

Sissy husband humiliated by wife

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The Prosecco had been flowing for an hour. I could hear them laughing Three voices. My wives, Her best friends and a third I didn't recognize, younger, with a giggle that bubbled like the wine in their glasses.

I stood behind the thick curtain. Exactly where my wife had told me to stand forty minutes earlier.

The I wore stockings were black, sheer, gripping my thighs with silicone bands that bit just enough to remind me they were there. The panties lace, also black, also hers and strained against the cage she had also picked out for me to wear. The dress she'd chosen was a slip of a thing, and did nothing to hide the outline of what sat beneath it. Around my neck, a leather collar. Attached to it, a lead that looped over the curtain rod, keeping my head at an cocked so I could listening to every word.

and I swear to God, my wife was saying, the man has never once made me finish. Not once in six years.

A collective groan of sympathy.

Six years? The younger voice said, How are you still sane?

She's not, Her best friend said. They all laughed.

My face burned. The ridiculous thing was the throb between my legs. Or what the cage allowed as I a throb. A dull, pressurized ache radiated outward, making my stocking-clad thighs tremble.

It's not just that he can't get it up, my wife continued. I heard the clink of her glass being set down. It's that even when he manages it there's nothing to work with. I mean, you've met him. Sweet man. But downstairs? A pause for effect. We're talking thumb-sized. When and if he can get it up.

The younger woman gasped. Her best friend snorted.

Stop.

I'm serious! And soft. Like trying to insert a gummy worm.

The women laughed again,

My hands curled into fists at my sides. I was hard or as hard as the cage would permit, which meant a straining, confined pressure that bordered on pain. Humiliation had always done this to me. My wife knew exactly how it made me feel. And that's why she was doing it .

So I bought myself something, she said. I heard her stand, heard the soft pad of her bare feet on the hardwood. It arrived last week. I haven't even shown him yet.

Oh my God, The younger voice said That's a vibrator. That's a weapon.

My cage twitched uncontrollably.

“It’s eight inches of medical-grade silicone,” my wife said, and I could hear the smile in her voice. “Curved. Harness-compatible. The packaging said “for deep G-spot stimulation.”

The younger woman made a sound somewhere between a laugh and a moan.

“You’re going to kill him with that.”

“I’m not going to use it on him. It’s for me . My wife said “

A pause. “Though I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t thought about using it on him.”

My breath caught. The cage pressed harder.

“Thought about what, specifically?” Her best friend’s voice dropped. Curious. Hungry.

“Pegging him.”

The word landed in the room like a stone in still water. No one spoke for three full seconds.

Then: “Would he let you?” The younger woman said

“He doesn’t have a choice. We’re married. I’ve spent six years accommodating his limitations.” My wife’s voice grew hardened.. As did my cock.

“Maybe it’s time he accommodated mine.”



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