

# Caught, Used and Loving it Part 2

By cuckoldmalesub

Published on Lush Stories on 10 May 2013

*My descent continues*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/caught-used-and-loving-it-part-2.aspx>

It had been two weeks since I had been caught and used by the mystery woman and her boyfriend. They had left as quietly as they came, and I was left kneeling on the floor dressed in all my best female clothing, cum dripping off my face, and my own cock dribbling cum on the floor. Since then, I had had only two emails. One was sent immediately after they had left and contained ten pictures of me, starting with me kneeling down, all dressed up and tongue out, ready to lick the mystery woman's cunt. They ended with the guys cock in my face and his cum dripping down my cheeks and chin. I had to be honest; I had used those pictures to jerk off to on more than one occasion. Every day in fact, when I had a few moments to myself. The second email had just arrived. It said simply 'Your wife is out for the evening, go to the front door and get the bag that is on the doorstep.' I hesitated for just a moment before getting up and walking to the door. I was naked. and already my cock was hard as a rock. I wondered what was in the bag, but a sexual compulsion had hold of me and I couldn't resist. I had to know. When I opened the front door, there was a paper carrier bag on the step, it was tied shut, so I quickly grabbed it and closed the door behind me. I was slightly out of breath with excitement already. What could it be? The bag was tied with a small black lacy ribbon. There was a note attached. It said 'Untie me and then wrap the ribbon around your cock and balls slut.' I quickly untied it with trembling hands and then wrapped the ribbon around my cock and balls, then around my cock twice and then around my balls twice. I tied a bow and looked at my hard cock swelling in its confines. The ribbon made my balls stick out more and was a nice contrast against the skin of my cock. Opening the bag, there was another note on top of something else black. This one stated, 'Go and shower, shave yourself completely and put on your wife's perfume – the one you bought her as a present.' The specific mention of the perfume worried me for a moment, as I couldn't understand how Miss could know about the perfume I bought my wife. Then I realised she was most likely guessing, as most men buy their wives perfume. After showering and doing a complete body shave, I sprayed a little perfume over my cock and a small spray over my arse, with one last puff of perfume on my hairless chest. I then, with shaking hands, reached into the bag and pulled out the contents. They tumbled onto the bed, an assortment of black silk lingerie, something made of black leather, something red and satiny and a pair of ankle high heeled boots. I wasn't sure about this last item, as I had never walked in heels, and I had quite big feet. Just then, I heard the computer chime to indicate

an incoming message. I quickly gathered everything up in my arms and headed downstairs to the computer. When I sat down at the computer and read the email I started to panic again. It was from Miss, and it was as usual short and to the point, it said 'Get dressed quickly, make sure you stay hard, and be ready for my summons.' I wondered what 'my summons' meant, but I knew better than to disobey. I quickly pulled on the stockings, enjoying the feel of the silk sliding up my legs and then straightening the seams. The corset was a bit trickier, but I soon figured out to fasten it and then turn it around so the hooks were at the back and the cups at the front somehow managed to make it look like I had small tits. My cock twitched at the site of me with tits. I fastened the stockings to the corset and enjoyed how it framed my ribbon wrapped cock and balls. I stroked myself a few times, enjoying how feminine it felt. Then it was time to concentrate again. I pulled on a pair of black silk panties with red bows on the sides. They just barely covered my hard cock now. I realised that the leather item I had seen was a skirt. I pulled it up and it just barely covered the tops of my stockings. It felt cool against my hot skin, and I shook with excitement. I could tell I looked slutty and girly, and I liked it so much. Last item was the red satin blouse, which only buttoned up to just below the top of the corset so it showed as much chest as it could and a little of the corset too. A small red bow and some black lace showed above the buttons of the blouse as well as a lot of bare skin. Once again I felt remarkably feminine and very slutty too. The leather skirt did a good job of hiding my hardness and holding it down too. The doorbell rang, and now I panicked. It could be anyone! I didn't know what to do. Once again, Miss 'saved' me from my dilemma. The computer chimed and the message read 'Open the door for your next present' she must be outside! I almost ran to the door. As I pulled it open I realised my mistakes. Firstly, I had presumed that it was her when in fact it was a UPS delivery man. Secondly, I was all dressed in female clothes but had no makeup or my wig, so it was obvious I was male. The UPS man smiled at me and said, 'Here is your parcel Cathy, can you sign for it please S... I mean Ma'am.' He smiled again and I felt myself flush red with embarrassment. I took the box from him and grabbed the paperwork from his hand. I didn't know what to sign! He had called me Cathy, so I quickly scribbled Cathy and my last name down like a signature. I passed the paperwork back to him, and he scared me so badly by leaning in and kissing me full on the lips! I lost my breath and my eyes went wide with surprise. He then gently took my hand and placed it on the crotch of his shorts. I could feel the growing hardness there as he smiled at me again. I panicked and said, 'Thank you,' before retreating inside the house and slamming the door shut. I knew that part of me was disappointed, as I had wanted to feel more of his cock but not on my own doorstep. Someone might have seen me, but then I realised I had stood there dressed in skirt and blouse anyway which was just as bad. The computer chimed again! I ran back to the desk and opened the email. 'Good girl Cathy, now open the box, and put it on.' I was puzzled, what else could there be for me to wear? I opened the box and found a bag of makeup and a blonde wig. I loved it!! I put the wig on straight away, it was more conservative than I would have bought for myself, but when I put it on I realised how sexy it made me look. I put my makeup on, taking a little time to get it right. The shades were quite bright and the finished product looked quite slutty, but I knew that's how she wanted me. I looked in the mirror and was surprised how good I looked. I felt really pleased with myself. That's

when I noticed there was someone standing behind me! I jumped up and started to freak out. Then she spoke, 'You look gorgeous my slut, I am pleased.' I immediately felt a shiver of pleasure replace the one of fear. I had pleased her. I didn't even think to ask how she had got in the house again. I couldn't see her face because she was wearing a large brimmed hat and was looking down slightly. The rest of her was amazing though. She had on a black dress, tight at the waist and open at the front to show two large creamy mounds above the black silk dress. The lower half of the dress clung to her curves and managed to show everything and nothing at the same time. Her legs were encased in seamed black fishnet stockings and her feet were embraced by leather heeled ankle boots a bit like the ones I was wearing. I automatically dropped to my knees and kissed her feet as I worshipped her. She smiled, I think, and told me to kiss my way up her legs. I was so excited I could hardly concentrate on taking my time, but I managed to slowly kiss my way up her calf, then past her knee and up to the top of her stockings. She raised her skirt so I could continue, and I slowly and gently traced a path to the junction of her legs. I kissed the soft, warm, perfumed panty covered area between her legs. I could almost feel myself cumming. I gently worked her clit through her panties and I could feel her body tensing with pleasure. I slid my tongue underneath her panties now, pushing them to the side so I could taste her properly. I slid my tongue inside her and sucked gently on her clit. I worked her pussy as well as I could, and I knew I was doing something right when she pushed my head hard into her cunt and her whole body shook. I felt a tremendous sense of pleasure and pride that I had made her cum. She pushed me backwards away from her and smoothed her skirt down. 'Come with me now' She turned and walked out of the door and towards the back door. I followed meekly behind her. We went through the garden and out of the gate at the back. There was a black sports car parked there, and she gracefully dropped into the driver's seat. As she started the engine up, I rushed around to the passenger side and got in as quick as I could in case I was seen. She drove off quickly and noisily making me wonder how she had first got there without me hearing her. We cruised through the streets towards the outskirts of town, and she said nothing further to me. I couldn't make her face out still, except the occasional smile I could glimpse below her hat. I realised I didn't know where we were now. It was an industrial area, but other than that, I had no clue. We pulled over at the side of the road, and she reached over and gently ran her hand up one of my stocking covered legs, over the top of the stocking, under the skirt and stopped with her hand cupped over my cock, which was actually shaking with lust now. I could feel its tremors through my whole body. Her finger gently traced the outline of my cock before her hand slid back down out of my skirt. I wanted more, wanted her, so badly I felt like I would pass out. She smiled again and said 'Here, take this, get out and stand at the curb. Read it when you have closed the door' I moved automatically to obey. I was out of the car and closing the door before I realised what I was doing. As soon as the door clicked shut, she revved the engine and drove off down the road. My eyes widened as I realised I was in the middle of nowhere with no clue where I was or how to get home, and I was dressed as a woman. Not just a woman, but a slutty looking woman at that. People would think I was a prostitute around here. Sure enough as I looked down the road, I could see two women standing under a streetlight, both wearing next to nothing and obviously looking for business. I remembered the note.

Maybe it said she was going to drive around the block and come straight back. I quickly opened it and read it. 'Thank you my slut. You have done everything I have told you so far. It is time for your education to continue a little further. Around this street, a blowjob costs just 10. A fuck costs 100. I will return for you when you have earned 110 and not a penny less. I leave it up to you how you earn it. Two fucks and it could all be over, or eleven blowjobs. That is a lot slut. Its your night and your choice.' I panicked, I didn't know what to do now. She couldn't be serious could she?! I looked to see if I could see her car anywhere near, but I couldn't see it. Just at that moment, a car pulled up next to me. I didn't even think what I was doing, I just bent down as the window slid down and looked inside. A man smiled at me. He was undoing his trousers as he beckoned me into the car. I had to decide fast, as I knew I would lose my nerve if I hesitated, and so I opened the door and got in the passenger seat. The man gave me a ten note. I took it and before I could talk myself out of it. I bent over and kissed the tip of his cock. I wrapped a hand around it and lowered my mouth over the tip. My tongue was frantically licking the precum off the tip, and then my lips closed around it. I sucked it gently into my mouth. My head was already starting to bob up and down as my other hand slid inside his trousers to cup his balls. He was groaning softly as I sucked his cock. I knew I had to do this as quickly as possible, as I had a lot of cocks to suck before I got home and I wanted him to be satisfied before he looked at me too closely. 'Yeah baby, suck me, suck me hard like that.' He talked continuously about me sucking his cock, and I worked as hard as I could to get him to cum. I could feel his balls tensing up in my hand, so I sucked his whole length into my throat. His cock spasmed and I felt a warm jet of cum hit the back of my mouth as I pulled him out. His cum sprayed everywhere, over my face and over my blouse. Thick white droplets splattered over me. I felt his cock going limp so I let go. I hurriedly got out of the car before he got a good look at my face. As he drove off, I realised I had visible signs of cum on my blouse and my face was soaked in cum too. I couldn't deny what I had done, although I had to admit to myself I had loved every moment of it. All I had to do was suck another fourteen cocks! Or I could let a guy fuck me and I would be done. Could I do it? Could I take a cock in my ass?