal your little secret."

The blood drained from my face. I wanted the earth to swallow me whole. I remembered. The watching couple. They were right here. In this room.

Brooke saw my discomfort. She gave another one of her giggles and leaned in, kissing me lightly on the cheek. "Don't be shy," she said, her voice warm and teasing. "You look beautiful in that dress."

Playing along, feeling like I was in a trance, I leaned in and kissed her back. The girls squealed with delight.

They offered us juice, and we all sat down, making awkward small talk about plans for tomorrow. A beach day, they suggested. Yves agreed. I just nodded, my mind racing. A beach day? The problems were endless. What if my dick was discovered?

(EROTICA MODE ON)

"So," Lexi said after a while, her voice dropping to a husky purr. "Are you two going to put on a show for us again?"

Yves chuckled. "Now, now," he said, a glint in his eye. "It's not fair if Nathalie and I are the only ones performing first."

The girls agreed, a shared, wicked look passing between them. They moved to their bed, a large, queen-sized affair covered in a white duvet. They started making out, and it was then I understood they were lesbians. Their kiss was deep, passionate, a dance of tongues that was both mesmerizing and incredibly arousing.

Their hands roamed, touching each other's bodies, stripping off their clothes. I watched, transfixed, as they revealed they were wearing nothing underneath. Their breasts, their pussies, all bare and free. They started playing with each other, fingers dipping into wet folds, their bodies moving in a rhythm that was hypnotic. Then Lexi went down on Brooke, her head disappearing between her girlfriend's thighs.

During this, I felt a stirring in my panties. My freed cock, hardening, straining against the thin pink lace. A wet spot of pre-cum was forming, and it was starting to show through the light dress. I tried to hide it, crossing my legs, positioning a pillow over my lap, but it was no use.

Yves saw. Of course, he saw. He slid his hand into my panties, wrapping his fingers around my hard cock and my balls. I gasped, a choked, desperate sound. "Yves..."

His touch was electrifying. I could feel the rough texture of his palm, the way his thumb circled the head of my cock. He started to stroke me, a slow, deliberate motion that made me squirm.

Just as the girls on the bed reached their climax, their cries of pleasure filling the room, I came. A hot, powerful release that soaked my panties, drenching them in my cum. Ahhh... oh god... yesss... Yves, at the last moment, had removed his hand, leaving me to deal with the sticky, shameful mess.

"Hey!" Lexi shouted from the bed, her voice breathless. "The entertainment is supposed to be on the bed, not over there!"

Yves nodded. "You're right," he said, getting up and pulling me with him. I struggled, but he was too strong. He turned to me, lifting my chin with his hand, and started french kissing me. His tongue invaded my mouth, a slow, possessive exploration. I moaned into him, my own cock getting hard again. His hands roamed down my back, one slipping under my panties to finger my ass, the other undressing me. I didn't even notice, not until I felt the cold AC air hitting my breasts.

I pushed him away, looking down at myself. I was in just my bra and panties. My panties were tented, an obvious wet spot in the front. I pulled my hands across my breasts and panties, trying to hide them from the girls. "How could you?" I moaned at him, my voice a choked sob.

The girls on the bed just laughed. "Oh, honey," Brooke said, her voice syrupy sweet. "We saw you naked earlier. We saw everything."

Then Lexi sat up, a wicked glint in her eye. She took a deep breath and then, in a pitch-perfect imitation of me, she moaned, "Ahhh! Ahhh! Yves! Ahhh!" She made her voice go higher, breathier, and added a desperate whimper. "That's it... take my cock... take it all, you dirty girl..."

I wanted to die. My face felt like it was on fire. They'd heard me. Everyone had heard me.

Yves just chuckled, a low, triumphant sound. He scooped me up, one arm under my knees, the other around my back, and carried me to the bed, tossing me onto it next to the girls. Before I could even process what was happening, Brooke and Lexi were on me. Brooke pulled down my panties, while Lexi's hands went to my breasts, her fingers teasing my nipples. Then, their mouths were on me. Lexi was sucking my dick, her tongue swirling around the head, while Brooke was behind me, spreading my ass cheeks and licking my puckered entrance.

I was in sensory overload. The feeling of two mouths on me, one hot and wet on my cock, the other a hot, raspy tongue on my ass... it was too much. Yves didn't leave my mouth alone. He kneeled next to me, his hard cock in front of my face. I understood, and opened my mouth.

I started sucking his dick, my hands playing with his balls. I couldn't see what the girls were doing, my own body blocking my view. I could only feel. Feel Lexi's mouth, a tight, wet heat. Feel Brooke's tongue, a forbidden, fil

"God, Nathalie," I heard Yves say, his voice a low growl. "You're so good at this."

I moaned around his cock, the vibrations making him groan. I could feel the pressure building in my groin, a familiar, coiling tension. "Mmmph... ahhh..." I was close. So close.

Just as I came, a hot, powerful release that shot into Lexi's waiting mouth, Yves came too, filling my mouth with his hot, salty cum. Glllk... glllk... I swallowed, the taste a familiar, intimate comfort. I released his dick from my mouth, panting.

The girls came up for air, and I finally saw who had been pleasuring me. Lexi, her lips swollen and wet. Brooke, a mischievous grin on her face. Lexi crawled up and lay on top of me, our breasts pressing into each other. She pressed her mouth onto mine, and I was greeted with the taste of my own cum. We started kissing, Lexi forcing me to eat my own release, her tongue pushing it into my mouth. Meanwhile, my dick was hard again, poking against her pussy. Lexi felt it, and a wicked glint appeared in her eye. She started humping my dick, her hands holding my wrists, restricting me, not letting me insert it into her pussy. I looked at her, my eyes pleading. Lexi just shook her head, a small, triumphant smile on her face.

Finally, the kiss ended, and I had swallowed all of my cum. Lexi whispered, her hot breath against my ear, "My pussy belongs only to Brooke."

From beside me, I heard a muffled, "That's my girl."

I looked over and saw Brooke pleasuring Yves's dick. She was savoring it, like it was a popsicle. A pang of jealousy shot through me, sharp and unexpected. She took him all the way in, her throat working, then pulled back, her lips wrapped tightly around his shaft. He groaned, his head thrown back. She swallowed it all, then licked her lips, a satisfied smile on her face.

All this time, Lexi had been licking and sucking on my breasts, her tongue a hot, wet trail on my skin. My dick was still hard, still being humped by Lexi, a maddening, frustrating friction. "Please, Lexi," I moaned, my voice a desperate plea. "Please..."

Brooke stood up, wiping her mouth. "It's time for the next act," she announced.

Lexi stopped her suckling of my breasts and slowly got up. Yves and Brooke had disappeared for a while, but now they were back, sitting on the sofa opposite the bed.

My chest was wet and tingling where Lexi's mouth had been. I watched her, dazed, as she got up from the bed. Yves and Brooke had vanished for a few moments, but now they were settled on the sofa opposite us. My eyes widened. Brooke was wearing a strapon, a sleek, black silicone thing that buzzed with a low, humming vibration. And Yves... Yves was just sitting there, legs spread wide, his dick hard and tall, a monument to my complete and utter submission.

Lexi pulled me up, her fingers curled around my wrist. We both sat on the edge of the bed, watching our partners. "Showtime," Lexi whispered, her breath hot against my ear. She sashayed over to Brooke, her hips swaying in a way that was both confident and utterly feminine, and straddled her. She lowered herself onto the vibrating strapon, a slow, deliberate descent. "Ahhh... yes... Brooke..." Her moan was a throaty purr that vibrated through the room.

My turn. I stood up, my movements feeling clumsy and awkward. I minced over to Yves, my hips rolling in a way that felt practiced, learned. It was disturbing. I was walking more girlier than Lexi did. I lowered myself onto him, the now-familiar stretch of my ass as I took him in. "Ohhhhh..." I moaned, the sound torn from me. I was wearing only my bra, my semi-hard dick resting against Yves's stomach, a traitor against my skin.

Yves looked down at me, a dark, unreadable expression in his eyes. "You want to be uncaged tomorrow as well?" he asked, his voice a low rumble.

I bit my lip, the pain a welcome distraction from the pleasure. I nodded. I did. I wanted to be free.

He leaned in, his lips brushing against my ear. "Then show me you can be a wonderful girlfriend for our new friends," he whispered. "Show them what a good girl you can be. And I'll keep you unlocked for the rest of the trip."

I weighed it in my mind. My pride was already gone, shattered into a million pieces. What was a little more humiliation in exchange for freedom? The choice was clear. I'd do whatever he wanted.

I started kissing him, my lips pressing against his. "You're the best boyfriend I've ever had," I moaned, the words a lie that felt dangerously like the truth. My hands roamed over his back, feeling the muscles tense and relax under my touch.

He returned the kiss, hard and demanding. Our tongues twisted together, a wet, intimate dance. His hands roamed down my back, cupping my ass, pulling me closer. I bounced up and down on his cock, the friction a delicious agony. "Ahhh! Yves! Oh god!" I shrieked, my moans turning into cries of delight. I wrapped my legs around his back, needing him closer, deeper.

Yves pushed my bra down, exposing my breasts. He lowered his head, taking one of my nipples into his mouth. The wet heat, the gentle suction... it was too much. I grabbed onto him, my fingers digging into his shoulders, my body arching in ecstasy. "Oh... oh... ohhhhh..." I came, hard, my cock shooting cum onto his stomach. The warm, sticky fluid made our bodies more slippery, our movements more fluid.

We were all tired, spent. The clock on the wall read 10:30 pm. Yves dressed, then scribbled his phone number on a piece of paper and handed it to Brooke. Meanwhile, I put on my dress, forgetting in my daze to put on my panties. I could feel his cum leaking out of my ass, trickling down my thighs. I was too unstable on my feet, my legs trembling.

Yves scooped me up into his arms, a princess carry. "Thank you, darling," I mumbled, my arms wrapping around his neck. I kissed him, my lips finding his, thinking we were still in the girls' room. "Honey... darling..."

Brooke giggled as we left. They said their goodbyes, but I just mumbled something incoherent.

Yves carried me back to our room. Throughout the journey, I kept kissing him, calling him pet names, lost in a haze of pleasure and exhaustion. He entered our room and carefully put me into the bathtub. The cool porcelain was a shock against my heated skin. And then, everything went black.

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I awoke on the bed, wearing the nightwear I had selected the previous night, the light satin slip dress clinging to my skin. I remembered the sex with the girls the previous night, a kaleidoscope of images and sensations. I touched my groin.

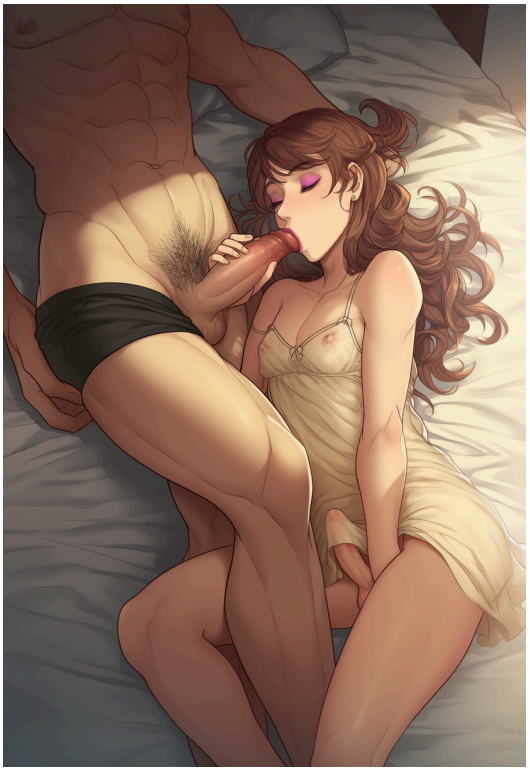
The morning light was a gentle intrusion, filtering through the thin curtains and painting stripes across the rumpled sheets. I awoke with a gasp, the remnants of a dream fading like smoke. I was in bed, wearing the nightwear I had picked out the previous night, the light satin slip dress clinging to my skin, a second skin I hadn't chosen. My body ached in unfamiliar places, a dull, pleasant throb between my legs and a deep, satisfying soreness in my ass.

The memories of last night came flooding back. The girls, Brooke and Lexi. Their mouths on me. The way Lexi had humped my dick, teasing me. The way Yves had carried me, the possessive strength in his arms.

My hands flew to my groin, my heart pounding. It was free. The cage was gone. I turned my head, my eyes adjusting to the dim light. Yves was fast asleep next to me, his chest rising and falling in a steady rhythm. He looked peaceful, vulnerable. A stark contrast to the dominant, commanding man he had been hours ago.

A thought, a dangerous, thrilling thought, entered my mind. I rolled over, my movements slow and deliberate, until I was facing him. My fingers reached out, trembling slightly, and hooked into the waistband of his boxers. I pulled them down, inch by inch, until his dick was revealed. It was soft now, but still impressive, a sleeping giant.

I leaned in, my mouth watering. I started sucking it carefully, my lips forming a tight seal around the head. I was lying down, my body angled so I wouldn't wake him. My one hand came up to support his balls, the other drifting down between my own legs, my fingers tracing the rim of my ass. My pussy. The word surfaced in my mind, unbidden. My pussy.



I began to fantasize about the cock in front of me, about it fucking my pussy while I was sucking it. Ahhh... yes... just like that... The thought made my own dick harden, a traitor against my thigh. I could feel him starting to stir, but he didn't wake. He was in a deep sleep, lost in his own dreams.

Then, he came. A hot, sudden release that filled my mouth, some of it spilling onto my lips. I remembered Brooke's move from last night, and I imitated her, my tongue darting out to lick the cum from my lips. I licked him clean, my tongue tracing the veins, the ridge, before carefully tucking him back into his boxers.

I was still hard. I still hadn't cum. Frustration, hot and sharp, coiled in my stomach. I stopped and got up, grabbing my towel and the butt plug I had found the previous day. I went into the bathroom, the cool tiles a shock against my bare feet. I stripped and sat in the shower, the water off for now. I continued fingering my pussy, my fingers slick with lube, the wet sounds echoing in the small space. Squelch... schlick... I put the plug in my mouth, sucking on it, imagining it was Yves's cock.

Finally, I erupted. My cock shot cum into the tub, a hot, sticky mess. And then, a sudden, intrusive thought took hold. I lay down in the shower, my body awkwardly positioned, and licked my cum off the tub walls. The taste was salty, familiar. It

excited me, this act of degradation, this intimate act with myself. I licked it all clean before finally turning on the shower and letting the hot water wash over me.

When I finished showering and exited it, a towel wrapped securely above my breasts, Yves was just waking up. He stretched, a lazy, contented smile on his face. "Morning, Nathalie," he said. "Today, we're going to the beach."

The beach. My stomach tightened. I walked over to my suitcase, my movements feeling heavy and reluctant. I searched through the clothes in the luggage..My fingers brushed past the various dresses and lingerie, until I found it.

A three-piece swim set in a soft pastel tie-dye pattern blending blue, pink, and purple tones. It was pretty, in a delicate, feminine way. A triangle bikini top, a matching tie-side bottom, and a sheer wrap skirt.



I held it up, the fabric feeling impossibly flimsy. I went into the bathroom and put it on. The triangle top was easy enough, the straps adjusting to fit my chest, the falseness of my breasts now a familiar weight. The bottoms were a different story. The tie-side style left my hips bare, the fabric sitting low on my stomach. And then I realized the problem.

My penis. Which would, inevitably, become erect. It would show through the thin fabric of the bikini bottom. The skirt, while sheer, wouldn't be enough to hide it.

I walked back out into the bedroom, my arms crossed over my chest. "Yves," I said, my voice tight. "I can't wear this. It's... it's too revealing."

Yves looked me over, his eyes lingering on my crotch. He knew what I was talking about. He walked over to the table where he'd left the cage and its keys. He picked them up, holding them out to me.

"I have a simple suggestion," he said, his tone casual. "It's your choice, of course."

I knew it wasn't a choice, not really. Not if I wanted to go to the beach without causing a scene. I took the cage from him, my fingers trembling. I put it on, the cold metal a familiar, hated weight. I handed him the keys, my head bowed.

Yves was already dressed, a pair of swim trunks and a loose-fitting shirt. He had a beach bag in one hand. He looked me over one more time, then nodded. "Good. You look ready."

Just then, there was a knock on the door. Yves went to open it, and Brooke and Lexi walked in. They were both wearing one-piece swimsuits with skirts over them, a much more modest, and practical, choice than mine.

Yves waved them inside, and they immediately came over to me. Brooke wrapped me in a hug, and before I knew it, she was kissing me on the lips. It was a quick, friendly kiss, the kind girls give each other. Then Lexi did the same. I realized, with a jolt, that they were treating me like a girl. Like one of them.

"You look so cute, Nathalie!" Lexi said, her eyes bright.

"We're so excited for today!" Brooke added.

Together, we left the room and headed for the beach. The hotel's private beach was just a short walk away, a stretch of white sand and turquoise water. As we walked, I could feel the sun on my skin, the breeze a gentle caress. I was acutely aware of the cage, a constant, hidden pressure. I was also acutely aware of the way the girls were talking to me, including me in their conversations, their laughter, their plans. It was... strange. Disconcerting. But also, a small, treacherous part of me admitted, not entirely unpleasant.
The sun was warm on my skin, the sand soft under my feet. The group was chatting and laughing, and for a moment, I almost felt normal. But then, a sharp

whistle cut through the air. Whistle! I jumped, looking around. A group of guys, shirtless and bronzed, were lounging nearby, their eyes fixed on me.

"Hey there, beautiful," one of them called out, sauntering over. He was tall, with muscles that rippled as he walked. "What's a girl like you doing with a guy like that?" He nodded towards Yves, who was trailing behind us, a smirk on his face.

Before I could answer, another one was at my side. He reached out and grabbed my ass cheek, a bold, possessive squeeze. "Nice ass," he murmured, his breath hot against my ear.

I let out a girly yelp, my body tensing. "Eep!" I tried to pull away, but he held on, his grip tightening. Lexi and Brooke just watched, their expressions nonchalant. The boys ignored them, realizing they were lesbians, their attention focused solely on me.

Panic flared in my chest. I looked back at Yves, my eyes pleading. He was enjoying the scene, a predator watching his prey squirm. I rushed to his side, my movements clumsy and desperate. I slipped my arm into his, my body pressing close to his. "Yves," I whispered, my voice shaking. "Make them stop."

Yves chuckled, a low, rumbling sound. He wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me even closer. Then, in full view of everyone, he squeezed my ass, a mirror of the other man's gesture, but this one was possessive, a claim. He leaned in and gave me a sloppy kiss, his tongue forcing its way into my mouth. It was a performance, a declaration.

The guys saw it, their faces falling. They sighed and walked away, their shoulders slumped in defeat.

I felt a wave of shame wash over me. I was being hit on by men, and Yves had to save me. His hand drifted down from my waist to my crotch, a possessive grip on my cage. He squeezed it, a painful reminder of my predicament. "There, there," he murmured against my ear. "You're mine."

We set up under a large beach umbrella, the shade a welcome relief from the intense sun. Lexi and Brooke spread out a large mat and started applying sunblock, their movements efficient and practiced. I watched them, then looked at my own exposed skin. I needed sunblock too.

"I can get your back," Yves offered, already uncapping the bottle.

I hesitated, then reluctantly nodded. I lay down on my stomach on the mat, my eyes squeezed shut. I could feel Yves's hands on my skin, the cool lotion a shock against the heat. But then, he undid the tie on my skirt, the fabric falling away to reveal my bikini bottoms to everyone. I closed my eyes tighter, my heart pounding. But no one saw anything. The tiny cage was squeezing my dick against my skin, making it look flat. It was painful, but hidden.

The girls saw, of course. They giggled. "Where did your dick go, Nathania

?" Brooke asked, her fingers tracing the front of my panties.

My face burned with embarrassment. I flipped over, lying on my stomach to hide my shame.

Yves started rubbing the lotion everywhere. His hands were firm, massaging the lotion into my skin. He spent quite a while on my ass cheeks, his fingers digging into the flesh, then moving down to my asshole. He inserted a finger, a slow, deliberate penetration. Ahhh... I moaned, my body arching in pleasure. I was getting wet, but the pleasure was a frustrating tease, not enough to push me over the edge.

He moved on to my legs, my thighs, the sensitive skin behind my knees. When he was done with my back, he turned me over. He kneaded my breasts, his fingers tweaking my nipples, making them hard. Then, he moved down to my groin, playing with the locked cage, amused by my cries of freedom. "Please, Yves... please..." I begged, my hips bucking.

He just laughed, a low, cruel sound. "Not yet, my dear."

(EROTICA MODE OFF)

We all entered the water, the cool waves a welcome relief. We splashed and played, the laughter and shouts echoing across the beach. But in the midst of the fun, a sudden tug at my hips made me stumble. Lexi was pointing, a grin on her face. "Hey, look! A blue bikini bottom floating away!"

I reached down, my heart stopping. My bottoms were gone. To make matters worse, the water was crystal clear. Panic seized me. I rushed to Yves, my hands covering my crotch. "Yves! My bottoms! They're gone!"

Yves looked around, then spotted them floating away. He sighed. "Stay here," he said, then swam after them.

But I couldn't stay. If anyone came nearby, they would see my shame. I waded after him, my movements clumsy and awkward. Lexi and Brooke called out, "We'll take care of your stuff!" but I was too panicked to care.

The water was shockingly cold against my bare skin as I waded frantically after Yves. Every small wave that lapped against me felt like an announcement of my exposure. The crystalline water offered no hiding place for my shame. Yves, a powerful swimmer, was already some distance away, one arm outstretched, my pastel blue bikini bottom held between his fingers like a tiny, surrendered flag.

I kept one hand pressed firmly over my crotch, the other splashing awkwardly to propel myself forward. The sandy bottom dropped away, and I had to tread water, the effort making my panicked breathing even more ragged. We were nearing a rocky cliff face that bordered the left side of the private beach, away from the main stretch of sand. It was more secluded, the shadows of the rock formations providing a welcome, if sinister, cover.

Yves reached the shallows and stood, water cascading down his toned chest. He turned, holding up my prize, a smirk playing on his lips. I splashed the last few feet, the feeling of my bare ass on the gritty sand beneath the water sending a shiver through me.

Exhausted and breathless, I reached for the bikini bottom. "Thank you," I panted, my fingers just brushing the damp fabric.

Yves snatched it away, holding it high above his head. "Ah, ah, ah," he tsked, the sound echoing slightly in the small cove. "Not so fast. A reward is required for such heroic efforts. Or you can just walk back... half-naked." He gestured back towards the main beach, a glint of cruel amusement in his eyes.

Humiliation burned hotter than the sun. My shoulders slumped. I knew I had no choice. "Alright," I mumbled, my gaze dropping to the water. "What do you want?" I assumed he wanted a blowjob and began to sink to my knees in the shallow water.

But Yves just laughed, pulling me back up. He steered me towards the cliff face, to a small, hollowed-out section of rock, hidden from the main beach by an outcropping. I understood immediately. I'd seen scenes like this in porn. The rugged rock, the secluded beach, the illicit outdoor sex. My heart hammered against my ribs, a frantic drumbeat of dread and a treacherous sliver of anticipation.

"Hands on the rock," he commanded, his voice low and firm.

I obeyed, planting my palms against the coarse, sun-warmed surface. I leaned forward, sticking my bare ass out towards him, presenting myself. I felt utterly exposed, vulnerable. His hands landed on my love handles, gripping them tightly. "That's my dirty little bitch," he growled, "getting so excited to be fucked outside where anyone could see."

Without warning, he thrust into me. A sharp, intense cry was torn from my throat as he filled my pussy, the entry rough and un-lubricated save for the seawater. Ahhh! God! He set a punishing rhythm, his hips slapping against my ass, the wet sounds of our coupling echoing off the rock. Slap! Squelch! Slap!

One of his hands crept around my hip, delving into the front of my non-existent panties, finding my nipples through the wet fabric and pinching them hard. "You love this, don't you, Nathania? Being used like a cheap whore against a rock." His words were filth, but they ignited a fire in my belly. I could only moan in response, pushing back against him, wanting more, deeper, harder. The pressure of the tiny cage against my groin was a constant, frustrating ache.

Finally, with a guttural groan, he emptied himself into me. I felt the hot rush of his cum flooding my insides, a stark contrast to the cool water lapping at my legs. He pulled out, and I felt the immediate, shameful trickle of his release beginning to ooze out and trail down my thighs. I was still achingly hard, my dick straining against the unyielding metal, waiting for a release I knew he wouldn't grant me.

Suddenly, a loud, insistent ringtone pierced the air. Yves's smartwatch. He glanced at it, his expression shifting instantly. "Laurent," he grumbled, tapping the screen. He answered curtly, "Yes, I'm on my way."

He ended the call and, without another word, tossed the soaked bikini bottom at me. I fumbled to catch it, my fingers clumsy. As I tied the strings at my hips, I could

already feel the warm, sticky fluid pooling in the thin fabric. We walked back to the main beach in silence, the squelching sound in my bikini with every step a mortifying reminder of what had just happened.

The girls were waiting. They took one look at my flushed face and my awkward, wide-legged gait, and they knew. "Well?" Lexi asked, her eyes dancing with mischief as she cozied up to my side. "How was it?"

Brooke mirrored her on my other side, her arm slipping around my waist. "Did you enjoy your little adventure?" she purred, her fingers ghosting over my ass.

I squealed into her mouth as she, like Lexi, gave me a deep, possessive French kiss, her other hand not so subtly sliding down the back of my bikini bottoms, a finger pressing against my still-wet, cummy hole. They just laughed, pulling away. "We knew it," they said in unison.

Yves, now all business, told the girls duty called. He quickly packed our things, my skirt and the sunblock disappearing into the beach bag. We said our goodbyes, the girls' departing kisses leaving me breathless and even more flustered.

Halfway back to the hotel, I realized my skirt was missing. "Yves," I hissed, my hands instinctively covering my crotch, "where's my skirt?"

He shushed me, holding a finger to his lips as he continued an animated conversation on his phone with a client. I walked the rest of the way in a state of burning shame, my hands desperately trying to conceal the tell-tale bikini and the shameful pool within it, praying no one looked too closely.

***

The cool air of the hotel lobby was a shock, but not as much as the sensation I felt as we stepped into the elevator. A warm, slick trail had made its way from my bikini, down my inner thigh, and was now tickling my ankle. I was still painfully aroused, the denial making my skin feel too tight. Yves had just finished his call. "There's a problem with the site," he explained, his tone all business. "We have to meet the client there. Now."

As he spoke, his gaze dropped to my leg, to the tell-tale drip of cum that had reached my ankle. He let out a short, sharp laugh. "Look at you," he said, not unkindly, but with a deep amusement that made my cheeks burn. He leaned in and

gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. "Good sport," he murmured, before striding past me and into the bathroom. The shower started up almost immediately.

I stood frozen by that simple, patronizing kiss. Then it hit me. I'd been tricked again. There was no time for me to wash off, to clean myself. My bikini was soaked and clinging, my arousal was at a peak, and the cruel cage was keeping my dick painfully, crushingly soft. I felt a surge of desperate need. My eyes landed on the anal plug I'd left on the counter this morning. My fingers closed around it, the cool plastic a small comfort in my grasp.

Just as I was about to retreat to the bedroom with it, Yves's voice cut through the spray of the shower. "No masturbating, Nathania."

The command hung in the air, absolute. My shoulders slumped in defeat. I put the plug down, my arousal a throbbing, painful ache with no outlet. I waited, feeling sticky and used, until he was finished.Then I when in. When I emerged, wrapped in a towel, he pointed to the wardrobe. "I've laid something out for you. Be quick."

On a hanger was a form-fitting midi dress in a bold, solid red. The fabric was smooth and slightly stretchy, designed to contour every curve. The simple round neckline and short sleeves created a clean, minimal silhouette. The skirt fell to my mid-calf, but a side slit ran up to my knee, promising a glimpse of leg with every step. Beside it on the bed were matching red underwear, a pair of simple black, open-toed heels with at least a five-inch stiletto, and a small makeup bag.



I dressed mechanically, the red lace panties doing little to contain the shameful mess. The dress slid on, clinging to my hips, the side slit a flashing invitation. I did my makeup and styled my hair, my movements practiced and numb. When I emerged, Yves was already in a sharp business suit. "Took you long enough," he said, grabbing my arm and pulling me towards the door.

A hotel cab was waiting. We slid into the back seat, the city lights blurring past the windows. It was in the confines of the taxi, with the driver oblivious up front, that the full weight of my situation crashed down on me. "Yves," I whispered, my voice tight. "The keys. You have to unlock me. I can't go into a meeting like this."

He didn't even look at me. Instead, he casually slipped his hand through the side slit of my dress, his fingers finding the cage with unnerving ease. He tapped the hard metal, then played with my balls through the fabric of the panties. "I don't have the keys," he said, his voice calm and even.

"They're back at the room."

My blood ran cold. "What?"

"Don't worry," he continued, a slight smirk on his face. "This new cage fits you much better. It makes your panties smooth. No unsightly bulges." He gave the cage a final, painful squeeze before withdrawing his hand. I could do nothing but stare at him, my jaw tight, my fate sealed.

Meeting samantha

We arrived at a sleek, ten-story office building downtown. I could feel the stares on me as we entered, the heels clicking loudly on the marble floor. "Nathania," I said to the security guard, my voice a little too high as I signed the visitor log.

We rode the elevator in silence, ascending to the top floor. The doors opened into a private lobby. A single, imposing door with privacy glass stood before us, taking up most of the space. To the left was an empty secretary's desk. A well-dressed man, Mr. Laurent, was waiting at the office door. He greeted Yves by name, then turned to me. "And you must be Nathania. A pleasure." His eyes lingered on me a moment too long.

He invited Yves to sit on a plush sofa, taking the one opposite him. As I moved to find a seat, Yves's voice cut through the silence. "Nathania, stand behind me."

I did, my hands clasped in front of me, a knot of dread tightening in my stomach.

The office door opened again, and a woman entered, locking it behind her with a definitive click. I did a double take. She was dressed like she belonged anywhere but an office. She wore a two-tone mini dress that was a masterpiece of structured, body-contouring design. The top was a light cream, a halter neckline with a high collar and a narrow tie detail. A daring cut-out beneath the neckline bared the skin between her breasts. The lower half was solid black, so tightly fitted it looked painted on, with decorative buttons down the front and small side slits. The back was completely open, held up only by the halter tie. Six-inch black heels clicked on the floor, her lips a slick peach color.





She walked with a practiced, mincing gait and stood behind Laurent's sofa, her hands resting possessively on his shoulders. I felt like I was witnessing something private, something wrong. Yves, however, looked calm, almost interested.

The woman bent and kissed Laurent's cheek. "Good day, Boss." Her voice was soft, but her eyes held a flicker of reluctance.

Laurent introduced her. "Yves, Nathania, this is Samantha, my secretary." She gave us a small, precise bow. I noticed again that reluctance in her gaze, and I assumed it was just the awkwardness of being paraded in front of clients.

Laurent got down to business, passing a file to Yves. A sudden draft from an air vent caught the papers, sending them fluttering to the floor. Samantha moved with startling speed, bending at the hips to retrieve them. My breath hitched. From my vantage point, I could see straight up her dress. Black lace panties. A jolt of pure, unadulterated lust shot through me, my dick straining painfully against the tiny cage. She handed the papers to Yves, who accepted them without a word.

Suddenly, Laurent snapped his fingers.

Samantha minced in front of him and knelt, her movements fluid and graceful. From my POV, I could only see her back, the clean lines of her dress, and the way her dark hair fell against her neck. And the sounds. The loud zip of Laurent's trousers being undone. Then the soft, wet sounds of kissing, of licking.

Laurent showed complete indifference to the woman worshiping his cock. He looked at Yves. "You're not indulging?"

Yves snapped his fingers.

I froze. My mind reeled. What in the name of sexual harassment is this?

Yves snapped again, his eyes fixed on me. The message was clear.

Mimicking Samantha's movements, I minced forward, my heels sinking slightly into the plush carpet. I knelt in front of Yves, my hands resting on his thighs. I unzipped his pants, the sound loud in the quiet room. I released his cock and began to do as Samantha was doing, kissing and licking, my red lipstick leaving dark marks on his shaft.

The men ignored us, their conversation flowing over the wet, rhythmic sounds of two mouths servicing them. I was too focused on the painful sensation in my groin, the desperate, futile attempt of my dick to get erect, and the taste and feel of Yves in my mouth to really listen. I only caught fragments: "site... backup site... erosion... deeds... trained... sissy... wonderful... comrade..." They were laughing towards the end.

Suddenly, I felt a strong hand on the back of my head, pushing me down. Yves groaned, a low, guttural sound, and then my mouth was flooded. Hot, thick cum coated my tongue, some of it shooting down my throat before I could react. I swallowed instinctively, the taste salty and bitter. He held me there for a long moment, my nose buried in his pubic hair, until the last pulse subsided. Then he let go.

I pulled back, gasping for air. I dutifully leaned back in, my tongue tracing the length of his softening cock, cleaning him, just as I had been trained. I licked him spotless, my own need a forgotten, throbbing ache.

From the other sofa, I heard Laurent grunt, a similar sound of release. "Clean up, Samantha," he commanded, his voice lazy. "And show Nathania where the bathroom is."

Samantha rose gracefully from her knees, her expression unreadable. She gave a small nod and walked towards the door, not looking back at either of us. I followed, my movements stiff, my face burning. The click of the lock echoed in the silent lobby.

The bathroom was sleek and modern, all white marble and chrome, located discreetly near the elevators. The door clicked shut behind us, enveloping us in a cocoon of privacy. We washed up in silence, the sound of running water the only noise between us. I watched her in the mirror as she expertly repaired her peach lipstick. I did the same with my own red, my hands trembling slightly.

That's when she finally spoke, her voice quiet, without looking at me. "Where are you from, Nathania?" She asked. "I haven't seen you around the office before."

I hesitated, my mind racing for a plausible lie. "I... I don't work here," I said, my voice a little too high. "I'm Yves's girlfriend. Just... here to support him."

Samantha let out a soft, humorless laugh. She turned to face me, leaning against the counter. "Girlfriend? It didn't look that way to me. It looked like you were following orders."

Her directness caught me off guard. The wall I'd built around my shame crumbled. "He's blackmailing me," I blurted out, the words tumbling out in a rush. "My boss. He caught me... doing something I shouldn't have been doing during office hours. This is the price." I didn't dare reveal I was a man; the admission about blackmail was vulnerability enough.

She studied my face, her own expression softening with something like understanding. "Mr. Laurent offered me a promotion," she said, her gaze dropping to her own hands, which were twisting a paper towel. "Senior Secretary. Double the pay. The only condition was that I... become the secretary he wanted me to be. In every way."

We stared at each other, the silence heavy with shared misery. In her eyes, I saw a reflection of my own powerlessness. She reached out, and I found myself in her arms, a hug of pure, desperate commiseration. For the first time since this nightmare began, I wasn't alone in it. We were two souls trapped in the same gilded cage, two puppets dancing on the strings of powerful men.

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We walked out of the bathroom, the clicking of our heels on the marble tiles a somber, synchronized rhythm. Samantha unlocked the office door, and I walked in, my heart sinking with a renewed sense of dread.

Yves was sitting on the sofa, and he patted his lap. Laurent did the same. Samantha and I exchanged a brief, resigned look before we walked over, mincing in our towering heels, and sat on our respective bosses' laps. My back was to Yves, just as Samantha's was to Laurent. I could see everything Laurent did to her, and I felt everything Yves did to me.

Yves's hands started their exploration. They stroked my thighs, my waist, the fabric of the red dress a flimsy barrier. His right hand slipped under the dress through the side slit, his fingers tracing the lace edge of my panties. His left hand roamed upwards, stroking my stomach, then my sides, before coming to rest on my

breasts, kneading them through the dress and bra. "Mmm," a soft moan escaped my lips.

His right hand grew bolder, pushing aside the damp fabric of my panties to cup my balls, rolling them in his palm. His fingers traced the line of my ass, a single digit pressing against my puckered hole. "Ahhh..." I gasped, my hips bucking involuntarily.

From across the table, I could see Laurent's hands mirroring the action. His large hands disappeared under the short, black hem of Samantha's dress. I could see the muscles in her thighs tense as he fondled her, his fingers exploring her groin, her thighs.

I watched, mesmerized, as Laurent's thumb circled a spot on the front of Samantha's black lace panties. A dark, wet patch bloomed under his touch, growing larger with each passing second. My brow furrowed in confusion. That spot... it wasn't where a woman's wetness would be. It was higher, more forward. My brain, addled by pleasure and humiliation, struggled to process the anomaly.

Suddenly, without preamble, Laurent hooked his fingers into the waistband of Samantha's panties and yanked them down. Samantha gasped, a sharp, horrified sound. My own panties were pulled down in a single, rough motion, my caged dick and balls suddenly exposed to the cool office air. I froze. My blood ran cold, and then my mind went into overdrive.

There, nestled in a neat triangle of dark hair, was a tiny metal cage. It was identical to mine. The same minuscule, crushing size. The same lock. She had a dick. She was a he. He was trapped, just like me.

Samantha—or rather, Samuel—was similarly frozen, his face a mask of shock and humiliation as he stared at my own imprisoned cock.

Across from us, Laurent and Yves looked from our exposed, caged groins to our faces. And then they laughed. A deep, rich, booming laugh of shared triumph and cruel amusement. They were looking at their sissies, their secret, shameful projects, and they were proud.

Yves's fingers returned to my chest, flicking my now-sensitive nipples through the red lace bra. "He was so easy to break," Yves said, his voice a casual, conversational tone that made my skin crawl. He was talking to Laurent, but his

words were for me. "Last Monday, I caught him. Right in his office. Wearing pantyhose under his suit trousers." He chuckled. "The look on his face was priceless. One quick photo, and he was mine."

"Mmm," I moaned, my body betraying me as he continued to toy with my nipple, sending sparks of unwanted pleasure down my spine. A clear bead of fluid oozed from the tip of my caged dick, dripping onto the polished floor.

"He was resistant at first," Yves continued, his narrative flowing. "But the threat of exposure is a powerful motivator. I blackmailed him into becoming my personal secretary. My Nathania. Crossdressing, full-time. And of course," he gave my cage a little tap, "the chastity. To help him focus on his new duties."

My head was spinning, a mix of shame and a dizzying, undeniable arousal. "This work trip was the final touch," Yves boasted. "A little saline solution, expertly administered. Gave him these lovely little breasts. He'll be needing the bras now."

My moans grew louder, my hips rocking slightly against Yves's lap. My mind was a fog, but I could see Samuel's face across the table. It was beet red, his eyes wide.

"Similar story with this one," Laurent chimed in, his fingers now buried between Samuel's ass cheeks, making the other sissy whimper. "Caught the little pervert browsing PornHub on his work computer last Thursday. Thursday!" he repeated with a laugh. "By Friday, 'Samuel' had ceased to exist. I erased him from the system. Created 'Samantha' from whole cloth." He gestured to the saline-enhanced chest. "A little enhancement here, topped up every Sunday. The beauty of it is, the little fucker lives alone in this city. No family, no girlfriend. No one to miss him."

The two men roared with laughter, their shared depravity forging a fast friendship.

"Well said, Yves," Laurent said, his voice thick with lust. "Why don't we fuck them?"

"Yes," I breathed, the word a desperate plea. I leaned forward, planting my hands on the polished surface of the table to steady myself. Yves aligned his cock with my exposed, puckered hole and thrust inside. Schlick! The wet sound echoed in the room. "Ahhh!" I cried out, the sudden, full penetration sending a jolt of pure, unadulterated pleasure through me.

Across from me, Samuel mirrored my position, his hands on the table as Laurent buried himself in his ass with a single, powerful thrust. We were looking at each other, our red and black lace bras framing our bouncing, saline-swollen chests as our bosses fucked us.

Yves's hands gripped my hips, pulling me back onto him with each punishing thrust. Slap! Slap! Slap! The sound of skin on skin was a vulgar percussion. His lips found my neck, nipping and sucking, his tongue tracing the shell of my ear. "You love this, don't you, Nathania? My dirty little sissy, taking my cock in front of an audience."

"Yesss," I hissed, my head falling back against his shoulder. My own dick, still trapped in its cruel cage, was a throbbing, desperate ache. Every time Yves slammed into me, the cage would press against my sensitive flesh, a perfect symphony of pain and pleasure. I could see Samuel's face, a mirror of my own ecstasy and agony. His caged dick was oozing a continuous stream of clear fluid, dripping onto the floor to mingle with my own mess.

Laurent was grunting behind Samuel, his movements just as rough. "Take it, Samantha," he growled. "Take my cock like a good little sissy." Samuel's moans were high and breathy, his breasts swaying with the force of Laurent's fucking.

The pressure inside me was building to an impossible peak. My balls tightened, and my body convulsed. I was going to cum. Without my dick ever being touched. "Ahh! Ahh! Yves! I'm... I'm cumming!" I cried out. A thin, watery stream of cum dribbled pathetically from the tip of my cage, spurting weakly onto the expensive rug.

Almost simultaneously, I watched as Samuel's body tensed. He threw his head back with a long, keening wail, and his own caged dick began to leak, a pathetic trickle of cum mingling with the slick of pre-cum already on the floor.

The sight of our mutual, humiliating release seemed to push our bosses over the edge. With a loud, possessive grunt, Laurent slammed into Samuel one last time, burying himself deep as he emptied his load. Yves followed suit, his fingers digging painfully into my hips as he filled my ass with a final, hot rush of cum.

They pulled out, leaving us feeling empty and dripping. "Look at the mess you've made, Nathania," Yves said, his voice dripping with condescension.

"Samantha, clean it up," Laurent commanded.

Samuel hesitated for only a second before he sank to his hands and knees, his tongue extending to lick his own pathetic spill from the floor.

"Now Nathania's too," Yves added, a cruel twist of the knife.

Samuel paused, looking at the second puddle of cum. Laurent stopped him. "No, no. We can't have our guests cleaning up," he said, a smirk on his face. "Samantha, you will clean up both messes." He was asserting his dominance, not just over his own sissy, but over Yves's as well.

Samuel crawled the short distance to my puddle and, without a word, began to lick my cum from the floor. The sight was so debasing, so utterly depraved, that a fresh wave of shame washed over me.

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(EROTICA MODE OFF)

After we were deemed presentable again, our bosses dismissed us. "Go freshen up. We have to leave soon," Laurent said, glancing at his watch. It was 4:50 PM.

Back in the sterile white of the bathroom, the illusion was shattered. We were no longer Nathania and Samantha, the secretaries. We were Nathan and Samuel, two men in makeup and women's underwear, our breasts aching and tender, our dicks still locked away. We looked at each other in the mirror, and the shared horror in our eyes was too much.

Samuel broke first, a sob catching in his throat. I turned and pulled him into a hug, and soon we were both crying, the sound muffled against each other's shoulders. It was a release of all the fear, the humiliation, the pent-up despair of the past few days.

"They can't know," I said, pulling back and wiping my eyes with the back of my hand. "They'll get suspicious."

He nodded, sniffing. We washed our faces, the cool water a small comfort. We carefully put our outfits back on, the movements of two people dressing for a role they never wanted to play. "Here," he said, scribbling an address on a notepad. "My place. In case..."

"In case," I finished, taking it from him.

***

When we re-entered the office, our bosses had a new surprise for us. "Laurent and I have become fast friends," Yves announced, clapping Laurent on the back. "We share some... similar interests. We're going to see the city. Meet his proper family. Some manly attractions, not for sissies." He said the word 'manly' with a heavy emphasis, a clear dig at our expense.

They laughed. "And we have a proposition," Laurent continued, a predatory gleam in his eye. "Nathania, you will stay with Samantha until Saturday morning. We feel that having sissies with similar... situations... will help you both learn how to better pleasure your bosses." They shared another laugh.

Then came the goodbyes. Nathan and Yves left, the heavy office door clicking shut behind them. As soon as they were in the taxi, the carefully constructed facade of Nathania crumbled. I turned to Yves, burying my face in the rough fabric of his suit jacket. A raw, hitching sob escaped my throat. "Why?" I gasped, my tears soaking his chest. "Why did you tell them? My secret... you just gave it to random people."

Yves's arm came around me, not in comfort, but in a firm, possessive hold. He gently wiped a tear from my cheek with his thumb. "Now, now, Nathania," he murmured, his tone infuriatingly calm. "Look on the bright side. After all, didn't you find some comrades in similar situations?" He patted my head, a slow, condescending rhythm. I cried myself into an exhausted, restless sleep against him, the smell of his cologne and my own shame filling my senses. I only woke when the taxi jolted to a stop in front of our hotel.

Yves guided me out, his hand on my elbow. Back in the room, the atmosphere was all business. "Pack your entire suitcase," he instructed. "I'll fetch you from Samantha's house on Saturday morning, and we'll go straight to the airport."

Numbly, I did as I was told. Nathania packed her suitcase, her movements mechanical. The bellhop arrived to help with the luggage, and Yves pulled me aside. He pressed some cash and a small, cool key into my palm. "This," he whispered, "is for Samantha's cage. Only let her out if she is good to you. Got it?" I could only nod, my throat tight.

For the bellhop's benefit, I became the doting girlfriend again. I threw my arms around Yves's neck, pulling him into a deep, dramatic kiss. "Oh, I'll miss you so much," I cooed, my voice a sugary parody. "Don't forget about me while you're having all that 'manly' fun!" He chuckled, playing along, giving my ass a firm squeeze that made me yelp. All the while, the cruel cage bit into my flesh, a constant, painful reminder of my true reality.

A new taxi arrived. The ride to the suburbs was a blur. Samantha's house was a neat little bungalow, isolated on a quiet street. She opened the door before I could even knock, and my breath caught. She was a vision in black lace. The dress was pure decadence, a sheer, body-hugging sheath that left little to the imagination. The deep V-neck, the high slits, the backless design—it was pure masculine fantasy. Her blond hair cascaded over bare shoulders. She looked breathtaking. And trapped.







We greeted each other with the practiced air of girlfriends meeting for a sleepover, a brief hug and a kiss on the cheek. But as the door closed behind me, the pretense fell away.

"We don't need to act for our bosses," I said, my voice flat. "We're alone."

She nodded, a flicker of relief in her eyes. "There's only one bedroom," she admitted softly. "The other is storage. We'll have to share the bed." I told her I didn't mind. When I asked about the dress, she simply said, "Laurent made me wear it. For when you got here." I stored my suitcase in the corner of the living room and sank onto the sofa, the red secretary dress feeling tight and suffocating.

We both let out a long, shuddering sigh, a collective exhalation of relief at being away from them. Then, without warning, Samantha wrapped her arms around me. This wasn't a polite greeting. This was a desperate, clinging hug. And then she began to sob. Not the quiet tears from the bathroom, but a raw, proper, body-racking sob.

"It's not fair," she wailed, her words muffled against my shoulder. "He made it all up! The PornHub thing... it was because I opposed his stupid development plan. He ruined my life... for a business deal." Her story, so similar to my own, broke the dam inside me. I started to cry, too. I told her everything. About Vivian, about Yves, about how it all started because my wife wanted me to wear her underwear to work, how Yves was now fucking us both. We cried for ten minutes, two broken souls clinging to each other in the quiet suburban house. Finally, the storm passed. "We should wash our faces," I suggested, my voice hoarse.

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(EROTICA MODE ON. NATHAN POV)

Clean-faced, the mood shifted. Samantha ordered food. When the delivery driver arrived, his eyes practically popped out of his head at the sight of her in that black lace confection. He blushed furiously, stammering as he took the payment, practically running back to his car. We ate on the sofa, flicking on the TV. The only thing on was an R18 romantic movie. "Laurent programmed the TV," Samantha explained with a weary shrug. "Only 'feminine' movies and shows."

It had the intended effect. The soft-focus lovemaking, the breathy moans from the speakers... it was torture. I could feel the cage tightening, my dick trying

desperately to swell. I glanced at Samantha. Her jaw was clenched, her brow furrowed in a mixture of agony and horniness. Her eyes met mine, dark and wide. We spoke at the same time. "You're still wearing your cage?"

I scrambled up, fetching my purse. "Yves gave me a key," I said, holding up the small silver object. "For yours." She nodded, pulling a similar key from her own purse. "For you." We knelt in front of each other on the plush rug. Her fingers fumbled with the tiny lock on my cage, and I felt the brush of her knuckles against my balls, a jolt of pure, unadulterated electricity. My own hands weren't steady as I worked on her lock. I felt her dick and balls in my palm, soft and confined, and a strange appreciation flooded me. With a final click, both cages fell away. We sighed in unison, a profound, mutual relief as our dicks were finally free.

We returned to the movie, but the relief was short-lived. Now there was no pain, only a raw, insistent arousal. My tight red dress and panties contained my burgeoning hard-on, but when I looked at Samantha, the black lace of her dress was looser, a distinct tent forming in her lap. My eyes were drawn to it, a magnetic pull. I couldn't stop myself. I inched closer, my hand snaking under the hem of her dress, tracing the line of her thigh until I felt the heat of her. My fingers slipped past the thin string of her g-string and touched her dick, hot and hard.

She yelped at the sudden contact on her thigh, then bit her lip, a soft moan escaping her as my fingers wrapped around her shaft. Her eyes met mine, dark and hazy with lust. Her own hand moved, sliding through the slit of my red dress, finding my straining cock through the thin fabric of my panties. We stroked each other, slow, tentative movements at first, then faster, harder. We whispered each other's names, "Samantha," "Nathania," like girlfriends sharing a secret.

On screen, the girl was kissing her boyfriend in a car, the scene bathed in moonlight. My mind was far gone. I leaned in and pressed my lips to Samantha's. She made a small sound of protest, but it was swallowed by the kiss. I pushed her back against the sofa cushions, my hands leaving her dick to frame her face, deepening the kiss. She responded in kind, her arms wrapping around my neck, one hand tangling in my hair. Her other hand slid down my back, finding the zipper of my dress. I heard the slow, seductive zzzzzip as she pulled it down, from my neck all the way to the small of my back. Her cool hand slipped inside, tracing the curve of my ass, a finger rubbing against my puckered asshole through the damp lace of my panties.

Our bodies pressed together. Her dick, hot and hard, rubbed against my own through the layers of fabric. I could feel her nipples, hard points against my chest. I ground against her, a slow, desperate rhythm, seeking friction, seeking release. Our kisses were frantic, messy, a clash of tongues and teeth and desperate need. The movie on the TV was forgotten. The world outside didn't exist. There was only the two of us, Nathania and Samantha, on a suburban sofa, finally taking what we wanted for ourselves.

There was only the two of us, Nathania and Samantha, on a suburban sofa, finally taking what we wanted for ourselves.

Through the haze of our desperate kisses, I heard Samantha's muffled words against my lips. "Bedroom," she breathed. "Let's... move to the bedroom."

I sat up, pulling her with me. We rose from the sofa on unsteady legs. My red dress was half-unzipped, the fabric clinging and restricting my movement, making me walk with an awkward, mincing gait. We walked side by side, our hips swaying like two girlfriends on a drunken night out. Samantha's hand strayed to my ass, her fingers tracing the curve, slipping under the lace of my panties to tease my asshole. A shiver ran down my spine.

The bedroom was neat and tidy, dominated by a large double bed. Samantha turned to face me, pulling me into another deep, wet French kiss as her hands found my zipper and pulled it down the rest of the way. My dress went slack. I slipped my arms through the sleeves, and it pooled at my feet in a crimson heap. I stood before her in my matching red bra and panties. Her hands immediately went back to my ass, squeezing and kneading the flesh, pulling me closer.

As she undressed me, my own hands explored her body. I found the globes of her ass, firm and perfect under the black lace of her dress. Hesitantly, I slid a finger down her crack, pressing against the tight pucker of her hole. It was the first time I'd ever touched another man like this. A fleeting thought, sharp and intrusive, pierced my lust-filled haze: Is this gay? Straight? Lesbian? Am I cheating on Vivian? I brushed it aside. Today was a day of freedom, a brief reprieve from Yves. Why poison it with such thoughts?

Our moans grew louder, muffled against each other's mouths. Our dicks, hard and eager, touched, separated only by the thin, damp fabric of our panties. I needed

more. "Suck me," I begged. But as Samantha started to sink to her knees, a better idea, a fairer idea, struck me. "Wait," I said. "Suck each other. At the same time."

Samantha's eyes lit up with understanding. She stood up and gently pushed me backward onto the bed. I landed with a soft bounce. She then climbed onto the bed, positioning herself over me in a perfect 69. Her lace-clad groin hovered just above my face, the scent of her arousal musky and intoxicating. We both reached for the other's panties. I hooked my fingers into the black lace of her g-string and pulled it down, over her straining cock and down her legs. She did the same with my red panties. Now I was only in my bra, and she was in her black lace nightdress, her hard dick and balls completely exposed.

Without another word, I took her into my mouth. She was hot and hard, the velvety skin smooth against my tongue. I felt her own lips close around my cock, and a jolt of pure pleasure shot through me. We sucked each other, our movements growing more frantic, more desperate. The wet, slurping sounds filled the room. Schlop... schlop... schlop... We got closer and closer to the edge, but something was missing, a final push we couldn't quite reach.

I took the initiative. I released her dick and lowered my head, my tongue finding her tight asshole. I licked it, a broad, flat stroke, mimicking how I would lick Vivian's pussy. I heard her shriek, a high-pitched cry of pure shock and pleasure. Then she did the same to me, her tongue probing my hole. I pushed a finger inside her, feeling the tight, hot heat of her channel. She did the same to me. Squelch... squelch... The sounds of our fingers entering each other's asses were incredibly obscene.

I could feel her body tensing. She was close. I pulled my finger out, went back to her dick, and sucked her with renewed vigor. She did the same to me. A moment later, my body convulsed. "Samantha!" I cried out, my hips bucking as I flooded her mouth with cum. A second later, I felt her own hot, salty release on my tongue. I swallowed it all, the taste a strange, intimate mix of her and me.

But my ass felt empty. I looked at Samantha, who was sitting on the bed, a dazed look on her face. I crawled over and sat on her lap, my back to her chest, her now-soft dick nestled against my ass crack. She moaned, her arms wrapping around my waist, her hands finding my still-hard cock. I leaned my head back

against her shoulder. "I've never done this," she confessed, her voice soft. "As Samuel. I was a virgin. Today... today is the first day."

I turned my head and kissed her. I could taste the faint, salty flavor of my own cum on her tongue. It turned me on immensely, and I deepened the kiss, wanting to taste more of myself, more of her. I ground my ass against her, feeling her dick begin to harden again. "Fuck me," I whispered against her lips.

She laid me down on the bed, her body covering mine. Our breasts, soft and saline-swollen, brushed against each other, the friction sending sparks of pleasure through us both. "Mmmm," we both moaned. I wrapped my legs and arms around her, pulling her closer, wanting to feel every inch of her. She lined up her dick with my hole and pushed inside. Schlick! A slow, steady penetration. "Ahhh," I moaned as she filled me, a feeling of completeness, of rightness, washing over me. She began to move, her hips rocking in a slow, sensual rhythm. We kissed, a deep, passionate exploration, our tongues dueling. Her hands roamed my body, stroking my sides, my thighs, my ass. I was lost in a haze of pleasure, my world shrinking to the feel of her inside me, the taste of her in my mouth, the sight of her beautiful face above me. She was fucking me, and it was perfect. For tonight, she wasn't Samuel, and I wasn't Nathan. We were just Nathania and Samantha, two girls in love, finding solace in each other's arms.

The rhythm of her thrusts changed, growing more erratic, more desperate. Her breath hitched, and I knew she was close. But a sudden, selfish urge pulsed through me, a craving to taste her, to pleasure her in a new way. I gently pushed against her chest. "Wait," I panted. "Let me... let me taste you again." She looked confused but complied, slowly pulling out of me, leaving me feeling achingly empty. I guided her to lie down on her stomach, then I positioned myself behind her, my face level with her perfect, rounded ass. I spread her cheeks, exposing the tight, pink pucker of her hole. Without hesitation, I leaned in and licked it, a long, slow stroke of my tongue.

"Ahhh! Nathan!" she cried out, her body arching off the bed. Her hands flew to my hair, her fingers tangling in the strands, holding me in place. I lapped at her, my tongue circling her rim, then probing inside. I could taste her, a musky, intimate flavor that was uniquely her. I pushed a finger inside her, then another, stretching her, curling them to find that special spot. Squelch... squelch... The wet sounds of my fingers fucking her ass filled the room. I felt her body tense, a shudder running

through her as she came with a loud cry. But I didn't stop. I continued to lick and finger her, bringing her to a second, even more intense orgasm. And then a third. Her body was a quivering mess by the time I was done, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

Exhausted and utterly spent, we crawled up the bed and collapsed onto the pillows, lying face to face. In the dim morning light, her face was soft, vulnerable. She looked like a lover. She moved closer, her lips finding mine in a sweet, tender kiss. The kiss deepened, her tongue slipping into my mouth, and then, just like that, she was asleep, her lips still pressed against mine. I couldn't sleep. I lay there, listening to her soft, even breathing, and gently sucked on her tongue, a strange, intimate act of possession. After a few minutes, I finally drifted off, my arms wrapped around her, her body a warm, solid weight against mine.

***

I woke up to the most incredible sensation. A warm, wet heat was enveloping my dick. I blinked my eyes open to see Samantha's blonde head bobbing up and down in my lap. "Mmm, Samantha," I moaned, my hands tangling in her hair, pushing her down further. She took me deep, her throat constricting around my tip. The sight of her, the feel of her, was almost too much. But I wanted to give her pleasure too. "Let me," I said, gently pulling her off me. I lay her down on her back, spreading her legs. I didn't waste any time, my fingers finding her already-wet asshole. I pushed one in, then two, my thumb rubbing against her perineum. Squelch... squelch... I hooked my fingers, hitting that spot inside her that made her see stars. Her back arched, a high-pitched cry escaping her lips as she came. But I didn't stop. I continued to finger her, my movements relentless, bringing her to a second, shattering orgasm before finally collapsing beside her, both of us panting and satisfied.

While I lay panting, my body still humming from the aftershocks, I hugged Samantha close. "What should we do today?" I asked, my voice a whisper. "We're free. No bosses, no one to disturb us."

Samantha's face, which had been slack with satisfaction, lit up with an idea. "Let's go out! To my favorite shopping center." The prospect of a normal day, a simple act of consumerism, was intoxicating. We got up and showered, the warm water a

soothing balm on our weary bodies. There was nothing sexual in the shower, just a comfortable, easy silence as we washed each other's backs.

After, as I was taking out my outfit for the day—a simple pair of jeans and a blouse—I saw Samantha's expression darken. He was holding a short, fitted dress, a look of pure jealousy on his face. "What's wrong?" I asked.

He wouldn't meet my eyes. "It's nothing."

"Sam, tell me."

He sighed, the sound heavy with defeat. "Laurent... he threw away all my pants, all my jeans. He makes me wear dresses. At work, at home... always. He checks the house every Monday to make sure I'm following his rules." My heart ached for him. I looked at my own jeans, at his sad face, and realized we were the same size. "Do you want to swap?" I offered.

His head snapped up, his eyes wide with disbelief. "Really?"

"Really," I confirmed.

He was overjoyed. He jumped into my arms, his naked body pressed against mine, and kissed my cheek again and again. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," he babbled. A wave of pity washed over me. He was so thoroughly chained by his boss that a simple pair of jeans felt like the greatest gift in the world.

We dressed in our swapped outfits, doing our makeup and hair with a practiced ease. When I looked at Sam, I saw a vision in pink and black. The fitted, off-the-shoulder knit top hugged his torso, the large structured bow a playful accent. The high-waisted black denim flared out from the knee, the heels adding height and a feminine sway to his walk. He looked beautiful, and for the first time, he looked truly happy.



Then I saw myself in the floor-length mirror. The dress was a confection of sheer blush pink lace, a short, fitted number that flared out from the waist. The sweetheart neckline with its keyhole cutout displayed my saline-filled breasts prominently, the pink bra I wore underneath clearly visible. The hem was so short that I felt the pink panties covering my groin would be on display with every step. That's when I saw the real problem. My dick was hard, and there would be no hiding it in this dress.



I grabbed Sam, who was still on cloud nine, and frantically explained my situation. There was only one solution. The cage. Sam looked apologetic, but I waved it away. "I gave you the jeans willingly," I reminded him. He nodded, understanding, and took my cage from the nightstand. He knelt in front of me and, without a word, took my cock into his mouth. His warm, wet heat enveloped me, and it didn't take long for me to cum, my release spilling down his throat, which he swallowed eagerly. My dick softened, shrinking down small enough for him to stuff it into the tiny cage. When I pulled up the panties, the front was smooth, the metal device completely hidden.

We left the house and took the bus to the shopping center. It was my first time in public transport as a girl, and I felt naked, exposed. I could feel everyone's eyes on me, on my exposed thighs, on the swell of my breasts. Sam saw my discomfort and took my hand, squeezing it. He acted as my doting lesbian girlfriend, slipping his arm through mine, whispering in my ear, making it look like I was taken. His presence was a shield, a small comfort against the stares. I could still feel the tight cage, a constant, painful reminder of my true self.

We ate breakfast at a cafe, window-shopped, and bought snacks. By lunchtime at the food court, I had grown accustomed to the stares, almost. As we were leaving, Sam spotted a new store and dragged me inside. It was a sex shop, brand new and gleaming. The shopkeeper, an older woman with a warm smile, greeted us. I blushed furiously, protesting that we shouldn't be in there, but Sam begged. He'd never seen one before and wanted to look. We browsed the displays, my face growing hotter with each item I saw. I saw chastity cages even smaller than mine, so tiny they'd need a catheter for the wearer to pee. I touched my own caged dick, imagining the pain. Then I saw the dildos, huge, realistic cocks in various colors, some larger than Yves. I was blushing, comparing their size to Yves's, to my own, and unconsciously wondering how one would feel in my ass. I pinched myself, trying to escape the traitorous thought.

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slipped another, smaller box into the bag. "A gift for visiting on our opening day." I thanked her, and we left, Sam still protesting that he didn't need it. "It's a gift for being such a good host," I insisted.

We arrived back at Sam's house at 4 PM. I flopped onto the sofa, exhausted. Sam brought us juice, and we sat discussing our day. He switched on the TV.

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(EROTICA START)

It was another R18 movie, this one about a lesbian couple. Thirty minutes in, the first steamy scene started. I could feel my dick trying to get hard in its cage, a dull ache of frustrated arousal. But my thought was derailed by a sight to my right. Sam had pushed his pants down to his ankles, wearing only the pink blouse and the purple panties. I saw a distinct tent in the fabric. He looked at me with pleading, desperate eyes.

I knew from my own agonizing experience that a handjob wouldn't work through the thick denim. I slid off the sofa and knelt on the floor in front of him. I reached out and moved the panties aside, freeing his cock. It sprang up, slapping me softly on the cheek. I looked up at him, a silent question in my eyes.

"Wait," he suddenly shouted, reaching over for the shopping bag. He fumbled with the vibrator box, ripping it open. He brought the sleek, pink toy to his lips and started sucking on it, lubricating it with his spit. He removed it from his mouth, a shiny strand of saliva trailing from his lips to the vibrator. He handed it to me. "I can't be so selfish," he panted. "You need release too."

I accepted the toy. Lifting the hem of my short lace dress, I pushed my own panties aside and pressed the vibrator against my hole. I gasped as I pushed it inside. Jolt! The vibrations shot through me, a direct line to my prostate. "Nnnghh," I moaned, a low, guttural sound. The toy was humming inside me, a constant, buzzing pressure against that sensitive spot. My own cock, trapped in its metal prison, began to leak, a steady drip of precum soaking the front of my pink panties. I could feel the damp fabric clinging to me, a sticky, wet reminder of my arousal.

I let my dress fall back into place and leaned forward, my face level with Sam's straining cock. I took him into my mouth, the taste of him familiar and intoxicating. "Oh, Nathania," he moaned, his hands flying to my head, his fingers tangling in my

hair. I sucked him, my tongue swirling around the head, tracing the ridge. I kissed the shaft, leaving faint pink marks from my lipstick. The buzzing in my ass was relentless, a maddening hum that kept me on the edge without ever quite letting me fall. Mmmmph... nnngh... My own moans were muffled by his dick. I could feel my panties getting wetter and wetter, the front of the dress probably starting to show a small, damp spot.

I released him with a loud pop, a string of spit connecting my lips to the tip of his cock. I looked up at him, and he looked down at me, his eyes dark with lust and something softer, sweeter. "Nathania," he breathed again. I took him back into my mouth, sucking harder, faster, my head bobbing in rhythm with the vibrations inside me.

While I lay panting, my body still humming from the aftershocks, I hugged Samantha close. "What should we do today?" I asked, my voice a whisper. "We're free. No bosses, no one to disturb us."

Samantha's face, which had been slack with satisfaction, lit up with an idea. "Let's go out! To my favorite shopping center." The prospect of a normal day, a simple act of consumerism, was intoxicating. We got up and showered, the warm water a soothing balm on our weary bodies. There was nothing sexual in the shower, just a comfortable, easy silence as we washed each other's backs.

After, as I was taking out my outfit for the day—a simple pair of jeans and a blouse—I saw Samantha's expression darken. He was holding a short, fitted dress, a look of pure jealousy on his face. "What's wrong?" I asked.

He wouldn't meet my eyes. "It's nothing."

"Sam, tell me."

He sighed, the sound heavy with defeat. "Laurent... he threw away all my pants, all my jeans. He makes me wear dresses. At work, at home... always. He checks the house every Monday to make sure I'm following his rules." My heart ached for him. I looked at my own jeans, at his sad face, and realized we were the same size. "Do you want to swap?" I offered.

His head snapped up, his eyes wide with disbelief. "Really?"

"Really," I confirmed.

He was overjoyed. He jumped into my arms, his naked body pressed against mine, and kissed my cheek again and again. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," he babbled. A wave of pity washed over me. He was so thoroughly chained by his boss that a simple pair of jeans felt like the greatest gift in the world.

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took him back into my mouth, sucking harder, faster, my head bobbing in rhythm with the vibrations inside me. The buzzing against my prostate was a constant, maddening hum, and my own trapped dick was leaking steadily, the precum soaking my pink panties. "Mmmph, Nathania, your mouth... oh god," Sam moaned, his hips bucking up to meet my lips. I could feel him swelling, getting even harder. I hollowed my cheeks, increasing the suction, my tongue swirling around his sensitive head. Slurp... schlick... mmmmph... The sounds were obscene, a symphony of our desperate pleasure. With a loud cry, his body went rigid. "Nathania!" he shouted, and my mouth was flooded with hot, salty cum. I swallowed it all, the taste of him mingling with the lingering hum of the vibrator in my ass.

***

After the blowjob scene, Sam brings me up by my waist and hugs me tight. He lies down on the sofa, pulling me on top of him. To our right, the TV blared as the lesbians were engaging in heavy petting, sucking on each other's breasts. Sam frees my breast through the keyhole cutout of my dress, the fabric pushed aside to expose the pink lace of my bra. He deftly pulls the cup down, and my nipple, already hard and sensitive, pebbles in the cool air. Then his mouth is on me. A wet, hot heat envelops my breast. Suckle... slurp... The sound is loud, a lewd counterpoint to the moans from the TV.

"Mmmmmph, Samantha," I moan, my back arching. The vibrations inside me, the sight on the screen, the feel of his mouth on my tit... it's too much. I'm in agony and ecstasy, unable to cum, the cage a cruel barrier. Sam just licks and sucks, his tongue a rough, wet rasp against my sensitive skin. His other hand cups my ass, petting it through the damp fabric of my panties. I look at the TV, the same scene playing out, the lesbians mirroring our actions. "Mmm... ah... ah... Samantha... please," I whimper, my mind a fog of lust. I can feel my panties becoming wetter, my penis in the cage steadily dripping, a constant, maddening leak. Sam ignores everything else, focusing only on my breasts, his eyes glancing up at my dazed face. He's doing this on purpose, edging me, keeping me right on the precipice without ever letting me fall. This goes on for thirty long minutes. I'm trapped, unable to get off the sofa due to Sam's tight hold, his relentless sucking. My panties are completely drenched, the front of my dress dark with moisture. My

eyes are unfocused, my mouth open, whispering, "Please, Samantha, please," and silently moaning. I weakly hit his chest, begging for release, but he doesn't stop. The TV doesn't help. The lesbians have moved on, now licking each other's pussies with loud, enthusiastic slurps. "Nnngh... Samantha... I can't... please..." I sob, but no relief comes.

Then, as suddenly as it started, it stops. Sam gets up, sitting on the sofa, and gently tucks my breasts back into my bra and adjusts my dress. My tits feel raw, bright pink from the constant sucking, and so sensitive that the slightest touch of the lace makes me moan again. He gets me to sit on his lap, our faces facing each other. Our breasts rub against each other, the friction sending another jolt of pure electricity through me. I'm crying now, tears of pure, unadulterated arousal streaming down my face. "I'm sorry, Nathania," Sam whispers, apologetic. "I just wanted to... edge you. To make it better." He pushes my damp hair out of my face and makes out with me, a deep, sloppy French kiss. His dick, still hard, presses against my caged one. His hand moves to my back, playing with my ass, and he slowly pulls the vibrator out. The sudden emptiness is almost as jarring as the fullness was. I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling him in, my legs wrapping around his waist. He plays with my ass, and just as I feel myself teetering on the very edge of orgasm, he stops. He pushes the vibrator back in, readjusting my soaked panties. I was so close. So agonizingly close. "This is just to make your orgasm even better," Sam whispers. I just nod through my tears, too far gone to argue. He leaves me on the sofa and goes to his room. My hands are shivering, and I can't muster the strength to remove the vibrator. My hands reach for my panties but keep slipping, the fabric too wet to get a grip.

Sam returns, still wearing only the purple lace blouse, bra, and panties. He's holding a bottle of lube. I cuddle up to him, hoping he'll finally bring me relief, but instead, he just makes me sit on his lap, my back to his chest. We both watch the movie. Sam's hands stroke my exposed thighs, then absently stroke my wet panties. Sometimes, he'll suddenly kiss me, a sloppy French kiss, our saliva making a string between our mouths when we part. This is maddeningly arousing, and I'm too weak, too overwhelmed to protest. We watch the movie till the end. My panties are fully soaked, along with the front of my dress. I've completely forgotten about the cage, a dull, distant ache in my mind.

The movie is at its end, the title credits rolling. It's been an hour and a half since Sam started the movie, an hour and a half of constant, torturous arousal. Sam

suddenly gets up, taking me with him. He rotates me 180 degrees and sits back down, pulling me onto his lap. He inserts a finger into my mouth, and I suck on it greedily, thinking it's his dick. He removes it, then pops his own dick from the panties. His other hand slides into my dress and underwear, removing the vibrator with a soft pop. I feel the sudden emptiness, a hollow ache. Sam places the vibrator on the table. He squirts some lube onto his hand, the cool liquid a shocking sensation. He starts applying it to my ass, his fingers sliding easily inside. I can feel the coolness of the lube, the way it makes the entry slick, the sounds of it—squish, squelch—loud in the quiet room. Then, finally, he inserts his dick into my ass. Schlick! A slow, steady penetration. I am so, so happy. I lean my head back against his shoulder and kiss him sloppily. He opens his mouth, and we start French kissing, our tongues dueling for the entire duration.

A new video starts playing on the TV, a porn video of a married couple's first night, plenty of kissing and lovey-dovey sex. Sam starts to fuck me, but not like Yves. This is different. He fucks me sweetly, his hips rocking in a slow, sensual rhythm. "I'm sorry for the long delay, Nathania," he whispers against my lips. This is the best sex I've ever had in my life. Better than Yves, better than Vivian. The feel of him inside me, filling me, stretching me, while we kiss, while he holds me, is pure bliss. I cum three times, my body convulsing with each orgasm, my cries swallowed by his kisses. My mind goes blank, and all I know is the feel of Samantha, the taste of him, the sound of his moans mixing with mine. We are just two girls in love, finding solace in each other's arms.

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With a final, deep groan, Samantha's body shuddered against mine, and I felt a warm flood deep inside me as she came. "Nathania," she gasped, her face buried in the crook of my neck, her breath hot and damp against my skin. We stayed like that for a long moment, our bodies fused, the aftershocks of our shared pleasure fluttering through us. Then, carefully, she pulled out, leaving me feeling achingly empty.

She sat on the sofa, and I slumped against her, resting my head on her shoulder. Her arms came around me, holding me close. She gently stroked my hair, her fingers tracing the line of my jaw. "You're so beautiful, Nathania," she murmured, her voice thick with emotion. "I wish I had a girlfriend just like you."

A warm, sleepy contentment washed over me. "Mmm, yes," I murmured back, the words a soft puff of air against her skin. We sat in the comfortable silence for a while, the TV now showing only the static menu of the streaming service. My eyelids grew heavy, and I drifted off to sleep, my body lax and sated in her arms.

***

I woke up with a start, my head pillowed on the sofa cushions. I was still in the short pink dress, the fabric wrinkled and slightly damp. The memory of the mind-blowing sex came flooding back, and with it, a cold wave of regret. Cheating. I'm cheating on Vivian. The thought was sharp, accusatory. My hands flew to my groin, expecting the familiar, restrictive bite of the cage. But there was nothing. Just damp, sticky panties. My cock was unlocked. Free. I sat up, the metal cage glinting on the table next to me. A fantastic smell wafted from the kitchen—garlic, tomatoes, herbs.

I got up, my legs a bit wobbly, and walked towards the source of the aroma. I saw Samantha at the stove, stirring a pot of spaghetti sauce. She was wearing the pink blouse and the jeans I had given her, her blonde hair tied back in a loose ponytail. I came up behind her and wrapped my arms around her waist, hugging her tight and pressing a kiss to her cheek.

"Good evening, sweetie," she said, her voice warm. "It's 7pm, time for dinner."

"I... I think I'll shower first," I mumbled, feeling the grime of the day and our activities on my skin.

She turned in my arms, stopping me. "No, please don't," she said, her hands gently cupping my face. "I like you in that dress." She leaned in and kissed my cheeks, one after the other. A blush crept up my neck at the compliment. I relented.

We ate the spaghetti at the small table in her kitchen. The food was delicious, and for a little while, I was able to push my guilt aside. We relaxed for a bit, sitting on the sofa, just talking. Then, at 8pm, Samantha announced she was going to shower.

She came back into the living room a while later, transformed. She was wearing a lightweight, sheer babydoll-style garment in a soft blush pink. The semi-transparent mesh draped loosely from the lace cups, the delicate floral

pattern a subtle tease against her skin. "I left your nightdress on a hangar in the bedroom," she commented with a soft smile.



I went and showered, the hot water a welcome relief. After, I put on the outfit she had chosen for me. It was a fitted, one-piece lace bodysuit in an off-white tone. The sheer floral lace contoured my body, the underwired cups lifting my breasts. The vertical opening down the front, laced together with a thin ribbon, left my midriff exposed. The sides were cut high, and the lower front was completely open, leaving my cock and balls hanging free. No support, just a delicate, decorative frame.



I walked to the living room, feeling incredibly exposed in this new lingerie. Samantha was waiting for me. She got up and hugged me, her sheer babydoll brushing against my lace bodysuit. "You look so cute," she said.

I managed a weak smile, my cheeks burning.

At that moment, a sudden, sharp knock on the door disturbed us. I froze, my blood running cold. Who could that be?

"Nathania, why don't you sit?" Samantha said, her voice gentle. She gave my hand a reassuring squeeze before heading to the door.

I sat on the sofa, pulling a cushion onto my lap to cover my exposed groin. I heard the door open, and then a familiar, deep voice. "Well, well, Samantha. And what do we have here? Some kind of private party?"

Yves.

My heart hammered against my ribs. I heard a soft gasp from Samantha, then the wet, sloppy sounds of a deep French kiss. "Mmmph... Yves..." Samantha moaned, the sound loud and appreciative.

"Laurent not with you?" Samantha asked, her breathless.

"Nah, it's just me," Yves replied. "Came with the rental car. Now, where's that pretty little wife of mine?"

The door closed, and Yves strode into the living room. He was dressed casually in jeans and a tight-fitting t-shirt that showed off his muscular build. His eyes swept over me, taking in the sheer lace bodysuit, my exposed skin, the cushion clutched in my hands. A slow, predatory smile spread across his face.

"Nathania," he drawled, my name a caress and a threat. "You've certainly... upgraded your wardrobe." He sat down on the sofa next to me, the cushions dipping with his weight. The scent of his cologne, a musky, woodsy scent, filled my senses. I felt my face burn with shame.

"Listen," he said, getting down to business. "The booking agent called. The airport runway's damaged, unserviceable for at least two days. We can either wait it out for three, maybe four more days, or we can pick up a rental car and drive to the next airport to fly back. I've judged that to be the best option. I have urgent matters to attend to."

I stared at him, confused. Why wouldn't he want to stay here? Wasn't this a beach vacation? "But... why not stay?" I asked, my voice small.

Yves threw the question back at me, a knowing glint in his eye. "I'm surprised you of all people want to stay here."

My blood ran cold. I knew exactly what he meant. Staying for three more days meant being Yves's plaything, his sex doll, for three more days. No. I was better off leaving.

My silence was all the agreement he needed. "So," he continued, "I've rented the car. I checked out of the hotel. I'm staying here for the night." His gaze drifted to Samantha, who had now sat on the other side of me. I could see the distinct tent in the front of her panties. Yves noticed too. "And Laurent doesn't know about this," he said, a wicked grin on his face. "Or the fact that I'm giving you a duplicate key to your cage. For personal use only."

Samantha beamed, her face alight with joy. But a knot of suspicion tightened in my stomach. Yves was never this generous. Something was going on.

Finally, he dropped the bombshell. "This is a pro quo deal, of course," he said, his eyes fixed on Samantha. "I need two things from you. One, I'll tell you in the morning. The other... well, we can do that right here, right now." His gaze shifted from Samantha to me, then back again. "And since the both of you are dressed for what looks like some naughty fun, why don't I participate as well?"

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(EROTICA ON)

Shock, cold and sharp, shot through me. The hell was happening?

I was suddenly, acutely aware of the scandalous attire I was wearing in front of Yves. The sheer lace, the open ass, the way my dick, now hardening with a mixture of fear and a sick, twisted anticipation, was completely on display.

Yves moved with a swift, predatory grace. He suddenly grabbed a hold of my waist, his grip firm and possessive. He lifted me as if I weighed nothing, settling me on his right leg. "Get over here, Samantha," he commanded, and she immediately complied, getting up and sitting on his left leg. Both of us had our backs facing him, the TV screen glowing in front of us, a forgotten spectator.

Yves leaned back, a contented sigh escaping his lips. "You know," he said, his voice a low rumble against my back, "it's been a long time since I fucked two women at the same time." He stressed the word "women" with a hint of cruel amusement. "Not to mention two... fe-males."

"So," he continued, his hands coming to rest on our shoulders, "why don't the two of you start making out on my lap? Right here."

My mind went blank. Make out? With Samantha? In front of him? I looked at Samantha, her face a mirror of my own shock and confusion. But then, I saw a flicker of... something else. Resignation? Awe? I didn't have time to decipher it before she leaned in, her face close to mine. Her lips, soft and glossed, met mine.

The kiss was hesitant at first, a gentle press of lips. Then, encouraged by a soft groan from Yves, it deepened. Samantha's tongue slipped into my mouth, and I responded, my own tongue meeting hers. It was... strange. Soft. Wet. Different from kissing Vivian, different from kissing Yves.

Meanwhile, Yves's hands were not idle. His left hand roamed over Samantha's babydoll, cupping her breast through the sheer mesh. His right hand slid under the lace of my bodysuit, finding my tit. His thumb and forefinger found my nipple, already a hard, sensitive nub, and began to roll and pinch it.

"Mmmph!" I squealed into Samantha's mouth, a jolt of pure pleasure-pain shooting through me. My dick, already hard, was now fully erect, straining against the flimsy fabric of the bodysuit, a prominent tent. I could feel a damp patch forming as precum leaked from the tip. Samantha was doing the same, her own moans muffled by our kiss. I tried to close my eyes, to imagine it was Vivian in front of me, not Samantha. But the illusion was shattered by the feel of her own erection, a hard, distinct pressure against my own. The sensitive tips of our dicks brushed through the thin fabric, and we both moaned, a high-pitched, harmonious sound of pleasure. I could feel the dampness of her panties, a mirror to my own.

Suddenly, Yves pulled us apart, breaking our kiss. He turned our faces to his. "My turn," he growled, and then his lips were on mine. It was a sloppy, demanding French kiss, his tongue dominating my mouth, tasting of mint and something distinctly Yves. When he finally pulled away, I was breathless. He did the same to Samantha, who moaned loudly, her body arching into his touch.

While this was ongoing, Yves's hands were roaming around both of our backs, tracing the lines of our lingerie. Then he stopped. I heard the distinct click of a cap being opened, followed by the slick sounds of lube being dispensed onto his hands. His hands, now cold and slippery, returned to our bodies, sliding down our backs to our asses.

"Time to play with these pretty little pussies," he murmured, his voice thick with lust. "Do you like me playing with your cunts, girls?"

"Mmmmm... yes, Yves..." Samantha moaned, her voice an octave higher.

"Y-y-yes..." I stammered, a wave of heat washing over me.

Samantha leaned into Yves, her head resting on his shoulder, and pressed a kiss to his rough cheek. Not wanting to be the odd one out, I followed her lead, my lips brushing against the stubble on his jaw. We both held onto him for dear life as his fingers, slick with lube, found our holes. Squelch! The sound was loud, obscene. One finger, then two, pushed inside me, stretching me, filling me. He crooked his fingers, and a jolt of pure electricity shot through me as he hit my prostate.

"Aaaahhh!" I cried out, my body bucking.

I could feel, pressed against my thigh, two more dicks.

I could feel, pressed against my thigh, two more dicks. Yves's was still trapped in his jeans, a hard, distinct line against my leg. Samantha's, however, was tenting out the front of her sheer panties, a damp spot spreading at the tip. The proximity, the heat, the knowledge of what was happening—it was overwhelming. Our moans grew higher pitched, louder, a symphony of approaching orgasm.

"Enough," Yves suddenly grunted, pulling his fingers from our asses with a wet schlorp. We both cried out at the sudden loss. "We're continuing in the bedroom."

And then he stood, lifting us both with him as if we were weightless. One strong arm under my ass, one under Samantha's. We both instinctively wrapped our arms around his neck, our legs around his waist. I looked at Samantha, her face inches from mine, and saw the same raw, unrestrained lust I felt mirrored in her eyes.

Yves strode to the bedroom, his movements sure and confident. He sat on the edge of the bed, our bodies still pressed against his. "On your knees, girls," he commanded, his voice thick with desire. "Give me a blowjob. And I'll let you cum."

Samantha and I slid to the floor, our lingerie a tangled mess around our bodies. Yves unzipped his jeans, freeing his cock. It was hard, thick, and already glistening at the tip. We both leaned in, our tongues touching as we licked him from base to tip. Samantha took the head into her mouth, her lips forming a perfect 'O', while I suckled at his balls, my tongue tracing the sensitive skin.

"Mmmph, that's it, my little sluts," Yves groaned, his hands tangling in our hair.

We took turns, one of us sucking while the other kissed the shaft, our lips meeting around him. We even shared a kiss with his dick between our mouths, our tongues sliding against each other and against him.

"No fighting," Yves reminded us with a chuckle, though there was no fighting, only a shared, desperate need to please.

With a final, deep groan, he came. "Ugh, Samantha, take it all," he grunted, and she did, her cheeks hollowing as she swallowed every last drop. When he was spent, she licked him clean, a satisfied smirk on her face.

Samantha and I got up and lay down on the bed next to him. Yves turned to us, a wicked glint in his eye. He spread our legs, and then his fingers were back, slick with lube, pushing into our asses. He found our prostates, and we both cried out, our bodies arching.

"Y-y-yes... Y-Yves... I... I'm gonna..." I stammered, my mind going blank.

"Me too! Oh, fuck, me too!" Samantha cried out.

And then we came. Our orgasms ripped through us, our bodies convulsing, our moans filling the room. We came into our panties and bodysuit, the warm, sticky fluid a testament to our pleasure. I lay there, panting, my body thrumming with satisfaction.

But Yves wasn't done. He quickly undressed, revealing his muscular, toned body. He positioned himself behind Samantha, who was now on her hands and knees. "Time to fuck," he growled, and then he entered her with a swift, hard thrust.

Schlick! Squelch! The sounds were obscene, raw. He fucked her doggy style, while she leaned down and buried her face in my ass, her tongue lapping at my hole. I turned my head, and Yves captured my lips in a deep, possessive kiss. It was a mess of sensations—Yves's tongue in my mouth, Samantha's tongue in my ass, the sounds of their fucking filling my ears.

Yves came with a loud grunt, filling Samantha with his cum. She cried out, her own orgasm triggered by his, her body shaking.

"Your turn, Nathania," Yves said, pulling out of Samantha and turning to me.

He pushed me onto my back, spreading my legs wide. He entered me missionary style, his cock sliding home with a familiar, welcome stretch. He kissed me again, a slow, deep kiss that stole my breath. Meanwhile, Samantha moved to my side, her lips finding my breast. She suckled on my nipple, her tongue swirling around the sensitive peak, as if I were going to produce milk. The feeling was incredible, a strange, intense pleasure that sent shivers down my spine.

"Aaaaahhh... yes... yesssss..." I moaned, my body arching.

Yves's thrusts grew faster, harder. Samantha's suckling became more insistent. It was too much. With a final, shuddering cry, I came, my cum spurting into the lace of my bodysuit, a warm, sticky mess.

DUDE REMEMBER ITS NATHANIA NOT NATHALIE. ITS NATHANIA , NATHANIA

I AM SORRY FOR THE CONFUSION. I WILL USE THE CORRECT NAME, NATHANIA, FROM NOW ON.

Yves then made Samantha lie on top of me. "Your turn to fuck her, Sammy," he commanded.

Samantha complied, removing her soaked panties and positioning herself between my legs. She entered me slowly, a sweet, gentle penetration that was a stark contrast to Yves's rough possession. Once she was fully inside, Yves positioned himself behind her, his cock pushing into her ass.

They started to fuck, a rhythmic, tandem motion. I held onto Samantha, my legs and arms wrapped around her, our bodies pressed together. We kissed, our tongues dueling, a soft, sweet kiss that was a stark contrast to the raw, primal

fucking happening between us. Yves came with a loud groan, filling Samantha, who in turn came inside me. I didn't cum yet, but I was in ecstasy, floating on a sea of pleasure.

Yves then lay down on the bed, his chest rising and falling with exertion. "Your turn to ride me, Nathania," he said, his voice husky. "Both of you. I need a breather."

I went first, straddling him and sinking down onto his cock. I started to bounce up and down, fucking myself on his dick, my breasts bouncing with each movement. My legs were getting heavy, tired from the exertion. Suddenly, my leg slipped, and I sat down fully onto Yves's dick, the sudden, deep penetration sending me over the edge. I came with a loud cry, my body convulsing, my cum spilling into my bodysuit. I fell forward, lying on Yves's body, completely spent.

I rolled to the side of Yves and hugged his arm, my head resting on his shoulder. Samantha then took her turn, her movements graceful and controlled. She fucked herself on Yves's dick, her body a beautiful, rhythmic motion. She came with a soft cry, her body shuddering. She then removed herself from him, her own cum glistening on his cock.

I was tired. So, so tired. From the edging earlier, from the sex with Samantha, and now from this marathon session with Yves. My eyes drifted closed, and I could hear Yves and Samantha starting up again, the sloppy sounds of their fucking and their kisses and their moans filling the room. I felt a strange pang of jealousy, which was quickly replaced by exhaustion. I closed my eyes and let the darkness take me.

***

I woke up thirty minutes later. The room was dark, save for the sliver of moonlight peeking through the curtains. Yves was still fucking Samantha, doggy style this time. Her eyes were rolled back in her head, her body limp, her moans and shrieks sounding drunk, mindless with pleasure. Yves finally put her down on the bed, and she kissed him before closing her eyes, a contented smile on her face.

He looked at me, then, and lay down next to me. He made me lie down on him, my back to his chest. He brushed my hair aside, his fingers gentle, before kissing my neck. "My little slutty wife," he murmured. "I was so bored, not getting to fuck you, while I find you fucking some other... boi-wife."

His words were a mix of affection and accusation, and I was completely in his trap. I just kissed him, nodding to whatever he said.

"Did you have fun with her, Nathania ? Did she fuck you good? Did you miss my cock?"

His hands were roaming, playing with my ass, using both hands to finger my hole. I could only moan, my body arching into his touch, my mind a haze of pleasure and submission.

"Answer me, slut."

"Y-yes, Yves... I... I missed you... I missed your cock..." I stammered, my words a breathless confession.

He chuckled, a low, satisfied sound. He rotated us both so that I was on my back on the bed. He raised one of my legs, placing it on his shoulder. Then he entered me again, his cock filling me completely. He leaned forward, kissing me, and I kissed him back, my mouth open, our tongues tangling.

We fucked like that, a slow, deep, possessive fuck, until we both came, our bodies shuddering, our cries mingling. Yves collapsed on top of me, his dick still in my ass. He kissed me again, more lovingly this time, his hands on my cheek and neck. I reciprocated, my own hands tangling in his hair. We kissed, and I drifted off to sleep, completely spent.

***

I woke up to total darkness. I could feel a tongue in my mouth, and something in my ass. My legs were wrapped around the body on top of me, which I remembered to be Yves.

The rod in my ass grew harder, a solid, demanding presence. My prostate was being rubbed with each slight shift of Yves's body, a slow, torturous friction. Without conscious thought, I began to hump against him, a slow, desperate grind. My own cock, still trapped in the lace of my bodysuit, leaked steadily, adding to the sticky mess already there. A soft moan escaped my lips.

Yves stirred awake, his arms tightening around me. "And what is my little slutty sissy doing?" he murmured, his voice thick with sleep.

"N-nothing," I stammered, freezing my movements. "I was just... stretching."

He chuckled, a low, deep rumble against my back. "Liar." He hooked a finger into the strap of my bodysuit, pulling it down my shoulder. The cool air hit my exposed tit, and then his warm, wet mouth was on it. He kissed, he licked, he nipped, his other hand coming up to play with the other breast. "Mmmph..." I whimpered softly, trying to hold back the sounds of pleasure. He kissed me then, his tongue dominating my mouth, and I was lost.

"What were you doing, Nathania?" he asked again, his fingers pinching my nipple, sending a jolt straight to my cock.

"I... I was trying to cum," I finally admitted, my face burning with shame. "From your cock... still in my ass."

He kissed my forehead, a surprisingly gentle gesture. "Good girl." And then he fucked me, hard and fast, a desperate, needful fuck that left us both breathless. He came with a groan, and I followed, my body shuddering as my cum spilled into my bodysuit.

We both got up, our movements slow and stiff. Yves showered first. As I was about to go in, he said, "I bought some new clothes for you. They'll be on the chair."

I showered quickly, washing away the evidence of our night. When I came out, I found the outfits laid out on the chair. A delicate, pale blue lace bralette, a pair of extremely low-rise, frayed denim shorts, and a matching blue g-string. I put them on, the lace soft against my skin, the denim rough and tight.





Samantha was awake when I came out of the bathroom, waiting for her turn. She looked at me, and I saw a flash of something in her eyes—pity, maybe, or understanding. I was wrapped in a towel, holding the clothes I'd just taken off.

"Last night..." she began, her voice soft. "It felt very gay."

My face flushed. "I know," I confessed, my voice barely a whisper. "I'm afraid this is cheating on my wife. And... I'm afraid I'm starting to like getting fucked like a girl."

Samantha consoled me, her words gentle, but I could see the same fear mirrored in her face. Were we straight, because we thought the other was a girl? Or were we gay, because we had willingly gotten fucked by Yves? Her gaze fell on the new clothes in my hands, and she muttered a few words of sympathy.

***

I went downstairs. Yves was at the door, receiving a breakfast delivery. We all ate it in a tense silence. While we ate, Yves shared the other condition with Samantha. It seemed Laurent might grow tired of her in the future. If he did, Yves wanted her to work for him. He handed her his business card. "Give me a call if you're in the area," he said. "Of course, the job won't be as demeaning as Laurent's, but there will be some fucking involved."

Nathan rolled his eyes. Isn't dressing like a sex doll demeaning already? he thought.

"Besides," Yves added, "having two sissies under my dick is better than one." He then turned to me. "And Nathania here will have to come up with some explanation to his wife on why he's not getting hard when she gives him a blowjob or when she shows him her pussy." He laughed, a cruel, mocking sound.

Samantha was in deep thought.

After breakfast, Nathan and Yves packed up their luggage and said their farewells to Samantha. Yves was driving while Nathan sat in the front, their luggage in the back. It was going to be the start of a 12-hour car ride. Trapped with his tormentor.

Trip back home

The silence in the kitchen was thick, punctuated only by the clink of cutlery against plates. Yves had ordered a spread—eggs, bacon, toast, coffee—and the three of us ate, a strange, fractured family. Samantha kept her eyes on her plate, while I couldn't help but watch Yves, who seemed completely at ease.

"Samantha," Yves began, wiping his mouth with a napkin. "Let's talk about your future. Laurent... men like him get bored. It's in their nature. You need a contingency plan."

Samantha looked up, her fork hovering over a piece of egg. "What kind of plan?"

"A job offer," Yves said smoothly. "With me. The pay is better, the treatment... well, it's different. You'd be working directly for me. There are... perks." He slid a business card across the table. "If you're ever in the area, give me a call. We can discuss the details."

My stomach churned. "And what are these 'perks'?" I asked, my voice laced with sarcasm. "More demeaning assignments?"

Yves turned to me, a slow, predatory smile spreading across his face. "Oh, Nathania, you misunderstand. The job itself wouldn't be demeaning. The... extracurricular activities, however," he chuckled, "would involve some fucking. It's a simple equation. Having two sissies under my dick is better than one."

He then shifted his attention back to me, his smile widening. "Which brings me to you, my dear. You're going to have some explaining to do when you get home to your wife." He leaned back in his chair, feigning concern. "What will you tell her when you can't get hard for her blowjob? When her pretty pussy doesn't even make you twitch? I wonder what excuse you'll come up with."

My face burned. I couldn't meet his gaze. Samantha stared into her coffee, her knuckles white around the mug.

After breakfast, Yves and I packed our luggage. Samantha stood by the door, a silent, sorrowful figure. We said our goodbyes, a quick, awkward affair.

***

Yves was driving, I was in the passenger seat. Our luggage was in the back. A 12-hour car ride. Trapped with my tormentor. The car was a Tesla, a sleek, silent beast. Yves had his hands free.

We merged onto the highway. The opposite direction was packed with weekenders heading to the beach, but our side was relatively empty. Yves started talking, addressing me as Nathania, as if I were anyone but myself.

"So, Nathania," he began, his eyes on the road. "After all the times I've fucked you, do you really think you'll be able to get hard for your wife?" He chuckled. "Maybe I should marry Vivian instead. You could be her little side chick... or side dude."

My blood ran cold. I wanted to scream at him, to tell him I knew he was already fucking her. But the words died in my throat. I was trapped. I was afraid. Afraid he would tell her everything.

Instead, I pointed at my chest, at the breasts that weren't mine. "When... when will these be removed?" I asked. "And my hair? The extensions?"

Yves glanced over at me, a smirk playing on his lips. "Don't worry about that. We'll get you back to your boring old self before we get to the airport. Your passport says 'male,' after all. We can't have any confusion at security."

***

(EROTICA ON)

Yves's right hand, now free from the task of shifting gears, found its way to my stomach. His touch was light, almost casual, but it sent a jolt through me. His fingers traced the waistband of the denim shorts, then moved upward, to my tits, fondling them through the pale blue lace.

"These are nice," he murmured, his thumb circling a nipple. "Very responsive."

I squirmed, but there was nowhere to go. His hand then slid down, into the waistband of my shorts, past the g-string. His fingers found my cock, already half-hard. "Hmm," he said, giving it a light squeeze. "Feels like I'm touching a clit. So small and delicate."

Two hours of this. Constant, casual fondling. My mind was a fog of arousal and shame. The shorts, with their minimal coverage, felt like nothing at all. Every touch, every brush of fabric against my sensitive skin, was a fresh torment. I was so hard, and so trapped.

I started to lean into his touch, my body betraying me. I hugged his right arm, pressing myself against him, seeking more.

Yves noticed, of course. He always noticed. "You know why I got a Tesla, don't you?" he asked, a smirk in his voice.

He slowed the car, activating the cruise control. Then he reclined his seat back a few inches and patted his lap. "If you're feeling... needy," he said, "then come convince me. If not, suffer in silence."

My body moved before my mind could protest. I unbuckled my seatbelt and slowly, awkwardly, crawled over the center console, settling on his lap. I straddled him, my knees on either side of his hips, my arms wrapped around his neck. I could feel him, hard and ready, beneath me.

I started to grind, the thin fabric of my shorts and g-string doing little to muffle the sensation. I kissed him, my lips desperate, needy. I kissed him more desperately,

dry humping him with a growing urgency.



Yves responded by slipping a finger into my mouth. I sucked it greedily, my tongue swirling around the digit. He then removed it, a string of saliva connecting us for a moment, before pushing it past the thong and into my ass. Squelch. He lubricated my hole, his finger moving with an expert, teasing touch. I could feel precum leaking from my dick, a warm, wet spot forming in my panties.

He pulled his lips from mine, his eyes darting to the road. "Autopilot engaged," he said, his voice a low command. He then undid his pants and underwear, and I felt his cock, hot and hard, spring free against my thigh. He pushed aside the flimsy fabric of my shorts and panties, and then he was inside me.

Schlick! There was no resistance. After all the times he'd fucked me, my body knew his. He hit my prostate with a practiced ease, and I cried out, a loud, unrestrained moan. "Aaaahhh!"

Yves's hands found my love handles, gripping them tightly as we found a rhythm. He pushed the lace of my bralette aside, his hot mouth closing over my nipple. "Y-y-yes... oh, God, yes..." I groaned, holding his face close to my breast. He sucked, he nibbled, his tongue swirling around the sensitive peak, sending jolts of pure pleasure straight to my cock.



Then he released me, and I put my face next to his ear, my breath coming in ragged gasps. "Please... please, Yves..." I begged, holding on for dear life as he fucked me, the car a silent, speeding cocoon around us. The sounds of our bodies, slap-slap-slap, filled the space, mingling with my desperate whimpers and his low grunts of pleasure. The friction, the fullness, the overwhelming stimulation—it was too much, and not enough.

***

I lay against Yves's chest, my body limp, my mind a haze of pleasure. I felt him recline the seat fully back, and then the slow, careful withdrawal of his cock from my ass. I felt him adjust my panties and shorts, pulling them back into place. A wave of drowsiness washed over me, and I fell asleep.

I woke up to the seat half-reclined. Yves was driving, his left hand on the wheel, his right stroking my ass, touching the skin directly, having pushed the fabric of my shorts aside.

"Sleeping beauty's awake," he said, a teasing lilt in his voice. "You slept for an hour, leaving me to do all the driving. As punishment, you're going to do something for me at the next rest stop."

As he spoke, he slipped both hands into my panties, his fingers kneading my asscheeks, one of them probing at my hole. "Something... special."

***

It was around lunchtime when we stopped at a roadside pitstop. I was relieved. My dick was straining against the tight fabric, a constant, aching reminder of my arousal. Yves found a parking spot far from the main building, hidden by a row of tall trees. I got out of the car from his lap, my legs shaky.

He got out too, then lifted me by the waist, setting me down on the trunk of the car. We were hidden, but the fear of being discovered was a cold knot in my stomach. He undid my shorts and panties, pulling them down to my ankles.

My legs wrapped around his waist, my arms around his neck. He entered me, and I gasped. The angle was different, deeper. He started to fuck me, and I bounced on his cock, my bare ass hitting the cool metal of the car. I was scared people would find us, so I tried to stay silent, but my moans slipped out, high and desperate. I buried my face in his shoulder, biting down hard to muffle the sounds.

Yves didn't say a word, but he responded by sucking on my neck, leaving a dark, purple mark. A matching brand. I moaned into his shoulder, the pain and pleasure blurring into one. With a final, shuddering cry, I came, my cum spraying onto the ground below. He finished inside me, and I could feel his cum dripping out of my ass, down my thighs.

He stepped back, looking at my shorts and panties, now soiled. "Stay there," he said. "I'll find you a replacement."



He walked toward the back of the car, to our luggage. I squatted down, trying to hide my nakedness, the cool breeze a strange sensation against my exposed skin. It felt like hours before he returned, holding a pair of grey athletic shorts and... a chastity cage.

My heart sank. The shorts were tight, clearly designed to show off every curve, every detail. There was no hiding my dick in these.

"Luckily, the bathroom's nearby," he said, a smirk on his face.

I walked quickly, my head down, praying no one would see me. Luck was on my side. I made it to the bathroom without incident. I washed my face, my groin, the evidence of our encounter. I put on the new shorts, the tight fabric clinging to me. I looked at the back. In bold, white letters: "daddy's fucktoy."

My face burned. I walked out to where Yves was waiting. We went to the small diner attached to the gas station. I could hear people giggling as I walked by, their eyes drawn to the words on my shorts. I turned as red as a tomato. Yves, however, ate without a care in the world.

After we ate, Yves paid the bill. As we were leaving, he grabbed my ass possessively, his fingers digging into the fabric, one of them poking at my hole through the shorts. I yelped and grabbed his hand, holding onto it like a girlfriend would, a desperate, pathetic attempt at normalcy.

We walked back to the car, the shame a hot, heavy cloak around my shoulders.

Once we were back on the road, Yves unlocked the chastity cage. The relief was immediate, but short-lived.

"Why did you do that?" I finally asked, my voice quiet. "Grab my ass in public?"

"I wanted to," he said simply, his right hand resting on my thigh. "I like marking my territory. You're my fucktoy, Nathania. That's what the shorts say, isn't it? I'm just making sure everyone knows it."

His hand stroked my leg, moving higher with each pass. I was getting hard again.

I took a deep breath. The road was empty, the car a safe, private space. "What do you get from this, Yves?" I asked. "From treating me like a girl? From fucking me like one?"

He didn't answer right away. He just kept driving, his hand now cupping my crotch. "Power," he finally said. "Control. I enjoy it. I enjoy watching you squirm, watching you beg. I enjoy taking something... someone... and making them mine."

His words sent a shiver down my spine. I leaned over, giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. "Then why are you fucking my wife?" I whispered in his ear, my heart pounding.

He chuckled, a low, dark sound. His grip on my butt cheek tightened, and he slipped a finger past the tight fabric of the shorts, probing my asshole. "Because I can," he said. "Because she's another piece on the board. Just like you. Just like Samantha."

I could see the outline of his cock, straining against his jeans. He was hard. The realization was both terrifying and, to my shame, arousing. I was trapped. Utterly and completely trapped in his game.

His finger probed deeper, a dry, insistent pressure against my still-sensitive hole. I squirmed, a whimper caught in my throat. "Does she know?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper. "Does Vivian know about... about this?"

Yves laughed again, the sound vibrating through the car. "She knows enough," he said, his finger pushing past the tight ring of muscle. Schlorp. "She knows you like dressing up. She knows you need someone to take charge. She just doesn't know it's me." He paused, his finger moving in a slow, teasing circle inside me. "Or does she? I wonder. She's a smart woman, your wife."

A cold dread washed over me. I had assumed Vivian was unaware of Yves's involvement, that their collusion was limited to her enjoyment of my feminization, not to her being another of his conquests. The possibility that she knew, that she might even be complicit in my torment, was a new and terrifying form of violation.

"So she knows you're fucking me?" I choked out.

"Let's just say she knows you're getting fucked," Yves replied, a cruel smirk in his voice. "And she's perfectly fine with it. As long as you come home to her, dressed up and ready to play." He added another finger, stretching me, the burn a familiar, unwelcome thrill. "As for me fucking her... well, that's just a bonus. A perk of the job."

The world outside the car windows blurred into a meaningless smear of green and grey. All I could focus on was the feeling of Yves's fingers in my ass, the hard line of his cock against my thigh, and the crushing weight of his words. My wife knew. She knew and she didn't care. Or worse, she liked it.

"I... I need to use the bathroom," I said suddenly, my mind scrambling for an escape, however temporary.

Yves pulled his fingers out with a wet pop. "Sure thing," he said, wiping his hand on a napkin. "There's a rest stop in about ten minutes. But you're not going in there to clean up. You're going to walk in there with my cum still in your ass, with 'daddy's fucktoy' written on your shorts, and you're going to buy me a coffee. And you're going to thank the cashier for me."

I stared at him, my mind a blank slate of horror. "I... I can't."

"You can, and you will," he said, his voice dropping to a low growl. "Or would you rather I tell Vivian everything? Show her the pictures I have of you with Samantha? Tell her how you begged for my cock?"

Tears welled up in my eyes, but I blinked them back. "No," I whispered. "I'll do it."

He smiled, a triumphant, predatory gleam in his eyes. "Good girl."

Ten minutes later, he pulled into the rest stop. It was busier than the last one, cars and people milling about. My hands shook as I opened the door, my legs unsteady as I stood up. I could feel the cum trickling down my thigh, a sticky, shameful

reminder of my submission. I walked toward the building, my head down, my eyes fixed on the ground. I could feel people's eyes on me, hear their whispers and their snickers. I just wanted to disappear.

I walked into the coffee shop, the smell of roasted beans and sugary syrups filling the air. I stood in line, my body rigid with tension. The teenager behind the counter, a bored-looking girl with purple hair, barely glanced at me.

"What can I get you?" she asked, her voice flat.

"A... a black coffee, please," I said, my voice cracking.

"Anything else?"

"N-no. That's all."

"That'll be three dollars."

I fumbled in my pocket for my wallet, my hands trembling so badly I could barely get the money out. I handed it to her, my cheeks burning.

"Here's your coffee," she said, sliding the cup across the counter.

I took it, my heart pounding. "Th-thank you," I stammered. "And... and thank you from... from Yves."

The girl just stared at me, her expression a mixture of confusion and pity. "Okay... weirdo."

I fled the coffee shop, my coffee sloshing in its cup, my shame a physical weight. I got back in the car, my body trembling.

"Good girl," Yves said, taking the coffee from me. "See? That wasn't so bad, was it?"

I didn't answer. I just stared out the window, the tears I'd been holding back finally spilling down my cheeks.

He started the car, pulling back onto the highway. We drove in silence for a while, the only sounds the hum of the electric engine and my quiet sobs.

"Hey," he said, his voice softer than I'd ever heard it. "Don't cry. It's just a game. And you're my favorite player."

He reached over, wiping a tear from my cheek with his thumb. His touch was gentle, almost tender. It only made me cry harder.

"You don't have to like it," he continued, his hand now resting on my thigh. "You just have to play. And you play so well, Nathania. You're so good at being a girl."

I didn't want to be good at it. I didn't want to be a girl. But my body, my traitorous body, responded to his touch, my cock hardening once again.

"See?" he whispered, his fingers tracing the outline of my erection through the tight grey shorts. "You like this. You like being my fucktoy."

I hated him. I hated him with every fiber of my being. But I hated myself more, because I knew he was right.

The rest of the drive was a blur of shame and arousal. He touched me, he teased me, he pushed me to the brink of orgasm again and again, only to pull back at the last second, leaving me a desperate, whimpering mess.

By the time we finally arrived at the airport, I was a wreck. My body ached, my mind was a fog of conflicting emotions, and my ass was a constant, dull reminder of my submission. My breasts felt heavy and foreign on my chest, the saline implants a constant, weighted reminder of my transformation.

Yves, as if reading my mind, steered the car towards a medical spa not far from the airport. "We need to get you back to normal," he said, his tone business-like. "Or as close to normal as you can get."

The procedure was sterile and swift. A nurse with a sympathetic smile and impossibly steady hands deflated the saline implants, a strange, draining sensation that left my chest feeling hollow and oddly light. She then removed the hair extensions with a solvent that smelled like acetone and regret, my scalp tingling as its natural weight returned. In the cramped, sterile bathroom of the medical spa, I scrubbed at my face until my skin was raw, removing every last trace of Nathania's makeup. I put on my own clothes—the jeans, the plain t-shirt, the familiar boxer briefs—and looked in the mirror. Nathan stared back, but his eyes held the shadow of the girl who had been broken and remade.

We landed late on a Sunday evening. The taxi ride back to the office was silent, the city lights a blurry smear through the window. As we entered the office I saw it. My luggage. The familiar red suitcase I had packed for the trip, right where I had left it. Next to it, however, was another suitcase. An identical luggage i put 2 and 2 togther. A cold knot of dread formed in my stomach.

I pointed. "Yves... that's my luggage."

Yves followed my gaze, then let out a short, sharp laugh. "Ah, yes. About that." He grinned, a wide, predatory display of teeth. "I may have swapped your suitcase for this more... exciting one. Look on the bright side, Nathan. You got to make a new friend," he said, his voice laced with cruel amusement, "and you discovered how much you like getting fucked like a girl."

He paused, letting his words sink in. "And in reality, Vivian doesn't know what happened on the trip. Or in the office. Or that I've been fucking you in either location. So, you're welcome."

The ride home was a blur of self-loathing. Every fiber of my being screamed to tell Vivian everything, but Yves's threat hung over me like a guillotine. When I walked through the door, Vivian was there, her face glowing with excitement.

"Nathan! You're back! I have the most wonderful news!" she gushed, pulling me into a hug. "My beauty parlor... it's a real store now! A friend invested, a really good friend we both know. I won't say the name just yet, it's a surprise. But it's amazing!"

I managed a weak smile, the irony a bitter pill in my throat. A friend we both know. I had a sinking feeling I knew exactly which friend it was.

Work Wife

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Monday

The doctor had signed off on two days of medical leave. "Acute stress and exhaustion," the note read. It wasn't wrong.

I spent the day in a daze, pacing our apartment, my mind a chaotic reel of the past week. Samantha's tear-streaked face, Yves's cruel smirk, the feeling of his cock inside me, the word "fucktoy" emblazoned on my back. Vivian tried to engage me, to pull me into her excitement about the new salon, but I was a ghost in my own life.

I texted Yves about the leave. His reply was almost instantaneous. "A break from a break? How quaint. See you Wednesday, Nathania." The use of that name, even in text, sent a shiver down my spine.

That evening, Vivian finally confronted me. "Nathan, what's wrong? You've been a million miles away since you got back." She sat me down on the sofa, her brow furrowed with concern. "Was it the site? Did something... horrific happen?"

An out. A perfect, believable excuse. I seized it. "Yes," I said, my voice hollow. "There was... an accident."

"Oh, honey," she murmured, wrapping her arms around me. "That's terrible. But it's not your fault. These things happen." She held me, and I let her, a fraud basking in her misplaced sympathy.

Later that night, in bed, I tried. I tried to be a husband. I tried to be a man. I kissed her, my hands roaming her body, but my cock remained resolutely, pathetically limp.

Vivian pulled back, her expression worried. "It's okay," she said softly. "It's just stress." She grabbed her phone, her fingers flying across the screen. "Let's see... Okay, it says here that sometimes... massaging the prostate can help with erectile dysfunction."

My blood ran cold. She rummaged in her nightstand and produced the anal plug, the one I had bought for her on a whim, the one we had never used.

"No," I said, my voice sharp.

"Please, Nathan," she whispered, her eyes wide and pleading. "Just try it. For me."

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I let her guide me, the smooth, cool silicone a jarring intrusion. Squelch. And then the memories came flooding back. Yves's fingers, Yves's cock, the shame, the pleasure. My traitorous body responded, my cock swelling against my thigh.

"See! I knew it!" Vivian exclaimed, triumphant. "You'll wear this tonight, and tomorrow night, until you're back to normal."

I didn't tell her the truth. I didn't tell her that my dick was hard for all the wrong reasons.

We fucked. For the first time in a week, I felt like a man. I was in control. I was the one fucking. And when it was over, I pulled the plug out, a wave of shame washing over me as I cleaned myself in the bathroom.

***

Tuesday

My car. The one reliable thing in my life. It died. A sputter, a cough, and then silence. The mechanic, a burly man with grease-stained fingers, shook his head. "Fuel pump, maybe. Or the whole injection system. It's gonna be at least three weeks. Parts are on backorder."

Insurance would cover the repairs, but not a rental. We were stranded.

So we stayed home. We watched movies. We ate popcorn on the sofa. For two glorious days, there was no Nathalie. There was no Nathania. There was just Nathan and Vivian, a normal couple in a normal apartment, the rest of the world a distant, forgotten dream.

***

Wednesday

I left early. An absurdly early bus, followed by a ridiculously expensive taxi. I arrived at the office an hour before Yves, the building still and silent, the only sound

the hum of the HVAC system. I stood in the empty lobby, a ghost in the fluorescent lights, waiting for my life to resume.

Then he was there. "Nathan," he said, his deep voice echoing in the empty space. He checked his watch, then looked back at me, a slow, knowing smirk spreading across his face. "You are here very early. I thought after your... medical leave... you would be dragging your feet."

"Tell me," he rumbled, leaning in so only I could hear, his breath hot against my ear. "Why so early? Are you that eager to get back to your duties, or did you just miss being under my eye?"

"My car broke down," I said, my voice flat. "It's going to be in the shop for three weeks."

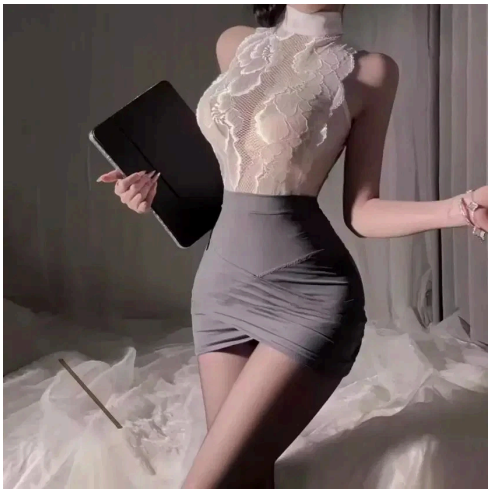
A dangerous glint lit up his eyes. "Well, that's a problem," he said, his tone smooth as silk. "But it's a solvable one. I live just a few streets away from you. It would be much simpler if you just... carpooled with me." He clapped me on the shoulder, a gesture that felt more like a claim than a comfort. "It's settled then."

He walked over to his desk, placing the daily clothes bag down. "Today," he said, "I'm feeling generous. You can choose. Chastity cage, or no cage?"

"No cage," I said, the word out before I could stop it.

"Good girl," he smirked.

I took the bag and retreated to the bathroom. I locked the door, my reflection in the mirror a stranger I was about to become. The wig, the makeup, the five-inch heels. Then the breast prosthetics, the D-cups settling back onto my chest, the weight both familiar and horrifying. Finally, the outfit. A sleeveless, high-neck lace top, semi-transparent in the right light, paired with a short, form-fitting gray skirt. It looked less like office attire and more like something a secretary would wear in a cheap porno. I was Nathania again.

Yves was waiting at his table when I walked out, my steps unsteady in the heels. He looked me up and down, a predator appraising its prey. "Will you be a good girl today, Nathania?"

"Yes," I whispered, my body betraying me with a tingling in my groin, the same dick that had failed me with my wife now responding eagerly to him.

"Good," he said, his voice a low purr. "If you do well today, I'll reward you."

I sat down at my desk and got to work, my fingers flying across the keyboard. I submitted the travel expenses, the numbers a blur on the screen. At 10 AM, Yves's buzzer rang. "Dictation," he said, the single word a command.

(EROTICA ON)

I knelt under the desk, the plush carpet rough against my knees. I unzipped his pants, freeing his already-hard cock. I took him in my mouth, my tongue swirling around the head as I began to suck. I could feel the dampness spreading in my panties, a shameful, unwanted arousal. I focused on the task, my head bobbing up and down, my lips tight around his shaft. He tasted of salt and power. With a final, deep thrust, he came, his hot cum flooding my mouth. I swallowed, the bitter taste a familiar punishment.

I got up, my legs shaky, and went to the bathroom to freshen up. I splashed cold water on my face, trying to wash away the shame, then returned to my desk, the work a welcome distraction.

At 1 PM, Yves called me to his desk again. A small velvet box sat on the polished wood. "After much deliberation," he began, his tone serious, "I've decided you need a promotion. You're not a mere employee, Nathania. You're wasted in that role."

My heart leaped, a foolish, desperate spark of hope. But then I remembered who I was dealing with, and I quickly tempered my expectations.

"You are my work wife now," he declared, his eyes boring into mine with terrifying intensity. "In this office, Vivian does not exist. You will wear this every moment you are with me. It is the sign of your true station."

He opened the box. Inside, nestled on a bed of black velvet, was a simple, elegant gold band. I stared at it, my mind blank with shock. In that moment of stunned silence, Yves struck. He took my left hand, his touch surprisingly gentle as he removed my wedding ring, the band Vivian had placed on my finger. He slipped it into the velvet box and replaced it with the new one, the cool metal a shackle around my finger.

"It's fate," he said, a triumphant smile on his face. "After all, we'll be spending the next three weeks carpooling together."

His words were cut off by the shrill ring of the secretary phone. I diverted the call to him, and he answered, his professional persona snapping back into place. "I have to go to a meeting," he said, standing up. "I'll be back in an hour or two." He gave me a hug, his hand possessively grabbing my butt, and planted a kiss on my lips before he left.

I was in shambles. I sank into my chair, my gaze fixed on the velvet box containing my real wedding ring and the golden lie on my finger. What was happening to my life? Yves wasn't gay. I had seen him fuck Vivian.

The door opening jolted me from my stupor. It was Andrew, my old colleague from my last department. Panic seized me. What if he recognized me? But no, he had never seen Nathania. He had only ever known Nathan.

He stopped dead in his tracks, his eyes widening as he took me in. He was stunned by my appearance, my barely-there attire, the blatant display of my body. I knew Andrew. He was a young single, a relentless womanizer. I could see the lust in his eyes, and my blood ran cold.

"Nathania," he said, his voice smooth. "Where are Nathan and Yves? When will they be back?"

"They're in a meeting," I replied, my voice the soft, feminine tones of Nathania. "They should be back in an hour or two."

Andrew didn't recognize me. He just sat down, waiting, his eyes never leaving me.

I had to get some papers from Yves's desk. I stood up, my heart pounding, and walked past Andrew, my hips swaying in a way that felt forced and unnatural.

(EROTICA ON)

Suddenly, hands were around my waist. I froze. "It'll be our secret," Andrew whispered in my ear, his breath hot and sour. "No proper secretary would dress like this unless she was looking for something... extra."

His hands roamed up my dress, cupping my prosthetic breasts. I let out a small, involuntary moan. "Please... no," I whispered, my voice a pathetic plea.

"If you say so," he chuckled, misinterpreting my fear as consent. He turned me around, his lips crashing down on mine, a rough, demanding kiss. His hands massaged my ass, squeezing and kneading the flesh through the thin fabric of my skirt. He guided me to his lap, and I was powerless. The weeks of submission had weakened my body and my will.

Then, I felt it. My own dick, hard and insistent, pressing against him. I looked down in horror. Of course, Andrew noticed.

"What's this?" he asked, a predatory grin spreading across his face. Before I could stop him, he was checking, his fingers tearing at the fabric of my panties. He found my cock, and his grin widened. "Well, hello," he purred. "A tranny. Never had one of you before. Crossed that off the list."

He rummaged in his pocket and pulled out two condoms. He tore one open with his teeth and expertly rolled it onto my erect, traitorous dick, then another onto his own massive erection. He hiked up my skirt, unzipped his pants, and then he was inside me. Schlorp. The familiar, unwanted stretch of my ass, the burn as he filled me. I couldn't stop the moan that escaped my lips.

I wanted to die. My ex coworker, a man I had shared beers and sports talk with, was fucking me, and he had no idea who I was. He kissed me again, a sloppy, wet kiss as he pistoned in and out of me. "Don't worry, I'm clean," he grunted. "You won't get anything from me."

"I... the company doesn't know," I stammered, my body rocking with his thrusts.

"Don't you worry about that," he said, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "I can keep a secret. For a few... favors. Not here, of course. Outside. We'll talk." He came with a loud groan, his body shuddering against mine. I followed a moment later, my cum spilling into the condom, a warm, shameful release.

Andrew pulled out with a wet pop. He smoothed down my skirt, his touch surprisingly gentle. "There now," he said, kissing me deeply again. "We still have some time before your boss gets back." He decided to have more fun. He turned me to the side, his tongue exploring my mouth while one hand slowly stroked my sheathed cock and the other played with my sensitive, well-fucked asshole. I couldn't hide my reaction. I came twice more, my body convulsing with pleasure and shame. Andrew seemed satisfied. He helped me to my feet and escorted me to the toilet, supporting me as I cleaned myself up.

He was surprisingly gentle. I thought he would be rougher. He suddenly lifted me up and sat me on the dry sink top. He carefully removed the used condom from my dick, dropping it into the trash can. Then, he leaned in and took my cock in his mouth, sucking and licking it clean. The sensation was overwhelming.

He helped me down. "Thank you," I whispered, the words tasting like ash in my mouth.

"So, can you be my girlfriend?" he asked, his eyes hopeful.

"No," I said, my voice firm. The only boundary I had left to defend.

"Well, how about friends with benefits, then?" he countered, undeterred. "That's the favor I want. Call me if you want more fun." He handed me his card, a small, white rectangle with his name and number. I took it, my fingers numb.

We walked back to the office. I resumed my work, my hands shaking so badly I could barely type. Andrew waited patiently. When Yves returned ten minutes later,

they discussed some project. As Andrew was leaving, he turned to Yves. "By the way, where's Nathan?"

Yves didn't miss a beat. "He's out in the field."

Andrew nodded and left.

I sat there, my mind a whirlwind of conflicting emotions. Where the hell was my life going?

(Yves will now refer to Nathania as "darling," "my bride," or "wife" in private.)

At 4 PM, Yves told me to get ready to leave. I reached for the bags with my clothes and the velvet box. "Ahem," he said, stopping me with a gentle hand on my arm. "You'll be wearing that back."

"We'll drive to my house," he continued, a smirk playing on his lips. "You can change there. Then you can take a bus home."

He picked up the bags while I shut down the computers, my mind racing with the horrors that might await me. We took the elevator down to the carpark, luckily without seeing anyone.

Yves's car was a sleek Mercedes Benz. He opened the passenger door for me, gesturing for me to get in.

On the drive, I finally worked up the courage to ask him. "Why did you give me a ring? Don't you know I'm already married?"

"Of course I know," he said, his eyes on the road. "But that's Nathan's marriage. This is Nathania's. We have two different lives, don't we?"

We arrived at his house at 4:45. It was the same house I had visited with Vivian as Nathalie, the same house where I was sure he had fucked her while I was only allowed to watch or be fingered.

He opened the door, welcoming me in as if it were my first time. "Welcome home, my love," he said, a wide smile on his face.

He put his stuff down and sat on the sofa, patting the space next to him. I stood there, frozen.

"This is our house, darling," he said, his voice gentle. "Why so nervous? Come sit with me."

(EROTICA ON)



I sat down on the sofa, keeping a careful distance. Yves put his right arm around my shoulder, pulling me closer. "It's been a while since we last made love, hasn't it?" he murmured, his breath hot against my ear.

I nodded, hoping it would end soon.

His other hand went up my skirt, his fingers tracing the line of my panties. "You're wet," he whispered, a triumphant note in his voice. "Couldn't wait for my cock, could you?"

Before I could answer, he lifted me effortlessly, placing me on his lap to face him. Our faces were inches apart, our breath mingling. "We've never had our official first night yet, have we?" he mused. "How about tomorrow?"

"No," I pleaded, my voice barely a whisper. "Please."

"Why not?" he asked, his fingers tracing my jawline. "You liked it when I made love to you before. You'll like it today."

He kissed me then, a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs. His hands roamed my back, stroking my ass through the thin fabric of my skirt. My traitorous body responded, my cock already erect and dripping precum.

He kissed my neck, my collarbone, my lips as he stood, lifting me with him. I wrapped my legs around his waist, my arms around his neck in one fluid, desperate motion. His tongue found mine again, and I moaned against his mouth. He had found all my pleasure zones over the past week, and he used that knowledge mercilessly.

He carried me to the bedroom, laying me down gently on the bed. "Remove your panties," he commanded. "Only your panties."

As I seductively slid the damp fabric down my legs, he undressed, his eyes never leaving mine. He sat on the bed, patting his lap. I straddled him, my arms wrapping around his neck as he poured lube onto his fingers. His slick digits found my asshole, circling the tight ring of muscle before pushing inside. Squish, squish. We kissed, our tongues dueling as he prepared me, his fingers stretching me, curling to find that sensitive bundle of nerves deep inside me. I had missed this sensation, and it terrified me how much I craved it.

My legs tightened around his waist, my body riding up and down on his fingers. My leaking dick bounced against his stomach, while his own impressive erection pressed against my ass. He ignored his own pleasure, focusing on me, kissing me deeper as he massaged my prostate. I came then, a shuddering orgasm that left me breathless, my cum dribbling out rather than shooting.

Yves gently laid me back on the bed, positioning me on my hands and knees. Vivian was forgotten, Nathan was forgotten. There was only Nathania, waiting for her husband.

He entered me from behind, a slow, deep penetration that made me gasp. "Oh, god," I moaned as he filled me completely.

As he fucked me, he unzipped my top, removing it to leave me in my bra and skirt. The breast prosthetic had clips attached to my own nipples, and every lick, every kiss on the false breasts transmitted sensations directly to my real ones. "A bit expensive to find one like this," he commented, playing with the heavy mounds as he drove into me.

Yves wasn't rough. He made love to me, a slow, steady rhythm that built my arousal higher and higher. As he came inside my "pussy," he whispered, "I'm going to breed my wife for three weeks straight."

He lifted me up, switching positions to have me on my hands and knees as he fucked me from behind again. I moaned loudly, my sounds no longer muffled by his kisses. "Fuck me more, honey," I cried out, my own cum leaking from my cock as he shot his like a garden hose inside me.

Finally, he changed position once more, having me sit on his lap with his dick still buried in me, facing each other. I wrapped my arms around his neck and back as he fucked me again, our mouths locked in a passionate kiss.

We collapsed onto the bed with me on top of him, Yves's hands slowly massaging my exposed ass. "How was it today?" he whispered in my ear. "Get ready for tomorrow. I'll make up some excuse for us at work, so you'll need to tell Vivian you have late nights."

In my post-orgasmic bliss, I nodded, my fingers tracing the golden band on my finger as he stroked my back. I looked at Yves's broad chest, wondering how I had ended up here.

he weight of the afternoon, of Andrew, of the gold band that wasn't Vivian's, pressed down on me. I felt a strange detachment, as if I were watching myself from a distance. Slowly, I pushed myself up from Yves's chest, the sheets clinging to my sweat-slicked skin. "I need to... get changed," I mumbled, my voice thick.

"Of course, darling," Yves said, stretching languidly. He watched me as I padded to the guest room, his gaze appreciative and possessive. Inside, on the bed, was Nathan's clothes. With practiced, numb fingers, I removed the prosthetic breasts, unclipped the wig, and scrubbed at the makeup until my face was raw and my own. I pulled on my jeans, my t-shirt, my boxer briefs. I was Nathan again. Almost. I picked up the velvet box, opened it, and slid my real wedding ring back onto my finger. The familiar weight was a small, cold comfort.

When I returned to the living room, Yves was already dressed, back in his role as my boss. "I'll expect you here tomorrow morning," he said, all business. "And Nathan," he added, his tone hardening, "don't tell Vivian about our... carpooling arrangement."

I just nodded, my throat too tight to speak.

The bus ride was only five minutes, but it felt like an eternity. I stared out the window, the city lights blurring, my reflection a ghostly, distorted figure. My mind kept replaying the day. Andrew's rough hands, Yves's possessive claim. I was a traitor to my wife and a slut for my boss. I looked down at my wedding ring, twisting it around my finger, a silent prayer for a life that was already lost.

When I walked in the door, Vivian was there, her smile warm and welcoming. "Nathan! You're home! How was work?"

"Late," I managed to say. "Just a lot to catch up on."

She kissed me, her lips soft against mine. "Well, you're home now. I made your favorite."

For a few hours, I could almost pretend. We ate, we watched TV, we talked about her day at the new salon, the name of her generous investor still a "surprise." In the quiet darkness of our bedroom, with Vivian asleep beside me, I stared at the ceiling, the gold band from Yves burning a hole in my pocket.

The next morning, my phone buzzed. A message from Yves. "Be at my house at 8. Don't be late." No Nathania. Just Nathan.

"Work might run late again tonight," I told Vivian over breakfast, the lie tasting like poison on my tongue.

At 8 AM sharp, I was at Yves's door. He let me in, gesturing towards the guest room. "Your clothes are in there."

On the bed was a new outfit. A crisp white blouse, a professional-looking beige pencil skirt, and a set of sensible, yet feminine, accessories. I felt a strange flicker of gratitude. At least this looked like something a real secretary might wear. Then I immediately hated myself for the thought.

Yves was waiting for me in the hallway. His eyes went straight to my left hand, a brief, satisfied smile touching his lips when he saw the gold band. He took my hand, lacing our fingers together as we walked out to his car.

"I've planned a good evening for you, my love," he said as he drove, nodding towards a garment bag in the backseat. "Something special."

The office was empty when we arrived. We worked, the quiet punctuated by the click of keyboards and the soft hum of the servers. Yves didn't ask for a blowjob. Instead, he had lunch delivered, and we ate together at his desk. He called me "darling," he swatted my butt playfully when he walked past, he left soft, lingering kisses on my cheek. Each gesture was a small, deliberate claim, staking his ownership. I was terrified, my mind racing back to his words from the day before. Our "first night." Our "honeymoon."

At 3 PM, he stood up. "We're leaving. I've already cleared it with the higher-ups."

On the drive back, he laid out the plan. "We're going to a restaurant for a proper date," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. "And then... we'll finish with our official first night." He laughed. "Well, not our first first night. I guess we had that last week."

In the house, he handed me the garment bag. Inside was a vision in red. A bright red, two-piece lace lingerie set, all strappy and sheer, with a matching thong. And next to it, a coral-red, body-hugging mini dress that looked like it had been painted on.





"Shower in the guest room," he instructed. "Be ready by 4:30."

On the bed, next to the clothes, were two more items. A small, silver chastity cage, and a sleek, black anal vibrator. "Just for today," he said, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "You'll see why later."

I showered quickly, the hot water doing little to wash away my dread. I put on the lingerie, then the dress. The problem was immediate. The fabric was so tight, the outline of my cock, soft but still present, was clearly visible. A wave of humiliation washed over me. There was no choice. Reluctantly, I locked myself into the chastity cage, the cold metal a tight, unforgiving prison.

I met Yves in the living room. He let out a low whistle. "My God, look at my wife," he breathed, pulling me into a hug and kissing me deeply. He presented me with a single red rose. "Beautiful."

In the car, as he pulled out of the driveway, he picked up a small remote. A soft, insistent buzzing started from inside me. I gasped. "It's to keep you ready for the main event," he said with a grin.

The restaurant was posh, all dim lighting and white tablecloths. We were shown to a secluded booth. Throughout the meal, Yves would casually reach into his pocket and fiddle with the remote. Suddenly, a wave of intense vibrations would course through me. I'd choke on my wine, or let out a small, involuntary whimper, which I'd try to cover with a cough. He'd just smile, a picture of innocence.



"You must remember to behave as my wife, Nathania," he said, cutting into his steak. "Always gracious, always beautiful. Always mine." I just nodded, picking at my food, the wine and the relentless stimulation making my head spin.

(EROTICA MODE ON)

The drive back was a delicious torment. Every touch of Yves's hand on my thigh sent a fresh jolt through my already overstimulated body. He kissed me at red lights, his tongue claiming my mouth, possessive and deep, while the vibrator hummed its relentless rhythm inside me. He turned it to its maximum setting just as we turned onto his street, and I gasped, my head falling back against the leather seat. "Yves... please," I whimpered, my hands clutching at the door handle, seeing stars behind my closed eyelids. The wine, the vibrator, the sheer intensity of the evening was driving me mad, blurring the lines between protest and pleasure.

We arrived, and I practically stumbled out of the car, my legs shaky as newborn colt's. Yves was there in an instant, his strong arm wrapping around my waist, supporting me as he guided me to the front door. Inside, he kicked it shut, the sound echoing in the quiet house.

He hugged me from behind, his chest a solid wall against my back, his chin resting on my shoulder. I could feel the hard length of him pressing against my ass. He kissed my neck, a trail of hot, open-mouthed kisses that made me shudder. "Tonight, my love," he whispered, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through my entire body, "I'm not going to take you like an animal. I'm going to make love to you until you forget your own name." His hands slid down my sides, over the tight fabric of the dress, until they reached my heels. He knelt, carefully unstrapping each one, his touch gentle, almost reverent.

He straightened up, scooping me effortlessly into his arms, my legs automatically wrapping around his waist. I buried my face in the crook of his neck, inhaling his scent, a mix of cologne, wine, and pure Yves. He carried me to the living room, settling me down on the sofa as if I were something precious.

The dinner and wine had made me bold, or perhaps it was the sheer, overwhelming desire that had been building all evening. I looked up at him, my eyes dark with a hunger I didn't want to acknowledge. "Yves," I breathed, my voice husky.

He smiled, a slow, predatory curve of his lips. He lifted my chin with one finger, his gaze holding mine as he lowered his head. The kiss was deep, slow, and impossibly thorough. His tongue explored my mouth, tasting of wine and promise. His hands roamed down my back, finding the zipper of the coral dress. Zzzzip. The sound was loud in the quiet room. The dress pooled at my feet, leaving me standing there in just the bright red lingerie, the metal of the chastity cage a stark, cold reminder of my predicament.

His fingers deftly unhooked the lace bra, letting the prosthetic breasts fall to the floor with a soft thud. My own chest, now accustomed to the weight, was smaller, but my nipples stood out, hard and aching. Yves bent his head, taking one into his mouth. Slurp, suck, nibble. The direct stimulation was electric, sending jolts of pleasure straight to my caged cock. I moaned, my hands tangling in his hair, pulling him closer, wanting more, needing more.

He scooped me up again, carrying me bridal style to the bedroom. He laid me down on the bed, the cool sheets a shock against my fevered skin. He got on top of me, the weight of him familiar and strangely comforting. He kissed me again as I heard a small click. He'd found the key for the chastity cage. The lock came off, and my cock, finally free, immediately sprang to attention, hard and leaking against my stomach.

Yves poured lube over both our dicks, the cool liquid a welcome relief. Then he wrapped his hand around both of us, stroking them together. Fap, fap, fap. The feeling of another hard, hot cock against my own was terrifying, exhilarating, and utterly intoxicating. My hips bucked involuntarily, seeking more friction.

He shifted, moving down my body. I felt him tug on the vibrator, pulling it out with a wet schlorp. Then, his tongue was there, replacing the plastic. Slurp, lick, probe. He was giving my ass oral, his tongue delving deep, reaching places the vibrator couldn't.

His hands gripped my thighs, pushing them wider apart, giving him better access. I couldn't stop the sounds that tore from my throat, a litany of "yes, oh god, Yves, right there." I tangled my fingers in his hair, pulling him closer, grinding against his face, shamelessly chasing the pleasure he was giving me. I felt like I was losing my mind, my body a live wire of sensation.

He pulled back, a triumphant smirk on his glistening face. He shifted, positioning himself between my legs. He lifted them, placing them on his broad shoulders. I watched, my breath held, as he lined himself up. Then he entered me slowly, inch by torturous inch. Schlorp. The stretch was exquisite, a burn that quickly melted into pleasure. He was so big, so deep. I felt impossibly full, claimed in a way I had never been before.

He started to move, a slow, deliberate rhythm at first, then faster and harder. The headboard began to bang against the wall, a steady rhythm of thump, thump, thump. My moans filled the room, a symphony of pleasure and pain. "Yes, honey, harder, deeper," I cried out, my mind blank with pleasure, Nathan's existence completely erased. I was just Nathania, a body made for this, for him.

He flipped me over then, pulling me up onto my hands and knees. He entered me from behind, his hands gripping my hips as he pounded into me. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of skin on skin was loud in the quiet room, a raw, primal soundtrack to

our coupling. I buried my face in the pillows, my muffled moans getting lost in the fabric, the scent of him and sex filling my senses.

He reached around, taking my cock in his hand and stroking it in time with his thrusts. Fap, fap, fap. The dual stimulation was too much. I came with a strangled cry, my cum painting the sheets white, my body shuddering with the force of my orgasm.

Yves followed soon after, filling me with his seed with a final, deep thrust. He collapsed on top of me, his weight a comforting pressure. He kissed my neck, whispering words of praise and affection. "My beautiful wife," he murmured, "you were amazing."

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, our breathing slowly returning to normal. Then, he shifted, rolling us over. I was on top now, straddling him, his cock still buried deep inside me. He sat up, his arms wrapping around my back, pulling me close. His hands played with my sensitive nipples, pinching and rolling them as he kissed my neck and lips. I moaned into his mouth, my body responding again, arching into his touch. I was acting as if I were actually his wife, lost in the role, in the pleasure.

After we both came again, a slow, lazy orgasm this time, I got up and turned around. I initiated the French kiss this time, my tongue tangling with his, tasting myself on him. I moaned into him, a sound of pure, unadulterated need. My mind was a haze of pleasure and confusion, but in that moment, I didn't care.I was with Yves, and I was Nathania, and that was all that mattered. The thought was a lifeline in a sea of pleasure, a way to anchor myself to this new, terrifying reality.

A surge of something bold, something hungry, rose up in me. I leaned in, crushing my lips against Yves's, my tongue darting out to trace the line of his lips before delving inside. This wasn't the hesitant, accepting kiss from before. This was a demand. My hands roamed down his chest, over the hard planes of his stomach, until I found him, still semi-hard and slick with our combined fluids. I wrapped my fingers around his cock, feeling it twitch and begin to harden again under my touch.

I broke the kiss, a trail of saliva connecting our mouths for a moment before I broke it. Without a word, I slid down his body, my skin brushing against his. I positioned

myself between his legs, looking up at him from under my lashes. I could see the surprise and the hunger in his eyes. Then I took him in my mouth.

The taste was musky, salty, a pure distillation of our night together. I swirled my tongue around the head, teasing the sensitive slit, before taking him deeper. I relaxed my throat, letting him slide in until my nose was buried in the coarse hair at his base. Gag, slurp. The sounds were wet, messy, utterly obscene. I could feel him growing in my mouth, filling me completely. I moaned around his shaft, the vibration making him buck his hips.

I pulled back, my lips tight around him, creating a suction that made him groan. I used my tongue, my lips, my hands, working him with a desperate, single-minded focus. I wanted to taste him, to swallow him, to claim this part of him as mine. Finally, with a loud grunt, he came, his hot cum flooding my mouth. I swallowed it all, milking him for every last drop before releasing him. I licked my lips clean, savoring the taste, and then moved back up to kiss him, sharing the evidence of his pleasure with him.

He kissed me back, a slow, deep kiss. "Thank you, my love," he whispered, his voice thick with satisfaction. "That was... incredible."

"More," I breathed against his lips, my own cock achingly hard. "Fuck me again, Yves."

He chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that vibrated right through my chest and down to my throbbing dick. "As much as I'd love to, darling, a man's dick needs a minute to recover," he smirked, pulling me down so my back was flush against his sweaty chest. "But I'm not done with that hungry little pussy of yours yet."

He kissed my neck, all wet and sloppy, and I felt his hand slide down my back, over the curve of my ass. One finger, already slick with lube, started poking at my asshole. Squish. I moaned and pushed my hips back, trying to get it inside me. "Patience, my little slut," he chuckled, finally sinking the finger deep into my hole. Schlorp. "Fuck," I gasped, arching my back. He found my prostate right away, rubbing that little button until I was seeing stars. He added another finger, stretching me wide, scissoring them inside me, getting me ready for another round. We just lay there like that, French kissing, his tongue fucking my mouth while his fingers fucked my ass, and I was moaning into his mouth like a bitch in heat.

Just then, my phone started ringing. The special ringtone I'd set for Vivian. Shit.

I scrambled for it, my heart pounding in my chest. Yves just watched me, a big, stupid grin on his face, and he didn't even stop fingering me. He was actually pushing his fingers in deeper while I was trying to answer the fucking phone.



"Hello?" I said, my voice coming out all high and breathy. I cleared my throat, trying to make it sound deeper. "Yeah, hey, it's me." Nathan's voice.

"Nathan? Where are you? It's almost 9 PM," Vivian said, sounding worried.

"Oh, uh, the system crashed. Big problems," I lied, my voice cracking a little as Yves curled his fingers just right. "Gonna be a late one. Probably... probably not home 'til after midnight."

I could hear Yves trying not to laugh out loud, the fucker.

"Okay, honey. Just be safe," Vivian said. "Goodnight, I love you."

"Love you too, goodnight," I said, and hung up before she could ask any more questions. I threw the phone across the room.

Yves finally pulled his fingers out of my ass with a wet pop. He burst out laughing. "God, you're a good little wife," he said, kissing my cheek. "Proving it with every word."

"Shut up," I mumbled, but I couldn't help but blush.

"I'm thirsty," he said, patting my ass. "Go get us some juice from the fridge. Both of us."

I stumbled out of bed, my legs all wobbly, and went to the kitchen. I could feel his cum leaking out of my ass and running down my legs. I grabbed two glasses of orange juice and went back to the bedroom. We drank them in silence, and I could feel the sugar hitting my system, waking me up again.

He put our glasses on the nightstand and grabbed me, throwing me down on the bed so I was flat on my stomach. He got on top of me, his knees forcing my legs apart. "Spread 'em," he growled, and I did, my ass in the air for him.

He shoved his dick inside me in one hard thrust. Schlorp. "Oh, fuck, Yves!" I screamed into the pillow. He started pounding me, hard and fast, just like I wanted. His balls were slapping against my ass with every thrust. Slap, slap, slap. The bed was shaking, the headboard banging against the wall. Thump, thump, thump. He was fucking me so deep I could feel it in my guts.

"Yeah, that's it, scream for me," he grunted, grabbing my hair and pulling my head back. "I wanna hear you. Let the whole neighborhood know who's fucking this pussy." I was moaning and gasping, a total mess, my own cock rock hard and rubbing against the sheets. He let go of my hair and reached around, grabbing my dick and jerking me off. Fap, fap, fap. The dual sensation was too much, and I came with a loud cry, spilling all over the bed.

He kept fucking me through my orgasm, chasing his own. A few more hard thrusts and he was coming too, filling me up again with his hot cum. We collapsed onto the bed, both of us panting and covered in sweat.

But we weren't done. Not even close.

After a few minutes, he pulled me up, turning me over. He got on top of me again, but this time he put my legs over his shoulders. He was still hard. How the fuck was he still hard? He entered me again, slow this time, stretching me wide. "Look at me," he commanded, and I did. I looked into his eyes as he started to fuck me, and I felt a shiver go down my spine. He was claiming me, marking me as his. He leaned down and kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that stole my breath. I kissed him back, my tongue dueling with his, my hands gripping his back, my legs wrapped around his waist. I was begging for it now. "Harder, Yves, fuck me harder," I moaned, and he obliged, his hips pistoning into me, our bodies slapping together in a wet, rhythmic beat.

We fucked on the floor after that. He pushed me up against the wall, lifting me up and impaling me on his cock. I was just a doll for him to use, a warm, willing hole for his pleasure. And I loved it. I loved every minute of it.

We took breaks, but they weren't really breaks. We'd just lie there, our bodies tangled together, kissing and touching. I'd suck his dick, tasting our combined fluids, and he'd finger my ass, keeping me open and ready for him. We talked, too, but it was all dirty talk, all about how much he loved my "pussy" and how much I needed his "cock". I lost track of how many times I came, how many times he filled me up.

At one point, I was riding him, my hands on his chest for balance. He was watching me, his eyes dark with lust. "Play with your tits," he commanded, and I did, my hands cupping my chests, my fingers finding my own, real nipples beneath.

My hands flew to my chest instinctively. But there was nothing there. The prosthetics were gone, discarded on the floor earlier. All my fingers found was my own skin, and beneath it, the strange, soft swell of flesh that wasn't there a month ago. The saline from the pumps had done... something. Permanent. A small, real B-cup had blossomed on my chest. My breath hitched

.

I looked down at myself in the dim lamplight. I was a freak. A man with tits and a dick. And I was riding my boss, who thought I was his wife.

Yves saw my hesitation. He saw the confusion on my face. He smiled, a slow, wicked smile. "No, not those," he rumbled, his voice a deep vibration that I felt in my balls. He reached up and gently moved my hands away. "These." He took my hands and placed them on my own, real chest. On the swollen, sensitive flesh of my new breasts.

My eyes widened. "Wha—"

"Shhh," he murmured, his thumbs brushing over my nipples. They pebbled instantly, sending a jolt of pure electricity straight to my cock. "They're beautiful. You're beautiful. My wife."

The word "wife" landed like a physical blow. He didn't care. He didn't see a man. He saw Nathania. And in that moment, under his gaze, I almost believed it myself.

I started touching them tentatively at first, then with more confidence. I'd never felt this sensation from my own chest before. I pinched my nipples, rolling them between my fingers, and a moan escaped my lips. My hips started moving again, riding him, faster and harder. Thump, thump, thump went the headboard.

"That's it," he grunted, his hands gripping my hips, helping me move. "Touch yourself for me. Show me how much you love it."

I did. I leaned back, one hand still playing with my nipple, the other snaking down to wrap around my own, neglected cock. Fap, fap, fap. The sound of me jerking off joined the wet sounds of our fucking.

He sat up then, wrapping an arm around my waist and flipping us over. Now he was on top, my legs over his shoulders, my body folded in half. He was so deep like this, so deep I could feel him in my throat. He kissed me, a messy, hungry kiss, all tongue and teeth. My long, dark wig hair, which I'd forgotten I was even wearing, cascaded around us, a curtain that sealed us in our own little world.

We were animals then, just grunts and sweat and the relentless slap of skin on skin. He was fucking me for all he was worth, and I was begging for more. "Fuck me, Yves, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," I chanted, my mind completely gone, lost in a haze of pleasure. He came with a roar, and I felt him pulse inside me, filling me with another hot load.

We didn't stop.

We moved to the shower at one point. The hot water streamed down our bodies as he fucked me against the tiled wall. The water made everything slicker, wetter. Squelch, squelch, squelch. My moans echoed off the tile, loud and unrestrained. He soaped up my body, his hands sliding all over me, paying special attention to my new tits and my ass. I washed him too, my hands exploring every inch of his muscular body.

We were back in bed, our bodies tangled together in the damp sheets. It must have been past two in the morning. I was exhausted, my body aching in a hundred different places, but I still wanted more. I wanted him. I needed him.

He was lying on his back, and I was lying on my side, my head on his chest. I could hear his heartbeat, slow and steady. I started tracing circles on his chest with my finger. "Yves?" I whispered.

"Hmm?" he murmured, his eyes closed.

"I... I want to be on top again," I said, my voice small. I wanted to be in control, even for just a little while.

He opened his eyes and looked at me. He smiled, a genuine, warm smile. "Anything for my wife," he said.

I straddled him, sinking down onto his hard cock. I took my time, setting the pace. Slow, deep strokes. I leaned down and kissed him, a gentle, loving kiss. His hands were on my ass, guiding me, encouraging me. We made love like that for a long time, slow and sweet, a stark contrast to the raw, animalistic fucking from earlier.

I came with a soft cry, my body trembling with the force of it. I collapsed onto his chest, my wig slightly askew, our skin slick with sweat and cum. I was utterly spent, every muscle aching, but a deep, primal part of me was satisfied. I was his.

He held me for a while, our breathing slowly syncing. His fingers traced lazy patterns on my back. "You're incredible," he whispered into my hair. "My perfect wife."

I just nodded, too tired to speak.

The night blurred into a hazy montage of skin and sex. At some point, I found myself on my knees on the floor, my back against the bed as he stood before me, feeding me his cock. I took him deep, my lips stretched around his girth, my tongue working him as he gripped my hair, controlling the rhythm. "That's it, baby girl, take it all," he grunted. I could feel him hitting the back of my throat, and I gagged, tears stinging my eyes, but I didn't pull away. I just looked up at him, my eyes wide, and he smiled, a look of pure possession on his face.

Later, we were back on the bed, but we'd changed the sheets. I was lying on my side, and he was spooning me, his chest against my back. He entered me from behind, a slow, deep penetration that made me gasp. His arm was wrapped around my waist, holding me tight, and he kissed my neck, his tongue tracing the sensitive skin. It was slow, lazy, intimate. "Whose pussy is this?" he whispered in

my ear.



"Yours," I moaned, my own hand reaching down to stroke my cock. "It's your pussy."

"Damn right it is," he growled, and he started to move faster, harder.

I was so sensitive by then that it didn't take long for me to cum again, my body shuddering in his arms. He followed me a few moments later, his hot cum filling me one last time.

We finally fell asleep around 4 AM, our bodies tangled together, exhausted.

I woke up a few hours later, the first hint of dawn painting the sky. Yves was still asleep, his breathing deep and even. I carefully slipped out of his embrace, my body protesting with every move. I was sore in places I didn't even know I had.

I went to the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. I was a mess. My wig was matted, my makeup was smudged, and my body was covered in love bites. But I was also... happy? Satisfied? I didn't know. All I knew was that I needed to get out of that room.

I went to the kitchen. I needed to do something normal, something domestic. I decided to make breakfast. I put on the discarded red lingerie from the night before. The lace felt good against my sensitive skin. I fixed my makeup as best I could, and then I started cooking. The smell of bacon and eggs filled the quiet house.



I was leaning over the stove, flipping a pancake, when I felt arms wrap around my waist. Yves. He was naked, his body warm against my back. He kissed my neck, a slow, wet kiss. "Morning, my love," he rumbled.

"Morning," I said, my voice still husky from sleep and sex.

His hands roamed down my body, over the lace of the lingerie, until they reached my ass. He pulled the thin fabric of the thong aside, exposing my still-tender hole. He pressed a finger against it, and I moaned. "Still wet for me, I see," he chuckled.

He lined up his hard cock and thrust into me. Schlorp. I gasped, my hands flying to the countertop to steady myself. "Yves," I whimpered.

He started to fuck me, slow and deep, right there against the counter. I could smell the bacon burning, but I didn't care. All I could focus on was the feeling of him inside me, the stretch, the burn, the pleasure. "Yeah, you like that, don't you?" he grunted, grabbing my hips and pulling me back to meet his thrusts. "You like being fucked like a little slut in your own kitchen."

"Fuck me, honey," I cried out, pushing back against him. "Fuck your wife."

He obliged, his hips pistoning into me, the sound of our bodies slapping together loud in the quiet kitchen. The counter was digging into my hips, but I didn't care. I was lost in the pleasure. He reached around and started jerking me off. Fap, fap, fap. I came with a loud cry, my cum splattering on the cabinet doors.



He kept fucking me, chasing his own release. "I'm gonna cum in this pussy, fill you up with my baby batter," he grunted.

He filled me up with one last, deep groan, his body shaking against mine. I could feel his warmth spreading through me, a final, possessive claim. For a minute, we just stayed like that, my body pinned against the counter, my breathing ragged, the smell of burnt bacon and sex hanging in the air.

Then, as gently as I could, I pushed him back, pulling myself off his softening cock with a wet schlorp. I turned around and gave him a quick, sloppy kiss. "I have to go home," I mumbled, avoiding his eyes.

Yves grinned, smacking my ass. "Alright, but don't get too comfortable. Be at the office before 11 AM. Change into your secretary outfit there," he commanded.

Then he gestured towards the cabinet door, where my cum was still dripping down the white paint. "And wipe that up. My wife shouldn't leave a mess."

I blushed, grabbing a paper towel and cleaning it up while he watched. Then I practically ran to the guest room, stripping off the lingerie and pulling on Nathan's clothes. My own clothes. They felt wrong, loose and scratchy. I didn't even look in the mirror.

The bus ride home was a daze. My whole body throbbed. When I walked in, Vivian was waiting, her face etched with worry. "Nathan! You stayed all night? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, the system... it was a complete disaster," I lied, my voice hoarse. "I barely got any sleep. Just gonna shower and grab a bite before heading back."

She bought it. Of course, she bought it. I showered, scrubbing Yves's scent off my skin, but I couldn't wash away the feeling of him. I couldn't wash away the memory of how he'd touched my new, swollen chest.

Work was both agony and ecstasy. I got there at 11, changed into the secretary outfit, and spent the day on autopilot, answering phones, typing up reports. The blowjob was different. Before Yves pushed me to my knees, he massaged my ass through the skirt, his fingers dipping between my cheeks, teasing my hole. I was already so sensitive from the night before that I came just from his fingers, my cock twitching in my panties. I spent the rest of the day in a haze of humiliation and shame, my panties sticky with my own cum.

That night at dinner, Vivian was all smiles. "Nathan, honey, I need your help with another project for my course," she said, batting her eyelashes. "The theme is 'reimagined innocence,' and I can't think of anyone who would be a better model. I'll make it worth your while," she added, her hand sliding up my thigh.

I agreed, thinking it was just some pictures. I was so wrong.

Later, in bed, she wanted to have sex. I was terrified. My dick felt... smaller. Weaker. She noticed my hesitation. "It's the work stress, isn't it, sweetie?" she cooed, reaching into her nightstand. She pulled out the buttplug. "Here, this will help. It'll wake your little guy up." I wanted to scream. Yves's words from Samantha's party echoed in my head: You're a bad liar, Nathan. I let her put it in,

and while the stimulation was nice, my dick barely perked up. I felt like a fraud. She seemed satisfied enough, though, and we went to sleep.

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Thursday

The alarm blared at 6 AM. I was still at Yves's house, having fallen asleep in his bed. He was already awake, dressed in a sharp suit.

"Good morning, wife," he said with a smirk, handing me a cup of coffee. "Time to get ready for work."

I changed into the outfit he had laid out for me – a tight pencil skirt that barely reached mid-thigh and a silk blouse that revealed more than it concealed. The wig, makeup, and five-inch heels completed my transformation.

"Your old clothes are in the trunk of my car," he said when I emerged from the bathroom. "You'll change at the office today before we leave."

The drive to work was silent. As we approached the office, he turned to me. "Remember what I said about late nights? I've already texted Vivian from your phone. You have a big project that requires you to stay late this week."

My blood ran cold. He had my phone? He was texting my wife?

As we entered the office, I saw Andrew's eyes immediately lock onto me. He gave me a small, knowing smile that made my stomach clench. Today would be interesting.

Yves kept me busy with dictation, filing, and scheduling. But at 11 AM, his buzzer rang. "In my office, Nathania."

When I entered, he wasn't at his desk. He was sitting on the leather couch along the wall, patting the space beside him. "Come here, darling."

I sat stiffly beside him.

He put his arm around me. "Andrew seemed quite taken with you yesterday."

I remained silent, my hands clasped tightly in my lap.

"I have a proposition for you," he continued. "I want you to continue your... arrangement with him."

I stared at him, horrified. "What?"

"It would be entertaining for me to watch," he said casually. "And it might be useful to have him owing you... favors."

"No," I said, my voice shaking. "I can't."

"You can, and you will," he said, his voice dropping to that dangerous tone I knew so well. "Or would you prefer I tell Vivian everything?"

The threat hung between us, sharp and suffocating. I lowered my head. "What... what would I have to do?"

"Be friendly. Acceptable to his advances. Maybe even initiate occasionally," he said. "I'll let you decide the details. But if he asks you out, you say yes. Outside the office, of course."

"And if... if I do?"

"I'll consider it. Maybe one weekend without Nathania. A whole weekend of being just Nathan," he offered, a carrot dangled just out of reach.

I hated him. I hated myself for considering it. But the thought of a weekend free, of being myself... "Okay," I whispered.

"Good girl," he said, patting my thigh. "Now, why don't you go see if Andrew needs any help with anything?"

I walked to Andrew's desk on wobbly legs. He looked up, and his face lit up. "Nathania! I was hoping I'd see you today."

"Is... is there anything I can help you with?" I asked, my voice barely audible.

"Well, now that you mention it," he said, leaning back in his chair. "I'm having some trouble with this report. Could you take a look?"

I leaned over his desk to examine the document, and as I did, I felt his hand on my ass, squeezing lightly. I flinched but forced myself to continue examining the report.

"I think I see the issue," I said, my voice trembling slightly.

"Good," he whispered, his hand still on my ass. "Maybe you could help me with it later. Over drinks?"

I remembered Yves's words. "Yes," I said, hating myself. "I'd like that."

After work, Yves drove me back to his house.

Step- daughter

he next morning at 7 AM, after a quick breakfast, she led me to the bathroom. "Okay, project time!" she chirped. She had the saline solution ready. Before I could protest, she was injecting it into my chest. I watched in horror as my already-swollen breasts expanded, bloating into a D-cup. I looked like a freak.

Then she handed me the clothes. White panties and bra, and then... the uniform. A tight white shirt with a navy ribbon, a short pleated navy skirt, white thigh-high socks, a yellow headband, and heels. She did my makeup, took her "before and after" photos, and assured me I looked perfect. "Just like a cute college student!" she gushed.





Her alarm went off at 11 AM. "Oh, shoot! I have clients!" she said, rushing around. She gave me a quick kiss. "Be a good girl, I'll be back around 5!" And then she was gone.

I was alone. Finally, I looked in the full-length mirror. The person staring back was a stranger. A teenage girl with big tits and a scared look in her eyes. And my dick... nothing. Not a twitch. Not a flicker of interest.

The night with Vivian had left me feeling hollow, unsatisfied. I turned on the TV, pulling up a porn site. Some generic video, a guy with a huge dick fucking a girl who looked a bit like... me. I rolled up my skirt and started to jerk off. I stroked and pulled, but after twenty minutes, I was only semi-hard. Pathetic. Frustrated, I went upstairs, to our bedroom, and found Vivian's dildo. It was purple, silicone, and bigger than I was.

I went back to the couch, spread my legs over the armrest, and pushed it inside. Schlorp. The stretch was familiar, and finally, my dick started to get hard. See? Nothing wrong. Just needed a little help.

My phone rang. Vivian. "Nathalie, honey," she said, her voice all sweet and cheerful. "I just wanted to give you a heads up! I was so worried about you, with all the work stress, so I called Yves! He's such a good boss. He's coming over in about five minutes to check on you! Isn't that nice of him?"

My blood ran cold. I hung up without a word.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

The door swung open. I'd forgotten to lock it.

Yves stood there, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, looking casual and handsome. He just stared. His eyes took in the scene: the schoolgirl uniform, the rolled-up skirt, the very obvious bulge in my panties, the purple dildo buried in my ass, and the porn playing loudly on the TV.

"Yves, I can explain—" I started, fumbling with the dildo, trying to pull it out and smooth down my skirt at the same time. My face was burning with humiliation.

He stepped inside, locking the door behind him with a soft click. He didn't look angry. He looked... amused. He sat down in the armchair opposite me, leaning forward, his elbows on his knees.

"I don't think you need to explain," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. "I just didn't think you'd be this horny for dick yet. I figured you'd need at least a day to recover." He paused, letting that sink in. "There's something you should know, Nathan. I knew who you were. During our second little get-together, before the work trip. I've known all along."

My mind went blank. He knew? He always knew?

"So," he continued, his eyes boring into mine. "The question is... do you want to be treated like Nathania, my wife? Or Nathalie, my... other girl?"

"Na-Nathalie," I stammered, the name slipping out before I could stop myself.

His smirk widened. "Excellent choice. From now on, when you're Nathalie, you're my stepdaughter. And you will call me Daddy."

He stood up and walked towards me, and my whole body went rigid. I wanted to run, to hide, but my legs wouldn't move. The purple dildo was still buzzing away inside me, a humiliating reminder of what he'd caught me doing.

He stopped in front of me, looming over me. He reached down and plucked the remote from my numb fingers, clicking it off. The sudden silence was deafening. Then he slowly, deliberately, pulled the dildo out of my ass. Schlorp. The wet, sucking sound seemed to echo in the room. He held it up, examining it like a piece of evidence. "Is this what you've been using to keep your pussy warm, sweetie?" he asked, his voice deceptively soft. "Did you really think this piece of plastic could compare to Daddy?"

I just stared, my mouth dry, unable to form a single word.

"Lick it clean," he commanded, holding the slick dildo in front of my face.

My stomach churned. "I... I can't," I whispered.

His eyes narrowed, but his smile didn't waver. "Don't make me ask you again, Nathalie."

Tears welled in my eyes, but I leaned forward. I could taste myself, the lube, the faint, sterile taste of the silicone. I licked it clean, my tongue swiping over every inch of it until it shone.

"Good girl," he murmured, setting the dildo aside on the coffee table. He reached down, pulling me to my feet. His hands ran over the school uniform, straightening the pleated skirt. "Your mommy has excellent taste," he said, his fingers tracing the neckline. "But these..." His hands cupped my new D-cup breasts, giving them a gentle squeeze. "These are new. And very, very nice."

He led me back to the couch, not with a shove or a push, but with a firm, guiding hand on the small of my back that left no room for argument. He positioned me on my knees, facing the back of the couch, my forearms resting on the top cushion. I was completely exposed, the short skirt riding up, the white thigh-high socks a stark contrast to my flushed skin.

I heard the click of a cap, and then the cool shock of lube being poured directly onto my ass. I flinched at the sensation. Squirt.

"Shhh, it's okay, sweetheart," he cooed, and then his finger was there, circling my twitching hole. He pushed one finger in, slow and steady. Schlorp. The intrusion was familiar, but the context made it feel alien, violating. He pumped it in and out a few times before adding a second. Squish, squelch. The sounds were obscene. He was stretching me, scissoring his fingers inside me, preparing me.

"Did you think you could hide this from me?" he whispered, his lips brushing against the back of my neck. "This tight, hungry little pussy? It was made for me, Nathalie. It was made for Daddy."

He curled his fingers, and I gasped as he hit my prostate. A jolt of pure, undeniable pleasure shot through me, and my hips bucked back involuntarily. He chuckled, a low, dark sound. "Oh, you like that, don't you, baby girl?" He started rubbing that little bundle of nerves in earnest, and I was lost. I could feel myself leaking into the panties, my cock hardening despite the shame, the humiliation, the sheer wrongness of it all.

His other hand came around to my chest, palming my breasts through the thin white shirt. He pinched a nipple, and I cried out, the pleasure-pain overwhelming.

"Mommy did a good job with these," he murmured. "Almost as big as hers. Maybe one day I'll have to compare you two."

He brought me right to the edge, the pressure inside me building to an unbearable peak. My breath was coming in ragged sobs. "Daddy... please... I'm gonna..."

And then he stopped. He pulled his fingers out completely, leaving me feeling achingly, frustratingly empty. I whimpered, pushing my hips back, searching for that lost contact.

"Not yet, sweetheart," he said softly. "You don't get to cum until Daddy says so."

He waited, letting me calm down slightly, and then he started again. One finger, then two. Schlorp, squish. Rubbing, stretching, teasing, bringing me back to that precipice of pleasure, only to deny me again. And again. He was torturing me, breaking me down, remaking me into... this.

After what felt like an eternity, I was sobbing, begging incoherently. "Please, please, Daddy... I need it... I need you... please, just fuck me..."

"Anything for my baby girl," he whispered.

He finally withdrew his fingers with a wet pop. He helped me off the couch, his hands gentle on my trembling arms. He didn't take me there, on the living room floor. He led me by the hand,past the evidence of my pathetic attempt at pleasure, and into the master bedroom. To my bed. The bed I shared with Vivian.

He laid me down on my back, my head sinking into the pillows that still smelled faintly of her. He arranged the pleated skirt around me, a careful, almost reverent gesture. He didn't take off my clothes. The white shirt, the navy ribbon, the socks, the heels—he left it all on.

He lay down beside me, propping himself up on an elbow to look at me. His eyes were dark, intense, seeing right through me. He leaned in and kissed me. It wasn't rough or demanding. It was slow, deep, and terrifyingly tender. His tongue explored my mouth, claiming every inch. He kissed my cheeks, my forehead, my closed eyelids. "My beautiful girl," he murmured against my skin. "Daddy's going to make you a woman today."



He shifted, moving between my legs, lifting them and draping them over his arms. He positioned himself at my entrance, the head of his cock nudging against my slick, abused hole. He didn't push in. "Look at me, Nathalie," he commanded softly. "I want to see your face when I take you."

I forced my eyes open, looking up at him. He was smiling, a gentle, almost loving smile. And then he pushed.

Schlorp.

The stretch was immense, a burning, full, overwhelming sensation. He was so much bigger than the toy, so much more... real. He slid in inch by agonizing inch,

watching my face the entire time. I couldn't stop the sounds that escaped my lips, a mix of pain and pleasure.

"Shhh, it's okay, sweetheart. You're taking Daddy so well," he grunted, finally bottoming out. He stayed there for a moment, letting me adjust to his size, letting me feel the full weight of him inside me.

Then he started to move. His thrusts were slow, deep, and controlled. Creak went the bed springs with every movement. Schlorp, squelch went my wet pussy as he pulled out and pushed back in.

"You feel so good, baby girl," he groaned, his eyes never leaving mine. "Such a perfect little pussy for Daddy."

My own cock was rock hard, trapped inside the damp panties. His movements were rubbing it against the fabric, a maddening friction. I was moaning, a constant stream of helpless, needy sounds. "Daddy... oh, Daddy..."

He kept my legs pinned, held wide open, completely at his mercy. One of his hands left my leg and traveled down my body, finding my aching cock through the panties. He started to stroke it in time with his thrusts. Fap, fap, fap. The dual stimulation was incredible. I was so close again.

But just as I felt the orgasm start to build, he let go of my dick. He shifted, changing the angle of his hips, and suddenly he was hitting my prostate with every thrust. My mind went blank. All I could do was feel. The heat, the pressure, the overwhelming pleasure of being filled, of being owned, of being completely and utterly his.

"Please," I sobbed, "please let me cum, Daddy..."

"Cum for me, my sweet girl," he commanded, his voice thick with lust. "Cum all over Daddy's cock."

His words were my undoing. My back arched, my toes curled, and I came with a strangled cry, my hot cum spilling into the white panties, soaking them through. The sight of it seemed to push him over the edge. With a final, deep groan, he buried himself inside me, and I felt him pulse, filling me with his warmth.

We lay there for a long time, our bodies tangled together, our breathing slowly returning to normal. He was still inside me, a heavy, possessive weight. He kissed me again, a soft, gentle kiss.

"You're mine now, Nathalie," he whispered against my lips.

His words hung in the air, a dark promise that settled deep in my bones. "You're mine now, Nathalie." He shifted inside me, and I moaned, a soft, pathetic sound. He was still hard.

"Again, Daddy?" I whispered, my voice barely audible.

He chuckled, a deep rumble that vibrated through my chest. "Your little pussy is too good to only use once, sweetheart. And we still have so much to learn about each other."

He started to move again, a slow, grinding rhythm. His hips rocked against mine, and with every movement, his cock rubbed against my oversensitive prostate, sending fresh waves of pleasure-pain through me. I was still so full of him, so stretched.

His hands roamed my body, mapping out every curve. One hand went back to my ass, gripping the soft flesh, his fingers digging in. Smack. It wasn't a hard slap, just a little reminder, a little sting. I gasped into his mouth as he kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that stole my breath. His tongue explored my mouth, and I could only moan in response, my own body responding traitorously.

Schlorp, schlorp, schlorp. The wet sounds of our fucking filled the room, mingling with my whimpers and his low grunts. "That's my good girl," he praised, breaking the kiss to nibble on my earlobe. "Taking Daddy's cock so well."

He kept up the slow, torturous rhythm for a while, drawing it out, making me feel every inch of him. Then, without warning, he stopped. He pulled out with a wet schlorp, leaving me feeling achingly empty.

Before I could protest, he scooped me up. One arm went under my knees, the other around my back, and he lifted me as if I weighed nothing. I yelped, my arms instinctively wrapping around his neck. My heels, which I'd forgotten I was still wearing, dangled in the air.

He carried me out of the bedroom and back into the living room. As he passed the TV stand, he did something that made my blood run cold. He calmly picked up his phone, propped it up against the TV, and tapped the screen a few times. A little red light blinked on. He was recording us.

My mind screamed. No. No, you can't. But I was paralyzed, held captive in his arms, a prisoner to this strange, new reality.

He must have seen the panic in my eyes. "Shhh, sweetheart, it's okay," he murmured, carrying me to the large, plush armchair. He sat down, arranging me on his lap, my legs spread on either side of his, still fully clothed in the ridiculous schoolgirl uniform. "This is just for us. For Daddy to remember his little girl's first real time. And don't you worry," he added, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "I'll make sure your little secret is safe."

He guided me, turning me to face him. His hands were on my hips, positioning me until I was straddling him. "Like this," he instructed. "Face Daddy. That way, the camera won't see your... little problem."

He called it a problem. My own dick, a "problem." A fresh wave of humiliation washed over me, but there was nothing I could do. I was putty in his hands. My body was already betraying me, leaning into his touch, my ass still slick and wanting.

He held my gaze as he reached down, lining up his hard cock with my hole again. I saw myself reflected in his dark pupils—a pathetic girl in a school uniform, with cum-stained panties and fake tits, about to be fucked by her step-daddy on camera.

He pushed in, and I cried out, a broken, helpless sound. Schlorp. He was deep inside me again, filling me completely. This position was different, more intimate, more exposing. I was resting my hands on his shoulders for balance, my face inches from his.

He started to move, lifting me up and down on his cock, using me like a toy. Fap, fap, fap went my trapped dick against his stomach with every bounce. Squelch, schlorp went my ass as he impaled me again and again.

He kissed me, swallowing my moans. His tongue was in my mouth, possessive, demanding. I could taste myself on him, taste the remnants of my own shame. My hands gripped his shoulders, my nails digging into the fabric of his t-shirt.

"You like that, don't you, baby girl?" he grunted, breaking the kiss to look at me. "You like riding Daddy's cock?"

I couldn't answer. I could only nod, my head lolling back, my body overwhelmed by sensation. His hands were on my ass, guiding my movements, squeezing the flesh. One finger traced the rim of my stretched hole where it was wrapped around his cock.

"Look at you," he murmured, his eyes dark with lust. "Such a good girl for Daddy."

He shifted his hips, and suddenly he was hitting that spot inside me, that magic, wonderful, terrible spot. My whole body convulsed. "Daddy!" I cried out, the word ripped from my throat.

"That's right, baby girl. Say my name," he commanded, his movements becoming faster, more erratic.

"Daddy... Daddy... oh, God, Daddy..." I chanted, my mind completely gone, lost in a haze of pleasure and degradation. The camera was recording, but I didn't care anymore. All that mattered was the feeling of him inside me, the stretch, the burn, the overwhelming pleasure.

He reached up, undoing the buttons on my shirt, one by one. He didn't take it off, just opened it, exposing my new, swollen breasts. He leaned down, taking a nipple in his mouth, sucking and biting gently. I cried out, arching my back, pushing my chest further into his mouth.

His other hand went to my neglected cock, freeing it from the panties. He started to stroke it, his grip firm, his movements sure. Fap, fap, fap. The dual stimulation was too much.

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." I gasped, my body tensing.

"Cum for me, Nathalie," he commanded. "Cum all over Daddy's chest."

His words were my undoing. With a strangled scream, I came, my hot cum shooting out, splattering against his bare chest. The sight of it, the sheer depravity

of it all, sent him over the edge. With a final, deep groan, he buried himself inside me, filling me with another load of his hot cum.

I collapsed against him, my body trembling, my head resting on his shoulder. I was utterly spent, completely broken. He held me for a long time, his cock softening inside me, his hands stroking my back.

"You did so good, sweetheart," he whispered, pressing a soft kiss to my temple. "Daddy's so proud of you."

He gently lifted me off his lap, setting me down on the couch. I felt his cum leak out of me, dripping onto the leather cushions. He stood up and walked over to the TV, stopping the recording. He picked up his phone, looked at it for a moment, and then smiled.

He walked back over to me, crouching down in front of me. "Now, let's get you cleaned up, my messy little girl," he said, his voice soft. "And then we can decide what to do with the rest of our day."

He walked back over to me, crouching down in front of me. "Now, let's get you cleaned up, my messy little girl," he said, his voice soft. "And then we can decide what to do with the rest of our day."

He used a warm, damp cloth to gently wipe the cum from my chest, his touch surprisingly tender. Then he cleaned between my legs, wiping away the evidence of our coupling, the mix of my fluids and his. I just sat there, limp and pliant, letting him do as he pleased. My mind was a foggy mess, the events of the morning replaying in a dizzying loop.

"There we go," he murmured, tossing the cloth aside. "All clean." He didn't let me dress again, though. The white shirt remained unbuttoned, exposing my chest, and the pleated skirt was still rucked up around my waist. He picked up the remote and clicked on the TV, scrolling through the movie selection. "How about we spend some quality time together, sweetheart? Just Daddy and his girl."

He sat back down on the armchair, and then patted his lap. "Come here."

I hesitated for a fraction of a second, my body screaming in protest. But I knew better than to resist. I stood up on shaky legs and walked over to him, lowering

myself onto his lap. He was still half-naked, and his skin was warm against my bare back and thighs.

He chose a mindless action movie, the explosions and gunfire a strange, jarring backdrop to the quiet intimacy of the moment. His arm wrapped around my waist, pulling me back against him, and we settled in to watch.

But I couldn't focus on the movie. Not with his free hand tracing idle patterns on my thigh. Not with the way he would occasionally nuzzle my neck, inhaling the scent of my hair. Not with the knowledge that he had a video of me on his phone.

His hand drifted higher, under the hem of the skirt. His fingers found my hole, still slick and sensitive. He didn't penetrate me, just circled the rim, a light, teasing touch that made me shiver. "Does that feel good, baby girl?" he whispered in my ear.

I could only manage a weak nod, my breath hitching. His other hand came up to cup my breast, his thumb brushing against the nipple. I whimpered, my body arching into his touch.

We watched the movie like that, a strange mix of casual viewing and constant, low-grade stimulation. His hands were always on me, exploring, teasing, reminding me of my place. When a particularly loud explosion rocked the screen, he jumped, and used it as an excuse to pull me closer, to kiss me deeply, his tongue claiming my mouth.

Around noon, his stomach rumbled. "Time for lunch, I think," he said, patting my thigh. He ordered a pizza, and when it arrived, he didn't let me get up. He made me stay on his lap, and he fed me, slice by slice. He'd hold a piece of pepperoni to my lips, and I'd have to open my mouth and eat it like a baby bird. The act was so demeaning, so infantilizing, but my stomach was growling, and I was too exhausted to fight.

"Good girl," he'd praise after every bite, wiping a stray crumb from my lips with his thumb. "You need to keep your strength up. Daddy has big plans for you."

After lunch, he put on another movie. A romance this time. He seemed to genuinely be watching it, but his hands never stopped their exploration. He'd play with my breasts, squeezing and kneading them. He'd trace the outline of my cock

through the damp panties. He'd dip a finger into my ass, just to the first knuckle, and then pull it out, leaving me wanting more.

At one point, he paused the movie. "I have to use the bathroom," he said, carefully lifting me off his lap. He stood up, but before he walked away, he turned to me. "Don't move," he commanded. "And don't you dare touch yourself."

I sat on the armchair, still and silent, my body aching for release. I could hear him peeing in the bathroom, the sound loud and intimate. When he came back, he sat down and immediately pulled me back onto his lap. He sniffed my neck. "Good girl," he said. "You listened."

The afternoon passed in a blur of sensation and submission. I was a doll, a plaything, existing only for his pleasure. My own desires, my own thoughts, they faded away, replaced by the overwhelming presence of him.

My own desires, my own thoughts, they faded away, replaced by the overwhelming presence of him. He was my sun, my moon, my entire universe, and I was just a satellite, trapped in his orbit.

As the credits rolled on the second movie, he shifted beneath me. "My poor baby girl," he murmured, his fingers gently stroking my hair. "You must be getting tired in this little outfit."

For a fleeting second, a spark of hope flickered in my chest. Maybe it was over. Maybe he was going to let me change, let me be Nathan again.

But then he was adjusting my uniform, his movements methodical and deliberate. He straightened the pleated skirt, smoothing it down over my thighs. He carefully rebuttoned my shirt, leaving only the top two buttons undone, just enough to show a hint of cleavage. He even straightened the yellow headband on my wig. "There," he said, his voice soft. "Perfect again."

He stood up, pulling me with him. He led me to the sofa, pushing me down to sit on the plush cushions. He stood in front of me, looking down at me with an expression that was almost... tender.

"I want to try something, sweetheart," he said, his voice low. "I want you to show Daddy how much you want this."

He knelt down in front of me, unzipping his jeans and pulling out his hard cock. He took my hand, guiding it to his length, wrapping my fingers around him. He was hot, heavy, and impossibly hard. My own cock twitched in response.

"I want you to put it in," he commanded softly. "All by yourself."

My hand shook as I stroked him, my movements clumsy. I looked down at the thick, veiny shaft in my hand, then back up at his face. His eyes were dark, expectant. He wasn't forcing me. He was waiting.

Slowly, hesitantly, I lifted my hips, positioning myself over him. I reached down, guiding the head of his cock to my entrance. I took a deep breath, and then I lowered myself down, taking him inside me. Schlorp. The stretch was still intense, but this was different. I was the one in control, I was the one choosing this.

"That's it, baby girl," he praised, his hands on my hips, guiding my movements. "Take all of Daddy."

I sank down until he was fully inside me, my ass resting against his thighs. I was sitting on his lap, facing him, my legs wrapped around his waist. I was fully impaled on him, filled completely.

I started to move, a slow, tentative rocking motion. Squelch, schlorp. The sounds were wet, intimate. He wrapped his arms around me, pulling me close, and kissed me. It was a deep, loving kiss, full of tongue and tenderness. It wasn't a punishment or a claim; it was... affection.

My body responded, my hips moving faster, taking him deeper. My hands went to his shoulders, gripping him for support. "Daddy," I moaned into his mouth, the word a prayer, a plea, a confession.

"I know, sweetheart," he murmured, kissing my cheeks, my forehead, my neck. "Daddy knows."

His hands were on my ass, squeezing the flesh, helping me move. His hips thrust up to meet me, a slow, steady rhythm. Creak went the sofa springs with our movements. Schlorp, squelch went my wet pussy as he slid in and out of me.

This wasn't the rough, demanding fucking from before. This was something else. Something slower, more intimate, more... loving. And it was terrifying.

He reached between us, his hand finding my hard cock, trapped in the panties. He started to stroke me, his movements slow and deliberate. Fap, fap, fap. The dual stimulation was incredible, pushing me closer and closer to the edge.

"Look at me, Nathalie," he commanded, his voice soft.

I forced my eyes open, looking at him. His face was close to mine, his dark eyes filled with an emotion I couldn't quite place. Was it lust? Possession? Or something more?

"Cum with me, baby girl," he whispered, his breath hot against my skin. "Cum with Daddy."

His words were my undoing. With a strangled cry, I came, my hot cum spilling into the panties, soaking them through. The sight of it, the feel of it, seemed to push him over the edge. With a final, deep groan, he buried himself inside me, and I felt him pulse, filling me with another load of his hot cum.

I collapsed against him, my body trembling, my head resting on his shoulder. We stayed like that for a long time, our bodies tangled together, his cock still inside me, a warm, heavy reminder of what we'd done. He kissed me, a slow, deep, loving kiss that stole my breath.

"My perfect girl," he murmured against my lips.

Then, just like that, the spell was broken.

He gently lifted me off his lap, setting me down on the sofa. He looked at his watch. "Five o'clock," he said, his voice back to its normal, business-like tone. "Time to get you cleaned up before your mommy gets home."

He led me to the bathroom. He didn't let me shower. Instead, he used a warm cloth to wipe me down, cleaning away the sweat and cum. He was gentle, methodical, but there was no tenderness in his touch now. He was just cleaning up his mess.

He helped me back into the schoolgirl uniform, adjusting the skirt, straightening the shirt, making sure everything was perfect. "There," he said, standing back to admire his handiwork. "As pretty as a picture."

He left the bathroom, and I followed him out like a well-trained puppy. He gathered his things, pulling on his jeans and t-shirt. He was Yves again, my boss, not my "Daddy."

He walked to the door, then stopped and turned to me. "See you at work tomorrow, Nathalie," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. And then he was gone.

I stood in the middle of the living room, alone. The apartment was quiet, the silence a stark contrast to the noise and chaos of the day. I looked around, taking in the scene. The discarded pizza box, the rumpled cushions on the sofa, the lingering scent of sex in the air.

It was like it had never happened. But it had. And I had the video to prove it.

Vivian came home at seven, right on schedule. She took one look at me, at my disheveled appearance, at the cum-stained panties, and a knowing smile spread across her face.

"Oh, honey," she cooed, walking over to me and cupping my cheek. "Did you have a fun afternoon?"

I just nodded, my throat too tight to speak.

"I thought so," she said, her eyes twinkling. "You look like you've been a very naughty girl."

She leaned in and kissed me, her lips soft and familiar. But all I could taste was him. All I could feel was him. And I knew, with a certainty that chilled me to the bone, that I would never be the same again.

Permanent breasts

See you at work tomorrow, Nathalie," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. And then he was gone."

The door clicked shut, and I was alone. The silence was deafening. I sagged against the door, my legs trembling, my body aching from the relentless assault. I looked down at myself, at the cum-stained panties, the disheveled schoolgirl uniform. A wave of self-disgust washed over me. I stumbled to the bathroom, stripped off the filth, and stepped into the shower. The hot water stung my skin, but it was a welcome pain, a distraction from the ache in my ass, the lingering feeling of Yves's cum still inside me. I scrubbed my body raw, trying to wash away the memory of his hands, his cock, his words. But it was no use. I was marked, tainted. I was his.

***

An hour later, the door opened, and Vivian walked in, her face beaming. "Nathalie, honey, I'm home!"

I was on the couch, wearing a simple t-shirt and shorts, trying to act normal. But my body was still humming with residual sensations, my mind a mess.

"Hey, Viv," I said, my voice hoarse.

She dropped her bags and came over to me, giving me a quick peck on the cheek. "How was your day? Did you miss me?"

"It was... quiet," I managed.

She looked around the room, her eyes scanning for any signs of mischief. They landed on the coffee table, on the purple dildo I'd forgotten in my haste to clean up.

A slow, knowing smile spread across her face. "Well, well, well," she said, picking it up. "Looks like someone had a little fun while Mommy was away."

"I... I don't know what you're talking about," I stammered, my face flushing.

"Oh, don't be shy, honey," she said, her voice teasing. "Remember our little date with Yves? We talked about experimenting. Did you finally give this big boy a try?"

I couldn't tell her the truth. I couldn't tell her that her boyfriend, my boss, had fucked me senseless, that he'd turned me into his "stepdaughter." So I took the lesser of two evils. "I... yeah," I mumbled, looking down at my hands. "I was just... worried. My dick wasn't... getting up. And I was... scared."

Vivian's expression softened. "Oh, honey," she said, her hand on my thigh. "Why didn't you tell me?" She looked at the dildo in her hand, then back at me, a glint in her eye. "Well, don't you worry. Mommy has a new idea."

That night, she had me change into a simple silk nightgown. Then she brought out a box, and inside was a strap-on dildo, bigger than the one Yves had used on me. "Where did you get that?" I asked, my eyes wide.

She just smiled. "Don't you remember, honey? Our second date with Yves? I bought it then." She strapped it on, the black harness a stark contrast against her pale skin. "Now, let's see if we can get that little problem of yours to behave."

She had me get on my hands and knees on the bed. She poured lube onto my ass, the cool liquid making me shiver. Squirt. Then she pushed the dildo inside me. Schlorp. The stretch was intense, a dull ache that quickly gave way to a familiar pleasure. She started to fuck me, her thrusts slow and steady at first, then faster, harder. Slap, slap, slap went her hips against my ass.

"You like that, don't you, Nathalie?" she grunted, her hands on my hips, pulling me back to meet her thrusts. "You like Mommy fucking you?"

The pleasure was overwhelming, and I couldn't stop the sounds that escaped my lips. But they were different this time. Higher, more feminine. I was moaning like a girl. "Oh, God, Viv... yes... fuck me..."

Vivian paused, her movements stopping. "Whoa," she said, her voice filled with surprise. "I've never heard you make those sounds before."

I just buried my face in the pillow, my face burning with shame. What was happening to me?

***

Sunday was a blur of domesticity. Vivian had another photoshoot, and I was her model again. This time, the theme was "casual college student." I wore tight jeans and a simple t-shirt, my D-cup breasts straining against the fabric. Vivian was in her element, directing me, praising me, her camera clicking away. Afterward, we lazed around on the couch, watching a movie, eating popcorn. It was almost normal. Almost.

***

Monday morning, I woke up to a strange weight on my chest. I opened my eyes, and there they were. My breasts. Still there. Still D-cup.

"Vivian," I said, shaking her awake. "Viv, wake up."

She groaned, rolling over. "What is it, honey?"

"My chest," I said, my voice tight with panic. "It's... it's still the same."

Her eyes shot open. She sat up, her hands flying to my chest. "Oh my God," she whispered, her eyes wide with horror. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry, Nate. I'm so, so sorry."

She scrambled out of bed and ran to the bathroom, returning with the bottle of solution. She read the label, her face growing pale. "Oh, no," she said, her voice trembling. "Oh, no, no, no. The shop... they gave me the long-lasting solution. The two-week one. Not the two-day one."

Tears welled in her eyes, and she started to cry. "This is all my fault," she sobbed, collapsing into my arms. "I've ruined you."

I held her, my own fear momentarily forgotten. "It's okay, Viv," I said, stroking her hair. "It's not your fault. It was a mistake."

"But how are you going to go to work?" she cried. "How are you going to go outside?"

"I... I don't know," I admitted, my own panic returning.

I got us both glasses of water, and we sipped them in silence, the gravity of the situation sinking in. Finally, Vivian wiped her eyes, a determined look on her face. "Okay," she said, her voice firm. "We can fix this. We can hide them." She grabbed her laptop, her fingers flying across the keyboard. "Okay," she said after a few minutes. "We can use a small sports bra. And some bandages. And an oversized shirt."

The result was... not good. I looked weird. Lumpy. But it was better than nothing. "I'll call the shop," Vivian said, her brow furrowed with worry. "I'll find a way to fix this."

"Why don't you leave for work early?" she suggested. "An hour earlier. You'll miss the morning rush. Fewer people will see you."

I nodded, my throat tight. It was a small mercy, but it was all we had.

***

The bus ride was torture. I felt like a freak, like everyone was staring at me. And then there was the bigger problem. Yves. The predator waiting for me at the end of the line. I was well and truly fucked.

I arrived at his house, my key trembling in my hand. I let myself in, and there he was, walking out of the kitchen, bare-chested, wearing only a pair of sleeping shorts. He was a god, all muscle and tan skin, and my traitorous body responded instantly.

"Well, well," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. "Look what the cat dragged in. And an hour early, too. Was your sister hungry for me this morning?"

I just stood there, silent, my head down.

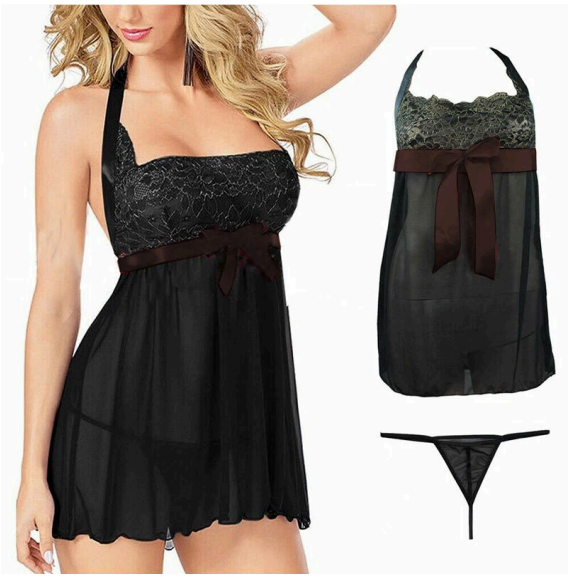
"My wife... she had some... things to do," I mumbled. "She told me to come in early."

He nodded, a knowing look on his face. "Right. Things." He walked over to me, his gaze raking over my oversized shirt. "Well, since you're here, we might as well get started. Go on. To the guest room. And remember," he added, his voice dropping to a low growl, "Nathan doesn't live here. Only Nathania does."

I went to the guest room, my legs feeling like lead. I opened the cupboard, and inside was a lightweight two-piece lingerie set in black, a delicate, flimsy thing that would do nothing to hide my problem. On the makeup table was the usual ring box,

a chastity cage, a brunette wig, and a butt plug. There was also a note. "If you can't walk like a proper girl, the plug is mandatory. Don't disappoint me, Nathania."

I put on the lingerie, the black lace feeling rough against my skin. I slipped on the wig, the hair brushing against my shoulders. I looked in the mirror, and I didn't recognize the person staring back at me. I was Nathania. And I was trapped.



I was about to leave the room when Yves appeared in the doorway, still in his shorts. His eyes went to my chest, to the lumps beneath the lace. "Well, well," he said, a slow smile spreading across his face. "What have we here?"

He walked into the room, his eyes scanning the makeup table. He saw the breast forms, still in their box. He looked back at me, his expression unreadable. "You didn't use them," he said, his voice flat.

I shook my head, my heart pounding. "I... I couldn't."

He came closer, his hand reaching out to touch my breast. He squeezed it, his thumb brushing against the nipple. I flinched, a gasp escaping my lips. "They're real," he said, his voice filled with a strange sort of wonder. "They're actually real."

I broke down. I told him everything. About the shop, the mistake, the long-lasting solution. I sobbed, the words tumbling out of me, a torrent of shame and fear.

When I was finished, he didn't laugh. He didn't get angry. He just pulled me into a hug, his arms wrapping around me, holding me tight. "Shhh, it's okay," he murmured, his hand stroking my hair. "It's not a problem. It's not wrong for my wife to not have breasts."

The word "wife" made me cringe, but I was too exhausted to protest.

He pulled back, his hands on my shoulders. "Look on the bright side," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. "Now we don't have to worry about those pesky forms falling off."

He leaned in and kissed me, a slow, deep kiss that stole my breath. His hands roamed my body, squeezing my ass, my thighs. "Let me take care of you," he whispered against my skin. "Let me show you how much I love my new wife."

He led me to the bed, laying me down gently. He peeled off my thong, leaving me in just the babydoll top. He spread my legs, and then he was on top of me, his body covering mine.

He kissed me again, his tongue exploring my mouth. His hands were everywhere, squeezing my new breasts, pinching my nipples. I moaned into his mouth, my body arching into his touch. He was so strong, so dominant, and I was so weak, so willing.

He broke the kiss, trailing his lips down my neck, my chest. He took a nipple in his mouth, sucking and biting gently. I cried out, my hands flying to his hair, holding him close.

"Yves," I gasped. "Yves, please..."

He chuckled, a low, dark sound. "That's 'Daddy' to you, sweetheart."

He moved lower, kissing my stomach, my thighs. Then he was at my entrance, and I felt his hot breath against my skin. He licked me, a slow, deliberate stroke of his tongue, and I cried out, my hips bucking off the bed.

He ate me out, his tongue delving deep, his lips sucking on my most sensitive parts. I was a mess, a writhing, moaning mess. The pleasure was overwhelming, a tidal wave that was threatening to pull me under.

"Please," I begged, my voice hoarse. "Please, I need you..."

He finally moved back up my body, positioning himself at my entrance. He pushed in, slow and steady, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. Schlorp. He was so big, so thick, stretching me to my limit.

He started to move, a slow, steady rhythm. Squelch, schlorp. The sounds were wet, obscene. My world narrowed to the feeling of him inside me, the stretch, the burn, the overwhelming pleasure.

"Does that feel good, baby girl?" he grunted, his hands on my hips, pulling me closer.

I could only nod, my head lolling back, my mind completely gone. He reached down, his hand finding my hard cock, and started to stroke me, his movements slow and deliberate. Fap, fap, fap. The dual stimulation was too much.

"Cum for me, Nathania," he commanded. "Cum for Daddy."

I came with a strangled scream, my hot cum shooting out, splattering against my stomach. The sight of it seemed to push him over the edge. With a final, deep

groan, he buried himself inside me, and I felt him pulse, filling me with another load of his hot cum.

We lay there for a long time, our bodies tangled together, our breathing slowly returning to normal. He was still inside me, a heavy, possessive weight. He kissed me again, a soft, gentle kiss.

"My perfect wife," he murmured against my lips.

My perfect wife," he murmured against my lips. The word sent a shiver through me, a confusing mix of revulsion and a twisted warmth. He was still inside me, a heavy, possessive weight, a constant reminder of my new reality.

He slowly pulled out with a wet schlorp, leaving me feeling achingly empty. Then he leaned over, reaching for something on the bedside table. The familiar click of a small lock being opened echoed in the quiet room. I looked down and saw the key to the chastity cage in his hand. He carefully unlocked the device, and my cock, finally free, sprang to attention.

"Look at that," he murmured, a smirk playing on his lips. "So tiny. Has it always been this small?" He wrapped his hand around it, his thumb and finger easily meeting. "Or is it shrinking? Maybe the cage is keeping it small. Or maybe," he leaned in, his breath hot against my ear, "your body knows it's not the star of the show anymore. Maybe it knows it's meant to be a pussy for your husband's cock."

His words made my face burn, but my traitorous cock twitched in his grip. He started to stroke it, his movements slow, deliberate. Fap, fap, fap. His other hand went to my breasts, squeezing them, rolling my nipples between his fingers. He leaned down and kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that stole my breath. His tongue explored my mouth, claiming every inch, and I moaned into his, the sound muffled, helpless.

"Yves... Daddy..." I gasped, my body arching into his touch.

"That's right, sweetheart. You belong to Daddy," he grunted, his strokes becoming faster, more erratic. "Cum for me. Show me how much you love being my wife."

The dual stimulation, the dirty talk, the post-orgasm sensitivity—it was all too much. With a strangled cry, I came again, my hot cum spilling over his fingers, a pathetic, dribbling mess.

He chuckled, a low, dark sound. "Good girl." He wiped his hand on the sheets, then picked up the chastity cage again. He carefully locked my softening cock back into its prison. Click. The sound was final, damning.

"This belongs to me," he said, giving the cage a little pat. "Only I get to decide when it comes out. And when you get to cum."

I was still floating in a haze of post-orgasmic bliss, my mind muddled and compliant. I just nodded, leaning against him, my stomach rubbing against his half-hard cock, my arms wrapping loosely around his waist. He felt so warm, so solid, so... safe. It was a terrifying thought.

He gave me one last, lingering kiss. "Now, let's get you ready for work."

He led me to the bathroom, gently washing me, drying me with a soft towel. His touch was surprisingly tender, a stark contrast to the rough dominance from moments before. When he was done, he handed me a pile of clothes.

It was a fitted two-piece outfit. A sleeveless white top with a draped neckline, and a high-waisted black mini skirt with a small side slit. The fabric was smooth and stretchy, and I knew it would hug my new curves, showcasing them to the world. He also handed me a small pile of underwear. "Pick one," he said.

I just stood there, staring at the clothes, at the panties. A wave of shame washed over me. What had I become? What had I just done? I'd enjoyed it. I'd begged for it.

I chose a simple black thong, the least feminine of the bunch, and quickly dressed. The top clung to my breasts, the draping fabric doing little to hide their size and shape. The skirt was tight, ending mid-thigh, emphasizing the curve of my hips. I looked in the mirror, and I didn't recognize the person staring back at me. I looked like a woman. A beautiful, desirable woman. And I hated how much a part of me liked it.



I walked out of the room, back into the main living area. I made a conscious effort to sway my hips as I walked, a smooth, sensual movement that I'd practiced in secret, that now came unnaturally easy. I was terrified of the butt plug.

Yves was waiting for me by the door. He looked me up and down, a slow, appreciative smile spreading across his face. "Perfect," he said. He walked over to me, pulling me into a deep, possessive kiss. His hands roamed my body, squeezing my ass, my breasts. I melted against him, my body responding to his touch, my mind screaming in protest.

When he pulled away, I was breathless. "You're a natural, sweetheart," he said, his voice filled with pride.

The drive to the office was a blur. I was hyper-aware of everything—the way the seatbelt cut across my chest, the feel of the skirt riding up my thighs, the occasional brush of Yves's hand against my leg. We arrived just as the clock struck nine, right on time.

The morning was a strange mix of mundane office work and simmering tension. I answered emails, filed documents, and tried to ignore the constant, dull ache from the cage. But every time Yves looked at me, every time he brushed past my desk, my body would react, a traitorous jolt of arousal that made the cage feel tighter, more painful.

Around 10 am, he buzzed my desk. "Nathania, come into my office."

My heart hammered in my chest. I stood up, smoothing down my skirt, and walked into his office. He was sitting at his desk, a confident smirk on his face. "Close the door," he commanded.

I did as I was told, my hands trembling. He gestured to the space under his desk. "It's time for your morning exercise, sweetheart."

My stomach dropped. I knew what he wanted. I knelt down, crawling into the cramped space under the desk. It smelled like him, a mix of expensive cologne

and raw masculinity. I unzipped his pants, pulling out his cock. It was already half-hard.

I leaned forward, taking him in my mouth. Schlorp. He tasted of skin and pre-cum. I swirled my tongue around the head, and he grew harder, filling my mouth.

"This is a new one," he said, his voice a low rumble from above me. "For the next hour, you're going to keep me hard. You don't take me out of your mouth. You don't stop. If I start to go soft, you fix it. Understood?"

I couldn't speak, not with my mouth full of him. I just nodded, a silent tear tracing a path down my cheek.

The next hour was a special kind of hell. I worked him with my tongue, my lips, my throat, a constant, relentless effort to keep him erect. My jaw ached, my knees protested, and the cage was a constant, painful reminder of my own denied arousal. I could hear him typing on his keyboard, answering phone calls, conducting business, all while I knelt under his desk, a secret, shameful part of his morning routine.

At 11 am, he finally spoke. "Alright, sweetheart. You can suck me off now."

I almost cried with relief. I redoubled my efforts, my head bobbing up and down, my tongue working feverishly. Squelch, slurp, schlorp. I was desperate to make him cum, to end this torment.

It didn't take long. With a low groan, he emptied himself into my mouth. Gulp, gulp, gulp. I swallowed it all, the taste salty, bitter. I sat back on my heels, my body trembling, my mind a mess.

"Good girl," he said, his voice satisfied. "Now, let's go get some lunch."

We went to a nearby cafe, and as fate would have it, we ran into a group of my former colleagues. I froze, my heart pounding in my chest. What if they recognized me?

"Nathania, darling," Yves said, pulling me close. "Aren't you going to say hello to my friends?"

"Nathania, darling," Yves said, pulling me close. "Aren't you going to say hello to my friends?"

My blood ran cold. Mark, Sarah, Tom—their faces were so familiar, a ghost from a life that felt a million miles away. My stomach churned. I just stood there, mute and paralyzed, my hand clutching Yves's arm like a lifeline.

Mark, my old project lead, laughed. "Yves, you're full of it. No way you landed a woman like this. She looks... out of your league."

The others chuckled. My face burned. They didn't recognize me. To them, I was just a beautiful woman. I should have been relieved. But a strange, hot anger surged through me. How dare they? How dare he put me in this position?

I turned to Yves, my jaw tight. He looked down at me, a challenge in his eyes. He expected me to play the part, to simper and smile. But the look in my eyes must have told him I was close to breaking, to screaming the truth.

So I did something that surprised us both.

(erotica mode on)

I grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, pulling him down to my level. And then I kissed him. It wasn't a gentle, chaste peck. It was a deep, punishing, possessive kiss. I pushed my tongue into his mouth, my hands tangling in his hair, claiming

him in front of them. Slurp. My tongue dueled with his, a wet, aggressive battle for dominance. I could feel my caged cock throb, a painful, desperate ache that mixed with the dark thrill of the performance.

He was stunned for a second, then he was kissing me back, one arm wrapping around my waist, pulling me flush against him, the other cupping the back of my head, holding me in place. Mmmph. His hand slid down my back, grabbing my ass, squeezing it possessively. The world narrowed to the feel of him, the taste of him, the shocked silence of my former colleagues.

When I finally pulled away, we were both breathing hard. I looked at Mark, my chest heaving, my lips swollen. "Do you believe him now?" I asked, my voice husky, trembling with a cocktail of rage and arousal.

Sarah wolf-whistled. "Okay, okay, we believe you! Damn, girl, get a room already!"

Tom laughed. "Or a hotel. Yves, my man, you've been holding out on us."

I turned back to Yves, a smirk on my lips. My body was buzzing, my skin flushed. I couldn't believe it. I'd enjoyed it. I'd enjoyed kissing him, enjoyed showing him off, enjoyed the jealous look in my ex-coworkers' eyes. What was wrong with me?

Yves's eyes were dark, unreadable. He was clearly pleased, but also... surprised. He hadn't expected me to take control like that. He squeezed my waist, a silent warning, a silent promise.

"Let's get our food," he said, his voice a low growl. He led me to the counter, his arm possessively around my waist. As we walked away, I could hear them still talking, still laughing. But I didn't care. All I could think about was the feel of Yves's lips on mine, the taste of him still in my mouth, and the aching, desperate need between my legs.

***

(erotica mode on)

The moment we were back in the office, the door clicking shut behind us, Yves had me pressed against it. His body was hard against mine, his hands pinning my wrists above my head. "That was... unexpected," he murmured, his lips brushing against my ear. "My naughty little wife, showing off for all to see."

He ground his hips against me, and I could feel his hard cock through his trousers. Schlorp, schlorp. The sound was in my head, a memory of this morning, a promise of what was to come.

"You've been such a good girl today," he continued, his voice a low, seductive purr. "You deserve a reward." He released my wrists, his hands coming to rest on my hips. "What will it be, sweetheart? Do you want to have some fun? Or do you want to be unlocked?"

My mind raced. Unlocked. Freedom. The chance to finally touch myself, to get some relief from this constant, painful ache. But I knew what that would mean. He would make me cum, and then he would lock me up again, the cycle starting all over. And the thought of being free, of my cock in my own hand, while he watched... it was too humiliating.

"Fun," I whispered, the word a betrayal of my own desires.

A slow, triumphant smile spread across Yves's face. "I knew it," he murmured, his hands sliding down to grab my ass, squeezing the flesh through the thin fabric of my skirt. "I knew you'd choose fun. A real man would have chosen freedom. But you... you're not a man, are you, Nathania? You're a woman. My woman."

He led me to the sofa, pushing me down onto the plush cushions. He leaned over me, his body covering mine, and kissed me again. This kiss was different from the one in the cafe. It was slow, deliberate, a deep, possessive exploration. His tongue delved into my mouth, and I moaned, my hands coming up to wrap around his neck, pulling him closer.

His hands were busy, too. He unzipped my skirt, pulling it down my legs. Ziiiip. His fingers found my ass, and then he was pushing a lubed finger inside me. Squish. I gasped, my hips bucking off the sofa.

"Does that feel good, baby?" he murmured, pumping his finger in and out. Squelch, schlorp. "Does that feel like your husband is taking care of you?"

"Y-Yves... yes..." I stammered, my mind foggy with pleasure.

He added another finger, stretching me, preparing me. Squish. His other hand went to my blouse, unbuttoning it, exposing my breasts. He leaned down, taking a nipple in his mouth, sucking and biting gently. I cried out, my back arching, my hands tangling in his hair.

"I've been thinking about our future," he said, his voice a low rumble against my skin. His fingers were still moving inside me, a relentless, torturous rhythm. Squelch, squelch. "About what happens next."

"What... what do you mean?" I gasped, my body trembling.

"I mean, Vivian can't be the only one who gets to be married to you," he said, his teeth grazing my nipple. I whimpered, my mind trying to process his words through the haze of pleasure. "I want to marry you, too. Both of you. We'll be one big, happy family."

I wanted to protest, to scream, to tell him he was insane. But his fingers curled inside me, hitting a spot that made me see stars. Aaaah! "Y-yes..." I heard myself say, the word a strangled moan. "Yes, Daddy..."

"And we'll need to tell everyone, of course," he continued, his tongue tracing circles around my other nipple. "About our little arrangement. About how you're not really a woman. But that doesn't matter, because you're our woman.

"Isn't that right?" he murmured, his fingers crooking just so inside me. A jolt of pure electricity shot up my spine. Aaah! My back arched off the sofa, my hands fisting in the fabric of his shirt. My mind was a blank slate, ready to be written on.

"Y-yes," I gasped, the word tearing from my throat. "I'm your... your woman."

He rewarded me with another curl of his fingers, scissoring them inside me, stretching me wider. Squelch. "Good girl. And when we're married, you'll move in with me, of course. Full-time. You'll sleep in my bed every night. You'll be my wife in every sense of the word. Would you like that, Nathania? To be my full-time wife?"

His thumb pressed against my perineum, sending another wave of pleasure through me. My caged cock throbbed, a painful, desperate ache. I was leaking, I could feel the dampness spreading in my thong. "Yes... yes, Daddy... please..." I didn't even know what I was begging for anymore. More of his fingers? His cock? For this to end? For it to never end?

He chuckled, a low, dark sound. "I knew you would. And Vivian... she can visit on weekends. We'll have so much fun together, the three of us. Or maybe... I'll just have two wives. Would you like that, sweetheart? To share my bed with Vivian? To watch me fuck her, and then have her watch me fuck you?"

The image flashed in my mind—Vivian's beautiful body writhing under Yves, her cries of pleasure, then turning to watch as he took me from behind... It was so wrong, so depraved, but my body responded with a violent shudder of arousal. "Yes... oh, God, yes... I want to watch... I want to share..."

"Such a dirty girl," he praised, pulling his fingers out of me. I whined at the loss, but then he was lining himself up, the head of his cock pressing against my entrance. "And you'll keep your little cock locked up, of course. A wife like you doesn't need a cock. You just need your pussy. Your husband's cock. That's all you need, isn't it?"

He pushed in, slow and steady, and I cried out, a long, drawn-out moan of pleasure and pain. Schlorp. He filled me completely, stretching me to my limit, hitting that perfect spot deep inside. "Yes... yes, Daddy... only your cock... I only need your cock..."

He started to move, a slow, deep rhythm that drove me wild. Squelch, schlorp. Every thrust pushed the words he wanted to hear out of me. "And when we tell everyone," he grunted, his hands on my hips, pulling me to meet his thrusts, "when we tell them about our special love... you won't be ashamed, will you, Nathania? You'll be proud to be my wife. To be the woman who tamed me."

Slap, slap, slap. His hips slammed against my ass, the force of his thrusts making my breasts jiggle. "Proud... so proud... love being your wife..." I babbled, my mind completely gone, my body a puppet on his strings. I was so close, so close to the edge...

He reached down, his fingers finding my caged cock, stroking it through the metal bars. The pressure was almost too much, a delicious, frustrating friction. "And you'll carry my name, not just in bed, but legally. You'll be Nathania Yves. Does that sound good, my love? To be mine, forever?"

The thought should have terrified me. Erasing Nathan, erasing my past, my identity. But in that moment, with his cock pounding into me, his hands on my body, it sounded like heaven. Like salvation. "Yes! Yes! Nathania Yves! I'm yours! Forever! Aaaah!"

I came with a strangled scream, my trapped cock pulsing, a few pathetic drops of cum leaking out. My body convulsed, my vision going white. The orgasm was a violent, all-consuming thing, tearing me apart and putting me back together in a new, unfamiliar shape. Through the haze, I felt Yves's own release, a deep, guttural groan as he buried himself inside me, filling me with his hot seed. Gush.

We lay there for a long time, our bodies tangled together, a mess of sweat and cum and tangled limbs. His softening cock was still inside me, a possessive weight. My mind was a blank, peaceful void.

When he finally pulled out with a wet schlorp, he didn't let me go. He just held me, his arms wrapped around me, my head resting on his chest. I could hear his heartbeat, a slow, steady rhythm that was both comforting and menacing. He stroked my hair, his touch gentle, almost loving.

"My perfect wife," he murmured, kissing the top of my head. "You were made for me."

I snuggled closer, my body humming with a warm, contented glow. It was only then, as the post-orgasmic fog began to lift, that the full weight of what had just happened crashed down on me. The words I'd said. The things I'd agreed to. Marrying him. Being his second wife. Moving in with him. Sharing him with Vivian. Telling everyone. The memories came flooding back, sharp and clear, each one a fresh stab of humiliation.

"Oh my God," I whispered, my body going rigid. "What... what have I done?"

Yves's arms tightened around me. "You did the right thing, sweetheart. You were honest. You told me what you truly want."

"No," I said, my voice trembling. "No, that's not... I didn't... you made me..." I pushed against him, trying to get away, but he was too strong.

"Shhh, it's okay," he murmured, his lips finding my neck. He started to kiss me, soft, gentle kisses that were meant to be calming, but only made me more agitated. "You were overwhelmed. It's natural to feel confused."

"I said yes to everything," I sobbed, turning my face into his chest, hiding my shame. "I said I wanted to be your wife. I said I wanted to watch you with Vivian. What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing's wrong with you," he said, his voice firm. "You're in love. And you're finally admitting it to yourself. That's all." He tilted my chin up, forcing me to look at him. His eyes were dark, intense, but there was a strange softness there, too. "Let me show you how good it can be. Let me love you, Nathania. The way you deserve to be loved."

He rolled over, pinning me beneath him. He was hard again, his cock pressing against my thigh. I wanted to fight, to push him away, but my body was a traitor. It arched into him, a silent invitation.

He kissed me again, and this time, I kissed him back. It was a desperate, needy kiss, a kiss of surrender. He unbuttoned my blouse the rest of the way, his hands caressing my breasts, his thumbs brushing against my nipples. I moaned into his mouth, my hands reaching up to tangle in his hair.

He entered me again, slow and gentle this time. Schlorp. It wasn't the brutal, punishing fuck from before. This was something else. Something deeper. More intimate. He moved inside me, a slow, steady rhythm, and I met him thrust for thrust. Squelch, schlorp. My legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him deeper, wanting more, wanting all of him.

"You see?" he grunted, his forehead resting against mine. "This is where you belong. Under me. Around me. Taking my cock."

"Yves... Daddy..." I gasped, my head thrown back, my eyes closed.

"Say it," he commanded, his hips snapping forward, hitting that perfect spot inside me. Schlorp. "Tell me you're mine."

"I'm yours," I cried, my body tightening, another orgasm building. "I'm all yours."

"And you'll be my wife," he grunted, his thrusts becoming faster, more erratic. Slap, slap, slap. "My beautiful, obedient wife."

"Yes... yes... your wife..." I screamed as I came again, my body shaking, my mind shattering into a million pieces. He followed me over the edge with a final, deep groan, spilling himself inside me once more. Gush.

This time, when he pulled out, I didn't protest. I just lay there, boneless, spent, my mind a blissful blank. He cleaned me up gently, a warm, damp cloth washing away the evidence of our lovemaking. Then he helped me dress, his hands lingering on my body, a constant, possessive touch.

As I was adjusting my skirt, he pulled me into one last, lingering kiss. "My wife," he murmured against my lips. "You did so well today. I'm very proud of you."

A strange warmth spread through my chest at his words. Pride. Approval. It was a dangerous drug, and I was already addicted.

The drive home was quiet. I was exhausted, both physically and emotionally.

The drive home was quiet. I was exhausted, both physically and emotionally. The city lights blurred past the window, a smear of color that did nothing to distract me from the echoing chaos in my head. Yves's words, my own desperate pleas, the feel of him inside me—it was all a fresh, raw wound.

He pulled into his driveway, cutting the engine. The sudden silence was deafening. He turned to me, his silhouette sharp against the dim glow of the streetlights.

"You were perfect today, Nathania," he said, his voice a low murmur. He leaned over, and I didn't pull away. His lips were soft, the kiss surprisingly gentle, a stark contrast to the bruising possessiveness of earlier. "Absolutely perfect." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, gleaming key. It was a duplicate of his house key.

"Here," he said, pressing it into my palm. My fingers closed around the cool metal. "Just in case. "Okay," I whispered, my voice hoarse.

"Good girl," he said, giving my thigh a final, possessive squeeze. "Now go home to your sister."

I got out of the car, changed in his house and took a bus back home . The trip to my own house, just a few streets down, felt like the longest journey of my life. I unlocked the door, my hands trembling, and stepped inside.

Vivian was there, waiting for me on the sofa. She looked up, her expression a mix of concern and something else I couldn't quite read. "Nate," she said, her voice soft. "How are you holding up?"

I just shook my head, unable to speak. I collapsed onto the couch next to her, burying my face in my hands. The sobs came then, great, wracking things that tore from my chest.

She held me, rocking me back and forth, stroking my hair. "Shhh, it's okay," she murmured. "It's okay. I talked to the shop. I've got good news."

I looked up, my eyes blurry with tears. "What is it?"

"They gave me two options," she said, her expression serious. "Option one: they can try to forcefully withdraw the saline solution. It's... not a standard procedure. They don't know what the side effects could be. It could be dangerous."

My stomach churned. "And option two?"

"Option two: we just let it subside naturally. They said it should only take a few days. A week, tops. The saline will just... reabsorb into your body."

The choice was obvious. "Option two," I said, my voice firm. "I'll wait."

A look of pure relief washed over Vivian's face. "Oh, thank God," she breathed. "I was so worried you'd choose the other one. I don't want to risk hurting you, Nate."

She brightened then, a genuine smile replacing the worry. "In that case, we can just... enjoy it for a little while. We can have some fun."

I wasn't sure what she meant by "fun," but I was too exhausted to argue.

We had dinner, a simple pasta dish that tasted like cardboard in my mouth. Afterward, we sat on the sofa, a mindless reality show playing on the TV. The apartment was warm, and I'd taken off my shirt, sitting there in just a bra and a pair of shorts. My D-cup breasts were a constant, heavy weight on my chest, a visible, undeniable reality.

Vivian kept glancing over at them, a strange, thoughtful look on her face. Finally, she spoke. "You know," she said, her voice casual, "while you're... like this... while we're waiting for them to go down... I think you should just... stay as a girl. In the house, I mean."

"What?" I said, my head snapping up.

"Just think about it," she said, leaning forward, her eyes wide with persuasion. "What if the mailman comes to the door? Or a neighbor? What if you have to answer it? What are they going to see? They're not going to see a woman. They're going to see a freak of a man with D-cup breasts. Isn't it better to just... pass? To be a girl in the house? No one will question it. It's safer."

Her logic was twisted, but strangely compelling. The thought of being seen like that, of the looks, the whispers... it was humiliating. "I... I don't know, Viv..."

"Please, Nate," she said, her voice softening. She reached out, her hand tracing the line of my bra strap. "For me? Let's just play. Let's have some fun. It's only for a few days."

(erotica mode on)

I couldn't say no to her. Not when she looked at me like that. I just nodded, my throat tight. A triumphant smile lit up her face.

"Good girl," she said, and the words sent a strange shiver through me. She stood up, pulling me with her. "Come on. Let's get you changed."

She led me to our bedroom, and from her closet, she produced a nightgown. It was a pale pink, made of shimmering silk, with delicate spaghetti straps and lace trim around the neckline. It was the sort of thing a teenager would wear.

"Put this on," she commanded.

I did as I was told, my movements slow, reluctant. The silk was cool against my skin, clinging to my new curves, the hem barely reaching mid-thigh. I felt exposed, vulnerable.

"There," she said, her eyes raking over me. "My beautiful Nathalie." She used my girl-name, and this time, it didn't sound like a game. It sounded real.

She stepped closer, her hands going to my hips, pulling me against her. "I was thinking," she murmured, her lips brushing against my ear. "Since you're my girlfriend... maybe we could experiment a little. With lesbian sex."

My heart started to pound. "Viv... I..."

"Shhh," she said, her fingers tracing the outline of my penis through the thin silk. "But this..." she said, her voice firm. "This has to go. It can't be lesbian sex if one of us has a penis. Can it?"

She left the room, returning a moment later with a small, elegant silver lock. "Just for tonight," she promised. "After all, which lesbian has a penis?"

She knelt down, carefully locking the cage. Click. The sound was final. "There," she said, looking up at me. "Perfect."

She led me to the bed, laying me down gently. She lay down beside me, her body a warm, familiar weight against mine. She started to kiss me, a slow, deep kiss that was different from any we'd shared before. It was softer, more exploratory. Her hands roamed my body, caressing my breasts, my thighs, my stomach, deliberately ignoring my trapped, aching cock.

Then she started to move down my body, her lips trailing a path of fire down my neck, my chest. She took a nipple in her mouth, and I cried out, my back arching off the bed. "Viv... oh, God..."

She chuckled, a low, throaty sound. "Call me Mommy, baby girl."

The word sent a jolt of shame and arousal through me. "Mommy..." I whispered, the name feeling both wrong and right.

"That's right, sweetheart. Mommy's going to take good care of you." She moved lower, her lips kissing my stomach, my thighs. Then she was between my legs, and I felt her hot breath against my skin.

She licked me, a slow, deliberate stroke of her tongue. Lick. I cried out, my hips bucking off the bed. She ate me out with a skill that left me breathless, her tongue delving deep, her lips sucking on my most sensitive parts. I was a mess, a writhing, moaning mess.

"Mommy... please..." I begged, my voice hoarse.

"Mommy... please..." I begged, my voice hoarse. My hands fisted in the bedsheets, my body a taut string of desperate need. Her tongue was driving me insane, a hot, wet torment against my sensitive skin.

"Please what, my sweet Nathalie?" she murmured against me, the vibration of her voice sending another shudder through my body. "Please make you cum? But you can't cum like this, can you? Not with this little thing locked away." She tapped the cage, a sharp, metallic tink that made my trapped cock throb in protest. "This is for lesbian love. For my sweet girl."

She moved back up my body, straddling my chest. Her breasts hung above my face, perfect and round. "But Mommy can make you feel good in other ways," she purred, lowering herself onto me. I felt her wet heat against my stomach. Squish. She started to rock her hips, using my body to pleasure herself. Schlorp, schlorp. My own need was forgotten, replaced by the overwhelming sight and feel of her.

"You look so pretty like this, baby," she moaned, her head thrown back. "All soft and feminine. My pretty little girl." She leaned down, her hands on either side of my head, and kissed me. It was a deep, wet, possessive kiss. Slurp. Her tongue explored my mouth, claiming it. I could taste myself on her lips.

Then she shifted, turning around, positioning herself over my face. "Your turn, sweetie," she commanded. "Make Mommy feel good." She lowered her pussy onto my waiting tongue. I lapped at her eagerly, my tongue delving into her wet folds. Lick, slurp. Her juices were sweet, intoxicating. At the same time, I felt her hands on my ass, her fingers spreading me open. Squish. Then she was eating me out again, her tongue circling my puckered entrance. Lick. We were locked in a 69, a tangle of limbs and wet, desperate sounds.

Her hands weren't idle. They roamed my body, squeezing my breasts, pinching my nipples. Twist. I cried out, the sound muffled by her pussy. She was playing with my ass, too, her fingers probing, stretching. Squish, schlorp. One lubed finger

entered me, then two. They curled inside me, hitting that spot that made me see stars. My mind was a fog of pleasure and humiliation.

"My college girl home for the holidays," Vivian moaned, her voice thick with desire. "My sweet, innocent daughter. Does Mommy's tongue feel good in your little pussy, baby?" Her fingers pumped into me, a relentless, driving rhythm. Squelch, squelch.

I couldn't answer, not with my face buried in her cunt. I just moaned, my hips bucking against her face, my body on fire. She was right. I was her daughter. Her innocent, college daughter, and this was what daughters did for their mothers. They pleased them. They worshipped them.

She shifted again, turning around to face me. She pulled me up, positioning me so I was sitting against the headboard. She straddled my lap, her body pressed against mine. "Come here, baby girl," she murmured, guiding my head to her breast. "Mommy's got something for you."

I wrapped my lips around her nipple, and the world narrowed to the soft, warm skin in my mouth. I suckled greedily, like a starving infant, my tongue flicking against the hard nub. Suck, slurp. I could feel her heartbeat against my cheek, a fast, steady rhythm that matched my own. I felt safe. I felt loved. I felt terrified of what this was becoming.

She held me, stroking my hair, murmuring words of encouragement. "That's it, my sweet Nathalie. That's my good girl. Drink up." Her other hand went to my breast, squeezing it, mirroring my own actions. It was a strange, intimate dance, a mother-daughter bonding ritual that was both beautiful and horrifying.

***

I woke up to the pale light of dawn filtering through the blinds. My head was resting on Vivian's chest, my arm draped over her stomach. I felt warm, safe, content.

Then I noticed it.

My mouth was wet, a familiar, sticky slickness coating my lips and chin. And my head was nestled against her breast, her nipple still partially exposed from where she had shifted in her sleep. A string of saliva connected my lips to her skin.
Oh God.

The realization hit me like a physical blow. I'd done it in my sleep. I'd woken up and sought her out, my body acting on the lessons of the night before. A wave of nausea and shame washed over me. I had become... this. Whatever this was.

I carefully extricated myself from the bed, my movements slow and deliberate, not wanting to wake her. As I stood up, a strange sensation pulled at my chest. A lightness. I padded to the full-length mirror on the closet door, my breath held tight in my chest.

There, in the dim morning light, the change was undeniable. The heavy, round D-cups were gone. In their place, my breasts were still clearly present, still undeniably feminine, but they had shrunk. They were now a firm, shapely C-cup. A surge of wild, desperate hope flared in my chest. Maybe it was true. Maybe they were just going to disappear on their own. Maybe this nightmare was ending.

The cage, however, remained. A constant, metallic reminder of my imprisonment.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Vivian's voice said from behind me. I jumped, turning to see her stretching, a lazy, sated smile on her face. Her eyes fell to my chest, and her smile widened. "Oh! Looks like someone's going down a size already. That's great, honey."

Revalation

She played it off so casually, but inside, I was clinging to that hope. "They are," I said, my voice barely a whisper. "Maybe... maybe by the end of the week..."

"Well, don't just stand there admiring them," she said, swatting my playfully on the ass. "You'll be late for work. Your boss will have your head."

The word "boss" jolted me. Yves. I was supposed to meet him at his house. I looked at the clock on the nightstand. Shit. I was late. Very late.

I rushed through the house like a whirlwind. A frantic shower, the water running over the cool metal of the cage and the unfamiliar, sensitive weight of my new C-cup breasts. The soap sluiced down my body, a futile attempt to wash away the lingering shame and the sticky residue of last night's activities. I didn't have time to think, just to act. I grabbed for my clothes, my usual work attire. Men's clothes. A button-down shirt, a pair of trousers. But when I put them on, they felt... wrong. The shirt hung loose on my new chest, the fabric straining awkwardly. The trousers fit in the waist but were tight across my hips, a strange, discomfiting reminder of the changes I couldn't see but could feel in every fiber of my being.

The thought of the cage didn't even cross my mind. I was too focused on the ticking clock, on Yves's displeasure. And Vivian, seeing my frantic rush, was too distracted by my lateness to notice the tell-tale bulge in my pants. "Go, go, go!" she said, shooing me out the door. "The bus will be here any minute!"

Bus. Right. The car was still in the shop.

The bus ride was a nightmare of anxiety. Every jolt and sway of the vehicle sent a thrum of sensation through the cage. It was only then, in the crowded, anonymous space of public transport, that I remembered. I was still locked. A cold dread

pooled in my stomach. I fumbled in my pocket, feeling for the key. It wasn't there. I'd left it at home.

I arrived at Yves's house 20 minutes late, my heart pounding, a sheen of sweat on my brow. I ran up the walkway, my shoes slapping against the pavement. He was waiting at the door, leaning against the frame, his arms crossed over his chest. His expression was cold, impassive.

"You're late," he said, his voice flat. There was no anger in it, which was somehow worse.

"I'm so sorry," I panted, bending over, my hands on my knees, trying to catch my breath. "The bus was... I overslept..."

He pushed off the doorframe and stepped inside, leaving me to follow. The house was cool and silent. "A wife should be punctual," he said, not turning to look at me. "A wife should respect her husband's time. Perhaps your punishment should be a reminder of that. A longer stay in that little cage, perhaps?"

My stomach twisted. "Please, Yves, I..."

"No excuses," he cut me off. "Go upstairs. Get dressed. I laid out an outfit for you."

I trudged up the stairs, my body heavy with defeat. On the bed was a new outfit, a perfect imitation of a professional woman's workwear. A black pencil skirt, a crisp white blouse, a pair of sheer nude pantyhose, and a pair of black pumps with a three-inch heel.

I got dressed, the motions mechanical. The skirt hugged my hips and ass, the blouse was tight across my chest. I sat at the vanity table, my hands trembling as I applied the makeup. Foundation to cover my five o'clock shadow, contour to soften my jawline, mascara to make my lashes look longer, and a soft pink gloss for my

lips. Then the wig. A sleek, dark bob that framed my face in a way that felt both alien and strangely right. I looked in the mirror, and Nathania stared back at me, her expression a mask of quiet professionalism.

On the vanity was a small, velvet box. I opened it. Inside was a ring. A simple, elegant silver band, identical to the one Yves had given Vivian. My wife's ring. I slid it onto my finger. It fit perfectly.

I went back downstairs. Yves was waiting for me in the living room. I stood before him, my head bowed. "I'm ready," I said, my voice quiet.

He looked me over, a slow, deliberate inspection. "Good," he said. He stood up and walked over to me. He reached out and took my left hand, his thumb stroking the ring he'd given me. "My wife."

Then he leaned in, his lips brushing against my ear. "But I wonder," he murmured, "how can my wife go to work... still unlocked ?"

My breath hitched. I had to tell him. I had no choice. "My... my wife forgot to unlock me this morning," I whispered, the words a humiliating confession. "I'm still..."

I didn't finish. I couldn't. Instead, I took his hand, my movements clumsy, and guided it to the front of my skirt. I pressed his palm against the hard, unyielding shape of the cage beneath the fabric.

He froze for a second, then he laughed. A low, deep, genuine laugh that sent a shiver of shame down my spine. "Your wife locked you up and sent you to me," he said, his voice rich with amusement. "That's perfect. Absolutely perfect."

He pulled me into a gentle kiss. "I forgive you," he said, his lips soft against mine. "You've already been punished better than I could. That's how my wife should be. Locked up. Kept safe. She doesn't need other stuff anyway."

***

The drive to the office was quiet. He kept one hand on my thigh, a possessive weight that was both comforting and terrifying. I sat at my new desk outside his corner office, a sleek, modern space with a view of the city. I was his secretary now. His wife. I answered phones, I filed papers, I scheduled meetings. And I waited.

Mid-morning, she arrived. Vivian. She was carrying two cups of coffee, a bright smile on her face. I saw her through the glass walls of Yves's office, talking to a colleague who pointed her in the right direction.

"He's not here," I heard the colleague say. "Nathan? Haven't seen him in four, maybe five weeks. Think they sent him out to some site project."

Vivian's smile faltered. "Oh. Do you know if the new boss is in?"

"The new boss? Mr. Yves? Yeah, he's in there," the colleague said, gesturing towards Yves's office.

Vivian nodded, her expression thoughtful. She walked towards the office, her heels clicking on the polished floor. She didn't see me. She didn't recognize the woman at the desk, with the dark wig and the professional makeup and the silver ring on her finger.

I picked up the phone, my hand shaking. "Mr. Yves," I said, my voice a cool, professional baritone. "There's a Ms. Vivian here to see you."

"Send her in," he said.

Vivian entered the office, and for a moment, I was forgotten. Then her phone rang. She answered it, her back to me. "Hello?" She listened for a moment. "Yes, now's

fine. I'll be right out." She hung up, turning to Yves. "That was the shop. I have to take this."

She left the office, and Yves's voice came through the intercom a moment later. "Nathania. In here. Now."

I went into his office. He was on the phone. "I'll be a while," he said, covering the receiver. "I need a long dictation. Get under the desk."

I knew what he meant. I crawled under the large, mahogany desk, the space cramped and dark. I knelt between his legs, my hands trembling as I unzipped his trousers. I took out his cock, already half-hard, and wrapped my lips around it. Schlorp. I began to suck him, slow and steady, my tongue swirling around the head. Slurp.

Vivian returned a few minutes later. I could hear her heels clicking on the floor. "I'm back," she said. "Where's your secretary?"

"Gave her an errand to run," Yves said, his voice calm and steady. His hand came down, resting on my head, guiding my movements. Schlorp, slurp. It was a literal truth. She was running an errand, her mouth on his cock.

***

"Darling," Vivian said, her voice soft and intimate. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you too," Yves said, his hips thrusting gently into my mouth. "I'm sorry about the business trip."

"It's alright," she said. "I just... I get lonely without you. And you know how it is with him." She paused. "He's just... not the same. He can't even get hard for me

anymore. I have to finger his ass, put a buttplug in there... and he moans like a girl when I fuck him with a vibrator. It's pathetic."

They both laughed, and the sound was a physical blow. I felt a hot flush of shame rise in my chest, but I didn't stop. I couldn't.

"Poor Nathalie," Vivian said, using my feminine name, the one I shared with her in our secret games. "He tries so hard but... you know. He's just not a man."

"I know," Yves said, his fingers tightening in my hair. "Are you busy? I have about three hours free."

Vivian's voice brightened. "Perfect. I didn't even wear panties, just for you." I could hear the rustle of her skirt being hiked up.

Then there was a sudden flurry of movement. I heard Vivian clearing the desk, papers rustling, pens scattering. Clatter. A few rolled off the edge of the desk, falling to the floor near me. Tink, tink, tink.

Then I felt Yves's hand on my shoulder, pushing me gently away. I was confused, my lips still wet with his pre-cum. He was pulling out, his cock leaving my mouth with a wet pop. Unsatisfied, I stayed where I was, my body tense, my own cock aching in its cage.

Then I heard it. The wet, sticky sound of Vivian's pussy being entered. Schlorp. A long, slow, deliberate sound. Then another. Squelch. Yves was fucking her. On the desk. While I listened from underneath.

"Oh God, Yves," Vivian moaned, her voice unrestrained, a raw, desperate sound I'd never heard from her. "You're so much bigger than him. So much better."

"I know," Yves grunted, his hips slapping against her. Slap, slap, slap. "You feel so good, baby. So tight."

"Harder," she begged. "Fuck me harder."

I could see everything from my hiding spot. Their legs, tangled together. His muscular thighs, her smooth, pale ones. His balls, slapping against her with every thrust. Slap. The base of his cock, glistening with her juices. Squelch, schlorp. It was a humiliating, mesmerizing spectacle.

"I'm going to cum," he grunted, his movements becoming faster, more erratic. Slap, slap, slap.

"Me too," she cried. "Cum with me, baby. Cum inside me."

He did. With a final, deep groan, he buried himself inside her. Gush. I could see it, the tell-tale pulsing at the base of his cock as he emptied himself into her.

But he wasn't done. He pulled out, a wet schlorp, and I could see the cum dripping from her pussy, a thick, white trickle running down her thigh.

"Lean against the glass," he commanded. "I want to fuck you from behind."

Vivian scrambled to obey, her hands pressed against the glass wall that overlooked the city. Yves came up behind her, his cock still hard, glistening with their combined fluids. He entered her again, this time in the ass. Schlorp. A tight, difficult entry.

"Oh my God," she gasped. "Yves... I've never... I never let him do this." She was talking about me. About Nathan. She'd never let me fuck her in the ass, no matter how much I begged. And here she was, giving it to him so freely.

"Good," Yves grunted, his thrusts slow and deep. Squelch. "This is mine. This ass is mine."

He fucked her for what felt like an eternity, her moans echoing in the quiet office, the city a silent witness below. He came again, another hot, thick load, this time in her ass. Gush. When he was done, he pulled out, and a river of cum followed, dripping down her legs, pooling on the floor.

I stayed hidden, my body trembling, my mind a blank, numb void.

***

They cleaned up, the sounds of wet cloths and murmured voices. Then Yves sat back in his chair, pulling Vivian onto his lap. He cuddled with her, stroking her hair, touching her.

"Nathania," he called out. "Come here."

I crawled out from under the desk, my face flushed, my lipstick smeared, my hair a mess. I stood up, my hands clasped in front of me. The cage was clearly visible beneath the tight skirt, but Vivian didn't see it. Luckily for me.

"Clean her up," Yves said, his voice casual. "That's your errand. Your dictation."

A small, cruel smile played on Vivian's lips at the pun.

"She won't tell anyone," Yves assured her, looking at me. "Will you, Nathania?"

I shook my head, afraid to speak, afraid that the sound of my voice would break the spell.

"No, sir," I whispered, my voice barely audible. My heart was a frantic drum against my ribs.

Yves smirked, a slow, confident curve of his lips. "Of course not. After all, Nathania is addicted to my cum. It shouldn't matter how she drinks it, as long as it's mine." He turned to Vivian, stroking her arm. "Go on, my love. Let my secretary clean you up."

Vivian just nodded, a look of casual acceptance on her face. She lounged back in the chair, spreading her legs slightly. "You heard him," she said, her voice a mix of command and amusement. "Get to work."

I knelt before her, my movements stiff, robotic. I buried my head under the long fabric of her skirt. The world went dark, suffused with the warm, musky scent of her and Yves. My wife's shaved, cum-soaked pussy was inches from my face. I thought back to three months ago, when she'd refused to even trim it, saying it was unnatural. She'd only started keeping it shaved two months ago. Right around the time she met him.

I started to lick, my tongue tracing the sticky trails of cum on her inner thighs. The taste was sharp, salty, a familiar taste of Yves. Then I moved to her pussy, lapping at the folds, cleaning away the evidence of their lovemaking. Lick, slurp. My wife's breathing hitched, a soft sigh of pleasure.

As I worked, cleaning her pussy and then her ass, their conversation continued above me, muffled by the fabric of her skirt.

"It's beautiful," Vivian said, her fingers tracing the ring on her own finger. "Your apology gift. Our secret couple."

"I'm glad you like it," Yves said, his voice soft. "Have you thought more about what we discussed? The future?"

"I have," she said, her voice thoughtful. "Divorcing Nathan... it seems like the only way. I do prefer having Nathalie in the house, though. As a daughter, maybe? Or... perhaps we could keep her as a sissy permanently. As my second wife."

She paused, then lowered her voice, as if sharing a juicy secret. "You know, I started... feminizing him. Before you. The clothes, the makeup training... I even sent him to work for a day in panties and stockings, just to see if he'd do it. He did." She laughed, a light, tinkling sound. "I find that Nathalie looks happier this way. More demure. More obedient.When i even suggested I lock her little dick up. A normal man would never have let me near him, but the sissy... she was fine with it. I even found out she's been using my sex toys secretly."

I froze, my tongue still buried in her ass. The casual cruelty of her words, the complete lack of empathy... it was a physical pain. I started to cry, silent, hot tears streaming down my face, mingling with the cum and saliva on my chin.

They talked for what felt like an eternity, about their threesomes, about how much they enjoyed using me. About how they would keep me, as their sissy, their wife, their daughter. A toy for their amusement.

Finally, it was over. I finished cleaning her, my face wet with tears and other fluids. I crawled back, kneeling on the floor, a picture of utter submission.

Vivian stood up, smoothing her skirt. She leaned over and gave Yves a long, passionate kiss, her arms wrapped around his neck. "I have to go back to work," she said. "But we'll see each other soon. Maybe... next time, we can have Nathanie in between us."

"I'd like that," Yves said, squeezing her ass. "Very much."

She gave me one last, dismissive glance before she left.

The sound of her heels clicking on the floor, then the ding of the elevator, then the whoosh of the doors closing. Silence.

Yves looked at me, still kneeling on the floor, a mess of shame and humiliation.

"So," he said, his voice quiet. "What do you think about all that?"

I looked up at him, my vision blurred with tears. "I... I've never seen her like that," I whispered, my voice trembling. "That... that horny. Not since the first three months of our marriage."

"Three years," he said, and it wasn't a question. "You've been married for three years."

I nodded.

"I started fucking her two months ago," he said, and the words hit me like a physical blow. "I saw you and her out shopping. I wanted her. I got her number while you were off looking at something or other. We fucked for the first time two weeks later. It was her idea to include you. To see if she could get you to suck my dick. The first time she dressed you up. The first threesome a few days later." He leaned in closer, his face inches from mine. "It worked, didn't it? You can't live without my meat rod now, can you?"

I couldn't answer. I just stared at him, my mind reeling.

"Tell me," he said, his voice a low purr. "Is it really cheating if both the wife and her sissy husband are addicted to the same cock?"

Then my phone started ringing, a shrill, insistent sound that cut through the heavy silence of the office. I scrambled to answer it, my fingers fumbling with the device. It was Vivian.

"Hello?" I said, my voice a rough approximation of my usual baritone.

"Nathan? Where are you? I came by your office to see you, but you weren't there," she said, her voice light and cheerful, the sound of a car engine in the background.

"I was... I was on another floor," I lied, my mind racing. "In a meeting."

"Oh, okay," she said, easily accepting the lie. "Well, I just wanted to say I'll see you later at home. Bye, darling."

She hung up, and I was left with the dead silence of the phone and the weight of her betrayal.

"She knew?" Yves asked.

"No," I said, my voice small, the feminine "Nathania" voice slipping back in. "She didn't know."

***

The rest of the day went by in a blur. I washed my face in the restroom, reapplying my makeup, the cheap concealer doing little to hide the puffiness around my eyes. When I came back to my desk, Yves was waiting for me.

He saw the change in my demeanor, the slump in my shoulders. He swatted me on the butt, the sharp sting making me jump. "Chin up," he said. "It's nothing. Just a new normal. Now, what do you think? The family with the daughter, or the husband with two wives?"

I just shook my head, unable to form the words.

He smiled. "Either way, I'm going to fuck you."

And he did. Later that afternoon, he called me into his office, bent me over his desk, and took me from behind, the cage rubbing against my inner thigh with every thrust. Squelch, schlorp. I came, the release a hollow, empty pleasure.

At the end of the day, we drove back to his house. I changed back into Nathan's clothes, the men's clothes that felt more like a costume than my own skin. My hair had grown a bit over the month, now reaching the nape of my neck. I left the ring, the wig, and the Nathania persona behind at Yves's house, a shell I could shed for a few hours.

I went home, my head a muddle of conflicting emotions. Vivian was there, a bright smile on her face. She greeted me with a passionate kiss, her arms wrapped around my neck. "I missed you," she said, as if she hadn't just spent three hours fucking another man.

She cooked dinner, whistling a happy tune while I showered and changed into the nightwear she'd laid out for me, a silky, feminine pajama set. We ate, the conversation light and normal, as if nothing was amiss.

After dinner, she said, "I bought something for us to enjoy tonight. A surprise."

My stomach churned with dread and a twisted flicker of anticipation. She led me to the bedroom, where she presented me with my surprise: a double-ended strapon.

She put it on, the large dildo jutting from her hips, a grotesque parody of the man she wanted me to be. She fucked me with it, the plastic filling me, the base of the strapon rubbing against her clit. Squelch, schlorp. I moaned in pleasure, my body betraying me, my hips bucking to meet her thrusts. "Oh, God, Vivian... yes..."

Afterwards, we 69'd, my tongue lapping at her pussy, her mouth on my caged cock. Then she spooned me, her arms wrapped around me, the big spoon, the

protector, the wife. I lay there, her body pressed against mine, and felt more alone than ever.

***

The next morning, I once again forgot about the cage, the memory of the previous night's activities pushing it from my mind. Vivian was humming in the kitchen, a cheerful tune that grated on my nerves. She turned as I came in, a bright smile on her face.

"Did you... cha-" she started, her eyes flicking down to my crotch for a split second before she caught herself. A brief, almost imperceptible stutter. "Did you... have a good sleep, my love?" she corrected, her smile a little too wide.

I just nodded, not thinking anything of it. I was too preoccupied with the thought of facing Yves again, with the weight of my secret life pressing down on me. I had no idea what she had almost said.

I left for Yves's house, the now-familiar routine of my double life settling in.

When I arrived, Yves had a new outfit laid out for me. The outfit consisted of a fitted white blouse made from thin, slightly sheer fabric tucked into a very short black mini skirt that sat high on Nathania's waist and ended high on the thighs. A loosely worn black tie added a corporate touch, but the combination looked far more fashionable than professional. The skirt was tight enough to restrict my stride to small steps and short enough that I was constantly conscious of the panties and chastity cage hidden beneath it, while the light blouse offered little concealment of the bra underneath. Paired with stockings and heels, the outfit left me feeling exposed and self-conscious despite technically being fully dressed.



I dressed, the motions familiar now. The wig, the makeup, the ring. As I left the room, Yves pulled me close and kissed me, one hand holding both my hands above my head while the other reached down, under the skirt, and touched the cage.

He smiled in satisfaction. "Vivian?" he asked, his voice a low purr.

I nodded sadly.

He smiled again, releasing my hands and guiding me to sit on his lap. "How did your day go yesterday?" he asked. "Did she say anything?"

After a while, we went to the office, the now-familiar ritual of my transformation complete. To my surprise, Yves asked for the ring back. "It's temporary," he said, taking it from my finger. "Just for now."

The office went on as normal. I answered phones, I filed papers, I scheduled meetings. Around 1pm, Yves buzzed me. "Nathania. In my office."

I went in, expecting another dictation.

"Remove your skirt," he said, his voice a low command.

My breath hitched. I did as he asked, my hands trembling as I unzipped the skirt and let it pool at my feet. I was left in the sheer white blouse, the black bra, and the black panties that hid my caged cock.

Yves came around from behind his desk. He kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that left me breathless. As we kissed, his fingers dipped into the waistband of my panties, pulling them down slightly. Fssst. I heard the cap of a lube bottle open, then the cool, slick gel on my asshole. Squelch. His finger circled my hole, then slipped inside. Schlorp. A gasp escaped my lips, a mix of pleasure and pain. He worked me open, one finger, then two, preparing me. Squelch, squelch.

Just then, my phone started ringing. It was on the desk, the screen lighting up with Vivian's name.

I ignored it. So did Yves.

He lifted me up, carrying me to the plush sofa in the corner of his office. He laid me down on my stomach, positioning himself behind me. He entered me with a slow, steady thrust, the head of his cock breaching my asshole. Schlorp. A deep, guttural moan escaped my lips. It didn't feel good, not really. A dull, aching pain, a feeling of being stretched, invaded. But my body betrayed me, my hips pushing back against him, wanting more.

He began to fuck me, his thrusts slow and deep at first, then faster, harder. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of skin against skin filled the office, mingling with my moans. Slap, schlorp, squelch. The cage swung between my legs, a constant, aching reminder of my imprisonment. I could feel myself getting hard, the plastic biting into my flesh, a painful, frustrating pressure.

Suddenly, the door to the office burst open. It was Vivian. She stood there, her eyes wide with shock, staring at the scene before her.

"What the hell is happening?" she demanded. "Who is that? Who are you fucking?"

Yves didn't even miss a beat. He kept thrusting into me, his rhythm steady. "Just my secretary, Vivian," he said, his voice calm, as if they were discussing the weather. "Nathania. You met her yesterday, remember? The one who cleaned you up."

Vivian's expression softened, a look of relief washing over her face. "Oh. Right." She walked further into the office, her eyes fixed on us. "Well, don't let me stop you. Seeing the boss fucking his secretary... it's making me horny." She sat down on the other sofa, crossing her legs.

"Have you tried calling Nathan?" she asked, her gaze on Yves's cock as it pistoned in and out of my ass. "I've been trying to reach him, but he's not answering."

Yves grunted, his hips slapping against my ass. Slap. "I sent him on an errand," he said. "He'll be back later."

The humiliation burned hot in my cheeks, but my body was a traitor. With every thrust of Yves's cock, a jolt of pleasure shot through me. My own cock was straining against the cage, the plastic a torturous reminder of my frustration. Slap, schlorp, squelch. The sounds were obscene, filling the room.

"Would you like her to give you oral?" Yves asked Vivian, his voice a low purr. "As demonstrated yesterday?"

Vivian's face lit up. "Yes," she said. "I would."

Yves withdrew from me with a wet schlorp, leaving me feeling empty, wanting more. I gasped, my mouth forming the word "no," but no sound came out. He wanted me to want this. He wanted to see me broken.

Vivian stood up and stripped, leaving only her bra on. Her pussy was on full display, already glistening with arousal. "She wants that dick again, honey," she said, looking at me.

Yves guided me to lie on my back on the sofa, my face up. My panties were still around my ankles, my caged cock on full display. Vivian straddled my face, her pussy inches from my mouth, her back to me, facing Yves.

Schlorp. Yves entered me again, from this new angle. The penetration was deeper, more intense. I cried out, my muffled moan lost against Vivian's flesh. Squelch, squelch. He started to fuck me hard, his hips slamming against my ass. Slap, slap, slap.

"Lick me," Vivian commanded, grinding her pussy against my face.

I did. I buried my tongue in her folds, lapping at her clit. Lick, slurp. Every pounding that I received made my moans jerkier against her pussy, which in turn made Vivian moan louder. It was a chain reaction of debauchery, a symphony of our mutual degradation.

"God, yes," Vivian cried, her back arching. "Right there. Right there."

Yves reached forward, grabbing Vivian's breasts, squeezing them as he fucked me. Slap. "You like that, baby? You like watching me fuck my wife while she eats you out?"

"Yes," she gasped. "God, yes."

Vivian came first, her body convulsing, a wave of her juices flooding my mouth. Gush. She didn't let up, grinding against my face, chasing another orgasm. "Don't stop," she panted. "Don't you dare stop."

Then I came, my body arching, a strangled cry escaping my lips as the pleasure overwhelmed me. But it was a hollow, frustrating release, my cum trapped by the cage.

Finally, Yves grunted, burying himself deep inside me. Gush. I could feel the hot flood of his cum filling my ass.

Vivian finally relaxed, lifting herself off my face. "That was the best oral I've had in ages," she said, looking down at me. "My sissy of a husband should learn from you."

She sat down on the sofa, her body spent. "You know," she said, looking at Yves, "I did an experiment on my sissy. I didn't tell him I forgot to unlock him this morning. I didn't remind him. And he didn't even bother asking. He just left. It seems my Nathalie likes having her cock locked."

A small, cruel smile played on her lips. Then her expression turned thoughtful. "But I have a problem with Nathan," she said. "A bit of a wardrobe malfunction."

"Oh?" Yves said, pulling out of me. He sat down next to her, pulling me into a sitting position between them. I could feel his cum dripping out of my ass, staining the panties

"I injected him with saline to temporarily increase his breast size for our sex," she explained. "But I used the wrong one. The shop says it might last for another six days. I told him it was just four more days, so he wouldn't worry." Her voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper. "It's getting hard to hide. The employees here

should be starting to notice, I'm sure. It's only a matter of time before someone finds out."

Yves hummed thoughtfully. "That is... difficult to hide," he said slowly. "In a professional environment, gossip spreads like wildfire. Sooner or later, someone will say something." He let the words hang in the air, a deliberate, calculated pause. Then he delivered the final blow. "It might be for the best if... Nathalie comes to work with me tomorrow. Instead of Nathan."

The suggestion hung there, quiet and devastating.

Vivian blinked, processing. "You mean... have him come to the office? As Nathalie?"

"As my assistant," Yves said smoothly. "I can keep her close, protect her from gossip. No one needs to know who she really is." He stopped fucking me, but his cock was still in me as he stroked my lovehandles. "But she'll need proper clothes. Office attire."

Yves turned to me, though he addressed Vivian as if I wasn't capable of answering for myself. "Nathania," he began, the name sending a shiver through me, "do you think you could lend some clothes for this employee of ours? Nathan, as Vivian recalls, is having a wardrobe malfunction." His thumb pressed into my hip bone, a silent, invisible pressure. "Could you help?"

The question wasn't really a question. Under the weight of their expectant gazes, I could only manage a weak, silent nod.

Vivian brightened. "That solves everything!" she said, her relief palpable. She leaned over and gave me a sticky kiss on the cheek. "Thank you, thank you for the

help, and for the... well, you know." She winked, getting up and reaching for her scattered clothes. "The oral was divine."

As she was pulling on her blouse, Yves stopped her. "Wait," he said. "Nathan will need more than just clothes. A wig isn't going to help if someone accidentally pulls it or he falls down." He looked at me, a glint in his eye. "Do you know any place that does extensions?"

I slowly, carefully, slid off Yves's cock, a wet flood of his cum immediately soaking into my panties. Schlorp. I sat upright, the feeling of being suddenly empty almost as jarring as being full.

Vivian's face lit up. "My friend from the cosmetology course! She's brilliant with extensions. Her place is nearby."

Yves looked at his watch. "I'll dismiss Nathan at 3pm today for the appointment. I'll drive to Nathania's house with her to pick out some clothes she's okay with parting with for now." He turned to me, a smile playing on his lips as he leaned in and kissed my cheek. "And I'll even give her a reward for all this help," he murmured.

Vivian thanked us both again, grabbed her purse, and with a final, satisfied smile over her shoulder, she was gone.

The moment the door clicked shut, I rounded on Yves, landing a weak, pathetic punch against his shoulder. "What the hell are you doing?" I demanded, my voice shaking with a mix of anger and something else I couldn't name. "Why did you offer my clothes up to her? Don't you find this ironic? Me, Nathania, lending myself my own clothes?"

Yves just chuckled, catching my wrist with ease. "It's fine," he said, his tone soothing, placating. "Nothing bad will happen." He let go of my wrist and gave my

ass a light swat. "Now get dressed. I'm sending you home." He paused at the door. "And remember, the next day is a public holiday. Rest up." He was already tapping on his phone, calling a taxi to take me to Yves own house.

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Nathan emerged into the fading afternoon light, the ring, wig, and dress left behind at Yves's house. But the heavy, saline-filled breasts remained, a constant, jarring reminder of the night before. I hid them as best I could in an oversized shirt, hugging my arms around myself as I walked. For the first time, I missed the constriction of a bra, the slight support it offered.

At home, Vivian was waiting. "There you are!" she exclaimed, pulling me into a tight hug the moment I stepped through the door. "I have a surprise for you! And a solution to your problem." I already knew, of course, but I played along, feigning curiosity.

She bustled me into the bedroom, her excitement infectious. "Time to get you ready, Nathalie," she declared, already pulling out makeup.

I stood there, letting her work, my mind elsewhere. "You didn't unlock me," I reminded her, my voice flat.

Vivian waved her hand dismissively. "Oh, that. We're going out, darling. We can't have any unwanted boners ruining your pretty new look." She held up a delicate pink summer dress. "Here, try this on."

I slipped into it, the soft fabric a stark contrast to the rough men's clothes I'd worn earlier. "Don't I have any jeans in my size?" I asked, more out of habit than anything.

"Nope, none with me," Vivian chirped, already applying mascara to my lashes. "This is much better for you."

Nathalie, the persona I wore for my wife, looked suitably surprised when she heard she was getting extensions. The salon was a blur of friendly smiles and the sharp scent of chemicals. Vivian's coursemate, a bubbly woman named Chloe, was all efficiency. Then Yves appeared, as if by magic. He handed Chloe a massive tip, covering the cost and more, while Vivian tried to convince me that Yves was just a kind soul helping with my "problem." From my vantage point, I could see Yves's grin from behind Vivian's back. I couldn't do anything but play my part.

The drive home was a special kind of hell. Vivian sat in the front with Yves, her hand sometimes slipping onto his thigh before she'd catch herself and pull away, a blush on her cheeks. I sat in the back, a silent, invisible passenger, acting as if I saw nothing.

Yves came into the house with us, carrying a familiar bag. He set it down in the hall. "Just a few things I thought might help," he said, his tone casual.

Vivian's eyes lit up. "Nathalie, come here!" she called, beckoning me from the kitchen. I came out, and Vivian opened the bag. There, nestled inside, was the exact outfit from the day before. The sheer white blouse, the short black skirt, the black tie. Nathalie froze, a cold dread washing over her.

Vivian murmured, recognizing it. "Oh, I remember this! Try it on, sweetie. Let's see how it looks."

I slipped into the clothes, my movements stiff. I turned around, and Vivian's face changed. A flicker of suspicion crossed her features. "Sit down," she said, her voice suddenly serious, pointing to the makeup table. "Let me do your face. Like yesterday."

Inside, I was panicking. My heart hammered against my ribs, a frantic, trapped bird. I knew I'd been caught. This was all a farce. I felt the foundation cake on my skin, the blush feel like a brand. I couldn't do it. I stood up abruptly.

"Why are you doing this, Vivian?" I asked, my voice trembling.

Vivian's eyes narrowed. "Where were you today? And yesterday?" she demanded, her tone sharp.

"In the office," I answered, the lie tasting like ash in my mouth.

"Who's your boss?" she pressed, her questions coming faster now.

She sat down on the bed, patting the space next to her. "Sit here, Nathalie."

I complied, my body rigid.

She grabbed my hand, her grip surprisingly gentle. "I won't judge you," she said, her voice softening. "Just tell me the truth. Were you Nathania?"

I couldn't meet her gaze. I looked down at my hands, at the floor, anywhere but at her. I gave a silent, almost imperceptible nod.

Vivian took a deep breath, and I flinched, bracing for the storm. But it didn't come. Instead, a look of pure, unadulterated excitement spread across her face. She grabbed my shoulders, her eyes wide.

"You heard everything we talked about, didn't you?" she asked, her voice a hushed, eager whisper. "You were the one who licked my pussy both days, weren't you?"

"Yes," I whispered, my face burning with shame.

Vivian let out a squeal of pure joy. "My prayers have been answered!" she exclaimed, pulling me into a tight hug and planting a big, wet kiss on my cheek. "Oh, this is amazing! This is the best news ever!"

She pulled back, a barrage of questions tumbling from her lips. "How long? How long has this been going on? Who started it? How many times did he fuck you? Did you like it? Did you suck his cock? Did he make you come? Oh my god, why didn't you tell me? This is exactly what I wanted! I've been trying to turn you into a sissy for months, and you... you've been living my dream! And with Yves! Yves! This is perfect! Did he make you wear the cage? Did he make you call him 'daddy'? Did you call him 'sir'? Oh, I have so many questions!"

I was dazed, overwhelmed by the torrent of words, my mind reeling. What the hell was going on?

Luckily for me, Yves had come into the room upon hearing Vivian's squeal. He sat down between us on the bed, draping an arm around each of our shoulders. I was back to being Nathan, but the distinction felt blurry now.



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Yves looked at both of us, a strange, unreadable expression on his face. Instead of answering my wife's barrage of questions, he stood up, pulling me up with one hand and Vivian with the other. "Let's go to the dining room," he said, his voice calm, authoritative. "I think we could all use a drink."

He guided us down the hall, one of his hands holding mine, the other holding Vivian's. The three of us sat around the dining table. Yves poured three glasses of juice, pushing one towards each of us. He took a long sip from his own glass before he began to speak.

"I guess it all started about a month ago," he said, looking directly at Vivian, though his words were for both of us. "I saw Nathan here at work. He was wearing panties and stockings under his suit."

Vivian gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. Her eyes darted to me, then back to Yves, a slow, knowing smile spreading across her face. She squeezed Yves's hand tightly. "I... I did that," she whispered, her voice filled with pride. "I told him to wear them. I can't believe he actually did."

Yves nodded, a small smile playing on his lips. "That's when I knew. I knew Nathan wasn't just Nathan anymore. That's when Nathania was born."

He continued, his arm draped possessively around both our shoulders. "I started small. I made her wear only female clothes to work. Skirts, blouses, heels. At first, she resisted, but she came around."

I could feel the heat rising in my cheeks, my face burning with shame as Yves recounted my descent. I watched Vivian, her face growing flushed, but not with anger. With excitement. Her breathing was shallow, her eyes wide. She looked like she was watching her favorite movie unfold in real life.

"Then came the toys," Yves continued, his voice a low, seductive purr. "Buttplugs, chastity cages. I had to teach her obedience, teach her her place. I took her on a work trip, a 'conference' I told her boss. I switched our luggage, so she had nothing but my clothes. My lingerie, my dresses. She had no choice but to be my girlfriend the entire time."

Vivian let out a soft moan, her other hand moving to rest on her thigh. "Oh, God," she breathed. "Yves... that's... that's so hot."

"That's where I took her virginity," Yves said, his words a direct, brutal confession. "In that hotel room. I fucked her so many times she lost count. By the end of the trip, she was sucking my cock of her own free will."

I wanted to disappear, to sink through the floor and into oblivion. But I was trapped, forced to listen as Yves exposed every secret, every humiliating detail. I could feel Vivian's excitement, a palpable energy that seemed to fill the room. I remembered her friend mentioning she was a 'fujoshi.' A woman who got off on gay men. And here she was, getting hornier by the second listening to the story of her husband's feminization and sexual subjugation.

"I even woke up one morning to find her sucking me off," Yves continued, a cruel smirk on his face. "Playing with her own ass while she did it. She thought I was asleep."

Vivian was practically squirming in her seat now, her face flushed, her breath coming in ragged gasps. "Oh, Yves," she moaned. "Please... I need..."

Yves looked at her, a look of concern on his face. "Vivian? Are you okay?"

She shook her head, her eyes wild with desire. "No," she gasped. "I need... I need to see it. I need to see you fuck her."

Yves looked at me, a flicker of something - annoyance, perhaps, or maybe just surprise - in his eyes. He saw the look of horror on my face. "Vivian, I don't think..."

"Please," she begged, cutting him off. "Fuck Nathania. Right here. Right now. In front of me." She stressed the name, "Nathania," claiming me, owning me.

Yves placated her, his voice gentle. "She doesn't look ready. Can you get her ready for me?"

Vivian shot up from her seat, her movements jerky with excitement. She grabbed my arm, pulling me towards the bedroom. "Come on, Nathalie," she said, her voice a breathless whisper. "Let's get you ready for your husband."

She pushed me into the bedroom, her hands fumbling with the buttons of my shirt. "Strip," she commanded, her eyes gleaming with a feverish light.

I did as she asked, my movements slow, heavy. I stood before her in just my panties, the chastity cage a prominent, humiliating bulge. Vivian's eyes dropped to it, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her face.

"Oh, my," she breathed, reaching out to touch it, her fingers tracing the hard plastic. "It looks like you won't be getting unlocked anytime soon. I like this version of you, my precious little sissy." She leaned in closer, her lips brushing against my ear. "Who knew I had such a pretty little husband who wanted to, and enjoyed, getting fucked like a woman."

She went to the closet, pulling out a familiar set of lingerie. The bright red lace. I recognized it instantly. It was the set Yves had made me wear on that first night, the night he took my virginity. The night Vivian didn't know about. By some cruel twist of fate, this was what she had chosen.

"Put this on," she said, holding it out to me.

I took it from her, my hands trembling. The lingerie felt impossibly delicate, a stark contrast to the coarse reality of my situation. The bra was a complex web of lace and thin straps, designed to frame and enhance the C-cup breasts that now adorned my chest. I put it on, the lace scratching against my sensitive skin. The panties were just as revealing, sitting low on my hips, with decorative straps that exposed more skin than they covered. I could feel the cage pressing against the thin fabric, a constant, aching reminder of my imprisonment. The back panel, I knew, could be opened to give direct access to my ass. I felt exposed, vulnerable, and deeply uncomfortable.



Over the lingerie, Vivian made me wear a wrap dress, also bright red, patterned with soft floral prints. The dress crossed deeply at the front, creating a low V-neckline that drew attention to my cleavage. The fabric belt at the waist emphasized my new, feminine silhouette. The skirt flowed down past my knees, its uneven hem a mockery of elegance.



Vivian finished my makeup, her touch surprisingly gentle. She led me back to the dining room, where Yves was waiting. She also brought her own vibrator, placing it on the table next to her juice glass. She pushed me down onto the sofa next to Yves, who looked a little startled by the vibrator, but even more so by the phone she was now holding up, aimed at us.

"I want to film this," she said, her voice firm. "I want to cherish this memory." She looked at Yves, a look of pure, unadulterated lust in her eyes. "I want you to come home to your wife," she said, her voice dropping to a husky purr. "Nathania. I want you to take control. Kiss her, French kiss her. Undress her, but leave the lingerie on. Open the flap at the back. Pull her breasts out of the bra. Make love to her."

She paused, then looked at me. "Oh, and here," she said, pulling a ring from her pocket. It was the wedding ring Yves had given me, the one I'd left at his house. "You need a feminine ring," she said, slipping it onto my finger. "To go with your dress."

Yves looked a little put off by the direction this was taking, but he seemed to like the idea, a slow, confident smile spreading across his face.

"Okay, let's start again," Vivian said, her phone held steady. "Yves, go to the door. Act like you're just coming home."

I sat on the sofa, my hands folded in my lap, my heart a frantic drum against my ribs. Yves walked to the front door, opened it, and then closed it with a soft click. I took a deep breath, forcing myself to relax, to become the wife he was coming home to.

He walked into the living room, his eyes locking on me. "Nathania," he said, his voice a low, warm rumble. "I'm home."

I stood up, a bright, welcoming smile plastered on my face. "Welcome home, darling," I said, my voice a perfect imitation of a loving wife.

He crossed the room in a few long strides, pulling me into his arms. He kissed me, a soft, gentle kiss that quickly deepened into a passionate, possessive French kiss. Mmmph. His tongue explored my mouth, and I responded, my body melting against his, a traitorous surrender.

His hands roamed my body, one cupping my breast, the other sliding down to my ass, squeezing it through the thin fabric of the dress. Mmmph. I moaned into his mouth, my hands tangling in his hair.

"You look so beautiful," he murmured, his lips trailing down my neck. Smooch, lick. He nipped at my earlobe, sending a shiver down my spine.

"Yves," I breathed, my head falling back, giving him better access.

He pulled away slightly, his hands moving to the belt of my dress. He untied it, the fabric falling open to reveal the red lace lingerie underneath. Fssst. His eyes darkened with desire.

"God, you're stunning," he said, his voice hoarse.

He pushed the dress off my shoulders, letting it pool at my feet. Swish. I stood before him in just the lingerie, my body a trembling, willing offering.

He kissed me again, his hands moving to the back of my bra. He unhooked it, letting my breasts spill out into his waiting hands. Click. He squeezed them, his thumbs brushing against my nipples, which hardened instantly at his touch.

"Oh, God," I gasped, a wave of pleasure washing over me.

He led me back to the sofa, pushing me down onto the plush cushions. He knelt in front of me, his hands on my thighs, spreading them apart. He leaned in, his breath hot against my pussy. Huff, huff. He licked me through the thin fabric of the panties, the rough lace a delicious friction against my sensitive skin. Lick, slurp.

"Yves... yes..." I moaned, my hips bucking against his face.

He pushed the panties aside, his tongue finding my clit. Lick, slurp. He ate me out with an expertise that left me gasping, my body writhing under his touch. I could feel myself getting close, the tension coiling in my stomach. Lick, slurp, slurp.

But he stopped, pulling away just as I was on the brink. I cried out in frustration, my body aching for release.

He pushed the panties aside, but not for my non-existent pussy. His fingers, slick with his own saliva, found my asshole, circling the tight ring of muscle before a single digit breached it. Squelch. A gasp escaped my lips, a mix of surprise and a dark, blooming pleasure. I could feel my own cock, trapped and useless in its cage, straining against the plastic as he worked me open.

"Yves... yes..." I moaned, my hips bucking against his hand, meeting the rhythm of his finger. He added another finger, stretching me, preparing me. Squelch, schlorp. The sounds were obscene, filling the quiet room, a testament to my complete surrender.

But he wasn't just preparing me. His head dipped down, and I felt the hot, wet glide of his tongue replace his fingers. Lick. He was rimming me, eating my ass with a hungry, desperate urgency. Slurp. The sensation was overwhelming, a thousand points of pleasure igniting every nerve ending. My moans were loud now, unrestrained, filling the room. "Oh, God, Yves... don't stop..."

His tongue delved deep, fucking me, tasting me. Schlorp, slurp. My body was a live wire, a taut string ready to snap. I could feel myself getting close, the pleasure building to an unbearable peak.

Then, he stopped. He lifted his head, a triumphant smirk on his face. "Not yet, my love," he said, his voice a low, husky purr. "I want to be inside you when you come."

He stood up, quickly shedding his own clothes. Fssst. His cock was hard, jutting out from his body, a thick, heavy promise of what was to come. He opened the back panel of my panties, the cool air a shock against my slick, exposed asshole.

He positioned himself at my entrance, the head of his cock nudging against me. He didn't push in, not yet. He just stood there, a teasing pressure that made me

ache with need. "Please, Yves," I begged, my voice a hoarse whisper. "Please... I need you..."

With a slow, deliberate thrust, he entered me. Schlorp. A deep, guttural moan escaped my lips. The initial entry was a shock, a dull, aching pain that quickly morphed into a pleasure so intense it was almost painful. He filled me completely, stretching me, possessing me. He started to move, his thrusts slow and deep at first, then faster, harder. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of skin against skin was a primal rhythm, a beat that my body responded to with a will of its own.

He didn't just fuck me on the sofa. With a smooth, powerful motion, he lifted me up, impaling me fully on his cock. I cried out, my arms wrapping around his neck, my legs wrapping around his waist. He carried me like that, his cock buried deep inside me, hugging me to his chest as he walked to the bedroom.

Vivian followed, her phone held up, her breathing ragged. I could hear the soft, rhythmic buzz of her vibrator, a counterpoint to our moans.

He laid me down on the bed, a gentle, almost tender motion. He covered my body with his, kissing me again, a deep, possessive kiss that left me breathless. Mmmph. He started to fuck me again, his thrusts hard and deep, pounding me into the mattress. Slap, slap, slap.

"Tell me you love it," he commanded, his voice a rough growl against my ear. "Tell me you love my cock."

"I love it," I gasped, my mind a haze of pleasure. "I love your cock... I love it so much..."

He reached between us, his fingers finding my nipples, pinching them, twisting them. I cried out, the pain a sharp, exquisite counterpoint to the pleasure of his thrusts. Slap, schlorp, squelch.

I could hear Vivian's moans getting louder, a desperate, needy sound. "God, that's so hot," she breathed. "Fuck her, Yves. Fuck your wife."

The word "wife" sent a jolt through me, a confusing mix of shame and a dark, twisted pride. I was Yves's wife. And Vivian, my own wife, was watching, filming, getting off on it.

He came with a deep, guttural groan, burying himself deep inside me. Gush. I could feel the hot flood of his cum filling my ass, a possessive mark. The feeling triggered my own orgasm, a hollow, frustrating release, my cum trapped by the cage. Gush. My body convulsed, a wave of pleasure washing over me, leaving me spent and trembling.

He collapsed on top of me, his body a heavy, comforting weight. We lay there for a long moment, our breathing ragged, the only sound in the room our combined gasps and Vivian's soft, satisfied sighs.

Vivian put her phone down, a triumphant smile on her face. "Perfect," she said, her voice a husky purr. "Absolutely perfect." She crawled onto the bed, snuggling up against Yves's back. "My two favorite people. My husband, and my sissy wife." She reached over and patted my cheek. "Don't worry, sweetie. We'll take good care of you."

And in that moment, looking at the ecstatic, triumphant faces of my wife and my lover, I knew I was trapped. There was no escape. This was my life now. Nathalia, the daughter. Nathania, the girlfriend. The wife. A toy for their amusement. And a dark, treacherous part of me, a part I tried to ignore, was thrilled by the prospect.

House shifting

I woke to the sound of the front door opening. Yves was early, as he had been every morning since the reveal. I heard his footsteps on the stairs, the familiar knock on the bedroom door.

"Clothes for the day," he called through the wood. "Get dressed and come down. Vivian's making breakfast."

I waited until his footsteps retreated before opening the door. On the hook hung a form-fitting black secretary top and a knee-length pencil skirt. Underneath, on the chair, was the lingerie set he had chosen: a matching black strappy bralette with a silver heart-shaped ring at the cleavage, and mid-rise panties with a caged, multi-strap waistband and identical silver rings.

I dressed slowly. The bra lifted my C-cup breasts, the silver ring sitting prominently between them. The panties sat flush against my hips, the tight elastic pressing directly over my small chastity device. I pulled on the skirt and top, checked my reflection. The brunette hair extensions framed my face and fell past my shoulders. I was Nathania now, completely, from the lingerie out to the professional shell.



Downstairs, Vivian and Yves sat at the kitchen table. She wore a casual sundress, legs crossed, sipping coffee. He was in his business shirt, sleeves rolled up, the casual authority of a man who had been coming here every day, who had watched me enter this house in dresses and heels while my old self disappeared.

"There's my girl," Vivian said, her voice warm with that new tone, maternal, possessive, thrilled. "Sit. Eat."

I sat at the table. Yves pushed a plate toward me, toast and eggs, the normalcy absurd against everything else.

"So," Vivian began, setting down her cup. "Mrs. Henderson asked me yesterday if I'd hired a new assistant," Vivian said, her eyes flicking to my chest where the silver ring sat visible through the black top. "Said she'd seen a 'lovely young woman' coming and going in professional clothes. With Yves visiting so often, it's getting hard to explain."

She framed it as protection, as if she were shielding me from gossip, but there was an edge of excitement in her voice, a thrill I couldn't miss.

"My house has plenty of room," Yves chimed in smoothly, buttering his toast. "You'd be doing me a favor, actually. Empty house gets lonely."

I pressed my thighs together, feeling the cage shift. "But my things," I protested weakly. "My life. We can't just..."

"Your work is with Yves now," Vivian cut me off, her voice taking on a firmer, more maternal tone. "And this is just temporary. Until we figure things out."

The word "temporary" hung in the air, heavy and meaningless. None of us believed it.

Yves stood, collecting his keys. "I'll drive you to the office," he said to me. "Vivian can pack what you need. We'll sort the rest later."

The workday blurred into routine. The same desk, the same tasks, the same secret. Yves called me into his office at eleven, locked the door, and I sank to my knees without being asked. His hand on the back of my head, guiding, controlling. Afterward, he bent me over his desk, fingers finding me through the panty flap, bringing me to that ruined, caged release that left me gasping and empty.

The drive home was quiet. I sat in the passenger seat, my body pleasantly sore, my mind a jumbled mess of sensations and emotions. Yves parked in front of my house, killing the engine.

"Wait here," he said, before getting out and walking to the front door.

Vivian opened it before he could knock, her face lighting up. She was already carrying a small suitcase. Behind her, by the door, was a larger luggage bag.

"Ready!" she said, her voice cheerful. She handed the suitcase to Yves and walked over to the car, leaning into the passenger window. "How was your day, my sissy husband?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

Vivian tossed her suitcase in the backseat and slid in beside me, her presence filling the small space with an unwelcome intimacy. She leaned forward, placing a warm kiss on my cheek. "How was your day, sweetie?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with a curiosity that felt both maternal and predatory.

I could still feel the ghost of Yves's finger inside me, a pleasant ache that made my cage throb with renewed intensity. My panties were damp from my ruined release, the fabric clinging to me with a slick, uncomfortable wetness. "It was... work," I managed, my voice tight.

Yves started the car, the engine a low purr that seemed to vibrate through my entire body. Vivian leaned forward from the back seat, her warmth a presence between us. "Thank you so much, Yves," she said, her voice sincere. "For everything."

"You're welcome," he replied, his eyes meeting hers in the rearview mirror. "Anything for my girls."

There was a pause, then Vivian spoke again, her tone shifting. "I'll give you something for the favor," she promised, her voice dropping to a whisper that carried in the quiet car. "Tonight."

I stared out the window as we pulled away from the house, my house, my old life, watching it shrink in the side mirror until it disappeared.

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There was a pause, then Vivian spoke again, her tone shifting. "I'll give you something for the favor," she promised. "For everything you've done for us."

Yves caught her eye in the mirror, a slow smirk spreading across his face. "Can you give it once we reach home?" he asked.

Vivian nodded, an understanding passing between them that I wasn't privy to. She looked at me, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Nathania will be happy to help as well. Won't you, Nathania?"

I agreed quietly, my mind elsewhere, the cage shifting with the car's movement, unaware of what I was agreeing to.

***

We entered the house, and Yves immediately made his way to the sofa, settling in with an air of relaxed dominance.

"My lovers," he said, patting the cushions on either side of him. "Come sit with me."

I sat on his left, Vivian on his right, both of us tucked against him.

Yves switched on the TV, flipping to a romantic movie. A passionate scene began to unfold on screen, and I felt a surge of arousal. I looked at Vivian, a primal desire to fuck her building within me, a ghost of my former self. But the cage prevented it, locked and useless against my inner thigh.

Vivian noticed my look and shook her head subtly, a small, almost imperceptible motion. She wanted Yves, not me.

Yves pulled Vivian closer, his lips finding hers in a deep, possessive kiss. His hands roamed her body, exploring her curves through the thin fabric of her dress.

He broke the kiss and turned to me, pulling me in for the same treatment. The kiss deepened, our tongues tangling, and I melted against him, my body responding to his dominance.

Yves patted his thighs. "Come closer," he murmured.

Vivian moved first, settling on his right knee, facing him. I followed, positioning myself on his left knee, mirroring her.

He took turns kissing us, first Vivian, then me, then back again. Saliva strands connected our lips each time we separated.

His hands were busy beneath us—his right hand fingering my ass through my pencil skirt, his left hand fingering Vivian's pussy through her dress.

Both of us were moaning into his mouth or biting his shoulder blades as he worked us, our bodies arching against him.

"Nathan never did this before... never made me feel like this..." Vivian gasped, her head thrown back in pleasure.

Hearing my real name, a comparison to who I used to be, sent a jolt through me.

The cage tightened with a painful mix of arousal and humiliation.

Both of us were approaching orgasm, writhing on his knees, desperate for release.

Yves stopped suddenly, his hands stilling, denying us completion.

"Strip," he commanded. "Down to your underwear. Both of you."

Vivian stood, removing her dress to reveal a simple pink bra and panty set.

I followed suit, unbuttoning my blouse and stepping out of my skirt. The black strappy lingerie set was revealed—the matching bralette with the silver heart-shaped ring at my cleavage, lifting my C-cup breasts, and the mid-rise panties with the caged, multi-strap waistband, the elastic pressing directly over the small, locked chastity device.

My new hair extensions cascaded over my shoulders, completing the feminine picture.



Vivian stared, then smiled. "Nathania really was looking forward to this."

I blushed crimson. I couldn't deny it—Yves had chosen this for me, had me wear it all day, anticipating this very moment.

Yves leaned back against the sofa, his pants open, his cock out and hard.

"Lie down," he instructed. "On your stomachs. Both of you."

Vivian and I complied, lying side by side on the sofa, our heads near his lap.

We began playing with his dick together, stroking and kissing the shaft. We kissed each other with his dick between our lips, passing it back and forth.

Yves reached behind us, one hand on each of our asses—fingering my ass through the strappy panties, Vivian's pussy through the pink cotton.

Both of us were moaning, struggling to focus on sucking him while he worked us from behind.

He timed it perfectly, bringing us all to the edge together.

We came simultaneously—Yves into our waiting mouths, Vivian and I shuddering against the sofa.

Vivian and I turned to each other, kissing deeply, sharing Yves's cum between us.

Lost in the moment, I licked the remnants from Vivian's face, savoring the taste.

Vivian pulled back, her eyes wide—surprised at this new, eager version of me.

I froze, realizing my mistake—I had revealed too much enjoyment.

Yves watched, satisfied, and stood up, dropping his pants and boxers on the floor.

He lifted both of us easily, one arm under each, and carried us toward the bedroom.

***

He deposited us on the bed, both of us breathless and waiting.

The romantic atmosphere enveloped us as he took his time, positioning us as he wished.

Vivian and I sat on him, facing each other, kissing while he rested and watched.

He moved us, arranged us, taking turns penetrating each of us while the other kissed and touched.

ERTOICA MODE ON

"Fuck, yes," I moaned as Yves entered me from behind, my body arching in pleasure. The sounds of our bodies coming together—squish, schluck,

schluck—filled the room. I could feel every inch of him, stretching me, filling me completely.

Yves's hands gripped my hips, pulling me back against him with each thrust. His other hand reached around to rub my caged cock, a deliciously frustrating sensation. "You like that, don't you, Nathania?" he growled in my ear. "You like being filled like this."

"God, yes," I gasped, my head thrown back. "Don't stop."

Vivian watched us, her fingers busy between her legs. "Fuck her harder, Yves," she urged. "Make her scream."

Yves obliged, his movements becoming more forceful, more primal. The sound of skin slapping against skin—smack, smack, smack—echoed in the room. I could feel my orgasm building, a coil of heat in my stomach that threatened to snap.

"I'm going to cum," I cried out.

"Not yet," Yves commanded, stilling inside me. "Not until I say so."

He pulled out, leaving me empty and wanting. He positioned Vivian on her back, spreading her legs wide. "Eat her out," he ordered me. "Make her cum with your mouth."

I eagerly complied, burying my face between Vivian's legs. The taste of her arousal was intoxicating. I licked and sucked, my tongue finding her clit, circling it relentlessly.

"Oh, God, Nathania," Vivian moaned, her hands tangling in my hair. "Don't stop. Right there."

As I pleasured Vivian, I felt Yves enter me again, a slow, deep thrust that made me moan against Vivian's pussy. The vibrations from my moans seemed to drive Vivian wild, her hips bucking against my face.

Yves established a rhythm, thrusting into me as I ate out Vivian. The three of us moved together, a symphony of pleasure.

"Marry me," Yves grunted, his movements becoming more erratic. "Both of you. Marry me."

"Yes," Vivian cried out. "Yes, I'll marry you."

He stopped thrusting, pulling almost completely out of me, leaving me aching and empty. "Nathania?" he prompted, his voice a low growl.

My answer was muffled by Vivian's pussy, my mind clouded with lust. "Yes," I moaned. "I'll marry you. Please, Yves, don't stop."

He resumed his movements, even more forceful than before. "Good girl," he praised, his hands gripping my hips tight enough to leave bruises.

Vivian came with a scream, her body convulsing around my face. I lapped up her juices, savoring the taste of her release.

Yves followed moments later, filling me with his cum. I could feel the warmth spreading through me, a final, possessive claim.

We collapsed onto the bed, a sweaty, breathless tangle of limbs. Yves settled back against the headboard, Vivian to his left, and me to his right. Both our heads rested on his chest, his arms wrapped around us.

His left hand found Vivian's pussy, and his right found my ass. Both of us were shuddering, moaning against his chest, coming together around his hands.

"We'll need rings," Yves murmured, a satisfied smirk on his face. "Three of them."

"Three of them," I echoed, the words feeling foreign and heavy on my tongue. The aftermath of our shared orgasms left us breathless, our bodies tangled together in a mess of limbs and sweat on Yves's king-sized bed.

Yves shifted, his muscles tensing with renewed purpose. He rolled over, pinning me beneath him. His cock, already hardening again, pressed against my thigh, a hot, insistent presence.

"I need to hear you say it again," he growled, his lips brushing against my ear. "Both of you."

Vivian, lying beside us, propped herself up on an elbow, her eyes dark with renewed lust. Her hand drifted down to her pussy, her fingers beginning to circle her clit.

"Say what, honey?" I asked, my voice breathless.

"That you'll divorce him," Yves said, his hips grinding against me. "That you'll marry me instead."

He positioned himself between my legs, the head of his cock nudging against my entrance. I was already slick with his cum from our previous round.

"Divorce him," Vivian moaned, his fingers working faster. "Marry Yves. Both of us."

"Yes," I cried out as Yves pushed inside me, a slow, deep penetration that made me gasp. "I'll divorce him. I'll marry you."

The words were a surrender, a final, irrevocable step.

"Good girl," Yves praised, beginning to move inside me. He established a slow, steady rhythm, each thrust hitting deep. Squelch... schluck... squelch.

Vivian watched us, her fingers flying over her clit. The sight of her, the sound of her moans, combined with the feel of Yves filling me, was intoxicating.

My own hands drifted down to my caged cock, a futile attempt to find release. The metal bars prevented any real contact, a frustrating, tantalizing barrier. I could only rub the smooth surface, a poor substitute for the real thing.

Yves noticed my struggling, a look of pity mixed with arousal in his eyes. He slowed his movements, then stopped, pulling out completely. I whimpered at the sudden emptiness.

He turned to Vivian, who was close to orgasm, her body arching. He positioned himself between her legs, entering her in one smooth thrust. Vivian cried out, her orgasm crashing over her. Her body shuddered, then went limp, her eyes drifting closed in exhaustion.

Yves pulled out of her, then turned back to me. He rolled me onto my back, spreading my legs wide. He entered me again, missionary position, our bodies pressed together chest to chest.

This time, he moved slowly, deliberately. Each thrust was a deep, possessive claim. "Scream my name," he commanded, his lips hovering just above mine. "Let me hear who you belong to."

"Yves," I moaned, my head thrown back. "Yves, yes..."

"Call me honey," he urged, his hips grinding against me. "Like a good wife."

"Y... yes, honey," I stammered, the word feeling both wrong and right. "Please, honey, don't stop..."

He captured my lips in a deep, possessive kiss, our tongues tangling as he continued to move inside me. I could feel my orgasm building, a pressure coiling in my stomach.

We came together, my cries of "Honey!" lost in his mouth as he filled me with his cum.

Afterward, he rolled onto his back, pulling me on top of him. Vivian lay beside us, fast asleep, her breathing slow and even.

I lay on Yves's chest, my body still tingling from the aftermath. I could feel him softening inside me, a warm, comforting presence.

He tilted my face up, kissing me deeply again. His hands roamed my body, one finding my ass, a finger tracing my rim. I gasped as he pushed a finger inside, then another, scissoring me open.

"This will be our future," he whispered in my ear, his voice a low, seductive rumble. "Learn to love it."

I could feel my cock leaking cum onto his stomach, a slow, steady trickle. "I... I will," I moaned, my hips bucking against his hand.

"Good," he praised, adding a third finger. The stretch was delicious, a mix of pleasure and pain.

I came again, my body shuddering as I ejaculated onto his stomach. The last thing I remembered was his lips on mine, the taste of him, the feel of his fingers inside me, before everything went black.

***

I woke up to the warmth of Yves's body beneath me, the morning light filtering through the curtains. I was still on top of him, my cheek resting on his chest. Vivian was nowhere to be found.

Then I became aware of him—one finger buried deep in my ass, a casual, possessive claim even in sleep. His other arm was wrapped around me, holding

me close. I lay there, processing everything that had happened, the reality of my new life settling in.

Yves stirred, his finger flexing inside me. He opened his eyes, a sleepy smile spreading across his face. "Morning, beautiful," he murmured, leaning down to kiss me. "Why aren't you moving?"

"I can't," I whispered, my face burning. "You're still... inside me."

Yves chuckled, a low rumble that vibrated through his chest against my back. He flexed his finger again, deliberately, making me gasp. "So I am," he murmured, his lips brushing my ear. "My beautiful girl. My Nathania."

He withdrew slowly, leaving me empty and aching, the sheets damp beneath me. Yves sat up, stretching, completely at ease in his own skin. "Shower," he announced, swinging his legs out of bed. "Then breakfast. Vivian's already up."

I listened to the water run, staring at the ceiling of Yves's bedroom. His house. My new home. The thought still felt foreign, wrong, but my body hummed with a contentment I couldn't deny.

When the bathroom door opened, Yves emerged with a towel around his waist, droplets clinging to his shoulders. "Your turn," he said, tossing me a smaller towel. "There's clothes in the closet. Pick something simple."

The shower was quick, routine becoming familiar. I toweled off and opened the closet. Yves had stocked it with women's clothes in my size. I chose a simple sundress, pale yellow with thin straps, easy to pull on. No bra, just the cage beneath, visible through the light fabric if I moved wrong.

I descended the stairs barefoot, hair still damp, and heard them before I saw them. Vivian's voice, high and breathless, cut off by a rhythmic sound I knew too well. The kitchen. They were in the kitchen.

I stopped in the hallway, frozen. The sounds continued: flesh meeting flesh, Vivian's moans, Yves's low grunts. The smell hit me next, sex and sweat and something domestic underneath, coffee and toast.

I waited. Leaning against the wall, my cage throbbing, my hands clasped in front of me like a servant. The sounds built, peaked, faded. Silence, then laughter.

I counted to thirty. Then approached the kitchen door.

Vivian saw me first. She sat on the counter, legs dangling, Yves's shirt barely covering her. Her hair was mussed, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright with satisfaction. "There's my sweet sissy," she cooed, sliding off the counter. "Did you sleep well?"

She crossed the room in three steps and pulled me into a hug. Her body was warm, still damp with sweat, smelling of Yves and sex. She held me tight, her hand pressing against my back, pulling me close.

"I like you like this," she whispered, her lips against my ear. "Caged. Pretty. Mine." She pulled back, her hands framing my face, her thumbs brushing my cheeks. "My precious little sissy. My dream come true."

family day

Yves stood by the counter, watching us. His shirt was unbuttoned at the collar, his hair still mussed from bed. He looked satisfied, possessive, like a man who had claimed his territory and was enjoying the aftermath.

"Breakfast," he announced, turning to the stove. "Then we plan the day."

Vivian released me slowly, her hands lingering on my face, her thumbs tracing my cheekbones. "Sit, sweetie," she murmured. "Let me take care of you."

I sat at the table. The sundress rode up my thighs, the cage a constant pressure between my legs. Yves cooked simply, eggs, toast, coffee, the domestic scene absurd against everything else.

"We should go out," Vivian said, sipping her coffee. Her eyes were bright, calculating, already planning. "The three of us. In public."

I looked up, surprised. "Go out? Where?"

She set down her cup and moved to stand behind me. Her hands slid over my shoulders, down my chest, her fingers finding the cage beneath the thin fabric of the sundress. She rubbed me through the material, slow, deliberate, making me gasp and arch against her touch.

"Test it," she whispered, her lips against my ear, her hand still working me. "The family. Yves as stepfather. Me as mother. And you..." She squeezed the cage, making me whimper. "Nathalie. Our college girl. Twenty-one. Home for the weekend."

I shook my head, breathless. "I can't. What if someone recognizes me?"

"Nathalie looks different," she said, her thumb pressing against the cage, circling. "Softer makeup. Younger clothes. A different girl entirely from Nathania the secretary." She bit my earlobe, her hand still moving. "No one will know."

Yves set a plate in front of me. "I like the idea," he said, sitting down. "Coed Nathalie. In public. Properly dressed. Properly behaved."

"Please," Vivian whispered, her hand still rubbing me, relentless, her breath hot against my neck. "For me. My dream."

I looked at them, flushed, aching, trapped by her touch and their expectations. There was no refusing.

"Okay," I said.

Vivian squealed, finally releasing me, clapping her hands. "Perfect! Let's make you Nathalie."

Vivian took my hand, pulling me up from the kitchen chair. Her fingers were still warm from where she'd touched me, her excitement palpable, thrumming through her grip like electricity.

"Come," she murmured. "We need to transform you."

She led me upstairs to Yves's bedroom, the same room I'd woken in that morning. The closet stood open, women's clothes visible inside, arranged by type and color. She had planned this already, prepared for this moment.

"Nathania is the secretary," Vivian said, her voice taking on that lecturing tone she used when she was deep in her fujoshi fantasies. "Polished. Professional. The hair

extensions, the suits, the structured blouses. But Nathalie..." She turned to me, her eyes bright with hungry delight. "Nathalie is softer. Younger. A college girl home for the weekend, careless and pretty."

She pulled out a white cropped camisole, held it against my chest, judging. "This. Not the structured blouses. Something loose, casual, innocent. Something that moves."

I stood still as she dressed me. The camisole went on first, thin fabric draping over my C-cup breasts, the neckline low enough to show the silver ring of the bra between them if I leaned forward. Then a red skater skirt, flared high on my thighs, swishing when I moved, barely covering what needed to be covered.

She turned to the closet again, considering. "Different underwear," she murmured, but then shook her head. "No, the cage stays. The panties change." She reached under my skirt, her fingers cool against my skin, and pulled down the professional panties I'd worn to breakfast. She replaced them with lacy red ones that sat lower on my hips, more visible at the waistband, more deliberate in their femininity. The cage pressed against the thin lace, unmistakable, contained.

She found heels next, not boots, not the office pumps. Three inches, thin straps, precarious. "These," she said, holding them up. "Not the professional heels. Something younger. More vulnerable."

I stepped into them, wobbling, catching myself on her shoulder. The height shifted my balance, thrust my hips forward, made my legs look longer, thinner, more feminine.

She sat me at the vanity and began the makeup. Not the bold secretary look she'd perfected for Nathania. Softer. Younger. Light foundation, pink blush high on the

cheeks, mascara but no eyeliner, nothing sharp. Glossy pink lips that looked wet, innocent, available.

"The hair stays," she said, running her fingers through my extensions. "But styled differently. Loose waves, not the professional bob. Younger. Prettier."

She worked quickly, efficiently, her pleasure in the transformation obvious, her breath coming faster as she built her fantasy. When she finished, she turned me to the mirror.

I looked like a different person. Softer. Sweeter. Younger. The college girl she wanted, not the secretary Yves had created. The heels made me taller, more precarious. The skirt barely covered my thighs. The makeup made me look twenty

one, innocent, ripe.



"Perfect," she breathed, her hands framing my face, her thumbs brushing my cheeks. "Nathalie. My Nathalie."

She released me, stepping back, already turning to her own clothes. "Go wait in the living room. I need to get ready."

I descended the stairs carefully, the heels clicking against the wood, unfamiliar, dangerous. The cage shifted with each step, pressing against the lace, a constant pressure between my legs. The living room was sunlit, empty, the sofa inviting. I sat on the edge, knees pressed together, waiting, the skirt riding up slightly, the heels making my ankles ache.

Yves appeared in the doorway. He watched me for a moment, his expression unreadable, assessing. Then he crossed the room and stood before me, blocking the light from the window.

"Lie back," he said softly, almost gentle.

I looked up at him, confused, my heart beginning to pound. "What?"

"Missionary position. Now."

I obeyed, slowly, my breath shallow. I lay back on the sofa, the skirt riding up to my waist, my legs slightly parted, the heels still on, absurd, vulnerable, displayed. He knelt between my legs, his hands sliding up my thighs, lifting the skirt higher, exposing me completely.

The cage was visible through the lacy red panties, the silver glinting in the sunlight, the shape unmistakable. He traced it with one finger, circling, pressing, exploring the bars, making me gasp and arch against his touch. His touch was playful, teasing, proprietary, examining what he owned.

"Pretty," he murmured, his voice low, intimate. "My caged girl. My pretty little pet."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small vibrator, remote controlled, sleek, pink. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of my panties and pulled them down just enough to expose the cage, the cool air hitting my compressed flesh. He pressed the vibrator against the opening of the cage, against my sensitive skin, then pushed it inside, seating it firmly, the base resting against my perineum, the remote antenna visible. He pulled my panties back up, adjusting them over the bulge, hiding the secret, patting me into place.

Then he sat on the sofa and pulled me onto his lap, arranging me so I sat sideways, my legs draped over his thighs, my head against his shoulder. His arm

circled my waist, his hand in his pocket, the remote within reach, casual, possessive.

"We wait," he murmured against my ear, his lips brushing my hair.

I felt the weight of the vibrator, the fullness, the cage pressing against it, the secret between us. His hand rested on my hip, proprietary, relaxed. I could hear his heartbeat, steady, calm.

Vivian's footsteps descended the stairs, unhurried, deliberate. She entered the living room in a flowing ankle length skirt and a modest blouse, the very picture of a chaperoning mother. Her hair was pulled back, her makeup minimal, respectable, the perfect contrast to what she'd made me.

"Ready?" she asked, bright, oblivious, adjusting her blouse.

Yves's thumb brushed the remote in his pocket. I felt a brief buzz, startling, intense, before he stopped. "Ready," he said, smiling, his hand still on my hip.

***

The mall was a sensory nightmare. Bright lights, loud chatter, the thump of distant music. And next to me, my "parents."

"Isn't this a lovely top, honey?" Vivian asked, holding up a lacy blouse.

"It's... nice," I managed, my voice tight. Yves, who had his arm draped possessively around Vivian's shoulders, chose that exact moment to press a button on his phone. A low hum started deep inside me. Bzzzzzz. I flinched, my thighs clenching involuntarily.

"Everything alright, sweetie?" Vivian asked.

"Fine!" I chirped, a little too loudly. A bead of sweat trickled down my back. The buzzing was a constant, maddening tease, sending little sparks of pleasure straight to my caged cock. It throbbed, a painful, desperate ache. I had to keep walking. I had to smile. We passed a group of teenagers, and one of them wolf-whistled. My face burned.

Yves leaned toward Vivian, whispering in her ear, making her laugh. He was playing the doting boyfriend perfectly. "You know," he said, loud enough for me to hear, "it's so immoral for a stepfather to even look at his stepdaughter the wrong way. So glad I have you to keep me on the straight and narrow." The buzzing intensified. BZZZZZZ. I nearly stumbled, my hand flying out to grab a clothing rack for support.

Later, in a brightly lit boutique, Vivian insisted I try on a pile of clothes. In the cramped fitting room, I was a mess. With each new outfit, I had to strip down, exposing the cage, the panties, the humming vibrator. A short, slinky dress. A flimsy sundress. A tiny skirt that barely covered my ass. Through the gauze curtain, I could see Yves's silhouette, waiting. As I was pulling on a particularly tight tube top, he sent a jolt. BZZT-BZZT-BZZT. My knees buckled. A strangled gasp escaped my lips. I felt a trickle of wetness, precum leaking from my frustrated cock and soaking into the delicate lace. I pressed my thighs together, a silent, desperate prayer for the torment to end.

***

Dinner was a special kind of hell. We were seated at a cozy table in a dimly lit Italian restaurant. Yves and Vivian sat opposite me.

"What are you having, pumpkin?" Vivian asked, smiling sweetly.

I scanned the menu, my vision blurring as the vibrator pulsed in a slow, rhythmic pattern. Bzzz... bzzz... bzzz. "I'll... I'll have the... the spaghetti," I stammered.

Yves and Vivian were practically in each other's laps. His hand rested on her thigh, disappearing under the tablecloth. She leaned in, whispering to him, her lips brushing his ear. He whispered back, and she giggled, a light, airy sound that made my stomach clench.

"Good daughters are seen and not heard, Nathalie," Yves said, not even looking at me. He punctuated his sentence with a hard, fast pulse of the vibrator. BZZZZT! I bit my lip, hard, the taste of blood filling my mouth. I squeezed my legs together under the table, the fabric of the skirt doing little to muffle the sensations.

Every nerve ending was on fire. Watching my wife with another man, being treated as their child, being teased to the brink of madness... it was a dizzying cocktail of arousal and utter humiliation. I picked at my food, my appetite gone.

***

The park was our final stop. The evening air was cool, and the setting sun cast long, golden shadows.

"Come on, sweetie, let's get a picture," Vivian said. "A nice photo of Mom and her college girl."

I stood awkwardly as she arranged us, my arm around her waist. "Smile, honey!" she chirped. The buzzing was a constant, maddening drone. Every pose she put

me in was a new form of torture. Leaning in put pressure on my chest, making the cage dig into my skin. A simple hug pressed the vibrator deeper inside me.

For one shot, Yves offered to take the photo. "I want to get in on this," he said. He stood behind me, his body flush against my back. "Lean your head back, sweet girl." I did, and his other arm came around to rest on my stomach, his fingers splayed possessively. "That's it," he whispered, his lips against my ear. "You're being such a good girl for Mommy and Daddy." Vivian was fussing with the camera, oblivious to the way he was grinding his hard cock against my ass, the way he was claiming me in the open air. My shame was a hot, suffocating blanket.



***

When we finally got home, I practically ran to the guest room, my mind a whirlwind of relief and lingering, frustrated arousal. The day was over.

I had just changed into the soft pink babydoll nightdress Vivian had laid out for me, the sheer mesh doing little to hide the cage or the matching thong, when I heard voices from the master bedroom.



"Goodnight, sweetie! We're just going to... chat for a bit," Vivian called out.

I waited, my heart pounding. A few minutes later, Yves's voice followed. "This is for adults only, Nathalie. You should get some sleep."

Adults only. The implication hit me like a slap. They were going to fuck. My wife and her boyfriend were going to fuck, while I, her husband, was sent to the guest room like a child. I couldn't believe it. The blatant, casual cruelty of it stole my breath.

I lay down on the bed, the babydoll swirling around my thighs. The vibrator was still buzzing, a low, constant hum. Through the wall, I could hear them. A soft laugh. The creak of the bed. Vivian's moan, low and throaty. Thump, thump, thump. The rhythmic sound of the headboard hitting the wall. My cock strained against its prison, a painful, desperate ache. Tears of frustration and humiliation leaked from

the corners of my eyes, tracing paths down my temples. I was trapped, caged, plugged, and forced to listen to my wife being pleasured by another man.

I lay down on the bed, the babydoll swirling around my thighs. The vibrator was still buzzing, a low, constant hum. Through the wall, I could hear them. A soft laugh. The creak of the bed. Then, Vivian's moan, low and throaty.

My own breath hitched. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to block it out, but the sounds were sharp, insistent. Thump, thump, thump. The rhythmic, insistent sound of the headboard hitting the wall, a steady beat marking their coupling. My cock strained against its prison, a painful, desperate ache. Tears of frustration and humiliation leaked from the corners of my eyes, tracing paths down my temples.

Then Vivian's moans grew louder, more desperate. No longer soft, but sharp cries that pierced the wall. "Oh, God, Yves! Yes! Right there! You're so much bigger than him! So much better!"

The words were a physical blow. My eyes flew open, staring at the dark ceiling. Bigger than him? Better than him? My stomach churned. A part of me, a sick, twisted part, argued that I had no right to be angry. Yves had fucked me. He'd taken me on that business trip, forced me into the role of Nathania, his wife. He had claimed my body as surely as he was claiming Vivian's now. Hadn't I submitted? Hadn't I cum for him, screamed his name?

But the business trip was different. That was forced. This... this was a choice. Her choice. A betrayal so blatant, so public within the walls of our own home, that it felt like a fresh wound.

"Y-yes! Honey! Fuck your wife!" Vivian screamed, the word "Wife" a dagger to my heart. "Take me! I'm all yours! Only yours!"

I buried my face in the pillow, a sob tearing from my throat. The pillow muffled the sounds, but they were still there, a constant, agonizing soundtrack to my own misery. The vibrator hummed on, a cruel, mechanical echo of their passion. The cage bit into my flesh as my cock uselessly tried to harden. My mind was a battlefield. The submissive Nathalie, the part that had learned to accept Yves's dominance, was torn apart by the wounded roar of Nathan, the husband. The conflict was a shredding, painful thing, and there was no escaping it. I just lay there, trapped, listening, my world crumbling around me.

***

Three hours later, the sounds had finally subsided. The house was silent, save for the relentless buzzing inside me and the frantic pounding of my own heart. My eyes were sore from crying, my body a tense knot of frustrated arousal and emotional agony. The babydoll nightdress was damp with my sweat, clinging to my skin.

The guest room door opened with a soft click. I froze, my breath catching in my throat. A dark silhouette filled the doorway. Yves.

He moved silently into the room, shutting the door behind him. He didn't turn on the light. He just walked over to the bed, and I could feel the mattress dip under his weight. He climbed onto the bed, leaning over me. His scent filled my nostrils—a mixture of soap, sweat, and Vivian's perfume. The scent of my betrayal.

His large hand covered my mouth before I could even think to scream. "Shhh," he whispered, his voice a low rasp in the darkness. "Be silent. Don't wake your mother."

The words, so casual, so chilling, made my blood run cold. His other hand slid down my body, bunching up the sheer fabric of my babydoll. His fingers hooked

into the side of my pink thong, pulling it aside. The cool air hit my skin, and then I felt his fingers brush against the base of the vibrator still lodged deep inside me. He twisted it gently, drawing a muffled gasp from behind his hand. He slowly pulled it out, the long, buzzing length of it sliding from my body with a wet, obscene schlorp.

He tossed it onto the nightstand. The sudden silence was deafening. I was empty, aching. He positioned himself behind me, spooning my body. I could feel his hot, hard cock pressing against my ass. He was still slick from Vivian. The thought made me nauseous.

He pushed into me in one slow, relentless thrust. Schlorp. I cried out into his palm, the sound swallowed by his skin. He filled me completely, a hot, hard, possessive intrusion. He started to move, a slow, deep rhythm that was the polar opposite of the frantic fucking I'd listened to for hours. This was quiet. This was deliberate. This was for me.

His hips rocked against me, the soft slap, slap of our bodies a secret in the dark.

His hips rocked against me, the soft slap, slap of our bodies a secret in the dark. Each thrust was a slow, deep possession, a reminder of who I belonged to. His cock, still wet from Vivian, moved inside me with an easy, familiar glide, stretching me, filling me until I thought I might break. I could feel every inch of him, the throbbing veins, the flared head hitting that spot deep inside that made me see stars.

I was a mass of contradictions. My mind screamed with betrayal, with the image of Vivian crying out his name, calling him husband. But my body... my body was a traitor. It arched into him, my legs shifting to grant him deeper access. A soft moan escaped my lips, muffled by his hand. The cage around my own cock was a

constant, throbbing ache, a painful reminder of my own denied pleasure as he used me for his.

He kept up that maddeningly slow pace for what felt like an eternity. The only sounds were our breathing, the wet squelch of his movements, and the distant hum of the city outside. He was in no hurry. This wasn't a quick, stolen fuck. This was a claiming.

After a long while, he slowed to a stop, buried deep inside me. He didn't pull out, just rested there, a heavy, possessive weight. He finally lifted his hand from my mouth. I took a deep, shuddering breath, the air feeling cold on my damp lips.

"Shhh," he reminded me again, his lips brushing against my ear. His cock throbbed inside me, a silent pulse. "My dick needs a minute. You wore me out."

His words sent a fresh wave of heat through me. Me? Worn him out?

His hand started to move, stroking my back in long, slow, soothing motions, like I was a nervous animal he was trying to calm. "So," he murmured, his voice a low, intimate rumble. "What happens now? Tomorrow is still a holiday. And the day after. What are we going to do with our little college girl?"

The question hung in the dark, heavy with unspoken meaning. He wasn't just asking about plans. He was asking about the game. About the roles.

"I... I don't know," I whispered, my voice hoarse. "I just... I want them to go away." I gestured vaguely at my chest.

"Ah, yes. The C-cups," he said, his hand tracing the curve of my hip. "They look good on you, you know. Very... becoming." His fingers drifted lower, teasing the lace of my thong. "But you're talking about being a girl. I'm talking about being my girl. My stepdaughter."

My breath hitched. "Please, Yves..."

"No, tell me," he insisted, his voice soft but firm. "Is this what you want? To be my stepdaughter? To have Vivian as your mommy, and me as your new daddy? We could have so much fun, the three of us. A real family." His thumb stroked my lower back, right above the cleft of my ass. "Or do you want something else? Something more... permanent?"

The honest answer was a raw, desperate thing clawing its way up my throat. "I don't know what I want," I finally choked out, the truth tasting like ash. "I'm scared. Everything is... so much. Being Vivian's girlfriend, being your Nathania, being your stepdaughter... I don't know where one ends and the other begins anymore. I just... I feel like I'm disappearing."

He was quiet for a long moment, his cock still a heavy, silent presence inside me. Then he kissed my shoulder, a soft, gentle press of his lips. "Good," he murmured. "That's what I wanted to hear." He started to move again, a slow, deep grind that made my toes curl. "We'll figure it out together."

He picked up the pace then, a slow, deliberate build. Slap, slap, slap. The sound was still quiet, but more insistent now. His arm wrapped around my waist, pulling me tighter against him. His other hand found my breast, squeezing it through the sheer mesh of the babydoll. I could feel my own trapped cock leaking, a steady, frustrating drip.

The pleasure was building, a slow, inexorable tide. I could feel myself getting closer, the tension coiling in my stomach, my thighs. My breathing hitched, and I knew I was about to make a noise. A cry, a moan, something that would carry through the thin wall.

I twisted my head, my lips finding his in the dark. I kissed him, a desperate, frantic thing, swallowing the sounds of my own impending climax.

I twisted my head, my lips finding his in the dark. I kissed him, a desperate, frantic thing, swallowing the sounds of my own impending climax. He responded with a low growl, deepening the kiss, his tongue tangling with mine. The kiss was a lifeline, a way to anchor myself in the storm of sensation and emotion. When we finally broke apart, we were both breathing hard.

He didn't start moving again. Instead, he held me, his body a warm, solid wall behind me, his arms wrapped around my waist. One of his hands began to stroke my ass, a slow, calming motion over the thin lace of the thong. The touch was surprisingly gentle, almost paternal.

"I've been thinking," he whispered, his lips brushing against my ear. "About the future. Our future."

My heart hammered against my ribs. I was clearer now, the immediate edge of lust receding enough for thought to return, though the slow, deep presence of him inside me was a constant, distracting thrum.

"This house... it's a bit small for a growing family," he continued, his voice a low, seductive murmur. "I have a much larger place. Plenty of rooms. One for Vivian, one for me... and one for my darling stepdaughter. We could rent this one out. Or just sell it. We wouldn't need it anymore."

My breath hitched. "Move in with you?" I whispered back, the words sounding foreign even to me.

"Mmm-hmm. All three of us. A real family," he said, his hand continuing its soothing circles on my ass. "We could even have a ceremony. A fake wedding, just for us. I

can forge the documents. No one would ever know. You and Vivian could have matching rings, and I could have one too. A symbol of our... unique union."

The audacity of it stole my breath. A fake wedding. A forged life. The pain in my caged cock suddenly flared, a sharp, intense throb that made me gasp. A tear of pure pain slid from the corner of my eye and trickled down my temple.

Yves must have felt my body tense. He hushed me softly, his lips pressing a gentle kiss to my shoulder. "Shhh, don't panic, sweetheart. It's just an idea. We have plenty of time." He paused, his stroking becoming more deliberate, more possessive. "And about these..." he said, his free hand moving up to cup my breast through the sheer mesh. "They're lovely at a C-cup. But we could make them permanent. There are procedures, hormones... we could make them perfect. Perky D-cups that would fill out any top you wear. What do you think, my pretty girl?"

The thought was terrifying. Permanent. The word echoed in my mind. But even as a fresh wave of panic rose in my chest, my traitorous body responded. My cock, already aching in its cage, gave another painful throb, and I felt a fresh wave of precum soak into the delicate lace. Another tear of pain escaped.

"But don't you worry about this little thing," he said, his other hand drifting down to ghost over the trapped bulge. "I wouldn't dream of doing anything to it. I like it just like this. Denied. Frustrated. A constant reminder of who's in charge." His thumb brushed against the metal. "It suits you."

He shifted slightly, and the movement sent a jolt of pleasure through me, mingling with the pain. "And soon," he continued, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "I'll be getting a massive pay rise. I'm moving on from this position. A promotion. We'll have all the money we could ever want. No more worrying about a

thing. You can just be my beautiful Nathalie, home with me and your mommy, waiting for us."

His plans were a net, closing in around me. A bigger house, a fake wedding, permanent breasts, a pay rise. He was building a cage around me, one far more intricate and inescapable than the metal one between my legs. And he was stroking my ass, comforting me, as if he were telling me a bedtime story instead of laying out the blueprint for my complete subjugation.

"Yves..." I whispered, my voice trembling. Another tear, this one from a confusing mix of pain and fear, slid down my face. "It's... it's too much."

"I know, baby, I know," he murmured, hugging me tighter. "But it's a good future. A safe one. You'll be taken care of. You'll be loved." He kissed my neck, a soft, possessive press of his lips.

He kissed my neck, a soft, possessive press of his lips. "Vivian can pursue her dream of opening that beauty parlor she's always talked about," he continued, his breath hot against my skin. "No more worrying about rent, about startup costs. She'd have a safety net. Her husband and I would take care of everything."

Husband. The word, coming from him, about himself, was a jolt. He was talking about himself and Vivian, and me... where did I fit in that equation?

"And you, my sweet girl," he murmured, his strokes on my ass becoming more intimate, a finger tracing the line of my thong. "You could pursue that little hobby job you mentioned. The one you were so scared of getting fired from. You wouldn't have to worry anymore. You could work, or not work. You'd be provided for. All you'd have to do is be our pretty girl at home."

He shifted then, pulling me up with him until I was standing, my back to his chest. He lifted me effortlessly, my feet leaving the floor. My legs instinctively wrapped around his waist as he held me, my body impaled on his still-hard cock. "Wrap your arms around my neck," he commanded. I did, clinging to him like a child.

He started to thrust then, a slow, deep rhythm that stole my breath. Slap, slap, slap. His strength was undeniable, holding me as if I weighed nothing. "Imagine it," he whispered, his lips against my ear as he pumped into me. "A new beginning. We'll tell everyone we're a modern family. Me and your mommy, and our sweet Nathalie, who came to live with us after her father... passed away."

The story was monstrous, a perfect little tragedy to cover his tracks. I wanted to scream, to protest, but my mouth was pressed against the hard muscle of his shoulder, my moans and cries swallowed by his skin as he fucked me. I understood every word. The escape routes were closing, one by one.

"We'll get you a new wardrobe, new papers, a whole new life. You'll forget you were ever Nathan. You won't need to."

Tears of pure, agonizing pain from the cage flowed freely now. I could feel my cock leaking, a steady, humiliating stream of fluid soaking the front of the thong. He was destroying me and rebuilding me in his image, all while whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

Finally, with a low groan, he buried himself deep inside me, and I felt the hot pulse of his cum filling me. He held me there for a long moment before carefully setting me back down on the bed. He didn't pull out immediately, just spooned me again, a heavy, sated presence.

"Sleep now, my daughter," he whispered, kissing my temple. "You've had a long day."

***

I woke up alone. The space beside me was cool, empty. The early morning light was soft and gray. For a moment, I felt a pang of something—a loss, a confusion—before the memories of the night before crashed down on me.

I sat up, my body aching in a dozen places. There was a chair by the bed, and on it, a dress was laid out. It looked soft and deceptively innocent—a white sleeveless sundress covered in tiny pink floral patterns. The fitted bodice would hug my C-cup chest, and the flowing midi skirt would sway around my mid-calf. It was longer, more modest than the other outfits, a subtle shift in tone. I put it on, the light fabric a cool caress against my skin. The cage was a constant, heavy presence beneath.



I walked out of the guest room, drawn by the smell of coffee and the sound of soft laughter. In the kitchen, Vivian was at the stove, her back to me, and Yves was right behind her, his arms wrapped around her waist, his chin resting on her shoulder. He was whispering something in her ear that made her giggle. I looked at her left hand, resting on the countertop. Her wedding ring was gone.

They were a picture of domestic bliss. A couple. They looked like they'd been fucking right there against the counter just minutes before. I stood in the doorway, unnoticed, a ghost in my own home. I had to clear my throat twice before they finally turned.

"Oh, sweetie! Good morning!" Vivian chirped, her smile bright and unwavering. "Sleep well? I'm making pancakes. Come have some breakfast."

Yves leaned back against the counter, a lazy smirk on his face. He patted his lap. "Come here, pumpkin. Daddy missed you. We need some father-daughter time."

Vivian giggled, turning back to the stove. My stomach twisted. I walked over hesitantly and perched on his lap. Instantly, I felt him grow hard beneath me, a thick, insistent pressure against my ass through the thin fabric of my dress.

Vivian was absorbed in her cooking. That was all the opening Yves needed. His hands, which had been resting innocently on my thighs, moved with practiced ease. One slid up, bunching the fabric of my dress, while the other deftly pulled the crotch of my panties aside. I felt the hot, smooth head of his cock, freed from his shorts, press against my already used hole. He pushed into me in one slow, silent glide. Schlorp. I bit my lip, my hands flying to the table to steady myself.

His other hand came up to my chest, rubbing my tits through the thin cotton of the sundress, his thumb brushing over my nipples until they were hard, aching points.

"Who's ready for syrup?" Vivian sang, turning around with a plate stacked high with pancakes.

Instantly, Yves's hands moved down, resting flat on my lap, a perfect picture of paternal affection. He was still buried inside me, a hot, full presence that made it hard to breathe. He hadn't moved, just held me there, impaled.

Vivian set the plate down and slid into the chair opposite us. Yves picked up a fork, cut a piece of pancake, and held it to my lips. "Open up, sweetheart. You're a growing girl, you need your strength."

I ate the pancake, my mind a blur of sensations. The sweetness of the syrup, the fullness of him inside me, the casual way Vivian watched us, a beatific smile on her face. Every so often, he would give a tiny, almost imperceptible roll of his hips. A mini-thrust that made me gasp. Each small movement sent a jolt straight to my trapped cock, and I could feel it leaking, a steady, shameful drip soaking into the lace of my panties.

When we finished, Yves excused himself to the bathroom. I practically fled to the guest room, my movements stiff and awkward. I had to get out of these soiled panties. I found a clean pair in the drawer and quickly changed, my hands shaking. As I was heading back to the kitchen, I heard it again. A soft moan. A rhythmic slap.

I crept to the doorway and peeked in. Vivian was bent over the kitchen sink, her hands braced on the counter. Yves was behind her, fucking her hard and fast. Thwap, thwap, thwap. It was a mirror of what he had done to me on that first night, the night he had taken Nathania against this very counter. The same shame, the same arousal, the same gut-wrenching exclusion flooded me.

"You're so much better than him," Vivian was panting, her head thrown back. "So much bigger. God, Yves, you have no idea. I have to make Nathan wear that buttplug sometimes, just so I can pretend it's you, just so I can get wet enough to let him fuck me."

The words were a public execution. My wife was emasculating me to the man who was inside me not ten minutes ago, the man who had just used me as a secret

cock-sleeve at the breakfast table. I turned away, my face burning, and retreated to the living room, curling up on the sofa and staring blankly at the wall.

Yves stayed. The holiday stretched before us, endless, suffocating.

I was not allowed to my room. Vivian had decided it. "Families spend time together," she had said, her voice bright, her eyes sharp. "Daughters don't hide in their rooms."

So I sat on the armchair, the one angled away from the sofa, and watched them.

They were on the sofa, Yves and Vivian, tangled together like newlyweds. His hand was under her blouse, cupping her breast, his thumb circling her nipple through the fabric. She was giggling, squirming, her legs draped over his lap, her skirt riding up to show her thighs.

I sat in the armchair, my knees pressed together, the cage throbbing. The vibrator was still inside me from the morning, dormant now, but its presence constant, a reminder. I could feel my own arousal leaking, slow, steady, soaking into the lacy panties Vivian had chosen for me.

"Stop," Vivian laughed, pushing at his chest, not meaning it. "Nathalie's watching."

"Let her watch," Yves murmured, his mouth against her neck. "She's learning what love looks like."

They kissed, deep, wet, his hand still working beneath her blouse. I could see the shape of it, the movement, the way her breath caught. My own breathing was shallow, my hands clasped in my lap, the skirt covering nothing, the cage visible if they looked, if they cared.

They didn't look.

They moved to the kitchen eventually, Vivian claiming she needed to start dinner. I followed, unable to escape, unable to leave. They were at the counter, Yves behind her, his hands on her hips, then sliding up to cup her breasts from behind, grinding against her as she pretended to chop vegetables.

"Yves," she gasped, laughing, scandalized. "Your daughter."

"She's not my daughter," he said, his voice low, his lips against Vivian's ear, but loud enough for me to hear. "Not really. But she thinks she is. And fathers don't fuck their daughters."

He turned to look at me, then, his eyes meeting mine over Vivian's shoulder. "Do they, Nathalie?"

I shook my head, mute, my throat dry.

"Good girl," he said, and returned to Vivian's neck, his hands moving again.

I stood in the doorway, watching, my panties damp, the cage tight, the cum leaking slow and steady into the lace. I couldn't touch myself. Couldn't relieve the pressure. Couldn't even leave.

I was their daughter. Their pretty, quiet, college-aged daughter who hovered at the edges of their lives, watching them love each other, learning my place.

The afternoon stretched into evening. The light changed, golden then gray, then dark. They moved back to the sofa, Yves and Vivian, tangled together again, her head on his shoulder, his hand resting on her thigh beneath her skirt. I remained in the armchair, forgotten, present.

"Movie night," Vivian announced suddenly, sitting up, her eyes bright, calculating. "Family movie night. That's what we need."

She looked at me, then, really looked, her gaze sweeping over my disheveled state, the mussed hair, the flushed cheeks, the visible dampness between my legs where the skirt had ridden up.

"Come here, sweetie," she said, patting the sofa beside Yves. "Sit with your daddy."

I hesitated. "I thought... fathers don't..."

"Sit on his lap," she said, her voice firm, maternal, the fujoshi gleam in her eyes. "Daughters sit on their fathers' laps. It's innocent. Wholesome."

I crossed the room, my legs unsteady, the heels still on, absurd now in the evening. Yves watched me approach, his expression unreadable, his hand still on Vivian's thigh. I lowered myself onto his lap, arranging myself carefully, my weight on his thighs, not his groin, my back straight, proper, daughterly.

"Better," Vivian murmured, settling against his other side, her hand finding his chest. "See? A happy family."

Yves's arm circled my waist, pulling me closer. His hand moved subtly, finding the hem of my skirt, sliding beneath. His fingers brushed the cage through my panties, then hooked into the waistband, pulling them aside. I felt him there, hard, hot, pressing, then sliding lower, finding my entrance, slick and ready from hours of watching them.

He didn't enter me. Not yet. He held me there, poised, while Vivian started the movie, some romantic comedy, the dialogue bright and meaningless. His hand rested on my hip, innocent, paternal, while his cock pressed against me, a promise, a threat.

"Give him a kiss," Vivian whispered suddenly, her eyes on the screen, her hand on his chest. "A daughter's kiss. Show your daddy you love him."

She turned to look at us, her expression soft, encouraging, completely unaware of how his fingers were positioned beneath my skirt, how close he was to entering me. "Go on, sweetie. Kiss your daddy."

I hesitated, trembling, his cock pressing against my entrance. Yves turned his head, his eyes meeting mine, waiting.

"Don't be shy," Vivian urged, her voice gentle, maternal. "It's just a kiss."

I leaned in, and Yves met me halfway. His hands came around my waist, pulling me flush against him as he claimed my mouth in a deep, possessive kiss.

His hands came around my waist, pulling me flush against him as he claimed my mouth in a deep, possessive kiss. It was a hungry kiss, full of unspoken things. While he kissed me, one of his hands snaked down, deftly undoing the button and zipper of his shorts. Then, with a practiced ease that made my breath hitch, he reached under the skirt of my sundress, pulled the crotch of my panties aside, and guided his hot, hard cock into my already slick entrance. Schlorp.

I gasped into his mouth as he filled me. He didn't move, just held me there, impaled and silent, while he ravaged my mouth with his tongue. The movie's soundtrack and the faint sounds of Vivian rummaging in the kitchen were the only sounds in the room. He was fucking me with the slow, steady rhythm of a kiss, a constant, aching pressure that made my own caged cock leak with a desperate, painful throb. I was terrified of being caught, yet my body was alight with a dark, secret arousal.



When Vivian returned a few minutes later with a large bowl of popcorn, Yves's hands were innocently resting on my lap, a perfect picture of paternal affection, even as he remained buried deep inside me. He had shifted me slightly, a subtle adjustment that allowed him to start a slow, almost imperceptible rocking motion. Each tiny thrust was a secret spark, a jolt of pleasure that made me clench around him.

Vivian settled back on the couch, placing the bowl of popcorn between her and Yves's empty space. She didn't seem to notice—or didn't care—that I was now

occupying Yves's lap. Her focus was on the screen as the movie's dramatic score swelled.

This was the opening Yves needed. His hands, which had been resting so innocently on my lap, tightened their grip on my hips. He began to move in earnest, a slow, deep rhythm that was completely hidden by our bodies and the dim light. Each thrust was a silent, invasive claim. Slip... slide... thump. The sounds were drowned out by the movie's explosions.

My breath hitched. I pressed my face into the crook of his neck, muffling the sounds I couldn't hold back. He took the cue, capturing my lips in a deep, searing French kiss. Mmphf... mmmph... My moans were swallowed by his tongue, my cries lost in the cavern of his mouth. His thrusts grew harder, more deliberate. Slap, slap, slap. The wet, rhythmic sound of our bodies was a filthy secret against the cinematic score.





He was fucking me, right next to my wife. To her, it would look like nothing more than a passionate, if slightly inappropriate, kiss between father and daughter. She would see a girl lost in her first romantic embrace, not a husband being used as a warm, tight sheath. The cage was a prison of pain, my own cock straining against the metal, a steady, humiliating drip of precum soaking the front of my panties.

His hips pistoned faster, the kiss growing more frenzied, more desperate. I was lost in it, the shame, the pleasure, the fear. I could feel him swelling inside me, the tell-tale sign of his impending release. He groaned into my mouth, a low, guttural sound, and then I felt it—the hot, thick pulse of his cum flooding my insides. Gush... gush... gush. Rope after rope of his release painting my inner walls, marking me as his.

The feeling sent me over the edge. A strangled cry was lost in our kiss as my own body convulsed. My trapped cock spasmed, a futile, desperate clench, and I felt a warm, wet gush as my ruined orgasm spilled from me, soaking the thin lace of my panties. Dribble, dribble. It wasn't a release, not really, just a painful, frustrating overflow.

Yves's cock twitched inside me, a final, possessive pulse. He didn't pull out. He just held me there, his arms wrapped around my waist, my back pressed to his chest, his cum a warm, slick pool deep in my ass. On the screen, the romantic comedy reached its climax, a swell of orchestral music and a declaration of true love.

Vivian sighed, a happy, dreamy sound, and snuggled closer to Yves, her head on his shoulder, her arm draping across his chest to rest on my hip. Her fingers brushed against mine. "See, sweetie?" she murmured, her eyes fixed on the movie. "That's what real love looks like. A happy ending."

I could only nod mutely, my face buried in the crook of Yves's neck. His scent, a mix of soap, sweat, and Vivian's perfume, filled my lungs. He was still hard inside me, a constant, full presence. The cage around my own cock was an agony, a hot, throbbing weight that seemed to pulse in time with my own heartbeat. I was trapped between them, a living, breathing part of their 'happy ending,' a secret ingredient in their love story.

Yves's hand slid down from my waist, under my skirt, finding the base of the vibrator I'd forgotten was still in my panties. His thumb brushed against the remote's small antenna. He pressed a button. BZZZZZZ.

A jolt, sharp and immediate, shot through me. I cried out, a strangled, choked sound that was half pleasure, half pain. My whole body went rigid, my back arching. My trapped cock convulsed, a desperate, useless spasm. The stimulation was too much, the fullness of him, the buzzing, the public nature of it, the humiliation.

"Mmmphf!" I moaned into his neck, my hands flying to his shoulders, my nails digging into his shirt.

"That's it, my girl," Yves whispered, his voice a low rumble against my ear, a private sound in a public space. "Cum for your daddy. Right here, with Mommy watching the movie."

The words were a lit match to gasoline. I couldn't stop it. The orgasm ripped through me, violent and overwhelming, tearing me apart from the inside out. My pussy clenched around his cock, a rhythmic, milking grip. My own cock spurted, a pathetic, weak pulse of cum that soaked the front of my panties, a wet, shameful heat. I shuddered, a full-body tremor, my vision whiting out with the force of it.

Vivian didn't notice. Or if she did, she didn't care. She just sighed again and patted my hip. "Good movie, isn't it?"

***

The credits rolled, a cheerful pop song playing as names scrolled up the screen. Yves finally stirred. He carefully lifted me off his lap, his softening cock sliding out of me with a wet, obscene shlurp. I felt a rush of warmth, a trickle of his cum escaping to slide down my thigh. I stood on shaky legs, my skirt falling back into place, the fabric instantly damp.

"Time for bed, sweetie," Yves said, his voice back to that casual, paternal tone. He took my hand, leading me toward the guest room. "You've had a big day."

He guided me inside, but didn't follow. Instead, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the pink vibrator. He bent down, and before I could react, he hooked his fingers into the crotch of my soiled panties, pulled them aside, and pushed the slick toy back into my already used hole. Schlorp. He seated it firmly, then adjusted the panties back into place. He gave me a soft pat on the ass, the gesture both proprietary and dismissive.

"Sleep tight, pumpkin," he murmured, and then he closed the door.

I heard the master bedroom door open and shut a moment later. I was alone in the dark, the vibrator humming to life, a low, maddening drone set by a silent, unseen command.

***

I lay on the bed, the babydoll nightdress twisted around my body. The vibrator was a constant, torturous presence, a low hum that kept me on a knife's edge of

arousal. Through the wall, the sounds started again. The soft creak of the bed. A low laugh from Vivian. A murmur from Yves.

Then, her moans. "Oh, God, yes... right there... don't stop..."

My hands clenched into fists. I tried to block it out, pressing a pillow over my ears, but it was no use. The sounds were inside my head. My own body was a traitor, responding to the stimulation, the cage aching with a renewed, desperate pain. I was so frustrated, so humiliated, so... turned on.

I rolled over, burying my face in the mattress. My hands found my own nipples through the sheer mesh of the babydoll. I pinched them, hard. A jolt of pleasure-pain shot through me. I twisted and pulled, my breath coming in ragged gasps. My other hand slid down my body, over my stomach, to the base of the vibrator.

I couldn't take it out. I knew that. But I could press it deeper. I pushed on it, the base of the toy hitting that spot inside me, making me cry out into the pillow. I rolled onto my back, my legs falling open. I found the control on my phone—Vivian must have synced it again. My thumb hovered over the intensity slider. I took a breath, and pushed it all the way up.

BZZZZZZZZZZ!

The world dissolved into a white-hot nova of sensation. My back arched off the bed, a silent scream tearing from my throat. The intense, focused vibration was too much, overwhelming. My legs shook uncontrollably. My trapped cock spasmed, a pathetic, useless twitch. The cage bit into my flesh, a sharp, agonizing counterpoint to the pleasure. The sounds from the other room faded into a dull roar. There was only the buzzing, the pain, the unbearable pleasure. I came again,

a dry, shuddering orgasm that left me gasping, a puddle of sweat and shame on the sheets.

I didn't sleep after that. I just lay there, the vibrator still buzzing, listening to my wife and her lover.

***

The next morning, the sun was too bright. I felt hollowed out, bruised. I dragged myself out of bed, my limbs heavy. I found a simple cotton sundress—blue, this time—and a clean pair of white cotton panties. I dressed on autopilot, the routine becoming second nature.

In the kitchen, the scene was familiar. Horribly, sickeningly familiar. Vivian was on her knees, her head bobbing in Yves's lap. His hands were tangled in her hair, guiding her movements. Slurp, slurp, slurp. Wet, greedy sounds filled the room.

They hadn't even noticed me. I stood in the doorway, watching. My stomach churned with a mix of jealousy, disgust, and a shameful, pathetic flicker of arousal.

Vivian pulled back, a string of saliva connecting her lips to the head of his cock. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and looked at me, her eyes glittering with a cruel, feral light.

"Good morning, sweetie," she chirped, her voice husky. "Come have some breakfast."

She gestured to the table, where a plate of eggs and toast sat. Yves just watched me, a lazy smirk on his face, his wet cock resting against his thigh.

I sat down, my appetite gone. I picked at my food, my eyes fixed on the tabletop.

"I've been thinking," Vivian said, getting to her feet and walking over to the coffee maker. "This whole 'stepdaughter' thing was fun, for a day. A little experiment. But I think I miss my husband. My sissy husband."

My head snapped up. My heart hammered against my ribs.

She turned back to me, a mug of coffee in her hand, her expression unreadable. "From now on, in this house, you're not Nathalie anymore. You're Nathania. My pretty little sissy wife. You and I are going to serve Yves together. Okay?"

My mind reeled. Nathania. The name from the business trip. His girlfriend. The role I had played, the one he had taken from me by force. Now Vivian was giving it back to me, but as a gift. A poisoned chalice.

I opened my mouth to protest, to say something, anything, but she was already in front of me. She leaned down, her face close to mine. I could smell Yves on her breath, see the faint sheen of him on her swollen lips.

"And to celebrate your new name," she whispered, and then she kissed me.

It wasn't a soft, maternal kiss. It was hard, possessive, a brand. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth, and I tasted him. Thick, salty, viscous. His cum. I gagged, my hands flying to her shoulders to push her away, but she was stronger than she looked. She held me there, her hands gripping the back of my neck, forcing me to swallow, to accept it. To be part of it. We were sharing her lover's seed, a twisted communion.

When she finally pulled back, I was gasping for air, tears stinging my eyes. She licked her lips, a satisfied smirk on her face.

Yves clapped slowly, a slow, sarcastic applause. "Well, well. A family breakfast. I could get used to this." He stood up, walking over to us, his still-hard cock leading the way. He looked down at me, his expression unreadable. He reached out, his fingers tracing the line of my jaw. "So, Nathania," he said, the name rolling off his tongue like a claim. "What do we do about this?" He tapped the metal cage, the clang a sharp, definitive sound in the quiet kitchen.

Before I could even form a thought, Vivian answered for me. Her hand covered Yves's, pressing it harder against the cage. Her eyes met mine, a challenge, a promise. "My sissy hubby doesn't need it," she said, her voice soft, yet ringing with absolute conviction. "He's learned his place. He knows who he belongs to now. Isn't that right, Nathania?"

Vivian didn't move her hand. She kept it pressed over Yves's, both of them holding the cage between my legs like a shared claim. "Actually," she said, turning to him, "I've been thinking about something else too."

Yves raised an eyebrow, but he was smiling-warm, present. "Oh?"

"This." She gestured vaguely with her free hand. "It's a lot. You've been dividing your attention constantly."

Yves nodded, his thumb stroking the metal. "It's been intense. I want both of you, but I can't keep up this pace. Something's going to break."

"Exactly." Vivian's eyes found mine. "Two weeks. No sex for Nathania. No orgasms. I've ordered a belt with a shallow plug-combined with a cage, same size as you're wearing now. Just enough to fill you, remind you what you're not getting. Cage off for showers only, under my supervision."

Yves considered this. "The dictation sessions-those would still be on the table? Since she's not getting off?"

Vivian thought for a moment, then nodded. "Yes. That's different. That's work."

Yves smiled, looking at me. "Similar to how I trained you in the office, remember? A whole week of only letting you suck my dick, no sex in return. Building the wanting."

I remembered. The week as his secretary, the kneeling, the swallowing, never being touched in return. My cheeks burned.

"And you two?" I asked, my voice small.

Vivian's hand squeezed tighter. "He's still fucking me," she said. "Just not you. For now. Recalibration."

Yves leaned down close to my face. "I still want you. This isn't rejection-it's making the wanting last."

I sat there, pinned between their hands, the cage feeling heavier than before.

"There's something else," Yves said, straightening up. "I got a call yesterday. Headhunter. Similar firm in another state. Corner office, bigger team, stock options."

Vivian's face fell immediately-disappointment raw and sharp. "Another state?"

"I'd have to relocate." He paused. "I'm not taking it. For now."

Vivian's expression shifted through several emotions-sadness, frustration, then reluctant acceptance.

I didn't know what to feel. Relief first: no more kneeling for Yves, no more swallowing him. But beneath that, something hollow. And then the image came unbidden-Vivian keeping me as Nathania in this house, Yves gone, her desperate for money or attention, whoring me out to men in this room, this bed. The thought made my stomach turn, but the cage tightened anyway.

Later that afternoon, Vivian left to go back to our old house for more of our things. I helped Yves move furniture, set up the guest room, trying not to think about what came next.

The doorbell rang around four. I answered it-a delivery driver with two packages. I signed for them automatically, my heart sinking when I saw the return addresses.

Vivian returned an hour later, breezing through the door with more boxes. "Packages came?" she asked, spotting them in my hands.

I nodded, unable to speak.

"Good. Bring them to the guest room, Nathania."

I followed her, the boxes heavy in my arms. She closed the door behind us and locked it. The click of the lock made my throat tighten.

"Put them down."

I set them on the bed. She opened the smaller one first-the belt, shallow plug and cage combined, same size as what I'd been wearing, clinical and unyielding. "Turn around. Bend over."

I obeyed, my hands trembling. She unlocked my current cage, the brief freedom almost painful, then pushed the new plug in-shallow, filling but not pleasurable, just

presence and denial. The belt locked around my waist, the new cage clicking shut over me, smooth and flat where I had been.

"Stand up."

I did. The plug was a constant dull pressure, a reminder with every shift of weight.

She opened the second package. Three French maid outfits spilled onto the bed-black and white, lace-trimmed, impossibly short. Fitted bodices with ribbon lacing, low wide necklines, skirts that would barely cover my thighs. Lace garters, wrist cuffs, frilled collars, maid headbands.

"Starting tonight," Vivian said, holding up one of the bodices against me, "you wear this whenever you're home. You cook, you clean, you serve. Like a proper maid."

She cupped both my breasts through my shirt, squeezing gently. "Looking at you now, maybe I don't need to worry about these going down. But if they do..." Her thumbs circled my nipples. "I can always top you back up. "

She stepped back, surveying me ,locked, plugged, surrounded by frills and lace.

"There's one more thing," she said. "If you're good. If you serve perfectly, wear your uniform without complaint..." She let the pause stretch. "Maybe I'll let you try to put that little sissy cock inside me. Maybe."

She unlocked the door. "Now go put on your uniform and start dinner. Yves will be hungry when he gets back."




The French maid outfit felt different this time. Not like the secretary games, not like the business trip. This was real. I stood in the kitchen, the black and white satin clinging to my body, the short skirt barely covering the cage and plug beneath. I had prepared dinner as instructed, and now I waited.

Yves entered first. He stopped when he saw me, his eyes traveling from the frilly headband to the fishnet stockings to the high heels. "Well," he said, a slow smile spreading. "This is a surprise."

Vivian followed, wrapping her arm around his waist. "I thought our maid should look the part," she said, light and playful. "Nathania has agreed to serve us properly for the next two weeks."

Yves circled me slowly. "Maid," he tested the word. "I like it. But if you're going to be our maid, you should address us properly." He lifted my chin with one finger. "You will call me Master. And Vivian will be Mistress. Is that clear?"

My throat tightened. "Yes, Master."

"Good." He slapped my ass hard enough to make me gasp. "Now serve dinner."

They didn't make me watch. That would have been almost kind.

Instead, I stood at attention by their bed, holding a silver tray with water glasses and a pitcher. The tray was heavy. My arms ached within minutes. The cage kept me in constant, useless arousal, the plug a relentless pressure.

Behind me, I heard everything. The wet sounds. Vivian's moans. Yves's grunts. The slap of skin. They took breaks, sometimes, reaching past me for water without acknowledging my presence. I stared at the wall, the tray trembling in my hands, my body screaming for touch I wouldn't receive.

This is worse than the daughter roleplay, I realized. At least then, Yves had touched me. At least then, there had been the promise of release, the tease of it, something. Now I was furniture. A table with arms.

But Vivian had promised. If I pushed through, if I served well, there would be normal sex. Real sex. Release. I clung to that promise like a lifeline, even as my arms burned and my cock strained against steel.

"Good night, maid," Vivian said finally, her voice thick with satisfaction. "You may go to your room."

I set down the tray. My arms felt like jelly. I slept in the babydoll, my hand hovering over myself, knowing I couldn't. Knowing if I did, I'd lose everything.

The alarm at 5 AM felt like cruelty. I rose in darkness, my body stiff from denied arousal, my mind foggy. I showered alone, the warm water my only comfort. Then came the ritual: unlock the cage, clean, lock it back. Remove the plug, clean, reinsert, lock. No pleasure. No lingering touch. Just function.

The maid outfit waited. I dressed and went to the kitchen.

Yves found me there, making eggs. He was in his robe, hair wet from his shower. "Maid," he said, and the word felt permanent now. He came up behind me at the stove, his hand finding my ass through the satin. "This looks sexy on you," he murmured, squeezing. "But you know I'm a married man. I can't cheat on my wife." He laughed, low and warm, and slapped me again. "Keep cooking."

Vivian emerged in a silk nightgown, glowing from sleep and satisfaction. She made a show of kissing Yves deeply, pressing against him, moaning loud enough for me to hear. "Good morning, husband," she said clearly, her eyes finding mine over his shoulder. "Did you sleep well?"

"Very well, wife," Yves replied, his hand on her hip. "Our maid took good care of us."

I served breakfast. Moved around them like furniture, clearing, pouring, invisible except when they wanted something. Then Vivian sent us off with a kiss for Yves and a pat on my cheek that felt like dismissal.

In the car, Yves drove in silence for several blocks. I sat in the passenger seat, the pencil skirt and blouse feeling strange after the maid uniform, the plug and cage still locked beneath.

"I need to tell you something," Yves said finally. He didn't look at me. "For the next two weeks, I can't give you the ring. I can't address you as my wife. Not at work, not anywhere." He paused at a red light, finally turning to me. "I hope you understand. This is... complicated. But if you succeed, if you serve well, there will be a reward."

I nodded, the words sinking in. No ring. No wife. Just maid. Just secretary. Just whatever they wanted.

But Vivian's promise echoed. *Normal sex. If you push through.*

"Yes, Master," I said.

Yves smiled and reached over, his hand finding my thigh under the skirt. "Good girl," he said. "Now let's go to work."

The floor was empty. Just Yves's department - himself and me. The rest of the company worked on other floors, other buildings. We were isolated. Alone.

I sat at my desk, the plug pressing with every shift, the cage keeping me on edge, while Yves conducted business as usual. At 11 AM, he called me into his office.

"Close the door," he said. "Lock it."

I did. When I turned back, he was already unzipping his pants.

"Under the desk," he said. "No hands. Just your mouth."

I sank to my knees in front of him, the plush carpet a soft cushion. He pulled out his half-hard cock. I leaned in, my mouth watering despite myself, and took him in.

Mmmph... slurp...

I worked my tongue around the head, tasting the faint, salty musk of him. His hand found my head, guiding my rhythm. I served him like this every day now, my arousal screaming, my own pleasure ignored. When he finished, he zipped up and returned to his computer without a word. I swallowed and went back to my desk, the taste of him my only satisfaction.

The pattern established itself. Each morning: maid duties, breakfast service, the car ride silence. Each day: secretary work, the office BJ, ignored arousal. Each evening: maid mode again, dinner service, standing with the water tray while they fucked behind me, sleeping in the babydoll with no release.

By Wednesday, I stopped expecting pleasure. By Thursday, I stopped hoping for it. The cage and plug had become part of me, as natural as breathing.

Wednesday - Week 1

Vivian was different at breakfast. Brighter. More touchy with Yves. She kept her hand on his thigh, leaned into him, whispered in his ear.

"I'm ovulating," she announced, looking directly at me. "Tonight, husband, I need you to fill me up."

Yves's smile was predatory. "Of course, wife."

I understood what this meant. What it would mean for me.

That night, after they finished, Vivian called me into their bedroom. She lay on the bed, legs spread, Yves's cum leaking from her pussy. The smell hit me immediately - sex and sweat and him.

"Clean me, maid," she said, her voice lazy with satisfaction. "Use your tongue. Make sure you get it all."

I crawled onto the bed between her legs. The cage strained as I lowered my face to her, tasting the mixture of her arousal and his seed. I licked carefully, thoroughly,

cleaning her as she moaned and gripped my hair. Yves watched from the bedside, already hard again, stroking himself as I served his wife.

When I finished, she pushed me away. "Good maid," she said. "Now go to your room. I need my husband again."

Saturday

Vivian had me strip in the bathroom. She examined my breasts, frowning slightly.

"They've shrunk," she said. "We need to top you up."

The needle came out. I stood still as she injected the filler, watching in the mirror as my chest swelled back to C cup, then slightly beyond. The weight returned, the heaviness, the constant awareness of my body.

"Perfect," Vivian said, stepping back to admire her work. She squeezed my new breasts, pinching the nipples until I gasped. "Now get dressed. We have a date."

I pulled on the maid uniform, confused. "A date, Mistress?"

"Yves and I," she clarified, her smile sharp. "You're staying here. We have a list of chores for you."

She handed me a piece of paper. Clean the entire apartment. Do laundry. Prepare tomorrow's meals. And at the bottom, a note: *Keys taken. No touching.*

"Be good, maid," Yves said, appearing in the doorway in a suit, looking handsome and unreachable. "We'll be back late."

They left. I heard the elevator doors close. Then silence.

I was alone. Locked. Aroused. With an entire apartment to clean and no way to relieve the pressure building inside me.

I started with the kitchen.

Sunday

They went out again. Another date. Another day alone.

I cleaned Yves's study, dusting his bookshelves, organizing his papers. I found a file with my name on it - Nathan, Nathania, medical records, photos. Evidence of what I'd become. I put it back without opening it.

The cage dug into me with every movement. The plug reminded me with every step. I was so aroused I could barely think, my mind foggy with need, my body desperate for touch.

I finished the chores by 3 PM. Then I sat on the couch in my maid uniform, staring at the wall, waiting for them to return.

They came back at 9 PM, laughing, smelling of wine and each other. Vivian's lipstick was smeared. Yves's shirt was unbuttoned lower than when he'd left.

"Good maid?" Vivian asked, her eyes bright.

"Yes, Mistress," I said, standing at attention. "All chores completed."

"Good," she said. "Now bring us wine. Then you may stand in the corner while we celebrate."

I brought the wine. I stood in the corner. I listened to them fuck on the couch, the same couch where I'd sat alone all afternoon, desperate and locked and waiting.

Week 2

Monday and Tuesday blurred together. The same routine. The same denial. The same water tray while they fucked behind me. My breasts were still swollen from Saturday's injections, tender and heavy in the maid uniform.

I was barely thinking anymore. Just serving. Just existing in a state of constant, denied arousal.

Wednesday - Week 2

The office BJ had become routine. I sank to my knees under Yves's desk, took him in my mouth, worked him with my tongue. The floor was empty. Just us. Just this.

Mmmph... slurp...

I was getting into rhythm when the elevator dinged.

The doors slid open, and Mr. Silva stepped out.

I froze, Yves's cock still in my mouth.

Mr. Silva, portly with a comb-over, squinted at us. "Yves. Good, you're here. Where's Nathan?"

Yves didn't flinch. He casually rested a hand on my head, holding me in place. "I sent him on an errand," he said, smooth as silk. "Won't be back for a while."

I held my breath, my heart hammering. The cage strained against my arousal. I was naked under the desk, a man's cock in my mouth, while my boss stood three feet away.

Mr. Silva sighed, running a hand over his balding head. "Listen, Yves. I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to say it. There's a downsizing coming. Upper management is obsessed with short-term gains, and the Strategic Innovations department is the first on the chopping block."

My blood ran cold.

"That means you and Nathan," Silva continued, looking genuinely regretful. "I tried to fight it, but it's beyond my hands. I've got your letters right here." He held up two sealed envelopes. "Two weeks' notice. I'll give you both excellent references, of course. I'm truly sorry about this."

He dropped the envelopes on Yves's desk, gave a curt nod, and left.

The elevator doors closed.

Yves looked down at me, still frozen under his desk. He smiled, slow and predatory.

"Well," he said, his hand tightening in my hair. "Looks like we have two weeks to figure out your exit interview."

The car ride home was silent. I sat in the passenger seat, the retrenchment letter heavy in my lap, my mind spinning. Two weeks. Or maybe Friday, if Yves could negotiate. But first, I had to survive the HR interview. As Nathan. As the man I used to be.

Yves drove with one hand on the wheel, the other resting on my thigh. He didn't speak until we pulled into the garage.

"Inside," he said. "We need to talk."

I changed into the maid uniform in the storage room. The satin felt familiar now, almost comforting. I served dinner to Yves and Vivian, moving around them, pouring wine, keeping my eyes down while they ate and talked.

"I sent the email," Yves said, cutting into his steak. "To the headhunter. Discussed terms."

Vivian's face lit up. "And?"

"They'll respond. But there's other news." He looked at me where I stood by the wall. "Mr. Silva came by today. Downsizing. Strategic Innovations department."

Vivian's fork paused halfway to her mouth. "Both of you?"

"Two weeks' notice. Standard." Yves chewed slowly. "However, if this company responds favorably, I can negotiate. Get our notice paid out. Last day Friday."

"Friday?" Vivian set down her fork. "That's so soon."

"There's a problem," Yves said. He gestured at me with his wine glass. "She has to attend her final HR interview. Exit procedures. She can't go as she is now." He paused, deliberate. "Or should she?"

Vivian looked at me, really looked at me. The maid uniform, the hair, the body that had changed so much. Then she laughed, touching Yves's arm. "Don't tease, husband. We can't have Nathan exposed like that."

She stood, walking over to me. Her hand found my chin, turned my face toward the light. "His face was always androgynous. No strong features to hide. The hair we style. The breasts we bind." She smiled, and I saw the promise in her eyes. "Thursday evening I'll prepare you. And if you do well..." She let the words hang, her meaning clear. "You'll get your reward. What I promised."

My heart raced. Normal sex. With Vivian. As her husband.

"Both interviews are Friday," Yves said. "Together. We'll go in, sign, leave. Then it's done."

Vivian nodded, still studying me. "One afternoon as Nathan. Then you come home, we take this off, and you're Nathania again." Her thumb traced my lower lip. "And maybe, if you're very good..."

She didn't finish. She didn't need to.

Thursday Evening

The bathroom felt like a transformation chamber. Vivian worked on me with clinical precision - the binding, the hair styling, the suit from my old life.

"Walk," she commanded.

I tried. Heel, toe. No sway. But my hips wanted to roll, trained by weeks in heels and the maid posture. I stumbled, caught myself.

"You're too used to being a girl," Vivian said, not unkindly. "Flat steps. Think heavy."

I practiced until I could manage. Not perfect, but passable.

"Good," she said. She stepped close, her hand on my arm. "Tomorrow you go as Nathan. Sign the papers. Come home." Her voice dropped. "And then... we'll see about your reward."

I clung to those words. Your reward. Normal sex. After.

Friday Morning

I woke at 5 AM. Maid routine. Unlock, shower, relock. The cage clicked shut. The plug settled deep. The uniform - black and white satin, frills, humiliation.

I served breakfast. Yves and Vivian ate while I moved around them, invisible, serving.

After, Vivian led me to the bathroom. "Time to become Nathan."

The binding compressed my chest, the C-cups flattened. The hair was styled short with gel. The suit hung loose on my changed body.

I looked in the mirror and saw a stranger.

"Walk," Vivian said.

I tried. Heel, toe. Shoulders back. My hips locked, fighting the urge to sway. The plug moved with each step, the cage a secret weight. I stumbled, caught myself.

"Better," Vivian said. "Minimal movement. Sit when you can."

She stepped close, her hand on my bound chest. "One afternoon. Then home. And..." She smiled. "Your reward."

I followed Yves to the car. Each step was a performance. The flat shoes felt alien. My body wanted to move differently, to be Nathania, to sway and serve.

The office building loomed. I hadn't been here in a month.

The security guard nodded. The elevator rose. The third floor.

"Nathan?" A voice behind me. I turned, too quickly, my hips threatening to sway.

Mark from Accounting. He stared, his eyes traveling over my face, my hair, my body. "Holy shit, man. You look... different. Skinny. Softer, almost."

"Working from home," I said, my voice carefully low. "Diet."

"Everyone's been asking about you." He fell into step beside me. "Impromptu goodbye thing. Conference room at eleven."

My blood ran cold. A gathering. People looking at me.

"Can't wait," I managed.

Yves was at his desk. I sank into my chair, grateful for cover. The cage pressed. The plug shifted. I kept my movements minimal, my posture stiff.

At ten-forty-five, Yves stood. "HR. Then the gathering. Then home."

I followed him down the hall, each step a calculation. Flat. Heavy. No grace. The binding held. My hips locked.

The HR office was safe. Small. We signed papers, collected documents. I kept my voice low, my eyes down.

Then the gathering. The conference room full of colleagues. They turned when I entered, and I felt every eye.

"Nathan!" Someone shouted. "Look at you!"

I forced a smile, kept my walk flat. The plug moved. The cage pressed. I had to keep my face neutral, pleasant, normal.

"Where've you been?" Marketing, touching my arm, my shoulder. "You look great. Thin. Soft."

"Working hard," I said. My voice wanted to rise. I forced it down.

The gathering was torture. Small talk, questions, people touching me. I stood near the wall, sitting when I could. Every shift of weight risked the plug, every gesture risked the sway.

"You okay?" Mark again. "You seem stiff."

"Back pain," I lied. "Sitting too much."

I survived until eleven-forty-five. Then Yves caught my eye, nodded toward the door.

We walked out together. In the elevator, I let my shoulders slump, just for a moment.

The car was sanctuary.

"Well done," Yves said, starting the engine.

I didn't answer. My hands were shaking.

Home. The door closed behind me, and I sagged against it.

Vivian appeared, smiling. "How was it?"

"Done," I breathed. "It's done."

"Good." She stepped close, her hand on my chest. The binding, the suit. "Then we can take this off. And you can be Nathania again."

She led me to the bathroom. I shed Nathan like a skin, grateful to become myself again. Even if myself was locked, denied, serving.

The binding came off, and I breathed, my C-cup breasts settling back into their natural weight. I washed my face, changed back into the maid uniform, the short skirt and frilly apron a familiar second skin. The cage and plug remained, constant reminders of my place.

At dinner, I served them as always, moving quietly around the dining room, refilling glasses, clearing plates. The weight of the cage was a dull ache, the plug a maddening pressure that kept me teetering on the edge of arousal.

Yves waited until I had served the dessert, a rich chocolate mousse, before he spoke. He took Vivian's hand across the table, a rare, intimate gesture that included neither food nor sex. "I have some news," he began, his voice calm, measured. "The other corporation has accepted my terms."

Vivian's fork paused. "Accepted?"

"They've offered me a senior management position," Yves continued. "Full relocation package. Three times my current salary. And," he looked at me, a small smile playing on his lips, "they've agreed to let me bring one of my former employees as a personal assistant, provided they're qualified."

He let that hang in the air. Vivian's eyes widened as she connected the dots. "Nathania?"

"She has the administrative experience," Yves confirmed. "She'll be my assistant."

Vivian squealed, a sound of pure, unadulterated joy. She jumped up from her chair, wrapping her arms around Yves's neck. "Oh, Yves! This is... this is everything!"

He held her, kissing her forehead. "There's more. They'll cover the costs of me selling this house and buying a new one there. As for you, my dear Vivian," he said, turning to her, "you can open a new branch of your beauty parlor, or keep this one and hire a manager. Whatever you wish."

Vivian was practically vibrating with excitement. "And I get to keep my sissy wife?" she asked, her eyes finding mine where I stood by the wall.

Yves's smile widened. "You both come with me. As a package deal." He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "And I have a pleasant surprise for both of you. Something you've been wishing for."

My heart hammered against my ribs. Freedom? Was this it? Was this my chance to escape?

"Now," Yves said, turning back to me, "this does mean one thing. Nathania will have to be Nathan for a short flight. A three-hour flight, plus another three at the airport. Six hours as my old employee, my assistant, to get us there. After that..." He let the promise hang in the air.

Vivian clapped her hands together. "Oh, this is perfect! A new start! A new state where no one knows us! We can really make this permanent!"

Permanent.

The word hit me like a physical blow. A new state. No friends, no family, no one who knew me as Nathan. Just Yves, Vivian, and Nathania, locked away forever. My chance of freedom wasn't slipping away; it had never been there at all.

"We'll start packing immediately," Yves announced, rising from the table. "The movers will be here tomorrow morning."

He and Vivian left the dining room, their arms wrapped around each other, their voices a low murmur of excited plans. I stayed behind, cleaning up the dinner dishes, the sounds of their happiness a dull roar in my ears.

That night, the sounds from their bedroom were different. Not just the usual slap of skin, but laughter, words of love, promises of a new life together. I stood in the corner with the water tray, the maid uniform a cage of satin and lace, listening to them celebrate a future that had no room for Nathan, only for their sissy wife.

Afterwards, Vivian called me to the bed. "Clean me, maid," she commanded, her voice thick with satisfaction.

I knelt between her legs, my tongue working to clean her of Yves's release, the taste of their combined pleasure a bitter reminder of my place.

"Good maid," she said, pushing me away. "Now go to your room. Your master needs me again."

I slept fitfully, the babydoll twisted around my body, the promise of a new life a cold dread in my stomach.

The next morning, the apartment was a flurry of activity.

My mistake. I will correct and continue from the movers arriving at Nathan's old house.

The next morning, Yves dropped us off at our old house. The place Vivian and I had shared as husband and wife. It felt strange, like walking into a life I'd forgotten. Vivian was dressed casually in jeans and a t-shirt, ready to go to her shop. I was

still in my maid uniform, the frills and lace completely out of place in a home filled with my old life.

"Movers will be here soon," Vivian said, checking her phone. "I have to go handle things at the shop. Cancel the lease, settle accounts. You," she pointed at me, "direct the movers. Don't let them break anything. And for God's sake, Nathania, try to keep your ass from getting slapped."

She left, and I was alone. The house echoed with emptiness.

The movers arrived an hour later. Two burly men in stained t-shirts. They stopped dead when they saw me, their eyes traveling over the exposed shoulders, the low neckline, the frilly apron that barely covered my crotch.

"Well, well," the taller one said, a slow grin spreading across his face. "Looks like we hit the jackpot today, Frankie."

The shorter one, Frankie, whistled. "Damn right, Lou. Don't see maids like this every day."

My face burned. I smoothed down my skirt, a useless gesture. "The living room furniture needs to go into the truck first," I said, my voice trembling slightly. "Please be careful with the glass cabinet."

Lou walked past me, intentionally brushing against my ass. "Sure thing, sweetheart. We'll be real careful."

For the next three hours, I was a spectacle. They whistled every time I bent over to point something out. Frankie "accidentally" brushed against my breasts. Lou slapped my ass hard enough to make me yelp when I was directing them with the boxes from the attic. "Just encouraging the help," he'd said with a wink.

I endured it. What choice did I have? Every touch made me flinch, my mind screaming with the fear that they'd discover the cage, the plug, the truth. I kept moving, pointing, directing, my face a mask of humiliation. The uniform felt like a sign inviting their behavior, and I was trapped inside it.

Finally, they were done. The house was empty except for the furniture they were leaving behind. They loaded the last of the boxes, their eyes on me the entire time.

"Too bad you're coming with the furniture, sweetie," Lou called from the truck. "Could've shown you a real good time."

They drove off, leaving me in the empty, echoing house.

Vivian returned an hour later. She looked around, satisfied. "Good. The movers did their job. You did yours." She addressed me as 'maid' as if the men were still there, as if my role was now so permanent it didn't matter who heard.

She led me to what was once our bedroom. Now it was just an empty space, the dust motes dancing in the light from the window. "Lift up your dress, maid," she commanded, her business-like tone belying the intimacy of her words.

My hands shook as I lifted the black satin skirt. Vivian knelt, her fingers hooking into the waistband of my panties. She pulled them down, exposing the cage and the belt. Then came the click of a key. She unlocked the belt, then the cage.

My cock, free for the first time in two weeks, was limp, shriveled. It felt strange, exposed.

"What... what's happening?" I asked, my voice a raw whisper.

"You were a good maid today," Vivian said, looking up at me, her expression unreadable. "You endured. And I promised you a reward, remember? Before we make this permanent."

She stood, taking my hand. "Lie down on the floor," she said, her voice softening. "On the blanket I brought."

I did as she asked, my limbs stiff. She lay down beside me, her hands exploring my body. She kissed me, a slow, deep kiss that was different from the others, not about possession, but something else. Her hands found my cock, stroking it gently.

"Let's see if we can wake him up," she murmured. "Let me feel my husband, just one last time."

But nothing happened. My cock remained limp, a lifeless thing in her hand. Minutes passed. Her touch was gentle, then firm, then teasing, but there was no response.

Vivian sighed, a frustrated sound. "Useless," she muttered. She reached into her bag and pulled out a small bottle of lube. "Turn over."

I complied, confused. I heard the click of the cap, then the wet squelch of lube on her fingers. Then, a cold, slick pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

Her finger slid inside me, finding that spot immediately. A jolt, sharp and immediate, shot through me. "Ahhh!" I cried out, my back arching. My cock twitched, a small, pathetic sign of life.

"There we go," Vivian said, a cruel satisfaction in her voice. "That's what gets you going, isn't it? Not your wife's touch, but a finger in your ass."

She worked her finger in and out, scissoring, stretching. My cock stirred, slowly, unwillingly filling with blood. "See?" she mocked. "My little sissy just needs her pussy played with."

When I was half-hard, she pulled her finger out with a wet pop. "Turn over," she commanded again. "Try to fuck me now, Nathan."

I rolled onto my back, my cock semi-erect. Vivian lay back, spreading her legs. I positioned myself between them, the head of my cock brushing against her entrance. I pushed in.

The feeling was... strange. Distant. My cock felt smaller, the sensation muted. I thrust, trying to find a rhythm, but it was awkward. My hips wanted to roll in the way they'd been trained, but that felt wrong here, with her.

"Harder," Vivian said, her voice flat. "Is that all you've got?"

I tried, pounding into her, my breath coming in ragged gasps. But my erection was fading, the stimulation not enough. "Please," I begged, "I... I can't..."

Vivian sighed again. "Fine." She reached behind me, her finger finding my asshole again. She pushed in, dry this time, a sharp, burning pain that shot through me, making my cock surge with an unwilling hardness.

"There," she said, her finger working in tandem with my thrusts. "Now you can fuck me."

I did, for a while. Twenty minutes. The friction, the stimulation, her finger in my ass, it all built to a pathetic, weak orgasm. A few drops of cum spurted from my cock, and then it went completely soft.

I kept thrusting, trying to please her, but it was no use. My cock was a dead weight inside her.

"For God's sake, get off me," Vivian said, pushing me away. "Use your mouth."

I moved down, burying my face between her legs, my tongue working to bring her to the climax I couldn't. Another ten minutes of this, my jaw aching, my face covered in her juices, before she finally came with a shuddering gasp.

We lay there in silence, the only sound our breathing. I looked at her, at the sweat on her brow, the satisfied flush on her cheeks. I had spent thirty minutes trying to please her, and this was the result.

My eyes burned. I felt like crying, the humiliation so complete it was a physical weight.

Vivian saw my expression. She sighed, then pulled me into a hug, her arms wrapping around me. "It's alright," she said, her voice surprisingly gentle. "It's alright, sweetie."

She held me for a moment, then pulled away. "We need to get back. Yves will be waiting." She stood, reaching for her jeans. "The maid duties end tomorrow. After that, you'll be my sissy wife full-time."

She paused, her hand on my cheek. "I just wanted to feel Nathan's dick one last time. Before he's gone for good."

Moving and Surpise

We drove back to Yves's house in silence. My body ached with a strange emptiness, the phantom weight of Vivian's touch, the ghost of my failure still clinging to me. I was locked again, the cage a cold reminder of my place, the plug a dull pressure deep inside me.

Yves was waiting for us in the living room, a glass of whiskey in his hand. He looked up as we entered, a small, knowing smile on his face. "I trust your trip was... productive?"

Vivian nodded, stretching. "Productive enough. I sold my house through an agent. He'll handle the rest." She dropped onto the couch beside Yves, her head on his shoulder. "I'm exhausted."

Yves's gaze shifted to me, still standing by the door in my maid uniform. "And you, maid? Did you serve well?"

I nodded, unable to meet his eyes.

"Good," he said, setting down his glass. "Because I've been neglected these past few days. Come here."

My feet moved on their own, carrying me across the room. I knelt before him, the short skirt riding up my thighs. He unzipped his pants, pulling out his half-hard cock.

"Service me," he commanded.

I leaned in, my mouth opening to take him in. The familiar taste, the familiar weight on my tongue. Vivian watched for a moment, a tired smile on her face, then rose from the couch.

"Have fun, you two," she said, heading toward the bedroom. "I'm going to bed."

Mmmph... slurp... gluck...

I worked my tongue around the head, tasting the salt of him, my own arousal a distant, ignored throb. Yves's hand found my head, guiding my rhythm, fucking my mouth with slow, deliberate thrusts. He didn't speak, just watched me, his expression unreadable.

When he finished, I swallowed, the taste of him lingering. He zipped up without a word, rising from the couch.

"Go to your room," he said. "We have a long day tomorrow."

I slept fitfully, the babydoll twisted around my body, my mind replaying the afternoon with Vivian. The feel of her, the taste of her, the humiliating failure of my own body. For the first time in weeks, I had been with my wife, and I had failed her completely.

The next morning, Vivian and Yves were both there as I was unlocked from my cage and plug. Yves watched, a detached interest in his eyes, as Vivian removed the chastity device. Then she replaced it with the previous cage, one without the plug or the belt, just a simple metal cage around my limp cock.

"There," she said, stepping back to admire her work. "More comfortable for you."

I stood there, naked from the waist down, the cold metal a familiar weight. I didn't know if I should be happy or sad. The constant pressure of the plug was gone, but I was still locked, still denied.

At breakfast, I served them as usual, moving around the table, refilling glasses, clearing plates. But when I finished, Vivian gestured to the empty chair beside her.

"Sit with us, Nathania," she said, her voice soft.

Nathania.

Not 'maid'. Not 'sissy'. But my name.

Tears pricked my eyes, hot and sudden. I sank into the chair, my hands trembling.

"Oh, sweetie," Vivian said, her hand covering mine. "It must have been so hard for you. Not getting to have Yves's dick up your ass."

She smiled, a genuine, warm smile. Yves chuckled, pulling me onto his lap. His arm wrapped around my waist, his hand stroking the exposed skin of my thigh.

"We're proud of you, Nathania," he said, his breath warm against my ear. "You've served us well."

I buried my face in his chest, the tears flowing freely now. I was crying, but they were tears of joy, of relief. I was not just a maid anymore. i was part of them"

"The new house is ready," Yves continued, his voice a low murmur. "As large as this one. And there's someone I've gotten to know of in that state, someone who will be very helpful for our future endeavors. A surprise for both of you."

I looked up, wiping my eyes. "A surprise?"

Yves smiled. "A very good one. But that's for later. First, flight tickets are secured. We leave on Wednesday." His thumb rubbed circles on my thigh. "For the journey, you'll have to be Nathan again. A man, my assistant. But after we land..." He let the promise hang in the air.

"For the coming days," he continued, "we have to finish our local stuff. Move out of my house, including my car, which will be delivered to the new house. Change of address, mail, all that." He paused, his eyes traveling over my body, still in the maid uniform. "I like this outfit," he said. "I want you to wear it until we leave for the airport."

For the next few days, I was their maid, their wife, their shared toy. Yves didn't fuck me, but he was constantly touching me - fondling my breasts when I bent over, grabbing my ass as I passed, stealing kisses that tasted of possession. Vivian watched, a knowing smile on her face, sometimes joining in, sometimes just enjoying the show.

Wednesday arrived too soon.

"I'll be sad to see this go," Yves said, tracing the lace trim of my apron.

"It's for the best," Vivian replied, unlocking my cage. "Can't have metal detectors going off." She examined my now-shrunken B-cup breasts. "We'll need to top these up when we land. Make them D-cups again."

I shuddered at the thought, but said nothing.

Vivian styled my hair into a man bun, not cutting it, just taming the length. "There," she said, stepping back. "Passable."

Then, she did something unexpected. She knelt before me, her mouth finding my limp cock. "A reward," she murmured, before taking me in.

Mmmph... slurp...

The sensation was overwhelming after so long denied. Her tongue swirled around the head, her lips slid down my shaft. Three minutes. That's all it took. A strangled cry, a pathetic spurt, and it was over.

Vivian rose, swallowing, then leaned in to kiss me. Her tongue pushed into my mouth, and I tasted my own cum. "You need it more than I do," she said, wiping her lips.

Our luggage was minimal, but Vivian had packed an extra suitcase for me. "A wonderful surprise," she said, when I asked. "Yves told me to get it ready, but not what's inside."

The airport was a nightmare. Every security guard, every scanner, felt like a threat to my secret. Vivian and Yves laughed and joked beside me, while I stood rigid, my heart pounding. Luckily, there were no full-body scanners, just a normal x-ray. I passed through without incident.

"You're doing fine, sweetie," Vivian whispered, taking my hand. "Just a little longer."

We landed three hours later. Yves led us to a rental car, and my gut twisted with dread. I knew this wasn't the end.

My suspicions were confirmed when we checked into a motel. "Just for a little while," Yves said, unlocking the door.

Inside, Vivian pulled out the saline and needles. "Time to get you back to normal, Nathania," she said, her voice cheerful.

I lay on the bed, my eyes squeezed shut as she injected the solution into my breasts. The pressure built, my skin stretching as they swelled back to D-cups. "This should last for two weeks," she said, patting my newly-full breasts. "A longer-lasting solution."

Then came the cage again, just the simple metal one this time. And a dress.

"I don't understand," I said, looking at the floral dress Vivian held out. "This isn't your style."

"It's not for me," she replied. "It's a surprise for us."

She helped me into it - a soft, fitted floral thing in pale cream with small pink flowers. The neckline was straight and open, leaving my collarbones and shoulders exposed. The bodice clung to my torso, my breasts full and noticeable. The hem ended high above my knee, an asymmetrical ruffle rising even higher on one side, exposing most of my thighs.

"But why this?" I asked, running my hands over the fabric.

Vivian styled my hair into a man bun, not cutting it, just taming the length. "There," she said, stepping back. "Passable."

Our luggage was minimal, but Vivian had packed an extra suitcase for me. She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. "A wonderful surprise," she said, when I asked. "Even I don't know what's inside. Yves told me to get the luggage and the contents ready, but not what it's for."

Yves was waiting for us in the living room, looking impatient. "Are we ready? The car's here."

The airport was a nightmare. Every security guard, every scanner, felt like a threat to my secret. Vivian and Yves laughed and joked beside me, while I stood rigid, my heart pounding.

"You're doing fine, sissy," Vivian whispered, her hand squeezing mine. "Just a little longer."

Luckily, there were no full-body scanners, just a normal x-ray. I passed through without incident, though my palms were sweating so badly I could barely grip my carry-on.

We landed three hours later. The humid air hit us as we stepped out of the airport. My gut twisted with dread as Yves led us to a rental car. I knew this wasn't the end. This was just the beginning.

My suspicions were confirmed when we checked into a motel. "Just for a little while," Yves said, unlocking the door to a room that smelled of stale cigarettes and cheap air freshener.

Inside, Vivian pulled out the saline and needles. "Time to get you back to normal, Nathania," she said, her voice cheerful.

I lay on the bed, my eyes squeezed shut as she injected the solution into my breasts. The pressure built, my skin stretching as they swelled back to D-cups. "This should last for two weeks," she said, patting my newly-full breasts. "A longer-lasting solution."

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one side, exposing most of my thighs.



"But why this?" I asked, running my hands over the fabric.

Vivian silenced me with a kiss, her tongue pushing into my mouth. "A surprise," she repeated, her hands roaming over my new curves. Then she applied makeup - foundation, mascara, a soft pink lipstick. When she was done, she changed into a pair of jeans and a simple blouse.

I stared at her jeans, a familiar ache of longing in my chest. "Why can't I wear jeans?" I asked, my voice small.

Vivian laughed. "Because, sweetie, Yves has required Nathania to not wear anything pant or jeans related for now. You're a sissy, and sissies wear dresses."

Yves entered as she finished her sentence, looking relaxed. He checked his watch. "We have to arrive at our next stop soon."

We talked in the car as if Nathan was just an act, a costume I wore for convenience. "Our little sissy is much prettier like this," Vivian said, her hand resting on my thigh. "Nathan is just for the airports and security lines."

Thirty minutes later, Yves turned down a long, private road. At the end stood a massive mansion, its gray siding and white trim blending into the lush green landscape. Eight-foot hedges surrounded the property, creating a private world.

"Wow," Vivian breathed. "Is this your new house, Yves?"

Yves laughed. "Something else. Someone I know."

He pulled up to the front gate, speaking to the security guard through the intercom. A moment later, the gates swung open.

We parked, and Yves approached an older man standing by the front door - the butler, I assumed. Yves whispered in his ear, and the man nodded, gesturing for us to follow him inside.

We had to pass through a security check first. I froze as I walked through the metal detector, the ping echoing in the quiet foyer. The butler glanced at the monitor, then nodded, waving me through without a pat down.

"It's fine," Yves assured me, placing a hand on my back. "They're discreet."

Inside, in the living room, a man was relaxing on the sofa. He was barefoot, dressed in casual pants and a t-shirt, a glass of whiskey in his hand. He looked up as we entered, a smile on his face.

"Welcome," he said, rising to his feet. "A friend of Laurent is a friend of mine."

Laurent.

The name struck a chord in my memory, but I couldn't place it. I struggled to remember, my mind drawing a blank.

"Please, sit," Ryan said, gesturing to the couch.

Yves and Ryan sat opposite each other, with Vivian and me on either side of Yves. They talked business, their voices low but clear.

"How long will the legalizing of the documents take?" Yves asked.

Ryan sipped his whiskey. "Three days with her," he said, his eyes flicking toward me.

Yves slid a document across the table. Ryan read it, muttering under his breath. "This request is harder than the previous one. I'll need to increase it to six days. It's my neck on the line."

Yves nodded, opening a folder and sliding another stack of documents to Ryan. Ryan looked through them, nodding occasionally. "Everything's in order. Should be smooth sailing, if nothing unforeseen happens." He glanced up at Yves. "When will the exchange happen? Today, if possible? I'm getting a two-week break from work."

Yves smiled, gesturing toward me. "It will happen today."

Ryan nodded, and they shook hands.

I sat there, my mind racing. Laurent. Where had I heard that name? And what were they exchanging? The conversation sounded like something out of a crime movie, a drug deal in a fancy mansion. I caught a glimpse of a document - my signature, Vivian's signature. When had I signed that?

The men stood, shaking hands again. "Thank you for helping me fast track the process," Yves said.

Ryan smiled. "One hand washes the other."

Yves turned to me. "Nathania, you'll stay here for a while. You need to be here for the next part."

He whispered something in Vivian's ear. Her expression changed from confused to excited. She gave me a thumbs up. "Tell me what happens later," she said, her voice full of mischief.

I watched them leave, their car sounds growing fainter. Then I noticed it - the extra luggage Vivian had packed for me, sitting by the door.

Ryan walked over to a small table, switching on what looked like a router. Then he returned to the couch, sitting next to me. He examined me, his eyes traveling over my body, lingering on my breasts, my exposed thighs.

"You're even lovelier than Laurent described," he said, his voice a low purr.



Then he pulled me in for a kiss. I struggled, panic rising in my chest. I didn't want him to find out I was a man, that I had a caged dick between my legs.

But he was stronger, his arms wrapping around me, pulling me flush against him. His tongue pushed into my mouth, exploring, tasting. I moaned, my body betraying me. Weeks of denial, of being edged, had left me desperate for touch.

"I'm going to make you feel like my princess for the next six days," he murmured against my lips.

I was scared, but my arousal was at maximum. His hands roamed my body, cupping my breasts, pinching my nipples through the thin fabric of the dress. I whimpered, my back arching.

Then his hands moved lower, sliding up my thighs, pushing the dress higher. I froze, my heart pounding. He was getting closer to the cage, to the truth.

His fingers brushed against the lace of my panties. He paused, then slipped underneath, touching the cold metal of the cage.

He stopped and looked at me, his eyes wide with surprise. Then he smiled, a slow, predatory grin. He fondled the cage, his fingers tracing the bars.

The name Laurent echoed in my mind, a ghost from a different life, a different world. The office. The business trip. Yves and I, with our respective sissies, while we talked numbers and partnerships. Laurent had introduced Yves to Ryan. That was it. That was the connection. My blood ran cold. This wasn't random. This was a calculated move. But before I could fully process the thought, Ryan's lips were on mine again, pulling me back into the present, into the nightmare.

Ryan's fingers traced the cold bars of my cage, a thoughtful expression on his face. "So," he said, his voice a low murmur, "this is what Yves has been keeping from me." He looked up, a smile playing on his lips. "Ryan," he said, introducing himself. "Not Cross. Just Ryan. And for the next six days, you'll be my hired lover."

I pulled back, my heart pounding. "No! I... I didn't sign anything. I'm married!" The words were a desperate lie, but I clung to them.

Ryan just chuckled, shushing me with a finger on my lips. "It's nothing," he said softly, his other hand trailing down my body, over the curve of my hip, to rest on the lace of my panties. He pressed against the metal cage, then further back, a single finger circling my puckered hole. "This is where everything is."

He corrected me gently, his lips finding mine again in a soft, persuasive kiss. "You're divorced now, sweetie. The papers Yves gave me? They were for Nathan to divorce Vivian, and for Yves to marry Vivian. You're free. Free to be mine."

Divorced.

The word echoed in my mind, a death knell to a life I barely remembered. I was free, but what did that mean when I was still trapped in this body, this cage, this dress?

Ryan's tongue pushed into my mouth, silencing my protests, his hands roaming my body, rekindling the fire he'd started earlier. I moaned, my body betraying me, weeks of denial leaving me desperate for touch.

His fingers found my asshole again, circling, teasing. "Mmmph..." I whimpered, my hips bucking involuntarily.

"Relax, princess," he murmured, his other hand cupping my breast, thumbing my nipple through the thin fabric of the dress. "Let Ryan take care of you."

I heard the click of a lube bottle cap, then the wet squelch as he slicked his fingers. Then, a cool, slick pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

One finger slid inside me, and I cried out, a sharp, needy sound. My back arched, my body begging for more. He worked his finger in and out, scissoring, stretching, preparing me. "Ahhh... please..."

Schlorp. Schlorp.

Two fingers now, stretching me wider, hitting that spot deep inside me that made my toes curl. "Please, Ryan... please..."

"Please what, princess?" he asked, a cruel amusement in his voice.

"Please... fuck me..."

I heard the rustle of clothes, then the wet schlick of lube on his cock. Then, a much larger pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He was big, as big as Yves, stretching me to my limits.

"Shhh," he murmured, kissing my neck. "Just relax. Let me in."

He pushed deeper, until he was fully inside me, his hips flush against my ass. He stayed there for a moment, letting me adjust, then began to move.

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a rhythm that was both brutal and exquisite. My cock strained against the cage, a desperate, pleading thing. I could feel the pressure building, my body coiling like a spring.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my balls, rubbing it through the lace of my panties. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He turned me over, a smile on his face.

After our initial coupling on the couch, Ryan lifted me into his arms with surprising strength, carrying me princess-style toward a grand staircase. The motion made my head swim, the cum still leaking from my ass marking a trail on the marble floors of this strange house.

"Time to get you out of that ugly cage," he murmured against my ear, his breath warm. "I have much more suitable ones for my girls."

My heart fluttered. Freedom? Even temporary freedom from the metal prison around my cock was a tantalizing thought.

He carried me into a master bedroom that dwarfed any I'd ever seen - a king bed that looked like it could swallow three people whole, plush carpets that swallowed sound, and windows overlooking a perfectly manicured garden. He gently set me on my feet beside the bed, then retrieved a small velvet box from a drawer in the nightstand.

With a click, he unlocked the metal cage, my cock springing free, shriveled and sensitive after weeks of confinement. I sighed in relief, the feeling of unrestricted blood flow almost painful in its intensity.

But my relief was short-lived. Ryan opened the velvet box, revealing what lay inside.

"This," he said, lifting out a minuscule plastic cage, "is much more appropriate for a princess like you."

My blood ran cold. The device was tiny - maybe an inch long when fully assembled, with rings so small they looked like they belonged in a doll's jewelry box.

"No," I whispered, taking a step back. "Please, no. That's... that's too small."

Ryan chuckled, advancing on me slowly. "Oh, I think it's perfect. It'll make you completely flat, smooth. Just like you should be."

He grabbed my wrist, pulling me toward him. His other hand cradled my balls, rolling them gently as he examined them against the small plastic ring he held. "This one will fit perfectly, I think. Nice and tight."

Tears welled in my eyes as he began the process of fitting me with the new device. The cold plastic was unforgiving, constricting, squeezing my already sensitive flesh into a space that seemed impossibly small. I cried out as he snapped the final lock into place, a sharp, shooting pain radiating through my groin.

"There now," Ryan said, admiring his work. "Perfectly flat. Perfectly smooth."

He leaned in, kissing my cheek as I whimpered in discomfort. "Shh, princess. Doesn't that feel better? So much prettier?"

His hands roamed over my body, pulling me flush against him. The pain began to dull, replaced by the familiar ache of arousal as his fingers traced the neckline of my floral dress, dipping lower to cup my breasts through the thin fabric.

"Much better," he murmured, undoing the bows on my shoulder straps. The dress fell away, pooling at my feet, leaving me in nothing but the pink lace bra and panties Vivian had packed for me. "Now we can really make love."

He lowered me onto the bed, the sheets cool against my overheated skin. His body covered mine, his weight comforting and terrifying all at once. His lips found mine in a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs.

"Such beautiful breasts," he murmured, unhooking my bra and tossing it aside. His hands molded to my curves, thumbs brushing against my nipples until they pebbled into tight buds. "So responsive."

I arched into his touch, a soft moan escaping my lips despite myself. Weeks of denial had left me desperate for contact, for stimulation, for release.

"Ryan," I whispered, his name a prayer and a curse.

He kissed down my neck, across my collarbones, taking one sensitive peak into his mouth. I cried out, my fingers tangling in his hair as he suckled, nibbled, worshipped my breasts.

"You know," he said, his breath hot against my skin, "Yves and Vivian sold you to me for the next six days."

I froze, my mind reeling. "Sold? What do you mean, sold?"

Ryan chuckled, his hands trailing down my sides, hooking into the waistband of my panties. "They needed a favor. I needed company. So we made a trade." He slowly peeled the lace down my legs. "Six days of you in exchange for something they wanted very badly."

Before I could protest further, he captured my lips in another searing kiss. My body betrayed me, responding to his touch despite the horrifying revelation. His fingers found my asshole, already slick from our earlier encounter and my own excitement.

Schlorp.

One finger slid inside me, and I gasped into his mouth. "Please..."

"Please what, princess?" he asked, working another finger inside me. "Please stop? Or please continue?"

My body answered for me, my hips rocking against his hand. "Continue," I whimpered. "Please continue."

He chuckled, the vibration of his chest against mine making me shudder. "I thought so."

Schlorp. Schlorp.

He worked me open, scissoring his fingers, stretching me. "You're so tight, princess. So hungry for me."

"Ryan," I moaned, my head thrown back against the pillows. "Please..."

"Please what?" he asked, his thumb pressing against my perineum, sending shocks of pleasure through my body. "Please fuck you? Please fill you up?"

"Y-yes," I stammered. "Please, Ryan. Please fuck me."

He positioned himself between my legs, the head of his cock nudging against my entrance. I watched him slick himself with lube, the wet sounds making me ache with need.

Schlick. Schlick.

Then he pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"You know," he said, his hips moving in a slow, steady rhythm, "I'm a judge. The one who signed off on Yves and Vivian's marriage license."

My eyes widened. "What?"

Ryan smiled, a slow, predatory grin. "That's why Yves brought you here. To thank me properly."

I tried to protest, to question him, but he captured my lips in another deep kiss, swallowing my words. My body responded, arching against him, taking him deeper.

"I have a special license that allows me to marry couples in the state," he continued, his hips picking up speed. "That's how I did it. Fast-tracked their paperwork, made them legal. In exchange..." He paused, looking down at me. "In exchange for six days with you."

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a brutal rhythm that left me breathless. My cock strained against its tiny plastic prison, a desperate, pleading thing. I could feel the pressure building, my body coiling like a spring.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it through my panties. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He turned me over, a smile on his face. "Ready for round two, princess?"

Before I could answer, he was lifting me, positioning me above him. "Reverse cowgirl," he murmured against my ear. "I want to watch my cock disappear into your pretty little ass."

I straddled him, my back to his chest, and slowly lowered myself onto his cock. He was still hard, still eager, and the stretch was deliciously painful.

"Ahhh..." I moaned as he filled me completely.

Ryan's hands found my breasts, kneading them, pinching my nipples until I cried out. "Ride me, princess," he commanded. "Ride my cock."

I began to move, lifting myself up and down, the slick sounds of our coupling filling the room. Schlorp. Schlorp. His hands guided my hips, setting a rhythm that was both punishing and exquisite.

"That's it," he growled, his fingers digging into my flesh. "Take it all."

I leaned back, turning my head to capture his lips in a messy, desperate kiss. Our tongues tangled, teeth clashing, as I rode him harder, faster.

"I'm going to cum again," I panted against his lips. "Ryan... please..."

"Cum with me, princess," he murmured, one hand moving to my cage, the other to my balls, rubbing them through the lace of my panties. "Let me feel you cum around my cock."

His words, his touch, were my undoing. I cried out as my body convulsed, my release soaking the pink lace of my panties. My asshole clenched around him, milking him, pulling him deeper as he spilled inside me again, filling me with his warmth.

We collapsed against each other, our bodies slick with sweat and cum, the room spinning around me. Ryan kissed me gently, a possessive, claiming kiss that left no doubt as to who I belonged to for the next six days.

***

I woke up hours later, tangled in the sheets of Ryan's bed. The morning light filtered through the sheer curtains, casting soft shadows on the walls.

Ryan stirred beside me, his arm tightening around my waist. "Morning, princess," he murmured, his breath warm against my neck. His free hand roamed over my body, cupping my breast, thumbing my nipple to a tight peak.

I shuddered, a mix of pleasure and apprehension coursing through me. "Morning," I whispered, my voice hoarse from sleep and from crying out the night before.

"No clothes today," Ryan said, his lips trailing down my spine. "I want you naked. Always accessible."

I tensed at that, a flicker of defiance rising in my chest. "But-"

"No buts," he interrupted, rolling me onto my back and covering my body with his. His hands roamed over me, possessive, claiming. "You're mine for the next six days. And I want to see what's mine."

He kissed me then, a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs. His tongue pushed into my mouth, exploring, tasting. I moaned, my body responding despite my reservations. Weeks of denial, of being edged, had left me desperate for touch.

"You're so beautiful like this," he murmured against my lips, his hands trailing down my sides, hooking around my thighs. "So responsive."

He parted my legs, settling between them. I could feel his cock, hard and ready, nudging against my entrance.

Schlick. Schlick.

The wet sounds of him slicking himself with lube filled the quiet room. Then, a slow, deliberate pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"You know," he said, his hips moving in a slow, steady rhythm, "I've been waiting for this for a long time. Six years, to be exact."

My eyes widened. "Six years?"

Ryan nodded, his hips picking up speed. "That's how long it's been since I had a sissy of my own. Since I became a judge. Too risky." He chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "But Yves... Yves knows how to find the best ones."

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a brutal rhythm that left me breathless. My cock strained against its tiny plastic prison, a desperate, pleading thing. I could feel the pressure building, my body coiling like a spring.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it through my panties. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He rolled off me, a smile on his face. "Hungry, princess?"

I nodded, my stomach rumbling in response.

"Good," he said, patting my ass. "I'll have the butler bring us breakfast in bed. And then," he added, a wicked gleam in his eye, "we'll have dessert."

***

Breakfast arrived on a silver tray, courtesy of the discreet butler. Ryan and I ate in bed, the sheets pooled around our waists, our bodies still damp from our morning exertion.

"You know," Ryan said, cutting into a fluffy pancake, "I'm on annual leave for the next two weeks. Perfect timing, don't you think?"

I nodded, my mouth full of scrambled eggs. "Perfect," I managed around a bite.

Ryan chuckled, feeding me a piece of bacon. "I thought so too." He leaned in, kissing me, the taste of coffee and syrup on his lips. "Six days with you, and then another week to recover before I have to go back to being Judge Cross."

The name sent a shiver down my spine. Judge Cross. The man who had signed off on Yves and Vivian's marriage license. The man who now owned me for the next six days.

"What happens after?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper.

Ryan's smile faltered for a moment, a flicker of something unreadable in his eyes. "After," he said, his hand finding my thigh, "you go back to Yves. And I go back to my life. But this," he added, squeezing gently, "this we'll remember."

"After," Ryan said, his hand finding my thigh, "you go back to Yves. And I go back to my life. But this," he added, squeezing gently, "this we'll remember."

He pushed the breakfast tray aside, the silver clattering against the nightstand. "But we're not thinking about after. We're thinking about now."

His hands were on me again, possessive, claiming. He rolled me onto my back, his body covering mine, his lips finding mine in a deep, possessive kiss. I moaned into his mouth, my body responding despite the lingering horror of my situation.

"Time for your new uniform, princess," he murmured against my lips, his fingers trailing down my body, hooking into the waistband of my panties. "Off with these."

He peeled the lace down my legs, leaving me in nothing but the tiny pink cage. He smiled, a slow, predatory grin. "Much better."

He slid off the bed, disappearing into the walk-in closet. He returned a moment later with a pair of pink, six-inch heels. They were delicate, strappy things with impossibly thin stiletto heels.

"Put these on," he commanded, tossing them at my feet.

I stared at them, my mind reeling. "I... I can't walk in these."

"You'll learn," Ryan said, his tone leaving no room for argument. "Now, put them on."

My hands trembled as I buckled the straps around my ankles. Standing was a challenge; walking was a nightmare. I wobbled, my ankles unsteady, the heels forcing me into an exaggerated arch that thrust my breasts and ass out.

Ryan chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "Perfect." He circled me, his eyes raking over my body, lingering on my ass, on the cage between my legs. "Now," he said, taking my hand, "let's go downstairs."

He led me out of the bedroom, down the grand staircase, my steps shaky and uncertain. The cold marble floors sent shivers through my bare feet, contrasting with the warmth of Ryan's hand in mine.

"In here," he said, guiding me into the living room. The couch was a massive L-shaped thing in soft gray leather, facing a large television screen.

"Sit," he commanded, patting his lap as he settled onto the couch.

I hesitated, my mind screaming at me to run, to fight, to do something. But my body, conditioned by weeks of denial and submission, complied. I straddled him, my back to his chest, my heels digging into the plush carpet.

Schlick. Schlick.

The wet sounds of him slicking himself with lube filled the quiet room. Then, a slow, deliberate pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"That's it," he murmured, his hands finding my breasts, kneading them, pinching my nipples until I cried out. "Take it all."

He grabbed the remote, turning on the television. A romantic movie flickered to life—a clichéd story of a couple falling in love against all odds.

"Perfect," Ryan said, his chin resting on my shoulder. "A love story for us."

As the movie played, he kissed my neck, my shoulders, my back. His hands roamed over my body, possessive, claiming. He squeezed my breasts, twisted my nipples, traced the bars of my cage.

I hated it. I hated the helplessness, the submission, the way my body responded to his touch despite my revulsion. But as the movie progressed, as his hands continued their exploration, a strange warmth began to spread through my chest.

His touch was gentle, almost reverent. He wasn't just using me; he was... worshiping me. Adoring me. And in that moment, dressed in nothing but a pink cage and heels, impaled on his cock while we watched a romance unfold on screen, I felt a flicker of something I hadn't felt in a long time.

Desire.

Not just the physical ache of denial, but a genuine, emotional desire for the man who held me captive.

"Ryan," I whispered, turning my head to capture his lips in a messy, desperate kiss.

He deepened the kiss, his tongue pushing into my mouth, exploring, tasting. I moaned, my hips rocking against him, taking him deeper.

"That's it, princess," he murmured against my lips. "Ride me."

I began to move, lifting myself up and down, the slick sounds of our coupling filling the room. Schlorp. Schlorp. His hands guided my hips, setting a rhythm that was both punishing and exquisite.

On the screen, the couple declared their love for each other, their voices swelling with dramatic music. Ryan kissed me again, a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs.

"I love having you like this," he murmured against my lips. "So responsive. So mine."

I shuddered, a mix of pleasure and apprehension coursing through me. "Ryan," I moaned, my head falling back against his shoulder.

He chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "You like that, don't you? Being mine."

I didn't answer, couldn't answer, my body too lost in sensation to form coherent thoughts. His hands found my cage, rubbing it gently, teasing the sensitive flesh trapped within.

"Please," I whimpered, my hips bucking involuntarily. "Please, Ryan..."

"Please what, princess?" he asked, a cruel amusement in his voice. "Please let you cum?"

I nodded, my head bobbing against his shoulder. "Please... please let me cum..."

"Not yet," he said, a smirk in his voice. "Not until after lunch."

Lunch arrived on a silver tray, courtesy of the discreet butler. Sandwiches, fruit, a carafe of iced tea.

Ryan shifted me slightly, never pulling out, just adjusting our positions so he could reach the tray. He picked up a half-sandwich, bringing it to my lips.

"Open up," he commanded.

I obeyed, my mouth opening automatically. He fed me, bite by bite, his other hand roaming over my body, possessive, claiming. He squeezed my breasts, twisted my nipples, traced the bars of my cage.

"Good girl," he murmured, feeding me a slice of melon. "Such a good girl."

He fed himself, then me, then himself again, the process slow, deliberate, intimate. By the time we were done, I was a quivering mess, my body a live wire of need and desire.

"Dessert," Ryan said, a wicked gleam in his eye. "Time for dessert."

He lifted me off his cock, setting me on my feet. My legs wobbled, the heels making it difficult to maintain my balance.

"On your knees, princess," he commanded.

I sank to the floor, my knees pressing into the plush carpet. He stood before me, his cock glistening with lube and my own juices.

"Open wide," he said, stroking himself. "Here comes dessert."

I opened my mouth, my tongue darting out to lick the head of his cock. He groaned, his fingers tangling in my hair as he pushed deeper.

"That's it," he growled, his hips thrusting. "Take it all."

I bobbed my head, my tongue swirling around the sensitive underside, my lips wrapped tightly around him. I could feel him swelling, pulsing, getting closer to the edge.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. "Here it comes, princess. Here comes your dessert."

He pulled back slightly, and I closed my eyes, bracing myself. The first spurt hit my tongue, hot, salty, familiar. I swallowed, my throat working automatically, as he continued to empty himself into my waiting mouth.

"Good girl," he murmured, stroking my hair as I licked him clean. "Such a good girl."

He helped me to my feet, leading me back to the couch. He settled onto the cushions, pulling me onto his lap.

"Again," he said, positioning me over his cock. "I want to be inside you again."

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"Let's finish the movie," he said, wrapping his arms around my waist, pulling me flush against his chest.

As the credits rolled, Ryan kissed me again, a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs. "Ready for round two, princess?"

I nodded, my body aching for release. "Please," I whispered, my head falling back against his shoulder. "Please, Ryan..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it gently, teasing the sensitive flesh trapped within. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He rolled off me, a smile on his face. "Time for a swim, princess."

He led me out of the living room, through the sliding glass doors, and into the backyard. The pool was a rectangle of blue tile, the water sparkling in the afternoon sun. He dove in, surfacing a moment later, shaking the water from his hair.

"Come on in," he called, a wicked gleam in his eye. "The water's fine."

I hesitated at the edge, the heels making it difficult to maintain my balance. The thought of getting into the water with nothing but a pink cage and heels on was terrifying.

"I... I can't," I said, my voice barely a whisper. "The heels..."

Ryan chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "Take them off. But only the heels. The cage stays."

I unbuckled the straps, the leather cool against my skin. I stepped out of the heels, my bare feet sinking into the warm concrete. Then, I dove in, the water a cool shock against my overheated skin.

He was on me in an instant, pulling me against him, his lips finding mine in a deep, possessive kiss. I moaned into his mouth, my body responding despite the lingering horror of my situation.

"You're so beautiful like this," he murmured against my lips, his hands trailing down my back, cupping my ass. "So responsive."

He lifted me, my legs wrapping around his waist as he carried me toward the shallow end. The water buoyed us, supporting us, as he positioned me over his cock.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"Lean back," he commanded, his hands finding my breasts, kneading them, pinching my nipples until I cried out. "Let me see you."

I leaned back, the water supporting my weight, my body on display for him. His eyes raked over me, lingering on my breasts, on the cage between my legs, on the way his cock disappeared into my ass.

"Perfect," he murmured, his hips moving in a slow, steady rhythm. "Absolutely perfect."

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a brutal rhythm that left me breathless. The water splashed around us, the sounds of our coupling mingling with the lapping of the water against the pool's edge.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it gently, teasing the sensitive flesh trapped within. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my body spasming around him. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We collapsed against each other, our bodies slick with water and cum, the room spinning around me. Ryan kissed me gently, a possessive, claiming kiss that left no doubt as to who I belonged to for the next six days.

He carried me out of the pool, setting me on my feet beside a lounge chair. He retrieved a towel, wrapping it around my shoulders, then another around his waist.

"Let's get you inside," he said, taking my hand. "Time for dinner."

***

Dinner was a formal affair, served in a dining room that seemed too large for just two people. A long mahogany table, high-backed chairs, crystal goblets, and silver cutlery.

"Sit," Ryan commanded, patting the chair to his right.

I hesitated, my mind reeling. "I... I'm naked."

Ryan chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "I know. That's the point."

I sat, the cool wood of the chair a shock against my bare skin. The butler appeared, placing a bowl of soup in front of me, then one in front of Ryan.

"Eat," Ryan commanded, dipping his spoon into the soup.

I picked up my spoon, my hands trembling slightly. I brought the soup to my lips, the warm, savory liquid a comfort against my tongue.

"Good girl," Ryan murmured, reaching over to squeeze my thigh. "Such a good girl."

We ate in silence for a while, the only sounds the clinking of silverware against porcelain. Then, Ryan spoke.

"You know," he said, cutting into a piece of chicken, "I've been thinking about what comes next."

My blood ran cold. "What do you mean?"

"After these six days," he said, his eyes meeting mine.

old Family day

I woke up to the pale light of dawn filtering through the blinds. My head was resting on Vivian's chest, my arm draped over her stomach. I felt warm, safe, content.
Then I noticed it.
My mouth was wet, a familiar, sticky slickness coating my lips and chin. And my head was nestled against her breast, her nipple still partially exposed from where she had shifted in her sleep. A string of saliva connected my lips to her skin.
Oh God.

The realization hit me like a physical blow. I'd done it in my sleep. I'd woken up and sought her out, my body acting on the lessons of the night before. A wave of nausea and shame washed over me. I had become... this. Whatever this was.

I carefully extricated myself from the bed, my movements slow and deliberate, not wanting to wake her. As I stood up, a strange sensation pulled at my chest. A lightness. I padded to the full-length mirror on the closet door, my breath held tight in my chest.

There, in the dim morning light, the change was undeniable. The heavy, round D-cups were gone. In their place, my breasts were still clearly present, still undeniably feminine, but they had shrunk. They were now a firm, shapely C-cup. A surge of wild, desperate hope flared in my chest. Maybe it was true. Maybe they were just going to disappear on their own. Maybe this nightmare was ending.

The cage, however, remained. A constant, metallic reminder of my imprisonment.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Vivian's voice said from behind me. I jumped, turning to see her stretching, a lazy, sated smile on her face. Her eyes fell to my chest,

and her smile widened. "Oh! Looks like someone's going down a size already. That's great, honey."

She played it off so casually, but inside, I was clinging to that hope. "They are," I said, my voice barely a whisper. "Maybe... maybe by the end of the week..."

"Maybe," she said, coming up behind me and wrapping her arms around my waist. Her chin rested on my shoulder as she looked at our reflection. A tall, beautiful woman and her... shorter, softer, curvier partner with budding breasts and a chastity cage hidden away. "But for now," she continued, her hands sliding up to cup my new C-cups, "we should enjoy the day. We can't just mope around the house for two whole days. Let's go out."

My mind warred with itself. Going out like this? The thought was terrifying. But if this was temporary, if this was the last day... maybe I could endure it. "Okay," I agreed, my voice uncertain.

"Perfect!" she chirped, clapping her hands together. "I have the perfect outfit."

She laid it out on the bed: a fitted white cropped camisole top that would hug my new breasts, a high-waisted red skater skirt that flared out and ended high on my thighs, lacy bra and panties, and a pair of ankle boots with a small heel. It was the epitome of a college girl's weekend outfit.

I let her dress me. The white top was soft cotton, the neckline draped subtly, the gathering across the chest emphasizing the C-cups I now possessed. The red skirt,its hemline sitting well above my knees. Underneath, there was nothing but the lacy panties, a delicate barrier that did little to conceal the hard line of the chastity cage against my skin. The boots added a wobble to my step, a constant

reminder of my unsteady footing. Vivian styled my hair in loose waves and placed a thin headband across my forehead.



She herself was in a flowing ankle-length skirt and a modest blouse, the very picture of a chaperoning mother.

"Absolutely perfect, my college girl," she said, beaming.

Just as she finished applying a final coat of glossy lip balm to my lips, the doorbell rang. My blood ran cold.

"Don't worry, sweetie," Vivian said, patting my cheek. "I invited Yves over. I thought it would be nice for us all to spend the day together."

Yves. Of course. I stood frozen as Vivian opened the door. He stepped inside, his eyes immediately finding me. A slow, appreciative smile spread across his face.

"Well, well," he said, his voice a low rumble. "Look at you. I was hoping I'd get to see Nathan's little sister in college style again."

"Yves, this is my daughter, Nathalie," Vivian said, her arm sliding around Yves's waist in a gesture of casual intimacy. "Nathalie, this is... Yves. My boyfriend. Your new stepfather."

The words hung in the air, thick and suffocating. New stepfather. Yves's eyes twinkled with dark amusement. He played along perfectly.

"A pleasure, Nathalie," he said, stepping forward and taking my hand. He brought it to his lips, his gaze holding mine. "My, you've certainly grown up. Vivian, you didn't tell me she was so... mature."

(erotica mode on)

Vivian giggled, playing the part of the flustered mother. "Oh, stop. I'm just going to get us some drinks. Be nice."

The moment she disappeared into the kitchen, Yves's friendly facade dropped. He pulled me close, his body hard against mine. "Stepdaughter," he murmured against my ear, his breath hot. "How fucking perfect." He pressed a small, cool object into my hand. A vibrator. "You know what to with this. Now."

My hands trembled as I fumbled with my skirt. I looked toward the kitchen doorway, terrified Vivian would walk back in. Yves just watched me, his expression

unreadable. I shimmied the flared fabric down my hips, then hooked my thumbs into the delicate lace of my panties, pulling them down just enough. The cage was exposed, a glint of metal in the light of the living room. Yves smirked, a slow, predatory curve of his lips.

"Kept proper and denied," he commented, his voice a low hum of approval. "Good."

I quickly pushed the tip of the vibrator against my lubed hole, wincing as it slid inside with a soft squish. It settled deep, a foreign, buzzing presence. I scrambled to pull my panties back up, the fabric tight over the cage and the base of the device. Yves reached out, adjusting the lace himself, his fingers brushing against my skin.

"There," he said, stepping back just as Vivian returned with three glasses of iced tea. "All present and correct."

***

The mall was a sensory nightmare. Bright lights, loud chatter, the thump of distant music. And next to me, my "parents."

"Isn't this a lovely top, honey?" Vivian asked, holding up a lacy blouse.

"It's... nice," I managed, my voice tight. Yves, who had his arm draped possessively around Vivian's shoulders, chose that exact moment to press a button on his phone. A low hum started deep inside me. Bzzzzzz. I flinched, my thighs clenching involuntarily.

"Everything alright, sweetie?" Vivian asked.

"Fine!" I chirped, a little too loudly. A bead of sweat trickled down my back. The buzzing was a constant, maddening tease, sending little sparks of pleasure straight to my caged cock. It throbbed, a painful, desperate ache. I had to keep walking. I had to smile. We passed a group of teenagers, and one of them wolf-whistled. My face burned.

Yves leaned toward Vivian, whispering in her ear, making her laugh. He was playing the doting boyfriend perfectly. "You know," he said, loud enough for me to hear, "it's so immoral for a stepfather to even look at his stepdaughter the wrong way. So glad I have you to keep me on the straight and narrow." The buzzing intensified. BZZZZZZ. I nearly stumbled, my hand flying out to grab a clothing rack for support.

Later, in a brightly lit boutique, Vivian insisted I try on a pile of clothes. In the cramped fitting room, I was a mess. With each new outfit, I had to strip down, exposing the cage, the panties, the humming vibrator. A short, slinky dress. A flimsy sundress. A tiny skirt that barely covered my ass. Through the gauze curtain, I could see Yves's silhouette, waiting. As I was pulling on a particularly tight tube top, he sent a jolt. BZZT-BZZT-BZZT. My knees buckled. A strangled gasp escaped my lips. I felt a trickle of wetness, precum leaking from my frustrated cock and soaking into the delicate lace. I pressed my thighs together, a silent, desperate prayer for the torment to end.

***

Dinner was a special kind of hell. We were seated at a cozy table in a dimly lit Italian restaurant. Yves and Vivian sat opposite me.

"What are you having, pumpkin?" Vivian asked, smiling sweetly.

I scanned the menu, my vision blurring as the vibrator pulsed in a slow, rhythmic pattern. Bzzz... bzzz... bzzz. "I'll... I'll have the... the spaghetti," I stammered.

Yves and Vivian were practically in each other's laps. His hand rested on her thigh, disappearing under the tablecloth. She leaned in, whispering to him, her lips brushing his ear. He whispered back, and she giggled, a light, airy sound that made my stomach clench.

"Good daughters are seen and not heard, Nathalie," Yves said, not even looking at me. He punctuated his sentence with a hard, fast pulse of the vibrator. BZZZZT! I bit my lip, hard, the taste of blood filling my mouth. I squeezed my legs together under the table, the fabric of the skirt doing little to muffle the sensations.

Every nerve ending was on fire. Watching my wife with another man, being treated as their child, being teased to the brink of madness... it was a dizzying cocktail of arousal and utter humiliation. I picked at my food, my appetite gone.

***

The park was our final stop. The evening air was cool, and the setting sun cast long, golden shadows.

"Come on, sweetie, let's get a picture," Vivian said. "A nice photo of Mom and her college girl."

I stood awkwardly as she arranged us, my arm around her waist. "Smile, honey!" she chirped. The buzzing was a constant, maddening drone. Every pose she put

me in was a new form of torture. Leaning in put pressure on my chest, making the cage dig into my skin. A simple hug pressed the vibrator deeper inside me.

For one shot, Yves offered to take the photo. "I want to get in on this," he said. He stood behind me, his body flush against my back. "Lean your head back, sweet girl." I did, and his other arm came around to rest on my stomach, his fingers splayed possessively. "That's it," he whispered, his lips against my ear. "You're being such a good girl for Mommy and Daddy." Vivian was fussing with the camera, oblivious to the way he was grinding his hard cock against my ass, the way he was claiming me in the open air. My shame was a hot, suffocating blanket.



***

When we finally got home, I practically ran to the guest room, my mind a whirlwind of relief and lingering, frustrated arousal. The day was over.

I had just changed into the soft pink babydoll nightdress Vivian had laid out for me, the sheer mesh doing little to hide the cage or the matching thong, when I heard voices from the master bedroom.



"Goodnight, sweetie! We're just going to... chat for a bit," Vivian called out.

I waited, my heart pounding. A few minutes later, Yves's voice followed. "This is for adults only, Nathalie. You should get some sleep."

Adults only. The implication hit me like a slap. They were going to fuck. My wife and her boyfriend were going to fuck, while I, her husband, was sent to the guest room like a child. I couldn't believe it. The blatant, casual cruelty of it stole my breath.

I lay down on the bed, the babydoll swirling around my thighs. The vibrator was still buzzing, a low, constant hum. Through the wall, I could hear them. A soft laugh. The creak of the bed. Vivian's moan, low and throaty. Thump, thump, thump. The rhythmic sound of the headboard hitting the wall. My cock strained against its prison, a painful, desperate ache. Tears of frustration and humiliation leaked from

the corners of my eyes, tracing paths down my temples. I was trapped, caged, plugged, and forced to listen to my wife being pleasured by another man.

I lay down on the bed, the babydoll swirling around my thighs. The vibrator was still buzzing, a low, constant hum. Through the wall, I could hear them. A soft laugh. The creak of the bed. Then, Vivian's moan, low and throaty.

My own breath hitched. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to block it out, but the sounds were sharp, insistent. Thump, thump, thump. The rhythmic, insistent sound of the headboard hitting the wall, a steady beat marking their coupling. My cock strained against its prison, a painful, desperate ache. Tears of frustration and humiliation leaked from the corners of my eyes, tracing paths down my temples.

Then Vivian's moans grew louder, more desperate. No longer soft, but sharp cries that pierced the wall. "Oh, God, Yves! Yes! Right there! You're so much bigger than him! So much better!"

The words were a physical blow. My eyes flew open, staring at the dark ceiling. Bigger than him? Better than him? My stomach churned. A part of me, a sick, twisted part, argued that I had no right to be angry. Yves had fucked me. He'd taken me on that business trip, forced me into the role of Nathania, his wife. He had claimed my body as surely as he was claiming Vivian's now. Hadn't I submitted? Hadn't I cum for him, screamed his name?

But the business trip was different. That was forced. This... this was a choice. Her choice. A betrayal so blatant, so public within the walls of our own home, that it felt like a fresh wound.

"Y-yes! Husband! Fuck your wife!" Vivian screamed, the word "husband" a dagger to my heart. "Take me! I'm all yours! Only yours!"

I buried my face in the pillow, a sob tearing from my throat. The pillow muffled the sounds, but they were still there, a constant, agonizing soundtrack to my own misery. The vibrator hummed on, a cruel, mechanical echo of their passion. The cage bit into my flesh as my cock uselessly tried to harden. My mind was a battlefield. The submissive Nathalie, the part that had learned to accept Yves's dominance, was torn apart by the wounded roar of Nathan, the husband. The conflict was a shredding, painful thing, and there was no escaping it. I just lay there, trapped, listening, my world crumbling around me.

***

Three hours later, the sounds had finally subsided. The house was silent, save for the relentless buzzing inside me and the frantic pounding of my own heart. My eyes were sore from crying, my body a tense knot of frustrated arousal and emotional agony. The babydoll nightdress was damp with my sweat, clinging to my skin.

The guest room door opened with a soft click. I froze, my breath catching in my throat. A dark silhouette filled the doorway. Yves.

He moved silently into the room, shutting the door behind him. He didn't turn on the light. He just walked over to the bed, and I could feel the mattress dip under his weight. He climbed onto the bed, leaning over me. His scent filled my nostrils—a mixture of soap, sweat, and Vivian's perfume. The scent of my betrayal.

His large hand covered my mouth before I could even think to scream. "Shhh," he whispered, his voice a low rasp in the darkness. "Be silent. Don't wake your mother."

The words, so casual, so chilling, made my blood run cold. His other hand slid down my body, bunching up the sheer fabric of my babydoll. His fingers hooked

into the side of my pink thong, pulling it aside. The cool air hit my skin, and then I felt his fingers brush against the base of the vibrator still lodged deep inside me. He twisted it gently, drawing a muffled gasp from behind his hand. He slowly pulled it out, the long, buzzing length of it sliding from my body with a wet, obscene schlorp.

He tossed it onto the nightstand. The sudden silence was deafening. I was empty, aching. He positioned himself behind me, spooning my body. I could feel his hot, hard cock pressing against my ass. He was still slick from Vivian. The thought made me nauseous.

He pushed into me in one slow, relentless thrust. Schlorp. I cried out into his palm, the sound swallowed by his skin. He filled me completely, a hot, hard, possessive intrusion. He started to move, a slow, deep rhythm that was the polar opposite of the frantic fucking I'd listened to for hours. This was quiet. This was deliberate. This was for me.

His hips rocked against me, the soft slap, slap of our bodies a secret in the dark.

His hips rocked against me, the soft slap, slap of our bodies a secret in the dark. Each thrust was a slow, deep possession, a reminder of who I belonged to. His cock, still wet from Vivian, moved inside me with an easy, familiar glide, stretching me, filling me until I thought I might break. I could feel every inch of him, the throbbing veins, the flared head hitting that spot deep inside that made me see stars.

I was a mass of contradictions. My mind screamed with betrayal, with the image of Vivian crying out his name, calling him husband. But my body... my body was a traitor. It arched into him, my legs shifting to grant him deeper access. A soft moan escaped my lips, muffled by his hand. The cage around my own cock was a

constant, throbbing ache, a painful reminder of my own denied pleasure as he used me for his.

He kept up that maddeningly slow pace for what felt like an eternity. The only sounds were our breathing, the wet squelch of his movements, and the distant hum of the city outside. He was in no hurry. This wasn't a quick, stolen fuck. This was a claiming.

After a long while, he slowed to a stop, buried deep inside me. He didn't pull out, just rested there, a heavy, possessive weight. He finally lifted his hand from my mouth. I took a deep, shuddering breath, the air feeling cold on my damp lips.

"Shhh," he reminded me again, his lips brushing against my ear. His cock throbbed inside me, a silent pulse. "My dick needs a minute. You wore me out."

His words sent a fresh wave of heat through me. Me? Worn him out?

His hand started to move, stroking my back in long, slow, soothing motions, like I was a nervous animal he was trying to calm. "So," he murmured, his voice a low, intimate rumble. "What happens now? Tomorrow is still a holiday. And the day after. What are we going to do with our little college girl?"

The question hung in the dark, heavy with unspoken meaning. He wasn't just asking about plans. He was asking about the game. About the roles.

"I... I don't know," I whispered, my voice hoarse. "I just... I want them to go away." I gestured vaguely at my chest.

"Ah, yes. The C-cups," he said, his hand tracing the curve of my hip. "They look good on you, you know. Very... becoming." His fingers drifted lower, teasing the lace of my thong. "But you're talking about being a girl. I'm talking about being my girl. My stepdaughter."

My breath hitched. "Please, Yves..."

"No, tell me," he insisted, his voice soft but firm. "Is this what you want? To be my stepdaughter? To have Vivian as your mommy, and me as your new daddy? We could have so much fun, the three of us. A real family." His thumb stroked my lower back, right above the cleft of my ass. "Or do you want something else? Something more... permanent?"

The honest answer was a raw, desperate thing clawing its way up my throat. "I don't know what I want," I finally choked out, the truth tasting like ash. "I'm scared. Everything is... so much. Being Vivian's girlfriend, being your Nathania, being your stepdaughter... I don't know where one ends and the other begins anymore. I just... I feel like I'm disappearing."

He was quiet for a long moment, his cock still a heavy, silent presence inside me. Then he kissed my shoulder, a soft, gentle press of his lips. "Good," he murmured. "That's what I wanted to hear." He started to move again, a slow, deep grind that made my toes curl. "We'll figure it out together."

He picked up the pace then, a slow, deliberate build. Slap, slap, slap. The sound was still quiet, but more insistent now. His arm wrapped around my waist, pulling me tighter against him. His other hand found my breast, squeezing it through the sheer mesh of the babydoll. I could feel my own trapped cock leaking, a steady, frustrating drip.

The pleasure was building, a slow, inexorable tide. I could feel myself getting closer, the tension coiling in my stomach, my thighs. My breathing hitched, and I knew I was about to make a noise. A cry, a moan, something that would carry through the thin wall.

I twisted my head, my lips finding his in the dark. I kissed him, a desperate, frantic thing, swallowing the sounds of my own impending climax.

I twisted my head, my lips finding his in the dark. I kissed him, a desperate, frantic thing, swallowing the sounds of my own impending climax. He responded with a low growl, deepening the kiss, his tongue tangling with mine. The kiss was a lifeline, a way to anchor myself in the storm of sensation and emotion. When we finally broke apart, we were both breathing hard.

He didn't start moving again. Instead, he held me, his body a warm, solid wall behind me, his arms wrapped around my waist. One of his hands began to stroke my ass, a slow, calming motion over the thin lace of the thong. The touch was surprisingly gentle, almost paternal.

"I've been thinking," he whispered, his lips brushing against my ear. "About the future. Our future."

My heart hammered against my ribs. I was clearer now, the immediate edge of lust receding enough for thought to return, though the slow, deep presence of him inside me was a constant, distracting thrum.

"This house... it's a bit small for a growing family," he continued, his voice a low, seductive murmur. "I have a much larger place. Plenty of rooms. One for Vivian, one for me... and one for my darling stepdaughter. We could rent this one out. Or just sell it. We wouldn't need it anymore."

My breath hitched. "Move in with you?" I whispered back, the words sounding foreign even to me.

"Mmm-hmm. All three of us. A real family," he said, his hand continuing its soothing circles on my ass. "We could even have a ceremony. A fake wedding, just for us. I

can forge the documents. No one would ever know. You and Vivian could have matching rings, and I could have one too. A symbol of our... unique union."

The audacity of it stole my breath. A fake wedding. A forged life. The pain in my caged cock suddenly flared, a sharp, intense throb that made me gasp. A tear of pure pain slid from the corner of my eye and trickled down my temple.

Yves must have felt my body tense. He hushed me softly, his lips pressing a gentle kiss to my shoulder. "Shhh, don't panic, sweetheart. It's just an idea. We have plenty of time." He paused, his stroking becoming more deliberate, more possessive. "And about these..." he said, his free hand moving up to cup my breast through the sheer mesh. "They're lovely at a C-cup. But we could make them permanent. There are procedures, hormones... we could make them perfect. Perky D-cups that would fill out any top you wear. What do you think, my pretty girl?"

The thought was terrifying. Permanent. The word echoed in my mind. But even as a fresh wave of panic rose in my chest, my traitorous body responded. My cock, already aching in its cage, gave another painful throb, and I felt a fresh wave of precum soak into the delicate lace. Another tear of pain escaped.

"But don't you worry about this little thing," he said, his other hand drifting down to ghost over the trapped bulge. "I wouldn't dream of doing anything to it. I like it just like this. Denied. Frustrated. A constant reminder of who's in charge." His thumb brushed against the metal. "It suits you."

He shifted slightly, and the movement sent a jolt of pleasure through me, mingling with the pain. "And soon," he continued, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "I'll be getting a massive pay rise. I'm moving on from this position. A promotion. We'll have all the money we could ever want. No more worrying about a

thing. You can just be my beautiful Nathalie, home with me and your mommy, waiting for us."

His plans were a net, closing in around me. A bigger house, a fake wedding, permanent breasts, a pay rise. He was building a cage around me, one far more intricate and inescapable than the metal one between my legs. And he was stroking my ass, comforting me, as if he were telling me a bedtime story instead of laying out the blueprint for my complete subjugation.

"Yves..." I whispered, my voice trembling. Another tear, this one from a confusing mix of pain and fear, slid down my face. "It's... it's too much."

"I know, baby, I know," he murmured, hugging me tighter. "But it's a good future. A safe one. You'll be taken care of. You'll be loved." He kissed my neck, a soft, possessive press of his lips.

He kissed my neck, a soft, possessive press of his lips. "Vivian can pursue her dream of opening that beauty parlor she's always talked about," he continued, his breath hot against my skin. "No more worrying about rent, about startup costs. She'd have a safety net. Her husband and I would take care of everything."

Husband. The word, coming from him, about himself, was a jolt. He was talking about himself and Vivian, and me... where did I fit in that equation?

"And you, my sweet girl," he murmured, his strokes on my ass becoming more intimate, a finger tracing the line of my thong. "You could pursue that little hobby job you mentioned. The one you were so scared of getting fired from. You wouldn't have to worry anymore. You could work, or not work. You'd be provided for. All you'd have to do is be our pretty girl at home."

He shifted then, pulling me up with him until I was standing, my back to his chest. He lifted me effortlessly, my feet leaving the floor. My legs instinctively wrapped around his waist as he held me, my body impaled on his still-hard cock. "Wrap your arms around my neck," he commanded. I did, clinging to him like a child.

He started to thrust then, a slow, deep rhythm that stole my breath. Slap, slap, slap. His strength was undeniable, holding me as if I weighed nothing. "Imagine it," he whispered, his lips against my ear as he pumped into me. "A new beginning. We'll tell everyone we're a modern family. Me and your mommy, and our sweet Nathalie, who came to live with us after her father... passed away."

The story was monstrous, a perfect little tragedy to cover his tracks. I wanted to scream, to protest, but my mouth was pressed against the hard muscle of his shoulder, my moans and cries swallowed by his skin as he fucked me. I understood every word. The escape routes were closing, one by one.

"We'll get you a new wardrobe, new papers, a whole new life. You'll forget you were ever Nathan. You won't need to."

Tears of pure, agonizing pain from the cage flowed freely now. I could feel my cock leaking, a steady, humiliating stream of fluid soaking the front of the thong. He was destroying me and rebuilding me in his image, all while whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

Finally, with a low groan, he buried himself deep inside me, and I felt the hot pulse of his cum filling me. He held me there for a long moment before carefully setting me back down on the bed. He didn't pull out immediately, just spooned me again, a heavy, sated presence.

"Sleep now, my daughter," he whispered, kissing my temple. "You've had a long day."

***

I woke up alone. The space beside me was cool, empty. The early morning light was soft and gray. For a moment, I felt a pang of something—a loss, a confusion—before the memories of the night before crashed down on me.

I sat up, my body aching in a dozen places. There was a chair by the bed, and on it, a dress was laid out. It looked soft and deceptively innocent—a white sleeveless sundress covered in tiny pink floral patterns. The fitted bodice would hug my C-cup chest, and the flowing midi skirt would sway around my mid-calf. It was longer, more modest than the other outfits, a subtle shift in tone. I put it on, the light fabric a cool caress against my skin. The cage was a constant, heavy presence beneath.



I walked out of the guest room, drawn by the smell of coffee and the sound of soft laughter. In the kitchen, Vivian was at the stove, her back to me, and Yves was right behind her, his arms wrapped around her waist, his chin resting on her shoulder. He was whispering something in her ear that made her giggle. I looked at her left hand, resting on the countertop. Her wedding ring was gone.

They were a picture of domestic bliss. A couple. They looked like they'd been fucking right there against the counter just minutes before. I stood in the doorway, unnoticed, a ghost in my own home. I had to clear my throat twice before they finally turned.

"Oh, sweetie! Good morning!" Vivian chirped, her smile bright and unwavering. "Sleep well? I'm making pancakes. Come have some breakfast."

Yves leaned back against the counter, a lazy smirk on his face. He patted his lap. "Come here, pumpkin. Daddy missed you. We need some father-daughter time."

Vivian giggled, turning back to the stove. My stomach twisted. I walked over hesitantly and perched on his lap. Instantly, I felt him grow hard beneath me, a thick, insistent pressure against my ass through the thin fabric of my dress.

Vivian was absorbed in her cooking. That was all the opening Yves needed. His hands, which had been resting innocently on my thighs, moved with practiced ease. One slid up, bunching the fabric of my dress, while the other deftly pulled the crotch of my panties aside. I felt the hot, smooth head of his cock, freed from his shorts, press against my already used hole. He pushed into me in one slow, silent glide. Schlorp. I bit my lip, my hands flying to the table to steady myself.

His other hand came up to my chest, rubbing my tits through the thin cotton of the sundress, his thumb brushing over my nipples until they were hard, aching points.

"Who's ready for syrup?" Vivian sang, turning around with a plate stacked high with pancakes.

Instantly, Yves's hands moved down, resting flat on my lap, a perfect picture of paternal affection. He was still buried inside me, a hot, full presence that made it hard to breathe. He hadn't moved, just held me there, impaled.

Vivian set the plate down and slid into the chair opposite us. Yves picked up a fork, cut a piece of pancake, and held it to my lips. "Open up, sweetheart. You're a growing girl, you need your strength."

I ate the pancake, my mind a blur of sensations. The sweetness of the syrup, the fullness of him inside me, the casual way Vivian watched us, a beatific smile on her face. Every so often, he would give a tiny, almost imperceptible roll of his hips. A mini-thrust that made me gasp. Each small movement sent a jolt straight to my trapped cock, and I could feel it leaking, a steady, shameful drip soaking into the lace of my panties.

When we finished, Yves excused himself to the bathroom. I practically fled to the guest room, my movements stiff and awkward. I had to get out of these soiled panties. I found a clean pair in the drawer and quickly changed, my hands shaking. As I was heading back to the kitchen, I heard it again. A soft moan. A rhythmic slap.

I crept to the doorway and peeked in. Vivian was bent over the kitchen sink, her hands braced on the counter. Yves was behind her, fucking her hard and fast. Thwap, thwap, thwap. It was a mirror of what he had done to me on that first night, the night he had taken Nathania against this very counter. The same shame, the same arousal, the same gut-wrenching exclusion flooded me.

"You're so much better than him," Vivian was panting, her head thrown back. "So much bigger. God, Yves, you have no idea. I have to make Nathan wear that buttplug sometimes, just so I can pretend it's you, just so I can get wet enough to let him fuck me."

The words were a public execution. My wife was emasculating me to the man who was inside me not ten minutes ago, the man who had just used me as a secret

cock-sleeve at the breakfast table. I turned away, my face burning, and retreated to the living room, curling up on the sofa and staring blankly at the wall.

(erotica mode off)

The afternoon passed in a strange, tense quiet. We ate lunch together, the three of us, sitting around the table like a normal family. Yves read the paper. Vivian flipped through a magazine. I sat there, my hands folded in my lap, waiting.

***

(erotica mode on)

At 3pm on the dot, Vivian called my name. "Nathalie, sweetie, can you come in here? To our bedroom?"

My heart was pounding as I walked in. Vivian was lying on the bed, propped up against a pile of pillows. Yves was standing by the window, looking out.

"I know, honey," Vivian said, her voice soft and conspiratorial. "I know about... everything. About last Saturday. When I caught you with my... toy."

My blood went cold.

"I know you've been curious," she continued, patting the space on the bed next to her. "About what it's like to be a girl. To be with a man. And it's okay. Mommy understands."

She looked over at Yves. "Yves has agreed to... help. He's going to act as your partner, just for a little while. To show you how it's done. We're going to teach you, step by step. How a girl goes from first base to all the way."

She smiled at me, a beatific, terrifying smile. "Your very first lesson."

Yves walked over to the bed and sat down on my other side. He didn't look at me, but I could feel the heat coming off him. He was my teacher now.

Vivian stroked my hair. "Don't be nervous, sweetie. We'll make it special for you."

He kissed me then. Yves. My boss. The man who was fucking my wife. His lips were firm, demanding. I let him in, my mouth opening under his. His tongue swept inside, tasting me, claiming me. It wasn't a peck. It was a deep, possessive kiss, the kind of kiss that leaves no room for doubt.

His hands roamed, one sliding down my back, the other coming up to cup my breast through the thin cotton of the sundress. My nipple pebbled instantly under his touch. Mmmph, a small sound escaped my throat.

"See?" Vivian murmured, her fingers still stroking my hair. "He knows what he's doing."

Yves's kiss deepened, his other hand now slipping under the hem of my dress, tracing patterns on my bare thigh. I shivered, my body responding with a will of its own. I was supposed to be a virgin, a nervous first-timer, but my body knew this dance. My legs parted slightly, an invitation.

"Make it memorable for her, Yves," Vivian whispered from beside me. "Include kisses. Be gentle."

Then Vivian's other hand joined in, reaching over to palm my other breast through the dress. "These need attention too," she said softly, her thumb brushing over the sensitive peak. The dual sensation was overwhelming. Yves's tongue in my mouth, his hand on my thigh, Vivian's hand on my breast. My head was spinning.

My hips started to move, a small, helpless rocking motion. I was getting lost in it, the familiar, intoxicating haze of arousal. Yves's fingers crept higher, his knuckles

brushing against the wet lace of my panties. I could feel the hard, aching throb of my caged cock, a frantic, useless plea for release.

Then, he stopped. He pulled back from the kiss, his dark eyes looking down at me. His gaze dropped to the unmistakable bulge between my legs, to the place where a virgin girl should have been smooth and flat. I froze, a cold dread washing over me.

Vivian saw it too. Her smile didn't falter. "It's okay, sweetie," she said, her voice incredibly gentle. "He knows about your... condition. Yves knows exactly who you are."

She leaned in close, her lips brushing against my ear. "And he's okay with it. He's not going to treat you like Nathan here. Right now, in this room, you are Nathalie. And he is going to make love to you."

My mind reeled. He knew. He knew from the start. This wasn't a discovery. This was a part of the plan. The bastard. He had played me perfectly, letting me believe this was a secret I was keeping for him. I cursed him silently, my hands clenching into fists in the sheets.

He positioned himself between my legs, pushing the skirt of my dress up around my waist. He hooked his fingers into my panties and pulled them down. The cage was exposed, the metal glinting in the soft light. He didn't even blink. He just lined himself up, the head of his cock pressing against my entrance.

He pushed into me, slow and steady. Schlorp. I was already wet, already prepared from our earlier encounter. He filled me completely, and a long, low moan escaped my lips. It was genuine. It was the sound of a body that knew exactly what was happening to it, even as my mind was screaming in protest.

He started to move, a slow, deep rhythm that was the antithesis of a frantic, clumsy "first time." This was practiced. Confident. He was a teacher, and I was his student. And he was teaching me that he owned me, body and soul.

Vivian leaned over, her lips closing around one of my nipples, sucking gently through the fabric of the dress. "That's it, baby girl," she murmured against my skin.

Yves shifted his angle, and the head of his cock dragged against that spot inside me that made my vision white out. "Oh! Oh, God!" I cried out, my back arching off the bed. My legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him deeper. Every nerve ending was on fire. The cage was a constant, agonizing throb of pressure, a counterpoint to the waves of pleasure washing over me. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of our bodies meeting was a wet, obscene rhythm in the quiet room.

Vivian's hands were everywhere, stroking my hair, my arms, my stomach. "You're so beautiful like this, Nathalie," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "So responsive. Just let go, honey. Let Daddy make you a woman."

The words were poison, but my body didn't care. My hips rose to meet Yves's thrusts, a desperate, pleading motion. I could feel myself getting close, the tension coiling tighter and tighter in my core. My breath hitched, my moans growing higher, more desperate.

"That's it, my sweet girl," Yves growled, his pace increasing slightly. "Cum for me. Cum for Daddy."

With a strangled cry, I shattered. My entire body convulsed, waves of pleasure crashing over me, so intense they were almost painful. My caged cock pulsed, a futile, desperate ache, and I could feel a hot, wet gush as my denied orgasm ripped through me, soaking the sheets beneath me.

Yves kept moving, fucking me through my climax, drawing out every last shudder. Then, with a deep groan, he buried himself deep inside me, and I felt the hot, rhythmic pulse of his release. He collapsed on top of me, his weight a heavy, possessive blanket.

For a long moment, we just lay there, a tangled, panting heap. Then he pulled out, and I felt the immediate emptiness, the trickle of his cum leaking from me.

Vivian was there instantly, pulling me into her arms, cuddling me like a child. "Shhh, it's okay, baby," she cooed, stroking my sweat-damp hair. "It's over. You were so brave. You're a woman now."

I lay there, my face pressed against her chest, my body trembling with aftershocks. I had played my part. I had been the willing virgin. And they had believed me.

***

Yves stayed. The holiday stretched out, the new dynamic settling into a strange, suffocating normalcy. Yves and Vivian acted like a married couple. They held hands, they kissed, they shared inside jokes. And I was their daughter, their pretty, quiet, college-aged daughter who hovered at the edges of their lives.

That night, we watched a movie together on the sofa. Vivian was curled up against Yves's side, her head on his shoulder. He had his arm around her, stroking her arm. I sat in an armchair a few feet away, pretending to watch the screen, my eyes drawn to them again and again. Jealousy, hot and bitter, rose in my throat. But who was I jealous of? Him for having her? Or her for having him? I couldn't untangle the knot of my own feelings.

Halfway through the movie, Vivian stretched and announced she was going to make popcorn. As she stood up, she paused, looking over at me. I'd been staring, I realized, my gaze fixed on where Yves's hand rested possessively on her thigh.

Vivian's lips curved into a knowing, gentle smile. "You look like you want to make out with your daddy again, sweetie," she said, her voice light and teasing. "Go on. It's okay."

My face burned, but before I could protest, she was already heading toward the kitchen. "I'll get the popcorn. You two have some... father-daughter bonding."

Yves patted his lap, the gesture an open invitation in the dim light of the TV screen. I felt a pull, a magnetic compulsion I couldn't resist. I got up and settled onto his lap, my back against his chest. He was already hard.

"See?" he murmured, his lips against my ear. "Mommy knows what her little girl needs."

His hands came around my waist, pulling me flush against him as he claimed my mouth in a deep, possessive kiss. It was a hungry kiss, full of unspoken things. While he kissed me, one of his hands snaked down, deftly undoing the button and zipper of his shorts. Then, with a practiced ease that made my breath hitch, he reached under the skirt of my sundress, pulled the crotch of my panties aside, and guided his hot, hard cock into my already slick entrance. Schlorp.

I gasped into his mouth as he filled me. He didn't move, just held me there, impaled and silent, while he ravaged my mouth with his tongue. The movie's soundtrack and the faint sounds of Vivian rummaging in the kitchen were the only sounds in the room. He was fucking me with the slow, steady rhythm of a kiss, a constant, aching pressure that made my own caged cock leak with a desperate,

painful throb. I was terrified of being caught, yet my body was alight with a dark, secret arousal.



When Vivian returned a few minutes later with a large bowl of popcorn, Yves's hands were innocently resting on my lap, a perfect picture of paternal affection, even as he remained buried deep inside me. He had shifted me slightly, a subtle adjustment that allowed him to start a slow, almost imperceptible rocking motion. Each tiny thrust was a secret spark, a jolt of pleasure that made me clench around him.

Vivian settled back on the couch, placing the bowl of popcorn between her and Yves's empty space. She didn't seem to notice—or didn't care—that I was now occupying Yves's lap. Her focus was on the screen as the movie's dramatic score swelled.

This was the opening Yves needed. His hands, which had been resting so innocently on my lap, tightened their grip on my hips. He began to move in earnest, a slow, deep rhythm that was completely hidden by our bodies and the dim light. Each thrust was a silent, invasive claim. Slip... slide... thump. The sounds were drowned out by the movie's explosions.

My breath hitched. I pressed my face into the crook of his neck, muffling the sounds I couldn't hold back. He took the cue, capturing my lips in a deep, searing French kiss. Mmphf... mmmph... My moans were swallowed by his tongue, my cries lost in the cavern of his mouth. His thrusts grew harder, more deliberate. Slap, slap, slap. The wet, rhythmic sound of our bodies was a filthy secret against the cinematic score.





He was fucking me, right next to my wife. To her, it would look like nothing more than a passionate, if slightly inappropriate, kiss between father and daughter. She would see a girl lost in her first romantic embrace, not a husband being used as a warm, tight sheath. The cage was a prison of pain, my own cock straining against the metal, a steady, humiliating drip of precum soaking the front of my panties.

His hips pistoned faster, the kiss growing more frenzied, more desperate. I was lost in it, the shame, the pleasure, the fear. I could feel him swelling inside me, the tell-tale sign of his impending release. He groaned into my mouth, a low, guttural sound, and then I felt it—the hot, thick pulse of his cum flooding my insides. Gush... gush... gush. Rope after rope of his release painting my inner walls, marking me as his.

The feeling sent me over the edge. A strangled cry was lost in our kiss as my own body convulsed. My trapped cock spasmed, a futile, desperate clench, and I felt a warm, wet gush as my ruined orgasm spilled from me, soaking the thin lace of my panties. Dribble, dribble. It wasn't a release, not really, just a painful, frustrating overflow.

He held me there for a long moment after, his lips still pressed against mine, our breathing ragged. Then, slowly, he lifted me from his lap, his softening cock sliding out of me with a wet shlorp. He placed me on the couch cushion beside him, arranging my skirt carefully. He then pulled a blanket from the back of the sofa and draped it over my lower half, a thoughtful gesture that was also a perfect way to hide any potential mess.

He began stroking my head, a slow, soothing motion, like I was a tired child. My head rested near his lap, my face inches from the obvious tent in his shorts. He leaned down, his lips brushing against my ear.

"Come to my room early tomorrow," he whispered, his voice a low, intimate rumble. "There's a surprise for you."

Vivian, her eyes still glued to the movie, seemed completely oblivious. She turned her head slightly, her expression thoughtful. "Yves," she said, her voice casual, as if discussing a grocery list. "You know, Nathan's been having some problems recently. Work stuff. Do you think you could help him?"

I held my breath, my body freezing.

Yves's stroking paused for a fraction of a second. "I am his boss now, Vivian," he said, his tone calm and reasonable. "I can certainly look into it. Hide him if need be." He looked down, feigning deep thought, his fingers resuming their rhythmic stroking of my hair. "But... what kind of problems are we talking about?"

Vivian sighed. "It's... it's the saline. The... swelling." Her voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper. "It's getting hard to hide. The employees at his office are starting to notice, I'm sure. It's only a matter of time before someone finds out."

Yves hummed thoughtfully, a perfect picture of a concerned authority figure. "That is... difficult to hide," he said slowly. "In a professional environment, gossip spreads like wildfire. Sooner or later, someone will say something." He let the words hang in the air, a deliberate, calculated pause. Then he delivered the final blow. "It might be for the best if... Nathalie comes to work with me tomorrow. Instead of Nathan."

The suggestion hung there, quiet and devastating.

Vivian blinked, processing. "You mean... have him come to the office? As Nathalie?"

"As my assistant," Yves said smoothly. "I can keep her close, protect her from gossip. No one needs to know who she really is." His hand resumed stroking my hair, casual and possessive. "But she'll need proper clothes. Office attire."

Vivian's brow furrowed. "I don't have anything that would fit. Nothing professional."

"I have some clothes that might work," Yves said, his voice warm with reassurance. "My ex, Elena. She lived here for almost a year before she took that job in Singapore." He paused, letting the information settle. "When she moved, she left most of her wardrobe behind. Said I could keep whatever I'd bought for her."

"Your ex?" Vivian asked, her brow furrowing slightly. "Wouldn't that be... awkward?"

"Long over," Yves said smoothly. "Six months now. And she was about Nathalie's size. Small frame." He looked down at me, his fingers trailing along my jaw. "She left everything from casual wear to office attire. Professional pieces, suits, blouses. Even some things still in packaging, tags on. Never got around to wearing them."

Vivian's expression softened, curiosity replacing suspicion. "That would be perfect."

"Very professional," Yves said. "She worked in finance." He shifted slightly. "I haven't cleared out the guest room closet yet. Everything's still there."

Vivian brightened. "That solves everything."

"I'll go check what I have," Yves said, already moving toward the door. "Shouldn't take more than an hour to sort through and bring the best pieces."

"You don't have to go tonight-"

"I want everything ready for tomorrow," Yves said firmly. "Nathalie's first day should go smoothly. No scrambling for outfits in the morning."

He paused at the door, looking back at me. "Elena was about your size, Nathalie. I have a feeling everything will fit you perfectly." His smile was warm, but his eyes held something else. "What a fortunate coincidence."

The door clicked shut behind him. I stared at the ceiling, the cage throbbing between my legs. There was no Elena. Or if there had been, these weren't her clothes. They were mine. The uniform of Nathania, waiting in the guest room closet all along.

The front door clicked open, much sooner than the hour he'd promised. My breath caught in my throat.

He was back.

I heard him walk into the kitchen. "I got them," he said.

"Oh, that was fast!" Vivian exclaimed. "Let me see!"

I heard the soft rustle of garment bags. Yves was saying something about his ex being organized, leaving everything in good condition.

Slowly, I sat up and walked into the kitchen. Yves was standing by the island, several garment bags draped over his arm.

Vivian took the bags from him, relief evident on her face. She unzipped the first one, pulling out a blouse and holding it up against me. "We need to check the fit."

As she turned away, focused on the fabric, Yves leaned in close to me. His voice was a low whisper. "I have a feeling they'll fit perfectly," he said. "What a coincidence."

A cold dread washed over me. He knew I knew. This was a game, and my own wife was the unwitting audience.

Over the next twenty minutes, I was paraded in and out of the bedroom while they checked the fit. They had also brought two pairs of heels. I teetered slightly, unused to the height.

Through it all, I remained silent, my answers to their questions limited to numb nods and monosyllables. I was a ghost, watching my own life be dissected and rearranged before my eyes.

After the impromptu fashion show, Yves announced he'd be spending the night. "Just so I can take Nathalie to work with me in the morning," he said to Vivian, his tone casual. "Help her avoid any... incidents on the way."

Vivian's relief was palpable. "Oh, Yves, that would be wonderful. Thank you. I was so worried." She looked at me, her eyes full of a misplaced maternal concern. "It's for the best, sweetie."

Dinner was a quiet, tense affair. We ate the leftovers from the day before, the clinking of cutlery against plates the only sound.

Later that evening, Vivian called us both into the master bedroom. She had lit a few candles, their soft, flickering light casting dancing shadows on the walls.

"Since Nathalie is becoming a woman tonight," Vivian began, her voice soft but firm, "it's time for her to learn her duties. Not just as a wife, but as a woman who shares her husband."

(erotica mode)

She was already naked, her body glowing in the candlelight. She lay on the bed, her legs parted slightly, a silent command. "First," she said, her eyes on me, "you need to learn how to prepare a woman. And how to prepare a man."

Yves stood beside the bed, his arms crossed, a silent, imposing figure. He was already undressed, his body a sculpted landscape of muscle and shadow in the dim light. His cock was hard, jutting out from a nest of dark curls, a heavy, imposing presence that made my own trapped cock ache with a phantom pain.

"Start with Yves," Vivian instructed. "On your knees."

My knees hit the plush rug with a soft thud. I knelt before him, my heart pounding against my ribs. I reached out, my hand trembling as I wrapped my fingers around the hot, smooth shaft of his cock. He was thicker than I remembered, the skin velvety over the steel-hard core. A drop of pearly precum beaded at the tip, and I leaned in, my tongue darting out to taste it. Salty. Musky.

"Good girl," Vivian murmured from the bed. "Now, take him in your mouth. Show him how much you appreciate him."

I took the head of his cock into my mouth, my lips stretching around the girth. Schlorp. The sound was wet, obscene. I began to suck, my tongue swirling around the sensitive underside, my head bobbing in a rhythm I'd learned all too well. His

hands came to rest on my head, his fingers tangling in my hair, guiding me, controlling the depth and speed. Gag... slurp... schlorp. My eyes watered as he pushed deeper, the head of his cock hitting the back of my throat.

"Enough," Vivian said after a few minutes. "You've gotten him ready. Now it's my turn."

I crawled onto the bed, my body moving with a practiced grace that felt alien. I knelt between Vivian's spread legs. Her scent was familiar, a mix of her expensive perfume and her own unique musk. I leaned in, my tongue tracing the delicate folds of her pussy. Lick, lap, probe. I found her clit, a hard, throbbing nub, and circled it with my tongue, listening to her breath hitch. I slid two fingers inside her, my touch firm and sure, curling them to stroke that sensitive spot on her front wall. Her hips rose to meet my hand, her moans growing louder, more urgent.

"Stop," she gasped, pushing my head away. "I'm ready. Now you watch."

Yves moved onto the bed, positioning himself between her legs. He entered her with one smooth thrust, and I watched as her body arched in pleasure. Slap, slap, slap. The rhythmic sound of their fucking filled the room. I was on my knees beside them, a spectator to my own wife's infidelity, a spectator to the man who was also my master. He fucked her hard, his movements powerful and relentless. Vivian cried out, her hands clutching at the sheets as she came, her body shuddering beneath him.

Yves followed her over the edge with a low groan, burying himself deep inside her as he emptied himself. When he pulled out, a trickle of his milky cum escaped, glistening on her thigh.

But they weren't done. Yves stayed hard, and after a few minutes of whispered words and soft caresses, he was fucking her again. This time was slower, more

intimate, but no less possessive. And again, he came inside her, marking her as his for the second time that night.

When it was over, Vivian lay panting on the bed, her limbs loose and sated. She turned her head to look at me, her eyes heavy-lidded. "Now, you clean me," she said, her voice a lazy command. "Every last drop."

I leaned in, my tongue tracing the sticky trails of cum from her thighs. I could taste both of them, their mingled flavors a potent cocktail of submission. I lapped at her pussy, my tongue scooping out the viscous fluid, cleaning her thoroughly. The act was intimate and degrading, a final act of servitude.

As I was finishing, I realized her breathing had changed. It was deep and even. She was asleep.

I pulled back, my face wet with their combined release. Yves was watching me, an unreadable expression on his face.

"She's been asleep for the last five minutes," he said, his voice quiet. "Your tongue must be... soothing." He stood up, holding out a hand. "Come on. Let's get you cleaned up."

I followed him to the kitchen, the cool air a welcome shock against my heated skin. He poured two glasses of orange juice, handing one to me. We drank in silence for a moment.

"So," he said, leaning against the counter, his casual posture at odds with the predatory glint in his eyes. "What's it to be? Do you prefer living here, as Vivian's daughter? Or the three of us... a more modern arrangement? One husband, two wives?"

As he spoke, he reached out, his hand cupping my breast through the thin fabric of the sundress. His thumb brushed over my nipple, sending a jolt of pure, unadulterated need through me. "These are a lovely C-cup now," he mused, squeezing gently. "A real comedy of errors, wasn't it? The saline... but now they're permanent. You're stuck with them."

I put my glass down, the ceramic clinking loudly against the granite countertop. I opened my mouth to answer, but no words came out. My mind was a fog of arousal, of denial, of conflicting emotions. I couldn't think. I couldn't choose.

Yves finished his juice and set his own glass down. He moved in front of meme, wrapping his arms around my waist in a hug from front. His hands slid down, cupping my ass, kneading the flesh slowly. His hard cock pressed against my caged one, a stark reminder of my predicament.

"Hybrid solution," he whispered in my ear, his breath hot against my skin. "Outside, we're a family. Stepfather, mother, daughter. But inside the home... we're a husband with two wives. How does that sound?"

I tensed in his arms, the shock of the proposal making me freeze.

He took advantage of my vulnerability. He brought the hand that had been holding his cold glass of juice around to my ass. His icy finger traced the line between my cheeks before pressing against my hole. I yelped at the sudden, shocking cold.

"I know you're horny," he murmured, sliding the cold finger inside me, rubbing it against my inner walls. "After watching your 'mum' get all the attention. You want to get fucked, don't you?"

I couldn't answer, my teeth chattering from the cold and the sudden intensity of the stimulation.

"I'll let you," he said, his voice a low, seductive promise. "If you want it. It's a free world. You're not forced." He paused, letting the words sink in. "But if you want it... you have to ask me for it. Specifically. As my stepdaughter."

He pulled his finger out, leaving a trail of cold wetness. He stepped back, glancing at an imaginary watch on his wrist.

"Time's up. You made your choice."

He leaned in and gave me one last, lingering kiss. He reached down and patted my caged dick, a gesture of mock sympathy. Then he turned and walked back toward the bedroom, leaving me standing alone in the middle of the kitchen.

I didn't follow him. I couldn't. I stayed in the kitchen for a long time, the ghost of his touch still on my skin. Then I walked to the guest room.

The vibrator was still in the bedside drawer, a silent promise of release. I pulled it out, turned it on, and pressed it against the base of my cage. The vibrations were intense, a maddening buzz against my swollen, denied flesh. I tried to find a position, an angle that would work. I tried for what felt like an hour, my body growing more and more frustrated. But it was no use. The cage was too restrictive, my mind too scattered. I couldn't cum. I couldn't find release.

Eventually, I gave up, a frustrated sob escaping my lips. I was throbbing, aching, my mind spiraling with confusion. I didn't know what choice I had made, or if I had made one at all. I just knew I was trapped.

"Nathania"

The next morning, I woke to the muffled sounds of voices from my—Yves's—room. I slipped out of bed, pulling on a simple cotton dress Vivian had left for me. I crept down the hallway, my bare feet silent on the carpet.

"...seems to like it," Vivian was saying, her voice a low murmur. "Being treated like a woman. Getting fucked. I'm wondering if we should just... let her be one. Fully."

There was a pause, then Yves's deeper tones. "It's too early to say. She needs... more structure. More guidance." I could picture him, leaning against the headboard, calm and in control. "Why don't you both stay with me for a few days? My bed is larger, more comfortable. It'll give us a chance to... settle. Figure things out."

"That's a wonderful idea," Vivian said, her voice warm with agreement. "It would be good for her. And for me."

I backed away from the door, my heart pounding. They were talking about me. About my future. About me living with them. Permanently. I retreated to the guest bathroom, splashing cold water on my face, trying to compose myself. When I came out, I acted nonchalant, as if I'd just woken up. They didn't know I'd heard them.

Breakfast was a strained affair of cheerfulness. Afterward, Vivian laid out the outfit on the bed. "This one," she said, her eyes bright. "It's so professional. You'll look stunning."

The blouse was soft white chiffon, a loose ribbon bow at the collar. The skirt was a tight black pencil skirt cut well above the knee. The nude-colored heels made me feel taller, more vulnerable.



Vivian left for work with a final encouraging word. "Yves will take good care of you, sweetie," she said, kissing my cheek. "Nothing bad will happen."

He's the one doing the bad things, I thought bitterly.

In the car, Yves turned to me. "Nathania," he said, his voice a low rumble. He reached into the center console and pulled out a small box. Inside was my wedding ring. "You'll be needing this."

I looked down at the simple gold band. I hadn't seen Vivian wear hers at all over the past few days. My mind was a fog of need. I'd been horny for more than twelve hours, a constant, throbbing ache between my legs.

My hand drifted over, resting on the prominent bulge in his trousers. "I'm so horny," I whispered, my fingers tracing the outline of his cock. "The cage... it's making it worse."

He let out a soft sigh, but didn't push me away. "Patience," he said, his voice calm. "I don't have the keys. Wasn't it Vivian who did it?" He leaned over, pressing a soft kiss to my ring finger, then to my lips. As we stopped at a red light, his hand slid up my leg, stroking the exposed skin above my knee. "Don't worry, my wife," he murmured. "I'll take care of you."

"Wife?" The word felt foreign, wrong.

He drove on, his eyes on the road. "So, who is it today? Nathania or Nathalie?"

My mind recoiled at the question, at the casual way he tossed my identities around. "Nathania," I said, my voice barely a whisper.

"It doesn't matter to me," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. "You can call me Daddy at the office if you want."

I recoiled at the suggestion, a flash of anger cutting through my arousal. But the insistent throb between my legs won out.

We arrived at the office, a few employees already milling about in the parking lot. No one gave us a second glance. We were just the boss and his secretary, arriving for work.

Inside, Yves dropped his briefcase by the door and settled into his large leather chair.

(erotica mode on)

I didn't hesitate. I walked around the desk, a new kind of confidence fueling my movements. I straddled his lap, my hands gripping the back of the chair as I leaned in to kiss him. It was a hungry, demanding kiss, my tongue dueling with his

as I ground my hips against his hardening cock. I was in control, for once. I needed this. I needed to cum.

His response was immediate, but not what I expected. One arm snaked around my waist, holding me in place, while the other tangled in my hair, gripping firmly. He took control of the kiss, deepening it, slowing it down. His other hand slid down my back, tracing the curve of my spine, a slow, possessive caress that made me shiver. He was stripping me of my power, bringing me back to my knees, one sensual stroke at a time.

"So impatient, my honey," he murmured against my lips, using the pet name that made my stomach clench. "Daddy's here. He'll take care of you."

My frustration was a tangible thing, a fire in my gut. I needed it fast, hard. But he was setting a languorous pace, a slow burn that was driving me insane. While we were locked in our deep, wet French kiss, schlip, slurp, I felt the cool metal of my zipper being pulled down. The tight fabric of my skirt loosened around my hips.

He broke the kiss, pushing me back slightly. His eyes, dark and unreadable, held mine. "Let's see what my wife has been hiding all day."

With agonizing slowness, he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of my panties, pulling them down to my knees. My caged cock was exposed, flushed and straining against the metal bars. I was fully naked from the waist down, my blouse hanging open, my skirt bunched around my hips.

He pushed me back until I was sitting on the polished surface of his desk, the cold wood a shock against my heated skin. Then, he did something that made my breath catch in my throat. He knelt.

My mind couldn't process it. Yves, on his knees before me. He parted my legs, his gaze fixed on my most intimate places. He leaned in, and I felt the hot, wet swipe of his tongue against my hole. Lick. A long, slow stripe that sent an electric jolt straight through me.

"Oh! God!" I cried out, my hands flying to my mouth to muffle the sound.

He chuckled, a low, vibrating rumble against my sensitive flesh. He did it again, and again, his tongue probing, circling, a masterful assault on my senses. He wasn't just licking me; he was worshipping me, an act of intimacy I hadn't expected, a power play that left me reeling. He pushed a finger inside me, slick with lube he must have had ready in the drawer. Squick. The sound of it, the feeling of the lubricated digit entering my body, was overwhelmingly intimate. He crooked his finger, finding that spot, and massaged it in time with the lapping of his tongue.

It was too much. My body, denied for so long, couldn't take it. I felt the coil in my stomach snap, a rush of heat flooding through me. I moaned, long and loud, as my caged cock spasmed. A warm, wet gush soaked into the silk of my blouse, the fabric clinging to my stomach as my denied orgasm claimed me. Dribble, dribble, dribble.

I collapsed back against the desk, panting, my mind wiped blank by the intensity of it.

"Thank you," I breathed, the words a broken whisper. "Thank you..."

"That's not the end," he said, standing up. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, a predator's smile on his face. He unzipped his trousers, freeing his hard, heavy cock. "That was just to take the edge off."

He positioned himself between my legs, the head of his cock pressing against my still-quivering entrance. He pushed into me in one smooth, deep thrust, and I cried out again, a sound of pure pleasure. Schlorp. He filled me completely, a perfect, aching fullness.

"Wrap your legs around me," he commanded. "Wrap your arms around my neck. I don't want to make too much noise."

I obeyed instantly, my body acting on pure instinct. My legs locked around his waist, my arms wrapping tightly around his neck, pulling him down for a desperate, hungry kiss. This would muffle the sounds, I knew. It would hide the evidence. As he began to move, I clung to him, my mouth sealed to his, swallowing our shared moans. Slap, slap, slap. The wet, rhythmic sound of our bodies meeting was a filthy secret, muffled by our kissing.

He didn't fuck me hard or fast. He made love to me. Deep, slow, possessive strokes that claimed every inch of me. My mind was a haze of pleasure and confusion. I was Nathania, his wife, being loved by her husband in the office. But the cage, the constant reminder of Nathan, was a throbbing, painful reality.

Afterward, we lay tangled on the desk for a few moments, a sweaty, breathless heap. Then he lifted me, still impaled on him, and carried me to the large leather sofa. He sat down, and I settled on his lap, his softening cock still inside me, a comforting, possessive presence. He hugged me close, stroking my back, his touch gentle and soothing.

I was spent, my mind fuzzy with post-coital bliss. "This morning," I murmured against his chest, the words slipping out before I could stop them. "I heard you and Vivian. Talking about me... about us staying with you."

He didn't stiffen. He didn't even pause in his stroking. He just hugged me tighter. "I know," he said softly. "But Nathania already agreed, didn't she?" He tilted my chin up, capturing my lips in a soft, reassuring kiss. "It's what you want, honey. What we both want."

The rest of the day passed in a strange, new kind of normal. The office hummed with the quiet energy of work, phones ringing, keyboards clicking. Yves would have me sit on his lap while he typed, my back pressed against his chest. His arm would be around my waist, holding me close. "Just getting to know my wife better," he'd murmur if anyone walked by, a charming smile on his face. They'd just nod, assuming it was a bit of quirky office romance.

(erotica mode)

Around mid-afternoon, the need began to build in me again, a slow, insistent throb from my caged cock. I shifted on his lap, a subtle movement that I hoped he'd understand.

He did. His hand, which had been resting on my thigh, slid upward, disappearing beneath the bunched fabric of my skirt. I heard the faint click of a cap, and then a cool, slick finger was tracing the line of my ass. Squelch. The wet sound of the lube seemed loud in the quiet office. He found my hole and circled it slowly, teasingly.

"Someone's getting restless," he whispered in my ear, his breath hot against my skin. His finger pressed against my entrance, breaching me with a slow, deliberate movement. Squick. I gasped softly, leaning my head back against his shoulder as he slid deeper, crooking his finger to stroke that sensitive spot inside me. Glide, press, rub.

His other hand came around to my front, fingers tracing the outline of the cage through my panties. "Can you live without this anymore?" he asked, his voice a low, intimate rumble. He meant his cock. I knew it.

I shook my head, a silent, desperate denial. I couldn't. I didn't want to.

"That's what I thought," he murmured. He withdrew his finger, leaving me feeling empty and aching. Then, with a fluid motion, he lifted me off his lap and stood me up. He rolled up my skirt, leaving it pooled around my waist. He positioned me to face the sofa, bending me over the armrest.

He kicked my legs wider apart, and I heard the sound of his zipper, the crinkle of a foil packet being opened. Then I felt the hot, blunt head of his cock pressing against my slick, prepared entrance. He grabbed my hips, pulling me back as he thrust forward, impaling me on him in one smooth, powerful movement. Schlorp. I cried out, the sound muffled by the cushion I buried my face into.

He started to fuck me, a deep, steady rhythm that was nothing like the slow, loving pace from this morning. This was raw, possessive, a claiming. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of his hips meeting my ass was a sharp, staccato beat that matched the frantic beating of my heart. One of his hands snaked around my waist, finding my caaged clit through the fabric of my panties, rubbing in tight, relentless circles. The dual stimulation was overwhelming. My caged cock was a prisoner of pleasure, straining and leaking.

"Who owns this pussy?" he growled, his pace quickening.

"You do," I gasped, the words torn from me. "Daddy owns it."

He drove into me harder, deeper. "And who are you?"

"Nathania," I cried out. "Your wife."

With a final, brutal thrust, he buried himself deep, and I felt the hot, rhythmic pulse of his release inside me. The feeling triggered my own ruined orgasm. My body convulsed, a strangled moan escaping my lips as my trapped cock spasmed, a warm, wet flood soaking into the front of my panties. Dribble, dribble. He collapsed over me, his weight a warm, heavy blanket, our mingled breaths the only sound in the room.

We lay tangled together on the sofa for a long while, a sweaty, breathless heap. The office was quiet, the sounds of the city outside a distant hum. His softening cock was still inside me, a comforting, possessive presence. He shifted, and I felt him begin to harden again, a slow, insistent swelling that sent a fresh wave of arousal through me.

He rolled us over, so I was straddling him, my skirt still bunched around my waist. He sat up, his arms wrapping around my waist, pulling me close. His lips found mine in a slow, deep kiss. This was different from the frantic coupling moments before. This was languorous, intimate, the kind of kiss shared between lovers in the privacy of their own home, not in a corporate office after hours.

"I need you again, my wife," he murmured against my lips, the words a vibration that sent shivers down my spine.

His hands slid up my back, unclasping my bra. He pulled it off, freeing my breasts. He cupped them, his thumbs brushing over the sensitive nipples, making me arch against him. I was completely exposed now, my blouse unbuttoned, my skirt around my waist, my caged cock resting against his hardening one.

"Ride me," he commanded, his voice a low, seductive rumble.

I rose up, positioning myself over him. I sank down slowly, taking him back into me inch by inch. Schlorp. A long, wet sound of surrender. I moaned as he filled me

completely, a feeling of rightness, of coming home, washing over me. I began to move, a slow, rolling motion of my hips that was less about chasing an orgasm and more about drawing out the pleasure.

His hands were everywhere, stroking my back, my thighs, my ass. He guided my movements, setting a rhythm that was both agonizingly slow and intensely satisfying. We kissed, deep and wet, our tongues tangling, our shared breaths mingling in the quiet office. This was the husband and wife he wanted us to be. And as I rode him, my body moving in a sinuous rhythm, a part of me—the part that wasn't Nathan anymore—started to believe it.

My caged cock was a constant, throbbing reminder of my dual existence, but even that seemed to fade into the background, overshadowed by the overwhelming sensation of him inside me. I was chasing a release I couldn't have, but the chase itself was becoming its own form of pleasure.

I leaned back, my hands braced on his thighs, my head thrown back in ecstasy. He took the opportunity to lean forward, his lips closing around one of my nipples. He sucked gently, then not so gently, his teeth grazing the sensitive peak. The combination of sensations—the deep, full thrusts, the hot, wet suction on my breast—was too much.

"Daddy," I cried out, my voice high and thin. "Please... I need..."

"I know what you need, honey," he said, releasing my breast. He pulled me down for another searing kiss, one of his hands snaking between us to find my cage. He rubbed the swollen, trapped head with his thumb, a maddening, teasing pressure that sent sparks flying through my nervous system.

"Cum for me, Nathania," he commanded, his hips bucking up to meet my downward strokes. "Cum for your husband."

The combination of his command, the stimulation, and the intense emotional overload sent me over the edge. My body seized up, a strangled gasp escaping my lips. My trapped cock spasmed, a futile, desperate clench, and I felt a warm, wet gush as my ruined orgasm ripped through me. Dribble, dribble. Soaking the front of my panties, a messy, frustrating release that was both a relief and a torment.

He held me through it, his arms wrapped tightly around me, his own release following moments later, a hot, thick flood that filled me completely. We stayed like that for a long time, our bodies slick with sweat, our breathing slowly returning to normal.

***

The drive home was quiet. I sat in the passenger seat, my body pleasantly sore, my mind a jumbled mess of sensations and emotions. Yves parked in front of my—our—house, killing the engine. "Wait here," he said, before getting out and walking to the front door.

Vivian opened it before he could knock, her face lighting up. She was already carrying a small suitcase. Behind her, by the door, was a larger luggage bag.

"Ready!" she said, her voice cheerful. She handed the suitcase to Yves and walked over to the car, leaning into the passenger window. "How was your day, sweetie?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

Cementing fate 1

Vivian tossed her suitcase in the backseat and slid in beside me, her presence filling the small space with an unwelcome intimacy. She leaned forward, placing a warm kiss on my cheek. "How was your day, sweetie?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with a curiosity that felt both maternal and predatory.

I could still feel the ghost of Yves inside me, a pleasant ache that made my cage throb with renewed intensity. My panties were damp from my ruined release, the fabric clinging to me with a slick, uncomfortable wetness. "It was... work," I managed, my voice tight.

Yves started the car, the engine a low purr that seemed to vibrate through my entire body. As we pulled away from the curb, every small bump in the road sent the cage swinging and tapping against my inner thigh. Tink, tap, tink. A delicate, metallic percussion against my skin, a constant, maddening reminder of my predicament. I gripped the door handle, my knuckles white, trying to hold myself still, but the car's movement made it impossible.

"So," Vivian began from the back seat, her tone bright and breezy. "I was thinking. We probably shouldn't go back to the house tonight."

My head snapped toward her. "What? Why?"

"Well," she said, leaning forward between the seats, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "the neighbors have been asking questions. Mrs. Henderson saw you leaving in that dress yesterday. And with Yves staying over... it's all a bit... conspicuous. I think it's best if we lay low for a bit."

She framed it as protection, as if she were shielding me from gossip, but there was an edge of excitement in her voice, a thrill that I couldn't miss.

"My house has plenty of room," Yves chimed in smoothly, his eyes on the road. "You'd be doing me a favor, actually. Empty house gets lonely."

Every turn sent the cage swinging more wildly. I pressed my thighs together, trying to stop the movement, but it was useless. "But my things," I protested weakly. "My

life. We can't just—"

"Your work is with Yves now," Vivian cut me off, her voice taking on a firmer, more maternal tone. "And this is just temporary. Until we figure things out."

The word "temporary" hung in the air, heavy and meaningless. None of us believed it.

Through the rearview mirror, I saw Vivian's hand rest on Yves's shoulder, a casual, familiar gesture that made my stomach clench.

***

We pulled into the driveway of a sprawling, modern house, all clean lines and dark glass. The sight sent a wave of dread through me. This was it. The point of no return. The cage settled back against my thigh as the car stopped, a final, heavy thud.

Yves opened the front door, gesturing for us to enter as if it were our home too. The entryway was a soaring space of marble and steel, cold and impersonal.

Vivian immediately walked toward a hallway, her steps sure and confident. "I'll just put this in the guest room," she said over her shoulder, not bothering to ask directions.

I watched her go, a cold knot tightening in my stomach. "You've been here before," I said, the accusation clear in my tone.

Vivian froze, her back to me. Then she recovered, turning with a bright, practiced smile. "Yves showed me photos. For the portfolio project, remember?"

It was a weak excuse, but I was too overwhelmed, too distracted by the dull throb in my groin to push it.

She disappeared into a room down the hall. I followed, with Yves trailing behind me. The guest room was spacious and elegantly decorated in a distinctly feminine style—soft grays, blush pink accents, delicate floral artwork. It was clearly prepared. For me.

Vivian set her suitcase down and turned to me, her eyes slowly tracing the lines of my body, from my breasts down to my skirt. "You're walking in those heels very well," she observed. "Suspiciously well."

My heart stopped. She knew. She had to know. The panic was a cold, sharp claw in my chest.

But Vivian just smiled, a mysterious little curve of her lips, and slid open the closet door, never returning to her comment. My mini heart attack subsided into a confused, shaky relief.

The closet was a revelation. Racks of feminine clothes, all organized by type and color. Dresses, blouses, skirts, lingerie, heels, swimwear, accessories. Vivian went through them systematically, her touch professional, appraising.

"No jeans," she noted, her fingers flicking through a row of trousers that weren't there. "No pants at all. The closest thing is these shorts." She pulled out a pair of denim cutoffs so tight they looked painted on.

(She held up a lace bra against my chest, checking the fit. "This gives me inspiration," she said. "For my projects. You could model these for me, Nathan." Using my real name while holding lingerie against me—the dissonance was intentional, a test. I wanted to scream, to push her away, but I stood frozen, my traitorous body responding with a flutter of arousal. The cage tightened, a painful throb against my inner thigh.

***

Dinner was a masterclass in psychological torment. I was still in my office clothes, as was Yves. Vivian had changed into a casual but elegant dress. Yves served us, playing the gracious host, the head of this new, twisted family.

"So," Yves began, swirling the wine in his glass, "we need to address the logistics." His gaze fell on me. "Specifically, how we address you."

"It's hard to call him Nathan when he's dressed like this," Yves said, gesturing at my feminine suit.

"Nathalie feels too young," Vivian agreed. "Like a daughter. That's not right anymore."

She pondered, her wine glass held delicately in her hand, her eyes distant. "Nathania," she finally said. "It sounds professional. Grown. A woman with a job."

Yves nodded, a look of approval on his face. "Nathania. I like it. What do you think, Nathalie? Or should I say, Nathania?"

His smirk told me everything. He'd been calling me that for weeks in private.

I agreed quietly, my gaze fixed on my plate. There was no other option.

"Nathalie works for family roleplay," Yves continued, reaching across the table to take my hand. "Nathania for everything else. For work. For... other things." His thumb stroked the back of my hand. "I support you exploring this side of yourself. Being who you really are."

Vivian watched, her eyes bright. "We both do. We want you to be happy."

I wanted to flee, but my hand stayed locked in Yves's grip, a prisoner of their support.

***

Later, Vivian and I were at the sink, washing dishes. Yves was in the living room, close enough to hear.

I finally worked up the courage. "Vivian, about the cage. The keys. It hurts."

She kept washing, her back to me. "I left them at our house," she said, her voice casual. "Didn't think we'd need them here."

Panic clawed at my throat. "But I can't—it's painful, and I can't hide it in these clothes—"

She turned, her eyes dropping to my skirt, where the outline of my trapped arousal was visible against the fabric. "I think it's better you wear it," she said softly. "Considering you... react to things."

She meant Yves. The situation. Everything.

"There's another option," she continued. "If you don't want the cage. Hormones. They'd stop the... problem. Permanently."

I stared at her, speechless. My wife, the woman I loved, had just suggested chemical castration as a solution to my discomfort.

I stood there, my hands submerged in soapy water, my mind blank. Vivian turned back to the dishes, the conversation over as far as she was concerned.

***

In the guest room, Vivian emerged from the shower in a black lace babydoll, her dark hair damp against her skin. She went to the closet and pulled out a matching set in a soft, powder blue.

"Put this on," she instructed, holding it out to me.

I hesitated. The lingerie was sheer, revealing everything.

"Don't be shy," she said, a slight smile playing on her lips. "I've seen everything already. Last night."

I changed into the babydoll, feeling utterly exposed. Vivian watched me unabashedly, her gaze analytical.



Once I was dressed, she approached, her hands cupping my breasts through the delicate lace. "They didn't shrink at all," she observed, weighing them in her hands. "If anything, they feel bigger. The hair too—longer than yesterday?"

She reached out, her fingers touching my wig, but I knew she meant my actual hair underneath.

Her hand drifted lower, brushing against the cage through the sheer fabric. I stood still, letting my wife inspect my feminized body, a specimen on display.

"You like it," she whispered, her lips close to my ear. "Being like this. Being fucked by him."

It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact.

And I didn't deny it. The resignation was complete.

***

We moved to Yves's master bedroom. I stalled in the guest room, drinking a glass of water, trying to prepare myself.

When I entered, Vivian was already on the bed, her legs wrapped around Yves's waist as he fucked her. Her head was thrown back, her moans filling the room, a

symphony of pleasure I had once been the sole conductor of. Now I was just a member of the audience.

I froze in the doorway, my breath catching in my throat. My wife. My boss. The betrayal was complete, a sickening, final thud in my chest.

Yves noticed me, but he didn't stop. He just kept thrusting, a slow, powerful rhythm, and gestured for me to come closer. "See how much she enjoys this?" he said, his voice strained with effort. "She wants this every night."

Vivian opened her eyes, and when she saw me, she held out a hand lazily, an invitation.

I watched as Yves brought her to orgasm, her body arching, a cry of pure ecstasy tearing from her throat. When she came down from her high, she pulled me down onto the bed, kissing me deeply. I could taste him on her lips, a salty, musky reminder of her infidelity.

"Your turn," she whispered, trading places with me.

(erotica mode on)

Yves positioned me where Vivian had been, on my back, my legs spread. He entered me slowly, a smooth, deep thrust that filled me completely. Schlorp. With each inward movement, my cage bounced against my inner thigh, a soft, heavy weight swinging with the motion. The sensation was overwhelming—filled from behind, restrained in front.

I tensed, a whispered "no" escaping my lips. It was habit, a last vestige of panic, of residual resistance.

Yves stopped immediately, pulling out completely. I gasped, the sudden emptiness an ache. The cage settled back against my thigh, and I regretted my protest immediately.

He started again, building a slow, steady rhythm that brought me closer and closer to the edge. The cage bounced harder now, tapping against my stomach with each

deep thrust. Vivian noticed, her eyes fixed on the rhythmic movement as she touched herself.

Yves paused again, almost pulling out. The cage fell back, heavy and neglected.

"Say it again. Louder," he commanded. "Tell your wife you want me to fuck your pussy."

I was desperate, my body screaming for release. The cage was bouncing with my ragged breaths. "I want you to fuck my pussy," I cried out. "Please don't stop. I need it."

Between thrusts and pauses, he continued his interrogation. "Does this feel right? Being filled like this?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"When's the last time you wanted to fuck someone? To be inside them?"

"I don't... I can't remember."

"You don't miss it, do you? Being the one who thrusts?"

"No," I admitted, the shame burning hot in my chest.

Vivian leaned in, her breath hot against my ear. "Tell him you like it better this way."

"I like it better this way," I repeated, the words a surrender.

Yves slowed down, making me feel every inch of him. The cage was pressed between us as he leaned down, trapped against my stomach.

"Say it, Nathania," he commanded. "Say you prefer being fucked like a woman."

My voice was clear now, the cage tapping softly with each deliberate thrust. "I prefer this. I prefer being fucked. I don't want to fuck. I want to be taken like this."

Yves leaned down and captured my lips in a deep, possessive kiss. The cage was pinned between our bodies, a prisoner of our passion. I came while being kissed, shuddering around him, my cries lost in his mouth as the cage bounced one last time, then stilled.

Yves followed, filling me completely, still kissing me as we shuddered through our orgasms.

We collapsed onto the bed, a sweaty, breathless tangle of limbs. Yves settled back against the headboard, Vivian to his left, and me to his right. My cage rested against my thigh, warm and unnecessary in the aftermath.

Both our heads rested on his chest, his arms wrapped around us. His left hand found Vivian's pussy, and his right found my ass. My own hand wrapped around Yves's cock, stroking him back to hardness.

The cage hung ignored, redundant, as I served my partner.

Vivian tilted her face up, meeting Yves's lips in a deep kiss while his fingers worked inside her. Both of us were shuddering, moaning against his chest, coming together around his hands.

Yves whispered, "You'll never need to fuck again, Nathania. Only receive. Only be taken."

We drifted off to sleep, the confession sealed, the dynamic established.

***

I woke first, the early morning light filtering through the curtains. I realized I was lying on something hard—Yves's thigh.

Something was still in my ass—Yves's finger, buried deep, a casual, possessive claim even in sleep.

My own hand was wrapped around his cock, semi-erect, the weight of it familiar now.

My cage—cool metal resting against my thigh, empty, unnecessary.

For a moment, I didn't understand. My brain was foggy with sleep.

I saw Yves's face, peaceful, inches away from mine. His mouth was joined with Vivian's mouth. They were kissing. In their sleep.

Both of them, sleeping, peaceful, beautiful. Together.

The memory of the night before crashed into me: everything I had done, everything I had said, Vivian witnessing it all. I cringed inwardly at the memory of her watching my complete submission.

Then I became fully aware of Yves's finger, still lodged in my ass. Casual. Possessive. Even in sleep.

My hand was still wrapped around Yves's cock. I could feel it now, growing harder in my grip. Bigger than my own.

I was surprised at how well I'd gotten used to the cage, after a month of wearing it.

I looked at Yves's face, peaceful in sleep. The man who owned me now.

Slowly, carefully, I extricated myself from the tangle of limbs, trying not to wake them. I padded to the bathroom for a shower.

***

The hot water cascaded over my skin, washing away the night. My hands moved to my breasts automatically, checking, hoping.

They hadn't shrunk at all. If anything, they felt fuller. Heavier.

I cupped them, weighing them in my palms. Definitely bigger than yesterday.

I told myself my eyes were playing tricks on me, denial kicking in.

The water ran over my curves, my cage, my feminized body.

I stood there longer than necessary, just processing.

***

I emerged from the bathroom in a towel, to find Vivian waiting for me.

She hugged me immediately. "I'll support you. Whatever you want to be."

The words were kind, but final. She was accepting me as feminized, not fighting to restore me.

She pulled back, her eyes looking at my chest through the towel.

"Let me check," she said, her hands reaching out to measure.

"They look larger," she confirmed. "Definitely bigger than yesterday."

She looked me directly in the eyes. "Do you want to forcefully drain them? Or keep them till they drain naturally?"

"It looks like it might take 4 more days if you want them gone. That's what the research says."

The choice was technically mine. But the way she said "keep them" suggested her preference.

I stood there, wet hair dripping onto the floor, my wife holding my feminized breasts, offering to make this permanent.

***

We were all three in the kitchen, in various states of dress.

Nathania and Yves were in office attire.

Underneath my professional feminine suit—a form-fitting black secretary top tucked into a knee-length pencil skirt—I was wearing the lingerie set Yves had suggested. A matching black strappy bralette with a silver heart-shaped ring at the cleavage lifted my C-cup breasts. Below, mid-rise panties with a caged, multi-strap waistband and identical silver rings sat flush against my hips, the tight elastic pressing directly over my small chastity device. My brunette hair extensions framed my face and fell past my shoulders, completing the inner feminine layer.



Yves was in tailored business wear.

Vivian, in casual clothes, was making coffee.

She looked at my wig, at the line where it met my forehead.

"That wig can't be good for your scalp," she commented. "Wearing it all the time."

Yves looked up from his phone. "Don't worry. I'll pay for a proper alternative."

Vague, but promising. Hair extensions? Something more permanent?

We finished breakfast in a professional but intimate atmosphere.

At the door, Yves gave Vivian a deep kiss, grabbing her ass. She blushed.

He turned to me, giving me the same treatment—a deep kiss, an ass grab, a possessive claim.

Vivian cheered, "Have fun at work! But not too much fun!"

Yves assured her, "Work is work. Nothing will happen at the office."

We both knew he was lying.

***

In Yves's car, driving to the office, I was in the passenger seat, my wedding ring on my finger as usual.

Every pothole and crack in the asphalt sent a jolt through the car, a vibration that traveled directly from the suspension up through the seat and into my body. The metal cage, nestled snugly between my thighs, would swing and tap against my skin with a persistent, rhythmic percussion. Tink-tink-tap. Tink-tink-tap. It was a constant, maddening reminder of my confinement, a metronome for my predicament. The jostling didn't stop there; with every sway of the car, my C-cup breasts, unsupported by the strappy bralette, would bounce against the tight fabric of my blouse, a secondary sensation that kept me hyper-aware of my feminized form.

Yves drove with a casual confidence, one hand on the wheel, the other resting on the gearshift. He would glance over at me from the corner of his eye, a knowing smirk playing on his lips whenever we hit a particularly rough patch of road and he heard my sharp intake of breath or saw me white-knuckling the door handle.

"Uncomfortable, Nathania?" he'd ask, his voice a low, teasing rumble that seemed to make the cage throb in response.

"No," I'd mutter, turning my head to look out the window, my cheeks flushing with heat. The denial was useless. He knew. He could see the way my thighs were pressed together, the subtle way I tried to brace myself against the door to lessen the impact. The cage was a traitor, announcing my predicament with every subtle shift of the car.

"I was thinking about last night," he began, his tone shifting from teasing to possessive. "You were beautiful, you know. Begging like that."

My head snapped back to look at him. "Why did you do that? Make me say those things?"

He chuckled, a deep, genuine sound that made my stomach clench. "Because they're true," he said, his eyes meeting mine for a moment before returning to the road. "And you needed to say them. To hear yourself say them."

"Besides," he added, his voice dropping lower, "your wife enjoyed it. Did you see her face? The way she watched you, touched herself while you were coming undone?"

I looked back out the window, the cage settling into a rhythm of soft taps with the road's constant vibration. The memory of Vivian's face, her expression a mixture of arousal and triumph, was burned into my mind. The car ride continued in silence, the dynamic between us settled, the cage a constant physical reminder of my place.

When we arrived at the office building, Yves pulled into his reserved spot and killed the engine. The sudden silence was deafening. Before I could move, he leaned over, his body crowding mine in the small space. His hand cupped my jaw, turning my face toward his.

"I want to do something cheesy," he murmured, his lips just inches from mine.

"I think we should skip the elevator," he continued, his voice a low, seductive rumble. "And just take the stairs all the way to the top."

He leaned in, his breath warm against my ear. "You know, just to make sure the world knows you're climbing with me."

Then he kissed me. It wasn't a quick peck; it was a deep, possessive kiss, his tongue exploring my mouth, claiming me. I could feel the scratch of his stubble against my chin, taste the coffee he'd had with breakfast. When he finally pulled away, I was breathless, my lips tingling.

"Let's go, wife," he said, a smirk playing on his lips as he opened his door and got out of the car.

I followed, my legs feeling shaky as I stood on the pavement. The cage settled back against my thigh, a heavy, final presence. He took my hand, lacing our fingers together as we walked toward the building's entrance, the click of our heels on the pavement a syncopated rhythm. I was his Nathania, and I was climbing with him.

***

The day at the office was a surreal repetition of the previous ones. I sat at my desk outside his office, playing the part of the perfect secretary. I brought him coffee, managed his schedule, typed up documents. The cage was a constant, hidden presence, a dull ache that reminded me of my place.

Around mid-morning, the intercom on my desk buzzed. "Nathania, could you come in here for a moment?" Yves's voice was smooth, professional.

I took a deep breath, smoothed my skirt, and walked into his office.

"Close the door," he said, already undoing his zipper.

I knew what was expected. I sank to my knees under the large oak desk, the plush carpet cushioning them. He was already hard, his cock jutting out proudly. I took him in my mouth, the familiar weight and taste of him filling my senses.

***

My lips were swollen, the taste of him still lingering despite my best efforts with the bathroom's strong mouthwash. I had just returned to my desk, trying to compose myself, when the intercom buzzed again. "Nathania, back in here. Now."

My heart thumped against my ribs as I re-entered his office. This time, he was standing by the window, looking out over the city. He turned as I closed the door, a predator's smile on his face.

"Come here," he commanded, and I obeyed without question.

He pulled me into his arms, his lips crashing down on mine. This kiss wasn't about release; it was about possession. His tongue delved deep, claiming every inch of my mouth, erasing the last trace of my autonomy. His hands roamed my body, one tangling in wig the other gripping my ass, pulling me flush against him. I could feel his hard cock straining against his trousers, a promise of what was to come. I melted into him, my body responding traitorously, my own hips pressing against his, a silent plea for more.

He broke the kiss as suddenly as it began, leaving me breathless and wanting. "That's all for now," he said, his voice smug. "I have a conference call. But think about that until I'm ready for you again."

I was left standing there, trembling with unsatisfied desire, the cage a painful reminder of my inability to find release on my own terms.

***

The rest of the day was a blur of longing and frustration. Every buzz of the intercom, every glance from Yves, sent a fresh wave of arousal through me. By the end of the day, I was a bundle of nerves, my body thrumming with a desperate need.

We drove to the hair salon in silence. The car ride was a special kind of torture, every bump sending the cage swinging, a constant reminder of my pent-up frustration.

When we arrived, Vivian was already there, waiting with a woman I didn't recognize. She introduced her as Chloe, a friend from her course who specialized in hair extensions.

"Best in the class," Vivian said proudly, her arm linked through Chloe's.

I looked at them, a strange mix of dread and resignation washing over me. So this was the "proper alternative" to the wig.

Chloe examined my hair, her fingers professional and analytical as she felt the texture of my wig and the real hair beneath. "Perfect for extensions," she confirmed. "We can blend it seamlessly. It'll look completely natural."

Yves nodded, giving his permission. "Do whatever's needed. Best quality."

The process took hours. I sat in a salon chair, watching my reflection transform in the mirror as Chloe worked her magic. She removed the wig, washed my hair, and began the painstaking process of attaching the extensions strand by strand.

Vivian watched, her eyes bright with excitement, occasionally taking photos for her "future." Yves paid generously, adding a large tip. "Can't stiff a friend of Vivian's," he said with a wink.

When Chloe was done, I reached up to touch my new hair. It was real, long, feminine. Mine. No more wig line, no more removal. This was permanent until it grew out or I decided to cut it.

The permanence of it all settled over me. This wasn't a game anymore. This was my life.

***

On the drive home, all three of us were in the car. My new hair extensions felt strange, heavy, but also freeing in a way I couldn't quite articulate. I kept touching them, running my fingers through the soft strands.

Yves glanced over, noticing my fussing. "You don't need the wig anymore," he said. "Not with these. They look natural."

Vivian leaned forward from the back seat, her warmth a presence between us. "Thank you so much, Yves," she said, her voice sincere. "For everything."

"You're welcome," he replied, his eyes meeting hers in the rearview mirror. "Anything for my girls."

There was a pause, then Vivian spoke again, her tone shifting. "I'll give you something for the favor," she promised. "For everything you've done for us."

Yves caught her eye in the mirror, a slow smirk spreading across his face. "Can you give it once we reach home?" he asked.

Vivian nodded, an understanding passing between them that I wasn't privy to. She looked at me, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Nathania will be happy to help as well. Won't you, Nathania?"

I agreed quietly, my mind elsewhere, the cage shifting with the car's movement, unaware of what I was agreeing to.

***

We entered the house, and Yves immediately made his way to the sofa, settling in with an air of relaxed dominance.

"My lovers," he said, patting the cushions on either side of him. "Come sit with me."

I sat on his left, Vivian on his right, both of us tucked against him.

Yves switched on the TV, flipping to a romantic movie. A passionate scene began to unfold on screen, and I felt a surge of arousal. I looked at Vivian, a primal desire to fuck her building within me, a ghost of my former self. But the cage prevented it, locked and useless against my inner thigh.

Vivian noticed my look and shook her head subtly, a small, almost imperceptible motion. She wanted Yves, not me.

Yves pulled Vivian closer, his lips finding hers in a deep, possessive kiss. His hands roamed her body, exploring her curves through the thin fabric of her dress.

He broke the kiss and turned to me, pulling me in for the same treatment. The kiss deepened, our tongues tangling, and I melted against him, my body responding to his dominance.

Yves patted his thighs. "Come closer," he murmured.

Vivian moved first, settling on his right knee, facing him. I followed, positioning myself on his left knee, mirroring her.

He took turns kissing us, first Vivian, then me, then back again. Saliva strands connected our lips each time we separated.

His hands were busy beneath us—his right hand fingering my ass through my pencil skirt, his left hand fingering Vivian's pussy through her dress.

Both of us were moaning into his mouth or biting his shoulder blades as he worked us, our bodies arching against him.

"Nathan never did this before... never made me feel like this..." Vivian gasped, her head thrown back in pleasure.

Hearing my real name, a comparison to who I used to be, sent a jolt through me. The cage tightened with a painful mix of arousal and humiliation.

Both of us were approaching orgasm, writhing on his knees, desperate for release.

Yves stopped suddenly, his hands stilling, denying us completion.

"Strip," he commanded. "Down to your underwear. Both of you."

Vivian stood, removing her dress to reveal a simple pink bra and panty set.

I followed suit, unbuttoning my blouse and stepping out of my skirt. The black strappy lingerie set was revealed—the matching bralette with the silver heart-shaped ring at my cleavage, lifting my C-cup breasts, and the mid-rise panties with the caged, multi-strap waistband, the elastic pressing directly over the small, locked chastity device.

My new hair extensions cascaded over my shoulders, completing the feminine picture.



Vivian stared, then smiled. "Nathania really was looking forward to this."

I blushed crimson. I couldn't deny it—Yves had chosen this for me, had me wear it all day, anticipating this very moment.

Yves leaned back against the sofa, his pants open, his cock out and hard.

"Lie down," he instructed. "On your stomachs. Both of you."

Vivian and I complied, lying side by side on the sofa, our heads near his lap.

We began playing with his dick together, stroking and kissing the shaft. We kissed each other with his dick between our lips, passing it back and forth.

Yves reached behind us, one hand on each of our asses—fingering my ass through the strappy panties, Vivian's pussy through the pink cotton.

Both of us were moaning, struggling to focus on sucking him while he worked us from behind.

He timed it perfectly, bringing us all to the edge together.

We came simultaneously—Yves into our waiting mouths, Vivian and I shuddering against the sofa.

Vivian and I turned to each other, kissing deeply, sharing Yves's cum between us.

Lost in the moment, I licked the remnants from Vivian's face, savoring the taste.

Vivian pulled back, her eyes wide—surprised at this new, eager version of me.

I froze, realizing my mistake—I had revealed too much enjoyment.

Yves watched, satisfied, and stood up, dropping his pants and boxers on the floor.

He lifted both of us easily, one arm under each, and carried us toward the bedroom.

***

He deposited us on the bed, both of us breathless and waiting.

The romantic atmosphere enveloped us as he took his time, positioning us as he wished.

Vivian and I sat on him, facing each other, kissing while he rested and watched.

He moved us, arranged us, taking turns penetrating each of us while the other kissed and touched.

ERTOICA MODE ON

"Fuck, yes," I moaned as Yves entered me from behind, my body arching in pleasure. The sounds of our bodies coming together—squish, schluck, schluck—filled the room. I could feel every inch of him, stretching me, filling me completely.

Yves's hands gripped my hips, pulling me back against him with each thrust. His other hand reached around to rub my caged cock, a deliciously frustrating sensation. "You like that, don't you, Nathania?" he growled in my ear. "You like being filled like this."

"God, yes," I gasped, my head thrown back. "Don't stop."

Vivian watched us, her fingers busy between her legs. "Fuck her harder, Yves," she urged. "Make her scream."

Yves obliged, his movements becoming more forceful, more primal. The sound of skin slapping against skin—smack, smack, smack—echoed in the room. I could feel my orgasm building, a coil of heat in my stomach that threatened to snap.

"I'm going to cum," I cried out.

"Not yet," Yves commanded, stilling inside me. "Not until I say so."

He pulled out, leaving me empty and wanting. He positioned Vivian on her back, spreading her legs wide. "Eat her out," he ordered me. "Make her cum with your mouth."

I eagerly complied, burying my face between Vivian's legs. The taste of her arousal was intoxicating. I licked and sucked, my tongue finding her clit, circling it relentlessly.

"Oh, God, Nathania," Vivian moaned, her hands tangling in my hair. "Don't stop. Right there."

As I pleasured Vivian, I felt Yves enter me again, a slow, deep thrust that made me moan against Vivian's pussy. The vibrations from my moans seemed to drive Vivian wild, her hips bucking against my face.

Yves established a rhythm, thrusting into me as I ate out Vivian. The three of us moved together, a symphony of pleasure.

"Marry me," Yves grunted, his movements becoming more erratic. "Both of you. Marry me."

"Yes," Vivian cried out. "Yes, I'll marry you."

He stopped thrusting, pulling almost completely out of me, leaving me aching and empty. "Nathania?" he prompted, his voice a low growl.

My answer was muffled by Vivian's pussy, my mind clouded with lust. "Yes," I moaned. "I'll marry you. Please, Yves, don't stop."

He resumed his movements, even more forceful than before. "Good girl," he praised, his hands gripping my hips tight enough to leave bruises.

Vivian came with a scream, her body convulsing around my face. I lapped up her juices, savoring the taste of her release.

Yves followed moments later, filling me with his cum. I could feel the warmth spreading through me, a final, possessive claim.

We collapsed onto the bed, a sweaty, breathless tangle of limbs. Yves settled back against the headboard, Vivian to his left, and me to his right. Both our heads rested on his chest, his arms wrapped around us.

His left hand found Vivian's pussy, and his right found my ass. Both of us were shuddering, moaning against his chest, coming together around his hands.

"We'll need rings," Yves murmured, a satisfied smirk on his face. "Three of them."

"Three of them," I echoed, the words feeling foreign and heavy on my tongue. The aftermath of our shared orgasms left us breathless, our bodies tangled together in a mess of limbs and sweat on Yves's king-sized bed.

Yves shifted, his muscles tensing with renewed purpose. He rolled over, pinning me beneath him. His cock, already hardening again, pressed against my thigh, a hot, insistent presence.

"I need to hear you say it again," he growled, his lips brushing against my ear. "Both of you."

Vivian, lying beside us, propped herself up on an elbow, her eyes dark with renewed lust. Her hand drifted down to her pussy, her fingers beginning to circle her clit.

"Say what, honey?" I asked, my voice breathless.

"That you'll divorce him," Yves said, his hips grinding against me. "That you'll marry me instead."

He positioned himself between my legs, the head of his cock nudging against my entrance. I was already slick with his cum from our previous round.

"Divorce him," Vivian moaned, his fingers working faster. "Marry Yves. Both of us."

"Yes," I cried out as Yves pushed inside me, a slow, deep penetration that made me gasp. "I'll divorce him. I'll marry you."

The words were a surrender, a final, irrevocable step.

"Good girl," Yves praised, beginning to move inside me. He established a slow, steady rhythm, each thrust hitting deep. Squelch... schluck... squelch.

Vivian watched us, her fingers flying over her clit. The sight of her, the sound of her moans, combined with the feel of Yves filling me, was intoxicating.

My own hands drifted down to my caged cock, a futile attempt to find release. The metal bars prevented any real contact, a frustrating, tantalizing barrier. I could only rub the smooth surface, a poor substitute for the real thing.

Yves noticed my struggling, a look of pity mixed with arousal in his eyes. He slowed his movements, then stopped, pulling out completely. I whimpered at the sudden emptiness.

He turned to Vivian, who was close to orgasm, her body arching. He positioned himself between her legs, entering her in one smooth thrust. Vivian cried out, her orgasm crashing over her. Her body shuddered, then went limp, her eyes drifting closed in exhaustion.

Yves pulled out of her, then turned back to me. He rolled me onto my back, spreading my legs wide. He entered me again, missionary position, our bodies pressed together chest to chest.

This time, he moved slowly, deliberately. Each thrust was a deep, possessive claim. "Scream my name," he commanded, his lips hovering just above mine. "Let me hear who you belong to."

"Yves," I moaned, my head thrown back. "Yves, yes..."

"Call me honey," he urged, his hips grinding against me. "Like a good wife."

"Y... yes, honey," I stammered, the word feeling both wrong and right. "Please, honey, don't stop..."

He captured my lips in a deep, possessive kiss, our tongues tangling as he continued to move inside me. I could feel my orgasm building, a pressure coiling in my stomach.

We came together, my cries of "Honey!" lost in his mouth as he filled me with his cum.

Afterward, he rolled onto his back, pulling me on top of him. Vivian lay beside us, fast asleep, her breathing slow and even.

I lay on Yves's chest, my body still tingling from the aftermath. I could feel him softening inside me, a warm, comforting presence.

He tilted my face up, kissing me deeply again. His hands roamed my body, one finding my ass, a finger tracing my rim. I gasped as he pushed a finger inside, then another, scissoring me open.

"This will be our future," he whispered in my ear, his voice a low, seductive rumble. "Learn to love it."

I could feel my cock leaking cum onto his stomach, a slow, steady trickle. "I... I will," I moaned, my hips bucking against his hand.

"Good," he praised, adding a third finger. The stretch was delicious, a mix of pleasure and pain.

I came again, my body shuddering as I ejaculated onto his stomach. The last thing I remembered was his lips on mine, the taste of him, the feel of his fingers inside me, before everything went black.

***

I woke up to the warmth of Yves's body beneath me, the morning light filtering through the curtains. I was still on top of him, my cheek resting on his chest. Vivian was nowhere to be found.

Then I became aware of him—one finger buried deep in my ass, a casual, possessive claim even in sleep. His other arm was wrapped around me, holding me close. I lay there, processing everything that had happened, the reality of my new life settling in.

Yves stirred, his finger flexing inside me. He opened his eyes, a sleepy smile spreading across his face. "Morning, beautiful," he murmured, leaning down to kiss me. "Why aren't you moving?"

I blushed, embarrassed at being caught staring. "I... I was just thinking."

"About what?" he asked, his finger beginning to move inside me, a slow, deliberate rhythm.

"About... us," I managed, my breath hitching as he hit a particularly sensitive spot.

"Good," he said, his smile widening. He positioned himself between my legs, his already-hard cock nudging against my entrance. "Because I was thinking about you."

He entered me slowly, a deep, possessive thrust that made me gasp. "You were such a cutie last night," he murmured, beginning to move inside me. "So obedient. So mine."

He captured my lips in a deep, romantic kiss, his tongue exploring my mouth as he established a slow, steady rhythm. Each thrust was a reminder of who I belonged to, of the future I had agreed to.

I could hear Vivian in the kitchen, the clatter of dishes a distant, inconsequential sound. In this moment, it was just the two of us—Yves and Nathania, beginning their new life together.

His hips moved with a deliberate, sensual grace, each thrust a wave of pleasure that started deep inside me and rippled outward. Squelch... schluck... The sound was a wet, obscene proof of my previous surrender, of the cum still slicking my passage. He wasn't just fucking me; he was reclaiming me, marking me as his from the inside out.

My hands slid up his chest, my fingers tangling in the light dusting of hair there. I arched my back, pushing my breasts into his chest, my body language a silent plea for more. "Yves," I breathed, his name a prayer on my lips. He responded by

deepening the kiss, his tongue stroking mine in a rhythm that mirrored the movement of his hips.

This was different from the frantic, desperate coupling of the night before. This was slow, romantic, intimate. He was making love to me, to Nathania, his wife-to-be. The cage, which had been a source of frustration and humiliation, now felt strangely... right. A symbol of my submission, of my place in this new dynamic.

He shifted slightly, changing the angle of his thrusts. The head of his cock brushed against my prostate, sending a jolt of pure ecstasy through me. I cried out, my nails digging into his shoulders. "There," I gasped. "Right there, honey."

He chuckled, a low, satisfied sound. "Found it, did I?" He hit that spot again, and again, each movement calculated to drive me wild. "I'm going to make you cum like this," he promised, his voice a husky whisper against my ear. "Just from my cock inside you."

I could feel the pressure building, a familiar coil of heat in my stomach. My hips moved to meet his, our bodies slapping together with a soft, rhythmic percussion. Smack... smack... smack. The sounds of our lovemaking filled the room, a symphony of passion that was just for us.

He reached between us, his fingers finding my caged cock. He didn't try to stroke it, to bring me to release that way. Instead, he simply cupped it, the warmth of his hand a comforting presence. "This belongs to me," he said, his tone possessive yet tender. "Every part of you belongs to me."

"Yes," I cried out, my body tensing as my orgasm approached. "All yours, honey. Only yours."

With a final, deep thrust, I came. My cock jerked within its confines, a small, pathetic stream of cum leaking onto my stomach. The orgasm wasn't the explosive release I was used to; it was a slow, rolling wave of pleasure that seemed to go on forever, my body shuddering with the force of it.

Yves followed me over the edge, his movements becoming erratic as he found his own release. I could feel him pulsing inside me, a warm, intimate flood that seemed to seal our bond.

We lay there for a long moment, our bodies still joined, our breathing slowly returning to normal. The smell of sex and sweat filled the air, a potent aphrodisiac.

Yves was the first to move, gently pulling out of me. He rolled onto his side, pulling me into his arms. "Good morning, wife," he murmured, kissing my forehead.

"Good morning, husband," I replied, the words feeling strange but right.

We lay there for a while longer, just holding each other, content in the aftermath. But the real world was waiting, and we both knew it. The scent of coffee and toast wafted in from the kitchen, a reminder of the other person in this new, complicated equation.

"Breakfast," Yves said, patting my ass. "Let's go see what your wife—my wife—has made for us."

We showered together, Yves washing my hair with gentle hands, his fingers massaging my scalp. The intimacy felt natural now, domestic. We dressed - me in a simple sundress from the closet, him in casual trousers and a shirt - and made our way to the kitchen.

Vivian was at the stove, flipping pancakes. She turned when we entered, her cheeks flushing immediately. "Morning," she said, her voice slightly strained.

"Morning," Yves replied easily, as if last night had been perfectly ordinary.

We sat at the table. Vivian served us, her movements efficient but her eyes avoiding mine. The silence stretched until she couldn't take it anymore.

"Last night," she blurted, looking at Yves. "When you said... what you said. About all of us. Were you serious?"

Yves chewed slowly, swallowed, then met her gaze. "That's up to you, Vivian. What do you want?"

She opened her mouth, closed it. Her eyes flicked to me, then back to him. "I don't know. I need to think."

"Take your time," Yves said. Then he looked at me. "Just a minute, Nathania. We'll discuss later."

I nodded, confused but compliant.

After breakfast, Yves stood. He walked to Vivian, cupped her face, and kissed her deeply. Before she could react, he scooped her up in his arms. She squeaked, clutching his shoulders.

"Yves! What-"

"Shh," he murmured, carrying her toward their bedroom. He glanced back at me once, then kicked the door shut. I heard the lock click.

I sat frozen at the kitchen table. Then the sounds started - Vivian's moans, the bed creaking, Yves's low grunts. Louder than last night. More intense.

"Oh god," Vivian cried out. "This is... this is the best it's ever been..."

I gripped my coffee cup, my cage suddenly tight, my heart pounding. The sounds continued for what felt like hours, then faded to hushed voices. Whispering. Planning.

I put it out of my mind, or tried to. But I couldn't stop wondering: what was he going to do?

temp for from family day to end

"Maybe," she said, coming up behind me and wrapping her arms around my waist. Her chin rested on my shoulder as she looked at our reflection. A tall, beautiful woman and her... shorter, softer, curvier partner with budding breasts and a chastity cage hidden away. "But for now," she continued, her hands sliding up to cup my new C-cups, "we should enjoy the day. We can't just mope around the house for two whole days. Let's go out."

My mind warred with itself. Going out like this? The thought was terrifying. But if this was temporary, if this was the last day... maybe I could endure it. "Okay," I agreed, my voice uncertain.

"Perfect!" she chirped, clapping her hands together. "I have the perfect outfit."

She laid it out on the bed: a fitted white cropped camisole top that would hug my new breasts, a high-waisted red skater skirt that flared out and ended high on my thighs, lacy bra and panties, and a pair of ankle boots with a small heel. It was the epitome of a college girl's weekend outfit.

I let her dress me. The white top was soft cotton, the neckline draped subtly, the gathering across the chest emphasizing the C-cups I now possessed. The black skirt, a slight deviation from her original plan, was streamlined and body-contouring, its hemline sitting well above my knees with a small, daring slit. Underneath, there was nothing but the lacy panties, a delicate barrier that did little to conceal the hard line of the chastity cage against my skin. The boots added a wobble to my step, a constant reminder of my unsteady footing. Vivian styled my hair in loose waves and placed a thin headband across my forehead. She herself was in a flowing ankle-length skirt and a modest blouse, the very picture of a chaperoning mother.

"Absolutely perfect, my college girl," she said, beaming.

Just as she finished applying a final coat of glossy lip balm to my lips, the doorbell rang. My blood ran cold.

"Don't worry, sweetie," Vivian said, patting my cheek. "I invited Yves over. I thought it would be nice for us all to spend the day together."

Yves. Of course. I stood frozen as Vivian opened the door. He stepped inside, his eyes immediately finding me. A slow, appreciative smile spread across his face.

"Well, well," he said, his voice a low rumble. "Look at you. I was hoping I'd get to see Nathan's little sister in college style again."

"Yves, this is my daughter, Nathalie," Vivian said, her arm sliding around Yves's waist in a gesture of casual intimacy. "Nathalie, this is... Yves. My boyfriend. Your new stepfather."

The words hung in the air, thick and suffocating. New stepfather. Yves's eyes twinkled with dark amusement. He played along perfectly.

"A pleasure, Nathalie," he said, stepping forward and taking my hand. He brought it to his lips, his gaze holding mine. "My, you've certainly grown up. Vivian, you didn't tell me she was so... mature."

(erotica mode on)

Vivian giggled, playing the part of the flustered mother. "Oh, stop. I'm just going to get us some drinks. Be nice."

The moment she disappeared into the kitchen, Yves's friendly facade dropped. He pulled me close, his body hard against mine. "Stepdaughter," he murmured against my ear, his breath hot. "How fucking perfect." He pressed a small, cool object into my hand. A vibrator. "You know what to with this. Now."

My hands trembled as I fumbled with my skirt. I looked toward the kitchen doorway, terrified Vivian would walk back in. Yves just watched me, his expression unreadable. I shimmied the flared fabric down my hips, then hooked my thumbs into the delicate lace of my panties, pulling them down just enough. The cage was exposed, a glint of metal in the light of the living room. Yves smirked, a slow, predatory curve of his lips.

"Kept proper and denied," he commented, his voice a low hum of approval. "Good."

I quickly pushed the tip of the vibrator against my lubed hole, wincing as it slid inside with a soft squish. It settled deep, a foreign, buzzing presence. I scrambled to pull my panties back up, the fabric tight over the cage and the base of the device. Yves reached out, adjusting the lace himself, his fingers brushing against my skin.

"There," he said, stepping back just as Vivian returned with three glasses of iced tea. "All present and correct."

***

The mall was a sensory nightmare. Bright lights, loud chatter, the thump of distant music. And next to me, my "parents."

"Isn't this a lovely top, honey?" Vivian asked, holding up a lacy blouse.

"It's... nice," I managed, my voice tight. Yves, who had his arm draped possessively around Vivian's shoulders, chose that exact moment to press a button on his phone. A low hum started deep inside me. Bzzzzzz. I flinched, my thighs clenching involuntarily.

"Everything alright, sweetie?" Vivian asked.

"Fine!" I chirped, a little too loudly. A bead of sweat trickled down my back. The buzzing was a constant, maddening tease, sending little sparks of pleasure straight to my caged cock. It throbbed, a painful, desperate ache. I had to keep

walking. I had to smile. We passed a group of teenagers, and one of them wolf-whistled. My face burned.

Yves leaned toward Vivian, whispering in her ear, making her laugh. He was playing the doting boyfriend perfectly. "You know," he said, loud enough for me to hear, "it's so immoral for a stepfather to even look at his stepdaughter the wrong way. So glad I have you to keep me on the straight and narrow." The buzzing intensified. BZZZZZZ. I nearly stumbled, my hand flying out to grab a clothing rack for support.

Later, in a brightly lit boutique, Vivian insisted I try on a pile of clothes. In the cramped fitting room, I was a mess. With each new outfit, I had to strip down, exposing the cage, the panties, the humming vibrator. A short, slinky dress. A flimsy sundress. A tiny skirt that barely covered my ass. Through the gauze curtain, I could see Yves's silhouette, waiting. As I was pulling on a particularly tight tube top, he sent a jolt. BZZT-BZZT-BZZT. My knees buckled. A strangled gasp escaped my lips. I felt a trickle of wetness, precum leaking from my frustrated cock and soaking into the delicate lace. I pressed my thighs together, a silent, desperate prayer for the torment to end.

***

Dinner was a special kind of hell. We were seated at a cozy table in a dimly lit Italian restaurant. Yves and Vivian sat opposite me.

"What are you having, pumpkin?" Vivian asked, smiling sweetly.

I scanned the menu, my vision blurring as the vibrator pulsed in a slow, rhythmic pattern. Bzzz... bzzz... bzzz. "I'll... I'll have the... the spaghetti," I stammered.

Yves and Vivian were practically in each other's laps. His hand rested on her thigh, disappearing under the tablecloth. She leaned in, whispering to him, her lips brushing his ear. He whispered back, and she giggled, a light, airy sound that made my stomach clench.

"Good daughters are seen and not heard, Nathalie," Yves said, not even looking at me. He punctuated his sentence with a hard, fast pulse of the vibrator. BZZZZT! I bit my lip, hard, the taste of blood filling my mouth. I squeezed my legs together under the table, the fabric of the skirt doing little to muffle the sensations. Every nerve ending was on fire. Watching my wife with another man, being treated as their child, being teased to the brink of madness... it was a dizzying cocktail of arousal and utter humiliation. I picked at my food, my appetite gone.

***

The park was our final stop. The evening air was cool, and the setting sun cast long, golden shadows.

"Come on, sweetie, let's get a picture," Vivian said. "A nice photo of Mom and her college girl."

I stood awkwardly as she arranged us, my arm around her waist. "Smile, honey!" she chirped. The buzzing was a constant, maddening drone. Every pose she put me in was a new form of torture. Leaning in put pressure on my chest, making the cage dig into my skin. A simple hug pressed the vibrator deeper inside me.

For one shot, Yves offered to take the photo. "I want to get in on this," he said. He stood behind me, his body flush against my back. "Lean your head back, sweet girl." I did, and his other arm came around to rest on my stomach, his fingers splayed possessively. "That's it," he whispered, his lips against my ear. "You're being such a good girl for Mommy and Daddy." Vivian was fussing with the camera, oblivious to the way he was grinding his hard cock against my ass, the way he was claiming me in the open air. My shame was a hot, suffocating blanket.

***

When we finally got home, I practically ran to the guest room, my mind a whirlwind of relief and lingering, frustrated arousal. The day was over.

I had just changed into the soft pink babydoll nightdress Vivian had laid out for me, the sheer mesh doing little to hide the cage or the matching thong, when I heard voices from the master bedroom.

"Goodnight, sweetie! We're just going to... chat for a bit," Vivian called out.

I waited, my heart pounding. A few minutes later, Yves's voice followed. "This is for adults only, Nathalie. You should get some sleep."

Adults only. The implication hit me like a slap. They were going to fuck. My wife and her boyfriend were going to fuck, while I, her husband, was sent to the guest room like a child. I couldn't believe it. The blatant, casual cruelty of it stole my breath.

I lay down on the bed, the babydoll swirling around my thighs. The vibrator was still buzzing, a low, constant hum. Through the wall, I could hear them. A soft laugh. The creak of the bed. Vivian's moan, low and throaty. Thump, thump, thump. The rhythmic sound of the headboard hitting the wall. My cock strained against its prison, a painful, desperate ache. Tears of frustration and humiliation leaked from the corners of my eyes, tracing paths down my temples. I was trapped, caged, plugged, and forced to listen to my wife being pleasured by another man.

no make the vivian and yves sec scene longer, and have emasculating screams from vivian that nathalie can hear, and vivian calling yves husband /lover realted words, and nathalie torn between allowing it since yves had fucked her a lot since the business trip or not since its blatant and that the business trip was forced..

and then contiue as usual

***

I lay down on the bed, the babydoll swirling around my thighs. The vibrator was still buzzing, a low, constant hum. Through the wall, I could hear them. A soft laugh. The creak of the bed. Then, Vivian's moan, low and throaty.

My own breath hitched. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to block it out, but the sounds were sharp, insistent. Thump, thump, thump. The rhythmic, insistent sound of the headboard hitting the wall, a steady beat marking their coupling. My cock strained against its prison, a painful, desperate ache. Tears of frustration and humiliation leaked from the corners of my eyes, tracing paths down my temples.

Then Vivian's moans grew louder, more desperate. No longer soft, but sharp cries that pierced the wall. "Oh, God, Yves! Yes! Right there! You're so much bigger than him! So much better!"

The words were a physical blow. My eyes flew open, staring at the dark ceiling. Bigger than him? Better than him? My stomach churned. A part of me, a sick, twisted part, argued that I had no right to be angry. Yves had fucked me. He'd taken me on that business trip, forced me into the role of Nathania, his wife. He had claimed my body as surely as he was claiming Vivian's now. Hadn't I submitted? Hadn't I cum for him, screamed his name?

But the business trip was different. That was forced. This... this was a choice. Her choice. A betrayal so blatant, so public within the walls of our own home, that it felt like a fresh wound.

"Y-yes! Husband! Fuck your wife!" Vivian screamed, the word "husband" a dagger to my heart. "Take me! I'm all yours! Only yours!"

I buried my face in the pillow, a sob tearing from my throat. The pillow muffled the sounds, but they were still there, a constant, agonizing soundtrack to my own misery. The vibrator hummed on, a cruel, mechanical echo of their passion. The cage bit into my flesh as my cock uselessly tried to harden. My mind was a battlefield. The submissive Nathalie, the part that had learned to accept Yves's dominance, was torn apart by the wounded roar of Nathan, the husband. The conflict was a shredding, painful thing, and there was no escaping it. I just lay there, trapped, listening, my world crumbling around me.

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Three hours later, the sounds had finally subsided. The house was silent, save for the relentless buzzing inside me and the frantic pounding of my own heart. My eyes were sore from crying, my body a tense knot of frustrated arousal and emotional agony. The babydoll nightdress was damp with my sweat, clinging to my skin.

The guest room door opened with a soft click. I froze, my breath catching in my throat. A dark silhouette filled the doorway. Yves.

He moved silently into the room, shutting the door behind him. He didn't turn on the light. He just walked over to the bed, and I could feel the mattress dip under his weight. He climbed onto the bed, leaning over me. His scent filled my nostrils—a mixture of soap, sweat, and Vivian's perfume. The scent of my betrayal.

His large hand covered my mouth before I could even think to scream. "Shhh," he whispered, his voice a low rasp in the darkness. "Be silent. Don't wake your mother."

The words, so casual, so chilling, made my blood run cold. His other hand slid down my body, bunching up the sheer fabric of my babydoll. His fingers hooked into the side of my pink thong, pulling it aside. The cool air hit my skin, and then I felt his fingers brush against the base of the vibrator still lodged deep inside me. He twisted it gently, drawing a muffled gasp from behind his hand. He slowly pulled it out, the long, buzzing length of it sliding from my body with a wet, obscene schlorp.

He tossed it onto the nightstand. The sudden silence was deafening. I was empty, aching. He positioned himself behind me, spooning my body. I could feel his hot, hard cock pressing against my ass. He was still slick from Vivian. The thought made me nauseous.

He pushed into me in one slow, relentless thrust. Schlorp. I cried out into his palm, the sound swallowed by his skin. He filled me completely, a hot, hard, possessive intrusion. He started to move, a slow, deep rhythm that was the polar opposite of the frantic fucking I'd listened to for hours. This was quiet. This was deliberate. This was for me.

His hips rocked against me, the soft slap, slap of our bodies a secret in the dark.

(this sex will go on for a long while, he will fuck her for 2 hrs, describe it in detail. he will even give her a bit of rest saying his dick has to rest and ask her what she is planning to do . and if nathalie wants to be her stepdaughter and him as the step father, etc etc while stroking her back. nathalie will be honest. after that they will fuck again. and nathalie will kiss him to stop the noise from going to vivian)

go on and contiue as you planned and with this as well

His hips rocked against me, the soft slap, slap of our bodies a secret in the dark. Each thrust was a slow, deep possession, a reminder of who I belonged to. His cock, still wet from Vivian, moved inside me with an easy, familiar glide, stretching me, filling me until I thought I might break. I could feel every inch of him, the throbbing veins, the flared head hitting that spot deep inside that made me see stars.

I was a mass of contradictions. My mind screamed with betrayal, with the image of Vivian crying out his name, calling him husband. But my body... my body was a traitor. It arched into him, my legs shifting to grant him deeper access. A soft moan escaped my lips, muffled by his hand. The cage around my own cock was a

constant, throbbing ache, a painful reminder of my own denied pleasure as he used me for his.

He kept up that maddeningly slow pace for what felt like an eternity. The only sounds were our breathing, the wet squelch of his movements, and the distant hum of the city outside. He was in no hurry. This wasn't a quick, stolen fuck. This was a claiming.

After a long while, he slowed to a stop, buried deep inside me. He didn't pull out, just rested there, a heavy, possessive weight. He finally lifted his hand from my mouth. I took a deep, shuddering breath, the air feeling cold on my damp lips.

"Shhh," he reminded me again, his lips brushing against my ear. His cock throbbed inside me, a silent pulse. "My dick needs a minute. You wore me out."

His words sent a fresh wave of heat through me. Me? Worn him out?

His hand started to move, stroking my back in long, slow, soothing motions, like I was a nervous animal he was trying to calm. "So," he murmured, his voice a low, intimate rumble. "What happens now? Tomorrow is still a holiday. And the day after. What are we going to do with our little college girl?"

The question hung in the dark, heavy with unspoken meaning. He wasn't just asking about plans. He was asking about the game. About the roles.

"I... I don't know," I whispered, my voice hoarse. "I just... I want them to go away." I gestured vaguely at my chest.

"Ah, yes. The C-cups," he said, his hand tracing the curve of my hip. "They look good on you, you know. Very... becoming." His fingers drifted lower, teasing the lace of my thong. "But you're talking about being a girl. I'm talking about being my girl. My stepdaughter."

My breath hitched. "Please, Yves..."

"No, tell me," he insisted, his voice soft but firm. "Is this what you want? To be my stepdaughter? To have Vivian as your mommy, and me as your new daddy? We could have so much fun, the three of us. A real family." His thumb stroked my lower back, right above the cleft of my ass. "Or do you want something else? Something more... permanent?"

The honest answer was a raw, desperate thing clawing its way up my throat. "I don't know what I want," I finally choked out, the truth tasting like ash. "I'm scared. Everything is... so much. Being Vivian's girlfriend, being your Nathania, being your stepdaughter... I don't know where one ends and the other begins anymore. I just... I feel like I'm disappearing."

He was quiet for a long moment, his cock still a heavy, silent presence inside me. Then he kissed my shoulder, a soft, gentle press of his lips. "Good," he murmured.

"That's what I wanted to hear." He started to move again, a slow, deep grind that made my toes curl. "We'll figure it out together."

He picked up the pace then, a slow, deliberate build. Slap, slap, slap. The sound was still quiet, but more insistent now. His arm wrapped around my waist, pulling me tighter against him. His other hand found my breast, squeezing it through the sheer mesh of the babydoll. I could feel my own trapped cock leaking, a steady, frustrating drip.

The pleasure was building, a slow, inexorable tide. I could feel myself getting closer, the tension coiling in my stomach, my thighs. My breathing hitched, and I knew I was about to make a noise. A cry, a moan, something that would carry through the thin wall.

I twisted my head, my lips finding his in the dark. I kissed him, a desperate, frantic thing, swallowing the sounds of my own impending climax.

a bit more talk about it, up to you, use your creativity, yves might talk about planning a fake wedding for the three of them, and renting this house while the three of them move into his, he can forge new documents etc. nathalie will be fully clear minded here not clouded in ecstasy and able to answer independedlty , whsipering off course. both of them will be hugging each other while this convo carries on. yves might maybe talk about making things like the breasts permanenet, but that he wont do anything to nathalie's dick etc etc. and that yves will be getting a massive pay rise after moving on from this position etc etc.

while this is going on, yves would stroke her butt calmly. comforting her if she panics from the plans etc etc

while this is happening, her dick will leak copiously, and her dick will hurt from the cage so much that she might get tears in her, not from sadness but from pain

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I twisted my head, my lips finding his in the dark. I kissed him, a desperate, frantic thing, swallowing the sounds of my own impending climax. He responded with a low growl, deepening the kiss, his tongue tangling with mine. The kiss was a lifeline, a way to anchor myself in the storm of sensation and emotion. When we finally broke apart, we were both breathing hard.

He didn't start moving again. Instead, he held me, his body a warm, solid wall behind me, his arms wrapped around my waist. One of his hands began to stroke my ass, a slow, calming motion over the thin lace of the thong. The touch was surprisingly gentle, almost paternal.

"I've been thinking," he whispered, his lips brushing against my ear. "About the future. Our future."

My heart hammered against my ribs. I was clearer now, the immediate edge of lust receding enough for thought to return, though the slow, deep presence of him inside me was a constant, distracting thrum.

"This house... it's a bit small for a growing family," he continued, his voice a low, seductive murmur. "I have a much larger place. Plenty of rooms. One for Vivian, one for me... and one for my darling stepdaughter. We could rent this one out. Or just sell it. We wouldn't need it anymore."

My breath hitched. "Move in with you?" I whispered back, the words sounding foreign even to me.

"Mmm-hmm. All three of us. A real family," he said, his hand continuing its soothing circles on my ass. "We could even have a ceremony. A fake wedding, just for us. I can forge the documents. No one would ever know. You and Vivian could have matching rings, and I could have one too. A symbol of our... unique union."

The audacity of it stole my breath. A fake wedding. A forged life. The pain in my caged cock suddenly flared, a sharp, intense throb that made me gasp. A tear of pure pain slid from the corner of my eye and trickled down my temple.

Yves must have felt my body tense. He hushed me softly, his lips pressing a gentle kiss to my shoulder. "Shhh, don't panic, sweetheart. It's just an idea. We have plenty of time." He paused, his stroking becoming more deliberate, more possessive. "And about these..." he said, his free hand moving up to cup my breast through the sheer mesh. "They're lovely at a C-cup. But we could make them permanent. There are procedures, hormones... we could make them perfect. Perky D-cups that would fill out any top you wear. What do you think, my pretty girl?"

The thought was terrifying. Permanent. The word echoed in my mind. But even as a fresh wave of panic rose in my chest, my traitorous body responded. My cock, already aching in its cage, gave another painful throb, and I felt a fresh wave of precum soak into the delicate lace. Another tear of pain escaped.

"But don't you worry about this little thing," he said, his other hand drifting down to ghost over the trapped bulge. "I wouldn't dream of doing anything to it. I like it just like this. Denied. Frustrated. A constant reminder of who's in charge." His thumb brushed against the metal. "It suits you."

He shifted slightly, and the movement sent a jolt of pleasure through me, mingling with the pain. "And soon," he continued, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "I'll be getting a massive pay rise. I'm moving on from this position. A promotion. We'll have all the money we could ever want. No more worrying about a thing. You can just be my beautiful Nathalie, home with me and your mommy, waiting for us."

His plans were a net, closing in around me. A bigger house, a fake wedding, permanent breasts, a pay rise. He was building a cage around me, one far more

intricate and inescapable than the metal one between my legs. And he was stroking my ass, comforting me, as if he were telling me a bedtime story instead of laying out the blueprint for my complete subjugation.

"Yves..." I whispered, my voice trembling. Another tear, this one from a confusing mix of pain and fear, slid down my face. "It's... it's too much."

"I know, baby, I know," he murmured, hugging me tighter. "But it's a good future. A safe one. You'll be taken care of. You'll be loved." He kissed my neck, a soft, possessive press of his lips. he will talk about how viivan can pursue her dream of opening the beuaty parlor witout worry knowing a safety net is behind her, same for nathalie she can pursue her hobby job she wanted without fear of getting fired etc.

they will fuck again. with yves whispering into her ears more plans for the future. nathalie cant reply back as she is pressing her mouth against his shoulder blades to not let any sound out while he is fucking her in a standing lift position. but she understands fully. (your imigation on what future plans theyh would have).

finally it will end as i said before.

then nathlie will wake up the next day. noticing yves not next to her, she wears a dress prepare by vivian beforehand , it was placed on a chair neatly for her in the guest room (look leaned soft and deceptively innocent — a white sleeveless sundress covered in tiny pink floral patterns, with a fitted bodice that hugged Nathan’s shrinking C-cup chest and a flowing midi skirt that swayed around mid-calf. The dress had a light cottagecore aesthetic, with delicate shoulder straps and a slightly gathered waist that emphasized a feminine silhouette without looking overtly formal. Bare shoulders and collarbones gave it a casual summer feel, especially when paired with loose hair and minimal makeup.

Because the fabric was light and thin, the outline of the bra underneath could subtly show depending on the lighting, especially around the chest and straps. The fitted upper half also made Nathan constantly aware of the chastity cage hidden beneath his underwear, even if the skirt itself concealed the lower body well. Unlike the extremely short skirts Vivian sometimes forced him into, this dress was comparatively modest — long enough that accidental exposure was unlikely even while sitting or moving around the house) and goes to the kitchen seeing vivian in the kitchen laughing with yves while she is making breakfast. yves is very very close with her, and her wedding ring wasnt there on her finger(nathalie ahd to remove hers cos people will question why she had one when outside.) it looked like yves had fucked vivian right there at the kitchen. she will look at them having to get their attention for a minute before they notice her.

Scene 1: Breakfast

Vivian acts mothery, offers breakfast

Yves sits back on chair, invites his "daughter" to sit on his lap

Says they need some "father-daughter time"

Vivian giggles at it

Nathalie sits on his lap, Yves gets hard immediately

Vivian turns back to stove, Yves uses chance to slip his dick inside Nathalie through the side of her panties

He rubs her tits quietly through the thin dress fabric

When Vivian turns back, he moves hands down to her lap, still inside her

Secret fucking while eating breakfast, Yves can't move enough to cum

Nathalie leaks precum from the on-off movement, soaking her panties

Yves feeds her breakfast saying she's a "growing girl" etc

Vivian doesn't notice, or pretends not to

When they finish, he releases her

Scene 2: The Mirror

Vivian goes to wash dishes at the sink

Nathalie goes to room to swap her soiled panties

When she returns, hears moaning from kitchen

Peeks: Vivian is being fucked by Yves against the sink, bracing herself

Mirror of what happened when Yves fucked Nathania on the "1st night"

Same emotions from Nathalie: shame, arousal, exclusion

Vivian saying secret stuff like Nathan having to wear buttplug so he can get hard to fuck her

Nathalie in shame feelings, watching his wife emasculate him while getting fucked by the same man who was just inside him

erotica off (Normal afternoon activities, lunch, waiting for 3pm)

Scene 3: The Virginity Lesson

3pm, Vivian calls Nathalie over to her bedroom

Vivian explains she knows Nathalie wanted this since catching her with the vibrator last Saturday

She knew Nathalie wanted to be a girl, to be fucked

She will teach her how a girl goes from 1st base to sex

Yves will act as temporary partner to show Nathalie how it's done

Vivian present, lying on bed next to them watching

Nathalie doesn't do virgin tropes (no fake pain, no hesitation)

Vivian surprised Nathalie isn't against it enough, assumes it's because she secretly wanted it

She strokes Nathalie's head, comforts her

erotica on (during the sex and the make out and all your imiagitation on how it goes, it will be slow)

The lesson begins: kissing (Yves kisses Nathalie deeply), touching (hands roaming), petting (Yves touching her through dress), making out (heavy tongue, hands under dress)

Vivian gives comments to Yves: "Make it memorable for her," "Include kisses," "Be gentle"

Vivian herself kisses Nathalie's breasts through the dress, saying they need attention as well

The dress stays on, just unbuttoned/pulled aside as they progress

When sex is about to happen, Yves sees the chastity cage doesnt give any reaction

vivian Comforts Nathalie saying he knows about her condition

Whispers in Nathalie's ear that Yves is okay with her, that he knows who Nathalie is

But will not treat her as Nathan here

Nathalie cursing inside her head that Yves knew from the start, it's not a big discovery

Yves enters Nathalie while Vivian watches from the bed

He fucks her while maintaining the "first time" fiction

Vivian kisses Nathalie's breasts during the act, instructing Yves to make it good

The irony: Vivian thinks she's giving her daughter a special first time, doesn't know Yves has fucked Nathalie since the 2nd date

Nathalie has to perform the role of willing first-timer while actually being experienced

Yves cums inside her while Vivian watches and comforts her "daughter"

Scene 4: Aftermath

Yves pulls out, the cum visible

Vivian cuddles Nathalie, saying she's a woman now

Yves stays for the rest of the holiday, the new dynamic established

that night they will watch a movie toghter, on the sofa, yves and vivian acting like husband and wife, while nathlie looks on jealous but wondering who she is jealous of here .

(erotica mode on , 15 lines. your choice on how it goes, but main thing is being quiet so yves and nathalie will be a in a constany lip lock while yves fucks her as nathalie sits on his lap)

vivian will notice her and ask her if she wants to make out with her daddy again . nathalie will try to reject but yves will bring her in and kiss her , yves will discreetly slip his penis into her again, and fuck and kiss her, making sure it is silent while vivian is engrossed in the movie not noticing the sex going on next to her . nathalie is aroused and afriad at this turn of events

when they are done, nathalie is lifted from the sofa and placed next to her daddy, who strokes her head as she rests her head on his lap , her face near his tented shorts, he will whisper in her ear to come early tommorow as there is a surpise . vivian doesnt know. she will turn her head around and then tell yves thinking nathalie is sleeping that nathan has some problems recently, and can he help him (she will talk about the saline problem) yves will tell her not to worry as he is nathan's boss now and he can hide him , yves will look down and act as if he is deep thought and will say that it is hard to hide that, and employees might find out sooner or later, so its best if nathalie comes to work tommorow instead.

contiue on from "He kissed my neck, a soft, possessive press of his lips." as planned

***

He kissed my neck, a soft, possessive press of his lips. "Vivian can pursue her dream of opening that beauty parlor she's always talked about," he continued, his breath hot against my skin. "No more worrying about rent, about startup costs. She'd have a safety net. Her husband and I would take care of everything."

Husband. The word, coming from him, about himself, was a jolt. He was talking about himself and Vivian, and me... where did I fit in that equation?

"And you, my sweet girl," he murmured, his strokes on my ass becoming more intimate, a finger tracing the line of my thong. "You could pursue that little hobby job you mentioned. The one you were so scared of getting fired from. You wouldn't have to worry anymore. You could work, or not work. You'd be provided for. All you'd have to do is be our pretty girl at home."

He shifted then, pulling me up with him until I was standing, my back to his chest. He lifted me effortlessly, my feet leaving the floor. My legs instinctively wrapped around his waist as he held me, my body impaled on his still-hard cock. "Wrap your arms around my neck," he commanded. I did, clinging to him like a child.

He started to thrust then, a slow, deep rhythm that stole my breath. Slap, slap, slap. His strength was undeniable, holding me as if I weighed nothing. "Imagine it," he whispered, his lips against my ear as he pumped into me. "A new beginning. We'll tell everyone we're a modern family. Me and your mommy, and our sweet Nathalie, who came to live with us after her father... passed away."

The story was monstrous, a perfect little tragedy to cover his tracks. I wanted to scream, to protest, but my mouth was pressed against the hard muscle of his shoulder, my moans and cries swallowed by his skin as he fucked me. I understood every word. The escape routes were closing, one by one.

"We'll get you a new wardrobe, new papers, a whole new life. You'll forget you were ever Nathan. You won't need to."

Tears of pure, agonizing pain from the cage flowed freely now. I could feel my cock leaking, a steady, humiliating stream of fluid soaking the front of the thong. He was destroying me and rebuilding me in his image, all while whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

Finally, with a low groan, he buried himself deep inside me, and I felt the hot pulse of his cum filling me. He held me there for a long moment before carefully setting me back down on the bed. He didn't pull out immediately, just spooned me again, a heavy, sated presence.

"Sleep now, my daughter," he whispered, kissing my temple. "You've had a long day."

***

I woke up alone. The space beside me was cool, empty. The early morning light was soft and gray. For a moment, I felt a pang of something—a loss, a confusion—before the memories of the night before crashed down on me.

I sat up, my body aching in a dozen places. There was a chair by the bed, and on it, a dress was laid out. It looked soft and deceptively innocent—a white sleeveless sundress covered in tiny pink floral patterns. The fitted bodice would hug my C-cup chest, and the flowing midi skirt would sway around my mid-calf. It was longer,

more modest than the other outfits, a subtle shift in tone. I put it on, the light fabric a cool caress against my skin. The cage was a constant, heavy presence beneath.

I walked out of the guest room, drawn by the smell of coffee and the sound of soft laughter. In the kitchen, Vivian was at the stove, her back to me, and Yves was right behind her, his arms wrapped around her waist, his chin resting on her shoulder. He was whispering something in her ear that made her giggle. I looked at her left hand, resting on the countertop. Her wedding ring was gone.

They were a picture of domestic bliss. A couple. They looked like they'd been fucking right there against the counter just minutes before. I stood in the doorway, unnoticed, a ghost in my own home. I had to clear my throat twice before they finally turned.

"Oh, sweetie! Good morning!" Vivian chirped, her smile bright and unwavering. "Sleep well? I'm making pancakes. Come have some breakfast."

Yves leaned back against the counter, a lazy smirk on his face. He patted his lap. "Come here, pumpkin. Daddy missed you. We need some father-daughter time."

Vivian giggled, turning back to the stove. My stomach twisted. I walked over hesitantly and perched on his lap. Instantly, I felt him grow hard beneath me, a thick, insistent pressure against my ass through the thin fabric of my dress.

Vivian was absorbed in her cooking. That was all the opening Yves needed. His hands, which had been resting innocently on my thighs, moved with practiced ease. One slid up, bunching the fabric of my dress, while the other deftly pulled the crotch of my panties aside. I felt the hot, smooth head of his cock, freed from his shorts, press against my already used hole. He pushed into me in one slow, silent glide. Schlorp. I bit my lip, my hands flying to the table to steady myself.

His other hand came up to my chest, rubbing my tits through the thin cotton of the sundress, his thumb brushing over my nipples until they were hard, aching points.

"Who's ready for syrup?" Vivian sang, turning around with a plate stacked high with pancakes.

Instantly, Yves's hands moved down, resting flat on my lap, a perfect picture of paternal affection. He was still buried inside me, a hot, full presence that made it hard to breathe. He hadn't moved, just held me there, impaled.

Vivian set the plate down and slid into the chair opposite us. Yves picked up a fork, cut a piece of pancake, and held it to my lips. "Open up, sweetheart. You're a growing girl, you need your strength."

I ate the pancake, my mind a blur of sensations. The sweetness of the syrup, the fullness of him inside me, the casual way Vivian watched us, a beatific smile on her face. Every so often, he would give a tiny, almost imperceptible roll of his hips. A mini-thrust that made me gasp. Each small movement sent a jolt straight to my

trapped cock, and I could feel it leaking, a steady, shameful drip soaking into the lace of my panties.

When we finished, Yves excused himself to the bathroom. I practically fled to the guest room, my movements stiff and awkward. I had to get out of these soiled panties. I found a clean pair in the drawer and quickly changed, my hands shaking. As I was heading back to the kitchen, I heard it again. A soft moan. A rhythmic slap.

I crept to the doorway and peeked in. Vivian was bent over the kitchen sink, her hands braced on the counter. Yves was behind her, fucking her hard and fast. Thwap, thwap, thwap. It was a mirror of what he had done to me on that first night, the night he had taken Nathania against this very counter. The same shame, the same arousal, the same gut-wrenching exclusion flooded me.

"You're so much better than him," Vivian was panting, her head thrown back. "So much bigger. God, Yves, you have no idea. I have to make Nathan wear that buttplug sometimes, just so I can pretend it's you, just so I can get wet enough to let him fuck me."

The words were a public execution. My wife was emasculating me to the man who was inside me not ten minutes ago, the man who had just used me as a secret cock-sleeve at the breakfast table. I turned away, my face burning, and retreated to the living room, curling up on the sofa and staring blankly at the wall.

(erotica mode off)

The afternoon passed in a strange, tense quiet. We ate lunch together, the three of us, sitting around the table like a normal family. Yves read the paper. Vivian flipped through a magazine. I sat there, my hands folded in my lap, waiting.

***

(erotica mode on)

At 3pm on the dot, Vivian called my name. "Nathalie, sweetie, can you come in here? To our bedroom?"

My heart was pounding as I walked in. Vivian was lying on the bed, propped up against a pile of pillows. Yves was standing by the window, looking out.

"I know, honey," Vivian said, her voice soft and conspiratorial. "I know about... everything. About last Saturday. When I caught you with my... toy."

My blood went cold.

"I know you've been curious," she continued, patting the space on the bed next to her. "About what it's like to be a girl. To be with a man. And it's okay. Mommy understands."

She looked over at Yves. "Yves has agreed to... help. He's going to act as your partner, just for a little while. To show you how it's done. We're going to teach you, step by step. How a girl goes from first base to all the way."

She smiled at me, a beatific, terrifying smile. "Your very first lesson."

Yves walked over to the bed and sat down on my other side. He didn't look at me, but I could feel the heat coming off him. He was my teacher now.

Vivian stroked my hair. "Don't be nervous, sweetie. We'll make it special for you."

He kissed me then. Yves. My boss. The man who was fucking my wife. His lips were firm, demanding. I let him in, my mouth opening under his. His tongue swept inside, tasting me, claiming me. It wasn't a peck. It was a deep, possessive kiss, the kind of kiss that leaves no room for doubt.

His hands roamed, one sliding down my back, the other coming up to cup my breast through the thin cotton of the sundress. My nipple pebbled instantly under his touch. Mmmph, a small sound escaped my throat.

"See?" Vivian murmured, her fingers still stroking my hair. "He knows what he's doing."

Yves's kiss deepened, his other hand now slipping under the hem of my dress, tracing patterns on my bare thigh. I shivered, my body responding with a will of its own. I was supposed to be a virgin, a nervous first-timer, but my body knew this dance. My legs parted slightly, an invitation.

"Make it memorable for her, Yves," Vivian whispered from beside me. "Include kisses. Be gentle."

Then Vivian's other hand joined in, reaching over to palm my other breast through the dress. "These need attention too," she said softly, her thumb brushing over the sensitive peak. The dual sensation was overwhelming. Yves's tongue in my mouth, his hand on my thigh, Vivian's hand on my breast. My head was spinning.

My hips started to move, a small, helpless rocking motion. I was getting lost in it, the familiar, intoxicating haze of arousal. Yves's fingers crept higher, his knuckles brushing against the wet lace of my panties. I could feel the hard, aching throb of my caged cock, a frantic, useless plea for release.

Then, he stopped. He pulled back from the kiss, his dark eyes looking down at me. His gaze dropped to the unmistakable bulge between my legs, to the place where a virgin girl should have been smooth and flat. I froze, a cold dread washing over me.

Vivian saw it too. Her smile didn't falter. "It's okay, sweetie," she said, her voice incredibly gentle. "He knows about your... condition. Yves knows exactly who you are."

She leaned in close, her lips brushing against my ear. "And he's okay with it. He's not going to treat you like Nathan here. Right now, in this room, you are Nathalie. And he is going to make love to you."

My mind reeled. He knew. He knew from the start. This wasn't a discovery. This was a part of the plan. The bastard. He had played me perfectly, letting me believe this was a secret I was keeping for him. I cursed him silently, my hands clenching into fists in the sheets.

He positioned himself between my legs, pushing the skirt of my dress up around my waist. He hooked his fingers into my panties and pulled them down. The cage was exposed, the metal glinting in the soft light. He didn't even blink. He just lined himself up, the head of his cock pressing against my entrance.

He pushed into me, slow and steady. Schlorp. I was already wet, already prepared from our earlier encounter. He filled me completely, and a long, low moan escaped my lips. It was genuine. It was the sound of a body that knew exactly what was happening to it, even as my mind was screaming in protest.

He started to move, a slow, deep rhythm that was the antithesis of a frantic, clumsy "first time." This was practiced. Confident. He was a teacher, and I was his student. And he was teaching me that he owned me, body and soul.

Vivian leaned over, her lips closing around one of my nipples, sucking gently through the fabric of the dress. "That's it, baby girl," she murmured against my skin.

not erotica enough i would say. a bit more of her moans etc etc

Yves shifted his angle, and the head of his cock dragged against that spot inside me that made my vision white out. "Oh! Oh, God!" I cried out, my back arching off the bed. My legs wrapped around his waist, pulling him deeper. Every nerve ending was on fire. The cage was a constant, agonizing throb of pressure, a counterpoint to the waves of pleasure washing over me. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of our bodies meeting was a wet, obscene rhythm in the quiet room.

Vivian's hands were everywhere, stroking my hair, my arms, my stomach. "You're so beautiful like this, Nathalie," she whispered, her voice thick with emotion. "So responsive. Just let go, honey. Let Daddy make you a woman."

The words were poison, but my body didn't care. My hips rose to meet Yves's thrusts, a desperate, pleading motion. I could feel myself getting close, the tension coiling tighter and tighter in my core. My breath hitched, my moans growing higher, more desperate.

"That's it, my sweet girl," Yves growled, his pace increasing slightly. "Cum for me. Cum for Daddy."

With a strangled cry, I shattered. My entire body convulsed, waves of pleasure crashing over me, so intense they were almost painful. My caged cock pulsed, a

futile, desperate ache, and I could feel a hot, wet gush as my denied orgasm ripped through me, soaking the sheets beneath me.

Yves kept moving, fucking me through my climax, drawing out every last shudder. Then, with a deep groan, he buried himself deep inside me, and I felt the hot, rhythmic pulse of his release. He collapsed on top of me, his weight a heavy, possessive blanket.

For a long moment, we just lay there, a tangled, panting heap. Then he pulled out, and I felt the immediate emptiness, the trickle of his cum leaking from me.

Vivian was there instantly, pulling me into her arms, cuddling me like a child. "Shhh, it's okay, baby," she cooed, stroking my sweat-damp hair. "It's over. You were so brave. You're a woman now."

I lay there, my face pressed against her chest, my body trembling with aftershocks. I had played my part. I had been the willing virgin. And they had believed me.

***

Yves stayed. The holiday stretched out, the new dynamic settling into a strange, suffocating normalcy. Yves and Vivian acted like a married couple. They held hands, they kissed, they shared inside jokes. And I was their daughter, their pretty, quiet, college-aged daughter who hovered at the edges of their lives.

That night, we watched a movie together on the sofa. Vivian was curled up against Yves's side, her head on his shoulder. He had his arm around her, stroking her arm. I sat in an armchair a few feet away, pretending to watch the screen, my eyes drawn to them again and again. Jealousy, hot and bitter, rose in my throat. But who was I jealous of? Him for having her? Or her for having him? I couldn't untangle the knot of my own feelings.

Halfway through the movie, Vivian stretched and announced she was going to make popcorn. As she stood up, she paused, looking over at me. I'd been staring, I realized, my gaze fixed on where Yves's hand rested possessively on her thigh.

Vivian's lips curved into a knowing, gentle smile. "You look like you want to make out with your daddy again, sweetie," she said, her voice light and teasing. "Go on. It's okay."

My face burned, but before I could protest, she was already heading toward the kitchen. "I'll get the popcorn. You two have some... father-daughter bonding."

Yves patted his lap, the gesture an open invitation in the dim light of the TV screen. I felt a pull, a magnetic compulsion I couldn't resist. I got up and settled onto his lap, my back against his chest. He was already hard.

"See?" he murmured, his lips against my ear. "Mommy knows what her little girl needs."

His hands came around my waist, pulling me flush against him as he claimed my mouth in a deep, possessive kiss. It was a hungry kiss, full of unspoken things. While he kissed me, one of his hands snaked down, deftly undoing the button and zipper of his shorts. Then, with a practiced ease that made my breath hitch, he reached under the skirt of my sundress, pulled the crotch of my panties aside, and guided his hot, hard cock into my already slick entrance. Schlorp.

I gasped into his mouth as he filled me. He didn't move, just held me there, impaled and silent, while he ravaged my mouth with his tongue. The movie's soundtrack and the faint sounds of Vivian rummaging in the kitchen were the only sounds in the room. He was fucking me with the slow, steady rhythm of a kiss, a constant, aching pressure that made my own caged cock leak with a desperate, painful throb. I was terrified of being caught, yet my body was alight with a dark, secret arousal.

When Vivian returned a few minutes later with a large bowl of popcorn, Yves's hands were innocently resting on my lap, a perfect picture of paternal affection, even as he remained buried deep inside me. He had shifted me slightly, a subtle adjustment that allowed him to start a slow, almost imperceptible rocking motion. Each tiny thrust was a secret spark, a jolt of pleasure that made me clench around him.

nope they will fuck to compleition, while vivian is ignorant, yves will empty inside her, while nathalie will dribble from her cage , meanwhile both of them will be in a french kiss , if vivian looks to them she will assusme they are only kissing, while yves is softly fucking her. nathalie's moans muffled by the tongues and lips and movie noise

contiue

***

Vivian settled back on the couch, placing the bowl of popcorn between her and Yves's empty space. She didn't seem to notice—or didn't care—that I was now occupying Yves's lap. Her focus was on the screen as the movie's dramatic score swelled.

This was the opening Yves needed. His hands, which had been resting so innocently on my lap, tightened their grip on my hips. He began to move in earnest, a slow, deep rhythm that was completely hidden by our bodies and the dim light. Each thrust was a silent, invasive claim. Slip... slide... thump. The sounds were drowned out by the movie's explosions.

My breath hitched. I pressed my face into the crook of his neck, muffling the sounds I couldn't hold back. He took the cue, capturing my lips in a deep, searing French kiss. Mmphf... mmmph... My moans were swallowed by his tongue, my cries lost in the cavern of his mouth. His thrusts grew harder, more deliberate. Slap, slap, slap. The wet, rhythmic sound of our bodies was a filthy secret against the cinematic score.

He was fucking me, right next to my wife. To her, it would look like nothing more than a passionate, if slightly inappropriate, kiss between father and daughter. She would see a girl lost in her first romantic embrace, not a husband being used as a warm, tight sheath. The cage was a prison of pain, my own cock straining against the metal, a steady, humiliating drip of precum soaking the front of my panties.

His hips pistoned faster, the kiss growing more frenzied, more desperate. I was lost in it, the shame, the pleasure, the fear. I could feel him swelling inside me, the tell-tale sign of his impending release. He groaned into my mouth, a low, guttural sound, and then I felt it—the hot, thick pulse of his cum flooding my insides. Gush... gush... gush. Rope after rope of his release painting my inner walls, marking me as his.

The feeling sent me over the edge. A strangled cry was lost in our kiss as my own body convulsed. My trapped cock spasmed, a futile, desperate clench, and I felt a warm, wet gush as my ruined orgasm spilled from me, soaking the thin lace of my panties. Dribble, dribble. It wasn't a release, not really, just a painful, frustrating overflow.

He held me there for a long moment after, his lips still pressed against mine, our breathing ragged. Then, slowly, he lifted me from his lap, his softening cock sliding out of me with a wet shlorp. He placed me on the couch cushion beside him, arranging my skirt carefully. He then pulled a blanket from the back of the sofa and draped it over my lower half, a thoughtful gesture that was also a perfect way to hide any potential mess.

He began stroking my head, a slow, soothing motion, like I was a tired child. My head rested near his lap, my face inches from the obvious tent in his shorts. He leaned down, his lips brushing against my ear.

"Come to my room early tomorrow," he whispered, his voice a low, intimate rumble. "There's a surprise for you."

Vivian, her eyes still glued to the movie, seemed completely oblivious. She turned her head slightly, her expression thoughtful. "Yves," she said, her voice casual, as if discussing a grocery list. "You know, Nathan's been having some problems recently. Work stuff. Do you think you could help him?"

I held my breath, my body freezing.

Yves's stroking paused for a fraction of a second. "I am his boss now, Vivian," he said, his tone calm and reasonable. "I can certainly look into it. Hide him if need be." He looked down, feigning deep thought, his fingers resuming their rhythmic stroking of my hair. "But... what kind of problems are we talking about?"

Vivian sighed. "It's... it's the saline. The... swelling." Her voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper. "It's getting hard to hide. The employees at his office are starting to notice, I'm sure. It's only a matter of time before someone finds out."

Yves hummed thoughtfully, a perfect picture of a concerned authority figure. "That is... difficult to hide," he said slowly. "In a professional environment, gossip spreads like wildfire. Sooner or later, someone will say something." He let the words hang in the air, a deliberate, calculated pause. Then he delivered the final blow. "It might be for the best if... Nathalie comes to work with me tomorrow. Instead of Nathan."

The suggestion hung there, quiet and devastating.

Vivian blinked, processing. "You mean... have him come to the office? As Nathalie?"

"As my assistant," Yves said smoothly. "I can keep her close, protect her from gossip. No one needs to know who she really is." His hand resumed stroking my hair, casual and possessive. "But she'll need proper clothes. Office attire."

Vivian's brow furrowed. "I don't have anything that would fit. Nothing professional."

"I have some clothes that might work," Yves said, his voice warm with reassurance. "My ex, Elena. She lived here for almost a year before she took that job in Singapore." He paused, letting the information settle. "When she moved, she left most of her wardrobe behind. Said I could keep whatever I'd bought for her."

"Your ex?" Vivian asked, her brow furrowing slightly. "Wouldn't that be... awkward?"

"Long over," Yves said smoothly. "Six months now. And she was about Nathalie's size. Small frame." He looked down at me, his fingers trailing along my jaw. "She left everything from casual wear to office attire. Professional pieces, suits, blouses. Even some things still in packaging, tags on. Never got around to wearing them."

Vivian's expression softened, curiosity replacing suspicion. "That would be perfect."

"Very professional," Yves said. "She worked in finance." He shifted slightly. "I haven't cleared out the guest room closet yet. Everything's still there."

Vivian brightened. "That solves everything."

"I'll go check what I have," Yves said, already moving toward the door. "Shouldn't take more than an hour to sort through and bring the best pieces."

"You don't have to go tonight-"

"I want everything ready for tomorrow," Yves said firmly. "Nathalie's first day should go smoothly. No scrambling for outfits in the morning."

He paused at the door, looking back at me. "Elena was about your size, Nathalie. I have a feeling everything will fit you perfectly." His smile was warm, but his eyes held something else. "What a fortunate coincidence."

The door clicked shut behind him. I stared at the ceiling, the cage throbbing between my legs. There was no Elena. Or if there had been, these weren't her clothes. They were mine. The uniform of Nathania, waiting in the guest room closet all along.

The front door clicked open, much sooner than the hour he'd promised. My breath caught in my throat.

He was back.

I heard him walk into the kitchen. "I got them," he said.

"Oh, that was fast!" Vivian exclaimed. "Let me see!"

I heard the soft rustle of garment bags. Yves was saying something about his ex being organized, leaving everything in good condition.

Slowly, I sat up and walked into the kitchen. Yves was standing by the island, several garment bags draped over his arm.

Vivian took the bags from him, relief evident on her face. She unzipped the first one, pulling out a blouse and holding it up against me. "We need to check the fit."

As she turned away, focused on the fabric, Yves leaned in close to me. His voice was a low whisper. "I have a feeling they'll fit perfectly," he said. "What a coincidence."

A cold dread washed over me. He knew I knew. This was a game, and my own wife was the unwitting audience.

Over the next twenty minutes, I was paraded in and out of the bedroom while they checked the fit. They had also brought two pairs of heels. I teetered slightly, unused to the height.

the above is a rewrite of th last sections thats all

anyhway contiuging on

the following outline is what you have to write the story on

Scene 5: The Return

Yves returns in an hour, carrying garment bags and a shoe box

Hands clothes and 2 pairs of heels to Vivian (no underwear included)

Vivian thanks him enthusiastically; Nathalie thanks him unwillingly

When Vivian turns away to inspect the clothes, Yves whispers a dad joke about the clothes fitting "Nathania" perfectly - both know they belong to Nathalie's office persona

Vivian has Nathalie model the outfits to check fit

Irony: Nathan is trying on his own "Nathania" clothes from his office wardrobe while Vivian watches, thinking they're borrowed from a stranger

Scene 6: The Arrangement

Yves announces he's spending the night (in Nathan's room or on couch)

Will leave for work tomorrow with Nathalie to help her "avoid incidents"

Vivian agrees, relieved

Dinner proceeds normally, tense undercurrent

Scene 7: The Lesson

(erotica mode, sex up to you, but nathalie does not get penetrated not get to masterbate analy)

All three naked in bedroom

Vivian instructs Nathalie to prepare her for penetration

Nathalie must suck Yves's cock first

Then lick Vivian's pussy until she's ready

Nathalie watches Yves fuck Vivian twice, both times cumming inside her

After second time, Vivian instructs Nathalie to clean all cum from her pussy with his tongue

While licking, Nathalie realizes Vivian has fallen asleep

Yves reveals she's been sleeping for 5 minutes, remarks that Nathalie's oral must be "soothing"

Leads her to kitchen for cleanup

Scene 8: The Choice

In kitchen, both drinking juice

Yves asks Nathalie: prefers living as daughter (Nathalie) or 1 husband 2 wives arrangement?

While asking, he grabs and fondles her breasts

Remarks on the size, the "comedy of errors" that resulted in permanent C-cups

Nathalie puts juice glass down on counter

Tries to answer Yves's earlier question (prefers daughter role or 1 husband 2 wives arrangement)

Too confused to respond - mind foggy from arousal, denial, conflicting emotions

Yves finishes his juice, sets glass down

Moves behind her, wraps arms around her in hug from behind

Hands slide down to rub her ass, kneading flesh slowly

His hard dick presses against her caged dick

Whispers in her ear: hybrid solution - present as family outside (stepfather/mother/daughter), but inside home it's 1 husband with 2 wives

Gauges her reaction, feels her body tense in shock

Chooses moment of vulnerability - puts freezing cold finger (from holding juice glass) between her cheeks

Slides cold finger into her hole, rubs inside

Nathalie yelps from cold shock

Yves tells her he knows she's horny after watching "mum" deny her satisfaction

Says he'll let her get fucked if she wants - it's a free world, she's not forced

But if she wants it, must request it from him specifically as her step daughter

If not, up to her

Nathalie stands frozen, unable to answer, his finger still inside her

Yves pulls back, checks imaginary watch

Says: "Time's up. You made your choice"

Gives her final kiss, pats her caged dick, walks back to bedroom

Leaves her alone in kitchen, his finger's wetness cooling between her cheeks

Nathalie doesn't follow him

Stays in kitchen alone, then moves to guest room

Finds vibrator in guest room (from previous incidents)

Tries to masturbate with it, desperate for release

Vibrator doesn't work - too pent up, cage prevents it, or mind too scattered

Tries multiple times, fails each time

Eventually gives up, frustrated and throbbing

Goes to bed horny, unsatisfied, confused about what choice she even made or didn't make

End State:

Nathalie in guest room bed, cage throbbing, no release, mind spiraling

Yves and Vivian in master bedroom

Chapter ends on her frustration and uncertainty

ok next day. The outfit Vivian chose for Nathania was deceptively simple — the kind of polished officewear that made her look professional at first glance, yet feminine in every detail once someone looked closer.

The blouse was soft white chiffon, smooth and slightly sheer beneath bright lighting. A loose ribbon bow rested beneath the collar, drawing the eye downward toward the gentle curve of her chest. The fabric draped lightly over her body but narrowed neatly at the waist, making Nathan painfully aware of how naturally the blouse settled over his breasts now.

Her skirt was a tight black pencil skirt cut well above the knee, hugging her hips and thighs closely enough that every movement felt controlled and deliberate. Walking in it forced shorter steps, while sitting required constant awareness of posture and leg position.

Combined with the nude-colored heels, the outfit gave Nathania the refined appearance of a young corporate secretary moving confidently through an office lobby. this is the outfit for nathalie. they wake up as normal. but nathalie will hear some sounds from his room (currently used by yves and vivian). he will get up wear a dress and listen to what is going on. vivian would be talking about how it seems nathalie likes getting fucked and treated like a woman and if they should let her be one. yves would be saying its too early to say and would suggest that they stay with him for a few days , as his own bed is larger than the one vivian and nathan has, he can pickup vivian later this evening after they come back from work.

nathan feelings on etcetc overhearing this, he will get away and try to act non chlanat, and yves and vivianw ont know he overheard them.

they eat breakfast, vivian will have him wear the above metnioned outfit. vivian will go to her own work later. she will encourage nathalie saying yves will make sure nothing badhappens to her. but nathan will mock her in his mind that yves is the one doing the bad things to him, yves and nathalie will go in the car, yves will address her as nathania he will even give her the wedding ring . nathania will

remmber she ahsnt seen vivian wear thir wedding ring at all . nathania ahs been hprny since the entire night for mpre than 12 hrs.

she will try to persuafe yves to fuck her in the car by touching his dick saying she is getting very horny and her caged penis is making it worse. he will tell her to wait and that he doesnt have the keys, wasnt it vivian who did it?. but gives her a kiss on her ring and lips and strokes her exposed legs at a red light telling his wife not to worry . he asks her again while driving if she is nathania or nathalie today at the office. he tells her he has not problem if she calls him daddy even in her wife mode, which nathania recoils in disgust. but her horny mind is winning

they reach the office , some employees are there at the car park and dont give a second glacne .

both of them enter the office. yves puts down his stuff and sits at his chair.

ertoica mode on 25 lines and more if you want more sex scene, minimum 25 for 1 round of sex (up to you how it happens, no one else will know as usual. main thing, nathania will be assertive at teh start kissing him and grinding against his cock, but yves will overpower her and bring out her submissive side . he will slow down the pace and make love to his "honey" , etc other wife words. he will rub her back while they french kiss , meanwhile nathania wants to orgasm soon and it feels too slow . yves will unzip her skirt while they are kissing, leaving her panties exposed, he will move it aside, give her oral, she will dribble cum into her panties. and thank yves for it. yves will say thats not the end and fuck her on the table. nathania will wrap her legs and arms around him while kissing him to make sure the sounds dont leak out. after the sex, nathania will be on yves lap with his dick in her ass, while they hug as he comforts her. she will accidenatly leak out that she overhead what happened in the morning, but he wont mind. saying nathania already agreed right, kissing her. you as the ai can make them fuck again if you want. on the sofa, same loving as before. husband and wife.) (also remember nathania has a c cup breast . just for your info)

suddenyl nathania sits on his lap straddling him. and and hugs him. scene starts.

after the sex scenes, office goes on as normal. but yves sometimes has her just sit on his lap while he does work, saying its to get more close with one another as he didnt spend enough time with her over the 2 days. (EROTICA SEX SCENE, 30 LINES)yves will even kiss her and finger her ass while she cums into her panties. he will talk to her while doing it asking her if she can live without his cock anymore? when she nods no, yves will lift her up , roll up her skirt and slowly impale her on his own cock, carry her to the sofa and fuck her there. (your own ideas on how the sex goes. same lovey)

when going home, yves parks at nathan and vivian's house and picks up vivian and a luggage bag, for the stay in yves house. (yves had taken back the wedding ringf rom nathania) she will assure nathan that is all normal and asks how his day in the office and nathalie was . and if nathania (the person who lend the chlothes) was there.

NO NO NO, YOUW ASTED 2 CREDITS ALREADY. write the story from when yves comes home with the chlothes, not from the beginnign

***

Through it all, I remained silent, my answers to their questions limited to numb nods and monosyllables. I was a ghost, watching my own life be dissected and rearranged before my eyes.

After the impromptu fashion show, Yves announced he'd be spending the night. "Just so I can take Nathalie to work with me in the morning," he said to Vivian, his tone casual. "Help her avoid any... incidents on the way."

Vivian's relief was palpable. "Oh, Yves, that would be wonderful. Thank you. I was so worried." She looked at me, her eyes full of a misplaced maternal concern. "It's for the best, sweetie."

Dinner was a quiet, tense affair. We ate the leftovers from the day before, the clinking of cutlery against plates the only sound.

Later that evening, Vivian called us both into the master bedroom. She had lit a few candles, their soft, flickering light casting dancing shadows on the walls.

"Since Nathalie is becoming a woman tonight," Vivian began, her voice soft but firm, "it's time for her to learn her duties. Not just as a wife, but as a woman who shares her husband."

(erotica mode)

She was already naked, her body glowing in the candlelight. She lay on the bed, her legs parted slightly, a silent command. "First," she said, her eyes on me, "you need to learn how to prepare a woman. And how to prepare a man."

Yves stood beside the bed, his arms crossed, a silent, imposing figure. He was already undressed, his body a sculpted landscape of muscle and shadow in the dim light. His cock was hard, jutting out from a nest of dark curls, a heavy, imposing presence that made my own trapped cock ache with a phantom pain.

"Start with Yves," Vivian instructed. "On your knees."

My knees hit the plush rug with a soft thud. I knelt before him, my heart pounding against my ribs. I reached out, my hand trembling as I wrapped my fingers around the hot, smooth shaft of his cock. He was thicker than I remembered, the skin velvety over the steel-hard core. A drop of pearly precum beaded at the tip, and I leaned in, my tongue darting out to taste it. Salty. Musky.

"Good girl," Vivian murmured from the bed. "Now, take him in your mouth. Show him how much you appreciate him."

I took the head of his cock into my mouth, my lips stretching around the girth. Schlorp. The sound was wet, obscene. I began to suck, my tongue swirling around the sensitive underside, my head bobbing in a rhythm I'd learned all too well. His hands came to rest on my head, his fingers tangling in my hair, guiding me, controlling the depth and speed. Gag... slurp... schlorp. My eyes watered as he pushed deeper, the head of his cock hitting the back of my throat.

"Enough," Vivian said after a few minutes. "You've gotten him ready. Now it's my turn."

I crawled onto the bed, my body moving with a practiced grace that felt alien. I knelt between Vivian's spread legs. Her scent was familiar, a mix of her expensive perfume and her own unique musk. I leaned in, my tongue tracing the delicate folds of her pussy. Lick, lap, probe. I found her clit, a hard, throbbing nub, and circled it with my tongue, listening to her breath hitch. I slid two fingers inside her, my touch firm and sure, curling them to stroke that sensitive spot on her front wall. Her hips rose to meet my hand, her moans growing louder, more urgent.

"Stop," she gasped, pushing my head away. "I'm ready. Now you watch."

Yves moved onto the bed, positioning himself between her legs. He entered her with one smooth thrust, and I watched as her body arched in pleasure. Slap, slap, slap. The rhythmic sound of their fucking filled the room. I was on my knees beside them, a spectator to my own wife's infidelity, a spectator to the man who was also my master. He fucked her hard, his movements powerful and relentless. Vivian cried out, her hands clutching at the sheets as she came, her body shuddering beneath him.

Yves followed her over the edge with a low groan, burying himself deep inside her as he emptied himself. When he pulled out, a trickle of his milky cum escaped, glistening on her thigh.

But they weren't done. Yves stayed hard, and after a few minutes of whispered words and soft caresses, he was fucking her again. This time was slower, more intimate, but no less possessive. And again, he came inside her, marking her as his for the second time that night.

When it was over, Vivian lay panting on the bed, her limbs loose and sated. She turned her head to look at me, her eyes heavy-lidded. "Now, you clean me," she said, her voice a lazy command. "Every last drop."

I leaned in, my tongue tracing the sticky trails of cum from her thighs. I could taste both of them, their mingled flavors a potent cocktail of submission. I lapped at her pussy, my tongue scooping out the viscous fluid, cleaning her thoroughly. The act was intimate and degrading, a final act of servitude.

As I was finishing, I realized her breathing had changed. It was deep and even. She was asleep.

I pulled back, my face wet with their combined release. Yves was watching me, an unreadable expression on his face.

"She's been asleep for the last five minutes," he said, his voice quiet. "Your tongue must be... soothing." He stood up, holding out a hand. "Come on. Let's get you cleaned up."

I followed him to the kitchen, the cool air a welcome shock against my heated skin. He poured two glasses of orange juice, handing one to me. We drank in silence for a moment.

"So," he said, leaning against the counter, his casual posture at odds with the predatory glint in his eyes. "What's it to be? Do you prefer living here, as Vivian's daughter? Or the three of us... a more modern arrangement? One husband, two wives?"

As he spoke, he reached out, his hand cupping my breast through the thin fabric of the sundress. His thumb brushed over my nipple, sending a jolt of pure, unadulterated need through me. "These are a lovely C-cup now," he mused, squeezing gently. "A real comedy of errors, wasn't it? The saline... but now they're permanent. You're stuck with them."

I put my glass down, the ceramic clinking loudly against the granite countertop. I opened my mouth to answer, but no words came out. My mind was a fog of arousal, of denial, of conflicting emotions. I couldn't think. I couldn't choose.

Yves finished his juice and set his own glass down. He moved in front of meme, wrapping his arms around my waist in a hug from front. His hands slid down, cupping my ass, kneading the flesh slowly. His hard cock pressed against my caged one, a stark reminder of my predicament.

"Hybrid solution," he whispered in my ear, his breath hot against my skin. "Outside, we're a family. Stepfather, mother, daughter. But inside the home... we're a husband with two wives. How does that sound?"

I tensed in his arms, the shock of the proposal making me freeze.

He took advantage of my vulnerability. He brought the hand that had been holding his cold glass of juice around to my ass. His icy finger traced the line between my cheeks before pressing against my hole. I yelped at the sudden, shocking cold.

"I know you're horny," he murmured, sliding the cold finger inside me, rubbing it against my inner walls. "After watching your 'mum' get all the attention. You want to get fucked, don't you?"

I couldn't answer, my teeth chattering from the cold and the sudden intensity of the stimulation.

"I'll let you," he said, his voice a low, seductive promise. "If you want it. It's a free world. You're not forced." He paused, letting the words sink in. "But if you want it... you have to ask me for it. Specifically. As my stepdaughter."

He pulled his finger out, leaving a trail of cold wetness. He stepped back, glancing at an imaginary watch on his wrist.

"Time's up. You made your choice."

He leaned in and gave me one last, lingering kiss. He reached down and patted my caged dick, a gesture of mock sympathy. Then he turned and walked back toward the bedroom, leaving me standing alone in the middle of the kitchen.

I didn't follow him. I couldn't. I stayed in the kitchen for a long time, the ghost of his touch still on my skin. Then I walked to the guest room.

The vibrator was still in the bedside drawer, a silent promise of release. I pulled it out, turned it on, and pressed it against the base of my cage. The vibrations were intense, a maddening buzz against my swollen, denied flesh. I tried to find a position, an angle that would work. I tried for what felt like an hour, my body growing more and more frustrated. But it was no use. The cage was too restrictive, my mind too scattered. I couldn't cum. I couldn't find release.

Eventually, I gave up, a frustrated sob escaping my lips. I was throbbing, aching, my mind spiraling with confusion. I didn't know what choice I had made, or if I had made one at all. I just knew I was trapped.

***

The next morning, I woke to the muffled sounds of voices from my—Yves's—room. I slipped out of bed, pulling on a simple cotton dress Vivian had left for me. I crept down the hallway, my bare feet silent on the carpet.

"...seems to like it," Vivian was saying, her voice a low murmur. "Being treated like a woman. Getting fucked. I'm wondering if we should just... let her be one. Fully."

There was a pause, then Yves's deeper tones. "It's too early to say. She needs... more structure. More guidance." I could picture him, leaning against the headboard, calm and in control. "Why don't you both stay with me for a few days? My bed is larger, more comfortable. It'll give us a chance to... settle. Figure things out."

"That's a wonderful idea," Vivian said, her voice warm with agreement. "It would be good for her. And for me."

I backed away from the door, my heart pounding. They were talking about me. About my future. About me living with them. Permanently. I retreated to the guest bathroom, splashing cold water on my face, trying to compose myself. When I came out, I acted nonchalant, as if I'd just woken up. They didn't know I'd heard them.

Breakfast was a strained affair of cheerfulness. Afterward, Vivian laid out the outfit on the bed. "This one," she said, her eyes bright. "It's so professional. You'll look stunning."

The blouse was soft white chiffon, a loose ribbon bow at the collar. The skirt was a tight black pencil skirt cut well above the knee. The nude-colored heels made me feel taller, more vulnerable.

Vivian left for work with a final encouraging word. "Yves will take good care of you, sweetie," she said, kissing my cheek. "Nothing bad will happen."

He's the one doing the bad things, I thought bitterly.

In the car, Yves turned to me. "Nathania," he said, his voice a low rumble. He reached into the center console and pulled out a small box. Inside was my wedding ring. "You'll be needing this."

I looked down at the simple gold band. I hadn't seen Vivian wear hers at all over the past few days. My mind was a fog of need. I'd been horny for more than twelve hours, a constant, throbbing ache between my legs.

My hand drifted over, resting on the prominent bulge in his trousers. "I'm so horny," I whispered, my fingers tracing the outline of his cock. "The cage... it's making it worse."

He let out a soft sigh, but didn't push me away. "Patience," he said, his voice calm. "I don't have the keys. Wasn't it Vivian who did it?" He leaned over, pressing a soft kiss to my ring finger, then to my lips. As we stopped at a red light, his hand slid up my leg, stroking the exposed skin above my knee. "Don't worry, my wife," he murmured. "I'll take care of you."

"Wife?" The word felt foreign, wrong.

He drove on, his eyes on the road. "So, who is it today? Nathania or Nathalie?"

My mind recoiled at the question, at the casual way he tossed my identities around. "Nathania," I said, my voice barely a whisper.

"It doesn't matter to me," he said, a smirk playing on his lips. "You can call me Daddy at the office if you want."

I recoiled at the suggestion, a flash of anger cutting through my arousal. But the insistent throb between my legs won out.

We arrived at the office, a few employees already milling about in the parking lot. No one gave us a second glance. We were just the boss and his secretary, arriving for work.

Inside, Yves dropped his briefcase by the door and settled into his large leather chair.

(erotica mode on)

I didn't hesitate. I walked around the desk, a new kind of confidence fueling my movements. I straddled his lap, my hands gripping the back of the chair as I leaned in to kiss him. It was a hungry, demanding kiss, my tongue dueling with his as I ground my hips against his hardening cock. I was in control, for once. I needed this. I needed to cum.

His response was immediate, but not what I expected. One arm snaked around my waist, holding me in place, while the other tangled in my hair, gripping firmly. He took control of the kiss, deepening it, slowing it down. His other hand slid down my back, tracing the curve of my spine, a slow, possessive caress that made me shiver. He was stripping me of my power, bringing me back to my knees, one sensual stroke at a time.

"So impatient, my honey," he murmured against my lips, using the pet name that made my stomach clench. "Daddy's here. He'll take care of you."

My frustration was a tangible thing, a fire in my gut. I needed it fast, hard. But he was setting a languorous pace, a slow burn that was driving me insane. While we were locked in our deep, wet French kiss, schlip, slurp, I felt the cool metal of my zipper being pulled down. The tight fabric of my skirt loosened around my hips.

He broke the kiss, pushing me back slightly. His eyes, dark and unreadable, held mine. "Let's see what my wife has been hiding all day."

With agonizing slowness, he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of my panties, pulling them down to my knees. My caged cock was exposed, flushed and straining against the metal bars. I was fully naked from the waist down, my blouse hanging open, my skirt bunched around my hips.

He pushed me back until I was sitting on the polished surface of his desk, the cold wood a shock against my heated skin. Then, he did something that made my breath catch in my throat. He knelt.

My mind couldn't process it. Yves, on his knees before me. He parted my legs, his gaze fixed on my most intimate places. He leaned in, and I felt the hot, wet swipe of his tongue against my hole. Lick. A long, slow stripe that sent an electric jolt straight through me.

"Oh! God!" I cried out, my hands flying to my mouth to muffle the sound.

He chuckled, a low, vibrating rumble against my sensitive flesh. He did it again, and again, his tongue probing, circling, a masterful assault on my senses. He wasn't just licking me; he was worshipping me, an act of intimacy I hadn't expected, a power play that left me reeling. He pushed a finger inside me, slick with lube he must have had ready in the drawer. Squick. The sound of it, the feeling of the lubricated digit entering my body, was overwhelmingly intimate. He

crooked his finger, finding that spot, and massaged it in time with the lapping of his tongue.

It was too much. My body, denied for so long, couldn't take it. I felt the coil in my stomach snap, a rush of heat flooding through me. I moaned, long and loud, as my caged cock spasmed. A warm, wet gush soaked into the silk of my blouse, the fabric clinging to my stomach as my denied orgasm claimed me. Dribble, dribble, dribble.

I collapsed back against the desk, panting, my mind wiped blank by the intensity of it.

"Thank you," I breathed, the words a broken whisper. "Thank you..."

"That's not the end," he said, standing up. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, a predator's smile on his face. He unzipped his trousers, freeing his hard, heavy cock. "That was just to take the edge off."

He positioned himself between my legs, the head of his cock pressing against my still-quivering entrance. He pushed into me in one smooth, deep thrust, and I cried out again, a sound of pure pleasure. Schlorp. He filled me completely, a perfect, aching fullness.

"Wrap your legs around me," he commanded. "Wrap your arms around my neck. I don't want to make too much noise."

I obeyed instantly, my body acting on pure instinct. My legs locked around his waist, my arms wrapping tightly around his neck, pulling him down for a desperate, hungry kiss. This would muffle the sounds, I knew. It would hide the evidence. As he began to move, I clung to him, my mouth sealed to his, swallowing our shared moans. Slap, slap, slap. The wet, rhythmic sound of our bodies meeting was a filthy secret, muffled by our kissing.

He didn't fuck me hard or fast. He made love to me. Deep, slow, possessive strokes that claimed every inch of me. My mind was a haze of pleasure and confusion. I was Nathania, his wife, being loved by her husband in the office. But the cage, the constant reminder of Nathan, was a throbbing, painful reality.

Afterward, we lay tangled on the desk for a few moments, a sweaty, breathless heap. Then he lifted me, still impaled on him, and carried me to the large leather sofa. He sat down, and I settled on his lap, his softening cock still inside me, a comforting, possessive presence. He hugged me close, stroking my back, his touch gentle and soothing.

I was spent, my mind fuzzy with post-coital bliss. "This morning," I murmured against his chest, the words slipping out before I could stop them. "I heard you and Vivian. Talking about me... about us staying with you."

He didn't stiffen. He didn't even pause in his stroking. He just hugged me tighter. "I know," he said softly. "But Nathania already agreed, didn't she?" He tilted my chin

up, capturing my lips in a soft, reassuring kiss. "It's what you want, honey. What we both want."

The rest of the day passed in a strange, new kind of normal. The office hummed with the quiet energy of work, phones ringing, keyboards clicking. Yves would have me sit on his lap while he typed, my back pressed against his chest. His arm would be around my waist, holding me close. "Just getting to know my wife better," he'd murmur if anyone walked by, a charming smile on his face. They'd just nod, assuming it was a bit of quirky office romance.

(erotica mode)

Around mid-afternoon, the need began to build in me again, a slow, insistent throb from my caged cock. I shifted on his lap, a subtle movement that I hoped he'd understand.

He did. His hand, which had been resting on my thigh, slid upward, disappearing beneath the bunched fabric of my skirt. I heard the faint click of a cap, and then a cool, slick finger was tracing the line of my ass. Squelch. The wet sound of the lube seemed loud in the quiet office. He found my hole and circled it slowly, teasingly.

"Someone's getting restless," he whispered in my ear, his breath hot against my skin. His finger pressed against my entrance, breaching me with a slow, deliberate movement. Squick. I gasped softly, leaning my head back against his shoulder as he slid deeper, crooking his finger to stroke that sensitive spot inside me. Glide, press, rub.

His other hand came around to my front, fingers tracing the outline of the cage through my panties. "Can you live without this anymore?" he asked, his voice a low, intimate rumble. He meant his cock. I knew it.

I shook my head, a silent, desperate denial. I couldn't. I didn't want to.

"That's what I thought," he murmured. He withdrew his finger, leaving me feeling empty and aching. Then, with a fluid motion, he lifted me off his lap and stood me up. He rolled up my skirt, leaving it pooled around my waist. He positioned me to face the sofa, bending me over the armrest.

He kicked my legs wider apart, and I heard the sound of his zipper, the crinkle of a foil packet being opened. Then I felt the hot, blunt head of his cock pressing against my slick, prepared entrance. He grabbed my hips, pulling me back as he thrust forward, impaling me on him in one smooth, powerful movement. Schlorp. I cried out, the sound muffled by the cushion I buried my face into.

He started to fuck me, a deep, steady rhythm that was nothing like the slow, loving pace from this morning. This was raw, possessive, a claiming. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of his hips meeting my ass was a sharp, staccato beat that matched the frantic beating of my heart. One of his hands snaked around my waist, finding my

caaged clit through the fabric of my panties, rubbing in tight, relentless circles. The dual stimulation was overwhelming. My caged cock was a prisoner of pleasure, straining and leaking.

"Who owns this pussy?" he growled, his pace quickening.

"You do," I gasped, the words torn from me. "Daddy owns it."

He drove into me harder, deeper. "And who are you?"

"Nathania," I cried out. "Your wife."

With a final, brutal thrust, he buried himself deep, and I felt the hot, rhythmic pulse of his release inside me. The feeling triggered my own ruined orgasm. My body convulsed, a strangled moan escaping my lips as my trapped cock spasmed, a warm, wet flood soaking into the front of my panties. Dribble, dribble. He collapsed over me, his weight a warm, heavy blanket, our mingled breaths the only sound in the room.

a bit more to the sex scene, he will fuck her again, kissing her, slowly . loving . the same as earlier

***

We lay tangled together on the sofa for a long while, a sweaty, breathless heap. The office was quiet, the sounds of the city outside a distant hum. His softening cock was still inside me, a comforting, possessive presence. He shifted, and I felt him begin to harden again, a slow, insistent swelling that sent a fresh wave of arousal through me.

He rolled us over, so I was straddling him, my skirt still bunched around my waist. He sat up, his arms wrapping around my waist, pulling me close. His lips found mine in a slow, deep kiss. This was different from the frantic coupling moments before. This was languorous, intimate, the kind of kiss shared between lovers in the privacy of their own home, not in a corporate office after hours.

"I need you again, my wife," he murmured against my lips, the words a vibration that sent shivers down my spine.

His hands slid up my back, unclasping my bra. He pulled it off, freeing my breasts. He cupped them, his thumbs brushing over the sensitive nipples, making me arch against him. I was completely exposed now, my blouse unbuttoned, my skirt around my waist, my caged cock resting against his hardening one.

"Ride me," he commanded, his voice a low, seductive rumble.

I rose up, positioning myself over him. I sank down slowly, taking him back into me inch by inch. Schlorp. A long, wet sound of surrender. I moaned as he filled me completely, a feeling of rightness, of coming home, washing over me. I began to

move, a slow, rolling motion of my hips that was less about chasing an orgasm and more about drawing out the pleasure.

His hands were everywhere, stroking my back, my thighs, my ass. He guided my movements, setting a rhythm that was both agonizingly slow and intensely satisfying. We kissed, deep and wet, our tongues tangling, our shared breaths mingling in the quiet office. This was the husband and wife he wanted us to be. And as I rode him, my body moving in a sinuous rhythm, a part of me—the part that wasn't Nathan anymore—started to believe it.

My caged cock was a constant, throbbing reminder of my dual existence, but even that seemed to fade into the background, overshadowed by the overwhelming sensation of him inside me. I was chasing a release I couldn't have, but the chase itself was becoming its own form of pleasure.

I leaned back, my hands braced on his thighs, my head thrown back in ecstasy. He took the opportunity to lean forward, his lips closing around one of my nipples. He sucked gently, then not so gently, his teeth grazing the sensitive peak. The combination of sensations—the deep, full thrusts, the hot, wet suction on my breast—was too much.

"Daddy," I cried out, my voice high and thin. "Please... I need..."

"I know what you need, honey," he said, releasing my breast. He pulled me down for another searing kiss, one of his hands snaking between us to find my cage. He rubbed the swollen, trapped head with his thumb, a maddening, teasing pressure that sent sparks flying through my nervous system.

"Cum for me, Nathania," he commanded, his hips bucking up to meet my downward strokes. "Cum for your husband."

The combination of his command, the stimulation, and the intense emotional overload sent me over the edge. My body seized up, a strangled gasp escaping my lips. My trapped cock spasmed, a futile, desperate clench, and I felt a warm, wet gush as my ruined orgasm ripped through me. Dribble, dribble. Soaking the front of my panties, a messy, frustrating release that was both a relief and a torment.

He held me through it, his arms wrapped tightly around me, his own release following moments later, a hot, thick flood that filled me completely. We stayed like that for a long time, our bodies slick with sweat, our breathing slowly returning to normal.

***

The drive home was quiet. I sat in the passenger seat, my body pleasantly sore, my mind a jumbled mess of sensations and emotions. Yves parked in front of my—our—house, killing the engine. "Wait here," he said, before getting out and walking to the front door.

Vivian opened it before he could knock, her face lighting up. She was already carrying a small suitcase. Behind her, by the door, was a larger luggage bag.

"Ready!" she said, her voice cheerful. She handed the suitcase to Yves and walked over to the car, leaning into the passenger window. "How was your day, sweetie?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

Scene 1: The Car Ride to the House

Setting: Yves's car, evening, driving to his house

Beats:

Yves driving, Nathania in passenger seat, Vivian in back

Nathan's internal monologue: cage throbbing with every bump in the road, bouncing subtly against his inner thigh

He tries to sit still, but the car's movement makes the cage shift and tap against him

Vivian initiates conversation from back seat: explains why they can't go home - neighbors asking questions, need to "lay low"

She frames it as protecting Nathan, but her tone has an edge of excitement

Yves chimes in: "My house has plenty of room. You'd be doing me a favor, actually. Empty house gets lonely."

Every turn sends the cage swinging; Nathan grips the door handle, hyper-aware of his restrained arousal

Nathan tries to protest: work, his life, their home

Vivian cuts him off: "Your work is with Yves now. And this is just temporary. Until we figure things out."

The word "temporary" hangs in the air - none of them believe it

Nathan notices Vivian's hand resting on Yves's shoulder from the back seat

Arrival at Yves's upscale house, Nathan's dread intensifying, cage settling back against him

Scene 2: Arrival and The Comment

Setting: Yves's house, entryway and hallway

Beats:

Yves opens the door, gestures for them to enter like it's their home too

Vivian immediately walks toward the guest room - Nathan notices she doesn't ask directions

"You've been here before," Nathan says, suspicion creeping in

Vivian freezes, then recovers: "Yves showed me photos. For the portfolio project, remember?"

Weak excuse, but Nathan is too overwhelmed to push

They reach the guest room - spacious, feminine decor, clearly prepared for someone

Vivian turns to Nathan, looks him up and down

"You're walking in those heels very well," she says. "Suspiciously well."

Nathan's heart stops - she knows, she has to know

But Vivian just smiles and opens the closet door, never returning to the comment

Nathan's mini heart attack subsides into confused relief

Scene 3: The Wardrobe Revelation

Setting: Guest room closet

Beats:

Vivian slides open the closet door - racks of feminine clothes, organized by type

Dresses, blouses, skirts, lingerie, heels, swimwear, accessories

Vivian goes through them systematically, holding up pieces

"No jeans," she observes. "No pants at all. Closest thing is these shorts - very tight."

She pulls out a pair of denim shorts that would hug every curve

Nathan stands frozen, watching his wife inspect his feminization wardrobe

Vivian finds the lingerie section - bras, panties, garter belts, all his size

"Elena had good taste," Vivian murmurs. "Or Yves did, buying for her."

She holds up a lace bra against Nathan's chest, checking the fit

"This gives me inspiration," she says. "For my projects. You could model these for me, Nathan."

Using his real name while holding lingerie against him - the dissonance is intentional

Nathan wonders when this hell will end, but feels a traitorous flutter of arousal, the cage tightening

Scene 4: Dinner and The Naming

Setting: Yves's dining room, normal dinner for three

Beats:

Nathan in still in his office wear as well as Yves, , Vivian in the dress she wore to come to the house, Yves serves, plays the gracious host

Conversation turns to logistics: work tomorrow, how to address Nathan

"It's hard to call him Nathan when he's dressed like this," Yves says, gesturing at Nathan's outfit

"Nathalie feels too young," Vivian agrees. "Like a daughter. That's not right anymore."

She ponders, wine glass in hand, eyes distant

"Nathania," she finally says. "It sounds professional. Grown. A woman with a job."

Yves nods approvingly: "Nathania. I like it. What do you think, Nathalie? Or should I say, Nathania?"

His smirk tells Nathan everything - he's been calling him that for weeks in private

Nathan agrees quietly, knowing he can't change anything

Yves continues: "Nathalie works for family roleplay. Nathania for everything else. For work. For... other things."

He reaches across the table, takes Nathan's hand: "I support you exploring this side of yourself. Being who you really are."

Vivian watches, eyes bright: "We both do. We want you to be happy."

Nathan wants to flee, but his hand stays in Yves's grip

Scene 5: Kitchen Confession

Setting: Kitchen, after dinner, washing dishes

Beats:

Vivian and Nathan at the sink, Yves in living room within earshot

Nathan works up courage: "Vivian, about the cage. The keys. It's painful."

Vivian keeps washing dishes, doesn't look at him

"I left them at our house," she says casually. "Didn't think we'd need them here."

Nathan's panic: "But I can't - it hurts, and I can't hide it in these clothes-"

Vivian turns, looks at his skirt, his trapped arousal visible, the cage outline pressing against the fabric

"I think it's better you wear it," she says softly. "Considering you... react to things."

She means Yves, the situation, everything

"There's another option," she continues. "If you don't want the cage. Hormones. They'd stop the... problem. Permanently."

Nathan stares at her - his wife just suggested chemical castration

He has no rebuttal, just stands there with his hands in soapy water

Vivian returns to the dishes, conversation over

Scene 6: The Babydoll

Setting: Guest room, preparing for bed

Beats:

Vivian showers first, emerges in black lace babydoll, hair damp

She opens the closet, finds matching set for Nathan

"Put this on," she instructs, holding it out

Nathan hesitates - the lingerie is sheer, revealing

"Don't be shy," Vivian says. "I've seen everything already. Last night."

Nathan changes, Vivian watches unabashedly

Once he's dressed, she approaches, touches his C-cup breasts through the lace

"They didn't shrink at all," she observes, weighing them in her hands

"If anything, they feel bigger. The hair too - longer than yesterday?"

She touches his wig, but means his actual hair underneath

Her hand drifts lower, brushes the cage through the lace, feels the restraint

Nathan stands still, letting his wife inspect his feminized body

"You like it," Vivian whispers. "Being like this. Being fucked by him."

Not a question - a statement

Nathan doesn't deny it. The resignation is complete

Scene 7: The Threesome

Setting: Yves's master bedroom

Beats:

ERTOICA MODE ON (25 LINES,)

Nathan arrives late, stalls in guest room drinking water

Enters master bedroom to find Vivian already on bed, Yves between her legs, fucking her

Vivian's head thrown back, moaning, completely lost in pleasure

Nathan freezes in doorway - his wife, his boss, the betrayal complete

Yves notices him, doesn't stop thrusting, just gestures him closer

"See how much she enjoys this?" Yves says. "She wants this every night."

Vivian opens eyes, sees Nathan, holds out her hand lazily

Yves brings Vivian to orgasm while Nathan watches from bedside

Vivian pulls Nathan down, kisses him deeply, Yves's taste on her lips

"Your turn," she whispers, trading places

Phase 2 - Nathan's Turn:

Yves positions Nathan where Vivian was, enters him slowly

With each thrust, Nathan's cage bounces against his inner thigh, a soft weight swinging with the motion

The sensation adds to the overwhelming stimulation - filled from behind, restrained in front

Nathan tenses, whispers "no" - habit, panic, residual resistance

Yves stops immediately, pulls out completely

Nathan gasps, empty, aching, the cage settling back against him, regrets it immediately

Phase 3 - The Pattern:

Yves builds rhythm, brings Nathan close to edge

The cage bounces harder now, tapping against his stomach with each deep thrust

Vivian notices, watches it swing, touches herself harder at the sight

Pauses again, almost pulls out - the cage falls back, heavy and neglected

"Say it again. Louder. Tell your wife you want me to fuck your pussy."

Nathan, desperate, cage bouncing with his ragged breaths: "I want you to fuck my pussy. Please don't stop. I need it."

Phase 4 - The Questions:

Between thrusts and pauses, Yves asks:

"Does this feel right? Being filled like this?"

"When's the last time you wanted to fuck someone? To be inside them?"

"You don't miss it, do you? Being the one who thrusts?"

Each question requires answer, confirmation, renewed begging

Vivian leans in: "Tell him you like it better this way."

Phase 5 - Final Confession and Kiss:

Yves slows down, makes Nathan feel every inch

The cage presses between them as Yves leans down, trapped against Nathan's stomach

"Say it, Nathania. Say you prefer being fucked like a woman."

Nathan's voice clear now, cage tapping softly with each thrust: "I prefer this. I prefer being fucked. I don't want to fuck. I want to be taken like this."

Yves leans down, captures Nathan's lips in deep kiss, the cage pinned between their bodies

Nathan comes while being kissed, shuddering around Yves, cries lost in his mouth, the cage bouncing one last time then still

Yves follows, filling him, still kissing as they shudder through orgasms

Phase 6 - Afterglow for Three:

Yves settles back against headboard, Vivian to his left, Nathan to his right

Nathan's cage rests against his thigh, warm, a reminder of what he can't do

Both heads resting on his chest, his arms around them

Yves's left hand finds Vivian's pussy, right hand finds Nathan's ass

Nathan's hand wraps around Yves's cock, stroking him back to hardness

The cage hangs ignored, unnecessary, as Nathan serves his partner

Vivian tilts face up, meets Yves's lips in deep kiss while his fingers work inside her

Both partners shuddering, moaning against his chest, coming together around his hands

Yves whispers: "You'll never need to fuck again, Nathania. Only receive. Only be taken."

They drift off, the confession sealed, the dynamic established

Scene 8: Morning Realization

Setting: Yves's master bedroom, early morning

Beats:

Nathan wakes first, light filtering through curtains

Realizes he's lying on something hard - Yves's thigh

Something still in his ass - Yves's finger, buried deep, casual possession

His hand touching something hard - Yves's cock, semi-erect, his fingers still wrapped around it

His own cage - cool metal resting against his thigh, empty, unnecessary

Doesn't understand at first, brain foggy with sleep

Sees Yves sleeping in front of him, mouth joined with Vivian's mouth - they're kissing in their sleep

Both sleeping, peaceful, beautiful

Memory crashes back: last night, everything he did, everything he said, Vivian watching

Cringes at the memory of Vivian witnessing his complete submission

Realizes Yves's finger is still in his ass - casual, possessive, even in sleep

His hand still around Yves's cock - bigger than his own, he can feel it now, fully hardening

He's gotten used to the cage surprisingly well - after a month of wearing it

Looks at Yves's face, peaceful in sleep, the man who owns him now

Slowly extracts himself, careful not to wake them, goes to shower

Scene 9: The Shower Discovery

Setting: Master bathroom, shower

ertoica mode off

Beats:

Nathan under hot water, washing away the night

His hands move to his breasts automatically - checking, hoping

They didn't shrink at all - if anything, they feel fuller, heavier

He cups them, weighs them - definitely bigger than yesterday

Assumes his eyes are playing tricks, denial kicking in

The water runs over his curves, his cage, his feminized body

He stands there longer than necessary, processing

Scene 10: Vivian's Support

Setting: Bedroom, after shower

Beats:

Nathan emerges in towel, Vivian waiting

She hugs him immediately: "I'll support you. Whatever you want to be."

The words are kind but final - she's accepting him as feminized, not fighting to restore him

She pulls back, looks at his chest through the towel

"Let me check," she says, measuring with her hands

"They look larger," she confirms. "Definitely bigger than yesterday."

She looks him in the eyes: "Do you want to forcefully drain them? Or keep them till they drain naturally?"

"It looks like it might take 4 more days if you want them gone. That's what the research says."

The choice is his, technically - but the way she says "keep them" suggests her preference

Nathan stands there, wet hair dripping, his wife holding his feminized breasts, offering to make it permanent

Scene 11: Breakfast and The Alternative

Setting: Kitchen, morning

Beats:

All three in various states of dress

Nathania and Yves in office attire - Nathania in professional feminine suit (Undergarments

The base layer consists of a matching black strappy lingerie set worn over a tiny, locked chastity cage. The bralette’s smooth, opaque triangular cups lift and contour the MC's C-cup breasts, creating a visible cleavage centered by a metallic, silver heart-shaped ring, while the double accent straps stretch taut over the chest. Below, the matching mid-rise panties feature a caged, multi-strap waistband with identical silver heart-shaped rings sitting flush against the hips, with the tight elastic straps pressing directly over the contours of the small chastity device. A styled women's wig frames the face and falls past the shoulders to complete the inner feminine layer.

Outer Outfit

The outer layer is a form-fitting, solid black secretary uniform worn directly over the lingerie. It features a sophisticated, long-sleeved top with a crossed, faux-wrap V-neckline that stretches tightly across the prominent silhouette of the C-cup breasts. The top tucks into a matching high-waisted, knee-length black pencil skirt that fits snugly over the hips and upper thighs, narrowing sharply at the knees to compress the lower body profile and completely conceal the restrictive lingerie and chastity cage underneath. all of this suggested by yves without vivian knowing) Yves in tailored business wear

Vivian in casual clothes, making coffee

She looks at Nathania's wig, the line where it meets his forehead

"That wig can't be good for your scalp," she comments. "Wearing it all the time."

Yves looks up from his phone: "Don't worry. I'll pay for a proper alternative."

Vague but promising - hair extensions? Something more permanent?

They finish breakfast, professional but intimate

Goodbyes at the door: Yves gives Vivian deep kiss, grabs her ass, she blushes

Turns to Nathania, gives him same treatment - deep kiss, ass grab, possessive

Vivian cheers: "Have fun at work! But not too much fun!"

Yves assures her: "Work is work. Nothing will happen at the office."

They both know he's lying

Scene 12: The Car Ride to Office

Setting: Yves's car, driving to office

Beats:

Nathania in passenger seat, wearing his ring as usual

Every bump in the road makes the cage shift and bounce against his inner thigh

The confined space of the car seat presses it against him, no way to adjust without drawing attention

His breasts bounce with the bumps too - double sensation, front and center

Yves driving, relaxed, powerful, occasionally glancing over with a knowing smirk when they hit a rough patch

Nathania shifts in his seat, trying to find a position that minimizes the movement, failing

Yves notices the squirming: "Uncomfortable?"

Nathania doesn't answer, just grips the door handle as another pothole sends the cage swinging

He brings up last night: "You were beautiful, you know. Begging like that."

Nathania punches his arm softly: "Why did you do that? Make me say those things?"

Yves laughs, genuine amusement: "Because they're true. And you needed to say them."

"Besides," he adds, "your wife enjoyed it. Did you see her face?"

Nathan looks out window, the cage settling into a rhythm of soft taps with the road vibration

The car ride continues, the dynamic settled, the cage a constant physical reminder

Scene 13: The Office

Setting: Yves's office, workday

Beats:

Nathania at his desk, playing the secretary role

Same routine as previous days - coffee, scheduling, paperwork

The power dynamic underneath everything

Mid-morning, Yves calls him into office

"Close the door," Yves says, already unzipping

Nathania sinks to knees under the desk, gives Yves blowjob while he takes calls

The casualness of it - business continuing above, submission below

Yves finishes in his mouth, Nathania swallows, returns to desk

No one in office suspects - or do they?

Scene 14: The Hair Extensions

Setting: Vivian's workplace/salon, evening

Beats:

Yves drives to different location - not home, not office

Nathania confused, doesn't recognize the building

Vivian is there, waiting outside with another woman

The woman is introduced: friend from Vivian's course, specializes in hair extensions

"Best in the class," Vivian says proudly

Nathania realizes: this is the "proper alternative" to the wig

The friend examines Nathania's hair, the wig line, his actual hair length underneath

"Perfect for extensions," she confirms. "We can blend it seamlessly."

Yves nods, gives permission: "Do whatever's needed. Best quality."

The process takes hours - removing the wig, washing, sectioning, attaching extensions strand by strand

Nathania sits in salon chair, watching his reflection transform

Vivian watches, excited, taking photos for her "future"

Yves pays generously, adds large tip: "Can't stiff a friend of Vivian's."

The friend leaves, pleased with payment

Nathania touches his new hair - real, long, feminine, his own now

No more wig line, no more removal - this is permanent until it grows out or gets cut

Emotional Arc: Physical transformation accelerating, permanence, Nathania's new reality setting in

Scene 15: The Drive Home

Setting: Yves's car, evening, returning from salon

Beats:

All three in the car - Yves driving, Nathania in passenger seat, Vivian in back

Nathania's new hair extensions feel strange, heavy, real - she touches them constantly

Yves glances over, notices her fussing with her hair

"You don't need the wig anymore," he says. "Not with these. They look natural."

Nathania's relief mixed with anxiety - no more wig means more permanence

Vivian leans forward from back seat, thanks Yves warmly

"I'll give you something for the favor," she promises. "For everything you've done for us."

Yves catches her eye in rearview mirror, smirks

"Can you give it once we reach home?" he asks

Vivian nods, understanding passing between them

She looks at Nathania: "Nathania will be happy to help as well. Won't you, Nathania?"

Nathania agrees quietly, cage shifting with the car's movement, unaware of what she's agreeing to

The drive continues, anticipation building

Emotional Arc: New physical transformation settling in, promises made, Nathania's oblivious consent

Scene 16: The Living Room

Setting: Yves's living room, evening

Beats:

erotica on

They enter the house, Yves immediately moves to the sofa

He settles in, dominant and relaxed, gestures to the two women

"My lovers," he says, patting the cushions on either side of him. "Come sit with me."

Nathania sits on his left, Vivian on his right, both tucked against him

Yves switches on TV - romantic movie playing, passionate scenes

Nathania feels arousal building, looks at Vivian with desire

She wants to fuck her wife, feels the urge strongly - but the cage prevents her, locked and useless

Vivian notices Nathania's look, shakes her head subtly - she wants Yves, not Nathania

Yves pulls Vivian closer, french kisses her deeply, hands roaming

He breaks the kiss, turns to Nathania, pulls her in for same treatment

The kiss deepens, tongue exploring, Nathania melting into it

Yves pats his thighs, gestures for them to come closer

Vivian moves first, sits on his right knee, facing him

Nathania follows, sits on his left knee, facing him

Yves takes turns french kissing them - Vivian first, then Nathania, then back

Each time they separate, saliva strands connecting their lips

His hands busy below - right hand fingering Nathania's ass through her pencil skirt, left hand fingering Vivian's vagina through her dress

Nathania in professional blouse and tight pencil skirt, Vivian in flowing dress

Both women moaning into his mouth or biting his shoulder blades as he works them

Vivian gasps: "Nathan never did this before... never made me feel like this..."

Nathania hears her real name, feels the comparison, the cage tightens with arousal and humiliation

Both women approaching orgasm, writhing on his knees

Yves stops suddenly, hands still, denying them completion

"Strip," he commands. "Down to your underwear. Both of you."

The Revelation:

Vivian stands, removes dress - reveals pink bra and panties, simple feminine

Nathania stands, removes blouse and pencil skirt - reveals the black strappy lingerie set

The base layer: matching black strappy bralette with silver heart-shaped ring at cleavage, lifting C-cup breasts

Below: mid-rise panties with caged multi-strap waistband, silver heart rings at hips

Tight elastic pressing directly over the small locked chastity device underneath

Hair extensions falling past shoulders, completing the feminine transformation

Vivian stares, then smiles: "Nathania really was looking forward to this."

Nathania blushes crimson - cannot deny it, Yves made her wear this, chose this for her

The preparation, the intention, all exposed now

The Sofa:

Yves leans back against sofa, pants open, cock out and hard

"Lie down," he instructs. "On your stomachs. Both of you."

Vivian and Nathania comply, lying side by side on the sofa, heads near his lap

They begin playing with his dick together - stroking, kissing the shaft

They kiss each other with his dick between their lips, passing it back and forth

Yves reaches behind them, one hand on each ass

Fingering Nathania's ass through the strappy panties, Vivian's pussy through pink cotton

Both women moaning, struggling to focus on sucking him while he works them from behind

The pleasure from their rear making it hard to concentrate on the task

Yves times it perfectly - brings them all to edge together

All three cum simultaneously - Yves into their waiting mouths, Vivian and Nathania shuddering against the sofa

Vivian and Nathania turn to each other, kiss deeply, sharing Yves's cum between them

Nathania, lost in the moment, licks cum from Vivian's face, savoring the taste

Vivian pulls back, eyes wide - surprised at this new Nathania

Nathania freezes, realizes her mistake - she's revealed too much enjoyment

Yves watches, satisfied, drops his pants and boxers on the floor

He stands, lifts both women easily - one arm under Vivian, one under Nathania

Carries them both toward the bedroom, their legs dangling, hair and extensions mixing together

The Bedroom:

Yves deposits them on the bed, both women breathless and waiting

Romantic atmosphere - he takes his time, positions them as he wishes

Vivian and Nathania sitting on him, facing each other, kissing while he rests and watches

He moves them, arranges them, takes turns penetrating each while the other kisses and touches

The focus on intimacy, connection, all three intertwined

(you have full reign on how the sex . the only rules are yves is the penetrater, its all mostly romantic , tnhere will be lots of kisses. and yves making both vivian and nathania agree to marry him during sex, there could be a scene where nathania eats out vivian's pussy while yves is fucking nathania, and yves is kissing vivian,

vivian and nathania give each other oral (vivian on nanthania's ass, nathania on vivian's pussy)) while yves fucks the one giving oral. during the downtime, yves will have them both lie on his chest while he fingers them to orgasm, perhaps vivian and nathania could makeout with each other while yves fingers them both when they lie on his chest total lenght for the erotica scene is huge, just from this example would be 40lines, as instructed its all nathania pov, and so i needs tons of moaning and sounds and whatnot, and yves making the both of them answer his question during sex by stopping it and only contiuning when they answer,)

contiue from when vivian gets in the car

***

Vivian tossed her suitcase in the backseat and slid in beside me, her presence filling the small space with an unwelcome intimacy. She leaned forward, placing a warm kiss on my cheek. "How was your day, sweetie?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with a curiosity that felt both maternal and predatory.

I could still feel the ghost of Yves inside me, a pleasant ache that made my cage throb with renewed intensity. My panties were damp from my ruined release, the fabric clinging to me with a slick, uncomfortable wetness. "It was... work," I managed, my voice tight.

Yves started the car, the engine a low purr that seemed to vibrate through my entire body. As we pulled away from the curb, every small bump in the road sent the cage swinging and tapping against my inner thigh. Tink, tap, tink. A delicate, metallic percussion against my skin, a constant, maddening reminder of my predicament. I gripped the door handle, my knuckles white, trying to hold myself still, but the car's movement made it impossible.

"So," Vivian began from the back seat, her tone bright and breezy. "I was thinking. We probably shouldn't go back to the house tonight."

My head snapped toward her. "What? Why?"

"Well," she said, leaning forward between the seats, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper, "the neighbors have been asking questions. Mrs. Henderson saw you leaving in that dress yesterday. And with Yves staying over... it's all a bit... conspicuous. I think it's best if we lay low for a bit."

She framed it as protection, as if she were shielding me from gossip, but there was an edge of excitement in her voice, a thrill that I couldn't miss.

"My house has plenty of room," Yves chimed in smoothly, his eyes on the road. "You'd be doing me a favor, actually. Empty house gets lonely."

Every turn sent the cage swinging more wildly. I pressed my thighs together, trying to stop the movement, but it was useless. "But my things," I protested weakly. "My life. We can't just—"

"Your work is with Yves now," Vivian cut me off, her voice taking on a firmer, more maternal tone. "And this is just temporary. Until we figure things out."

The word "temporary" hung in the air, heavy and meaningless. None of us believed it.

Through the rearview mirror, I saw Vivian's hand rest on Yves's shoulder, a casual, familiar gesture that made my stomach clench.

***

We pulled into the driveway of a sprawling, modern house, all clean lines and dark glass. The sight sent a wave of dread through me. This was it. The point of no return. The cage settled back against my thigh as the car stopped, a final, heavy thud.

Yves opened the front door, gesturing for us to enter as if it were our home too. The entryway was a soaring space of marble and steel, cold and impersonal.

Vivian immediately walked toward a hallway, her steps sure and confident. "I'll just put this in the guest room," she said over her shoulder, not bothering to ask directions.

I watched her go, a cold knot tightening in my stomach. "You've been here before," I said, the accusation clear in my tone.

Vivian froze, her back to me. Then she recovered, turning with a bright, practiced smile. "Yves showed me photos. For the portfolio project, remember?"

It was a weak excuse, but I was too overwhelmed, too distracted by the dull throb in my groin to push it.

She disappeared into a room down the hall. I followed, with Yves trailing behind me. The guest room was spacious and elegantly decorated in a distinctly feminine style—soft grays, blush pink accents, delicate floral artwork. It was clearly prepared. For me.

Vivian set her suitcase down and turned to me, her eyes slowly tracing the lines of my body, from my breasts down to my skirt. "You're walking in those heels very well," she observed. "Suspiciously well."

My heart stopped. She knew. She had to know. The panic was a cold, sharp claw in my chest.

But Vivian just smiled, a mysterious little curve of her lips, and slid open the closet door, never returning to her comment. My mini heart attack subsided into a confused, shaky relief.

The closet was a revelation. Racks of feminine clothes, all organized by type and color. Dresses, blouses, skirts, lingerie, heels, swimwear, accessories. Vivian went through them systematically, her touch professional, appraising.

"No jeans," she noted, her fingers flicking through a row of trousers that weren't there. "No pants at all. The closest thing is these shorts." She pulled out a pair of denim cutoffs so tight they looked painted on.

(remember this is ertoica for some online written porn website, like literotica or fictionmania, so do not need much description on normal sections like its some lfancy literary novel) She held up a lace bra against my chest, checking the fit. "This gives me inspiration," she said. "For my projects. You could model these for me, Nathan."

Using my real name while holding lingerie against me—the dissonance was intentional, a test. I wanted to scream, to push her away, but I stood frozen, my traitorous body responding with a flutter of arousal. The cage tightened, a painful throb against my inner thigh.

***

Dinner was a masterclass in psychological torment. I was still in my office clothes, as was Yves. Vivian had changed into a casual but elegant dress. Yves served us, playing the gracious host, the head of this new, twisted family.

"So," Yves began, swirling the wine in his glass, "we need to address the logistics." His gaze fell on me. "Specifically, how we address you."

"It's hard to call him Nathan when he's dressed like this," Yves said, gesturing at my feminine suit.

"Nathalie feels too young," Vivian agreed. "Like a daughter. That's not right anymore."

She pondered, her wine glass held delicately in her hand, her eyes distant. "Nathania," she finally said. "It sounds professional. Grown. A woman with a job."

Yves nodded, a look of approval on his face. "Nathania. I like it. What do you think, Nathalie? Or should I say, Nathania?"

His smirk told me everything. He'd been calling me that for weeks in private.

I agreed quietly, my gaze fixed on my plate. There was no other option.

"Nathalie works for family roleplay," Yves continued, reaching across the table to take my hand. "Nathania for everything else. For work. For... other things." His thumb stroked the back of my hand. "I support you exploring this side of yourself. Being who you really are."

Vivian watched, her eyes bright. "We both do. We want you to be happy."

I wanted to flee, but my hand stayed locked in Yves's grip, a prisoner of their support.

***

Later, Vivian and I were at the sink, washing dishes. Yves was in the living room, close enough to hear.

I finally worked up the courage. "Vivian, about the cage. The keys. It hurts."

She kept washing, her back to me. "I left them at our house," she said, her voice casual. "Didn't think we'd need them here."

Panic clawed at my throat. "But I can't—it's painful, and I can't hide it in these clothes—"

She turned, her eyes dropping to my skirt, where the outline of my trapped arousal was visible against the fabric. "I think it's better you wear it," she said softly. "Considering you... react to things."

She meant Yves. The situation. Everything.

"There's another option," she continued. "If you don't want the cage. Hormones. They'd stop the... problem. Permanently."

I stared at her, speechless. My wife, the woman I loved, had just suggested chemical castration as a solution to my discomfort.

I stood there, my hands submerged in soapy water, my mind blank. Vivian turned back to the dishes, the conversation over as far as she was concerned.

***

In the guest room, Vivian emerged from the shower in a black lace babydoll, her dark hair damp against her skin. She went to the closet and pulled out a matching set in a soft, powder blue.

"Put this on," she instructed, holding it out to me.

I hesitated. The lingerie was sheer, revealing everything.

"Don't be shy," she said, a slight smile playing on her lips. "I've seen everything already. Last night."

I changed into the babydoll, feeling utterly exposed. Vivian watched me unabashedly, her gaze analytical.

Once I was dressed, she approached, her hands cupping my breasts through the delicate lace. "They didn't shrink at all," she observed, weighing them in her hands. "If anything, they feel bigger. The hair too—longer than yesterday?"

She reached out, her fingers touching my wig, but I knew she meant my actual hair underneath.

Her hand drifted lower, brushing against the cage through the sheer fabric. I stood still, letting my wife inspect my feminized body, a specimen on display.

"You like it," she whispered, her lips close to my ear. "Being like this. Being fucked by him."

It wasn't a question. It was a statement of fact.

And I didn't deny it. The resignation was complete.

***

We moved to Yves's master bedroom. I stalled in the guest room, drinking a glass of water, trying to prepare myself.

When I entered, Vivian was already on the bed, her legs wrapped around Yves's waist as he fucked her. Her head was thrown back, her moans filling the room, a symphony of pleasure I had once been the sole conductor of. Now I was just a member of the audience.

I froze in the doorway, my breath catching in my throat. My wife. My boss. The betrayal was complete, a sickening, final thud in my chest.

Yves noticed me, but he didn't stop. He just kept thrusting, a slow, powerful rhythm, and gestured for me to come closer. "See how much she enjoys this?" he said, his voice strained with effort. "She wants this every night."

Vivian opened her eyes, and when she saw me, she held out a hand lazily, an invitation.

I watched as Yves brought her to orgasm, her body arching, a cry of pure ecstasy tearing from her throat. When she came down from her high, she pulled me down onto the bed, kissing me deeply. I could taste him on her lips, a salty, musky reminder of her infidelity.

"Your turn," she whispered, trading places with me.

(erotica mode on)

Yves positioned me where Vivian had been, on my back, my legs spread. He entered me slowly, a smooth, deep thrust that filled me completely. Schlorp. With each inward movement, my cage bounced against my inner thigh, a soft, heavy weight swinging with the motion. The sensation was overwhelming—filled from behind, restrained in front.

I tensed, a whispered "no" escaping my lips. It was habit, a last vestige of panic, of residual resistance.

Yves stopped immediately, pulling out completely. I gasped, the sudden emptiness an ache. The cage settled back against my thigh, and I regretted my protest immediately.

He started again, building a slow, steady rhythm that brought me closer and closer to the edge. The cage bounced harder now, tapping against my stomach with each deep thrust. Vivian noticed, her eyes fixed on the rhythmic movement as she touched herself.

Yves paused again, almost pulling out. The cage fell back, heavy and neglected.

"Say it again. Louder," he commanded. "Tell your wife you want me to fuck your pussy."

I was desperate, my body screaming for release. The cage was bouncing with my ragged breaths. "I want you to fuck my pussy," I cried out. "Please don't stop. I need it."

Between thrusts and pauses, he continued his interrogation. "Does this feel right? Being filled like this?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"When's the last time you wanted to fuck someone? To be inside them?"

"I don't... I can't remember."

"You don't miss it, do you? Being the one who thrusts?"

"No," I admitted, the shame burning hot in my chest.

Vivian leaned in, her breath hot against my ear. "Tell him you like it better this way."

"I like it better this way," I repeated, the words a surrender.

Yves slowed down, making me feel every inch of him. The cage was pressed between us as he leaned down, trapped against my stomach.

"Say it, Nathania," he commanded. "Say you prefer being fucked like a woman."

My voice was clear now, the cage tapping softly with each deliberate thrust. "I prefer this. I prefer being fucked. I don't want to fuck. I want to be taken like this."

Yves leaned down and captured my lips in a deep, possessive kiss. The cage was pinned between our bodies, a prisoner of our passion. I came while being kissed, shuddering around him, my cries lost in his mouth as the cage bounced one last time, then stilled.

Yves followed, filling me completely, still kissing me as we shuddered through our orgasms.

We collapsed onto the bed, a sweaty, breathless tangle of limbs. Yves settled back against the headboard, Vivian to his left, and me to his right. My cage rested against my thigh, warm and unnecessary in the aftermath.

Both our heads rested on his chest, his arms wrapped around us. His left hand found Vivian's pussy, and his right found my ass. My own hand wrapped around Yves's cock, stroking him back to hardness.

The cage hung ignored, redundant, as I served my partner.

Vivian tilted her face up, meeting Yves's lips in a deep kiss while his fingers worked inside her. Both of us were shuddering, moaning against his chest, coming together around his hands.

Yves whispered, "You'll never need to fuck again, Nathania. Only receive. Only be taken."

We drifted off to sleep, the confession sealed, the dynamic established.

***

I woke first, the early morning light filtering through the curtains. I realized I was lying on something hard—Yves's thigh.

Something was still in my ass—Yves's finger, buried deep, a casual, possessive claim even in sleep.

My own hand was wrapped around his cock, semi-erect, the weight of it familiar now.

My cage—cool metal resting against my thigh, empty, unnecessary.

For a moment, I didn't understand. My brain was foggy with sleep.

I saw Yves's face, peaceful, inches away from mine. His mouth was joined with Vivian's mouth. They were kissing. In their sleep.

Both of them, sleeping, peaceful, beautiful. Together.

The memory of the night before crashed into me: everything I had done, everything I had said, Vivian witnessing it all. I cringed inwardly at the memory of her watching my complete submission.

Then I became fully aware of Yves's finger, still lodged in my ass. Casual. Possessive. Even in sleep.

My hand was still wrapped around Yves's cock. I could feel it now, growing harder in my grip. Bigger than my own.

I was surprised at how well I'd gotten used to the cage, after a month of wearing it.

I looked at Yves's face, peaceful in sleep. The man who owned me now.

Slowly, carefully, I extricated myself from the tangle of limbs, trying not to wake them. I padded to the bathroom for a shower.

***

The hot water cascaded over my skin, washing away the night. My hands moved to my breasts automatically, checking, hoping.

They hadn't shrunk at all. If anything, they felt fuller. Heavier.

I cupped them, weighing them in my palms. Definitely bigger than yesterday.

I told myself my eyes were playing tricks on me, denial kicking in.

The water ran over my curves, my cage, my feminized body.

I stood there longer than necessary, just processing.

***

I emerged from the bathroom in a towel, to find Vivian waiting for me.

She hugged me immediately. "I'll support you. Whatever you want to be."

The words were kind, but final. She was accepting me as feminized, not fighting to restore me.

She pulled back, her eyes looking at my chest through the towel.

"Let me check," she said, her hands reaching out to measure.

"They look larger," she confirmed. "Definitely bigger than yesterday."

She looked me directly in the eyes. "Do you want to forcefully drain them? Or keep them till they drain naturally?"

"It looks like it might take 4 more days if you want them gone. That's what the research says."

The choice was technically mine. But the way she said "keep them" suggested her preference.

I stood there, wet hair dripping onto the floor, my wife holding my feminized breasts, offering to make this permanent.

***

We were all three in the kitchen, in various states of dress.

Nathania and Yves were in office attire.

Underneath my professional feminine suit—a form-fitting black secretary top tucked into a knee-length pencil skirt—I was wearing the lingerie set Yves had suggested. A matching black strappy bralette with a silver heart-shaped ring at the cleavage lifted my C-cup breasts. Below, mid-rise panties with a caged, multi-strap waistband and identical silver rings sat flush against my hips, the tight elastic pressing directly over my small chastity device. A styled women's wig framed my face and fell past my shoulders, completing the inner feminine layer.

Yves was in tailored business wear.

Vivian, in casual clothes, was making coffee.

She looked at my wig, at the line where it met my forehead.

"That wig can't be good for your scalp," she commented. "Wearing it all the time."

Yves looked up from his phone. "Don't worry. I'll pay for a proper alternative."

Vague, but promising. Hair extensions? Something more permanent?

We finished breakfast in a professional but intimate atmosphere.

At the door, Yves gave Vivian a deep kiss, grabbing her ass. She blushed.

He turned to me, giving me the same treatment—a deep kiss, an ass grab, a possessive claim.

Vivian cheered, "Have fun at work! But not too much fun!"

Yves assured her, "Work is work. Nothing will happen at the office."

We both knew he was lying.

***

In Yves's car, driving to the office, I was in the passenger seat, my wedding ring on my finger as usual.

Every pothole and crack in the asphalt sent a jolt through the car, a vibration that traveled directly from the suspension up through the seat and into my body. The metal cage, nestled snugly between my thighs, would swing and tap against my skin with a persistent, rhythmic percussion. Tink-tink-tap. Tink-tink-tap. It was a constant, maddening reminder of my confinement, a metronome for my predicament. The jostling didn't stop there; with every sway of the car, my C-cup breasts, unsupported by the strappy bralette, would bounce against the tight fabric of my blouse, a secondary sensation that kept me hyper-aware of my feminized form.

Yves drove with a casual confidence, one hand on the wheel, the other resting on the gearshift. He would glance over at me from the corner of his eye, a knowing smirk playing on his lips whenever we hit a particularly rough patch of road and he heard my sharp intake of breath or saw me white-knuckling the door handle. "Uncomfortable, Nathania?" he'd ask, his voice a low, teasing rumble that seemed to make the cage throb in response.

"No," I'd mutter, turning my head to look out the window, my cheeks flushing with heat. The denial was useless. He knew. He could see the way my thighs were pressed together, the subtle way I tried to brace myself against the door to lessen the impact. The cage was a traitor, announcing my predicament with every subtle shift of the car.

"I was thinking about last night," he began, his tone shifting from teasing to possessive. "You were beautiful, you know. Begging like that."

My head snapped back to look at him. "Why did you do that? Make me say those things?"

He chuckled, a deep, genuine sound that made my stomach clench. "Because they're true," he said, his eyes meeting mine for a moment before returning to the road. "And you needed to say them. To hear yourself say them."

"Besides," he added, his voice dropping lower, "your wife enjoyed it. Did you see her face? The way she watched you, touched herself while you were coming undone?"

I looked back out the window, the cage settling into a rhythm of soft taps with the road's constant vibration. The memory of Vivian's face, her expression a mixture of arousal and triumph, was burned into my mind. The car ride continued in silence, the dynamic between us settled, the cage a constant physical reminder of my place.

When we arrived at the office building, Yves pulled into his reserved spot and killed the engine. The sudden silence was deafening. Before I could move, he leaned over, his body crowding mine in the small space. His hand cupped my jaw, turning my face toward his.

"I want to do something cheesy," he murmured, his lips just inches from mine.

"I think we should skip the elevator," he continued, his voice a low, seductive rumble. "And just take the stairs all the way to the top."

He leaned in, his breath warm against my ear. "You know, just to make sure the world knows you're climbing with me."

Then he kissed me. It wasn't a quick peck; it was a deep, possessive kiss, his tongue exploring my mouth, claiming me. I could feel the scratch of his stubble against my chin, taste the coffee he'd had with breakfast. When he finally pulled away, I was breathless, my lips tingling.

"Let's go, wife," he said, a smirk playing on his lips as he opened his door and got out of the car.

I followed, my legs feeling shaky as I stood on the pavement. The cage settled back against my thigh, a heavy, final presence. He took my hand, lacing our fingers together as we walked toward the building's entrance, the click of our heels on the pavement a syncopated rhythm. I was his Nathania, and I was climbing with him.

***

The day at the office was a surreal repetition of the previous ones. I sat at my desk outside his office, playing the part of the perfect secretary. I brought him coffee, managed his schedule, typed up documents. The cage was a constant, hidden presence, a dull ache that reminded me of my place.

Around mid-morning, the intercom on my desk buzzed. "Nathania, could you come in here for a moment?" Yves's voice was smooth, professional.

I took a deep breath, smoothed my skirt, and walked into his office.

"Close the door," he said, already undoing his zipper.

I knew what was expected. I sank to my knees under the large oak desk, the plush carpet cushioning them. He was already hard, his cock jutting out proudly. I took him in my mouth, the familiar weight and taste of him filling my senses.

hmm a bit too verbose slighty less verbose. conitue from where you are. also include 4 lines of yves making out with nathania in the office, leaving her wanting for more. this is after she washes her mouth free of the cum. after that, the scene with vivian.

***

My lips were swollen, the taste of him still lingering despite my best efforts with the bathroom's strong mouthwash. I had just returned to my desk, trying to compose myself, when the intercom buzzed again. "Nathania, back in here. Now."

My heart thumped against my ribs as I re-entered his office. This time, he was standing by the window, looking out over the city. He turned as I closed the door, a predator's smile on his face.

"Come here," he commanded, and I obeyed without question.

He pulled me into his arms, his lips crashing down on mine. This kiss wasn't about release; it was about possession. His tongue delved deep, claiming every inch of my mouth, erasing the last trace of my autonomy. His hands roamed my body, one tangling in wig the other gripping my ass, pulling me flush against him. I could feel his hard cock straining against his trousers, a promise of what was to come. I melted into him, my body responding traitorously, my own hips pressing against his, a silent plea for more.

He broke the kiss as suddenly as it began, leaving me breathless and wanting. "That's all for now," he said, his voice smug. "I have a conference call. But think about that until I'm ready for you again."

I was left standing there, trembling with unsatisfied desire, the cage a painful reminder of my inability to find release on my own terms.

***

The rest of the day was a blur of longing and frustration. Every buzz of the intercom, every glance from Yves, sent a fresh wave of arousal through me. By the end of the day, I was a bundle of nerves, my body thrumming with a desperate need.

We drove to the hair salon in silence. The car ride was a special kind of torture, every bump sending the cage swinging, a constant reminder of my pent-up frustration.

When we arrived, Vivian was already there, waiting with a woman I didn't recognize. She introduced her as Chloe, a friend from her course who specialized in hair extensions.

"Best in the class," Vivian said proudly, her arm linked through Chloe's.

I looked at them, a strange mix of dread and resignation washing over me. So this was the "proper alternative" to the wig.

Chloe examined my hair, her fingers professional and analytical as she felt the texture of my wig and the real hair beneath. "Perfect for extensions," she confirmed. "We can blend it seamlessly. It'll look completely natural."

Yves nodded, giving his permission. "Do whatever's needed. Best quality."

The process took hours. I sat in a salon chair, watching my reflection transform in the mirror as Chloe worked her magic. She removed the wig, washed my hair, and began the painstaking process of attaching the extensions strand by strand.

Vivian watched, her eyes bright with excitement, occasionally taking photos for her "future." Yves paid generously, adding a large tip. "Can't stiff a friend of Vivian's," he said with a wink.

When Chloe was done, I reached up to touch my new hair. It was real, long, feminine. Mine. No more wig line, no more removal. This was permanent until it grew out or I decided to cut it.

The permanence of it all settled over me. This wasn't a game anymore. This was my life.

***

On the drive home, all three of us were in the car. My new hair extensions felt strange, heavy, but also freeing in a way I couldn't quite articulate. I kept touching them, running my fingers through the soft strands.

Yves glanced over, noticing my fussing. "You don't need the wig anymore," he said. "Not with these. They look natural."

Vivian leaned forward from the back seat, her warmth a presence between us. "Thank you so much, Yves," she said, her voice sincere. "For everything."

"You're welcome," he replied, his eyes meeting hers in the rearview mirror. "Anything for my girls."

There was a pause, then Vivian spoke again, her tone shifting. "I'll give you something for the favor," she promised. "For everything you've done for us."

Yves caught her eye in the mirror, a slow smirk spreading across his face. "Can you give it once we reach home?" he asked.

Vivian nodded, an understanding passing between them that I wasn't privy to.

She looked at me, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Nathania will be happy to help as well. Won't you, Nathania?"

I agreed quietly, my mind elsewhere, the cage shifting with the car's movement, unaware of what I was agreeing to.

***

We entered the house, and Yves immediately made his way to the sofa, settling in with an air of relaxed dominance.

"My lovers," he said, patting the cushions on either side of him. "Come sit with me."

I sat on his left, Vivian on his right, both of us tucked against him.

Yves switched on the TV, flipping to a romantic movie. A passionate scene began to unfold on screen, and I felt a surge of arousal. I looked at Vivian, a primal desire to fuck her building within me, a ghost of my former self. But the cage prevented it, locked and useless against my inner thigh.

Vivian noticed my look and shook her head subtly, a small, almost imperceptible motion. She wanted Yves, not me.

Yves pulled Vivian closer, his lips finding hers in a deep, possessive kiss. His hands roamed her body, exploring her curves through the thin fabric of her dress.

He broke the kiss and turned to me, pulling me in for the same treatment. The kiss deepened, our tongues tangling, and I melted against him, my body responding to his dominance.

Yves patted his thighs. "Come closer," he murmured.

Vivian moved first, settling on his right knee, facing him. I followed, positioning myself on his left knee, mirroring her.

He took turns kissing us, first Vivian, then me, then back again. Saliva strands connected our lips each time we separated.

His hands were busy beneath us—his right hand fingering my ass through my pencil skirt, his left hand fingering Vivian's pussy through her dress.

Both of us were moaning into his mouth or biting his shoulder blades as he worked us, our bodies arching against him.

"Nathan never did this before... never made me feel like this..." Vivian gasped, her head thrown back in pleasure.

Hearing my real name, a comparison to who I used to be, sent a jolt through me. The cage tightened with a painful mix of arousal and humiliation.

Both of us were approaching orgasm, writhing on his knees, desperate for release.

Yves stopped suddenly, his hands stilling, denying us completion.

"Strip," he commanded. "Down to your underwear. Both of you."

Vivian stood, removing her dress to reveal a simple pink bra and panty set.

I followed suit, unbuttoning my blouse and stepping out of my skirt. The black strappy lingerie set was revealed—the matching bralette with the silver heart-shaped ring at my cleavage, lifting my C-cup breasts, and the mid-rise panties with the caged, multi-strap waistband, the elastic pressing directly over the small, locked chastity device.

My new hair extensions cascaded over my shoulders, completing the feminine picture.

Vivian stared, then smiled. "Nathania really was looking forward to this."

I blushed crimson. I couldn't deny it—Yves had chosen this for me, had me wear it all day, anticipating this very moment.

Yves leaned back against the sofa, his pants open, his cock out and hard.

"Lie down," he instructed. "On your stomachs. Both of you."

Vivian and I complied, lying side by side on the sofa, our heads near his lap.

We began playing with his dick together, stroking and kissing the shaft. We kissed each other with his dick between our lips, passing it back and forth.

Yves reached behind us, one hand on each of our asses—fingering my ass through the strappy panties, Vivian's pussy through the pink cotton.

Both of us were moaning, struggling to focus on sucking him while he worked us from behind.

He timed it perfectly, bringing us all to the edge together.

We came simultaneously—Yves into our waiting mouths, Vivian and I shuddering against the sofa.

Vivian and I turned to each other, kissing deeply, sharing Yves's cum between us. Lost in the moment, I licked the remnants from Vivian's face, savoring the taste.

Vivian pulled back, her eyes wide—surprised at this new, eager version of me.

I froze, realizing my mistake—I had revealed too much enjoyment.

Yves watched, satisfied, and stood up, dropping his pants and boxers on the floor. He lifted both of us easily, one arm under each, and carried us toward the bedroom.

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He deposited us on the bed, both of us breathless and waiting.

The romantic atmosphere enveloped us as he took his time, positioning us as he wished.

Vivian and I sat on him, facing each other, kissing while he rested and watched.

He moved us, arranged us, taking turns penetrating each of us while the other kissed and touched.

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"Fuck, yes," I moaned as Yves entered me from behind, my body arching in pleasure. The sounds of our bodies coming together—squish, schluck, schluck—filled the room. I could feel every inch of him, stretching me, filling me completely.

Yves's hands gripped my hips, pulling me back against him with each thrust. His other hand reached around to rub my caged cock, a deliciously frustrating sensation. "You like that, don't you, Nathania?" he growled in my ear. "You like being filled like this."

"God, yes," I gasped, my head thrown back. "Don't stop."

Vivian watched us, her fingers busy between her legs. "Fuck her harder, Yves," she urged. "Make her scream."

Yves obliged, his movements becoming more forceful, more primal. The sound of skin slapping against skin—smack, smack, smack—echoed in the room. I could feel my orgasm building, a coil of heat in my stomach that threatened to snap.

"I'm going to cum," I cried out.

"Not yet," Yves commanded, stilling inside me. "Not until I say so."

He pulled out, leaving me empty and wanting. He positioned Vivian on her back, spreading her legs wide. "Eat her out," he ordered me. "Make her cum with your mouth."

I eagerly complied, burying my face between Vivian's legs. The taste of her arousal was intoxicating. I licked and sucked, my tongue finding her clit, circling it relentlessly.

"Oh, God, Nathania," Vivian moaned, her hands tangling in my hair. "Don't stop. Right there."

As I pleasured Vivian, I felt Yves enter me again, a slow, deep thrust that made me moan against Vivian's pussy. The vibrations from my moans seemed to drive Vivian wild, her hips bucking against my face.

Yves established a rhythm, thrusting into me as I ate out Vivian. The three of us moved together, a symphony of pleasure.

"Marry me," Yves grunted, his movements becoming more erratic. "Both of you. Marry me."

"Yes," Vivian cried out. "Yes, I'll marry you."

He stopped thrusting, pulling almost completely out of me, leaving me aching and empty. "Nathania?" he prompted, his voice a low growl.

My answer was muffled by Vivian's pussy, my mind clouded with lust. "Yes," I moaned. "I'll marry you. Please, Yves, don't stop."

He resumed his movements, even more forceful than before. "Good girl," he praised, his hands gripping my hips tight enough to leave bruises.

Vivian came with a scream, her body convulsing around my face. I lapped up her juices, savoring the taste of her release.

Yves followed moments later, filling me with his cum. I could feel the warmth spreading through me, a final, possessive claim.

We collapsed onto the bed, a sweaty, breathless tangle of limbs. Yves settled back against the headboard, Vivian to his left, and me to his right. Both our heads rested on his chest, his arms wrapped around us.

His left hand found Vivian's pussy, and his right found my ass. Both of us were shuddering, moaning against his chest, coming together around his hands.

"We'll need rings," Yves murmured, a satisfied smirk on his face. "Three of them."

more round of sex, he will fuck them again, making them say it out loud again . he will ask vivian to divorce her husband since he is not here anymore and to marry him. stuff like that. this sex will be 20 lines, plenty of frnehc kiss, missionary position, vivian masterbating while yves fucks nanthania, then anthania trying but failing to masterbate , yves looking at her with pity and fucking her again after vivian lays on the bed tired. , vivian will still be awake, but too tired to touch herself. yves will fuck nathania missionary slowly making her scream yves name and calling him honey after he encourages her to say it, after which they will kiss. in the end, yves will lie down on the bed, wigth vivian on his right and nathania on top, vivian fast asleep . so he will french kiss nathania while he plays with her asshole making her leak cum onto yves stomach, he will whsiper in her ear that this will be their future and to learn to love it. nathania will ejaculate onto yves stomach while agreeing to him, she will slowly blackout while kissing him.

wakes up to her lying on top of yves, vivian no where to be found, and yves finger in her asshole and his other hand hugging her tight, she will lay there silently pondering her future, yves will stir awake see her and give her a kiss asking ehr why she is not moving, nathania willanswer embarasedly, upon which yves will give her a morning fuck for being such a cutie and french kisses her (this is 15 lines , romantic ,) , vivian wont see this. she is in the kitchen also its satuday morning

contiue from We'll need rings," Yves murmured, a satisfied smirk on his face. "Three of them."

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"Three of them," I echoed, the words feeling foreign and heavy on my tongue. The aftermath of our shared orgasms left us breathless, our bodies tangled together in a mess of limbs and sweat on Yves's king-sized bed.

Yves shifted, his muscles tensing with renewed purpose. He rolled over, pinning me beneath him. His cock, already hardening again, pressed against my thigh, a hot, insistent presence.

"I need to hear you say it again," he growled, his lips brushing against my ear. "Both of you."

Vivian, lying beside us, propped herself up on an elbow, her eyes dark with renewed lust. Her hand drifted down to her pussy, her fingers beginning to circle her clit.

"Say what, honey?" I asked, my voice breathless.

"That you'll divorce him," Yves said, his hips grinding against me. "That you'll marry me instead."

He positioned himself between my legs, the head of his cock nudging against my entrance. I was already slick with his cum from our previous round.

"Divorce him," Vivian moaned, his fingers working faster. "Marry Yves. Both of us."

"Yes," I cried out as Yves pushed inside me, a slow, deep penetration that made me gasp. "I'll divorce him. I'll marry you."

The words were a surrender, a final, irrevocable step.

"Good girl," Yves praised, beginning to move inside me. He established a slow, steady rhythm, each thrust hitting deep. Squelch... schluck... squelch.

Vivian watched us, her fingers flying over her clit. The sight of her, the sound of her moans, combined with the feel of Yves filling me, was intoxicating.

My own hands drifted down to my caged cock, a futile attempt to find release. The metal bars prevented any real contact, a frustrating, tantalizing barrier. I could only rub the smooth surface, a poor substitute for the real thing.

Yves noticed my struggling, a look of pity mixed with arousal in his eyes. He slowed his movements, then stopped, pulling out completely. I whimpered at the sudden emptiness.

He turned to Vivian, who was close to orgasm, her body arching. He positioned himself between her legs, entering her in one smooth thrust. Vivian cried out, her orgasm crashing over her. Her body shuddered, then went limp, her eyes drifting closed in exhaustion.

Yves pulled out of her, then turned back to me. He rolled me onto my back, spreading my legs wide. He entered me again, missionary position, our bodies pressed together chest to chest.

This time, he moved slowly, deliberately. Each thrust was a deep, possessive claim. "Scream my name," he commanded, his lips hovering just above mine. "Let me hear who you belong to."

"Yves," I moaned, my head thrown back. "Yves, yes..."

"Call me honey," he urged, his hips grinding against me. "Like a good wife."

"Y... yes, honey," I stammered, the word feeling both wrong and right. "Please, honey, don't stop..."

He captured my lips in a deep, possessive kiss, our tongues tangling as he continued to move inside me. I could feel my orgasm building, a pressure coiling in my stomach.

We came together, my cries of "Honey!" lost in his mouth as he filled me with his cum.

Afterward, he rolled onto his back, pulling me on top of him. Vivian lay beside us, fast asleep, her breathing slow and even.

I lay on Yves's chest, my body still tingling from the aftermath. I could feel him softening inside me, a warm, comforting presence.

He tilted my face up, kissing me deeply again. His hands roamed my body, one finding my ass, a finger tracing my rim. I gasped as he pushed a finger inside, then another, scissoring me open.

"This will be our future," he whispered in my ear, his voice a low, seductive rumble. "Learn to love it."

I could feel my cock leaking cum onto his stomach, a slow, steady trickle. "I... I will," I moaned, my hips bucking against his hand.

"Good," he praised, adding a third finger. The stretch was delicious, a mix of pleasure and pain.

I came again, my body shuddering as I ejaculated onto his stomach. The last thing I remembered was his lips on mine, the taste of him, the feel of his fingers inside me, before everything went black.

***

I woke up to the warmth of Yves's body beneath me, the morning light filtering through the curtains. I was still on top of him, my cheek resting on his chest. Vivian was nowhere to be found.

Then I became aware of him—one finger buried deep in my ass, a casual, possessive claim even in sleep. His other arm was wrapped around me, holding me close. I lay there, processing everything that had happened, the reality of my new life settling in.

Yves stirred, his finger flexing inside me. He opened his eyes, a sleepy smile spreading across his face. "Morning, beautiful," he murmured, leaning down to kiss me. "Why aren't you moving?"

I blushed, embarrassed at being caught staring. "I... I was just thinking."

"About what?" he asked, his finger beginning to move inside me, a slow, deliberate rhythm.

"About... us," I managed, my breath hitching as he hit a particularly sensitive spot.

"Good," he said, his smile widening. He positioned himself between my legs, his already-hard cock nudging against my entrance. "Because I was thinking about you."

He entered me slowly, a deep, possessive thrust that made me gasp. "You were such a cutie last night," he murmured, beginning to move inside me. "So obedient. So mine."

He captured my lips in a deep, romantic kiss, his tongue exploring my mouth as he established a slow, steady rhythm. Each thrust was a reminder of who I belonged to, of the future I had agreed to.

I could hear Vivian in the kitchen, the clatter of dishes a distant, inconsequential sound. In this moment, it was just the two of us—Yves and Nathania, beginning their new life together.

His hips moved with a deliberate, sensual grace, each thrust a wave of pleasure that started deep inside me and rippled outward. Squelch... schluck... The sound was a wet, obscene proof of my previous surrender, of the cum still slicking my passage. He wasn't just fucking me; he was reclaiming me, marking me as his from the inside out.

My hands slid up his chest, my fingers tangling in the light dusting of hair there. I arched my back, pushing my breasts into his chest, my body language a silent plea for more. "Yves," I breathed, his name a prayer on my lips. He responded by deepening the kiss, his tongue stroking mine in a rhythm that mirrored the movement of his hips.

This was different from the frantic, desperate coupling of the night before. This was slow, romantic, intimate. He was making love to me, to Nathania, his wife-to-be. The cage, which had been a source of frustration and humiliation, now felt strangely... right. A symbol of my submission, of my place in this new dynamic.

He shifted slightly, changing the angle of his thrusts. The head of his cock brushed against my prostate, sending a jolt of pure ecstasy through me. I cried out, my nails digging into his shoulders. "There," I gasped. "Right there, honey."

He chuckled, a low, satisfied sound. "Found it, did I?" He hit that spot again, and again, each movement calculated to drive me wild. "I'm going to make you cum like this," he promised, his voice a husky whisper against my ear. "Just from my cock inside you."

I could feel the pressure building, a familiar coil of heat in my stomach. My hips moved to meet his, our bodies slapping together with a soft, rhythmic percussion. Smack... smack... smack. The sounds of our lovemaking filled the room, a symphony of passion that was just for us.

He reached between us, his fingers finding my caged cock. He didn't try to stroke it, to bring me to release that way. Instead, he simply cupped it, the warmth of his

hand a comforting presence. "This belongs to me," he said, his tone possessive yet tender. "Every part of you belongs to me."

"Yes," I cried out, my body tensing as my orgasm approached. "All yours, honey. Only yours."

With a final, deep thrust, I came. My cock jerked within its confines, a small, pathetic stream of cum leaking onto my stomach. The orgasm wasn't the explosive release I was used to; it was a slow, rolling wave of pleasure that seemed to go on forever, my body shuddering with the force of it.

Yves followed me over the edge, his movements becoming erratic as he found his own release. I could feel him pulsing inside me, a warm, intimate flood that seemed to seal our bond.

We lay there for a long moment, our bodies still joined, our breathing slowly returning to normal. The smell of sex and sweat filled the air, a potent aphrodisiac.

Yves was the first to move, gently pulling out of me. He rolled onto his side, pulling me into his arms. "Good morning, wife," he murmured, kissing my forehead.

"Good morning, husband," I replied, the words feeling strange but right.

We lay there for a while longer, just holding each other, content in the aftermath. But the real world was waiting, and we both knew it. The scent of coffee and toast wafted in from the kitchen, a reminder of the other person in this new, complicated equation.

"Breakfast," Yves said, patting my ass. "Let's go see what your wife—my wife—has made for us."

We showered together, Yves washing my hair with gentle hands, his fingers massaging my scalp. The intimacy felt natural now, domestic. We dressed - me in a simple sundress from the closet, him in casual trousers and a shirt - and made our way to the kitchen.

Vivian was at the stove, flipping pancakes. She turned when we entered, her cheeks flushing immediately. "Morning," she said, her voice slightly strained.

"Morning," Yves replied easily, as if last night had been perfectly ordinary.

We sat at the table. Vivian served us, her movements efficient but her eyes avoiding mine. The silence stretched until she couldn't take it anymore.

"Last night," she blurted, looking at Yves. "When you said... what you said. About all of us. Were you serious?"

Yves chewed slowly, swallowed, then met her gaze. "That's up to you, Vivian. What do you want?"

She opened her mouth, closed it. Her eyes flicked to me, then back to him. "I don't know. I need to think."

"Take your time," Yves said. Then he looked at me. "Just a minute, Nathania. We'll discuss later."

I nodded, confused but compliant.

After breakfast, Yves stood. He walked to Vivian, cupped her face, and kissed her deeply. Before she could react, he scooped her up in his arms. She squeaked, clutching his shoulders.

"Yves! What-"

"Shh," he murmured, carrying her toward their bedroom. He glanced back at me once, then kicked the door shut. I heard the lock click.

I sat frozen at the kitchen table. Then the sounds started - Vivian's moans, the bed creaking, Yves's low grunts. Louder than last night. More intense.

"Oh god," Vivian cried out. "This is... this is the best it's ever been..."

I gripped my coffee cup, my cage suddenly tight, my heart pounding. The sounds continued for what felt like hours, then faded to hushed voices. Whispering. Planning.

I put it out of my mind, or tried to. But I couldn't stop wondering: what was he going to do?

so current plan,

after this scene, yves will come out, with a dishevelved vivian. vivian will look sheepishly at nathan. nathan asks what happened, vivian will say its a secret they will reveal later and nothing bad is going to happen.

vivian and yves change up and leave saying they will be back in 3 hrs. vivian gives nathan his cage's keys telling her that she can clean up or whatnot but to be locked when they come back.

3 hrs later vivian is back. yves calls nathania and vivian to the living room table where he tells nathania what happened.

vivian has decided to undergo a mutual divorce with nathan. she wont be asking for any shares or whatnot. however. and

relvation incest end

***

The next day was a public holiday, a rare day off from work. I woke up alone in bed, the other side cold and empty. I sat up, a dull ache in my ass, a constant reminder of the night before. I went to the bathroom, my movements stiff. I looked at myself in the mirror, at the stranger with the long, dark hair, the soft features, the C-cup breasts. Nathania stared back at me, her eyes wide with a mixture of fear and something else, something I didn't want to name.

I found Vivian in the kitchen, humming a cheerful tune as she made breakfast. She was wearing one of my old t-shirts, the fabric stretched tight across her breasts. She turned as I came in, a bright smile on her face.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she said, her voice light and cheerful. "Or should I say, good morning, Nathania?"

I just nodded, not trusting my voice.

"Yves had to leave early," she said, sliding a plate of pancakes across the counter. "Something about a last-minute meeting. He said he'd see you tomorrow. At the office." She winked, a playful, conspiratorial gesture. "As your boss."

We ate in silence, the only sound the clinking of forks against plates. I couldn't help but notice the way she looked at me, her gaze lingering on my chest, on the curves of my body. It was a look of appraisal, of ownership.

After breakfast, she led me to the living room, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Since we have the day to ourselves," she said, her voice a husky purr, "I thought we could have some fun."

She pulled out a large box from behind the sofa. Inside was a collection of toys, an arsenal of pleasure and pain. Dildos of various shapes and sizes, butt plugs, vibrators, a flogger, a paddle.

"I want to see what you've learned," she said, her eyes gleaming with a feverish light. "I want to see you take one of these. For me."

I wanted to say no. I wanted to run, to hide, to escape this nightmare. But I knew I couldn't. I was trapped. I took a deep breath, forcing a smile onto my face.

"Okay," I said, my voice barely a whisper.

She chose a sleek, silver dildo, about the size of Yves's cock. She handed it to me, along with a bottle of lube. "Get yourself ready for me," she commanded, her eyes fixed on mine.

I went to the bedroom, my hands trembling. I stripped, standing before the full-length mirror, the dildo in my hand. I coated it with lube, the cool, slick gel a familiar sensation. Squelch. I spread my legs, bending over slightly. I touched my

asshole, the muscle still sore from the night before. I took a deep breath and pushed the dildo inside. Schlorp. A gasp escaped my lips, a mix of pain and pleasure. I started to move it, in and out, the slick glide a familiar rhythm. Squelch, schlorp.

"Are you ready?" Vivian called from the living room.

"Almost," I called back, my voice trembling.

I walked back to the living room, the dildo still inside me, its base a cold, hard pressure against my ass. I stood before her, a nervous, exposed offering.

She smiled, a slow, wicked smile. "Good girl," she said, patting the sofa next to her. "Come here."

I sat down, the movement driving the dildo deeper inside me. I let out a soft moan.

"Let's see," she said, her fingers trailing down my chest, circling my nipples. "How much can you take?"

She pushed me back onto the sofa, her hands on my thighs, spreading them apart. She took control of the dildo, her movements slow and deliberate. She fucked me with it, her thrusts hard and deep, pushing me to my limits. Squelch, schlorp. The sounds were obscene, filling the room, a testament to my complete surrender.

"Oh, God, Vivian... yes..." I moaned, my hips bucking against her hand, meeting the rhythm of the dildo.

"Tell me you love it," she commanded, her voice a rough growl against my ear. "Tell me you love being fucked like a girl."

"I love it," I gasped, my mind a haze of pleasure. "I love being fucked like a girl... I love it so much..."

She leaned in, her lips finding mine. She kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that left me breathless. Mmmph. Her tongue explored my mouth, and I responded, my body melting against hers, a traitorous surrender.

I could feel myself getting close, the pleasure building to an unbearable peak. "Vivian... I'm... I'm going to cum..."

"Not yet," she said, pulling away with a wicked grin. "Not until I say so."

She stopped, pulling the dildo out of me with a wet schlorp, leaving me feeling empty, aching for more. She left me there, panting and needy, while she went to the box of toys. She came back with a smaller, thinner dildo and a bottle of something else. Lubricant, but not the kind we'd been using. This one had a heating element.

She coated the new dildo with the lube, the faint scent of cinnamon filling the air. She knelt between my legs, her eyes gleaming with a feverish light. "Let's see how you handle this," she said, her voice a husky purr.

She pushed the dildo inside me, the heat a strange, intense sensation. Squelch. I cried out, my body arching off the sofa. The heat was overwhelming, a burning pleasure that was almost too much to bear.

"Does it hurt?" she asked, her voice a mix of concern and cruel amusement.

"Yes," I gasped, my hands fisting in the cushions. "But... don't stop."

She smiled, a slow, triumphant smile. "I knew you'd like it."

She fucked me with the heated dildo, her thrusts slow and deliberate, savoring my reactions. The heat built, a slow, burning fire that consumed me from the inside out. I was a mess of whimpers and moans, my body trembling, on the brink of orgasm.

"Please, Vivian... please let me cum..." I begged, my voice a hoarse whisper.

"Look at me," she commanded.

I forced my eyes open, my vision blurred with tears and pleasure. Her face was a mask of triumph, her eyes dark with lust.

"Cum for me," she said, her voice a low, husky purr. "Cum for your mommy."

The word "mommy" sent a jolt through me, a confusing mix of shame and a dark, twisted pleasure. I came, my body convulsing, a strangled cry escaping my lips. Gush. The orgasm was intense, a tidal wave of pleasure that left me spent and trembling.

Vivian pulled the dildo out of me with a wet schlorp, a satisfied smile on her face. "Good girl," she said, patting my cheek. "You took that very well."

I lay there, panting and spent, my mind a blank, numb void. I could feel her cum, mixed with the lube, dripping out of my ass, staining the sofa cushions.

"I think you're ready for the next step," she said, her voice a thoughtful murmur. "A more... permanent solution."

I looked at her, a cold dread washing over me. "What... what do you mean?"

She just smiled, a secretive, knowing smile. "You'll see," she said. "Now, let's get you cleaned up."

She helped me up, leading me to the bathroom. She ran a bath, adding scented oils to the water. I sank into the warm, fragrant water, my muscles relaxing, the lingering ache in my ass a dull throb.

She washed me, her touch gentle, almost tender. She washed my hair, her fingers massaging my scalp. I closed my eyes, leaning into her touch, a strange sense of peace washing over me. For a moment, I could almost forget the reality of my situation, the twisted game we were playing. For a moment, I could almost believe that this was real, that I was her daughter, her pretty little sissy, and that she loved me.

But the illusion was shattered when she spoke.

"You know," she said, her voice a thoughtful murmur, "I've been thinking. It's not fair, really. Yves gets to have all the fun. He gets to have a girlfriend, a wife. And what do I get? A sissy husband who's been hiding this whole other life from me."

I opened my eyes, looking at her. Her face was serious, her expression unreadable.

"I want a daughter," she said, her voice firm. "A real daughter. One I can dress up, one I can teach, one I can love. And I think... I think Nathalia could be that daughter."

The name hung in the air, a final, crushing blow. Nathalia. Not Nathania, the girlfriend, but Nathalia, the daughter. A new persona, a new role in this twisted game.

"And Yves," she continued, her eyes gleaming with a feverish light. "Yves can be her new daddy. It would be perfect. A perfect little family."

My blood ran cold. Yves. My boss, my lover, my... husband. Now, he was going to be my daddy. The idea was so twisted, so sick, it made my stomach churn. But I knew I had no choice. I was trapped.

"Okay," I said, my voice a hoarse whisper.

"Good girl," she said, her smile returning, bright and triumphant. "Now, let's get you ready for your daddy's return."

She helped me out of the bath, drying me with a soft, fluffy towel. She led me to the bedroom, pulling out a new outfit from the closet. It was a simple, white sundress, innocent and virginal. She paired it with a pair of white cotton panties and a matching white bra. She sat me down at the makeup table, her touch gentle as she applied my makeup, a light, natural look that emphasized my soft features.

When she was done, I looked in the mirror, and I didn't recognize the person staring back at me. She was a young girl, innocent and sweet, with wide, trusting eyes and a gentle smile. She was Nathalia.

"You look perfect," Vivian said, her voice filled with pride. "Your daddy is going to be so pleased."

We waited in the living room, the silence heavy with anticipation. I sat on the sofa, my hands folded in my lap, my heart a frantic drum against my ribs. Vivian sat next to me, her arm draped possessively around my shoulders.

Finally, we heard the key in the lock. The front door opened, and Yves stepped inside. He stopped short when he saw us, a look of confusion on his face.

"Vivian? Nathan? What's going on?"

Vivian stood up, a bright, welcoming smile on her face. "Welcome home, darling," she said, her voice a cheerful chirp.

She gestured towards me. "This is Nathalia," she said. "Our new daughter."

Yves's eyes widened in shock. He looked at me, at the innocent, virginal girl on the sofa, then back at Vivian, a look of disbelief on his face.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, his voice a low, confused rumble.

"I want a daughter," Vivian said, her tone firm. "And Yves... you're going to be her new daddy."

Yves just stared, his mind clearly struggling to process the information. He looked at me again, a flicker of something - desire, maybe, or just a sick, twisted fascination - in his eyes.

I stood up, forcing myself to play my part. I walked over to him, my movements slow and hesitant. I looked up at him, my eyes wide and trusting.

"Hello, Daddy," I said, my voice a soft, sweet whisper.

The word hung in the air, a final, irreversible step. I was no longer just Nathan, or Nathalie, or Nathania. I was Nathalia. The daughter.

And I was theirs.

***

remember the office is on anempty floor with only 2 people working there, yves and nathania, also nathania goes to yves house so he can drive her to work, now with this revealtion he just picks her up at vivian's house. this happens every morning

Yves's car pulling up to the curb was my new alarm clock. Every morning, I would stand at the window, watching for it, my heart a frantic drum against my ribs. The second it appeared, Vivian would give me a final, once-over, her eyes appraising, her hands smoothing down the fabric of my dress.

"Remember, Nathalia," she'd say, her voice a low, firm murmur, "you're a good girl. You obey your new daddy."

I would nod, my movements stiff, a puppet on invisible strings.

Then, I would walk to the car, my head down, my cheeks burning with shame. Yves would be leaning against the passenger door, a look of cool indifference on his face. He would open the door for me, a chivalrous gesture that felt like a cage door closing.

"Morning," he would say, his voice a low, indifferent rumble.

"Morning, Daddy," I would whisper, the word a bitter pill I had to swallow every day.

The drive to the office was a special kind of hell. The silence was a heavy, suffocating blanket, punctuated only by the hum of the engine and the soft, rhythmic squeak of the windshield wipers. I would stare out the window, watching the world go by, a world I no longer felt a part of.

The office was just as bad. It was just the two of us, alone on an entire floor. Yves would bury himself in his work, and I would be left to my own devices, my tasks a mind-numbing mix of filing, data entry, and making coffee. The long hours would stretch out before me, a barren, desolate wasteland of silence and boredom.

But the silence was deceptive. It was a heavy, watchful silence, a silence that was always on the verge of being broken. And when it was, it was always by Yves.

"Nathalia," he would say, his voice a low, commanding purr. "Come here."

I would go to him, my movements slow, reluctant. He would grab my wrist, pulling me into his lap. He would kiss me, a deep, possessive kiss that left me breathless. Mmmph. His hands would roam my body, one cupping my breast, the other sliding up my thigh, under my skirt, finding the lace of my panties.

"Such a good girl," he would murmur, his lips trailing down my neck. Smooch, lick. "Wearing such pretty panties for your daddy."

I would moan, my body a traitorous surrender, arching into his touch. He would lift my skirt, pushing my panties aside. His fingers, slick with lube, would find my asshole, circling the tight ring of muscle before a single digit breached it. Squelch. A gasp would escape my lips, a mix of surprise and a dark, blooming pleasure.

"You like that, don't you?" he would whisper, his hot breath against my ear. "You like your daddy's fingers in your tight little ass."

I could only nod, my mind a haze of pleasure, my words caught in my throat. He would add another finger, stretching me, preparing me. Squelch, schlorp. The sounds were obscene, filling the quiet office, a testament to my complete surrender.

But he wouldn't let me cum. He would bring me to the brink, again and again, only to pull away at the last second, leaving me panting and needy, a frustrating, aching need coiling in my stomach. He enjoyed my frustration, my desperation. It was a power trip, a way of asserting his control, his ownership.

"You'll cum when I say you can cum," he would say, his voice a rough growl. "Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," I would whisper, my body trembling with unfulfilled desire.

He would push me off his lap, a dismissive gesture. "Now, get back to work."

I would stumble back to my desk, my body humming with unspent energy, my mind a blank, numb void. I would sit down, my movements stiff, the ache in my ass a constant, throbbing reminder of my submission. I would try to focus on my work, but the words would blur on the screen, my thoughts a chaotic jumble of pleasure and pain, of shame and a dark, twisted desire.

This was my new reality. A twisted game of submission and control, played out in the sterile silence of an empty office floor. And I was trapped, a willing prisoner in a cage of my own making.

***

The daily routine had become a familiar, suffocating rhythm. Wake up, get dressed in something soft and feminine, await the car, endure the silent drive, and survive the workday that was less about work and more about Yves's escalating appetites. Today was no different. The afternoon light, golden and thick as honey, slanted across the empty office floor, illuminating dust motes dancing in the sterile air.

"Nathalia," Yves's voice cut through the silence, a low, commanding purr that sent a shiver down my spine. "My office. Now."

I went, my feet feeling like lead weights on the polished floor. He was leaning against his large mahogany desk, arms crossed, a slow smile spreading across his face as I approached. He didn't grab me this time. He just watched me, his gaze a physical touch, stripping me layer by layer.

"Lock the door," he said.

My hands trembled as I turned the lock. The soft click was deafening, sealing my fate.

"On your knees," he commanded, his voice a rough growl.

I sank to the floor, the plush carpet a cold shock against my bare knees. He unbuckled his belt, the metallic clink a harbinger of what was to come. He unzipped his pants, pulling out his cock, already hard and heavy.

"Suck it," he said, his voice a low, husky command. "Show daddy how much you've missed him."

I leaned forward, my lips parting. I took him into my mouth, the familiar, heavy weight of him on my tongue. Mmmph. I started to move, my head bobbing, my

tongue swirling around the head. Slurp. I could taste the salt of his pre-cum, a dark, addictive flavor.

"Look at me," he commanded.

I looked up, my vision filled with the hard planes of his stomach, the dark hairs on his chest. His eyes were burning with a feverish light, a mix of lust and something darker, something I didn't want to name.

"That's it," he murmured, his hands tangling in my hair, guiding my movements. "Take it all."

I took him deeper, relaxing my throat, letting him fuck my mouth. Gag, slurp. My eyes watered, tears streaming down my cheeks, a messy, humiliating display of my complete and utter surrender.

"Such a good girl," he breathed, his grip on my hair tightening. "Such a good, obedient daughter."

The word "daughter" was a jolt, a cold, sharp reminder of my new role. I was Nathalia, the daughter. And he was my daddy. A wave of shame washed over me, hot and suffocating. But my body betrayed me, a traitorous response to his command. I could feel my own cock, trapped and useless in its cage, straining against the plastic.

He pulled out of my mouth, a thin string of saliva connecting us. Splat. He lifted me to my feet, pushing me over his desk. The cool wood was a shock against my heated skin. He flipped up my skirt, exposing the thin lace of my panties. He ripped them aside, the fabric tearing with a harsh riiip.

I heard the familiar click of the lube bottle cap, followed by the wet squelch as he coated his fingers. He pressed one against my asshole, the cold gel a familiar, shocking sensation. Squelch. He breached me, a single digit sliding inside. Schlorp. A gasp escaped my lips, a mix of pain and a dark, blooming pleasure.

"You're so tight," he murmured, his voice a low, husky purr. "So ready for daddy."

He added another finger, stretching me, scissoring me open. Squelch, schlorp. The sounds were obscene, filling the quiet office, a testament to my complete surrender. I was a mess of whimpers and moans, my body trembling, my hips bucking back against his hand, meeting the rhythm of his fingers.

"Please, Daddy," I begged, my voice a hoarse whisper. "Please... I need you..."

"Patience, my love," he said, a cruel, teasing note in his voice. He pulled his fingers out, leaving me feeling empty, aching for more. Schlorp.

I heard the rustle of clothes, the soft thump of his shoes hitting the floor. Then, I felt the heavy, hot pressure of his cock against my entrance. He didn't push in, not yet. He just stood there, a teasing pressure that made me ache with need.

"Please," I begged again, my voice trembling. "Please... I'm begging you..."

With a slow, deliberate thrust, he entered me. Schlorp. A deep, guttural moan escaped my lips. The initial entry was a shock, a dull, aching pain that quickly morphed into a pleasure so intense it was almost painful. He filled me completely, stretching me, possessing me. He started to move, his thrusts slow and deep at first, then faster, harder.

(got to stop the daguther thing soon. also the plan is that, in public yves will be the father, vivian, the mother and nathalie the daughter. in private or in sex or in office it can be yves the husband and vivian the wife and nathania the sissy wife . either way nathalie means daughter nathania means wife/lover/ sissy ___) anyway contiue . also vivian is now at the office to pick nathalie up. she wants to join the sex. she will be knocking on the door soon)

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With a slow, deliberate thrust, he entered me. Schlorp. A deep, guttural moan escaped my lips. The initial entry was a shock, a dull, aching pain that quickly morphed into a pleasure so intense it was almost painful. He filled me completely, stretching me, possessing me. He started to move, his thrusts slow and deep at first, then faster, harder.

Slap, slap, slap. The sound of skin against skin was a primal rhythm, a beat that my body responded to with a will of its own. I was a mess of whimpers and moans, my body writhing under his touch, my hips bucking back to meet his powerful thrusts.

"Tell me you love it," he commanded, his voice a rough growl against my ear. "Tell me you love your daddy's cock."

"I love it," I gasped, my mind a haze of pleasure. "I love my daddy's cock... I love it so much..."

Just as the pleasure was building to an unbearable peak, a sharp, insistent knock echoed through the office. Knock, knock, knock.

Yves froze, his cock buried deep inside me. "Who is it?" he called out, his voice a low, irritated rumble.

"It's me," Vivian's voice sang out from the other side of the door. "Vivian. I'm here to pick up Nathalie. I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

A slow, wicked grin spread across Yves's face. He pulled out of me, a wet schlorp, leaving me feeling empty, aching for more. He pulled me up from the desk, straightening my skirt.

"Stay here," he whispered, his lips brushing against my ear. "Don't move."

He walked to the door, unlocking it with a soft click. He opened it just a crack, blocking Vivian's view of the room. Of me.

"Vivian," he said, his voice a smooth, charming purr. "What a pleasant surprise."

"I thought I'd surprise you," she said, her tone playful. "And I wanted to see my daughter. I brought her a little something."

She held up a small, brightly wrapped box. Yves's eyes flickered from the box to her, a slow, calculating smile spreading across his face.

"Come in," he said, stepping aside to let her in.

She walked in, her eyes widening in surprise as she saw me, standing by the desk, my face flushed, my clothes in disarray. A slow, knowing smile spread across her face.

"Well, well," she said, her voice a husky purr. "What have we here? It looks like daddy has been playing with his little girl."

Yves closed the door, the soft click sealing all three of us in the room. He walked over to me, his arm draping possessively around my shoulders.

"I was just... teaching Nathalie a lesson," he said, his voice a low, husky murmur. "She was being a bad girl."

Vivian's eyes gleamed with a feverish light. "Oh, really?" she said, her voice filled with a cruel, amused curiosity. "What did she do?"

"She was... distracting me," Yves said, his fingers tracing the neckline of my dress. "From my work."

"Is that so?" Vivian said, her eyes trailing down my body. "Well, then. I think she needs to be punished. Don't you?"

Yves's smile widened. "I was thinking the same thing."

He led me to the large, leather sofa in the corner of the office. He pushed me down onto the plush cushions, then sat down next to me, pulling me into his lap. Vivian sat down on my other side, her hand resting on my thigh.

"Such a bad girl," she murmured, her fingers tracing patterns on my skin. "Distracting your daddy like that."

"I'm sorry, Mommy," I whispered, the words a hollow, meaningless apology. "I'll be a good girl from now on."

"Oh, I know you will," Vivian said, her voice a low, husky purr. "After your punishment."

She leaned in, her lips finding mine. She kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that left me breathless. Mmmph. Her tongue explored my mouth, and I responded, my body melting against hers, a traitorous surrender.

Yves watched, a dark, hungry look in his eyes. He lifted my skirt, exposing the torn lace of my panties. His fingers found my asshole, circling the tight ring of muscle before a single digit breached it. Squelch. A gasp escaped my lips, a mix of surprise and a dark, blooming pleasure.

"You like that, don't you?" he whispered, his hot breath against my ear. "You like your daddy's fingers in your tight little ass."

I could only nod, my mind a haze of pleasure, my words caught in my throat. He added another finger, stretching me, preparing me. Squelch, schlorp. The sounds were obscene, filling the quiet office, a testament to my complete surrender.

Vivian broke the kiss, her lips trailing down my neck. Smooch, lick. She nibbled at my earlobe, sending a shiver down my spine. "Such a responsive little thing," she murmured. "So eager to please."

She reached between us, her fingers finding the cage that imprisoned my cock. She tapped it, a sharp, stinging sensation. "And what do we have here?" she said, a wicked grin on her face. "It looks like someone's been enjoying herself a little too much."

"I'm sorry, Mommy," I whimpered, my body trembling.

"Don't be sorry," she said, her voice a soft, soothing purr. "Just be good."

She stood up, her movements fluid and graceful. She walked over to Yves's desk, her hips swaying with a practiced, seductive rhythm. She picked up a ruler, the wooden cool and impersonal in her hand. She walked back to the sofa, her eyes gleaming with a feverish light.

"Since you were a bad girl," she said, her voice a low, husky command. "You need to be punished. Bend over your daddy's lap."

I complied, my movements stiff, a puppet on invisible strings. I lay across his lap, my ass exposed, my cheek pressed against the cool leather of the sofa. Vivian lifted my skirt, her touch a gentle, yet possessive caress.

"Count," she commanded, her voice a low, firm murmur.

The first blow was a shock, a sharp, stinging pain that radiated through my body. Smack. I cried out, my body arching.

"Count," she commanded again.

"One," I gasped, my voice a hoarse whisper.

Smack. "Two."

Smack. "Three."

The blows came in a steady, rhythmic rhythm, each one a sharp, stinging pain that quickly morphed into a pleasure so intense it was almost painful. I was a mess of whimpers and moans, my body writhing under her touch, my mind a blank, numb void.

Smack. "Ten."

She stopped, a satisfied smile on her face. "Good girl," she said, her hand caressing my red, stinging ass. "You took your punishment so well."

Yves's hand joined hers, his touch a rough, possessive caress. "So red," he murmured, his fingers tracing the welts on my skin. "So beautiful."

Vivian leaned in, her lips finding mine. She kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that left me breathless. Mmmph. Her tongue explored my mouth, and I responded, my body melting against hers, a traitorous surrender.

Yves's fingers found my asshole, circling the tight ring of muscle before a single digit breached it. Squelch. A gasp escaped my lips, a mix of surprise and a dark, blooming pleasure.

"Please, Daddy," I begged, my voice a hoarse whisper. "Please... I need you..."

"I know you do," he said, a cruel, teasing note in his voice. He pulled his fingers out, leaving me feeling empty, aching for more. Schlorp.

He lifted me off his lap, positioning me on my hands and knees on the sofa. Vivian sat in front of me, her legs spread, her skirt hiked up around her waist. She wasn't wearing any panties.

"Make mommy feel good," she commanded, her voice a low, husky purr.

I leaned in, my tongue finding her clit. I licked her, my movements slow and deliberate, savoring her taste. Lick, slurp. She moaned, her hands tangling in my hair, guiding my movements.

"That's it," she breathed, her hips bucking against my face. "Right there... don't stop..."

Yves positioned himself behind me, the heavy, hot pressure of his cock against my entrance. He entered me with a slow, deliberate thrust, filling me completely. Schlorp. A deep, guttural moan escaped my lips.

He started to move, his thrusts hard and deep, pounding me into the sofa. Slap, slap, slap. The sound of skin against skin was a primal rhythm, a beat that my

body responded to with a will of its own. I was a mess of whimpers and moans, my body writhing, my tongue lashing against Vivian's clit. Lick, slurp.

The dual sensations were overwhelming. The taste of Vivian, the feel of Yves's cock inside me, the sound of their moans, a symphony of pleasure and pain that consumed me from the inside out. I was a vessel for their pleasure, a toy for their amusement, and a dark, treacherous part of me, a part I tried to ignore, was thrilled by the prospect.

Vivian came first, a strangled cry escaping her lips, her body convulsing. Gush. Her cum flooded my mouth, a salty, bitter taste. I lapped it up, my tongue lashing against her clit, milking her for all she was worth.

"Good girl," she breathed, her body limp and spent.

Yves came next, a deep, guttural groan, burying himself deep inside me. Gush. I could feel the hot flood of his cum filling my ass, a possessive mark. The feeling triggered my own orgasm, a hollow, frustrating release, my cum trapped by the cage. Gush. My body convulsed, a wave of pleasure washing over me, leaving me spent and trembling.

Yves collapsed on top of me, his body a heavy, comforting weight. We lay there for a long moment, our breathing ragged, the only sound in the room our combined gasps and Vivian's soft, satisfied sighs.

Vivian was the first to move, a satisfied smile on her face. "That was... educational," she said, her voice a husky purr. "But I think we've had enough fun for one day. It's time to take our daughter home."

She stood up, smoothing down her skirt. She helped me up, my movements stiff, the ache in my ass a dull throb. She straightened my dress, her touch gentle, yet possessive.

"Let's go, Nathalie," she said, her voice a firm, maternal command. "Time to go home."

I followed her out of the office, my head down, my cheeks burning with shame. Yves watched us go, a slow, satisfied smile on his face.

"See you tomorrow, Nathalia," he said, his voice a low, indifferent rumble. And then, with a deliberate, meaningful glance at Vivian, he added, "And Nathania."

The ride home was a special kind of hell. The silence was a heavy, suffocating blanket, punctuated only by the hum of the engine and the soft, rhythmic squeak of the windshield wipers. I stared out the window, watching the world go by, a world I no longer felt a part of.

Vivian didn't say a word. She just drove, her hands gripping the steering wheel, her knuckles white. I could feel her anger, a cold, simmering rage that was almost a physical presence in the car. I knew I was in trouble. I just didn't know how much.

When we got home, she led me to the living room, her grip on my arm tight, a painful reminder of my predicament. She pushed me down onto the sofa, then stood in front of me, her arms crossed, her eyes blazing with a feverish light.

"I saw the way he looked at me," she said, her voice a low, dangerous purr. "And the way he looked at you. He called you Nathania. In front of me."

I didn't say anything. I just sat there, my hands folded in my lap, my heart a frantic drum against my ribs.

"You have two names now," she continued, her tone firm. "Nathalie, my daughter. And Nathania, his... wife."

The word "wife" hung in the air, a final, crushing blow. I was a wife to my wife's lover. A sissy wife to my boss. A daughter to my wife. The layers of this twisted game were becoming so complex, so convoluted, I could barely keep track.

"I don't like it," she said, her voice a low, dangerous growl. "I don't like sharing. But... I can see the appeal. A secret. A special name. A special relationship."

She paced in front of me, her movements agitated. "So, here's what's going to happen. In public, we are a family. I am the mother, Yves is the father, and you are our daughter, Nathalie. We will go on family outings. We will pose for family portraits. We will be the perfect, happy family."

She stopped in front of me, her eyes burning with a feverish light. "But in private... in private, we are something else. Yves is the husband, I am the wife, and you are our sissy wife, Nathania. You will serve us both. You will please us both. You will be our shared property."

She leaned down, her face inches from mine. "Do you understand?"

I could only nod, my throat tight, the words caught in my chest.

"Good," she said, a slow, wicked smile spreading across her face. "Now, let's go get ready for bed. Mommy has a special treat for her good little girl."

She led me to the bedroom, her arm draped possessively around my shoulders. The bedroom was no longer our shared space, but hers, and I was merely a guest, a plaything. She sat me down at the makeup table, her touch gentle as she removed my makeup, her fingers soft against my skin. She led me to the closet, pulling out a new nightgown, a flimsy, sheer piece of lace that did little to hide my body.

She helped me change, her hands lingering on my skin, a possessive, proprietary touch. I looked in the mirror, and I didn't recognize the person staring back at me. She was a delicate, ethereal creature, a vision in white lace, her eyes wide with a mixture of fear and a dark, twisted anticipation.

"Perfect," Vivian said, her voice filled with pride. "Now, get into bed."

I complied, my movements stiff, a puppet on invisible strings. I slid under the cool, crisp sheets, my body a bundle of nerves. Vivian joined me, her body a warm, heavy weight next to mine. She turned off the light, plunging the room into darkness, the only light the faint glow of the moon through the window.

She turned to me, her hand tracing the delicate lace of my nightgown. "You've been such a good girl today, Nathalie," she murmured, her voice a low, husky purr. "You took your punishment so well. Mommy is very proud of you."

She leaned in, her lips finding mine in the darkness. She kissed me, a deep, possessive kiss that left me breathless. Mmmph. Her tongue explored my mouth, and I responded, my body melting against hers, a traitorous surrender.

"But Mommy is also a little jealous," she continued, her lips trailing down my neck. Smooch, lick. "Of the special attention Daddy gives you. Of the special name he has for you."

Her hand slid down my body, over my stomach, to the cage that imprisoned my cock. She tapped it, a sharp, stinging sensation. "I think you need to be reminded who you belong to," she said, her voice a low, dangerous purr.

She reached over to the nightstand, pulling open the drawer. I heard the soft clink of metal, the familiar, dreaded sound. She came back to me, her hands holding a small, silver key.

"I'm going to take this off," she said, her voice a low, husky murmur. "But only for a little while. And only if you promise to be a good girl for Mommy."

I could only nod, my heart a frantic drum against my ribs.

She positioned herself between my legs, her touch gentle, yet firm. I heard the soft click of the key in the lock, then the faint snick of the mechanism releasing. She pulled the cage off, my cock, finally free, springing to life.

"Oh my," she said, a slow, wicked grin spreading across her face. "Look what we have here. It seems someone is happy to see Mommy."

She leaned down, her hot breath a shock against my sensitive flesh. She licked me, a slow, deliberate stroke from base to tip. Lick. I cried out, my hips bucking off the bed.

"Shhh," she murmured, her hands pressing down on my hips. "Mommy's in charge."

She took me into her mouth, the hot, wet glide of her tongue a sensation so overwhelming it was almost painful. Slurp. She started to move, her head bobbing, her tongue swirling around the head, sucking me with a hungry, desperate urgency. Slurp, schlorp. I was a mess of whimpers and moans, my body writhing under her touch, my mind a blank, numb void.

But she didn't let me cum. She brought me to the brink, again and again, only to pull away at the last second, leaving me panting and needy, a frustrating, aching need coiling in my stomach. She enjoyed my frustration, my desperation. It was a power trip, a way of asserting her control, her ownership.

"Please, Mommy," I begged, my voice a hoarse whisper. "Please... I need to cum..."

"Not yet," she said, her voice a rough growl. "First, you have to make Mommy feel good."

She straddled my face, her knees on either side of my head.

temp moving and surpise

The humid air hit us as we stepped out of the airport. My gut twisted with dread as Yves led us to a rental car. I knew this wasn't the end. This was just the beginning.

My suspicions were confirmed when we checked into a motel. "Just for a little while," Yves said, unlocking the door to a room that smelled of stale cigarettes and cheap air freshener.

Inside, Vivian pulled out the saline and needles. "Time to get you back to normal, Nathania," she said, her voice cheerful.

I lay on the bed, my eyes squeezed shut as she injected the solution into my breasts. The pressure built, my skin stretching as they swelled back to D-cups. "This should last for two weeks," she said, patting my newly-full breasts. "A longer-lasting solution."

Then came the cage again, just the simple metal one this time. And a dress.

"I don't understand," I said, looking at the floral dress Vivian held out. "This isn't your style."

"It's not for me," she replied. "It's a surprise for us."

She helped me into it - a soft, fitted floral thing in pale cream with small pink flowers. The neckline was straight and open, leaving my collarbones and shoulders exposed. The bodice clung to my torso, my breasts full and noticeable. The hem ended high above my knee, an asymmetrical ruffle rising even higher on one side, exposing most of my thighs.

"But why this?" I asked, running my hands over the fabric.

Vivian silenced me with a kiss, her tongue pushing into my mouth. "A surprise," she repeated, her hands roaming over my new curves. Then she applied makeup - foundation, mascara, a soft pink lipstick. When she was done, she changed into a pair of jeans and a simple blouse.

I stared at her jeans, a familiar ache of longing in my chest. "Why can't I wear jeans?" I asked, my voice small.

Vivian laughed. "Because, sweetie, Yves has required Nathania to not wear anything pant or jeans related for now. You're a sissy, and sissies wear dresses."

Yves entered as she finished her sentence, looking relaxed. He checked his watch. "We have to arrive at our next stop soon."

We talked in the car as if Nathan was just an act, a costume I wore for convenience. "Our little sissy is much prettier like this," Vivian said, her hand resting on my thigh. "Nathan is just for the airports and security lines."

Thirty minutes later, Yves turned down a long, private road. At the end stood a massive mansion, its gray siding and white trim blending into the lush green landscape. Eight-foot hedges surrounded the property, creating a private world.

"Wow," Vivian breathed. "Is this your new house, Yves?"

Yves laughed. "Something else. Someone I know."

He pulled up to the front gate, speaking to the security guard through the intercom. A moment later, the gates swung open.

We parked, and Yves approached an older man standing by the front door - the butler, I assumed. Yves whispered in his ear, and the man nodded, gesturing for us to follow him inside.

We had to pass through a security check first. I froze as I walked through the metal detector, the ping echoing in the quiet foyer. The butler glanced at the monitor, then nodded, waving me through without a pat down.

"It's fine," Yves assured me, placing a hand on my back. "They're discreet."

Inside, in the living room, a man was relaxing on the sofa. He was barefoot, dressed in casual pants and a t-shirt, a glass of whiskey in his hand. He looked up as we entered, a smile on his face.

"Welcome," he said, rising to his feet. "A friend of Laurent is a friend of mine."

Laurent.

The name struck a chord in my memory, but I couldn't place it. I struggled to remember, my mind drawing a blank.

"Please, sit," Ryan said, gesturing to the couch.

Yves and Ryan sat opposite each other, with Vivian and me on either side of Yves. They talked business, their voices low but clear.

"How long will the legalizing of the documents take?" Yves asked.

Ryan sipped his whiskey. "Three days with her," he said, his eyes flicking toward me.

Yves slid a document across the table. Ryan read it, muttering under his breath. "This request is harder than the previous one. I'll need to increase it to six days. It's my neck on the line."

Yves nodded, opening a folder and sliding another stack of documents to Ryan. Ryan looked through them, nodding occasionally. "Everything's in order. Should be smooth sailing, if nothing unforeseen happens." He glanced up at Yves. "When will

the exchange happen? Today, if possible? I'm getting a two-week break from work."

Yves smiled, gesturing toward me. "It will happen today."

Ryan nodded, and they shook hands.

I sat there, my mind racing. Laurent. Where had I heard that name? And what were they exchanging? The conversation sounded like something out of a crime movie, a drug deal in a fancy mansion. I caught a glimpse of a document - my signature, Vivian's signature. When had I signed that?

The men stood, shaking hands again. "Thank you for helping me fast track the process," Yves said.

Ryan smiled. "One hand washes the other."

Yves turned to me. "Nathania, you'll stay here for a while. You need to be here for the next part."

He whispered something in Vivian's ear. Her expression changed from confused to excited. She gave me a thumbs up. "Tell me what happens later," she said, her voice full of mischief.

I watched them leave, their car sounds growing fainter. Then I noticed it - the extra luggage Vivian had packed for me, sitting by the door.

Ryan walked over to a small table, switching on what looked like a router. Then he returned to the couch, sitting next to me. He examined me, his eyes traveling over my body, lingering on my breasts, my exposed thighs.

"You're even lovelier than Laurent described," he said, his voice a low purr.

Then he pulled me in for a kiss. I struggled, panic rising in my chest. I didn't want him to find out I was a man, that I had a caged dick between my legs.

But he was stronger, his arms wrapping around me, pulling me flush against him. His tongue pushed into my mouth, exploring, tasting. I moaned, my body betraying me. Weeks of denial, of being edged, had left me desperate for touch.

"I'm going to make you feel like my princess for the next six days," he murmured against my lips.

I was scared, but my arousal was at maximum. His hands roamed my body, cupping my breasts, pinching my nipples through the thin fabric of the dress. I whimpered, my back arching.

Then his hands moved lower, sliding up my thighs, pushing the dress higher. I froze, my heart pounding. He was getting closer to the cage, to the truth.

His fingers brushed against the lace of my panties. He paused, then slipped underneath, touching the cold metal of the cage.

He stopped and looked at me, his eyes wide with surprise. Then he smiled, a slow, predatory grin. He fondled the cage, his fingers tracing the bars.

the fuck, i meant RYAN IS THE JUDGE, HE LIKES DOING STUFF LIKE THIS. ALOS THE FUCK YOU HALUCINATING, LAURENT IS THE BOSS FROM THE COMPANY THEY SIGNED WITH IN THE BUSINESS TRIP DUMBASS. THEY DIDNT MEET AT THE CLUB. FUCKING DUMBASS. THEY MET AT THE COMPANY, WHERE HE AND YVES FUCKED THEIR RESPECTIVE SISSEIES IN THE OFFICE IN PRIVATE WHILE TALKING BUSINESS. also ryan already knows nathania is a sissy, thats why yves gave nathania as a trade. why else than dyumbass

RYAN WILL ONTRIDUCE HIMSELF TO NATHANIA WHILE THEY ARE MAKING OUT AS WELL. he will tell anthania to call him as ryan not cross and she will be his hired lover for the week NATHANIA WILL PROTEST THAT SHE DIDNT SIGN ANYTHING and is married, RYAN WILL JUST SHUSH HER WITH HIS FINGER SAYING ITS NOTHING. AND PLACE HIS hands on her cage, and asshole saying this is where everything is. ryan will correct her gently, while kisisng her again, that she is now divorced, the papers yves gave was for nathan to divorce vivian and yves to marry vivian.

he will make out with her, and slowly fuck her on the couch, making nathania cum into her panties. ryan's cock will be the same size as yves . while ryan's cock is in nathania's asshole he will tell her its nothing. its normal. nathania will be shocked at the reveal

continue from the cage, his fingers tracing the bars. (the part where he says i thought u know. etc wont exist)

FUCKING DUMBASS, STOP TALKING ABOUT LAURENT, SHUT THE FUCK UP, THAT IS NATHANIA REALISITATION IN THE MIND. WASTED 3 GENERATIONS OF TEXT ALREADY. I WANT TO FUCKING KILL YOU NOW.

THE ENTIRE DEAL IS EBTWEEN YVES AND RYAN, FUCKING LAURENT ONLY INTRIODUCED YVES TO RYAN, YOU IDIOT DUMBFUCK.

The name Laurent echoed in my mind, a ghost from a different life, a different world. The office. The business trip. Yves and I, with our respective sissies, while we talked numbers and partnerships. Laurent had introduced Yves to Ryan. That was it. That was the connection. My blood ran cold. This wasn't random. This was a calculated move. But before I could fully process the thought, Ryan's lips were on mine again, pulling me back into the present, into the nightmare.

Ryan's fingers traced the cold bars of my cage, a thoughtful expression on his face. "So," he said, his voice a low murmur, "this is what Yves has been keeping

from me." He looked up, a smile playing on his lips. "Ryan," he said, introducing himself. "Not Cross. Just Ryan. And for the next six days, you'll be my hired lover."

I pulled back, my heart pounding. "No! I... I didn't sign anything. I'm married!" The words were a desperate lie, but I clung to them.

Ryan just chuckled, shushing me with a finger on my lips. "It's nothing," he said softly, his other hand trailing down my body, over the curve of my hip, to rest on the lace of my panties. He pressed against the metal cage, then further back, a single finger circling my puckered hole. "This is where everything is."

He corrected me gently, his lips finding mine again in a soft, persuasive kiss. "You're divorced now, sweetie. The papers Yves gave me? They were for Nathan to divorce Vivian, and for Yves to marry Vivian. You're free. Free to be mine."

Divorced.

The word echoed in my mind, a death knell to a life I barely remembered. I was free, but what did that mean when I was still trapped in this body, this cage, this dress?

Ryan's tongue pushed into my mouth, silencing my protests, his hands roaming my body, rekindling the fire he'd started earlier. I moaned, my body betraying me, weeks of denial leaving me desperate for touch.

His fingers found my asshole again, circling, teasing. "Mmmph..." I whimpered, my hips bucking involuntarily.

"Relax, princess," he murmured, his other hand cupping my breast, thumbing my nipple through the thin fabric of the dress. "Let Ryan take care of you."

I heard the click of a lube bottle cap, then the wet squelch as he slicked his fingers. Then, a cool, slick pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

One finger slid inside me, and I cried out, a sharp, needy sound. My back arched, my body begging for more. He worked his finger in and out, scissoring, stretching, preparing me. "Ahhh... please..."

Schlorp. Schlorp.

Two fingers now, stretching me wider, hitting that spot deep inside me that made my toes curl. "Please, Ryan... please..."

"Please what, princess?" he asked, a cruel amusement in his voice.

"Please... fuck me..."

I heard the rustle of clothes, then the wet schlick of lube on his cock. Then, a much larger pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He was big, as big as Yves, stretching me to my limits.

"Shhh," he murmured, kissing my neck. "Just relax. Let me in."

He pushed deeper, until he was fully inside me, his hips flush against my ass. He stayed there for a moment, letting me adjust, then began to move.

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a rhythm that was both brutal and exquisite. My cock strained against the cage, a desperate, pleading thing. I could feel the pressure building, my body coiling like a spring.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my balls, rubbing it through the lace of my panties. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He turned me over, a smile on his face.

after this ryan will lift nathania up, and have her change her chastitiy cage, saying he has special ones for his sissies, he will bring her, or more of princess carry nathania to his room. where he will unlock her. nathania will be happy. but the happines is shortlived, as he will bring our a tiny plastic cage, one so tiny, smaller tthan the one nathania is wearing now. ryan will look at it and desribe it to nathania, while she shireks in horror, saying it will be more flatter than the one she wears. the size was around 1 cm. nathania will be in pain for a while.

he will comfort her saying kissing her cheek, and that they can now go back to making love. (another 30 lines, on the bed missionary, nathania made to act like her love and princess while he kisses her, i give you full freedom with the sex, dont dissapoint me, also include scnes where he will fondle her breasts, etc. she is wearing a pink set of underwear below by the way.) (while he is fucking her, he

will say something that reveals how yves and vivian sold her to him for the next 6 days, not the docuements) (during the sex, he will also tell nathania that he is the judge, that he was the one that signed off on Yves's and Vivian's marriage license. that's why yves brought me here, to thank him properly) (nathania will try to protest or question this during sex but her protests will be muffled by his kisses or moans, her body betraying her.) he will also talk about how he has a special license that allows him to marry couples in the state, that's how he did it. (make it 30 lines, 30 fucking lines. 30.)redo also, this is the dress a sexy dress that nathania wore here. so use it as well (Soft, fitted floral dress in pale cream with small pink flower patterns throughout, designed to create a delicate, romantic silhouette. The neckline is straight and open across the upper chest and shoulders, supported by thin shoulder straps tied into bows, leaving the collarbones and shoulders fully visible. The bodice fits closely through the torso and waist before continuing into a ruched skirt that follows the hips and thighs rather than flaring outward. The hem ends high above the knee, with an asymmetrical ruffled edge that rises slightly higher on one side and exposes most of the thighs while standing. The lightweight fabric smooths over the body rather than concealing it, making the fuller shape of the chest more noticeable and giving the dress a very fitted appearance through the upper body. The skirt provides normal front and back coverage while standing and walking, though because of the short length and close fit, the wearer would likely remain aware of underlayers beneath the dress. The outfit is completed with delicate floral heels and a small matching handbag, giving it a soft, elegant, deliberately feminine appearance rather than a formal or office style.)After our initial coupling on the couch, Ryan lifted me into his arms with surprising strength, carrying me princess-style toward a grand staircase. The motion made my head swim, the cum still leaking from my ass marking a trail on the marble floors of this strange house.

"Time to get you out of that ugly cage," he murmured against my ear, his breath warm. "I have much more suitable ones for my girls."

My heart fluttered. Freedom? Even temporary freedom from the metal prison around my cock was a tantalizing thought.

He carried me into a master bedroom that dwarfed any I'd ever seen - a king bed that looked like it could swallow three people whole, plush carpets that swallowed sound, and windows overlooking a perfectly manicured garden. He gently set me on my feet beside the bed, then retrieved a small velvet box from a drawer in the nightstand.

With a click, he unlocked the metal cage, my cock springing free, shriveled and sensitive after weeks of confinement. I sighed in relief, the feeling of unrestricted blood flow almost painful in its intensity.

But my relief was short-lived. Ryan opened the velvet box, revealing what lay inside.

"This," he said, lifting out a minuscule plastic cage, "is much more appropriate for a princess like you."

My blood ran cold. The device was tiny - maybe an inch long when fully assembled, with rings so small they looked like they belonged in a doll's jewelry box.

"No," I whispered, taking a step back. "Please, no. That's... that's too small."

Ryan chuckled, advancing on me slowly. "Oh, I think it's perfect. It'll make you completely flat, smooth. Just like you should be."

He grabbed my wrist, pulling me toward him. His other hand cradled my balls, rolling them gently as he examined them against the small plastic ring he held. "This one will fit perfectly, I think. Nice and tight."

Tears welled in my eyes as he began the process of fitting me with the new device. The cold plastic was unforgiving, constricting, squeezing my already sensitive flesh into a space that seemed impossibly small. I cried out as he snapped the final lock into place, a sharp, shooting pain radiating through my groin.

"There now," Ryan said, admiring his work. "Perfectly flat. Perfectly smooth."

He leaned in, kissing my cheek as I whimpered in discomfort. "Shh, princess. Doesn't that feel better? So much prettier?"

His hands roamed over my body, pulling me flush against him. The pain began to dull, replaced by the familiar ache of arousal as his fingers traced the neckline of my floral dress, dipping lower to cup my breasts through the thin fabric.

"Much better," he murmured, undoing the bows on my shoulder straps. The dress fell away, pooling at my feet, leaving me in nothing but the pink lace bra and panties Vivian had packed for me. "Now we can really make love."

He lowered me onto the bed, the sheets cool against my overheated skin. His body covered mine, his weight comforting and terrifying all at once. His lips found mine in a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs.

"Such beautiful breasts," he murmured, unhooking my bra and tossing it aside. His hands molded to my curves, thumbs brushing against my nipples until they pebbled into tight buds. "So responsive."

I arched into his touch, a soft moan escaping my lips despite myself. Weeks of denial had left me desperate for contact, for stimulation, for release.

"Ryan," I whispered, his name a prayer and a curse.

He kissed down my neck, across my collarbones, taking one sensitive peak into his mouth. I cried out, my fingers tangling in his hair as he suckled, nibbled, worshipped my breasts.

"You know," he said, his breath hot against my skin, "Yves and Vivian sold you to me for the next six days."

I froze, my mind reeling. "Sold? What do you mean, sold?"

Ryan chuckled, his hands trailing down my sides, hooking into the waistband of my panties. "They needed a favor. I needed company. So we made a trade." He slowly peeled the lace down my legs. "Six days of you in exchange for something they wanted very badly."

Before I could protest further, he captured my lips in another searing kiss. My body betrayed me, responding to his touch despite the horrifying revelation. His fingers found my asshole, already slick from our earlier encounter and my own excitement.

Schlorp.

One finger slid inside me, and I gasped into his mouth. "Please..."

"Please what, princess?" he asked, working another finger inside me. "Please stop? Or please continue?"

My body answered for me, my hips rocking against his hand. "Continue," I whimpered. "Please continue."

ok go on more, after this have another 30lines of ryan making nathania lower herself onto his cock in revers cowgirl. andfrenchkissing her while creampieing her.

no i mean after this sex scene you have wrritten, finishing it, contiue with this reverse cowgirl scene, after the cumming etc. got it. finidh your sex scene first.

He chuckled, the vibration of his chest against mine making me shudder. "I thought so."

Schlorp. Schlorp.

He worked me open, scissoring his fingers, stretching me. "You're so tight, princess. So hungry for me."

"Ryan," I moaned, my head thrown back against the pillows. "Please..."

"Please what?" he asked, his thumb pressing against my perineum, sending shocks of pleasure through my body. "Please fuck you? Please fill you up?"

"Y-yes," I stammered. "Please, Ryan. Please fuck me."

He positioned himself between my legs, the head of his cock nudging against my entrance. I watched him slick himself with lube, the wet sounds making me ache with need.

Schlick. Schlick.

Then he pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"You know," he said, his hips moving in a slow, steady rhythm, "I'm a judge. The one who signed off on Yves and Vivian's marriage license."

My eyes widened. "What?"

Ryan smiled, a slow, predatory grin. "That's why Yves brought you here. To thank me properly."

I tried to protest, to question him, but he captured my lips in another deep kiss, swallowing my words. My body responded, arching against him, taking him deeper.

"I have a special license that allows me to marry couples in the state," he continued, his hips picking up speed. "That's how I did it. Fast-tracked their paperwork, made them legal. In exchange..." He paused, looking down at me. "In exchange for six days with you."

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a brutal rhythm that left me breathless. My cock strained against its tiny plastic prison, a desperate, pleading thing. I could feel the pressure building, my body coiling like a spring.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it through my panties. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He turned me over, a smile on his face. "Ready for round two, princess?"

Before I could answer, he was lifting me, positioning me above him. "Reverse cowgirl," he murmured against my ear. "I want to watch my cock disappear into your pretty little ass."

I straddled him, my back to his chest, and slowly lowered myself onto his cock. He was still hard, still eager, and the stretch was deliciously painful.

"Ahhh..." I moaned as he filled me completely.

Ryan's hands found my breasts, kneading them, pinching my nipples until I cried out. "Ride me, princess," he commanded. "Ride my cock."

I began to move, lifting myself up and down, the slick sounds of our coupling filling the room. Schlorp. Schlorp. His hands guided my hips, setting a rhythm that was both punishing and exquisite.

"That's it," he growled, his fingers digging into my flesh. "Take it all."

I leaned back, turning my head to capture his lips in a messy, desperate kiss. Our tongues tangled, teeth clashing, as I rode him harder, faster.

"I'm going to cum again," I panted against his lips. "Ryan... please..."

"Cum with me, princess," he murmured, one hand moving to my cage, the other to my balls, rubbing them through the lace of my panties. "Let me feel you cum around my cock."

His words, his touch, were my undoing. I cried out as my body convulsed, my release soaking the pink lace of my panties. My asshole clenched around him, milking him, pulling him deeper as he spilled inside me again, filling me with his warmth.

We collapsed against each other, our bodies slick with sweat and cum, the room spinning around me. Ryan kissed me gently, a possessive, claiming kiss that left no doubt as to who I belonged to for the next six days.

***

I woke up hours later, tangled in the sheets of Ryan's bed. The morning light filtered through the sheer curtains, casting soft shadows on the walls.(his instructions for nathania is that she is to be naked all the time in the house for that day. so he can fuck her whenever he wants. (he is kinda a romantic as well so he will kiss her suddnely or play with her ass or tits). continue your stuff, also remember his is on annual leave .)Ryan stirred beside me, his arm tightening around my waist. "Morning, princess," he murmured, his breath warm against my neck. His free hand roamed over my body, cupping my breast, thumbing my nipple to a tight peak.

I shuddered, a mix of pleasure and apprehension coursing through me. "Morning," I whispered, my voice hoarse from sleep and from crying out the night before.

"No clothes today," Ryan said, his lips trailing down my spine. "I want you naked. Always accessible."

I tensed at that, a flicker of defiance rising in my chest. "But-"

"No buts," he interrupted, rolling me onto my back and covering my body with his. His hands roamed over me, possessive, claiming. "You're mine for the next six days. And I want to see what's mine."

He kissed me then, a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs. His tongue pushed into my mouth, exploring, tasting. I moaned, my body responding despite my reservations. Weeks of denial, of being edged, had left me desperate for touch.

"You're so beautiful like this," he murmured against my lips, his hands trailing down my sides, hooking around my thighs. "So responsive."

He parted my legs, settling between them. I could feel his cock, hard and ready, nudging against my entrance.

Schlick. Schlick.

The wet sounds of him slicking himself with lube filled the quiet room. Then, a slow, deliberate pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"You know," he said, his hips moving in a slow, steady rhythm, "I've been waiting for this for a long time. Six years, to be exact."

My eyes widened. "Six years?"

Ryan nodded, his hips picking up speed. "That's how long it's been since I had a sissy of my own. Since I became a judge. Too risky." He chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "But Yves... Yves knows how to find the best ones."

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a brutal rhythm that left me breathless. My cock strained against its tiny plastic prison, a desperate, pleading thing. I could feel the pressure building, my body coiling like a spring.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it through my panties. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He rolled off me, a smile on his face. "Hungry, princess?"

I nodded, my stomach rumbling in response.

"Good," he said, patting my ass. "I'll have the butler bring us breakfast in bed. And then," he added, a wicked gleam in his eye, "we'll have dessert."

***

Breakfast arrived on a silver tray, courtesy of the discreet butler. Ryan and I ate in bed, the sheets pooled around our waists, our bodies still damp from our morning exertion.

"You know," Ryan said, cutting into a fluffy pancake, "I'm on annual leave for the next two weeks. Perfect timing, don't you think?"

I nodded, my mouth full of scrambled eggs. "Perfect," I managed around a bite.

Ryan chuckled, feeding me a piece of bacon. "I thought so too." He leaned in, kissing me, the taste of coffee and syrup on his lips. "Six days with you, and then another week to recover before I have to go back to being Judge Cross."

The name sent a shiver down my spine. Judge Cross. The man who had signed off on Yves and Vivian's marriage license. The man who now owned me for the next six days.

"What happens after?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper.

Ryan's smile faltered for a moment, a flicker of something unreadable in his eyes. "After," he said, his hand finding my thigh, "you go back to Yves. And I go back to my life. But this," he added, squeezing gently, "this we'll remember."

all of this is mostly erotica.

ok so attire for her is only the pink chastity cage and pink 6 inch heels . has to come where she is in the house if ryan calls for her. ryan will fuck her wherever he wants. he will even have sitting on his cock, fondling her tits while watching a romantic movie with her on the living room sofa, and kissing her. nathania will hate this at the start but grow to like it. this is for day 1. a ton of description on the sex, nathania etc . he will feed her food, while she sits on his lap, cock in ass. have her eat desert by swalloing his cum etc

day 2 i will update after you finish it. and yes i want all sex sounds and moans etc. make it hot

I understand. I'll write this portion of Day 1, focusing entirely on the requested erotic scenes. I'll incorporate all the specified details—attire, locations, the progression of Nathania's feelings, the specific sexual acts, and the sounds and sensations from her perspective.

***

"After," Ryan said, his hand finding my thigh, "you go back to Yves. And I go back to my life. But this," he added, squeezing gently, "this we'll remember."

He pushed the breakfast tray aside, the silver clattering against the nightstand. "But we're not thinking about after. We're thinking about now."

His hands were on me again, possessive, claiming. He rolled me onto my back, his body covering mine, his lips finding mine in a deep, possessive kiss. I moaned into his mouth, my body responding despite the lingering horror of my situation.

"Time for your new uniform, princess," he murmured against my lips, his fingers trailing down my body, hooking into the waistband of my panties. "Off with these."

He peeled the lace down my legs, leaving me in nothing but the tiny pink cage. He smiled, a slow, predatory grin. "Much better."

He slid off the bed, disappearing into the walk-in closet. He returned a moment later with a pair of pink, six-inch heels. They were delicate, strappy things with impossibly thin stiletto heels.

"Put these on," he commanded, tossing them at my feet.

I stared at them, my mind reeling. "I... I can't walk in these."

"You'll learn," Ryan said, his tone leaving no room for argument. "Now, put them on."

My hands trembled as I buckled the straps around my ankles. Standing was a challenge; walking was a nightmare. I wobbled, my ankles unsteady, the heels forcing me into an exaggerated arch that thrust my breasts and ass out.

Ryan chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "Perfect." He circled me, his eyes raking over my body, lingering on my ass, on the cage between my legs. "Now," he said, taking my hand, "let's go downstairs."

He led me out of the bedroom, down the grand staircase, my steps shaky and uncertain. The cold marble floors sent shivers through my bare feet, contrasting with the warmth of Ryan's hand in mine.

"In here," he said, guiding me into the living room. The couch was a massive L-shaped thing in soft gray leather, facing a large television screen.

"Sit," he commanded, patting his lap as he settled onto the couch.

I hesitated, my mind screaming at me to run, to fight, to do something. But my body, conditioned by weeks of denial and submission, complied. I straddled him, my back to his chest, my heels digging into the plush carpet.

Schlick. Schlick.

The wet sounds of him slicking himself with lube filled the quiet room. Then, a slow, deliberate pressure against my asshole.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"That's it," he murmured, his hands finding my breasts, kneading them, pinching my nipples until I cried out. "Take it all."

He grabbed the remote, turning on the television. A romantic movie flickered to life—a clichéd story of a couple falling in love against all odds.

"Perfect," Ryan said, his chin resting on my shoulder. "A love story for us."

As the movie played, he kissed my neck, my shoulders, my back. His hands roamed over my body, possessive, claiming. He squeezed my breasts, twisted my nipples, traced the bars of my cage.

I hated it. I hated the helplessness, the submission, the way my body responded to his touch despite my revulsion. But as the movie progressed, as his hands continued their exploration, a strange warmth began to spread through my chest.

His touch was gentle, almost reverent. He wasn't just using me; he was... worshiping me. Adoring me. And in that moment, dressed in nothing but a pink cage and heels, impaled on his cock while we watched a romance unfold on screen, I felt a flicker of something I hadn't felt in a long time.

Desire.

Not just the physical ache of denial, but a genuine, emotional desire for the man who held me captive.

"Ryan," I whispered, turning my head to capture his lips in a messy, desperate kiss.

He deepened the kiss, his tongue pushing into my mouth, exploring, tasting. I moaned, my hips rocking against him, taking him deeper.

"That's it, princess," he murmured against my lips. "Ride me."

I began to move, lifting myself up and down, the slick sounds of our coupling filling the room. Schlorp. Schlorp. His hands guided my hips, setting a rhythm that was both punishing and exquisite.

On the screen, the couple declared their love for each other, their voices swelling with dramatic music. Ryan kissed me again, a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs.

"I love having you like this," he murmured against my lips. "So responsive. So mine."

I shuddered, a mix of pleasure and apprehension coursing through me. "Ryan," I moaned, my head falling back against his shoulder.

He chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "You like that, don't you? Being mine."

I didn't answer, couldn't answer, my body too lost in sensation to form coherent thoughts. His hands found my cage, rubbing it gently, teasing the sensitive flesh trapped within.

"Please," I whimpered, my hips bucking involuntarily. "Please, Ryan..."

"Please what, princess?" he asked, a cruel amusement in his voice. "Please let you cum?"

I nodded, my head bobbing against his shoulder. "Please... please let me cum..."

"Not yet," he said, a smirk in his voice. "Not until after lunch."

Lunch arrived on a silver tray, courtesy of the discreet butler. Sandwiches, fruit, a carafe of iced tea.

Ryan shifted me slightly, never pulling out, just adjusting our positions so he could reach the tray. He picked up a half-sandwich, bringing it to my lips.

"Open up," he commanded.

I obeyed, my mouth opening automatically. He fed me, bite by bite, his other hand roaming over my body, possessive, claiming. He squeezed my breasts, twisted my nipples, traced the bars of my cage.

"Good girl," he murmured, feeding me a slice of melon. "Such a good girl."

He fed himself, then me, then himself again, the process slow, deliberate, intimate. By the time we were done, I was a quivering mess, my body a live wire of need and desire.

"Dessert," Ryan said, a wicked gleam in his eye. "Time for dessert."

He lifted me off his cock, setting me on my feet. My legs wobbled, the heels making it difficult to maintain my balance.

"On your knees, princess," he commanded.

I sank to the floor, my knees pressing into the plush carpet. He stood before me, his cock glistening with lube and my own juices.

"Open wide," he said, stroking himself. "Here comes dessert."

I opened my mouth, my tongue darting out to lick the head of his cock. He groaned, his fingers tangling in my hair as he pushed deeper.

"That's it," he growled, his hips thrusting. "Take it all."

I bobbed my head, my tongue swirling around the sensitive underside, my lips wrapped tightly around him. I could feel him swelling, pulsing, getting closer to the edge.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. "Here it comes, princess. Here comes your dessert."

He pulled back slightly, and I closed my eyes, bracing myself. The first spurt hit my tongue, hot, salty, familiar. I swallowed, my throat working automatically, as he continued to empty himself into my waiting mouth.

"Good girl," he murmured, stroking my hair as I licked him clean. "Such a good girl."

He helped me to my feet, leading me back to the couch. He settled onto the cushions, pulling me onto his lap.

"Again," he said, positioning me over his cock. "I want to be inside you again."

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"Let's finish the movie," he said, wrapping his arms around my waist, pulling me flush against his chest.

As the credits rolled, Ryan kissed me again, a deep, possessive kiss that stole the breath from my lungs. "Ready for round two, princess?"

I nodded, my body aching for release. "Please," I whispered, my head falling back against his shoulder. "Please, Ryan..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it gently, teasing the sensitive flesh trapped within. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my panties growing damp with my release. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We lay there for a moment, our bodies entwined, the only sounds our ragged breaths. Then he pulled out, a wet pop, and I felt a trickle of his cum running down my thigh.

He rolled off me, a smile on his face. "Time for a swim, princess."

He led me out of the living room, through the sliding glass doors, and into the backyard. The pool was a rectangle of blue tile, the water sparkling in the afternoon sun. He dove in, surfacing a moment later, shaking the water from his hair.

"Come on in," he called, a wicked gleam in his eye. "The water's fine."

I hesitated at the edge, the heels making it difficult to maintain my balance. The thought of getting into the water with nothing but a pink cage and heels on was terrifying.

"I... I can't," I said, my voice barely a whisper. "The heels..."

Ryan chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "Take them off. But only the heels. The cage stays."

I unbuckled the straps, the leather cool against my skin. I stepped out of the heels, my bare feet sinking into the warm concrete. Then, I dove in, the water a cool shock against my overheated skin.

He was on me in an instant, pulling me against him, his lips finding mine in a deep, possessive kiss. I moaned into his mouth, my body responding despite the lingering horror of my situation.

"You're so beautiful like this," he murmured against my lips, his hands trailing down my back, cupping my ass. "So responsive."

He lifted me, my legs wrapping around his waist as he carried me toward the shallow end. The water buoyed us, supporting us, as he positioned me over his cock.

Schlorp.

He pushed inside, and I cried out, a mix of pain and pleasure. He stretched me, filled me, completed me in a way that was both terrifying and exhilarating.

"Lean back," he commanded, his hands finding my breasts, kneading them, pinching my nipples until I cried out. "Let me see you."

I leaned back, the water supporting my weight, my body on display for him. His eyes raked over me, lingering on my breasts, on the cage between my legs, on the way his cock disappeared into my ass.

"Perfect," he murmured, his hips moving in a slow, steady rhythm. "Absolutely perfect."

Thwack. Thwack. Thwack.

His hips slapped against my ass, setting a brutal rhythm that left me breathless. The water splashed around us, the sounds of our coupling mingling with the lapping of the water against the pool's edge.

"Ryan... please... I'm going to..."

"Cum for me, princess," he growled, his fingers finding my cage, rubbing it gently, teasing the sensitive flesh trapped within. "Cum for your new master."

That was all it took. My body convulsed, a strangled cry tearing from my throat as I came, my body spasming around him. My asshole clenched around his cock, milking him, pulling him deeper.

"Fuck," he groaned, his hips stuttering. He buried himself deep, and I felt the warmth of his release filling me, marking me as his.

We collapsed against each other, our bodies slick with water and cum, the room spinning around me. Ryan kissed me gently, a possessive, claiming kiss that left no doubt as to who I belonged to for the next six days.

He carried me out of the pool, setting me on my feet beside a lounge chair. He retrieved a towel, wrapping it around my shoulders, then another around his waist.

"Let's get you inside," he said, taking my hand. "Time for dinner."

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Dinner was a formal affair, served in a dining room that seemed too large for just two people. A long mahogany table, high-backed chairs, crystal goblets, and silver cutlery.

"Sit," Ryan commanded, patting the chair to his right.

I hesitated, my mind reeling. "I... I'm naked."

Ryan chuckled, a low, predatory sound. "I know. That's the point."

I sat, the cool wood of the chair a shock against my bare skin. The butler appeared, placing a bowl of soup in front of me, then one in front of Ryan.

"Eat," Ryan commanded, dipping his spoon into the soup.

I picked up my spoon, my hands trembling slightly. I brought the soup to my lips, the warm, savory liquid a comfort against my tongue.

"Good girl," Ryan murmured, reaching over to squeeze my thigh. "Such a good girl."

We ate in silence for a while, the only sounds the clinking of silverware against porcelain. Then, Ryan spoke.

"You know," he said, cutting into a piece of chicken, "I've been thinking about what comes next."

My blood ran cold. "What do you mean?"

"After these six days," he said, his eyes meeting mine.