

*The true story of a white man's journey from the erotic fantasy of cuckolding to intimate realities of submission*



# **Cuckolded, Caged, and Collared**

**A BLACKED BUNDLE**

**Bob Neils & *Bobbi Mare***

# **Cuckolded, Caged, and Collared: A Blacked Bundle**

Bobbi Mare & Bob Neils

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# Foreword

**Bob Neils**

Cum. Semen. Jism. Sperm. Splooge. Jizz. Spunk. Chism.

Call it whatever you will, but I've always been obsessed with cum. It was, in fact, my first fetish, which some might find rather odd when you consider that I was a comfortably 'straight' young man when I discovered my fascination with the white stuff.

How did it all begin? Well, let me try and set the stage for you. As a young teenager, my exposure to porn was severely limited. There was no internet as we know it today, just a collection of text-based bulletin board systems pages linked by dial-up modems, and censorship standards in Canada at that time were such that adult movies and magazines were required by law to edit out any genital contact or visible climaxes.

Maybe that's where my love of tease-and-denial comes from, but that's a whole other story.

Adult movies were the worst, often poor VHS transfers to begin with, marked by scenes that jumped around, skipping the illicit scenes, without any effort being made to re-sync the dialogue or music. One minute you'd be watching a man grunt and groan atop a woman, and the next thing you know they're sitting at the kitchen table having breakfast. It was just as awkward and frustrating as you're imagining, and you came to dread any sort of camera movement that you knew was going to lead to a brutal edit.

As for magazines, those big black dots were the very bane of my existence. Tits and ass were fine, and you could even show a cock or a pussy on their own - so long as nobody was touching them. If there was even the suggestion that a man was about to penetrate a woman with his cock, or that she was about to press her

lips to its spongy head, a big black dot covered that up. You knew what was happening, and could clearly imagine the details, but there was no way to peer beneath those black dots. They were printed on the page, not something applied post-publication that could be scratched off, peeled off, or seen through with a strong enough light.

Believe me, I tried everything.

What used to drive me absolutely mad, however, was the censorship of ejaculation. I can vividly remember all these pictures of hard cocks with big black dots covering their heads, and what was very clearly sperm dripping down below the dot or shooting beyond the cruel void. It was okay to show the cum, you see, but not where it came from - and god forbid you should want to show it landing on a woman's face!

It was sometime in the late 80s when the Supreme Court finally struck down such heavy-handed censorship, opening the floodgates for a new era of porn. Suddenly, just about everything was fair game, and we could see that hard cock slip inside the velvety folds of a woman's vagina (or a man's ass) and could finally watch someone wrap their lips around a man's shaft and take him deep into their mouth.

It was wonderful.

It was amazing.

It was fucking revolutionary.

My exposure to this new world started with magazines, where I became completely entranced by the image of a man's cock exploding all over a woman's face. I can't tell you why that struck me so powerfully, but it burned itself into my brain. The models didn't matter. Their bodies didn't matter. Hell, their genders didn't matter. I developed a tunnel vision for genitals that still defines me to this day.

The first time I saw an actual ejaculation on film, the first time I got to watch that cum fly, and that lucky woman stick out her tongue to catch it, I came in my pants.

It was glorious.

I'm not sure if I consciously realized it at the time, but I wanted to be her. I wanted to feel it. I wanted to taste it.

Despite that new freedom, it took a few years for porn to catch up, as production companies waited cautiously to see what would happen with all the legal challenges and new bills waiting to be debated.

While movies and magazines no longer had to be edited or censored, the introduction of new, wilder, more explicit fetishes into the Canadian market was a few more years down the road.

Where my appreciation for the money shot became a full-fledged fetish was with Michael Ninn's *Latex*. Even though I knew the massive, over-the-top cumshots were fake, the almost violent explosions of torrential cum, with the resulting total body immersion in massive loads of hot, sticky, slimy semen, was the most exciting thing I had ever seen in my life. Again, I paid no attention to the actors, just the cocks, the cum, and the canvas they painted.

And, again, I wanted to be the one painted.

What forever burned the fetish into my soul, however, was a single scene in *The Devil in Miss Jones 5*, where Jeanna Fine collected a bowl full of cum from a gang of ejaculating studs and forced Juli Ashton to lap it up like a starving kitten. I remember dropping to my knees and crawling across the cheap carpet of my basement bedroom to try and somehow capture her point of view. At that moment, the cum was completely disconnected from the cock, an erotic entity all on its own, and I wanted it as desperately as she did.

From that moment on, whenever I lay in bed at night, my hand wrapped around my cock, wet with my saliva, my every fantasy ended with me being bathed in massive amounts of cum and forced to swallow load after hot, sticky load.

And that confused the fuck out of me.

I wasn't gay. I had absolutely zero attraction to men. I wasn't interested in their bodies, their muscles, their hairy chests, their faces, any of it. The idea of having a man hold me, kiss me, or caress me did absolutely nothing for me. It didn't bother me. I wasn't grossed out by it. It just did nothing to arouse me.

No, it was all about cock . . . and cum.

For a long time, I thought cuckolding was the fantasy that would deliver me into my fetish. If you've read my other stories, then you may already understand something of that phase of my life, and the complexities of being infatuated with cocks and cum, yet completely disinterested in men.

I had intended my 'big' story to be a different introduction, the true story of my first BDSM relationship, but life took a sharp left-turn during its writing. The events of two summers ago set me back. They made me question a lot of my fetishes and challenged a lot of my fantasies, but they also forced me to take a good, hard look at my life, and finally make a choice between loves and lovers.

Even then, as a writer, I had to wait until I could once again appreciate the scenes that used to excite me and a relationship that used to arouse me, before I could honestly write about how I came to transition from one lifestyle to another. With this story, there is no fantasy, no hiding, and no excuses for my behavior . . . just the facts of how I went from the cuckold of woman I thought I loved to the collared live-in slave of a shemale Dominatrix I never dreamed could love me, to a relationship that's taken me halfway across the world and into a lifestyle I never could have imagined.

Along the way, what I've learned about my own sexuality could . . . well, fill a book . . . one I'm happy to share, even if the final chapter is not yet finished.

## **Cuckolded and Caged: A Blacked Tale**

## **A Fantasy Negotiated**

Once upon a time, I was a single man with a fantasy I couldn't share, a lonely man with a fetish I couldn't make anybody else understand. It was powerful. It was all-consuming. Sure, I'd spent years chatting with strangers about it, but that didn't count. Not really.

That all changed when I met Tricia. She got it. She shared it. Best of all, she was local and she was looking for precisely what I had to offer.

Not that it made things any easier.

My own inhibitions fought against me every step of the way.

It took a lot of prodding from her to make it happen.

The conversation that pushed us beyond fantasy, the chat that negotiated our leap from fetish to fantasy, went as follows.

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*thanks for waiting up*

*got fucked hard tonight by two guys I picked up at Starbucks LOL*

*if you were here, I'd be serving up a very creamy latte*

*that said, it's been fun chatting with you these past few weeks, but it's time to draw a line*

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*Um, I'm not sure what you mean*

That was a lie. I knew - or feared I knew - exactly what she meant, but I wasn't sure I was ready for it. Fantasy was one thing, and role-play was all well and good, but actually going out into the world and exposing my deepest, darkest fetishes? That required courage I wasn't sure I possessed.

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*follow through or stop wasting my time*

*if you're so anxious to be my cuckold, then it's time to prove it*

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*How about dinner tonight?*

*You name the time and place.*

*Whatever you like, wherever you desire.*

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*going to have to do a lot better than that*

*real men get to take me to dinner*

*big dicked Alpha bulls get to wine me and dine me*

*cuckolds sit in the corner and wait to clean up the mess*

I should have been insulted. A real man would have protested. He would have defended himself. Then again, a real man would never be talking about starting a relationship as a cuckold in the first place. I knew how crazy it sounded. We weren't a couple. Hell, we hadn't even met.

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*Understood. My offer stands.*

*Dinner and a hotel room for you and your favorite bull.*

*I will wait in the lobby, and you can summon me when you're ready for cleanup.*

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*better, but why should I have to find my own bull?*

*if you're going to be my cuckold, then part of your job is going to be finding real men*

*tell them about me*

*beg them to fuck me*

*I don't want some wimpy hubby who hides under the bed and waits to be used*

*I need a cuck who will take an active role in promoting my **FUCKING HOT WIFE STATUS!!!***

Fuck, that was so hot! I loved her confidence, I loved how she claimed her sexuality and demanded I be a part of it. It was one thing to find out your girlfriend or wife had been sleeping around behind your back, cheating on you with strangers. It was another thing entirely to be an active participant in that betrayal, finding guys for her. It turned me on in ways I cannot begin to describe.

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*I can do that. I want to do that.*

*I don't know how to begin, though.*

*Test me. Let me prove myself.*

*I don't care how embarrassing it is, or how extreme it is.*

*Let me do something that would scare away the time wasters.*

And there it was, me being a shy submissive fucking up my chance at seizing my fantasy and making it real. I wanted to do everything she asked of me, but I was a submissive at heart. I lived to be commanded, controlled, used, and abused. The idea of taking the lead and approaching strange men, risking rejection at best and a beat down at worst, terrified me.

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*fine*

*let's see how serious you are about living your fantasies*

*Friday night you are going to take me to a gloryhole*

*you are going to watch me suck cock after cock after cock*

*you are going to kiss me between each*

*you are going to thank them for fucking your girlfriend*

*you are going to lick their semen from my face*

*you are going to watch me get fucked by a series of anonymous men*

*know the only dick I WON'T be swallowing will be yours HA!*

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*Wow. You take first dates seriously.*

The right answer, of course, would have been something along the lines of “Yes, ma’am” but I resorted to juvenile, self-deprecating humor when I was feeling nervous or anxious. It was a defense mechanism.

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*that's not an answer*

*I'm getting tired of this.*

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*Wait! Yes. A million times yes.*

*I will be your gloryhole cleanup cuckold.*

*No questions asked.*

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*good*

*but for making me wait, you'll do more than cleanup*

*it might be the first, the last, or the biggest*

*but you'll suck your first*

*cuckold faggots need to do more than wait and watch*

I panicked at that. What was I supposed to say? My fetish was to suck and lick the cum of other men out of her. I wanted to worship the hot, sticky, creamy evidence of her cuckolding me with other men, right before my eyes. I knew forced bi was often a part of that fetish, but I didn't know if I was ready.

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*I'll send you my address*

*oh, and keep that credit card handy*

*if you perform well, we may pick up a few BULLS on the way home*

*you'll be paying for the room*

Had she taken my silence as consent, or was she just refusing to allow me the opportunity to back out? Whichever it was, her brazenness saved me from my nerves ruining the experience before it began.

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*I would be honored.*

*Thank you for trusting me.*

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*I'm curious to see if you suck as well as you talk*

*don't disappoint me*

*I like you*

*I want this to work*

*you sound like the perfect cuckold*

And that's exactly what I wanted to be. More than anything in the world, I wanted to be a woman's perfect cuckold. Not a perfect boyfriend, not a perfect husband, not an Alpha protector, but a beta fucking cleanup cuckold doormat for her lovers.

>Phallophile84

>34M Kinkster

*I won't let you down.*

>HotWifeWarmUp

>33F Cuckoldress

*see to it that you don't*

*g'night*

Less than twenty-four hours later, we were sitting on the bridge in my car, inching our way through a long line of traffic. My palms were sweating on the steering wheel.

I couldn't believe I was finally doing this.

Not that crossing the border was a big deal. Living in Lincoln meant that a night out to the US was cheaper, quicker, and easier to arrange than one to Toronto. I made the trip over the border all the time, especially when it was hockey season and I was in the mood for cheap beer, cheap wings, and company that wasn't hung up on whether the hockey world revolved around Toronto or Montreal.

Not that Buffalo was exactly the pinnacle of the hockey world, but I kind of felt like they were underdogs just like me. If the league were sexual, they'd be fluffing and cleanup, sometimes even taking it hard and deep when the other team was chasing a hat trick.

It wasn't the impossibly beautiful woman sitting next to me that had me so nervous either. Don't get me wrong, Tricia was stunning, even more incredible in person than in her photos. Well-rounded at five-foot-five and two-hundred-ten pounds, she was what some people would have called top-heavy, but she preferred the term "fucking stacked." Her long blonde hair was so bright, it shone in the evening sunshine, and the only thing plumper than her lips were her eyelashes.

I made the mistake of trying to be polite, describing her eyes as heavenly and her lips as luscious, but she had quickly set me straight. "They're fuck-me eyes," she had told me, "and fucking cocksucker lips. If you can't deal with something as simple as that, then maybe you're not the right guy for me." She'd smiled when she said it, but the glare in her eyes had told me she'd meant every word.

Sure, I was a little uneasy over what she had planned for our first date, but it wasn't that either. I mean, the way she'd made the first move, inviting me out on an all-or-nothing date, certainly put the pressure on me. This date was to be a trial-by-fire. My one chance to prove I had what it took to be her full-time, committed, loving cuckold. To say everything was riding on this night was an

understatement, but those nerves wouldn't really kick in until she had a cock in her mouth and it all became real.

No, what had me nervous was the fact that she insisted I be honest with the US Customs and Border Control agent. No lies. No cover stories. If I wanted to be her cuckold, then I had to be her out-and-proud cuckold, honest to a fault, and forthcoming about our relationship. She wasn't interested in a silent partner who sat at home. No dirty little secrets for her. If everything went the way she planned, she'd introduce me to friends and family as her cuckold and if they asked what that meant, she'd tell them.

All of it.

Finally, the overpacked SUV ahead of us drove away and it was our turn to pull up to the booth. I had my hand out the window, passports ready, before the agent could even ask. "Good evening, officer."

He didn't return the greeting. He looked at the passports and typed something into his computer. "Put it in Park and pop the trunk."

I did as he asked.

He was so tall, he had to duck as he stepped out of the booth. If I hadn't popped the trunk, I had no doubt he'd have simply ripped it open with his bare hands. His cotton blues stretched with every movement as he walked around to the back of the car.

"Mmm, maybe he'll join us later," Tricia teased me with a whisper. "Big, tall, black drink of water like that? I bet he's packing large!"

I blushed even harder. Like I needed the help right now.

The sound of the trunk slamming shut snapped my attention back to the looming presence at my window.

"How long will be you be away?"

I gazed up at my reflection in his mirrored sunglasses. "Just a few hours, sir."

"Enjoy your visit." He handed the passports back and stepped into the booth.

Tricia pouted beside me. “He didn’t even ask where you were going, or what the purpose of your visit was.” She snuggled close and kissed my neck. It quickly turned into a sucking love bite, leaving me with one hell of a hickey. “There, that’s better,” she cooed. “Even if you didn’t get to disclose our relationship, at least you’re marked as mine.”

It hurt, but it hurt good. I rubbed my neck as we turned onto the thruway, ridiculously pleased to have already earned her mark.

I still wasn’t sure about the rest of the night, despite my fantasies, but I wanted it to go well.

I wanted to be worthy of her mark.

I wanted to be her cuckold.

I just wasn’t sure my fantasies would be enough to overcome my fears.



## **A Fetish Indulged**

Having never been to a proper sex shop – by proper, I mean a seedy hole in the wall, with video booths and gloryholes in the back – I wasn't sure what I was looking for. The sex shops back home were all bright, clean, friendly places. They were in public areas, well-lit, with big windows decorated by lingerie-clad mannequins. Inside, they were clean, white, and just as brightly lit, more like a Walmart or Target than a store that sold dildos, fetish wear, and adult videos. To be honest, they were disappointing, so far from the sordid fantasy that excited me, that I usually just bought my kinky shit online.

“It's just up ahead,” Tricia told me. She pointed to a brown-brick strip mall sitting just off the bend.

If she hadn't pointed it out, I would have driven right on by. The mall looked empty, deserted almost. There was a sign above the door, but it wasn't illuminated. The one window was covered with brown, water-stained paper on the inside, and protected with bars on the outside.

It looked abandoned.

“Here? Are you sure?” I slowly pulled in, careful not to scrape the underside of the car on the badly maintained driveway entrance. “Where are all the cars?”

“Oh, most people tend to park around back. Either that or walk over from one of the restaurants or hotels down the street.” When I began to turn right, to head behind the store myself, she stopped me. “What the hell do you think you're doing?”

“You said most people park around back.”

“Right.” She scraped her blood-red nails down my arm. They left a good, long mark. “Most people. We're not most people, are we?” Her hand moved down to squeeze my balls. Hard! I squirmed in my seat but managed to hold back a cry. “We're not shameful cowards to hide our passions. We're a fucking hotwife and her cuckold faggot would-be-hubby, looking to announce ourselves to the

world.” She tugged on those balls, twisting them in her hand. “Am I right?”

“Yes, ma’am.” What could I do but smile? She had it all figured out, and she wasn’t about to let anything stop her. That was good. I so desperately needed that. If I had been alone, I likely would have chickened out and driven on by. Even if I had made the turn, I still likely would have found an excuse not to go in.

It’s what I did.

It’s what I always did.

Call it shyness or call it cowardice, my own inhibitions had held me back from my fantasies more times than I cared to count.

As soon as I parked, I raced around the other side of the car and opened the door for her. I watched those heels emerge first, far too clean and bright for the filthy asphalt, followed by her stocking-clad legs. I shuddered. There’s no way I could ever be good enough for this woman. She deliberately slid off the seat, causing her skirt to rise up and reveal white silk panties. Something was written across the front in a heavy gold script. While I watched, she hiked the skirt up higher, thrusting herself towards me, so I could read it.

“Cuckoldress”

I took her hand and helped her the rest of the way from the car. Together, we walked across the dirty, rutted, pothole-strewn parking lot, coming to a stop before the door. It was a sad-looking piece of steel, badly dented and scratched all over, with a single peephole that looked to have seen better days. A tin sign hung directly above the door handle.

ADULTS ONLY. 18+. NO MINORS.

NO COPS. NO PRIESTS.

PATRONS ACCEPT ALL LIABILITIES.

“Inviting.” As usual, I joked to hide my discomfort, but the truth is that I was afraid to touch the handle. It looked like it had the DNA of half the state on it. It was sticky, and it turned with a horrible grinding noise. When the door finally popped open, we were hit by a stench that reminded me of sweaty gym socks, moldy cum-stained tissues, and wet ashtrays.

You certainly don’t get that experience shopping online.

Inside, the nameless sex shop was everything I had feared . . . and everything I had ever fantasized about. It was dark. It was dank. The paneling on the walls looked like it hadn’t been washed in thirty years. The threadbare carpet was a dark red, somewhere between bloodstain and wine stain, with dirt visibly clinging to the patches of shag. The entire store was a maze of floor-to-ceiling red wire racks, the merchandise on them cutting off what little light there was.

The cleanest things in the store were the big round security mirrors at the end of every aisle. They looked to be polished regularly.

“Isn’t it glorious, Tom?” Tricia was already licking her lips in anticipation. “Isn’t it everything you ever dreamed?” She all but dragged me to the cashier, a fat, bearded man who sat securely behind a pane of scratched and smudged security Plexiglas, looking completely bored.

“What’ll it be?” He didn’t even look up from the battered paperback novel he was reading. Steinbeck, much to my surprise.

Tricia elbowed me in the ribs. This was it. It all began here. Either I did this, or we were done before we had a chance to begin. It was the border all over again, except the worst this guy could do was laugh and kick us out, now haul us off to detention.

“Um, we . . .” I trailed off, suddenly unsure of myself. When Tricia took my hand in hers, I drew upon some of her strength. “We’d like forty dollars’ worth of tokens.” She squeezed harder, digging her nails into my flesh. I took the hint. “And, um, directions to the gloryhole booths.”

“For you or her?” He still didn’t look up, just began counting out a pile of

tarnished tokens with his free hand.

“Um, for both of us.” I slipped a pair of twenty-dollar bills through the hole in the window. “It’s our first date, and she wants me to see what a slut she is.” I could feel my face getting redder. I was certain everyone in the store was stopping to listen. “She’s promised to feed me . . . um, every load . . . and if I’m a good . . . good cuck . . . I can, well, work a few with her.”

“Yeah, yeah. Good for you.” There wasn’t so much as a smirk on his face. The caterpillar mustache above his lips didn’t even twitch. Clearly, he’d seen and heard it all before. “Straight to the back. Look for the Video sign.” He pushed the pile of tokens towards us.

Tricia placed a hand on my shoulder. “Give him a fifty,” she told me.

I started to ask how we could possibly need that much, but the look on her face silenced me. It was a good thing I’d brought enough to pay cash for dinner. Not sure of the protocol, I slipped the money through the window without a word.

The fat bastard snatched it up and slipped it in a pocket without so much as raising his eyes from the book. “Gotcha covered, Miss T. Hang this on your door.” He slipped a black Ace of Spades keychain through the slot. “I’ll make the calls.”

What the heck was all that about? He clearly knew her, well enough to make plans without either of them saying a word. I started to ask her about it, but Tricia placed a finger against my lips and pushed me in the right direction.

As we strolled down the aisle, tokens jingling in my hand and keychain dangling from hers, we could hear the tinny sounds of bad porn being played through bad TVs. The only thing separating the booths from the main store was a dark brown curtain that I suspected had been white, or at least a cream color, once upon a time. I could only imagine how many dirty hands had brushed it aside in a desperate rush to pretend someone had never been back there in the first place.

Behind the curtain were eight doors, four on each side of the hall, the last six of which were standing open. Tricia didn’t even pause. She headed straight for the second-last empty door on the left, even though there were empty rooms to either side.

Inside, the room wasn't much bigger than a change room at the mall. We had to jockey for position as she hung the keychain on the hand and closed the door behind us. It locked with an ominous click that triggered a naked light bulb in the corner of the room.

I was excited, but I also felt incredibly awkward. It smelled like stale cum in here, with an overlay of old sweat, piss, and bleach. It was a vile, disgusting smell, and yet Tricia was standing there, her head thrown back, breathing it in deeply. "Why this one?" I asked.

"There's a science to the gloryhole," she told me, as she started dropping coins into the video slot. "One you'll need to learn if you're to be my cuckold. First off, you always want one of the middle rooms. They tend to have holes on either side, which means double the pleasure. Double the chances."

I looked. Sure enough. There was a padded hole to our right and another to our left. I say padded, but that's an exaggeration. Certainly, they had been padded once upon a time, but all that was left of the padding was loose hanging upholstery, the stuffing inside long worn away. They looked kind of like loose, well-used, pussies, surrounded by floppy, cum-stained labia.

The symbolism likely wasn't accidental.

"Second, you never want to move in next to an already occupied room, not if you can help it." She took the three-legged stool from the center of the room and moved it to the corner. "You have no idea how long someone has been in there, and odds are they've already blown their load into their own hands." She began undoing the buckle on my belt, then yanked my jeans down to the floor. "All you're going to get out of them is a long suck on a soft cock, with no reward."

"So," I offered, beginning to understand, "you pick the room with two holes and wait for fresh meat?"

"Precisely." Her fingers slipped beneath the waistband of my briefs. She began toying with my cock. "New blood, fresh and horny, full of cum, and anxious to spill. That's what we're looking for."

As my shaft hardened in her hands, she slipped it up past the elastic waistband. I was of average size, about six inches fully erect, but it looked so much bigger in her tiny hands. For a moment, I let myself forget who she was and what our

relationship was supposed to be all about. I was foolish enough to think she might give me a blowjob while we waited. Instead, she suddenly clamped her fist tight about the shaft, while her other hand reached down, her nails digging into my sac.

“Now,” she hissed, “you are going to finish getting undressed and stand in the corner. You are going to wait there, silently, like a good little faggot cuckold while I get warmed up at the hole.” She continued to squeeze as I fought to kick off my shoes. “You have my permission to play with yourself, but you do not have my permission to cum.” She squeezed again, leaving me breathless with the pain. “There will be a time for chastity later. For today, I need to know that you can obey me by will alone. I need to see you exercise a little fucking self-restraint.”

“Yes, ma'am.” I hooked my big toe into the top of my sock and pulled it off. The instant my bare foot touched the floor, I cringed. The cold, chipped concrete in here was sticky and gritty. It felt as rough as it smelled, and that was saying a lot. Quickly, I did the same with my other sock, struggling out of my t-shirt at the same time. Standing there, complexly naked, while she remained fully clothed, was awkward. It was embarrassing. Humiliating, almost. It reminded me that she held all the power here, that she was in control.

I liked that.

“Oh!” Her eyes lit up as she jumped away from me. “Did you hear that?” Tricia dropped to her knees. She looked left, then right. I saw a shadow momentarily eclipse that hole. “That was a door. We have our first customer!”

When nothing immediately appeared through the hole, she reached out to grasp its edge. I couldn't see the other side, of course, but I knew she was stroking the wall, inviting our neighbor to stick his cock through.

Moments later, he did.

The cock that slid across the knuckles of her left hand wasn't much longer than mine, but it was thick. It looked heavy. And it was black. Call me a closeted white Canadian boy, but I'd never seen a black cock in real life - not even in the showers at school or the gym.

Tricia turned her hand over, stroking the shaft, and it began to grow. “Mmm,

look at it, Tom. So big, so thick, so heavy.” Her hand was running up and down the shaft, lightly, just teasing it. “Naked and needy, just like you, but your pathetic white dick is never going to enjoy this.”

With that, she opened wide, took the dark brown head between her lips, and began slowly sucking the cock into her mouth. I watched as inch after inch of black cock slipped inside her mouth. I heard her gag as her lips nearly kissed its base. She slowly pulled back, leaving that black shaft wet and shiny with her saliva, and I swore twice as much cock came out of her as had gone in.

Damn, but he was huge! I felt my own dick shrink a little in my hands at the comparison.

After a quick kiss on the tip, Tricia was swallowing it again, only this time she took it to the hilt. I heard her gag. I heard her choke. I saw the bulge of his cockhead in her throat.

I had to stop playing with myself or I was going to cum, and I knew from painful experience how quickly an orgasm ruined the fantasy.

She withdrew, even more slowly and sloppily than before, and released it again. “Now that’s what a real cock can do, Tom.” She was playing with it again, stroking its spit-lubed shaft with her hand. “Skinny little white dicks like yours? I barely feel them, much less taste them.” Her gorgeous lips opened wide, planting another kiss on the head. I could just see the overlapping lipstick prints, dark red on the dark brown. “A real cock, a big black cock, it chokes you, fills you, and stretches you so gloriously.”

“Unng!” I quickly squeezed the head of my cock, realizing I’d come closer to orgasm than I had thought. Even without me touching it, her words had me on the brink. If I so much as moved, I’d be spewing cum all over the room, not to mention my hopes and dreams.

Stupid! I had to exercise better control.

“That was close, Tom.” Her lips looked angry, but there was an amused glint in her eyes. “You know the consequences should you dare to spill that worthless seed.”

“I know.” A few deep breaths had me back under control. I let go of my dick,

afraid to touch it more than I had to. “It won’t happen again.”

“Maybe you need something to keep those hands occupied.” She beckoned me over to the middle of the room. “Here, feel this.” She grabbed my right hand and wrapped it around the big black cock sticking through the wall. “Do you feel how warm it is? How hard, yet tender? How it pulses and trembles beneath your touch?”

I just nodded. It was such an odd sensation. Obviously, I knew what a cock felt like, but holding someone else’s was an alien feeling. The temperature and the texture of a strange cock in my hand were as different from my own as the feeling of Tricia’s hand upon my cock was compared to my own. It was one thing to look at black cocks online, to hear women describe them, but it was something else entirely to actually feel one.

The cock suddenly jerked in my hand.

“Oh, looks like someone is getting anxious.” She dropped down lower and licked her way up the shaft, over my fingers, and up around the head, where she swirled her tongue into the leaking slit. She grabbed my hands and made me cradle his balls. “Hold them for me. I want you to feel it when he cums.”

While I watched, my face just inches away from a stranger’s cock, she impaled herself on it. She slammed her face into it, back and forth, in and out, until tears ran down her face and drool dripped off her chin. With my hands anchoring his big, black balls, I could feel the cock thrusting towards her. I could hear him banging into the wall as he tried to get one more inch down her throat. Suddenly, I felt Tricia grab my other hand, lifting it and pressing it against her throat.

My eyes widened. I could feel the head of the cock as it plunged into her throat. I could feel her neck bulge with the alien intruder. What’s more, with my other hand still wrapped around his balls, I could really gauge both length and girth. My hand was so full! I adjusted my grip, but my forefinger and thumb couldn’t even touch around the shaft.

That same cock was inside her throat, stretching it like it was my hand.

It was almost unbelievable.

When the cock began thrusting harder, its movements becoming frantic and

sporadic. I knew he was close. For her part, Tricia just closed her eyes in ecstasy. I saw her force her head forward, allowing him to fuck her face.

I almost let go when I felt the balls twitch in my hand.

I knew that feeling.

It was ready to cum.

The first spurt exploded through my grip like a lance of fire. I'd no sooner felt it, and I could hear Tricia moaning. Her hand came up to grab the shaft. She pulled my hand forward and interlaced our fingers, then led me in jerking off my first cock. She pulled her head back. I watched, mesmerized, as spurt after creamy spurt arced across her lips and over her tongue. I saw another man's cum pooling in my girlfriend's mouth, and it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

It was at that moment I became her cuckold.

No more fantasy, no more fetish, but hard, hot, reality.

When I looked up into her eyes, I could see how much she was enjoying this. Some women sucked cock for foreplay, because they felt obligated, or because it was better than letting a stranger fuck them. Not Tricia. She had told me how much she loved the experience, and that hungry fetish for cock sucking was clear, now that I was here to watch it happen.

I felt the cock begin to soften in our hands. She guided my hand down the shaft with hers, forcing out a final drop of cum. Just like that, the stranger slipped out of our hands and snaked back through the hole, as if it had never been there.

"Holy fuck, that was hot." Here I was, naked, kneeling in a gloryhole booth, having just helped to jack off another man's cock into my girlfriend's mouth. I wasn't permitted to cum, but she'd just drained the balls of a total stranger as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She was sweaty. Her makeup was running. There was drool all over her chin. Her eyes looked glazed, and so did her tongue. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and I was all hers.

Her hand let go of mine. She raised it to my face and squeezed my cheeks, forcing my mouth wide open. I knew what was coming next. I wanted it. I'd

dreamed of it. But, still, for whatever stupid reason, I tried to pull away.

Instinct, I guess?

Self-preservation for my last shred of masculinity?

Whatever it was, she was waiting for it - and she was far more powerful than my willpower.

Her nails dug deep. I knew they'd leave a mark. She moved her head forward. The smile she gave me reminded me why we were here. It reminded me that everything would be all right. I watched, spellbound, as she pursed her lips. Seconds later, just when I thought it wasn't coming, she spat the entire mouthful of cum in my face.

It was one of the oddest, most erotic experiences of my life. It felt warm and slimy on my face, her bubbles of spit mixed in with his cum. I could feel the watery saliva running down my face, while the thicker globs of cum clung to my eyebrows, eyelashes, and upper lip. There was weight to it, which was the weirdest sensation. I wanted to wipe it off, lick it up, and leave it there, all at the same time. Simply taking a facial from a man's cock would have been one thing, but having Tricia spit at me was . . . well, that was a thrill that only a cuckold could properly appreciate.

"Oh, would you look at that!" Her hand, still gripping my cheek, pulled me around to look at the other hole. This one had another big, thick, black cock coming through it. It looked almost too thick to make it through the hole. It just seemed to keep coming, like the monster in some sort of 3D horror movie. I was sure it had to stop at some point, but it seemed to take forever.

"It's a monster." I squeezed the words out between her fingers. "That'll split your mouth in half."

"Un-uh. You've got that wrong, cuck." She continued pulling me forward, until our heads were side-by-side, the massive, engorged cockhead bobbing up and down between us. "I was planning to warm you up, but there's no way I'm letting you get away without tasting this. Black cock breaks a cuck, but big black cock makes a faggot." Her smile had a hint of cruelty to it. That scared me, but it turned me on at the same time. "There's no going back from this, Tom. Kiss your tattered dreams of heterosexuality goodbye."

Until that moment, I'd never really understood the taboo fascination with the interracial aspect of cuckolding. Maybe it was a cultural thing, but it didn't seem to have the same power north of the border as it did in the USA. Don't get me wrong, I loved the fantasy of it. I could appreciate the BBC stereotype, the - or so I thought - exaggerated tales of size and stamina, and there was something intensely erotic about the contrasts of white flesh against black. It shames me to admit that I also saw something dangerous in it, especially in this rundown neighborhood, but that was the thrill of the gloryhole.

Nothing said the black man on the other side of that wall was a thug. He could have been a lawyer in a thousand-dollar suit, a schoolteacher on his way home from grading exams, or a father looking for a quick release before going home to a house full of kids. And, yeah, he could be a bad-ass gangbanger with a gun in the waistband of his jeans. I would never know. I never wanted to know.

If I wanted - needed, perhaps - him to be as dangerous as he was well-hung, then that was my fantasy.

Maybe that's why, as turned on as I was, I was scared too. This was taking things to a whole other level. Watching Tricia suck another man's cock while I sat there, unable to touch myself, was one thing. Jacking it off with her, feeling a strange cock in my hands was another. The experience had been emasculating and humiliating, all at the same time, but arousing too. I thought I would never feel anything as surreal as that cum barreling down the other man's shaft but, clearly, she had much more in mind. Even as I knelt there beside her, cum drying on my face, I knew things were about to get real.

"Look at it, Tom." She pressed us forehead-to-forehead and let the shaft slide between our lips. The head felt rough against our flesh, but the shaft itself was smooth, like polished ebony. "Look at the size of it. So long, so thick, so powerful." Her voice dropped to a husky growl. "So beautifully black." The smell of it was overpowering, like he'd just come from the gym, and had dribbled piss into his jockstrap. I felt my eyes watering.

If I'm being honest, I felt my mouth-watering as well.

We'd talked about this. Our shared gloryhole obsession. A shared love of anonymous cocks, throbbing slabs of man flesh that demand to be sucked. If I'd ever doubted my place with this incredible woman, I'm proud to say I didn't so

much as flinch when she released my cheeks. I could have pulled away, turned away, backed off, but I remained where she had placed me, feeling the heat of that black cock against my face.

“Kiss it for me, Tom. Kiss it.” She looked excited.

I hesitated, but only for a moment. This was it. This was my fantasy. The biggest, thickest cock I had ever seen in my life was standing before me, waiting to be worshipped. I could see it up close, every vein, every ridge, every textured bump. It looked even bigger this close, with a head that I was sure I’d never get inside my mouth, and a slit that was sure to gush like a firehose. It was a cock - a black cock, sure - but that’s all it was. A cock and a hole in the wall. There was nothing masculine to distract me. No hairy legs, no six-pack abs or beer-belly to remind me of the gender, and no chiseled man’s face to look down on me in judgment.

Tricia could have all those things, enjoy the whole package but, for me, they killed the mood.

“I want to see you kiss it, cuck.”

I wasn’t gay. I didn’t even consider myself bisexual. Men, as partners, were a total turnoff for me. I was hugely turned on by the thought of them fucking Tricia, and it aroused me to know that bigger, stronger, better-equipped men were driving into her hot pussy, bringing her to orgasm, but I wanted nothing to do with them. Not directly at least. As a cuckold wannabe, I was ridiculously turned on by the idea of playing cleanup, tasting their cocks on Tricia’s mouth, and slurping their cum from her ass, pussy, tits, stomach, or wherever it might land. I was obsessed with cocks bigger and more potent than my own . . . but just the cocks, not the men.

“Look at that gloryhole, Tom.” I could hear her patience running thin. She took the cock in her hand and held it before me. “It’s just a wall, a hole, this cock, and us.” The cock thrust forward impatiently. We heard its owner slap the wall. “Give in, faggot. Feed your hunger.” Tricia reached down and gave my cock a quick caress. “Show me what my cuck can do.”

I kissed it.

I pressed my lips against another man’s cock and I kissed it.

The head felt like rubbery sandpaper against my lips, already slick with precum. I licked that off, immediately excited by the thought of tasting it from the tap.

If I moaned a bit like a bitch, can you really blame me?

“More, Tom. Suck on it.”

I opened my mouth and let the head shove its way inside. It wasn't as impossible to accommodate as I had feared, but it stretched my lips and strained my jaw. It made me feel so small, so insignificant by comparison. It wasn't just forbidding, it was emasculating. My tongue slipped over my teeth, protecting the cock as I cradled the underside of the shaft with my mouth. When I looked over at Tricia, she had her hand down her skirt. There was a glazed look in her eyes. She was fingering herself furiously.

“More.” She looked so excited. “I want you to take more.” She leaned in and kissed the endless shaft that remained outside my mouth. “I want you to force your mouth down upon it until you gag, and then I'm going to grab your head and shove it farther.”

I sucked.

I swallowed.

I edged myself forward.

He had a thick vein running along the right side of his cock, and I felt it move over my tongue. It hurt. It was hard. I was straining with the effort, but I kept swallowing, drawing him deeper with every involuntary spasm of my throat. I was in no danger of deepthroating him, but I could feel him getting close enough to trigger my gag reflex.

“Breathe, Tom.” Tricia stroked my throat, much like she'd had me do to her earlier. “Breathe and swallow. You can do this.”

It was hard. So hard. My eyes were watering with the strain, and my jaw was already aching. Until you've had to hold your mouth so wide, for so long, you can't imagine what a strain it is. I kept inching further, gagging and choking around the cock. I thrilled to see the wall getting imperceptibly closer, to know I was doing this.

I was taking this monster black cock into my mouth.

Suddenly, Tricia jumped up. She swung one leg around and over my shoulder. She straddled the back of my neck, riding me like a bitch. I felt her legs pull together, trapping me between her thighs. She stepped forward until her knees were right under my armpits. Her skirt dropped over my face, taking away my view of that black monster. I felt her hands on my head. They dug into my hair, grabbed it by the handful, and then pushed.

“Unnnnhhhggggmmmm!” My eyes nearly popped out of my head. She couldn’t force me too far, but I felt his cock push past my tonsils. Not being able to see made it so much worse. It hurt. It hurt so much! I felt like I was being stretched and torn at the same time. I wanted to pull back, to spit it out, but she wouldn’t let me.

Even worse, he wouldn’t let me.

While she held me in place, he began fucking the gloryhole, using my mouth to get himself off. I was nothing but a fuck toy for his pleasure.

His pleasure and her amusement.

What I wanted didn’t matter, but what I needed? Oh, fuck, I needed this!

“Oh, that was so hot.” Tricia finally pulled me off his cock, then laughed as I gagged and dry-heaved beneath her. “Honestly, not bad for your first time, cuck.” She grabbed my legs in her tiny little hands and spun me around so that my head was butting against the wall, those hairy black balls bouncing above me. “Now, watch what a pro can do.”

She knelt on my stomach and took my place before the hole. I watched as she raised herself up, arched her back, and angled her head to make a straight path down her throat. I heard her gulp and gasp her way down that magnificent black cock, gobbling it down a half-inch at a time. She didn’t manage to take it all, not even close, but she did far better than I had.

My god, she looked so hot with that massive cock filling her face. It was a look of bliss that I knew I could never give her, at least not directly. The contrast of black on white was hot enough on its own, but the size difference was what had me stroking myself again.

Tricia paused. She slapped my cheek and pointed to the three inches of shaft still exposed. I quickly took the hint. I shifted beneath her, feeling my ass slide in the pool of drool beneath us. The rank smell of dirty cock was even stronger, the closer I was to the hole, but I loved the idea of sharing this moment with her. I began licking and kissing the underside of that hard, veiny shaft, sucking the sweat from it. I was close enough to the hole that his pubes were tickling my forehead, but there was no way I could find the angle to take those balls into my mouth.

When Tricia needed a break, she slipped to the side and we kissed our way up and down the cock, our lips occasionally meeting when we opened wide. Our tongues danced around the thick, black flesh, leaving it well-lubed for my next attempt. Without Tricia having to force me, I took my place again and swallowed my way down the cock. This time I managed to take an extra inch without throwing up. Tricia kissed me, her lips dragging the edges of mine, while the stranger returned to thrusting through the hole.

“Good boy, cuck. Good boy.” She began stroking the shaft, reversing our roles from the first cock of the night. “Keep going, Tom. He’s close. I can feel it.” Tricia moved behind me again, only this time she didn’t force me forward. She leaned over to put her face next to mine. The woman I was already coming to love reached past my head to stroke the few inches not inside my mouth. “First swallow is yours, but then I want you to pull back, open wide, and let him paint out faces, side by side.” I felt her chewing on my earlobe, almost – but not quite – distracting me from the cock filling my face. “I want to share your first facial.”

It didn’t take long. I felt his cock jerk inside my mouth. The strength of it was surprising. I nearly pulled back right then and there. Instead, I rode with it, keeping my mouth around the shaft, even as I felt the head begin to pulse against the roof of my mouth. I knew it was coming, and I wanted to experience it.

For myself, as much as for Tricia.

If you’ve never felt a cock explode inside your mouth, then you cannot begin to imagine the power of it. Time slows, and the entire experience crawls forward. The whole shaft twitches and jerks against your tongue, forcing you to protect it from any accidental brushes with your teeth. You can literally feel the soft, spongy head kissing the back of your throat, its slit opening and closing like the mouth of a fish gasping for air. That vein running along the length of the shaft

begins to swell, pulsating as muscles unseen force the ejaculation forward. The entire cock grows inside your mouth. The swelling rolls along the surface, like a wave about to crest.

When it finally explodes, it's something you sense more than you feel, particularly when it happens that deep inside your throat. Cum that fresh, that direct, is hotter than blood. It's a shock to the system, and one that forces your throat to constrict against the temperature as much as the pressure. Tricia squealed at the look in my eyes, even as she grabbed my head and pulled me off the cock. We knelt there, cheek-to-cheek, as the next shot of cum arced through the air to land across both our noses.

The next spurt shot up and into the corner of my eye. That stung like a bitch! The next came in short order, hitting Tricia right on the nose, splattering nicely. Three more shots came fast and furious, two of them filling Tricia's mouth, and the other mine. By that point, the strength of his ejaculation was lessening, but he still managed to paint us with three more spurts of rapidly diminishing volume. It was such a surreal experience, sharing a cum bath with my girlfriend, in a gloryhole booth, with the taste of cock in both our mouths.

"Kiss me, cuck." She threw herself at me, and we tumbled to the floor. Her kisses were wet and sloppy, full of spit, dueling tongues, shared cum, and gnashing teeth. The cum on our faces was already cooling, becoming sticky in the humid air of the booth. We slipped and slid around, our noses even pushing cum inside each other's nostrils, ensuring we smelled as much of sex as we tasted.

While we laid there, swapping cum, Tricia began toying with my cock.

That's when two more cocks appeared before us.

I had no idea whether the booths were usually this busy, or whether the guy behind the desk had indeed made those calls, but the feeling of being in demand? That was exhilarating. Both cocks were black, considerably larger than average, but nothing like the last one. One was a little thicker than the other, but both were already hard.

She smiled at the one over my shoulder, but visibly recoiled when she saw the one nearest her. I was hardly an expert in cocks, but it did not look healthy. There were some sores near the base, and the head looked to have been violently

abused.

Maybe he just jacked off a lot.

Without lube.

Using an old glove.

Fortunately, Tricia wasn't taking any chances.

She grabbed one of my shoes and slapped the cock away. "Get out with that thing." She visibly shuddered. "Sometimes you never know what you're going to get from one of these places."

She was right, and as dangerous and disgusting as that might be in the light of day, at that moment it was part of the thrill.

After that, she took a much closer look at the other cock. It apparently met with her standards, because she beckoned me closer with her finger. "I want you to suck this cock," she told me, "and get it nice and hard. Bring it to the edge, but don't let it cum. I have other plans."

I'd like to tell you it felt odd to be sucking my first solo cock, worshipping at the gloryhole with my girlfriend looking on, but it wasn't. Now that my nerves were settled, and the novelty wore off, I was looking forward to it. I leaned forward and swirled my tongue around the head. It tasted clean and fresh, with just a hint of soap. Looking through the hole, I could see his balls were shaved, which I knew helped to combat the stink of a male crotch.

I made an 'O' with my lips and took the head inside. Keeping a constant pressure, I slowly sucked it in, letting my tongue tickle the bottom of the shaft as it slipped inside. He was so much easier to swallow than that monster. If I'm to be honest, it was far more enjoyable too. As much as I'd enjoyed watching that last one split Tricia's face wide, it had been far too much of a challenge to really appreciate myself.

It didn't take long for me to establish a rhythm, taking the cock - my second black cock - in and out, over and over, and releasing it after every dozen or so strokes. He was leaking precum regularly, and it tasted fantastic. There was a sweet taste to it, and it was slightly thicker than my own. I'd always enjoyed

squeezing drops out of my own cock, then licking my fingers clean, but this was far better.

“You’re doing fantastic, cuck.” Tricia turned my face and kissed the bulge in my cheek where his cock was pressed. “It’s a shame you’re not gay, or at least romantically bi, because you’re a natural at this.” She turned my head back around and adjusted my angle so I could take it deeper. “I know we talked about limits, but I don’t know that I can let these talents go to waste. I can’t wait to get you between my legs, to sit on your face while a real man fucks me. We’ll snuggle close, so you never need to see his face, but you’re going to learn your fucking place.”

That worried me, but it turned me on too. I started playing with myself again, even as the cock slipped completely into my throat. I was so surprised the first time it happened, I pulled back in shock, but she soon had me crushing my nose against the wall on every down stroke. Before long, I felt that telltale twitch, so I pulled off.

“He’s ready.” I licked my lips, which felt dry and chapped, even though I had drool dripping off my chin to run down my chest.

“Then get ready to clean us up, cuck.” Tricia pushed me out of the way. She knelt in my place but turned the wrong way around. I watched, spellbound, as she pressed herself backward on the cock, taking it deep into her pussy. I could hardly believe it. Sucking off strange cocks at the gloryhole was one thing, but getting fucked . . . wow, that was somehow so much more erotic. So much more intense.

“Oh, he feels so good,” she told me. “Even from the other side of the wall he fucks better than you ever could.” She was bouncing on that black cock now, her ass smacking against the wall with a satisfying slap. “He fills me just right, rubs all my magic spots.” The sight of her tits swaying within her bra, visibly bouncing off each other, yet hidden from my view, was almost as arousing as the cock disappearing inside her. “Mmmm, he’s going to cum . . . get ready . . .”

I crawled closer.

“Lay down and take your place, cuck!” She screamed at me, her voice breaking as her orgasm crested. “Do it . . . do it . . . now!”

I scrambled beneath her, in a sixty-nine position that was really all six and no nine, and watched from below as she slammed her pussy back onto the cock one last time. It was the hottest thing I had ever seen, so much more gratifying than watching it glide in and out of her mouth. I could hear him groaning from the other side of the wall, his hips slamming against it as he emptied his load inside my girlfriend.

He came inside a pussy I would get to eat out every night, but never put my own dick inside. A hot, wet, warm, enveloping cunt that other men would get to use indiscriminately, a feeling I could only imagine.

I was a cuck, and that's how it was meant to be.

The moment his spent, flaccid cock slipped free, she dropped down onto my face. Hard. She didn't lower herself, she spread her legs and just dropped. My head would have bounced off the floor, were I not trapped beneath her weight. It was a suffocating surprise, but I knew immediately why she did it. The sheer force of dropping on top of me forced her pussy to open wide, expelling the fresh cum in a sticky, slimy blast that filled my eyes, plugged my nose, and made my eyes water.

He tasted sour and thick, a clear sign he'd been drinking. His cum clung to the walls of her pussy, leaving her pink folds with a delicious glaze. I licked and slurped at the entrance to her pussy, amazed to feel how loose he'd left her. Eating her sloppy creampie was nothing like my fantasies, and yet so much more.

I was hot, short of breath, and feeling claustrophobic. I had to keep tilting my head downward, burying my nose against her taint, so I could catch a breath. When I licked, it was sloppy and wet, a rain of juices flooding my mouth. It was delicious . . . delicious and forbidden. It was a true cuckold treat, the kind of feast only a man submissive to his partner's desires could even think of entertaining. I suppose I should have felt embarrassed, humiliated, maybe even emasculated, but this was my fantasy, my greatest desire. I was serving a superior woman, recognizing her sexuality, and tasting her sexual freedom.

At some point, she collapsed atop me, the two of us passing out from the excitement.

When the next cock appeared, she didn't even have to say a word. She just

waved her hand towards it and off I went, her cuckold faggot cocksucker, ready for duty.

It was only when the booth went dark, our tokens having run out, that we shook off the post-sex stupor. We dressed – well, I dressed, she just adjusted her clothes - quickly and awkwardly, unable to see what we were doing. Both of us were stiff. The cramped booth and hard floor didn't exactly make for an easy night.

“So,” I asked, my voice sounding pasty and gummy, “did I pass? Have I earned the right to be your cuckold?”

“That depends.” I could hear Tricia's blouse crack and crinkle with all the dried cum. “Was this a one-time thing, or are you up for a second date? Same time, same place?” She leaned in to whisper in my ear, nibbling at the lobe.

“Hopefully, even more cocks?”

“Are you kidding?” I hugged her close. I took the soft, full globes of her ass in my hands and felt the ample teardrops of her breasts press against my chest. “This was everything you promised, everything we discussed.” I kissed her, tasting dried cum on her upper lip, and moaned into her lips. “Any time, any place. I'm yours.”

“So, as first dates go, how does this rank?”

“Rank?” I laughed. “There's no scale on which this falls where any other date is even remotely close enough to compare. I know it's early, but I think I might love you.”

“Time's up!” An angry fist pounded on the door. “Either feed the video or get the hell out. This ain't a fuckin' hotel.”

“Come on, cuck.” She pulled me out of the room, her hand hooked in the belt loops of my jeans. “We've got a long drive home, and you've got some very important people with whom to share your story.”



## Consequences Established

“Oh my god. The look on your face was absolutely priceless!”

“It’s not funny, Tricia.” As much as I tried to sound stern and offended, I couldn’t help the smile that curled my lips. “That was, seriously, the most nerve-wracking experience of my life.” I waited for a break in traffic. When it was clear, I made the awkwardly sharp turn across the median and into the right lane of traffic. We’d seen the nightly fireworks going off as we approached the bridge, and now all the tourists, families, and cheesy romantic couples were clogging the parkway on their way home.

“Really?” She reached over and wiped a sticky, gluey bit of cum from my eyebrow. “What was so nerve-wracking, Tom? Tell me.” The other fingers of her hand caressed their way down my cheek. When the naughty one pressed against my lips, I licked her shocking pink fingernail clean of that cum without even turning my head. “Total honesty, remember?”

How could I forget? This had been the wildest date of my life. A first date like no other.

It had broken me, changed me, exposed something deep within me I hadn’t really been sure was there.

“What was so nerve-wracking is how obvious it was that we were lying to the Customs official.” I shook my head in disbelief. “Your blouse is misbuttoned, your bra is showing, and you’ve very clearly got cum in your hair.”

“And that’s what bothered you?” She pouted. Damn, but I already loved how her big, full, glossy red lips looked when she pouted. “The way I look?”

I shook my head again, only this time it was in denial, not disbelief. When we stopped at the red light, I turned to look at her, to take in the whole picture. I wanted to remember this night for the rest of our lives. “Not at all. You know how fucking hot I think you look, especially now, all sloppy and soiled by other men.” I checked that the light was still red, then darted in to kiss the sheen of

dried cum from her upper lip. “It was knowing how obvious we both are, I guess. I’ve got as much cum in my hair as you do, not to mention stuck around the frames of my glasses, and I’m pretty sure my t-shirt is on backward.”

“So, you’re worried the handsome border guard was some superficial official, obsessed with our appearance?”

“We smell like a whorehouse!” I barked out a laugh. The light went green. I turned back to face the road. “There’s no way he bought our story of being all sweaty because we hit the batting cages after dinner.”

Tricia put one leg up on the dash, forcing me to glance at the torn stockings beneath her too-short skirt. “It was just a little white lie,” she teased. “Small, confined area? Holes in the wall? Long, hard wood to fondle? Big heavy balls to handle? Somebody keeping score? It’s not that far from the truth.”

“I expected him to grill us. You know the usual questions. Purpose of your visit? How long were you away? Anything to declare? Did you make any contact with people you know?”

She laughed, and it was the most perfect sound in the world. “Well, after I suggested he join us for a few drinks, and promised he could fuck me while you watched, he looked just as embarrassed as you did.”

I blushed at that, especially because I knew she’d been sincere. If he’d taken her up on the offer, I’d have been a cuckold proper, getting to share the whole hotwife experience before the end of our first date.

“Of course,” she added, “if he’d been black, I’d have offered up your ass as well as mine.”

I blushed so hard it felt like my face was on fire. She would have offered, and I would have given it up. No questions asked.

Tricia laughed. “That college-aged white boy couldn’t have waved us through any faster if his life had depended on it, Tom.” She grabbed my free hand and laid it on her thigh, just above the band on her stockings. “Now, be honest with me. Was that not everything I promised?”

“Yes,” I answered without hesitation. “Yes, it was.”

“Good. Because it’s not over yet.” She grabbed my arm. “Turn in here. Now.”

I stomped on the brake and spun the wheel, gravel spinning beneath us. ‘Here’ was a techno-themed dance club, a place where the migrant summer workers from Jamaica and the Caribbean hung out, looking to score a night with a local white girl.

“Give me twenty minutes.” She popped the third button on her blouse and adjusted her breasts, pulling more cleavage to the center. I watched as she touched up her lipstick, and I smiled to myself, wondering what all the cum would look like under the black light of the club. “Eating out is all fine and good, but if I’m going to properly evaluate your oral skills, we’re going to need a little takeout.”

I moved in to kiss her, but she turned away. “Watch the lipstick, faggot.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

As I watched her slip out of the car, hurrying into the club, I realized this was my life now.

I was a cuckold, left to wait in the car, to watch her purse, and be there for her when she came back, used and abused, in need of a man to love her for the lust she’d claimed.

I was a cuckold, never to be part of the main event, but completely happy to be licking cleanup.

As first dates went, I knew there would never be a better one.



## **Caged and Collared: A Blacked Tale**

## **A Cuckolding Gone Too Far**

“Tom! Where the fuck’s your stuff, man?” Jeff shouldered his way past me the moment I opened the door. A blond-haired tank of a man, what he lacked in manners he made up for in . . . well, alcohol tolerance, I guess.

“We have got to get this shit on the road.” Following close on his heels was Alexander, a gaunt-looking man who perpetually smelled of the skunkiest strains of marijuana. Just the thought of him being in my house was enough to make me nauseous.

“Guys, guys.” Bringing up the rear was Chris, the level-headed member of our old school foursome. And by level-headed, I mean quiet, polite, and completely boring. “Give the poor man a chance. I told you we were early.”

“Yeah, well, you were the one who was so fucking anal about Labor Day traffic.” Jeff just about knocked President Boredom off his feet with a punch to the shoulder.

The four of us stood there, nearly filling what little space there was in my bachelor’s kitchen, and I felt the guilt begin to wash over me. We’d been friends for the better part of twenty years, beating the odds by not just remaining in touch after high school, but remaining friends. Close friends. We didn’t get together as often as we once did, but we always spent one summer weekend at the lake, and another weekend in the winter at a hunting cabin up north. Not that any of us owned a slingshot, much less a rifle.

Jeff had missed one winter get-together with a very good excuse – he’d been arrested for breaking probation on another charge of drunk-and-disorderly. Alexander, somehow, had managed to control his chronic paranoia enough that he’d never missed a weekend. Chris . . . well, Chris had missed one of each, a summer and a winter weekend, the first while going through his second divorce, and the other while finalizing his fourth. As far as I knew, he was still working on his fifth marriage, but I couldn’t say for sure what the last few months might have brought about.

He wasn't exactly one to talk about his feelings. Not unless they were angry, violent ones.

As for me, my record was spotless, but that was about to come to an end.

"Look, guys." I shuffled sideways, putting the kitchen island between Jeff and myself. Better safe than sorry. He was the only one I was worried about. Having that physical barrier between us didn't make me feel any less guilty, but it did make me feel safe. "I'm sorry, but this is my year to blow it."

"No fucking way." Jeff leaned across the counter. Except it was less of a lean and more of a loom. "I'll drag your ass out, Tom, and stuff it in the goddamned trunk if I have to." His lips were smiling, but his eyes flashed with anger.

"Chill, man." Alex stepped around to my side. "I'm sure he's got a good excuse."

I appreciated the show of support, but I still side-stepped away from his stink.

"I know it's short notice, and mock me all you like, but Tricia dropped an ultimatum." I smiled, and realized my excitement was genuine. I wanted this to work out. I wanted to take our relationship to the next level, to make the fantasy full-time. "This could be my last weekend as a free-swinging bachelor."

"Run. Run, my friend." By the look on Chris's face, another divorce was indeed looming. "Fuckin' good for nothing bitches ain't never worth it." And, apparently, it was a rough one.

"I feel bad, guys, but I have to see if we can make this work." While I talked, I stacked the two cases of beer and three sleeves of frozen hamburger patties on the counter. They were as much a bribe as a token of my guilt. Either way, I was hoping it would get them moving. "It's been a year-and-a-half, and this is the first time she's suggested we make things permanent. I've got to try."

The guys knew a little about Tricia, although they had never met. At least, not as far as I knew. The one risk of being an anonymous cuckold was that I never really knew whose seed I was cleaning out of Tricia's warm, moist pussy, or whose cock we had shared at the gloryhole. She told me they were all black – I mean, that was the whole basis of our fetish-based relationship – but who's to say she wasn't dipping into the pale end of the pool when it suited it.

If thinking about that sea of anonymous black men gave me an erection, the specter of my friends having fouled the waters made me a little bit nauseous.

Yet another reason to remain behind the island and wish them a bon voyage.

All they knew for sure was that Tricia and I had a good, casual sort of thing going on. Well, mostly. Alex knew about my gloryhole fetish, but I wasn't sure how much he remembered of that one awkward night we bumped into each other at the sex shop. I couldn't even begin to explain to them what this weekend might mean.

Jeff began tossing sleeves of hamburgers at Chris, laughing as he fumbled them. "We all get one, that's what we agreed, muchacho. Hope you're not wasting it laboring over some dirty cunt."

Oh, they had no idea!

He laughed at himself, proud of his holiday pun, then grabbed both cases of beer with a grunt. "See you in December."

Forty-five minutes later, I was still feeling guilty about the guys as I made the long walk from where Tricia had instructed me to park my car to her home. All these months, all these dates, all these public cleanups after equally public cuckolding, and not once had I been to her home. Hell, until now I didn't even know if she had a home, slept with the bull of the night, or . . .

Well, to be honest, there were moments if I wondered whether she might be married. I'll be honest. I wondered whether she wasn't so much interested in feeding my fetish as in cleverly cleaning the evidence before coming home to an unsuspecting hubby. It wasn't that far-fetched. I'd heard worse from people in the community. Hell, he might even be in the know, happy to have me running creampie interference for him.

"Really? This is her place?" I had to check my phone three times to confirm I had the address right. Her home wasn't at all what I expected, and certainly not what I had allowed myself to fantasize about. It was a rundown little townhouse with a front yard that was more dirt than weeds. The concrete steps were

crumbling on one side, and the rusted railing was leaning against an already crooked mailbox. Two of the three windows in the front door were covered with plywood, and the doorjamb showed signs of multiple forced entries.

My place might have been small, but at least it was safe. If I'd known she was living like this, I would have invited her to move in with me long ago.

I hesitated with my foot on the bottom step and checked my phone for the fourth time. This couldn't be the right address. Maybe I'd made a mistake, or maybe she was screwing with me, testing my commitment. I considered calling her, just to make sure the autocorrect hadn't changed something fundamental in her instructions when the door swung open with a squeal and a bang.

"You made it!" Clearly bra-less, Tricia's ample breasts jiggled wildly as she bounced on her heels. "I was worried the boys might have talked you out of it."

"They tried." I stepped in close and took her in my arms. I wasn't used to her smelling so clean and so fresh. Most of our embraces came after she was sweaty, soiled, and dripping with cum. I kissed her anyway. "But," I told her, "this was too important to miss."

"Good." She smiled as she pulled me inside. The door didn't quite close behind us, but she hardly seemed concerned. I tugged at it as I kicked off my shoes, but it wouldn't catch. "I have big plans for you." Her gorgeous waves of newly bleached blonde hair bounced as she continued pulling me down the hall. With my eyes following a trio of roaches along the way, I stumbled over takeout boxes and empty beer cases along the way. When I did look down at my feet, it was just in time to watch the tail of a rat flick away from my foot.

We ducked through a crooked doorway that sagged in the center – doorframes were most certainly not supposed to sag – and I immediately felt my feet scrape through what used to be shag carpeting. My toes wiggled in something damp and sticky and I shuddered. The floor felt more like the fake plastic grass of a rundown mini-putt course than the carpet it once was.

Tricia pushed me down onto a well-worn couch that stank of beer and cigarettes, and then plopped herself down atop me.

I tried my best not to gasp or groan, but it was clear she knew exactly what she was doing.

“Now, Tom. I could beat around the bush, make small talk, and waste the afternoon away, but the truth is we’re going to be having company very soon, and I want to make things clear.” She adjusted herself in my lap until she was crushing my balls beneath the weight of her carefully placed thigh. “We’ve been playing the cuckold game for a good, long time now, and I think you understand that I hold all the power here.”

“Of course.”

“Shh.” She slapped my face – and not gently. “When I want you to talk, I’ll let you know.” Tricia leaned further into me, her glorious breasts pinning me to the couch. “Right now, you are going to take off your clothes and get into my closet. It’s not huge, but I think you’ll fit.”

I started to open my mouth, but she raised her hand to slap me again before I could ask my question. This was a side of her I hadn’t seen before. Under different circumstances, it might have excited me, but something struck me as odd about the whole situation. There was a vibe here that rubbed me the wrong way, and it wasn’t just the state of her home. After all, our first date had been at a filthy gloryhole, and we’d shared more than one public bathroom during our time together. Hell, I’d even cleaned out her pussy in the shadows of a sewer tunnel after she’d gotten fucked by some guy under a highway overpass.

It was part of the thrill, part of the fantasy.

No, it was something about her, something about her body language, her tone of voice, her behavior. Something felt wrong, but I owed it to us and our future together to play along.

I undressed as we walked, choosing to hold onto my clothes rather than dropping them along the way. I looked for a clean spot to toss them, but there weren’t many of those, and none within reach. We passed through another questionable doorway, this one gnawed and scratched and pitted on both sides, and into her bedroom. It actually looked half-decent, as if she’d tried to tidy up, but it stank of something moldy.

Tricia had no sooner skipped away after getting me comfortable in the closet – as comfortable as I could, given the tight space and the damp feel of black mold beside me – when I heard the front door slam against the wall outside. It was no wonder it didn’t close right if this was a regular thing. It sounded like Tricia

started to say something but, she was cut off. I didn't need to be able to see to know it was likely a kiss.

Shit. I wasn't sure I liked this. This was not what I'd signed up for. Our relationship was built on the concept of blind cuckolding. She met with her bulls in private, where I neither had to see nor hear what happened between them.

Tall or short? Fat or thin? Young or old? I didn't have to know.

Had she slept with friends? The guys at work? The gang at the bar? I didn't know, they didn't know, and that was how I liked it.

Did she take them on one at a time, or get gangbanged in a back alley? I didn't care, so long as I got to clean their anonymous cum from the deepest folds of her raw, well-fucked pussy.

Beyond my lack of interest in the male form, wondering about every black man I met was part of the cuckolding thrill. I sometimes imagined I could smell something familiar on them, a scent that told me I'd swallowed more than one of their loads, but I knew that was just my fantasy spiraling my imagination out of control.

Tricia and her date were making a racket – deliberately, I suspected – as they made their way down the hallway. I could hear them banging against the walls, bashing this way and that. The louder they got, the more certain I became that they were doing it for my benefit. They wanted me to know they were there. They wanted me to know they were coming.

“Get on that fucking bed and spread ‘em!” Whoever he was, he sounded rough. His voice sounded like hard work, hard-drinking, and heavy smoking. The bedsprings squeaked alarmingly as he threw Tricia onto the bed. “Get on all fours,” he growled, “and stick that ass in the air where I can spank it.”

“Hold on a minute, let me get in position.” I heard the bed creak. “I want to make sure the cuck can hear every fucking word. I want him to know what it sounds like when a woman gets fucked by a real man.”

I could hear movement, the sounds of the lovers adjusting themselves, arranging themselves into position. Plenty of gasping and grunting. Giggles and coos accompanying the sound of the headboard shuddering against the wall. I could

picture it in my head . . . and I didn't want to. This was too much. This was the side of cuckolding I wasn't interested in. It was supposed to be enough that I knew she got fucked by other men. I mean, the whole point of our relationship was for her to bring me the evidence.

I told myself I could deal with it, so long as I stayed in the closet. Hearing wasn't the same as seeing. I could listen, I could imagine, but I didn't want to bear witness. I would have silently thanked Tricia for sparing me that indignity, if I wasn't so sure the worst was yet to come.

“Oh, Jesus Fucking Christ, you're huge!” Tricia screamed out. “I've never felt a cock so big. I swear you're going to tear me in two. I don't think there's anywhere deeper for you to . . . go! Oh, fuck, I was wrong.” Her voice was rising with every word. Her breath was short. “I've never been filled like that before!”

“That's right, bitch. Push yourself back on my cock. Show me what a slut you are. Show me how much you want it.”

“I want it. I want it so much! Of all the men who've fucked me, none of them have ever filled me the way you . . .” Whatever she intended to say next was lost in a nonsensical series of screams and squeals.

Fuck. I'd been wrong. I couldn't do this. I wasn't equipped to cope with being in the same room. It wasn't like sharing the gloryhole. There was an intimacy here that weighed on me.

This was too much.

The squeaking of the bedsprings was now accompanied by the slap of flesh-on-flesh. It was more than just fucking. It sounded like he was slapping her at the same time as he plowed into her pussy. I could just imagine his big, black hands landing on the smooth, creamy globes of her ass. I could almost see them jiggling beneath his touch. The vision of his big black cock disappearing inside her was a huge turn-on, but the imaginary sight of his slaps, his caresses, his squeezing, was more than I could take.

It was a stupid line to draw, but nobody said fantasy or fetish was rational.

I had to stop this. I couldn't deal with this. We had an agreement. Tricia and I had talked about what we expected from our relationship and this wasn't it. This

was a betrayal, pure and simple. I knew other cuckolds thrived on this, lived for the humiliation, but that wasn't for me. It wasn't easy to dress in the dark, in such a confined space, but I pulled on my socks, wiggled my boxers up my legs, and began fishing for the right leg of my jeans.

That's when I noticed the room had gone silent. That didn't bode well. It bothered me more than the noise of their fucking. I froze, afraid they would hear me getting dressed.

It was too late.

The closet door was wrenched open, and I tumbled out, landing half-dressed on the floor.

"Oh, hi, honey. I didn't know you were in there." Tricia smiled at me from the bed. Her makeup was smeared, and her hair was a mess. As she raised herself onto her knees, I could see the red handprints on her breasts.

"As long as you're here, faggot, you might as well make yourself useful."

Standing before me was a massive, muscle-bound specimen of a man. If steroids had a face, then he was it. I watched his white, hairy hand reach down, in slow motion, and marveled at how it just seemed to keep getting bigger. It was already around my neck when I had the sense to fight. I grabbed at it with both hands, but there was no give. He slapped my arms away with his other hand, before jamming it under my armpit and grabbing me in an awkward, but effective hold.

"Let me go!" I fought him, but it was useless. I kicked at him, flailed at him with my arms, but he carried me across the room like I was a child. I was an average-sized guy, in reasonably good shape, but he was inhuman.

"Since the cuck so rudely interrupted us," Tricia cooed, "we might as well put him to use. You've fucked me raw. Maybe a little lube is in order. All-natural, so to speak."

"Sounds good to me." He slammed me down on the bed, hard enough that it left me winded. I judged him to be Italian, Polish maybe, and a good fifteen years my senior. This was another betrayal, another crossing of the lines we'd established. I was supposed to be her cleanup cuck for big black cock, not white dick. He climbed onto the bed to straddle my chest. I forced myself to look away

from his eyes – crazed and bloodshot, beneath a bushy unibrow – and stared at his scarred, tattooed chest.

Fuck. Was that a swastika? Could Tricia’s taste be that bad? Was her ability to discriminate that poor?

I could feel his hairy legs dragging along my flesh, his knees digging into my thighs. I could smell gasoline and the sweet scent of engine coolant beneath his sweat. His flesh was cold and clammy, his sweat clinging to every pore.

“Get off of me!” I turned to look at Tricia. I could see her through the triangle of the brute’s bent arm, and she was clearly enjoying this. “Tricia,” I begged. “Please, stop this. This is not what I want, not what we discussed.”

I could feel freshly oozing, slippery, slimy precum leaving a trail up my body as he moved closer. His dick – I refused to look at the disgusting white thing – brought with it a heat that alarmed me. This had already gone way too far. It was time to put a stop to it.

“Oooh, yes.” Tricia leaned in through the space beneath the monster’s arm. She kissed me, biting and sucking at my lower lip. I felt her tongue slip into my mouth. I involuntarily kissed her back. That’s when I felt her hand grasp my jaw, taking advantage of the moment to hold it open. “Now, you’re going to be a good cuckold and suck Antoine’s cock for me. I want to watch you take it deep.”

I tried to shake my head, but she held me tight.

“I’ve seen you do it before, babe.” Her eyes were glazed with lust. It occurred to me to wonder how long she had been planning this. “I want to see the tears in your eyes as he chokes you, as his monster cock reminds you of your place.”

“No!” I felt the head of his cock slide across my chin. With the two of them holding me in place, I was forced to stare at the hairy chest above me. It was ugly. It was manly. Even without the tattoos, it was exactly what I never wanted to see. Suddenly, a massive, grease-stained hand came up between us. I felt his callused flesh dig into the side of my face. He began pulling my head down, bringing my gaze closer and closer to the thick patch of pubic hair above his cock.

“Do it.” Tricia squeezed harder. “Do it. Suck it. Take that dirty cock into your

filthy cuck mouth and worship a real man.”

“You’re going to look me in the eyes and thank your Master, faggot.”

That did it.

This ugly brute of a white man sporting swastikas and calling himself Master was a line I would not cross. In his mouth, ‘faggot’ was a humiliating term of endearment but a disgusting slur.

“No. I. Will. Not!” Overcome by a surge of adrenaline, I used my free hand to grab his balls. I yanked down, squeezed, and twisted. The moment he let up, I bashed my head into his and pushed him backward. It only bought me a moment, but it was enough for me to wiggle free.

“Tricia.” I grabbed my clothes from the floor. “What the hell is wrong with you?” I backed away from the heaving, groaning, angry brute beside her. “Lose my number. We’re done.”

I didn’t remember much of the walk back to my car. I was too busy looking behind me, watching to make sure Tricia and Antoine weren’t following. I ended up taking a wrong turn twice, but I eventually found my way back to where I’d parked my car. I’d half expected it to be missing, which it wasn’t, but the passenger side window was busted and I could see the contents of my glovebox dumped all over the front seat. To make matters worse, when I got in to start it, I found that the ignition had been busted and the wires in the dash ripped out and cut.

The chip in my key fob meant they couldn’t start it, but they made damned sure I wouldn’t be able to either.

I considered calling for a tow truck, but I just wanted out of there. Standing around and waiting the few hours it would likely take just felt like more exposure than I wanted to risk. I’d send somebody back for the car later but, for now, I just wanted to go home.

So, I hoofed it. I wandered from unfamiliar streets into vaguely recognizable

ones as the afternoon faded into evening. I wanted a shower. I felt dirty, soiled, contaminated by what had happened. The idea of returning to my own home, though, did nothing but fill me with dread. I didn't want to bring anything of their taint or their stench back to where I slept.

It was after eight p.m. when my cell phone rang out with the opening of Rihanna's Cockiness, startling me out of my self-pitying walk of shame. Only one woman had that ring. Only one number on my phone triggered that song. I knew immediately who it was, but I didn't know if I could speak to her, not now.

Nevertheless, I pulled the phone out of my pocket. My thumb hovered over the red button to disconnect the call, but that would have been disobedient. As miserable as I was, my submission to the woman on the other end came naturally.

It was undeniable.

I just wished there'd been an opportunity for it to be more.

"Good evening, Mistress."

"No, it's not." Her voice was like silk. It whispered through the phone with a caress I could almost feel. "At least," she clarified, "not for you."

I didn't even bother to ask how she knew. She knew everything. Very little slipped past her notice. "No, Mistress. It has been a rough day."

"The day is over, bitch. Stop wallowing." Her voice sharpened. I stood up a little straighter because of it, even though I knew she couldn't see me. "Go home. Shower. Sleep. We will talk about your future tomorrow."

She disconnected before I could say another word.

I was just about to put the phone away when it buzzed with a series of messages.

*[This is not the end, but a beginning.]*

*[Sometimes you need to lose something to find something.]*

*[When you are unwilling to choose, life chooses for you.]*

*[You are ready. It is time.]*

Did she mean what she thought I meant? Was she offering me what I thought she was? This was huge. This was something I never thought I would see.

Would I still have gone to Tricia's house, if I'd known such an offer was on the table? Would I have ever made that fateful first cuckolding date with her if I'd known something like this was possible? I wanted to assure myself I would have waited, but I knew that wasn't the truth. An offer was not an ultimatum. An open door was far different from a door that was closing. Hope of something was a far cry from the tangible reality of something else.

All Tricia cost me was a tank of gas and money for the gloryhole booths. Even on the nights where she took enough cash to pay the cover at a club, she was still a cheap date.

Mistress, on the other hand, was three hundred dollars an hour, and that was just to be tied up and punished. It's why I'd only seen her three times in the last year, when my billing on premium client projects afforded me enough to justify the indulgence.

All excuses and self-justifications aside, however, she was right. I sucked at making decisions. I could never have taken it upon myself to ask for what I hoped my Mistress was offering. No, even if I'd known, I likely still would have accepted Tricia's ultimatum because that was what I did.

I didn't choose.

I didn't ask.

I accepted.

I submitted.

It was what I did best.



## **Time to Make Waves**

“You have reached your destination.”

I canceled the GPS on my phone and looked up at the address before me. At first glance, the house was just another suburban bungalow, two stories, with an attached garage and an enclosed front porch. Twice the size of my little pad, mind you, but neither the crack den Tricia’s place had resembled nor the mansion I’d secretly hoped for.

It was amazing what difference a single day could do make in one’s life. Where fear had made me hesitate before Tricia’s place yesterday, it was embarrassment that made the pause before Mistress’ today.

I didn’t deserve to be here.

I needed a moment to settle my nerves so I took a step back to take in the scene before me, immediately noticing the ocean theme. The privacy hedge was sculpted into a wave pattern, complete with pointed peaks of differing heights and widths. There were two bird feeder fountains in the yard, one with a mermaid thrusting up from the waters, and the other with an octopus sitting atop it, tentacles draped down over the edges of the bowl.

“Wow.”

This was impressive. I wandered along the hedge and bit and peaked over the troughs between sculpted waves, Her garden - itself immaculate, without so much as a weed or blade of grass - was bordered not with stone or cheap plastic barrier, but an undulating, sinuous wall of coral. Inside the garden, I could see shells of various types and sizes scattered throughout, with ceramic seahorses all but hidden between the rose bushes.

I wondered if the gardener was a client, and whether he traded services for time in her dungeon. If so, then he must have spent a lot of time beneath her heel.

This was art.

As I walked back down the hedge and began to slowly make my way up the front walk, I noticed the ocean theme didn't stop at the garden. Her windows were small seascapes themselves, white foam stretching across each in diaphanous curtains, with blue-green waves of heavy drapes crashing at the edges. It was hard to see from outside, but it looked as if the curtains were tied back with cords of seaweed. I stepped up onto the porch and my fingers trailed around the faux-marble column, pitted and colored to look like it had spent centuries under water.

It felt weird to be so nervous, but my stomach was churning as I lifted the small brass crab of a doorknocker.

When the door opened, I almost apologized for having the wrong house. I had never seen Mistress outside of the dungeon, and never considered what she might look like when off duty. Seeing her in such a casual setting, looking . . . well, not ordinary, for she could never be ordinary, but laid back and relaxed, was a shock.

“Um, hi?” I didn’t mean for it to sound like a question, but I was still processing the vision before me.

She was wearing a casual sundress, white with a single long-stemmed rose growing up from the bottom hem, curving across her ample waist, and then coming to an end with the flower itself blossoming around her beautiful right breast. Her feet and legs were bare, and aside from a dark, plum-red polish on her fingers and her toes, she didn’t seem to be wearing any makeup.

What threw me the most, though, was her hair. It stuck out in all directions, a fan of tight, kinky black curls that bounced and swayed as she tilted her head. I had never seen her in anything but the tightest of ponytails, with everything tied back and smoothed down. It looked amazing, and it suited her in a way I had never considered.

“Mistress.” I coughed to cover my shock. “You look amazing.”

“Not what you expected, I take it?”

Before I could respond, she invited me in. The door closed softly but firmly behind us. As my eyes adjusted to the light, I was only half-surprised to see that the left side of the hallway was one giant aquarium. She beckoned me forward

with a single curl of her finger. I followed her down the hall and into the wide-open, brightly illuminated room on the other side of that aquarium. It didn't just run alongside the wall, it was part of the wall, with the fish visible from both sides.

She lowered herself into one of the easy chairs that faced the picture window. I instinctively moved to kneel before her, but she held her palm up to stop me. Instead, she pointed to the chair beside her. "Please, sit. We have much to discuss, and you have much to understand before we settle into what I hope will be a mutually fulfilling relationship. As was the case with your first visit to the dungeon, we will negotiate limits and expectations before entertaining thoughts of anything else."

We simply sat there for a few minutes, our gazes meeting every now and again, with a smile gracing my face every time I turned back from exploring the room to find her watching me. It was like a cross between a first date and a job interview, but I appreciated how it served to further distance us from her dungeon on the other side of town.

"I'm sure you've noticed the ocean theme running throughout the house," she said, breaking the silence. "I chose it because it soothes me, and because it reminds me of my place in the universe. It reminds me that no matter how confident or powerful we feel, no matter how in control we think we are, there is always something out there to which we must submit."

She took a moment to smooth the dress over her knee. I could almost see her rehearsing the conversation in her head.

"It's a lesson I learned seven years ago." She paused. "I don't often talk about how I came to be, but I have no fear of spoiling the fantasy for you." A tiny smirk lifted the corner of her smile. "Back then, I was working another dungeon, studying under the only woman to ever dominate me. She's amazing, as I'm sure – as I hope – you'll discover, should things proceed as I desire."

I raised my eye at that, curious, but she kept going.

"Anyway, I had saved enough to afford a surgical vacation, and I spent two glorious months on a gorgeous little beach in the Pacific. That was where I had my facial and vocal feminization surgeries, upgraded my breast implants, underwent my liposuction, and had my butt done. Healing was a slow and

painful process, and I spent much of the first few weeks hiding in my hotel room. One more after a particularly tumultuous storm, with the debris of other lives scattered along the beach, it just hit me that the whole reason I'd gone there was to come out of hiding. So, I grabbed a book and a towel, hit the beach, and spent the rest of my time there."

Mistress wasn't looking at me, but at the aquarium beside us. Judging by the look in her eyes, though, she was looking beyond that tiny box of blue and into another place, another time.

"I watched the water, watched the waves, and marveled at how they reshaped the beach throughout the day. I'm not just talking about washing out sandcastles but redefining the shoreline with every tide. I saw those waves swaddle young children, nudging them back to safety, and I saw them toss grown men about like they were nothing. I watched ships sail with the tide, and I saw ships crash and capsize trying to fight against it."

She smiled at the memory, and it was the most beautiful smile I had ever seen on her face.

I'd never been to the ocean myself but, at that moment, I felt like I'd been there with her.

"I saw a gigantic cruise ship run around on shifting sandbar. I saw a grand, three-mast sailing ship sitting becalmed for days. I saw the glass-like placidity of the ocean in the morning, and the angry, violently choppy waves of a stormy evening. I studied the ocean, and I learned to find a feeling of peace in it that neither family nor faith was ever able to offer."

I could almost see the threads of memory snap as she nodded her head. When she turned to face me, however, she was firmly back in the moment. "This is my home, Tom. This is my solace. My refuge. My sanctuary. I do not bring clients here, and I do not play scenes here."

"It suits you, Mistress." I felt strange to be speaking to her like that, having a conversation as opposed to responding to direction, but her smile encouraged me to continue. "This is not at all how I would have envisioned your home, and I feel very foolish about that. I'm still not entirely sure why you asked me here, but I am grateful for the trust it shows."

“And that is why you are here.” She uncrossed her legs and tucked her feet beneath her instead. “You are a natural submissive. You have an instinctive understanding of your place and your role. It is like nothing I have ever seen in a client, and I have been thinking of this moment for a long time. As I said, this is my home, not a dungeon, and I am not interested in playing out scenes here. And yet . . .” she leaned forward, breasts of darkest brown straining against the front of the dress, “and yet, I am still a Mistress, and I still crave that exchange of power.”

We sat there, silent, for what seemed like an eternity, yet was surely no more than a few minutes. “Tell me,” she finally asked, settling back into the chair, “if you were to live with me, and I were to come in that door, still dressed from a long day at the dungeon, what would you do?”

I thought about it for a moment. I could see she approved. “First off, I would take your coat and your purse and put them aside. I would then help you to remove whatever it is you were wearing.”

“Why?” She leaned into the interruption.

“To make you comfortable,” was my automatic response.

“Explain.”

I licked my lips, suddenly having trouble reading her. “Well, I would unzip your dress if you were wearing something tight and clingy, or step behind you to unlace your corset, if that’s what you were wearing.” I started, aware of how that might sound. “Not to get you naked,” I protested, “and not to fulfill any sort of fantasy, but to make you comfortable.”

“Good.” She nodded. “Continue.”

“I would then follow you into the house. I imagine you would head for the bedroom first. There I would wait until you sat on the bed. Then I would help to remove your boots, unroll your stockings, and massage your feet.”

“Why?” There was a glint in her eyes. “You’ve never expressed a foot fetish before.”

“Not for me, Mistress. For you. I imagine your feet must ache from wearing

those heels all day, so I would want to relax your feet and your legs.”

“And then?” She licked her lips, teasing me with her tongue. “Would you allow those hands to wander up to stroke my cock? Would you offer my breasts a massage as well?”

“Not unless we had become accustomed to such a welcoming, and I knew that was what you desired.” I didn’t even have to think about what came next. “After finishing with your legs, I would move behind you, release your hair, and help loosen it about your shoulders. I would then set about massaging the tension from your shoulders and your neck.”

She not only smiled, but she also clapped her hands. “That’s what I’m talking about. A mere scene sub would have knelt before me in the hallway and waited for instruction, completely oblivious to how tired or uncomfortable I might be. Not you. You are a natural. You don’t submit to a scene, you submit to a role, and you understand your role to be one of service, comfort, and pleasure.”

Something clicked for me at that point, and that excited me.

For the first time, I saw the possibilities within this house.

Mistress pulled open a drawer in the table between us – an octopus of polished oak, standing on its tentacles – and withdrew three boxes. Her plum-colored nails traced shapes in the dust that covered each box. “These three items have been waiting a long time for the right person. I honestly believe that might be you.”

She handed me the first, a black box about an inch high, and roughly four inches on each side. When she nodded, I lifted the lid to find a pair of slender black leather collars inside. The first was a tanned sort of brown leather with a metal snap with which to close it, while the other was glossy black PVC, with no snaps, no buckles, no holes at all. No way to close it around a throat.

“Should you choose to wear that one,” she said, taking the shiny collar from my hand, “I will one day seal it around your neck myself. I will have you wear other collars, now and then, as I so desire. Big, heavy, thick collars that choke you, restrain you, and force your posture into shapes I find pleasing. That,” she pointed to the simple leather collar, “is what you will wear, for now. It’s slender and discreet, easily dismissed as a piece of jewelry, but we will always know

better.”

It made sense. It was thoughtful and deliberate, the mark of a woman who had given great thought to taking the power exchange out of the dungeon and into her home.

“I have never before placed such a permanent mark of ownership on someone,” she whispered, her fingers trailing along the black PVC, “but ...”

When she trailed off, I impulsively leaned in and kissed her hand. “I am honored. I will wear either proudly, as you see fit, and strive to become worthy of both.”

The second box was more cube-shaped, heavier, and it made a noise when I took it from her hand. Again, I waited for her sign, and only then did I lift the lid. Inside was a pair of chastity cages, one of clear plastic and the other stainless steel. I’d heard of them, of course, but had never seen one up close. They looked both smaller and more significant than I had imagined, but the steel one was a surprisingly heavy and complex bit of metal.

“Should you choose to wear that,” she said, pointing to the steel cage, “I will place it around your penis and your balls.” She paused to look me in the eye. “I have a cock; you have a penis. Best you get the terminology right.” She continued. “I will then secure it with that pin you see at its base. Once secured, nothing short of an industrial tool will remove it.”

“Full-time chastity, Mistress?” I was taken aback. “Permanent chastity?” The cage felt even heavier in my hands. “I have to be honest, that scares me.”

“Tom, think back to all our sessions. Have I ever touched your penis?”

I had to smile at that. “Other than to hit it with your crop? No.”

“And in all your relations with Tricia, has she ever touched it?”

“Well, no,” I admitted. “I was her cuckold. Our relationship wasn’t about my pleasure, but about worshipping hers.”

“Tell me, Tom, when was the last time you penetrated a woman?”

I opened my mouth to respond, but realized I had no idea. “Um, years, Mistress. Three, maybe four.”

“I thought as much.” She uncurled one leg, stretched it across the gap, and traced a line down the bulge in my pants with her toe. “For now, you should have no trouble getting accustomed to the plastic trainer,” she told me, “but I expect to see you in steel before month’s end.”

“Understood, Mistress.” I smiled. “Thank you.”

She offered me the last box. “Open this, and then I will explain what was so wrong with your last relationship, and how ours will be different.”

Inside the last box was a silicone butt plug, larger than anything I’d ever played with myself, and oddly shaped with ridges and ripples leading to its rounded peak.

“Should you choose to submit to me, Tom, you will be surrendering control of yourself and your orgasms to me. That is not to say you won’t have them. Not at all. A true power exchange contains a pleasure exchange as well.” She slid her foot down from my crotch. She leaned in, took my free hand, and drew me forward. I felt the heat as she laid it upon the bulge beneath her dress.

I’d chosen to begin seeing her specifically because she was a transsexual Mistress, a woman who advertised herself as a BBW with a BBC, but not once had I ever seen her cock, much less felt it. Her dungeon was not a place for sex. She was a dominatrix, not an escort, and even begging for a glimpse of her ebony member was enough to get you banned from her presence.

This . . . this was significant.

“Chastity is not about denial, Tom, but about focus. Your penis is no longer a thing of pleasure.” I felt her cock twitch beneath my hand. “Only mine is.” She closed my fingers about her shaft and guided me in stroking it. “You will give my cock pleasure, and it will provide the same for you. In a different way, of course.”

On the surface, it seemed like a lot to ask.

The idea of giving up that much power was scary, and yet it was also exciting.

“Tell me what you’re thinking, Tom. You’ll soon come to understand that your thoughts belong to me as much as your body.” She winked. “Something else to get used to.”

I nodded. “I’m nervous, Mistress.” I knew better than to hide anything. “This seems like so much, to be collared and caged and plugged all the time. I wonder what that will do to me, how that will change me, but then I realize I’m not giving up that much. You were right. My pleasure has always come through pleasing others. Knowing Tricia got fucked hard and deep, and cleaning the evidence of it from between her legs, that was more than just my role as a cuckold, it was my purpose as a submissive.”

She smiled. Her hand held mine in place, but she began thrusting into our combined grip.

“It is the same with you. A bit more selfish perhaps, because I genuinely love the idea of worshipping your she-cock.” I shivered with a sudden deep longing. “As we sit here, the once forbidden thought of feeling your cum flood my mouth excites me, far more than feeling my own leak out, because it’s evidence that I have done my job and brought you pleasure.” This was all new to me, but that didn’t make it any less true. “I came to your dungeon because I like being dominated, because I love being restrained and punished, but it was always your satisfaction that mattered most to me.”

“Whatever you want, Mistress. Whatever you like, Mistress. Whatever you desire, Mistress.” She shook her head. “Do you know how many submissives have said those words to me? When what they really wanted was to be free of the need to decide? Giving me control was never about submitting to my needs, my desires, but about absolving themselves of responsibility for their own. It’s what we call topping from below, and I despise it.”

I blanched. I had told her the same thing. Often. Every time in fact.

If I had expected her to pull away, however, she did the exact opposite. She began fucking our hands with long, hard strokes, her breath coming shorter with each.

“You, Tom, have always been the exception. It took me a while to see it, to hear it, to accept it, but you are the only person I have ever heard genuinely mean those words. Yes, you share the submissive tendency to avoid choices, but you

were always more interested in serving my needs and fulfilling my pleasure than in claiming your own. You genuinely wanted what I wanted. You always took more enjoyment from my pleasure than your own.”

I nodded, but I was having trouble concentrating with the way she was writhing beneath my hand.

“Collar?” Her question was a single word, but it carried so much meaning.

“Yes, Mistress.” I squeezed her cock, feeling it leap against my hand. “I am honored.”

She bared her teeth and bit her bottom lip. “Cage?” she managed to gasp.

It occurred to me at that moment that she had not said I must accept these things, or that they were conditions of our relationship.

No, she had offered them to me.

She’d given me choices.

As erotic and sensual as this was, we were still negotiating.

And, wonder of all wonders, I was choosing to surrender it all.

“Yes, Mistress.” The answer surprised me. I felt her dress grow damp with precum and I knew my answer was the right one. “I am humbled.”

With a growl, she stood from the chair. I saw her dress tent before her. I started to kneel, but she stopped me with a finger beneath my chin. “Plug?”

“Yes, Mistress.” I smiled, feeling cheeky. “I am delighted.”

“Hold.”

Instead of allowing me to take her into my mouth and coax her to orgasm, she lifted her dress and continued stroking herself. My eyes roamed back and forth from her breasts to her cock, taking in the familiar darkness beneath her pendulous breasts, the jewel dangling from her belly button, the trio of stretch marks that framed her waist, the exaggerated flair of her well-rounded waist, and

the perfect triangle that of hair that pointed to the base of her cock. I watched as its head glistened with the precum her hand squeezed from the tip.

It was magnificent. It was mesmerizing.

When she came, it was with a controlled eruption. She gasped and moaned, but kept her hand clenched tight around her cock, carefully directing the spurts of cum toward me. The first took me in the chin. I started to lower my head, to put my mouth within range, but she used her other hand to shove my forehead back. The next spurt of cum landed squarely on my throat, her hand moving the shaft left and then right, leaving me with a line of warm, sticky cum.

Mistress stepped closer and used the head of her softening cock to spread the cum further around my throat. “Consider yourself collared,” she gasped.

I shuddered at the implication. “Nothing else will ever lay so heavy or so warm.” I smiled. I was happy. Happy like I had not been in years. “Thank you.”

“Thank you.” With that, Mistress leaned down and kissed me, something she had never done before. Her lips felt soft, yet firm, fuller than any I had ever kissed before. They dominated my own, taking control of the kiss. “I’m going to get cleaned up,” she whispered. “You can let that dry.”

I just nodded, at a total loss for words.

“Meet me in the kitchen in twenty minutes, and I’ll show you how I like my dinner prepared.”



## Dating a Dominatrix

I awoke the next morning, half certain it had all been a dream. Mistress and I had lain in bed all night, talking, while I worshipped her body with my hands. We discussed many things, all tying our separate pasts and our shared future together, reassuring us both that this was indeed the right move. She had told me, quite bluntly and quite explicitly, that she expected there would be days ahead where things she would require of me would cause me to lose my nerve, to second guess myself, and to beg to be released.

She also assured me that, were I to ask three times, she would grant that release.

After which we would never see one another again.

Laying there, on a Sunday morning, with the first rays of sunlight illuminating her sleeping curves, there was no place else on Earth that I would rather be. A week from now? With my cock – my penis! I had to get used to calling it that - sore from straining against its cage? With my ass cheeks chafed from the butt plug wiggling between them all day long? With my neck sweaty and red, feeling more weight from the collar than was really there? I liked to think I could deal with it all, but I knew it would be the questions – from friends, family, and coworkers – that would place the greatest strain on my commitment.

As I rolled into my stomach and slipped further beneath the sheets, however, I vowed that no matter how I might bend, I would never break.

This was not something we had discussed, and I feared that I was taking a liberty that was not permitted, but I could think of no better way for Mistress to start the day than with an orgasm provided by her new live-in slave. I gently kissed my way down her stomach. I wanted to dip my tongue into her chocolate belly button and tug on her piercing with my teeth, but I didn't want to wake her.

Not yet.

I continued down, my lips sliding across her pubic triangle. I kissed the head of her cock and was surprised to find it already sticky with precum. Apparently, her

sleep had been as erotically charged as mine. I know some people say it has very little taste, but there was a hint of sweetness to Mistress' precum. It was thicker than my own, and I could feel it coating my tongue. I paused there for a moment and lapped at her slit, but a slight twitch of her thigh told me she'd be waking soon.

Even soft and only half-erect, her cock was impressive. It wasn't ridiculously huge. It wasn't porn-star fantasy extreme, but it would be more than enough to leave you with a sore throat - or painfully gaped ass - when she was done. In terms of length, her erect cock was comparable to my limp penis, perhaps on the long side of average, but it had an upward curve to it that I suspected would hit all the right spots should I ever be so lucky to feel it inside me. Its width, though? Its girth? As I took the whole thing into my mouth and began tickling the underside with my tongue, I was reminded that was where she put average to shame.

She grew quickly inside my mouth, filling me with her essence. Before she started poking at my throat, I opened even wider and invited her balls inside. With my mouth full, I just held her there, taking note of how warm and heavy she felt, how sweaty and not-quite-sour she tasted. With a twitch below and a moan from above, she started growing again, forcing those balls out of my mouth as her shaft pressed against the back of my throat. It wasn't long before I was practicing my swallowing and my breathing, surrendering the depths of my throat to her unconscious penetration.

Moments later I felt the sheets lifted away from us. I felt her hand come down to cradle the back of my head. Her fingers slid into my mess of morning bedhead. She tickled my scalp for a moment, and then grabbed a fistful of hair and pulled me tight against her.

"I like this," she cooed. "I think I'll have you wake me up like this every morning."

I couldn't speak, so I settled for looking up at her, my eyes broadcasting my smiling compliance.

I'd have loved nothing more myself.

Mistress began arching her back, thrusting into my mouth, while her hand held my head in place. She fucked my throat in short, quick strokes while I frantically

tried to suck, lick, and swallow all at the same time. It hurt. I was becoming lightheaded from the lack of air. I wasn't about to stop, though. Nothing had ever felt so good.

She didn't make a word as she came, but I knew her orgasm was approaching. I felt her balls tense against my chin, and I felt her back arch a little higher. It was only a few spurts, and all of them deposited directly down my throat, but it was incredible.

I had done that.

I had awaked her with my mouth, and her first load of the day was mine.

Without a word, she rolled over and slipped off the bed. I watched her ample, well-rounded ass bounce as she strolled purposely into the bathroom, the dimpled scar on her right cheek keeping time with her steps. I feared I had done something wrong, overstepped a boundary, but I knew I couldn't start having doubts now.

She said she liked it.

She said she wanted me to wake her like that every morning.

I had to believe in that. In her. In us.

Forty minutes later, we sat down to breakfast. Mistress was dressed in a simple pair of black tights and a grey oversized t-shirt. Her luxurious black hair was loose and bouncy with curls once again, and her face was exquisitely made up - her lips, cheeks, and eyes as perfect as they always were.

As for me, I was naked but for my little plastic cage. I had thought it was the right choice, since she had not given me permission to dress, but as she grabbed a slice of toast and dipped it into her eggs, I began to feel a little awkward.

Silly even.

"Tom." She finished her bite of toast. As she swallowed, she reached across the

table, her palm open, facing up. She smiled when I immediately placed my hand into hers. “I apologize for my abruptness this morning.”

I was taken aback. I had not expected an apology. It had never even occurred to me that one might be needed.

“Having you as a live-in submissive is already paying huge dividends, and we haven’t even formally entered you into my service. That blowjob was lovely, and this breakfast is delightful, although we will have to talk calorie counts later.” She squeezed my hand. “As much thought as I had given all this, there were things I had not considered. Mornings being one of them.”

As much as I wanted to ask what she meant, to prompt her for more, I knew to wait.

“In the dungeon,” she told me, “life is all about the fantasy. We are the roles we play, with no past to define us, and with no present baggage to weigh us down. There, you are the submissive cock-hungry cuckold, and I am the merciless shemale bitch.” She paused, and I could see that she was uncomfortable. “Here, in my home, we exist outside that fantasy. And that means seeing me at my worst, at my most natural.”

She squeezed my hand again. I slipped my free hand beneath her and squeezed it from both sides.

“Let me be blunt. You know that shemales are made, not born. We have already discussed my surgeries and my hormones, and you saw some of my costuming tricks last night as you undressed me. I guess I was just concerned that seeing me without makeup, with bags under my eyes and ridiculous bedhead, you might catch a glimpse of . . . well, who I was before. That was why I hurried from the bed.”

“Mistress.” I smiled. “You have nothing to hide, and nothing to fear. I laid beside you for half an hour this morning, just staring at your face. Watching you sleep.” I turned our hands over and began gently stroking hers. “What I saw was simply your natural beauty, the shape of your inner femininity given form. I saw nothing to suggest otherwise.”

“I thank you for that.” This time when she smiled, I saw a tear escape her eye. In a way, seeing such vulnerability in her made me uncomfortable, but I thrilled to

the knowledge that my submission, my sincerity, had already touched her.

“You are very welcome, Mistress.”

“It’s a good thing we’re not formally collaring you quite yet,” she laughed. “I may need more time than I thought to find my footing with all this.” She released my hand and reached for another slice of toast. “It may take us some time to find that footing together, to balance real life with fantasy, to find the perfect line where affection meets domination, but I am increasingly confident that I chose well with you.”

What she said next thrilled me to the core.

“You please me, Tom. I had no expected that, not so soon.” There was a twinkle in her eye that I knew well from the dungeon. “You’re going to be a very good little bitch.”

We spent the day being a couple – after, of course, she allowed me to dress. We walked the neighborhood together, had lunch at a little café, and even did a little grocery shopping for dinner. She was a strong, assertive woman, but also one with a biting sense of humor and a very soft heart. In one breath she could chastise a waiter for allowing a drop of coffee to stain the café’s tablecloth, and in the next she was cooing and waving at the baby being burped across from us.

In a sense, it was like a first date, but it was also like a reunion of old friends. One thing that did come up early in the day was the question of how to address her. In my head, in her house, and in her dungeon, she would always be Mistress. She had not told me her first name, and I didn’t wish to know it. That was a level of familiarity we both agreed was unfitting for a submissive, even without having to discuss it. While I would be honey, dear, sweetie, or whatever she felt suitable for me at the moment, my vanilla term of address for her would be ‘Em’ – or, as we secretly knew it to be, ‘M’ . . . for Mistress.

We also talked, at length, about our passions, our fetishes, our desires, and our beliefs. She understood and accepted mine. Wholly and without question. She already knew most of them from her dungeon. As much as Tricia had always claimed to accept me, she’d never really understood how I could worship

women, hold them in such high regard, and yet have such a fetish for cocks and cum. Mistress not only understood, but she pointed out that much of why our relationship worked so well was because she embodied both sides of my fantasy.

I felt like an idiot, having it pointed out to me like that, but she was right.

In her, I could worship the feminine form, submit myself to female supremacy, and yet still worship the power of cock. She helped me to realize that what I had shared with Tricia had only been a half-measure, something of a coping mechanism. Sharing a gloryhole with her allowed me to isolate myself from the masculine, focusing on cock to the exclusion of anything or anyone to which it was attached. Similarly, in being her cleanup cuckold, I enjoyed the power of cock and the glory of cum through her femininity. The reason I felt such a betrayal that final day was because she tried to force me to embrace something that I had no interest in.

With Mistress, things were a bit more complex, but we were more alike than I had ever expected. She celebrated the female form to which she had so long aspired, and she believed in female supremacy, but she too believed in the power of cock - only for her it was a matter not of worship, but of being worshipped. Rather than isolating genders, she described herself as polyamorous, attracted to all submissive forms of identity and expression. She was quick to assure me, though, that she was quite pleased with me just the way I was. Aside from caging my penis and denying me ownership of my orgasms, she had no desire to emasculate or feminize me.

It didn't interest her, and she understood that it would be a betrayal of who I was. It wasn't that I found it to be humiliating or emasculating - the exact opposite in fact. To embrace the feminine, even in something as simple as a pair of panties, would be to lay claim to something sacred, to something that was above my station. I had nothing but respect for those who could entertain that crossing of boundaries. I found some sissies, crossdressers, and drag queens to be just as attractive as any woman. I just couldn't entertain what I felt would be the disrespect required for me to pretend to such femininity.

We had many such conversations like that over the following months. At first, it seemed odd to be talking of such intimate and kinky things in public, where any

stranger could overhear, but Mistress never failed to make me feel at ease, no matter where we were. The more we talked about our fantasies and fetishes, the more I found myself opening up to her. I learned a lot about what I had always assumed were my limits, and just how far I felt my curiosity might take us.

Our season of dating, as Mistress liked to call it, was a chance to get to know one another on an intimate level. It was my formal period of consideration, an opportunity to prove myself beyond the walls of the dungeon. While she already knew I was an exemplary submissive, one she felt confident would prove to be the perfect slave, she needed to know that I could be a suitable companion in those quiet moments at home.

One season.

Four months.

Seventeen weeks.

One-hundred-and-twenty-two days.

It should have seemed like an eternity, but I treasured every single moment spent in her company. She awoke with her cock in my mouth every morning and came home from the dungeon to my massaging hands every afternoon. Evenings were a peculiar affair that saw us do ‘normal’ couple things like watch TV, read in front of the fire, listen to music, or play games, only I was usually in some sort of bondage, and spankings could come at any time, for no reason other than she desired to give them. Every Sunday night she would milk my prostate with her finger, and then have me lick up my own mess.

I longed to feel something larger than her digits, to submit myself to her pleasure, but she insisted that wait until our commitment was sealed. She did not fuck submissives, no matter how well behaved. She would fuck her slave, but not until I was just that – her slave.

In case you’re wondering, I did indeed have my difficult moments, just as she predicted. My first day back to work, that collar felt like six inches of neon lead. I was sure everyone could see it. I became completely paranoid as the day went by. I almost removed it, figuring I could snap it back on before I got home, but that would have been a betrayal of trust. I confessed to Mistress that night, and as proud as she was of my honesty, she did paddle my ass until I cried.

Chastity was an even tougher adjustment. After just four days I was so frustrated and sore. I chafed everywhere, and my erections – attempted, arrested, and denied – plagued me day and night. It reached the point one fateful morning at the office when I found myself standing before the urinal, needing desperately to pee, but suddenly feeling the weight of knowing I would never stand to pee again. My tantrum resulted in me punching the tiled wall so hard that I bruised my hand. Again, I told Mistress the truth, and this time the punishment was both more intimate and harder to endure.

First, she took the crop to me, alternating between the naked soles of my feet, my thighs, and my ass, until I was crisscrossed with red welts. That wasn't to punish me for my thoughts or my outburst, but for neglecting her property. I should have told her about my chafing, she had creams for that, and asking for them wasn't a mark of weakness but of submission.

Next, she had me stroke her cock with my damaged hand all evening long. Every time I winced or hissed with the pain of moving my fingers or closing my hand, she reminded me that while I was hers to hurt, she would not suffer me hurting myself, especially over something so silly as having to sit to pee. Mistress had me edge her to the brink of orgasm again and again but denied me the pleasure of her release. Instead, she had me crawl behind her to the bathroom and watch as she stroked her load into the toilet. The pain of seeing her precious seed wasted was worse than anything physical. It opened my eyes to who I was . . . and who I wanted to be.

One of the most difficult changes to become accustomed to, however, was that she no longer permitted me to drive. That was the only time I even considered asking for my release. She sold my car, confiscated my license, and forced me to rely upon her for transportation. Driving, she argued, was too much control for a submissive. That was hard. That was a bigger denial of freedom than collar and cage combined. The way it curtailed my freedoms and put restraints on my ability to do my job, a career that required me to travel regularly, was emasculating in ways panties and bras could never be.

There was no question, though, that being completely reliant upon her served to enhance my submission, and I eventually came to appreciate my place.

During our dating period, I learned to endure – and enjoy – a very different kind of cuckolding than I was accustomed to. It was less physical than what I had shared with Tricia, but somehow more intimate. I knew Mistress spent her days with a wide variety of male, female, nonbinary, and transgender clients. She told me over breakfast each morning what she was expecting of the day, and she teased me over dinner each evening with some of the most salacious details of their shared experiences. No names, mind you – she took client confidentiality seriously – but enough details that I began to imagine names and faces for her regulars, just so I could keep them straight in my head and ask her questions to show I was paying attention.

Physically, I was kept at arms' length from the dungeon, enjoying nothing more than the scent of sweat and cum on her leathers, with nothing for me to clean up. I could picture everything she told me, and it was completely different than what Tricia had tried to force me into. I found myself envious of the time those clients spent with Mistress. Listening to the details of their pleasures and punishments was a challenge to my chastity. Their arousal triggered my own, and I became increasingly jealous. Mistress seemed to thrive on that, but she also took care to remind me that things would change following my formal collaring.

My first taste of what life might be like following that formal collaring came late in October, when I made one of my twice-a-week visits to my old house. Amidst the pile of junk mail and bills inside the front door was a notice from the bank, reminding me that my mortgage was coming due for renewal. I usually just called the 1-800 number and approved the automatic renewal at the new rate, but I knew that was a decision that needed to be placed in Mistress' hands.

She told me to sell it. She didn't make it an ultimatum, but pointed out I hadn't lived there in months, and she would rather I not have any backup plans or escape routes that would interfere with my overall focus on becoming her perfect slave. Besides, the market was strong, and I'd make a significant profit off the sale. It was a big decision, a huge severing of ties with life outside her home, but the more I thought about it the more I realized she was right. Her home would never truly feel like mine so long as I had clothes, bills, and silly possessions across town.

Mistress made all the arrangements. She planned to sell the house and invest the

profits in my name, with the interest payments going to her, for a 5-year term, after which, the entirety of the funds would transfer to her, with me as the sole beneficiary should anything happen to Mistress. It was not a backup plan or escape hatch, but a contingency plan to ensure her property was taken care of in her absence. Some might call that foolish, and I certainly wondered if we were moving too fast, but it was just a house, and five years was more than enough time to know whether it was the right decision.

The house had been on the market for less than a week when I received a text from Mistress. She liked to tease me while I was working, to issue tasks that I had to complete, so the message notification itself was not a surprise. The contents of the message, however, were.

*[I have called an Uber to pick you up.]*

*[He knows where to go.]*

*[You will understand when you get here.]*

*[Do not keep me waiting.]*

Fortunately, I was in the office that day, not in the middle of an on-site contract. I sent a quick email to my boss, telling him I'd come down with a migraine and had called for a ride to take me home. I did not wait for a reply. I left everything on my desk, grabbed my phone, and raced down the back stairs, where I figured the odds of being caught in a bit of workplace hooky would be least likely to be discovered. I nearly slipped coming around the second-floor landing when a used condom squished under my foot, but I quickly righted myself.

A small grey Toyota was idling at the end of the alley, an old AC/DC song shaking the windows with the bass rumble. The passenger window rolled down and a freckled, college-aged kid leaned across the seats. "You Tom?"

"That's me." I climbed into the front seat. Fast food wrappers crinkled beneath

my feet. He was pulling into traffic before I even had my seatbelt on. “Whoa. In a hurry, are we?”

He grinned at me, his knuckles white on the steering wheel. “Broad who called said you’d pay me an even fifty if I got you there before one o’clock.” He pulled into a bike lane to make the right-hand turn. “By my watch, we’ve got about ten minutes.”

To his credit, we made it in nine, and without breaking a single traffic law. He bent a few, sure, but none so broken that he’d be in for anything more than a warning had he been caught. I handed him the fifty from my wallet – the entirety of my allowance for the day. It was only then that I realized where we were.

My house.

Not that I recognized it. Not at first.

The realtor had cut the lawn, power-washed the driveway, and planted a trio of flower beds around the property. The porch had been re-stained, and the concrete stairs patched. I paused for a moment to take in the larger picture and noticed that the windows all had new curtains, and the wood trim had been painted a fresh white. Probably less than a thousand dollars’ worth of improvements, but it was worth it. It looked like a whole new house.

The cracking open of the front door caught my eye. I rushed up the stairs and stepped inside.

“Mistress.” She was standing inside the narrow hallway, a vision in sweaty, disheveled ebony. Her hair was sticking out from its tight ponytail, and her eye shadow had run. I could see sweat beading on her upper lip and resting in the curves of her collarbones. She had on a black bra that had shifted, leaving one chocolate nipple on display. Her cock was glistening with someone else’s juices, dangling half-limp, and still twitching. Stockings encased both legs, the usually perfect seams twisted. I dropped to my knees and planted a kiss on each of her shiny black pumps.

“Welcome to your old home,” she whispered. “It’s time to say goodbye.” She snapped her fingers and I climbed back to my feet. “Undress and I will give you the tour.”

At this point in our relationship I could undress in a heartbeat, folding everything in a seamless maneuver, without conscious thought.

Mistress led me through the house, pointing out all the minor renovations and improvements the realtor had made. My estimate of the outside was bang-on, but there was another two thousand dollars' worth of improvements inside. Most of it was little things, like paint touchups and scuff mark removal, but I also noticed some new throw rugs, a few tasteful paintings, and new lamps or lighting fixtures in every room.

“Heather appraised it at just under three-hundred-thousand,” she told me as we climbed the stairs to the half-story where my bedroom was. “We listed it at three-hundred-fifty.” She paused outside what I suddenly realized was no longer my bedroom door. The door itself was hardly necessary for privacy, being the only room on that floor, but it served to contain the air conditioning in the summer. “It sold this morning for four-hundred-and-twenty, with an immediate close, no conditions.”

The moment she opened the door, I smelled sex. The scent billowed out of the room. It was so strong, so feminine in power, that it nearly drove me back to my knees. As Mistress stepped aside, I could see an older blonde woman laying on my old bed, her thighs pressed tightly together, with one arm covering her slightly sagging breasts. She wasn't beautiful, not like Mistress, but certainly attractive. Most people would have said she probably looked better when she wasn't tired, sweaty, and covered in smeared makeup, but I thought the evidence of arousal made her look alive.

There was a smart pantsuit draped over my headboard, and a pair of smart heels sitting at the end of the bed.

In the hand that wasn't covering her breasts, I saw a thick stack of papers.

“Heather is a regular client of the dungeon,” Mistress explained, her voice dripping and sweet. It was a voice I had almost forgotten about, the powerful, seductive, honeyed voice she used with clients. She did not need to force it with me at home. “She is also one of the select few I have invited deeper, into my private playroom.”

I shuddered at that. If I wasn't already jealous of the clearly well-fucked woman, that news made my penis twitch painfully in its cage. The playroom was a place

of legend, a rumor to those who had never been invited inside, and a secret to those who had.

It was a place to which I had never been invited, although Mistress told me one night not long ago that I had actually earned an invitation, but she'd withheld it, already knowing she wanted more from me. She had promised I would indeed set foot inside someday. In fact, she assured me I would be a regular, discovering new depths of cuckold submission inside. That would not happen, however, until our relationship was sealed.

“When I asked her advice on selling your home, she offered to take care of all the arrangements, commission-free. Since taking away her income would make it more difficult to continue affording my services, I proposed something . . . a little different. After all, it was your house. It's only fair you have a role to play in thanking her for her service.”

When the woman on the bed sighed, I started. It was a sound I'd heard from myself every night since Mistress had taken me into her home. I hadn't thought about it before but, hearing it from her lips made me realize it was neither a masculine nor feminine sound, but a submissive one. “One I was only too happy to accept, Mistress.”

Mistress took the paperwork from Heather's hand. She pulled a pen from between the blond woman's breasts. “There are stickers where you need to sign.” She pressed both into my hands. The pen was slick with sweat and sticky with cum. The smell made me weak in the knees. “Be quick. Your celebratory champagne is cooling.”

I scrawled my name in all the places indicated, never pausing to read a word. I knew what Mistress and I had discussed. I trusted her to ensure everything was in order. To have wasted time second-guessing her would have been both rude and disobedient.

“Heather and I fucked,” she whispered in my ear as I signed. “I used her like the bitch that she is.” She moved around to my other ear. My nipples grew hard, even as my penis couldn't. “I fucked her face. I fucked her tits. I fucked her cunt. I fucked her ass.” She stepped behind me. I could feel her breath on my neck. A moment later, I could feel her cock rising to brush against my ass. “I left her stretched and well-used, full of hot, thick cum.” As I left a final shaky signature

on the last page, Mistress reached around to fondle my caged penis. I groaned in delicious pain. “Be my cuckold.” She yanked hard on my balls, digging her nails into the tender flesh. “Clean up this mess.”

“Yes, Mistress.” I handed her the papers and pen. “Thank you, Mistress.”

“Open up, bitch.” Mistress slipped back into her honeyed tones. “Time to feed the cuck.”

The moment Heather spread her legs, I could see the wet, glistening, dripping mess that was her pussy. It was a mature woman’s pussy, its hole larger than any I had ever enjoyed, and the lips of her labia draped to either side like fat curtains.

I didn’t take the time to admire it.

I dove right in.

As many times as I had enjoyed the taste of Mistress’s cum, it was a whole new taste when mixed with the juices of a woman. It reminded me, just for a moment, of feasting on Tricia’s well-fucked pussy. The combination of cock-sweat, thick semen, and female orgasm was familiar, but Mistress’ cum had a taste to it that was like no other. It was almost sweet, less bleach-like than a man’s cum, with just a hint of the peppermint oils that she used to moisten her cock every morning after my good morning worship.

I licked the dripping trails off the inside of Heather’s thighs, catching the pearlescent treasures before they could fall to the bed, and then moved further inward. I sucked on her lips, pulling at them with my own, and used my tongue to clean between them. It was hot between her legs. It was a heat that spoke of sex and satisfaction. As I began carving longer swaths with my tongue, cleaning every drop of Mistress’s cum, I felt Mistress climb behind me on the bed and begin rubbing her cock between my ass cheeks.

Could it be? Was she finally going to fuck me? The thought caused me to hesitate. Just for a moment, mind you, before she laughed darkly.

It was like she had read my mind.

“Keep dreaming, my sweet cuck slave.” She shoved my head back into that mature pussy. “I told you before, you’re not getting fucked until you’re mine.”

Nevertheless, her cock wedged itself between the cheeks of my ass. I felt her lean into me, shoving my face even deeper. “Get in there, my little cuck. Get that tongue in there. I filled that cunt to the brim. You’re going to have to lick deep and suck hard.”

I gasped into the open pussy and was immediately rewarded with a thick glob of sperm that nearly choked me. It shot right into my throat and lodged there, thick as it was. I had to cough and swallow a few times to get it down but was soon feasting like a king – or a cuckolded prince. I loved Mistress’s cock, but there were moments where I missed the hot, wet, claustrophobic pleasures of feasting on a woman’s pussy.

All the while, I felt Mistress growing harder and longer against my ass. I couldn’t help myself. I arched my back like a bitch in heat, thrusting my ass up and back against her. She laughed and slapped me, then grabbed my hips and held me there while I feasted. It was pure pleasure and sheer agony at the same time. My penis strained harder against its cage than ever before. I could feel it leaking all over the bed.

That’s when Mistress jerked me to the side and stepped up beside me.

“Watch,” she instructed, “but do not touch.”

Mistress’ cock felt hot and hard against my cheek as she stroked herself, faster and harder. I could hear her breaths coming closer together, and I saw precum spreading over the head as she stroked. When she came, it was a small, quick series of spurts. Nothing like I was accustomed to, but still impressive for what had to have been her third or maybe even fourth orgasm of the afternoon. It was more a symbolic act of cuckolding than anything else, but there was no question that both Heather I appreciated it.

Heather gasped and trembled as she felt the hot spurts land across her lips, her nose, and her right eye.

It took every ounce of self-control I possessed not to leap forward and clean her face. She looked so beautiful with Mistress’ cum splashed across her smiling lips. I knew that feeling well.

“Tell me, bitch. Does my slave meet with your approval?”

Heather nodded, but she didn't open her eyes. "He's quite handsome and very docile, Mistress. He suits you."

Mistress dragged her nails down my back. It was exquisite torture. "And you're not jealous of him? You don't hate him, just a bit, for graduating from submissive to slave?"

The other woman shook her head, but gently, so as not to disturb the drying cum. "A tad envious, Mistress, but not jealous. It's not a commitment I could make."

I felt Mistress pause her scratching as that and I knew it hadn't been the answer she'd been looking for.

Blind to that body language, Heather continued. "Even if I were jealous of him, Mistress, my happiness for you would far eclipse such selfish emotions. You're his Mistress, my Mistress, our Mistress. You deserve every happiness, and it pleases me to know he's serving when the rest of us are unavailable."

"Well said, bitch." Mistress began dragging her nails again, telling me more than her words that the answer had pleased her. "Once he's collared, his first afternoon in the playroom is yours. By then I'll have gaped him so wide he likely won't even feel your precious strap-on, but it will amuse me to watch you peg him anyway."

Heather whimpered and shuddered.

I knew she'd just cum herself at the news.



## **A New Life Begins**

Our last dinner before my formal collaring was a casual affair consisting of light food that wouldn't weigh either of us down. Mistress had an intense evening planned for us, and she was insistent that nothing interfere with her plans.

After I finished clearing the table and loading the dishwasher, I packed an oversized picnic basket at her direction – a bottle of her favorite wine, two glasses, some fruit, a blanket, and a few other items that were wrapped in leather and tied with an elaborate knot that I could never, in a million years, hope to reproduce.

Not that I would even consider trying to peek at what she was bringing.

One of her dungeon clients was a maintenance lead at one of the hotels along the river, and he had loaned her his pass-card for the weekend. While everybody else jockeyed for position by City Hall, crowded around the edge of Civic Square, or simply pulled off to the side of the road and illegally blocked traffic, we'd be watching the New Years' fireworks from the rooftop solarium, which was conveniently closed for renovations.

It was an unseasonably warm evening for the end of the year, with a mixture of drizzling rain and big, wet flakes of snow. The wind was brisk, though, and you could feel the first real storm of winter threatening. As we stepped out into the roof, Mistress pulled her cloak around herself, sealing out the cold. I'd only been permitted a t-shirt and pants, and I wasn't going to be wearing even that for long.

As we approached the glass doors of the solarium, Mistress turned to face me. "Disrobe."

I did hesitate, but for only a moment. I was terrified of being seen naked in public, but I also trusted her implicitly. I stopped myself from looking around and instead stared at my reflection in the door. What I saw was an entirely average man. Average size, average height, average build, in average shape. My hair was short, and my face shaved. Maybe there was a grey strand or two at my temples, and maybe I could stand to lose five or so pounds, but I realized at that

moment . . . nothing I thought mattered.

I did as she commanded. My flesh broke out in goosebumps from the cold. My already caged penis shrank even further. If we stayed out there much longer, I feared the cage would simply fall off, with nothing there to hold it in place.

I pulled off my shirt, folded it neatly, and laid it on the rooftop. Mistress had offered me an opportunity to become hers, and that meant giving all of myself to her. From this day forward she would control everything about me. It was an idea that I knew might terrify others, but I was exhilarated. I quickly removed my shoes and socks and placed them beside the shirt. Next, I removed my pants and underwear, folded them, and left them atop the shirt.

My nipples popped out. My teeth chattered. My knees shook. Up here, fifty-nine stories above the crowds, with the wind whipping around the heating vents and electrical boxes, it was far colder than it had seemed down below.

Mistress unlocked the door and then turned to face me. She looked excited. There was a dangerous glint to her eyes that I had not seen outside the dungeon. “Tom.” She made sure she had my full attention. “We are assured of complete privacy here. Can you trust that I have made all the arrangements necessary?”

“Yes, Mistress.” I nodded without question. “Of course.”

She nodded. As I watched, she tied her hair back in its rather severe ponytail. That was dungeon dress. It told me all I needed to know about what she had planned. “Good. It is time to formalize our arrangement. If you are still interested, you will drop to all fours and follow me inside.”

With that, she turned and stepped through the glass door.

I dropped to the roof, where small rocks and stones dug into my flesh, cold where they lay hidden beneath the light dusting of wet snow. As I crawled through that door, I knew I was leaving my old life, my old self, outside. I had shed far more than just clothes, and this was far more than just a doorway.

Inside, the solarium was dark, but it was warm. Mistress nodded once, then pushed the door shut behind me. She turned back and, without a word, without a sound, she opened the picnic basket. She carefully withdrew the leather-wrapped bundle and laid it aside. While I watched, curious, she uncorked the bottle and

poured herself a glass of wine.

She removed her cloak and laid it over a chair. With her back to me, she unzipped the side of her dress, allowing it to pool at her feet before stepping out of it. Dressed only in a black bra, panties, stockings, and heels, she began walking around me, those heels echoing loudly within the glass walls. “This is all so perfectly symbolic.”

She paused behind me.

I trembled before her.

“The chance to lay bare your very self, for the whole world to see?” I felt her nails drag parallel lines down my bare back. “The opportunity to step from one life, one year, into another?” She raised those hands and hooked her fingers into the gap between my neck and my collar. “The romantics always speak of fireworks when talking of love. Tonight, you and I are going to make that literal.”

I gasped as she tugged at my collar. She yanked, hard, until the snaps fell open and it came free from my flesh. I blushed, feeling more naked than I had outside. I’d become accustomed to my collar. Not wearing one felt wrong. “What do you say, slave?”

“Thank you, Mistress.” I was shocked to find tears welling at the corners of my eyes. I felt naked. Exposed and vulnerable. And then her hand settled atop my head and I immediately warmed to her touch. “I have been waiting for this night. There is nothing that I want more.”

“Up,” she barked. “Assume your first position.”

I climbed to my knees, keeping them pressed tightly together, with my ankles crossed behind me. I arched my back and thrust out my chest, but kept my head lowered. My arms were held behind me, my hands clasped at the small of my back.

I could already feel the physical strain.

Mistress pressed the toe of one shiny black shoe between my knees. “Second slave position.”

I immediately spread my legs.

She stepped forward. Her toe began tapping against the plastic of my chastity cage.

“This comes off tonight. I will not have my property contained in such flimsy hardware.” Her foot traced a path up from my cage and over my stomach. It twisted, pressing the stiletto heel into my belly button. Mistress held it there for a moment, and then kicked hard, shoving me over onto my back. “Arms at your side, legs pressed tight.”

My body was trembling as I obeyed. I had no idea what she had planned, and that uncertainty, that sense of the unknown, was always exciting.

Now it was Mistress’ turn to kneel, one leg on either side of mine. She reached into her bra and pulled out a small metal key. The sound of it sliding into the tumblers of my cage was impossibly loud. I felt the click of it unlocking as much as I heard it. While she had granted me five minutes of freedom once per week so that I might clean myself, this was something else entirely. This was an act of significance that would redefine our entire relationship.

I gasped when she wrapped one of those beautiful black hands around my penis and gave it a quick stroke, sheathing it in some kind of thick lube. It immediately sprang to life, filling her hand. It was rock-hard and fully-erect in seconds. The rush of blood left me momentarily lightheaded.

It had been three months since my last erection.

Once - just once, mind you - I had attempted to cheat during a cleaning. I could have gotten away with it. She saw nothing. But I’d confessed and been punished accordingly.

She leaned forward. Her breasts pressed against my chest. “I am going to ride you,” she whispered. “I am going to fuck one final orgasm out of that useless piece of flesh.” She darted in and nipped at my ear. “You are going to lie there. You are not going to move a muscle. You will not thrust, grind, tilt, or contract. You will do nothing to hasten your orgasm.”

Mistress sat up. She slid backward down my body. “Not that I expect you to last, but this is my doing, my ride, my orgasm.” Her ass stopped with the head of my

penis pressed against it. “I trust you appreciate the significance of this. No man has ever penetrated me with his penis. I have ridden my share of dildo-wearing sissies. I have taken loads from shemale and transsexual sisters whom I admire deeply. I have even allowed a dominatrix or two to peg me.” She squirmed against me, rubbing my precum all around her hole. “But no man has never been granted entry.”

“Fuck.” I tensed, and immediately forced myself to relax. “I will not disappoint you, Mistress. I will never let you down.” My heart was pounding in my chest. This was huge. I wasn’t ready. I wasn’t worthy. “You honor me. I pledge my lifetime of slavery to repay your trust.”

Without another word, she pressed herself backward. I’d like to say my penis slipped right in, entering her at a perfect angle, but it fell too low and folded back upon itself. I hissed in pain but did not attempt to correct my position. Mistress nodded gently, almost imperceptibly, but she let me know she had noticed the obedience of my inaction.

This time, she reached back to hold my penis in place as she pressed herself against it. I had to bite my tongue to distract myself from cumming as I felt the outer ring of her anus open around me. I cried out through clenched teeth, tasting blood as she pushed backward, forcing herself upon me. I felt the head of my penis pop past her inner ring, and then I was inside her. She wiggled herself down my shaft until she was sitting on my stomach, her balls trapped between us.

“How does that feel, slave?”

“Odd, Mistress. Confusing.” My head was swimming with sensations I had not felt in ages. “It feels wrong after being caged for so long, but it also feels so right to be so firmly under your control.” I smiled. “I feel used, and I like that very much.”

Mistress rode my penis with long, slow strokes of agonizing tenderness. She didn’t allow me enough friction to build to any sort of orgasm. Instead, she wiggled and squeezed, making sure I knew I was trapped, a tool for her own pleasure.

“I have thought about just sitting here, letting you grow limp inside me, and calling it done,” she teased, “but that would ruin what I have planned next.” She

began riding me faster. “That would ruin my fun because I have been waiting a very long time to introducing my cuckold slave to his new chores.”

Mistress rode me harder and faster with each word. My body tensed beneath her. I saw stars as I felt my orgasm build. I wanted it. I wanted it so badly. I wanted to feel that rush of pleasure as my penis exploded. At the same time, however, I dreaded it. I feared that post-orgasm letdown and what it might mean for my ability, my enthusiasm, to serve her.

Of course, what I wanted or feared didn't matter.

She squeezed hard on her last descent and I exploded within her.

“Oh, my.” Her eyes widened in surprise. “That was quite a load. Not surprising, considering how long it's been building.” She grinned. “You have performed well, but we still have a long night ahead.” I felt her ass rising, and the pressure, the friction against my softening penis was sweet agony. “I do so hope you won't disappoint me.”

The moment my penis popped free from her ass, she turned around. I watched, partly in desire and partly in horror, as her ass approached my face, coming closer with each shift of her knees. I could see my own cum leaking from her ass. I could see her perfectly puckered little hole winking at me, the muscles inside clearly tensing and relaxing repeatedly.

I didn't know if I could do this. Post-orgasm letdown or no, I had never tasted a woman's ass before. It was a soft limit for me, something that grossed me out, knowing what else it was used for. I had nightmarish visions flash through my head as the warmth of her ass cheeks enveloped my face. I began breathing hard, nearly hyperventilating. Not only was she expecting me to lick her ass, but she wanted me to clean my cum from it.

As big a cum whore as I was, as much as I loved feasting on creampie pussies, swallowing anonymous gloryhole loads, and sucking the seed from her magnificent black cock, that post-orgasm depression has always stopped me from enjoying my own.

Mistress paused when my nose poked itself between her cheeks. “This is a pleasure you will become accustomed to,” she purred, “once you get past your mental block. I am not a sissy. I won't call it something cute, like my ass-pussy,

but it is as much a sexual organ as your penis, your ass, Heather's pussy . . . or even that vile cunt Tricia's." She wiggled herself around my face. "You're too focused on its biological purpose when its sexual purpose should be all that matters."

It was hard to focus, hard to think, but what she said made sense.

Mistress sat back and let all her weight rest upon my face. "You need to trust me, Tom. Implicitly and without question." She did something with her ass. I felt a hot globule of cum dribble out and run down my upper lip. "I always clean myself out when expecting sex, and I chose a light dinner for a reason." She squeezed out another drop. "You can do this." She pushed herself harder against my face. "Suck my ass, slave. Fuck me with your tongue. Clean up your mess." She lifted herself off me. "I want you to make me feel good."

That did it. Her rational arguments had made a dent in my resolve. They had started wearing away at my reluctance, but knowing that she wanted it, knowing that it would provide her with pleasure, that was what it took to overcome my fears.

I raised my head and licked at her chocolate rosebud. It tasted . . . okay. Good even. There was a slight earthiness to it that, mixed with the musk of her sweat, was erotically powerful. It felt strange against my tongue, tighter and hotter than a pussy, with an unusual texture, but none of that was unpleasant. It was just different. I pressed my face deeper into her cleft and wiggled my tongue inside.

"Oh, yes." She pushed back against me. "Tongue fuck me, slave. Get in there deep and lap up every ounce of your cum."

I don't know if it was the novelty of the situation, or whether I was becoming aroused, but even my own cum tasted better. I was soon poking my tongue in deep, swirling it around, and sucking at the juices dribbling out with each contraction of her muscles. It became very much like cleaning a creampie'd pussy, except this was my Mistress, and it was her ass, her sexual organ. I wasn't just worshiping some woman's cunt, I was worshiping at the altar of the ass of the woman who owned me.

The first touch of cold metal around my balls didn't really register, but the first ring to slide over my limp shaft did.

I didn't stop.

I kept licking and sucking as I felt ring after ring slide down. I focused on leaving her ass as clean as it had been before I left my mess inside. The cold metal head of the cage pressed down over my own. I did cry out into her ass as she pushed those rings together, compressing my penis even more than it had been in its plastic cage. Bits of tender flesh pinched between the rings, the pain making me even smaller.

I never heard the click of the pin being locked and snapped, but I swear I felt that vibration shudder through my body.

“Much better.” Mistress abruptly stood up, leaving me gasping for air. “That is how I like to see my property protected.”

I looked down between the inverted ‘V’ of her legs and saw the cold, hard, metal cage of my penis. It looked so small, so tight compared to the plastic cage, and yet I could feel just a little room. I was afraid of what my first attempted erection might feel like, but I looked forward to it as well. Mistress wanted this, and I understood what it meant.

I wanted it too.

“Lift those legs, slave.” She walked around to stand between them. She took an ankle in each hand. As she lowered herself to her knees, she leaned into that grip upon my ankles, forcing me to spread wide. It hurt. It was too wide. I feared she would split me in half.

I didn't want her to stop.

“I have wanted to fuck you for so long,” she hissed. “That ass was made for my cock, but I wasn't about to burst your cherry until I owned it.” She let the tip of her cock rest against my shriveled testicles. “Do I own it? Are you mine? Have you chosen?”

“I am your slave, Mistress.” I trembled with anticipation. “I always was. I always will be.” I thrust myself upwards, granting her a better angle. “Please, Mistress.” I looked into her eyes and saw so many emotions there. Pride, lust, satisfaction, hunger, arousal, and affection. “Please fuck your slave.” I swallowed the tiny nugget of fear I felt upon seeing the contrast in size between

her massive, fully erect cock, and my own limp, caged stub of flesh.

She reached down and, with one sharp tug, ripped the ever-present butt plug from my ass. I cried out, but just for a moment. When I felt her cock slid down towards my hole, it was as if the world stopped. As she began pressing against me, everything around us faded away.

It hurt.

There was a pressure there, an insistent intrusion that wasn't getting any harder or deeper, but which refused to back off.

I knew what Mistress wanted.

I instinctively knew what she was waiting for.

It was hard. Even after cleaning my cum from her ass, it seemed I still had something of an anal hang-up. I still had that fear of its other uses. The funny thing is, I'd been able to accept Mistress' ass as something sexual when there was an even more sexual organ standing proudly right next to it, but I struggled to do the same for myself, even when I no longer had a standing sexual organ of my own.

I had to get over it.

I had to put it behind me.

I had to move beyond it if I was to honor my Mistress.

I closed my eyes. I took a deep breath. I pushed out with my sphincter muscles and forced myself open. The moment I felt some give, I lifted myself upward and pressed up against her cock. I welcomed her inside me. There was pain - hot, fiery pain as her head poked into my hole. I was terrified of something tearing, but I put that aside. I blocked out those fears. Instead, I took another deep breath and pushed out with those same muscles. With a growl of submission, I thrust myself up again, this time taking a good inch or two of her cock inside.

“Good boy.”

The world came back with a shuddering wash of light and sound.

She continued to hold herself there, our two bodies connected by her flesh. “Pledge yourself,” she urged me. “Prove yourself.” Her voice softened, just a touch. “Please me.”

“Yes, Mistress.” I realized my ass was becoming accustomed to the feel of her inside me. There was still an awkward feeling of fullness that I knew I’d have to get used to, but the pain had subsided into a dull ache. She wanted more, and I was ready to give it to her.

And that’s exactly what I did.

I pushed out. I forced myself open wide and lifted myself as high as I could, given our position. Three more inches of she-cock sank inside me. The feeling, the pressure, was incredible, but the sense of accomplishment was even bigger. I had done that! I had overcome my fears and taken her inside me. I’d fantasized about being a chaste little cock-sheathe for her, and here I was, fulfilling my destiny.

Mistress leaned forward and didn’t stop until my balls were crushed between us. Her breasts mashed themselves against my chest as she kissed me with a passionate intensity that told me more than words ever could. “There’s a difference between taking a submissive and having a slave offer himself willingly,” she told me. Her tongue overpowered mine. She fucked my mouth with it, before pulling back into another kiss. “I would have had your ass either way, but this means so much more.”

She shifted against me, wiggling her cock even deeper, as she leaned to the side.

I was confused. This seemed like such an awkward place to stop. More than confused, I was hungry as well. Now that I had her inside me, I wanted her to fuck me. I must have mewled a bit as I shifted because she cooed right back at me and kissed me once more.

“I want you to always remember this as the moment your Mistress owned you.” She held the shiny black PVC collar I had admired that first day in her parlor. She pressed it against my lips. I kissed it, then felt her slide it down, over my chin, down my neck, and around my throat. “I have put more slaves into temporary bondage than I can count, but I have never granted one a forever collar, and never done so with my cock inside them.”

Slowly, with gentle movements, she began fucking me. The feeling of her cock sliding in and out, just an inch's worth of room, was amazing. As she fucked me, she fit the collar around my neck. I should have been worried when I saw the needle in her hand. If there was ever an awkward position in which to do some sewing, this was it, and I knew the odds of getting poked were . . . well, almost as good as the odds of getting poked.

Not that I truly feared it. Mistress was a woman who commanded every situation. "You can't see it," she whispered, "but I have stitched your collar closed with two small initials, standing bright against the material. You will forever bear my initials, in silver thread." She leaned in even further and bit the thread so close to the collar that I could feel the heat of her breath on my neck. "You are my fucking property."

With that, she raised herself up and smiled at me.

I reached up to feel the smoothness of the collar. The slight texture of her initials emboldened me. "No mercy, Mistress. Use me. Own me. Fuck me." I swallowed, realizing what it was I was opening myself up for. "I am—"

I never got a chance to finish the sentence. She withdrew almost to the hilt, leaving just the head of her cock inside me, and then plunged deep. I screamed out, not in agony, but in utter and complete submission. It felt like, with that one stroke, she finished the stitching she'd begun at my throat. Before I could catch my breath, she did it again.

And again.

And again.

Mistress did indeed fuck me mercilessly. I never knew anything could feel that intense, or that good. I completely lost myself in her passion. I laid there, my hands clenched in tight fists, and watched the rapture on her face.

She was enjoying this.

She was enjoying me.

I was giving her pleasure.

The sounds of our sex echoed loudly inside the glass solarium, with plenty of squelching, slapping, and sighing. The feeling of her shaft sliding inside me was indescribable, and the pressure of her head, continually carving a new, deeper path on the downstroke, was just about heaven. There was still the occasional awkward moment, and my head still wasn't entirely convinced, but I wasn't thinking. I was just feeling.

When she pulled all the way out, it was as if my soul had been ripped from my body. I felt empty and bereft. "No, please!" I cried out, demanding something of her without thought.

Her answer was to plunge back in, driving herself to the hilt again, with one mind-blowing thrust. That was it. That was all my body could handle. I felt this odd sensation growing from between our bodies. At first, it felt like I had to pee, but then the warmth kept spreading, kept building. It began to feel like that moment of bliss where the cum begins its journey up your shaft, except it just kept on building.

"Mistress. What . . . what . . . what's happening?"

She pulled all the way out. I cried out again. She plunged back in and I exploded.

That building sensation washed over me. It was like an endless orgasm, one with all the pleasure of the climbing intensity, but none of the cresting, and none of the fall. I moaned and writhed beneath her, feeling a damp warmth run down my penis to pool against the ring of my cage. It was the single most incredible, most pleasurable thing I had ever felt.

"That's how a bitch cums," she told me. "I told you before that I would control your orgasms. I may have taken one kind away, but you will find I have given you something better." She wiped her hand around beneath the bottom edge of my cage and then brought it to my lips. "Taste your first slave orgasm."

There was no hesitation, no post-orgasmic sense of shame. I snapped my head up and greedily sucked my cum from her fingers. It tasted like it felt. Glorious.

"Fuck." Mistress swore as fireworks began going off outside the windows. "So much for my timing." She quickly wiped the rest of my cum across my face. "Now it's my turn."

Mistress began fucking me with an angry passion. She thrust hard and fast and deep, not withdrawing all the way, but making full use of my ass. It was so overwhelming. I had to focus on the bouncing and jiggling of her breasts just to retain some level of consciousness. She was destroying my ass. I'd gone beyond pain, beyond pleasure, beyond orgasm, into a state that was not so far removed from the floating bliss of subspace.

When she came, it was with a wordless growl that started as a fierce pressing together of her lips, but which quickly eased into a smile. I felt each jet of cum splashing inside me. It was an alien feeling, but it was a welcome one. I was taking my Mistress' seed. She had spilled herself inside me. I'd heard men talk of breeding their whores before, and now I knew what it meant to be bred.

She withdrew from my ass with a loud, wet pop that was clearly audible over the distant fireworks. Mistress walked up my body like the conquering Goddess that she was and stopped directly over my face. "Good slaves," she reminded me, "always clean their messes."

Still riding the emotional waves of shared orgasm, I lunged forward and took her softening cock into my mouth. It tasted very much as her ass had, but my mind quickly tripped over from horror to hunger. It wasn't that I didn't care where her cock had just been, it was that I appreciated it even more for what it had done to me. I took her entire shaft into my mouth, sucking and licking like someone who hadn't eaten in weeks.

I was sorry to see it go when she withdrew, but her lips were a welcome replacement.

"I love you, Mistress." I knew the words were a risk, but they had to be said.

"I have never told a submissive this," she whispered, "but I love you as well."

Sated and spent, we cuddled there on the floor and watched the rainbow arcs of fire high overhead signal our commitment to the world.

Our new life had begun.



## **Enslaved and Emasculated: A Blacked Tale**

## **Less of Me, More of Life**

As it happened, I was only Mistress' collared slave for a little longer than I'd been under consideration for the role. I never did get to experience her private playroom and never did get to enjoy that aggressive pegging that Heather had promised.

It was a wonderful time, the best months of my life, in fact. She fucked me every day, always in a new position, a new room, or a new place. Mistress plowed my ass on the kitchen table, in the bathtub, on the couch, and once, late at night, in the garden out front. Her favorite place to fuck me was in the living room, though, with the fish of her aquarium watching. She told me she loved how the serenity of their blue-green waters grounded our passions, casting our carnal activities in a different light than that of the dungeon.

As I came to discover, she was a bold, brazen woman who didn't give a damn what others thought of her passions or her pleasures. There was one Sunday morning I will never forget when she chose to join me at the supermarket. It was while we were in the cereal aisle that she stepped close behind me, pulled down the waistband of my shorts, hiked up her skirt, and slipped her beautiful black cock into my well-gaped white ass. Once inside me, she'd leaned against me and we'd pushed the cart together, none of the other shoppers having the slightest clue as to what was happening.

We made it as far as the dairy section before she dragged me into the bathroom and finished inside my mouth, after which she had me complete grocery shopping with a mouthful of her cum. I don't know that I've ever smiled so much in my life.

Had it not been for the family emergency that took her from me, I'd like to think we'd have remained Mistress and slave until the day we died. For the longest time after she left, I was firmly convinced of that. When she dropped everything and flew back across the Atlantic Ocean to take care of her parents, both of whom were having major health issues, I told myself it was only temporary. Even after Mistress advised me that she'd made the difficult choice not to return to Canada, I tried convincing myself that it couldn't be true.

As part of her officially - and tearfully, for both of us - releasing me from my slavery, she sent a man to our home to remove my chastity cage, then had me ship it back to her, along with my collar. It wasn't that she didn't want me to have them, it was that she didn't want me feeling obligated by them, holding onto some dream that she'd eventually return. She felt a clean break was necessary, and I can understand that now, even if I chafed against it at the time.

For months after that breaking, I continued to harbor fantasies of her one day just walking in the front door, as if nothing had happened, and resuming where we left off. It took a lot for me to accept that such a reunion was never going to happen.

Looking back, I know now that it's for the best, that she released me to find a better, more complete slavery, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

After having stayed close to home for over a year, turning down the lucrative auditing contracts that, at one time, had paid for my dungeon sessions with Mistress, making the decision to put that home behind me was a tough one. Mistress had given me a year to find my own place and had turned over control of the funds from the sale of my old home to do so. I knew that no matter where I went in town, though, I'd inevitably find myself driving by her home or sitting in my car outside her old dungeon space, hoping I might catch a glimpse of her.

The last thing I did before leaving her home was to check the drawer in her octopus table. I don't know whether she forgot about it, or whether she intentionally left it there for me, but my first cage, the clear plastic one, was there gathering dust. I put it on and immediately felt better. While I knew the smart thing to do would be to take the key with me, but I left it there in the drawer, hoping it would make its way back to her.

I agreed to take on a new contract, much to my boss' delight, but nearly balked when he asked me to fly overseas. Part of me wanted desperately to go, do the work, and then find my way into Mistress' arms, but I knew how wrong it would be to force myself back into her life. I set myself a sort of geographical no-go zone and told my boss I'd accept any work he had, so long as it didn't take me where I'd find myself tempted to just drive by and see how she was doing.

As it turned out, flying far from home, all expenses paid, was a great opportunity to clear my head and figure out my future. I enjoyed a few interesting sexual adventures, but one in particular proved to be my undoing, even as it opened me to my eventual fate.

My assignment was to audit an old factory that was located in a gentrified area of town. The contrast was weird, with this rusted old factory surrounded by mansion-like homes and gardens, less than a quarter-kilometer corridor of forest separating them. It was a mid-term contract, meaning two to three months, and I got to know the area well. It became my habit to change into street clothes during my lunch hour and go for a walk into the neighborhood, as much because I loved the houses as to avoid idle conversation that might expose my role as an auditor.

There was one gentleman who smiled and waved at me every day - a tall, lanky, older black man with hair just turning silver, who always looked like he just got back from a morning at the golf course. Smiles and greetings turned into short conversations, and one afternoon he made a joke about how he'd offer me a cup of tea, but he tended to get overzealous with the tea bagging. With nothing to lose, I joked back that so long as the cream was hot and fresh, he'd never hear me complain.

I hesitated when he proposed an arrangement, not because I wasn't hungry for cock and cum, but because I'd seen his face. There was a man behind the cock, the very same masculinity attached to it that I'd never wanted to face. Something about the combination of him being older, black, and so casually dominant called to me, though. I felt as if I could submit to him in ways I hadn't been able to with Tricia's boyfriends, and when he spoke to me with that accent, I had a hard time refusing.

And so I began visiting him every afternoon to suck his big black cock. Even after going hungry for so long, I initially struggled to feel the submission I craved, but he was stronger than he looked, and he knew damned well what he wanted. As it turned out, he actually was a golfer, not to mention a retired soccer pro, and he'd kept in shape. His cock had a nice thick shaft with an oversized head that was perfect for sucking on, and what his cum lacked in volume it made up for in taste.

Oddly enough, it was him who had the hang-up in this relationship, not me. In

his mind, a gay lover was shameful, but a gay whore was just convenient. It sounded silly to me, the thinking of a bygone era, but I was the last person to cast shade on someone else's insecurities. What made it work for him was paying me for my time. It wasn't much – about a dollar-fifty a day Canadian – but enough to soothe his guilt.

Much to my surprise, my next assignment was actually in a different factory on the same property – ah, the legal juggling of entities, subsidiaries, and partners for tax purposes! – so I was able to keep feeding on his black shaft for a few extra weeks. Sadly, the old golfer chose not to sink himself into my other hole, no matter how my ass hungered to be filled, but I was perversely glad for that. Sucking cock and swallowing cum was a lustful thing that I could – and had – enjoyed with strangers, but being fucked was something intimate that only Mistress had ever done to me.

I desperately wanted to be fucked again, but by someone I loved, someone who would own me the same way she had. The odds of me finding that someone seemed impossibly long, but the longer I was free of Mistress, the more I began to hope again.

Little did I know, someone from the factory had clued into my clandestine lunchtime activities and reported me to management. There was little they could do, since I was an auditor forced upon them, and not an employee they'd chosen to hire, but they escalated my infidelities as far up the chain as they could. I knew they were hoping to scare me into resigning from the contract, but so long as my kindly feeder was kept out of it, being exposed wasn't something that particularly worried me.

It wasn't quite confidence, but more a lack of caring what these strangers might think.

Ironically, that's precisely what caught the attention of my new Master, the man behind all those legal entities. I'd be lying if I said the official summons to an offsite meeting with the Owner – not President, not CEO, but Owner - didn't concern me, but the conversation that followed blew my mind and shook the foundations of my very life.

He knew me. More than that, he knew all about me.

Prompted by that homophobic complaint about my behavior, he'd the contents of

my laptop and phone examined, leading him to discover my emails, my web history, my social media, my e-book library, and my personal cache of writing - of which my published stories are only a fraction.

Oddly, those revelations didn't shake me. Nothing he said particularly worried me. I was comfortable with who I was, and I wasn't going to apologize for it. If anything, it was a relief to have it out in the open.

That's when he made me an offer I dared not believe, but so desperately wanted to accept. It was huge. It was ridiculous. It was so preposterous, I half-feared it was some kind of government sting to prove my immorality and punish me as an example. And if that sounds any more preposterous to you, then you don't appreciate some of the cultures and communities to which my career had taken me. I'd seen more than one colleague placed into positions from which it took corporate bribes to extricate them, and another throw himself upon the mercy of the church, taking vows on the spot, to avoid being throw in prison and forgotten about.

When he told me that he'd talked to a woman who had verified my story and vouched for my sincerity, I struggled at first to understand who that could be, because the name he mentioned meant nothing to me. But then he handed me a handwritten note that carried with it the scent of a perfume I knew intimately.

*Make the right choice. Make me proud.*

There was no name but, taped to the back, was a key I instinctively knew I'd last seen in the octopus table. I didn't need to try it to know it would fit the clear plastic chastity cage I'd worn since leaving home. The right choice, of course, was to hand it over to my new Master. He must have known something of its significance because he thanked me rather formally before slipping it into his pocket.

The first time he used me as my Master, the first afternoon I spent on a cushion beneath his desk with his cock in my mouth, I knew I had made the right choice in trusting him. At that moment, he had as much to risk as I did, and the offer he'd made put his entire family at risk. I experienced a major crisis that night, feeling trapped in a situation from which I feared only death could free me. Certainly, he'd not allow me to simply walk away, never risk me speaking of what had conspired between us.

We talked of my fears the next day, and while he put me at ease, he never explicitly promised not to have me killed. That fear continued to weigh on me, slipping into the back of my head at the most inappropriate moments, but even if I couldn't entirely put it behind me, my introduction to his daughter assured me that I would never put myself in a position to test it.

Before that fateful encounter, however, I spent a month accompanying him on his business travels, during which time I acclimated myself to serving as his cock slave. I sucked him when he needed relief, held his cock while he urinated, and licked his cockhead clean afterward. When he showered, I washed his cock and balls, and when he stepped out of the shower, I dried them and helped him into his briefs. I never once touched any other part of his body. There were no kisses or hugs, no pats on the back, and no swats on my ass. He told me when I did well, and he praised my skills, but words of affection were as foreign to our arrangement as the lands in which I found myself.

And then we arrived home and the shaken foundations of my life settled into the shape of an unexpected future.

“Welcome to your new home.” Master placed a hand on my chest, keeping me from stepping over the threshold of the front door. “Remember what we discussed. Consider what this means.” He dragged the heel of his shoe across the doorway, calling my attention to the movement with the scraping noise. “This is a line you cannot uncross.”

Did I hesitate? Were there second thoughts? Of course there were. I paused there beneath the too-hot sun and thought of all I'd be leaving behind in taking that step. What I'd be entering into, however, what I'd be gaining, weighed far heavier upon me.

I wanted this.

I needed this.

“Thank you, Sir.” With my head bowed respectfully, I stepped across that threshold. He didn’t say a word, but I saw the sharp gleam of perfect white teeth as his usually stern black visage was brightened by an unfamiliar smile.

He led me through a home that I can only describe as sprawling. It seemed to stretch and grow as if built on a whim, with sunken rooms, exposed patios, vaulted ceilings, and cozy corners. It felt like pieces of a dozen mansions stitched together, but the eccentricity of it all was softened by a common color theme of cream and sand running throughout, accented by shades of brown. The house was very much like Master, overwhelming and intimidating, and yet promising sublime comforts.

We walked through a tiered living area where couches sat on a level above cushions, which themselves sat on a level above bare marble floors, and I idly wondered where I would be expected to sit . . . or kneel . . . or lay prone, depending upon whom was in attendance.

Not that I had much time to dwell on the question. Master led me around the edge of the top-most tier and out the patio doors to a massive, L-shaped saltwater pool that glistened like a sea of jewels beneath the afternoon sun.

“Father!”

I had to shade my eyes to see who was speaking, but she was impossible to miss.

The most stunningly beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life waded towards us in the shallow end of the pool. Her skin was a warm espresso brown that glowed with hints of molten gold in the sunshine, a suitably more feminine tone than her father’s cold, dark, cacao tone. I was surprised to see that her head was shaved, but there was no denying that I was captivated by the way the water sparkled as it ran off her head and down her face.

“My beautiful Tambara. It is good to see you well.”

As she slowly emerged from the waters, I saw that she was built like an athlete, sleek and slender, with healthy B-cup breasts moving freely beneath her tight

white one-piece bathing suit. I sensed power there, beneath the femininity, and the blend of the two excited me. She reminded me in some ways of Mistress, but younger and more eager, someone who defied others to challenge her ease with herself. I saw a confidence there that would have bordered on arrogance, were it not for the genuine love and excitement I saw in her eyes.

“Is this the one of whom you spoke, Father? Is he to be mine?”

I was so focused on her emergence from the pool, it took a moment for her words to register. What I first took to be a bubble in her bathing suit was quickly revealed to be her succulent she-cock, confined within the suit yet never contained. It looked like a snake laying against her belly, and if were that large coiled and resting, then I had to imagine it would prove even larger than her father’s when it was erect and ready to strike.

When she tilted her head to the side, the smile growing wider on her face, I slipped to my knees before her. I wasn’t sure whether such obeisance was proper, but I felt as if standing before her would be an insult.

“I pray you find me worthy, my Queen.”

She recoiled, as if affronted, but her smile remained firmly in place. “Queen? Is that all I am to you?”

I had to think quick. “Certainly not, Empress, but your esteemed father did not direct me as to your proper form of address.”

“Oh, Empress!” Her amber-gold eyes lit up with excitement and I was smitten. “I think I like him, father, and if he is as talented as you have told me, then he will do very well.”

Master nodded to the men standing to either side of the pool – armed chaperones there to protect his daughter’s life as well as her virtue, or so I suspected. “Then I shall leave the two of you to speak,” he told his daughter. “Send him to my office when you are done.”

Empress emerged fully from the pool and I saw that she was even taller than I had guessed. In flat feet, she topped me by three inches, and I knew a good pair of heels would leave her towering over me. She led me to a pair of chairs beside the pool, insisting I take the one next to her.

“So, you are this Tom my father has spoken of.” She shook her head. “I do not care for that name. You shall be Tayo, full of happiness.”

And, just like that, I had a new name to go with my new life. “Thank you, Empress. I shall cherish it.”

“My father tells me you have served him well as a cock slave. He has told me how pleased he is with your performance.” She deliberately adjusted the long, hard bulge in her swimsuit. “I hope my size won’t be a problem for you when I’m shoving my big, black cock down your slender white throat, or when I’m pounding my big, black balls against the globes of your fat white ass.” With long orange fingernails, she traced along the line of her shaft. “I ruined more than a few boys at school, you know.”

I wasn’t sure what shocked me more, the fact that she was so open with me, or that her father was so open with her. He had told me there were no secrets within the walls of his home, and I was learning early that he meant it.

“I look forward to embracing the challenge, Empress.” I was enthralled. Sure, it was likely infatuation, but I already loved this woman. “Please forgive me for being so forward, but I feel as if my entire life has led me to you. I cannot think of a better fate than serving you.”

She nodded, her face composed and stately. And then she broke into the grin I first saw in the pool. “Enough of formalities.” Her hand slapped the arm of my chair and I quickly moved my hand there to feel her warmth, to absorb the moisture left by her skin. “Time for some stark truths. As you know, I am betrothed to my father’s second-in-command, but it is a marriage of business, not of love. Father is concerned that his partners would not accept a woman taking his place, at least not at first, so the marriage is to keep the business in the family while I work to earn their respect.”

A servant slipped in, silent as the breeze, and placed two drinks on the table between Empress and me. When she waved her hand towards mine, I joined her in taking a sip. I didn’t know what it was – it tasted of fruit and mint, with just a splash of alcohol – but it was delicious.

“My betrothed is a decent man and a good friend, but there is no love between us.” She took another sip and I followed her lead. “There is passion, do not think differently. He is adequately endowed and rather used to fucking boys and girls,

but rarely has the time anymore.” Empress flashed me a knowing grin. “I know father told you that part of your duties will be to take my betrothed’s cock until such time as we are married, but he spends so much time jetting between clients and suppliers, we’ll be lucky if we see him for more than a day or two a month.” That grin stretched into the toothy smile I was already in love with. “He’ll fuck you hard and deep when he is here, but look at it as practice for me, and I’m sure you’ll see to his satisfaction.”

“Yes, Empress. Thank you for that.” I admit, knowing he wouldn’t be using my ass with the same frequency and urgency that Master used my mouth was a relief, but thinking it as practice for her glorious cock changed my entire mindset. Whereas I’d been anxious about that aspect of my service, I found myself excited to be stretching and training my ass for the woman who owns it completely.

“I understand you have some experience with chastity, but of the ugly cage variety. Effective, but hardly suitable for my slave. On your way to see my father, ask one of the servants to direct you to my mother’s quarters. She will ensure you are attired as befits one who will one day lay beneath me.”

“Understood, Empress.”

She suddenly sat up and swung her feet over the side of the lounge chair to face me. My eyes must have popped out of my head, and I’m sure I must have blushed profusely to feel her so close, because she laughed out loud. It was the most wondrous thing I’d ever heard. “Tell me honestly, sweet Tayo. How do you feel about your wedding gift to me? Does it bother you? Are you frightened? Do you fear it will cause you to resent me?”

The gift of which she spoke was castration. My wedding gift to her is to literally be my manhood. “Since you asked for honesty, Empress, I find myself conflicted. The thought no longer terrifies me as it once did. In many ways, I find myself looking forward to the simplicity of being free of cages and devices, my useless testicles gone, leaving my penis to dangle soft and small for your amusement.” I took a deep breath. “What does give me pause, Empress - especially now, having seen you, having heard your voice, having felt the heat coming off your body - is the thought of what that might do to my excitement, to my arousal.”

She nodded. “Thank you for your honesty. You have my word that our family physicians are the finest money can buy. One look at me should tell you that. Should there be a need to adjust things like hormone levels post-surgery, they will make it happen.” She crossed her hands at the wrists and held them close to my chest, close enough that a deep breath on my part would make them touch. “You won’t miss the erections, though? You don’t fear you’ll somehow feel denied, less of a man?”

“Absolutely not, Empress.” That was an easy answer. “I am excited to be free of those feelings, to no longer have to hide or deny those erections. I’m a submissive,” I assured her. “My satisfaction comes from being a receptacle for your pleasure.”

Those hands, so tantalizingly close, clapped in delight. I felt beads of water fly from her skin to land upon my lips. I know she noticed how I sighed when I licked them clean because, with that mischievous glint back in her eye, she ran her hands down her suit, gathering water on either side of her cock, and then flicked it into my face. “We are going to have such fun together, Tayo.” Before I could respond, she flopped back down on the chair, closed her eyes, and waved me away. “Off with you, my sweet. Find your way to my mother, and then show my father how the sight of my cock has empowered you to service his.”

“As you wish, Empress.” With my heart full, but lighter for our conversation, I slipped quietly into the house and began my search for anyone who could direct me to my Mistress.

It was almost an hour later before I found myself standing naked before Master.

His wife, my new Mistress, had broken open my cage and snipped off the base ring. I’d feared she would be as disgusted by me as the plastic she so disdainfully tossed away, but she’d caressed my pubic hairs with a tut-tut of compassion. Promising me I’d never have to face such ugliness again, she’d slathered my pubic area with a sweet-smelling cream that she assured me would desensitize me to both pain and pleasure. She had then proceeded to sugar me of my hair, one warm, painful strip at a time, after which she rubbed me with a second cream that she promised would help prevent regrowth while keeping my skin soft and smooth.

Once I was clean, Mistress had sealed me into a full-coverage chastity device, the likes of which I had never before seen. It was something akin to an undersized athletic cup that enclosed both penis and testicles, effectively leaving me without a sex. With the resin of the cage colored to match my flesh, it almost looked as if I were a woman down there. Still unable to feel anything thanks to the cream, and unable to see anything thanks to the device, I got a sense of what it would be like to be the castrated slave of my Empress . . . and I didn't object.

"Tell me," Master asked, "did my wife ambush you on the way here, or did my daughter direct you to see her before attending to me?"

"It was Empress who directed me, Master."

His thick, black eyebrow arched in surprise. "Empress? The girl has balls, I'll give her that."

I blushed. "I wouldn't know, Master. We were very proper and discreet. I smiled, remembering the bulge in her swimsuit. "However, I suspect you're right."

Master laughed at that, the first sound of genuine – nonsexual – amusement I'd heard from him. He certainly seemed to be a different man within the walls of his home, more relaxed and more open with those around him. I already admired him, but I found myself coming to like him as well.

"I have a conference call with my Asia-Pacific team in five minutes. Get yourself a bottle of water and position yourself beneath my desk." He laid a hand on my shoulder, the first time he'd ever touched me with anything approaching affection. "I think you'll find this . . . comfortably confining."

There was a cushioned hole in the floor beneath his desk into which I placed my feet. It was deep enough that I could stand comfortably, bent at the waist, with my ass pressed against the front of the desk and my back pressed against the underside. I saw a leather strap dangling. Without being asked, I cinched it around my chest and found that it allowed me to relax into it, taking the strain from my legs. As I settled into place, I realized it would indeed be more comfortable than kneeling, and the position put my head in the perfect position.

Master unzipped his pants and his magnificent black cock sprang to life. I strained to reach it, but my confinement left him in total control.

“Welcome,” I heard him tell the team. He shifted his chair forward and guided his cock into my mouth. “It’s a glorious day. Let’s get started.”

It was . . . and we did.



## **Pleasures Postponed**

It's now been a year since I joined Master's household and met my Empress. Sadly, her wedding has been twice delayed due to Covid, which means my surgery has been rescheduled twice as well. I'm not sure who is taking that harder, Empress or myself, but she's pledged that I will not be able to walk for a month by the time our arrangement is consummated.

All of this, of course, sounds like some sordid fantasy, and I do indeed marvel every single day at where fate has taken me, but it's true, it's wonderful, and it's magnificent. I never imagined, not even in my wildest dreams or my darkest kinks, that my life would take me here. I am no longer the same man who so shamefully shared that gloryhole with Tricia, who worried about having to look a man in the eye, who was so opposed to the concept of emasculation and feminization.

Master keeps me well-fed with his cock and his cum, using me roughly whenever the urge takes him, and Empress has become a dear friend whom I love with all my heart. She has indeed put me in panties, but as a gesture of intimacy, not an act of humiliation. When she takes her panties off at night, she hands them to me through a crack in her bedroom door, and when I put them on, they're still warm from her body.

Speaking of warm, Mistress has warmed to me over this year as well. She started teaching me basket and mat weaving after my first month in their home, and she's just started teaching me traditional pottery making. While we work, she tells me of their family, culture, history, and fashion. Master gently mocks me for learning such womanly things, but always with a smile.

As for Empress' betrothed, I've only met him a handful of times, and he's only fucked me once. Although it was just as hard and deep as Empress promised, it was also a largely silent experience, one that felt coldly emotionless. He told me later that he simply doesn't find white men attractive – it was a one-time thing to fulfill his role in the marriage agreement. He's friendly enough, however, and we've established a friendship built on, of all things, a mutual appreciation for process and rules.

Just the other day, he remarked that the women are already treating me like family, but I didn't learn how true that is until today. While contact between Empress and myself is still prohibited until she's married and I'm castrated, this morning Mistress permitted me to place a single kiss upon her daughter's toe in honor of her birthday.

Nothing has ever tasted so sweet.

Until we meet again, go with peace, my friends.

**END**

# Afterword

## Bobbi Mare

Overseeing the compilation of these stories, the restructuring of them into a more connected narrative, and the addition of the final (so far) chapter has been one of the great honors of my life. Not only do I finally feel as if I have finally repaid my debt to Bob Neils, a good friend who pushed me to put my own stories into print, but I have done so at the behest of his Empress.

Bob and I still talk once a month, short chats when he has a free moment and permission to share, but I always assumed those details would stay between us. Given the need for discretion, I never imagined that he would be granted the opportunity to tell any more of his story – and he hasn't, not really. It was his Empress who tasked me with this project, and she who filled the gaps in what Bob had shared with me, ensuring everything was as accurate as it can be without betraying confidences.

She did allow her Tayo to read the final draft, and his gratitude is something I shall forever cherish.

I like to think of this as my wedding gift to them both, a tribute to their commitment, and a rallying cry for those of us who dream of a life like theirs.

This is not a fantasy, but it is a fairy tale – and sometimes fairy tales really can come true.

## **About the Authors**

**Bob Neils is a happy phallophile and horny semenophile . . . which means that in addition to being a breast man, a leg man, and an ass man, he is also a dick man. While he has no romantic attraction to men, he does have a fetish for penises and an addiction to semen, which he finds is best enjoyed through anonymous glory holes, cuckold creampiees, shemale lovers, and fantasies of forced bisexuality and BBC worship. Fetish is what drives him, and he will never apologize for that.**

**Bobbi Mare is an author of nasty, naughty, trashy, taboo erotica . . . a mature sissy whose signature theme is submissive sissies in pretty outfits and erotic bondage, but who also loves to explore forced feminization, breast growth and breastfeeding, oral and anal penetration, chastity and castration, butt plugs and pegging, stunning shemales and fabulous futanari, big black stallions (both literally and figuratively), pony boys and pony girls, massive cocks with huge loads, and other deviant delights.**

Despite growing up 20 minutes away from one another and only being a few years apart in age, it was a gay bathhouse in Montreal, over 650 km away from home, where they first met . . . and immediately bonded over being the only two cock-worshipers in chastity. They only met that once, but they kept in touch and ended up collaborating on some shared erotic fantasies. Sold! to the Shemales was their first, followed by Sissy Vacation Exposure (originally published as The Tool) and Sissy for the Black World Order (originally published as Beta Boy Cuckold Cleanup).

**Bob can be found on Goodreads at**

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