

Lacy Ciccone

**Cuckquean
Anniversary
Gift**



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Published by Tom Longo at Smashwords

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

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Cuckquean Anniversary Gift

I forgot I made that promise

I couldn't believe that my husband and I had made it through ten years of marriage. It was tough at times, but we stayed together no matter what was presented to us. Stagnation was our biggest opponent, and we tried to do anything and everything to keep it at bay, but it often remained a reality of our relationship. Our relationship had matured, and the honeymoon days were over. We had to accept it.

Max was always so sweet on our anniversary. Typically, he would use one of his vacation days and spend the entire day with me. The gifts seemingly had no limit as I would wake up to flowers and receive other small things throughout the day. He didn't do it every year, but if things were going right financially, he would present me with jewelry at a fancy restaurant. I always felt important to him on these days, and the effort he put into our day was always great ammunition to make my girlfriends jealous. I love making other women jealous of me.

I woke up a few hours later than I normally do on our anniversary, and as I rubbed my eyes, I looked around the room. There weren't any flowers. It was the first time that Max didn't have flowers sitting in the bedroom for me when I woke up, and I quickly suspected that something wasn't right.

"Maybe he forgot!" I whispered to myself as I checked around my nightstand for a card or something.

There wasn't anything at all, and I began to feel worried. It seemed possible that he was trying to surprise me with something different. Maybe he was breaking tradition and trying something new. I tried to put my mind at ease and went into the master bedroom's bathroom and took a shower and got ready for the day. I just tried to tell myself that it was possible that he was

out at the store now and got caught in traffic or something. It's not like he could have bought the flowers weeks in advance; they would end up dying or I would discover them, and that would rob him of the feeling he got when he gave me a gift.

After my morning routine, I headed down to the living room to see if Max was anywhere around. There it was, a vase of a dozen red roses waiting for me to discover, and I noticed a card resting at the base of it. I went straight for the card, and when I opened it I was shocked. It was an old card that I had given him when we were first dating. I forgot all about it, but I quickly remembered when I began to read what I had written.

“This card is a cuckquean coupon. It can be redeemed any time 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.”

Not knowing how to react, I took a seat at the table and continued to read the what I had written over and over. When I was younger, I made him a promise that if he never cheated on me, or hurt me in anyway, I would allow him to have another woman at some point in the relationship. This was how I proved my statement to be true, but over the years I had forgotten about the promise that I made. I felt kind of hurt that he chose to redeem it, but I knew at the same time that it wasn't right for me to hold this over his head. I made a promise, and I had to live with it.

Short sightedness was always one of my greatest flaws. Saying that to him back in the day did not seem real. It was an abstract thought to think ten years in the future about our relationship. To be honest, I didn't even expect us to go that far when I gave him the card. His love for me surprised me, and it took me by storm, and I found myself latching onto him. Besides, he never seemed like the guy that would want to do something like that.

“Cuckquean,” I was shaking my head, “why did I even put that thought into his mind?” I was having a cocktail of emotions as I sat at the table.

Becoming a cuckquean was always a fantasy of mine, but I never thought I would act on it. It was just something I would think about when I was alone, in the bathtub, and my husband wasn't around. I found myself

visualizing women that were more beautiful than me pinning me down and dominating me. My interaction with them always got me wet, but the idea that after humiliating me sexually they moved on and pushed the limits further by fucking my husband in front of me. I always came when the image of Max in my mind displayed him reaching a climax with the woman he was fucking. The fantasy was always the same except for the woman. Sometimes she would be a faceless random, but most of the time she was a woman I had at least interacted with. My best friend, a former bully, a woman I saw shopping for food at the grocery store. I was always seeking out new women to humiliate me in my fantasies.

I got up from the table and began to walk around the house trying to sort out my thoughts. It seemed like I could take this in one of two directions: I could throw a fit and accuse him of being a terrible husband and potentially cause a huge problem in our marriage, or I could allow him to redeem the coupon that I had made for him, and indulge myself in my fantasy for the first time. It was a hard choice to make because they both carried risk. It was entirely possible that if I allowed him to sleep with another woman that he would leave me, and as I thought about another woman stealing my husband from me, I began to feel turned on. I didn't want him to leave me, but I suppose I found the risk of it happening to be apart of the excitement behind the fantasy.

My opinion was split down the middle. Neither side would seem to be able to convince the other side of what to do. It seemed like my only option would be to wait for Max to get home, and size him up. He didn't explicitly say anything. Maybe he was just making a joke out of the whole idea, and just thought it would be fun to throw it back in my face and tease me. But it was also plausible that he had been waiting for this moment for a decade, and he shared the same fantasy as me. As I waited for him to come home, I wondered if every anniversary gift was an inside joke to him leading up to the eventual humiliation of me.

“Where the fuck are you!?” I said loudly knowing that no one could hear my problems.

You're home, finally

I waited for about an hour and a half before Max finally came walking through the front door. He had clearly put some effort into his appearance today. His jeans were a gift I had given him last year, but he never took the tags off of them. They fit him perfectly, and he wore it with a tight, black polo shirt. Any woman that saw him while he was out and about was surely interested in whether he had a wedding ring or not.

“Hi honey,” I said to him as he walked towards me, “where have you been?”

“Happy anniversary,” he kissed me on the cheek, “I just went out to get some steaks for dinner tonight.”

Max began to pull steaks from the shopping bags to show them off. They looked wonderful, but I was a bit disappointed that he wasn't going to take me out to a nice dinner like he normally did.

I was patient and waited for him to bring up the cuckquean coupon, but he seemed to not care at all about it. It was bothering me that he didn't walk in like I expected and sarcastically walk towards me while putting on an alpha male persona, so that he could brag about it. I saw him doing that even if he was just joking, and I sure as hell expected him to act cocky like that if he expected to be bedding another woman while I watched. Something just wasn't right about the way he was handling it.

“Thank you for the flowers Max.” I said hoping that the topic would lead towards the issue I had been stressing out over.

“No problem love,” he leaned in for another kiss on the cheek, “anything for my special lady.”

I began to wonder if a burglar snuck into our home only to find the cuckquean coupon and thought that that this would be a funny prank to play after clearing us out of our goods.

“So,” I figured I had to bring it up first even though I didn’t want to, “I see you held onto the coupon.”

He had disappeared from the room without me even noticing it. I was apparently talking to myself, and the frustration began to set in. The thought of making my mind send those words to my tongue again filled me with a temporary anger.

“Where did you go Max?” I called out hoping that he could hear me from wherever he had gone.

“I’ll be down in a minute.” His voice was coming from the bedroom.

“What the fuck?” I was starting to lose it, but I kept telling myself to calm down and that I would get to the bottom of this soon enough.

When he came back into the room that I was sitting in he was holding a small box. He handed it to me and told me to open it. My biggest concern was what piece of jewelry was going to have to go into the safe deposit box because I was decked out.

“What’s this?” I asked when I pulled out a strap made of leather.

“It’s a collar.” He had a huge smile on his face as he helped put it together, “it’s for you to wear when we have company.”

“Company?”

“You saw the card, right? “This card is a cuckquean coupon. It can be redeemed any time 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.” You know what I’m talking about right?”

Not only was he serious, but he actually was able to recite the coupon’s writing word for word. It felt like rehearsed the damned thing over and over for the past ten years of our marriage. My eyes had trouble meeting his, and I was fixated on the collar.

“Here, let me help you try it on.” He came behind me and began to put the collar around my neck.

It felt tight, but I also began to feel sexy for some reason. Something about being owned by him and the idea that the collar was representative of that turned me on.

“So you want to redeem the coupon?” I tried not to show emotion in case it was still a setup for a giant joke. I didn’t want to be on the wrong end of it.

“Why else would I give you the coupon on our tenth anniversary?” He asked which still casted doubt in my mind whether he was serious or not.

“Come on. Yes or no.” I said to cut off any more potential games.

“Yes honey.” He began to rub my shoulders, “I’ve been waiting for this day for a very long time.”

His answer could not be any more clear or concise. This was the only chance that I could attempt to back out of it, and I was at a loss for words when it came to me trying to stall. A decision had to be made, and I would have to live with it for the rest of my life.

“Come here,” I said tugging on his hands as they massaged me, “do you really want to do this?”

“Yeah, like I said, I’ve been waiting for this moment for ten years.” He put the ring of the collar between his fingers, “I’m going to make you regret making that promise.” He kissed me on the lips hard, and his domineering tone increased the wetness between my legs.

I couldn’t contain myself any longer. He seemed to understand that as well, and he began to work on his belt. With his hand no longer holding onto the collar, I dropped to my knees and helped him remove his pants. I stuck my face into his crotch and inhaled his scent before tugging on his briefs so that I could get access to his cock. Once I was face to face with his cock I kissed it from the base of the shaft, and worked my way to the top as it began to get harder and more ready. At the top of his dick, I pressed my lips together

and stuck my tongue out slightly to tease the bottom of his cock where I knew he felt the most sensation.

“You like treating your wife like a dirty whore?” I asked in a raspy voice as I continued to worship his manhood.

“Suck it!” He was pressing his teeth together and looking at me with a fearsome expression.

Enthusiastically, I took his entire cock into my mouth. I sucked as I descended as far down his shaft that I was able to. My eyes were locked onto his, and he bit his lip as he placed his hand over my head. He proceeded to push my head up and down in a shallow manner for a moment before releasing his grip to allow me to freely worship his cock.

“You’re right where you belong bitch!” He said to me with his cock filling my mouth.

I couldn’t respond to him, and I didn’t want to. My panties were getting soaked, and I was more focused on shifting his attention to filling my pussy.

I pulled his cock from my mouth and smiled at him. I blew raspberries with my mouth to playfully taunt him, and I crawled away from him on my hands and knees. As he approached me I tried to crawl faster to make it more challenging for him, but he caught me. He gripped my hips, and his hands were sliding around on my ass.

“Take them off!” I said in the hopes that he would pull down my thin, black leggings and punish me with his cock.

His hands didn’t go anywhere near the waistband, and instead, they drifted towards the center of my ass. His fingers tickled me as he tried to get a grip on the material of my leggings, and when he finally did, I could hear the sound of them tearing. He did the same thing to my panties, and I remained on all fours as he destroyed my clothing. It was a sacrifice I was willing to make in the name of his passionate cock bringing me to an orgasm.

“Fuck me Max!” I called out to him as I felt his cock brush against my leg.

I felt his hand ball up a chunk of my hair, and he pulled me back as he slid his cock inside of me. Unable to hold back, I let out a cry as I could feel him claiming ownership of me.

“I love you Max!” I cried out hoping to be told to shut up.

The roughness that he approached me with changed my mind about our stagnant relationship. He was finally taking control as I wished he would. Seeing his primal side made me gush while simultaneously putting my mind at ease about him turning me into a cuckquean.

“Shut the fuck up!” I could hear the aggression in his voice as he slapped my ass enough to make me call his name out at the top of my lungs.

To test him, I tried to crawl away from him. I wanted to see what he was made of, and he pulled one of my arms behind my back followed by the other. He held my wrists together, and the side of my face was stuck on the floor. His grunts intensified, and my pussy began to feel what it needed. I uncontrollably confessed my orgasm to him in the forms of high volume moans, and he slapped my ass telling me to shut up. Him lashing out at me only made me moan louder, and louder as he sent chills into my body, and my legs grew weak from his cock’s fucking.

He slid his left leg out and placed it over my leg. This new angle hit a spot that I wasn’t aware of and the orgasms continued to come one after another. I could feel his cock contracting violently within me, and I wanted to feel his warm come fill me up.

“You ready slut!” His cock began to pour his creamy manhood inside of me.

“I’m ready Max! I love you!” My confession of love for the man that was aggressively taking what belonged to him only intensified the sensations I felt as his come began to fill me to the brim.

Slowly, Max released me from his grip, and rested his body over mine. I could feel his heart beating through my back, and his sweat began to drip onto me. Knowing that he had exerted his energy to it’s maximum potential

brought a smile to my face, and the thought of him destroying my favorite leggings wasn't even a concern.

“You're amazing. I love you so much.” I confessed having not told him how amazing he was in years.

“Happy anniversary slut.” He said laughing but made sure to let me know that he was still in charge of everything.

I want to be less than dirt

Once the novelty of us having the best sex in our lives began to fade, we relocated to the table where it all began.

“So what is a cuckquean to you?” He asked me.

I took a deep breath and thought hard about what I was going to say. If I tried to play it like a conservative prude, I would end up simply watching my husband make love to another woman. Deep down, I wanted to be apart of it. I wanted the other woman to humiliate me with both her words, and her body.

“The obvious answer is a woman that watches while her husband fucks another woman.” I put my hand on his as I thought of how to explain further, “but I also want to have contact with the woman.”

“Okay,” he put his hand over mine and squeezed gently, “what exactly do you mean by that?”

“You know how we just fucked? I want the two of you to be like that to me. I want to be made to please her.”

“So you're looking to eat her out and all that?” I could tell that he was visualizing me pleasuring another woman in his mind.

“Yes.” It took a lot of courage for me to admit everything, but I was glad that I was able to be honest with myself. “I want her to be sort of like a dominatrix.”

I could see the gears turning inside of his head. It made me feel shy, but also turned on knowing that he was inserting me into sex scenes behind his blank stare. It only seemed fair to allow him to process the information and to continue fantasizing for a moment before we continued.

“So you want, like, the full on experience?”

I could tell that he was trying to get me to show my hand further. Having already committed to going down this path, I filled him in on some of the specific things I wanted to try.

He was in awe when he discovered that I had fantasized about being ordered to kiss the cuckcake’s ass and be tied up. He really seemed interested when I told him about my desire to eat his come from her pussy after he had given her his seed.

“You’re going to let me come inside of another woman?” He was shocked but I could tell that he was willing to fulfill my fantasies even though the coupon was for him, “I want to see you humiliated to the point of tears.”

“Wow!” I was shocked and turned on.

I didn’t think it was probable that I would cry. If there were tears it would only be because I was crossing of an item on my bucket list. It would be the same feeling a person that climbs Mt. Everest feels after spending their whole life training for the climb.

Max pulled me in for a kiss. Although our marriage was not bad, it was clear that this coupon might have been exactly what we needed to spice things up for us to keep things fresh and interesting. We both were brainstorming with ideas, and there was excitement on both sides. It was a little unsettling to know that Max felt practically guiltless and unashamed to humiliate his wife of ten years, but I understood that it was one of the trade

offs I would have to be willing to make on my path to becoming a cuckquean.

“I want you to see me as less than dirt.” I couldn’t help but stress my desire to be humiliated, “don’t hold back Max.”

His eyes lit up when I said that. It was exactly in mind with his previous comment about wanting me to cry from the humiliation, and I wanted him to understand that I was not joking. If we were going to do this, I wanted to do it right. The taste of a woman’s pussy, and ass would be on my tongue, and I wanted to be helpless while my husband gets off inside of a woman that is clearly superior to me. Being put in my place was getting me excited, and I wanted to progress the conversation so everything could be set up.

The only true hurdle making it difficult to experiment with cuckqueaning was finding a woman that was willing to participate. They had to be attracted to my husband, and they needed to want to please him. At the same time, they had to be willing to allow me to worship their body. They had to at least want to experiment with bisexuality, if not actually be a bisexual woman.

“How do you want to go about finding a woman?” I asked to gauge his thought process about the whole thing.

“I have an idea, but you need to promise me that you will not get angry.”

His response intrigued me, and I bit back on my instinct to call him for being unfaithful when I didn’t quite hear everything that he had to say.

“I promise.” I made sure that he could see that I was telling the truth by maintaining eye contact with him when I spoke.

“My ex girlfriend from college, Deseray, has been trying to hook back up with my for years.” He put his hands out to keep me from speaking, “I’ve always told her to fuck off, but every once in a while, she creeps back into my social media in one form or another to try again.”

For some reason I believed him. I know your average wife would start berating him with a million different questions and comments, but I could see the truth in his eyes. I found myself more interested in the dynamics of the threesome. His ex girlfriend that has been desperate to fuck him for ten years would surely have a chip on her shoulder. Her incentive to humiliate me was there, and I hoped that she was willing to act on the urges that I suspected she had.

“She’s probably going to have a field day when she finds out that I’m willing to share you.”

“Yeah I think so too. She’s made comments before about you.” He admitted.

“What kind of comments?”

“She has told me on multiple occasions that she doesn’t think you’re pretty enough for me. That is, of course, not true but it goes to show the way she will come into this situation if we offer it to her.”

When we were done discussing the possibility of allowing Deseray the privilege of becoming the cuckcake, Max retrieved his laptop so that he could look her up on social media. He said that he always blocked her accounts when he realized that she was trying to contact her, but he was aware that she kept one of her profiles public. I had only briefly heard of this woman from my husband. He always played off their relationship as an unimportant fling, and it made me wonder if that was entirely true. It was either a lie, or this woman was a bit of crazy person. Either option, however, would be conducive to a humiliating experience with her when she knew that she could degrade me in almost every way that she could think of.

“Damn!” I said as he showed me some of her pictures, “she’s beautiful!”

I could feel the jealousy begin to take hold of me, but I reminded myself that I would be lucky to worship a woman with that degree of beauty.

She had thousands of pictures on her page. It looked like she had been to nearly every continent, and her lifestyle seemed almost too good to be true. I imagined that it was because of her beauty, and that many men were willing to pay for her to accompany them on lavish vacations.

“I’m going to add her now, and message her. You’re okay with that right?”

“I’ll leave you too it,” I started to get up, “you work on that, and let me know if it works out.”

It was hard to do, but I let him talk to her alone. Knowing Max, he would feel bad about flirting with an old flame while I hung over his shoulders and tried to tell him how to act with her. It wasn’t my place, and I knew I had to get used to the idea of being at the bottom.

Deseray is on her way

Max entered my bedroom and informed me that Deseray was on her way over to our house. Though I couldn’t see the look on my face, I could tell that Max noticed I was amazed with how fast he was able to get her to come over. Apparently, this woman wanted to fuck my husband above all other possible priorities.

“Does she know everything about what we’re trying to have her do?” I asked hoping that Deseray didn’t just think she was coming over for a quick fuck.

“I explained everything. Believe it or not, she actually knew about cuckqueaning. She said that she’s done stuff like this before already.”

An experienced cuckcake was coming into my home, and it made my heart beat a thousand times the normal rate.

“When did she say she’ll be here?” I asked wondering if I had enough time to prepare myself.

“She said she was leaving right away. She told me an hour, but who knows if that’s going to be the case.”

I got up and immediately ran to the bathroom. I needed to clean myself of the grime from our recent fuck. Making sure that I was clean was only fair for our guest, even if she was only coming over to humiliate me and fuck my husband. Max smiled as I ran by him. He knew how I was, and he followed behind me so that he could wash himself as well.

Our time in the shower gave me an intense feeling. I was ready to go at Max again, but I knew that he had to save his cock’s power for when Deseray arrived. She was deserving of his full strength. At least I had made sure that the easy nut was out of the chamber, and that the next one would require more work on his behalf.

“She’s outside.” Max saw that she had texted him when he got out of the shower.

“You can go down and let her in,” I said, “I still need to dry off.”

Everything was becoming very real, very fast. My husband’s ex-girlfriend was moments away from humiliating me in the worst possible way.

From upstairs, I could hear her voice as she entered my home. Her excitement seemed to outmatch my own, and I wondered if she had gone for a kiss or not.

“Play it cool.” I said to myself in the mirror.

I had to give my husband some slack. Having him try to compartmentalize his actions and kiss only during the session or regulate when he can and cannot flirt would be too much to ask. I had to keep reminding myself that he was only a man, and as a man, he wouldn’t be able to easily keep this a strictly business arrangement. It was a woman that he had feelings for at one point, so I knew it would even be more difficult.

“This is your burden. Not his. You’re the one that gave him the coupon. You’re the one that wanted this first.” I said to myself before finally leaving

the mirror behind.

I could hear their footsteps as they walked up the stairs, and I had a quick jolt of anxiety shoot through my body. Not knowing what to do to appear natural, I laid on the bed and waited to see what would happen.

“Deseray, this is my wife Jennifer. Jennifer, this is Deseray.” Max introduced the two of us before letting her strut inside of our bedroom.

She was wearing bright red pump heels that made her nearly as tall as my husband, and a short, black dress. Her makeup looked as if she had it professionally done, and I wondered how it was possible for her to look so amazing in such a short time. For me to even attempt to look half as good as her I would be getting ready for hours.

“Nice to meet you.” Deseray held out her hand limply with her palms facing downward.

I knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted me to kiss her hand like she was royalty. With a quick gulp, my pride was swallowed, and I leaned into her hand and slowly pressed my lips on the top of her hand.

“Nice to meet you too.” I said.

“Listen, I don’t know what Maxxy told you, but I’ve done this before many times.” She took a seat next to me on the bed and I could feel her eyes judging me. “Since we are incorporating elements of BDSM it is important that we have a safe word. Something that any of us can say at any time if things start to get out of hand.” She began to run her hands through my hair, “now what would you like the safe word to be cuck?”

It took me a second to get over the combination of her beauty and confidence. The other thing that bothered me for some reason was that she called my husband “Maxxy.” I thought I was the only one to call him that!

“Canada.” I answered.

“That settles that, everyone agrees?” She waited a moment to get a nod from my husband and I, “take my shoes off.”

She was already starting, and I quickly dropped to the floor to take off her high heels. I wasn't familiar with the brand, but my gut told me they were more expensive than our car payment. She had a small tattoo of a rose on the top of her left foot, and her toenails were painted black.

“Kiss them.” She calmly said to me when I managed to get the shoes from her feet off and set them aside.

Kissing my husband's ex-girlfriend's feet was not what I had in mind, but I understood the rules of the game. I was the cuckquean, and I had agreed to do anything that she commanded. Reluctantly, I lowered my head closer to her feet and began to kiss. I continued to kiss them, and over time, I grew accustomed to the idea of desecrating my mouth with her feet. At least her feet were beautiful.

Max stepped over me and leaned towards her for a kiss. If I lifted my face from her feet, I would be face to face with my husband's ass. The sound of their kissing made me realize that I was just here to kiss feet while the two of them made passionate love to celebrate them being reunited.

“Take his pants off cuck!” Deseray said in between her kisses.

Right as I was getting close to summoning the courage to lick her toes, I was expected to help my husband lose his pants. I reached around his waist and undid his button, and as I slid his pants and briefs down, he tore his shirt off in one smooth motion. I looked between his legs, and I noticed quickly that Deseray was not wearing panties under her dress.

“What are you looking at?” Deseray caught my eyes and I felt a great sense of shame for her discovering my curiosity.

“I-I'm s-sorry.”

“What the fuck is that? You married a woman that doesn't know how to treat people with respect. I. Am. Your. Fucking. Goddess. Do you

understand, or are you too fucking slow and need me to repeat that again?" Her words cut right through my pride and the embarrassment was severe.

"I-I'm sorry G-goddess." I desperately said to try to rectify my mistake.

"Aww, you feel nervous?" Her head was just below my husband's cock so that she could look at me better, "well you fucking better be nervous. You might not have a husband by the end of the night. Kiss."

I began to push my face between my husband's legs to get access to her pussy. I was excited to see what it tasted like.

"No! Kiss Maxxy's butt."

She already knew that I was craving her pussy, and that is exactly the reason she made me kiss his ass. I had never done this to a man before, and I once swore to never show a man this level of respect, but tonight was the night that I would lose all dignity.

I began to kiss my husband's butt while on my knees, and he turned back to look at me. I felt so ashamed of myself while he looked at me with a sinister grin before holding his middle finger up at me.

"Fuck you." He said before turning away from me so he could focus his love and attention towards his ex.

"I missed you so much Maxxy." I heard Deseray say to my husband, "I missed you too."

I could not see anything but the pale skin of my husband's ass, but I knew she was talking about his dick. The sounds I heard her mouth made were clearly the sounds of her sucking his cock.

"Lick my ass." Max said to me, "hands behind your back."

I blinked and thought about what I had just been told to do, and in an instant my hands found their way behind my back and I jammed my face between his muscular ass cheeks. I was very thankful that we decided to shower before his ex girlfriend came over.

He began to moan as he was pleased from the front and back at the same time. I wanted to have his cock in my mouth, but instead I was given the ass. It seemed to fit me considering the current situation.

Max pulled his ass away from my face and got on the bed. He laid down on his back, and he signalled for Deseray to come over and mount his throbbing cock. I stayed on my knees and watched as his ex crawled towards him and he turned her around so that when she mounted his cock she was facing his feet.

“Get on the bed bitch!” She said to me as she slowly lowered onto his cock.

I crawled on the bed, and she told me to keep coming closer until my face was only an inch from my husband's cock and her pussy. She pulled her dress up as far as she could, and I could see her pussy take Max's cock and make it disappear inside of her.

She grabbed my arms and put them around her sides, and I could feel Max grab my wrists and pull me towards them. Without the use of my hands, I had my face pressed against their sex and Deseray was laughing at me as she watched my facial expressions.

“Stick your tongue out.” She ordered.

I extended my tongue and as she came down on his cock it was trapped between his body and her cunt. I couldn't help but whinge at the thought of being this up close and personal to their penetration.

“Be a good bitch and lick my clit.”

It was a challenge as she went up and down on my husband's large cock, but I did the best I could. When it was in reach, I did my best to stimulate her clit while she looked at me as if I was scum.

The smell of their sex was going straight into my nose, and I knew that my own pussy was adding to the aroma. Being this close to the action was more than what I expected, and my pussy longed for the attention that I knew it wouldn't receive. Licking the clit of the woman that was here to desecrate

our marriage was humiliating and exciting, and I wanted much more from her but it seemed that she was more interested in giving my husband the pleasure she felt he deserved.

She put her hand on the top of my head and lifted me up by the hair. She told Max to let go of my arms, and she held her pussy higher and he continued to thrust in and out from the bottom. I was face to face with the woman that was humiliating me, and she used her other hand to slap me across the face.

“You like being slapped?” I could feel the condescending tone in her voice, “You fucking love it right?” She said as she slapped me the second time even harder.

“I love it!” I called out trying to cover the fact that I was in pain.

She slapped me across the face even harder and began to scream at me for not calling her goddess.

“I’m sorry goddess!” I was breathing heavily and worried that her hand would strike me again, “I love it when you slap me.”

Admitting my love for the humiliation only caused more of it to occur. Slap after slap, I could feel my cheeks turning red, and I could hear my husband grunting in the background. He couldn’t see me, but I knew the sound of my humiliation was setting him off, and I sensed that he was preparing for an orgasm inside of the cuckcake’s hole.

Deseray no longer was pulling my hair, and instead pushing me back down towards where Max’s cock was penetrating her. She made me watch, as it became obvious that they mutually orgasmed and I was helplessly unable to reach my own climax.

“I’m so glad you’re here cuck,” she said as their humping began to slow down, “I love having somebody here to clean me up.”

I could see Max’s hands on her hips, and he lifted her from his cock and slid out from under her. Her butt was on the bed, and she was looking at me

expectantly. It was my duty to clean the pussy that had just received my husband's seed. I obeyed the unspoken orders and licked her pussy. Suddenly, I felt Max's strong hands on my head, and he was pushing me in and out of her hole. As my tongue entered her pussy I could feel his come, and when I was pulled away some of that come would drip out onto her pussy. I would lick the outside of her clean, and then go back inside to get the rest. The process was completed until she was perfectly clean.

"You're so good at this." She said, "you may not have noticed, but you actually made me come."

She was wrong. I did notice her orgasm. The fact that her legs were shaking was a dead giveaway, but I was impressed with her ability to hold in her moans. It was like she had become accustomed to receiving orgasms regularly, and what I was doing was nothing new, or special for her. It was, however, the most humiliating thing I had ever done in my entire life.

When everything was finished, I was told to wait in the bedroom while they went into the bathroom and showered together. I felt jealous as I was not going to be able to monitor their activities, but I accepted my place and calmly agreed. I laid on the bed, and I considered touching myself when they disappeared to relieve some of the stress, but I feared that if I came it would cause my jealousy to rush to the surface and I was liable to freak out on Max for cheating on me. Against my instincts, I held back the desire to come and peacefully waited for them to return.

I could hear them laughing and joking around in the shower. I knew what they were up to. He was enjoying a relationship that had already ended at the expense of his current wife, but I was powerless to come out against it. It was my idea.

"Cuck." Deseray came out of the bathroom with a towel around her, "go to the store and buy a couple bottles of wine. Max and I are going to have a little chat."

"Yes goddess." I answered, "what kind of wine would you like me to get for you?"

After she told me the brand name, I got ready in a hurry. I was afraid to leave them alone for too long, and in the process, I had forgotten to ask for any money. I would have to pick up the bill for their night of debauchery, and as I left the house, I could hear them laughing again.

“Happy anniversary!” I said to myself as I got in the driver’s side of the car.

My panties were still soaked from what had just occurred. Driving to the store was difficult, and I wondered if when I got back, they would be nice and allow me some form of release. It didn’t matter how it came, I was just desperate for some way to release my jealousy in the form of an orgasm.

On the way home, I had worked out so many different thoughts in my mind. It was obvious that my relationship with my husband was forever changed, but I also sensed that this entire thing might actually make us stronger. I trusted that he would not actually leave me, and if by the end of the night he let her go, and remained loyal to me, I decided that I would allow us to enter the world of cuckqueaning more frequently. I couldn’t deny myself of the sick pleasure that I had just experienced. It wouldn’t be fair to 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!

Soon to be Married

Miranda and I were engaged to be married in the summer. We were a normal couple, but there was one thing strange about us.

She wanted me to turn her into a cuckquean right before her eyes. My wife to be craved to be humiliated, and she wanted to worship another woman. It was hard for me to understand at first, but I soon grew to enjoy the idea when I learned more about the kink.

This short story is 7,900 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.

Evil Cuckcake

Something about Kayla always irked me, but I let it go until she started talking badly about me in front of people.

She was married to an amazing man, Dave. He was way out of her league, and I often wondered how she managed to land such a good guy. I couldn't allow her insults go unchecked. I had to get revenge.

Sleeping with her husband was, in my eyes, the most sinister, evil thing that a "friend" could do to another "friend."

I wanted to dominate and humiliate her while I turned her life upside down.

I just didn't know that was her thing...

This novelette is 14,900 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.