

Chastity
Cuckold Tales
Club Cuckold
Black Owned 3

*Constance
Pennington Smythe*

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Chastity Cuckold Tales #9

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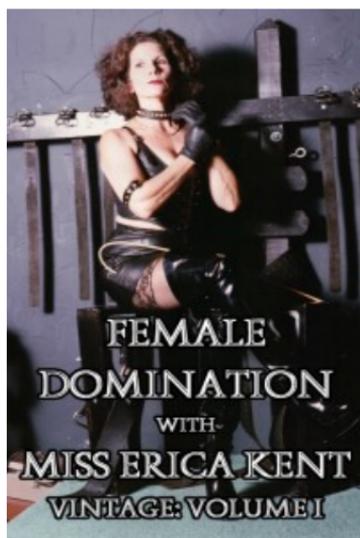
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For My Lovely ‘Gurls’,

You Know Who You Are.

NEW! From my dear friend: Miss Erica Kent.



E-Book: 978-1-935757-17-7 Audio Book: 978-1-935757-28-3

Famed Dominatrix Miss Erica Kent is delighted to invite you into Her world to enjoy erotic female domination in Her *Vintage Series* of e-books and audio books. ***Female Domination with Miss Erica Kent: Vintage Volume I*** contains three dialogues and an excerpt from the soon to be released, ***Vintage Volume II***. In *Mistress Savage and slave Tommy*, a new slave is introduced to the basics of proper slave etiquette and training. *Milking Mistresses* finds an unlucky slave about to be put in bondage and milked by a bevy of beautiful Mistresses. *Mistress Savage and slave Roxanne* forces this unlucky slave to be bound, spanked and forced to masturbate. And, in the teaser excerpt, *Jennifer's School Discipline*, disobedient schoolboy "Jennifer" endures a much deserved pink panty punishment and spanking.

The e-book version of ***Female Domination with Miss Erica Kent: Vintage Volume I*** also contains never released pictures of Miss Erica and some of Her slaves. The audio book version delivers these sensuous and teasing dialogues direct from the lips of Miss Erica, Herself.

The Chastity Cuckold Collection

WSB Club (#7)
Black Owned (#4)
Family Cuckold (#5)
The Conversation (#3)
Cuckold Panty Wall (#6)
Cuckold Fluffer Box (#1)
My Daddy Does Your Wife (#2)
Black Owned 3: Club Cuckold (#9)
Sissy Cuckold Shopping Channel (#8)

Coming in 2012
Black Owned 2: Life Sentence

*Chastity
Cuckold Tales*

*Club Cuckold
Black Owned 3*

*Constance
Pennington
Smythe*

One

“How do I look?” Sara twirled in front of the mirror, checking herself in profile.

“Very nice, Mistress,” Miles said, “very sexy.”

Sara turned away from the mirror, looking over her shoulder and practicing her best come-hither flirt while checking out her bottom. “I think so too.” She ran her hands over the sides of her dress following the curve of the skin-tight fabric.

“Get my shoes,” she ordered.

Miles curtsied and wiggled across the room to Sara’s walk-in closet. He took down the box with the Sam Edelman black patent Novato platform stilettos and carried them back to Sara, who was sitting at her vanity table.

She extended a foot as Miles slipped on the exquisite shoe.

He noticed when she sat that the body-hugging mini-dress revealed the garter straps holding up her black fishnet stockings.

She stood, again walking to the mirror. “So, Missy, do you think James is going to like this look?”

“Oh yes, Mistress looks beautiful and desirable.” His heart sank as he watched his wife/Mistress primp and pose in

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front of the mirror. She *did* look sexy, in a trashy/slutty sort of way. The dress was skin-tight, revealing every bump, bulge and roll. At sixty-three Sara had the body of a college cheerleader, two-and-a-half cheerleaders, in fact. *But Master James does find her incredibly sexy; and his attentions make her happy, so...* He watched as she ran her hands over her bottom, and imagined James doing the same thing with his strong hands.

Sara giggled, “My ass in this dress should make James insane; don’t you think, Missy?”

“Yes, Mistress, your bottom is most exquisite.” Master James did love her bottom, and Sara craved his big, black cock filling her nether hole. *She never let me do that. Put my cock there.* He suddenly realized he couldn’t remember when he *had* last penetrated her. *At least a couple of years.* In those years he’d become a simple slave and maid in the household. Of course he’d begged for it, pleaded with Sara to dominate him. And she finally did; she finally realized the luxurious life of being waited on, pampered hand and foot. Then there was the first affair, when a younger black lover made her feel more sexy, desirable and alive than she’d felt in years. After that, Miles became Missy... permanently.

He’d never forget that first night when he knelt before Master James, sucking the cock that would soon please Mistress Sara, as she leaned down to whisper in his ear... “I’m so proud of you, Missy. And yet I know that this is what you want. And I do love you, although maybe in a different way now, the way a ruler cherishes a servant for their obedience and devotion. I know how much you need this, suck harder, sweetheart, don’t gag. It’s because I *do* love you, that I’m going to give you what you need and desire most. You are going to be my sissy maid and black cock whore. Miles is

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dead, now there is only Missy.” She stroked her cuckold slave’s hair as Master James ejaculated the first of many loads of black come into the house sissy. As Missy swallowed and then kissed the feet of Mistress and Master, Sara and James cuddled and she took pictures for the scrapbook that would chronicle Missy’s new life.

Shortly after that memorable turning point, Sara retired from her bookkeeper job, and began an enjoyable retirement that she’d never before contemplated. Free from domestic drudgery she lived a Queen’s life, shopping, going out with friends...and dating. She dressed overtly sexy for her young lovers and basked in their attentions.

Both she and her new sissy maid Missy were surprised that there were abundant younger suitors for a sixty-plus woman with abundant curves. Her new dominance and authority over her household had given her a confidence and authority that younger men found sexy; as well as the no-strings-attached liaisons that made many Cougars good partners for sex. Then there was the house sissy maid that many of Sara’s lovers found amusing...and convenient. An Alpha Male cock never went wanting in Sara’s domain. Though she didn’t relish kneeling and sucking; she recognized the pleasure it gave her lovers, and thus never denied them the use of the house sissy. Sara, in fact, came to enjoy the spectacle, often playing with herself, to blissful release, as she watched Missy pleasure her young stud-of-the-moment

While she and Master James were not exclusive, both enjoyed the pleasures of others, they developed a close bond. And now, this very evening, James was taking her to Club Cuckold for the first time. Sara was excited; she’d heard about the exclusive private club for some time, from James and his friends, and a few of her other lovers.

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Sara added a final coat of mascara; she wanted to look her best for James and his friends at the exclusive club. He'd picked out her dress and forbid her to wear any panties, only her garter belt and stockings. The tiniest excuse for a bra she could find held up the girls, while the low-plunging dress gave them their moment to shine. "Are you excited, Missy?" She added a pair of bright, dangly, flashy earrings.

"Yes, Mistress, it's an honor to be asked to Club Cuckold."

"I want you to be on your best behavior tonight," Sara opened a small silver beaded clutch and filled it with lip-gloss and mascara. "There will be other sissy cuckolds there and James says you should watch and learn from them."

Missy curtsied, his fingertips delicately lifting the pretty pink dress, as he settled slowly to the floor and rose gracefully.

"That's quite nice," Sara watched him in the mirror. "Bethany even complimented on your feminine behavior and your curtsy on her last visit."

"Miss Bethany is most kind," Missy bowed his head as he acknowledged Sara's comment. His gut tightened at the mention of Bethany, Master James's sister and one of Sara's new *scene* friends. Bethany never failed to torment and humiliate him on her visits, much to Sara's amusement.

"You'd better get ready, Missy," Sara dismissed her sissy-maid-husband with a wave of her hand. "You need to be ready, too, when James arrives."

"Yes, Mistress," Missy curtsied and backed out of the room.

He went to his small room in the basement, having been banished from living in the upstairs of the house. His sole purpose for being in those areas was to provide domestic

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and *other* services. He'd fantasized about being married to a dominant woman who made him her sissy maid and cuckold, and his desires were fulfilled. He was now nothing but a maid and sex toy in *Her* house. One set of male clothes remained, under her lock and key, for medical appointments; although she was seeking out a doctor who would be comfortable with the *new arrangements*. Even some of their closest and more liberated friends knew of their arrangement; these guests now quite comfortable with Sara's new sissy maid.

Missy opened the instructions and the package given him by Master James for this special evening. Following the instructions he stripped and showered quickly, his now hairless body required only minimal touching up to render him smooth and hairless. A lavender-scented body lotion, *that's how Master prefers his sissies to smell*, followed quickly. Master James had provided Missy with a special outfit for the evening and Missy donned the pink lacy bra that exposed his nipples and the white knee-high socks. A short, flouncy pink skirt nearly revealed Missy's chastity device, since Master James had provided no panties. The top was a sleeveless white one, sheer and lacy, and the instructions decreed that only the bottom three buttons be fastened. Master James had specified that Missy wear the black, high-heeled Mary Jane's, blonde wig and white gloves that were part of his girly wardrobe. Following the last of the instructions, Missy went to his tiny bathroom to do his makeup.

"I can't tell you how excited I am about this evening," Sara shivered as James ran his manly hand under her dress and grabbed her bottom.

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“It will be *most* entertaining, for everyone,” he ran his finger under her garter strap. “I approve.”

“Your instructions were quite specific,” she nearly swooned at the sound of his baritone voice. “And it’s nice to have a man around the house who knows what he wants.”

His laugh was deep and rich, “As opposed to your sissy?” he lifted her chin with his fingers and placed his lips on hers.

She whimpered as she felt his possession and opened her lips, meeting his tongue with her own, but yielding to its entry. Here was a man who knew what he wanted, and took it, and she found his authority compellingly sexy. Even in her nearly six-inch stilettos she had to look up at him; she rose on her toes to get closer, so much did she want to be completely possessed by him.

His hand found her breast and he kneaded it gently, an invitation of things to come. She gasped and moaned into his mouth when his fingers flicked at her nipple.

She broke the kiss, gasping. “Shit, James!” Sara brushed a lock of her auburn hair from her face, her brown eyes alive, “Do you want to take me upstairs and fuck me now?”

The laugh filled the room again. “I apologize, my darling. My ardor had the better of me. It *is* a tempting invitation, but I think you’ll find this evening most rewarding.”

Sara wiggled her dress back down over her ample hips as she smiled and narrowed her eyes. *I don’t know how I ever snagged a piece of man-candy like this, but if that’s what being a Dominant Female Cuckoldress means, then I’m all in.* She walked forward, placing one hand on James’s muscled chest and the other on his crotch. “Lover, I wouldn’t miss this night for anything.” She squeezed his crotch, “But there *will* be a payoff... *for me*... won’t there?”

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“I promise, you’ll be completely satisfied, as you’ve never been.” James looked up as he heard the clicking of high heels approaching down the hall. “Ahh, I think our sissy cuckold approaches.” James put his arm around Sara, pulling her to his side as both watched Missy drop to his knees and crawl forward, planting a reverent kiss on each of their shoes.

Sara sighed to still her throbbing heart—and sex. This act of complete humility and servility always made her hot; to see her feminized sissy-hubby crawl and grovel at the feet of her and her lovers. She snuggled even closer to James. “Our little cuckold looks absolutely darling.” She snapped her fingers, “Look at me, Missy!”

Missy came to his kneeling up position; his hands clasped behind his back and lifted his head, taking care to avert his eyes. He felt Sara’s finger on his cheek, turning his head left and right to inspect.

“Oh—my—God! Look at those eyelashes.” Sara gazed at the obscenely long false eyelashes on cuckold sissy, and the dark eye shadow and Kohl-rimmed eyes. “I’ve never seen any that long.”

Missy blushed, but held his position.

“Bethany styles all of the girls at Club Cuckold,” James reached down to stroke Missy’s blonde locks. “This is the outfit for all the newbies, the pledges who want to become club Cuckold girls. The Club has a strict dress code, girly and slutty for cuckies and sexy for Dominant wives.” James stood back to give Sara and Missy an approving look, “Yes, I do believe we’re ready.”

Sara laughed, “Is that what you want Missy, to be a Club Cuckold girl?”

“Oh yes, Mistress, very much.”

Sara rocked back on one of her stilettos and eyed her

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sissy maid, “Then I suggest you be on your absolute best behavior this evening.”

“Up!” James snapped his fingers and buckled a pink patent leather collar on Missy when the sissy slut stood. He snapped on a chain leash with a pink leather handle and held it out to Sara, “Your pet for the evening, M’Lady.”

“Let’s go, sissy,” Sara jerked on the leash, pulling sissy behind Mistress and Master as they walked from the house.

Two

Missy rode to the club in the backseat of Master James's Mercedes. The cuckold-sissy no longer drove, nor even possessed a driver's license. That was one of the first icons of independence surrendered to Mistress Sara, along with credit cards. While the loving couple in the front chatted about the upcoming evening, Missy sat still and silent, his gloved hands folded neatly in his lap.

The "Club" was actually a large warehouse in the industrial district, set back from other buildings. The parking lot was filled with expensive cars and Missy saw several couples queuing up at the door to go in.

"Remember," Sara clipped Missy's leash on as they stepped from the car, "be on your best behavior. If you embarrass me it will go very bad for you."

Miss curtsied, "Yes, Mistress, you'll be proud of me."

James offered his arm and Sara took it and they joined other couples, black men and their white female lovers, at the club entrance.

Missy noticed one other sissy-cuckold being led by a dominant couple. The cowering sissy was dressed identically to him. *Is she another sissy pledge seeking membership this evening? What are they going to make us do?*

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James greeted the doorman and introduced Sara. The doorman checked their names off the list and leered at Missy as they all walked into the club.

“It’s a very exclusive club, yes?” Sara remarked at the check-in process.

“Quite exclusive, by invitation only,” James replied as he led them across the room, “we have a reserved table.”

The table was a cozy, padded booth, with high sides, overlooking the dance floor.

“Stand there,” James snapped his fingers at Missy and pointed to a pedestal, eighteen inches in diameter and a foot high. He nodded to a brass hook on the end of the booth, “You can hang her leash there.”

Sara placed the leash handle on the brass hook and watched as Missy stood on the pedestal. “Don’t you look pretty, standing so proud and sissy outside of our booth?”

“Yes, thank you, Mistress,” Missy whispered.

As James and Sara settled into the booth Missy took the occasion to get a good look at the club. A large wooden dance floor took up the center of the room. It was surrounded by semi-private booths that gave the lovers a bit of seclusion, yet allowed everyone a clear view of the dance floor. Couples were still filtering into the club, with many already seated; Missy anticipated a full house. A long bar filled one end of the room and a DJ booth the other. The lighting was subdued, more intimate than dark, and the sounds of smooth jazz filled the room.

The audience was mostly black males with their white female dates. Missy noted that all the women, despite their age or figures had dressed like Sara, very sexy, with skintight dresses and fuck-me heels. The sissy cuckold found it quite erotic and his cock began to twitch and stiffen in its cage;

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especially at the sight of the many frilly pink sissies scurrying around the club.

Missy counted at least ten, but it was hard to establish the exact amount because they moved continually about the club, and all were dressed identically. It was a continual flurry of pink satin and white crinoline as their white, patent six-inch stilettos clicked across the dance floor, going from bar to table and table to table. Missy couldn't help but notice their tiny steps and how the sky-high heels and the short steps gave them each step an erotic wiggle. He watched as a sissy wiggled over, stopping at the table to curtsy before Sara and James.

The sissy-maid-cocktail-waitress that stood before them had to be almost six-feet-six, yet the creature was absolutely feminine, not a trace of maleness visible. His long legs were encased in black, seamed fishnet stockings. He wore the same dress as all the other cocktail-sissy-maids, all pink satin and white lace at the neck, hem and larger cap sleeves. Long white gloves ran up past the elbow. A blonde shoulder-length wig, and makeup, dark smoky eyes, long lashes and pink pouty lips, made this lovely creature look like all the others.

The waitress curtsied again, "Would you care for a drink?"

Sara leaned in for a closer look, "She's charming, James. Is it really a male?"

"They're *all* males," James chuckled. "Or at least what used to pass for males. Some, like Paulette here, have been feminized and trained to a rather high level, to become something...in between...man and woman. A true sissy being."

Sara's gaze landed on the one difference between Paulette and some of the other sissies in attendance. Paulette

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wore, rather proudly to Sara it seemed, a pink patent collar with 'WSB' emblazoned in glittering crystals. She peered through the dimly lit club and noticed a few other pink-clad mincing sissies wearing the same. "And that?" she nodded at the collar.

James's smiled glittered in the light flickering from the candle on the table. "A true badge of honor for a sissy, wouldn't you say, Paulette?"

Despite his size and perilous six-inch heels, Paulette executed a gracious and deep curtsy, "Oh yes, Master James. It is an honor."

"A Cosmopolitan for the lady and a Gin and Tonic, Bombay Sapphire, for me," James said.

"Of course, sir," Paulette curtsied again and teetered off to fetch the drinks.

"She's gorgeous," Sara gushed. "What do you think, Missy, would you like to be a sissy like that?"

"Oh yes, Mistress." Missy's voice actually throbbed as he watched Paulette wiggle away.

Sara turned to James, snuggling closer in the intimate booth. "So this WSB thing..."

"It stands for **White Sissy Bitch**. Those who complete the rigorous training are awarded the collar and often put into exclusive service." James pointed to the many sissies moving about serving drinks, lighting cigarettes and worshipping shoes, "Observe the ones who've earned their collars and you'll see the highest incarnation of the cuckold, sissified male."

"They seem so polished, demure and feminine." Sara focused on a few who wore the collars and noted while their posture and movements were fluid, feminine and perfect, there was also a definitive air of submission and service about

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them. “How...how do they get like that?” She turned and cast an appraising eye at Missy, who remained perched on his pedestal, entranced by the erotic ambience of the club. “Could Missy be a, what was it? WSB?”

“Lenora hasn’t yet encountered a male she couldn’t train.” He chuckled, “Some take more training than others, yet those are often the most fun. To watch a confident male be broken under the authority of his Black owners...” He smiled at Sara, “Most of the wives find it quite erotic to watch their husbands undergo the transformation.”

“Mmmm,” Sara’s eyes narrowed and she felt a wet heat arise in her loins. “Lenora?”

“Lenora Dubois, a well-educated and cultured woman who runs the WSB franchise. She and her staff, family mostly, specialize in taking would-be submissive-white-chastised-cuckold males to their highest level of being. She helps them self-actualize into true sissy maids.”

“Really?” Sara’s mind was reeling at the thought of her Missy becoming like the gorgeous feminized creature that stood before them only moments ago. “Does she ever come here?”

James pointed to a booth set up higher than the others, an opulent enclosure that looked more like an ornate curving throne. “Lenora is one of the founders of Club Cuckold and has a reserved place of honor. And yes, if she is not traveling or lecturing, she can often be found here.”

Paulette minced into place, curtsied and served the drinks.

“Paulette, is your wife here this evening?” Sara asked.

“Yes, Miss Sara, she is here with her lover.”

“All the staff, except for the bartenders and security, are cuckold sissy maids,” James said. “Even when wives go

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away on romantic weekends with their lovers, they often send their sissy-maid husbands here to work on club weekends.”

Sara reached out to lightly caress the WSB collar and watched Paulette blush. “You’re very pretty, and most feminine.”

“Thank you, Miss Sara.”

“Are those,” Sara’s eyes went to Paulette’s impressive décolletage, “yours?”

Paulette gracefully thrust his breasts forward, “Yes, Miss Sara, the implants were presents from Mistress and Master.”

“Go ahead,” James urged.

Sara took the sissy’s breasts in hand, watching how Paulette shivered slightly as Sara grazed over a nipple. “These are quite lovely...and big. How big are they?”

“Forty-four double-D,” Paulette replied, a hint of pride creeping into his voice, “Master likes to have a big-titted white cock whore in the house.”

Sara sat back, smiling, her eyes twinkling, “Yes, I can imagine that.”

“You’re dismissed,” James told Paulette.

“Thank you, Master James,” Paulette curtsied, “I hope you both have a lovely evening at Club Cuckold.” Paulette wiggled to the next table.

“My God!” Sara exclaimed, “*she* is absolutely precious. Missy could really be made into that?”

“Absolutely,” James said. “From what I’ve seen of Missy, it should be rather easy. Our little slut may even enjoy it.”

“Well...” Sara sipped her drink while watching the bevy of sissy maids bustle about the club, “I know that *I’d* enjoy it.”

Three

Sara and James cuddled in the booth and watched as more couples entered and mingled. A few stopped to chat with James and Sara. Meanwhile, the flurry of pink sissy activity continued unabated.

A striking couple entered, a beautiful redhead with dazzling green eyes and a low cut dress with a thigh-high slit that went up to *there*. She was on the arm of an impressive man, both in build and looks.

“*Who are they?*” Sara watched them enter, heads turning at the striking couple. She noticed that the woman was leading another female on a leash. Unlike the many pink sissies in the room, this was obviously an older woman, dressed in a conventional black and white domestic’s uniform. The older female slave teetered behind the couple, trying to keep up, although her feet were in high heels and hobbled, reducing her steps to mere inches.

“*That is Rebecca and Marcus. Quite the couple aren’t they?*”

“Yes, they certainly are,” Sara said, “and the other woman? The one on the leash.”

James’s rich laugh filled their booth, “That is former socialite Evelyn Desmond, Rebecca’s mother-in-law, *now*

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her lowly maid, reduced to toiling day and night for her new Master and Mistress.”

Sara joined in James’s laughter, “That *is* rich. Such a delicious downfall; was there a Mr. Desmond?”

“Now the butler.”

“Scandalous! I’d love to meet them.”

James stood and waved his hand, “Marcus.”

As the couple approached James stepped from the booth and greeted Marcus with a handshake and Rebecca with a passionate kiss. “Marcus, Rebecca, so good to see you here this evening,” James turned to Sara, “may I introduce a newcomer to our group, Sara.”

Marcus stepped forward, giving Sara a sensuous kiss on the lips that she immediately yielded to. “It’s nice to meet you, Sara,” Marcus said as he broke the kiss and stepped back. “I hope you will become a regular to our little group?”

“Yes,” Sara took a breath to compose herself, “I certainly do like what I’m seeing so far.”

Rebecca stepped forward, in front of Missy, pulling on the leash and uttering, “Come on slut,” to her slave mother-in-law. She lifted Missy’s skirt, examining the chastity device and squeezed Missy’s breasts.

Missy moaned and writhed at the attention, only to receive a sharp slap in the face from Rebecca.

“Stand still, slut!” Rebecca pinched and twisted Missy’s nipple. “Get used to being groped and used.” Rebecca looked at Sara and smiled, “This one yours?”

“She is,” Sara enjoyed watching her husband-cuckold being humiliated before the group.

“Hmm,” Rebecca continued her appraisal of Missy, “good basic material. Here tonight to pledge?”

“Yes,” James said, “and Sara has been very taken with some of the WSB girls.”

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Rebecca's eyes narrowed and a feral smile framed her lips, "Ah, yes, the epitome of the white male sissy cuckold." Rebecca jerked hard on the leash, "On your knees, clean Sara's shoes like a good white slut."

Evelyn fell to her knees and shuffled forward, "May I please clean your shoes Miss Sara?"

"Let her lick the soles clean," Rebecca advised Sara.

Sara flexed her feet, exposing the soles of her high heels and watched as the former socialite lapped at them with her tongue. "How humiliating that must be for her. And she is your maid as well?"

"Yes," Rebecca lifted her leg, planting a wicked stiletto in the middle of Evelyn's back, "now simply a lowly maid, on her knees scrubbing floors and toilets, sucking the cocks of my guests, licking and kissing assholes, groveling and eating her meals from a dog dish."

"And do you have a sissy?" Sara asked. "Is he, or she, a WSB?"

"Marcus and I considered it," Rebecca pressed her heel harder into Evelyn's back, smiling as the woman grunted, "but we went a different way."

"Her husband is now our Nanny," Marcus said.

Sara's eyes widened, "Nanny?"

"I had Marcus's baby," Rebecca said, "and we feminized my husband, hormones, breast implants, and made *her* our Nanny. In fact our little sissy-nanny watches many of the children when their parents are here at club nights."

"Fascinating," Sara said.

"Darling," Marcus took Rebecca's arm, "we need to get to our table."

"It was so nice to meet you," Rebecca removed her foot from Evelyn and pulled the maid back up to standing.

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She unclipped the leash, ordering Evelyn, “You, into the kitchen. Go.”

The couples watched the maid mince away in her high-heeled-hobbles.

“She works the kitchen, doing dishes, scrubbing floors and cleaning toilets,” Rebecca embraced Sara, “We hope to see more of you at the club.” She reached up under Missy’s skirt, squeezing the balls and laughing as the sissy winced, “Good luck with this one.”

James and Sara took their places back in the booth as Marcus and Rebecca went to their table.

“Wow,” Sara shook her head. “They are really something. Do all the men greet women that way?” She remembered Marcus’s passionate greeting kiss, and the way James had kissed Rebecca in the same manner.

“Yes,” James pulled Sara closer to him in the booth, “we all greet women in the club in that manner; it’s something you’ll have to get used to.”

“Really,” Sara sighed, “I’m fine with it.” *Really fine, who’d have thought that in my sixties that I’d be around so much delicious man-candy, sexy chocolate man-candy that desired me?* She cast a glance at Missy, still standing on his platform, *And if I can make you into a WSB...then life will be good...GREAT.*

Four

The lights dimmed and the music faded from the soft jazz that had wafted through the club to a more techno/disco beat. Sara noticed how the patrons took their seats and focused their attention to the dance floor. Next she saw all the pink sissies scurry to the bar. There was a clattering of spike heels over the wooden dance floor as they all rushed, quite sexily, to deposit their trays on the bar and then line up in one long line.

The music rose, not eardrum-splitting, but Sara could “feel” the bass vibrate the floor of their booth. It added a certain visceral element to the growing erotic excitement of the evening.

“Missy!” James’s voice startled the sissy, who jumped, nearly falling off his pedestal perch. “Pay attention,” James ordered.

“Yes, Master James,” Missy bobbed a curtsy on the small platform.

The music settled into a percussive four-four groove and the line of pink sissies began doing a hip-drop with their right hip on two and four; their hands on their waists, proudly thrusting their sissy titties forward.

Sara clapped her hands in glee, “It’s a sissy chorus line! Oh, they’re so sweet.”

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James stroked her cheek, watching her in the flickering candle light, “There’s so much more, baby.”

She nestled closer to him, losing herself in his manliness, “This is *so awesome*. I never imagined...”

The sissies marched forward at the song’s chorus, right foot over left in a pronounced and very feminine catwalk strut. Their hands gracefully rose from their hips and they linked their arms around one another’s shoulders, all the while blowing sissy air kisses to the audience as they strutted to the middle of the dance floor. Suddenly they all turned to the right, bending forward at the waist and placing their hands on the sissy bottom before them. They performed a circuit around the perimeter of the dance floor, mincing on their sky-high stilettos and wiggling their bottoms, all while maintaining strict positions.

Sara laughed out loud and clapped her hands. “They’re really good. Oh my God, they are *so precious!* Who could have imagined a bunch of men could do that?”

“Yes,” James’s laugh competed with the club music, “I suppose they *were* men once, but they’re just sissy cuckolds now. Submissive she-males, content to kneel before their wives’ lovers and suck black cock and eat cream pies.”

“Oh, God!” Sara shivered at the erotic images James conjured up.

The sissies had now completed their sissy promenade and were once again lined up in one line in the center of the floor. They locked arms and began a series of unison kicks. Sara noticed the tall and statuesque Paulette holding place in the center of the line, the rest of the sissies fanning out from him by height. Paulette led the center forward as the ends curved around behind him until the sissies formed a circle, facing the audience. Then they sang.

CLUB CUCKOLD WELCOMES YOU! All the

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sissies blew a kiss with their right hand and pointed to the audience with their left.

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE DO! The sissies locked arms and began a series of knee kicks.

WE SUCK COCK AND WEAR HIGH HEELS! The chorus line unlocked arms and all bent forward, shaking their tits and licking their lips.

FUCK OUR PUSSIES AND HEAR US SQUEAL! The sissies pivoted, showing their bottoms to the audience and lifting their pink dresses while shaking their sissy asses.

Sara laughed so hard she had tears in her eyes. "I've never seen anything like this."

WE LOVE BLACK COCK, IT'S SO YUMMY. Each sissy put their hands in front of their face as if holding onto a large cock.

SO SHOOT YOUR LOAD AND FILL OUR TUMMY! The sissies all patted their tummies and smacked their lips. They formed a Conga line, each with their hands on the hips of the one in front and strutted from the dance floor to thunderous applause from the crowd.

Sara stood to give a standing ovation, leaning close to her cowering sissy husband, "I can't wait to see you out there."

"Y-yes, Mistress. T-t-thank you."

She settled back into James's arms. "That was really something. They do that every time?"

"There's always some kind of opening number," James planted a soft kiss on her cheek. "And there will be a floor show later." He lifted his hand and snapped his fingers, summoning a sissy-maid cocktail waitress, all who had now returned to their serving duties.

Sara let her head fall back on James's shoulder as she felt his arm wrap around her, his large strong hand sensuously covering her breast. When he squeezed gently, she moaned.

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When his fingers squeezed her nipple and his tongue flicked at her ear she whispered, "Oh, James."

Missy was shaking on his perch. He hoped no one lifted his short, flimsy skirt as his cock was trying desperately to erect, thrusting the chastity device out at the most hideous angle. The entire events of the evening had excited Missy more than he thought he could be excited: being humiliated by the beautiful Rebecca, watching the tall and elegant sissy maid Paulette, and now the debauched sissy opening musical number. *Are they going to make me do that? Will I end up as a sissy cocktail waitress, dancing and showing myself off to a room of black Mistress's and Masters?* Missy literally quivered as Paulette walked by, the tall elegant she-male seemed to glide on his stilettos and carried himself in a confident, yet servile feminine manner.

"Paulette!" James ordered.

"Master James," Paulette stopped and gave a flawless curtsy.

"Check Missy's clitty."

James and Sara leaned forward to watch the action.

"Sir," Paulette bowed his head and placed his tray silently on the table. He turned and took two steps to position himself in front of a shaking Missy. "So, sweetums, Master says that little clitty of yours needs to be checked."

Missy bit his lips to stifle the moan that was trying to punch past his pink-lipsticked lips.

"Is all this getting little Missy excited?" Paulette's voice was steady, yet sultry. "Some sissy girls just can't contain themselves."

Paulette's gloved hands moved up Missy's thighs slowly and Missy moaned, "Ohhh..."

"Let's take a look," Paulette lifted up the front of Missy's skirt, revealing the chastity device, the cock inside now beginning to mushroom out the slit used to pee. "Goodness," Paulette said in mock surprise, "this looks

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serious.” His gloved finger stroked the head of the cock protruding from the slit in the chastity device. “Poor baby,” Paulette teased the fleshy escapee from the chastity device. “Let me make it *all better*,” Paulette leaned down to lick at Missy’s exposed cock head.

“Ohhh, nooo, oohh, please, please.” Missy was shaking.

“Oh no,” Paulette teased, “it’s getting bigger, not going down.”

“Leave it out,” James ordered, “and go back to work.”

“Yes, Sir,” Paulette bobbed a quick curtsy and tucked the bottom of Missy’s skirt into the waistband, leaving the sissy exposed for everyone in the club to see.

James pointed two fingers to the empty glasses on the table and Paulette removed them, curtsied and scurried off to refresh the drinks.

Sara moved forward, looking at Missy’s disgusting clitty. “You’re embarrassing me. It looks as if all this is exciting you. Is this how you want your life to be? Is this what you want? To be a disgusting little feminized sissy maid? Answer me.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Yes...*what?*” Sara was enjoying her role as tormenter, tonight more than ever. She was going to make her cuckold husband ask and beg for his ultimate degradation.

“Yes, Mistress, this is exciting. And yes, I want to be a pink sissy maid at Club Cuckold.”

“Well, that’s for James to determine. I imagine they don’t let just any sissies in here.”

“That’s true,” James said, “there *is* an application process...and an audition. A...try out...of sorts.”

Slow sultry music came over the house speakers and several couple moved onto the dance floor. James extended his hand, leading Sara onto the dance floor while casting an over-the-shoulder glance at Missy.

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The hapless cuckold watched his wife/Mistress walk onto the dance floor, hand-in-hand with Master James. Her lover pulled Sara into his arms and began to sway to the beat.

A couple walked by, an elegantly dressed man and his white date. They paused before Missy, the woman fondling Missy's swollen balls. "Poor baby, you look so frustrated and pitiful." The woman turned her gaze to the dance floor, "Your wife looks very beautiful with Master James. I bet he makes her happy," she squeezed Missy's balls, "in ways this pathetic sissy-cock never could."

"Yes, Ma'am, Master James makes her very happy."

The woman laughed cruelly as her escort led her onto the dance floor.

Missy stared at James and Sara, watching as James slid his hand under Sara's dress, pulling it up and caressing her full bottom as they swayed on the dance floor. Missy's breathing quickened to watch the lecherous display, especially in light of the fact that Sara seemed to be enjoying the attention. In fact, Sara seemed to revel in the public display of being pawed by her black lover. Missy's shame and humiliation were complete; a tear crept down his cheek.

Five

“She’s here,” James pointed to the luxurious booth where Lenora Dubois resided. The imperious Mistress and slave trainer arrived during the dancing and was now holding court as couples paid their respects. “Would you like to meet her?”

“Of course,” Sara said.

James eyed the small queue waiting to see Lenora, “After the games; we’ll let the crowd thin out a bit.”

Sara furrowed her eyebrows, “Games?”

Her answer was another tempestuous kiss from James. “The night is young, baby, there’s so much more for you to see.”

She caught her breath after the kiss, “So how often does this occur?” Sara waved her arms to indicate ‘the club’.

“A couple times a month, and there are special parties for holidays and other occasions.” James sipped his drink. “When you’re a member you receive encrypted e-mails notifying you.”

“What if you’re not here? I mean...or available, or...”

“Female club members are always welcome, but you must be with a black male,” James pointed to a table across the room. “You’ll see that Karl is entertaining both Linda and Claudia this evening.”

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“And they all three go home together and...” Sarah’s eyes danced in the candlelight.

“Yes,” James paused. “Does that...give you issue?”

“Nooo...” Sara stared across the room at the black male attending to both his dates for the evening. She imagined herself in bed with the strapping male and his impressive cock—and another woman, with soft skin and full breasts. Sara saw her lips closing over a nipple, felt a small and delicate hand probe at her fiery slit—

“...have their sissies make out.”

“I...I’m sorry?” Sara’s imaginary ménage was interrupted by James comment.

He took her hand in his and kissed it, following her eyes to Karl, Linda and Claudia across the room. Karl was kissing Claudia and Linda had Claudia’s dress down and was sucking greedily on her breast. James chuckled, “I said that sometimes, two women like Claudia and Linda would take their sissies back home with them. The ladies often have the sissies prep their lover, the she-males taking turns sucking on the black cock, getting it wet and hard.” He shrugged, “The sissies are then left to their own devices while the lovers enjoy their own pleasures. Many ladies have their sissies make out.” James nodded at Missy, “Would you enjoy watching Missy kiss and fondle another sissy maid? Many women find it a turn-on to watch a pair of sissy maids kiss, grope each other and stick dildoes up each other’s pussi.”

“I suppose it might be erotic at that.” Sara giggled, “And since we locked her little clitty away I guess that’s about the only way my Missy is going to get any sexual pleasures.”

“Caroline!” James stopped a passing sissy cocktail waitress.

“Master James,” Caroline curtsied.

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“This slut is Missy,” James pointed to Missy, still standing on his perch, his chastised cock on full display. “His owner wants to see a sissy kiss.”

Caroline licked his lips in anticipation, “Yes, sir.” Caroline walked to Missy, stroking the slave’s balls. “C’mere lover, give us a nice sexy kiss-kiss.”

Missy leaned down, opening his lips, waiting for Caroline.

The more experienced sissy maid wrapped his hand around the back of Missy’s neck, bringing the two feminized males into a fiery kiss.

“She’s one of them,” Sara whispered as she nudged James’s arm and pointed to the WSB collar around Caroline’s neck.

“She is, and reputedly one of the best WSB cock suckers ever. Never gags, always swallows.”

Sara’s smile was evil, “And you know this *how*, darling?” Even as she talked to James, Sara never took her eyes from her husband/slave and the torrid sissy-kiss he was sharing with an eminent sissy cock sucker.

“I’ve enjoyed Caroline’s attentions on more than one occasion and can attest to her reputation.”

The sissies continued to kiss, and now Caroline had a hand on one of Missy’s breasts, making Missy writhe and moan into the kiss.

“That *is* most erotic.” Sara sat back and sipped her drink. “You’re right; it would be exciting to watch Missy have a make-out session with another sissy. I do think I’d enjoy that. My own little sissy sex show.”

“Anything is possible,” James said, “you only have to command it.”

Sara turned to James, a puzzled expression on her

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face, “Can you make them do anything? I mean, these sissies walk by here and you stop them and order them around and...they do it. Whatever you say.”

“Rules of the club. All sissies must obey any command given by a Male or Female member.” To illustrate, James ordered, “Caroline, kiss my feet.”

The couple in the booth watched as Caroline broke the kiss tenderly and then gracefully fell to his knees, bending his head forward to plant reverent kisses on Master James’s shoes.

His point made, James commanded, “Caroline, about your duties.”

The feminized slave rose so gracefully it seemed he was floating on air. Caroline curtsied and minced away, turning quickly to blow a kiss at Missy who blushed.

“So...” Sara seemed to consider her next thought, “if I, and by extension Missy, become club members, Missy will have to do whatever anyone orders?”

“Within reason,” James explained, “we don’t make a slave hurt themselves or others. But humiliation, discomfort, shame, degradation...of course.”

“That’s some pretty heady stuff.”

James smiled, “Rather powerful, yes. It interests and excites you?” He noticed Sara’s empty glass and summoned a sissy. “Cosmopolitan, Gin and Tonic with Bombay...and two Bull Shots with a Sissytini.”

“It does interest me. I’m here. And yes, *we’d* like to be members. Right, Missy?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Sissytini?” Sara cocked her head. “Bull shots?”

“Sissies aren’t allowed alcohol, but we do have drinks for them. *Special* drinks.”

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The waitress arrived with their drinks. Sara noted how even though all the pink-frilled sissies varied by body type, their identical outfits, hair and makeup lent a definite *sameness* to all of them. She also noticed the new drinks, decidedly different from the conventional libations she and James had been enjoying.

Three pink glasses now resided on the table; two pink shot glasses and an ornate pink martini glass.

Sara tapped an elegant, fiery red nail on the martini glass, “This is one of the special drinks?”

James nodded, “There are only three drinks available for sissy cuckolds. That is obviously the Sissytini.”

Sara studied the watery and dingy concoction, “Which is...”

“Tepid tap water mostly. There’s a large urn of water, which is filled with panties to imbue it with that special and intoxicating flavor.”

“Panties?”

James smiled and spread out his hand to the club interior, “Panties donated by the many beautiful women in attendance. Ones they’ve worn sometimes for three days, to Yoga classes, Zumba classes, morning jogs, panties now filled with the essence of their sex, something of course off-limits to their submissive husbands and boyfriends.”

“That is *so* devious. What do you think, Missy? Would you like to be served Sissytinis at home?”

“I-I don’t know, Mistress. Uh, yes?”

“We’ll have Missy do a Bull Shot,” James said, “and then follow with her Sissytini. I ordered two so Pam could show Missy the protocol. Pam?”

“Yes, Master James.” Pam picked up the two shot glasses and moved in front of Missy. “It’s okay, honey, you’ll

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soon develop a craving for this, watch me.” Pam brought the shot glass to his lips and threw back the contents, taking a few moments to swirl the contents in his mouth. “It’s important not to swallow right away, sweetie, you need to savor it, let it sit there for a few moments so you can appreciate the finish.”

“Okay,” Missy watched the sissy-waitress lick his lips, obviously relishing the beverage.

“This next part is important,” Pam continued, “your owners will want to watch it.” Pam brought the glass to his mouth again, the tongue now flicking out, reaching to the bottom of the glass and swirling around the sides, licking the glass spotlessly clean. “Now you,” Pam handed Missy a shot glass, “turn around so they can watch you.”

Missy shuffled on his pedestal and turned facing the table with James and Sara. He tipped the glass back into his mouth, immediately recognizing the semi-salty and sticky taste of semen.

“Remember,” Pam advised, “don’t swallow yet. Savor it; your owners want to see you enjoy it.”

Missy nodded his affirmation as his tongue lapped at the inside of his mouth.

Pam’s gloved hand stroked Missy’s bottom, “Good isn’t it. Take time to enjoy the taste and texture. Slowly.”

Missy’s cheeks moved as the shot of male ejaculate mingled with his own saliva.

“Now, lick the glass clean, really stick that tongue out. Your owners want to see you getting every last drop.”

Missy complied, trying to lick the glass clean in one languid and fluid movement as had Pam, but his technique was not as refined.

“Was that what I think it was?” Sara couldn’t take her

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eyes off her sissy-husband as his pink, pert tongue moved around the glass.

“Ejaculate from superior black males,” James said proudly, “what we call a Bull Shot.”

Pam took the shot glass from Missy and handed him the Sissytini, “Here, baby, sip this slowly. Sluts don’t gulp; they take the time to savor what they are given. Hold your pinky out, remember, always girly.”

Missy complied, noting the water had a musky quality, it really did taste like woman, like sex.

“Good girl,” Pam stroked Missy’s balls.

“That’s all, Pam,” James said.

Pam curtsied, “Thank you for the drink, Sir.”

“There’s also a Girly Shot, the other drink available for sissies at the club.” James clinked his glass to Sara’s in a celebratory toast. “The Girly Shot is female urine.”

Sara shook her head in amazement, “It’s amazing, they all seem so compliant, they simply do whatever they’re told. So obedient.”

“They aren’t allowed in otherwise, those that can’t perform or meet club standards are kept in training until they do, or are barred from attendance.” James offered his hand, “Shall we dance?”

For the second time that evening Missy watched his wife on the dance floor, wrapped in James’s arms as the black man’s hands roamed her body. Missy noticed the same with the other couples on the dance floor, white women being openly groped by their black lovers, and loving it.

When the next song came on it was a fast number and Missy watched as Sara shook her bootie, backing up and wiggling her bottom in James’s crotch. Her black lover wrapped his arms around her pulling her close and pumping

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into her. When his hands pulled down her dress and he mauled her breasts right on the dance floor Sara only closed her eyes, a look of bliss on her face.

It was a shameful and open display of lust and sexuality, yet no one seemed to mind, in fact, many women in the club were being similarly felt up on the dance floor. Another male danced before Sara and ran his hand up under her dress, fingering her pussy as James caressed her breasts. As James nuzzled her neck, this new male fingered her, and took her lips in a sensuous kiss.

Missy couldn't take his eyes off the spectacle. He'd never seen Sara so sexual, and she was obviously enjoying it, giving in completely to the possession by two black men in a room full of people.

The beautiful Rebecca and Marcus walked by, stopping in front of Missy. Rebecca looked at Sara on the dance floor and then back to Missy, "She looks radiant, a black lover, *or lovers*, is obviously what she needs."

"Yes, Miss Rebecca."

Rebecca's hand slapped at Missy's exposed chastity device. "*This* is useless, which is why she is here with her lover and *you* are a feminized sissy cuckold."

"Yes, of course, Miss Rebecca. I only want Mistress to be happy."

"Enjoy your drink slut."

Missy watched Rebecca walk away before turning his eyes back to Sara and James on the dance floor. He sipped his drink, fearing to wonder what may lie ahead.

Six

“Is everyone ready for some games?” the house DJ asked.

The room answered with applause and cheers.

Sara sipped her drink and raised her eyebrows, “After what I’ve seen so far I’m guessing the games will be...um...unique and entertaining?”

“I believe you will be sufficiently entertained,” James said.

Missy sipped down the last of his drink, the pungent taste and odor still with him. With every breath and swallow he was in a world of sexual scent. *Will Mistress and Master start making me drink these at home? I guess it’s something I could get used to.*

“Before we get started with the games,” the DJ cued up a sexy, funky instrumental groove, “how about we meet our new Club Cuckold pledges. What do you say?”

Again the crowd responded with applause and cheers.

“Alright ladies and gentlemen, let’s meet ‘em right now. Master Derek is here with his escort, the beautiful Elaine and her sissy-cuckold Chrissi!”

An attractive black man of medium height and build stepped onto the floor, a tall redhead in a skin-tight green gown on his arms. In her stilettos she towered over the shorter

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man. In her hand she held the leash pulling her sissy-cuckold-hubby, Chrissi, behind. Chrissi strutted sexily on her stilettos, looking eager to perform. The couple paused at the edge of the dance floor and waved to the crowd.

“Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for Master Lucas, and the stunning Ginger, with her sissy-cuckold, Marci.”

Ginger was a stunning blonde, only in her middle twenties, and was escorted by a tall lover with a shaven head, only a few years older than her. Ginger also led her cuckold, a nervous type named Marci, by a leash. They took their place at the edge of the dance floor on the far end of the room.

Sara noted that the two other initiates were dressed in the same manner as Missy.

“And our final pledges this evening, Master James and the gorgeous Sara, with her sissy-cuck, Missy!”

James took Sara by the hand and led her from the booth, offering her arm, which she took. She grabbed Missy’s leash and led her cuck onto the floor, on the opposite side of Derek Elaine.

Sara waved to the crowd and felt the rush of being described as *gorgeous* and applauded by the crowd. To a sixty-three year-old with ample curves the attention and adoration experienced that evening were as heady as any drug. If she hadn’t been committed to black cock and the life of a cuckoldress before—she certainly was now. Her pussy quivered; she had the desire to fuck every black cock in the house. *And maybe I eventually will.*

A pink cocktail waitress, all WSB girls, approached each cuckold pledge. Paulette stood next to Missy and whispered, “You’re going to be exhibited, your Mistress will lead you around the floor. Push your titties out, stick out your bottom, hands on your hips. Be sure and blow sissy kisses to the crowd. Understand?”

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“Yes, Ma’am,” Missy’s voice was shaky.

“Relax, baby. This is your time to shine. Just walk and show it off until they tell you to stop. Make Master James and Mistress Sara proud.” Paulette gave Missy a kiss on the cheek. “The sexier and sluttier you are the better. Work it, bitch.”

Missy wiggled his bottom, “I will.”

The DJ brought the volume up as the crowd began to clap in time to the music. “Let’s get ‘em out here folks; our sissy-cuckold promenade for the evening.”

Each of the black dominant males led his date for the evening, and her sissy-cuck, around the floor to the cheers, and jeers for the cucks, of the assembled throng.

Sara smiled and waved, confident and proud to be a sexy woman in a club of black admirers. To his credit, Missy pranced behind on his stilettos, thrusting out his titties and tushy, hands sexily on his hips as he blew kisses to the crowd.

After three circuits around the floor the men led the ladies to the center.

“Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce our Mistress of Ceremonies for this evening, the cruel and wicked tormentress of sissy-cucks, the one and only...Mistress Bethany!”

The crowd cheered their approval as Mistress Bethany took the floor.

Missy felt his knees go weak and his sphincter tighten. James’s sister was bad enough in the privacy of Mistress Sara’s home, *but now I’ll have to endure her here, in front of everyone.*

Mistress Bethany strode onto the dance floor, waving to friends in the audience. She looked every inch the renowned terror of white sissy male cuckolds. Bethany was tall, over six-two in her black, patent, knee-high leather boots

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with the metal four-inch spike heels. The leather look continued with her short leather mini-skirt, red silk blouse and black leather jacket. All the clothing was cut and styled to enhance her enormous breasts and hips, and many sissies in the crowd had suffered under Mistress Bethany's large and exquisite bottom. She wore black leather gloves, and held a leather crop in her right hand and a wireless microphone in her left hand. "Are we havin' a good time tonight?" When the crowd cheered back she answered with an "Oh yea!"

Bethany approached the three couples, taking the sissy's leash from each of the women, and leading them away from their Masters and Mistresses. She walked the sissies in a small circle, "What do you think of these cute little sissy cuckies; think we can put 'em to use?"

"I got a use," someone yelled, "ten inches of use."

"My kitchen floor and bathrooms need licked clean."

"How about a maid and black cock whore?"

The three sissy cucks huddled closer, seeking a refuge that wasn't there.

Bethany made the three sissies kneel in a triangle formation, facing the crowd. "You girls stay here and suck your thumb while I go talk to the grownups," Bethany said.

Chrissi and Missy immediately put their right thumb in their mouth and began sucking while Marci looked imploringly at his wife, Ginger.

The crop landed quickly and savagely and Marci yelped.

Bethany leaned down, "What's your name, slut?" She held the microphone forward to catch the slave's response.

"M-Marci."

Bethany struck again, "That's *Mistress Bethany*, slut. Suck—your—thumb."

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Marci's hand was shaking so bad he could hardly get his thumb in his mouth.

Bethany moved to the side and patted Missy and Chrissi on the head. "Good girls, maybe you'll get something better—and bigger—to suck on. Would you like that?"

Chrissi and Missy offered a garbled unison reply, without removing their thumbs, "Yeth Mithwth Bthny."

The crowd applauded at the compliant and obedient sissies.

"Let's meet our lovely ladies," Bethany walked to the three couples, leaving the thumb-sucking sissies on their knees in the middle of the floor, now bathed in a bright white spot light.

The three women stood, basking in the attention and snuggling next to their black male escorts. Clearly they enjoyed the limelight of being a black man's lover. None gave even a cursory glance to their kneeling, sissified husbands.

"Are you enjoying your first evening here at Club Cuckold?" Bethany asked Elaine.

"Oh yes," Elaine gushed. "It's wonderful. Everyone is so nice. The place is full of sexy men," she gave Master Derek a sexy hip-bump. "And all these adorable pink sissies."

"Hard to believe they were once men," Bethany said.

Elaine rubbed her ample breasts into Master Derek, "If they were *real men*, they wouldn't be here tonight, dressed as *pink sissies*." Her *pink sissies* invective was aimed at her own sissy, Chrissi.

"What about you," Bethany asked Ginger, "having a good time this evening?"

"This is awesome," Ginger waved at the crowd. "I'm glad I discovered what this is all about before I wasted a lot of crap years on my marriage." She cast a scornful at her

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sissy-cuck Marci, who sucked his thumb nervously. “My marriage is better for me now. I’m gonna be a *LOT* happier.”

“That’s what it’s all about, right?” Bethany asked the crowd. “Making wives happy?”

Ginger waved again to the crowd as they cheered.

Bethany moved to Sara, “Sara, so good to have you with us tonight; any first impressions about Club Cuckold? Is my little brother James taking good care of you?”

“James *always* takes good care of me. It’s why he’s in my life now.” Sara nestled closer into James, her hand reaching down to sensuously stroke his crotch. “And for my first impression about Club Cuckold? *Why* did I waste away so many years,” she squeezed James crotch to hoots from the crowd, “when *this* is available.” Sara leaned forward and looked over at Ginger, “More young wives like Ginger need to be aware of this. Think of the great married years she has ahead of her.”

Bethany raised her hands, “You heard it here folks, from these *now* happy wives. What do you say we have their sissies entertain us with some sissy games? See if these cuckold white girly-boys have what it takes to become Club Cuckold pink girls.”

The room went dark before a lone pink spotlight bathed the three thumb-sucking sissy-cuckolds.

Seven

The house lights slowly came back up as Bethany walked to the kneeling sissies. “You sluts are going to entertain us this evening with a few sissy games. And guess what? There’s no winner, no matter what you do, because you’re *all* losers. If you weren’t losers you wouldn’t be dressed as sissy sluts while your wives are spending the evening in the arms of their black lovers. Take those disgusting thumbs out of your mouths. On your feet!”

The three sissies clambered to their feet.

“Straight line, facing me,” Bethany commanded.

The sounds of laughter filled the club along with the tippy-tap of the sissies’ stilettos on the dance floor.

“One of the essential white-sissy-maid-cuckold skills is…” Bethany held her microphone to the crowd.

“COCK SUCKING,” the audience roared back.

Bethany turned to the sissy trio, “Have you all sucked a black cock?”

“Yes, Miss Bethany,” they nodded.

She laughed, “Then this should be easy for you. Hell, a couple of you might even enjoy it.” Bethany walked back to the three couples. “Club Cuckold sponsors scholarships for black children, to help them get educations and good jobs

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so they can support their own harems of white women and sissy-cucks.”

“Sounds like a worthwhile goal to me,” Elaine said. “The world could use more dominant and successful black men as far as I’m concerned.”

“One of our fund-raisers,” Bethany continued, “is a cock sucking contest with all newbie cucks to Club Cuckold. We’ll auction off each of these worthless white sissy males, the men in our audience will bid to come down here and put these sluts to the test.” Bethany looked over her shoulder to the three sissies, “What about it, ready to suck some black cock?”

“Yes, Miss Bethany!”

“So, how do you think your sluts are going to do?” Bethany asked the three women.

Ginger frowned, “Marci has been disappointing to me; she gags and trembles, sometimes even cries. But I think this will be a good experience for her.” She glared at her sissy-husband, “Don’t let me down, bitch!”

“I-I’ll do my best, Mistress.”

“Chrissi is a black cock whore,” Elaine said. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d think he had a thing for black guys before I started hooking up with them. The little slut is a cock gobbler. In fact...” Elaine paused, a wicked smile coming to her lips. She eyed the audience, “I bet my sissy cuck can get off any *two men* here before these other sluts finish their first. And if she can’t, I’ll write a check for five thousand dollars to your scholarship fund.”

The crowd clapped and cheered this new development to the night’s first game.

“A most generous offer, this should make things quite interesting.” Bethany wheeled around, gazing up to the DJ booth, “RJ! Let’s get the bidding started.”

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The bidding was fast and furious and Elaine was surprised that her sissy, Chrissi, did not garner the highest amount, even though two customers had both bid for the chance to see if Chrissi could suck off two imposing black males before the other cucks finished getting theirs off. The biggest money earner for the evening was the frightened Marci. Obviously many males in the audience relished the chance to humble the frightened newbie.

Ginger gloated and cast a withering glare at Marci as a huge male walked from the crowd and took his place before the cowering Marci.

“That’s Michael,” Bethany said to Ginger as she pointed to the male towering over Marci. “One of the most well endowed males here this evening. I’m afraid Marci is in for a rough time.”

“It’s what the slut deserves,” Ginger’s voice held no warmth or compassion; “she needs to get used to servicing my black lovers.” She sneered at Marci, “Because I intend to have lots!”

Bethany moved to Elaine, “Are you still confident about your Chrissi finishing off Thomas and Lamar?”

“Oh yea, I think everyone here will be pleased with her performance.” Elaine looked to the kneeling Chrissi, whose eyes were transfixed on the crotches of the imposing males before her, “Don’t let me down, slut.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Chrissi licked her lips, drawing hoots and cheers from the crowd.

“I know that Missy has serviced James often,” Bethany said to Sara, “has your cucky serviced other men?”

“No,” Sara said, “up to now it’s been only James, but I think she’s excited about experiencing more black cocks, aren’t you Missy?”

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“Oh yes, Mistress, thank you for this opportunity.”

“If you will follow me over here,” Bethany led the three couples to the kneeling sissies, “you can cheer on your sluts as they put on their cock sucking show for everyone.”

Flat screen televisions blinked on throughout the club so everyone had a good view of the sissies kneeling before their black masters.

“The rules are simple,” Bethany explained. “When I say ‘Go’, you will each take out the man’s cock and start sucking until he comes in your mouth. Chrissie, since you have two men to please you will be allowed to use your hands on the second man while you suck off the first. Be sure and swallow. Everyone here is going to enjoy watching you,” Bethany laughed, “so you might as well enjoy it too. Ready?”

Chrissie licked his lips and smoothed his gloves over his fingers, while Marci closed his eyes.

Missy took a deep breath, *I’ve sucked and swallowed for Master James. I know I can do this.*

Bethany pointed to the DJ booth and said “Go,” as RJ cued a buzzer.

Chrissi amazed the crowd with his ambidexterity, unbuckling the belts, unzipping the trousers and withdrawing two impressive black cocks simultaneously. His mouth went immediately to one, furiously licking and preparing it for her hungry mouth. Meanwhile his gloved hand began to work the other cock into a state of excitement.

Chrissi’s paramours exchanged bemused glances and smiled.

“Now *that* is one dedicated white sissy cuckold cock sucker,” Thomas said.

“Shit, I’m impressed,” Lamar agreed.

Missy had sufficiently lubricated the head of Master

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Jonas's cock and was now spreading his lips wide, getting ready to accommodate the monster. *It's even bigger than Master James.*

"Quit whimpering and get that goddamn cock in your mouth!" Ginger slapped her husband Marci on the head. "You better suck him off and damn quick. And be sure you swallow."

"You're doing good, baby," Elaine stroked Chrissi's hair as the cuckold's head bobbed up and down on the huge cock. "Make me proud, show them what a cuckold slut you are."

Chrissi was now making long up-and-down journeys on Thomas's cock, deep throating the monster until the huge black balls were slapping his chin. One hand fondled behind the balls of Thomas's cock while the other pumped furiously on Lamar's, preparing the next suitor.

"Let me give you some help, baby," Elaine patted Chrissi's head, then reached up and pulled down the top of her own dress, revealing large, peach-cream breasts. She grabbed a hand of each of Chrissi's males and put them on her own breasts. The black males obliged immediately fondling the white woman while her cuckold husband pleased them.

"Is that legal?" Sara asked Bethany.

"*Anything* goes at Club Cuckold," Bethany laughed.

"Then anything it is," Sara pulled down the top of her own dress, offering her breasts and kissing Master Jonas.

The crowd cheered and applauded Elaine and Sara getting into the act, offering themselves to the black males, while their sissy husbands sucked cock.

"Aw shit," Thomas grabbed Chrissi's head and started pumping harder, "oh yea, shit!" His back arched and he shook as his cock unloaded its precious fluid into Chrissi's mouth.

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As he backed away Chrissi opened his mouth wide to the audience so they could see it full of Thomas's creamy come, Chrissi's pink tongue wiggling through it all."

"One down for Chrissi!" Bethany yelled.

Chrissi swallowed and licked his lips, a saucy little show for the crowd as he positioned Lamar's cock before his lips.

"You are really pissing me off!" Ginger put her hand on the back of Marci's head, pushing her sissy husband further down the cock, making him choke and gag. "Chrissi's already sucked one off."

Michael laughed, he obviously wasn't going to get the world-class blow job that slut Chrissie seemed capable of providing, but he loved humiliating white sissified males, and tonight he was certainly getting his money's worth. "Your wife can take my whole cock in her pussy and ass, slut; least you can do is get it in your mouth. You don't make me come here, I'm gonna stick this thing up your white sissy ass. Either way, I'm gonna come, and you're gonna make it happen." Tears of fear and frustration streamed down Marci's face; making Master Michael smile even more.

Missy had Master Jonas to full erection, although he was struggling with the size. *Are all black males so huge? No wonder Sara has gone Black.* Missy felt Sara grinding her pussy on his head as Sara leaned into Master Jonas, offering her breasts to the superior black male as he filled Missy's mouth with cock.

It wouldn't be enough. Chrissi's expert hand job had Lamar nearly ready to come before he took him in his mouth and he quickly brought the dominant male off, earning himself another mouth of come, which he displayed proudly to the crowd.

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“Good girl,” Elaine bent down and planted a kiss on Chrissi’s cheek.

“How about *that*, ladies and gentlemen?” Bethany circled the dance floor urging the crowd on. “Haven’t seen anything like that in quite a while have we?” She walked to Elaine, “Your sissy husband is quite the cocksucker.”

“My lovers do seem to enjoy her. I’m sorry that the club lost the bet. But if anyone else wants to sample my Chrissi’s skills,” Elaine stroked Chrissi’s hair, “she will give blow jobs the rest of the night. The men can pay what they want and all the proceeds can go to your scholarship fund.”

“What do you say?” Bethany asked, “Any more in here want to do little Chrissi?”

Several large black hands went up in the audience.

“All right, after the games, we’ll set Chrissi up and see how much money she can earn to create more future black Mistresses and Masters.”

Master Jonas finally finished himself off, Missy struggling not to choke as more come than he’d ever had filled his mouth. He too displayed himself to the crowd, though with less aplomb than had Chrissi.

Only Marci was left to struggle on the end of a mammoth black cock. It was left more to Master Michael than to Marci to get himself off. When Marci gagged at the come filling his mouth and pulled off, Michael pumped the rest of his prodigious load onto Marci’s face, to the delight of Ginger.

“Leave that on there,” Ginger glared down at her slave-husband, his face full of streams of glistening come. “You can spend the rest of the night like that.”

“You’re obviously not happy with Marci’s performance,” Bethany held the microphone out to Ginger.

“That was pathetic,” Ginger sidled up to Master

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Lucas, “you can see why I changed the way my marriage was going. Trust me,” she rubbed Lucas’s crotch, “I’m a *lot* happier now.” She leaned down and spit in Marci’s face, “And while I enjoy *my* new marriage style, *you* can learn to live as a black cock whore, like it or not!”

“Well said,” Bethany commented. She looked at the audience, “Ready for another game? Shall we test more sissy talents for your amusement?”

Eight

The three loving couples returned to their seats, leaving the hapless sissy-male trio on the floor with the wicked Mistress Bethany.

“How about a round of Gobble-and-Gallup?” Bethany asked.

The noise from the crowd indicated this was a favored event and the sissies huddled closer on the floor.

Three WSB girls strutted onto the floor, each carrying a spreader bar with neck collar and cuffs and a set of ankle hobbles. Each WSB girl stopped before one of the sissies, placed their items on the floor and then started removing the sissy’s blouse. Once the blouse was off, the spreader bar neck collar was attached, then the sissy’s wrists fastened onto the cuffs on the ends.

“Obviously there are no hands allowed on this game,” Paulette whispered to Missy as he fastened the last wrist cuff. “Relax, sweetheart, enjoy the humiliation, you’re doing fine.”

Within moments the crowd was treated to the sight of the three sissies secured in the rudimentary stocks.

Each WSB girl now removed nipple clamps from his apron pocket, pulled down a sissy’s bra, tweaked the nipples and applied the clamps. Chrissi stood tall and motionless as

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the clamps were applied, Missy flinched, and Marci let out a loud yelp, drawing applause from the crowd.

Ginger shook her head, watching from her booth. “She’s *so* pathetic, yet the crowd seems to like her.”

Lucas pulled his young conquest closer, “They enjoy seeing a loser white wimp crumble before their eyes.”

“Yea? Well they’re getting’ their fuckin’ money’s worth tonight.”

A length of chain connected the clamps between each sissy’s nipples and silver bells dangled from the chain. “Shake for the crowd, girls,” Paulette ordered. The audience cheered to the sight of shaking sissy titties and the sound tinkling nipple bells.

The final act was to put the ankle hobbles on each sissy contestant, reducing their steps in their five-inch heels to mere inches. The WSB girls picked up the sissies’ blouses and strutted from the stage.

“Time for Gobble-and-Gallup,” Bethany announced, sounding much like a race announcer. “Follow me, sluts,” Bethany turned to walk to the far end of the dance floor, giving the crowd a nice long look at the sissies as they teetered across the floor in their miniscule steps, the bouncing chains from the nipple clamps catching the light and the bells tinkling at each sissy step. It was all designed to torment and humiliate and it was highly effective.

“There are three cocks for each of you, small, medium and large,” Bethany pointed to the collection of cocks at each of three chairs at the end of the dance floor. “They are all without lubrication. Your challenge is to stick them in that sissy pussi and walk back down to the end of the dance floor...without dropping the cock from that slut bottom of yours. Once at the end, one of our girls will remove it for you.

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You will then pick up another cock, in your mouth, walk back down here, spit it out and pick up the next in your bottom. The cocks on the other end go in your sissy-slut mouths. The ones on *this end* go in your pussi. Like I said, the ones on this end have no lube, so you'll have to do what you can to make them, shall we say, more suitable? Ready?"

"Yes, Miss Bethany."

"R-e-a-d-y, GO!"

Once again, Chrissi was first off the mark, bending gracefully at the waist and reaching down to spit on, lick and suck the smallest cock-shaped dildo. He quickly turned, dropped, squeezed and stood again. To cheers from the audience he began her mince down the floor, his buttocks tightly clenched.

Missy was unable to bend sufficiently at the waist so he dropped to her knees to self-lubricate the smallest dildo with his tongue. With his ankles hobbled it was hard for him to get back up, but he did, quickly worked the cock into his ass and stood, beginning his way down the floor.

Once again, Marci disappointed his owner and yet thrilled the crowd. Attempting to bend over he crumbled in a heap and struggled to get back up, bringing howls of laughter from the audience.

At the end of the floor Chrissi turned his bottom toward the waiting girl, leaned forward and wiggled while the WSB girl's latex gloved hands removed the cock. He opened his mouth, quickly accepting the next cock and gleefully sissy-minced his way back down the floor in tiny steps.

Missy struggled down the floor in the painfully cruel small steps. *I think the bigger cocks might actually be easier, this small one feels like it's going to fall out.* He managed to

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reach the end and allowed the plug to be removed, without the grace and showmanship of Chrissi. *I just need to get through this.* He took a deep breath and closed his lips over the cock as it was inserted into his mouth. Before Missy got halfway down the floor, Chrissi was already settling onto the medium cock.

Marci finally got the small cock in his ass, and was making his way down the floor, hunched over as if trying to keep the plug ‘up’ in order not to fall out. Compared to the elegant Chrissi it was a dismal performance, but provided a comic relief for the crowd who seemed taken with the pathetic sissy-husband.

By the time Marci reached the end, Chrissi had now marched up the floor with the second cock in his bottom, deposited it and taken the second cock in his mouth and was moving down the floor once again.

Missy had, with some difficulty, worked the medium-sized cock in his bottom and was struggling his way up the floor. *I don't know how I'm going to get that last one in.*

All eyes were now on Chrissi as he spit out the cock in his mouth and began working over the largest dildo, preparing it for his bottom. He spent more time lubing this one than the previous ones, and his efforts garnered enthusiastic applause from the crowd.

Elaine was jumping up and down in her booth, “Go baby go, show them what a black cock whore you are!”

Chrissi continued to suck at the cock, but wiggled his bottom in reply, to more cheers from the crowd, who certainly appreciated an enthusiastic black cock whore. When he stood, he turned slowly, looking out at the crowd and licking his lips. With a final shake of his ass, he lowered himself onto the last, and biggest, cock. The crowd could see him breathing

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and relaxing, working in the mammoth invader, inch-by-inch. He settled fully onto it, paused for a moment and settled further down. Finally he rose, giving a little gasp. Chrissi blew another kiss to the audience and started back down the floor. His movements were not so smooth this time, the crowd saw him labor a bit more, but his progress down the floor was steady.

When Chris reached the end the crowd began to chant, "Leave it in! Leave it in. Leave it in."

Bethany nodded to the WSB girl, who left the cock in Chrissi's ass and put a new one in his mouth. Plugged pussi and mouth with large faux black cocks, Chrissi waved to the audience as best he could with his manacled hands and took his tiny, hobbled steps to the end.

Missy finally accepted the medium cock in his ass and made it down the floor to deposit it and start back with a new one in his mouth. The mid-sized cock had strained Missy's capabilities and trying to get the last one in filled him with dread. *Maybe they will declare Chrissi the winner and we can all stop.*

Marci was trying, with no success to get the medium cock in his ass. The minute it started to penetrate the sissy-cuck screamed. Finally Marci collapsed to the floor, sobbing.

Bethany nodded to two WSB girls who silently removed the broken sissy.

Missy's wish came true. When Chrissi reached the end, the cocks were removed and Bethany walked Chrissi to the center of the dance floor, "We have a winner! Is this a real slut...or what?" Chrissi slowly turned on his stilettos, blowing kisses to the crowd.

Paulette came out and removed Chrissi's hobbles, the

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neck collar/spreader bar and wrist cuffs. He clipped Chrissi's leash back on and handed it to Bethany.

Mistress Bethany paraded Chrissi around the perimeter of the dance floor, leading the sissy-cuckold by the leash. "Did you enjoy the games everyone?" The applause and cheers told her they did. "Elaine was generous enough to loan her slut Chrissi as a fund raiser, so anyone that wants to *donate* for a good cause, can come down here and use this saucy little bitch." Bethany positioned Chrissi on his knees, on a pillow next to the bar. The bartender handed Bethany a pitcher and she held it up, "Whatever you think this slut is worth, just put it in here."

Ginger watched with disgust as her slut-husband Marci was led from the floor. "I am *so fucking* embarrassed by *that*." She emptied her drink and Lucas ordered another.

Lucas put his arm around her, "The crowd loved it. You need to understand, Missy is about what most of these sluts perform like their first time. That Chrissi, she's something unique, we see a few like her now and then, natural sluts, like they were born in heels and ready to suck cock." Lucas nibbled Ginger's ear. "It's just a matter of training. Maybe a lot of training, but Marci can get there. Want me to set you up with a trainer?"

"Really" Ginger's eyes went wide, "You can do that? Get someone to turn that loser into a real cock where I can be proud of?"

"Oh yea, baby, oh yea."

Nine

Caroline led Missy back to James and Sara, performing a perfect curtsy at the table and handing the leash to Sara.

Missy noticed another Sissytini and a shot glass on the table. *Obviously meant for me.*

“You did well, Missy,” Sara smiled at her sissy-husband, as she snuggled next to her lover. “James and I are pleased.” She pointed to the drinks, “James ordered these for you.”

“Thank you, Sir,” Missy curtsied. He took the shot glass and drank it down, tasting the warm, acrid piss, “Very good, thank you, Sir.”

“Up on your pedestal and enjoy your drink,” Sara ordered.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Missy took the Sissytini and resumed his place on the pedestal. His blouse had not been replaced, but at least the horrid nipple clamps had been removed. Missy stood, the minimal bra barely covering his sissy titties.

Sara relaxed next to James and surveyed the crowd, couple were on the dance floor again, and other mingling. Her eyes roamed the room. “It seems as if it’s nearly all black males with white females.”

“That is the usual cuckold paradigm,” James said.

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“But our club is accommodating to other lifestyle preferences.”

“I do see some black couples,” Sara said, “a few here and there.”

“Those couples usually have white slaves, they come here to enjoy the entertainments and socialize with other dominant blacks.”

“White slaves?” Sara arched her eyebrows, “*Real* slaves?”

“Actually, yes. Whites who willingly put themselves into slave status to a black family.”

“And that’s not...illegal?” Sara sounded more intrigued than shocked.

“They sign legal, personal services contracts. Documents that give nearly all rights to the slave owners, but it *is* a signed contract.” James shrugged, “And so they become essentially...slaves. And that’s how they are treated.”

“Fascinating.” Sara shivered, “This whole power exchange thing, it’s very erotic. It actually gives me a rush.”

James took Sara into his arms and kissed her, a sensuous kiss of what was to come later. “Then I think you’ll be most at home here. And by what we’ve seen of Missy this evening, I have a feel our little slut will fit right in.”

“I can’t wait to come back to the next club night.”

James nodded to a table across the room, with two striking black women. “See those two?”

Sara took a moment to study the two figures at the table. Both were striking looking black women, one a bit taller and older than the other, but both quite regal and beautiful.

“Lesbians,” James said. “The older one is Tanika Jones, the attorney who draws up many of our slave agreements, the younger one is Marla, her Executive Assistant and Chief Paralegal.”

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“And they’re like some of the other couples you were telling me about? They have slaves?”

“Look closer at their table,” James chuckled, “lower.”

Sara re-focused her eyes in the club’s dim light and saw shoe soles facing her; the soles of two pair of women’s high heels near the floor of the table. “Shoes? What...”

“Their white slaves are under the table,” James laughed, “you can see the bottom of their feet poking out. I imagine that Tanika and Marla have been enjoying some oral sex worship by their adoring white slaves.”

“Mmmm,” Sara shivered with excitement again, nearly everything in the club was sexually charged. “Sex slaves, that is *so* deliciously wicked.” She looked closer and saw a shoe twitch now and then. *Oh my God! There are white female sex slaves under that table eating pussy!* “Who are they?”

“This is where it gets even better,” James raised his drink in a toast across the room to Tanika, who returned the toast and smiled. “Their sex slaves are another attorney and her paralegal. They still maintain their law practice, but all their monies goes to Tanika and Marla, and the slaves live in the basement and keep house for their owners; true white slaves, slaving for their black Mistresses.”

Sara shook her head, “Un-fucking-believable.”

James toyed with his drink, considering his next move. “Perhaps you’d like Tanika to prepare a personal services contract for Missy, or *Miles*, in this case. Imagine, making Missy your actual, legal, contracted slave.” He laid his hand on Sara’s, “You could have anything you want...legally.”

Sara sipped her drink, her eyes narrow as she gazed at Missy over the rim of her glass, “Imagine...”

Ten

James extended his hand, “Let’s go visit Lenora.”

Sara stepped from the booth, grabbing Missy’s leash and taking her sissy-husband in tow as she and James walked arm-in-arm across the dance floor.

Missy teetered behind, catching glances from couples seated at tables. He saw Chrissi, on his knees by the bar. Chrissi had one cock in his mouth and one in each hand, the trio of black Masters enjoying the slut spectacle unfolding before them. The pitcher was full of cash. *A slave earning money to educate and train more black Mistresses and Masters; that’s ironic.*

James led them through a cluster of tables and up a small flight of stairs to the exclusive booth of Lenora Dubois. Missy noticed several women sitting in the luxurious booth and quickly averted his eyes, avoiding eye contact with a superior black Mistress and any punishments that may entail.

Lenora stood and greeted James as an old friend.

James turned to Sara, “Sara, I’d like you to meet Lenora Dubois, a renowned teacher, lecturer, Anthropologist...and domesticator of white males.”

Sara allowed herself to be embraced by Lenora and was immediately taken by the tall, full-figured woman with

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straight black hair and warm brown eyes. It's so nice to meet you," Sara said, "James speaks very highly of you and your work."

"Thank you," Lenora's voice was smooth and cultured, with a hint of Caribbean patois. "Allow me to introduce my mother, Louisa, and my sister Ophelia."

"My pleasure," Sara said.

Ophelia was tall like her sister, but much thinner and leaner, with close-cropped black hair. The elder Louisa was heavysset with graying hair. Yet even in her seventies, and with an ample figure, the elder Louisa sported a leather skirt and knee-high leather high-heeled boots.

Sara smiled to see yet another pink clad sissy on his knees licking away at the tall boots of the clan matriarch. *Sissified males do look good on their knees, doing menial things*, Sara mused.

"Please, sit and join us for a drink," Lenora offered.

"Thank you," James pulled out a chair for Sara and took a seat himself.

"You!" Lenora snapped her fingers at Missy, "Perch."

Missy curtsied and silently took his place on the sissy display pedestal that was on the outside of every booth. He was quite intimidated by these three new women and hoped they would ignore him once he was perched.

"My son Antoine is here with his date, Michelle," Lenora pointed to a booth across the room. The large and handsome black man and his beautiful blonde date waved, and James and the others waved back.

"Does Michelle have a husband...or sissy?" Sara didn't see any sissy-cuckold attending Antoine and Michelle.

"She does," Lenora answered, "Simmi is still enrolled in my WSB program and is expected to finish in the next two months."

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“I’ve seen some of your WSB girls this evening. It’s amazing how you’ve turned men into these...” Sara searched for the right words, “Feminized sissy slaves?”

“Thank you,” Lenora said, “It’s really a labor of love for our family, we truly believe in what we do. And believe me; the creatures we produce are much happier with their new lives, as are their wives and girlfriends.”

“You saw the one in the games tonight,” Ophelia said, “the slut named Chrissi?”

“Oh yes,” Sara said, “she was quite something.”

“She will be entering the WSB training in two months, after our current class graduates.”

“Really...” Sara glanced over at Missy. “You’re starting a new class?”

“The classes are kept small,” Lenora said, “so that each girl can get the maximum amount of detailed training and attention.”

Sara sat for a moment, her hands slowly twisting her drink on the table, leaving a small wet circle reflecting the candle light. “What did you think of my Missy tonight? I mean in the games?”

“A promising performance, she seems eager enough,” Lenora studied the sissy perched outside the booth. “She didn’t back away from the oral and anal challenges, always a good sign.”

There was a moment of silence at the table, yet everyone seemed to share the same collective thought. Finally Lenora broke the quiet, “Would you like to submit her with the next group?”

“Yes! Yes, I would.” Sara hoped she wasn’t being *too* eager, “After seeing Paulette and Caroline this evening, so perfectly polished, their poise, their complete servility and

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compliance. Yes, I'd love to have a thing like that in my house." We touched James's arm, "Would you like to have a WSB girl in the house?"

"I would," James said.

"My daughter, Shaneeka, will be contacting you to arrange the preliminaries," Lenora handed James a business card.

"Your daughter," Sara looked around the club, "is she here?"

Lenora laughed a warm and lilting laugh, "She's getting ready to lead the floor show."

The club lights dimmed and the dance floor was diffused in soft pink lights.

Missy watched the club sissies scurry away once more to set down their serving trays and line up on the edge of the dance floor.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the DJ cued up intro music, "it's time for another musical number. Here to lead the show is the one and only...Shaneeka! And the Club Cuckold Pink Sissies!"

Sara watched the beautiful young woman enter the floor to the cheers of the audience and an ominous Wagnerian soundtrack. A spotlight followed her, bathing her in a glow that heralded her most dramatic entrance. She was an imposing six-six in her thigh-high, platform black patent boots with the six-inch heels. Her frame was lean and muscular; the tight white bodysuit she wore displayed her muscled thighs and large, but high and firm bottom. A black waist coat was cut and fitted to reveal her well-built shoulders and trim waist. Rows of dreadlocks framed a coffee-colored face a super model would die for. She was obviously young,

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Constance Pennington Smythe

powerful and totally in control. She carried an elegant dressage whip in her right hand.

The dramatic entrance music now faded and changed to circus music and Shaneeka snapped her whip, “Prance my pink sissy ponies. Prance!”

Led by Paulette the sissies kept their upper arms next to their bodies and their forearms bent at a forty-five degree angle with limp wrists as they pranced around the room. With synchronous practiced steps the sissies moved around the room, their legs coming up high, thighs nearly parallel with the floor.

“I’m really impressed,” Sara said, “to see them prancing around like that, all together, in step, and they’re all in what must be at least five-inch heels. Wow!”

“It takes a lot of practice and rehearsal,” Lenora admitted, “but Shaneeka works them hard.” Lenora laughed her rich laugh again, “And the dear babies so want to be the best possible sissies they can.”

Shaneeka took them two full circuits around the dance floor so everyone could get a good look at the assembled sissies. When she snapped her whip two times the sissies formed a circle in the center of the floor and locked arms as they faced the audience.

The music changed again, to a showgirl-type number, and the sissies started to do knee kicks.

Shaneeka snapped her whip, “What do you want my sissies? Tell everyone here what you love the most.”

The sissies began to sing.

BLACK COCK, BLACK COCK,
THERE’S REALLY NOTHING BETTER THAN
BLACK COCK

BLACK COCK, BLACK COCK,
THERE’S REALLY NOTHING BETTER THAN
BLACK COCK

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IT'S WHAT OUR WIVES NEED, WE LOVE TO
BEG AND PLEAD

FOR BLACK COCK, FOR BLACK COCK

Sara saw a few wives in the audience taking pictures of their sissified, chorus line husbands as they danced and sang.

The pink sissies blew kisses to the audience and then reformed the circle, this time with their hands on their hips and with their backs to the audience.

BLACK COCK, BLACK COCK, IN OUR SISSY
CUNT

BLACK COCK, BLACK COCK, THAT IS WHAT
WE WANT

At the word *want*, all the sissies leaned forward at the waist, lifted their skirts and displayed their bottoms, each filled with a large black plug. They wiggled their black-plugged bottoms at the audience as they began the next verse.

FUCK OUR SISSY ASS AND MOUTH
WON'T YOU FILL US NORTH AND SOUTH
WE'LL GET DOWN ON OUR KNEES
BECAUSE WE ONLY WANT TO PLEASE
THAT B-I-G...B-L-A-C-K...C-O-C-K

For the finale, a large, eight-foot black cock descended from the ceiling to the middle of the sissy circle and all the pink sissy girls ran, squealing, to the cock and started kissing and licking it.

The appreciative crowd responded with cheers and applause.

As the floor went dark the cock ascended back into the ceiling and the sissy girls dispersed back to their cocktail duties.

"This evening has really been something," Sara shook her head in amazement. "I simply never realized there was anything like this, a complete sub-culture."

"There are various chapters and branches in most big

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cities and metropolitan areas,” Lenora explained, “once you are into the system you will find it’s quite diverse...and very entertaining.”

“We must get back to our table,” James rose.

“It was so nice meeting all of you,” Sara said. “I’ll be in touch; I do want Missy to become a WSB girl.”

“I look forward to that,” Lenora said.

Sara was giddy on the way back to the table, “Missy is going to be a WSB, I’m so excited!” She jerked on Missy’s leash, “Aren’t you excited?”

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.”

James stopped, perched Missy on a vacant pedestal and then led Sara to another table.

Missy watched as James introduced Sara to two beautiful black women sitting by themselves at a table. The foursome seemed to be in serious conversation and Missy saw the older and taller woman lean around Sara to gaze at him. He quickly averted his eyes, but felt the woman’s powerful and authoritative eyes on him. His gut tightened. When he dared to look up again he saw Sara smile a withering smile at him.

Moments later James and Sara were leading him back to their table. Sara positioned Missy on his pedestal and hung the leash on the nearby brass hook. “Are you having a good time?”

Her voice held an ominous quality that put Missy on edge. “Yes, Mistress.”

She slid her hand under Missy’s skirt and fondled his balls, “Good girl, because I intend to come here more often. I like it here; I like the people and what the club represents. And *you*,” she reached up to tweak his nipples and smiled when he flinched, “are going to start working here, you’re going to be a pink waitress and showgirl, a perfect sissified cuckold husband.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

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Sara took her place in the booth, sliding close to James, “Oh, and Missy, we have an appointment with an attorney next week.”

The END

Also
by
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Constance Pennington Smythe is an erotic author. She is retired from the corporate world, and has lived abroad. Visit the author's free web site at:

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