

scarlett steele



pegging
the pervert

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Authors note: All characters in this story are 18 years of age and older. This is a work of fiction, any resemblance to real live name or events are purely coincidental.

Be aware: This story is written for, and should only be enjoyed by, ADULTS. It includes explicit descriptions of intense sexual activity between consenting adults. Said activities include, but are not limited to female domination, pegging for the first time and a busty young women taking a man on the ultimate ride he will ever experience.....

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Chapter 1

Oh my, I don't believe I have this freedom all week. James smiled as his reflection in his bathroom stared back at him, teasing him to push his limits while his wife was away.

The silky touch of Kathryn's pink panties had sent an involuntarily shiver of excitement from the first moment it grazed his thighs, but it's only now while his wife was away on a week long business trip did he have the luxury to explore this thirst for her underwear in their home all alone.

James grabs some more tissue and stuffs it down his wife's bra and thrusts his chest out, excited at the prospect of finally dressing in his wife's clothing. The stay at home husband adjusts his wife's bra to find a comfortable position to contain the mountains of tissues rammed in the 36D sized bra. He admires the valley between his chest cupping both sides of the bra and giving himself a naughty squeeze.

James heads back into the couple's bedroom towards the chest of draw dressed in nothing but his wife's pink bra and yanks open the second draw down, staring down into the treasure chest of his wife's underwear draw. The young male struggles to control his emotions as he rifles through the various undergarments, gently massaging his fingertips across the variety of fabric and types of underwear neatly folded in the draw. His eyes hungrily scan the full contents absorbing the various shades of pink, spoilt for choice, taking his time as he absorbs the freedom of the house to himself.

The horny male scoops up a silky lace piece slowly unfolding the undergarment, holds it against his nostrils and gently inhales the aroma exuding from the pair. The sensual fragrance of Kathryn's underwear ignites the space around James, cloaking him with the unforgettable scent of his wife's pussy. James's cock slowly starts to twitch, aching for his attention and warmth. He continues rummaging through the draw, impressed with Kathryn's level of co-ordination, every pair of panties has a

colour matching set of bra. Every. Single. One. James gently shakes his head in amazement. It was Kathryn's secret obsession, colour matching, the moment he laid eyes on his wife 10 years ago, her impulsive nature to colour coordinate clothes was apparent, and it didn't stop on the outer garments. Every single piece of underwear Kathryn wore, always matched, top and bottom.

James riffles through the garments until he finds a lighter shade of pink panties, he holds it against his bra and smiles as the colours appear almost identical. A soft tingle of arousal tickles his fingertips as he holds the fresh panty to the light and wonders if he will fit. His wife's trim figure meant every item of clothing she had was tight and more often than not a showcase for her large breasts and breathtaking ass.

The sound of his mobile phone vibrating momentarily pulls his attention away from the crowded underwear draw. James quickly glances over to the bed watching the phone light up vying for his attention but chooses to ignore it. Probably Kathryn calling me to catch up , James smiles making a mental note to call her back once he has explored his crossdressing adventure for the day.

The curious crossdresser slowly guides his legs through the opening in his wife's silky panties and gently eases the pink fabric up his thighs. The smooth touch of the material sends an army of goosebumps sprouting across James's thighs as he pulls the flimsy pair up, tucking his raging hardon inside the see through material. He looks down smiling at his package neatly encased in his wife's used panties, every inch of his manhood wrapped snugly inside a small pink piece of material into a tiny cute package.

James grabs the makeup box on the dresser and tips the contents clumsily onto the bed, spreading the various colours of lipstick across the duvet, rifling through the assortment of colours homing in on the perfect shade of pink to match his panties and bra. The horny crossdresser grabs the lipstick and skips to the en-suite bathroom leaving behind him the contents of the make up draw and his wife's underwear draw strewn across the bedroom,

A sudden gentle breeze slips in through the open window and floods the bathroom with a gush of fresh air, filling it with a hint of innocence as James stares back at his elated reflection donning a pink bra stuffed full of

tissues, standing firm and proud. The open window runs parallel to the bathroom window next door, with his antics in full view for anyone who may decide to peer in from next door. But James isn't concerned the slightest, the property next door has been on sale and vacant for over three months. But more importantly, the hint of getting caught robed in his wife's underwear adds an extra edge to an already kinky secret fetish, a sharp tingle of arousal sparks a hidden desire inside James as the thought of getting caught wraps it's warmth around his caged cock teasing him,

Kathryn breathed a sigh of relief, glad her business trip had ended several days earlier than expected. The busty lawyer and her team had been able to fasttrack their recent case and were able to successfully complete several days worth of work within hours. The team were ecstatic knowing full well their charge out rate to the client would be the same, despite earning several days off for tying up the loose ends ahead of schedule. Certainly a cause for celebration for all parties involved.

The busty blonde smiled as she slipped her key into the front door and quietly stepped indoors, dropping her bags on the corridor. She had kept her early finish a secret from James, exhausted yet relieved, she was keen on surprising James with an early finish and a night of wine and uncensored, hot sweaty and non stop sex. Kathryn clenches her thighs, the thought of jumping James's bones and tearing off every inch of his clothes strokes her hungry pussy. She secretly wishes to catch James off guard, unable to fend her aggressive advances as she shreds every inch of any resistance he puts up before she descends her thirsty pussy on his cock.

Kathryn quietly scours the ground floor finding the lowest floor empty, she gently eases her way upstairs towards the bedroom. The horny blonde notices the door to their bedroom is open, she squeezes her way in freezing in her steps as she notices her underwear is strewn across the floor and the bedsheets. Confusion rocks her as her eyes lock onto her make up case tipped upside down, her various lipsticks spread across the bed. Her eyes hover over her underwear scattered across the floor, she scoops up a pair and confirms the suspicions that it is her underwear. But why is it just the pink underwear? Kathryn struggles to understand what is happening here, various shades of her pink knickers are scattered, almost as if someone had

broken in to rummage through her delicates, but there were no signs of a breaking on the ground floor. Nothing at all.

The baffled wife walks towards the en suite bathroom and is frozen in her tracks as she witnesses a man who appears to be her beloved husband of ten years dressed in pink underwear. Kathryn leans behind the wall careful to stay out of sight, she gently squints her eyes, and a smirk gradually appears on her face as she starts to recognize the panties her husband is wearing, and the bra. She leans in closer for a better view of the bulging bra which appears to be stuffed with tissue. Kathryn licks her lips as she observes her husband dressed in her used underwear leaning forward, casually applying her lipstick across his lips. She barely muffles her snicker as she watches his pathetic attempts at smacking his lips together for impact. James then appears to pop his panty clad ass out admiring his ass, he cups his bra and shuffles his fake breasts higher, flirting with his own reflection.

A cocktail of surprise and shock sends a sharp surge of arousal racing between Kathryn's legs and she starts to feel unexpectedly aroused watching her husband dressed in her underwear and make up. She clenches her thighs as she starts to feel an uncontrollable wetness moisten her black panties.

Kathryn quietly slips her hand into her handbag and pulls her phone out. She snaps several pictures of James as he poses in front of the mirror, teasing his own reflection as he runs his hands over his body, groping his curves and slapping his own ass. Kathryn notices his throbbing erection straining against the confines of the tiny pink panties, pre-cum visibly staining the front of her underwear. She lowers the camera and ensures she snaps James's restrained cock leaking in her underwear.

The busty wife slips off her own black underwear, moist from her sudden arousal and drops the flimsy material, freshly scented with her juices in the middle of the pink massacre of her panties and heads downstairs.

Kathryn opens the front door and then forcefully slams it shut ensuring the sound is loud enough to be heard throughout the whole house.

“BABES, YOU HOME?” Kathryn's voice punctures the otherwise silence innocence of the household.

The noise instantly travels upstairs, breaking into James's private session and almost knocks him backwards, the sudden burst of decibels several feet away startles him and he freezes. He stares back at himself in the mirror and starts to slowly shake as the sight of his body dressed in pink stares back him.

“Shit, shit, shit” James mutters to himself, knowing full well that if his wife caught him red handed , he would be hard pressed to find a reasonable explanation for why he is dressed in her underwear. The surprised cross-dresser stares down his cock as it springs to life almost tearing through the tight confines of Kathryn's pink underwear, it's sheer ferocity throttling James's attention. His raging hardon starts to leak pre-cum uncontrollably, filling his wife's pink knickers with his juices of betrayal. The thought of getting caught appeared to have triggered further arousal as James's cock vied for his attention, dribbling without a hint of an apology.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, I better clear this shit up” James grabs his crotch struggling to keep his cock from springing free and dripping his juices everywhere. He quickly scoops up the various lipsticks and throws them haphazardly into the make up case. And using both hands, he scoops up the knickers strewn around the floor.

From the corner of his eye, James notices something which he hadn't noticed before he entered the bathroom. Almost an intruder. James's eye homes in on a pair of black laced panties in the centre of his white bed, lying there innocently as it whispered for his attention. His mind freezes and he struggles to think clearly, he doesn't recognize the black pair from earlier but he can't be sure. He shakes his head certain his mind is playing tricks on him.

The crossdresser picks up the flimsy material and holds the underwear to his nose. The unmistakable fresh scent of his wife's pussy overtakes him and clouds his senses as he falls momentarily into a state of fantasy as he pictures his wife planting a trap for him. James stares back down and smiles as the sight of his titanium steel rock hardness, the sudden hint of exposure in front of his faithful wife wraps itself around his thickness and starts to slowly jerk him, edging him to orgasm. The distinct aroma of Kathryn's fresh pussy lingers under James's nostril and he starts to feel her presence, he inhales the sweet and musky scent as deeply as he can, allowing her

feminine allure to gently caress his throat as it descends into his body invading his lungs.

James gently slaps his dick in an attempt to break himself out of his trance. He quickly throws all of the pink panties back into the underwear draw, stuffing in as much as he can in the quickest time possible. James grabs his jeans and jumper from under the bed, yanking the jeans up and wearing them over his wife's underwear and pulling on his jumper over his bra-fitted chest. James quickly pulls out the tissues stuffed in his bra, kicking the offending material under the bed and slips the black underwear into his back jean pocket.

James dashes into the bathroom wiping off as much lipstick as possible in three seconds, knowing time is ticking past very quickly. He wants to avoid his wife getting suspicious and coming up to the top floor to explore where his is or what he is in fact doing. Time is starting to run out but James starts to feel torn between his arousal and getting caught. The unexpected thought of getting caught starts to slow him down momentarily and a virgin thought crosses his perverted mind, and he wonders if deep down inside he wants to get caught.

James rushes back through the bedroom towards the door, kicking a few more loose panties under the bed, wondering if he has been too long. He wishes his wife doesn't ask him why he took so long. James tugs on his jumper ensuring the waistband of his panties are not visible, dashes to the top of the staircase and stares down at his wife as she stands at the foot of the staircase, beautiful as ever

“Surprise honey” Kathryn smiles back dressed in an all black, full matching outfit.

Chapter 2

"The trip went better than expected honey" Kathryn beamed up at her husband, surveying his hurriedly dressed attire. Even if she hadn't had sneaked up on him and witnessed her partner dressing in her underwear, she would have noticed something off with his clothing. James's jumper look lazily flung over his torso, his belt buckle appeared to be hanging loose and where were his socks? James always wore socks in his house, yet here he was, barefoot at the head of the stairs casually looking down.

**"I need to get changed, grab myself some wine and kick my feet up"
Kathryn heads towards the kitchen.**

"How was your day sweetie?" James hurries down the steps, jumping two steps at a time following his wife into the kitchen. He pauses for a moment as he admires his wife's curves from behind, watching her breathtaking ass wrapped tightly inside her black dress whispering for him, teasing him of the pleasure that lie between her legs. James loses track of his thoughts and his curious mind fixates on his blonde wife's ass, he has known her all too well and everything his wife wears matches. The mere thought of his wife's black knickers hidden under her tight skirts reawakens his arousal, his blood starts to rush towards his quickly stiffening cock, stirring in the tight confines of his pink underwear. The delicate fabric of the flimsy pink material teases the tip of his head, tugging him closer to his wife's body.

"Could you grab this for me" Kathryn reaches for a wine bottle located on the top shelf but struggles to grab hold of it "I'm dying for the vintage red we have been saving for a good occasion"

"Of course" James tiptoes and stretches his arm forward over the top of the shelf to pull forward the wine bottle, the bottom of his jumper jerks up several inches exposing the waistband of his wife's pink panties to Kathryn.

"Thanks hun" Kathryn smiles as James pour two glasses unaware of his unintentional flash.

"So how was your day" Kathryn guides James towards the kitchen table, she pulls out a chair and sits opposite James.

"Oh I don't want to bore you with details of my uneventful day" James sheepishly walks behind his wife, grips her shoulders and starts to slowly massage her upper body muscles.

"Oh god, I need that" Kathryn moans as she suddenly becomes eye level with the pink fabric sticking out from the top of her husband's jeans.

Kathryn smirks devilishly as she downs her glass of wine, jolts her chair back and surprises James as she shoves him against the wall, pinning him helplessly in a surprise attack. She lunges her lips forward and the couple embrace in a passionate kiss as their tongues enter each other's mouth.

James wastes no time as his hands gropes his wife's honry body, exploring her large breasts hungry for his passion, gently squeezing each breast as he worked his way down her body. His adventurous hands maneuver their way behind his wife and start to aggressively grope her ass, indicating he is hungry to lunge deep into her body. Kathryn tugs at James's zipper threatening to break into his jeans and uncover James's dark and kinky secret.

"Oh god" James moans, erect, horny and ready for the blowjob his wife is signalling to him, the sudden realisation that he is still dressed in her underwear sinks into him. Thinking quickly, James maneuvers Kathryn around and leans her up against the wall. He sinks his tongue down her gaping cleavage and explores the depth between her two large breasts soaking in her groans of pleasure. The insatiable husband tears open her top and yanks his wife's skirt up exposing her exposed pussy dripping wet for him. Jame drops to his knees, pleasantly surprised to see his wife is not wearing any underwear and inhales the sweet scent of his wife's natural aroma, he parts his wife's thighs, opening up the space between and takes in her arousal.

"Not wearing any underwear today" James gently kisses his wife's inner thigh as he jerks his ass out slightly, once again exposing the waistband of

his pink panties.

"You know me, I can't go without my matching outfits" Kathryn smirked

"Hhhmmmmm" James slipped his tongue between his wife's folds, thirstily lapping up her juices.

"I was wearing them earlier but took them off a few minutes ago"

The room around James suddenly becomes smaller, he freezes as the thought suddenly dawns on him that the freshly scented black panties he noticed in the bedroom earlier were hers.

Kathryn bends over and grabs the top of the rear of the pink waistband spilling out from James's jeans, she slips her finger under the material, lifting her finger several inches before letting the delicates snap back onto James's skin.

The sharp twang shatters James's illusions of maintaining his secrecy around his newfound fetish as his wife's eyes glare down his body snuggled between her legs, partly ashamed, partly concerned but with a twinge of excitement.

Chapter 3

Kathryn yanks James up and pushes him hard against the wall, pressing her large breasts against his chest.

"Keep still" the busty blonde whispered in her husband's ear and she drove her tongue into his mouth exploring him.

James's erection refused to hold back, it started to violently tap against the constraints banging furiously against Kathryn's thigh vying for her attention. His hardness now painfully straining against the tight confines of his wife's underwear. James can't believe the predicament he has found himself in. He knows he should be nervous of his wife inevitably learning of his dirty secret and sordid fantasy, but the idea. The mere idea simply turns him on further.

"You hungry for me?" Kathryn flashed a devilish smile as she quickly unbuttoned James's jeans and yanked them down revealing her husband robed in her pink underwear, leaking copious amounts of pre-cum, filling up her panties with his juices.

"So what's this then" Kathryn smiled as she peered down at the flimsy material struggling to contain her husband's throbbing cock and two huge testicles ready to explode.

James struggles to answer as his body once again is frozen at the hands of his wife,

**"I think I like the look of this" Kathryn bends down and slips her hand inside James's panties, her warm hand gently teasing and stroking James's cock and she runs her fingertips along his shaft dribbling with pre-cum
"My underwear suits you".**

"Take your jeans and give me a twirl" Kathryn demands

James nervously slips out of his jeans and hesitantly twirls on his heel slowly, apprehensive in showing his wife his panty clad ass.

"Damn you look almost as good as me in my own underwear" Kathryn laughs as she slapped James's ass. "Now take your top off so I can see what you look like naked in my panties" she demands.

James hesitates taking his top off but is quickly encouraged by his wife tugging his jumper.

"Holy fuck" Kathryn shrieks in excitement "You are wearing a matching pair of pink bra and panties"

James curses his luck, standing in front of his wife dressed in her panties and her bra sporting a huge erection as it stretched the fabric of the panties, threatening to tear through under the sheer force of his arousal. The embarrassed husband starts to blush uncontrollably, the colour of his skin getting dangerously close to matching the colour of his new feminine underwear.

"But god damn you look hot in my underwear" the wife smiled as she ran her eyes over every inch of her husband, robed in her matching underwear,

"Now it's time for us to have some fun" Kathryn wraps her little finger around the waistband of James's pink underwear, tugs her crossdressing husband and guides him behind her as she navigates him towards the foot of the stairs.

"Up the stairs babes" Kathryn orders holding her finger forward pointing towards the top of the staircase.

James is momentarily frozen, a hint of embarrassment holds him back from walking ahead of his wife, conscious his ass is snugly wrapped in her pink underwear.

"Don't take forever about it" Kathryn slaps her husband's ass nudging him up the staircase.

James hesitantly ascends the staircase fully aware his wife of ten years is right behind him, her eyes staring at his ass cheeks as he nervously climbs

the stairs.

"That's a pert little ass you have there" the blonde pinches one of James's ass cheeks as they reach the top of the staircase.

James hesitantly leads Kathryn into the bedroom. Kathryn smiles as she sees the evidence of James's crossdressing antics clearly visible, a number of panties hastily kicked under the bed still visible.

"I take it you were not expecting any company today" the blonde smiled as she observed the panty draw half open with several of her knickers hanging from the edge of the draw.

"I ca...ca....ca.....can explain" James's struggles to string together a sentence as he start falling over his own words, the combination of arousal and fear of the unknown continues to keep a stranglehold on his raging erection.

"Go on" Kathryn teases James, curious on how he will attempt to talk himself out of the predicament.

"I was looking to buy you a sexy lingerie set for your birthday and was trying out to see what size you were" James feigns confidence certain his wife will see right through him.

"Are you fucking kidding me" Kathryn bursts out laughing "Surely you can do better than that"

James drops his head in embarrassment eyeballing his feet "I th....th....thi....think.....i have made a mi.....mis.....mist....."

"Perfect" Kathryn squeals in delight and excitedly heads towards the bedroom wardrobe and pulls out a large black suitcase.

"Do you remember Ann and Tony's fancy dress party three years ago" Kathryn smiles

"Vaguely" James responds confused

"Do you remember what I went dressed as" Kathryn zips open the suitcase and starts rummaging around.

"Erm, no" James struggles to find the answer, cautious of his words.

"A maid" Kathryn gleefully pulls out a maid's outfit and holds the white and pink outfit in front of her "Remember this?"

Kathryn holds the outfit in front of James's blushing torso and whispers barely loud enough for him to hear "I think this might be the perfect size"

"For what?"

Kathryn's eyes turn as dark as her voice " So you like dressing up like a woman?" Her voice turns colder with each passing word "I am going to turn you into the most feminine woman I have ever met" Her eyes roams James's body as she sizes up his reaction "I will slowly transform you into the loyal maid we could never afford"

James takes a hard swallow struggling to conceal his nervous gulp, the cold, dark and almost evil words leaving his wife's sweet lips tug him closer to the dark side. A side where James knows his fantasy takes a turn for the sordid and unpredictable. Crossdressing had been James's little secret for along time, barely having the opportunity to take in the beauty of his wife's underwear. But the opportunity in front of him whilst she was away on business was too much to pass up. James knew he would never get the chance again to robe himself in his wife's used panties and bra and parade around with the bathroom window open, flaunting his body for the world to see.

But now the little jar containing his lone dark secret had been crushed under the force of his wife's stiletto heels. And knowing his wife as well as he does, he knows she will latch onto any new idea and run with it as fast and as hard as she can,

"Firstly we are going to dress you up to service me" Kathryn's smile betrays the darkness in her voice.

"Service you?"

"Yes darling" A evil smirk gradually appears on Kathryn's face "Can you grab the make up set?"

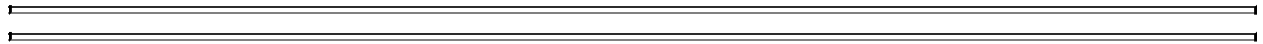
"Which one?" James knows he has no other option but to follow his wife's instructions.

**"The one you were applying my lipstick with in front of the mirror"
Kathryn playfully slaps her husband across the face, ecstatic that she is slowly grinding her black stiletto heels into his manhood, scraping away at his masculinity.**

James's body involuntarily freezes under the stern gaze of Kathryn as her attention is drawn to his cock, slowly dribbling with pre-cum.

Kathryn wraps the palm of her hand around the James's thickness and slowly starts to pump his throbbing manhood.

"Now why don't you be a good little girl and grab my make up case and we can dress you up all prim and proper" her words are barely audible. The musky scent of pre-cum clouds the space between husband and wife and Kathryn smiles as she pumps her husband's cock faster at the thought of tapping deep into his fantasy. Sinking her fingernail into his kinkiest secrets and violating every inch of his sexiest thoughts moulding them into her own twisted version. She looks him in the eyes hearing James's message loud and clear, the same message portrayed by his body, his reactions and his cock. They all beg for Kathryn to take control of James's dirty fantasy.



Chapter 4

James shuffles towards the chest draws, grabs the miniature makeup cabinet and sheepishly waddles towards his wife on the bed. Kathryn flashes an evil grin as she gently opens her legs revealing her hungry, dripping and exposed womanhood between her legs and points to the space between her thighs.

"Present yourself dear hubby" the blonde demands

James nestled himself between his wife's slender legs, snuggling himself further towards her growling pussy. His body feels trapped and he starts to feel smaller as the realization of his wife's control and his subconscious submission to her as he gradually transfers the power over his actions.

"You would make the perfect maid" Kathryn lifts James's chin and smiles and she gently draws invisible lines across James's innocent face. Kathryn digs into the portable makeup cabinet and digs out her powder case, she flips open the container and taps the end of her powder brush against the pink powder, unsettling the contents.

"Welcome to the beginning of the end" Kathryn gently powders James's cheeks applying the soft pink powder on both of his cheeks.

James coughs on his first contact as the air around him turns into a blurry haze of pink smoke while his wife continues to dab at his reddening cheeks.

"Don't worry babes, you'll get used to it" Kathryn riffled through the various shades of lipstick until she found the perfect colour to match James's face. The stern blonde grabs the darkest shade of lipstick and hovers the piece in front of James's eyes.

"Was this your favourite colour?"

"Uuuuummmmmmm" James's struggled to respond as he felt the heat building inside his powdered cheeks.

"Let's try it on for size shall we?" Kathryn twists the bottom case of the lipstick and grabs the bottom of James's chin, holding his face still.

"Don't move or this is going to make a mess all over your face" Kathryn firmly pressed the tip of the lipstick against the corner of her husband's trembling lips and skillfully traced across the full length of his lips.

An unusual sensation of femininity cloaks James and he starts to feel his masculinity slowly start to shrivel away. Dressing in his wife's underwear and applying the makeup himself was one thing, but trapped between his wife's legs as she gleefully applied her own makeup in preparation to robe him as her maid was a different experience.

"Stand up" Kathryn cups James bra, adjusting him to show off the full depth of his manly bosoms.

James stands as ordered by his wife.

Kathryn grips the waistband of James's pink panties and pulls them up tighter, ensuring the full set of her husband's manhood is neatly contained in her used underwear.

"Perfect" She grabs the maid's outfit and holds it against James's front. Kathryn pulls out the knee high pink skirt and motions for James to hop onto one leg allowing to slip on the cotton material. The dominant wife glides the skirt up James thigh, stretching the rubber waistband around the top of the skirt, fitting it snugly around his waist. Kathryn stretches her arms out and dangles the light pink blouse in front of her husband motioning for him to robe his upper torso. James quickly follows his wife's instructions.

Kathryn spins the maid's hat between her fingers before popping the final piece of the outfit on James, tucking his hair neaty under the hat. She taps his head a couple of times to indicate her satisfaction at his obedience.

"Okay, now give me a twirl" Kathryn demanded

James hesitantly shuffled his feet slowly, eventually turning his body full circle on the same spot showcasing his once manly body now wrapped inside his wife's pink bra and knickers, covered by her maid outfit.

"God you look so feminine" Kathryn squealed as she clapped her hands together "Any man walking down the street would mistake you for a woman" She slipped her hand under her husband's skirt and wrapped her soft hands around his panty restrained manhood throbbing for her attention "and I bet they would be mentally undressing you, picturing you in all sorts of dirty positions ready for action" Kathryn smiled as she felt James's cock twitch involuntarily in excitement.

"Would you like a new name?" Kathryn asked

"What do you mean?" James stuttered in confusion

"Well you don't appear to be dressed like a James. I think you need a new name"

James struggled to respond.

"I know, we'll call you Jennifer" Kathryn gently squeezed her husband's testicles "that sounds like the perfect name for you. Jennifer" she repeated the name for impact.

James felt his face quickly turn red overcasting the strong pink makeup.

"Now Jennifer" the softness in Kathryn's voice was quickly replaced by a darker tone "your first task as my maid is to clear up the bedroom. Make sure everything is left tidy and make sure you dust the place perfectly"

"Huh?"

"You heard me Jennifer" Kathryn tightens her grip on Jennifer's trapped balls "Get moving and get cleaning. NOW"

The sudden switch in her voice frightened the husband, he had seen and lived with his wife's aggressive streak for many years, it was something that turned her into one of the city's most successful lawyers but this voice she was commandeering now, it was different. Strong. Powerful. Terrifying.

Jennifer's hesitancy of cleaning the bedroom dressed in a maid's outfit in front of his wife was replaced by a need to please her and to avoid pushing her buttons further.

Jennifer didn't hesitate a second longer and he started to quickly scoop together the strewn items of clothing and makeup across the bedroom, hastily placing the items back as neatly as possible as he could in their original resting place. His cock continued to strain against his wife's pink underwear as he started to welcome the freedom of movement the skirt allowed him. Jennifer found the skirt made bending over easier.

"You look beautiful every time you bend over in that skirt" Kathryn remarked watching her husband clearing up items on the floor, unaware every time he was bending over, his panty clad ass was on full display to the whole world. "You are doing such a good job, I may turn this into a more permanent position" Kathryn smiled as she looked around at the bedroom quickly turning from a mess into a sparkling clean showroom.

The tightness in Jennifer's pink underwear starts to ease the more he moved around in the bedroom, continuing to clean every unturned inch. The flimsy fabric slowly stretching itself to accommodate Jennifer's manhood. But although his physical manhood was tucked between his legs and remaining hungry and alive as ever. Jennifer started to feel his masculinity and his dominance in his relationship slowly start to chip away as he began to feel powerless under his wife's watchful gaze mentally undressing him and her dark voice slowly seeping his masculinity.

Kathryn feels her clit beginning to growl, awakening at the thought of emasculating her husband watching him obediently follow her orders dressed in her clothing.

"Don't forget this one" the horny wife points at a piece of underwear tucked under the bed between her legs, hastily shoved under their bed earlier as James had panicked. She watches as Jennifer scoops down to pick up the flimsy piece.

"I'm getting all hot and turned on" Kathryn purrs as she wraps her hands around Jennifer and tugs him closer "Why don't you please me"

Jennifer wastes no time in lifting up his pink skirt desperately hunting

around for the waistband of his panties in an effort to unleash his restrained cock, hungry and desperate to release itself. He yanks out his thick manhood, dribbling with pre-cum, locked and loaded ready for action and inches his throbbing cock towards his wife's face.

Kathryn violently bats her husband's cock out of her face dismissing it's existence and smiles as he winces clutching his cock, reeling from the sudden burst of pain "As you are now a woman, you should please me as a woman should"

She grabs her husband's head and shoves it between her legs, forcing Jennifer to drop to his knees with his cock dangling between his legs.

"Do I need to say more?" Kathryn reaffirms her desires "Now put your filthy cock back where it belongs and get your fucking tongue out"

Jennifer quickly obliges, struggling to squeeze his unsatisfied cock back into his pink panties . He sniffs his wife's pussy and inhales her dominant scent as it orders him to please her. Jennifer rolls his tongue across his wife's vaginal lips lapping Kathryn's moistness, kissing her clit with an unparalleled passion, He slips his tongue between her folds and lunges as deep as he can, exploring his wife's pussy with his wet tongue. His cock presses painfully against the tight confines of his panties growing harder as the tip of his cock painfully scraps against the tip of the waistband. Jennifer winces as he contains the agonizing pain of chastity and helplessness between his legs, and as his subconscious whispers that he may be peeking into the future of his relationship with his wife.

Jennifer's tongue assaults his wife's vaginal walls as he hungrily laps up her moistening pussy, selfishly drinking her free flowing juices.

Kathryn grabs onto Jennifer's head with both of her hands and slams his head deeper between her legs burying her sissy maid in her dark, wet and hungry hole. The dominant lawyer starts to slowly rock her hips, picking up the pace as her husband expertly tongue fucks her pussy desperate for release. Her thighs clench as her pending orgasm starts thumping for release, threatening to smash through her floodgates. Normally Kathryn would hold her moment of release back for as long as possible but a part of her wants to unleash her force upon her sissy husband sandwiched between

her legs, And without a second's hesitation, Kathryn screams into the air as an undeniable electric surge thrusts its way through her body culminating in a violent orgasm as she unleashes her womanly juices, soaking her husband's face in the process, drenching his sissy maid outfit. She jerks his head forward and rides her husband's face with an unparalleled aggression forcing her dominance upon her crossdressing sissy.

"God, fuck yeah" Kathryn exhales as her vaginal walls drip with enthusiasm as Jennifer's tongue continues to probe her darkness.

"How does that feel down there?" Kathryn smiles

Jennifer muffles a respond as his tongue continues to fight against the downpour of his wife's orgasm.

"You have done well, my sissy bitch" Kathryn kicks both of her husband's shoulders, knocking him back into an upright position between her legs. She smiles as he stares down at her drenched pussy, satisfied and exhausted, openly teasing her husband's quickly diminishing masculinity.

"Time for you to finish off" the horny and smiling wife is quickly replaced by the stern and demanding one as she stands up walking behind her husband.

Jennifer slowly gets to his feet.

"Hurry the fuck up you pathetic sissy" Kathryn barks at her husband
"And once you are done, you are going to prepare dinner for tonight"

"What? You want me to prep....." Jennifer interjects

Kathryn smiles and quickly swings her arm back, the back of her hand burying itself between her husband's legs crushing his blue balls against his pelvis. She draws her arm forward and swings back with greater force once more pulverizing her husband's tender balls.

"Your masculinity is going to come down a peg or two" she watches as her husband drops to his knees clutching his throbbing groin rocking back and forward.

"Ye....ye.....yes.....Miss" Jennifer whimpers as he tries to control the burning fire between his legs, he looks up and stares at his wife towering over him, her powerful legs inches away from his groin.

"Good girl" Kathryn kisses her husband's forehead " I 'll see you in a bit, I guess it will take you a little longer as you'll need to recover first" she smiles and heads towards the door.

Jennifer leans back against the foot of the bed, catching his breath between the throbbing between his legs. He ponders on the cruel irony of his predicament. His loyal and loving wife attacks his manhood, forcing him to bring her to orgasm with his tongue and only his tongue, crushes his tender balls. And the peck on the forehead. What a fucking insult. Jennifer hunts around for his cock, gripping his rock hard shaft. He exhales, surprised his erection has maintained is steel hardness from the moment he entered the bedroom with Kathryn.

Chapter 5

The ground floor is filled with the sounds of the doorbells suddenly bursting alive.

"Coming" Kathryn shouts as she heads towards the door wondering who may be calling at such a late hour.

"Hello there" a tall man towers over her, his large body barely contained within the door frame,

"We are your new neighbours and we thought we would pop in and introduce ourselves" a blonde woman standing in front of him interjects as the couple extend their hands for a handshake.

"Oh, it's nice to meet you" Kathryn smiles, shaking the couple hands "So when did you guys move in"

"Oh me and my husband sealed the deal yesterday" the blonde smiled back at the male.

Kathryn couldn't help but notice how the couple looked like the perfect supermodel duo. The woman stood in front of her husband, wearing a tight white low cut top, showcasing the fullness of her large breasts and teasing the world with the depth of her cleavage. Her jeans wrapped around her legs snugly showing off her slender thighs and breathtaking ass. The husband towered over both women, his muscles bulged as he gripped onto the doorframe, smiling at Kathryn. His black t-shirt stretched across his sculpted chest, she couldn't help but notice the outline of his nipples were visible.

"Oh congratulations" Kathryn clapped her hands "Welcome to the neighbourhood, have you guys moved in yet?"

"Me and Tom were just discussing that" the blonde looked back up at her husband "We have moved in the basics and the rest we are going to haul in over the weekend"

"Chloe's brother has agreed to help us out with his moving truck" Tom broke his silence.

"Oh well, it's nice to meet you Chloe and Tom"

Meanwhile, Jennifer had finally cleared the bedroom, his balls aching from the unexpected assault from his wife. Jennifer resisted jerking off to relieve the pent up sexual tension throbbing between his legs. Despite the unexpected turn of events and the sudden dark side his wife portrayed, he was finding the ordeal strangely arousing. More so than he would have ever imagined. The dull ache continued to pound inside his left testicle every step he took, and so he walked a little slower down the stairs. He heard a murmur of noises but couldn't make out who's there were. The bruised husband gradually descended to the bottom of the stairs and noticed his wife holding the door open, talking to a couple of strangers. Shit, shit, shit. Jennifer murmurs to himself, he decides to quickly turn back round and head back to the safety of the bedroom.

"Oh Jennifer, why don't you pop over here and meet our new neighbours" Kathryn notices the noise of her husband slowly descend the staircase and decides to humiliate him further.

Jennifer freezes, he knows he can't head back up now. He shakes his head in the absurdity of the predicament he has landed himself in, covered in his wife's makeup, wearing a short pink skirt, a tight top, a maid's outfit, robed in his wife's pink bra and panties and sporting a painfully throbbing erection between his legs.

Jennifer shuffles forward discreetly hoping to tuck his cock inside his pink panties and under the waistband, pressing between his stomach and the tip of his pink panties.

"This is my maid" Kathryn wraps her arm around her husband's shoulders and squeezes him gently.

"Nice to meet you" Chloe smiles.

"Jennifer has been a loyal servant of mine for over 10 years" Kathryn smiles "She'll do anything I ask her and to absolute perfection"

"I bet" Tom smirks as he stares directly at Kathryn's husband.

Jennifer struggles to contain his embarrassment as he notices Tom holding his gaze on him. Jennifer smiles back at Tom and notices his eye slowly wandering across his body, hovering across his chest secretly stuffed with tissue paper before resting on his crotch. Jennifer's heart skips several beats nervously, anticipating the ground below him opening up and swallowing him whole, relieving him of the cruel torture his wife is slowly drilling into him.

Jennifer can't help blushing, imagining at any moment his wife turning around and announcing this is a practical joke. Which would be bad enough. But certainly better than convincing their new neighbours he was her maid. The crossdressing husband clenches his thighs as he starts to feel his masculinity slowly getting crushed under the weight of his wife's domination. Standing dressed in a maid's outfit and in his wife's underwear, standing next to her and in front of a stunning young blonde and a huge guy towering over him.

Strangely, Jennifer feels his cock beginning to twitch as the dull ache from within his testicles disappears and is quickly replaced by a throbbing urge to relieve himself. Jennifer fights his natural instincts to stare down and ensure his throbbing erection is tucking neatly between his legs and isn't showing signs of unveiling itself unexpectedly to the world.

"Why don't you both pop in and join me for drinks, let me welcome you to the neighbourhood in style" Kathryn extends her arm opening the invitation into the kitchen.

"That'll be lovely, thank you" Chloe opens her arms out and reaches in for a hug while Tom shakes Kathryn's hand.

"Follow through into the kitchen over their, pull the sliding doors open and grab a seat in the back garden. I'll be with you in a moment" Kathryn watches as the couple proceed to the rear of the property.

"Why don't you grab us some wine Jennifer" Kathryn flashes a cruel smile

towards her husband as she joins the neighbours in the garden.

Jennifer watches his wife's ass as she saunters away from him, swaying her cheeks from side to side, no doubt teasing him of his new found place in their relationship. He grabs a bottle of red wine and scoops up four wine glasses unsure of whether he will be able to drink with the trio. Kathryn has introduced him as the maid. Surely he can't show his face as the husband at a later stage? Jennifer entertains the thought of rushing up changing into his usual attire and presenting himself as her husband. He ponders if he will be recognizable as the maid. He quickly dismisses the thought, the mere idea of scrubbing the makeup off would take ages. And he knows once he is alone, he will be unable to prevent himself of relieving himself of his pent up orgasm bubbling inside his throbbing ballsack.

Jennifer quickly tips various snacks onto a plate and neatly segments the different nibbles. He juggles the four glasses, the bottle of wine and the plate outside and places it on the table cautiously, anxiously waiting for Kathryn's lead.

Kathryn places two glasses in front of the neighbours and motions for her husband to pour the glass. Jennifer leans in slowly pouring the red wine, mindful his face is inches away from the two new neighbours. Chloe lifts her glass and pulls it closer to her, forcing Jennifer to lean forward. Jennifer becomes unaware his skirt suddenly becomes hiked up from behind as he exposes his panty clad ass for his wife's amusement.

"Don't forget my glass" Kathryn giggles as she waves her glass in front of Jennifer.

Jennifer manages to catch his response in time before it leaves his lips, it's bad enough he is dressed in a pink maid's outfit and is miraculously able to pull it off without the neighbours knowing. But he knows there is no way, he'd be able to open his mouth and maintain the charade. The sissy maid pivots on her heel to pour his wife's glass.

Kathryn pulls her wine glass between her legs and hovers it above her pantyless crotch.

"Fill me up" Kathryn smiles forcing Jennifer to bend down even further as he struggles from spilling the contents of the wine bottle all over his wife's

lap. A gentle gust of wind attacks Jennifer's legs slipping between his thighs and teasing his hard cock and he suddenly realises how much of his ass is carelessly flashing to both of their new neighbours.

"Having fun?" the dominant wife whispers barely loud enough for Jennifer to hear as she notices his throbbing erection struggling to contain itself within his panties.

Jennifer smiles back at his wife, stunned at the power she suddenly wielded over him. Jennifer grabs the fourth wooden chair and attempts to sit down but Kathryn quickly hooks her feet around the legs of the chair, drags them closer to her and places both of her feet on the seat.

"Getting a little too friendly aren't we?" Kathryn teases.

Jennifer doesn't respond.

"Won't you be a darling and hang around, ready to refill our glasses dear" Kathryn smiled.

"So do you live alone in this house or are you married" Chloe continues the meet and greet raising her glass before she takes the first gulp of the evening.

The world around Jennifer suddenly comes to a grinding halt as he awaits the next few words to leave his wife's crimson red lips. There was still a glimmer of hope they could turn back and Jennifer could eventually be introduced as James, her husband at a later stage. But if Kathryn decided to play along with her charade, James's male identity would be smothered as long as the neighbours were around.

"My career takes up a lot of my time" Kathryn ran the tip of her fingertip across the rim of her glass.

"What line of work are you in" Tim interjected

"I'm a lawyer"

"I see" Chloe motions towards Jennifer to fill up her glass

"And as such I find my career intrudes into too much of my social life. The late nights at the office. The frequent business trips. It's leaves very little me time" Kathryn continues

Jennifer gulps as he knows the words before his wife has even uttered them

"It is just me and my beautiful maid Jennifer here in this house" Kathryn smiles at her husband wondering how he is managing to contain his arousal and humiliation without exploding in a tirade.

Jennifer smiles and looks down at his feet, humbled by her words. Insignificant to the neighbours yet life changing for both him and his wife. They have now turned a corner which they are unlikely to be able to turn back from. A corner where Kathryn holds the key to his masculinity, and if he knows anything about his ballbusting lawyer wife. She will be dangling the key to his masculinity mere inches away from him, close enough to convince him at a chance to revert back and just far enough that it's forever out of his reach.

"Jennifer has been kind enough to put together a few nibbles" Kathryn slides the plate towards the couple "but would you like something to eat?"

"Oh you don't need to go to any trouble for us" Chloe shakes her head concerned she is creating more work for the maid

"It's no trouble at all, Jennifer will whip something up in no time."

Kathryn pulls her husband closer intentionally forcing him to bend over exposing his pantys and his ass to Chloe and Tom. Chloe looks away out of respect but Tom smiles as he notices the fullness of the maid's ass. A sudden gust of wind slips under Jennifer's skirt and lifts her pink outfit up exposing her legs and crotch for the world to see, magnifying his predicament to the world. Jennifer quickly scrambles to pat the skirt down desperate to hide his throbbing erection from the unsuspecting neighbours. The couple sat behind Jennifer chuckle at Jennifer's feeble attempts to contain his modesty unaware the maid was packing a huge cock in front of him.

"Can you pop something in the oven for us" Kathryn whispers as her eyes lock with her embarrassed husband's fear ridden eyes as they slowly show signs of become tearful under the embarrassment of humiliation his wife is

dragging him through.

Jennifer feebly nods his head in response.

"Thanks hun" Kathryn pouts her lips and discreetly blows a kiss directed towards Jennifer's red lips.

Jennifer quickly scurries into the kitchen, grabs a handful of items as his mind starts racing with a million thoughts. The night slowly becomes a blur for Jennifer as he controls his anguish of his humiliation as he prepares a meal for the trio sat in the garden porch, the neighbours and his married wife mingling with each other. The choruses of laughs, the smiles and the vibrancy of the trio enter the kitchen and taunt Jennifer as he gazes through the see through sliding doors into the porch, wondering if there truly was a way back from his predicament.

Jennifer serves on Kathryn and the two neighbours hand and foot, delivering them an exquisite meal and tending to their frequent requests to refill their wine glasses. Despite his attempts to engage in the conversation , Kathryn casually dismisses her husband with her hand, indicating that he stand several feet away to respond if required. Instead, he is forced to watch as his wife over ten years as she flirts and engages with the couple next door, watching helplessly as his wife takes on the role of a single powerful woman, secretly emasculating her husband with every passing second.

Jennifer observes as the trio hungrily wolf down their meals, and a warm tingly sensation strokes her insides as she hears the compliments on a tasty meal. The feminized husband watches as Chloe is the final one to complete the contents of her plate, observing her swallow the last mouthful. Jennifer slips in and grabs the plates, escorting them to the sink for a thorough wash.

"Thanks Jennifer, that was a fantastic meal" Tom nods at Kathryn as he watches Jennifer juggle the plates into the kitchen, observing his ass.

"Hear hear" Kathryn smiles "Well done"

Kathryn hungrily swallows half a glass of wine "She never ceases to amaze me. This may be Jennifer's best meal yet"

"Oh my, is that the time" Chloe glances at the time on her phone "Honey

it's almost 11pm "

"We should make a move" Tom smiles

"Thank you for the lovely meal and your hospitality Kathryn. It was a pleasure meeting you. I'm afraid we should head off, it's getting late and we both have an early start tomorrow" Chloe stands up

"The pleasure was all mine" Kathryn hugs both Chloe and Tom "It was lovely to meet you both, are you ok to make your way out"

"We are indeed, thanks again" Chloe grabs her handbag, smiles at Jennifer on her way out and heads towards the front door with her husband "The next meal is at ours"

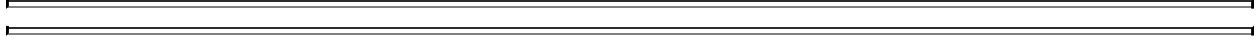
"I'll hold you to that" Kathryn raises her glass to the couple as they exit her house

Kathryn waits for the front door to slam shut before she quietly sneaks up on her husband scrubbing the dishes.

"You did really well tonight babes" She leans in and whispers in his ear gently cloaking Jennifer's senses. The horny wife slips her hand under her husband's skirt and skillfully explores his body, hunting for his cock. She feels his thickness pressing against the tight confines of the pink panties gasping for release. She lifts the tip of the waistband of the pink panties and slowly pulls out the head of Jennifer's cock, gripping the essence of her husband's masculinity in the palm of her cruel and twisted hands, she stands it in an upright position, lining up the tip of his penis with the edge of her waistband. Kathryn pulls the waistband as far out as she can and holds the elastic material straining for a few seconds, without warning, she releases the elastic waistband and smiles as the material viciously snaps back colliding painfully with the tip of Jennifer sensitive throbbing cock.

"Hurry up and wash the dishes, it's time for the next step" Kathryn pats her husband's burning cock before leaving him to complete his chores.

Jennifer winces as he reels from the unexpected pain inflicted upon the tip of his sensitive cock, but struggles to contain his arousal, eager to follow his wife blindly into the next step of their new reality.



Chapter 6

Kathryn swirls the wine around in the glass inhaling the sweet aromatic scent of the red wine, gazing upon the dark skies eagerly awaiting her husband who is blissfully unaware of his pending true sissification.

"Ok babes, the dishes are all washed" Jennifer drags a chair closer to his wife and cosies up next to her.

"I'm so proud of you honey" Kathryn leans over and plants an unexpected wet kiss on her husband's cheek "You've done a great job as a maid, our new neighbours have been fooled into believing you are a woman"

"Uh-huh" Jennifer nods

"But I wonder how they failed to notice your massive erection poking out from under your skirt" Kathryn slides her hand up her husband's thigh, inching closer towards his panty clad cock.

Jennifer drops his head planting his eyes firmly upon his groin, the dull ache between his legs pounding and begging for release.

"Do you know, I saw the way Tom looked at you when you bent over" Kathryn giggles and she slowly pulls her hand away from between her husband's legs "I think he saw your erection, and I think he was intrigued"

Jennifer involuntarily crosses his legs, sandwiching his throbbing cock between his thighs.

"Damn, you look so ladylike today" Kathryn's eyes slowly roam Jennifer's body, soaking in every ounce of his slow transformation. "Stand up and turn around"

Jennifer obliges pivoting on his heel, glad the darkness in the garden hid his

predicament from the outside world. Kathryn grabs Jennifer's ass and gently caresses her husband's ass cheeks, massaging the mounds between her dominant fingers.

"Bend over Princess" Kathryn whispers into the darkness, her voice barely audible.

"Wh.....wh.....wh.....why" Jennifer whimpers unaware of what Kathryn's intentions are. Dressing him up indoors and teasing the neighbours in a controlled environment was one thing. But pushing his boundaries in the outside, for the whole world to see was entirely different.

"Because I am about to turn you into a real sissy" the coldness in Kathryn's voice returns as she whispers her threat slowly in Jennifer ear, each word puncturing his soul with a searing hot pain.

Jennifer's emotions are torn between the hunger between her legs, stirring in uncontrollable arousal begging for more humiliation and the fear of truly becoming emasculated by his wife. The crossdressing husband has been thrust into a reality he never imagined, a seed of thought inside of him contemplates what his limits are, humiliation and his masculinity appears to be a game to his beloved wife.

"Hurry up" Kathryn demands obedience.

Jennifer hesitantly bends over, resting her elbows on the wooden bench in front of her, her skirt rides up her thighs and Jennifer suddenly feels exposed and at the mercy of his cruel wife as an unexpected gust of wind wraps it cold and sharp talons around Jennifer's thighs and inches itself towards the throbbing erection between his legs.

Kathryn reaches her arms around her husband's pelvis and hunts around for his cock, she grabs his manhood with both hands, separating her husbands cock in one and his testicles in the other and starts to massage them between her palms. She grips one of his tender balls between her fingernails and pinches the centre, smiling as Jennifer's body jolts in reaction to the sudden burst of pain emanating from his balls.

"Any time you show any signs of masculinity from now on" Kathryn tightens her grip on her husband's trapped testicles "I will squeeze, torment

and torture the very essence of what makes you a man, reminding you of your true place in our new relationship" the dominant wife pinches her husband's isolated testicle further to impose her point on his vulnerabilities.

Jennifer squeals into the darkness as the sudden pain between his legs shoots an unparalleled combination of fear and arousal coursing through his body. He struggles to comprehend his arousal at the mere thought of succumbing every ounce of his masculinity and control to his powerful and dominant wife.

Moments later, the neighbours bedroom lights are switched on and Jennifer's predicament is suddenly thrust under the spotlight to the outside world, dressed in a maid's outfit, bent over the bench and with his wife's iron grip on his testicles squeezing him relentlessly, draining him of any remaining ounce of masculinity. Jennifer squints as he looks up at his neighbour's top floor bedroom window, his body freezes as he notices two figures peering out of the window and staring down at him. Jennifer gulps as he recognizes Tom and Chloe from earlier glued to their windows, watching his emasculation unfold in front of their very own eyes. The crossdressing husband closes his eyes and wishes for the ground to open up and swallow him whole, removing any trace of his humiliation from the Earth.

"Stay here, I'll be back" Kathryn shoves her husband's head forward and tugs his testicles upwards, pulling his ass higher "and if you move from this spot" Kathryn pinches her husband's nut harder and smiles as he squeals once more, only this time in a higher tone and louder. She releases her iron grip and leaves Jennifer bent over the bench with his ass in the air, whimpering for her return under the watchful gaze of their new neighbours.

Jennifer holds his gaze on the spot on the wooden bench between his arms, too ashamed to look back up and see if the neighbours were still watching. Their back garden light was still lit and they no doubt were eager to watch the events unfold. Jennifer shook his head, struggling to comprehend what was about to happen. What the neighbours would think. But more importantly what the future was going to hold for him and Kathryn. It was mere hours ago that he was dancing in the house all alone eager to try on his wife's panties, and now, now, if anyone would have told him he would be in this predicament hours later. He would have dismissed the idea as utterly

ridiculous.

Kathryn returns moments later holding a large black strapon and a bottle of lube. She maneuvers herself in front of Jennifer and smiles as she watches his eyes almost pop out of his eye socket as she slowly slipped the harness to her waist.

"Wh....wh....what is that" the crossdressing husband whimpers

"It's the next stage of your emasculation" Kathryn smiles "Don't worry, we'll make sure we use lube"

"Lube?"

"Yes darling" Kathryn pops open the bottle of lube and spreads copious amounts of the liquid across the full length of the plastic shaft, coating it's entirety from the base of the gigantic cock to the thick head "I mean, there is no way your ass is going to take nine full inches without a bit of gentle persuasion"

"My ass?" Jennifer's jaw almost dropped at the thought of the huge device hovering menacingly above his head, threatening to slide into his asshole.

"Yes sugar, your ass" Kathryn wraps both of her hands around the monster cock and jerks the piece slowly in front of Jennifer's eyes, smiling as observed a hint of a tear forming.

"Bu....bu.....but I've never taken anything inside my ass before" Jennifer struggles to comprehend how a device marginally larger than his throbbing cock would fit inside his ass. He feels his anus clench involuntarily at the mere thought of succumbing to the veiny weapon his wife held between her hands.

"I know which is why I'm going to go nice and slow" Kathryn brushes the tip of her plastic cock against Jennifer's trembling lips "tonight, I will strip you of your anal virginity and turn you into a true sissy"

Kathryn saunters behind her husband slowly, fully aware she was putting on a show for the neighbours she had met hours ago. She wonders if they had sussed out the new dynamic of her and her husband's relationship.

Whether they believed the maid was really a husband or whether they were going to find out in minutes as she pummeled her huge plastic dildo into her husband's virgin ass. The dominant wife lifts up Jennifer's skirt and yanks down her husband's panties smiling as his ass clenched involuntarily as the cold air attacked his bare cheeks.

"Don't worry, I'll be gentle for your first time hubby" Kathryn giggles raising her voice slightly for the neighbours benefit. She grips both of her husband's ass cheeks with each hand and gently parted his ass opening up the gateway into his body.

"A little nervous, are we" Kathryn struggled to slide her finger into her husband's tight anus and smiled as his anal walls twitched and violently snapped shut wrapping his anal walls tightly around her finger, gripping on for dear life.

"Wh.....wh.....wh.....why am I so turned on by this" Jennifer looked down between his legs and noticed his raging hardon was gagging for attention, hungry for release as it slowly dribbles precum across his shaft.

"I think deep down inside, you were destined to be my little sissy bitch" Kathryn slide her finger out and smirked as she saw her husband's browneye wink for more. Kathryn squirted lube on her husband's ass cheeks and gently massaged the liquid between his ass cheeks, moistening his crack in preparation for her welcomed violation.

"Oooooohhhhhh" the liquid slid down Jennifer's crack and provided him with some much needed warmth as his ass cheeks were exposed and shivering under the cold and dark air around him.

Kathryn pressed the tip of her hungry plastic cock against her husband's tight anus and pressed in gently, threatening to break through his resistance without a moment's thought.

"Ready babes?" the horny wife slaps her dildo violently against her husband ass cheeks and teases his anus once more.

"B.....b.....b.....bu.....but the neighbours are watching" Jennifer whimpered as he eagerly anticipated his anal deflowering..

"All the better to have an audience as I tear your masculinity out from under your nose" Kathryn raised her hand towards the neighbours both acknowledging their presence and signalling the green light for them to enjoy the show.

"B...b.....b.....but I can never meet them as your husband" the confused maid looks back at Kathryn.

"You are no longer my once manly husband" Kathryn presses her cock harder against and grips onto his hips.

"What do you mean"

"You are now my sissyslut" the dominant wife thrusts her pelvis forward and tears through Jennifer's anal resistance soaking in the audible pop of her husband's anal cherry.

"Uuuhhhhhhhhhhh" Jennifer groans as her anus welcomes the sudden intrusion, her anal walls quickly clamp around the offending strapon locking several inches of the thickness inside her ass.

"Relax and enjoy your public emasculation" Kathryn retracts the dildo slightly and reenters her sissy husband, pushing deeper with each thrust. Her adventurous strapon explores her sissy maid's anus further with each intrusive push violating the unexplored areas of Jennifer's anal cavity. Kathryn slowly starts to pick up a sensual pace as she starts to plow into her husband's once virgin anus with a steady rhythm, weakening the natural resistance of his anal entry.

Tom and Chloe watch as the events unfolding before their very eyes, the neighbours living next to the house they have just bought exhibiting unusual and strange behaviour.

"That maid looks a little strange" Tom squints at Jennifer desperately gripping onto the bench in a feeble attempt to manage the force pulling into his ass.

"I don't think that's really the maid" Chloe smiles up at her partner

"What do you mean"

"You're telling me you didn't notice" Chloe sides her hands between her husband's legs and hunts for his thick cock "That was her husband dressed as a maid"

"Dang, and there was me admiring the maid's fine booty" Tom mutters under his breath as he shakes his head in astonishment.

"How does this feel" Kathryn roared as she continued slamming into her husband's ass "Become my little sissylut"

"Ooohhhh" Jennifer moaned in pleasure,

Kathryn continued barrelling her thick strapon into her husband's anus, dominating every inch of her partner's body with her brutal and intrusive device, claiming rights over every unexplored area. Kathryn pulled her husband's ass forward and forced his head down on the bench opening up his anus further. She continued thrusting her curious strapon further into the darkness reveling in the dominance she exuded over her weak husband in front of the neighbours.

"There is no going back from this" Kathryn retracted her strapon, violently slapping his ass cheeks and then reentering with a desire to scar him permanently. She begins to fuck her partner with an unparalleled aggression, unable to control her body's urges as she succumbs to her own desires, ignoring the maid in front of her as her husband and instead, treating him purely as a fuckhole. For her pleasure. Any only her pleasure.

The dominant wife lets her body take over and she continues to fuck her sissified husband with a burning passion to humiliate him in front of the peering neighbours. A drip of sweat rolls down her forehead as she clenches her thighs as she feels the pending orgasm pounding at the gates of her womanhood. She rides her husband harder and faster, ignoring the wobbling bench under the power of her thrusts.

Jennifer tightens her grips on the sides of the bench and holds on for dear life, conscious the neighbours are watching and the wooden bench is moments away from giving way. She repositioned her mind to stay in the moment and to enjoy the thorough ass pounding Kathryn was exerting on his feminized body.

Kathryn's aggression reaches unparalleled heights as she barrels her strapon with machine gun like speed and laser like precision, truly dominating her husband's body. And without warning, her thighs tighten uncontrollably as she feels a ferocious orgasm smash through her floodgates, drenching her thighs and spilling across the entire bench. She roars a deafening scream into the night, asserting her dominance over her husband as her juices trickle onto her strapon, providing additional lube as she continues to pummel into Jennifer's ass, Kathryn now a slave to her own aggression sinks her cock into her husband deeper and deeper. The wooden bench continues to strain under the sheer weight of the husband and wife until it can no longer maintain its form, the legs crumble sending the couple crashing into the ground. Kathryn chuckles as the full length of her plastic dildo lodges itself deep inside her husband's ass.

"How do you feel, my little sissy slut?" Kathryn unstraps the strapon from her waist and leaves the device lodged in her husband's throbbing ass.

"Ahhhhhhhh" Jennifer groaned as he felt the remains of his wife's juices trickle down his ass cheeks worming around the piece protruding out of his ass.

"Once you have quite finished relaxing" Kathryn walks around to Jennifer's head and towers over him with her hands on her hips "clean this mess up and then you can join me in inside to continue"

"Continue?" Jennifer looked up at Kathryn

"Continue to please me and we can end the perfect night of firsts in style" Kathryn slipped her fingers between her legs scooping out a puddle of her juices and wiped her fingers across her husband's forehead.

Jennifer groaned in response as he looked up and saw the neighbours continuing to watch his humiliation.

"And tomorrow, we can go shopping and we can start to stock up your new wardrobe in style" Kathryn clapped her hands and returned back into the house, leaving her husband lying flat on his face with his ass in the air, sore, battered and bruised.

Jennifer stares at his wife's ass as she saunters back inside, closing the back

porch door behind her. His thoughts suddenly become crystal clear as he contemplates the last few hours of his life. His wife's words stay with him, circling his conscious threatening him with it's vision of the future. He smiles knowing tonight was only the beginning and there is a lot more to come in their new sexual adventure.

Jennifer rolls onto his side careful not to lean on his ass and repositions his cock, he smirks as he watches it slowly stir awake hungry for more.

TO BE CONTINUED IN PART 2

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