

Humiliated sissy husband ; pegged by wife. While her friends watch

Description



Part 2

“Would you use the harness? The leather one we looked at?” Her best friend asked, and the familiarity of the question told me this wasn’t the first time they’d discussed it.

“Obviously. The black one with the silver buckles. Make him lube up the toy himself, watch his hands shake while he does it.” My wife’s footsteps crossed the room, closer to the curtain now. “Then I’d bend him over the arm of this couch. Right here. In front of you both, if you wanted to stay.”

“Fuck,” the younger woman whispered.

“You’d let us watch?” Her best friend’s voice asked, coquettishly

“I’d let you do more than watch. You could hold his leash. Keep his head down. And you could tell him what you think of him. Really tell him. He responds to shame. Don’t you, sweetheart?”

The last words were directed toward the curtain.

My throat closed. I couldn’t speak.

“Answer me.”

“Yes.” My voice came out cracked, barely audible. “Yes, I respond to shame.”

The room went silent. I realized I’d just confirmed everything. That I was here. That I’d heard every word. That I was standing behind a curtain in stockings and a cage and a collar, while my wife described how she wanted to fuck me in front of her friends.

The curtain swept aside.

My wife stood there, Prosecco glass in one hand, the toy in the other. She’d changed into a silk robe, deep burgundy, open enough at the chest to show the curve of her breasts. Behind her,

Her friends stared.

The toy was bigger than I’d imagined. Curved, yes. Gleaming under the living room lights. My wife held it casually

“There he is,” she said. “My husband. Turn around. Let them see the full outfit.”

I turned.

The satin slip barely covered the tops of the stockings in back. The panties—what there were of them—framed the cage rather than concealing it. The leather strap of the collar was visible against my nape.

“Oh!” the younger woman said “He’s—?”

“Pathetic.” My wife offered.

“I was going to say pretty. But also pathetic. Both.”

“The lead?” Take it.

Her best friend rose. Her fingers found the leather strap where it hung from the collar. She wrapped it once around her wrist and gave an experimental tug.

My head jerked forward.

“Good boy,” my wife said.

“We’ve discussed this. You know what you need to say.”

The cage ached. Not the dull, pressurized ache from before. Something sharper now. More desperate.

“I’m waiting,” she said.

My mouth opened. Dry. “Please. I want you to— I want you to peg me.”

“Louder. And look at them when you say it.”

I turned my head. The women all looked at me.

“I want my wife to peg me,” I said. The words came out steadier than I felt. “In front of you. While you watch.”

“Better,” she said.

Her robe had fallen open completely now, and I the harness. She was enjoying this. More than enjoying it—she was feeding on it.

The toy sat on the coffee table where she’d left it. ready to lock into the O-ring at the front of the harness.

“Pick it up,” she said.

I hesitated. Her best friend gave the lead a short, sharp tug.

“She told you to do something, don’t make her repeat herself.”

My stocking-clad legs carried me forward. Bending at the waist felt obscene—the slip riding up, the panties doing nothing to hide anything, the cage swinging free. My fingers closed around the silicone. It was heavier than I’d expected. Smooth.

“Lube,” my wife said. “On the coffee table. Use plenty. I don’t want you tearing.”

The bottle was already open. Clear, viscous gel pooled in my palm. I slicked it along the shaft, working it from base to tip, the silicone growing slippery under my touch.

“Slower,” my wife said. “I want them to see what you’re doing. I want them to imagine what comes next.”

I slowed. The lube made wet, obscene sounds as I spread it.

“That’s enough. Bring it here.”

I crossed to my wife, holding the toy out like an offering. She gripped my wrist and guided my hand to the harness, showing me how to lock it into place. The click of the base seating into the ring was the loudest sound I’d ever heard.

There it was. Protruding from my wife’s hips. Curved slightly upward. Glossy with lubricant.

“Bend over the arm of the couch,” she said. “Facing them. I want you to see their faces while I take you.”

I draped myself over it. My stockinged knees pressed into the cushion. My caged cock trapped, useless ground against the fabric. My wife’s best friend still held the lead. She moved with me, keeping the tension constant, forcing my chin up so I couldn’t hide my expression.

The panties came down. Not off—she didn’t bother removing them entirely—just pulled aside, the lace scraping against my upper thighs. Cool air hit skin that hadn’t been exposed all evening.

“Look at him,” her best friend said. “Already trembling.”

“He does that,” my wife’s fingers, slick with lube, pressed against me. One. Then two. Working in slow circles. “Pathetic, isn’t it? He’s been leaking since we started talking about this. The cage is a mess.”

The younger woman leaned closer. “Can I see?”

“Go ahead.”

She reached out—hesitated—then hooked a finger under the waistband of the panties and pulled them forward. The cage was visible now, my flesh straining against the bars in a way that must have looked painful because it was.

“Oh,” the younger woman breathed. “Oh, that’s—! He’s really—!”

“Desperate?” the best friend offered.

“I was going to say swollen. But desperate works.”

My wife withdrew her fingers. The blunt pressure of the toy replaced them.

The stretch was immediate.

“Eyes on us,” she said. “Don’t you dare look away.”

She pushed. Slowly. Deliberately. An inch, maybe two. The curve of the toy dragged against something inside me that made my vision stutter.

“There?” She asked. “Right there?”

I couldn’t form words. A sound came out a soft groan

“That’s a yes.” She pulled back, then pushed again, deeper this time.

My hips were canting backward with each of her thrusts, meeting her, taking her deeper. The cage dragged against the couch cushion. The stockings had started to roll down from the friction. The slip was bunched around my shoulders now, doing nothing, exposing everything.

“Faster?” she asked. She was breathing harder now, the words coming in bursts. “Or should I make you beg again?”

“Please,” I heard myself say. “Please, faster.”

“Please faster what?”

“Please faster!”

Then she fucked me.

The pace changed from a slow exploration to something with intent. The harness slapped against my thighs. The buckles jingled. Every thrust pushed me forward into the couch, grinding the cage against the cushion in a way that was agony and ecstasy and neither, both, something I had no vocabulary for.

“Look at him,” her friend said, her voice rough. “And then, to the younger women. Are you seeing this?”

“I’m seeing it.” The younger woman’s hand had returned to her own thigh, nails pressing crescents into the denim. “His mouth. He can’t even close it.”

“He’s gone,” my wife said from behind me, each word punctuated by a thrust. “This is what he wants. This is what he’s always wanted. Someone to use him. Thrust. Use him. Thrust. Properly.”

My thoughts had dissolved. There was only sensation the fullness, the pressure, the rhythmic slap of leather, the ache in my knees, the collar tugging at my throat every time. Her friend adjusted her grip, the floral scent of the younger woman’s perfume mixed with the smell of lubricant and sweat as I drifted away into subspace heaven

“Tell them what you are,” my wife said.

“I’m yours.” The word broke as she hit that spot again. “I’m yours.”



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