



*Sissy's  
Pegging Party*

*By:*  
*Jasmine Klink*

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## 1

I looked up seeing my wife Jenney enter the room. “Hey honey did you need something?” I asked confused shutting my laptop. She knew I was working on my resumes to find a new job so the sudden intrusion seemed off.

We’ve been married for a couple of years now and truthfully, I didn’t know what Jenney saw in me. With her long brunette hair, creamy skin and her amazing athletic curvy body, compared to my shaggy blonde hair and lengthy skinny body. I’m guessing many people who pass us wondered ‘Why a gorgeous woman like her is with a shrimp like him?’ My only guess is that she always enjoyed my pushover nature and taking the lead.

We both were trying to focus on careers allowing us to buy a house in our early twenties. The difference though was where Jenney’s career seemed to sky rocket getting raises and promotions, while mine stayed stagnant until a couple weeks ago where they laid me off.

Fortunately for us her salary proved to be enough to handle all of our bills. Even though I didn’t need to work, it still felt wrong having Jenny take up or financial burden so I’ve been trying to find a job since.

“Hey Eric,” she sat down on the end of my desk; crossing her legs. “I need to ask you something very important,” the tone of her voice was serious.

“What is it Jenney?” I asked both concern and afraid.

“Well...” she continued; looking away. Whatever she was asking made her uncomfortable. “I was wondering if you had any ideas of spicing up the bedroom?” She blushed.

My face went red realizing the question. We have always had a vanilla type relationship never trying much different in the bedroom. But I had always assumed that’s the way she enjoyed it. I panicked, realizing she wanted an answer and had to think quickly.

“Um... how about a three way?” I asked.

“A three way?” She raised an eyebrow. “Can you handle something like that?”

Her question perplexed me. What did she mean by ‘can I handle’? What was she implying that I wasn’t ‘good’ enough in bed? Later I realized she meant nothing by it but at the time I it insulted me.

“Yeah I mean, if you really want to know what I want to try,” I tried to drive it home. I truthfully wasn’t attached to the idea; it was just the first thing that came to mind. “I bet I could handle sex with 2 women maybe even an orgy,” I boasted.

Jenney could always see through my bravado “Hilarious honey,” she patted my cheek, “but I’ll keep that in mind,” She got up and left the room.

I sighed in relief; thinking this conversation was buried. It was bad enough losing my job, but thinking that I wasn’t satisfying my wife in bed made me feel even more inferior.

About a week later I was driving back from the city. Jenney told me I got a call from one of my job leads but when I got to the address she gave, no one knew who I was. I took it as a fluke. My wife would never steer me in the wrong direction I thought.

By the time I got back to our house I saw 2 unfamiliar cars in our driveway. I parked; I walked into the house and entered the living room seeing two attractive women sitting on our couch. I recognized one to be Jenney’s boss; Ms. Pearson, she was tall, olive skinned woman, with straight midnight hair, wearing a black pants suit. Next to her was this taller, athletic African American woman with long dark brown cornrows going down her head and stopping at her shoulders and wearing an identical suit. They both stared at me with glowing smiles.

“UH hi?” I walked in and said; holding out my hand.

Ms. Pearson got up from her seat and took my hand, “It’s good to see you again Eric,” she smiled and shook my hand.

“And you Ms. Pearson,” I shook her hand. I looked at the woman still sitting on the couch and walked up to

her holding out my hand, “And you are?”

“Ms. Lefay,” She held out her hand like royalty; with her fingers pointing down.

“Eric,” I gently squeezed her hand feeling like I was courting the woman.

“I know,” she took back her hand, “I work with your wife,” she explained. “I’m the human resource person at our office.”

“Oh,” I said backing up. I didn’t know exactly why they were here but felt it would be rude ask. Now I know I never been good with women but how they were scanning me with their eyes made me think that they were checking me out.

“Oh good you here,” Jenney entered the room smiling happily.

“Yeah... You didn’t tell me we were having guests?” I asked.

“Well, remember when I asked if you any ideas how to spice up the bedroom?” she asked rhetorically. My face went red thinking back to that time.

“Ye... ah,” I stuttered.

“Well, these are the women at my office that wanted in,” She gestured to her coworkers. I looked back at the women now sitting on our couch. They both waved their finger at me in unison; smiling.

“But wouldn’t it be against your company’s policy or something?” I turned back and asked desperately. I thought that I was in way over my head. If I had trouble pleasing my wife how would be able handle two more.

“That’s why I’m here,” Ms. Lefay dug into her bag, bringing out a stack of papers. “We will need you to sign this to make sure that all of our desires are met and none of this has to do with the company.” She walked over and set the papers next to me.

“Sign them dear, I already have and I know we will both enjoy this,” Jenney hooked my left arm and looked up at me, batting her eyelashes.

“Okay,” I murmured; grabbing the pen and signing the dotted line. Usually I would sign nothing without reading it first but my wife seemed excited over this and I didn’t want to ruin it.

“Great,” Ms. Lefay took the papers. “Now Jenney if you would please take your partner to get ready...”

“No problem,” Jenney grabbed my hand and led me away.

“Honey, can you please explain-,” I tried to ask.

“Shh,” she placed a finger over my mouth. “Trust me,” she said as we entered our bedroom.

I trusted her with all my heart but it still worried me I bit off more than I could chew. Either way, she seemed excited enough to convince me enough to continue. She handed me her pink razor and a bottle of shaving gel.

“Go into the bathroom, take a shower and use my soap, then shave off all your body hair.” She ordered me pointing to the bathroom. I looked toward the bathroom then back at her; confused. “Don’t look at me wide eyed, Go!” she shoved me. I wanted to ask why but figured it was best to go with the flow.

I entered our bathroom and shut the door behind me. I jumped in the shower and lathered my wife’s flowery soap all over my body. I then took the shaving gel and rubbed all over my body lathering it up and shaving off my hair until I was smooth up to my eyebrows. I exited the shower drying off with one of our fluffy pink towels.

I reentered our bedroom seeing my wife smile approvingly. “Doesn’t that feel better?” She asked rhetorically. I gave a slight nod. “Good,” She said confidently.

She then held up what appeared to be a mix of her clothes. I couldn’t make out what clothes she was holding, but they seemed to be too feminine and girly to be anything she owned. She tossed the pile on the bed. “Okay,” She said, “Here,” she threw me frilly pink and white thong, “Get dressed.”

I caught the underwear by instinct; not hearing what she said. I held the tiny piece of clothing in my hands. I looked at them for a solid second then looked back at her confused. She stared back at me expectantly. It took a moment for me to connect the dots.

“You want me to wear this?!” I asked shocked.

“Well, it was part of the deal,” She answered.

“Deal?” I asked confused. Then I remembered the contract I signed back in the living room. “This was part of the deal!?” I held up the thong.

“Yes, and if you don’t get dressed fast, they’ll leave and all of this would be for nothing,” she said annoyed.

I looked at her not understanding her anger. She stared daggers at me with her arms on her hips and her legs apart. Why is she so mad at me? I wondered.

The connection took me seconded, but I saw it. She was doing all of this hoping to achieve my fantasy. This was all for me and I was looking a gift horse in the mouth. She must have found this awkward too. I thought about telling her that this wasn’t really my fantasy, but her expression made me think that would just infuriate her more.

“I’m sorry,” I mumbled. Her eyes lit up relived at my submission as I dropped my towel and slipped the flimsy thong up my waist.

“Great!” She clapped her hands together. “Now for the rest of the outfit,” She went back to the clothes pile. She lifted what looked like two white translucent hoses with pink bows at the end. “Put these on next,” She tossed them.

It took me a moment to realize they were stockings. I sighed to myself as I sat down on the bed and slipped my feet though the translucent socks. As I slid them up my legs, I felt a tingling sensation from my newly shaven legs like the feeling of your hairs standing up but with no hair. The stockings stopped stretching at my lower thigh and had elastic at the end allowing them to stay up with no help.

Before I enjoyed these new feelings of dressing up, Jenny knocked me back. “Stand,” She ordered; holding up a pink waist clincher. I didn’t want to annoy her any further, so I did as she told and stood up. “Breathe in that gut,” She commanded. I sucked in as much as I could; puffing out my chest. She stretched the garment around my stomach and clipped the front one snap at a time. Even with my chest extended out and my breath gone it still felt uncomfortably snug. I tried to sit down to catch my breath but found myself unable not to sit straight up.

“I think it’s too tight,” I gasped.

“It’s supposed to be tight silly,” Jenney giggled. “This will make it so much easier to fill out your bra,” her soft hands over my chest cupping one of my nipples. My penis picked up feeling her touch; it felt so sensual. Then I heard her words.

“Bra?” I croaked.

“Yes a bra,” she repeated; pulling up a light pink padded bra from the pile. “Stick out your arms,” She ordered and slid the straps through my arms. After she hooked me up in the back, she rubbed the cups causing my nipples to stand up. I was so surprised by the sensation I lifted both my hands up and rubbed the cups to feel it again. I was so engulfed in the new feeling I let out a soft moan. I opened my eyes seeing Jenney smiling deviously grin.

“You like your new bra?” she asked knowingly.

“Yes, I mean no I... uh,” I flustered; I didn’t think these clothes would give me such a reaction.

“Well, you seem like you’re enjoying yourself,” she flicked my already erect penis poking out of my thong.

“I... uh,” I panicked inside thinking she was getting the wrong idea of me.

She grabbed my blushing face and gave me a smooch on the lips. “I don’t care what you wear but you always look cute when you are flustered,” She smiled erasing my panic and replacing it with a desire to explore this new side.

Next she pulled out a pink dress with cupped sleeves and pulled over my head. The dress felt a little loose as Jenny zipped me up and it hung a little over where my stockings ended. The dress had a petticoat sewn into it making the skirt puff out and felt fluffy on the inside. Before I could enjoy the sensations of wearing a dress though, Jenny handed me a ruffled apron and tied it around me; hugging my dress. With a quick tie to the back I was fully dressed as a pink maid.

I looked down at myself enjoying how the dress swayed. I looked over at Jenny calling me over to her makeup counter. I sauntered my way over feeling giddy knowing what was happening next. I sat down next her and closed my eyes letting her get to work on makeup. When she was done I opened my eyes seeing my reflection in her mirror. Not only did I look different but my face looked flawless. I looked like a woman with a short haircut. And that was fixed as she placed a straight blonde wig over my head.

She stood me up and had me step in to two pink, glittering platform heels. It took a couple of walks around the room before I managed to wiggle and wince enough to be walkable.

Jenny stopped my prancing and smiled, “I can’t wait for the rest of the girls to see.”

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Her words brought me out of my bliss and back into reality. I totally forgot how this dressing session is only happening because the other women wanted it. I instantly became frozen in fear.

Unfortunately for me Jenny saw fit to take me by the hand and slowly drag me out of the room. I could either follow her in tiny steps thanks to these heels or I could fall faced first down and twist my ankle.

Clipping and clopping through the hallway, my heels clack against the hardwood floor. I was bending over while we were walking with my skirt bouncing from the natural fluffiness because Jenney was walking so much faster as I titer tottered on my heels.

I could see the opening of the living room coming up. I did the best I could to drag my heels in the ground hoping to cause friction to stop me. Unfortunately for me Jenney caught on and stopped right before we entered the living room and yanked my arm sending me rocketing forward to where she was. She gave a smack on my ass causing me to yelp and lurch forward into the view of her coworkers.

There was a moment of silence as I regain my balance I looked up seeing Ms. Pearson and Ms. Lefay standing with mouths a gape. My face was bright red as I stood there. I wanted to run away but in these platform heels I knew I would just trip over myself.

Ms. Lefay hand went up to her mouth to cover a smile. "Oh my god," She said, "It's Jenney's husband!" She pointed at me trying to stifle a laugh.

"Oh my, I thought it was some big doll," Ms. Pearson laughed to herself.

"I guess we can see that Jenny wears the pants in their relationship," Ms. Lefay smiled cockily.

"Your damn right," Jenney came around and smacked my ass making me to flinch again.

"Oh you're scaring her," Ms. Pearson scolded. She walked up looking down at me intently. She wrapped her arms around me and held me close. To say this shocked me would be an understatement. "You have to treat a sissy sweetly..." She curled the end of my wig. My face blushed; being termed 'a sissy' but that didn't last long. I felt jolt shooting through me as I realized that Ms. Pearson hand, made its way up my dress and was cupping and my pantied covered genitals. I didn't know what to do; should I tell Jenney or was this part of the plan?

"Jenney," Ms. Pearson looked at her still holding me close. "You should go get ready while we enjoy your maid," She gave me another little tickle to my privates causing me to flounder in her arms. I looked over my shoulder panicking inside thinking I wouldn't be safe if she left.

"Sure," Jenney turned away. "Erica Make sure to entertain our guests while I'm away," She walked back into the hallway.

"You hear that 'Erica'," Ms. Pearson brought me close to whisper. "You have to entertain us," She continued stoke my privates. I continued to squirm in her arms feeling the jolts of arousal.

"Ms. Pearson I-," I tried to speak.

"Mistress Pearson," She corrected. "You will refer to us as Mistress is that understood?"

I nodded terrified disagree. I felt so vulnerable and wanted to escape. Her gripped loosened allowing me to shake free from her hold.

This victory was short lived as I tripped over myself in my platform heels. I fell right into Mistress Lefay who caught one of my hands. At first I was grateful to I regain my balance, but she grabbed my other hand and crisscrossed my arms around me; holding me from the back.

"Aren't you the cutest," Mistress Lefay giggled. She let go of my right hand and twisted my left hand twirling me around like a dancer until I faced her. She then pushed my left hand toward me causing me to fall backwards. She held on, forcing me to hold on to her hand to prevent me from falling backwards. After letting me hang there for a moment she tugged back my arm and propelled me into her chest. She wrapped her right hand around my hips; sliding her hand around my rump. "I've always had a soft spot for sissy girls," she chuckled

holding me close.

I'm not sure if I grew a back bone but something in me felt like it snapped. I broke away from Lefay's grasp, taking a couple steps back. "I'm not a sissy!" I cried out like I was having a temper tantrum; balling up my fists and stamping my heels.

"You're not a sissy?" I heard Jenney's voice. I looked over toward the hallway seeing Jenney enter the room naked except for a pink strap on hanging off her hips. "Come now Erica, don't lie to us," She continued while I stared at horror at her strap on.

"I... I...," I stuttered trying to form words.

"Shh..." She placed her finger over my mouth again silencing me. "Sweetie," she hummed, "It's okay no one's judging you for it." I backed away not knowing what she was talking about. "Honey, I found those sissy pegging sites you have been visiting when you say we're 'searching for a job'."

Her words shattered my world. It was true I always had a kink for being submissive and cross-dressing but was always too embarrassed to bring it up to Jenney. I kept it a secret thinking the worse if she ever found out. I looked away ashamed and felt tears starting to form.

"Oh hubby," Jenney cupped my face. "Don't look so down in the dumps I want to explore this side," her words made me calm down and even started to grow a small smile finding the irony. "But seeing how wanted to bring others involved," she gestured toward the other women who were staring at me like hungry sharks. "I thought we all could enjoy this side of you."

"And seeing how you're ready Jenney and it's your husband," Mistress Pearson chimed in. "We'll go get ready why you break your sissy in." Both she and Mistress Lefay left the living room.

"I will need you to bend down," she said. I did as she asked turning away from her and bending down with my ass in the air. The hem of my dress slid up, so she had a full view of my pantied ass. I looked behind me seeing her holding a bottle of lube.

"Spread'em," She ordered like a police officer; patting my inner thighs. I separated my legs in a triangle shape waiting for what came next. She pulled down my panties past my penis and ass and squirted a liberal amount of lube in her hands. She spread my cheeks and slathered the slimy substance on and around my asshole. I moaned feeling her thumb gently pushing in and rubbing the rim of my anus.

Jenny then took the bottle and liberally applied it to her strap. "Are you ready my dear?" she asked in a sexy voice.

"Yes Mistress," I answered still in a feminine voice.

"Good," She inserted her small pink strap on into me.

I shuttered as the rubber penis slide into my butt cheeks. It felt more sensual than I expected. Instead of mindless jabbing into my rectum she laid down on my back squishing her boobs on the top of my back.

Her right hand reached around under my dress grabbing my member and gently stroke. Her hands were soft and a tad bit slippery from the lube residue. Her dildo remained buried in my ass barley moving. I had to grind up against her to cause more friction. She kissed the back of my neck.

"You like this don't you?" She confided in my ear.

"Yes Mistress," I panted; bucking my hips onto her.

"Yes, you like getting fucked by me," She commented giving a small hump to my rear end. "Just think, if you were just honest with me we could have been doing this earlier."

"I'm sorry mistress," I said back. "Please forgive me."

"Yes, it was wrong for you to lie, you little slut." She continued to buck her hips stimulating my p-spot.

"Oh, god please yes!" I moaned. I felt that familiar tingle at my tip. "I'm goanna..." I tried to speak up.

"Go ahead and cum for me my little sissy slut," She commanded kissing my neck.

I moaned feeling myself squirting onto the carpet. Jenney pulled out but kept kissing my neck. "Good girl," She whispered between kisses.

"Oh my, doesn't that look fun," Mistress Pearson said behind us. I turned around seeing both Mistress Pearson and Mistress Lefay both come back in the room wearing strap-ons. My eyes widen seeing their size. They were both bigger than Jenney's pink one. Pearson's was only a tad bigger than Jenney's and Mistress Lefay's had one that was enormous compared to the rest.

I shivered in fear knowing I would have to take both. Jenney popped off of my back and stood up "I just finish popping sissy's cherry," she said giving a confident smirk.

"Nice job Jen," Mistress Pearson, "But let's prevent any cross contamination and get yours washed and in the meantime we'll punish your sissy for being so rude to Mistress Lefay earlier."

"No problem," Jenney left the room again to my guess wash her strap on.

"Now Erica," Mistress Pearson walked over and led me to Mistress Lefay who was sitting on the couch with her legs spread out. "I want you to show your sorry-," She pushed me down causing me to kneel in front of Mistress Lefay, "By Sucking Mistress Lefay's big dick."

I looked up at Lefay seeing her dominant smile. I was both afraid and turned on about what they wanted me to do. I wanted to go down her slobbering all over her big black cock showing them how much of a sissy slut I was. But I felt something pulling back; like shreds masculinity telling me that isn't what men do.

Maybe Mistress Pearson was a mind reader because kneeled down and wrapped an arm around me and coached me closer to it. "Come on sissy," She got me closer to the head. "It's okay to suck, it's not going to bite..." She talked in a mix between motherly and sultry.

I inched slowly toward her member, my mouth was salivating trying to prepare. I finally got close enough with my lips grazing around the head. Ms. Pearson was holding onto me steady not allowing to back up from this point. I slowly kept inching my way around the rubber until it filled my mouth. My mouth wasn't all the way down I still had a halfway to go take all of it on. My first thought was that this was good enough and just sucked like I was wet nursing her cock.

"That's cute Erica," Mistress Pearson chuckled into my ear. "But we want you take all of it."

She put pressure on my back pushing me further onto her dick and entering my thought. My gag reflex kicked in and part of me thought I might choke. "Breathe through your nose," Pearson said calmly; noticing I was struggling. I breathed through my nostrils; it wasn't the easiest thing to do but I at least could manage.

I kept going further trying to take all of it. Every time I would go down an inch I felt myself gag a little and back up. I felt Mistress Lefay hands digging in to my wig; guiding my head in its bobbing place. I kept sucking and slobbering over her member until finally I felt Lefay's hands pulling me off.

My mouth slipped off her member with a strand saliva connecting it. I looked up at her holding my head giving a sweet smile. "Nice job sissy," She said in a low dominating tone, turning me even more on. "Now I want you take a seat upon the throne," She nudged toward her dick.

"Yes Mistress," I meekly obliged.

I turned around and tried to lower myself onto her. Lefay reached around lifting me up by my waist; it surprised me how easily she lifted me. She gently guided my bottom down on her dildo.

"Ahuuh!" I moaned going down her flag pole.

"It's nice to see you enjoying yourself," I heard Jenny's voice. I opened my eyes and saw Jenny walking back into the room using a wash cloth to dry her now clean strap on. There I sat with a dildo up my ass staring at my beautiful wife and her boss with my penis standing erect. I couldn't explain it but I was finding this be thrilling.

Jenny could read my face; knowing I was enjoying myself. "Well Erica, what do you say to Mistress Lefay?" She asked in a demeaning voice causing me to get even more turned on. I was no longer Eric. I was sissy Eric, sissy maid for Jenny who loved getting fucked in the ass.

“Thank you for providing a comfortable seat,” I said fully enwrapped in my slutty sissy persona.

“You really are a good girl,” Mistress Lefay stated; kissing the nape of my neck “So this is how it will play,” Lefay explained. “I’m going to jerk you off while you bounce at your own pace on my dick,” she griped my hard penis in her right hand. “Are you ready?” she asked.

I breathed in deeply and mentally prepared myself. “Ready,” I said closing my eyes.

Her right hand tensed up getting a solid grip on my member and stroked with her thumb. I moaned feeling my dick becoming hard; it felt incredible. I moved my ass up and down on her strap on matching her pace.

I let another high pitch moan. My dick now fully extended out as she continued Jerk faster and faster. I continued bounce on her lap; adding friction.

I opened my eyes seeing the women wide eyed at me. What were they thinking about I wondered? Having them watching added to the electricity in the air and made me want to perform better for them.

“Come on girly cum,” Lefay said into my ear, “Be a good girl and cum.”

“Do it Erica,” I heard Jenney’s voice. I turned my head around seeing her smiling. “I want to see you cum,” she said, making direct eye contact with me.

“Yes Erica cum,” Pearson added in commanding sultry voice. “Be a good girl and cum for your mistresses.”

Their cheering made this all the much hotter. I twerk my butt faster and faster; trying to get myself to the edge.

“Are you a good girl?” Ms. Lefay asked. Her hand continued stroking my penis

“Yes!” I yelled. “I’m a good girl!”

“Then squirt sissy,” she commanded.

“Yes squirt sissy!” Jenney cheered

“Squirt sissy squirt!” The three women chanted. “Squirt sissy squirt!”

I felt myself hitting the point of no return. I was going cum. Their cheering made the tingle feeling feel like sparks escaping off the tip of my dick. “I’m goanna cu-umm!” I screeched. My dick exploded in her hand; my cum shooting out landing two feet away. The rest of my body went limp.

I felt hands wrapping around my shoulders and helping me up. I opened my eyes seeing Mistress Pearson holding onto me to help me keep my balance. I looked to the left seeing Jenney smiling.

“Are we done yet?” I whimpered my legs wriggling.

“Oh sweetie,” Mistress Pearson used her thumb to lift my head to look me in the eyes. “We have just been warming up; we still need to have that orgy you wanted.”

I shook just thinking what the orgy would entail with me dressed like this and with them wearing those. I look toward Jenney my beloved wife hoping to gain sympathy but when I turned to see her face I could tell I would get no mercy.

“What’s the matter sissy?” she teased, “Don’t think you can handle it?”

I looked away defeated knowing I was helpless in this situation. “Okay,” Mistress Pearson chimed in, “Let’s get ready to be gang-bang our sissy maid here, Lefay why don’t you help her lube up for us?”

“No problem,” Mistress Lefay pet my hair from the back; surprising me. “Bend over,” she whispered in my ear. I knew it would be pointless to argue, so I did as they told me and bent myself down; sticking out my rear. She tapped my thighs and did my best to spread my legs with my legs still wobbling. I felt her reapply more lube to my anus; feeling rub the slippery material inside and on the inner cheeks.

“Okay, this is how it will work Ms. Lefay will take up the rear,” Lefay gave a slap to my ass. “I’ll take the front,” Pearson stepped in front of my face; purple strap on wiggling in my face. “And Jenney, you will handle down stairs,” Jenney giggled sitting down beneath me; inches away from my erect member. “Any questions?” Mistress Pearson asked.

“Um I have one,” I said in a soft voice raising my hand. If we were we going to do what I think we are going to, I had a concern.

“What is it?” She raised an eyebrow.

“Well,” I blushed. “I’ve been standing for a while and I’m afraid I might fall on Jenney,” I confessed. The four women giggled in unison finding my question absurd.

“Don’t worry honey,” I heard Mistress Lefay laugh behind me. “I’ll hold you up so don’t be afraid to put your weight into me,” She said wrapping her arms around my stomach.

“Okay, if that’s it,” Ms. Pearson sighed in relief. “Begin.”

Lefay drove her strap on into my rear end causing me to yelp. My dick lurched forward getting caught in Jenney’s mouth. Feeling her wet mouth envelope my penis I moaned in pleasure giving Mistress Pearson the opportunity to grab my head force her purple dick into my mouth. I was helpless; being taken by three different sides.

Lefay was giving a bunch of deep thrusts impaling me on her big black dildo. I continued to feel her tapping and tickling my p-spot. Meanwhile, I felt Jenney wrap her tongue around my member; sucking like a demon. Pearson’s strap on was more of a gag than anything else. I moaned and mewed feeling both the pain and the pleasure. She would occasionally petting my wig and sometimes bucking my mouth to drive me back into Ms. Lefay.

It was a good thing Lefay was holding onto me because my legs were jelly and would have definitely have fallen. I looked up at Mistress Pearson seeing her smile.

“Enjoying yourself?” She asked. I moaned into her purple strap on. I was enjoying myself. My eyes were going back in my head and my toes were curling. I was about to explode.

Mistress Pearson must have recognized my face. “Go on cum,” she ordered. “Be a good slut and cum for us.” I felt a familiar twinge in my dick and felt myself letting go into Jenney’s mouth. She continued to slurp my dick; licking it clean. She let go of my dick and moved from underneath me. Mistress Lefay noticed her move out of the

way and both stopped humping me.

Sally took two steps backwards allowing me to breathe unhindered. Ms. Lefay slowly removed herself from my bottom causing an audible 'pop' and lowered me to the ground because I was too tired to stand. I panted lying on my side. All three women crowded around me all giving confident smiles.

"All right ladies time to switch places," Mistress Pearson said. My eyes widened realizing that we were far off from being done.

We did this two more times allowing each of them to have a chance at each of the 'stations'. After each round of me being fucked, there was a 2 min break. Giving me time to rest and let them wash their strap-ons to make sure there was no 'cross contamination'.

Finally it was Mistress Pearson holding me up and fucking my ass, Jenney was taking hold of my face and Mistress Lefay was sucking me off. As Mistress Pearson finished fucking my ass, I felt exhausted. She loosened her grip and allowed me to fall. I probably would have fallen and hurt Mistress Lefay if she didn't move slightly out of the way. Allowing my waist to rest on her shoulder as she wrapped her arm around me and lifting me up as she stood.

"Well, if we all done here I guess I'll take my new employee back," Mistress Lefay said.

"What!?" I gasped, "Employee?"

"Yes, those documents you sign was your contract working for me," Mistress Lefay explained. "So five days out of the week you going to be my little stay at home sissy maid."

"But... but... but..." I looked over at Jenney.

"Don't worry honey," Jenney smiled, "I have visitation rights whenever I want and we'll always have the weekends."

I couldn't believe it. My wife just sold me to another woman to be her plaything. I thought I would cry thinking she betrayed me.

"Oh, don't look so sad sissy," Jenney ran up to my face. "I still love you and you wanted to find another job."

I held back my whimpering. I knew she was right; I have been looking for a job and she did say when I sign those papers that I would enjoy myself.

"Trust me sweetie," She went on. "From what I saw in your browsing history you will be perfect for the job and maybe even enjoy yourself. Oh and it's also stated that they can only bring you to orgasm if I'm in the room or anally, so I'm not worried about it at all."

Her words brought me some solace, but I was still trembling. I was both scared and excited on my new job.

"Bye honey," Jenney kissed me, "Have a good week at work." And with that I was now being whisk away to my new job as Mistress Lefay's sissy maid. A job I had a strange feeling that I would be the best at.

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