

James' Decent into Cuckoldry 3 (Authoritarian, MF, MFF, Pegging, Spanking, Anal, Cum Eating, Forced Feminization, Humiliation)

Summary – Jamie's submissive training continues. Karen invites a friend over to play.

Previous Story Summary – Karen teaches Jamie how to dress and act like a slut.

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be of legal age to read this adult story. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't be a dick with other people's lives!

James Fagioli woke up the next morning after a long, blissful sleep, stretching his arms and arching his back. He immediately felt the huge butt-plug firmly lodged up his ass.

He fondly remembered dressing like a pretty girl for the kinky role-play sex he had with his dominating wife Karen last night, or, should he call her 'Ken?' Jamie smiled, thinking about it. He got out of bed and walked slowly into the bathroom to relieve himself. He sat down on the toilet to pee, since Karen had decided she was tired of him spraying his urine everywhere and leaving the toilet seat up. He didn't mind so much. It made perfect sense. He pulled up his panties and went into the kitchen to make breakfast. Karen always insisted on pancakes Sunday morning. Jamie considered removing the huge butt-plug from his ass as he waddled about, but knew he should ask for permission first.

Karen woke to the smell of coffee and pancakes and knew her little sissy-slut was already hard at work this morning. She walked into the kitchen and gave Jamie a hard, playful swat on the ass, and felt for the butt-plug, finding it securely in place. She smiled at him.

"How is my little ass-slut today, Jamie?" she asked.

Jamie, getting used to her pet name for him, turned and kissed his wife. "I'm fine, sweetheart," he said. "I heard you getting up. I have your coffee made and your pancakes will be ready soon."

Karen sat down at the table and Jamie handed her a large cup of coffee. He noticed how she was watching him with a sleepy smile on her face. Seeing how his wife was happy, he shyly asked her, "Uh, can I take out the butt-plug now, Karen?" he tugged at it. "It's so big and it has been inside me all night and all morning too."

"After breakfast, maybe." she grunted, putting her head down and slurping her coffee.

Karen watched her sissy-husband finish cooking her breakfast, grinning evilly every time he winced or wiggled his uncomfortable ass. He served her and watched her eat a moment, making sure she was satisfied with her meal before fixing his own pancake.

When he was about to sit down to eat, she pulled him to her and tugged on his butt-plug. "You were a perfect sissy-slut for me last night Jamie," she said. "I love you so much for that, so I'm going to give you

a reward!" She pulled down his baby-blue panties and began to stroke his stiffening dick while tugging on the huge butt-plug. "I'm going to suck your little clitty for you, Jamie," she said.

James watched excitedly as she brought her mouth to his small cock. She quickly sucked it into her mouth.

"Ohhhh, Karen!" he groaned. She hadn't sucked his cock for a long, long time. She efficiently licked and slurped his tiny dick, making him feel wonderful. Her warm, wet mouth and tongue teased his hard little clit.

"Tell me when you are about to cum, Fag," she said. Experience taught her Jamie never lasted very long. She sucked on his cock for another moment or two before he began to squirm.

"Almost there!" he said, excitedly, feeling tingles in his tiny nut sack.

Giving him another quick suck and a lick, Karen then quickly took her mouth off of his cock and stroked him softly and gently with two fingers. She reached over and slid his plate of warm pancakes under his tiny pecker. He began to spew his load immediately.

"Ohhhh!" he grunted as Karen deftly aimed his spurting cock at his breakfast, covering his hot pancakes with his warm ejaculate. She squeezed the last few drops on his food and shook his small cock until the last glob plopped onto his plate. She then took her slimy fingers and wiped them on his lips. He licked up the smeared sperm immediately.

"What do you say my little cum-guzzler?" she prodded.

"Thank you, mommy," Jamie said, grateful for the blow-job, but a little apprehensive about his ruined breakfast.

"Good girl!" Karen said. She poured some sticky syrup onto his pancakes, cut off a particularly gooey and well cum-covered piece and guided the bite to his mouth. "Open," she commanded.

Jamie whined out loud.

"I said, 'Open,'" Karen repeated, a little more forcibly this time.

Jamie quickly opened his mouth, and Karen placed the food into it like a mother to a child. She watched his tongue tentatively prodding his food. "Close," she said. "Now eat."

Jamie quickly closed his mouth. He could see her eyes narrowing. He didn't dare anger her. He chewed and swallowed the savory bite. He could taste his salty sperm mixed in with the sweet syrup and soft, crunchy goodness of the pancake. It wasn't bad at all, he thought. He really liked the salty/sweet taste of his cum mixed with the syrup.

"Oh, and don't you dare act like you don't love it, Jamie," Karen scolded him. "I know how much you love the taste of cum. Hell, you almost beg me to eat it all the time now! And, there is nothing wrong

with loving the taste of a man's cum. Both guys and girls love to eat cum! Besides, I think it is very sexy...," She fed him another piece, smiling down at him. "You know how much it turns me on," she said.

Jamie wanted to tell her that he only said he said he likes cum because she made him say it; but knew better and quickly decided against it. It was much better to agree with her. Besides, he did enjoy acting like a nasty slut for Karen and seeing her smile while he was eating his own sperm from her palm or hear her moans of joy when he licked her slick pussy. He had to admit he now began looking forward to slurping up his slimy loads for her. Lots of people like it. And, as she said, there was no mess to clean if he ate his own loads! It wasn't like he was learning to love the taste of cum or anything, he lied to himself.

"Now, apologize for acting up," she said.

"I'm sorry," Jamie said quickly.

"Sorry for...?" she said, drawing out her voice and expecting an answer. She held another sperm covered bite out in front of him, teasing him with it.

Jamie thought about it and then glanced down at his cum-covered breakfast. "I'm sorry I whined and I'm sorry I pretended I didn't love cum," he answered sheepishly. He opened his mouth wide and said, "Aaaaaahhhhh," waiting for another bite.

"Good boy!" Karen smiled and fed him more of his spermy meal. Karen washed down her breakfast with a long drink of coffee and said, "I'm going to take a shower. Hurry and eat up your cummies and come wash my back and my hair. I'll be waiting for you."

"Yes dear," he said, and began to wolf down his gooey, delicious breakfast; even licking his plate to get the last splattered drops, before hurrying to attend to his loving wife.

Karen graciously allowed him to remove his butt-plug. He dropped it into the sink, kicked his panties into the corner and stepped into the shower with his wife. James dutifully washed her long black hair and scrubbed her soft, smooth back. She even allowed him to wash her gently in all the hard to reach, fragrant, dirty places. He couldn't help but poke her in the ass with his stiff clitty as he reached around her to soap her armpits and large breasts.

"Get that nasty thing away from me. Now!" she said sternly, not wanting her clean ass smeared with his dirty pre-cum.

"Yes mommy," he said sadly, pulling his hard clit away from her soft ass.

"I've decided I don't like being called 'mommy' anymore. Call me 'Mistress,' from now on, Fag."

"Yes, Mistress," he said, thinking Karen was just playing another role-play game with him. His cock throbbed as he rinsed her gorgeous, god-like body clean with the shower wand. He liked that name, 'Mistress,' it still sounded like 'mommy' but much more respectful. It made him feel more mature.

“You know, Jamie, I think it is more than a coincidence that your last name is ‘Fag’ and you like sucking rubber cocks, eating cum and getting fucked in the ass.” She had her back to James. He watched the warm water cascade down her back, over her round ass and dripped in long streams from her ass-crack.

“You do?” he said, feeling his little pecker throb. Oh, shit, she *knew*! He always wondered if he was a faggot, and lately, he had decided that he *must* be a faggot! Well, he did like sucking cock, getting fucked, and eating cum! Oh shit! He *was* a faggot!

“Yes. I think you are a closet homosexual.” She turned around and looked at her sissy-husband. Karen noticed his hard pecker and reached down to stroke it. “Does that make you honey, faggot? What do you think, Jamie? Do you think, just maybe, that you might be a closet faggot?”

“Uh,” he stammered, “I don’t know... maybe... a little..., its fun pretending and all. But, I like girls a lot too!” he quickly added.

“Yes, you do, you poor, confused boy.” Karen toyed with this throbbing cock. “Mistress will help you figure it out,” she said.

“Thank you Mistress,” James replied his head down, turning red from embarrassment.

“Now, shave my legs and trim my pussy for me,” she said. “And, you better not nick me!” and then added derisively, under breath, “Faggot.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said excitedly as he tended to his wife’s needs. He lovingly shaved her legs and trimmed her beautiful cunt-hair very short.

“Shave my pussy lips too, but leave me a pretty landing strip just above my cunt.” Seeing James’ hands begin to shake, she wrenched the razor from him and finished the job herself.

“Can I lick it for you?” he asked, wanting to feel her naked lips on his.

“Maybe later, faggot,” she said, “Now dry me off.”

James scrubbed her dry with the soft, fluffy towel.

“Anything else, Mistress,” he asked hopefully.

“Get the small butt-plug ready for me. I want to try it out while I go out shopping.”

“Yes, Mistress! Right away!” James said. He quickly ran to get the smaller butt-plug and lube. His wife bent over the bathroom sink and James gently slicked up her pretty ass-hole. He then slowly pushed the plug into her tight, beautiful ass. “Not so fast, faggot!” Karen said, wincing with pain. She then scolded him, “That thing is a lot bigger than your little dick, so take it easy!”

James knew it was true. As his wife’s ass swallowed the plug, he wondered if he would ever be allowed to fuck her dainty ass-hole ever again.

“Aaaahhhh!” she sighed, wiggling her butt. “That feels nice!”

“I know,” James quickly agreed. “I like it too!”

“Do you want help with yours, Jamie?” Karen sweetly asked him.

“Yes, please!” Jamie, sharing a happy moment with his wife. He bent over, anticipating a slow, gentle ass-teasing, but Karen quickly and forcibly shoved the huge butt-plug back into his still gaping ass-hole.

“Owwie-ow-ow!” Jamie cried, “You didn’t put any lube on it!”

“It was still slimy from your nasty faggot ass, so shut the fuck up and quit being a sissy about everything!” Karen fumed. She had lost all respect for her weak-willed sissy husband; he didn’t deserve her kindness anymore. She had thought he would resist her manipulations much more than he had – to make it challenging, but James fell into her trap all too easily, almost eagerly. ‘What a loser!’ she thought.

James apologized profusely and helped Karen get ready for her day of shopping. He polished her finger nails and toe nails, brushed her hair and helped her get dressed. Karen had James practice putting on make-up as they made themselves pretty.

Karen helped her husband pick out a nice pair of bright red panties and was about to apply his nipple clamps when James commented that his nipples seemed a bit swollen and tender lately.

“Hmmm, maybe we can skip the nipple clamps for today then. Here, put this on instead, it will protect them.” Karen tossed him a matching red bra and told him to wear it the rest of the day. “You look so pretty, Jamie!” Karen praised as Jamie admired his girlish form in the mirror.

“Make sure the laundry is done and change the bed sheets again,” she told him as she headed out the door. “If your ass and titties hurt, don’t forget to apply some more lotion. I want no excuses if I decide to fuck you again later.

“Yes, Karen.” he said, resigned to his fate. He looked down at his straining clitty and the wet spot on his new pretty panties.

“What did you say?” she asked sternly, staring at him with raised eyebrows.

“Uh, I mean, yes Mistress!” James quickly corrected himself.

“That’s better, Jamie,” Karen said sweetly, “I’ll be home later. Have lunch ready for me at one o’clock, love you!” She blew him a kiss.

“Yes, Mistress,” he smiled happily.

James did his chores wearing his pretty red panties and bra. He was finally getting used to the huge butt-plug and even tried to do his chores wearing the high-heels shoes his loving wife had bought for him, wanting to make her proud. He even practiced deep throating his rubber cocks while he rested and

watched TV, before getting up to prepare his Mistress' lunch. When Karen came home she praised him for wearing the heels, telling him how nice they made his legs and ass look.

That night, Karen aggressively fucked his tender ass with the seven inch dildo. He was again dressed like a slutty whore. She noticed how her husband's ass-hole had loosened up and knew he would soon be ready for the ten-inch monster cock. As she was fucking him, with his hard clitty bouncing and dripping pre-cum, she said to him, "Oh, lover, do you know what would turn me on?"

"What?" Jamie grunted, knowing it would be something dirty, nasty and most likely humiliating for him. He waited, anticipating her words, his clit twitching.

"I want to see you take a load on your slutty, faggot face!" She said breathlessly. "Would you do that for your Mistress?" She looked down at her husband with his spread legs and little dick hard and leaking as she fucked his ass.

Jamie nodded imperceptible, feeling so horny, slutty and submissive. Without pulling her cock from his well-fucked hole, Karen easily lifted the two of them up, while bending her slender husband over, until his hard little cock was positioned above his made-up, whorish face. She plunged the dildo in and out of his ass again, driving it deeper and deeper with his ass so high in the air, and his legs nearly bend behind his head. She began to wank him.

"Ooooh, do it, Jamie! Let me see your nasty stuff and take a messy load on your face!" Karen encouraged. "Let me hear you beg for it Jamie! Oh, you are making me so hot!" she lied.

"Unggh," Jamie grunted, his ass so full of hard, rubber cock. He looked up at his sexy wife and his dripping cock. "Give me your cum, stud!" he groaned. "Please? I want your hot, fucking load all over my face!" Jamie opened his mouth and wiggled his tongue, almost wishing there was a huge, hard, throbbing cock above him instead of his small, slimy, clitty.

"Oh, Jamie!" Karen moaned. "I'm going to cum!" She began to moan and grunt as she fucked her husband's sissy-ass. "You're making me cum, you slutty faggot!"

"Me too!" Jamie moaned and began to squeal like a little girl as the fat cock drilled him. "Eeeiii-eeee-eeeeiiii!"

"Shoot it, Jamie, shoot it!" Karen moaned. She jacked his tiny dick, aiming it at his opened mouth. The first shot landed across his eyes and cheek, making him flinch.

Jamie's prostate pulsed, sending another blast surging up from his little balls until it forcefully splattered against his lips and extended tongue.

Karen watched her trained cum-slut anticipate the next spurt and smiled as he was rewarded with another blast landing on his forehead. Jamie bent his head back so he could catch the next shot. It landed in his mouth in a long, thin stream and he savored his success, keeping his mouth open a moment more, waiting for any more sperm to fall, before closing his eyes and smacking his lips.

Karen squeezed and shook the last few drips on to his face. "Oh, that was so hot!" she said. "We have to do that more often!" She unceremoniously pulled the cock from his ass, tossed it on the floor and ordered him to eat her cunt.

Jamie obediently crawled between her legs, smearing the sperm from his face into her cunt and then searching for it and licking up. When he found a large glob, he couldn't help but smack his lips, roll it on his tongue and exclaim "Aaaaahhh!"

"What a good little cum-slut, you are!" Karen said, as Jamie proceeded to lick her ass and pussy to two separate orgasms. Satisfied, she rolled over and went to sleep, leaving Jamie to clean up the mess.

The two made love every night with Karen encouraging her husband and subtly training him to love the feeling of a hard cock pounding his ass, warm sperm blasting into his mouth, and the unique, exquisite mix of male sperm and pussy juice; eaten straight from his wife's freshly fucked hole. Karen had insisted she take some pictures and videos of him dressed like a slut, taking a dildo up his ass, begging for cock and cum and especially his cum covered, eager sissy face. She told him that she wanted to look at them when she was bored at work. He was happy to please, and posed for her joyfully, but begged she keep the pictures private. She promised she would.

He was so eager to act like a cum-slut for his wife he was a little disappointed when Karen told him that she was going out Friday night.

"But, you promised we could try the ten-incher tonight!" he whined.

"I can't say no to her, Jamie," Karen told him. "Becky is only in town for the weekend, and I haven't seen her in such a long time!" Becky was Karen's college roommate. "I'll only be a little late. One drink, I promise! Well, maybe two, and that's it!" she said. "But, don't wait up for me!"

Jamie pouted most of the night. He was almost ready for bed when the phone rang. Karen was drunk.

"Do you want me to come pick you up?" he asked, hearing Karen and her friend laughing and having fun.

"No, thash OK, my little slut!" Karen giggled. "We are already in Becky's bed..., I mean in her hotel room," she slurred, "and are all comfy and cozy!"

Jamie thought he heard a high pitch squeal and then the phone became muffled. "You vixen!" he thought he heard, and then more giggling.

"Is everything OK?" Jamie asked, "You sound a little funny, Karen." He was concerned that his wife was having a little *too* much fun with her college friend.

"I..., uh..., mmmm..., oooooohhhh! ... I think I'm coming... (uhh!)...down..., on something. I mean coming *with* something! (Ohh!) I mean *Becky* is going down... I mean, she's got it *too*! Shit! I mean I'm *cumming*

with... her... (Unggh!) Oh, never mind! Fuck it, I gotta go.” Karen slurred, squealed once more, laughed uncontrollably, and then hung up.

The next morning, a hung-over Karen walked in the door, looking a bit disheveled. Jamie followed her into the bedroom, bitching about her night out. Karen quickly began to strip for a shower and Jamie noticed what looked like scratches on her thighs and breasts. He also noticed what appeared to be a large purple and blue bruise on her inner thigh.

“Did you two have sex or something?” he demanded of his wife.

“Don’t be silly,” Karen replied, a little irritated. “We, uh, just had a tickle fight. We were a little drunk.”

“Oh, OK,” Jamie said, tapping his foot but still looking for a fight.

“Karen, where is my regular underwear?” he asked.

“I threw them out,” she replied casually, dropping her stained panties onto the floor.

“You threw them out!” he whined, throwing up his hands. He was so angry at her! “How dare you....” he began, but quickly realized his error. His wife glared at him, making him freeze in panic.

“Jamie *Fag-o-li!*” Karen screamed, “I come home tired and sore, and you start accusing me of having sex with my best friend?” Jamie looked at the ground, hoping her anger would quickly dissipate. But she continued. He had crossed the line this time!

“I’m sorry!” he said, recognizing his danger and beginning to shake uncontrollably. “Mistress, I’m sorry!” he added, pleading with her, his eyes begging for forgiveness.

“I spend my hard earned money to buy you pretty underwear to make you look pretty and sexy, and you *dare* to get angry at me for throwing out your old ratty boxers?” Karen screamed.

“I said I’m *sorry!*” he nearly shouted. He had not seen her this angry for a long, long time.

“Not good enough!” she yelled. She was tired, hung over and angry! She had to stop this type of attitude immediately. After all, had worked too hard only to have him try to stand up for himself now. She grabbed his arm and pulled him after her, her breasts swaying violently as she led her smaller husband across the bedroom. She quickly grabbed her hair-brush and sat on the edge of the bed. Jamie looked at her terrified and tried to get away. The two struggled a moment, but Karen easily forced him over and onto her lap. She pulled down his shorts and pretty panties with one hand. James tried to push himself up. She stopped him by giving his naked ass a firm swat with the back of her hair-brush.

SMACK!

“Owww-wow-wowzie!” Jamie cried and tried to wiggle away, but his wife was too strong for him.

SMACK!

“Ow! No, don’t!” He started to cover his naked ass with his hands, but knew it would only make things worse.

SMACK!

“Take it like a man, Jamie!” Karen warned him, “Or else I’ll walk out of this door and you will never see me again...” He quickly put his hands down.

SMACK!

“Don’t you *EVER* talk back to me again!” she screamed.

SMACK!

“And, after all I’ve done for you, you ungrateful little sissy *faggot!*”

SMACK!

Jamie began to sniffle and cry and sob uncontrollably. He *was* ungrateful! She did so much for him and always tried to make him happy. He realized it now and it made him very, very sad and ashamed. He *never* should have talked back to her!

SMACK!

“Say you’re sorry, cunt!” Karen sneered, watching his ass turn a bright shade of red.

SMACK!

“I’m sorry!” he sobbed.

SMACK!

“Just ‘I’m sorry,’ bitch?”

SMACK!

“I’m sorry..., Mistress!” he yelled triumphantly, “I’m so sorry *Mistress!*”

SMACK!

“Tell me it will never happen again!”

SMACK!

“It will never happen again, I swear it!” he cried, clenching his ass cheeks together.

SMACK!

“What will never happen again?”

SMACK!

“I’ll never talk back to you!” he sobbed. “I’ll do whatever you say!” he sniffed. “I love the panties you bought for me!” he told her, babbling any words to make her stop spanking his ass. “I’m sorry I said such stupid things about you and Becky! I LOVE YOU KAREN, I’m just so jealous and I don’t want you to ever leave me! I’ll do anything you say, Mistress!”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The last three whacks seemed to be aimed at his diminutive little balls. They stung painfully, making Jamie feel like his little nuts were on fire! His hard, little, leaking clit almost spermed upon his Mistress’ naked, sexy legs.

“Good,” Karen said, and pushed him off of her. She noticed his erect, leaking clitty as he lay on the floor sobbing like a baby. She gave her hair a toss and went into the bathroom, slamming the door behind her. Jamie sniffed and rubbed his sore, red ass.

Karen found him in the living room looking sad, eating ice cream and watching TV. He looked so forlorn and pitiful. “I’m sorry I had to punish you, Jamie,” she said.

“I know,” he sniffed.

“I was tired and hung-over, and I don’t need that shit, OK?”

“OK,” he said, and quickly added, “Mistress.” Jamie looked at his wife and said, “I’m really sorry. I don’t know what’s come over me lately. I’ve been so emotional!” His eyes were red and swollen.

“Look, I know how to make it up to you,” Karen said, putting her arm around him.

“How?”

“Well, I told you how Becky and I used to fool around in college?”

“No,” he said, but quickly corrected himself. “Sorry, I don’t remember, Mistress.”

“Well, I’m sure I told you about her,” she continued. “Didn’t you ever fool around in school with another guy?”

“No.”

“Well, it’s their loss. You suck cock pretty good,” she added. He blushed with pride. “Anyway, I think I talked Becky into having a three-way with us. What do you think, pretty kinky eh?”

“You and me and another girl?” Jamie asked incredulously.

“Yup, two hot bitches to take care of your every need. What do you think? That ought to let you decide if you are a faggot or not.”

“Well, I don’t know...”

“Do it for me, OK?” Karen said. “Becky has had some rough times. She has been a lesbian since college, and I think I talked her into trying cock again.”

“Really?” Two naked women, in bed with him? It might be interesting!

“You will be the first man she had been with since was raped back in high-school. I know you will be gentle with her. It’s just what she needs to get over her fear of men.” More like ‘hatred of men,’ she thought, but Karen kept that to herself. She looked at Jamie and pouted. “Please?” she asked.

“Well, OK,” Jamie agreed. Karen *never* said ‘Please.’ It must be important to her, he realized.

“Thank you!” Karen gave Jamie a sensual kiss. The two made out on the couch with Karen slipping her hand inside her husband’s panties and playing with his little dick until it was leaking. “We will have such a fun time!” He looked at her lovingly. “Go get the lotion and I will massage your ass for you,” she said. He stood up and she gave him a playful swat on his tender buttocks.

“Ouch!” he exclaimed, rubbing his ass.

“Sorry!” she said, smiling at his retreating, red ass.

Jamie returned with the lotion and Karen once again pulled down his panties and put him over her knees. This time, instead of paddling him, she squeezed the lotion onto his ass and massaged him gently.

Jamie loved the cool, tingling lotion on his sore ass-cheeks. Karen became playful and began to rub lotion into his small, ball sack and pulled on his tiny clitty until it got hard. She massaged her husband’s ass-hole with the lotion and asked him, “Do you like me playing with your pussy and little clitty, Jamie?”

“Mmmmm,” was all he said, humping his hungry ass-hole onto her fingers.

After a while, Karen told him, “I’m going to call Becky and then take a nap. Make sure you clean up and have dinner ready by six,” she yawned and went to bed. Jamie began to clean and decided he better go out and get some wine and some other ingredients to make a fabulous dinner for his wife and her friend.

“Becky!” Karen squealed, opening the door wide and inviting in her college friend. “This is my husband Jamie,” she said. “Jamie, this is Becky!”

Jamie politely took Becky’s hand. “I prefer ‘James,’” he said, “Pleased to meet you, Becky. Karen has told me a lot about you.”

“Hello, *Jamie*,” Becky said, dismissing his request. “From the pictures Karen showed me last night, you look much more like a ‘*Jamie*’ than a ‘*James*,” she sneered.

“Uh, mmm, what...?” Jamie began, “Karen, did Becky happen to see those pictures you promised not to share?” His voice rose and he quickly turned red.

“Oh, I’m sorry, *Jamie*!” Karen giggled. “Becky wanted to see what you looked like, and, as I was going through my phone, well, I was a little tipsy, and... Oh, don’t worry *Jamie*, Becky is OK with it!”

“Yeah, it’s fine,” Becky said, looking at Jamie with a knowing smile. “Whatever floats your boat, you know?” Becky stared at Jamie intently. She was a little intimidating. Short hair, small breasts, stocky and strong. She looked more like a man than Jamie did!

Karen quickly intervened. “I’m sure Jamie has cooked us a great dinner, Becky,” she said. “Let’s have a glass of wine before we eat!”

The three sat down and Jamie quickly poured everyone some wine. After a second glass, they all began to joke and have fun. Jamie quickly lost his embarrassment and began to enjoy having company over. He forgot his recent humiliation until Becky leaned over to him and said, “I think you make a hot woman, *Jamie*.” She took his hand.

“Doesn’t he?” Karen said. “And, he can lick pussy almost as good as you, Beck!”

Jamie blushed, feeling his hand stroked by Becky’s strong fingers.

“We’ll see about that,” Becky said, taking another gulp of wine.

“Show her your tongue, *Jamie*!” Karen said, giggling.

Jamie slowly stuck out his tongue until its entire, obscene length was extended. He wiggled the tip, making Becky shudder involuntarily. He then licked the bottom of his wine glass. “More wine, girls?” he said grinning. He stood up, a little un-steady, and left to get another bottle, hearing the giggles behind him.

He returned to find his wife and Becky making out, locked lips and groping each other.

“Let’s go to bed, *Jamie*!” Karen cried. She stood up and led her friend into the bedroom.

“What about my dinner?” Jamie asked. He had worked so hard to prepare an enjoyable meal.

“Later! Come on!” Karen yelled back. “And, bring more wine!”

Jamie sighed, checked the dinner so it wouldn’t burn, and quickly went after the two horny women. When he arrived in the bedroom, his wife and Becky were already stripping off their clothes, still locked in a sensual embrace.

He watched excitedly as the two women got naked, groping each other and making out. They fell upon the bed like experience lovers. His cock got hard. Maybe he wasn't gay after all?

"Well, are you just going to sit there?" Karen asked him, spreading Becky's legs, inviting him to join them.

Jamie quickly shimmied out of his clothes, forgetting that he was wearing panties.

"Nice panties, *Jamie*," Becky said to him.

"I know, doesn't he look *hot!*" Karen quickly replied, saving her sissy husband from further embarrassment. At least until he dropped his panties and his little hard pecker pointed at the girls.

"OMG! My clit is bigger than that thing!" Becky pointed and giggled.

"I know, but wait until you feel his tongue," Karen said. "Jamie, show her what you got!"

Determined to show Becky how good he was in bed, Jamie quickly crawled between Becky's legs and stared at another woman's pussy; the only other pussy he had ever seen, besides his wife's. It smelled stronger and looked a lot different than Karen's cunt. Becky was right, though, her clit *was* very long. Not as big as his hard cock, he thought smugly. He began to eat her smelly pussy, using every trick his wife had ever taught him. He'd show this interloping bitch!

"Mmmm, not bad," Becky admitted, feeling his long, snaking tongue tickling her insides. Jamie licked and slurped his wife's friend, feeling satisfied when he heard her moaning. "Oh, he *is* good, Kay!" Becky said, writhing on the bed and grinding her cunt into him.

"I know, I trained him," Karen said proudly. "Let him eat your ass, Becky, you'll love it!" Becky opened her eyes and grinned.

"Get on your back, Jamie!" Karen ordered. She helped Becky climb on Jamie's face and positioned her ass over his mouth. "Eat it, Jamie!" she instructed.

Almost reluctantly, Jamie began to eat Becky's funky ass-hole. Tentatively at first, then he began gobbling her ass with gusto. "Oh, yeah, eat my fucking ass, you nasty faggot!" Becky groaned. She smashed her ass onto Jamie's face, making his nose hurt. He retaliated by shoving his tongue deep inside of her and wiggling it all around. Becky then pushed her gushing cunt against him. She slid her hot cunt and ass onto Jamie's face, letting him eat each hole repeatedly. He gently sucked on her huge, fat clit.

"I'm going to cum!" she moaned. "The little fag-boy is gunna make me cum! Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh!" Her orgasm rocked her and she gushed and squirted a load of cunt juices down Jamie's throat. Jamie did the best he could and swallowed most of her salty liquids. Becky came again and again, feeling Jamie's long tongue tickling her ass, clit and cunt until she finally sat down heavily on Jamie's face, smothering him and leaving him breathless. After a long, agonizing moment for Jamie, she slowly got off of him. He took a long, shuddering breath.

“See! I told you he was good!” Karen said, beaming. She looked at her soaked husband and said, “Did I mention that Becky was a ‘squirter?’ No? Oh, I’m sorry ‘bout that!” she said smiling.

Jamie was feeling a little miffed, but he brightened up immediately when he heard Karen say, “Lets suck his dick, Becky!” Jamie watched as the two gorgeous women positioned themselves close to his hard, throbbing, tiny cock.

“It’s not much, is it?” he heard Becky whisper.

“Well, you have to start small, I think,” Karen replied. “Baby steps, bitch!”

“Baby dick, more likely,” Becky sneered under her breath. She watched as Karen gave the little cock a long lick.

Jamie groaned.

Becky gave it a lick too.

Jamie moaned louder.

Karen sucked his cock deep into her mouth.

Jamie sighed contentedly. He loved to get his cock sucked, but Karen rarely did it for him. Now, he was going to have two girls sucking his cock!

Becky opened her mouth and sucked his tiny cock. She put her lips around it and sucked as hard as she could.

“Ow, ow!” Jamie yelped in pain. “Not so hard!”

“Be more gentle, Beck,” Karen said to her friend, rubbing her back and playing with her nipples.

“I thought guys liked everything hard?” Becky replied.

“Well, they do, sometimes,” Karen admitted. “Jamie, just be nice and let Becky suck your cock however she wants to, OK?”

Becky sucked Jamie’s little clitty, but not quite as hard as before. Jamie gritted his teeth and did his best to keep from crying out. Thank goodness Karen sucked his cock much more softly when it was her turn. He began to enjoy his blow-job until Becky grabbed his nuts.

“Mmmmmph!” he grunted, feeling his marbles mashed together.

“Be gentle with Jamie’s balls, Beck,” Karen said. “But if some man ever gives you a hard time, give him a firm kick in the nuts!”

“Yeah!” Becky agreed, “Or maybe squeeze them like this!”

Jamie was prepared to scream but instead heard the girls giggling. "I won't hurt your little tiny marbles, Jamie..., much..., " Becky said to his relief. She began to bob her head on his cock and massaged his tiny ball sack, only occasionally too aggressive.

"Oh, yeah," Jamie sighed. He felt his wife licking his balls as Becky sucking his cock. He grunted.

"Are you about to cream, baby?" Karen asked him.

"Uh, huh!" Jamie moaned, feeling the tingling in his balls.

"Watch this!" Karen exclaimed and lifted Jamie's legs in the air until he was bent over, his cock hovering over his face. She began to stroke her husband furiously!

"No, Karen, uh, uh, uh!" Jamie was humiliated; his almost-ready-to-sperm-cock was just above his face! Karen was going to make him take a nasty cum load in front of her friend!

"Do it, Jamie," Karen said, "Show Becky what a nasty little cum-guzzler you are! Show her how much you love eating cum!"

"Uh, uh, uh!" Jamie groaned. It was too late to fight back. His cum surged from his balls. He opened his mouth out of habit and took a full blast in the face.

"Look at him shoot!" Becky said, amazed. "Wow!"

Wanting to put on a good show, Jamie wagged his tongue as another blast sprayed him, then another. His cock began to ooze out cum in long, gushing spurts. It dripped directly into his waiting mouth.

"Oh, that is *hot!*" Becky said.

"I know!" Karen said, feeding her submissive cum-slut his daily treat. She squeezed out the last few drops. They splattered on Jamie's cheek, missing his open, searching mouth entirely.

"Do all guys cum that much?" Becky asked.

Karen giggled. "No! Most guy shoot a whole lot more!" She released her grip on his legs and Jamie lay back on the bed. She pointed to his slimy genitals. "Look how small his balls are. Those baby-makers are half the size of a real man's!" Noticing her cum-covered fingers as she pointed out Jamie's deficiencies, she put them in front of Jamie's mouth and he quickly and silently sucked them clean.

"Can I fuck him now?" Becky asked, looking at Jamie oddly and taking a big gulp of her wine.

"Karen!" Jamie cried, totally embarrassed.

"Well, she wants to know what it's like!" Karen said, defending herself. "Besides, you love getting your ass-hole fucked, and you know it!" She drained her glass of wine.

"But..." he started.

“Do I have to get my brush?” Karen asked, raising her eyebrows.

“No, Mistress.”

“Good,” she said, “Now, get in position and show Beck what a nasty little faggot ass-slut you are!”

Knowing he was defeated, Jamie presented his ass and pressed his head into the bed. He heard the girls giggling and recognized the sounds of the harness being fitted.

“I want *this* one!” he heard Becky say. What? She wants which one? He felt his ass-hole being greased.

“Karen, wait, which dildo are you...?” he started to say.

“Shhhh!” Karen quickly hushed him.

“Wow, look at me!” Becky exclaimed. “I have the biggest cock in the world! Get ready bitch!” she said, climbing on the bed and positioning herself between James spread ass cheeks.

“Karen?” Jamie said very concerned. He was becoming extremely nervous. He felt the head of the hard phallus against his ass-hole. It wasn’t the familiar seven-incher he was used to. It was the...

“OH MY GOD!!” he cried out in pain as the massive ten inch cock spread his ass-hole wide. Becky pushed the hard shaft until it was imbedded in his ass. “Take it out! Take it out!” he pleaded, but to no avail.

“Quit being a sissy, Jamie.” Karen said, slapping his ass in warning and then soothing her husband fears, rubbing his spanked ass and spreading his cheeks. “Take it slow, Becky, OK? He’s never had one this big before.” She only felt a little pity for Jamie and certainly didn’t want her husband’s ass-hole ruined for everyone else. Besides, she would have been giving him the 10-incher soon anyway.

Becky continued to push the huge cock into Jamie’s ass. He whimpered like a dog, held tightly by his gentle Mistress, as the massive rubber dick stretched his hole to its breaking point. He moaned long and loud as the long, fat cock invaded his bowels “Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmm!”

“Take my fucking cock, you bitch!” Becky cried, before shoving the massive phallus all the way into his boi-cunt. Jamie screamed softly, grunted again loudly and then finally sighed with relief when he felt the rubber balls resting against his ass. He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He was stuffed full of rubber cock!

Jamie’s relief was short-lived though. Becky began to fuck him! She pulled the massive cock nearly all the way out before pushing it back in. She smiled as she watched Jamie take the huge cock; it looked like it was her own member fucking the faggot-slut’s ass! She turned to Karen and said, “This is so cool!”

“I know, isn’t it fun? Go ahead and fuck him, Becky,” Karen encouraged. “Fuck him like that guy fucked you back in school!”

Becky sneered down at Jamie. "Do you like my fat cock in your tight little pussy, bitch?" she asked. Becky began to fuck him with a sense of purpose. "You know you want it, whore!" she said, pounding his ass harder.

Jamie lay still, accepting her abuse and whimpering softly. Even though his ass was used so roughly, it slowly started to feel better. His cock swayed back and forth, slapping his belly and sending drops of pre-cum flying. He whimpered again as the pleasure turned to pain when she drove it hard and deep, and then back to pleasure again.

"Don't cry, you fucking bitch!" Becky said. "You know you want it! All women are nothing but sluts and whores!" Becky fucked Jamie's ass furiously.

"Oh, shit!" Jamie cried. He was going to cum! He lifted his head up from the bed and pushed back on the fat cock. "Give it to me! Fuck my ass!" The huge cock was feeling so damn good! "Fu-u-u-k-k-k-mmm-eee-eee!"

"You fucking slut! You love it!" Becky sneered at him. "I'm going to cum! Take my cum bitch," she groaned, "Take my fucking cum!"

Becky slammed the phallus into Jamie, pulling his ass against her and holding him tight as she pretended to ejaculate into him. Four times she slammed his ass. Four times Jamie grunted as the cock stretched and filled his ass and made his clitty dance.

"Aaaaaahhhh," Becky sighed, with sweat dripping of her forehead and splashing onto Jamie's ass. "That was intense!"

Jamie looked between his legs and saw the pool of sperm below him on the bed-sheets. His hard, little clit had flopped around so much and the massive phallus had massaged his prostate so wonderfully, he had made cummies while getting fucked. He decided he probably was a faggot after all.

"Did you make a mess, Jamie?" Karen asked, giggling.

Becky removed the dildo from Jamie's ass. The two girls stared at his huge gaping ass-hole as Jamie bent down to lick up his sperm from the bed. "Sorry, Mistress."

"Go wash your toy and bring it back. Then, get dinner warmed up, Jamie," Karen said, handing him the heavy slimy dildo. "Becky and I will be out in a few minutes."

"Yes, Mistress." Jamie walked from the room, fingering his gaping hole, rubbing his tender ass, and carrying the huge cock with him.

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