

## **Plumber's Helper (MM, Sissy)**

Summary – A closeted sissy meets a manly plumber. What could happen?

Note – This is a work of fiction, make-believe and sexual fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be 18 or over to read these stories. The author does not condone unprotected sex in real life. 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!

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Our kitchen sink started leaking, so we scheduled a plumber to take care of it. Not being very handy around the house, my wife and I simply put a bucket under the leaking pipe and mopped up the water.

The appointment was for the next afternoon, and, since I had more vacation time than my wife, I was elected to stay home and wait for them. It was OK with me; I liked to be alone in the house, and looked forward to enjoying a nice, long, masturbation session before the plumber arrived.

The next morning, I kissed my wife as she left for work and immediately stripped naked. Nothing better than walking around the house naked, unless of course, you are walking around in your wife's underwear!

After stripping off my clothes, lubing my ass, and inserting a nice, thick butt-plug, I put on a pair of my wife's panties and a matching bra she had worn a couple days before. I couldn't take the chance of dirtying a fresh pair, unless I could get them washed and put away before she noticed they were missing. It was convenient that we wore the same size, although I wished I could fit into her shoes too.

I pranced around the house, like the sissy-slut that I am (or wished to be); making a light breakfast, washing dishes and running the vacuum cleaner. My cock was getting nice and chubby as the butt-plug teased my sensitive asshole. I thrilled at the sensations as I bent over and squatted, doing my chores.

Finally, I sat down in front of my computer to read some sissy-faggot stories. My wife didn't know my secret; it was my sick, perverted fantasy that I kept hidden from her. Not only did I like dressing like a woman, I had a strong urge to suck cock and get fucked in my ass, like a real sissy-cock-loving-slut!

My boi-clitty was rock hard in my panties as I read some sissy stories and fantasized about hard, fat, throbbing penises. I began to edge myself to an ultimate orgasmic explosion. I wiggled my ass in my chair, feeling the butt-plug stretching me. I licked the pre-cum off of my slimy fingers and began to stoke my cock, reading a hot story about a sissy-boi like me sucking cock for the first time. At the same time, I started to lick and suck my wife's cock-shaped dildo.

I was getting to be a pretty good cock-sucker, if I do say so myself. I had bought the dildo for her last Valentine's Day; at least that was the lie I told her. I hope she never notices that it smells like my ass – sometimes the odor never completely washes off.

I was getting closer to orgasm, stroking my sissy-cock, wiggling my plugged sissy-ass and sucking my imaginary man, when suddenly; there was a loud knocking on the door! I hastily pulled up my panties and peaked out the window. "Shit!" I said out loud, it was the plumber! He was already here!

I wiggled out the bra and quickly pulled a pair of loose shorts over my panties. Grabbing a tee-shirt and putting on my house slippers, I yelled, "Coming!" just after the plumber pounded on the door again. 'Coming?' I thought, 'yeah, if I had only another more minutes...'

My cock was softening when I answered the door. I reached into my shorts and panties to tuck it down besides my balls before opening the door.

"Double-D's plumbing," the man said. He was tall, dark-haired and handsome. He was wearing jeans and a short-sleeve shirt that showed off his firm chest and flat stomach. He was holding on to a large, red tool-box, and I noticed it made his bicep bulge. This was the type of man I had dreamed about. "I hope it is alright," he said, "we had a cancellation, so I got here early."

"Uh, yeah..." I stuttered, "Sure, come in." I smiled to myself clenching my ass, feeling the silky smoothness of the panties and the stiff plug still lodged in my asshole. My cock twitched. 'Come in...' I had said. My filthy mind was working overtime.... 'Cum in what, though,' I thought, 'that is the question? Cum in my mouth or cum in my ass?' I smiled at my private joke. I needed to cum. No, I needed some cum...

I had never been with a man before, but I fantasize about it nearly every masturbation session. I loved playing the sissy-cock-sucking-slut; imagining myself sucking cock while I fucked my ass with my wife's dildo. I was super horny right now and easily imagined some hot sex scenes between the two of us. I watched his tight, firm ass as he walked into the kitchen.

"You said on the phone you had a leak?" He set down his toolbox and handed me his business card, which I stupidly looked at. I could see his bulging crotch over the top of the card. I pretended to read it, staring at his man-package. 'Yeah,' I thought, 'I have a leaking penis. It is dripping pre-cum. Can I make your cock leak too?'

'Damn!' I thought, 'What has gotten into me?' Quickly, my mind twisted my own thoughts; 'No, the question is, what do I *want* to get into me? I want his cock in me, yes, definitely.' I felt like a horny, drunken, school girl.

"My name is David," he said, breaking my revelry and holding out his hand, "Or, you can call me Dave."

"Uh, hi," I said, "I'm Chris." We shook hands. He had a firm grip. His forearms bulged. His eyes twinkled.

I opened the kitchen cabinet and showed him where the leak was. I was embarrassed by the clutter and half-full bucket of water. We moved everything out of the way and set them on the floor next to the sink. David got down on his back, with his head and shoulders in the cabinet, under the sink. He couldn't see me, so I stared at his crotch and licked my sissy-lips. I was feeling like a total cock-slut!

“Could you hand me my flashlight, please, Chris?” Dave said, his booming voice echoing inside of the cabinet.

“Yeah, sure!” I said. I reached into his tool box and pulled out his long, black flashlight. I could barely wrap my hand around it. It was thick and hard, like I imagined his cock would be.

“Wow,” I said, “you have a big one!” I stared at his flashlight hungrily and then realized what I had just said!

“I mean, this is a big flashlight!” I quickly handed it to him, peering at him under the sink, totally embarrassed.

He smiled at me, “Yeah, I’ve been told I have a big one.” I couldn’t help myself and quickly glanced at his crotch again. “Flashlight, I mean...” I looked back at his face, right into his gorgeous sparkling eyes and perfect white teeth.

He went back to work and I went back to staring at his bulge. It looked a little chubbier than before. I could see the outlines of his enormous balls; they were huge, separated by the seam in his jeans. His cock lay to one side, plump and very good sized for being soft.

“You need a new drain pipe, this one is cracked,” he said.

‘My pipe is cracked...’ I said softly to myself. ‘Pipe? Crack? A pipe in my crack?’ Jeesh, I’m such a slut; I immediately started thinking dirty, nasty thoughts. ‘Yeah, Dave, lay your fat pipe inside my crack. My sissy-crack needs your thick pipe, Mr. Plumber! Come here, Plumber man and fill my crack with your big, fat pipe.’ I imagined bending over the sink for this hunk, my panties around my ankles, as he fucked me silly. I clenched the plug in my ass, once, twice, three times.

“What do you think cracked it?” I asked, shaking my head to get rid of my dirty imaginings.

“Not sure,” he said thoughtfully, “Something hard... It must have banged it over and over to make it leak like that.”

‘Was he kidding me? Something hard banging me over and over? I briefly considered that he was flirting with me. Nah, it couldn’t be.

He climbed out from under the sink. “That’s probably what did it,” he said, pointing between my spread legs.

“What...? I looked at him, confused.

“Right there,” he pointed again, lower this time, “That flower vase that was under the sink. I can tell that you set it just inside the cabinet door and it is banging against the pipe every time you close the door. Look, there on the inside of the door.”

He bent over and pointed out the marks on the door. It was the same height as the vase. I quickly stared at his ass. He turned and caught me looking. He smiled again. Shit, I have been busted twice now!

"I have another one in my truck, back in a minute."

I watched him walk out and adjusted my thickening boi-clit. 'Why was I so hot for this guy?' I wondered. It must be the panties and the butt-plug. I could feel the soft silkiness rubbing against my ass and cock. My ass was stuffed, slimy and tingling. I was feeling very slutty and naughty, knowing that this hunk had no idea what was happening inside of my shorts. I was getting turned on.

He quickly returned and climbed back under the sink, as before.

"Hey, Chris," He said after a while, "Do you mind helping me out?"

"Sure," I said quickly. "I'll be glad to help you. I'll do anything you need - anything at all!" I quickly realized how that statement could be interpreted.

"Can you hand me stuff when I ask for it? You know, to keep me from having to get up-and-down and in-and-out of the sink all the time?"

"Yeah," I said, "No problem." I couldn't help myself; I openly flirted with him. "You don't like to go in-and-out, Dave? I thought all men liked to go in and out..."

Silence. 'Uh, oh, did I cross the line?'

Finally, he chuckled, his flat stomach convulsing under the sink. "Real funny, Chris. Yeah, I like to go in and out. How about you?"

"I think I'm more of the up-and-down kind of guy." I replied. I don't know why I said it. Maybe it was the mental image of me bouncing on his hard dick.

"Oh, you like to go down, do you?" he said slowly.

How fast he turned the tables on me! What can I say to that? 'Yeah, I like to go down on strange men who are here to fix a leaking sink. Can I go down, on you, Plumber-boy? Can I suck your fat-pipe right here in my own kitchen?' Instead of saying what I wanted to say, I gave the safe answer, my standard double-entendre answer;

"It sounds dirty when you say it like that, Dave."

We both laughed.

"Hand me the wrench, Chris, so I can get this old pipe out of here."

I squatted down next to his tool box, found the wrench and handed it to him. He quickly took off the old pipe and handed it to me. I could feel my panties rubbing against my cock. I felt the plug stuffed up my ass. Squatting down, the butt-plug seemed to expand inside of me. My sissy-cock began to firm up.

"Now, the new one, please," he said. I wrapped my hands around the fat, plastic pipe and stroked it up and down subconsciously. Then, I handed it to him.

“Thanks, Chris; you are a real plumber’s helper!”

“Is that a good thing?” I asked.

“Depends...” was all he said.

“Depends on what, Dave?” I asked.

Silence.

“Dave?”

I peered into the sink and found David looking intently at my crotch. I followed his gaze. There I was, squatting down with my legs spread wide and my hot-pink panties clearly showing thru the wide gap in my loose shorts.

“Nice panties, Chris...”

I quickly stood up, pushing down the growing tent in my sissy lingerie. “Hmm, yeah,” I mumbled. “Ah, shit. Yeah, I’m really sorry about that.”

“No, it’s OK. No worries, no judgments.” He went back to work.

“Ah, thanks.” I added. I was so glad that he was cool about it. In a conspiratorial tone I said softly; “I like to wear them when my wife is not around. They feel nice, you know?”

“Yeah, I bet.” He finished his work and climbed out from under the sink. “All fixed,” he said, then added, “I hope anyway..., let’s check.” He smiled at me and winked.

He turned on the water, filled up the sink, and then let it drain out. He peered under the sink. No more drip.

“Yep, all fixed.” He turned and smiled at me. I shyly smiled back. He put away his tools. Damn, he was leaving already!

“So, what else do you like to do, Chris?” he asked me suddenly, looking me up and down. We both know he wasn’t asking about my hobbies.

I shook, startled. “What..., what do you mean?”

“Well, you like to wear woman’s panties; do you like to do other things women do?”

“Like, what?” I asked hesitantly. ‘Oh god, oh god, oh god’ I thought to myself. I knew where this was going...

“Oh, you know, like wearing makeup, painting your fingernails, doing your hair...”

“Uh, yeah, I like doing that stuff,” I said softly, deciding to be honest. “Sometimes...” I added. I looked at the ground, then to his shoes, then up his legs to his crotch, his stomach, strong chest and handsome face.

“Do you do ‘other’ stuff too?” he asked.

“Other stuff?” I said. I was like a deer caught in the headlights. I couldn’t move. My knees started shaking.

He rubbed his crotch and said. “Yeah, ‘other’ stuff. Do you like ‘other’ stuff that girls like?” He looked at me. “Sexy stuff. You know what I mean...,” He paused, “Don’t you?” He cupped his fat balls.

“I..., I...,” I stuttered. I looked at his growing bulge. I looked into his eyes. Subconsciously, I licked my lips, imagining his cock in my mouth.

He came right to the point. “Do you like men, Chris? Do you like ‘the dick’, maybe..., just a little?”

“Oh, *that* ‘stuff.’” I stammered. I looked down at his hand. He was rubbing his cock. I could see the outline of it under his hand. “Um, not really.” I could see his cock getting thicker and thicker. I licked my lips again, thinking about what it would look like, what it would taste like. “Well, kind of,” I finally admitted.

“I was just wondering, that’s all, Chris,” His steely eyes felt like they could look into my soul. “You wear panties like a girl, I was wondering if you like to, maybe, suck cock like a girl, too?”

There it was, he just asked me if I liked to suck cock. What could I do? What could I say? I couldn’t help myself. I wanted him. I nodded and squeaked out a soft “Yes..., well, I’d like to..., I think...,” I stared at his crotch.

“Do you like to get fucked, too?” he asked. “Do you like to get fucked like a little girl, Chris?”

‘Oh shit,’ I thought. My cock was hard. I found myself continuing to nod. He could have asked me if I liked to fuck stray animals and blow bums on street corners and I would have continued to nod like an idiot.

“I never...” I started to say. “I want to..., uh, I’ve never been with...” I was babbling now. I wanted to suck his cock. He knew I wanted to suck his cock....

He took control, like only a true Alpha-male could do. “No time like the present,” he said simply. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock, his beautiful, glorious, long, fat cock!

“Take off your shirt and shorts, Chrissie, but leave your girly panties on.”

He called me ‘Chrissie!’ He knew how to take control. He knew what he wanted – and what I wanted – and how to make it happen. I was in awe, and so thankful for his decisiveness. My insides melted and I quickly and nervously stripped for him. I took off my shirt and stepped out of my shorts and slippers. I

stared at his cock. It was long and thick and not even hard yet. He was circumcised and his cock had a nice, fat, smooth head. I couldn't wait to wrap my lips around it.

"Nice," he said, looking me over. I spun around and shook my panty covered ass for him. I was in shape. Not muscular, but lithe and firm. "Now, come show me what girls like to do with one of these, Chrissie." He shook his cock at me.

I took two steps and dropped onto my knees before him. He leaned back against the sink. I stared at his cock for a moment. There was a real cock, just inches from me. A real man's cum-filled cock. Fuck..., my fantasy was cumming true! I slowly reached up my hand and grasped it, marveling at the firm softness. I stroked him a few times. This was real. This was my own house and I had a real cock in my hand. Uncontrollably, I leaned forwards licked his cock-head. It tasted salty, probably a little stale urine. It smelled like a man - man sweat and man balls; the pheromones made me giddy. I licked it again, then stared at it hungrily. Then, like a starving dog licking an ice cream cone, I licked his fat cock over and over, wrapping my tongue around his gorgeous cock-head, tickling his frenulum and licking him up and down. This was what I wanted, this was what I needed, a real cock in my faggot, sissy- mouth.

"Ah, yeah, Chrissie, you are a natural born cock-slut," he moaned, "I saw the way you looked at me. I knew you wanted my cock." I licked him a few more times and watched, mesmerized, as a drop of pre-cum ooze out of his piss-hole. I gave his cock a squeeze, making the drop get fatter and fatter. Just before it could fall, I licked it up with my tongue.

"Mmmm," I moaned. It tasted delicious; salty and slippery. I began to tongue his piss-slit and jerked him gently, feeling him stiffen in my hand. I clenched the butt-plug stuck in my ass. My sissy-clit strained against my silken panties.

"Ah, it feels good. Now suck it, Chrissie, suck my cock and suck it good!" he said.

I looked up at him and met his gaze. I slowly opened my slutty mouth letting my tongue hang out over my bottom lip. I engulfed his cock-head eagerly with my warmth; sucking gently. I took him deeper and then bobbed my head up and down, and back and forth, working his glans with my lips, slowly, over and over. Even though this was my first time with a real man's cock, I had practiced for hours on my dildo. I knew I was a good cock-sucker. He soon became rock hard in my mouth.

"Yeah, that's it," he moaned. "You sure you've never sucked cock before?"

I paused and took my lips off his shaft with a loud 'slurp'. "Not a real one," I admitted, "and nothing as big as yours." I went back work on his shaft. I knew then that I was born to be a filthy cock-sucking sissy-boi. I loved it!

"I like to jack-off thinking about being a sissy, cock loving, slut," I admitted. I jacked him slowly, and watched another drop of pre-cum ooze from his tiny slit. "I fantasize about being used like a sissy-cock-slut-cum-whore." I licked his pre-cum and tasted his essence. Then, I started taking him deeper, sucking him harder and letting his cock hit the back of my throat.

“Wait a second,” he said. I pulled my lips off of his cock again. He unbuckled his jeans and dropped them to the floor, kicking off his shoes in the process. He then dropped his boxers and kicked them off too. He spread his legs and leaned back against the sink. “Much better,” he said, “now, show me what you got, sissy-boi.”

I grabbed his thick shaft again and lifted it up, inspecting his huge nut sack. They were hairless, like mine. I began to lick between his heavy balls, loving the smooth feeling against my tongue. I breathed deeply, smelling his sweet man-funk, and then took one into my mouth, sucking it gently.

“Suck my balls, bitch,” he encouraged. “Yes, do it. Suck my fucking balls!” I made love to his cum-filled nut sack, licking and sucking gently. “Ahh,” he moaned. “That’s it, suck ‘em good, faggot.”

‘Faggot,’ I thought, ‘Am I a really a faggot?’ I tongued his balls again and sucked the other one into my mouth. ‘Yes, I’m a faggot. No doubt about it. I’m a cock-sucking, panty wearing faggot.’ My cock strained against my panties.

I pulled my lips from his sweaty balls and said to him, “I like it when you call me dirty names, David. It makes my clitty hard.”

“Get busy on my cock, now Chrissie,” he said. “You nasty, cock-sucking, sissy.” He spit the words out. “You cum craving fag-boi, suck my fucking cock.”

I began to suck his cock in earnest now. Unlike my dildo, this cock had a surprise waiting for me; sweet, salty cum; I wanted it. I wanted him to blast my tonsils with his sweet, thick, hot, delicious cum.

I gripped his shaft at the base with one hand and used the other to gently tickle his nuts. I bobbed my sucking mouth up and down on his cock, going deeper with each bounce. I had to move my hand out of the way as my slutty mouth hole tried to swallow his entire cock. I began to gobble his cock, going deep; my saliva dripped off of his shaft as my head bobbed up and down on him.

“Slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., slurp...”

I timed my breaths as his cock plugged my air hole time and time again.

“Slurp.., slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., (gasp!)...”

His cock felt so hot in my mouth and the kitchen floor felt so cold on my knees. I looked up at Dave. His eyes were closed; his muscled arms were behind his head. I looked around my kitchen, not believing what was happening to me. I sucked and slurped, sucked and slurped, over and over.

“Slurp.., slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., (gasp!)...”

I ticked his balls some more, putting a little pressure just behind his cum-filled sack.

“Slurp.., slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., (gasp!)...”



My mouth was getting tired. My knees were starting to hurt. However, I wouldn't stop until I got what I wanted; to make another man orgasm with my mouth and taste his hot, spurting cum. I took him deeper, his cock head finally pushing its way deeply into my throat.

"Slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., (gasp!)..."

I felt him stiffen, his cock swelling in my mouth. He began to thrust his hips.

"Slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., slurp..., (gasp!)..."

His prostate clenched, his balls tightened. I felt his cum surging up thru the shaft; my slutty lips wrapped tighter around his cock.

"Slurp..., (spurt!)"

A huge cum load blasted into my mouth! It filled my mouth with thick, salty sperm. 'Ahh,' this was what I wanted; hot, salty, sweet cum! I barely had time to enjoy it, let alone swallow it, when I felt another load surging up his shaft.

"Slurp..., (spurt!)"

His second shot was almost as big as the first. The cum landed forcefully against the back of my throat; his cock pushed deeply into me. I couldn't swallow fast enough. Cum ran down both corners of my mouth.

"Slurp..., (spurt!)"

Blast number three filled my mouth and landed on my tongue. I had timed it so I could savor it. I rolled the spunk around on my tongue. His still thrusting cock churned the cum in my slutty mouth-hole, making it bubbly and frothy. I stopped bobbing my head and gently held his shooting cock in my mouth, jacking him softly, and sucking his tender cock gently, collecting spurt after sweet spurt in my mouth.

After an eternity, he finally finished; I squeezed out the last drop of his intoxicating elixir into my mouth, milking his cock with my hand and sucking it gently, ensuring I collected every drop.

I looked up at David again. He looked down on me, satisfied and smiling thru glazed eyes. I opened my mouth to show him the wad of cum he had deposited. I rolled it around on my tongue and then swallowed.

"You fucking cum-slut," he said.

I smiled at him.

"Do you have anything to drink?" he asked. We both needed a break and needed to replenish our fluids.

"Sure," I said, "but, I just drank all of the cum. We will have to find you something else..."

I started to get up, but my knees were stiff. He saw me struggling and reached out his hand. I took it, and he pulled me up easily.

"Thanks," I said.

"No, thank you," he replied.

"Beer, soda or bottled water?" I asked.

"I'd like a beer, but I have two more stops today, so water."

I walked to the fridge, my hard-on straining thru my panties. He playfully slapped my ass as I walked by. I quickly turned, spinning my sweet-cheeks away from his reach. "Hey!" I said, in fake indignation. He winked at me. I winked back.

I opened the fridge and grabbed a beer for myself and handed him water. "Can we sit down?" I asked, "My knees are a little sore."

We both sat at the kitchen table. David was still naked from the waist down. I was naked, except for my pink panties. I watched him chug half of his water, his Adam's apple sliding up and down. I noticed the dark stubble on his beard. I quickly chugged most of my beer. I needed it. We both belched loudly.

"Ahh, that was fantastic," he said, looking at me.

"It's just water," I said.

"I meant the blow-job." He smiled. I smiled back and I blushed. He added, "You are a very good cock-sucker, Chrissie."

"Thanks," I said. "I enjoyed it too. I've always wanted to suck a real cock."

We made small talk for a while. I told him my life's story; how I have been drawn to feminine clothing and how I fantasized about sucking cocks and getting fucked. I talked about Jeanie, my wife, and how she doesn't have the desire or kinkiness to satisfy me sexually. Missionary or doggy style - once a month - if I'm lucky.

Dave told me about his life; he was still single and loved sex with either men or women. He told me how often he gets hit on by horny housewives; they flirt with him, much like I did. Sometimes he only flirts, and sometimes he gets a blow-job. Sometime he fucks them.

"If they turn me on, you know?" he said, finishing his water. "You would be surprised at how many frustrated sluts there are in the world; married to limp-dicked assholes. These bitches appreciate a good fuck. And, they want to show off their skills. I had a bitch last week that started exercising in front of the TV in her fucking underwear, twerking her ass like she hadn't had a stiff cock for a month! Hell, I fix their plumbing, give them a good fuck and leave them a bill they are happy to pay. I have one rich bitch that plugs up her drain almost every a month, just to get my cock."

I contemplated what he told me, realizing I was not so special; probably nothing more than another faggot-cock-sucker to him.

“What about me,” I asked. “What about guys like me?”

“Oh, you are special, my little sissy-slut.” he said. “Sissy-bois like you are few and far between. You know how to suck a cock and you don’t give a fuck about ‘how I feel’, or ‘what I think’. You just focus on my cock and don’t worry about how nasty and slutty you are. Shit, I’ve had a lot of women suck my cock, but, faggots like you really know how to do it. I guess it is because since you have a cock, you ‘feel’ what I’m feeling; you just know when to suck and when to lick, and where to touch. You know how to treat my balls to get the biggest load of cum out of them. Shit, you fagots make me cum so HARD! Chris, you just sucked my cock, swallowed my cum and loved it. How many cunts do you know that can suck a cock like you did? “

I realized that everything he said was true. My wife had never sucked my cock like I had just sucked his, let alone swallow.

“Come here,” he said.

I stood up and went to him.

Still sitting, David grabbed my panty covered ass with both hands and pulled me closer. He kissed my naked stomach, just above my stained panties. He stood up, holding firmly onto my ass-cheeks. He hugged me tight and rubbed my crotch. I quickly became hard again.

He nuzzled my neck and breathed deeply into my ear. He reached his hand into my panties and fondled my stiff pecker/clitty. It was slimy with pre-cum.

I was leaking. I wanted him to finish me off. I was so horny after sucking his fat cock and feeling his hot cum filling my mouth. I didn’t know what to expect next. I was open to anything.

“Kiss me,” he said. I looked up, tilted my head and kissed him.

David pressed his lips firmly against mine. He pulled me close and grabbed my ass cheeks with both hands. I felt his tongue exploring my mouth. I kissed him back, feeling so submissive and feminine. I felt his stubble against my cheeks. He was a good kisser. Strong and firm, yet soft and warm. He massaged my ass cheeks and then tried to finger my asshole. He felt my butt plug, still lodged firmly in my boi-cunt.

“You are a nasty, nasty girl,” he chided me. He pulled on the plug gently a few times, stretching my ass. I clenched my hole each time and pulled it back into me. He wiped his fingers on my panties.

“You are a sissy, ball-licking, cock-sucking, ass-whore, aren’t you, Chrissie?” he asked.

“Yes,” I answered. “I AM a sissy, ball-licking, cock-sucking, ass-whore.” I reached for his cock, stroking it, willing it to get hard again.

"I'm going to fuck your virgin ass," he whispered into my ear. "I'm going to shove my hard cock up into your boi-pussy and make you a real woman."

"Ohhhhhh," I moaned uncontrollably. I tried to imagine his fat cock fitting into my boi-pussy.

"Get my cock hard again, Chrissie," he said. "Get me hard so I can fuck you."

I dropped to my knees again and grabbed his beautiful cock. I quickly began to lick it and stroke it. He pulled off his shirt and leaned back in the chair. He scooted his ass forward and spread his legs. His balls were hanging over the edge of the chair. I lifted up his cock and made love to his fat, cum filled balls.

"I'm going to fuck you long and hard, you fucking sissy-cock-slut," he told me, as I wrapped my lips around his cock head. "You will remember this day for the rest of your life."

I moaned and looked up at him. He watched me suck his cock. I stared into his eyes as I sucked him. I admired his firm chest and abs. I loved the dark patch of hair between his pecs. I reached up with both hands and felt his firm chest, pinching his man nipples, scratching his chest hair. My hands then slid down, tracing every rock hard muscle on his stomach. I sucked him, licked him, jacked his cock and tickled his balls. He was hard. I was ready.

"Enough, slut," he told me. He stood up and looked down at me, his cock between us. "Bend over the sink. It is time for you to lose your cherry."

I nervously got up from the floor, my hard boi-clit straining against my panties. The pre-cum stain on the front of them was wide and dark. I bent over the counter, gripping the sink and presenting my ass. I looked back over my shoulder.

"Drop the panties and lose your ass-toy, cunt. I doubt if there is enough room for both of us."

I rolled the panties down to my ankles then pushed out my ass and reached for my butt-plug. It was slimy from the lube and very slippery. I fumbled with it for a bit, then grabbed the base and pulled it out.

My ass stretched wide and it popped out. I felt the cool air on my hole. I dropped my toy into the sink with a 'thud' and watched it roll around.

I again presented my ass to him. I felt him step up to me, pressing against me and rubbing his hands on my naked ass. He slapped each cheek - hard. He then slid his hard cock up and down my crack, getting it slick from the all the lube that had leaked out. I wondered if I would need more. Too late, I felt his cock head pressing against my hole.

"Ready, slut?"

"Yeah," I answered. I was ready. "Fuck me, Dave, make me your bitch!"

I saw his reflection in the kitchen window in front of me. He was grinning and staring at my ass. I felt him push against me. I pushed back, trying to open my ass for him. The head began to slide in, stretching me

wider. Thankfully I had used my biggest butt-plug or I would be in pain right now. He pushed in. I pushed back. I felt his thick cock-head pop in my boi-pussy and my sphincter wrapped tightly around it.

“Ow, ow!” I cried. Stretched and lubed or not, his cock was bigger than anything I had ever had up my ass. David held still for a while, like a true gentleman, and then began to rotate his hips and thrust gently in and out. Not fucking me; but just making my asshole widen and allowing it to get used to his thick pole. “Mmmm,” I moaned. It felt good, really good...

“Ready now, Chrissie?” he asked. “Ready to get fucked like a bitch in heat?”

“I want your cock, Dave. I want it all! Fuck me, please, fuck me!” I pushed back against him. I wanted his cock all the way into my ass. He pushed, gripping my ass-cheeks. I felt it sliding into me. “Ohhh!” I moaned.

His cock felt warm in my ass, not like a cold dildo. He was stuffing me full of his cock. Inch by inch, his firm man-meat slid into me until I didn’t think I could take any more. My hole was stretched and full, filled with a real-man’s cock. It seemed like forever, but I finally felt his balls and groin pressing against me. He was all the way in. I wiggled my ass against him and clenched my hole, squeezing him.

“You are a tight little bitch, Chrissie,” he praised. “Do you like my cock in your ass?”

“Oh, yeah!” I cried. “I feel so full of cock right now. I love it!” I began to fuck myself on his cock, gently riding him – only a few inches at a time though; my ass was still too tightly engulfing his thick pole. I could feel the skin on my asshole being pulled in and out with each motion. “Oooohhh, yeah, ugh, mmmm!” I moaned.

“You are very eager, my little ass-slut,” he said. “Now, you are going to get fucked!” My handsome plumber slowly pulled his cock from my ass – nearly all the way out, then slid it back in, again, very slowly. Then again.

‘Fuck, does he have a long cock!’ I thought to myself. Every time he pulled it back, I thought it would pop-out of my ass, but, just as his fat cockhead started to escape, stretching my hole around it, he would pause, and push it back in.

He fucked me slowly like that for a while, enjoying my tight ass and taking his time. He had just orgasmed a few minutes ago, so I knew I was in for good, long cock-pounding. He kept making long strokes, in and out of my ass, just barely going faster as we both got into a rhythm. I began to clench my ass around his thick cock on each backstroke, squeezing his cock, milking him the entire way. Then, I would push back to meet his incoming thrust. We fucked each other like that, grunting and moaning softly, with Dave making long, slow strokes and me milking his cock with my asshole.

After a few glorious minutes, I sensed a change in him; he adjusted his stance and began to quicken his thrusts. He gripped me tight and pulled my ass back to him with each thrust. He began to pound my sissy-hole good.

“Uh..., uh..., uh...,” I grunted, as his balls began to slap my ass. I knew I was going to be sore for a few days. He began to fuck me harder and harder, and faster and faster. He built up to it slowly, steadily increasing his thrusts and quickness. I felt the pre-cum oozing in long a strand from my sissy-cock. It bounced against my thigh a few times until it finally became stuck to my leg. I wanted to jack myself off, but I had too tight a grip on the counter. I figured I’d let him fuck me, then jack-off non-stop once he finished.

“Do you like it, cunt?” He demanded. “Do you like getting fucked, like the little, cock-sucking bitch you are?”

“Uh..., uh..., yes..., uh..., uh..., yes..., yes...!” My eyes rolled back in my head as he proceeded to bang the living shit out of my once tight ass-hole.

Over and over he fucked me. I tried to squeeze his cock to make him cum, but my ass muscles were too stretched and worn out. I just tried to relax and accept my fate, leaning against the counter and meekly taking his thrusts. This is how a woman feels, I thought, being used as a sex object by a man, for the sole purpose of his own pleasure.

“Slap..., slap..., slap..., slap..., slap..., slap. Sounds of flesh smacking flesh filled the kitchen. I started grunting and moaning like a bitch, encouraging him to fuck me, like a porn star in a cheap XXX movie.

“Oh, shit! Oh yeah! Fuck me, fuck my slutty boi-pussy!” I said, my ass-hole tingling. Then I moaned, like I was having an ass-orgasm. “Uh, uh, oh, oh, yes, yes, fuck me with your hard cock. Give me your cum, Dave! Fuck me. Fuck me! Give me your cum!” I wanted to feel completely like a woman, dripping cum from her hole, after satisfying her man.

It felt like an hour, but in reality only a few minutes. I kept moaning like a girl, encouraging him to fuck my slutty boi-pussy with his hard, fat cock. I pretended to cum, moaning and groaning, and then, finally, he grunted; “Uh, I’m coming, you slutty cunt! I’m going to cum in your fucking sissy ass!”

“Do it, Dave, cum in your sissy’s boi-cunt. Fill me up with your sperm. I want it Dave, I NEED YOUR CUM!” I cried. I began to fuck him back as best I could, driving his cock even deeper into my slutty bowels.

“Oh, you fucking whore!” he said, “you slutty, fucking, cum-eating whore!” Then, to my surprise, he reached around and grabbed my slimy cock. He gave it a firm squeeze and then he cupped my nut sack. He began to jerk me off, using my oozing pre-cum for lubricant. “Ohh, fuck! Yeah, do it! Fuck me! Rub my sissy-clitty, fuck my sissy-ass!”

We came together, with me squealing like a little girl and Dave grunting like a man. I felt his cock swell inside me and felt the first hot blast of cum fill my bowels. It sent me over the edge. I gave one continuous high-pitched moan and began to pump the sissy-juice out of my balls. My orgasm rocked me. I felt him cumming into my ass.

“Uh, take my cum, faggot! Take my fucking cum, you cock-loving slut!” His body jerked and his knees twitched as he emptied his load into me. “Oh, take it, take my cum in your ass, you fucking faggot. Take it! Take my cum!”

I felt his cum filling me up as I spurted and spurted all over his fingers and onto the kitchen floor. I had never cum like that in my life! “Uh, uh, ah, ah! SHIT!” I cried. My knees grew weak and I had to grab onto the sink even harder to keep from falling. He continued to pound my ass, only slowing once his spurting cock emptied his balls into me, and his orgasm receded. I felt him lean on me, his heavy weight against my back. “Aaaahhhh,” he sighed in my ear.

We stayed like that for a while. I could hear his heavy breathing and felt his hot breath on my neck. I wished we were in my bed right now, so we could cuddle and rest together, with his cock lodged up my ass. But, he finally stood up, pulled his warm body away from me, and pulled his softening cock out of my ass.

I suddenly felt empty inside and the cold air made my sensitive, gaping asshole flinch. I turned to look at him. He gave me a wink and simply said, “Clean me up, bitch.” He held out his cum covered fingers and I licked and sucked my cum from them. I then pulled up my pink panties and tucked in my softening boy-clit. Grabbing a clean dish rag, I ran some warm soapy water and fell to my knees once more, to clean my shit from his cock. Then, I popped his dick back into my mouth and was rewarded with a few more drops of sperm from his softening, glorious penis.

“Always the hungry cock-slut, aren’t you Chrissie?” he said, watching me worship his cock. He pulled his dick from my faggot mouth and began to get dressed. I stayed in my panties, just in case he wanted to admire my freshly fucked panty covered ass and maybe want to fuck or get sucked again. I was still horny, and a bit delusional. He got what he wanted from me. Now, he was leaving. Would I ever see him again, I wondered? Probably not, but I would remember this for a long time. Every step I took for the next few days, anyway.

Just then, his phone rang. He looked at it, and answered, sitting down and putting on his shoes, his phone tucked under his cheek. “Yeah? ... Just leaving. ... I had another leak to plug. ... Yeah, I plugged it good. ... Ha! ... Yeah, you’d like him. ... Yeah, ‘him’. ... No, Triple-A-Prime. ... Yeah, he’s good, real good. ... Hell no, you know me better than that. ... Yeah, he’s a newbie. ... Well, he has a lot of, ah, ‘enthusiasm.’ ... Sure, I’ll ask him and set something up. ... I know he won’t mind, trust me. ... OK, see you in a bit. ... Bye.”

He looked at me as he tucked in his shirt. “That was my brother Doug,” he said. “I told him about you, and he wants to meet you.”

“Yeah?” I asked, “I heard you. So, does he want to ‘meet’ me, or just put his ‘meat’ into me?”

Dave chuckled.

“Both,” he said, “Are you ok with that?”

“Absolutely, but, like, he’s not a hundred years old is he?”

“No, he’s pretty hot and my age,” Dave said. “He usually goes for big tits and desperate, horny housewives, but I just know he will love you.”

I smiled, a little proud of myself.

“Doug and I share everything,” he said. “If you want, we can both stop by sometime - the next time when we are on this side of town.”

“Yeah, I’d like it if you were here too. It would be a little strange, to..., you know.”

“Yeah, I know,” he said, smiling. “I know that you want two cocks, instead of just one, you sissy cock-slut.” He grinned.

“It sounds dirty when you say it like that, Dave,” I quickly replied.

“Ok, we will make plans for the both of us,” he said. “Probably in a week or so. Hell, you’ll need that long for your ass to heal up anyway.”

“Yeah, I know.” I rubbed my ass, spreading my cheek and acknowledging my sensitive, torn up ass-hole. I was already looking forward to another day off; getting dressed up in girly clothes and having two hard, cum-filled cocks to play with. Then I remembered, “Hey, I’ll need advance notice so I can get off of work.”

“No problem,” he said. “One of us will call you..., and, I can’t wait to see you again, slut.” He smiled and winked at me. “Oh, and, uh..., Chrissie? Sorry, but we will have to charge you for a service call, at least... Is that OK?” He looked at me with a half smile that told me he was sad that he had to charge me, but letting me know that I had to accept it, if I was to see him and his fat cock again. “We have to keep the accountants off our backs, you know.” Damn, his eyes were beautiful.

“Uh, that will be ok, I guess.” He smiled brightly, his white teeth shining. I wanted to slide my tongue all over those pearly whites! And, I couldn’t say ‘no’ to the chance of getting cock in both my holes at the same time. I had already done the math in my head; two cocks should be able to give me at least four loads of cum, divided by two blow-jobs plus two ass-fucks that equals one happy, sissy-faggot-cock-sucking-cum-slut-ass-whore!

He sat down at the table and wrote out a bill, then handed it to me. First off, I noticed the company logo; two D’s, back to back with a thick, long line separating them. I swear, it looked liked two fat balls and a long, thick cock! Underneath, it said “Double-D’s Plumbing.”

I get it now David and Doug – Double D’s; a double-entendre for a huge set of tits, or, I realized, it could also stand for ‘double-dicked’. I couldn’t wait for both brothers to ‘cum’ pounding on my door - my back-door, that is.



Then, I looked at the total amount due. I was surprised; it was much higher than I expected, considering how quickly he fixed the sink. After all, I was hoping for a big discount. Oh well, I guess he had to account for all the time he spent fixing the leak and then taking care of my ass-crack. I wrote him check, feeling like I had received the better part of the deal.

On his way out, he groped my ass, kissed my cheek, and shyly asked me if I minded making myself 'pretty' for him and his brother. I didn't mind. Actually, I have wanted to get some of my own things; panties, bras, high-heel shoes and a hot sexy dress. "Yes, that would be fun," I told him.

I was dying to know more about his brother. 'Is he older, younger and handsome?' And more importantly, 'Does he have a big dick too?'

"What is your brother like?" I blurted out, just as he was stepping thru the door.

"He's a lot like me, actually," he said, flashing that sexy grin and sparkling white teeth. He walked away but then turned his head back to me. "Did I forget mention that we are twins?" He winked and the door closed behind him. I felt myself getting hard again.

I went back to the kitchen and looked at the mess I had made. My cum was dripping down the cabinet door and had pooled onto the floor. My dirty butt-plug was still in the sink. I walked back into my den and put on my bra, then grabbed my dildo, sucking it while I walked back into the kitchen. I cleaned up and put everything back in its proper place. Then, I spent the rest of the afternoon sucking my dildo and jacking off, reliving my perfect day. It had been everything I had thought it would be, and I had more to look forward too. I realized that I loved sucking cock, eating cum and getting fucked by a real man. I had three more orgasms that day, jerking my sissy-clit until it was red and sore.

Sexually exhausted, I finally changed into my 'normal' clothes a few minutes before my wife returned home. I was hoping to shower before she came home, but, after masturbating all afternoon and picking up the kitchen, I barely had time to wipe the slime from my ass. I was bending over sink, washing my lunch dishes and imagining I was getting fucked again, when she walked in the door.

"Hi, honey," she said, coming into the kitchen.

"Hi, sweetheart!" I replied. We kissed. I kept my mouth closed so she wouldn't notice my 'cum breath.'

"Did the plumbers come today?"

"Yes, he came." (More than once...) "Great guy. He did nice work." (on my ass...).

"Did he fix the leak?"

"Yep, no more leak." (Except for the cum leaking from my asshole...).

"What was wrong with the sink?"

"There was a crack in the pipe." (And then a pipe in my crack...).

“Oh,” she said, finally satisfied.

I added, “The flower vase was banging against the pipe; that is why it broke.” (And then there was a pipe banging against my ass and breaking my ass-cherry...).

“Really?” she asked.

“Yup,” I said. “You know, I’m thinking should have them come back and do more ‘stuff’. (Like ‘stuff’ both of my sissy holes at the same time...).

“Oh, great idea!” she said. “Hey! Do you think they can they put in a new water spigot for my flower garden, and maybe fix that ‘banging’ noise we get when we use the basement wash tub?” she asked, then quickly added, “Oh, and the bathtub drain is too slow!”

This was going to be too easy.

“Let’s make a list!” I said, enthusiastically. “We can spread out the work.” (And I’ll spread my ass cheeks...).

“Oh, but honey,” she said, (I swear I’m not lying) “I’m worried..., do you think they will mind coming multiple times?”

“Oh, sweetheart,” I said, “We will make it worth their while. After all, they get small service fee every time they ‘cum’. I’m sure they won’t mind ‘cumming’ more than once!” (Loads and loads of hot, spurting cum into all of my faggot-sissy-cock-loving-holes...).

Recognizing how dirty my statement sounded, she repeated the phrase she had heard me say so many times before;

“Oh, honey, it sounds so dirty when you say it like that!”

I smiled.

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