

SISSY SLAVES TO OUR WIVES



**hardcore erotica
by Crystal Veeyant**

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This story is a work of fiction adapted heavily from *Our Lesbian Husbands*. All of the names, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or people, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Warning: this story is erotic fiction with explicit descriptions of sex acts. It is intended only for adult readers. It incorporates themes of forced feminization, female domination, forced bi sex, shemale sex, lesbian sex, group sex and anal sex. Readers uninterested in these subjects should read something else.

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You're So Busted

Ted and Tess, and Steve and Suzi had been best friends for five years, both couples in their early thirties. Ted and Steve were sales executives at one of the largest commercial real estate firms in all of California. The two guys had been merely cordial at work until one afternoon when the two couples got to talking during a company picnic. Before very long they all became the closest of friends.

To their delight they found they only lived a mile apart in trendy Brentwood near Beverly Hills. From then on the wives frequently shopped together and went to brunch. During weekdays the ladies often hung out at Tess and Ted's home, a large ranch style house on a full acre. At 36 and 34, Tess and

Ted were older than Steve and Suzi by a few years. Ted was the more senior executive at the firm.

Whenever their husbands went on business trips—the two men traveled together more often than not—their wives would commiserate over wine and cheese. Sometimes they'd spend the night in Tess's bed in sort of a grown-up slumber party.

One such night two years ago, both women got a bit drunk on the older woman's bed. It began as a friendly shoulder rub, with the older wife treating the younger one. Before Tess knew what she was doing, she found herself softly stroking Suzi's face. Encouraged by her best friend's tiny whimpers of pleasure, Tess began massaging her breasts working downward in easy, gentle circles.

When Suzi parted her knees further and rested her hand on her best friend's probing fingers, for a moment Tess thought she'd get to relive her college years lesbian trysts with her best girlfriend. She so desired the thirty-year-old. But then the spell was broken.

All of a sudden, Suzi sat up—knees together, blushing furiously. They both apologized to each other. Then they got up and went into the kitchen to make dinner together. Not another word was spoken of the sexy moment, and their friendship wasn't harmed in the least.

What the two wives didn't know was that their husbands also had their own secrets. It had begun with Steve finally acting out on his deepest, most suppressed desires. Ted found out quite inadvertently and eventually joined in on Steve's sexcapades. Both guys feared their wives might find out, but deep down at least Steve secretly longed for their business trip games to come home with them.

It was a Sunday night in late spring, and the four of them sat in an upscale Beverly Hills restaurant, celebrating the end of a fun weekend together. The four of them drank pricey California wine, four beautiful people who epitomized the lean and tanned image of Hollywood's region. The restaurant bill was pushing \$400, but that was nothing to Ted and Tess. They were very well off.

“So did you hear about Reggie Ross?” Ted mentioned, referring to the Oscar-nominated director. “He’s getting a sex change.”

“Jesus Christ!” Steve exclaimed. “You’re sure? Hell, he’s one of my favorite directors. He did all those hit cop movies and thrillers. How could a cool guy like that..?”

“Well, it’s not like what he—or *she*, I guess—does in real life detracts from any of those TV shows and movies,” Tess said mildly.

“I guess. But still. It’s... surprising,” Steve said. He turned to his wife.

“What do you think about that, hon? A guy becoming a girl, I mean. Or just a guy... dressing up? You know. Once in a while.”

Ted looked with puzzlement verging on alarm at his buddy. “Why are we talking about this... weirdness?” he said hastily.

“There’s no harm in talking about it,” Tess said. “I find it, oh I don’t know. Kind of interesting, I suppose.” She looked at her friend, “How about you?”

“Well, it *is* unusual,” Suzi admitted. “But... interesting, I guess.”

“No, it’s just weird,” Ted insisted. “You’d have to be a real freak to do that. Just the idea of a guy even dressing up like a woman... it’s just wrong.”

Curiously, he began to blush as he said it.

“Okay, Tarzan,” Tess said. “You made your point. Let’s drop it.”

“I agree with Tess,” Suzi added. “Let’s just enjoy the rest of the weekend before Monday arrives.”

“Suzi, when you’re right, you’re right,” Steve chuckled, raising his glass.

“To another awesome weekend together.”

The four of them clinked glasses and the discussion was forgotten for the moment.

Monday morning was the usual in Steve and Suzi’s home. Steve was running behind, leaving one mess after another for Suzi to clean up as he dressed for work. He gave her a token kiss on the way out the door, ignoring the pout on his lovely wife’s face. It was then she noticed he’d left the pile of bills he usually took to work to pay.

By the time she had gotten on some shoes to try to catch him in the driveway, she heard Mustang was already peeling onto the street. Suzi ran out to the pavement and gestured wildly, but he didn’t see her. “Slow down!” she yelled after him, for all the good it did.

Shaking her head she walked back into the house, concerned that some of the bills might soon become past due. She knew that if they incurred any late fees, Steve would get angry and then she’d have to hear him bitch about

it for hour after hour. She loved her husband, but sometimes he acted like a bratty little boy. *Or a little bitch.*

On the other hand, she was tempted to let him take the consequences of his actions. In truth she will still a bit hurt about how he'd left, as if he was indifferent. She sighed to herself. She would be the grownup. Fortunately, she knew how to pay the bills online, so she sat down at his home office desk and began opening envelopes. There were only three bills, so it should go quickly.

She was on the Visa bill when she saw the thousand-dollar balance for last month. Aside from a lot of little personal charges, there was one three hundred dollar charge and one four hundred dollar charge, both incurred during business trips to San Francisco. "What on earth..." she said to herself.

She looked more closely at the details. The four hundred dollar charge was from the last trip, when Ted went along. The merchant name completely threw her: "Krystal Clear Ent." She felt dizzy for a moment. That name. It seemed... illicit.

"What have you been up to Steve?" she asked aloud. Fortunately there was a phone number associated with the charges.

Suzi listened to the line ring, her stomach in knots at the possibility an escort agency or a sexy-sounding young woman would answer. She was taken aback back the seductive voice that came out of the phone.

"Hello," the voice purred, "this is Krystal. Would you like to make an appointment?" The voice was feminine but in a much lower register than most women. There was something about it...

"I... uh," Suzi fumbled. "What sort of business is this?"

"Oh!" Krystal said brightly. "It's not often I get female clients. Unlike some of the girls, I do not discriminate. To answer your question, I am an incall and outcall escort, and I also do phone sex if you have a major credit card handy. I give *very* good phone, Sugar. What else would you like to know about my services?"

Suzi's mouth worked soundlessly.

"Bashful, are we?" Krystal said gently. "How sweet. Well, I'll tell you what most of them ask, and save you the embarrassment. I'm a full eight and a half inches, nice and thick down there. It's circumcised, and it's very, *very* functional."

"You're a *man*?"

“Well maybe once, I suppose. I’m a pre-operative transsexual, like the ad says. A shemale, if you like that word.”

“You mean like an *advertisement* ad?” Suzi puzzled.

Krystal became hesitant. “Sugar, where did you get my number?”

“From my husband’s credit card bill. How... when..?”

“Oh, dear, I’m being indiscreet without meaning to,” Krystal said sheepishly. “I think it’d be best if we stop right there.”

“No! Wait! I have to know. Has he *been* with you?”

“Discretion is part of what my client are paying for.”

“I’d say that’s already gone.”

“Maybe so. But, Sugar —”

“Suzi.”

“Okay, Suzi. The truth is I really don’t have the time to talk with you. I’m running a business here.”

“I’ll pay you for your time! You do phone sex, right? *Talking*? Let me get my credit card!”

Krystal sighed. “Have it your way. Ready whenever you are.”

Over the next fifteen minutes Krystal had Suzi gaping in disbelief more than once as she described in shameless, lengthy detail her husband’s many visits over the last year. The pre-op transsexual matter-of-factly told her that in the first five sessions she sucked her husband’s six and a half-inch cock, and got fucked up the ass by him.

In light of last night’s conversation Suzi was amazed when Krystal revealed that starting seven months ago Steve begged her to dress him in sexy lingerie. Once her husband was dressed up *he* sucked *her* off and he even took her big cock up his ass, which made him orgasm each time she fucked him.

“Oh, my God!” Suzi moaned.

“Don’t you worry, Suzi. I always wear a condom.”

“And—and he *likes* this?”

“No, he *loves* it.”

“Oh, my God!” she moaned even louder.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to upset you. I’ll stop.”

“No, please. Tell me all of it.”

“Okay,” Krystal said. “After I dressed him up and made him the bottom, I figured we’d be doing that without a lot of variation. Once they get that, they may experiment some but they go back to getting fucked. But four

months ago he surprised me when he brought along the other gentleman. It's been both of them since then."

"What other gentleman?" Suzi asked, knowing damn well.

Krystal gave a perfect description of Ted, who got head from Krystal while Steve fucked her. Other times she fucked Steve while Ted jacked off watching. Each time Steve dressed up in lingerie. And last time, Ted wore panties and a bra and gave me head."

And to think they carried on about the transsexual director!

"It gave him a huge boner, too."

"The other man? He got the boner?"

"They both did, just from putting on the panties. Don't feel bad. A lot of men react like that."

Reeling in her mind, Suzi thanked the transsexual woman and hung up, even though Krystal said she still had ten minutes left on her fiftydollar charge. "Call back anytime for those ten, Sugar."

Suzi looked around in disbelief. She didn't know whether to laugh, cry or scream or do all three. For a moment she contemplated going to the wet bar and getting gloriously drunk, but that wouldn't solve anything. She phoned Tess, telling her best friend in a shaky voice she needed her right away.

Tess showed up five minutes later, still wearing the shorts and the halter top she'd been doing housecleaning in. She raised her eyebrows seeing her best gal pal sitting on the living room sofa and downing scotch on the rocks. And when she asked what was wrong, she got an earful over the next two minutes.

"That son of a bitch," Tess declared when Suzi finished, in tears.

"Which one of them?" Suzi quavered.

"Both of them," Tess said. Then she saw how distraught her friend was.

"Oh, hon, I'm so sorry."

She took Suzi into her arms and held her as the tears came, hugging her tightly to her and softly stroking her hair. After a minute Suzi's tears subsided and she began stroking back, making soft kittenish mewls of pleasure.

Suzi pulled back and looked deep into her best friend's eyes before her lips descended ardently upon hers. Tess happily accepted the kiss but then broke it when Suzi's tongue pushed into her mouth.

"Are you sure about this?" Tess asked. "Remember last time?"

Suzi's gaze was filled with intense passion. "I've wanted you for so long.

The only reason I stopped us last time was out of respect for Steve. All that has changed now. Fuck him.”

As Suzi reached for the older woman’s snug terrycloth shorts Tess was pleased she’d not thrown on more clothes in her haste to get here. She lifted her butt and let Suzi slide them off. She wore transparent panties under the shorts. Holding Suzi’s eyes with a loving gaze, she lifted her arms over her head and sighed as the younger woman pulled off her top, stripping her almost completely.

“Oh, baby,” Tess said. “I’ve dreamed of this for *so* long!”

Tess had missed the woman to woman sex she’d enjoyed in college ten years earlier, and so many times over the course of their long friendship she had fantasized about this moment with Suzi.

Suzi had seen her friend nearly naked many times, but this was so completely different. She marveled anew at Tess’s long tan legs.

Underneath Tess’s diaphanous pink panties, the tiny strip of her pubic patch and plump vaginal lips clung to the fabric. “Oh, God, you’re so perfect,” she breathed. She gingerly traced her friend’s labia, felt that womanly flesh so warm beneath her fingertips.

Suzi nearly swooned as Tess gently caught her hand, guided it under the waistband of those nearly see-thru panties. She eased her finger down the slit of Tess’s vulva, nearly moaning as loudly as her best friend as it entered a pussy sopping wet with excitement.

Several hours and a dozen orgasms between the two of them later, the two new lovers cuddled in the master bed and discussed how things were going to change in their households. Both of them felt taken for granted sometimes, but now they’d been betrayed.

Their men had not only been unfaithful, they’d risked arrest, possible danger and, condoms aside, even possible disease with that prostitute, even if the pre-op TS was as prudent as she sounded. More to the point, who knew how long it had been going on?

“How much of our money have they spent?” Tess angrily asked. “How much have they spent on shemale prostitutes when we have done so much to make homes they can be proud of? I don’t know about you, but I’ve given Ted everything he’s asked for in bed.”

“As have I with Steve,” Suzi said. “But clearly there are some things we just can’t give them.”

“Or that they’ve been too ashamed to ask for,” Tess observed. “But we’re

well beyond that now, aren't we, beautiful?"

"Yes we are."

"So maybe we should give them what they so obviously want. Only I say we give them more than they bargained for. A *lot* more. *We* take charge of *them*. Could you handle that?"

"Handle what?"

"Given them all their kinks and then some, go beyond their fantasies. I warn you, it could get heavy."

"Tess, I just found out my husband was getting dressed in drag and getting fucked by a—a shemale, I guess. How much heavier can their fantasies get?"

"We'll have to look at what Steve keeps on his PC," Tess said.

"Yes, of course. He'd keep his favorite stuff on there."

Tess stood. "Lead the way, darling. Let's find out what Steve's been jerking off to these days. And don't worry. I'm here for you."

Twenty minutes later both women were shaking their heads, though Tess wore a wry smile when she saw some of the stuff Steve had emailed to her husband.

"I'm still game," Suzi said firmly.

"It one thing to read about it and see photos, I imagine it will be quite another to actually see your husband do it, to *participate* in it. And there's one thing that we both need to ask... What if *we* end up liking it? What if we find out we're just as kinky as they are?"

Suzi looked to her best friend with eyes brimming with love. "As long as you're with me, Teresa, I can face anything... I *love* you."

"I love you, too, Suzi."

"Oh, Baby..."

They kissed passionately yet again. When they finished the long kiss, Tess and Suzi both called their husbands at work to tell them to meet them after work in the bar at the restaurant down the street from Suzi and Steve's. That was where the two wives had planned a little surprise for them, but that's all they said.

"It's a surprise. A big one," was all they said to their men.

After they hung up their calls, Tess began to discuss in detail what she had in mind. They had hours to prepare.

At six PM, Suzi and Tess stood into the restaurant bar dolled up to the nines, wearing the kind of racy dresses and high, spike heels that only sexy

women in Los Angeles can get away with wearing in public. All they'd tell their husbands is that they were celebrating and the real surprise was waiting at home.

The two husbands, looking as pleased as cats in a canary store, drank with gusto. Tess and Suzi decided to let their men have just enough tequila to loosen them up and blunt their inhibitions. They were going to make them do things they need to be tipsy for.

Forty minutes later Tess and Suzi arrived at Suzi and Steve's home far more sober than their husbands. The guys were not yet sloppy drunk but they were feeling little pain. The ladies herded their men onto the sofa. Looking like sex goddesses they stood over their husbands, who exchanged grins. Their grins faded when their wives began slapping glossy printouts onto the coffee table: the shemale porn photos Steve had sent to Ted, print outs from shemale chat groups and, most damning of all, a print out of escort Krystal's website. Suddenly they looked as guilty as choirboys caught in the act of mutual masturbation behind the church.

"You boys are so fucking busted."

"W-where did you get that?" Steve blurted.

"We got off your PC this afternoon. Most of it you sent to Ted," Tess said.

"It's in your email folders. You *should* clean them out."

"Except for Krystal's ad," Suzi smirked. "She sent that to me. Charming young lady."

"W-who's Krystal," Ted fairly whined.

"Nice try, little boy. Suzi got her number off Steve's credit card bill and had a lovely chat."

"We know everything," Suzi said with chilling finality.

"*Everything*," Tess emphasized, staring down her husband.

"S-so, w-what does... what are you going to do?"

"That's not the right question," Tess said with an evil glint in her eyes. It's what *you* boys are going to do."

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"I mean you'll do what we say. Without question. Anything," Suzi added.

"A-a-and if we don't?" Steve babbled.

"Divorce. We get fifty percent based on the law *and* —" Tess looked to her new lover to finish the thought.

"And we will tell everyone *why* we're divorcing you. How our *dear* husbands," Suzi took on a tone of playacted anguish, "were fucking some—

some... transsexual hooker." She choked back a false sob. Then her voice went back to a matter-of-fact tone. "You'll never be able to show your faces again anywhere in town."

"Remember how I was a drama minor in college, Ted?" gloated Tess. "I'll be up for an Academy Award after I break down again and again recounting the terrible tale of my perverted husband... the shemale fucker."

Ted popped to his feet and drew back his fist half-heartedly. "Why I ought to..."

Tess stared him down. "Go ahead and do it, Ted. The story will have a much bigger dramatic effect if I tell it with a black eye. Oh yes, and then fuck the fifty-fifty divorce. I'll get it *all*."

The two husbands exchanged guilty, beaten looks. Finally Steve sighed, "What do you want us to do?"

"That's the spirit!" Suzi chirped. "Take off all your clothes and get on your knees. The both of you. And hurry!"

"And don't you dare look up at us until we say."

One minute later the two men knelt naked in front of their wives and staring at the carpet, their faces slack with shock as the women outlined exactly what was going to happen over the next four weeks.

The two couples had planned a vacation together in San Francisco, Reno and Las Vegas. Instead of leaving town for the whole month they'd arranged, the couples would stay at home and the husbands would become their wives' sissy slaves, completely feminized and doing anything they were told.

"Wh-what do you mean by feminized?" Ted asked. It was bravado. Their wives could tell he knew.

"We mean you'll both spend the whole time in women's lingerie and clothing, shoes and wigs, made up like sluts," Suzi explained. "You'll walk like girls and behave like girls... Shave your bodies."

"And since we hear from Krystal the two of you have discovered the joys of cocksucking and anal sex," Tess added, "you'll be getting plenty of that too. At the very least you'll both become very accustomed to sex with each other."

Ted muttered weak protests completely lacking in conviction, as if by his token defiance he'd be relieved of responsibility for diving down the kinky rabbit hole their wives had just described. Steve's expression was far different from Ted's; it seemed to convey a sudden change of heart, of

longing.

Seeing Steve's look, Suzi wondered if feminization and domination were hidden desires. Perhaps these were fantasies he'd entertained for years yet never dared to explore—other than with shemale prostitutes, anyway. In short, Steve seemed as if he was almost glad to hear his fate.

All the while Suzi and Tess described their plans to them, the two women had each their hands under each other's dresses, teasing their clits. Their husbands hadn't noticed this whole time because they'd been commanded to lower their gaze. The two wives were hornier from masturbating each other in front of their men and them not knowing.

Suddenly Tess felt a strong twinge of mischief. "I think it's time our sissies knew everything, don't you lover?" she said to Suzi.

"I agree, darling. Look up at us, boys."

Steve and Ted looked up. They gasped seeing their wives' legs open wide, their labia spread, and their hands rubbing their moist and glistening slits.

"Holy shit!" Ted gasped.

Relishing their look of shock, Tess explained how they'd never planned it despite their subconscious mutual attraction, but in comforting each other in their discovery, one thing had led to another. She noted with great satisfaction that they had rock hard boners as they knelt there.

"Enough talk," Suzi said, reluctantly pulling her fingers out of Tess's moist vulva. "Both of you crawl to the master bathroom."

As Steve and Ted knelt on the thick bathroom throw rug, they saw their wives had everything all set up: a fresh package of pink ladies razors and a can of ladies shaving cream, plus a can of bubble bath. There was also loofas and apricot scrub.

As the warm-hot water run into the huge two-person tub, Tess sprinkled in enough scented bubble powder to create some nice bubbles. Soon there was a good nine inches of water in the tub.

"That's enough," Suzi said, shutting off the taps. "The two of you get in there. Steve, take a razor and shave Ted's legs. And Ted, stroke Steve's cock for doing you this favor."

Ted stood up. He started to protest. "But—"

Tess reached over and slapped him across the face. "No backtalk."

Ted weakly raised his hand again, perhaps hoping Tess would shrink back, at least give him a psychological edge. No such luck.

"Ted, I hope you don't misjudge me, but I have no qualms at all about

ending our marriage on financial terms very favorable to me and that will be social poison to you.” Tess glared as she said this, her voice rising. “Now get back on your knees. NOW!”

The look on her face sent him back to his knees.

“If we didn’t make it clear out there, I will explain it again” Tess explained. “There is no negotiation, no protest, just immediate obedience. You’ll drink each other’s piss if we say so... Not that we’d tell you to do that.”

“*Probably* not,” Suzi said with an evil chuckle. “But for now you two better get damn well used to each other’s dicks, because you’re going to be very intimate with them over the next four weeks. Now get in that tub and do what we tell you.”

“Otherwise prepare to be ruined in every way possible.”

Suzi and Tess sat on the edge of the tub, gleefully watching their husbands sit side by side in the big tub and engage in this perversity, both of them harder than young men in a titty bar.

“Looks like Ted is more excited than he’s letting on,” Suzi said with a chuckle.

“I believe you’re right, lover. He just can’t handle it... *yet*. Be sure to jack off your buddy real good, Ted.”

Steve gently spread shaving cream on Ted’s hairy thighs while Ted softly milked Steve’s boner. Steve groaned with pleasure.

After Steve had shaved the tops of both Ted’s thighs, his wife ordered him to straddle Ted’s hips so he could shave his calves and shins. Ted was ordered to reach between Steve’s legs and stroke his throbbing cock. After Ted’s legs were smooth Steve moved to shave his chest and flat tummy and finally his forearms. Fortunately Ted’s back and ass were relatively hairless.

“Not bad,” Tess commented running her hands over husband’s body. “Now, don’t you think you owe your buddy a nice blowjob for making you feel so sexy?”

Ted opened his mouth to protest and then shut it just as quickly. Steve on the other hand licked his lips, his eyes glazed with desire. Steve groaned loudly when his best friend’s mouth encircled his manhood. Ted began lightly sucking his buddy’s dick.

To nobody’s surprise, perhaps to his, Ted went quickly from tentative to eager cocksucking. After two minutes their wives told them to stop. Now it was Steve’s turn to be as smooth as a sissy should be.

Twenty minutes later the two wives sat their husbands down in front of the large bathroom mirror, a huge selection of makeup arrayed there plus two fresh pink razors and a bottle of baby oil.

“It’s time for you sissies to learn how to close shave,” Suzi said.

Shemale hooker Krystal had been good enough to pass along a few tips to Suzi, including how to do an extra close shave, stretching the skin tightly and using the baby oil to do repeated passes over the hairiest spots. She had been very helpful. She wanted to help.

“Now you two sissy sluts pay careful attention,” Suzi instructed them as she picked up a razor and the baby oil, with which she began to coat her husband’s face. “You’ll both be required to do this on your own from now on, from the close shave to the makeup.”

Steve and Ted looked at their wives with a mix of fear and lust, Steve mostly with excitement, realizing how far this could go. They could do nothing about it if they wanted their reputations intact.

With trembling hands clutching their hairless thighs, with boners that throbbed despite their humiliation, they sat there in front of the mirror and watched their wives shave their faces far smoother than they had ever been. Baby’s ass smooth.

By pulling the facial skin taut, angling the razors and constantly washing off the blades, Suzi and Tess gave their husbands the same kind of intense shave that shemales use before they can afford electrolysis. The wives described what they were doing so their sissy husbands could do it next time.

Five minutes later, Steve and Ted stroked their faces carefully. They had a look of amazement, never had their faces been that smooth. When Tess gave them the order to kiss, this time Ted didn’t hesitate.

The sissy husbands melted together in a tight hug as they pressed their mouths together and sucked on each other’s hot, probing tongues. And they both wondered what was next.

Feminized Husbands

The two wives sipped margaritas and took their time turning their husbands’ handsome faces into passably feminine yet trappy visages, laying on foundation, eyeliner, shadow, mascara, rouge and lipstick with

very heavy hands. They explained every step so that their sissy husbands would be doing this for themselves before long.

Next they led them to the bedroom where two blonde wigs waited on stands and matching black, lacy bras, panties and garter belts lay on the bed along with sheer stockings, and pairs of five-inch leather pumps the two wives had bought for their men at the Hustler store earlier in the day.

Fifteen minutes later, helping their husbands get dressed up for the first time, slightly tipsy Tess turned to Suzi. “Damn, honey, I can’t believe how *good* they look. Sexy as some of the shemales in those ads. I’m horny as fuck.” She looked at their two transformed husbands, whose cocks were rock hard in their panties. “They are too! Look in the mirror, sluts!”

“Yes,” Suzi agreed. “Look what naughty sissy sluts you are.”

Steve turned to the huge mirror on the sliding closet door with his buddy. Never in his wildest dreams could have he imagined this moment. Just the sight of the two of them was almost enough to make him cum. Suddenly he wanted to go down on his longtime buddy in the worst way.

“Y’know,” Suzi slurred, a little more drunk than her new lesbian lover, “we can’t keep calling them Steve and Ted. They don’t deserve men’s names. Not a couple of sissy sluts like these.”

“Got any ideas?”

“Yeah.” She walked right up to her husband, looked triumphantly. “Forget Steve,” she smirked. “Fuck Steve. Your name is now. . . Stacy. How do you like your new name, Stacy?”

“I love it, Suzi. I —ow!” he cried as his wife slapped him hard.

“*Mistress!*” she hissed. “Or Mistress Suzi. Got it?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he whimpered.

“Good. Then get down on the knees and suck — hey, lover? What’s your bad girl called?”

“Britnee! He’s always going on and on about her being, quote, ‘a no-talent slut,’ among other things.”

“Very good. Get down on your knees, Stacy, and suck Britnee’s dick.

Britnee you better tell him when you get ready to orgasm so we can see you

shoot it into his mouth. Both of you nod if you understand.”

Steve, now Stacy, nodded as if in a daze. Part of him was horrified to be in full lingerie and makeup and wig, mostly to be seen this way by his wife, best buddy and wife, and yet he was thrilled beyond belief. He couldn't believe that he looked far, far sexier than he ever had in his clandestine dress-ups when Suzi had left the house for lengthy periods. It both worried and excited him just how much trouble his wife and his buddy's wife were going to in giving them excitingly girly makeover.

Even better—I'm being ordered to act out my deepest fantasies. I can do what I'm dying to do and not feel bad about it. I wonder what other fantasies they're going to make us go through?

He'd fantasized about all of these things. He'd dreamed of dressing up in front of his wife or, better still, being feminized by her. He'd dreamed of being a sissy sex slave, and he'd jacked off so many times to the thought of giving head to Ted as a sissy in his own home. Now nobody could judge him for his desires, so he eagerly took his buddy's cock in his mouth.

Britnee! Mmmm, what a fucking fantasy cum true!

His best buddy was now a sissy slut named Britnee and he was getting to suck him off. Oh, he wanted to get fucked too! He couldn't help it! He wanted so much! What he wanted most right now was to suck Ted-Britnee's hard dick and drink his hot spunk!

He thrilled at the soft, hot skin of Britnee's seven-inch boner in his mouth, the fat purple head sliding over his tongue, and the juicy precum tingling his taste buds. Oh, fuck he could suck this dick or *any* dick all night long. This is what he was born to do— to be a sissy cocksucker. A dick-hungry sissy slut!

His ears perked up as he felt Britnee's groaning get louder, his breathing quicken. “Oh, I'm gonna do it, Mistresses!” he heard Britnee say. “I'm gonna cum!”

“Stacy, pull back and open your mouth wide and catch *every* drop! Britnee starting jacking it off until you cum! Make sure every drop gets in his mouth! Don't swallow, Stacy. Not until we give you permission to. We want to see what you look like with a mouth full.”

Stacy made sure his eyes were wide open so he could watch his sissy buddy jack off that hot tool, see the—yes! There it was. A thick, white splash blasted from Britnee’s cockhead and right between his lips. The gooey, sticky jet was hot on his lips and tongue. He had to control himself not to swallow it

“Milk it! Every drop, Ted—I mean, Britnee,” Tess husked. “Right in his mouth.”

Soon there was no more. Stacy waited for orders. Hoping to be ordered to swallow it all. Or better yet —

“Britnee, get on your knees face to face with him.”

His buddy did so, post-orgasmic lust glazing his eyes.

“Now,” ordered Suzi, “the two of you kiss deeply, lots of tongue, and share that sperm between your mouths like two lovers and a piece of bubble gum! Really savor your cum!”

Hungrily Steve pressed his lips to Ted’s, Stacy to Britnee, and thrust his tongue in, allowing the thick, sharp cum to flow between their mouths. He half expected his buddy to pull back, but he didn’t. He felt Britnee’s tongue just as eagerly slither together with his and the playfully passed the huge wad of cum between their mouths. He figured that Britnee must still be horny from blowing her load.

“I’d have never believed it if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes,” Stacy heard Tess say. “My husband, the cum eating sissy slut.”

After a while the women ordered them to swallow the cum load, which they both eagerly did. The two of them knelt there on the carpet with jizz-shiny lips, looking up at their wives far gone in a deep French kiss. The wives soon broke their kiss and looked down.

“What do you think they should do next, baby?” Tess asked.

“Your husband still has to do some cocksucking,” Suzi said.

“Plenty of time for that,” Tess replied. “I think first we both need to take their virginity.”

“Didn’t Krystal say she’d already fucked Steve, I mean Stacy, up the ass? And he *loved* it?”

“True. But now he’s going to lose it to *you*. And don’t you think it’s time my Britnee knows what it truly feels like to be the girl?”

“Absolutely. Let’s get those dildos out, lover.”

The two women made their husbands lay jackknifed over opposite sides of

the bed so that their mouths could reach while their wives deep fucked them with strap-ons. The two sissies were still horny from the blowjob and cum-sharing, and the idea of getting it up the ass from their wives excited them. Both Stacy's and Britnee's eyes glazed over with lust as they saw their wives approach the bed. The women were near-naked, their nipples hard, and they wore only panties and dildo harnesses with ten-inch long, life-like latex cocks attached, slippery with lube.

The ladies then coated their fingers with thick, slippery lube. Both sissy husbands felt their wives' slick fingers pressed against their twitching buttocks. They heard the command to beg for it.

"Oh, please finger-fuck my hot sissy asshole, Mistress Suzi. Your slut begs you to defile his horny little ass."

"Gladly, my dear husband," said Suzi, and then she firmly pushed her finger all the way up into her man's sissy rectum, feeling the tight ring of muscle twitch with excitement.

"Oh, fuck!" groaned Stacy.

"Good sissy!" his wife praised. "Now squeeze my finger with your asshole! Show me what a horny slut you are."

Meanwhile, Tess didn't even wait and violated her husband's anus with little warning. She wasn't surprised at all at his gasp of pleasure. But then, she's already found his stash of anal toys at home. She knew her husband, sissy Britnee, could take a big cock.

The two wives had been laying down plans all afternoon long. Britnee—both of them—would soon take more cock up the ass than they could imagine in all of their pornographic, cum-speckled fantasies. They would line up a huge assortment of cocks for them to please over the next month!

But the first time, their wives would break them in. Then their husbands would truly know their new place in the marriage while they paid for their lying and deceit. Revenge was just beginning, and oh it would be sweet!

Stacy and Britnee lay bent over opposite sides of the bed so that their mouths reached. Their wives stood behind their parted legs wearing dildo harnesses with ten-inch long, life-like latex cocks attached, all slippery with KY jelly. They wiped the excess lube of their husbands' backs and stepped in, easing fingers up their asses.

"Ohhhhhhh!" Suzi groaned in ecstasy.

Suzi finger-fucked Stacy's asshole and Tess violated Britnee's hot little hole, lubed fingers that probed and readied them for the ass fucking of their

lives. The pair of crossdressed sluts moaned loudly, like a couple of bitches in heat.

"I'd say they're ready, darling," Tess said to Suzi.

"But, Tess—OW!" Britnee wailed as his wife slapped his face.

"Number one, you will say '*Mistress* Tess,' never forget that."

"Yes, Mistress Tess," Britnee whimpered.

"Number two, while Suzi and I would love to take half of your assets *and* humiliate both of you to everyone you know, we have no desire to break up all the fun we've been planning."

"We'll be very angry if you interfere with our fun," Suzi said.

"Yes, we will. So here is the rule: if you continue to disobey or hesitate or backtalk, you'll be punished. And we've seen quite enough kink on your computers to get some very good ideas of how to do that. Do you understand, slut?"

"Y-yes, Mistress Tess," Britnee said. A tear escaped his eye, and yet he was harder than ever.

"What do you say?" Suzi asked. "Time to give these fillies a ride?"

"Giddyup!" Tess laughed.

Steve couldn't believe how badly he wanted to be fucked, to *become* horny little slut Stacy. He wanted his wife to fuck his ass, he wanted Tess to do it, and most of all he wanted his buddy to fuck his ass. With his fantasies coming true one by one he couldn't help being eager to try everything at least once and maybe twice!

Oooh, and now it was coming! The slippery latex tip, slightly cool to the touch, pressed against the willing ring of muscle of his buttohole, his man-pussy. He couldn't help it, he whimpered for his Mistress-wife to shove it inside him, to fuck his slutty ass.

"Stacy, you naughty slut," Suzi giggled.

"Yes, Mistress Suzi," he cried. "I'm your sissy slut!"

It only turned him on all the more as she laughed in delight before she slowly but firmly shoved the rubber dick up inside him.

Oh, the hot-nasty feeling of his rectum filling up with cock, even a fake one, was so yummy, feeling that life-like, slick surface gliding up and down his rectal walls. He felt his dick go stiff into the comforter and he inched forward so his face reached his buddy's.

"Oh, Britnee, I love getting fucked. I love being a little bitch with you," he breathed.

It turned him on to hear Ted/Britnee grunt as his wife plowed his ass. Soon his best friend's breath began snorting out his nostrils, groaning deeply in his throat. The gazed longingly, excitedly into each other's eyes and saw all pretense and hesitation stripped away.

And then Britnee brought his mouth to his, and the two crossdressed buddies began passionately kissing, sucking on each other's tongues as their wives fucked their sissy asses. As Stacy eagerly accepted fucking, the mental change was finally happening and he might never go back to who he was.

Stacy now badly wished to be a *She*—a cock-loving, horny bitch in heat kind of She. And he could see how much Britnee loved getting fucked, how much his buddy had also become, at least for now, a SHE. Oh what a turn-on that was!

Stacy arched his sissy ass higher in the air, hoping Mistress Suzi would pound it deeper. Oh, fuck he wished he could be a real girl, or shemale—that would be even better! To get fucked like this all the time would be heaven!

His cock throbbed harder with each dildo thrust against his prostate gland, and he knew he might actually shoot a load from it. As much as he wanted to be ordered to clean up the mess with his tongue, he didn't want to stain the bedding.

"May a sissy speak, Mistress Suzi?" he begged his wife.

"Speak slut," Suzi commanded.

"A sissy slut might actually cum from getting fucked. He doesn't want to mess the bed."

"What a thoughtful sissy," Suzi praised.

"He is a good girl, isn't he?"

Both wives back off for a second, switched their fierce assaults into a gentle sliding in and out of their husbands' assholes. They looked at each other and nodded. They had done their research about this possibility and planned for pretty much everything.

"Sluts!" commanded Tess. "Bring that heavy armchair from the wall and set it against the foot of the bed, facing out."

While Suzi laid a hand towel on the floor in front of the chair, Tess removed her strap-on. She set the dildo on its base atop the towel eight inches in front of the seat. Tess ordered her husband to lower himself onto it, so his shoulder blades were resting against the chair. Britnee moaned loudly as the

dildo slid in ever deeper that Tess could reach with the harness. His seven-inch cock meat sprang to attention. It oozed precum.

“Oh, Mistress!” he moaned.

“My goodness, your little slut really does love a dick in his ass,” Suzi giggled. “We’ll have to make sure he gets plenty! Mine too!”

“And to think we wondered if our bad boys would be up for it. You’re right. We’ll make sure they get all of the dick they want.”

Stacy leaned over the chair, his legs spread wide and his hands grasping the back on the chair arms. Britnee’s mouth was just below his raging cock. At his mistress’ order he scrunched down so his cock would reach Britnee’s mouth. He groaned as he felt his buddy’s hot mouth engulf his throbbing prick.

Stacy shuddered as he felt Tess spreading his asscheeks for his wife, who got between his parted legs. He again whimpered for his wife to fuck him like the sissy slut he was, and was rewarded by the latex boner again thrusting deep into his rectal cavity.

Stacy felt his wife grab his waist, eagerly thrusting the dildo deep up his sissy cunt. He loved the feeling each thrust pushing his cock deeper into his best friend’s sucking, ruby red lips. Before Stacy knew it he was crying out in a higher timbre and pitch in orgasm as his wife’s dildo action on his asshole squeezed his spasming prostate into gushing jets right into Britnee’s mouth.

“Jack off and catch it in your hand, Britnee,” Tess hissed into her husband’s ear. “And swallow that cum.”

Suddenly Britnee got angry, became Ted again. *Britnee? Like hell!* How dare his wife be a domineering bitch and tell him what to do! He pulled his mouth away from his best buddy’s dribbling boner. Like hell he was going to swallow—or follow any other orders. This whole thing had gone on far enough!

But you love it, Ted!

AT that very moment his dick spurted a huge glut of cum. By reflex he caught it in his hand so it wouldn’t stain the carpet.

See, Ted? You just came! Face it... you’re horny from this.

He tried to tell himself that it wasn’t his fault he was turned on. He was still a little drunk from all those Margaritas, plus all the sexual stimulation was clouding his brain. But no more!

“Britnee,” Tess snapped. “I don’t see you licking up your cum.”

Suzi pulled out of Stacy's asshole and told her husband to kneel on the carpet beside her. Suzi, Tess and Steve all looked expectantly at Britnee, waiting for him to lick up his cum out of his palm.

Instead of licking up his cum, Britnee-Ted opened his mouth and very deliberately drooled the rest of Steve's jizz into his hand. There was a good ounce of semen in his cupped palm.

"I told you to swallow Stacy's cum, Britnee," Tess said, getting into his face. "Now you have twice as much to swallow. We're all waiting for you, sissy."

"Fuck, no." And with that he stood and wiped the whole load on the right side of his wife's face and stared back defiantly. "This is over," he declared. Tess looked back calmly, coldly. "Oh, no, dear husband. It's just getting started. And now it's time to teach you an abject lesson." Cum still dripped down her face and onto her lovely breasts, she stood and turned to Suzi.

"May I borrow your cellphone, lover?"

"Please do, darling."

Tess walked over to her lover's purse on the dresser, extracted the cellphone and started dialing. She looked Britnee square in the eye as she dialed. "You brought this on yourself."

"Who-who are you calling?" Ted asked, his bravado starting to crumble. Being fully crossdressed, he had little bravado to start with. His expression said it was a lost cause.

"I'm calling the after-hours number for Greenlee Properties. I'm going to report my husband in dangerously unbalanced—wearing women's clothes and having kinky sex with transsexual prostitutes. I'm going to ask if the company has any emergency psychiatric referrals for such a situation. Now, do I first ask the operator for Victor Lewis in Operations or for your boss? Decisions, decisions."

"You wouldn't dare," Ted whispered, his courage gone.

"Have you forgotten already? Fifty percent? All of it if you lay a hand on me?" she gloated. Then she spoke into the phone. "Just a second, operator." Ted felt like he'd just been kicked in the nuts. The divorce aside, this perversion getting out really would be the end of him. All of a sudden he was filled with despair. His eyes filled with tears. "I-I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. It just took me by surprise. Oh, please oh, please don't tell! Don't tell."

"And no more backtalk or rebellion?"

“No! I promise. Oh, please oh please I’ll do anything you say!”

“Never mind, operator,” Tess said into the phone. “I don’t need to talk to anybody at the moment. Maybe later.” She hung up and put the phone into the purse.

“Oh, thank you. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank—”

“Shut *up*, Britnee.”

Ted was Britnee again. All defiance was gone.

“First, Britnee, you can start atoning for your sins by licking up all of the cum off my face and tits. You like the taste of cum, don’t you Britnee?”

Both wives stared him down. He hung his head, blushing. “Y-yes, M-mistress,” Britnee moaned reluctantly.

“That’s not good enough. I want to hear your enthusiasm, sissy.”

“Oh, yes, Mistress Tess!” Britnee cried out.

A minute later, Tess as sat in the chair, Britnee had licked the jizz off of her face and now was cleaning up her lovely, firms breasts. She noted that Stacy was pouting.

“What’s wrong sissy Stacy?”

“Just a little envious, Mistress Tess.”

“Oh, you want to be licking up all this cum? Is that it?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Well, how about this? How about you come over here and lick my pussy while this other sissy licks up the rest of all this semen? Would you like that, sissy?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress!” Stacy bubbled. He leapt to his feet and moments later he’d knelt between his wife’s best friend’s legs. He licked her juicing labia and cunt hole with great desire.

Tess moaned, loving Stacy’s educated tongue. She already knew from Suzi he could be a great pussy-licker. She might have to ask her lover to loan her this slut.

As Britnee licked the rest of the cum off her tits, Tess told her husband.

“Are you ready to pay for your defiance, Britnee?”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” he said.

“Good. Get behind Stacy, gently part your buddy’s asscheeks and lovingly lick all of that lube off of his asshole.”

Stacy moaned as he felt Britnee gently spread open his ass and plant his hot, wet tongue on his asshole, licking tentatively.

“Stacy’s anus isn’t too dirty, is it Britnee?” Tess asked.

“N-no, Mistress,” the older sissy slave replied, pulling away from Stacy’s asshole just long enough to answer. Then he went back to rimming.

“Too bad,” Tess mock pouted. “You really deserve a harsh lesson after that little trick.”

Tears streamed from Britnee’s eyes like a child facing a spanking, shaking his head slightly with disbelief before he began cleaning the sweet lubricant off Stacy’s gaping asshole. Thankfully all he really could taste was a slightly musky flavor of KY Jelly.

“Stacy loves getting rimmed by his sister Britnee,” Stacy moaned.

“We *know* you do, you perverted little slut,” Suzi said to her husband. “Who would have thought I have such a kinky husband?”

Britnee continued licking mightily at Stacy’s asshole. The odd thing was after a minute, he really seemed to be savoring it, carefully licking and kissing it.

“Gooooood,” Tess said. “Stacy it looks like your buddy is almost as nasty as you are. That’s good. Your mistress and I have so much planned for you two.”

“We’re going to have *so* much more fun,” Suzi said. “We’re all going to live at Tess’s place—you’ll notice I called it just Tess’s place and not Tess and Britnee’s, because now *she* is the head of household. Such a big home will mean a lot of work for a couple of sissy maids—”

“—and sissy gardeners,” Tess threw in.

“Yes, and gardeners.”

“We’re going *outside* like this?” Britnee gasped.

Tess slapped him moderately hard. “Ask for permission to speak, sissy slut!”

“I’m sorry, Mistress,” Britnee whimpered. “May I speak?”

“No, you may not, because you already spoke. But to answer your question, you’ll take us to the country club like this if we order you to. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Britnee moaned in despair.

“For the most part, we’ll be bringing people to you,” Suzi explained. “My darling and I have been doing oodles of research all day long. We’re putting together quite a list of people who can help us have fun with you two sissy sluts.”

Suddenly both crossdressed husbands looked panicked.

“Don’t worry. Nobody you know,” Suzi said.

“*Yet.*”

“Tess you are so evil,” Suzi chuckled.

“Thanks, lover. C’mon let’s go get some champagne to celebrate. I put some Domain Chandon in the ‘fridge before we all left for the bar. It should be perfect by now.”

And with that the two sexy wives, wearing only panties and dildo harnesses, left the room arm in arm, kissing and playfully feeling each up. Britnee frowned at his buddy, who tried a hopeful smile on him as if to say, “It’s not all that bad.”

Britnee’s frown turned into a scowl as the sound of clinking champagne glasses and a cork popping reached them.

“You son of a bitch,” Britnee suddenly quietly growled at Stacy. “You’re the fucking pervert who got me into all of this.”

“Uh, excuse me? *You* are the guy who wanted to know where I went when I went off on those mysterious little trips. *You* are the one who *begged* me to show you this stuff on my computer. *You* were the one who wouldn’t shut up until I introduced you to Krystal.”

“That’s beside the point, *pervert*, if it wasn’t for you—”

Britnee broke it off as their wives came back in with four champagne glasses and the bottle.

“Oh, their first lover’s tiff,” bubbled Suzi. “Isn’t it sweet?”

“Yes, but what a nice little wealth of information. You know what, darling?”

“What, beautiful?”

“I think we should fly Krystal down here for a couple of days to help sort this out.”

“I think that’s a lovely idea. Many she knows some very well-hung shemale pros down here who can help out.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised. You know, I can tell from the look on Ted—sorry, on Britnee’s face that my little sissy slut has something to say. Do you have something to say, Britnee slut?”

“Yes... Mistress.”

“Well, out with it then, silly sissy. I’m not a mind reader. Then only thing I’ve read recently is all of the kinky shemale porn on your PC— which I think makes it terribly hypocritical of you to call your sissy sister Stacy a ‘pervert’—but tell us all what’s on your little mind.”

“The cost!” Britnee sputtered. “To fly Krystal down here. It’s not just the airfare. She’ll want money for all the time she’ll be away from her

regular... customers.”

“I agree. Also, we’re planning to fly her down first class. She wanted two thousand a day but since Suzi and she have become such good friends over the phone she agreed to come down for two days for only three thousand dollars. Now wasn’t that *sweet* of her?”

“Three *thousand* dollars?” Britnee yelled. “Why that’s—OW!” He broke off as his wife hauled off an open hand across his face.

“That’s for speaking without permission, sissy. Now thank me for correcting you.”

Tears welled up in Britnee’s eyes. He’d been conquered. “Thank you Mistress Tess.”

“You do bring up a very good question about finances, though,” Tess said.

“We have to wonder how much money you boys spent on hookers and porn and stuff. And for you to criticize *us* for flying down your well-hung little playmate...”

“It’s hypocritical,” Suzi interjected.

“Yes it *is*, love,” Tess said, giving Suzi a short, deep kiss. She turned back to their husbands. “I’ll tell you what Suzi and I have decided is going to be the new way—how things are going to be around here... about how we’re all going to live.”

“Especially after the four weeks are up.”

“Yes, and some of these permanent changes are going to finance our new lifestyle of a femdom household.”

“May I speak?” Britnee asked timidly.

“Good girl, Britnee,” Tess said pleased. “But no you may not.” She turned to Suzi. “He learns quickly doesn’t he?”

“I think they’re both going to take to this new lifestyle so easily, we’ll all be surprised.”

“I think we should toast, first.”

“Good idea, darling!” exclaimed Suzi, “A toast to celebrate our sexy new lives.”

“Sissies, go get the champagne from the fridge,” Tess ordered.

Over the next ten minutes Tess and Suzi sat on the edge of the bed, sipping champagne as they looked down at their sissy husbands kneeling before them also sipping champagne but with naked shock on their faces. Actually, it was mostly Britnee-Ted in shock. Stacy really seemed to relish his new place in life.

The wives told their sissy husbands that while Stacy seemed to be the primary instigator of the husbands' misadventures, they knew that Britnee had a lot of reluctant desire that their mistresses would eventually cure him of—the reluctance part. He would come to relish the kink and the sissy sex. Tess explained the changes in their finances. In addition to the canceled vacation, there would be other cost savings. Their country club and gym memberships would immediately be canceled.

“Oh, please, Mistress,” Britnee whimpered. “It was so hard to get the country club membership.”

“It's impractical, silly,” Tess said. “Besides, you boys can't very well shower in either club with shaved bodies or whatever else we decide to do to you.”

Britnee's jaw dropped in surprise, but he said nothing.

The extra money would go into “sissy development” but the wives wouldn't say anything more than that. In the kinkiest recess of Stacy's imagination, he thought of hormones or breast implants. The very thought made his cock ache that much more.

The husbands would go to work as usual tomorrow, on Tuesday morning, but were to report immediately back home after the work day for their continued training and service to their mistresses. They would learn to do makeup and shaving on their own. It would be their duty to be sexy sluts at all times at home.

The next weekend, their month-long vacation would start at Tess and Britnee's large Brentwood mini-mansion with its large private grounds. The two women were still planning the month's activities, but their sissy husbands could expect all kinds of sexual exercises.

“After the vacation you boys go back to work. You'll wear the full set of lingerie under your business suits—panties, bra, garter belt and stockings. When you get home you'll do your makeup and continue your sissy service, just like you'll be doing over the next month,” Tess concluded. “This will go on until one *year* from today.”

“Or until we get tired of it,” Suzi added.

“Which won't be likely,” Tess said. “And then we can all figure out what to do next. So, not that you really have a lot of say in it, sissies, but are we all agreed?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Stacy and Britnee said almost in unison.

“Well, anything else?” Suzi asked. “Before we all get packed for Tess's

house?”

“Actually, I just had a thought,” Tess smiled. “You sissies will both call in sick Wednesday.”

“A fun idea, darling?” Suzi asked.

“You bet, lover.”

“Well, what is it?”

“I’ll tell you later, baby. I don’t want to spoil a good surprise.” She winked at the younger woman. “I think we ought to present our two sissy sluts with the one item they’ll wear at all times for the next year.”

Suzi reached into a package on the dresser that Stacy only just now noticed. It was a very large bag from Hustler Hollywood. Suzi’s clitty began tingling at the thought of what the bag could contain. His imagination ran wild.

He nearly swooned when Suzi produced two plain dog collars. They had only one D-ring and looked to snugly fit low on the throat.

“We can’t wear that!” Britnee blurted out then immediately cringed. “I’m so sorry, so sorry, Mistress! I take it back! I take it back! Please don’t punish me!”

Tess winked at Suzi. “What do you think? Cut him some slack?”

“He *has* been very rebellious. But then he did apologize right away, so I’d say nothing more than... I think five swats per cheek should do.”

Suzi crossed over to the Hustler bag again and withdrew what looked like a leather-sheathed Ping-Pong paddle.

Britnee’s lower lip started quivering. “Please, no, Mistress.”

“Suzi’s instinct is correct. If you really learn what your disobedience can cost you, you won’t have as many slip ups. And from what we saw on your computers, we know that *you* know this is *nothing*. Now go grab the edge of the dresser and stick that sexy, shaved ass out for us.”

Weeping and blushing at the same time, Britnee followed his wife’s order. It worried him a little that his cock was getting hard all over again. His balls ached with pleasure.

“Stacy, you kneel next to him and watch,” Suzi ordered. “We know you’re a very cooperative and willing little slut, but I think you should see up close what this will be like.”

Stacy knelt on the thick shag carpet of the bedroom floor next to the long, mahogany dresser. His buddy sissy Britnee looked so sexy up there in just garter belt, stockings, a bra and high heels. That sweet round ass of Britnee’s jutted so pertly out.

I'd love to lick Britnee's asshole later if my mistresses allow. Oh, my, what a dirty girl I am!

Stacy eyed Britnee's cock, which was still semi-hard. Apparently this vulnerable position was still something of a turn-on!

Ten whacks with paddle later, Sissy Britnee's lovely plump asscheeks glowed red. He cried softly, and yet Stacy was amazed at the rock hard boner he saw. The discipline had excited his sissy buddy hotter than almost anything except getting fucked.

This wasn't lost on Tess who whispered in his ear, "Suck his dick, Stacy."
"Yes, Mistress!"

Three seconds later Stacy had crawled under his buddy still bent over the dresser and took the throbbing tool in his mouth. Britnee's tears went away as he started groaning at the sensation. Britnee was amazed how turned on he was. His ass was burning but his dick was on fire in his buddy's mouth.

"Oh, Stacy," he moaned. "I love your hot, sexy mouth!"

Then Britnee heard his wife tell him to steady himself on the dresser. He felt that slippery finger probe his asshole again. Taking care not to pull his cock out of Stacy's mouth he arched his butt even higher. He gasped with pleasure as the full length of his mistress' dildo invaded his asshole yet again.

"Listen to this nasty, dirty sissy slut," Tess said. "What are you, Britnee?" she demanded. "Admit what you are. Keep repeating it until I say stop." Britnee was crying again, this time in pleasure, as he repeated over and, "I'm a nasty, dirty sissy slut and I love it!"

Three minutes later he blasted another load into Stacy's willing, slurping mouth, breaking his dirty girl mantra to start crying out his orgasm like a wanton slutty girl.

"Ok, you can stop saying it," Tess said.

"Mistress, I'm so dizzy," he whimpered.

"You have my permission to kneel," said his wife.

Gratefully he fell to his knees. He looked up into her fierce yet strangely loving eyes, while she held the slick dildo all juicy from fucking his horny ass.

"So, are you really a nasty, dirty sissy slut, little Britnee?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, Mistress Tess," he said without hesitation. He *meant* it.

"You love my dick, don't you?!"

Oh my god, I really do!

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Then give it a nice, big kiss!”

Shocked, the older sissy regarded the slippery dildo. It *looked* clean, but...

“Now, sissy!”

Without another word Britnee planted a big kiss on the dildo’s glistening head.

“I see you’re an eager, nasty slut, aren’t you?” Tess gloated.

“Mmmm-hmmmm, mssssresss,” he said, whimpering and nodding his head enthusiastically.

All trace of defiance was gone. He was now broken to his mistress’ will, free to be an eager sister sissy slut with his buddy Stacy

Half an hour later they loaded the Hustler bag, all of the lingerie and Steve’s porn and sex toys into Tess’s large Navigator. Sitting on hand towels to protect the upholstery, the two sissy husbands were still naked save for garter belts, stockings, bras, high heels and panties. Tess fired up the engine and put the car into gear, and soon they were headed toward the big home a mile away.

“Soon the real kinkiness will begin!” Tess chuckled. “Get ready for the time of your lives, sissies!”

Gardener Gangbang

It was Wednesday morning. For the last two nights, Stacy and Britnee had slept on the lush, manicured turf of the backyard lawn. They again wore the same lingerie their wives had first dressed them in on Monday night.

Fortunately it was unseasonably warm, so the sissies were comfortable.

Britnee and Stacy had forgiven each other for the Monday night drama, and they had spent most of Monday night on the lawn deep kissing and sucking each other’s cocks like a pair of lesbian sissies. Their mistresses theorized it would be good sister sissy bonding for them. However, the wives forbid their sissies from playing with each other’s assholes. Their sissyholes were still Mistress property.

Stacy took the opportunity to make love to Britnee’s cock for nearly an hour Monday night, driving his sissy sister to utter bliss, and then chose that method to wake Britnee up Tuesday morning. They enjoyed lengthy mutual

blowjobs until their wives roused them to cook breakfast and get ready for work. Their wives took great pleasure in picking out the lingerie they'd wear under their suits.

At work, the feel of the lingerie kept their cocks hard most of the time. When they got back to Tess's home at night, they stripped in the foyer and knelt, and they waited for their orders. Usually the two sissy husbands were ordered to bathe, shave their legs, do their makeup and put on new lingerie—and of course their slave collars.

Since neither of the sissies were especially good cooks—which their wives planned to soon train them both to do—they had meals delivered. As a treat they permitted their sissy husbands to join them at the dining table. After dinner, the sissies were set to scrubbing or polishing the many floors.

Since this was sweaty work, the wife-mistresses made them do all the chores dressed in just garter belts, stockings, panties and bra so they didn't sweat stain the French maid outfits they'd bought for them—outfits that would be their usual cleaning attire in the future. There was no sex at all that evening for the sissies.

Finally, sweaty and smelly from the evening's exertions, Tess and Suzi led their lesbian sissy husbands back out to the back yard lawn, where they slept together on the lawn while their wives shared the master bedroom. Monday night the sissies had their collars chained to a stake they had pounded into the lawn.

On Tuesday night the wives hadn't bothered to chain them up. They were making a statement that their sissy slaves' bonds were invisible. They left very strict instructions that the sissy sluts could kiss and cuddle but that was it. They could not touch each other's cocks or their own. They wanted them to be good and frustrated.

Britnee was the first sissy husband to awake on Wednesday morning. He could tell that from the position of the sun in the sky that it was almost ten and that the Mexican gardening crew would soon be there. He nudged Stacy and told him to wake up.

“Huh? What?” the sleepy Stacy mumbled.

“Stacy, we’re going to have company pretty soon now.”

Stacy sat bolt upright. “What? Who?”

Britnee explained their predicament. In no more than twenty minutes there would be four Latino gardeners tromping into the yard, and they would find the two of them like this. It would be totally embarrassing. “Embarrassing, hell!” Stacy whined. A lot of these Mexicans are devout Catholics. They could freak out. We’ve got to somehow alert our Mistresses!”

“Relax, girlie. It’s not quite so dire,” he said with a wry smile. “Yes, they’re Mexicans but they’re all from West Hollywood. Tess likes them because they’re so good with landscape design.”

Slow understanding filled Stacy’s expression and he smiled craftily. “Do you mean they’re *gay* Mexican gardeners, Britnee? Bisexual at least? Ooooooooooh!”

Britnee stared at his friend with a wry, fond smile that bordered on a smirk. “You little slut.”

“Errrr... Guilty.”

“You know, I wouldn’t be at all surprised if the girls—” “Good morning, sissies!” came Mistress Tess’s cheery voice, brimming with mischief. Suzi’s greeting sounded just as naughty. They stood in the sliding glass doorway that led to the living room, both of them wearing terrycloth robes.

“Good morning, Mistresses,” the two sissy husbands said. “We called into work for you,” Tess said. “You’re ‘sick’ today.” “We don’t think they believed it,” Suzi tittered.

“Wouldn’t it be funny if someone came to check?” Tess said. “Awww, that’s a mean tease,” Suzi said, but she still laughed. “C’mon, girls, properly display yourselves on your knees,” Tess ordered. “We have guests this morning!”

“I know, I know... Mistress,” Britnee said, blushing deeply. “Okay boys, come in!” Tess called out.

As the two sissy husbands got on their knees, still wearing just three-piece lingerie and stockings, they saw four, strapping, very hunky Latino gardeners between the ages of maybe nineteen and thirty, grinning at the sissy husbands with predatory lust. Suddenly it became very clear they were going to get more cock this morning than they had ever dreamed of.

Britnee saw the foreman of the crew, Enrique step forward. He seemed to recall “Rico” was 29 and he was strong enough to pick up two ninety-pound

bags of fertilizer at once and throw them over his shoulder. He was handsome like a Spanish movie star with a medium complexion, a trim moustache and—

“Oh, my god!” Stacy gasped as Rico unzipped his fly and hauled out an uncircumcised cock that had to be at least nine inches long. “Okay, *mamis*,” he laughed. “Who’s going to be first?”

“Oh me, oh me!” squealed Stacy.

“Such an eager little *puta*,” Rico said, grinning.

“Our slutty husbands,” Tess observed.

As the three other hunky Latino gardeners, Luis and Ramon and Pedro, began stripping off their clothes, the two lesbian mistresses peeled off their robes and pulled up lawn chairs to watch the action. Both of them look very sexy in the skimpiest of bikinis.

“I’ve told Rico and his men that you two will be doing their work later this afternoon,” Tess said. “So basically they’re getting paid for three hours of sissy training. If you want to be proper sissies you need to be well-acquainted with cock.”

“*Very* well acquainted,” Suzi added.

“Yes, Mistresses,” the two sissy husbands said.

“Oh, and Rico?”

“Yes, Mrs.?”

“Oh, you can call me Tess, and this is Suzi. With regard to our husbands, they’re all yours as long as you don’t injure them, so you big strong men can do whatever you like with them.”

If it were possible to grin any more widely, Rico and his boys couldn’t have done so. “Do you have any preferences... Tess?” “Well, Suzi and I did see a lot of shemale double-penetration, you know mouth and ass, in their porn collection, so I think it’s safe to assume they’re really interested in that. Your guys are all... healthy, right?”

“Yes. We all go to the same health clinic and take precautions with strangers. Your husbands are also both... healthy?”

“You won’t find a couple of cleaner white boys anywhere. So fuck ‘em silly.”

Stacy and Britnee blushed furiously.

Stacy was already getting on his hands and knees as Rico and Luis approached him. He was in heaven that Luis’s cock was at least as big as Rico’s! Ooooh, maybe they’d like to switch back and forth between his

mouth and his asshole—that's the best way to use a nasty, slutty sissy like him. Over and over again!

Oh, I'm going to get fucked and get to suck like a hot little bitch! Rico leered down at him. "So you'd like to suck this big Latin cock, *mami*?"

"Oh, yes, please sir! All the way!"

"Excuse me, Ma'am—uh, Tess?" asked Luis. "Do you have any lube handy?"

Suzi started to go back into the house when Tess whispered in her ear. Suzi chuckled. The Tess announced that her sissy husband's saliva would suffice for a lubricant and ordered Britnee to go give Stacy a deep anal tongue-fucking so Luis' Mexican cock would easily slip up his sissy sister's asshole.

"And don't worry Stacy," Tess chuckled. "You're going to get to do the same for him."

"Oh, goodie, Mistress!" he giggled as he proceeded to suck in Rico's long thick brown tool. Oh, it tasted so good with his manly sweat and already a tiny hint of pre-cum Three *hours* of this! His sissy cock stiffened at the thought.

A minute later Stacy let loose an extra loud moan around Rico's thrumming tool as he felt Britnee's tongue swirl around his puckered little hole and then shove right past his sphincter. He felt his asshole loosen up to accept even more of Britnee's tongue.

"Rico, may I suggest you let sissy Stacy suck Luis' cock for a minute so he can fuck my husband?" Suzi suggested. "Once you guys get him going with the double penetration then he's good to fuck for as long as you want him."

"Works for me," the lusty Latino replied.

It made Stacy nearly swoon with joy to hear his wife say that. This would be a hotter fuck than he could have ever imagined, better than any porn flick he'd ever seen. He hoped it went on for a long, *long* time! Two big, yummy Latino cocks fucking his sissy holes! *Oh, I'm a slut! I'm a slut!*

Stacy released Rico's manhood and greedily took Luis' fat cock into his mouth and coated it with saliva. He was thrilled that the huge rod in his mouth was about to fuck his man-pussy. He whimpered with lust and need

When Luis pulled out and went around back, Britnee stopped rimming Stacy, who moaned as the Mexican's engorged cockhead pressed into his

asshole so fully coated with his sissy sister's saliva. Then came the delicious friction of cockmeat pushing steadily, firmly through his anal pussy, sliding deep up into his ass. He couldn't wait to take Rico back in his mouth, but first he had to prepare his sister sissy.

Britnee got on all four in front of him and spread those shapely asscheeks wide. Breakfast! Stacy began licking and tongue probing his sissy sissy's asshole. He wished he could see this from his mistresses' viewpoint: him getting deep-fucked by Luis while he gave a rimjob to Britnee, who was giving head to Pedro!

Soon Britnee's asshole was nice and slippery, so Rico resumed his place in Stacy's sucking mouth. Stacy only wished Rico's manhood wasn't quite so fat so he could take it down his throat. Krystal said there was a trick to deep throating. Stacy wanted to.

With his palms and knees spread wide on the lush grass, Stacy rocked back and forth to drive one Latin cock deeper up his anal chute and the other deeper into his mouth.

"Holy shit!" groaned Luis. "I don't think I ever fucked any bitch hotter than this one."

"*Exactamente*," Rico chuckled. "I don't think I ever got head so eager from anyone, man or woman or in between. You're a hot little fuck, Stacy."

"Thnku, sr," Stacy managed with a mouth full of dick.

The words were a spur, making Stacy throw himself harder into his exertions. He sucked like a fiend, savoring the velvety Mexican dick flesh sliding over his tongue. At the same time he kept hammering back against Luis' hips, forcing the throbbing brown dick all the way into his tight, squeezing ass, loving how the bulbous head plowed his rectal walls and jabbed his prostate.

Stacy could already feel the precum dripping off his sissy cock. He wished he could catch and lick it!

"Rico," Luis said. "We gotta trade. This hot little sissy's ass is going to make me cum before I'm ready. Okay?"

"Let's do it, man. Telling you though, this mouth of his will do you fast enough!"

As Stacy waited for his Latin lovers to switch places he glanced over to see

his sexy Britnee in the same position. His sissy buddy was now also enjoying two stiff Chicano cocks plugging his holes. And seated next to each other, Mistress Suzi and Mistress Tess had their fingers in each other's pussies, taking breaks between viewing this perverted sissy spectacle to suck on each other's tongues.

And then the moment of truth: with a boner as rigid as a crowbar Luis knelt in front of Stacy. The Latino cock was all covered with Britnee's own spit and ass juices! The aroma was musky but not overpowering. Just the idea thrilled him so much.

Stacy had seen ass-to-mouth done in lots of porn films, had long fantasized of it. Now he was getting to do it! He hoped his mistresses were watching closely so they would see what a brave and worthy and *naughty* sissy slut he was!

He delightedly took the aromatic cock into his mouth and reveled in the flavor, hungry for it! Slowly, tenderly as he might suck a popsicle to make it last, he took his time about cleaning his ass flavor off of Luis' cock. Oh, he loved being such a dirty, sexy sissy! This was what he was meant for in life! He began to count the minutes until these Latin lovers would switch holes again. Oh, this was truly heaven!

Suzi was now sitting practically in Tess's lap in the lawn chair, her tanned round ass grinding softly into the older woman's hips, her legs spread wide and feet on the ground. With her right hand Tess reached around her lover's waist and into her thong Tess's index finger curled expertly up into Suzi's vaginal canal and teased the textured patch of cunt flesh known to experts as the G-spot. With her thumb she teased Suzi's clit. Her other hand came around and rubbed and pinched Suzi's nipples in perfect tactile balance. Suzi's head twisted back to meet Tess's in a deep French kiss, tongues in play. Already she'd had two orgasms in the space of twenty minutes at Tess's practiced hand. Suzi was pretty sure it was also seeing the wild show that her sissy husband was putting on. Who'd have thought such a kinky thing as her sissified husband getting fucked could be such a huge turn-on? *I'm probably just as big a pervert in my own way!*

Suddenly Tess pulled her mouth from her lover's and pointed at the action only twelve feet away. "Look, baby."

Luis had pulled out of Stacy's ass and was getting his dick refreshed in Stacy's mouth for what must have been the seventh or eighth time while Rico stood to one side, delicately teasing a cock that looked to angry and

purple with blood he figured it was about to explode.

Tess assumed the big climax was here. “Be sure to let us see boys!” she called. “We want to see our sissies swallow your cum!”

Obliging, the two gardeners stood to either side of Stacy’s face. They furiously beat off their dicks at his wide open mouth and eagerly extended tongue. The younger sissy smiled lewdly.

Suzi watched in fascination as her husband, still very sissified up with heavy makeup and wig—they would have to get their sissies hair extensions this weekend!—still wearing the barest of trappy lingerie waited on his knees for two Mexican cocks to shoot loads of jizz all over his face, lips and tongue. Suddenly she felt an indulgence was called for.

“You can touch your cock, Stacy. Jack off while they cum in your mouth. Just be sure you catch it so it doesn’t go to waste.”

“Oh, thank you, Mistress!”

Stacy thought he might have a heart attack he was so happy. He furiously stroked his stiff sissy cock, looking hungrily as the two big purple cockheads only inches from his gaping mouth, ready to spurt that thick Latin seed into his waiting mouth.

Oh he wanted more and more cum! As much as he could get! He was so very grateful to his wife-mistress for permission to touch himself. He felt a huge spurt getting ready to blast, a load saved up since yesterday.

The heavy panting and grunts of his two Latin lovers filled his ears as their hot loads built up. Luis was the first to climax. With a loud moan he splashed an incredible wad of cum, at least a shotglass full that splattered directly onto Stacy’s tongue, lips and chin. The horny sissy began licking the sticky cum off his lips and swallowing.

The sight of his buddy’s spurt set off Rico, who launched an equally big load of thick, hot spunk onto the sissy husband’s cheek, lips and tongue. Stacy was thrilled as the sight of those two cumloads shooting at his wide open mouth. He moaned like an eager little slut, feeling and tasting and seeing all of that lovely spunk at once, the tangy, salty-sweet sticky mess coated his tongue.

Then it came, the clench of his balls and the rushing pressure down his penile shaft. With cries of pleasure he aimed his cockhead at his palm and watched it pump one hot blast of jizz after another until his hand was full, weeping with ecstatic joy.

“Oh, Mistress! Oh, Mistress,” Stacy cried.

“Yes, my beautiful sissy husband?” Suzi asked.

“Thank you for making me your sissy! I love you so much!”

I love you too, Stacy,” she said.

As he milked the last full drops into the white, sticky pool he looked questioningly into his wife-mistress’ eyes. With an endearing smile, Suzi nodded yes. Stacy saw everyone looking, including Ramon and Pedro, who’d paused their double-fucking of Britnee to see the big climax, and Britnee himself.

“Thank you for feeding your cum-hungry sissy slut, Mistress Suzi,” Stacy said. He looked into his buddy’s eyes, who eagerly waited to see his cum-splattered buddy drink up his own cum.

Britnee’s eyes were shining. “You look so sexy, Stacy,” the older sissy said. “I’m proud of you.”

“You look sexy too, darling,” Stacy replied.

“Lick up your cum, sissy,” Suzi urged.

“Yes, Mistress!”

Right in front of all the Mexican gardeners, in front of his wife and lesbian lover, and in front of his buddy Ted-now-Britnee, Stacy lowered his pink tongue into the pool of his own cum and began licking it up like the greatest delicacy in the world.

No sooner had he licked up the last drop, he saw Ramon and Pedro shooting their loads into Britnee’s face. Stacy raced over to help lick the cum off Britney’s face. The two sissies kissed soul-deep as everyone watched and commented on the true love.

Stacy ended the kiss to regard their audience. Their wives looked as proud as they were horny. Best of all, Rico and Luis seemed to be successfully stroking themselves into new erections. And to think there was still two hours of this heaven left!

Visitor Hospitality

Friday night, the lesbian mistresses had planned a night to commemorate the formal beginning of their husbands’ month long vacation from masculinity. After helping their husbands put on their requisite slutty makeup—the wives wanted them to look their best for their houseguest, shemale Krystal—they dressed them in lingerie that was just barely street legal.

Dressing their husbands like such wanton sluts would make the drive to LAX airport a lot more exciting, especially if the sissy husbands had to get out of the car at a gas station. But even if they didn't have to, there was still plenty of light for all of the other cars to see them in the car.

The sissies looked better each passing day. The mistresses had already gotten them hair extensions in the afternoon, so they no longer needed wigs for the duration of the month. They would be able to remove the extensions when they went back to work... if they wanted to. Stack had already declared she'd wear them until her hair grew out.

The two lesbian wives sat in back, playing with each other and sipping chilled white wine while their husbands sat in front, tatted up and dressed like Sunset Boulevard hookers looking to attract every horny john that drove by.

Unlike the back seat, the front windows weren't tinted. Ever since Britnee had pulled their Navigator onto the interstate, passengers in other cars were staring, laughing, blowing kisses and such at the two sissies. Tess insisted they take the jammed freeway all the way to the airport, prolonging their exposure. Britnee was embarrassed but Stacy seemed actually proud. He wished he had real breasts so he could really give them all something to look at!

For three days the two women discussed what their future would be like. Tess and Suzi were deeply in love and would live together, no matter what their sissies decided to do. Stacy and Suzi's home would be sold, and Suzi would move in with Tess. After the year was up, their husbands could choose to live with them or not. If they chose not to, then it would be an amicable fifty-fifty split and the sissies could go on their way. Or there was another option.

"I've been doing some research into the world you bad boys—er, girls, have opened our eyes to," Tess said, as sluttily dressed Britnee drove the Navigator down the busy 405 freeway toward the airport. "Have either of you sissies heard of a polyamorous matriarchal household?"

“Sort of, Mistress Tess,” Stacy said.

“What do you think it means, sissy Stacy?”

“It means a home where a woman or the women are in charge, and

that the relationships are not strictly monogamous. Is that right, Mistress Tess?”

“Very good, sissy. What did you think when you heard about that?

Did it interest you?”

“I... May I speak freely, Mistress?”

“We expect nothing less, sissy.”

“It excited me very much. Ever since I started fantasizing about

female domination, I’ve dreamed of it but until a few days ago I thought I’d never get the chance.”

“And when did you start dreaming about female domination, my darling husband?” asked Suzi not unkindly.

“When I was about fifteen. I read a story in Hustler about a dominatrix, about the same time I first learned about shemales. I’ve always had this submissive streak in me, I think.”

Suzi looked at him with wonder. “And in six years of marriage you never thought to say anything about it?”

“I-I was afraid.”

“Of what I’d think?”

“Some. But mostly I was afraid we’d try it and I’d like it so much I wouldn’t want to stop.”

“Well, I guess we answered that one. And the sissy thing? You’ve wanted to be a sissy that whole time too?”

“Yes and no, Mistress.”

“Explain, Stacy.”

“What I fantasized most was turning into a *girl*.”

Suzi shook him head in wonder. “Unbelievable. She was right.”

“Mistress?”

“Krystal. She said over the phone that she thought you might be a transsexual or a shemale deep down. That in the right circumstance you’d jump into transition without hesitation.”

Stacy shivered, half in joy and half in fear.

“We’ll have to talk about that at some point.”

“Yes, Mistress Suzi.”

“Which brings me to my point—*our*—point,” Tess said. Suzi and I will stay together. If one or both sissies want to stay with us, they’ll have to get used to living in a matriarchal household. And they’ll have to contribute in one way or another.”

“So I’d contribute by being the full time maid and cook and things?” Suzi asked. “I think I would really like that.”

“Plus Stacy would also be our masseuse and our sex toy,” Suzi giggled. She leaned forward to nuzzle her sissy’s ear. “Ever fantasize about all of *that*, dear husband?”

Stacy’s tingled all over at the erotic thrill. “No but I wish I had, Mistress” he admitted. “What about me?” Britnee asked.

“Well, Ted—*Britnee*—unless you want to see the house sold off and the profits split, you’ll have to stay on at your job. You certainly make enough. With Stacy as our permanent maid, shopper and cook, and general household assistant, that would leave Suzi and me free to find... other sources of income.”

Stacy held up her hand like she was in school. “May a sissy slut ask his—*her* mistresses a question?”

“By all means.”

“If my beautiful mistresses decide I get to transition and get female hormones and breast implants and everything... will I get to keep my sissy cock?”

“But of course, silly girl. Even if Britnee decides after the year he wants to go back to being Ted, I imagine full time I imagine he will want a cock around he can suck whenever he wants.”

“Mistress is right,” Britnee said,

It took a minute for it to sink in for Stacy, and he felt as if he would faint with joy. “So then I... I would be *everyone’s* slave?”

Now even Britnee was grinning at the thought. “Lucky sissy.”

Thirty minutes later they pulled into up to the curb at the terminal, where stood a statuesque, blonde goddess with a body any woman would kill to have. She had two huge suitcases that Britnee was mortified to have to get out of the car to load into the back of the Navigator. He and Stacy drew lots of attention in their three-piece white lingerie, stockings, high heels and their see-thru, mid-thigh chemises that *barely* passed legal muster.

Britnee scooted back inside the luxury SUV but Stacy was enjoying it and took his time. He smiled saucily as he swung his ass back and forth to get back in the vehicle. This time the Tess and Suzi got up front so that Krystal could sit with the two sissy husbands in the back.

“Well, well, don’t you two sluts just look delicious?” Krystal enthused when she sat down in the first row of the back seat with the sissy husbands. “I must say you transformed even better than I thought you might. Well done, Tess and Suzi!”

“Thank you,” Suzi said. “You look so hot, too. I’ll bet there wasn’t a man or a woman on that plane who didn’t want you!”

“I got my fair share of attention,” the lovely shemale cooed.

Krystal was dressed in a low cut top that showed off her firm, unblemished, twenty-six year old, creamy D-cup boobs, tapering down to her slender waist and a tight, zippered, side-slit skirt that could barely contain her perfect, shapely legs and the most gorgeous ass that Stacy had ever seen. It was between Krystal’s asscheeks that the sissy husband had first developed his lust for rimming assholes.

“Flattery will get you everywhere,” Krystal laughed. “I think there’s a certain slut in this car who wants more of mama’s big, juicy clit.”

“Mmmmmm. I hope my mistress lets me!” Stacy gushed, thinking of the shemale’s epic, thick, ten-inch cock.

“Enough chatter, Stacy,” Tess admonished, pulling them onto the freeway.

“We have a guest in our car and you sissies need to greet her to LA with style. I suggest you both give her a blowjob at the same time. Now take turns and don’t be greedy.”

Seemingly haven chosen this skirt for this eventuality, Krystal unzipped the skirt to her waist and flipped it to one side, revealing her massive tranny tool that bulged against violet satin panties. She briefly picked her butt off the seat and scooted the panties down to free her stiffening cock.

Stacy got out of his seat and knelt to the side while Britnee got on his knees on the floor in front of the seat. Their sissy mouths met in a hot passionate kiss before descending on each side of Krystal’s hard cock, licking and lip-nibbling it up and down.

“My, my, you two sissies have been so well trained! My compliments to your mistresses, but I can also see a natural talent. You’re both a couple of born cocksuckers. Aren’t you glad you don’t have to pretend to be normal anymore?”

“Mmmmmm-hmmmm,” Britnee admitted, spurred on by the naked truth of the shemale’s words. He was grateful for the tinted backseat windows so they could give Krystal a blowjob without worrying about getting busted.

“I feel like I was born to do nothing but this,” Stacy admitted before he dove back onto Krystal’s huge girl-cock.

“Well, if I ever met anyone who was probably supposed to be like me, it’s you, Stacy. Maybe if you’re a good girl your mistress might let you come up to San Francisco someday and I’ll train and apprentice you in shemale prostitution for a few weeks. You’ll see more dick than you ever imagined.”

“That would certainly be a way for Stacy to contribute to our new household,” Tess remarked. “Krystal, you must teach us the fine art of pimping a classy shemale escort.”

“With pleasure,” Krystal replied.

Oh god, oh, god, Stacy thought. He wanted nothing more, except maybe for his wife to see him in action like that. He got the feeling Suzi might actually be proud of her slutty husband.

Twenty minutes later Tess drove the couple up Santa Monica Boulevard and, at Krystal’s direction, up a residential street. Krystal dialed her cellular as she guided Britnee’s wife.

“Grace?” she said into the phone. “It’s me. We’re almost there. You girls ready? Good. I can see the house coming up. C’mon outside right now.”

Two minutes later, two stunning black shemales entered the Navigator, lugging small overnight duffels. They took the middle row while Krystal got in back with the two sissies. The new girls both wore leather minis, tight leather bras barely holding in shapely D-cups and black pumps. It was just then Stacy noticed they were identical twins, perfect gorgeous twins.

“Ladies and sissies, may I introduce sisters Grace and Faith, two of the hottest transsexual escorts in all of Los Angeles. Girls, show our hostesses and their husbands why.”

Stacy and Britnee looked over the seat in awe as the two black shemales peeled back their miniskirts to show they weren’t even wearing panties. What they did have under their skirts were identical cocks at least twelve inches long and very thick.

“Grace and Faith are going to be our guests for the whole weekend along with Krystal,” Tess announced, “and we expect the both of you two sissy sluts to show all three of them a very good time. Some real visitor hospitality.” She flashed a smile at her husband and his buddy. “Right,

girls?”

“Yes, Mistress!” the two sissies said in unison.

“So, Krystal,” said Tess. “Were the three of you able to make those arrangements we discussed?”

“Girls?” the San Francisco shemale asked her friends.

“We’re on,” said Grace, who had a scar in the shape of the letter ‘G’ at the top of her right breast. “Stay on Santa Monica until you get to Melrose and make the turn east.” She noticed Stacy looking in fascination at her scar.

“You like my ‘G,’ sissy? My sister cut it into me with a scalpel.”

“Did it hurt?” Stacy asked, knowing it was a dumb question.

“Of course,” Grace smiled. “That was the whole point.”

“You mean..?”

“Yes, my sister and I are sadomasochists, shemale dominants and enthusiastic fetishists.”

“Oh, my!” Stacy said.

“Your wives agree you two sissies need a proper education in the fine arts of kink and fetish pleasure,” Krystal explained.

“Do we *ever*,” Tess agreed.

“And... and where are we going?” Britnee gulped as they drove past the cross street that would have taken them home.

The two wives and three shemales only laughed.

Ten minutes later they pulled into the secluded driveway of a large home in West Hollywood where a dozen cars were parked. Tall hedges cut off a direct view of the street. The two sissy lesbian husbands were told that it was one of the largest private dungeons in the county. Then their wives clicked leashes on them and followed the three shemales to the front door. A tall, pale blonde woman in a classic female dominant’s leather opened door for them and invited them inside. The two-story home was decorated with fine Gothic furniture and artwork. Candles and oil lamps burned everywhere. Dominants and submissives in all forms of costume and undress mixed in the party atmosphere in the huge hallway.

The six ladies led the sissies inside into a large living room that was as big as some condominiums. Waiting for them was at least twenty guys in various fetish wear, some of them naked, and all of them were *hung*! Stacy thought he would swoon. The sex with the gardeners on Wednesday was nothing.

“Sissies, meet some of our assistants,” Grace said.

“If you didn’t have a health taste for cock before this, you will after tonight!” Faith said.

It turned out that the two black shemales were also rope suspension bondage experts. Fifteen minutes later Stacy felt almost weightless as he was suspended parallel to the floor from a ceiling winch, his arms and legs spread wide, his mouth and ass at waist level. He and his sissy sister were suspended at the perfect height to be gang-fucked!

“Britnee,” he whispered. “We’re going to get fucked so good! I’m *so* excited!”

“That’s good, Stacy,” Krystal said, “however it’s not exactly what you think. All these guys? They’re your *dinner*.”

“I did say ‘taste for cock’ did I not?” Grace asked, chuckling.

“Grace and Faith are going to do all the fucking,” Krystal explained. “And they can fuck for a very, very long time. So, yes, you are going to get fucked very, *very* good.”

Stacy looked up at the two shemales who’d peeled down to their leather bras and peeled the cups down so that the bras were nothing more than shelves for their huge breasts with stiff nipples. They had just drawn on leather garter belts and red fishnet stockings, their enormous cocks fully erect like thick salamis. Grace and Faith gave the two of them hungry smiles.

Britnee looked at the two shemales and shivered with anticipation. For a moment he wondered what all of this was costing and then shook off the thought. This was the kind of sexual experience that people only dream about. He also started to wonder if he’d ever want to go back to being Ted when the year was over, except when he was at the office.

He shuddered as he felt Faith get back between his legs and begin smearing his willing asshole with KY jelly. He groaned as his anus eagerly admitted the shemale’s thick, black finger. “Oh, fuck me, Mistress!” Britnee whimpered. “Fuck my sissy white ass.”

Suddenly he felt Faith’s hot breath in his ear. “My pleasure, you sexy white sissy!”

He heard the squishing sound of lubricant. A moment later the black shemale’s cockhead was gently pushing into his asshole.

“Bear down like you’re one the can,” Faith coached. “It will open this little hole right up for me with no pain, baby.”

Britnee pushed down like he was starting to move his bowels and with that

effort, his rectal muscles opened easily and the foot-long black dick slid in easily as butter.

“Oh, fuck!” Faith groaned. “Oh, this sweet, tight sissy ass wants to get fucked so bad!”

A moment later Britnee heard Faith moan in delight. He turned his head to see the other black transsexual with her dick buried all the way up Stacy’s anal chute.

After a minute the two shemale sisters established a slow steady rhythm, sliding their massive poles in until their big, fat balls slapped against the backsides of the sissy scrotums, then pulling out until their cock heads were almost out and then thrusting all the way back in. There was the thick wet sound of the black thighs smacking into the sweaty sissy asscheeks.

“Good god, look at them,” Tess said. “I never would have believed it without seeing with my own eyes.”

“Our husbands are natural sissies,” Suzi agreed.

“You ladies must be very proud,” Krystal said.

Stacy was in heaven, feeling Grace’s huge, black dick pounding deep up into his sissy cunt, loosening up with every thrust. He was prickly with sexual tension, savoring the feeling of that long dick flesh completely filling his rectal cavity and beyond, stroking his anal walls as it penetrated him so fully. He didn’t think he could be any more in heaven when the first of almost two dozen guys stuck a hard dick in his face. It dripped with precum.

“Oh, yes, oh yes,” he moaned, opening his mouth and greedily engulfing the dripping cock, sucking on it like the most delicious juice would flow out. Stacy grew hazy with lust as he gave blowjob after blowjob with abandon while the biggest dick he’d ever seen patiently fucked his asshole. Over the next forty-five minutes he’d had two prostate gland orgasms from Grace fucking him and he must have swallowed a half pint of cum. Some of the guys had gotten so impatient, they merely jacked off and shot their load into his slutty face. Stacy looked to his sissy sister whose enraptured face was also dripping cum.

Finally as the hour approached all of the men were cummed out and most had put on their clothes and had left. That only left on four of them plus Krystal, the white dominatrix and their wives to see the black shemale sisters grin at each other and nod.

“Now we find out just how kinky your sluts are,” Krystal said. “or at least,

which of them is the kinkiest.”

“What do you mean?” Suzi asked.

Krystal pointed. “Watch.”

Stacy sighed in orgasmic bliss as the massive cock plopped from his asshole. The next thing he knew, Grace’s throbbing lube-slick black tool was in his face. Without being told he dove on it. At this point he was so horny he wouldn’t have cared if it was a little dirty, but from the taste he knew it wasn’t. He licked and sucked every bit of lube from Grace’s cock until it shined only with his spit.

Next, Faith pulled her dick out of Britnee’s ass and flopped it in front of Britnee’s lips. The older sissy looked at it with glazed eyes, uncertain of what to do. He was horny but hesitant.

“Will it be necessary to order you to?” Faith asked.

“I’ll do it! I’ll do it,” Stacy cried eagerly.

Everyone laughed. With a smile, Tess gestured for Faith to allow her lover’s slave to lick her clean as well. Within two minutes, her dick glistened with clean spit.

Faith turned to Suzi. “Want to see me cum in his mouth or would you like it if I shot my load while your sissy is sucking it?”

“Sucking is fine. Wouldn’t you say, Tess?”

“Let our sissies get all the cum they want. Do you want that sissies?”

“Yes, Mistress,” both Stacy and Britnee said at the same time.

“Very good,” Tess said. “Grace, would you please give my husband his dessert for the evening?”

“You ladies are on the way to having the sexiest sissies I’ve ever seen, and I have seen hundreds and hundreds of them,” Krystal chuckled. “I am so looking forward to the rest of the weekend!”

* * *

The next morning Stacy woke up in a guest bedroom with Grace. Four inches taller she also had twenty-five pounds on him, all muscle in a soft, shapely body. As they’d gone to sleep Friday night she’d cuddled him to her breast, which she coaxed him to suck on.

Stacy wore a see-thru white babydoll nightie with equally sheer panties against which his erection strained. Now he had woken up still cuddled to

her perfect transsexual body. Stacy knew that if he wasn't so in love with his wife he would have otherwise begged Grace to take him back to West LA as her slave.

"Are you awake, Stacy?" Grace asked.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Do you remember what we discussed last night, how I expect you

to greet me every morning I am here?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Well then get to it, silly white sissy slut," she laughed gently. Grace had climbed into bed nude so when she turned onto her

tummy and spread her legs wide, Stacy was completely mesmerized by that large round African ass opening itself to him. Stacy's asshole, dark pink and puckered, looked so delicious to him.

He bent down and tenderly kissed the sweet ring of flesh. He began swirling his tongue heavily around the shemale's lovely butthole, which was already yielding. It was as if Grace had such control of her body she could loosen up for him.

"Mmmmm, that's it sissy. Make love to my asshole."

With her kinky words egging him on, Stacy pressed even harder, excited when he felt his tongue slipping inside the transsexual's ass. The thought of being such a dirty sissy slut, made him even more excited. Horny beyond belief he tongue-fucked the Amazonian shemale's ass until his tongue got too sore.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. My tongue is tired," he apologized. "Don't worry, sweet sissy. You did just fine. Come here to Mama." With that Grace gave him a deep French kiss, invading his mouth

with her tongue and sharing the flavor of her ass with him. Britnee was in shemale lesbian heaven.

"Now, it's time for you to bathe me and then you and your sissy sister will cook and serve breakfast to all of us."

Two hours later, when breakfast had been served and cleaned up and the two sissies had been freshly shaved and made up, the three shemales sat the two feminized husbands down at the kitchen table while their wives watched, sipping coffee and sweetly stroking each other's open vulvas.

"Observe these unsightly legs," Krystal said, indicating the husbands. "Hairy."

Britnee's hand shot up. "May I speak?" he asked.

"What a well-trained slut," Krystal said with delight. "Please do, sissy Britnee."

"Our mistresses told us not to shave for the last few days."

"Our legs are all prickly and I love having a smooth girl's legs," Stacy whined.

"I know," said Krystal. "I told them to. So we could do this. I'm going to wax your legs and arms and such."

Krystal opened a small case and pulled out two rectangular glass containers with plastic housings on the end that looked like rollers. She put them in the microwave and started it at max power while she pulled out a stack of wide strips of muslin cloth.

"This is so your body will be smooth for at least three weeks. Once we get you on the right supplements, you'll only need to do this every six weeks or so. And it won't hurt as much as this time."

"Mistress?" Britnee said uneasily. "Do we have to?"

"Silly sissy girl," said his wife. "Of course you have wax your sexy body for now. We can't have you wasting time shaving every other day!

Eventually the supplements will make you less hairy."

"S-supplements?" Britnee asked fearfully.

"Special estrogen-like herbs. From Brazil. Not quite as powerful as real estrogen, but a lot safer. And it won't affect your boners at all. You two sweet little sissies will be able to fuck each other, spurt all kinds of jizz, but it will also slow down your hair growth and make your skin more feminine. You'll be so sexy."

Stacy was so delighted by the news he barely felt the pain of the hot wax ripping away the hair from his legs and arms. Fortunately his chest hair was never thick. Before long his torso and limbs were as smooth as Suzi's were. Britnee was more hairy and hurting more, so they gave Stacy the job of sucking him to an intense orgasm to make him feel better. By the time he's

spurted his load into Stacy's greedy mouth he felt a lot better. He allowed it really wasn't that bad. At least it would be a month and a half before he had to do it again.

For the next two days Stacy and Britnee waited on the three shemales like combined sissy maids, cooks, massage slaves and sex toys. For the most part Suzi and Tess just watched as their husbands fell deeper into servitude and sexual slavery.

By the end of the weekend it was clear to them that Stacy could never go back to being Steve. While they might not know for many more months, they guessed that Ted might end up being perfectly happy staying a part time sissy when the year was up.

On Sunday afternoon before Krystal had to fly home and the twin shemales return to their home, the wives announced they had a special treat for their husbands. The whole group went into the master bedroom where the sissies were made to kneel on the floor, legs spread wide, their tummies bent over the foot of the bed.

"For the first part of our festivities, we have... stimulation," Krystal announced. "Get ready you horny sissies."

Krystal took up position behind them with two index fingers coated with K-Y and easily slipped her fingers up the sissies' two assholes. Within a minute they were moaning. Stacy wasn't about to complain about how good it felt, but she wondered what was so special about this finger fucking.

"And now for part two... the show," Krystal announced.

Their wives stripped naked and sat back to back in the center of the bed, in profile to their sissy husbands, each wife facing their side of the bed. Grace and Faith climbed on and fed their enormous black dicks into their wives' mouths.

"Oh my god," Stacy and Britnee gasped together.

Stacy realized this was the ultimate cuckolding. Their wives weren't going to be fucked in front of them by other men; this was far sexier than that.

Instead they'd be cuckolded by two transsexuals who were far more beautiful than most women and had bigger tools than most guys. The same two dicks that fucked their assholes many times over the weekend!

"How do you sissies like this?" Krystal demanded. "Seeing your own *wives* fucked by two gorgeous girls who are bigger studs than you will ever be, while they watch you two moaning sissy sluts getting finger fucked like the pussies you are?"

For emphasis she slipped a second slippery finger into each sissy asshole for emphasis, making them moan even louder.

“I feel like such a helpless sissy,” Stacy confessed as he watched his wife suck the throbbing black dick.

Suzi pulled back from giving head. “You *are* a helpless sissy!” Suzi said.

“Doesn’t it make you feel like that to see me more sexually turned on by a shemale than by you? Wait until she starts fucking me! Wait until I start *screaming* in orgasm!”

As if this was a signal, Grace climbed up on the bed and lay down, her back against the headboard. She took her rigid dick between her fingers and pointed it straight up in the air. Holding her sissy husband’s eye and facing him, Suzi got on the balls of her feet, straddled the black shemale and lowered her dripping cunt onto the massive dick—Asian Cowgirl position.

“Look at the huge black dick fucking your mistress,” Suzi said.

“Doesn’t your wife look so sexy?” Krystal whispered in her ear.

Stacy could hardly breathe as he watched the African shemale cock slide all the way up into his wife’s pussy. His mind went on fire with lust as Suzi moaned as the monster dick filled up her juicy twat.

Suzi’s moans and gasps filled her ears as his wife savagely thrust her hips up and down, ramming Grace’s fucktool as far up her pussy as she could. The sight of her wife fucking the black shemale was so hot!

Meanwhile, Faith had taken an identical position next to Grace and Tess was impaling her cunt on an equally big, hard rod. Britnee gasped partly in shock and partly in erotic pleasure.

It shocked and amazed and so turned on the two sissies to see their wives fucking the identical twin transsexuals, with their perfect chocolate-brown skin so contrasting their tan but still white suburban bodies. They would never forget seeing this, especially not with Krystal’s deep, steady finger-fuck burning this image into their minds with erotic heat.

Suzi and Tess somehow managed to French kiss as they fucked and fucked the two, soon crying out with shattering orgasms. They pulled off the cocks and fell together, kissing deeply. Far gone in their orgasms and lust for each other, the wives were oblivious to their husbands and their guests.

Grace and Faith knelt in front of the two sissy husbands. “Clean your wives’ pussy juice off our black dicks,” Faith said with a mischievous grin.

“Then make us cum too.”

“Yes, Mistress Faith,” Britnee said, opening her mouth wide.

“Good sissy, Britnee,” Grace said. She knelt in front of Stacy and smiled down at her. “I don’t even need to tell you, do I?”

“No, Mistress Grace!” Stacy enthused and then dove on her dick.

Stacy savored the musky flavor of his wife’s cunt juices mingling with the sweetness of the black shemale’s prostate fluid, which was running freely. The thought continued to drive him wild, that this big, black, throbbing cock had been fucking his wife

While Krystal continued to fuck their assholes with two fingers, the sissies sucked those large lovely cocks. Faith and Grace moaned in pleasure as the well-taught sissy husbands sucked the thick, brown tools with a deep hunger. Stacy and Britnee wanted that cum so much!

After fifteen minutes of impassioned sucking, the sissies were rewarded with full mouths of cum. The black shemales grunted and gasped as their fat dick spurted the last thick drops on the two eager pink tongues and sticky white lips.

A moment later they were permitted to do a sixty-nine and suck each other off to orgasm. Stacy could only marvel with the delight that he’d be a sissy sex slave for at least a year, and hopefully the rest of his life!

Thirty minutes later Krystal said her goodbyes to the wives who were going to stay at home and cuddle and maybe fuck a little more while their husbands did the chauffeur duty. Stacy and Britnee changed into mini-dresses and drove the two shemales home and then took Krystal back to the airport. She kissed them both goodbye at the curb.

She took extra time kissing Stacy goodbye. “I have a feeling I’ll see you before too long,” she said. “Suzi thinks you’d benefit from it. So do I.”

With that, she followed the skycap who had carried off her bags.

Holding hands, the two sissy lesbian husbands drove back home, ready and thrilled to do their wives’ bidding. They jacked each other off all the way back up the interstate.

Stacy Goes All the Way

A month later Stacy walked out of the doctor’s office and into the waiting room, where Suzi read a magazine. Stacy’s asscheek hurt from the injection, but she glowed with euphoria.

“It’s official,” Suzi said. “Now that you’re on female hormones, you’re officially a *she*. You’re really sure about this?”

“Yes mistress,” she said. “I want to be your girl in every way!”

“Even though it will be painful to become that?” Suzi said, referring to the laser hair removal they were going to next. “You want to be my girl that much?”

“More than anything. Besides, my face is almost done, Mistress, and my chest is all done. And you remember what we talked about?”

“How could I forget?” her wife smiled.

The agreement was that once Stacy had started female hormones and all the hair was gone from her chest that she could go for a breast implant consult. Krystal had once suggested that her husband could very likely be a shemale waiting to emerge. The wise transsexual had been right about her husband. Nothing convinced Suzi of that more than Stacy’s begging for hormone shots, electrolysis and breast augmentation. Considering how easily she’d fallen in love with Tess, it made Suzi think that she had been attracted to the woman inside her husband all along!

That makes sense—Steve has been Stacy since childhood.

Now she’d be in a lesbian triad with her dominant partner and her submissive shemale ex-husband!

“So can we go to the surgeon, please oh please, Mistress?!”

Suzi could keep a straight face any longer and broke out in a big laugh.

“How does right now sound to you?”

“What?!”

“I made an appointment with a plastic surgeon to coincide with your first hormone shot. We have to be there in half an hour.”

“Oh, Mistress!” Stacy cried, drawing everyone’s attention.

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?”

Stacy began crying with happiness. “Oh, Mistress, I love you!”

“I guess that means yes?”

“Oh yes! Yes! May I kiss you?”

By way of an answer, Suzi grabbed her shemale spouse and gave her a deep kiss. They completely ignored everyone else, kissing as deeply and passionately as two lovesick kids who couldn’t get enough of each other, sucking each other’s tongues.

They had found themselves: Stacy her true shemale self and Suzi her dominant lesbian identity.

Finally Suzi broke the kiss. "Let's go, oh former husband," she chuckled, enjoying the look of shock in the others in the waiting room. "Let's go see about your breast implants. Nothing but the best for my sexy slave girl!"

* * *

Six weeks later Stacy's 38-D breasts were mostly healed up from the exclusive surgeon's work. Her new breasts were still riding high but they looked completely fantastic. That night, Suzi and Tess had Stacy kneel before them as they sat on the master bed, while sissy Britnee looked on while and gave Tess a sweet foot rub.

"You wanted to speak with me, Mistresses?" Stacy asked. "We have decided to take Krystal and the twins up on their offer, to give you some shemale prostitute experience," Suzi explained. "Krystal believes you will have the time of your life and you will get a chance to learn things we could never teach you."

Tess smiled at Stacy. "How do you feel about that, slave girl?"

"I-I would love that, Mistress Tess."

Her wife looked at her. "Krystal thinks it would be good for you to get started by serving with the twins for a week, to get a proper introduction to high dollar prostitution and all of the knowledge you'll need. If you really like being a whore and you do well, then you can fly to San Francisco for a month to apprentice under Krystal. This will be your choice."

"We're only going to ask this once if you want to back out," Tess added.

"We won't require you to be a whore. But if you enjoy it and you can make good money, you'll start turning trick for us after you get back from San Francisco."

"Would you like that, Stacy?" Mistress Suzi asked.

"I only want to make my Mistresses pleased with me," she said.

"That is all very sweet, but that isn't good enough," Suzi said.

"Do you want to be a whore, Stacy?" Tess asked.

"Yes, Mistresses," Stacy said, a boner forming in her panties.

"Beg to be a whore," Suzi ordered. "If you really want to fuck any man we tell you to so you can make money for us, then you have to beg to do it!"

“Please Mistress Suzi, Mistress Tess. Please let me be your whore! I want to be a slut—your slut—fucking anyone you tell me to, any way you tell me to. I want to belong to you *completely*!”

“Damn, that made my pussy juice up,” Suzi remarked.

“Sissy Britnee has a boner,” Tess’s slave added.

“Very well,” Tess said. “We’re taking you over there tonight.”

Several hours later, just before dusk, Stacy was knocking at Grace and Faith’s front door, lugging a bag full of lingerie, sexy shoes and one set of street clothes.

Grace answered grinning ear to ear. “Welcome, Stacy. I love your new tits. You’re well on your way to becoming a shemale.”

“May I ask where Mistress Faith is, Ma’am?”

“Don’t worry about that ‘Mistress’ stuff this week, sweetie. This time we’re just working girls here. To answer your question, she’s back in Philly visiting her ex for a week. We thought it would be less of a distraction if I teach you one on one.”

“Yes, Mis—yes, Grace. Whatever you say. I’m here to learn.”

Grace led her back to a large, lovely bedroom with king-sized bed, huge fluffy sheets and lots of throw pillows. “You’ll be sleeping in our bed. Faith and I love to snuggle. We also love to fuck. A lot. We’re always picking up cute chasers and sexy crossdressers and fucking them all night long, but while you’re here I think I won’t be picking anyone up. If that’s agreeable to you.”

“Agreeable? If I weren’t in love with Suzi I’d beg you two to adopt me, I swear I would!”

“That’s so sweet,” the statuesque black shemale said. She sat Stacy down on the edge of the mattress and began kissing the tender new shemale, who responded with moans of deep pleasure. They stroked and caressed each other with increasing passion.

Soon their tongues intertwined and they started undressing each other. Their hands were in each other’s panties and they panted as they French kissed. Stacy had just bent down to take Grace’s twelve-inch meet into her mouth when the foyer clock chimed.

Grace reluctantly pulled away. “To be continued.”

“Awww,” Stacy pouted.

“Believe me, you’ll have plenty of opportunity for that,” Grace said with a smile. She tucked her dick away and stood, looking down at her sexually frustrated ward. “So... you’re eager to be a whore?”

“Yes! Oh, yes!”

“Well, you’re going to get your first chance almost immediately. It’s one of our regulars, totally tranny-chaser, and he’s always begging us to bring in new girls. He’ll be here in about thirty minutes. So let’s get your things put away and then do up your face nice and whore-sexy.”

Exactly forty minutes later the doorbell rang. Wearing white lingerie that matched Stacy’s—shelf bra, garter belt, stocking and see-thru bikini panties, Grace let in “Jack” as she called this john. She ushered him into the living room where Stacy had been nursing a red wine on the sofa equally nervous and excited.

Stacy rose and smiled shyly at him. “Hi. I’m Stacy.” Then she really saw who it was. It was everything she could do not to gasp.

“Jack” indeed!

His real name was Brad Jackson, and he was a senior manager at the firm where she used to work with Ted-Britnee. At one point he’d been both Britnee’s and her boss. And now he was *here*! She looked away and fought for control, then looked to him with a big sexy smile. Now it was his turn to look a little uncertain.

“Have we met before?” he asked.

Suddenly she was all excited and not nervous at all. She was discovering just now the power of being a hooker. “It’s possible,” she said. “It’s a big town but it’s also small in some ways.”

Brad told Grace that he mostly wanted the new girl, Stacy, but he’d pay extra to have her too in the second part of the hour. He counted out six hundred dollar bills and gave them to Grace.

“Just perfect, honey,” she said. “Why don’t you have a seat right here on the sofa?”

He sat down and unzipped his fly, pulling his stiffening prick out of his boxer shorts. Grace handed him a dry condom, which he expertly unrolled

over his now-hard member.

“Keeps his pants from getting stained,” Grace whispered in her ear before she said in a louder voice. “Stacy, why don’t you stand right in front of Jack?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Stacy said.

The next thing she knew “Jack”—Brad!—had pulled down her panties and taken her six and a half inch cock into his mouth. Stacy groaned with genuine pleasure. Brad was obviously very skilled at giving head, far more so than the rookie shemale would have guessed a man with a wife and three kids would have been.

This was a facet of prostitution she had never even considered. She found knowing his secret and keeping it for him almost as sexy as the educated mouth and tongue he possessed. She was dying to tell him so she could *share* the secret as well.

In just under twenty minutes she knew she was going to pop her load very soon and she told him so. He pulled his mouth away.

“Thanks for telling me, beautiful Stacy,” he said. “Let’s slow down for a second so you can build up to a big, sweet explosion. Why don’t you turn around slowly? Model for me.”

Stacy turned sexily, teasing him as she ran her hands over her near naked body. As she turned away from him she spread her legs and bent halfway over, stroking her asscheeks and spreading them to show off her pink, puckered asshole.

“Oh, fuck!” he said. “You have such a girly ass, Stacy! You were meant to be a girl!”

Oh, thank you! Thank you!

“Thank you, Jack,” she simpered.

“I don’t want to wait any longer than I must to drink your sweet load.” He beckoned her to come back to him. “Feed my your dick!”

Stacy stepped up and guided her throbbing dick into his open mouth. She moaned softly and he started sucking her off, gently at first but then with greater urgency as he got hornier.

He certainly answered her next question—if he wanted her to cum in his mouth. His hand found her balls and gently rubbed and squeezed them. Stacy groaned in ecstatic pleasure as the deep, sexy ache began to build up in her groin and balls, began to tighten and course down the length of her shemale tool.

She began breathing harder and harder, whimpering and moaning as her climax got very close. Suddenly she cried out and shuddered as she felt the rush in her balls and her cock seems to swell between his lips, pumping her sticky white cum into his mouth.

After a minute he'd not only sucked her dry but he'd also completely cleaned off her dick. All the while he softly tugged at his condom-covered boner, teasing himself. Stacy plopped on the sofa before she fell over at the intensity of her orgasm.

Grace stood in front of him. "Ready for some dark meat, honey?"

"Actually, I want to try something different. I want to see you fuck your girlfriend with that big dick of yours, Gracie. Are you girls up for a little shemale lesbian action?"

"I don't know. What do you think, Stacy? Think you'd like Mama to fuck you?"

"Oh... only for the rest of the day, Mis—my sweet Grace. I can't get enough of your sweet meat."

"How long would you like me to fuck her, Jack?"

"I gotta run in twenty. What do you say to ten-twelve minutes?"

"I was hoping you'd say that. I have something I'm dying to try with her. But first... do you want to lube her asshole with your tongue?"

He licked his lips. "Is she clean back there?"

"As the day is long, Jack."

"Then yes. Get up on your knees, sexy little Stacy."

Stacy gasped when she felt his hot, wet tongue probing her asshole, drenching it with spit. Amazing her clitty was already tingling and filling with blood again. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Grace coating her big, brown tool with lube.

While Jack coated Stacy's horny butthole with saliva, Grace knelt on the carpet in front of the couch, those lovely brown asscheeks resting on her heels.

"Come here, baby, and squat down on Mama's big fat black cock. Let me fuck you for Jack here."

"Go to her!" Jack urged.

"Oh, yes, Grace! Fuck me! Fuck my sexy, white ass!"

As Stacy lowered her ass onto Grace's engorged tool and felt it sliding so easily up there, she saw Grace's arms go underneath her armpits until she was supporting all of Stacy's 150 pounds with her arms. Damn this woman

was strong!

Like a rag doll she fucked Stacy's twitching anus, pounding deep up her rectal passage. Stacy's dick was already starting to drip pre-cum. The sight seemed so hot to Brad he was no longer trying to prolong his orgasm. He frantically beat off until he groaned loudly and his jetting cum filled his condom.

"Oh, oh God," Brad said. "Normally I'd wait to see you blast your load, Grace, but I have to leave real soon. Would you please bring me a hot washcloth?"

"Oh you don't want to leave just yet, Jack," Grace said, smiling. She lowered Stacy's high heels to the floor. "Pull off Mama's dick and show Jack what you love so much, baby girl."

"Yes, *Mistress* Grace," Stacy said.

Jack started to protest until he saw Stacy kneel next to Grace's huge, slick boner and take it in her mouth. He sharply drew in a breath and moaned in rapture. "Oh, fuck that is sexy! Where did you find this dirty little slut?"

"Oh, here in town..."

"Look, I would gladly here and watch your sexy girl do ATM on you all day long, but I really need to go soon. A washcloth, please?"

"You're the boss, Jack," Grace said.

Stacy sighed with a little disappointment as Grace pulled away and headed for the guest bathroom.

"I can't wait to finish that!" she called after her black lover.

She suddenly realized she'd used her normal voice. While it was more feminine than her old voice as Steve, it still had some of that old husband in it.

Brad looked up in shock. "Oh, fuck. I know that voice from somewhere. Please. Don't tease me. I have to know."

Stacy blushed and grinned at the same time. "Greenlee Properties. Third floor. Office near the break room. Right next to Ted Maxson."

"*Steve?!?*" There was a hushed note of near dread in his voice.

"Not anymore," she laughed. "This is the new me."

He looked at Grace who'd just brought back his hot washcloth. After a moment he took it from her. Grace looked between the two of them, a little concerned. Brad looked at his watch.

"I've got a million questions but I really have to go. Only one question really matters."

“Who I’m going to tell?” Stacy asked.

“Bingo.”

“Nobody... *Jack*. You’re paying for our discretion.”

“Thank God,” he said, tying the condom in a knot and handing it to Grace.

“You don’t know how relieved I am to hear that.”

“What happens at Grace’s, stays at Grace’s,” Stacy assured.

Jack cleaned off his flaccid tool with the washcloth and tucked it away. He handed the towel to Grace.

“I hope you can be just as discreet,” Stacy said. “I’m not really eager for everyone at Greenlee to know what I’m doing.”

Brad laughed aloud. “Are you kidding? That’s one secret *I’ll* never tell, rest assured.”

“One promise I’d like you to make if you can?” Stacy wheedled.

“What’s that, sexy?”

“Please come back real soon and let’s do it again? I mean, how often do you get to fuck a female former colleague? Right? Or get fucked by a former boss!”

Jack laughed. “You can count on it, you little minx.”

Moments later he was out the door and back to the Jaguar that Stacy knew he’d parked outside. A moment later he’d blasted off.

“You knew him?” Grace said with an ironic smile.

“Knew him? I used to work for him for six months.”

“What’s his real name?” she asked, testing Stacy.

“Why, it’s ‘Jack,’ isn’t it?”

“Good girl,” her mentor said.

“How about a nice reward?”

“Such as?”

“How about a nice afternoon snack? Finish cleaning off my dick and drink my load?”

“Now, you’re talking!”

Grace hesitated. “You aren’t ashamed of being a shemale or a whore, are you?”

Tracy paused. “Not really. I’m worried for Ted and our wives.” “So if they were okay with it, then it would be okay?” Grace asked.

“I guess it’s me a little. I’d still be a bit embarrassed. I’m sure I’d get over it soon enough.”

“I guess you would, you little sexpot. Now clean off Mama’s cock.”

As Stacy knelt in front of the still-rigid black shemale dick, she so looked forward to all the tricks she'd help turn this week and all of the transsexual lore she hoped to learn from this lovely, statuesque creature.

* * *

"A bachelor party?" Stacy said uncertainly.

It was four days later. Stacy had turned seven tricks and was getting very good at the business. Plus she love to fuck—*so* much!

"Easiest and biggest money you'll make on a semi-regular basis," Grace reassured her. They come along once a month or so, and when they do you can take a few days off afterward if you like."

"How much are we talking about? And what do I have to do?"

"You show up, do a dance or two, get tips for dancing, bigger tips for lap dances, and the really big tips are back in the bedroom. Three hundred a guy, and they get ten-fifteen minutes max. That's up to \$1800 in a hour, baby!"

"Yeah, but what if something happens? If they get crazy?"

"That's why I go along, baby. To make sure you stay safe."

"If you say so..."

"I *do*, baby. Look, go put on some dancing lingerie, pick out a sexy but street legal skirt and blouse, and touch up your makeup. We leave in half an hour."

It was a short drive to Bel Air, one of the richest neighborhoods. Stacy had been feeling better about it, and when they pulled in front of the \$10 million home, she was excited. Then all of a sudden, she got a bit nervous. She had seen this house before... no it was a picture of it. Then she saw Grace's mysterious smile.

"What aren't you telling me?" she asked.

"Oh," Grace replied. "You might know some of these guys. Just be natural, be your sexy self and you'll be fine. I promise."

"Now you got me worried."

"Don't be. Let's go in."

Stacy felt a heavy wave of dizziness when the door opened and there stood "Jack"—Brad Jackson from her old company. And if he was hosting this party...

"Hi Stacy," he said warmly. "Look, I don't want you to freak out, but you

know most of these guys, but—”

“Oh, no!” Stacy said. She turned to Grace. “Please let’s go.”

“Hear me out,” Jack pleaded. “I haven’t told anyone who you are, I promise. And I’ll bet if anyone knows, they won’t ruin the night for anyone. They all just want to have a good time.”

“I don’t know,” Stacy whined.

Jack plunged into his pocket and pulled out a small stack of hundred dollar bills and pulled off five. It only made a moderate dent in the stack. He held it out. “This is just for coming in and dancing two songs. After that you can do lap dances or you can do the back room thing. Charge whatever you want.”

Stacy stared long and hard at the money. She sighed and took it. “Let’s go in before I change my mind.”

Grace grinned. “That’s my baby girl.”

Jack ushered them into a living room where two dozen men sat in a loose circle in pricey casual wear. Stacy felt weak in her knees. These guys were all middle management at Greenlee Properties, most of them were between twenty-five and thirty-five, and she knew *every* one of them. She blushed from head to toe.

“Gentlemen,” Jack announced, “our entertainment has arrived!”

There was a lusty chorus of catcalls, cheers and wolf-whistles from the crowd. Many of the faces reflected amazement but still very horny. Then Stacy saw two faces in the back of the room, and her heart skipped a beat. It was Tess and Suzi, both in black leather.

Maybe Jack didn’t tell anyone, but I bet my mistresses did!

As Jack led her to the center of the circle, she realized they *all* knew who she was. Her shemale cock got hard in her panties at the thought of her secret being out and the suspicion she’d end up fucking some if not most of these guys tonight.

Or all of them!

She gasped when she reached the inner circle and saw who was seated in the seat of honor—the bridegroom’s chair as it were. It was his longtime buddy Ted, who’d apparently been given a break from being Britnee for just this occasion. Tess and Suzi made their way through the circle of men to stand behind Ted’s chair.

“But... but you’re married to Tess!” Stacy protested. “You can’t be the bachelor. I don’t understand!”

“He’s not married anymore,” Tess said. “We had a nice, sweet, amicable divorce yesterday afternoon.”

“I was there,” Suzi said. “Tess and I got married right after.”

Stacy felt dizzy again. This was all happening too fast. “But... who are you getting married to?”

Ted grinned lustily at her. “*You*, baby.”

A raucous cheer coursed the room. Stacy’s blush turn a darker shade of red and her cock got as rock hard as it ever got. Ted stood, took her in his arms, and crushed her mouth to his. The two buddies kissed deeply and soulfully, as if they were all along in the marital bed. Their boners pressed together through their clothing.

The kiss went on for nearly a minute. Then Ted pulled away and sat back down in the high-backed chair. He grinned at her. “And now, I want my dance. Dance for me, baby.”

Oh my god!

As if on cue, somebody started up the stereo—vintage 80s rock Ted loved. Stacy stared at him for a long moment: his devilishly handsome grin, eyes filled with powerful lust as he looked back at her. It was if for that moment she couldn’t hear the twenty-plus guys in the room cheering her on, but she did see the warm, loving eyes of her mistresses, sharing the moment.

Stacy lost herself in the moment, undulating her hips and ass, running her hands all over her body as she held her sissy-buddy’s gaze and moved to the music. One by one she sexily peeled off the top and the skirt until she swayed before him in only three-piece lingerie, high heels, and a huge bulge in her panties.

Then she straddled Ted and went to town, grinding her ass and her balls onto his hard dick as everyone into the room got into it with cheering and yelling. After a few minutes of dancing she knelt in front of Ted, undid his pants and pulled them off his body.

He wore no underwear. Ted’s straining boner throbbed on his tummy.

Everyone cheered when she took it between her fingers, guided it into her mouth and down her throat. Ted gasped with pleasure at the sight of Stacy, once his best buddy Steve, giving him an expert deep throat blowjob.

“Oh shit,” Ted breathed. “I guess Grace is teaching you a lot!”

“Wait until you see,” Grace said with a chuckle. She stood behind Suzi with her hands in her blouse and stroking her breasts, while Tess reached into Suzi’s panties and diddled her.

Stacy pulled back. “Please fuck me, Ted. I want you to fuck me in front of all our friends and colleagues. I want them to see!”

“All in good time, darling,” Ted said. “First, it’s time I gave you your engagement present.” He looked around at all of the men who were eagerly looking on. “She’s ready, boys.”

Four pairs of hands seized Stacy off of her knees and carried her into a downstairs bedroom. A king-sized bed was stripped save for the fitted sheet. Gently, they laid the horny sissy-turned-shemale on her back in the center of the mattress and pulled off her panties. All of them—she soon found out there were 21 guys plus Ted—had gathered around the bed to watch and wait their turn.

I’m going to get fucked by all of them!

Stacy realized that all of them had paper nametags with number. Looking back and forth, she saw they numbered up to 21. The men with #1 and #2 started stripping off their clothes. Suzi appeared at the foot of the bed and told her they’d held a little lottery to determine the order the men would go.

“Oh my god!” she gasped.

Ted leaned in and kissed her deeply. “It will be okay, darling,” he soothed.

“I know you can do this.”

“It’s not that, Ted. It’s that I *want* to do this! So *much*!”

“And that’s why I love you, doll,” he said.

The first two guys—George and Trent—had worked on the other side of Stacy’s floor when she’d been Steve. They’d gone out for beers early on in Steve’s career before he had even met Suzi. They were as heterosexual as two guys could be and yet their dicks were rock hard and dripping precum as they climbed on the bed with the bride-to-be shemale.

“Stacy, you’re so fucking hot,” Trent said as he stroked her dick.

George and Steve put her on all fours, and then George fed his dick in between her cherry-red lips while Trent got behind. She groaned deeply and he slipped a lubed finger up her ass, which easily admitted him. She begged him to fuck her. She cried out in ecstasy as he easily slid his dick all the way into her.

Everybody can see what a slut I am! Oh fuck, I’m such a horny slut I can’t help it! I’m a slave to my wife and her lover, and I’m going to be the shemale wife of my best buddy in the world!

After a while it all became a haze to her. At some point, George pulled back and shot his load all over her face and tongue. Then Trent spurted his load

deep up her ass. She heard dicks being jacked off all around her. She felt cum splatter on to her back and in her hair.

Voices: cheering, dirty talking, conversation—all from far away.

“Hey, what if I just came? Do I lose my place?” a man asked.

“Not at all,” Tess said. “If you can get it up again when your number comes up, *or* if you’re happy to do something else, just go for it. Everybody is going to get to cum as much as they want until midnight rolls around.”

“What happens at midnight?” another man asked.

“We put our bridesmaid into the tub, clean her off good, make her up again, and then load her and Ted into a limo for a Las Vegas wedding tomorrow.”

“I never thought I was a sentimental guy,” the man replied, “but this is as close as two buddies get. Fuck, it makes me horny too!”

A Vegas wedding, Stacy thought. With Ted. And I’m going to fuck his brains out in the limo all the way there!

“I love you, Ted,” she sighed.

After a while Stacy was so far gone in pleasure and orgasms she had to be draped atop stacked pillows to take on the line of horny men. Cum ran down her face, her back and sides. It ran in a stream out of her twitching, satiated asshole. The pillows she lay upon were wet with the trickle of prostate fluid that kept leaking out as cock after cock deeply fucked her shemale pussy.

And then she sensed she was alone. She heard Tess and Suzi and Ted’s voice in the foyer, bidding everyone goodbye. She felt someone sit on the mattress. She could just barely make out Grace’s perfume over the smell cum that was in her nostrils.

“Baby girl, you are a sex monster. I am so proud of you,” Grace said as she began wiping the cum off her whoring pupil’s body. “Not a lot of girls could do what you just did. Seriously, you should consider doing porn as well.”

“I’ll be your agent,” Tess said from the doorway. “And your madam, of course.”

“I’ll be your manager and your publicist,” Suzi added. “If you really want to do it, my beautiful ex-husband.”

“And I’ll be you daddy,” Ted said.

With great effort, Stacy opened her eyes and sat up. “I love you. I love you all so much.” Then she broke into tears.

“I don’t know what on earth you could have to be crying about, little white

girl,” Grace said, resuming her cum-wiping.

“I’m just so happy!” Stacy wept.

“Just like a girl,” Suzi said, then she sat down and helped Grace.

Stacy suddenly thought of something and sat upright. “Wait!”

“What, little Stacy?” Tess asked.

“But you’re all coming to my wedding, right?”

“Of course,” Suzi said. “Isn’t it appropriate I give you away?”

“And I’ll be the bride’s mother, so to speak,” Tess said.

Stacy turned to Grace. “Please be my maid of honor.”

“Of course, baby girl.”

Stacy smiled. Then she looked puzzled. “Who’s going to be the best man?”

Ted deserves a best man!”

At that moment, Jack wandered into the bedroom holding a tuxedo in a clear garment bag. “Somebody call for a best man?”

“You all planned this all along,” Stacy realized.

“That’s right, baby,” her buddy said.

“We started planning it the day after you went to Grace,” Suzi said.

Grace and Ted carried Stacy to the tub where Suzi and Tess cleaned up every inch of her skin and washed her hair. Ted got the overnight bag their mistresses had packed for Stacy and his own bag, while Jack called for the limo.

An hour later, a refreshed Stacy and Ted got into the limo. The others would all take Jack’s private jet and land in Vegas in plenty of time for brunch and the ceremony. Then they’d fly back and Stacy and Ted would have a Las Vegas honeymoon. A week of fucking and sucking her handsome buddy. And if he happened to pick up half a dozen guys at the resort for her to fuck, she would be his dutiful wife.

Stacy knew she was the luckiest girl in the whole wide world!

THE END

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