

James Decent into Cuckoldry 4 (MFF, Anal, Cum Eating, Forced Feminization, Humiliation)

Summary – James and Karen find another friend.

Previous Story Summary - Jamie's submissive training continues. Karen invites a friend over to play.

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 woke up on the couch. As his dream fog lifted, he discovered someone had put a blanket over him. He lay still for a while and contemplated last night's events. Damn, his ass was sore!

He remembered his humiliation by Karen's lesbian friend Becky. She has seen the pictures of him dressed as a slutty girl; watched him eat his own cum; and pounded his ass with the ten inch dildo until he spurted his cum upon the bed. Still, he had to admit had a good time, and grinned as he fondly remembered Becky cumming on his tongue. He showed the bitch! He sat up, rubbed his eyes and walked gingerly into the kitchen to make some coffee.

As the coffee brewed, he cleaned up the mess from the night before. He didn't remember eating, but after the pounding his ass received, he had drunk quite a bit of wine. He found two empty bottles and realized Karen and Becky must have had a late night together. He checked the driveway and Becky's car was gone. He didn't remember her leaving.

James went to the toilet, dropped his panties, sat down and peed. As he tinkled, he looked at the clock and realized how very early it was. He knew that Karen would probably sleep late. After drinking a cup of coffee, James took a shower. He shaved off the sparse hair from his armpits, legs and crotch until he was smooth and lady-like, like Karen told him. After drying his slim body, he liberally rubbed more of the special cream on his sore ass, cock, balls and tender nipples. It was such a nice feeling applying the slippery lotion on his now hairless cock and balls. He added some more to his sore ass and up and down his ass-crack, enjoying the tingling and slickness. He would have to remind Karen to get more of the cream; this one was almost used up! He had used two full tubes already! As he rubbed his nipples, he thought they were even puffier than before. No more nipple clamps for him! Unless Karen told him to, of course.

He quietly went into the bedroom to get a fresh pair of panties. He didn't mind that his wife had thrown out his regular underwear now. Panties felt so much nicer on his body than his scratchy old boxers. As he bent over to put on a fresh, bright yellow pair, he heard his wife stirring.

"Good morning, sexy," Karen said from the bed. She stretched and yawned, her full naked breasts appearing from under the covers.

“Good morning, Kar...,” he began. “I mean, good morning, Mistress.” She was beautiful, even just waking up! He was so lucky to have her.

“Good morning, faggot,” Karen smiled, please that Jamie had remembered to call her ‘Mistress.’ “Fetch me some coffee and pain relievers. I have such a fucking headache!”

“Yes Mistress.” James quickly left to bring her coffee and medicine. “Here you are, Mistress,” he said when he returned.

Karen gulped the pills and slurped her hot coffee. “Aaaahhh!” she sighed. “You know, I’m proud of you, you really acted like a flaming faggot in front of my friend last night. Taking a load in your face, eating your cum and shooting your sissy-spruts all over the bed while she fucked you!”

“Yes, Mistress,” James smiled. Embarrassed, but still he was a proud of himself.

“I’ll have breakfast in bed today, faggot,” she told James, “Have you eaten yet?”

“No Mistress, I was waiting for you.”

“Good girl!” Karen praised. “Go get our breakfast, but fix my pillows first.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Karen snuggled up against the headboard and sunk into the pillows, drinking her coffee and smiling.

James returned with a tray of food and fresh coffee for his wife. He set it down in front of her on the bed. She began to eat. James reached for his plate of pancakes, but Karen stopped him.

“Are you forgetting something?” she asked.

He looked down. He had brought silverware, coffee, butter, syrup. He had everything they needed.

“Mistress?” he asked quizzically.

“Your cummies, silly!” Karen said. “You know how much you love pancakes with fresh cummies on them!”

“Sorry, I forgot, Karen.” James pulled down his panties, expecting his wife to suck his tiny cock like she did last time.

“What did you call me?” Karen asked, frowning.

“Sorry, Mistress!” James quickly corrected himself.

“You will have to do it by yourself, faggot. I’m too tired this morning.” She took another big bite of food. Jamie’s stomach began to rumble. “No breakfast until you make your cummies!” she ordered.

Jamie began wanking his small pecker as his wife watched, bemused.

“Thank you for leaving Becky and me alone last night, so we could, uh, reconnect with each other,” Karen said. She certainly had re-connected her mouth to Becky’s hot twat! “I covered you up last night; you were passed out on the couch.”

“Thank you, uhgg, Mistress,” Jamie grunted jacking his cock. He couldn’t get it hard! It wiggled about on his fingers.

“Becky had a good time she told me. Thanks for being such a good ass-slut while she fucked you. It was good for her to get her anger issues sorted out. She said that while she was fucking you, it felt like she was fucking the shit out of that ass-hole that raped her back in high school.

“Hurry up and cum, faggot,” Karen said to him, as he stroked his pathetic limp clitty. She held up her breasts to him. “Does this help?” she asked.

Jamie’s cock lurched.

“Becky sucked them last night. It felt so good! I ate her little pussy too, just like I did back in college. It was so much fun!” She watched Jamie’s cock getting hard.

“You were such a faggot-slut for us last night! Eating your cum load and taking that big, fat cock in your ass-pussy!” she continued, trying to encourage him.

“It was such a turn on for me to watch shoot your sperm while you were getting your sissy-ass pounded. You must really, really, like a big, fat cock in your ass! It made you cum without anyone touching your tiny little faggot dick!” Karen smiled as she reinforced his training and encouraged his willing acceptance of humiliation. She smirked at the pathetic pulling on his tiny worthless dick, working so hard to make his cummies for her, just so he could eat it!

James relived the thrilling experiences of the night before. He little cock was hard and slick. He yanked himself furiously with a single finger and his thumb. He felt the tingling in his small balls. He moved over his plate. Karen watched him, bemused, as he stroked.

“Unnhh!” he grunted. A wad of cum shot out from his cock and splattered on his pancake. “Unnhhh!” Another blast landed on the melted butter pooled on top of his cake. “Unnhhh!” another, final load spurting on his food and the rest oozed and dribbled on the plate. James squeezed out the last of his cum from his piss-slit. He shook his slimy cock, wiped it on his pancake and licked his slimy fingers.

“Good girl!” Karen praised. “Now, eat up your cummies and then clean the dirty dishes like a good little faggot for Mistress.”

“Yes Mistress,” James replied, enjoying his spermy breakfast while his Mistress watched happily.

“It’s good, isn’t it faggot?” she asked.

“Yes Mistress.”

“You love cum, don’t you faggot?”

“Yes Mistress, I wish I had a bit more!” He licked his plate clean.

“We’ll see, faggot,” she said, “We’ll see.”

Later that morning, Karen announced she was having lunch with Becky, before her friend left town.

“What are you going to do today, Jamie?” she asked. “Besides your chores?”

“Well, I think I’ll get a haircut and maybe wash my car, Mistress,” he said.

“No, I forbid it!” Karen said sternly.

‘Why would she not want my car washed,’ James thought, very puzzled.

“I want your hair much longer, Jamie!” Karen said. She messed-up his growing hair with her fingers.

“But long hair makes me look like a girl, Mistress!” he whined. He remembered his school days with a quiet shudder.

“Exactly!” Karen said. “I love how you make yourself all girly for me! It really turns me on!” She said.

“Just think, soon, we can put away that old wig. You will look fabulous!”

“Well, OK, I guess,” he said, thinking he could put his hair into a pony-tail when he went to work. He would look ‘hip’ and ‘modern’ he thought and quickly added, “Mistress.”

“I can’t wait to see your long hair swaying when you’re getting fucked, or grab on to it while you eat my cum-filled pussy!” Karen said enthusiastically.

“Uh, yeah,” James said, “It will be great!” He noticed Karen had said ‘when he was getting fucked,’ not ‘when I’m fucking you.’ She must have been thinking about Becky again. Yeah, that must be it.

“Mistress,” he added quickly.

James spent the rest of the morning cleaning and washing his car. He loved how the silken panties felt on his ass and tiny cock, as he stretched and scrubbed his dirty car. He wondered what the neighbors would think if they knew he was wearing beneath his tight shorts - panties with a huge butt-plug up his ass! He felt very sexy and daring venturing outdoors like this! He smiled while wiggling his butt; only him and Mistress Karen knew what was hidden under his clothes.

Karen came home from visiting her friend and told Jamie she had a surprise for him. Her hair was a bit messed up, but she blamed it on the wind.

“I talked to Becky over lunch and she knows a girl who would love to meet us!” Karen told him.

“Well, I don’t know...,” James said, “Becky was a little rough with me, Mistress,” he subconsciously began rubbing his ass.

“Oh, no!” Karen said, “Nothing like that! Sheila *loves* men!” she promised. “Come on, it will be fun! Becky told me she loves anal-sex and is a real good cock-sucker!”

“Gee! OK! Great!” James said. “Mistress.” He was learning not to question Mistress.

“Fantastic! I already made a date for Friday night. That will give your ass time to heal before she comes over!”

“What?” James said, “My ass, Mistress?”

“Oh, you know exactly what I mean, Fag!” She added. “You should give yourself an enema Friday night too, just in case!”

James wasn’t sure he knew exactly what his wife meant, but he knew she was always right.

Karen and James had sex every night that week. James was so grateful to his Mistress! Karen let him fuck her pussy and ass-hole and he showed his appreciation by slurping up his messy cummies, sucking his spermy-fluids from her pussy and ass as she rode his face to orgasm.

“Mistress,” he said one night. “My nipples are still puffy and swollen.”

“Hmmm,” Karen said, looking at his nipples. They definitely were swollen more than last week.

“Have you been using the nipple clamps again?” she asked.

“No,” he lied, “I mean, well..., only a few times, Mistress. They hurt a bit, but I like how they feel.”

“Have you been using the cream?” Karen asked, “That should help.”

“Yes Mistress. I’m on the third tube already,” Jamie said, “Think I should see a doctor?”

“For puffy nipples? Are you crazy!” she said. “Is that how you want to spend my hard-earned money?”

“No...,” he said, chastised. “But they are starting to poke through my dress shirts, Mistress!” he complained.

“I know, we can put tape over them before you go to work. I’m sure it’s just the nipple clamps, but I’m seeing my doctor next week and I’ll ask her if we should be concerned about it, OK?”

“OK,” he sighed. “Mistress.”

James put tape on his nipples every day before work. Though it seemed Karen took a perverse delight in pulling the tape off of him after work in one cruel rip. She was right, it was better to do it quickly and get

it over with, but still, he thought ripping the tape like that was making his nipples even more swollen and tender.

Friday night finally arrived and Karen made sure Jamie had the house absolutely spotless. He had prepared a meal that would keep, in case the three of them got 'distracted' like they did last week. The agreed upon time finally arrived, and Karen and James soon heard a gently "tap, tap, tap," on their door.

James opened the door wide and beheld a beautiful woman on his doorstep. She was as tall as his wife with huge, firm breasts. She was wearing a tight, red dress - very short, to show off her curves - with a black shawl over her naked shoulders. Her legs were long and her high-heels were pointed and delicate. She was very sexy and very hot!

"You must be Sheila!" James said, nearly drooling over the vision before him. He stumbled over himself as he invited her in. Karen was behind him and she quickly introduced herself. "Becky has told me so much about you!" she said.

"Not everything, I hope!" Sheila joked. "A girl needs to have some secrets!" Her voice was deep, breathy and sensual.

They invited her into the living room. They all sat down and made small-talk, avoiding the reason she was there.

"So, how do you know Becky?" Karen asked, tossing her head with a quick, friendly smile

"I met her at a bar," Sheila said, "Rapunzel's, on 5th Street." Sheila's voice was so sultry!

"Oh, I've been there," commented James.

"You've been to a gay bar, Jamie?" Karen asked, "When was this?" She now wondered if her husband was keeping secrets from her.

"Uh, it was an accident," James said quickly. "Way before we met, Karen," he added, as if that made OK for him to visit gay bars. He was so embarrassed; he had forgotten to ask Sheila why *she* was at a gay bar.

"I see...," Karen said, interrogating her husband with her eyes. "So, how well do you know Becky, Sheila," Karen asked, changing the subject.

"I know her well enough to know she hates men," Sheila said. "Poor thing...," she added condescendingly.

"Don't I know it!" James interjected, remembering the pounding his sore ass-hole received due to Becky's anger issues.

"I tried to help her," Sheila added.

"We all did," Karen said. "Poor James here went out of his way to help her. Last week he even let Becky use a huge ten inch dil..."

"Wine?" asked James, rudely interrupting. He left the room but soon returned with a bottle of wine and three glasses. The girls were sitting close together, whispering and giggling when he returned.

James poured the wine and they all began to relax and flirt with each other.

"Dinner smells delicious," Sheila said, "What are we having?"

"I made a pork sausage and potato casserole," James replied, "With a creamy basil and thyme white-sauce."

"Oh, I *love* sausages!" Sheila exclaimed, pushing her breasts together and licking her lips. "Especially, long, fat sausages!"

"Me too," Karen said, "But I hope you like small sausages as well, that's all we seem to get in this house," Karen sneered at James while winking at Sheila.

"Oh, I like any kind of sausage!" Sheila replied. "Big one, small ones, fat ones, skinny ones! Especially if they're covered in a creamy white sauce. Mmm-mm!"

"Jamie loves white sauce too, don't you dear?" Karen said, smiling and looking at her husband. He was turning red, being the subject of his Mistress' ridicule. "He loves it so much, he even puts in on his pancakes!" she began giggling uncontrollably.

"That sounds de-lish!" Sheila said. "Is it getting hot in here?" she asked, dropping her shawl from her shoulders. Her nipples were poking through her dress. Her shoulders were soft and smooth.

"Yes, I'm getting hot too." Karen said. She pulled her blouse out from her skirt and sat cross legged on the chair, her panties visible to everyone.

"Are you getting hot, James?" Sheila asked.

"Uh....," he replied, looking nervous. He was ashamed and feeling a little bitchy.

"Cat got your tongue, James?" Sheila asked him. She pushed down her dress a bit until the soft swell of her breast was bare.

"Oh, Jamie loves cats too!" Karen said, "Don't you Jamie?" She began giggling again, "His favorite is a hairy, little wet kitty!" Then, she guffawed and screamed out loud, "Covered in a creamy white sauce!"

"Karen....," James pleaded, "Please..."

"Nothing to be ashamed about, Jamie," Sheila said. "We girls have to stick together, after all." She stood up and pushed her dress down even farther. "Besides, I like kitties too," Sheila said, "But I like sausages more." To James' surprise, she looked right at him and pulled her breasts completely out of her dress.

She walked over to James and pressed her large tits into his face. "Can I play with your husband, Karen," Sheila asked, looking at Karen.

"Go ahead, I want to watch!" Karen said. She unbuttoned her blouse, freeing her massive breasts. She lifted up her legs and put a hand into her panties, toying with herself gently. Her other hand began to massage her tits.

"What are you waiting for Jamie, a written invitation?" Shelia asked him. She jiggled her breasts in James' face.

James looked at his wife. He looked at the beautiful breasts before him. He would show them! He would show the girls he wasn't just a cum-eating, ass-fucked faggot! He was going to be as macho as he could be. He would get Sheila turned on by licking her pussy until she was about to cum, and then, he would fuck her violently; until she came all over his cock! It didn't matter if his cock was smaller than most other men. *It wasn't the size of the boat but the motion of the ocean!* He could make her cum with his dick, he thought, if he primed her just right with his tongue, and, if he could last long enough!

He leaned forward and groped Shelia's breasts firmly. He pulled himself up and put his face between her tits and smelled her fragrant perfume; so different from his wife's. He began to suck one nipple and then the other.

"Oh, James," Sheila moaned, "Mmmmmm! Suck my titties, baby." She pressed James' head to her bosom and squeezed him tight. Her nipples were hard and firm. Her breasts were wet with James's saliva.

"What's gotten into you Jamie?" Karen said, spreading her legs wider and fingering her hole. "You're acting almost manly!"

James pushed the larger woman back and made her lie on the couch. He climbed on her, groped her, and kissed her long and passionately. He looked into her eyes and said, "I'm going eat you, baby. I'm going to lick your hot pussy and then I'm going to fuck you!"

"Oh, James, you say the sweetest things to a girl!" Shelia said, "Karen, you need to let this boy out more often!"

Sheila stood up and began to shimmy out of her tight dress. James knelt on the floor, ready to lick her hot cunt once she sat on the couch again. He was going to dive between her legs and show her how a man treats a woman!

Sheila's red dress dropped to the floor. She was naked except her heels, hose and pink panties. What a fat cunt she has, James thought. He couldn't wait to lick it deep!

Sheila turned around and dropped her panties, bending over with her legs together, showing off her beautiful ass.

"Nice!" said James.

Karen fingered herself harder.

Sheila played with herself a moment and then slowly turned around. James stared at her groin – it was just in front of his face, but her legs were closed tight. James could only see that she was shaved bald. He was looking forward to wrapping his tongue around her naked cunt!

“Ready to eat me, baby?” she asked James.

“Oh yeah!” James replied. He was ready to show them how much of a man he was!

“Promise?” she asked him teasingly.

“Of course,” James said, “Cross my heart!” He made the obligatory hand motions and then stuck out his tongue and wiggled it obscenely.

Sheila waddled and hopped closer to James, teasing him more, so he thought. She suddenly spread her legs at the knees. James looked between her legs intently to finally see her pretty pussy. But instead, James saw Sheila’s long, fat cock as she released it from captivity. It sprung up, heavy and thick, and smacked James in the face!

“Bonus!” Karen screamed with laughter. She laughed even harder as she reveled in James’ shock and humiliation.

“But.., but...” James said, staring at Sheila’s cock. It was long and thick and not even all the way hard yet. Her cock was un-circumcised with bulging veins with a wide, fat head. He licked his lips subconsciously. It was beautiful but not what he expected. He thought he was going to show the girls how much of a man he was, and now, Karen and Sheila were probably going to make him act like a slutty cum-guzzling faggot again. No wonder Karen made him clean out his ass tonight!

“You promised, lover,” Sheila said, wiggling her cock back and forth in front of James’ face.

“Do it Jamie!” Karen ordered. “I want to see my nasty, little slut suck on a real cock! You know you love dick even more than you love pussy!”

“But she’s a guy...,” James said, still in shock. He looked up Sheila’s pretty, smiling face. “But you’re a guy...” he said, and then stared at her magnificent cock again. It swayed before him, almost hypnotizing him. A drop of pre-cum formed on the head. He licked his lips. What a cock!

“I like to think of myself as a girl with a little something ‘extra,’” Sheila said. She grabbed her cock and began to rub it on James’ face. He could smell it. Wet trails of pre-cum painted his cheeks and lips. A strange feeling came over him. He wanted to taste it. It would feel so much better than the fake ones he has been sucking. Feeling the wetness on his lips, James darted out his tongue for ‘just a little lick’. He tasted her essence. That was all it took for him to fall over the ‘still pretending to be straight’ precipice. Sheila wiggled her cock at him again.

His eyes searched out the source of his hunger. He discovered another big, fat drop of pre-cum hanging off Sheila's exposed piss slit. James leaned in and licked it before it could fall. He groaned involuntarily as his taste buds came alive. He licked her fat cock again, tasting her stale piss and feeling her spongy softness.

He licked her again and again, pushing his tongue into her foreskin, peeling it back, probing behind her flared ridge searching for every savory molecule. Then, he opened his mouth wide! James smoothly engulfed Sheila's fat cock. He sucked and slurped, feeling the organ thickening in his mouth and getting firm. It was so warm and alive! Not like the cold, rubber phalluses he was so used to. 'Why did he keep on doubting his wife?' he thought. She knew what was best for him. Always.

"That's my good, little cock-sucker," Karen said. She slipped off her panties and spread her legs wide. "You have a beautiful cock, Sheila, doesn't she Jamie?" she said as she diddled her cunt.

"Mmm-mmmph!" James agreed, not taking his mouth off of his tasty new prize. Since he wasn't much of a man, he would show Sheila and Karen what a nasty, little cock-sucker he was. He began to deep-throat her fat cock, barely gagging on the thick shaft as it spread his throat wide and fucked his gullet. He felt her heavy balls with one hand and jacked her fat, wet cock with the other. He was sure her balls were filled with a big, rich, load of warm, creamy cum – much more than inside in his pathetic little marbles. His boi-clitty was already hard and leaking.

"My, aren't we an eager-beaver," Sheila said, "But you have to slow-down, lover." She pulled her cock from James' sucking lips with a "Pop!"

James looked at the hard, wet, treasure in front of him, then at his spread-wide wife, then back at Sheila and her large cock. Her bulging veins and thick shaft were glistening with his saliva.

"You said you'd lick my pussy for me, remember, Jamie?" Sheila said, smiling at James.

He looked confused, since she had a cock and not a pussy. Then, she bent over and pushed her ass towards James' face. Oh, yes she did have a pussy, a hot, tight, boi-pussy! And, he had a long, wet sissy-faggot tongue! James grabbed both of her ass cheeks, spread them wide and began to tongue, poke and lap furiously at her ass!

Sheila was forced to catch herself. She braced her arms on the couch and prepared herself for James' onslaught. Sheila looked at Karen, sitting a foot away from her, and smiled, glancing at Karen's wet cunt and slimy fingers. Then Sheila cocked her head quizzically as she felt James tongue firmly probing her nether region.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and then pushed back while relaxing her sphincter muscles. She rolled her eyes in ecstasy as James' tongue deeply invaded her ass-hole. James plunged his long, wriggling tongue into her so, so deep. "Oh, my!" She shook her ass back and forth and she pushed back even more. "Oh yes, oh my god, yes!" Sheila cried, loving her well-used ass receiving such loving attention. James began gently sucking on her swollen anal ring.

Karen watched the action, becoming hotter and hotter. She stared at Sheila's massive cock, hard and throbbing.

"Let's go to the bedroom!" Karen exclaimed suddenly. She leaned over and kissed Sheila passionately, then pulled her into the bedroom. James eagerly followed, shedding his clothes as he went.

Karen climbed on the big bed. She got on all fours and shook her cunt at Sheila and James.

"James, can I play with your wife?" Sheila asked.

James nodded, dropping his pants. His hard, little clit had made a wet tent in his panties.

"Nice panties, Jamie," Sheila said. She rubbed her hand on James's wet spot and then licked her palm.

"I'm waiting, Jamie!" Karen said impatiently. "Help her fuck me, Jamie!"

James could smell his wife was ready to get fucked. Her fragrant pussy juice filled the enclosed room. He tentatively reached out and gripped Sheila's hard member. He pulled her gently to the bed. Sheila climbed behind Karen and James positioned her cock at the entrance to his wife's, wet fuck-hole. James slid it up and down her cunt lips, watching them spread apart and saw Sheila's cock-head get wet with Karen's juices. He positioned the thick cock at his wife's slick entrance. Karen pushed back and Sheila pushed forward.

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhh!" Karen moaned as the thick shaft spread her cunt wide and filled her pussy full.

"What a cock! It is so thick and warm!" Sheila pushed in the last several inches. "And long too!" Karen added. She began to whimper as Sheila fucked her with long, slow strokes.

James watch, mesmerized. This is what his wife needed, he thought, not his pathetic little dick or a fake, rubber cock. She deserved a real cock. A big, fat cock filled with warm, delicious sperm!

"Fuck her, Sheila," James said. "Give her what she needs!" He rubbed his hard clit through his panties.

"Yes, Sheila, give it to me!" Karen said, looking backwards. Her huge breasts swayed underneath her.

"Oh, Jamie, it feels so good!" Karen hung her head and arched her back, fucking back on the thick shaft.

"You are right, Jamie, I do need this! Oh god, I've missed having a big, fat cock fucking my tight little pussy for so long!"

Sheila began to fuck Karen faster, her breasts swaying with each thrust.

James was feeling left-out and wanted to help. Unbidden, he crawled under his wife's cunt as she made room for him. He craned his neck and began to lap at her pussy. He felt the thick cock spreading her pussy lips and he licked the shaft every chance he got. He saw Sheila's heavy, cum-filled balls and tickled them. They slapped against his forehead.

"Ungh, ungh, ungh!" Karen grunted with each, heavy thrust. Sheila grabbed her hips and began so slam his cock into her. They fucked for what seemed like ages to Karen. She was so used to Jamie's 'under a minute' sissy-spurts. But Sheila fucked her long and hard, getting her tight pussy primed and ready for a

huge orgasm. This was not her wimp husband with a cold, plastic dick, but a real cock attached to someone who knew how to use it!

The long thrusts pulled her cunt lips and tickled her clit. The hot shaft filled her up and touched her in places she never knew she had. She felt herself building up to something big.

"I'm cumming!" Karen said, feeling her cunt begin to tingle. James licked her clit, flicking his long tongue back and forth. Her orgasm took her as her clit exploded. James felt her gushing. Her thighs began to quiver. The huge cock made her feel all warm and wet inside. She felt James' tongue on her again. Her orgasm rolled over her. "Oh, fuck me, fuuuucckk-ukk-ukk meeee!" Karen came over and over again. "Ahhhhhh, oh!" she groaned. "Yes, yes, yes!"

Sheila pounded Karen's fuck-hole. She felt Karen's pussy squeezing her and felt her own orgasm beginning. James tickled her balls again and she felt his tongue on her shaft. Her prostate pumped a massive load up from her heavy, swinging ball-sack. The hot, thick cum spurted into Karen's hungry pussy. Then another huge load, and then another. Karen felt Sheila's cock expanding and spraying her insides with copious amounts of warm, wet liquid. Two more massive blasts finished her orgasm as the tingling and pumping slowly receded. Sheila's sperm oozed out in several weakened blasts, then her balls were emptied.

They stayed connected for a while, with James still prodding and licking. He could smell the strong odor of cum, but only a few bits had dribbled out of his wife's cunt for him to enjoy.

Sheila slowly pulled her slimy cock from Karen's slick, wet hole. Inch after inch of the wet, fragrant appendage appeared as James watched it hungrily. The fat head escaped and the softening cock flopped out and slapped James wetly on his opened mouth. He wasted no time cleaning it off; sucking it deep until it was cum-free and making sure the last drops still held in the shaft were milked into his mouth. Looking up and seeing his wife's gaping, oozing cream-pie, he abandoned Sheila's spent cock and began to slurp and suck at the best cream-pie of his life. Karen sat on his face heavily. Gobs of cum oozed from her cunt and into James' waiting mouth. James' devoured her creamy honey-hole, using his long tongue to capture every slimy drop. When she was clean and shiny, he passed a silent belch and then let out a very satisfied, "Aaaaaahhhh!"

"Your little man *does* like the creamy, white sauce," Sheila said. "But, your sissy still needs to cum, unless he came in his panties. Did you cum in your panties, little sissy-boi?" Sheila asked. She easily pulled James out from under his wife so she could inspect his little dick. Sheila pulled off Jamie's panties with a flourish. His little clit was hard and wet. "Nope, no messes yet!" she said, "But I can fix that!"

Sheila began to play with James' hard, little clitty. She toyed with it, using her long, manicured fingernails, then bent down to lick it before sucking it deep. She played with his little nuts and reaching under him, plunged a finger, wet with his pre-cum, into his ass-hole. "Mmmmmph!" James grunted. Nearly a minute passed. The pure pleasure of having his cock sucked by an expert, having his ass-pussy played with, along with the heady fragrance of sperm and pussy juice in his nostrils and the lingering taste of sperm in his mouth, James' squirmed, humped and then squirted his sissy-juice into Sheila's

sucking mouth. “Eeee! Eeee!” he squealed, as his tiny balls emptied. He squirted a good four shots into his lover’s mouth and felt Sheila swallow his sperm and suck him gently, hoping for more.

“Mmmm, tasty,” Sheila said, smacking her lips after draining James’ diminutive sack. “Good desert, but I’m hungry for dinner!

“Me too,” Karen said.

James didn’t reply. He had quickly recovered from his orgasm, and not used to cumming without eating it, he had immediately sucked on Sheila’s cock a moment, then lapped at his wife’s pussy, hoping to get just a little more. He was not sure how he felt about sharing his clitty-cummies with someone else; he was used to having them all to himself!

The three ate dinner naked, shared another glass of wine and joked about creamy, white sauce.

As James put away the dishes, Karen nonchalantly told Sheila that Jamie liked to dress like a girl too.

“Oh, I’d like to see that! I bet he makes a pretty girl!” Sheila said to Karen and then smiled at James.

“Jamie, go get pretty for our guest!” Karen said.

“OK!” Jamie said, leaving the dishes and running off to get ready.

“What do you think?” James said, in his best feminine voice upon his return. He was dressed like a slut with his pink, crotch-less/ass-less panties with matching bra; wig, and high-heels. His make-up was colorful, to say the least. And, he had tied a pretty pink ribbon around his tiny cock and balls!

“Oh, you look adorable! James,” Sheila said. “I could just eat you up!”

“Call me, ‘Jamie,’” Jamie said.

“I usually call him ‘faggot,’” Karen said, “Does that offend you, Sheila?”

“No, not at all,” Sheila said, “A spade’s a spade, and a fag’s a fag, after all.”

“OK then,” Karen stated. “The ribbon is a nice touch, faggot,” Karen added, “Very inventive.”

“Well, I can’t compete with the big girls like Sheila, so a girl has to do what she can,” Jamie said, blushing.

“When did you start dressing up like a girl, Sheila,” Karen asked.

“I *am* a girl, sister,” Sheila corrected her. “But, I’ve dressed up in my big sister’s clothes since I was able to dress myself, I guess,” she said. “I was so mad when I found out my cock wasn’t just a big, fat clitty,

but at least I still had a tight, little pussy!” she continued, bending over and showing off her pretty ass-cunt. “How about you, Jamie?”

“Just for a little while,” he explained. “Karen and I like to ‘pretend’ when we have sex, and get a little kinky. She likes to tease me and have me dress like this, and now, well, I..., I kind of like to feel all ‘feminine’. I don’t know - it makes me ‘melt’ on the insides. I think I look prettier as a girl.” Jamie twirled around, showing off her tight body in her sexy lingerie.

“You have cock sucking lips, too Jamie. Has anyone ever told you that?” Sheila asked.

“Yeah... in school. They called me faggot all the time,” Jamie started to hang his head down in shame but looked up at Sheila, “They told me I had pretty lips and tried to make me suck their cocks, but I pretended I didn’t want to.”

“Pretended? Did you really want to?” Sheila asked.

“Yeah, sometimes I really did.” Jamie replied, feeling no shame now.

“There is nothing wrong with sucking cock and being a faggot, Jamie,” Sheila said. “I like making men happy with my mouth and ass,” she said, “And, it makes me happy too, almost like I have a special purpose in life.”

Karen told her husband, “You have been denying it all along, Jamie. Being a sissy-faggot is what you were meant to be and you know it, don’t you, faggot?”

“Yes, I realize that now,” Jamie said softly. “I’m a faggot,” he said softly, needing to say it out loud.

“Good!” Sheila said, “Because I want to fuck your tight, sissy-faggot ass!”

The three ran back to the bedroom.

Karen and Jamie took turns sucking Sheila’s cock until it was stiff and ready for action. Jamie got on his hands and knees with his face between Karen’s spread legs. Sheila positioned herself behind Jamie and squirted a large dollop of lube in her hand. She finger-fucked Jamie’s ass-hole making it loose and lubricated.

“Oooooohhhh, Sheila,” James moaned, “That feels so nice in my boi-pussy.” Sheila wedged another finger in Jamie’s ass, fucking him gently while twisting her hand. “Unngh!” he moaned.

“You ain’t felt nothing yet, girl,” Sheila said. She removed her fingers and stroked her hard shaft, lubing it up.

“Are you ready for a real cock, faggot?” Karen asked her sissy-husband. She watched Sheila getting prepared.

“Oh-yes-oh-yes-oh-yes!” Jamie said, filled with lust. He shook his ass and pushed his face into his wife’s cum-flavored pussy.

Karen and Sheila looked at each other across Jamie's pink clad body and exchanged a smile.

"Fuck him, Sheila, fuck him good!" Karen told her. "Let him know what a real cock feels like!"

Sheila positioned her hard cock against Jamie's ass-hole. Jamie pushed back, opening up his pussy for her. Sheila drove her fat cock-head into his ass, stretching Jamie's boi-cunt until the flared head entered his bowels and his tight anal ring locked it firmly in place.

"Oooooohhhh!" Jamie moaned, loving the feeling of the warm, hard flesh penetrating him. He pushed back, wanting more of Sheila's cock in his ass. "Give me more," Jamie begged. Sheila obliged and pushed her long, fat shaft into him steadily, until her balls rested against his. "Mmmm, yes..." Jamie sighed.

"Fuck him, Sheila!" Karen said, playing with her cunt with one hand and pushing Jamie's face into her pussy with her other hand. "Pound his sissy-ass!"

"Yes, fuck me Sheila," Jamie moaned and began lapping at his Mistress' cunt. "Fuck my pussy good!"

Sheila pulled backwards and felt Jamie's boi-cunt gripping her cock tightly. She pulled it nearly all the way out, and then pushed forward, slowly.

"Fuck him!" Karen said, "Fuck the little cock-loving faggot!" She hunched her cunt into her husband's face. "Fuck him hard!"

"Unnmmmmffff" Jamie moaned. His ass was full of cock and his mouth was full of cum-flavored cunt.

Sheila began to fuck Jamie in earnest. She fucked him with long, slow strokes, pushing into him from the left and then the right. She began to slam his ass with each stroke - just a bit - teasing him. As her thick cock was just about to bottom out, she would thrust her hips, driving her shaft deep, and making her heavy balls swing violently into Jamie's little nut-sack.

"Ungh...! Ungh...! Ungh...!" Jamie grunted with every thrust.

Karen stared at Sheila and silently mouthed the words 'Fuck him' repeatedly. She diddled her clit and played with her breasts as she watched the big breasted shemale fuck the little faggot she had so proudly created. "Harder!" she said aloud, "Fuck him HARDER!" She squeezed her fat tits, filled with lust.

Sheila began fucking Jamie's ass harder and harder. Her breasted bounced and swayed and her large heavy balls slammed into his smaller ones. Jamie's hard little clit bounced into his shaved crotch with each thrust. His pre-cum dripped and oozed and some splattered against his belly in a long, wet strand.

"I'm cumming," Jamie squealed. His little dick bounced against his crotch and his balls were banged repeatedly by Sheila ponderous sack. The thick shaft gripped his ass-hole and pounded his prostate.

"Don't you dare squirt on my bed, faggot!" Karen told her sissy-husband.

Jamie quickly cupped a hand under his sissy-clit just in time. His first pathetic squirt landed in his palm.

“Oh!” Jamie moaned. “Eeee! I’m coming! I’m cumming!” He shot his sperm into his hand, glad he had such a small cock or else it would have been impossible to catch as it flopped about. He caught all of his sissy-goo and then quickly brought his tasty cummies to his mouth.

Shelia felt her balls tingling and slammed Jamie’s ass harder, preparing to deposit her sperm deep into his bowels. Jamie struggled to lick up his treat as he was jostled around.

“Mmmff!” Sheila grunted as her first massive blast surged up from her balls, through her hard shaft and blasted into Jamie’s ass. She slammed him hard and then held him tight as her cock erupted, impregnating Jamie’s sissy-cunt.

“Slurrrrrppp!” Jamie took the opportunity to rid his hand of its slimy treasure. Sheila pounded his ass again, sending another hot, wet load into him as Jamie has to put his wet hand down to brace himself.

“Lick my cunt, faggot!” Karen screamed. She was about to cum too! She pulled Jamie by the hair and pushed his face into her pussy. She ground her cunt against his licking mouth and fingered her clit furiously. She watched as Sheila slammed him again, depositing another cum shot in Jamie’s ass. Karen creamed on her husband’s face.

“Take her cum in your sissy-ass, bitch!” Karen cried, smashing his face into her cunt. “Lick my fucking snatch harder, you cock-sucking sissy-faggot-whore!” She came all over Jamie, making his face wet and shining as Sheila grunted loudly and fucked the rest of her hot load into his waiting ass. Karen watched her husband being taken and came again. James licked her cunt and nibbled on her clit. He felt her pussy quivering on his lips as she came again and again.

Sheila pulled Jamie tightly to her as the last of her cum dribbled out of her fat cock. “Ahhhhhhh,” she sighed, before collapsing on top of him.

The three caught their collective breaths after their orgasms. Jamie felt Sheila softening in his ass as he licked his Mistress’ pussy gently. Karen pushed him away, both in disgust and because her pussy was sensitive after the abuse it took from her fingers and Jamie’s tongue.

Sheila stirred after a while and pulled her long, slimy cock from Jamie’s ass in one long, slow movement. She flopped on the bed and sighed once more.

Jamie felt empty. His gaping ass-hole puckered and squeezed but found nothing to grab onto. He felt the cool air kissing his hot ass-hole.

“You’re a good fuck, Jamie,” Sheila said, “You too, Karen.”

“Want to do it again sometime?” Karen asked her.

“Yeah!” Jamie exclaimed.

“Well, I’ll need a few minutes to recover, but sure, I can do it again!” Shelia said.

As they prepared for a long night of wild, kinky sex, Karen sent Jamie to get some refreshments. She smiled to herself knowing his mental transformation was now complete. He just needed a few final adjustments, some new experiences, and then he would be ready to totally accept his new, permanent life as her submissive, sissy-cuckold!

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