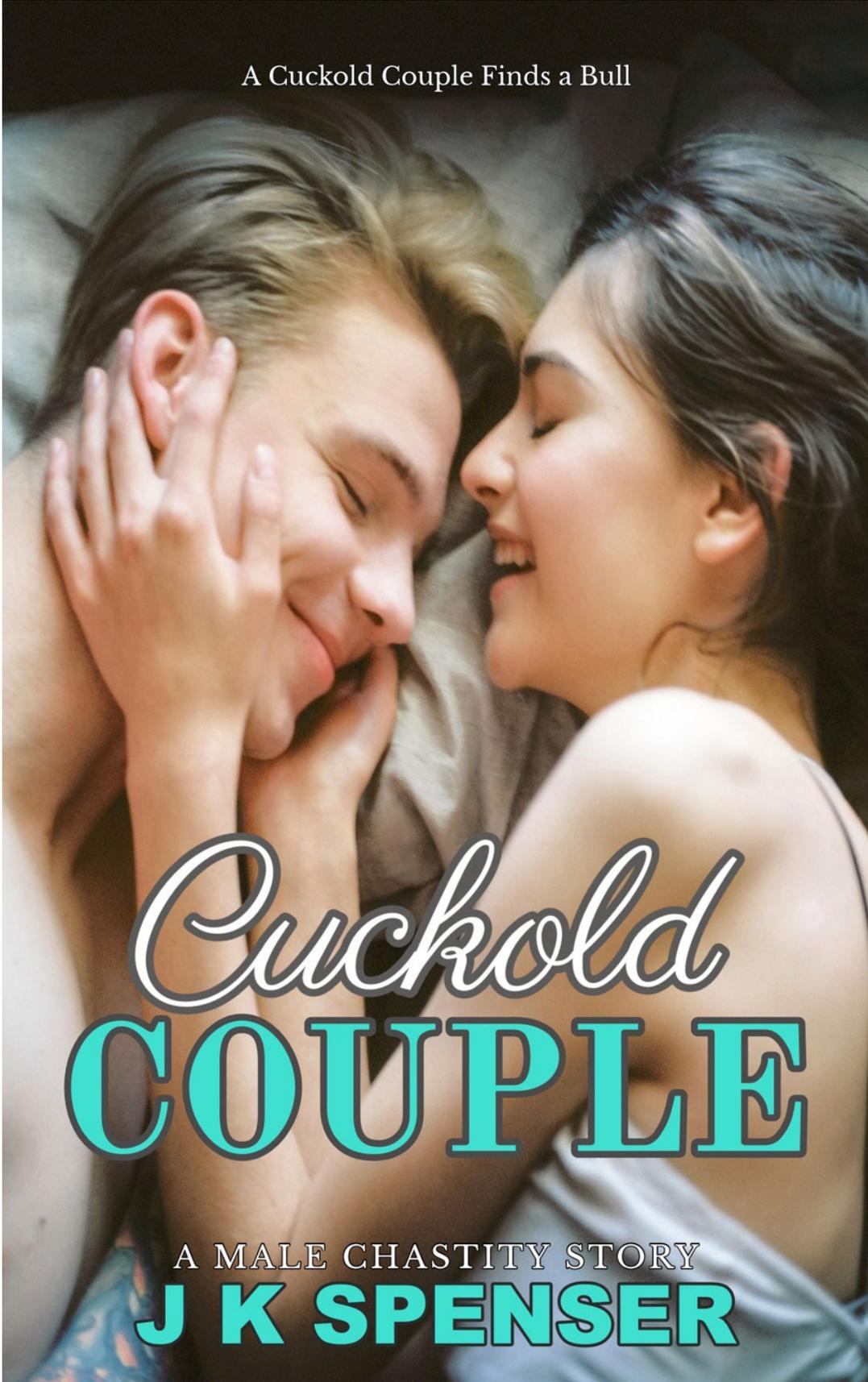


A Cuckold Couple Finds a Bull

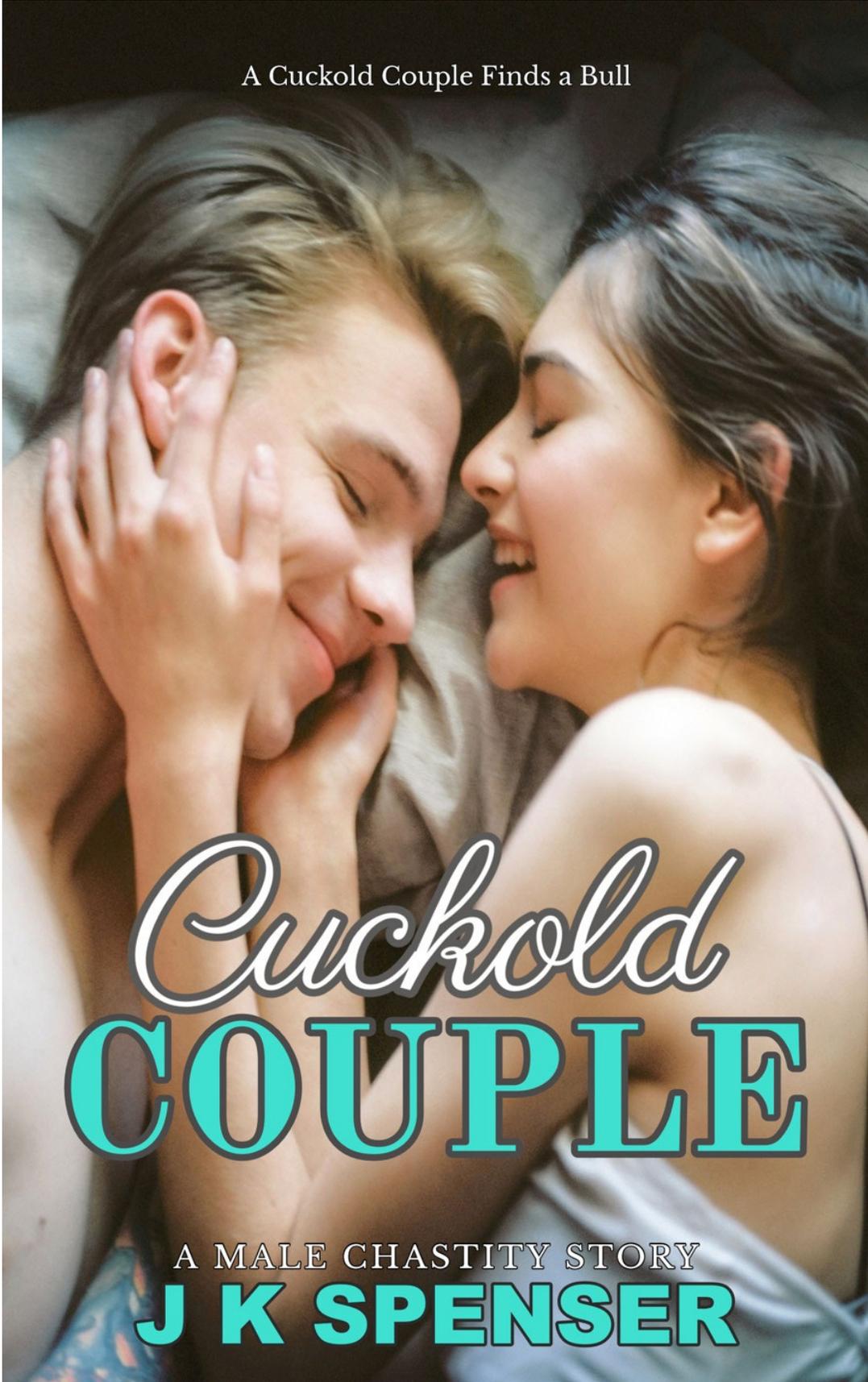


Cuckold
COUPLE

A MALE CHASTITY STORY

J K SPENSER

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First published by Sage Knight Press 2020

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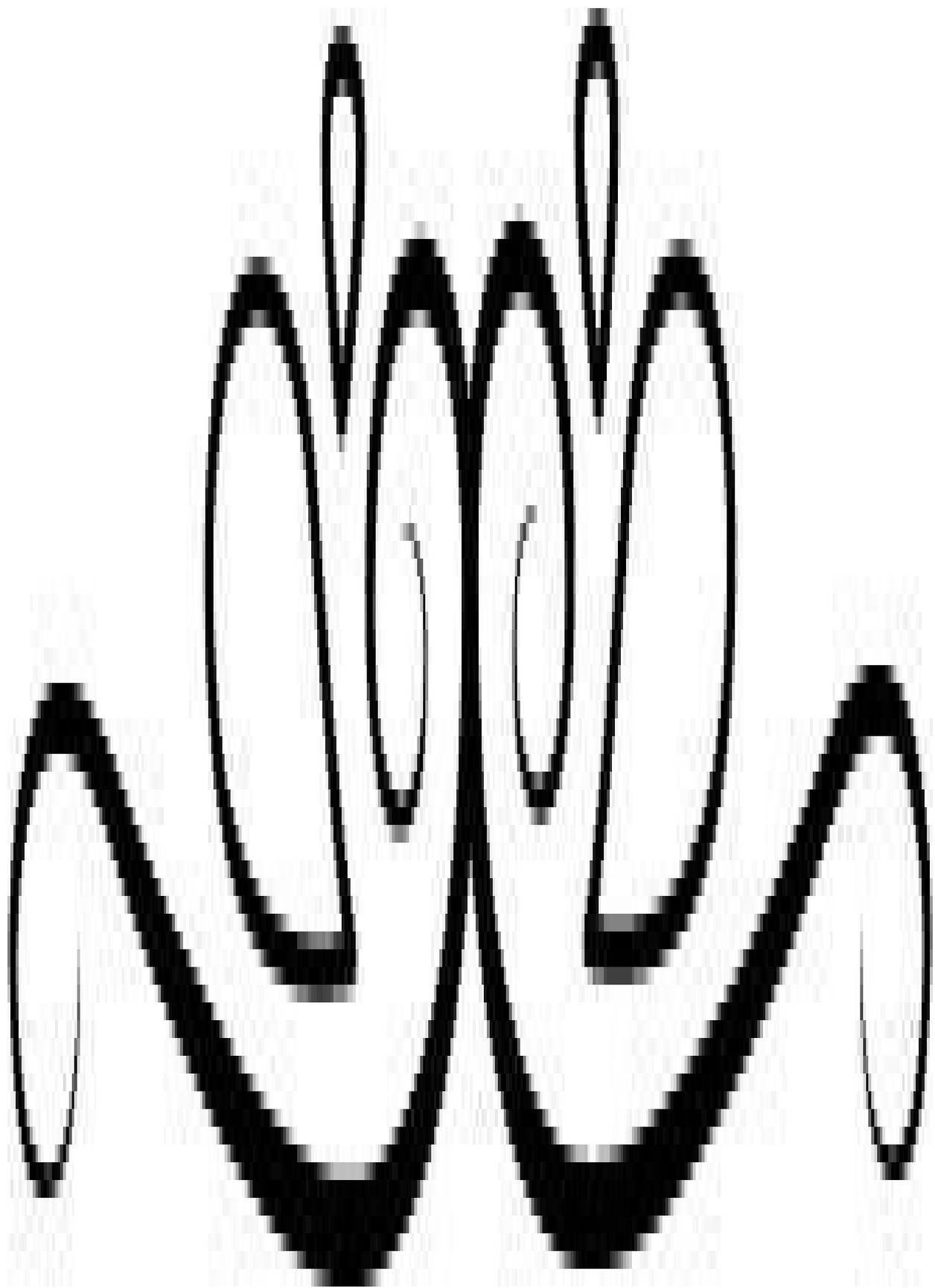
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Chapter 1



I'm Peter Tyler, an experienced Dom male kinkster who is active in my local BDSM community. While I enjoy many things about the lifestyle, serving as the dominant bull in a relationship with a submissive cuckold couple is a favorite.

The term "bull" originated with ranching and farming and cattle raising. A bull has a single purpose, being introduced to a herd of females for breeding. Or you might say sex. When transposed over human complexities, bull implies a male whose sole role within a relationship with a cuckold couple is having sex with the wife with limited emotional involvement.

I'm a one couple bull. That means I prefer involvement with only one couple at a time rather than several. To me, cuckolding, a form of polyamory, is not a lifestyle choice but a relationship. It's a relationship that should meet the needs of everyone involved.

Of course, as a dominant male, I make sure I structure things so that the arrangement adequately meets my needs for sexual pleasure and the satisfying expression of my dominance. But I not only have the responsibility of satisfying my sexual needs, desires, and gratification. I also must satisfy the sexual needs and desires of the wife as my lover, and those of the submitted cuckolded husband.

One Friday evening, I was at a BDSM play party when a man approached me and introduced himself as Ed Hale. Ed explained he had learned from someone at the party that I was a cuckold bull. He told me he was in chastity and submissive to his wife Sally in a female-led relationship and that they were searching for someone like me. That didn't surprise me. Men who desire to have their wives take a bull as a lover are usually submissive, and most wear a chastity device.

My most recent relationship with a cuckold couple had ended when the wife had become too clingy. She had dropped hints she wanted to leave her husband to be with me full time. That hadn't been something I wanted. So, I was interested in what Ed had to say and especially interested in meeting Sally to see if I felt an attraction.

Ed led me over to his wife and introduced us. I was astonished to see she was stunning, a small and petite brunette with a gorgeous body. My first impression

was that Ed had been punching above his weight, marrying a woman with her looks.

We sat down on a couch to talk and get acquainted. Sally sat in the middle with Ed and me on either side of her.

When I'm considering a cuckold couple, I want to know as much about them and their relationship as possible. I look to learn whether they have a strong, confident marriage and relationship outside the bedroom and their sexual relationship. I want to know if they understand the difference between fantasy and the reality of cuckoldry. I don't want to be just their dominant bull. I want a relationship to develop between us as well. In my role as a dominant, I have a responsibility to direct them responsibly since they are submitting to my authority.

"Have you two had a bull before?" I said.

"No," they replied in unison, both shaking their heads.

"Do you know what a bull is?" I said to Sally.

She blushed a little and seemed nervous. "Ed and I have been reading about it some on the internet," she said finally.

"Whose idea was it to invite a bull into your relationship?" I said. "Or is it a joint desire?"

"Well," Ed said, "I suppose you might say it was my idea at the beginning. I had been thinking about cuckoldry for a while, and I brought it up with Sally."

"How did you feel about it when Ed first mentioned cuckoldry?" I said.

"Well, I knew little about it at the time," Sally said. "I suppose I thought it meant a husband finding another guy to screw his wife while he watched. I guess it's fair to say I felt reluctant to go along with it, at first."

"What changed your mind?" I said. "I'm assuming you're now on board with the idea."

Sally nodded. "Yes, I did some reading on the internet and came to understand it

more and why Ed wanted me to cuckold him. And, well, since Ed desires me to keep him in chastity, we rarely have intercourse anymore.”

“And you miss that?” I said.

Sally blushed again, which I found endearing. “Well, yes, I suppose I do,” she said. “I mean, chastity has been great. Ed is so much more attentive and affectionate, and obedient now. But, yes, I miss not having intercourse.”

“Many couples where the husband is in chastity still have intercourse,” I said. “At least occasionally, even if the husband isn’t allowed to climax.”

“Yes, that’s true,” Sally agreed. “But Ed doesn’t want us to have intercourse. He satisfies me with oral sex and other things. But Ed doesn’t feel adequate to satisfy me with intercourse.”

“Is that how you feel, Ed?” I said.

Ed nodded. “Sally is too kind to say it, but she knows I’ve never been great in bed. I’m a little on the small side, and I always get so excited that I never have had much stamina. Sex is always over too fast, and I know I never satisfied Sally.”

“But Ed satisfies me with oral sex and other things,” Sally said in his defense. “And he is a great husband and provider.”

“I love Sally,” Ed said, “and we have a great marriage. Only I want her to be happy and satisfied sexually too. I think the opportunity to have sex with a real alpha male, especially with a guy better endowed than me, could make everything more fulfilling for her.”

“I suppose this is where you expect me to state my bona fides in that department,” I said with a laugh.

Ed chuckled nervously, and Sally giggled.

“Rest assured, I am well-endowed,” I said. “And, I have no problems satisfying women in bed.”

Sally sucked in a sharp breath and giggled again. It was then I realized she

hadn't been blushing at all. Her face flushed because she found our frank discussion arousing as she contemplated what might unfold for her if I agreed to become their bull.

Ed looked at Sally and then back at me. "I think it's safe to say we're both interested in proceeding," he said. "Does our proposal interest you, Peter?"

"I'm interested," I said. "But let's not take things too fast. I suggest you both go home and discuss it. Cuckoldry can be a fantasy for some people that turns out to be quite different in reality."

"I think we both understand that," Sally said. "We've been talking about it together for a while now."

I nodded. "Nevertheless, talk it over once more to make sure this is what you both want," I said. "I'll give you my phone number, and you can ring me when you've decided."

"When we call, could we begin right away?" Sally said, somewhat breathlessly.

"If you both want to proceed," I said. "We'll get together for another talk before there is any intimacy. I want to make sure I understand what you both need from this and make my expectations clear. I'll set up a few ground rules, so no one gets disappointed."

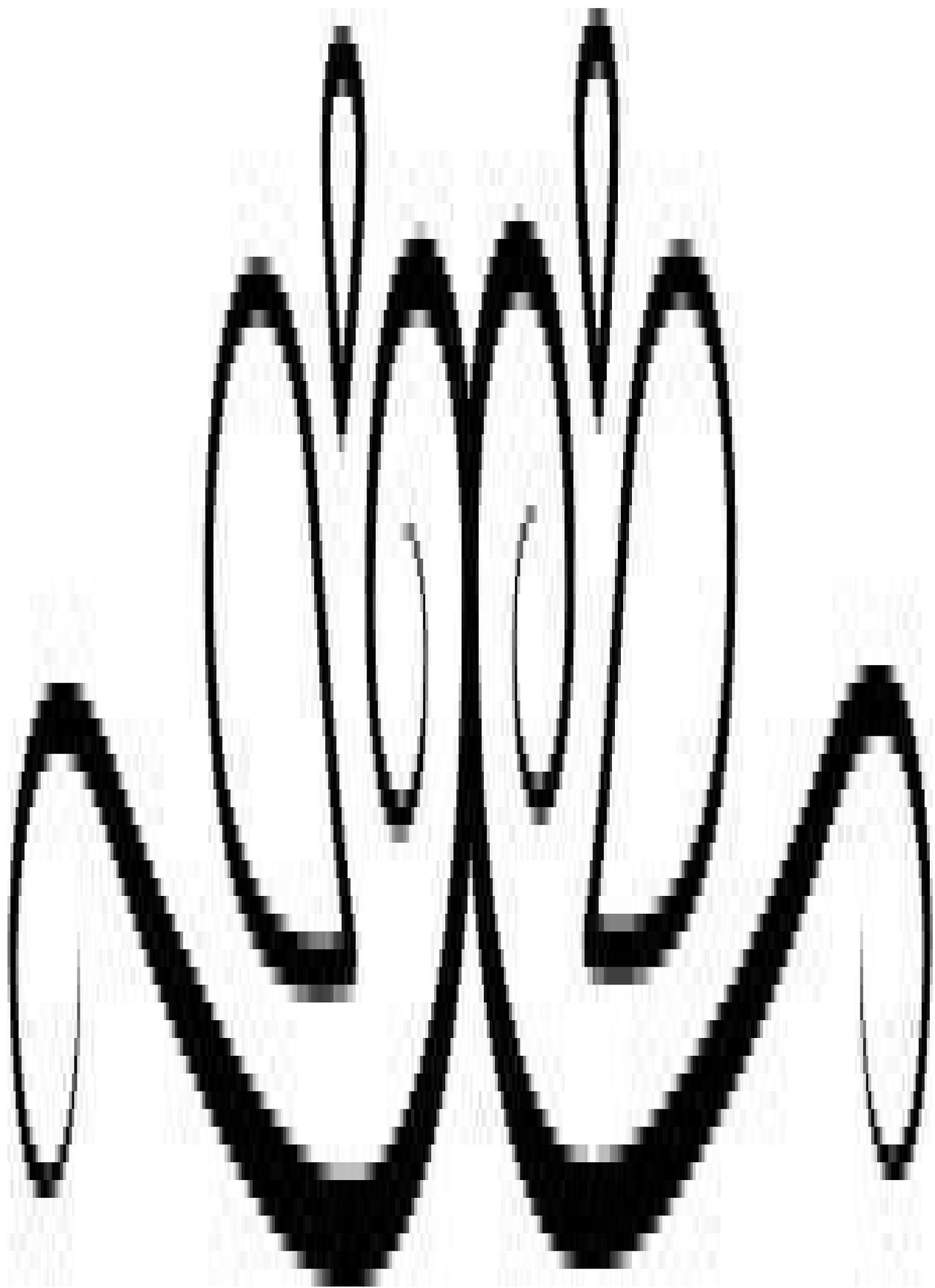
"That sounds fair," Ed said.

"Yes," Sally agreed.

I stood up to leave. Sally and Ed stood too. "Call me," I said, after giving them my number. "When you've made your decision."

Ed and I shook hands, and I gave Sally a brief hug. Then I left the party.

Chapter 2



It wasn't much of a surprise when Ed phoned me the very next day. He and Sally had both seemed interested in proceeding when I spoke with them at the party. He invited me to their home that afternoon to have the discussion I'd outlined the previous evening.

As an experienced bull, I have learned certain techniques that can get a new cuckold relationship off on the right foot. A bull must do a certain amount of grooming of the couple to prepare both partners for all a cuckold relationship entails.

When I arrived at the house, we had drinks together and then shared a delightful meal that Ed had prepared for us. Then we retired to the living room to talk. Sally and I sat together on the couch, and Ed sat across from us in an easy chair.

I first established the guidelines of the relationship by explaining my rules and boundaries in a firm tone. As a bull and the dominant male in the relationship, I must first establish my supremacy. In that first meeting, I started establishing my control of our interactions. I made it clear that Ed was never to address me by my first name, but always as Sir or Mr. Tyler.

The next step was to establish the name I'd use for Ed. It would be a name I alone would use for him. While Ed was submissive to Sally, he would also submit to me as the dominant male. Giving him a special name he would associate only with me was the first step in establishing that.

In choosing a husband's name, I first look for a form of his name that others rarely use for him. Ideally, it would be a form of his name he didn't particularly like. For instance, if he goes by Dan, I ask him if Dan is short for Daniel. If so, I determine how he feels about being called Daniel. People are particular about their names. If they use a shortened version of their given name or nickname, often it means they don't like their given name much and may prefer people not to use it. If a man shows no reaction to me using the formal version of his name, I turn to his middle name because I know many people detest their middle names.

"Is Ed short for Edward?" I said.

Ed shook his head. "No, Edwin," Ed said.

“How do you feel about me calling you Edwin rather than Ed?” I said.

Ed looked confused for a moment. “I suppose that’s fine if you prefer it,” he said.

That wasn’t the reaction I was wanted.

“What’s your middle name?” I asked Ed.

Ed glanced at Sally, and she giggled.

“It’s Wilhelm,” she said. “Edwin Wilhelm Hale. Ed hates his middle name.”

“Yes, that’s true,” Ed chuckled. “My father insisted on Wilhelm for my middle name because it was his. I’ve always hated it.”

“So, has anyone ever called you Wilhelm?” I said.

“No, never,” Ed said. “I wouldn’t allow it. I never even tell people what it is. Now that you mention it, sometimes when I was in trouble, my mother would scold me with ‘Edwin Wilhelm Hale.’ ”

Sally giggled again.

“Then from today forward,” I said to Ed, “I’ll call you Wilhelm, or maybe Willy for short, sometimes.”

Ed looked perplexed. “I don’t really care for that,” he said.

“That’s too bad, Wilhelm,” I said firmly. “I’ve made my decision, and I won’t change my mind. I suppose you will have to get used to it.”

Ed nodded unhappily but didn’t protest further.

The husbands sometimes protested when I chose a name for them they didn’t like. But since most were submissive, they accepted my decision when I took a firm tone with them. I announced firmly my intention to use the name for them, leaving no doubt that there was no other option, and that it was my decision.

The new name became the cuck’s submissive name. I make a point to use it frequently. The fact that I’m the only person who ever calls him by that name

makes it unique to me. That begins to establish my supreme authority over him and allows me to groom his submissive tendencies.

Next, I would establish the name I would use for Sally. Rather than her given name or a variation of it, I wanted something cute, some mildly sexualized term of endearment for the wife. But here again, I wanted something no one else used to address her.

“Tell me, Sally,” I said, turning my full attention to her. “Does Wilhelm use any nicknames for you? You know, terms of endearment?”

Sally had chuckled when I’d used Ed’s new name. “Well, he calls me his Goddess now that we have started chastity,” she said. “Sometimes he calls me Dear or Honey or Sweetheart. Is that what you mean?”

I nodded. “How about Chérie?” I said. “The French term for girlfriend. Has anyone ever called you that?”

“Why, no,” Sally said with a wide smile.

“Excellent,” I said. “Then, from this day forward, Chérie shall be my pet name for you.”

Sally smiled even more. “I like that,” she said.

I liked her response to the name I’d chosen. I always looked carefully for something that seemed to bring out the little girl tenderness in the wife.

I turned to Ed. “Wilhelm,” I said. “Take care that you never use my special name for Sally,” I said. “She is Chérie for me only. If you use my special name, and I learn of it, I shall punish you severely. Understand?”

Ed nodded glumly.

I always make it clear to the husband I never allowed him to call his wife by my personalized term of endearment. That helped to establish my ownership of her as my woman and lover. It set boundaries for the cuck male so he acknowledged that he would now have restricted access to his wife sexually since I was in control. I’d use Sally’s new name exclusively even when we were in public. Later I’d instruct her that if anyone asked her why I called her Chérie, she was to

answer that it was just my special name for her. Sally's special name also served as an additional reminder to Ed that I enjoyed a special connection to Sally that he did not.

We chatted a while longer. Ed had stopped pouting about his new name, and it seemed we were all growing more comfortable with one another. It was now time for the next step.

"Wilhelm, please stand and lower your trousers," I said.

"What?" Ed stuttered.

"You heard me, Wilhelm," I admonished. "I advise you not to make a habit of making me repeat myself. Now, stand up and lower your trousers."

Reluctantly, Ed did as I asked. With his trousers about his ankles, I said, "Now the briefs," I said. "I want to have a look at your penis."

Aghast, Ed looked to Sally, who had a hand over her mouth, stifling a giggle.

"Don't look at Chérie, Wilhelm," I scolded. "Do as I told you."

Sheepishly, Ed lowered his briefs to his knees. He was wearing a cute little pink chastity tube.

"Chérie, please unlock and remove Wilhelm's chastity cage for a moment," I said.

Sally went over, and using a key on a chain she wore around her neck, she unlocked the device and removed it. I walked over and stood before Ed, inspecting his penis. As I'd expected, Ed's penis was on the smaller end of the average-sized scale.

Undoing my belt, I unfastened my slacks and pushed them down along with my underwear, exposing my larger maleness.

"Do you see the size difference?" I said to Ed.

Ed's face colored as he gaped at my dick.

“Yes, Sir,” Ed said.

“As you see, Wilhelm,” I said. “You have a penis. I have a man-sized cock.”

Ed nodded, blushing furiously.

“Repeat after me,” I said to Ed. “I am the submissive houseboy, and I have a penis. A real man has a cock.”

“I am the submissive houseboy,” Ed stuttered. “I have a penis. A real man has a cock.”

“Very good, Wilhelm,” I said. “Commit that to memory as I’ll expect you to recite that for me again occasionally.”

Ed nodded. I could see that I’d embarrassed him, but I also noticed his penis was getting hard. Humiliation is one thing cuck males crave. I’d see that Ed received all he wanted of it.

Turning my head, I said to Sally, “You can put Wilhelm back in his cage.”

Sally came over to us. Because my back had been to her, she hadn’t seen my member during the comparison. But Sally now got an eyeful. She watched her husband sink into dejected submission when she gawked at the sight of my large uncut cock and made her own size comparison. She even gasped a little and then looked up at me and smiled.

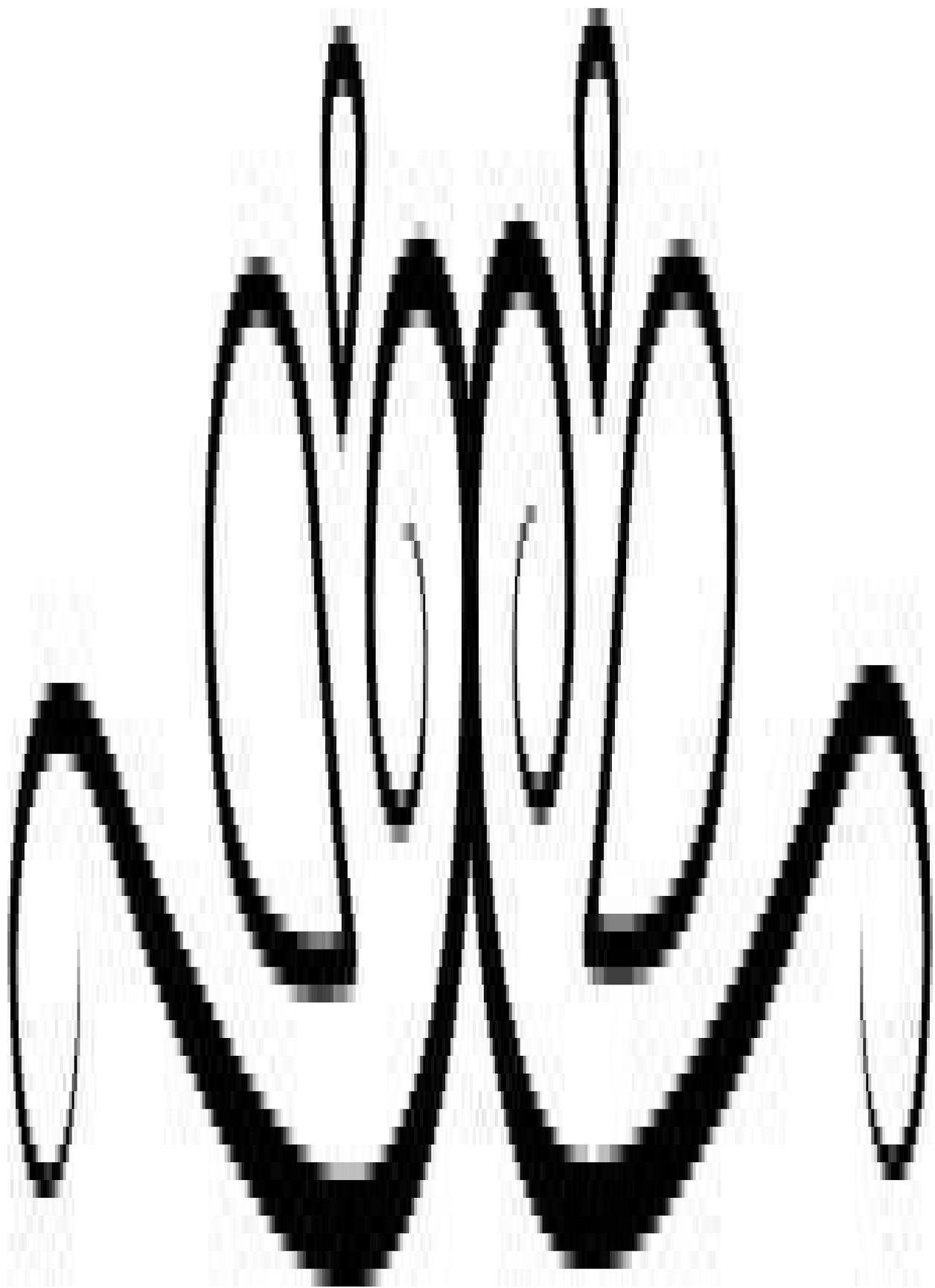
Sally knelt in front of Ed and began putting the penis cage back on her husband, whose budding erection had quickly subsided when he saw his wife looking at my dick with a mixture of excitement and breathlessness. After she glanced back at my cock a few more times while she was on her knees within twelve inches of it, I pulled up my underwear and my trousers and refastened them. Once the chastity device was back in place, I told Wilhelm to pull up his underwear and pants.

The opportunity I’d afforded Ed to observe his wife’s lusty reaction to seeing my larger member further established my supremacy over him. It also impressed upon Sally how readily I could reduce her husband to a subservient posture. It provided her with some sense of anticipation that her sex life was about to change and was going to differ greatly from what she had experienced during her

marriage.

Allowing Sally to see how much larger my member was than her husband's penis also made us look to her as if we were almost from two different species. It would help her internalize that there were men like me who were born with what it takes to dominate and men like Ed, who was better suited to submit to men like me. I had shown that I had a natural endowment with which Ed could never compete. My demonstration allowed both Ed and Sally to see that they were embarking on an experience that would be quite meaningful for all of us. It also helped Ed to accept the reality that he must resign himself to his submissive role.

Chapter 3



After we were all sitting again, I established a few mottos for the couple and our new relationship together.

“Wilhelm, although she is your wife,” I said. “Chérie is now my woman and lover.”

By using my new name for Sally that he could not use, I further asserted my ownership of her and established stricter boundaries for him. That stoked his submissive nature even more. I always covered this part with the cuck in their wife’s presence. Then I made him repeat it from his perspective.

After telling him what I wanted him to say, Ed recited, “My wife is now your woman and lover.”

The recitation accomplished two things. It established that Sally, his wife, was now mine to do with as I pleased when she was with me, whether or not he was present. It also reinforced that she was still his wife, both inside and outside our shared relationship. As a bull, my aim was to enjoy all the benefits of possessing her as my woman and lover, without the entanglements of having her as a wife.

I wanted their relationship and marriage to last. Otherwise, the cuckolding would end. I wanted them to remain together as a unit because it was as a unit that they could best serve my needs and desires.

Next, I made them both review our respective roles. I had them recite: “Sir, Mr. Tyler, is the man of the house, Sally is his woman, and Wilhelm is the submissive houseboy.”

“Very good,” I said, once they had recited the motto to my satisfaction.

I turned to Ed. “Wilhelm, what are you, and what do you have?”

“I am the submissive houseboy, and I have a penis,” Ed recited. “A real man has a cock.”

We had already had show-and-tell and had established that he and I are different species. I wanted to reinforce this by making him recite the penis-cock litany again to clarify that he was to always refer to his as a penis and mine as a cock.

The distinction was important in establishing that Ed's penis existed for very different things than my cock, and that my cock would do things that his penis could never do. His penis was a plaything. My cock had a much greater purpose, satisfying his wife.

I make a habit of reviewing these concepts often with my cuck male. At random times when we were together, I'd have him repeat the litany to me. Then I'd ask him, "What do you have?" The cuck would respond, "I have a penis." Then I'd ask, "What do I have?" To which he answered, "You have a cock, Sir."

All of this helps satisfy the need of the submissive male's desire for humiliation. It also made him take one more step toward deepening his submissive nature.

Turning to Sally, I made the boundaries clear.

"You are mine," I said. "We have established that by our contract, boundaries, and guidelines. I do not allow you to let anyone other than me come inside your pussy or spurt semen on your body without my consent. Are we clear?"

"Yes, Sir," Sally said breathlessly.

"Now we must establish sleeping arrangements for Wilhelm," I said. "Wilhelm, you may not share Chérie's bed. The master bedroom is now off-limits to you. You will not enter it unless invited. Clear?"

"Yes, Mr. Tyler," Ed said, swallowing hard. I thought I might have detected tears in his eyes.

"Go to the bedroom now, Wilhelm," I said. "Strip the bed and put on fresh sheets. Then remove all your belongings, everything. Remove your clothes from the closet and any drawers. When I inspect the bedroom after you finish, I don't want to find anything belonging to you in the room."

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you have a guest room?" I said to Sally.

"Yes, upstairs," she said.

"Good," I said. "Wilhelm, you may move your things to the guest room."

“Yes, Sir.”

I nodded. “Go, then,” I said. “Get busy.”

Ed got up from the chair and went down the hallway toward the master bedroom.

It was time to start grooming Sally, now that we were alone. I turned to her, placed my left hand behind her neck, and pulled her close. When I pressed my lips to hers, she responded eagerly. We deep kissed for several minutes. I pressed my lips between hers and slipped my tongue into her mouth. I could tell when her breathing became faster that the kissing aroused her. I slipped my right hand beneath the hem of her yellow sundress and followed her firm, smooth inner thigh to the apex. I found that the gusset of her panties was already soaked. I slipped my hand inside the panties and fingered her while we continued kissing. Soon she was moaning and whimpering against my lips.

Pulling my lips away, I placed them next to her ear and whispered, “Suck my cock, Chérie.”

She didn’t hesitate. Sally slid off the couch onto her knees in front of me and hastily unbuckled my belt. She undid my trousers and pulled my erect cock out of my briefs. Then greedily, she started bobbing up and down on my hardness, occasionally pausing to lick and tease the tip with her tongue before taking me back inside her warm, wet mouth. It pleased me to discover Sally was an accomplished cock sucker. She managed to take all of me deep into her throat without gagging. I leaned back and enjoyed her efforts for several minutes. Then I pushed her head away.

“What?” she said. “I want to make you come.”

“Not now,” I said, zipping up and fastening my pants. I buckled my belt, then I took her hand and pulled her back up onto the couch beside me.

“Let’s talk a little about what you need, Chérie,” I said.

I knew she was very aroused now, which is how I wanted her for this part of the discussion.

Sally was my woman and lover now. We had shared a little intimacy for the first

time. Depending on her submissive feelings and preferences, it was now time for her to tell me what she wanted to be for me—only my lover? Or did Sally wish to be my slut, or my whore.

I have great respect for women and using such terms goes against the grain of my beliefs. I would only use terms like slut or whore when the wife wanted it. Some derived great excitement from it.

“Tell me, Chérie,” I said, while I continued fingering her, our lips close but not touching. “Do you wish to be my slut? My whore?”

“I want to be your slut,” Sally whimpered.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” Sally whimpered, “yes, I want to be your slut, Sir.”

“Very well,” I said. “But the use of such pejoratives goes against my beliefs regarding treating women with the respect they deserve. I will indulge you by calling you my slut, but understand I will never actually view you as such. It is only to enhance your enjoyment.”

“I understand,” Sally cooed. “I want to be your slut. Please, make me your slut, Sir.”

Sally’s voice was breaking, and I knew I had brought her close to orgasm with my fingers. While I kept two fingers deep inside her wetness, I grazed the pad of my thumb back and forth across her swollen bud.

“You’re going to make me come,” Sally whimpered.

“Come for me, Chérie,” I said.

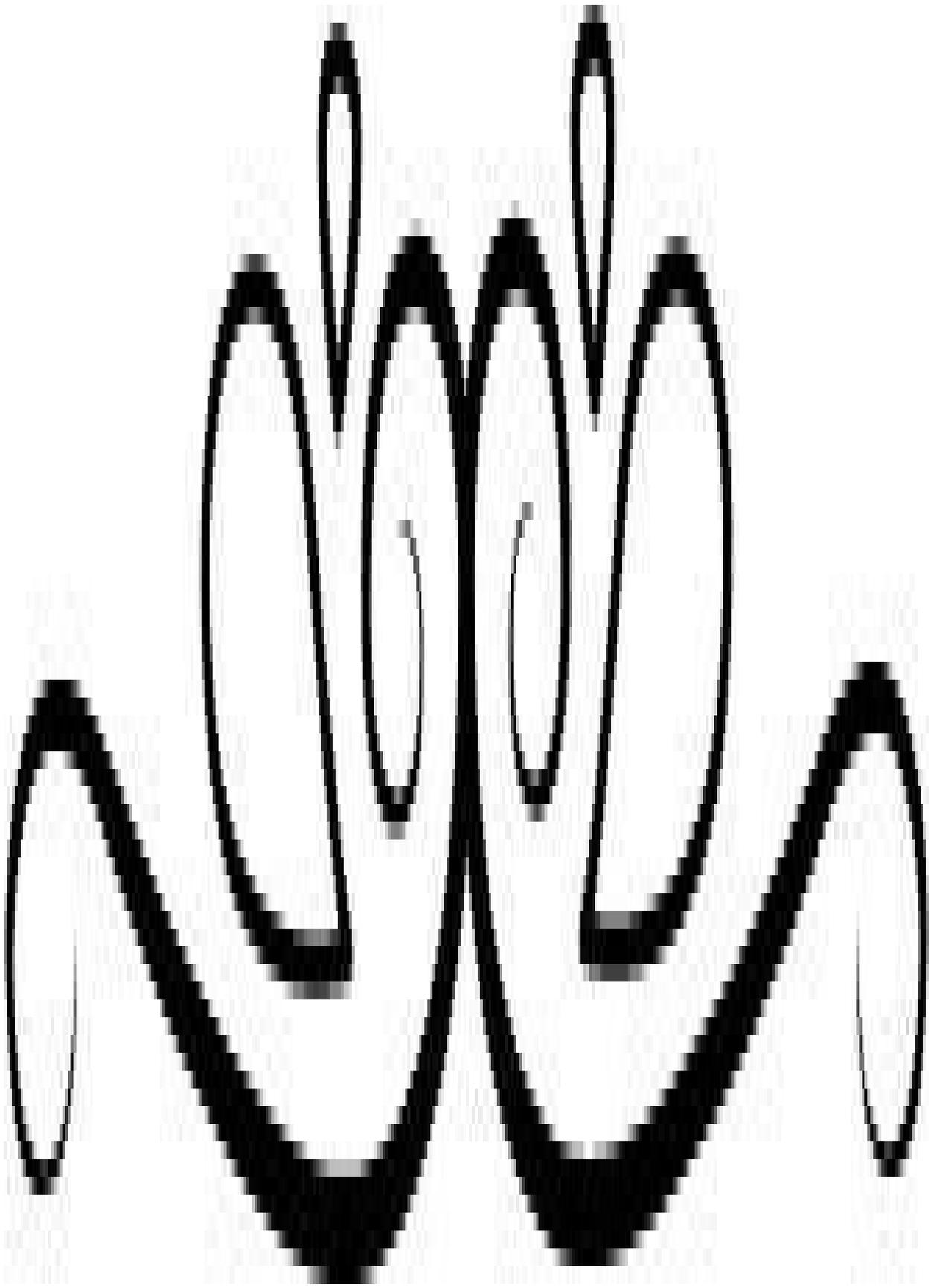
Sally’s body went rigid for a moment, and then she moaned, and her hips convulsed as the orgasm took her. She shook in my arms for a moment and then collapsed against me.

“Fuck me, Sir,” Sally whimpered. “Please, I want you inside me.”

“No, Chérie,” I said. “Not yet. I must check on Wilhelm’s progress.”

Untangling myself from Sally, I went down the hall to the master bedroom. The best part about my first taste of Sally wasn't how hot she was or how badly she wanted me. The best part was how intimate and natural it had felt. There had been no awkwardness at all.

Chapter 4



I found the bed made and the sheets Ed had removed in a pile on the floor. He was picking up a load of clothes on hangers he had taken from the closet.

“Almost finished, Sir,” Ed said when he looked up and saw me.

I nodded and then followed him upstairs to the guest room. He hung the clothes in the closet.

“That’s such a hot little wife you have, Wilhelm,” I said. “She just gave me one of the best blow jobs I’ve had in a while. And she was so wet when I fingered her tight, wet pussy until she came for me.”

Ed was silent and stared at the floor.

“She begged me to fuck her,” I said. “But I’m making her wait for it until she is a little more desperate.”

“I’m happy you pleased her,” Ed finally said.

“Wilhelm,” I said. “Drop your pants and push your underwear down around your ankles,” I said.

“What? Why?”

“Wilhelm, what did I say about making me repeat myself?” I chided.

Ed quickly lowered his pants and pushed his underwear down.

“Good,” I said. “Now stand there in front of the wall, with your back to me.”

Ed looked at me warily for a moment, but then he shuffled to the wall and faced it as I had told him.

“Now, put your hands and forehead against the wall,” I said, “then take a full step back so you’re leaning on the wall.”

Once Ed complied, I unbuckled my belt. Ed cringed when he heard me whip the belt off through the belt loops, but he didn’t turn to look at me.

There is nothing quite as startling as the sound of a heavy leather belt being whipped through the belt loops. I'm sure Ed knew what was coming.

"For your benefit, Wilhelm," I said, "I want to show you what you can expect if you disobey me or fail to carry out my orders. I intend to whip you unless you object. Everything about our arrangement is consensual. You can refuse the whipping. But, if you refuse to take it like an adult, I'm afraid I must withdraw from our agreement."

I like to give the cuck a quick but vigorous whipping right off the bat to let him know what's in store for him anytime he disobeys or attempts to challenge my authority.

"Do you understand?" I said. "That it's for your benefit?"

"Yes, Sir," Ed whimpered.

"And you consent to the whipping?"

Ed nodded.

"I need your verbal consent, Wilhelm," I said.

"I consent," Ed whined.

"Good boy," I said. Then I administered the brief but energetic whipping. It wasn't as forceful as I'd be if Ed ever rebelled or disobeyed, but hard enough to get my point across. And Ed's ass was bright red when I finished. He had yelped a few times, but all in all, I thought he took the whipping well.

"There," I said. "Do we understand each other?"

"Yes, Sir," Ed said.

"Good, turn around and face me."

Ed turned slowly and looked at me. I handed him the belt. "Now," I said. "Put my belt back on me, Wilhelm."

Ed approached me uncertainly with the belt.

“While on your knees, Wilhelm,” I said.

Ed knelt and started feeding the belt back through the belt loops of my pants. Everything I’d done up to the point of the whipping was to prepare Ed to submit to me and accept the whipping. The whipping itself served as one more step toward establishing my supremacy over him. I had him replace my belt on my trousers because it was one more small way to strengthen my dominance over him. Requiring Ed to replace the belt I’d had just used to whip him further illustrated to him I was his dominant as well as Sally’s lover.

After Ed finished the task, I told him to get up and pull his underwear and pants back up.

“Do you have condoms in the house, Wilhelm?” I said.

“No, Sir,” Ed said meekly. “We don’t use them.”

“I see,” I said. “In that case, I need you to drive to the store and pick up some for me to use when I fuck your wife. I prefer the non-latex polyisoprene condoms. They are soft, comfortable, and incredibly sensitive. I’m sure Chérie will like them too.”

“Yes, Sir”

“Finish up moving your stuff out of the bedroom,” I said. “Then you can go get the condoms.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I went back downstairs and chatted with Sally until Ed finished in the bedroom. Then he left for the store.

“Let’s inspect the bedroom,” I said, taking Sally by the hand.

During our private time together, I wanted to establish our friendship and intimacy. We walked to the bedroom, and I found Ed had done a good job other than leaving the sheets he had taken off the bed piled on the floor. There was no evidence that Ed had ever occupied the room. That’s the way I wanted it. It was now my bedroom whenever I was present in the house, and Sally’s room when I wasn’t.

“Take your clothes off, Chérie,” I said. “I haven’t seen my little slut naked yet.”

Sally hurriedly complied. I turned down the bed covers, and we got into bed together, although I remained clothed except for my shoes. Sally had perky all-natural medium-sized breasts, which I found delightful. She kept her genital area shaved except for a little strip of close-trimmed hair above her vulva.

“Do you want Wilhelm to watch us fuck?” I said.

“Well, I know he wants to watch,” Sally said. “But I feel a little uncomfortable about it.”

“All right,” I said. “You will always have input into that. Wives often feel uneasy about their husband’s desire to watch. You needn’t ever feel pressured to be on display until you’re ready.”

By letting her know that it was perfectly okay if she didn’t want Ed to watch, I communicated to her it was within her power to decide. Some women need time to become comfortable in their relationship with a bull before allowing the husband in the bedroom. I was also making it clear she had a level of power in the household greater than that of her cuckold husband.

“His sexual fantasies drive your husband’s interest in this arrangement and his desire to watch us having sex,” I said. “Right now, I wish to develop a close emotional connection with you. I want you to understand this isn’t just about sex for us. I want us to build our sex life on a strong and loving emotional connection.”

“I want that too,” Sally agreed.

“That’s why I made him move to the guest room,” I said. “I wanted us to have privacy for our lovemaking. We are under no obligation to cater to your husband’s sexual fantasies. He never needs to watch us unless you’re comfortable with it.”

“Okay, thank you,” Sally said. “I know it’s important to Ed. After I feel more comfortable with it, I’ll probably be okay with letting him watch.”

“That’s fine,” I said.

“Are we going to make love now?” Sally said. “I want you so bad.”

“Not until Wilhelm gets back with the condoms I sent him after,” I said. “I think I can think of something else to help us pass the time.”

I positioned myself between her silky, toned legs with my face over her pussy. I kissed her and nibbled lightly at her swollen clit. Then I teased her with the tip of my tongue, running it slowly up the cleft between her labia and then circled her clit with my tongue. I licked her like that for about five minutes.

“Can I come, please?” Sally whimpered.

“Show me what a good slut you are,” I said. “Come for me, Chérie.”

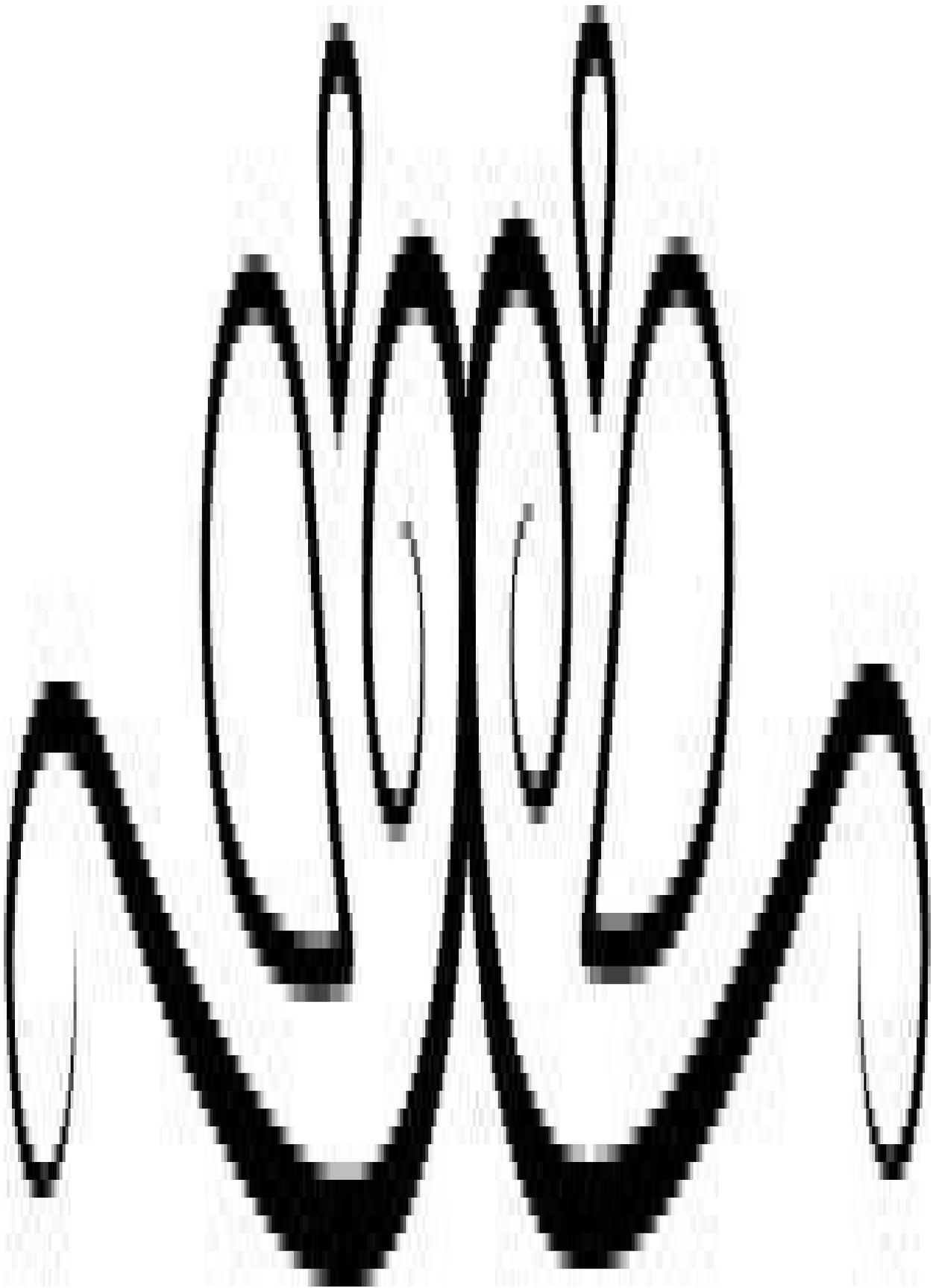
Sally climaxed again, her hips bucking and her hands gripping my hair. After her orgasm subsided, she fussed that it tickled when I kept licking. But I kept going, and within a few minutes, she came a second time. Then I lay down on my back, undid my trousers, and pulled out my swollen cock. Sally took me into her mouth eagerly and sucked and teased my cock. She was very good. This time I allowed her to continue until I climaxed and ejaculated in her mouth. She swallowed my semen like a good little slut. I love coming in a woman’s mouth and having her swallow. It makes me feel like I’m always a part of her afterward.

When I finished, I told Sally to get dressed while I fastened my trousers and buckled my belt.

“Leave the panties off,” I said. “I have a use for them.”

Pocketing her wet panties, I led Sally back to the living room, and we sat on the couch, kissing and groping each other until Ed returned from the store. She remained very aroused even after the two orgasms.

Chapter 5



When Ed walked through the door, I took the condoms and told him to undress again. This time he didn't balk or ask questions. He quickly undressed. It seemed the whipping had made an impression on him.

I removed the soiled panties from my pocket and offered them to Ed. "Take off your briefs and put these on," I said.

Ed looked doubtful, but he stripped off his underwear and slipped on his wife's black lace panties. They were the boyshorts style, and I thought they looked good on him.

"Real men wear briefs or boxers," I said. "Women and submissive men wear panties. From now on, Wilhelm, you will wear panties. I'll take your wife shopping to buy her new panties. Then Chérie can hand down her old panties to you."

Making the cuck wear his wife's hand-me-down panties further illustrated his pecking order in the household. My woman, my lover, needs to be elegantly dressed and deserves to wear the finest lingerie. Our cuck houseboy wears the used panties that are no longer suitable for her.

"But why do I have to wear panties?" Ed whined.

"I'll demonstrate," I said. "Take off the panties and give them to me."

While Ed slipped off the panties, I pulled off my shirt, pants, and briefs. I took the panties from Ed and pulled them on. My larger member protruded above the waistband of the panties, and my balls hung out through a leg hole.

Sometimes the cuck balked at having to wear the hand-me-down panties. I enjoyed making my point this way.

"Do think these panties fit me?" I said.

"No, Sir," Ed said, looking at my protruding manhood. Sally giggled in the background.

I took the panties off and gave them back to Ed. "Put them back on," I said. Ed

complied.

Less well-endowed, the panties fully contained Ed's genitals.

"I'm far too well endowed to fit everything into a woman's panties," I said. "But as you see, your smaller penis and balls fit into them perfectly. That's why you will wear panties from now on. Men wear underwear, and houseboys wear panties. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir," Ed said gloomily.

"Who wears the briefs in this household?" I said.

"You do, Sir," Ed said.

"Who wears the panties?"

"I do, Sir," Ed said.

I nodded. "Go upstairs to your room, Wilhelm," I said. "I'm going to fuck your wife now."

"Can't I watch?" Ed whined.

"No, go to your room," I said. "Chérie and I want privacy. Don't leave your room until I call for you. And don't bother dressing. While I'm present in the house this evening, I want you wearing only your chastity cage and panties."

Pouting, Ed went upstairs to the guest room. I took Sally by the hand, and we returned to the bedroom. She quickly undressed, and we got back into bed. Thanks to the break, I was erect again and ready to give Sally what she was craving. I put on a condom, and we started with the missionary position. When I entered her, she gasped.

"Oh my God," she said. "You're so much bigger than Ed."

"Am I hurting you?" I said.

"Oh God, no," Sally said. "It feels amazing. I've never felt so filled." She wrapped her legs behind my thighs. I started slowly and then picked up the pace.

We went at it for only about five minutes until she came, whimpering, “Oh, God, oh fuck.”

I got off her and turned her over and pulled her up onto her knees, and then we continued doggie-style, which is my favorite position. I loved looking down at her gorgeous ass while watching my thick cock hammering in and out of her hot, wetness. Soon the room smelled of her sex, and the sound of my balls slapping against her pussy reverberated off the walls. Soon she cried out and came again. I kept pounding until I was on the edge of climax. At the last moment, I pulled out and yanked off the condom. I spurted my semen on her beautiful ass and back. I enjoy ejaculating on a woman’s body. It’s like I’m marking my turf.

“You didn’t come inside me,” Sally whined.

“Next time, my sweet little slut,” I said. “I wanted to see my spunk on your gorgeous ass.”

After Sally cleaned me with her mouth, I sent her to the bathroom to clean up. Then we both got dressed and went back into the living room. I called upstairs for Ed, and he came down wearing only the panties as I’d told him.

“I loved fucking your wife, Wilhelm,” I said. “She is an amazing piece of ass, and her tight pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock.”

Ed looked at Sally but said nothing for a moment. “Did he make you come?” he squeaked.

“Oh God, yes,” Sally exclaimed. “I came all over his huge, beautiful cock twice. I thought he was going to split me in half.”

I saw that Ed was pulling at the front of the panties. I suspected his cage was feeling a little full at the moment.

“Chérie, come here and kneel before me,” I said.

Sally did as I asked, peering up at me.

“What is it you want to be for me most of all?” I said.

Sally blushed. Then she responded. “I want to be your slut. Please make me your

slut, Sir.”

I made Sally do that to further assert in her husband’s presence my power over his wife. In that way, he saw that Sally had submitted to me in a way she had never done with him. That let him know that his wife craved being my slut. It was one other step toward illustrating how my relationship with her was special and very different from his.

“Well, it’s late,” I said. “I must be going.”

“Going?” Sally said. “Can’t you spend the night?”

“No,” I said. “We’ve covered much this evening, and you both need some time to process it.”

“When will I, ah, we see you again, Sir?” Sally said.

“Tomorrow is Sunday,” I said. “I’ll come back tomorrow afternoon unless you two have plans.”

“Oh, no,” Sally said. “We don’t have any plans. Tomorrow will be great.”

“All right,” I said. “I’ll be over around two.”

Sally smiled, but Ed wouldn’t meet my gaze. I wondered if Ed was now seeing the difference between the fantasy and the reality of cuckoldry.

At the door, I took Sally in my arms and kissed her deeply for several moments. Then I released her and clapped Ed on the back. “I’ll see you two tomorrow,” I said. Then I went out, got in the car, and drove home.

* * *

Back at my place, I reviewed the evening and felt satisfied I’d begun the process well I would use to form alliances with the wife of the cuckold couple. That went a long way toward developing a powerful level of trust between us. It

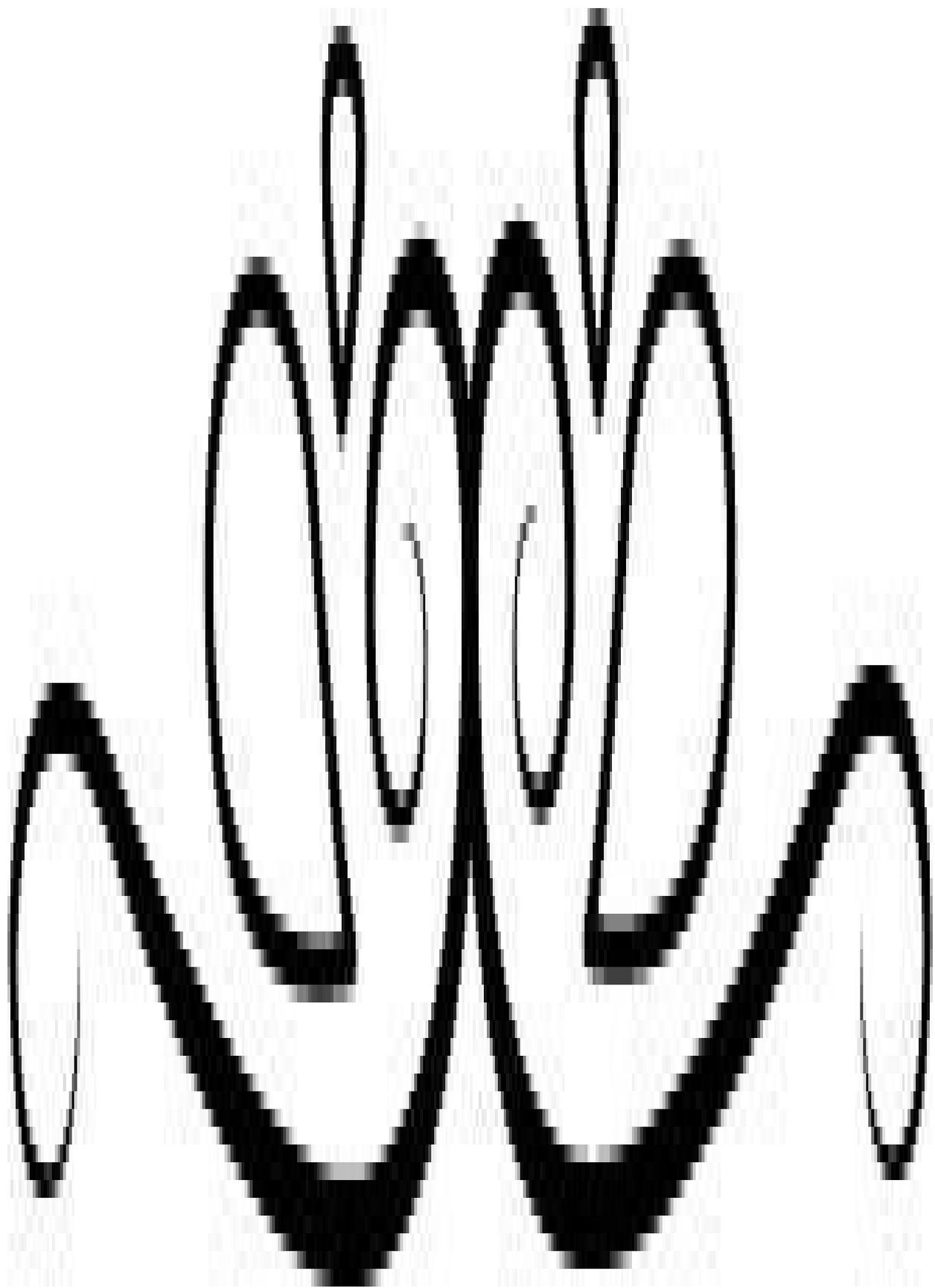
brought us closer together and empowered her to be more dominant with her submissive husband. That would set the stage for a strong female-dominated household when I was not present with them. I was more than satisfied with the sex. Sally had been very eager and responsive. I felt like we had connected well.

I planned to use the time Sunday afternoon to learn more about her preferences and interests and hopes and dreams. Sally and I would have more private time together since that was important for us in developing our intimate relationship, which would differ greatly from what she had experienced with the cuck.

By letting her know she had some decision-making power regarding things like where Ed would sleep and when, if ever, he was allowed in the bedroom; I was establishing the hierarchy. Ed was at the bottom, Sally in the middle, and I was at the top as the head of the household.

We had also set the ground rules for our relationship. That was important for drawing Sally closer to me and further away from Ed. I didn't intend to separate them from their marital relationship but to foster a special intimacy with her that differed from what Ed had with Sally. They both needed reassurance that their marital relationship would continue. That was important for certain activities like paying the mortgage and car payments, buying groceries, and paying the utilities and other bills. I didn't want to make Sally my wife. They had made a lifelong commitment. I wasn't looking for anything like that. Their relationship would continue long after I was gone.

Chapter 6



As soon as I arrived at the Hale residence Sunday afternoon, I asked Sally to prepare herself for a shopping outing. While she was getting ready, I used the time to speak privately with Ed. I always scheduled time alone with a cuck to reinforce the roles I outlined earlier and to have him repeat them to me. It was also during this time that I made him pledge his complete obedience and subservience to me.

“I see you’re still wearing the same panties as yesterday, Wilhelm,” I said. “As soon as Chérie and I return from shopping, I’ll instruct her to pass on some of her old hand-me-down panties to you.”

Ed nodded without meeting my gaze.

I continued stressing the panties to remind Ed he did not possess manhood as I did.

“And who do panties fit?” I said.

“The panties fit me, Sir.”

“Yes, they do,” I said. “Now, Wilhelm, go get your wallet. I’ll need your credit cards to take my woman on a shopping trip to buy some new lingerie for my first date with her.”

When Ed returned with the credit cards, I sent him outside to retrieve a bag of dirty laundry I’d brought with me from home. To further establish my supremacy and deepen his submissive nature, at the outset, I make sure to bring over several pairs of shoes that need polishing or a load of laundry for the cuck to do. This helps establish right off the bat, what his role and domestic duties will be.

Sally appeared in a cute blouse and a pair of white short-shorts. After I sent Ed off to start the laundry, we left the house for our first shopping trip. Shopping trips were an excellent way for me to continue developing the intimate relationship with my woman.

I love taking my woman shopping. It is a sexy and intimate time. It’s a fashion show and a time for flirtation and sexual titillation all rolled into one. It gives me an opportunity to treat her like a princess and make her feel beautiful and

cherished. I choose outfits for her that make her look her most beautiful, elegant, and sensual. She and I usually end up laughing and flirting and building an intense sexual energy between us. I flirt with her and seduce her in ways that she may not have experienced in a long time. I work to reawaken a sensuality that may have been overlooked through years of the grind of marriage.

I took the opportunity of our first shopping trip to pick out several outfits for Sally along with lots of new lingerie, bra and panty sets, garter belts, stockings, camisoles, and sexy nightgowns. I also selected a bridal type peignoir nightgown set for her to wear for our first time overnight in bed together. It would give it the feel of a honeymoon night and signify the momentous nature of the event on which we embarked.

Even though Sally would remain Ed's wife, the bridal peignoir nightgown would signify that she was about to become my boudoir bride. When Ed dressed her in the nightgown for me, she would come to me in virginal form as we embarked on something very new, possibly unlike anything she had ever experienced before in her life.

I worked hard to make the time during our first shopping trip as fun and playful between Sally and me as possible. It's an opportunity for her to forget for a time all the pressures and responsibilities of marital life she had endured for so long. It was a time for me to make her feel completely adored and cherished as my girl, my beautiful princess.

* * *

When we returned from the shopping trip, I set Ed to removing all the tags from Sally's new clothing and putting things away. Then I assisted Sally with going through her old lingerie. Together we selected things that were worn and no longer befitting her status as my elegant princess. We then presented her hand-me-downs to Ed, our houseboy.

"Wilhelm, go put your new panties away," I said. "Then bring me all of your male underwear in a trash bag."

I would ensure that from now on, Ed would wear only his wife's hand-me-down panties. Periodically, I would require him to present himself to me for a panty check. I would administer discipline if he had not dressed appropriately.

"And while you're upstairs," I said. "Put on that pretty pink bra Chérie handed down to you."

I wanted Ed to wear one of her hand-me-down bras under his clothing because later I intended to find some minor fault I'd use as an excuse to discipline him. Nothing made a cuckold feel more vulnerable and subordinate than being stripped down to only bra and panties to receive a whipping from the man of the house.

Also, I have learned that most submissive men who choose to be cuckolded have a strong fetish for dressing in women's clothing. Generally their wives have some awareness of the fetish but usually no idea how intense it is or how involved their husbands are in cross-dressing. The submissive men usually have a stash of women's clothing of which their wives know nothing. I strongly suspected Ed didn't truly mind wearing the panties or the bra. He likely found it quite arousing.

Ed returned with a shopping bag filled with his old male underwear. He was wearing a fresh pair of panties and the bra beneath a white tee shirt.

"How is the laundry coming along, Wilhelm?" I said.

"The last load is in the dryer, Sir."

"Very good," I said. "Did you fold the clean clothes and put them back inside the bag?"

Ed appeared fear stricken.

"Well, I, ah, put it back in your bag, Sir," he mumbled.

"But you didn't think to fold the clothing carefully first?" I said.

"No, Sir."

"Wilhelm, that pains me to hear," I said. "You leave me no alternative. I can't accept slovenly work. Strip to your panties and bra. I must blister your bottom

for your infraction.”

Sally was in the kitchen preparing dinner. I called her out to the living room.

“Chérie, Wilhelm has been careless with my laundry,” I said. “We must discipline him.”

I unbuckled my belt, whipped it off through the loops of my slacks and handed it to Sally.

“Wilhelm, take off your shirt and lower your panties to your knees,” I said. “Then assume the position on the wall there.”

Ed meekly carried out my instructions.

“Chérie, give your husband a proper whipping with the belt,” I said. “Don’t go easy on him. Do not stop until his bottom is bright red.”

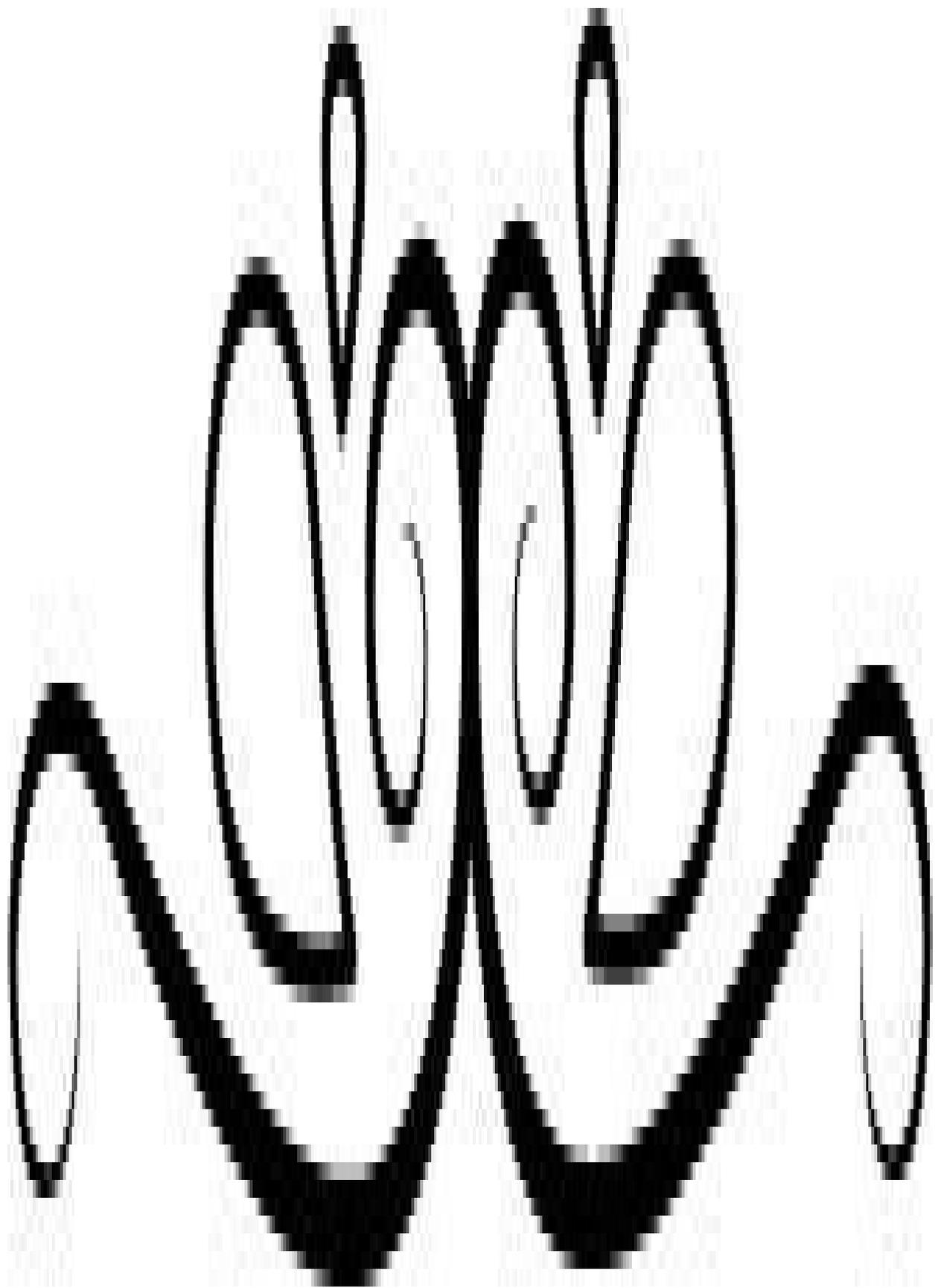
Sally approached Ed’s quivering body. His hands and forehead rested on the living room wall. After a few practice swings, she went to work on Ed’s butt with the heavy leather belt. To my delight, she whipped her husband vigorously. She even seemed to enjoy it.

At the start of a new cuck relationship, after finding some infraction by the cuck I deem worthy of punishment, I direct the wife to perform the whipping under my supervision. This is how I train her in administering proper discipline to our houseboy and establish her status as the female head of the household when I am away. Knowing that I can see that he is soundly and severely disciplined without me even being present, encourages the cuck to respect me and to give careful attention to my edicts.

Once Ed’s bottom was red enough to meet my expectations, I took back my belt and Sally returned to the kitchen. I told Ed to pull up his panties and put his shirt back on. I then sent him outside to deposit the bag of underwear in the trash bin.

It has always amazed me how many submissive men who want to be cuckolded also wish to be feminized. I suspected Ed was no different in that regard, and I planned to help him disclose his desires to Sally.

Chapter 7



When Ed returned, I invited him to sit in the living room for a chat until Sally finished preparing dinner. I picked up a shopping bag from the floor beside the couch.

“Wilhelm, I picked up a gift for you while Chérie and I were shopping,” I said. “Now that the unpleasantness of the disciplinary action is behind us, I think it’s appropriate to give you the gift.”

I passed the shopping bag to Ed. He opened, looked inside, and withdrew an elaborate black and white maid uniform complete with fancy linen pinafore aprons. The bag also contained a garter belt, black stockings, and a pair of black patent leather training heels.

Ed stared at me guiltily.

“I know your dirty little secret, Wilhelm,” I said, “You like to play dress up in women’s things. Well, I want you to know I not only accept that, I encourage it. You will wear the maid’s uniform from now on when we’re at home.”

Ed said nothing. I could tell from his expression that it shocked him that I knew about his cross-dressing secret.

“Go ahead,” I said. “Try it on.”

Ed sighed. He pulled the tee shirt off over his head. He pulled on the back stockings and put on the garter belt. Then he shrugged into the maid’s outfit. It was obvious Ed was quite familiar with dressing himself in women’s clothing. Just as Ed slipped on the heels and took a few tentative steps, Sally came into the room from the kitchen.

“What the hell, Ed?” she exclaimed.

“Don’t be cross with him, Chérie,” I said. “Wilhelm has been keeping a secret and now he wants to admit something to you.”

“Turning to Ed, I said, “Tell Chérie what you enjoy doing when she isn’t at home.”

A look of panic flickered across Ed's face. But he knew better than to risk disobeying me. He turned to Sally and said sheepishly, "I like dressing up in your clothes."

"You what?"

"Wilhelm longs to be a proper girl," I said. "So I've promoted him from houseboy to sissy maid. From now on he will wear his maid's uniform when cleaning, cooking, and performing his other household duties."

Displaying Ed as our feminized maid would change Sally's view of her husband. Making him admit to her it was his fantasy to be feminized, and he wanted to wear female clothing showed I was not forcing him to do something but only allowing him to do something that brought him joy. Most women marry a man because they seek a relationship with a real man. When I assist a cuckold in disclosing his desires to be feminized, his wife recognizes her husband was not the likely person to meet her desire for a manly man. That's what I'm for. When Sally's image of Ed changed forever, it would solidify my role as the genuine man of the house.

Sally shook her head in disbelief. Ed and I followed her into the dining room and sat down to a sumptuous meal.

* * *

Homeostasis, a principle in biology, says when natural forces are out of balance, certain forces come into play to put things right. As a dominant bull, I'm able to put things in order by helping a submissive husband finally realize his burning desire to be a feminized submissive. And I help his wife recognize she needs and wants a manly man to make her feel more like a woman. I show her how she can have a more rich and fully rewarding life by having us both.

The husband gets to realize his dream when his fantasies get fulfilled. His wife gets in return an adoring, doting submissive husband to serve her and wait on her. She also gets to have her womanly needs fulfilled by a manly man. I reap

the benefits of having a passionate and sensual relationship with a woman who has had her sexuality fully awakened. Homeostasis is achieved and everything falls into place.

By the time I left Sally's bed early Monday morning and drove home to get ready for work, my achievements over the past weekend gave me confidence I had established sufficient supremacy and perfect order in my new cuckold household.

The new, sexually vibrant woman I'd just taken ownership of would be my primary focus and the pivotal point of the cuckold arrangement. I intended to make her feel I'd placed her on a pedestal to be loved, cherished, and adored. Achieving that assured me as a dominant bull I'd most certainly enjoy great sexual pleasure and get all of my needs met.

Ed, now our cuckolded sissy maid, was a natural submissive and derived all of his pleasure, satisfaction, and self worth from the safety and security he now felt because of my supremacy and dominion over him. Without me, and my facilitation of his wife's domination over him, Ed would have been left lost and directionless. I provided him with the structure and stability that he, like all submissive men, craved.



J. K. Spenser



About the Author

J K Spenser is the nom de plume of a multi-genre published author who also curates a male chastity blog, Cut to the Chaste. Besides male chastity erotica, Spenser also writes dark fantasy and science fiction stories and novels.

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Also by J K Spenser

Another Male Chastity Story



The

*Chastity
Games*

A MALE CHASTITY STORY

J K SPENSER

The Chastity Games

Abby Brown is stunned when out of the blue her husband Neil reveals he desperately wants her to lock him in chastity and take control in their marriage. Somewhat reluctantly, Abby agrees to a chastity trial.

As the weeks pass, Abby discovers she enjoys having control in the marriage and loves how attentive and obedient her husband becomes. She begins to see the benefits of being a key holding wife. The chastity games heat up.

As more times passes, Abby starts to feel guilty that she still gets satisfied sexually while Neil's manhood remains imprisoned. She unlocks him for a release only to learn that her perfect husband immediately reverts to his previous slovenly ways. Abby resolves not to allow Neil another release for a very long time.

Just when Abby believes there is nothing Neil could ever surprise her with again, he does. Her husband reveals that he craves being cuckold. With a girl's night out at the club in the works, Abby struggles with whether to fulfill her husband's latest fantasy. Can Abby take a lover as her husband desires? Or might Neil only have a fantasy he finds exciting to think about but doesn't truly wish to see enacted?