



Cuckcake Debauchery

Lacy Ciccone



Cuckcake Debauchery

Lacy Ciccone

Cuckcake Debauchery

Copyright 2019 Lacy Ciccone

Published by Tom Longo at Smashwords

Smashwords Edition License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your enjoyment only, then please return to Smashwords.com or your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Authors Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older, and everything that happens is consensual.

Table of Contents

[Cuckcake Debauchery](#)

[About Lacy Ciccone](#)

[Other books by Lacy Ciccone](#)

[Check Out Lacy Ciccone](#)

Cuckcake Debauchery

Who does she think she is?

My job consists of answering the phone and having to take care of a needy manager whenever he has any sort of problem. It's a job. The primary thing I hate about it, is when my manager, Cole, lets his wife come in. Her name is Keisha, and she tries to walk in the office acting like she's the owner. First of all, her husband may be the most powerful guy at our branch, but even he has the shareholders to obey. This woman thinks just because her husband runs our tiny, little office she is the alpha female.

"Make ten copies of this." Keisha said as she handed me a paper, "thanks!"

She walked away, and I couldn't even try to explain to her that I could get in trouble for using company resources for her personal gain. She didn't even have a good reason to be here!

Keisha was a dark-skinned black woman. Her hair was natural, and she had a very slim body with hips that seemed to mismatch the rest of her body. It made her look good, and I understood why Cole had married her. When she came into the office, all of the other men would turn and check out her butt as she wiggled herself into Cole's office to talk about whatever it is she felt was important enough to disrupt the order of the office. My job wasn't the most glamorous, but I was essentially an extension of Cole's will. I had to keep things under control, and Keisha made that difficult.

Cole was one of the most handsome black men I ever met. He was six foot four, and he had the body of a football player. His voice commanded attention when he spoke, and he had very high expectations for the staff, especially me. It wasn't unusual for him to have me wait on him hand and foot. Everything from getting him coffee to running errands in his personal life. He didn't seem to care if what he told me to do was for the company or not.

"I am the MVP of this organization. By helping me, you're helping the

company.” He once said to me when I protested picking up his dry cleaning.

Those words made me feel something powerful towards him. He was a cocky man, and I was drawn to that. The fact that he had a wedding band around his finger made me crave him more for some reason. I guess humans always want what they can't have, but I wasn't so sure that I couldn't have him. Keisha seemed to try and dominate him too much. She was always in the office as if she felt she needed to protect her man from the women that surrounded him. In a way she was right, but her attempts to thwart female's attempts to get close to him were futile. I was with him every day, I had his phone number, his email, I even knew where the two of them lived. The more I saw the way she tried to control him, the more I wanted to get between the two of them and make him mine. I wanted to feel him inside of me, and I wanted her to watch it happen.

Cole's office was like a large glass cubicle. Everybody could see him unless he had the blinds drawn, and when Keisha walked into his office, she always put up the blinds. She would give me a mischievous smile as I watched do it through the glass. Everybody in the office would speculate that she was on her knees between his legs sucking him off. I didn't believe that to be the case. My money was on her bitching at him about something and trying to control an uncontrollable alpha male. I knew it wouldn't well, and I wanted to be a part of the destruction.

The only good thing about Keisha coming into the office was that if she left me alone and didn't have any work to add to my load, she would keep Cole distracted for the duration of her stay. All that I had to do was call his office phone and ask if either of them would like a coffee. Once that task was done, I was usually free and clear to think about how I could ruin their relationship. I wanted to find a way to get between them and show Cole that I was better suited to please him than his wife. Even though he was often very cold to me, I knew that he was curious about sticking it inside of a white woman. I was curious too.

I was busy browsing the internet and looking at shoes when Keisha came up to the desk for some small talk. She did this every time before she left. It was like she felt she needed to keep me in line or something.

“Katie, hey! Oh my god!” She always changed her speech patterns when she talked with me, “I've got to get going now. Make sure you take care of my handsome man!”

“Okay Keisha, I will.” I wanted to smack her in her mouth for talking to me like that, “have a nice day!”

I always had to give her the fakest of smiles. She was doing the same thing to me. The thing about us women is that we have to play little mind games with one another while wearing a smile and giving compliments. It’s always so tiresome, and that’s why instead of trying to beat her in the fake game, I just decided that I would set out and fuck her husband. My method of revenge was evil, and cruel, but it didn’t matter because I was going after what I wanted.

“Cole.” I said as I knocked on the door to his office, “can I come in?”

“It’s open.” I heard his voice boom from the other side. “Open those blinds for me, I don’t why she always does that.” He said when I entered the office.

Carefully, I unbuttoned the top two buttons of my shirt as I opened the blinds. I had to make it look like I wasn’t doing, because I didn’t want anyone to see what I was doing. As soon as the blinds were open, I took a seat opposite Cole and crossed my legs. I leaned to the right of the chair and took note that my shirt had opened slightly. For a split second I saw his eyes see my large, pale breasts and my black bra, but he averted his eyes quickly and smiled.

“What can I do for you Katie? Is everything alright out there?” He asked while keeping his eyes on mine.

I was glad that he saw, but the fact that he was able to keep his gaze from my breast made me even more attracted to him.

“Everything is okay out there today,” I leaned on the other side of the chair to see if he would look again, “I just wanted to see if there was anything that I could do for you.”

I was looking in his eyes and trying to speak to him. Surely, he was aware that I was trying to seduce him, and at the very least the thought of me would enter his mind when he was fucking his wife. He did look again when I shifted position, and I knew I had him, but I had to wait for an opportunity where we would be alone with no one to witness his adultery.

“I don’t need anything right now. Just work on those reports that I asked you to take care of this morning and have them on my desk ASAP.” He said as he

moved his body to face the computer screen.

I told him that I would take care of the reports, and I began to feel desperate to get his attention again. Casually, I took something from shirt pocket so that I could drop before I left the office. Everybody else would just see me picking something up, but Cole would be given the chance to get a look up my skirt. My matching black thong would surely make him remain seated until his erection faded away.

As I was leaving, I brushed my hand against my hip and dropped the item. I bent over without using my knees, and I could feel the cool air on my exposed ass cheeks. The idea of turning around to catch his gaze entered my mind, but I tried to play it off as if I wasn't even aware that he could see my ass. The whole action only lasted a few seconds, but I knew to him that it felt like a minute. The cool air was replaced by the heat of his eyes, and I noticed that his fingers were no longer typing away on the keyboard. I was confident that he saw my body, and I was confident that he craved it.

Back at my desk, I worked on the reports like Cole wanted. I did, however, notice that he was looking at me more frequently throughout the day. He couldn't help it, and I knew that he was imagining me sitting on his lap as I rode his massive cock and moaned loudly and begged him for more. I also knew that he was speculating whether I had done all of that on purpose or not, and if he was observant, he could easily see that I had buttoned my shirt up. I only wanted to look like a slut for him.

“Keisha better send me a thank you card when she sees how hard his dick is tonight when he gets home.” I thought to myself as I looked back at Cole as he tried to sneak a peek at me. “She'll have him tonight, but soon I'm going to make that man fuck me until there is no tomorrow.”

Arriving early at the office

When I got home from work, I started to devise a plan to get close to Cole. I had just showed him the goods, and I needed to strike while the iron was hot, and the thought of my body was dominating his mind. Having Keisha come in was a blessing in disguise, because in all of my time working at the office she never

came in twice in a row. I knew that I could at least dodge her tomorrow, but I had to figure out a way to avoid any other coworkers from seeing my seduction attempt. Cole could want me more than anything in the world, but he was too established within the company to allow a subordinate to witness him commit adultery. He was the type of man that would never throw his power away and would fight to the death to preserve it.

One of the primary reasons for Cole's success in the company was his dedication and loyalty. We all started at nine in the morning, and even though I tried to get there early most of the time, I could never beat him to the office. I asked him one day what time he got there, because I was one hour early, and he told me that he had been working since six. I was shocked that he was even able to get inside of the office at that hour.

"I take care of a lot of time-wasting tasks at that time. Emails and such. The company relies on my productivity, and I believe it is important to set an example that others can see, so that they can follow if their looking for success. It's good to see you come in early. Coffee. Black."

I'll never forget that day because I was put to work even though I wasn't on the clock. He had a way to get the most out of you, and even if you had the law on your side, it was hard to say no to him. His presence and demeanor were too powerful, and he knew that he could take advantage of anyone that engaged him. It was almost a waste of his brilliance to be working at our company, but he never once talked about leaving or doing anything else with his life. He enjoyed his power, and he was a master at his trade.

After taking a shower and thinking more about stealing Keisha's husband, it became obvious that I needed to get to work before Cole. It was eight in the evening and I was ready to lay my head down on the pillow, so that I could wake up at three in the morning. I would get myself dolled up, and I would arrive to work before Cole even parked his car. It would be our chance to be together, and nobody would know. Falling asleep was difficult because I kept going over the mission in my mind. The thoughts of Cole's big black cock took over everything else, but in due time I was able to drift into a deep slumber. Dreams of his body came to me that night, and it made me wake up early with a massive sexual appetite. He was probably still asleep, and unaware that his cock would be ravishing me and releasing a powerful orgasm inside a white woman.

Coffee was what helped me pull the entire operation off. Usually I would have a cup when I got into the office, but today I planned on having a couple before I even got moving. My body was not used to waking up so early, let alone getting myself ready for the day. I had to put in some extra effort and pick out an outfit that would be appropriate for work, but sexy at the same time. The only fashion choice I knew for sure about was that I was going to go without underwear. I would have to be extra careful when I sat down at work, but it would be a pleasant surprise for Cole as he hiked up my skirt and entered me from behind.

It was the first time that I was excited to go to work in my entire life. I've always dreaded the idea that I have to work for somebody else's dream, but today I was taking what I wanted, and I was taking somebody's dream from them. The feeling of being an evil homewrecker excited me, and as I drove to work, I thought about what it would be like to have Keisha watching the pleasure that I gave her husband. She didn't deserve Cole.

The office parking lot was empty when I arrived. There was a part of me that wondered if I could still beat Cole to the office, but once I pulled in and saw that nobody was there, I knew that my plan was going to work. I waited in the car until I saw him pull in and park in his designated parking spot. Through the tint of my windows I could see his facial reaction as he started to get out of the car. I was sure that he was suspicious about me being here so early.

"Good morning boss!" I said as I got out of the car and walked towards him in my high heels.

"Katie. Why are you here so early?" He asked as we walked side by side and approached the entrance to the building.

"You know why." I said as sexily as I could and walked in front of him up the stairs.

I knew that he wouldn't be able to resist looking up my skirt as we made our way into the office.

He passed me when we got to the top of the steps and used his key to open our office door. Cole locked the door once we were both inside and he turned to me with the look of a lustful alpha male ready to dominate a tiny white woman. He tossed his suitcase to the side and quickly came towards me and grabbed me by the hips.

“I need it.” I whispered to him as he pulled me close, “give it to me.”

Cole bent down towards me and began to kiss my neck. I could smell his cologne as his hands wandered around my body. It felt good when his large hands squeezed me; it made me feel like he was able to protect me from anything.

I found myself being pushed up against the glass of his office while he pulled my shirt off. My hair got caught in the collar and it settled in a messy way over my face before he brushed it away.

“You’ve been bad.” He said in his deep voice as he grabbed a chunk of my hair and started to pull me inside of his office.

“I want it so bad. Give it to me!” I wasn’t whispering any more.

Cole wiped out some of the things that were on the corner of his desk and bent me over it while lifting my skirt.

My breathing was picking up as I anticipated his next move. I felt his large hands on my ass and he squeezed hard. His strength was enough to make me feel a pleasurable pain before he let go and raised his hand to spank me.

“You like being a homewrecker huh?” He yelled out as he spanked my ass hard.

“Spank me harder!” I was biting my lip and playing along to see what he would do next, “FUCK ME!”

He didn’t reward me with his cock right away, instead he smacked my ass again even harder. I could feel his frustration coming out on my cheeks and I knew that they were turning red from his strong black hands. Cole pushed my head into the desk, and I could see him out of the corner of my eyes as he began to take his belt off with his free hand.

“I’m not sure if you can handle me.” He said as he pulled his massive, black cock from his pants. “Have you ever taken one this big?”

He released his hold on my head, so that I could turn around and see his glorious cock. It was larger than anything that I had seen, and I only thought his size was possible in porn. I had to experience it with my mouth, it might have been my

only chance in life to savor one of this size, so I dropped to my knees and began a ritual of cock worship.

Cole used his hands to pull me tightly against the base of his cock. It ran up my face, and my nose was wedged between his cock and balls. I inhaled his masculine odor, and my pussy began to feel like it was preparing itself to endure its biggest challenge yet. His grip weakened and opened my mouth wide and flattened my tongue as I slowly licked from the base of his cock to the top. When I wrapped my lips around the top, I knew that it was too large and too wide for me to be able to take deeply into my mouth, but I serviced the tip as best as I could.

He was looking at me, and I could feel the power feeding his ego as his white secretary attempted to fit his manhood inside of her mouth. His eyes were beaming at me as I put on a show for him while I hid the fear that I had for my pussy. I envisioned him having a large cock, but one of this size would surely ruin me for any man to follow.

“Get on the desk.” Cole said after I failed to take his cock any deeper inside of my mouth.

I stood up and bent over the desk and lifted my left foot and planted it on top. He rubbed the tip of his cock up and down my pussy and between my ass to lubricate it. Slowly, he inserted the tip and held it there to gauge my response, and the tip was enough to cause me to moan. Never in my life had I experienced what it felt like to have a real cock inside of me, and it was still not even done trying to penetrate me.

“Go slow.” I said as I was losing my breath. “I can take it. Just go slow.”

He listened to my every word as if he was used to this. His life must have been filled with women telling him to slow down because of his size. I believe that even Keisha needs him to work slowly, so that she can adjust even though she’s been exposed to him for many years.

After many repetitions I realized that he was in as far as my pussy would allow. I wanted to ask him, out of curiosity, how much was inside of me, but I chose not to kill the mood and instead took my pummeling as he increased the pace. He was squeezing my ass hard with both of his hands while he thrust faster. Containing my voice was impossible, and I let out moans that seemed

exaggerated, but it was the only way that I could handle him. I turned my head to look back at him, but he wouldn't allow it. He lifted one hand from my ass and pinned me down to the desk and scolded me.

“Don't fucking look at me bitch!” His voice was different; it sounded more primal.

I was getting everything that he could give me, and as I began to come, I thought of his wife sitting alone at home while his husband cheated on her with a white woman.

“I want to taste it!” I yelled as I realized he was ready to come, “let me taste it!”

Cole seemed to not have any issue with coming in my mouth. He kept his hand on my head and grabbed a handful of hair as he pulled his throbbing cock from my pussy. As he pulled my head towards him, I got on my knees while he continued to pump his cock. Quickly, I wrapped my mouth around the tip, and he released what felt like gallons of his creamy seed into my mouth. The power of his come nearly made me gag as I struggled to swallow it as it continued to come. His eyes were fixed on me as I took in his essence.

“You're a nasty little slut.” He said as he was starting to feel more relaxed, “that pussy of yours is never going to be the same.”

It took me a few seconds before I could answer him. I was struggling as I tried to finish the last bit of come that was in my mouth.

“You're the only man worth fucking.” I confessed before resting the side of my head on his thick leg.

I want to make that bitch cry!

Cole sent me home when we were finished with our affair. It was shocking, but his reasoning made sense.

“Go home Katie. Nobody can accuse us of doing this in the office if you weren't even able to come into work. Take a personal day, and rest.”

“Okay, but,” I tried to get his attention, but he seemed to want to get to work,
“HELLO?”

“Go home Katie. We can talk about this another day. For now, you’re going to go home before anyone shows up!” He shot down my attempt to talk some more.

His words stung a bit, but I still saw myself victorious over Keisha. I was willing to wait for the right opportunity to get my revenge on her. I wanted to make that bitch cry!

As I drove home, I tried to look on the bright side. I was being sent home with pay, and I was sexually satisfied more than I had ever been. Considering it was still early in the morning, I decided that when I got home, I deserved a long nap. There wasn’t anything pressing to take care of around the house anyways.

When I woke up from my nap, I hopped in the shower and examined the damage that Cole had done to my insides. Everything seemed to be alright, but I definitely felt looser.

“What. A. Man.” I said to myself in the mirror.

I had to have him again, but it wouldn’t be good enough to just sleep with him behind Keisha’s back. She had to be aware. I had to dominate her.

When I got out of the shower, I saw that I had a missed call from the office. I wondered if something catastrophic occurred, and they were lost without me there to manage the problems that occur like I usually do. I dialed the number, and I was immediately connected to Cole.

“Hello. Katie?” Cole’s voice was quiet, but I could still hear his authoritative tone.

“Yes?”

“I’m going to leave work early tonight. I’m going to come over to your house for a visit.”

I was beginning to feel excited. Did I already have him hooked on my pussy? Was he considering getting a divorce that soon? He interrupted me when I started to tell him where I live.

“I have your employee file Katie. It has your address on it. I’ll be over when I’m finished, don’t go anywhere.” He still felt like he had the power to boss me around outside of the workplace and it made me crave him again.

“Okay. I’ll see you soon!” I hung up the phone with him and immediately began to clean my house up a little. “This place is a disaster!” I said to myself as I began to get my place presentable.

I had no idea what he was looking to accomplish by coming to my home. He must have figured that he could leave early, so his wife wouldn’t suspect anything if he arrived home late. As I was cleaning, I couldn’t help but put my hand down towards my crotch and investigate the status of my pussy, and everything seemed okay. Fucking again would be fine, but ultimately, I would prefer to find a way for Keisha to see.

“Wouldn’t it be something if I could have that trash woman on her knees licking up her husband’s come as it dripped out of me?” I thought out loud as I was putting excess items into my closet.

That thought stuck with me while I finished tidying up. It would be amazing if I could not only sleep with her husband, but physical degrade her as well, but how could I get her to agree to such terms? What would be in it for her?

My phone was ringing, and I ran to it and nearly slipped on the hardwood floor as I picked it up to see if it was Cole. It was!

“Hello.”

“I just pulled onto your street. Look for me outside.” He said before hanging up on me.

His confidence to just hang up the phone on me had me leaning towards getting fucked again. Any woman that didn’t find his attitude sexy was clearly deranged or in denial.

“Hey Cole! Over here!” I yelled out when I spotted him walking down the street looking for the house numbers.

He didn’t say anything at all but came up my steps and entered my house without even saying hello. I still was having difficulty getting over the fact that

he literally felt that he could do whatever in the world he wanted. He could have his way with me in any way, but his behavior went beyond how he treated me.

“Can I get you anything?” I said walking towards him with the intent to rub his cock.

It was like he could read my mind, and he turned away and headed towards the seating area. He told me to sit down, and I was still shocked that he decided he could come into my own home and boss me around.

“Who do you think you are? My boss?” I was testing his frame.

“Sit down. Shut up.” He refused to say anything else until I was seated. “We need to talk about something important.”

I nearly blurted out a question, but I remained silent. I didn’t want to upset him anymore, and although he always looked very serious, I could tell that there was something special about this level of seriousness.

“Today was not the first time I’ve cheated on Keisha.” He sat back and I found myself leaning in as he spoke, “She’s what you call a “cuckquean.” Have you ever heard of the term?”

“N-no. What is that?” I gave him a confused look, “I’ve never heard that word before in my life.”

Cole was very calm and direct as he explained to me what a cuckquean was. Apparently, he and his wife were into some crazy things in the bedroom. She liked to be tied up and dominated by the women that Cole brought home.

“Why does she always come into the office? I always get this feeling of jealousy from her and figured that she mistreated me because of it.”

“She’s testing you. Keisha is always on the lookout for women. She calls it scouting.” He replied.

I was surprised that a woman like her would be into something like this. It made me think about what had happened between Cole and I.

“So why are you trying to be discreet about us fucking?” I asked feeling

confused about his motivation to cover up our affair.

“Two reasons. Number one: I don’t want anybody from the office to find out about it. I could get in a bit of trouble if the wrong person said or heard the wrong thing. Number two: Keisha only wants me to cheat on her if she is participating. I stepped over the line with you today, so that’s why I came over today. I wanted to explain to you that what happened today cannot, and will not be discussed in way, shape, or form. But also, because I wanted to extend an invitation to you to come to our home and act as a cuckcake.”

I took a moment to take in everything that Cole said. On one hand, I would get my opportunity to dominate Keisha, and even have her do the humiliating acts on me that I was thinking about earlier. However, Keisha would enjoy it. It wasn’t a full-on degradation, in fact, it was playing into her hand, and giving her what she wanted. It was a tough choice to make, but ultimately, I realized that regardless to how she was interpreting it, I would be dominating her. She would be on her knees with her tongue out, licking my pussy, and watching me give her husband the pleasure that she likely was unable to give.

“I’ll do it.” I said calmly knowing what I was getting into.

“Good.” He leaned towards me in response to my compliance, “I have to tell you a few of the rules before you can come over.”

I was given a rundown on what could and could not happen during our threesome. I was given the green light to have Keisha do anything that I wanted. I could have her eat my ass, my pussy, lick my toes if I wanted, and it took a lot of focus to not zone out and imagine the things I wanted to see that bitch do.

“We will be using a safe word. You know what that is right?” He waited for me to nod my head in agreement, “treehouse is the word we will be using.”

“Why such a strange word?” I was perplexed by the choice.

“We use a word that is unnatural to say during sex. Using something like “stop” or “that hurts” may be said organically because of the nature of the things we will be doing, and to avoid any misunderstandings we use an obviously different word.” He continued to explain what he was trying to say, “Keisha for example, might beg me to stop spanking her, but she’s only saying the word because of the role play that we’re doing. If she says the safe word, I know without any doubt

that I'm going to hard, and I need to stop."

I was impressed with how much thought they had put into this. He told me that the safe word could be used by anyone in the session. If for whatever reason things needed to slow down, somebody could use that word, and everybody would stop what they were doing. This allowed for adjustments to be made, so that everyone felt safe and was still happy with what was happening. Even though I would be in one of the more dominant roles, I would still be subservient to Cole, and it made me feel better knowing that I could end things just by using a word.

I quickly realized that watching Keisha cry would be possibility. Crying might be part of roleplay, but it could also be a real thing that she allows to happen because she's getting off from being humiliated by her husband's white employee. My pussy began to get wet at the thought of seeing her tied up as I gave her the middle finger and took Cole's big black cock. The creations that were being projected in my mind were sinister acts in which Keisha was brutally humiliated, and it made me wonder if she would have the courage to show her face in the office. Would she have the audacity to continue on as if nothing ever happened, and try to boss me around as if she was my employer? I realized then that at the very least I could remind her that with a few words she could be publicly humiliated, and therefore she would be less likely to try and dominate me at my place of work.

"So you're ready to do this tonight?" Cole's voice snapped me out of my daydreams, "you look ready."

"Yeah, I'm going to be honest Cole," I started to stand up to get my things ready to go back to his place, "I want to make that bitch know her place!"

"Good." I was surprised that he was able to contain his feelings after I said that.

I grabbed everything that I needed and followed him outside. After I started my car, I waited to see him pull up, so that I could follow him back to his home. I had no idea where he lived, and how long it would take, but it didn't matter. Everything that I was trying to accomplish was lining up, and my chance to show Keisha her place was on the horizon. As I was driving, I realized that I was biting lip hard without realizing it. It was a sign that my thoughts were beginning to consume me, and I became aware that humiliating his wife needed to be done

for me satiate my desires.

Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are when you're on your knees?

When we pulled into his community, I realized right away why Cole worked so hard. He was living in one of the wealthiest communities in our town. He had done everything right with his life and gained the respect of so many people. My panties began to get soaked just thinking about how powerful he truly was on both a physical and financial level. He was not just a physical alpha male, but also an alpha with resources to provide and protect those around him.

“Your house is so nice!” I was spinning around and look at everything in the neighborhood, “I kind of want to move in!”

He didn't say anything at all to comment as he walked ahead of me. I realized that it was a possibility that some of the neighbors might be watching, and he didn't want to send the wrong message. It made sense. A married black man bringing home a white woman to bang probably wasn't a good look for him, and he was aware of it. At least people could see that Keisha's car was parked outside, so maybe they figured I was just a family friend, and not here to rub my ass on a bitchy woman's face for revenge as I took her husband's cock.

“Is she here for what I think she's here for?” Keisha asked Cole as we entered their home.

“Yeah. I already filled her in on everything just as you wanted.” He hugged her side and pecked her softly on the cheek.

I didn't know what to say. It felt kind of strange knowing that they had intimate conversations about me already, and Keisha likely expressed various fantasies that she had involving me. I wondered why she picked me. Was it because I was a white woman? His secretary? Did she think I was pretty?

Keisha kept looking at me like she was desperate to kiss me or something. I maintained my posture and tried to interact with her in a way that showed my dominance. She might have had the wealthy husband and the fancy house, but I was the woman that was here to humiliate her. I constantly had to remind and

check myself to stay aware of the power dynamics at play. I might have been of a lesser class than her, but none of that would matter if her face was between my ass cheeks.

Keisha offered me something to drink and I declined as I cozied up to Cole and rested my head on his chest. I could see that she was containing her rage, and she asked if we had already slept together.

“No, I probably could have,” I let go of Cole and slowly approached her, “but I wanted to see the look on your ugly face when I made your husband come!” I stroked her hair with my hand.

She seemed shocked by how forward I was, but she didn’t pull away. I could sense a burning desire to grabbed and thrown to the floor, but I resisted caving in to her needs and left her to go back and show Cole some appreciation.

“You’re such a handsome man.” I pressed my face against his chest and smelled his expensive cologne, “why did you pick such an ugly wife? She’s absolutely horrific!”

Keisha was a good-looking woman, but it felt good to verbally degrade her as if she was ugly enough to make men run in the opposite direction. Saying it in front of her to her husband made it that much better, and I smiled at her as she began to crave my body. I ran my hands down Cole’s large body and stopped at his crotch and felt his tool. Keisha didn’t know that I had already proven my ability to take his cock, and I could see a smirk come from her as she thought about my reaction when I discovered how big he was. She wasn’t going to get the privilege of seeing me surprised and regretful when he pulled out his cock, instead she would see me happily, and easily service all of his needs while she helplessly watched her husband enjoy his time with a white woman.

“Let’s take this upstairs.” Cole stopped us from continuing at the entrance and began to walk towards the stairs.

I followed behind him, and that made Keisha have to walk up the steps behind me. I thought about suddenly stopping and bending over to make her walk straight into my ass, but I decided against it because of the risk of her falling down the steps. I wouldn’t be able to humiliate her if she got hurt before we even began. I stopped at the top of the steps and waited for her to come to my side. I had an idea.

“Get on your knees bitch!” I shouted at her and laughed when she jumped.

Slowly, she got down on her knees looked up at me with sad eyes. I was pleased that she was obedient, so I decided to give her a compliment.

“Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are when you’re on your knees?” I said rhetorically because I didn’t care to hear her response, “don’t answer that bitch.”

Her breathing had picked up to a faster pace. Cole was standing down the hall and watching what I was doing, so I decided to give him a bit of a show. I grabbed her hands and pulled them towards the ground so that she was on all fours.

“I’m going to ride you!” I said joyfully as I sat down on her back-side saddle. “C’mon! Let’s go!” I did my best impersonation of a country accent as I smacked her ass.

One step at a time, Keisha crawled towards Cole’s feet. He didn’t say anything, but he had on the biggest smile that I had ever seen from him. It made me feel good to know that I was amusing him to such a degree.

As I sat on her back and we entered their bedroom, I couldn’t help but notice the dark imagery of the place. It felt like a dungeon almost, with strange photographs of handcuffs and people bowing with their heads on the ground. I got the sense that they did this on purpose to set a particular mood for anybody that dared to enter their personal space. It put me at ease for some reason. Knowing that I wasn’t at the bottom of the pecking order was likely the reason. Number one was Cole, Number two was me, and on the bottom was the worthless Keisha that was to do everything that we told her to do.

Cole grabbed me from her back and set me on the bed. He told me to strip, and at first, I began to do it in a sexy way, but I quickly realized that he was focused on different things. He had ordered his wife to get naked as well, and unlike me, she did it in a way that showed she felt subconscious doing it in front of me. Her eyes quickly darted and were fixed on Cole as he was approaching her with straps that would go around her wrists. Without being instructed, she put her hands behind her back and rested her weight on her knees, so that he could put the straps around her wrist to keep her from being able to move her hands.

“Tie up that stupid bitch!” I was bouncing up and down on the bed and filled with joy.

Cole just turned and looked at me with a finger pointed. I went silent immediately; he meant business.

Keisha tested the restraints, and they were successful in keeping her from using her hands. For a moment I put myself in Cole’s shoes, he had two naked women in his room, and one of them was tied up. He could get all of the praise in the world from his male friends, but instead he reaped his benefits in private without the need to feel superior to other men. He already knew that he was the alpha male.

He brushed his crotch against her face, and she smiled at him before rubbing her cheeks on the outside of his pants. Cole was clearly used to having women worship him because of the size of his cock, and his wife was no exception. Keisha was showing as much passion as she could for him, and he simply walked away from her as he unbuttoned his pants.

“I guess I’ll join in.” He said with a chuckle as he began to take his clothes off.

In the office I didn’t get to see him without his shirt, but I knew from feeling his body that he was in shape. I wondered for a moment when and how he made time to go to the gym to have the body of a god. My pussy was reacting to him as he approached me with fire in his eyes.

I held my body up by putting my hands on the bed, and I pressed my lips together and kissed his cock. I could see Keisha in my peripheral vision. She only got to rub her face on the outside of his pants, but I was given the go ahead to kiss his majestic cock. I put the crown of his cock inside my mouth and sucked while flicking my tongue sporadically.

“Keisha. Get on the bed. You know what to do!” He didn’t even look over at her when he addressed her.

I began to kiss the side of his cock so that I could watch her get up on the bed. She was approaching me from behind, but I had nothing to worry about. She didn’t have the use of her hands. I began to pay attention to the bottom of his cock, and I put one of his balls in my mouth and softly sucked. His flavor was strong, and powerful and I felt a tingle from behind. Looking back, I could see

Keisha on her knees with her face between my ass cheeks. She was making long strokes from the top of my pussy to the start of my ass crack. It felt good to know that she was cleaning me before her husband's dick entered me.

“Get your tongue in there bitch!” I stopped sucking his cock for a moment to yell at Keisha and grab her hair.

She made a noise that made me want to burst into laughter, but I resisted and instead moaned from the feeling her tongue gave me as it entered my asshole.

“You like licking ass you dumb bitch!?” I pulled her hair and her tongue went deeper inside of me.

I turned back to Cole who was slowly stroking his cock and watching his wife's degradation, and I found it difficult to resume sucking his cock while receiving her tongue inside of me. It seemed like a safe move to temporarily ignore Cole and put on a little show for him. Using my hands to support my body's weight, I lunged backwards with my ass. Keisha moaned as my ass pushed her hard enough to knock her on her side. She helplessly tried to get back up, but I had turned on my back and pinned the side of her face against the bed with my foot.

“Come on.” I was talking down to her like a piece of trash, “kiss it. Kiss it. Come on. I know you can!”

She was kissing the air because she couldn't move her head. I presented her with the bottom of my other foot so that she could get her foot fetish needs fulfilled. I couldn't help but constantly verbally degrade her as she pathetically worshiped my feet.

“How can you allow this to happen?” I asked pretending to be concerned. “It's like you don't even like dick!”

Cole crept up behind her and moved the foot that was pinning her down. He grabbed her head and pulled her up before pushing her back down towards my crotch. I bent my knees and placed my feet on her ass as he shoved her face between my legs.

“Lick that white bitch's pussy!” He was yelling at her enough to make me jump, “lick it!”

I could see the sadness in her eyes as she began to lick my pussy from the bottom to the top. She was moving her head fast, and I rested my hand on her head and helped her find the spots that I wanted licked. I was oozing in her face, and she had no choice but to smear it around her face or to swallow it and continue. Either option was fine for me as I watched her perform her duties. Cole had released his grip on her head and was stroking his fully erect cock. I wanted it inside of me, and I prayed that he wouldn't reward her with it instead. She didn't deserve to feel pleasure.

My first orgasm surprised her. I didn't think she was aware that I could come so aggressively, and her face became covered in a glossy finish. I moaned as I thought about the trifecta of domination I had successfully pulled off on my nemesis. She had licked my butt, kissed my feet, and drank the juices that came from my pussy. As far as I was concerned, I had officially proven myself as the superior woman, but I was not done feeling pleasure. I craved Cole's cock, and I wanted Keisha to watch as it went in and out of me.

Cole was ready to go. He picked me up, sat down where I was laying. Quickly, I realized what he wanted was for me to ride his cock while facing him. Keisha's face would be close enough to see his cock enter me. Cole was holding his dick still with his hand to allow me to slowly come down on it.

"Kiss my ass bitch!" I yelled to Keisha. "Don't fucking stop!"

I was riding slowly up and down on his cock with my feet firmly planted on the bed. When I was in range, I could feel Keisha's lips give me ticklish pecks on my ass cheeks, and it felt good to know that she was watching everything while kissing my ass. My eyes were closed as I focused on feeling his cock and trying to push myself to take more of it. I was imagining the feelings that were running through Keisha as she watched unable to do anything besides making sure that her lips made contact with my ass.

"That's as far down as I can go." I said to Cole once I reached my limit.

"Stay on it and slowly turn around." He helped support my weight while I spun around on his cock and face Keisha. "Keisha! Get the part that doesn't fit!"

I watched as she crawled closer to his cock without the use of her hands. She understood these directions perfectly as if she had done this many times before in the past. I continued to bounce up and down on his cock and watch Keisha at

the very base of his cock plant kisses and lick the parts that would never see the insides of a vagina. Cole's strong hands were on my hips and he helped me ride him to the point where I felt like I wasn't doing anything but smugly smiling at his wife as she subjected herself to humiliation.

"Who's a good cuck-slut?" I said with a chuckle that was quickly transformed into a moan.

"I am." She answered me briefly before going back to worshipping Cole's mighty cock.

Cole started to breathe heavily. I could feel his cock expanding and pushing against my inner walls. I couldn't help but feel excited for his load to shoot inside of me in front of his wife.

"Fuck!" I called out dramatically while making a sexy face to taunt her, "fuck me! Oh my god! Yes!" I summoned my inner porn star to make her feel like she was missing out on something.

Like a shotgun, his cock blasted me hard with his come that had built up from watching me humiliate his wife. The come itself pleased me as it filled me up. Speechless, I looked at Keisha with my mouth open. My pussy created it's own come and it mingled with his. I wanted to lay down and let my pussy rest, but I could feel all of the semen inside of me trying to escape, so I stood up and tried not to fall because of my weak legs.

"Roll over bitch!" I yelled at her as I grabbed her head to help her get on her back.

Firmly, I planted my pussy on her face and the first wave of come slid out of my come and splashed on her face. She squinted as she opened her mouth, and I pressed my pussy as far inside of her mouth as I could. I used my muscles to help the come drip out of me and inside of her mouth and smiled at her when she finally had the courage to open her eyes and look at her queen.

"You're a foul, disgusting, ugly, pathetic, freak." I said in a very monotone and slow manner.

I wanted to get my point across. She might have had this happen to her many times throughout her marriage with Cole, but I wanted her to never be able to

forget me. I wanted her to lose all confidence in her abilities and appearance. I wanted to rule over her.

You're going to drop that attitude!

When everything cooled down, we made our way downstairs into their kitchen. Cole had said that it was important to keep everything that we did in the bedroom.

“What happens in the bedroom, stays in the bedroom.” He said trying to make sure that I understood there were limits to what had just happened.

“Fine, that’s okay with me,” I got in Keisha’s face, “I’m going to get this out of the way really quick then, so it doesn’t need to be said again. Listen up! You’re going to drop that attitude when you come into the office! I don’t give two fucks what you think the rules of the game are, you are never going to disrespect me again! When you come into the office, you leave me the fuck alone! I’m not your little worker bee.”

They both were silent after my rage echoed throughout their home. I was angry, and I needed to say what had been on my mind. All that Keisha did was quietly agree and shake her head up and down. I could tell that I had made her nervous from my outburst.

“Now that I got that out of the way.” I calmed my voice and was very relaxed, “I’d like to do this again if you guys are up for it.”

“I’m going to have to talk to my wife in private about that.” Cole said before Keisha interrupted.

“No Cole, it’s fine.” She was nervous, but I could tell that she felt safe, “I want her to come back. That was perfect.”

“Great!” I said as I led everybody downstairs, “everything is settled. What’s for dinner Keish?”

I couldn’t help but internally laugh at my own joke. Having her make me dinner

after everything I said and did was just icing on the cake, and besides they looked like they had some pretty good food in the house.

“What do you want?” She asked.

“I don’t know.” I sat down at the kitchen table, “surprise me!”

About the Author

Lacy Ciccone enjoys writing stories about cheating spouses. Cuckqueans, cuckcakes, hotwives, and cuckolds is what turns her on. The simple fact that a person in a committed relationship would have the desire to sleep with someone else makes her excited. Her stories often feature a humiliated partner that not only witnesses the affair but is also charged with cleaning up the mess!

Other books by Lacy Ciccone

Lacy Ciccone has several stories out that are waiting for you to enjoy!

Cuckquean Anniversary Gift

It had been ten years that Max and I were married, and I was excited to celebrate our anniversary. I woke up and found flowers on the table along with a card, and my heart sank when I read what was inside of the card.

“This card is a cuckquean coupon. It can be redeemed anytime after we have been married for ten years, and is good for one threesome. This offer is not valid if the card is lost or stolen. Sincerely, Jennifer.”

I completely forgot about the promise that I made, and I struggled with the thought of sharing my husband. Even though the thought of being humiliated by another woman was a fantasy of mine, I still had my reservations. Who was going to be the cuckcake?

“My ex girlfriend from college, Deseray, has been trying to hook back up with my for years.”

My fate was sealed with those words. Fantasy was going to become reality.

This short story is 7300 words long. All characters in this story are fictional, and are above the age of 18. This book contains elements of BDSM, and everything is consensual between the characters.

My Husband's Black Secretary: My Cuckquean Fantasy Becomes Reality

My husband, Paul, is a successful accountant. Over the years I had witnessed countless women throw themselves at him, but he always resisted. That is until he hired a new secretary, Jada.

She was black, and beautiful. Every time I saw her butt, I couldn't help but stare at it.

When she came into the picture, everything changed. His behavior changed, and my fantasies of becoming a cuckquean rose to the surface.

This short story is 4,000 words long. All characters in this story are fictional, and are above the age of 18. This book contains elements of BDSM, and everything is consensual between the characters.

Check Out Lacy Ciccone

You can find Lacy Ciccone by searching for her at your favorite retailer.