

Pussy whipped

An erotic sissy fantasy by
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Pictures by Totallyredhead.com

Warning! Contains sexually
explicit imagery. **18+ Adults
only!**





I knew the end was near when my wife invited Richard home for dinner.

Marcy had always fantasized about Richard, and lately she had told me all about what she wanted to do to him, just to humiliate me.

She commanded me down on a chair in our bedroom and told me to watch.



“Listen, Fred, I know you are a kind man but I should never have married you. You know it and I know it!

I am a strong woman. I don't need your kindness. I need someone as strong as me.

I know you have done your best Fred, but the best isn't good enough!”



When Richard started to kiss her I tried to get out of my chair, but she stopped me with a command:

“Sit down, sissy, and watch what a real man can do!”

Somehow I wasn't able to defy her. I never have been able to oppose strong women. They make me feel weak and helpless.



“You do everything I ask you to, don’t you?”

“When I asked you to clean the house, you agreed. When I asked you to go shopping for clothes with me, you enjoyed it. When I asked you to wear my panties, you did protest, but gave in as soon as I insisted.

“What the hell is wrong with you?”

Richard started unbuttoning her blouse.



“Richard is touching my breasts, Fred. I want him to fuck me. Do you want to watch him fuck your wife, Fred? Or are you gonna be a man?”



I couldn't move. I was numb inside, and I couldn't move. Richard ignored me completely.

“You know what I think?” Marcy asked. “I think you were pussy whipped by your mother and your four older sisters. Your father died before you were born, and there were no one there to help you become a man.”



“Do you know what I have done to you, Fred? I have just continued their conditioning.

“As soon as I realized that you would never be more than a friendly breadwinner, I decided to liberate myself by refining your sissyness, turning you into the little girly you really are!”



She was unbuttoning Richard's jeans now and I could see the bulge in his shorts.

I am afraid to say that the whole spectacle aroused me.

"Aaaaah, you are getting interested now, aren't you?" she teased me.

"You can't wait to see what a real cock looks like, can you?"



“Do you know what I think, Fred? I think you would like to be me. Yeah, I think you would like to be the one touching this cock!”

“No fucking way!”

“No, then why did you agree to wear stockings and a bra when I asked you to?”

“I wanted to please you!”



They were both naked now, and Marcy started to stroke Richard's cock. "I know that you wanted to please me, darling, you always do. But no man would let a woman do something like that to him, unless he wanted it deep down."



“I am a man, damn it! You are just teasing me!”

Unfortunately I could feel a deep response in me when she started to lick Richard’s penis.

“This cock is not for you, Fred!”
she said. “This one is for me.

“What you are going through right
now is the final phase of your
reconditioning.”

“Reconditioning?”

“Yes, I have been building on what
was already in your psyche,
programming your mind to accept
your increasing femininity.”

“I am not feminine!”



She started sucking Richard's dick and the scent of musk and sex filled the room. Her gulping noises petrified me.

"You are wearing a skirt and a blouse, Fred. Of course you have been feminized."

"But you wanted me to! You said that only a brave man would accept the two sides of his soul, wearing women's clothing. I am just like Beckham, you said."

"Yeah, and you wanted to believe it, didn't you?"





Richard started to lick her pussy. “Do you have a hard on, Fred?” she asked. I had to admit I didn’t. “But you are very horny, aren’t you?” I was.



She let out a gasp as Richard penetrated her from behind. “This is a real dick, Fred,” she said. “Unlike your teeny, weenie, little pecker. I wouldn’t mind much if you were strong willed and manly, but the whole package of passivity is just too much for me.”



“The reason you have been sleeping in the guestroom the last six months, is because I have been running hypnotic tapes over the loudspeakers I have hidden in there.

“The tapes have conditioned you to become more and more feminine, more and more passive and more and more acquiescent. You will do anything I tell you to do now.”

Richard started to fuck her from behind, and she found it harder to talk.

“I am not going to ask for a divorce, Fred, -- ough! --in spite of your cowardice. I need your money – umph! -- and for that I need you around.

“So I am going to give you what you really want. You can be my girlfriend. You know, the one you gossip with, discuss make-up and dresses with. The one you talk to about your boyfriends!”





I was crying now, but tried to keep still in order not to disturb her moaning as she climaxed for the first time this evening.

“Oh, stop that sobbing, Fred! You don’t have to cry. I will make you happy. You are nearly a woman, now, and you can experience all the joys of a submissive woman. I am afraid you will never be anything like me...”

“I am not a woman!”

“But look at yourself! You have been on hormones for two years, now, darling. You have two beautiful tits!”

“I have not. I am just a little bit fat, that’s all. You told me so!”

“Of course I told you so. That was part of the conditioning!”





“You and me, Fred, have done everything in the book to turn you into a woman – apart from the final surgery, that is, but you are scheduled for your big operation next month! I am so happy for you!”

“You are mad!”

“Oh no, I am not,” she said and gave out a moan as Richard made an extra strong thrust with his pelvis. “And when I say the hypnotic trigger word, you will see that you are, indeed, a woman!”

“Wake up, Fanny! You are a girl now!”

I shook my head and felt my long hair brush my face. I had, of course been aware of it for a long time now. I had let it grow the way Marcy had wanted me to. But now I could see that it was the lush and silky hair of a woman. I realized that my make-up was far from manly and that my black blouse was indeed not a man’s shirt.

“You are beautiful, Fanny! And it is time for you to give in to your true self!”

“Yes, and here’s the other trigger word, baby: Cocksucker!”

Richard started to laugh.

“Now, go out into the hallway, darling. There is a present waiting for you!”





I was so shocked that I didn't know what to do, but found myself going out into the hallway, away from the sexy noises emanating from Richard and my wife. There I ran into Macy's cousin, Tom, who was staying over for a few days. I realized now that that was not a coincidence.



“Well, hi there, Fanny. Are you awake now?” he asked.

“I guess I am,” I replied.

“I have been watching you change these last two years, Fanny, and I must say, you are getting more and more sexy by the day!”

“I am?”

He came close to me and kissed me softly on the lips. I wanted to turn away, but felt compelled to respond. He lifted my blouse and touched my bra.

I had been aroused in the bedroom, but now my breathing quickened, and I could feel my face become hot.



He lifted my breasts and kissed them. I found it had to believe now that I had actually thought that I had been a fat man, and that these two darlings hadn't been real tits.

But now their nipples raised to the occasion. I could feel them try to get out of the confines of my bra. It hurt in a good kind of way.



He started to pull down his pants and his cock reached proudly for the sky. Or rather, it reached out for me.

I could hear Marcy laughing in my head: “Cocksucker, cocksucker, cocksucker!”

And cock was all I could think of.



We kissed again, deeper and longer this time as I rubbed my tits against his cock's head.

“Fanny, you are such a sexy woman! I need you to suck my dick!”



I could feel my knees weaken, and I slid down to the floor, my back against the wall. I grabbed his penis with my hand and held it eagerly.



I let my tongue touch his cock and started to lick it, savoring every moment.







I grabbed my tits and massaged my stiff nipples. I could feel wave after wave of electrifying pleasure rush through my body, and the thought of pleasing a man that liked me as a woman made me cum like a girl. I had my very first wave of multiple orgasms.





We both fell down on the floor and I continued to suck him off, filling my mouth with his manhood. I understood now why Marcy had insisted that we both had played deep throat with her dildo.





And I did, finally, manage to swallow his whole dick without gagging. I felt proud to be able to please my man like this.



I realized now that Marcy was giving me away to this man. We would remain married, but Tom would be my new master.

I didn't mind. I would serve him as any good housewife would do!





He started to fuck my tits and I leaned back and let him enjoy my body. I felt sexy, I felt feminine, I felt beautiful and content.



He shot his load over my tits and neck.



The smell of his cum made me climax again.



I cannot wait for the operation. I want Tom between my legs, fucking my pussy!

I know what Marcy has done to me, and one part of me will never forgive her. But there is no way back now.

I am a woman now, and I know that I will never be as strong as her. Maybe I don't want to. If Tom is good to me, I will be happy!





You will find more pictures of Fanny and Macy over at Totallyredhead.com.

You can read more of my stories in my transgender erotica blog, which is found at www.rebeccamolay.com.

XXX
Rebecca

The photos of the models are used for illustrative purposes only. There is absolutely no connection between them and the fictional characters of this story.