**Bad Husband Better Baby – Valentine’s Day**

**By Elfy**

“Ugh…”

“Just relax, baby.”

“I’m trying!”

“You’ve taken bigger before.”

“Just… Go slowly!”

George was laying back on the changing table. His last nappy had been particularly messy thanks to the enema given to him by Mistress. He hadn’t known why he was given the treatment at the time except for Mistress’s vague comments of “Being prepared.” Now his new nappy was open and underneath his butt but his legs were still in the air. Mistress had rolled them back leaving his puckered hole very accessible.

“Hold on.” Kirsty said with a sigh, “I’ll put more lube on it.”

George sighed as he felt the half of the plastic toy that had managed to squeeze into him get withdrawn. He realised he had been gripping the sides of the changing table particularly hard and slowly relaxed his grip. It wasn’t that he hadn’t been used to things going up his ass, far from it, it was just that this latest toy was a little bigger than he was used to.

It was Valentine’s Day and George had been told that it was going to be a special night. He had replied that any night with his Mistress was special but whilst that had made Kirsty chuckle and probably earned him some brownie points the point still remained. He didn’t really know what to expect so he chose to not try and guess. He trusted Mistress implicitly, trying to second-guess her felt like a betrayal of the devotion he had.

There was a squirting sound from the end of the table and George tensed up again. Even as he rather worriedly waited for the next assault on his butt he could feel his caged penis throb slightly. The chastity cage wasn’t something used on him all the time but it wasn’t rare either. He’d even started to feel a kind of comfort when the pink plastic toy encased him.

“Ready?” Kirsty asked as she pointed the cock-shaped toy at George’s ass again.

George took a deep breath, closed his eyes tightly and nodded. A second later he felt the head of the dildo opening him up. He tried to follow the relaxation methods that had served him well for a long time. Relaxing every muscle but pushing down as if he was trying to poop to ease the passage of the large toy.

“You’re doing so well for me.” Kirsty said as the toy moved in another inch.

“Is it nearly in?” George grunted.

“Nearly.” Kirsty replied in a soft voice.

George felt as if this toy was going deeper into him than anything before. More than that though, the width almost felt like it was splitting him in half. He knew he would adjust, and pretty quickly, but right then it felt like he was being opened beyond his limits. If anyone else had been doing this he would’ve told them to stop.

With one final push the dildo sunk in an inch deeper and George felt the toy almost get sucked into him as it quickly narrowed leaving only the flared bas outside of his body. It felt like it was pushing all the way up through his body though in reality in was only seven or eight inches in size. George tried to stay relaxed but a couple of times his muscles tried to contract and then complained as they met the solid object holding them open.

“Good sissy!” Kirsty said happily, “What a clever little girl! Look at you taking that cock for Mistress!”

George smiled. It was those moments of praise that made him know it was all worth it. He lived to be the best sissy he could be for his Mistress and if that meant having this toy inside him then he would do it with pride. He opened his eyes as Kirsty rubbed a hand over the chastity device locked to his genitals. His cock tried to respond but all he got was some dull pain as the unyielding cage refused to give way.

The nappy was pulled up between George’s legs and taped closed then the pink onesie he was wearing was pulled down and closed as well. He was instructed to get up and as he sat up he let out a little moan as the dildo inside him pushed in with a little more pressure. He took a couple of deep breaths before sliding off the table.

“How does it feel?” Kirsty asked.

“Big.” George replied with a smile.

“Too big?” Kirsty asked, “You have your safe word, remember.”

“I’ll be fine.” George said.

“Good girl.” Kirsty gave his heavily padded rear a couple of swats, “Let’s get you dressed.”

George was already in one of his onesies. A pink one with “Padded Princess” on the front in big white letters above a cartoon drawing of a diaper with a tiara printed no it. Normally that would be enough but apparently Mistress had other plans. To his shock Kirsty started going towards the closet filled with his male clothes.

“Mistress?” George asked cautiously.

“We’re going out, sissy.” Kirsty replied without looking back, “I suppose you COULD wear one of your frilly princess dresses if you want.”

As Kirsty finally did look back with arched eyebrows George quickly shook his head. His cheeks had gone the same colour as his onesie. He was a sissy, of that there was no doubt, and he had experienced a little public humiliation in the past but he definitely wasn’t ready to go out in his full sissy gear. Just imagining what might happen if he ran into someone he knew like that made him cringe.

“Thought so.” Kirsty said as she continued to look through George’s clothes, “Honestly, everything in here is just so… boring. No wonder you love being a little sissy girl.”

George blushed a bit more. It felt like every time Mistress made a comment about him the replica dick in his ass felt that little bit bigger. Eventually Kirsty found something suitable for him to wear, George was surprised again when he saw a smart white buttoned shirt and black pants. It was probably the smartest clothes he owned which he admitted wasn’t saying much.

“Get dressed.” Kirsty said as she hung the clothes over the edge of the crib, “We leave in five minutes.”

“Mistress?” George said, “W-Where are we going?”

“On a date.” Kirsty answered with a smile. She cupped a side of his face with her hand, “And if we’re late you’ll get a thrashing with Mr. Thuddy.”

George gulped and nodded his head as Kirsty walked out of the nursery. Mr. Thuddy was the name Mistress gave her heaviest paddle, it was reserved specifically for times when George had been really naughty and it hurt like nothing else.

Not wanting to keep his Mistress waiting George quickly went over to the clothes. He soon found that every single step seemed to move the dildo lodged inside of him, it shifted and hit spots that spent sparks of pleasure up and down his body. The nappy only seemed to press the sex toy against him even more. He blushed as he realised going out like this was going to be difficult.

George quickly buttoned on his shirt and pulled his trousers up. Since these were the trousers he often wore to work events he had never had to pull it up over a thick nappy before. It turned out to be a lot harder than he was expecting.

“Hurry up, sissy!” Kirsty called from the bottom of the stairs.

George felt a shiver of fear go through him as he pulled even harder, he was worried the material of the trousers would rip but he managed to get them up and zipped closed. He looked in the mirror and could see the front and rear bulging out but he didn’t have time to worry about it now. He started walking out of the nursery with the fullness inside of his rear end causing a constant distraction. With every step down the stairs he felt it rubbing his most sensitive spots. By the time he reached the bottom of the stairs he could tell his face was red.

“Wow, if you’re like this now I can’t wait to see you at dinner.” Kirsty smirked mischievously.

“M-Mistress?” George stuttered.

“You’ll see.” Kirsty pointed at his shoes, “Come on. We’re leaving.”

George sat down on the bottom step and groaned as the plastic pushed deeper. As his body got used to the intruder the slight pain of it being there faded away leaving only the ever-present fullness. He put his shoes on and by the time he was standing up Kirsty was already on her way out the door with her handbag over her shoulder.

Kirsty was, in George’s opinion, the most beautiful woman in the woman. She had a face of sharp angles, her hair was pulled back in a bun and the red dress she wore hugged her curves and accentuated her generous bosom. She wore a pair of high-heel shoes with a point so thin George marvelled that she wasn’t falling over, she moved effortlessly. Inside his nappy George’s neglected penis yearned for freedom as he watched his Mistress saunter outside.

George wasn’t even remotely as graceful. Between the nappy, the pants pulled tight because of the padding and the several inches of plastic up his butt George rather awkwardly waddled to the car where Kirsty gave him the keys.

“You’re driving.” Kirsty instructed, “I’ll give you directions as we go.”

George got into the car with yet another moan. Kirsty laughed, it seemed like she was greatly enjoying her sissy’s reaction to the toy. George started the car and pulled out of the driveway. As he followed Mistress’s directions he could only think of himself as the luckiest man in the world. He had visited other Mistresses before Kirsty but they never lasted, none of them could give him what he needed or were clearly just in it for the money, but Kirsty was different. George had paid her for their first sessions but it was clear to him there was more of a connection and when she offered to be his Mistress without payment he accepted before she could finish talking.

“Pull into this car park.” Kirsty ordered as she pointed at a turning just ahead.

George pulled in and parked at the first available space. They were just off the high street where a lot of the best restaurants in town were. George got out of the car and Kirsty came around to immediately take her hand.

In both of their dream scenarios things would be different. George desired nothing more than being a permanent sissy baby and if he had his way he would be in the frilliest clothes, thickest nappies and get pushed around in a pram or forced to crawl. Reality, being what it was, meant that wasn’t possible. In public they endeavoured to be seen as an almost normal couple. Almost.

“Comfortable?” Kirsty asked as they started walking down a quiet street towards the restaurants.

“Just a bit… full.” George replied. He had to pause halfway through the sentence as the toy shifted yet again.

“That’s the point.” Kirsty replied teasingly, “You’ve come a long way from the sissy who couldn’t take even my smallest toy. Mistress is proud of you.”

George felt his heart swell at the praise. It was true, one of his limits before Kirsty had always been that his ass was off-limits. However, as he and Kirsty got to know each other more those red lines softened until eventually he was willing to try it. He’d come a long way from the tiny toys they started out with.

Kirsty led George to the front door of a very nice looking restaurant. After talking to the greeter they were shown to a table with a lit candle in the centre. George sat down and drew a strange look from the waitress as he gasped.

“I’ll be back in a little bit to take your orders.” The waitress said before walking away.

George picked up the menu and started browsing. He had barely read half of the page when he felt a small hum coming from his seat. He frowned, it almost felt like a phone notification when he had it in his back pocket. It passed as quickly as it came on and he assumed he had imagined it. Ten seconds later there was a much stronger buzz and George dropped the menu as he bent over the table slightly.

“Oh good, it is working.” Kirsty said with a smile.

“Huh?” George’s eyes were wide open and he looked around hoping none of the other diners in the packed restaurant had seen him, “What’s going on!?”

“Didn’t I tell you?” Kirsty asked acting innocently, “Your new toy has a very cool little feature. Let me show you…”

George watched as Kirsty lifted up her phone and turned the screen to face him. He saw a strange image that almost looked like some futuristic spaceship command panel. The top half was filled with drop down menus labelled things like “Time”, “Mode” and “Delay” whilst the bottom half was a large graph with a line on the bottom.

“I don’t…” George started.

Kirsty put her finger on the line and slowly raised it. As the Mistress did so George felt the humming again, the finger kept going up until George let out a small moan. Kirsty giggled and dropped it back down again.

“Good, isn’t it?” Kirsty said with a playful smile, “I can control it from my phone and make it do whatever I want.”

George looked around at the other diners and felt anxiety take root in his stomach. Kirsty had barely lifted the line but it felt so… strong. The dildo seemed to hit all the pleasure centres he had back there. After spending so much of his time with his dick locked in a cage other parts of his body had grown more sensitive, one of them was his prostate.

“Not here…” George whined as he bit his lip.

“You don’t want me too?” Kirsty asked, “I’ll stop if you REALLY don’t want it. You know what you have to say.”

George felt like he was sitting on a time bomb. At any moment the dildo could spring to life and he could do nothing about it. The fear of this happening in front of strangers started to fade and it was replaced with excitement. George looked back down at his menu.

“That’s what I thought.” Kirsty said with a wry smile, “Don’t worry, sissy. I’m sure you can control yourself…”

“Can I take your drinks orders?” The waitress asked a minute later as she returned to the table.

“Sure, I’ll have a white wine please.” Kirsty said. The waitress turned to George.

“I’ll haaaaaaa…” George gasped halfway through his word as the dildo suddenly came alive. He tensed up as he tried to control himself, “Just a Coca-Cola, please.”

“Not a problem, I’ll be right back.” The waitress looked at George strangely but left the table regardless.

As soon as the waitress was out of earshot Kirsty let out a little laugh. The vibrations in the dildo lessoned but this time they didn’t stop. George saw the phone screen and saw the line was hovering about a tenth of the way up the graph.

“Is it really that sensitive?” Kirsty asked curiously.

George nodded his head. Even this low buzzing was enough to keep him on edge a little. When he moved his body in certain ways the toy hit very specific spots that felt extremely good. Unfortunately, since his penis was still locked up, the side-effect of this pleasure was a throbbing pain as his dick tried to respond.

The drinks arrived and George winced as he took his. He was expecting the vibrations to be turned up but instead there was no change. Kirsty just thanked the waitress and said she was ready to order. George, distracted by his ass, had completely failed to decide what he wanted.

“I’ll have the Venetian shrimp with polenta.” Kirsty said. The waitress turned to face George who stuttered and looked at the menu, “He’ll have the same.”

“Alright, we’ll have your food for you soon.” The waitress smiled and took the menus as she walked away.

George took a deep breath as he looked across the table to his Mistress. Every time her finger touched the phone screen he felt nervous but the buzzing didn’t change or grow. He felt on edge as the dildo continued to tease deep inside him.

“Did I tell you about Nick?” Kirsty asked.

“No. Is everything OK?” George asked. His concern for his best friend immediately took his attention.

“Oh yeah, he’s fine.” Kirsty said, “It turns out he was called by an old friend of his to go play football. Well, I’m sure you can guess what happened. He made a fool out of himself and, the way Sarah tells it, the whole team saw his heavily used nappy.”

“Oh.” George frowned. He was sad to hear his friend was having a tough time.

“Maybe we should sign you up for some sports…” Kirsty said with a smirk, “Would you like that? Maybe Rugby or something?”

“Ha ha.” George sarcastically laughed.

“I’m sure you’d love it.” Kirsty continued airily, “Prancing up and down a field in your frilliest clothes.”

“Mis-… Kirsty!” George muttered as he looked around, “People might hear you!”

“Stop being so paranoid.” Kirsty responded easily as she sipped her wine, “No one’s listening. Besides I don’t think anyone would hear anything over your special new toy…”

George’s eyes went wide as Kirsty reached down and moved the line up a little further. His mouth dropped and he let out a soft exhalation as the increased intensity of vibrations seemed to find their way into his very core. He closed his eyes as he gripped the edge of the table.

“I don’t know why you’re so worried about what I say when you’re making such a scene of yourself.” Kirsty giggled.

George swallowed and opened his eyes. No one was looking but he realised he must’ve looked very strange for a minute there. He tried to regain his composure but it was particularly difficult as Kirsty had left the vibrations at a noticeably higher level than it had been before. George shifted in his seat, rather than trying to press the dildo against his prostate he was doing the opposite.

It felt so naughty to be doing this in the middle of the restaurant. That naughtiness seemed to only heighten the pleasure. George knew he should be telling Mistress to stop but he couldn’t, more specifically he wouldn’t. He trusted her and he knew not to question her.

For the next fifteen minutes until the food arrived Kirsty did most of the talking. That was OK with George who was struggling to pay attention to what she was saying. A few times he was shown the different settings on the app. When the vibrations changed from continuous to pulsing he gasped so loudly the people on the nearest table looked over. With rosy cheeks he covered his mouth and pretended to be coughing.

“Your meals.” The waitress came over and put plates in front of the couple, “Can I get you anything else?”

“I think we’re all set.” Kirsty smiled, “Thank you very much.”

The food was delicious but George continued to be distracted. He had grown paranoid that he could hear the vibrations inside his nappy and then worried that others could hear too. Kirsty told him she couldn’t hear a thing which eased George’s nerves enough to enjoy his food.

About halfway through dinner the cola that George had finished flushed through his system. He paused eating for a second and looked at the tablecloth without really seeing it. Warmth burst out of him and flooded the front of the diaper as he freely wet himself.

“I really can’t take you anywhere.” Kirsty said jokingly, “Look at you… We’re sitting in a posh restaurant and you’re happily wetting your pants.”

“Wait… how did you know?” George asked. He looked at the phone wondering if there was somehow an app that relayed when a diaper was getting wet.

“George…” Kirsty shook her head, “I’ve been your Mistress for how long? You don’t think I can’t recognise your potty face by now?”

George blushed even harder. He had no idea he was so obvious. Looking down at his food he was just putting his fork into a piece of shrimp when the vibrations started peaking even higher. He dropped the fork and covered his mouth just in time to muffle a moan of pleasure. He looked accusingly at Kirsty.

“What?” Kirsty held her arms up in a shrug, “You’re being so good I thought you deserved a treat.”

It may have seemed a treat to Kirsty but to George it was becoming a problem. The vibrations at the start of the meal felt like nothing compared to what he was sitting with now. It didn’t matter how he was sitting, the sensations were powerful enough to reach all of his most sensitive places. He found it increasingly hard to sit still and his dick was straining against its cage.

“I wonder if I can make you cum like this…” Kirsty wondered idly before popping some more food between her lips.

“I… I don’t know.” George said as he started eating his own food.

“That would be so hot.” Kirsty said in a deep voice.

George looked around. He felt like what was going on was the most obvious thing in the world. When he saw no one looking he wondered how they could miss it. He was sweating slightly, he was sure his face was flushed red and he was shifting in his seat like a toddler who needed the bathroom. Ironic, George thought, needing the bathroom was one problem he didn’t have.

The vibrations increased again as Kirsty watched George closely. The sissy nearly choked on the food he was chewing and this time he really did moan loud enough for someone else to hear. The couple at the nearest table looked over briefly as George again tried to disguise his reaction as a cough.

George didn’t know what to think. He was now exceptionally horny and he was sure that if this pleasure was kept up he would end up somehow making a fool of himself in front of everyone but he couldn’t bring himself to tell Kirsty stop. He didn’t want her to stop!

As George ate it felt like the rest of the diners faded into a black background. His focus was entirely on the table he was sat at and, more specifically, the toy vibrating in his ass. He was barely even able to find room in his extremely distracted mind to pay attention to Kirsty. George’s Mistress was sat across from him and watching him as if he was some exhibit at a zoo she was curious about.

“M-Mistress…” George said in a low voice.

“Oh my god.” Kirsty said softly, “I bet I could make you cum with this!”

George brought his left fist up to his mouth and bit his index finger lightly to stop from making any other noise. Kirsty brought the line up just a little more, it was a barely perceptible increase according to the graph but it was nearly enough to bring George to his knees. He could feel tingling in his dick that had nothing to do with its constricted position.

“Have you ever cum from just anal stuff before?” Kirsty asked quietly.

George shook his head. He had come close before but never had an orgasm without some more direct stimulation. Even if ninety-five per-cent of his fun time was with his butt he still needed that other five per-cent to reach climax. He was torn between begging Kirsty not to find out if he could do it and begging her to do the exact opposite.

To George’s relief the vibrations turned down a little as Kirsty lowered them. George actually felt disappointed as the pleasure noticeably decreased. It was enough to allow George to more comfortably eat some more of his meal, as nice as it was it had received scant attention from the overexcited sissy.

“What to do…” Kirsty said as she hovered a finger above the phone screen. She had finished eating and George only had a few mouthfuls left, “I could see what happens when I turn this up to max…”

As Kirsty spoke she let her finger raise the line to a place where George was leaning against the table.

“Or I could stop now before you embarrass yourself and, more importantly, before you embarrass me.” Kirsty lowered the vibrations to just a tiny bit above zero, “What do you think, sissy?”

George opened his mouth. Before he could say anything he saw an evil smile spreading across Kirsty’s face. His eyes opened wide and his heart hammered hard as he looked from his Mistress’s eyes to her finger. It touched the screen and started rising. George froze as the toy responded.

The vibrations reached their previous peak and hovered there for a couple of seconds before pushing even higher. George moaned loudly and this time couldn’t disguise it as his Mistress pushed the vibrations all the way to the top of the graph. She then changed the settings to set it to a pulse.

George could barely even think. With the toy pulsing as it was it almost felt like he was getting fucked as he sat there at the table. It was the strangest feeling he’d ever experienced and he couldn’t stop his hitched breathing becoming soft exhalations. There would’ve been nothing he could do if he had tried.

It became clear to George as Kirsty moved her hand away from the phone that she really wanted to see what would happen. He gripped the table as his prostate was directly stimulated in a way that was completely alien to him. To his shock and excitement he could feel pleasure growing deep in him. It felt like there was a reservoir in the centre of his body that was now filling with excitement and what happened when it was full he had no idea.

“Do you want to be a good sissy for Mistress?” Kirsty asked quietly as she leaned forwards across the table.

“Yes, Mistress!” George hoped he was being quiet in reply but he was so focused on his ass he couldn’t be sure one way or the other.

“Then cum.” Kirsty said. Her voice let George know this was a demand, not a request, “Cum in your nappy.”

George wanted to be a good sissy. He always wanted to be a good sissy. He still had enough sense to remember there were other people around so he hoped he was being at least a little subtle as he started to slide himself backwards and forwards slightly on his chair. All of a sudden, despite how big the toy was, it didn’t feel like enough. He wanted to be filled even more.

Hands clasped his own and George opened his eyes to see Kirsty holding him. She smiled as he groaned, every time the hard plastic pushed on the pleasure button in his butt it felt like his reservoir filled a little more. It was now getting closed to overflowing and his legs and arms were shaking.

George didn’t want to be in a restaurant. He wanted to be at home, on his back and with his legs spread wide. To be fully clothed and sitting at the table as he experienced everything just felt confusing to him. He gasped. Unmistakeably, at the bottom of his penis, he could feel an orgasm building.

“Ah! Ah!” George moaned. He tried to keep his voice down but at this point he might’ve been screaming and he wouldn’t have been surprised.

George saw Kirsty nodding encouragingly before he closed his eyes tightly. For what felt like an age he was on the precipice, an orgasm right there but just out of reach. Then, quite suddenly he felt a climax rolling over him. It was unlike any orgasm he had known before.

There was no sudden peak and release like George was used to. It was like crashing waves that came out from his centre and washed over his entire body. He panted and moaned as each wave broke over his nerve endings, every one of which seemed to have become devoted only to pleasure.

Despite his cock being locked up George felt his sticky cum leaking out of him rather than spurting. An almost afterthought of this strangest of orgasms that trickled down over his balls and into the wet padding.

George felt like the orgasm went on for minutes with each wave slightly lowering in intensity until he was finally able to open his eyes again. He noticed the vibrator had stopped though he couldn’t say for certain when that had happened. He was out of breath, it felt like he had run a marathon and he almost felt like he was about to pass out. It was the single most powerful orgasm of his life.

“Fuck, that was hot.” Kirsty was flushed in the face. She looked around and raised her hand, “Check please!”

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The front door closed and Kirsty turned on George. She pushed him up against the wall at the bottom of the stairs and pressed against him. George had mostly recovered from his incredible climax now opened his mouth to let Kirsty explore him with her tongue, ever the good sissy, he had learnt to be submissive in all acts, even kissing.

“Upstairs. My bedroom. Down to your nappy.” Kirsty ordered as she breathlessly broke away, “Now.”

George didn’t need to be told twice. He hurriedly waddled up the stairs and into Kirsty’s bedroom. It felt almost like when he would sneak into his parent’s bedroom as a kid. He didn’t belong there, it was forbidden. He quickly removed his clothes, he didn’t want to keep Mistress waiting.

By the time Kirsty came through the door George was down to his nappy and nothing else. Kirsty advanced on him like a predator and guided him down to the bed. She reached behind herself and pulled down the zip so that she could slip out of the dress. George looked up from the bed with wide eyes at his Mistress in a skimpy pair of frilly panties and bra.

Kirsty climbed on top of George and started aggressively making out with him again. George simply laid back and let Kirsty have her way, just the way he knew she liked to do it. Her hands ran over him as she moaned into his mouth. She pulled away after a minute leaving them both panting.

“Seeing you cum in your baby pants was the hottest thing ever!” Kirsty moaned, “There’s nothing you wouldn’t do for Mistress, is there?”

“No, Mistress.” George fervently nodded his head.

Whilst still straddling him Kirsty reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. It fell down her body and George ogled Kirsty’s body. Her breasts fell freely and he reached up to fondle them. Kirsty smiled her approval.

Finally getting off George, Kirsty pulled her panties down next and George was shocked at how wet she was. Clearly the scene in the restaurant had really got her going. Without a word she climbed on to the bed and straddled George’s head. He looked up at the glistening lips of his Mistress’s most sacred place.

“Now it’s my turn.” Kirsty said in a deep voice.

George saw her lower closer and closer to his face until he could reach his tongue up between those glorious folds. His hands wrapped around her thighs and took hold of her ass as Kirsty sat on his face. He went to work with his tongue, searching out her most sensitive spots and concentrating on the places that made her moan the loudest. The sound was muffled by the thighs pressing on his ears but he could still hear her.

As he continued to flick his tongue over her George felt Kirsty leaning down over him. The next thing he felt was the tapes of his nappy getting pulled away from the landing zone. Soon the padding slumped down and was then laid open between his legs. He heard Kirsty giggling though he could only guess what was causing her mirth.

It didn’t matter to George who continued to work. The moans of his Mistress giving him energy whenever he felt like he was slowing down. He continued until she finally lifted off his head, he took in deep breaths that smelled and tasted like her sex, he licked his lips to find Kirsty’s juice spread across his lower face.

“Let’s get that toy out of you.” Kirsty said as she stood between George’s legs, “And replace it with something even better.”

George felt Kirsty’s fingers gripping the base of the plastic cock and starting to pull. He held his breath as the toy slid out of him a lot easier than it had gone in. He sighed as his sphincter finally closed around empty space. He felt strangely empty though he didn’t think he would feel like that for long.

“You’ve played with your new toy.” Kirsty said as she went to the chest of drawers, “Now it’s my turn.”

George turned his head to see Kirsty pulling out a strap-on. He had experienced those plenty of times before but this appeared to be an all new one. It had a small part opposite the expectedly long fake phallus and there seemed to be an extra tube that came out of the base.

Kirsty got herself in the harness with the ease of someone who had put such items on many times before. George realised the little nub on the bottom of cock, on the other side of the strap, was positioned directly over Mistress’s clitoris. She pressed a button and it started vibrating. As for the long tube, it ended in a different box with a button and valve.

“You’ll find out what this is for in a bit.” Kirsty said, “Another special treat for my special sissy.”

George started to rollover to get on his hands and knees but Kirsty stopped him.

“Stay on your back.” Kirsty said, “I want to look into your eyes as I fuck you.”

George felt his dick trying to swell again and he reached down to put his hands over it. Kirsty laughed as she climbed on to the mattress on her knees between George’s legs. She took the lube that was permanently kept on her nightstand and started coating the strap on.

George could see that the strap-on wasn’t quite as big as the dildo that had recently taken up residence inside him but it was still intimidating and it cast a large shadow over his diminutive equipment as it hovered over the top of him. But being the compliant sissy he was, George lifted his legs up and held them open like the slut he had been trained to be.

Kirsty lowered the toy down and aimed it at George’s opening. After being filled for so long it didn’t take much persuasion to get the strap-on to start going into George. The sissy moaned as he was penetrated again. This one felt even better than his toy though he was fairly sure that was mainly because it was attached to Mistress.

“Good sissy.” Kirsty praised George as she bottomed out inside of him.

George wanted to be a good fuck for Kirsty. He held his legs open and moaned at every movement, he acted like the women in the porn he was sometimes allowed to watch. Kirsty started slow as she pulled out and pushed in again. Her own groans filled the air, the small vibrator on her clitoris providing her all the enjoyment she needed.

The pace quickened and whilst George knew this was primarily for Kirsty he loved every minute of it. Feeling powerless and vulnerable as he submissively allowed himself to be pushed into was heaven for a sissy like him. Having Kirsty’s body glistening with sweat over the top of him was exactly where he felt he should be. He reached up and massaged the breasts that hung low over him, he was rewarded with more moans from his Mistress.

After several minutes Kirst starting building up her speed. George saw her breathing become shallower as she panted with pleasure, clearly the new toy was very good because the Mistress was quickly being pushed to the edge. George knew just how to put the cherry on the cake for Kirsty.

“Fuck me, Mistress.” George gasped out between Kirsty’s thrusts, “Show your little sissy who’s boss!”

One of Kirsty’s hands went do the button that had been lying to the side of her. She closed her eyes as she started to shudder. Realising she was on the crest of a wave George lifted his legs and wrapped them around Kirsty’s waist to pull her deeper into him. He looked up into Kirsty’s face, the face of his goddess, and knew he loved her with all of his heart.

Kirsty shuddered and let out a loud exclamation that included several swearwords. George then saw her press the button and gasped himself as he felt a sensation almost as peculiar as his orgasm in the restaurant. He could feel the strap-on moving slightly and then a liquid squirting into him. He belatedly realised this strap-on could “ejaculate” fake semen on command!

Kirsty seemed to shudder and twitch for a long couple of minutes before she collapsed on top of George in a breathless, sweaty heap. George cuddled her closer to him, her fake cock still buried deep inside his ass, the liquid that had released at the moment of Kirsty’s climax pooling around the top.

Eventually Kirsty pulled herself off George, their sweaty bodies sticking together slightly. George felt the second toy to be inserted into him that night slowly pull out. As it came out all the way he felt at least some of the fake cum dripping from his hole on to the diaper that was open between his legs.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, Sissy.” Kirsty said as she looked down at George’s naked and quivering form.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, Mistress.” George replied.

It had almost certainly been the best Valentine’s Day of his life.