

# ***MAN CAVING!***

**Written by Tina Majors**

**Concept by Devin Dickie**

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**\*\*\*DEVIN DICKIE NOTE\*\*\***

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# ***MAN CAVING!***

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## Chapter One

The summer was over, and after enjoying not one, but two holidays overseas, my husband and I were settling back into our daily routines. I had finally managed to save enough money to be able to cut down my hours and work part time, something that would allow me to work on my illustrations.

Long term, the goal was to make a living as an artist, but for now I had to make do with working three days a week at a local speciality coffee bar and then using the rest of the week to practice and focus on improving my drawing.

My husband, Greg, was bringing in a very decent salary from the accountancy firm that he worked at, his role being something to do with online security systems. Not that I was all that interested to be honest. In many ways, me and Greg were very, *very* different...

He liked video games.

Technology.

Whatever the latest cell phone was, he just had to have it – no matter the cost.

Whereas for me, I was far more creative. Just set me up with a quality pencil and pad of paper, and I was good to go.

Physically we were different too.

With my crystal blue eyes, jet black hair, and pale, alabaster skin, I've always been used to getting looks. The fact that I've also got an unavoidably big pair of 36GGG breasts probably doesn't do any harm either. It took me a while to get comfortable with the size of them, but by this point in my life I just love how big and bouncy they are... and I know for sure that Greg does too!

But my curves don't end at my breasts.

With a naturally tiny waist, my thicc thighs and big, round apple booty are always on display too – whether I want them to be or not. Usually, I try to dress reasonably conservatively, just to avoid Greg getting envious of all the looks I tend to get, but recently I'd become a little bit more comfortable with slightly more adventurous gymwear – the kind that comes in bold, bright colours and is so tight it looks like it's been sprayed on.

Greg's taste in clothes pretty much matches up to his looks. Cute, non-threatening, and very much in keeping with his attractively clean-cut appearance. Always clean shaven, he's still got the fresh-faced looks that he did when I met him in my third semester at college. At a about half an inch taller than me at 5'5", and with a slim, even slightly feminine edge to his body,

he's not exactly uber jock material... but he's my guy and I love him for it.

Like all relationships, we've had our ups and downs. But over the years I've defended him, supported him, been there for him when he's been down. As he has for me to be honest. Basically, I always had us down as a great team.

So... having completed our summer travels, we had both decided that in order to make my new work situation financially doable, we'd need to curb our spending for a little while. Just until I got some freelance illustration commissions to at least cover my drop off in working hours.

Greg seemed very relaxed about this, and I couldn't help but notice that he still seemed to be spending a lot on his beloved Man Cave.

Yes, Greg had a Man Cave. I know, right, what the hell is every guy's fascination with having one of these? It was something we had deliberated over for a long time, the cost of renovating in the first place, and then the additional spending that I just knew Greg would have to do to fully kit it out how he wanted. Well, it was... a lot of money.

For Greg it seemed like it was a way to fuel his tech obsessions. He had at least three games consoles hooked up to his huge 80inch Ultra HD screen. I mean, honestly, I didn't see the appeal, and even after assuring me that he would pull back

on the spending, he still decided to spend two thousand dollars upgrading his sound system down there.

We had a little bit of an argument about that one.

Well, I say *little*...

“You promised no more spending!” I yelled, finally losing my cool with Greg after what felt like one time too many having to listen to his crazy reasoning. “I am sick of looking at the credit card bill every month and seeing thousands of dollars going on... CRAP!”

Greg looked like he was about to spit his Coke out.

“Crap? I don’t think you’d say that if you heard just how incredible it sounded,” Greg said, looking genuinely bemused, but with a touch of anger coming through too. “I work my ass off for my money, so, you know, I should be allowed to spend it how I want.”

“You maxed the card out... again!” I shouted, struggling to keep my composure.

“Chill, chill, you can always do another shift at the coffee shop?” Greg replied, a stupid, totally blasé look on his face.

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

He knew how much my illustration ambitions meant to me, and how crucial it was that we were able to cover my working less hours. Yet here he was jeopardizing everything because of his ridiculous Man Cave.



“You know, forget it, that’s just about as much as I can fucking handle!” I screamed, turning and stomping up the stairs towards the bedroom, slamming the door behind me and throwing myself onto the bed.

A few minutes later, Greg entered the room, a slightly sheepish look on his face.

“I’m... sorry,” he said, definitely sounding like he meant it, his boyish charm always finding a way to melt my anger. “You know how much I want your illustration work to take off. Right?”

I smiled.

I was still angry but hearing him support me like that did actually remind me of why we were married. In fact, it actually made me a little... horny.

“So how about... you *show* me how sorry you are?” I said, smiling, slowly parting my legs a little, the tight material of my grey yoga pants stretching. “Why not bury that perfect little face of yours down here, show me how that tongue of yours can really work?”

I could see Greg’s eyes looking me up and down, my body presented to him, his dream woman making herself totally open for action.

“I, um, I’ve got a headache, work stuff,” he replied, mumbling a bit, and immediately losing the good will he had gained from his apology.

“Fine!” I snapped, genuinely irritated by his apparent lack of interest. “You go and run away and play your childish games in that God damned money pit of yours!”

“Not this again, Ashley! Jesus!” Greg turned and slammed the door, the curses he was making under his breath coming over loud and clear as he left the room and practically flew down the stairs.

The slamming of his Man Cave door was loud and clear too, even from the bedroom. As I lay there, I was determined not to let this ruin my night.

I picked up my Kindle and began to read... but the more I read, the angrier and more frustrated with Greg I got.

Just what the hell did he do down in that Man Cave?

What could possibly motivate him to pass over the chance of getting intimate with me?

After over an hour of reading, I finally felt myself drift off to sleep, my mind still restless...

## Chapter Two

A few of nights on, and we had found ourselves back in the exact same position. Arguing over money. Yet again. This was in real danger of turning into a pattern, and there was no way that was even remotely healthy for our relationship. As had happened previously, the discussion over Greg's most recent purchase turned into a fully blown shouting match – and yet again, it had ended with him storming down to his Man Cave.

Our rule was to never fall asleep on an argument, but we weren't currently sticking to it, not by a long shot. I woke up in what felt like the middle of the night but was actually only just 11:55. Still far too late for a Sunday evening with my early shift at Cold Pour looming large in my mind.

“Greg?” I said, reaching over to feel his body, and hopefully even make up with him. “What the...”

I turned my bedside light on and to my surprise, Greg was nowhere to be seen. So... he'd decided to pull a late-night downstairs knowing that we both had to be up early the next day, and more than that – knowing full well that I never slept well without him in the bed with me.

So much for making up with him.

At that moment all of my resentment and frustration over his recent behaviour suddenly swelled up again. I decided in that moment to find out exactly what he got up to on these late nights of his. I mean, just how compelling could a video game or some damn YouTube podcast really be?

Sliding into my fluffy pink slip-ons, I crept down the winding staircase, careful to not step on the second from bottom step that always made the longest, loudest creaking noise that sounded like something from a horror movie.

Scanning my eyes around the kitchen, I could see evidence that he'd been snacking, an empty can of Coke left on the kitchen worktop... another one of my pet peeves of his.

But no sign of Greg himself.

Not yet anyway.

I quietly moved across from the kitchen to the study – it was always possible that he was doing work or catching up on some emails. Nope. Nothing there.

There was nothing going on in the living room either.

So, there was only one option left.

*The Man Cave.*

As much as I hated that place and everything it was coming to represent in our relationship, I knew I had no other alternative but to head down there. Part of me wanted to simply

lock the door and make it impossible for Greg to leave, keeping him stuck there until the morning.

Maybe that would teach him a lesson.

But something stopped me. Call it instinct, but I just had to know exactly what he was doing. I mean, it was definitely possible that he was indulging himself in some late night ‘adult entertainment’...

If he was watching porn, I’d be pretty pissed off with him.

We kind of had a respectful rule about that kind of thing.

If I was out of town, *sure*.

If he was bored at work... *maybe*.

But definitely *never* when I was in the house, and *absolutely not* waiting until after bedtime.

I slowly opened the door to the Man Cave and taking one step at a time made my way down, stopping just at the point on the stairs where I could crane my neck around and survey what was going on...

“Oh. My. God.” I muttered under my breath, not entirely sure of what I was seeing... yet.

With the big screen TV on mute, some trashy music video playing silently on the screen, I watched as Greg appeared to be entering some kind of code into a small number-pad behind one of his life-size NBA player cut-outs.

More secrets meant only one thing... even more money being spent without my knowledge. I nearly charged down the stairs to catch him right in the act but held firm just about long enough to see exactly what he was hiding...

As the hidden compartment unlocked and slowly opened up, I almost couldn't believe what I was seeing. A carefully curated, not to mention vast, selection of women's lingerie.

Tiny, slutty thongs in every neon imaginable...

Frilly, lacey affairs that I knew from experience would have cost a fortune...

Matching bras, stockings, pantyhose, and most bizarrely, a huge pair of ultra-realistic breast forms with the hardest, pinkest looking nipples you could ever dream of...

"What the fuck," I gasped, holding my hand over my open mouth, utterly taken aback about what I was seeing.

There was no way these were gifts for me, that much was obvious. I also was immediately able to rule out them belonging to another woman too, the sight of Greg stripping out of his clothes faster than him speeding in his BMW making it pretty clear that the stash was... *his*.

I didn't know what to do, or what to think.

I watched as he picked out a pair of red panties, cut high on the hips and with an intricate white bow on the front. As Greg slid them up his smooth, pale legs and over all three and a

half inches of his erect dick, I felt an anger like I had never experienced before.

Sure, I could have stormed down the stairs and humiliated him right there and then, his hand deep inside his panties as he began to jerk his herd little dick for all it was worth. I could have ended this once and for all. But where would the fun be in that?

I would never forget the sight of Greg in those red panties that night, moaning as he jerked himself, filling the lacey material with his sissy cum... and I would be doing everything in my power to make sure he would never, ever forget either.

No, now was the time for me to sneak back to bed. Think it over. Plot my next steps. Plan *everything* out. Figure exactly how I was going to punish my panty-boy husband and show him that things were going to be very, *very* different around here from now on.

## Chapter Three

I was half an hour into my shift the next morning, the usual early riser Cold Pour crowd already sipping on their coffee and beavering away on their laptops.

Grabbing a quick break, I decided to check my phone to see if Greg had been in touch. In all honesty, my head was still spinning after what I had seen. Not only was I angry about the fact he was spending an obvious fortune on lingerie for himself, but that he was going to such devious lengths to keep it a secret just made me doubly angry.

As expected, I had received not one, but several messages from Greg, apologizing for us going to bed on an unresolved argument and also weakly – and with the benefit of what I knew from my spying mission – very transparently lying about what he had been up to...



*Couldn't sleep I was so upset. Went to watch some comfort TV. I'm so sorry babe. Greg XoXo*

His lies just made me refocus my thoughts and plan out what I would do about this situation. Such was the level of deceit on his part that I actually wanted him to *suffer*. I wanted to make Greg feel the same level of embarrassment and humiliation that I had felt as I watched him jerk himself off into his pretty little panties.

Exactly how I would do this, I wasn't sure of. That's where Tia came in...

"Let me guess... *Greg Problems?*" Tia said, sliding over to me having just returned from delivering a huge tray of flat whites to some early morning joggers.

I nodded, my eyes unable to avoid the fact that her breasts were looking even bigger than normal. Either they'd grown, or she'd deliberately shrunk her work t-shirt again.

"Hey, don't judge, it works for tips," she laughed, her strawberry blonde ponytail shaking as she laughed, playfully squeezing her breasts together. "Anyway... Greg?"

"It's just... he's crossed a line," I replied, not wanting to get into details but feeling the need to share some of my pain at least. "It's one bullshit secret too many, you know?"

“I hear you,” Tia replied, reaching over to the espresso machine to prepare a shot. “Maybe it’s time you took some control? Like, seriously stamp your authority on him?”

I knew she had a point.

I mean, would any of this, from the spending to the secret panty wearing, be happening if I took a more leading role in our relationship?

“Thanks babe,” I said, sipping on the espresso as she handed it to me, feeling grateful for her advice.

“And you know, if you ever... need a hand,” she said, a cheeky glint in her eye. “I’d be more than happy to kick his ass!”

“Hey, don’t tempt me,” I laughed, but deep down already knowing that her idea might not be as far-fetched as one might think.

Greg continued to message me throughout the morning, each message getting read but with absolutely no acknowledgement on my behalf. As each one came in, me and Tia would share a laugh, knowing just how crazy this would be making Greg feel.

With my shift coming to a close at twelve, I decided to finally message Greg back and arrange to meet him for lunch. But if he thought that this was me putting him out of his misery, then he had a whole other thing coming...

## Chapter Four

“My husband will have the salad, no olive oil,” I said, smiling as I handed the waitress our menus, knowing full well how much Greg would not enjoy me ordering on his behalf. “He’s watching his weight.”

The waitress smiled at me and looked over a little scornfully to Greg – the look of bubbling anger on his face exactly the kind of response I was after.

“What the hell, Ashely?” Greg said, almost spitting his words out. “I know I screwed up last night, but-”

“Relax,” I said. “It’s the cheaper option, and you could probably do with losing a little fat off you’re, you know... *chest area.*”

I knew that Greg was sensitive about his slight case of the manboobs. It wasn't like they were especially big, it was just more obvious because of how slender the rest of his body was.

Anyway, I figured that as he had gone to the expense of buying highly realistic breast forms to play with then he surely should welcome comments aimed in that general area...

"Come on, Ashley, can you at least lower your voice?" Greg spluttered, angry but at the same time with a genuinely pathetic pleading tone to his voice. "*Please.*"

I laughed.

Seeing as he appeared to have conceded ground to me, I decided to keep pushing him over the course of our lunch date. Little comments here and there, even asking his opinion of a super well-built guy who had arrived for a date with a curvy gym-bunny.

"Don't you think the contrast between his dark skin and her white skin is just to die for?" I said, licking my lips and biting my bottom lip, two subtle signs that I was sure Greg would pick up on.

Of course, I was right – he did.

It was all too much for Greg.

After finishing his food, he declined my offer of sticking around for a coffee and headed back to work. This was proving very interesting to me. Greg was easier to break down and

dominate than I had anticipated. It was almost like he was feeling guilty about his secret and letting me punish him – albeit he had no idea that I actually knew.

Well, even if that was the case, I was happy to continue the illusion for a little while yet. Once I got back home, I knew I had an afternoon of research ahead of me... if I was going to change this relationship for the better, I would need to be fully prepared.

## Chapter Five

A month passed, and I continued my plan to slowly break Greg down and make him a more submissive, obedient husband, ready to accept his new reality. That he was still making his late-night trips down to the Man Cave both amused and infuriated me...

On the one hand, I felt like I couldn't believe he was continuing to indulge himself, spending more and more on panties and bras – and having the temerity to lie right to my face about it.

On the other hand, I knew it was all fuel to my fire, motivation to keep on going, slowly but consistently implementing my plan.

I had woken up one evening to the low hum of my alarm, having set it to go off when I knew Greg would be down in his Man Cave, acting like the secret sissy he so evidently wanted to be. As was my usual practice by this point, I crept down the stairs and watched as he put his breast forms inside a pale pink bra with two small peepholes that allowed his fake, but admittedly incredibly realistic, nipples to poke out of.

I watched as he began to pull on the nipples, clearly enjoying the sensation, the fantasy of being a woman. He had a pair of matching pink panties on, the twitching of his pathetic little boner making probably the smallest tent I had ever seen.

It wasn't just my eyes that were watching this display though. No, this time I was very much prepared and keen to capture the moment forever. Holding my phone up, I recorded the whole thing, right up to the point of watching Greg get on all fours and begin to hump the soft rug underneath him.

No man would ever behave like this.

I knew that I couldn't possibly let this weak, little beta fool be responsible for this household, or for my sexual needs for that matter. As I snuck back up the stairs, I began to wonder about how I could take this situation to the next level...

What, or *who*, did I need to involve?

There was one issue that my research had brought up that was troubling me. It was the idea that a sissy husband should also be a cuckolded husband too. I mean, I had never, and would never, be unfaithful to Greg. Despite his flaws, and my current anger at him, I did still love him. But one of the key definitions of cuckolding your husband seemed to be that it wasn't cheating... it was simply a wife taking control and seeing to her needs, ensuring that the marriage could continue.

It was a clear and, to my mind, impressive argument.

Whether I could go through with it, I just didn't know yet. But the seed had definitely been planted and based on casting my eyes over various forums and Subreddits, I knew that once the idea is planted in the mind, there's only one way it's all going to lead, once inevitable conclusion.

Whether it was going to happen, be it sooner, later, or never, I still had plenty in store for Greg. The next step starting at the weekend and involving Tia and her boyfriend Clay.

## Chapter Six

“Yo, barista-sister!” Tia cried out, calling me over to her as she and her boyfriend Clay finished off their energy bars.

I had arranged for the four of us, including a reluctant Greg, to go hiking that Saturday. Tia and Clay were both very athletic, with Clay especially so... well, what do you expect from a borderline-celebrity CrossFit instructor?

Standing at 6'4” and with the kind of body that looked like it was carved out of the purest of black marble, he really was a sight for sore eyes. I knew that Greg found both him and Tia a little bit on the intimidating side. Greg's sporting prowess was limited to whatever the hell he played online, so the prospect of



going on a twenty-mile hike in the hot weekend sun was about as far as appealing for him as you could get.

Which, as far as I was concerned, was just perfect.

With Tia wearing a pair of tight lemon-yellow cycling shorts and a loose white t-shirt with no bra underneath, I could see that Greg's eyes were already going to struggle to not be constantly checking her out. Of course, I could easily have called him out on it at any time I wanted, but knew it would be far more fun when Clay inevitably did...

"Dawg, how about taking those eyes off my woman for just one second?" Clay snapped, his low voice echoing around the canyon as we took a drinks break about an hour in to the hike. "You understand me?"

Tia and I laughed, the sight of Greg spluttering around and trying to apologise while at the same time not admit to having been looking was as funny as it was pathetic.

"Hey, relax, it's not as if little Greg can do anything?" Tia said, snickering as she handed me a piece of her energy bar.

"Isn't that right, Ash?"

"Oh, yeah, you'd kick his butt Tia," I laughed, revelling in the sight of Greg's face going even redder than it already was. "In fact, feel free to whoop his tushy the next time you see him copping a look. And that goes for either of you!"

Tia, Clay and me all laughed as Greg got up and continued the hike without us, the vision of his pudgy little ass filling out his bright red shorts adding to the effect.

“Ashley, tell me,” Tia said, a sly grin on her face. “Is there something going on here you want to let me know about?”

I smiled, aware that every nerve ending in my body was on fire, the exhilaration of publicly embarrassing Greg making me altogether wet with excitement.

“Oh, just relationship stuff,” I said, not wanting to reveal too much of my hand. Not yet anyway. “Don’t worry, you’ll know more soon enough. You *both* will.”

## Chapter Seven

After the hike, I noticed that Greg was acting a little bit distant with me. I had expected him to wait until we were back home before launching into a full-scale argument with me over what I’d said – and continued to say – all the way throughout the hike.

But no.

*Nothing.*

It was like he simply accepted it and moved on. This made me suspicious. There was no way that he knew his sissy secret had been discovered, I had made sure of that. But on the other hand, why the hell was he allowing me to speak to him like this?

It hadn't just been on the hike either.

On the drive home, I had continued talking about Clay, really emphasizing just how impressive I found his physique. I could see that my words were having an effect on Greg, and in all honesty, they were having an effect on me too.

There was something... delicious... about dishing out the verbal jibes, knowing exactly how humiliating he would be finding it. For the first time in what I realized was a long time, I actually felt empowered in the relationship. It pretty quickly began to feel natural to have Greg on edge, not knowing when he was going to get a loaded, humiliating comment thrown his way.

But I didn't want to give the game away that I knew his secret.

It would be far more fun to stretch it out, tease and taunt him for as long as I could...

"Hey, are you sure you're a medium? Don't you think a small would be more your size?" I said, watching on later that week as Greg dried off from the shower and pulled up his briefs. "Maybe even an Extra Small?"

I giggled, the sight of him blushing as he pulled up his sparkling white Calvin Klein briefs was just too good. It was at moments like this that I realized I was definitely doing the right thing in pursuing this avenue with him. There was no doubt in my mind that I still loved him, more than I would love anyone else in my life.

But...

The constant lying over his spending had been the final straw in terms of how the relationship was set up. It just wasn't going to work with Greg still in charge, calling the shots, holding that power over me. And as soon as I had realized that, it was a case of coming to terms with all the other changes that would need to happen to get us back on track.

My only hope was that Greg would be able to see things from my point of view too. He could be stubborn, and he definitely didn't normally take kindly to people attempting to control him. It was almost like he was overcompensating for having worked so hard all the way through school, college, and then in the workplace, following everyone's instructions to the letter.

I wondered if the sissy thing was something to do with him wanting to let go of control, indulge in a more submissive role – albeit only in his secret fantasy time.

Either way, it was time for me to continue pressing his buttons...

“I’m going to the mall today after work, I could pick you up something that would fit a little better?” I said, standing in front of the mirror, admiring my breasts, my nipples stiffening as a cool breeze blew in through the window. “I don’t want that cute little cock of yours not feeling all snug and safe!”

Greg blushed again, harder this time.

“Hey, I, um, whatever,” Greg spluttered, not knowing how to respond, now even fumbling around and struggling to get his chinos on. “Are we still running after work?”

“Yeah, of course,” I replied, a wicked idea suddenly coming over me. “Don’t worry, I’ll bring your workout clothes with me. You can change in the car. It’ll be much quicker that way.”

“Sure, sure,” Greg replied, still distracted, presumably relieved to see the subject change so quickly.

But what Greg didn’t know was that not only would he be running in very different workout gear, he’d be running with different company too...

## Chapter Eight

“Honey. Just go with it,” I said, desperately trying to hide my satisfaction at just how mortified Greg looked in that moment. “At least try them on and see how they feel. I got them just for you. You do know it’s very rude to not accept a gift with good grace, right?”

I smiled at Greg, making it very clear that I wasn’t joking around. Having been to the mall, I had decided to pick him up some new running shorts – and running briefs too. The one difference being that I had actually been looking in the female section...

“But... these are women’s?” Greg said, his discomfort almost looking like panic to me, his mind clearly running over a million different thoughts at once. “You’ve got me a woman’s sports thong and cycling shorts. I can’t wear these.”

I laughed.

He *absolutely would* be wearing them. If he thought it was okay to dress up in the most salacious, slender, and slutty panties and bras in secret, then he could damn well wear a sports thong and some lime green cycling shorts.

“They’re... unisex,” I said, keeping him off balance, not wanting to go the whole way and risk him freaking out too much. “I said... try them on. Quickly, before anyone sees you.”

To my slight surprise, and delight, I watched as Greg quickly fumbled around in the passenger seat of the car, pulling his clothes off and sliding into the thong first, then raising his hips to get the cycling shorts pulled right up over his bellybutton.

“I think it’s a definite look for you!” I said, giggling at just how tight the cycling shorts were, the outline of the black sports thong all too clear to me. “Tia and Clay will no doubt agree too.”

“Wait, what the hell?” Greg said, the anxiety in his voice crystal clear to me. “No, no, absolutely not! No way!”

“Oh well, too late for any doubts now, here they are,” I giggled, leaning over and opening the passenger door and practically rolling an unsuspecting Greg out of the car. “Come on, it’s time to get sweaty.”

“Very cute,” Tia said, nudging Clay and prompting him to eye Greg up and down like a piece of meat. “Okay, how about we split up. Girls in one direction, boys in the other, meet in the middle?”

This was perfect.

I could see that Greg, desperately trying to pull his short running vest down to cover his modesty was not into the idea of

running alone with Clay at all. But why not? If he wanted to indulge his feminine side, then I was going to make sure that was exactly what he did.

“Great,” I said. “Clay, don’t go easy on him either, okay? Any slacking and I want you to feel free to use any and all motivation techniques you have, right?”

“Oh of course,” Clay replied, his military style dark green t-shirt and short camouflage running shorts not only showing off his perfectly sculpted body but giving him an air of a military bootcamp instructor too. “I’ll crack the whip when I need to, don’t worry.”

Tia and I laughed, not only at Clay’s apparent willingness to lean into the role, but also at the obvious physical disparity between the two men, Greg’s slender frame and less than impressive bulge made all the more noticeable by the clear and present schlong that was not so snugly tucked into Clay’s shorts.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d say Clay was going commando?” I said, giggling to Tia as the two men began to jog.

“And if I didn’t know better... I’d say that you’d dressed Greg up as a little sissy boy,” Tia replied. “Come on, let’s see if we can beat them on the loop to the meeting point. I want to see just how hard Clay is going to push him.”



With that, we turned and began our run, our sports bras, and our minds, both working overtime...

## Chapter Nine

“Wow, that last hill was insane!!” Tia said, her hands on her very impressive hips. “How did you guys get on?”

I looked over to Clay and Greg, both of them looking hot and sweaty and in dire need of a shower...

“The little man kept up okay,” Clay said, playfully slapping Greg’s ass. “Now I think it’s time we made use of what nature provided us.”

Clay pointed over to the natural spring and waterfall that was just a few steps away – and the reason that I had chosen this route in the first place. I knew that Greg wouldn’t want to publicly strip and shower at the best of times, but with his sports thong on, the sheer humiliation would be something else.

“Come on, no excuses, bra and panties for the ladies, trunks *and*... panties for the men!” I laughed, taking Greg by the hand and helping him remove his t-shirt, not giving him even the slightest opportunity to try and complain or worm his way out of this.

Clay and Tia were quick to change, and I held Greg firmly next to me as we briefly paused to look at our friends underneath the cooling natural water.

“You see, that’s what a man looks like,” I said, making sure that I held Greg’s face so that he had no option but to look at Clay’s dark torso, his perfectly lean yet muscular frame glistening under the late afternoon sun and crystal-clear water. “Just consider yourself lucky I don’t make you get in naked!”

So, with my words ringing in his ear, and with Tia’s voluptuous body next to the imposing Clay, we got under the waterfall with them and let the water wash away the dirt and grime from the trail.

“I didn’t think the water was *that* cold!” I exclaimed, openly pointing at Greg’s feeble bulge at the front of his thong, his pale, soft ass cheeks wobbling a little as he attempted to hide himself. “Come on, don’t be shy. Show everyone your cute little package, honey.”

I could see that Tia was enjoying this, and Clay too, the pair of them standing arm in arm as I continued to apply pressure, knowing exactly what to say to my sissy husband...

“I told him they were unisex, but come on... what kind of man could ever fit into those?” I laughed, spanking Greg’s exposed cheeks before squeezing at the front of his panties. “If you had a pair of titties, I could probably pass you off as a girl!”

“Hells yeah,” Clay said, licking his lips and making a jokey display of attraction towards Greg, prompting Tia and I to laugh.

I could see that Greg was getting right to the edge of what he could handle. From the second he put the sports thong on, sliding it up his smooth legs, I knew I had him exactly where I wanted.

It was as if he felt he had to resist, but at the same time knew what was happening was for the best. There was something about being under the water in such close proximity to Clay that was feeling super-right for me too.

The way the water was bouncing off his rock-hard pecks was making me wet, not to mention the fact that the outline of his dick was incredibly prominent underneath his soaked-through shorts. By my reckoning it must have been at least ten inches – and it wasn’t even hard!

Gradually, I had been coming around to the idea that as part of the evolution of our relationship, as part of my revenge for the secrets and lies, I would need to show Greg that he alone couldn't satisfy me. Not only was he going to become my sissy, but he was going to be my little cuckold too.

But I had a dilemma.

How was Tia going to react when I suggested that my first experience would preferably involve Clay? I knew that Tia and Clay, while not mega serious, did definitely have feelings for each other. Sure, Tia was liberal, and never one to stick around for too long in a relationship, but I had to make sure that I wasn't going to be putting our friendship in jeopardy.

So, just before we all went our separate ways and headed home that evening, I decided to arrange for Tia and me to hang out over the weekend... Saturday night in fact, a nice and cosy Girls Night In.

Greg, almost silent from the humiliation and shame he'd just experienced, nodded and agreed to me having the run of the house on the Saturday night, probably thinking he could sneak down to his Man Cave and get up to more of his deepest, darkest fantasises behind my back.

What he clearly didn't realise was that when I said it was going to be a Girls Night In, I wasn't just talking about me and Tia...

## Chapter Ten

The rest of the week was pretty chill. I found that with my new focus on... *adjusting*... our relationship, I was feeling more creative and inspired than ever. It was like my pencil and sketchpad were calling to me twenty-four-seven, and I even found myself sneaking off at work and taking extra-long breaks to draw, sketch, and work on new ideas.

This didn't go unnoticed – although luckily it was Tia, and not our manager Zachary, who did the noticing. We sat down after the shift finished one day and I began to open up to her a little. Still not wanting to reveal everything, I said that the last few weeks had been transformative for me, like how seeing Greg's flaws held up to me so clearly had made me determined to put my foot down, not let things slide like I had in the past. Part of that was of course my course of gradual domination and control over him, but on the flipside, I was also finding my creative mind again.

I wanted to reveal more to Tia but decided that it would be best for her to witness things in the flesh when she came over at

the weekend. Part of me felt like she already knew what was up, although there was no way of knowing for sure.

After my shift that day, I quickly got myself back to the house and made a beeline for the Man Cave. Taking care to not move anything out of place and arouse Greg's suspicions any further, I carefully eased open the secret cubby hole.

"What the hell?" I said, shocked at the sight of a brand-new selection of panties and bras that still had the price tags attached. "You've got to be kidding me."

As I mentally added up the cost of the lingerie, I felt my anger build and build. This was yet again another sign that things had to change, and fast. Coming in at well over two thousand dollars-worth, this was so far beyond unacceptable I couldn't quite believe it. Even by Greg's standards, this kind of spending was something else.

On top of the fact that he had already wiped out most of our savings with his Man Cave renovations and stupid impulse purchases, his monthly spending was actually putting us into debt now. There was no way we were going to be able to clear the credit card balance this month, and I for one had zero patience with paying monthly interest on top of what we owed.

No, this demanded action.

Serious action that would not only teach Greg a lesson once and for all but would also help to change our finances for

the better. If I had to take complete control and make Paul do exactly as he was told, then that was what I would have to do.

Starting with Saturday night, my panty loving husband was going to be living the full, all-in life of a sissy... whether he wanted to or not.

## Chapter Eleven

“I’m just going to make myself scarce now,” Greg said, clearly still embarrassed to be around Tia after what had gone down during and after the run.

“Um, I don’t think so,” I replied, arching my eyebrow and fixing him with a firm stare. “Don’t you think it’s a bit rude to not stick around to at least say hello to Tia? What are you afraid of?”

“Nothing!” Greg said, totally giving away just how much it was all beginning to get to him. In fact, I’d noticed that his behaviour was getting more and more skittish around me, like he was somehow just waiting for the moment that I was going

to reveal that I knew all about his big – not to mention expensive – secret.

“Perfect, she’ll be here any minute,” I said, noticing that Greg didn’t seem capable of keeping his eyes off me, my breasts loose underneath my silky pyjama button-up top. “Be a good boy for me and fetch two glasses of champagne ready for us.”

Not even kicking up a fuss at the way I was talking to him, Greg turned and made his way into the kitchen. Within moments of him returning the doorbell rang and Tia entered, freshly showered from the gym and with her overnight bag slung over her shoulder.

“Don’t you know it’s rude to stare!” Tia said, addressing Greg and enjoying the look on his face as he desperately attempted to avert his eyes from her thicc, strong thighs and equally toned calves as she stood there in her silky black shorts and loose white t-shirt. “Champagne... *please.*”

I spanked Greg’s ass as he walked past me with the champagne, noticing how much his hands were shaking, his nerves obviously getting the better of him. I knew in that moment that this was going to be even more fun than I had imagined.

Tia sipped on her champagne and then went to the guest room to get changed into her pyjamas – the exact same pair as



mine, and very much part of our customary Girls Night In tradition.

“Go and see if Tia is okay, check if she needs anything,” I said, my tone of voice cold and dismissive, not even checking to see if Greg doing anything already. “Hurry!”

To my delight, I turned and watched as Greg scooted along the hallway and into the guest room without knocking...

“Ash! Get here, right now please!” came Tia’s voice, sounding absolutely furious. “He just barged in and saw my titties. What the actual fuck?”

This was just perfect...

“Tia, I am so sorry,” I said, trying to hide my smile, and also recognising the glint in Tia’s eye too. “Greg, apologise right this second.”

“But... it was an accident, I didn’t mean-”

I wasn’t going to let him stand there and try and worm his way out like he did with everything else. No, now was the perfect moment to set the precedent for the rest of the evening.

“I said apologise right this second,” I said, grabbing Greg by the ear and pulling him over towards Tia. “Apologise for being a little pervert.”

Greg was like he was in a state of total shock – and yet it was noticeable how he wasn’t trying to run away either. In a

moment that I will never, ever forget, I just let my instincts take over and pulled his pants down, taking his briefs with them.

“There you go, you wanted to see Tia, now she gets to see you!” I said, slapping Greg’s hands away as he desperately tried to cover himself up. “It’s only fair. Now say you’re sorry for peeking on her.”

“I-I-I-I’m sorry for looking,” Greg said, averting his eyes away from Tia, unable to look at her as she stood there, her hands folded across her chest, a look of pure scorn on her face.

“Apology... accepted,” Tia said. “The fact that your dick is so ridiculously tiny kind of makes it cute that you wanted to check me out. I mean, it’s not like that little thing of yours could actually do anything, right? No offence to you, Ashley.”

“None taken,” I giggled, slapping Greg’s semi-hard dick from side to side before gripping his balls and squeezing on them. “I’ve been thinking a lot on that front and...”

Pausing for a moment, I turned to Greg and signalled for him to leave – an instruction he took on board without a second’s hesitation. Once he was out of sight and out of earshot, I walked with Tia into the living room and we got comfortable on the large, extra-deep sofa.

“So... is this a hotwife thing?” Tia said, on the right track but not quite having guessed what was going on. “I know you think Clay is hot... I mean, who doesn’t?”

“Well, you’re half right,” I said. “It turns out I’ve got a lying, irresponsible, selfish sissy panty-boy of a husband. Honestly, I’ve had enough and it’s time that I got exactly what I wanted for a change.”

“Uh huh, I think I follow,” Tia said, smiling as she topped up our champagne flutes. “So... you want to fuck another guy while Greg watches?”

Tia was on the right track.

“Yeah, but more than that,” I said. “I want Greg to understand that he can’t just play at being a sissy, keeping it some kind of big secret from me while he spends thousands of dollars living out his fantasies. No. If he wants to be a sissy he can, but it will be on my terms.”

“Damn, girl!” Tia said, grinning from ear to ear. “It sounds like you’ve got this covered. But, let me guess... me being here tonight wasn’t exactly just about us two hanging out?”

We both laughed.

Feeling more comfortable about Tia being down with the situation, I explained about my discovery in the Man Cave, about how Greg was putting us in debt, and about the way I’d been gradually exposing him to more and more humiliation.

“Okay, remind me never to get on your bad side!” Tia said, laughing but with a look on her face that told me she was

definitely keen to get involved tonight. “So, as far as a first experience with another guy... how about Clay?”

I was a little taken aback that it was Tia who was actually bringing it up. My plan had been to seduce her a little, warm her up to the idea before actually posing the question myself. But this was great.

In fact, it was *absolutely perfect*.

## Chapter Twelve

“You get started on him while I make a quick call,” Tia said, unbuttoning her pyjama top so that her heaving cleavage was on display.

“I’m on it,” I replied, doing the same with my top and striding out of the living room and making my way down the stairs and into the Man Cave.

“Hey?” Greg said, sitting down on his fifteen hundred dollar gaming chair, spinning around with a controller in one hand and his top of the range headphones over the top of his head. “How’s everything going?”

His play-dumb act wasn’t going to fool me.

The time to expose Greg and make it absolutely clear to him that I knew everything was here, and no amount of attempted small talk was going to stop it from happening.

“Shut up,” I said, a domineering, authoritarian tone to my voice that I don’t think had ever felt so fully realized, so believable. “Stand up and walk over to the Sissy Cubby. Open it.”

There was a look of absolute terror on Greg’s face.

He knew there was no way out of this, all that he could cling to know was that I was not going to lose it with a friend in the house.

Of course, he couldn’t have been more wrong...

“I can explain...” he said, walking over and slowly opening the hidden cupboard door. “It’s not quite how it looks, I-”

“It’s exactly how it looks, you pathetic excuse for a man,” I bellowed, ensuring that my voice would be heard upstairs.

“Now strip for me. All off. I want you butt naked in less than thirty seconds.”

“You’d better do as your wife tells you,” came Tia’s voice from behind me as she stalked her way down the stairs like a cheetah homing in on her prey. “Sissy hubbies do as their told.”

“Ashley, please, no!” Greg said, the pleading tone in his voice just angering me.

With a brief, yet utterly knowing, exchange of looks with Tia, the pair of us charged at Greg and easily overpowered him, ripping and pulling at his clothes until he was totally naked, his resistance absolutely pathetically limp.

“God, I just want to kick your ass,” I said, putting Greg in a headlock and bending him right over. “In fact, Tia, can you just give those little balls a few tasters of what’s to come if he doesn’t obey each and every order.”

With that, Tia didn’t hesitate to land some sharp, impactful kicks to his exposed balls, prompting Greg to completely break down.

“Please, I’ll do anything, I mean anything,” he cried, clearly bewildered as well as being in pain. “Ash, I’m so sorry, please let me make it up to you.”

“Oh, you will,” I said, a wicked hint of mischief in my voice. “And you can start by getting yourself all dolled up like

the sissy bitch you are. I want those titties fixed inside your bra too. The full effect.”

Tia and I took a seat on Greg’s plush sofa and watched as he picked out a black bra and panty set, one of his ultra-expensive new pairs...

“All that lace, all those frills,” Tia said. “If Clay saw me dressed like that, he’d be all over me in a matter of seconds. And who knows, he might be all over you, too Greggy?”

“Maybe I’ll let you warm Clay up for me?” I laughed, watching as my threat hit home with Greg, just as he was in the process of fixing his breast forms in place. “Do you have any idea how ridiculous you look? How the hell could I ever have taken you seriously as a husband?”

“Well, she certainly looks like a slut, but can she move like one?” Tia said, putting on some music on the sound system. “Dance, let us see you shake those tits and ass for us.”

“You heard her,” I said, bursting into laughter as Greg began to move, his humiliation in danger of boiling over as Tia got up and began to roughly manhandle him, grabbing and shaking on his exposed ass cheeks like he was a cheap hooker. “That’s it, you’re my property now. If I want a friend to play with you, abuse you, you just be a good bitch and let her do it.”

We continued to have fun with Greg, even joining him up on the makeshift dancefloor and teasing him, grinding our soft,

silk covered bodies up against his, taunting him as his little dick showed just how aroused he was, despite his protestations...

“Ashley, is that even five inches?” Tia laughed, stopping her dance to crouch down and inspect the little tent at the front of Greg’s panties. “Is it even... four?”

I squatted down next to her and pulled the panties out, allowing Greg’s boner to fully pop up – and also giving Tia a chance to inspect it in the flesh for herself.

“Oh wow, I don’t know whether I think it’s cute, funny, or just about the most useless thing I’ve ever seen?” Tia said. “We just have to have a comparison with a real cock.”

“Tell me about it,” I said. “You should see it when it spurts. Which is usually after less than two minutes.”

Tia laughed as she took the panty material, stretched it out, and let it snap back into place, making Greg whimper, even his voice sounding like a submissive sissy now.

“Fetch us a new bottle, *shut!*” I said, pulling Greg around the room by his hair and sending him up the stairs with a hard, full spank on his ass. “Bring the good stuff too. Don’t worry, we’ll be fully restocking on champagne soon enough.”

With Greg out of the way, I couldn’t help but notice just how turned-on Tia was. This was definitely a good sign as far as I was concerned. But before we could discuss what else we could do to Greg, I heard a noise coming from upstairs.



It sounded a little like a struggle.

Two male voices, one louder than the other, one far more commanding. Moments later, it all became clear...

“Now that’s how a man makes his entrance,” Tia said, watching along with me as Clay made his way down the stairs, a glass of champagne in each hand and with Greg casually slung over his shoulder, his red booty cheeks on full display.

“When I got your message, I assumed it was a joke,” Clay said, handing us our drinks but keeping a totally still Greg fixed over his shoulder. “But when I walked in and saw this cute piece of ass, I must admit it all made sense. So, are we going to have some fun or not?”

Tossing Clay onto the sofa, Clay proceeded to switch the music up and begin having his fun dancing with Tia and me. It was impossible to not feel his huge dick hardening as he took it in turns fondling and bumping and grinding against us.

Clay’s confidence was almost as mind blowing as the sheer scale and size of his dick. I could feel my body tingling every time he laid a finger on me, his touch at once sensual but totally masculine too. It was unlike anything I had ever felt from Greg, that was for.

Speaking of which...

“Hey, get up off that sofa and get on all fours at our feet,” Clay said, his voice carrying a hint of threat to it. “Sissies don’t

get to just sit back and relax. They have to play a part in proceedings. A full part.”

“That’s right,” I continued. “I’ve got plans for you, Greg. And they involve you earning your keep from now on. No more spending our savings like the world is ending tomorrow. No, you’ll be making money for me instead. Now crawl over here and get on your knees.”

“This is too far,” Greg said, the lack of conviction in his voice telling me everything I needed to know. “This is just... *too much.*”

I waited for him to get in the middle of our little circle and decided one good slap across his face should do the trick. But, one slap just didn’t feel enough, so I kept going. Over and over, my full rage from the financial mess he had gotten us into all pouring out of me.

“Now be a good little sissy cocksucker and show Clay that you’re not all show,” I bellowed, my jaw dropping slightly as the full extent of Clay’s manhood became apparent. “You want to sneak off and dress in panties, then you can God damn suck and swallow dicks too.”

Clay didn’t need asking twice, his huge hands wrapping around Greg’s head and forcefully moving Greg’s mouth over towards his throbbing, snake-like cock.

“Open wide for daddy,” Clay said, pinching Greg’s nose and making him open his mouth, immediately jamming his dick inside before he could squirm out of position. “Good girl.”

Amongst the ensuing choking and gagging sounds, I found myself becoming more and more turned on. It wasn’t just the prospect of knowing that soon enough I’d be riding that impossibly hard and imposing dick, it was the fact that I was witnessing my husband getting it nice and wet for me, doing my dirty work, serving me, working for my pleasure and definitely not his.

“You know, Clay can cum and go again in minutes?” Tia said, one hand down the front of her pyjama bottoms, her fingers clearly working over her throbbing clit. “Just say the word and he’ll fill your subby-hubby’s mouth up with his thick spunk. *Trust me*, Clay’s got more than enough to go around...”

I nodded in approval and watched as Tia walked around behind Clay and began to grind her pussy up against him, her hands reaching around to the front and slapping and pulling on Greg’s hair and face as he continued to be used by Clay.

“Feel free to dump your load into him,” I said, hearing and ignoring Greg’s muffled pleas for mercy. “Give my sissy everything you’ve got, knowing that as soon as you’re good to go again, my pussy will be ready and waiting for you.”

As Clay began to work his thrusts up to a frenzy, filling a shell-shocked Greg's mouth up with cum and managing to spray some thick, stringy shots onto his face too, I almost felt dizzy with power.

Yes, it was Clay who was using my husband... but it was all on my command. It wouldn't be happening if it hadn't come from my orders, my wishes. This was the only way forward from now on, that much was incredibly clear to me.

It was, in all likelihood, totally clear to Greg too as he was finally released, his entire body looking like it was shutting down from shock as he collapsed to the floor, at our feet and his pride a distant memory.

It only took twenty minutes for Clay's dick to harden again, and as he gave me the hardest, most leg-trembling orgasm of my life, it was only made all the better by the sight of my defeated, dick-sucking sissy cuckold husband watching on from the floor.

"You see that?" Tia said, pushing her foot down onto Greg's crotch. "That's what a satisfied woman looks like. That's what a wife should get from her husband. There's nothing, absolutely nothing, that you could do to give her anything like that kind of enjoyment. You know that, right?"

I didn't hear Greg's response, but could tell from his expression that Tia had got to him in a way that he simply could

not deny. As my body continued to twitch and recover from my orgasm, I watched as Tia continued to tease him, her sheer joy at putting Greg in his place making me think that she was going to be playing her own special part in my continued training of Greg.

Greg may have thought that it couldn't get any worse than this.

In fact, he probably thought that this was the end of the marriage. He couldn't have been more wrong if he'd tried.

*This was only the beginning...*