

Switching Roles – Part 3

For TGStudios

ByTheSpiralledEye

James was trembling; whole body quivering in both excitement and shame as he stood, naked before the bed. Alice was still in his body, sitting casually in a chair with one leg crossed over the other, a sly smile on her face. After their shower she had ordered him back to their bed room where he was to stand, unmoving while she dressed herself in his best work suit. He had no choice but to watch over her body; the toned muscle and broad shoulders that had once been his own and now caused such confusing, delicious feelings inside him. No matter how hard he tried to deny it, watching that body slowly dress in front of him was turning him on, despite the strong orgasm he'd just experienced back in the bathroom.

He wished the reason could be a mystery but James was not one for lying to himself, even when the truth was uncomfortable. It was the submission; it turned him on so much to be used like a plaything and stared at like an object. When Alice had first swapped their positions and he'd found himself bound and gaged beneath that muscle form his first emotion had been shock; then confusion and shame as she began to touch him; it had felt so good, far better than anything he'd ever experienced as a man and that was shameful.

Why wasn't he fighting back? Why was he just standing here, letting his wife admire his naked body...and liking it? That was the answer to the question wasn't it; he wasn't putting a stop to this like a real man would because deep down he liked it. He was a sissy and now that had been revealed to both himself and his wife, he could not bring himself to stop it. Not when just letting her look at him was pleasurable.

"I think it's time you got dressed." Alice announced finally, the deep timber of her voice sending a shiver up his spine. "I will lay out an outfit for you. Stay there."

He bit his tongue, trying to focus on the pain and move. Stop letting this temptation control you, it was bad enough Alice caught him trying to masturbate in the shower and then fucked him so hard he screamed in ecstasy. He had to stop this now, he had to show her he was still a man and in charge. He was not some doll she could play dress up with!

Yet he still did not move, even as Alice laid out a matching red pair of panties and bra, followed by an evening dress that he himself had purchased her and she was yet to wear. It was pale pink, with a sparkly, sheer fabric over the top and a silk sash at the waist. He'd thought she would look charming in it, almost like a princess. He liked his wife to look cute and feminine but now, that had been turned back on him. His heart thumped in his chest, James squeezed his eyes closed, trying to deny the longing that was burning in his chest; he wanted to wear the dress, he already knew it would look stunning on this body, that is why he bought it in the first place. He just never dreamed he would see it from this point of view.

Alice sat herself back down in the chair, holding his gaze with a cocky grin before nodding to the bed as if to say 'go on then'. James swallowed, a now familiar ache now forming between his legs as he reached for the panties. They were silk and felt so soft against his inner thighs as he stepped into them. The brush of fabric made him shiver and much to his humiliation, he could feel wetness began to soak them almost as soon as they touched his sensitive pussy. After two rounds of such intense sex his folds were like a live wire, even the most gentle touch, like that of the silk panties, sent a thrill through him. A sharp pain bought him back to himself; he was biting down on his lip so hard he'd almost drawn blood and Alice tsked from her place in the chair.

"Don't go ruining such pretty lips now, I want to taste them again soon and I don't want you marred."

Fuck, that drew a little whimper out of him. The idea of her throwing him on the bed and using his body for what she wanted turn him on so much; he really was a fraud of a man.

Next came the bra; he had never worn one before so of course he had no idea what to do. It was strapless meaning he had to gently lift each of his heavy tits into the cups, carefully avoiding his nipples so as to not add any extra pleasure to the situation to further addle his mind. The fact that was even a temptation just proof that he was letting the situation get to him far too much. That just left hooking it up at the back, he twisted and turned, trying in vain to get the tiny metal pieces to slot together. It made him stumble slightly, face blushing with embarrassment as Alice chuckled watching his struggle. The humiliation was all consuming and it made him horny as hell.

When he finally got it done up, he could feel the difference, the padding in the bottom of the cups pushing up his breasts so that his cleavage was nearly doubled. He could see it clearly as his chest rose and fell and for a moment he was hypnotized by the movement; then Alice cleared her throat and gave him an expectant stare, breaking the reverie.

The pink, shimmering dress was laid out on the bed before him, he swallowed, unzipping it at the back and letting it fall to the floor, stepping a delicate foot into the ring of shimmering fabric. Slowly, he pulled it up his body, trying not to revel in the soft touch of the material. The dress was strapless, forcing him to press his hands into his chest to hold it in place as Alice finally rose. His breathing quickened as he felt her hands grip the zip and slowly raise it up; she was so close she could feel her hot breath on his bare shoulders. She gripped them firmly a moment later, turning him to face the floor length mirror on the other side of the room.

He gasped; he had been right about this dress; it cinched his waist and accentuated his curves. He could not look more feminine and beautiful if he tried. Right now, he should be feeling emasculated, humiliated even and on some level, he was; but strongly than either of those emotions he felt elation. He looked stunning and he liked it, what he liked even more was the hunger look in Lisa's eyes as her hands slowly slid from his shoulder down to his back, then around to grip his hips. His breath hitched, that ache inside him growing ever so slightly. It was just too hands and yet he felt pinned in place. He could only watch in the mirror as his pupils began to dilate and pink dusted his cheeks.

Despite the fact that he could feel it all it was hard to reconcile the horny woman in the mirror for himself. Watching her bite her lip and struggle not to make a sound as the man behind her

began to kiss along the curve of her shoulder, licking at her throat and then finally gasping as he gently sunk his teeth in; it was like live porn you could *feel*.

“No cumming until I say.” Alice growled and James whimpered.

His body was already so raw, every touch was tenfold; how was he going to be able to obey that order when she began touching him in earnest. Fuck, why did he even want to obey that order? The question must have been clear on his face because Alice answered for him.

“Because you get off on being my little bitch.”

Her hands moved upwards again, one lowering the zip just enough that the tightness around his bust loosened. Enough for her fingers to trace along the curve of his tits while James desperately tried to control his breathing. He watched as his mouth parted in a breathy moan as one of those fingers brushed his nipple, once, then again. He could feel them harden almost instantly and James watched with fascination as his breast moved in the mirror, never being lifted out of the bra enough to see what was happening, but just enough for the soft flesh to bounce enticingly.

Alice was pressing their bodies together and soon; a familiar hardness began to press against his soft ass cheeks. His panties were soaked through now with warm wetness and knowing that cock was so close only made it worse. Alice stopped teasing his nipple and moved her hand back to his shoulder, giving him a moment to try and think clearly now that he wasn't being pleased; but he only had a moment before he had a new, almost worst distraction. A pressure on his shoulder as she pushed him down, his knees folded instantly to the unspoken order, eyes still glued to the woman in the mirror. Her cheeks were flushed red now and she obediently raised her hips as the man lifted them, ending up on all fours like the dog she was. He watched as the dress' skirt was bunched around his hips and shivered as the panties were peeled away from his sopping wet pussy.

“You're already so wet, you really do love being a sub, don't you James.”

He swallowed.

“I said, her voice taking on a harsher, even sexier tone, “Don't you, James?”

“Yes.” He whimpered, ashamed to admit it even as if mixed with his arousal, strengthening his desire.

Alice smoothed a hand over his bare ass, reaching over his body to cup his face firmly.

“I want you to watch that mirror, watch yourself get fucked. But no cumming until I say. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl.”

Oh. Those words sent a bolt of pleasure through him so much so that all his guards were down as she thrust into him hard, barely meeting any resistance. He felt his knees and palms burn slightly as they rubbed against the carpet but it was nothing compared to the ecstasy that came from being filled. He did as he was told, never taking his eyes off the reflection in the mirror even when his eyes threatened to roll up into his head with bliss. His jaw was slack and wild, unfettered sounds were escaping, he couldn't stop even if he wanted to, crying out Alice name each time she slammed into his G-spot. He could feel his muscles tightening; he was so turned on, no matter how hard he tried he couldn't fight back the wave.

“You're getting close, aren't you?” She teased, “I can feel you getting tighter.”

He was, his pussy was squeezing that cock harder with every thrust, eh could feel every inch of it rubbing against his inner walls. He could see the way his face was twisting, trying to keep the orgasm at bay, still half dressed in that sparkly gown. It was too much.

He threw his head back, pussy clenching hard as he finally came. He could feel himself squirting, but the slickness was blocked by Alice's still pumping cock, almost as soon as the first orgasm finished, he felt himself tightening again; it was so painful it almost hurt. One final hard thrust from Alice and she was cumming too, he could feel the seed pumping deep inside him, giving him a sense of gratification he'd never understood until now.

He shuddered, falling forward onto the carpet before the mirror, thoroughly exhausted as Alice pulled out. James could feel a mixture of fluids leaking out of him as Alice knelt at his side, raking her fingers through his long hair.

“Naughty girl,” She chided, “You broke the rules.”

He was so addled he could only mumble a quiet “Sorry.”

“That's okay, I forgive you.” She cooed, “But as punishment, I think I'll keep you like this, my good little wife.”

James tried his best not to show how happy that idea made him.