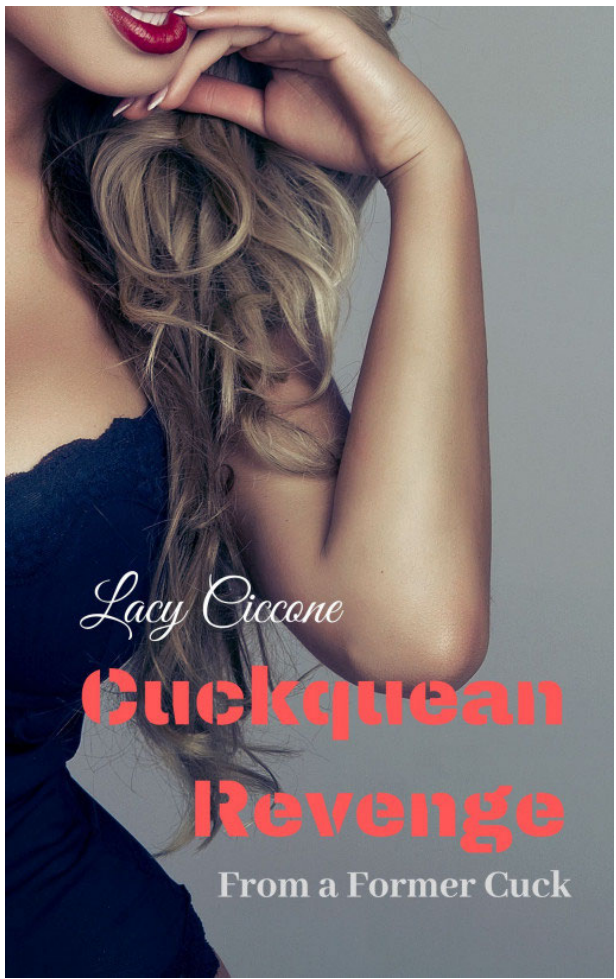




Lacy Ciccone

Cuckquean Revenge

From a Former Cuck



Lacy Ciccone

**Cuckquean
Revenge**

From a Former Cuck

Cuckquean Revenge From a Former Cuck

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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 Revenge From a Former Cuck

Long time, no see

Work had been a drag. Whenever I stepped out of the office and into my car I would feel a second wave of energy enter my body. Something about being chained to a desk was so soul crushing, and I yearned for the day when I would have enough money to never work again. I was lucky to be in the position I was in though. I made more money than most of the people I grew up with and it afforded me a lifestyle that many could only dream of.

Friday nights were a huge deal to me. I truly lived for the weekends, as it was the beginning of an adventure. During the week it was strictly business, but the weekends were for chasing women, and getting off. Every woman I saw during the weekend was a possible candidate to become my toy.

It didn't take long for me to notice the good-looking woman behind the counter at the gas station. She was taller than the average woman, and she clearly ordered her work uniform a size too small, because she looked like she was prepared to burst out of the tight polyester that caressed her body. The only reason I was in the store was to get a pack of cigarettes as I was down to my last few, and I tend to have issues managing stress without my fix. As I waited in the line to check out, I had a hard time keeping my eyes off of the woman.

She was a twenty something year old black woman. She was lighter skinned, and I could just tell from the way she was interacting with the customers that she was a good soul. I could tell instantly that she had a solid middle-class upbringing just by the way she spoke, and it made me curious as to why she was wasting away at a gas station. I figured she was probably a college student, and it turned out later that I was right.

My ability to create a little fantasyland for me and the black woman to play in was rudely interrupted by a classless woman. Her voice seemed familiar, and it sent stress into my body upon hearing it. I closed my eyes for a second and thought to myself, “Don’t tell me it’s her. Please god, I really don’t want to deal with this right now.”

“Steven! What’s goin’ on? I haven’t seen you in, like, forever.”

“Oh, hey Courtney.” It was exactly who I wished it wasn’t.

I knew this girl was going to ruin my interaction with the black woman at the counter. There wasn’t a damned thing I could do about it. I swear every time I ran into Courtney, she would try to chat me up as if I was still interested in her after all these years. Why on Earth would a fairly accomplished man, like me, fall for the has-beens that peaked during high school. While she was busy drinking her youth away, I was busy with my nose deep inside a book attempting to learn skills. Her only skill was her pussy, and after all the years of poundings my analytical side would make me suspicious of going anywhere near her pussy with my mouth.

Courtney moved in closer, and as she talked, I could tell that she was trying to show as much interest in me as possible. She kept touching my arm and laughing at everything I said. I looked up, and the line was slowly moving, but I did notice that the cashier noticed the interaction I was having with Courtney.

“So, what do you do for work?” She asked as she blinked a little too much at me.

“I’m an accountant.”

“Accounting? Oh man, you always were a math whiz.”

“I’m just above average,” I said, “the computers do all the real math.”

“So, which one of those cars are yours?”

I knew what she was doing. I mean, any man with half a brain could figure out that she was clearly vetting me. By learning about my job, and the car I drove she could put me in an economic class, and if it was good enough for her, she could try and sway me with her “charm.”

“It’s the red SUV.” I said, knowing that it wasn’t that great of a car.

“Oh, that one right there?”

“Yeah.”

“Wow, that’s a nice ride.”

Finally, I was up to the counter, and the young, black woman was looking at me expectantly with a bright smile.

“Pack of reds please.”

“Oh, you smoke?” Courtney said.

“Yeah.”

“I would have never guessed.” She said.

The black woman rang up my smokes and told me the price as Courtney continued to pester me with questions and comments. I could barely give the sweet girl behind the counter a smile, yet alone ask her a few questions to try and figure out if she was single. I knew I wasn’t going to have any success with her this night, but at the very least I knew where I could find a beautiful woman to take a pass at later.

I paid for my smokes, and tried to say goodbye to Courtney, but she insisted that I waited for her to get her cigarettes, so we could continue to talk.

“Can you give me a ride Steve?” She said as she grabbed her smokes from the counter and walked with me towards the exit.

I tried to fit in as many thoughts into my head within a moment as possible, but ultimately was unable to come up with a reason why I couldn’t ride her

home. I was stuck with her, so after agreeing to drive her home I decided that I would make the best of it. If I could get a piece of tail, albeit low quality, it wouldn't be the worst thing to happen. I just had to make sure that I had my urges under control.

I turned on the radio to my favorite rock station, and she changed it over to the pop channel.

“Why are you messing around with my radio?” I was annoyed, “and put your seatbelt on! Jesus Christ!”

“C'mon Stevey, that music is so boring. Let's have some fun!”

She started to dance in her seat, and I decided to let it slide. I figured if she stayed in a fun mood, I would have a better chance of getting my dick wet when we got to her place.

“So, you wanna come up for some coffee?” She asked.

“Yeah, sounds good to me.”

I realized then, and there that she was 100% for the taking. Her desperation was going to lead to me getting the easiest nut of my life. I looked over at her as she was moving her long blond hair from her face, and I took a look at her chest. She still had big tits, and I was coming to terms with the idea that she had been fucked hundreds of times by many different men in her life. Whatever, she was still objectively attractive.

We pulled into the parking lot for her apartment, and as I looked around, I could tell that she wasn't living in the nicest area. Graffiti was all over the adjacent buildings, and there were a handful of sketchy characters lurking around. Living in an area like this would be out of the question for a guy like me no matter how cheap the rent.

“Where do you work?” I asked in an attempt to gather some more information about her.

“I’m actually not working right now. I used to be a bartender, but I had to quit that job because the owner was starting to get a little too forward with me.”

“Forward?” I asked.

“Yeah, he used to squeeze my butt when I walked by, and stuff like that. At first, I didn’t mind, but then he started to get territorial when I was trying to flirt with the customers.”

“So, he was fucking around with your ability to get tips?”

“Yup. He’d straight up tell me to do something else like cleaning the toilets, and he’d tend the bar when a decent looking guy came. He was so insecure.”

“I see.”

We got out of the car, and I followed Courtney to the main door as she fumbled around in her purse trying to get her keys out.

“Damnit!”

“What happened?” I asked.

“I forgot my keys.” She said with the look of panic in her eyes. “That means I left my door unlocked, I hope to god no one robbed me!”

Courtney started pressing buttons on the intercom in the hopes that someone would buzz her in, and sure enough, within a few moments the door became unlocked by one of the other tenants.

“So much for security.” I said with an uncomfortable chuckle.

“Yeah, it’s pretty chill around here, but you do gotta watch your stuff.”

Once we got in the door, we headed up a few flights of stairs. I was behind her, and I could see her butt ass it waved in front of my face. I wanted to

give it a kiss, but I couldn't let this woman feel like she was the dominate one.

Courtney was the type of woman that, in her prime, would never have given me the time of day. If I had let her know that I was a recovering submissive, she would have won. I could not allow her to view herself as the winner. It was imperative for me to fuck this woman in the roughest, and humiliating way possible. For me to succumb to my old ways and worship her body would've erased tons of effort that I had put into my reformation. Even so that butt looked delicious and I was tempted to fall back into my old habits.

Courtney tried the doorknob to her apartment, and as she said, it was unlocked. She flicked the lights on, and she looked around for a moment.

“Well, I wasn't robbed this time.” She said with a sarcastic tone.

She walked into the kitchen, as she told me to take a seat on the couch. I sat down, and as I looked around her place, I could tell that she wasn't much of a homemaker. The room wasn't exactly filthy, but there were no signs of organization. You could tell by the television set, that she didn't have much money. High definition televisions aren't expensive these days, yet she still was rocking one of the old school sets.

I was surprised when I heard the sound of a coffee maker in the kitchen. I thought the coffee was a pure innuendo, so I had to change my game plan a bit. It looked like I had to do a little bit of work, but hopefully not too much.

“The coffee should be ready in a few minutes. I'm gonna slip into something more comfortable.” She said as she turned on the T.V. and handed me the remote.

I took the remote from her hand and sat back on the couch. I watched as she left the room, and I set the remote down. I wasn't interested in what was on T.V. that night, but I was curious to figure out more about Courtney. I peaked down the hallway and saw that she went into the bathroom to get changed.

I figured I had about five minutes to snoop around the apartment. Knowing how females operate, I probably had ten to fifteen, but it wasn't worth the risk of getting caught. The first thing that caught my eye was a stack of mail sitting on the table. You can learn a lot about somebody from the type of mail that they receive. The stack of mail was pretty large, so I took one more peak down the hallway to ensure that she was in the bathroom, and I started to look at what kind of mail she was getting. Most of it was junk mail, that forever reason, she didn't throw away, but there were a lot of bills. Some of the bills had been marked with big red lettering, "PAST DUE." In fact, I started to find multiple bills from the same companies. Most of them were credit card companies.

Just as I had expected, this woman was after me because of the financial stability that I could offer her. I wasn't sure if she thought I was smart enough to be able to realize this or not, but she would soon discover that I had zero intentions of becoming her retirement plan. The only way that she would find herself in any type of relationship with me was if she was willing to become a cuckquean and observe as I spread my seed to as many women as possible. I was a new guy and gone were the days where I would beg on my knees for the attention of a pretty woman.

I heard the bathroom door open, and Courtney came out wearing a pair of tight booty shorts that exposed the bottom parts of her butt. On the back a pair of lips were printed as if to tell the person looking at her ass to kiss her butt. I wanted to kiss her butt, but that would mean that she won. I couldn't let her win. "She can't knowingly dominate me, ever!" I thought to myself over and over. It was like a mantra to remind myself of who I aspired to become, and who I had left behind.

Courtney went into the kitchen, and after I told her I'll take the coffee black, she came back with a medium sized cup of black coffee. I took a sip, and I could tell instantly that it was cheap coffee, but that didn't really matter to me. I wasn't really there for the coffee anyways. She had added a bunch of milk, and sugar to hers and came back with a spoon stirring it around turning her coffee into a light tan color. She sat her coffee down on the table and took a seat next to me. She put her left leg underneath her and

leaned to the left. This made it so her butt was almost touching me, and I could see the pair of lips printed on her shorts taunting me.

Resist the urges and carry on

We had a nice chat about some mundane things. Overall, it wasn't as annoying or grueling as I originally thought. We talked mostly about the old days, and all of the various people that grew up with us. Courtney seemed to know a lot about what was going on with everyone, and I assumed it was probably because of a social media presence. She knew who got married, who got divorced, and who was gay. I listened attentively as she spoke about many things that I didn't care about, but it was interesting to get caught up on some local gossip.

“You want another cup?” She asked when I set down an empty cup.

“No thanks, I gotta use the bathroom though.” I said.

I did have to use the bathroom, but I also wanted to get a look at the situation in there. Was it clean? Did she have crazy pills in the medicine cabinet? As I got more experienced in life, I often found myself trying to discover more things about the people I was associating with. In my experience, I had found that if you ignore the warning signs, you are in for a bad time.

I got up and walked straight into the bathroom. It was a small room, and just like the other rooms, it wasn't dirty, but it wasn't organized. She had some candles, and some various soaps, and perfumes scattered around the sink. I lifted up the toilet seat and let loose. I made sure to put the seat back down, and before I started to wash my hands, I took a look in the medicine cabinet. There was nothing there besides lotions, and makeup. I thought it was a little irresponsible not to have some basic first aid materials, but I was not surprised. At least I didn't find a massive bottle of painkillers, or something equally harmful.

Just as I was about to wash my hands, I looked down and spotted a pile of clothes. It was the same stuff that she was wearing before she got changed. I made a mental note of how they were laying in case she, for whatever reason, would be able to notice that they had been moved, and I started to pick them up piece by piece. I was confronted with one of my greatest weaknesses. Right at the very bottom was her underwear. It was a pink thong, and I could tell instantly that she had been wearing it all day. I picked the thong up and walked towards the door to make sure that it was locked.

Having confirmed that the door was locked I dropped to my knees and placed the thong over my head. I lined up the part that goes into her butt crack down the front of my face. The part that touched her asshole all day was snugly against my nose, and I breathed in deep. They smelled wonderful, and I could feel my cock stir. I closed my eyes and pushed the thong against my face even harder in an attempt to pick up every bit of her scent. I was trying not to be submissive to this woman, but she didn't know what I was doing in the bathroom. As long as I put everything back the way it was, she would never know that I was essentially sniffing her butt like a little bitch. It was, however, confirmation that I had a long way to go to shake my submissive tendencies.

I couldn't help but start to rub my cock, and I wanted to masturbate, but if I did that, I would have a hard time getting it up if we were to fool around later. Furthermore, I would feel ashamed if I masturbated to some panties instead of getting the real thing. I removed the panties from my face and gave the part that touches her asshole a gentle kiss before putting everything back the way I found it. When I got out of the bathroom, I realized that I had forgotten to wash my hands.

As I made my way back into the main room towards Courtney, I adjusted my semi-hard cock to the side, so that she wouldn't be able to see it unless she was scrutinizing my crotch. Courtney had turned off the television and was doing some cleaning around the apartment. She was on her hands, and knees picking up some magazines that were under a table. Her buttocks looked prime for a good licking, but I resisted the urge. I couldn't just get

down on my knees and start worshiping her ass anyways; I hadn't even established a sexual relationship with her.

“Oh, there you are.” She said smiling looking at me as I had difficulty diverting my eyes from her bubble butt.

I decided to be bold. I walked over towards her and offered her my hand. Without hesitation, she grabbed my hand, and I pulled her to her feet. My hand slid to the small of her back, and I pulled her in gently as I looked her in the eyes for a moment. Before I could even make an attempt to kiss her, she grabbed me by the back of my neck and began to kiss me.

I kept my hand on her back but worked my other hand to her butt. I gently grazed her cheeks before giving them a squeeze. It felt good to finally touch that ass that I was just sniffing in the bathroom. I wished for a moment that I could do both, but I just needed her ass to maintain my erection as I slowly worked her towards the bedroom.

“Come with me.” She said, as she pulled away from our kiss and led me towards the room.

We got into the bedroom, and as soon as she turned the lights on, I spun her around, and pulled her shirt over her head. I threw it on a pile of clothes nearby, and then I pushed her onto the bed.

“You gonna fuck me rough Steven?” She said as she bit the bottom of her lip.

I just smiled as I approached her. I pulled my shirt off and grabbed both of her arms and pinned her to the bed. Kissing her neck, I started to work on her pants. She didn't give me any resistance, so when I got them off, I hooked her legs with my arm, and spun her around on her stomach. I slapped her bare ass moderately hard, and she let out a cute whimper. I decided to do it again to see if she would repeat the sound, and she did.

“That's right bitch!” Testosterone was pumping through my veins, and I smacked ass a third time, “You like that huh?” I was mashing my teeth together as tried to control the power that I was feeling.

Even though I was in the dominant role, I still had to fight against my urge to stuff my face between her ass, and instead, I grabbed her by the back of the hair. Her chin was pointed up for a moment, and I spanked her again. As I was unbuttoning my pants, she looked back at me and started to wiggle her ass. I felt as if the universe was constantly testing my frame in an effort to return me to my prior life as a cuckold. Challenging what felt like destiny was difficult, and I resisted the urge to lick her ass. As soon as I got my pants, and underwear off I grabbed my hard cock and began to spank her ass with it. My cock was doing what I wanted my face to do, but I did my best to ignore the urge, because I was here to dominate. I rubbed the head of my cock against her asshole to see her reaction, and just as I thought, she pulled away subtly. I was a bit disappointed that she wasn't going to let me fuck her in the ass, but I could live with it. I was going to give her pussy a good show of power anyways.

I pulled her down the bed, so that I could stand up as I was fucking her doggystyle. She crawled backwards with my guidance, and as soon as she was in position, I slid my hard cock into her. Courtney let out another whimper as I penetrated her, and I grabbed her by the hair again.

“FUCK ME!” she cried out to me.

“Shut up!” I said trying to maintain control of the situation.

She played ball and stopped trying to bark out orders to me. I maintained my grip on her hair, and as I made her lift her chin up more, I began to spank her ass hard as I started to pick up the speed of my thrusting.

“Who’s a good little bitch?” I called out.

“I am!” She answered in the heat of the moment.

I released her hair and shoved her face into the bed. She was using her arms to keep her face off the bed, so I grabbed both of them, and pulled them behind her back. I simulated handcuffs with my grip, and I would pull back, and let go to make her face hit the bed. Her moans became increasingly louder, and meaningful.

Luckily, Courtney had tiny wrists, so I overlapped her arms, and with my right hand, I was able to hold her arms behind her back with one hand. I could feel her test the new grip, and she was unable to pull them away, but I could tell that she didn't try too hard. She liked being fucked like a little bitch.

With my free left hand, I was able to grab her by the hair again. Feeling the increasing level of bondage, she began to howl as my cock dominated her pussy with increasing levels of speed, and power. I began to grunt like a caveman that was coming home from a successful hunt and feeling mighty and insatiable. The moment I realized I was ready to come, I pushed her face into the bed, and held it there. With short, and rapid pumps, I was able to bring her to orgasm, and as I was ready to explode, I pulled my cock from her, and bust all over her sweet, bubble butt. I watched as my cum covered her ass like paint on a canvas, and observed it dripping between her butt crack. Nearly out of breath, I released my grip on her, and gave her a victorious slap on the ass.

“That was amazing Steven.” Courtney said as she laid on her stomach.

I could see her legs shaking uncontrollably, and as I gathered my clothes, I could feel mine wobble as well.

Post coital

Courtney remained on her stomach as she recovered from her pounding, and I went into the bathroom to grab a towel. I turned on the sink and let some water run over the towel before ringing it out, and I returned to the bedroom to give it to her.

“Here.” I said, as I gently tossed the towel to her.

“Thank you.” She said laughing a bit with the come glued to her butt.

I went back into the bathroom, and without even asking I hopped in the shower. I just wanted to rinse the sweat from my body before I drove home.

After a five-minute cold shower, I got out and looked around for a clean towel. It became obvious that I had given her the only one, so I opened the bathroom door and called out to her.

“Get me a towel.” I commanded.

“Ok, sure.” She said as I observed her naked ass walk by and open up a closet. “Here.”

I took the towel from her and closed the bathroom door. I dried myself and threw the towel on the pile of clothes that she left behind earlier. This put my mind at ease knowing that there was an easy explanation if she noticed that her thong had been touched. Once I was dressed, I left the bathroom, and went back to the main room where we had started.

“Are you leaving already?” She asked.

“I’m going to leave soon.” I said knowing that I had already come out on top and sticking around would make it easier to expose my submissive past to her.

“Hold on, like give me ten minutes.” She said, as she was putting her clothes back on.

“Why?”

“Just wait okay.” She said as she turned towards the bathroom.

I took a look at her ass, and decided I’d stick around for a little bit. I figured, if I played my cards right, I could hit it again at a later date.

I was waiting to hear the sound of the shower, but instead I just heard a few drawers open, and close. It didn’t take her that long to get out of the bathroom fully dressed. Taking a glance down at the time, I realized that

she must have been serious to talk to me, because it had only taken her four or five minutes to come back to me.

“Are you hungry?” She asked looking desperate to come up with a reason for me to stick around.

“I was actually going to hit up a fast food joint on my way home.”

I had no intention of stopping anywhere, and part of me regretted giving her this excuse as it opened up the possibility of her trying to tag along.

“Oh, so you’re not going to stay over for round two?”

Round two was a tempting proposition, but I knew that it was in moments like these where I would get too comfortable, and possibly resort back to my old ways. I had finished the encounter in the dominant position, and I didn’t want to turn that around and end up with her sitting on my face feeling powerful.

“Nah, Courtney. I better get home soon. I have a whole routine you know?” I used my body language to nonverbally communicate that I was trying to go home soon.

“Okay, fine.” She said as she rolled her eyes a little. “I’m just trying to have more fun with you tonight.”

“I’ll tell you what,” I started to stand up, and straighten out my shirt, “give me your number, and I’ll hit you up later this week. You can come over my place.”

“Sure!”

I pulled out my cell phone and made a new contact. I entered her name and handed it to her.

“Punch in your number.” I ordered.

She put in her number, and I could see that she had opened up a text window.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” she said with a grin as she was punching in something, “here you go, look!”

I looked at my phone, and she sent herself a text message, “You are the most beautiful woman in the world!”

“Funny.” I said.

“You said it not me!” She stood up and followed me towards the door.

“Yeah okay,” I shook my head a little bit with a half-smile, “I’ll hit you up soon.”

“Okay, bye!” she gave me a peck on the cheek and closed the door.

“Later.” I said realizing that I had to walk away for her to close the door.

Being careful, I navigated myself through the shady apartment building. My fingers were crossed in an effort to ward off any would-be conversations from any of the neighbors curious as to why I was in their building. After getting out of the apartment and avoiding any conversations, I walked towards my car and hoped to god that no one attempted to break inside.

Cuckold flashback

Reflecting on my sexual conquests always put my mind at ease. It was concrete evidence that I was slowly moving away from my past, and towards a future where women viewed me as the alpha male. Even with countless encounters with women where I was successful in holding in my urges and take the role as master, or simply just having vanilla sex where neither party felt dominated, I couldn’t stop myself from remembering the encounters in which I subjected myself to humiliation.

I was in a long-term relationship with a woman named Brenda. She started out as a sweet, innocent woman, but as the relationship progressed, I learned more, and more about her sexual deviance. She showed me a blog that she had been running for years about femdom and dominant women. It seemed like she was just into because of the art scene that was present in the blogging community, but I quickly uncovered the truth when I delved deeper into the website and discovered some articles that she penned.

Still innocent and oblivious, I viewed some of her writings as merely powerful marketing tools that she was producing in order to bring in a wider audience, but she soon revealed to me the truth in person.

“I want to put you in chastity,” she said one evening when we were having dinner together, “your ability to come will be exclusively under my control.”

I still remember those words to this day, and it gives me shivers down my back when I think about them. Knowing what I know now, I would have broken off our relationship and moved on to one of the other females that seemed interested in me at the time, but instead I stuck around and explored Brenda’s desires. She surprised me with how fast she was able to get her hands on a chastity device. I had only seen a picture of it before on her blog, and I remember laughing at it. I remember saying to myself, “Any guy that allows his woman to lock his dick up like this is a chump!” Yet, when confronted with the idea I gave in and forked over my right to erections and orgasms.

Brenda used to have me come out to chill with her friends, and she’d always talk about the fact that my cock was locked in chastity.

“Oh my god really? He’s willing to do that for you? Wow, such a nice boyfriend.” Her one friend said during one of our hangout sessions.

Over time, my head began to fill with the idea that I was a loving and caring boyfriend for allowing Brenda to have her way. In her circle of friends, I was seen as an example for how men should treat their women, and I was constantly showered in praise while Brenda was admired by her peers.

She started out small. I would be in chastity for a few days at a time, and she would release me so that we could have sex. Part of what drew me in was how good the sex felt after having no access to my cock. When I would release my load inside of her it felt ten times better than it used to, and I attributed this to the fact that I was unable to masturbate between our meetings.

Soon, however, my cock's time in the cage grew. What started as a few days or a week slowly became a month, and then many months. Brenda also became interested in showing off my chastity more and more. She would ask me to drop my pants so her friends could examine the chastity device while she gave instructions on proper care, and the benefits it had on our relationship. She had a point about our relationship, the fact that my cock was locked up encouraged me to do anything that I could to receive the reward of being released. This meant that sometimes I would bring her flowers and candy or offer to pay for nice dinners at restaurants. This in turn made her very happy and I found myself not arguing too much with her except when I would plead to be released from bondage.

“Steven, I need to ask you something very important.” Brenda said on a quiet evening that would later mark the escalation of our fetish play.

“What is it? Is everything okay?”

“I think it is time for us to move on to the next step of our relationship.” She was very serious when she spoke, “I think it's time for you to become my cuckold.”

Throughout my extensive research into the world of femdom I came across cuckolds. It was actually one of the first things I learned about because it came up frequently as a topic for discussion in various chastity message boards that I would read.

“I'll do anything if it means you will be happy. I just want our relationship to be stronger.” I sealed my fate with those two sentences.

“I'm so relieved. I was worried that you would get upset and try to leave me or something. I'm so lucky to have you Steven.” She bent over and kissed

me firmly on the lips.

Typically, doing what she asked at this level would lead to the reward of being let out of chastity, but this time things were different. She quickly moved on and started to talk about one of the guys she was trying to bring into the bedroom with us.

“I think Mike is the perfect guy.” She informed me.

Mike was apart of her group of friends, and he already knew about my chastity. Choosing Mike was a good move on paper because of that, but I had grown fond of him. He and I would always be seen talking separately from the rest of her friends, and I really enjoyed his company. Having him be the man to cuck me out would make it difficult to go back to that level of friendship.

“I’m fine with it, but you have to be the one to approach him.”

“I’m so happy you’re so cool about this Steven.” She sat on my lap and rubbed her butt against my caged cock, “I’ll arrange everything. All you have to do is watch!”

“Sounds good.” I replied realizing that I wasn’t going to be uncaged anytime soon.

“Oh my god! I am so excited. I’m going to wear that skirt you love so much, you know the black one, all Mike has to do is flip it up on my back and he can ravish me.” She continued in an excited frenzy of words, “Don't worry Steven, I’ll let you do some of your favorites as well.” She wiggled her toes at me.

I never considered myself as having a foot fetish, but after dealing with Brenda’s requests to get on my knees and kiss her feet, the concept grew on me. Ever since then, I’ve always looked a woman’s feet and wondered how they would taste, but I still never considered myself as a foot fetishist.

After rubbing my caged cock briefly, I slipped down to the floor on my knees. Brenda would always smile like the devil whenever I was

worshiping her feet, and it always caused my cock to fill the cage.

“Go on, kiss ‘em my little cuck.” She said while grabbing her breasts.

I always placed my lips on the bottom of her feet, and my nose would barely touch her toes. I took a deep breath through my nose and smiled at her before kissing the entire surface of her foot. I always enjoyed the process more when my cock was free, and she would sometimes she would reward me by allowing me to hold her feet together and jerk myself off with her arches.

“You love them, don’t you?” She asked as she pushed my cheeks together with both of her feet, “Don’t worry sweetie, you can suck on my toes when Mike comes over.”

It was moments like these that always appeared in my mind no matter what I was doing with women in my current life. Brenda was my first true love and my submission to her was extreme that I would never be able to forget our time together. Thinking about it would make me smile, but it would also make me angry at myself for getting aroused at the thought of going back to my old ways. Brenda was, after all, the primary reason I decided to change my sex life and put myself in situations where women would serve me like I had served her. She was responsible for countless women becoming cuckqueans.

Present Day

The thoughts I was having of my past self had to be shaken out of my head, and I had started taking cold showers to combat those thoughts.

Suppressing them didn’t seem to be an option but managing how I felt about them was something that worked for me. It had taken me a long time to get used to cold showers. The trick was to just put yourself in the water’s way and get over the initial shock that the ice-cold water created. After making them a vital part of my daily routine, I found other beneficial side-

effects such as better skin and less of a dependence on caffeine to wake me up in the morning.

“I really enjoyed your company tonight. Hope you come back soon!” Courtney had already texted me.

My messages with her looked ridiculous already. The little stunt she pulled when she texted herself about how beautiful she was coupled with the message I had just received would look like a corny love affair if anyone got the chance to look inside my phone. Holding the phone in my hand, and after reading the message a couple of times, I set it down with the intent to get back to her later. One of the things that helped me handle women from a position of power included completing my own goals before responding to them. For now, my cold shower was priority number one.

As I stood in front of the shower head, I closed my eyes and turned the water on full blast. Every time I had done this I felt as if I was making myself stronger, and I took a moment to meditate. Flushing out my mind of all of its memories for a brief moment in time allowed me to open my eyes and begin plotting my next conquest.

Courtney as far as I could tell was a done deal. I could get her at any time so long as I didn't freeze her out for months. My focus shifted beyond Courtney, and towards the black woman I saw at the gas station. A woman that is working behind the counter at a popular store is tough to chat up, so I would have to find a way to make a strong impression and demonstrate high value within a short period of time. The fact that she had seen me with Courtney was not one of my concerns, instead I was more worried about the other patrons getting upset with me for holding up the lines.

The next day, I decided while I continued my freezing cold shower, I would have to make an appearance at the gas station again. One of the odd advantages of being a smoker is that you can frequent a place like that nearly every day without anyone thinking twice about your intentions, but I was hoping to move quickly. My objective was to get her phone number and arrange a time for me to take her out on a date, and I would never set foot in the store again. Gas stations are a dime a dozen, so losing this place as a regular spot was not a concern for me at all.

This was the first day of a three-day weekend for me. I knew that I would have a few opportunities to show my face and try to impress the black woman, and if I was lucky, I would bed her before going back to work on Tuesday. Impressing her couldn't be that hard once I could get her out from behind the counter and on a date. I have the means to take her to any place in the entire city, many of which are likely too cost prohibitive for her.

Everything I needed to do in the bathroom was complete, so I got in my bed and continued to think about how I would approach the cashier. As I checked up on some of the local news on my smartphone, I remembered Courtney's text message. I opened up our conversation and thought about what to say back to her.

"I'll hit you up when I'm free. It's not like you have a job or anything that I need to plan around." I sent to her.

I knew it would come across as cold, but I'm certain that the things that she was used to hearing from the typical guy she hooked up with was far more controversial.

"Okay! Sounds great. Just don't make me wait too long cutie!" She sent back to me instantly.

Courtney was eating out of the palm of my hand. She clearly had been waiting by her phone the entire time I was in the shower desperate to hear from me. It almost would have been smarter to make her wait until morning as she would probably lose sleep over the fact that I wasn't chomping at the bits to talk to her. Women like that were almost always used to getting attention, but I also figured it was probable that she had a few other guys on the side.

"There's no way I'm the only guy she's talking too." I said out loud after setting my phone down and staring at the ceiling.

My phone began buzzing again. Grabbing it from the bed stand I couldn't help but shake my head; she was texting me again.

"I want to be your little cum slut ;)"

She was even more thirsty than I originally thought. It wasn't that surprising that she would send me a message like that, but it actually increased her odds of staying around. If she was willing to subject herself so easily, I figured I could have her as my little cuckquean.

"You already are." I sent back to her.

"Come over tomorrow and use me Steven. I need to taste your cock!"

"Maybe. Goodnight." I replied.

I used to fall into the trap of sexting late at night with a woman like Courtney. It never worked out for me, as I found myself sending them a picture of my cock that they could later attempt to use against me. Having evolved passed my misguided ways, I found it more beneficial to sit back and allow the woman to show her hand. Having the advantage was a sure way for me to maintain my dominance.

Not having work, the following day afforded me the luxury of turning my phone off for the night. I had no need to set an alarm, and I trusted my body to wake up at an appropriate time because I was used to waking up at five in the morning every day for work. My cock began to grow stiff as images of me coming on Courtney's face repeatedly entered my mind. Thoughts like these were permitted as it only fueled my desire to no longer be a pathetic cuckold. The only issue that I had with these types of thoughts were that I would often find myself wanting to masturbate. Sticking to a zero tolerance for masturbation, I kept my hands from touching myself, and if it became impossible, I would force myself to take another cold shower. Abstaining from masturbation was a critical component to my current success as it prompted me to actively seek out partners to humiliate.

When do you get off work?

My mission was to head over to the gas station to try and find the black woman. She had worked during the evening the night before, but I wasn't

sure if she worked the same time every day or not. I had two legitimate trips I could take to the gas station. First, I would go fill up my gas tank and second, I could go in later in the evening to buy a pack of smokes.

After my routine was done I headed over to quickly discover that she wasn't working. I had a lot of time to kill before I could check back and see if she was working that night, so I went back home to consider my next play.

Courtney had sent me a few messages, so I decided to open them when I got home. Apparently, she was done texting like a slut, and graduated to the next level. She had sent me some of the most revealing nudes I've ever received. The one that caught my eye was one where she was bent over with her ass spread apart. I could see her pussy, and her asshole. Her ass looked like it needed me to fill the hole with my tongue, and I realized that these photos were giving me urge to worship her.

“What the fuck!?” I said alone in my house as I tossed my phone on the couch, “fucking get out of my head!”

Every once in a while, I would get fits of rage whenever I felt the need to worship a woman's body. It was an exhausting journey of reprogramming my brain, and I wished there was a god for me to pray to that would aid me in my reconditioning. The struggle was very real for me, but I knew I had to persist. The only benefit of struggling with my desires was that I was probably the cleanest man on Earth. I removed my clothes and got into the shower as I blasted my body with the cold water again.

“FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!” I yelled at the top of my lungs in an effort to banish the submissive thoughts from my head.

Once I had released some of my aggression, I paused for a moment of meditation. I filled my head with nothing for a moment, so that I could refill it with images of Courtney tied up while I pummeled into the black woman from the gas station. It was a fantasy that I needed to act out. Convincing Courtney to become my cuckquean was not my problem, I was almost certain that she would do anything in an effort to please me. The black woman, who I had yet to meet, was the wild card. It's one thing to persuade

a woman to sleep with you, but another thing altogether to get them to participate in a situation with another female. I wanted to see the look on Courtney's face as I commanded her to lick a black woman's ass for my amusement. She deserved to be humiliated, and she was practically begging me for it.

The day was flying by, and I had literally accomplished one insignificant thing. It was time to go to the gas station to see if the black beauty was working, so I started up my car to go buy a pack of cigarettes.

The black woman was behind the counter when I walked into the store. There weren't too many people inside or in the parking lot, so I browsed the cold drinks and hoped that there would be a moment for her and I to be alone. Aside from one problem customer, she dealt with each one easily and sent them on their way. It was my time to attempt my approach.

"Pack of reds." I said waiting for her to come back to the register before continuing, "What's your name?"

"Nikki," she answered, 'with two K's!"

I was pleased with her bubbly personality, and I was able to ignore the fact that she didn't ask for my name as well.

"I'm Steven, nice to meet you." I put my hand out for her to shake, "listen, I don't want to make you feel odd or anything at work, but are you single?" I asked knowing that it would be easy for her to lie and say no.

If it didn't work out with Nikki, I would simply move onto the next piece of ass.

"I'm single." She said shifting her weight to one leg and twirling her hair.

"When do you get off work?" I asked.

"I work really late on Saturdays. I probably won't get out of here until three in the morning."

“Not much is open, but I know a spot. Down for a date?” I cut to the chase because people began to come into the store.

She paused for a moment and looked me up and down with a smile. I knew I had her, and she reached for a pen and paper.

“That’s my number. Text me later so you can pick me up from here.” She smiled as she handed me her phone number.

“Perfect, I can’t wait.” I flicked the paper with my fingers and walked out of the store resisting the urge to look back and see if she was looking at me.

When I got inside my car, I decided to text Courtney, and let her know that I was on my way to pick her up.

“Be outside in five minutes.” I sent to her with no intention to see if she had replied or not.

Nikki was looking at me as I pulled away. I knew she couldn’t see inside of my car, and I knew I would be able to easily impress her by the way she was looking at my car. My phone buzzed, and I figured it was Courtney, but I didn’t even bother to check.

“That bitch will be outside waiting.” I said to myself before pulling out of the parking lot.

Courtney: The Come Dumpster

Courtney was waiting for me outside of her apartment when I arrived. She was wearing a short, black mini skirt. I had to shake my head a few times to avoid the memories of Brenda bending over for Mike while wearing the same colored skirt. It was as if everything Courtney did was the universe’s way of trying to test me.

“You got this Steve. You fucking got this!” I said before stopping the car where Courtney was standing. “Hey, what’s up?” I said as I rolled the

window down, “Get in!”

“I knew you wouldn’t stay away from me for very long.” Courtney said as she got into my car.

I bit my tongue. My initial reaction was to insult her to make her feel bad. I accepted the fact that she would think that me coming to see her was actually her doing. In a way she wasn’t entirely off base.

Taking Courtney back to my place was a sure way to get her to do anything. Once she was able to compare and contrast her living situation versus mine, she would be foolish not to try and lock me down. It was this night, that I knew in my heart that I had to tell her about my intentions. Miss Popular had her day in the sun, and now she was to fulfill her destiny as a cuckquean, and it would be a black woman that had the honor of humiliating her. I couldn’t wait to see Courtney tied to the bed while my balls swung above her face as I pounded the black woman into oblivion. I just needed to get all of the moving parts to work together, and I took a deep breath knowing that I could at least empty my cock onto Courtney’s face for the time being.

“This is where you live?” Courtney asked as she looked around the neighborhood in amazement, “How much money do accountants make? Wow!”

“I do alright,” I said coolly as I pulled into my driveway. “Just make sure you take your shoes off when get in.”

Grabbing her hand was necessary as she was so distracted with the huge amount of wealth in the neighborhood. To be honest, I was probably one of the least wealthy in the area, and that was simply due to my young age.

“These cars are sick!” She exclaimed when she noticed my neighbor’s fancy sports car.

“Meh, you know they lose practically all of their value when you drive them off the lot.” I tugged her hand to lead her inside my home, “welcome to my humble home.”

Despite her amazement with all of my things, she did remember to take her shoes off. She had a comment for nearly everything, and her face had the look of being impressed, but also the feeling of shame.

“I couldn’t ever afford anything like this.” She said to me even though I already knew it.

“Yeah, I’ve done pretty well for myself.” I said as I pulled her in for a kiss.

The passion in which she kissed me was more than what she had done the last time we met. She put her hand on the back of my neck as if she never wanted her lips to be away from mine. I slid my hand up her leg, and under her skirt to discover that she was not wearing any underwear. Unable to control myself, I began to laugh when I considered the reason for her not wearing any underwear was because her only pair was dirty and laying on the floor in her bathroom.

“What’s so funny?” She asked.

“Nothing.” I held out my hand for her to take, “let me show you the master bedroom.”

“Oh, you’re taking me upstairs to the master’s bedroom.”

“You think you’re cute huh?” I said pulling her into my room and playfully pushing her onto my bed. “What are you going to do for master?”

“Anything you want!” She got on all fours and pressed her lips together.

I pulled off my shirt and she began to crawl towards where I was standing. Ever since I had gotten in shape, I was surprised at how willing a woman would worship my body. It always seemed like it was just men that wanted to kiss and lick everywhere, but once I had tightened myself up I realized that women had the insatiable need to worship. They just had to feel as if you were deserving of their submission.

She began to take my pants off while she was kissing my abs. I held her face tightly against my body while she unbuttoned and pulled down my

pants.

“Kiss it.” I calmly instructed my future cuckquean.

Biting her lip, she looked at me with pure admiration before I pushed her face closer to my soft cock. Her lips made my cock grow a little bit every time she placed her lips on my me. Soon, I was able to hold my dick up and drop it so that it would come down hard on her face. Doing so only encouraged her behavior.

“I love it!” She called out after my cock smacked her in the face.

She began to kiss with even more passion, and my blood was pumping hard. I held her face still, and with my cock, pried her lips apart and entered her mouth.

The look on her face as she took me in her mouth was adorable. She attempted to look cute, but in doing so she only amplified the level of her humiliation. It likely never occurred to her how I viewed her after all these years, and now she was on all fours sucking me like she belonged to me.

Using my hands on either side of her head, I held her face still so I could thrust inside her mouth. Courtney’s mouth had become nothing more than a hole for me to fuck, and each pump went deeper and faster. Saliva began to drip from the corners of her mouth as she remained still, unable to wipe the spit dripping from her face. I pulled out before I reached the point of no return, as I wasn’t done using her face for my pleasure.

“Lay down with your face up.” I ordered.

She quickly spun around, and in the process was able to wipe some of the spit from her face. I got on the bed while standing up and crouched down to her face to give her mouth access to my ass.

“Stick your tongue out.”

“You want me to lick your ass?” She said seeking clarification.

“Yes.” I lowered myself slowly onto her face while keeping my feet firmly planted on the bed. “You’re nothing more than a tool to be used!” I said as I sat my ass on her mouth.

She was licking my asshole and my crack, but she soon realized that I wanted her to insert her tongue into my ass. It was something that I love to do, but I could not allow a woman the victory of inserting a tongue in their ass, so now I require my sluts to worship my own.

Courtney placed her hands on my cheeks to support me, but mostly because she was likely worried that I would sit down and cause her entire mouth to disappear inside of me. I used my right hand to help support my body and moved her corresponding hand towards my cock.

“Pump it.”

She was unable to respond, but she understood what I had said. Her fate was to lick my ass while pumping my cock, and I didn’t care if she came to terms with the fact that I was not going to be doing anything to satisfy her needs. This situation was strictly for my pleasure, and she was lucky to be a part of it.

The sensation of having your ass licked while your cock is pumped by a woman that is beneath you is hard to replace with anything else. My toes were curling whether I tried to keep them straight or not, and my eyes had trouble staying open. The muffled sounds that Courtney made while being dominated added further feelings of power, and it caused my cock to be unable to hold back the come any further.

I removed my ass from her mouth, and shuffled down her body, so that my cock was pointing at her face. She hardly had any time to react before I began to shoot my come on her face, covering her, and reminding her of what she said about becoming my come dumpster.

“You like that?”

“Yes, thank you Steven!” She said as semen began to cover her face.

I laughed on the inside when the thought occurred to snap a photo of her face and try to sell it as abstract art in a gallery.

I shifted my legs over her body and got up from the bed. The feeling of her tongue was still on my ass and the cool air reacted to the wetness in a refreshing way. Courtney remained in the same position as she caught her breath.

“I’ve never done that for a man before.” She confessed in between breaths.

“Well sweetie,” I was getting my clothes back on, “You should probably get used to it. I think it ought to be your new job!”

“Funny.” She rolled over on her stomach, “You know, I never thought of you as the type of guy that would be so dominant in bed. I’ve had “alpha” males beg me to do weird things like spank them.” She laughed.

I was familiar with the feelings of those “alpha” males. They were beta males trapped inside the body of a Greek god, and the expectation to dominate had been placed on them, and they had difficulty adjusting to those standards.

“I have other plans for you, you know?” I figured it was the right time to bring up the idea of turning her into a cuckquean based on what she had just confessed.

“Oh yeah?” She crawled closer to the edge of the bed to rest her head on my crotch, “what are they?”

“I want you to become a cuckquean.” I said plainly knowing that she would have questions about the meaning of the word.

“Cuck-what?”

I explained to her what a cuckquean was. She seemed really confused, but she quickly realized what it was when I talked about how it was the female version of a cuckold. It amazed me at how popular the term cuckold had become over the years that it was nearly a household term.

“Have you ever kissed a woman before? I asked.

“Yes, I have many times. It’s kinda hot to be honest!”

Now knowing that she was open to encounters with women, I described the bisexual component to what I was attempting to do. She seemed interested when I told her that another woman would be having sex with me, but also dominating her verbally and physically.

“It’s probably going to be the most humiliating experience of your life.” I sat down on the bed beside her, “but you’re going to love every minute of it!”

“Do you have somebody in mind? They have to be at least a little pretty!”

“She’s more beautiful than you.” I knew my words would stab her like a knife, so I continued to explain while my comment sunk in. “You don’t have to worry too much. I’ll give you a safe word, and if at any point you need or want to stop you just say it, and everyone has to stop doing whatever it is that they are doing.”

“I see.” She sat up beside me, “I just want to make you happy. If this is what I need to do, I’ll do it.”

As expected, I had Courtney under my thumb. Once she saw everything that I had accomplished in life, and experienced my domination first hand, she had to be mine. It was built into her psychology to obey an alpha male. I was pleased that I had successfully been able to mask my inner beta and show her the product of my reformation. With most of the puzzle complete, I knew that I still had to find a way to get Nikki on board. I didn’t even know the woman yet, let alone even sleep with her, so I would have to present this to her in a way that would interest her. The best thing I had going for me in accomplishing this was the fact that Nikki would be offered the role as alpha female, and as a result not have to endure the humiliation that Courtney had signed up for.

We talked for a while, and I gave her a tour of the rest of my place. Her amazement never ceased each time she saw something different. For a

woman like her, simply keeping my pantry stuffed full of name brand items was impressive, let alone the fact that I had the best of everything. I could see her fantasizing about living in my home as she walked through the house. I couldn't blame her one bit for wanting to move up the chain to a higher quality man, but she was also starting to understand that doing so would require a tradeoff.

“If you want to be with me, you have to understand something key here.” I paused as I waited to get her full attention, “I have no intentions of being in a monogamous relationship with anyone. This idea of turning you into a cuckquean is not just a one-time deal. If you decide you want to hang around, you have to be willing to accept this as your new reality.”

“I understand Steve. I'm just so impressed with how you really are,” She approached me and put her hand on my chest, “and to think that so many of us wrote you off years ago.”

“For now, we'll wait and see how you feel about being a cuckquean when it actually happens. If it's something you find yourself enjoying, that will probably be for the best.”

She agreed with everything that I was saying, and we spent some time talking over a coffee. I nearly spit out my coffee when she actually brought up the point that my coffee was a thousand times better than the “trash” she had at her apartment the other night. As time began to fly by, I had to let her know that I would be driving her home.

“I'm meeting a potential cuckcake tonight. Her name is Nikki.” I said hoping that she had remembered some of the terminology that I taught her earlier.

“I see, and you two will have sex tonight? It's okay if you do, I'm just wondering.”

“Courtney,” I sighed briefly, “it's best if you don't ask questions. Trust me.”

Cuckold flashback #2

As I pulled away from Courtney's apartment building, I began to think again about my past experiences with Brenda. This time I remembered the first time I was cuckolded by Mike, and the mixed emotions I had as I felt completely humiliated, but also happy that I had brought so much joy into Brenda's life for playing along with her fantasies.

"Get on the ground bitch!" Brenda shouted at me when Mike entered the room. "See Mikey, I got him pretty well trained."

"How're you doing Steve?" Mike said as he approached my girlfriend.

I was too shy to answer him. Brenda had already requested that I strip down, and the only thing I was wearing was the chastity device on my manhood.

"Answer him! Don't try to ignore a superior man!" Brenda scolded me for my transgression.

"I-I'm okay Mike. H-how are you?" I had trouble coming up with the words.

"Oh, you know." He put his hand on the side of Brenda's face and ran it through her hair, "I'm just happy I'm me, and not you."

Brenda and Mike shared a laugh followed by a hug and kiss. The care that Brenda showed Mike seemed warmer, and meaningful than the coldness that I was getting condition to. My heart was beating with jealousy as I watched my good friend's tongue spar with my girlfriend's.

"Come here cuck," Brenda said softly, "you can have your favorite!"

I crawled towards her feet as she wiggled her toes on the floor. With my hands planted on the floor, I bowed to her feet and began to kiss them. Doing so only reinforced that I actually had a foot fetish, but I was only doing it because she loved the feeling.

“That’s cute isn’t it?” She said to Mike as he began to pull off his shirt to display his toned body.

“Yeah, it’s really something to see it first-hand.” He laughed, “come here Brenda.”

Mike lifted Brenda and cradled her in the arms and started to carry her towards the bedroom. She was wiggling her toes to signal to me to follow, and I walked with them on my knees while attempting to kiss the bottoms of her feet. She had been thrown onto the bed with one of her legs dangling from the side for me to continue my worship.

“He’s a committed little guy, isn’t he?” Mike said while patting me on the head.

As his hand patted me as he praised me for my pathetic behavior, I knew I was erasing whatever connection he and I had built over the course of our friendship. He watched as I began to insert her toes into my mouth and suck them clean. For some reason I maintained eye contact with him as he smugly smiled at me.

Brenda went straight for his pants and as they came down, I knew instantly why she was drawn to him. I don’t know how she knew, whether it was through the rumor mill, or he had explicitly shown her already, but his cock was massive. I paused with her toe in my mouth and observed the fact that his flaccid cock was nearly the same size as mine fully erect. Brenda slipped out of her clothes, and then approached his cock while laying on her stomach.

“Stand up cuck!” She was playfully touching his balls, “I want to compare the two of you.”

It wasn’t a fair comparison even if my cock was free from it’s bondage, but I stood up anyways so she could humiliate me due to my smaller cock. It wasn’t because mine was particularly small, in fact it was longer than most, but his was abnormally huge.

Michael had a huge grin plastered on his face when our cocks were placed near each other for Brenda to compare. She fondled both of us at the same time and made several off handed comments about the state of my manhood.

“This session is proof of Darwinism.” She said giving Mike’s cock her full attention, “survival of the fittest is indeed true, and I’m looking at it now. All the proof is right here!”

I had been ordered to get back on my knees, and my head was at the same level as Mike’s crotch.

Feelings of envy crept into my head as Brenda began to kiss his dick with her eyes pointed at me. She wanted me to watch as a more dominant male received the attention that I desired but was apparently undeserving of. Mike’s cock slowly began to rise, and as it became firmer, she parted her lips with a kiss and took it in her mouth. She never broke eye contact with me as I watched her please another man. He placed a hand on her head and with his knees bent he began to slowly thrust inside of her. The sounds of his cock entering her mouth as she closed her lips tightly and made a sound as she sucked it reminded me of the one time, she had sucked my cock early in our relationship.

“Make yourself useful cuck!” Mike said to me with his hand pointing to the bed. “Lick her ass.”

I could see Brenda’s excitement in her eyes as I slowly rose to my feet. When I got on the bed I had to crawl over her legs, and I laid my body between them. My knees had to bend with my feet resting on the wall, as I shifted my body down to make it so my face was at the same level as her beautiful, pale butt.

“Hands behind your back cuck!” Mike ordered me as I lowered my face between her luscious cheeks.

My eyes could see three things. Most of my line of sight was the beauty of Brenda’s butt, followed by the back of her head as she worked his cock with her mouth, and finally the look on an alpha male’s face as he watches you

lick the ass of a woman that is worshiping his cock. The power dynamics of the entire situation made me realize my position in the world, but I found myself happy as I ran my tongue up and down the crack of the woman that I loved. Pressing against the cage, my cock attempted to get hard enough to break through its bondage, but it ultimately proved too weak for the challenge.

I arrived back to my home unable to remember actually driving. The recurring flashbacks of my past always found a way to enter my mind after successfully dominating a woman. It was like my subconscious was constantly at war with itself, and these memories were a tool that was being used to test my resilience.

“Fuck!” I yelled while gripping the steering wheel as hard as I could, “Get in the fucking game!”

I took a series of long breaths through the mouth, and out the nose to calm myself, and hopefully rid myself from the frustration I was feeling. As I brought myself back to reality, I got out of my car and quickly made my way to the bathroom.

“Cold shower, cold shower, cold shower.” I whispered to myself as I avoided contact with the neighbors on the way to my sanctuary.

The cold water worked its magic as my mind quickly returned to its former state. I reminded myself of the beautiful, black woman that was waiting to see me after her shift. It would be my first time dating outside of my race, and I focused my attention on wondering about the possible differences I may experience. With a clear head, I was able to maintain my focus and reminded myself that Nikki was going to be like every other woman. Even though I had yet to really spend enough time with her to truly understand her character, I had spoken to her long enough to know that she and I were on the same wavelength.

“Maintain frame. You’ve got this!” I said loudly as I looked at myself in the mirror, “Cucking Courtney is a step towards your redemption!” My voice echoed loudly in the bathroom for no one to hear, but myself.

Something is special about Nikki

Nikki had told me that she got off work around three in the morning. The prospect of having sex with two different women inside a twelve-hour time frame would surely give me the confidence to shake my submissive thoughts in the short term. The gas station wasn't very far from my house, and to avoid looking desperate, I made the decision to leave the house ten minutes before three.

When I pulled into the parking lot I noticed that she was still inside checking out customers at the cash register. There was a parking spot that was available that was positioned right outside the main window Nikki could see out of, so I chose that spot. I knew that she already knew what car I drove, and I carefully watched her to see if she would notice that I had arrived. The plan was for her to notice me, and then I would confirm her suspicion that it was me by sending her a text message letting her know I arrived. It made sense to do it this way, because I wouldn't look like I had been waiting for her as long as I was. If I had to wait five minutes for her to have a moment to look out the window, she could only assume that I had just arrived because that's when I would send my text message.

Her last customer left the gas station, and Nikki turned her back towards the register and looked out the window. She took a double take at my car, and I sent her my text message to make my presence official. Nikki glanced at her phone and then turned back towards me with a bright smile. A young man, wearing the same uniform, entered the store and began to talk to her.

"I'll be right out. I just have to punch out." Nikki sent to me as I watched the young man walk behind the counter.

As she left the store, I had already started the car and pulled up to the entrance. She opened the car door and smiled at me as she got inside.

"Hey!" She put her purse on the floor, "I totally thought you were going to blow me off. Why didn't you text me earlier?"

“I had some things I had to take care of.” I tried to remain calm and not fall for the trap of over explaining my actions.

“Do you mind swinging by the drive-thru over there?” Nikki asked.

“No problem.” I didn’t even want to bring up any alternatives as she picked the most convenient and cheap place possible.

When I pulled up to the ordering screen, she ordered everything when I rolled down the window. She surprised me further by telling me to get whatever I wanted, and that she would pay. The old me would have refused her offer to pay because of the guilt I would feel by letting someone who clearly made less money than me pay for my meal, but I allowed it to happen. I added a burger and a medium fry to the bill and pulled up to the next window where she produced a few crisp bills to the cashier.

“You look surprised.” She said when we pulled away with the food.

“Thank you.” I avoided directly responding to her statement because my intuition led me to believe it was a test.

“We can eat back at your place.”

Nikki was making everything easy. I wondered if it was because I successfully passed her little games and appeared sure of myself. I agreed with her and drove the two of us back to my home.

The reaction Nikki had when we pulled into my driveway came to no surprise. Like Courtney, she was not accustomed to being in environments where the neighbor’s decisions can sculpt the community's policies.

“You don’t live here, no way!” Nikki said as I opened the front door with my key.

“It’s a funny story how I got this house,” I turned on the lights and continued as I waited for her to notice all of the framed photos of my friends and I in various places, “the guy that owned this house left one day. You might not believe this, but if someone leaves their home for any length

of time all you need to do is rearrange the furniture, and the house legally becomes yours.”

“Really?” She wasn’t buying my stupid joke as she put her hand on her hip. “Here, you go outside for a minute and let me move some things around.”

She was playing along with the joke and it earned her some points. We took a seat while we laughed off our stupidity and dived into our greasy fast food. Nikki was not a shy woman. The way that she attacked her burger frightened me for some reason. I had never in my entire existence witnessed a woman comfortable enough in her own skin to shove food into her mouth like a nomadic savage.

“You seem pretty comfortable in your own skin. It’s like I’m not even here!”

She smiled at me and I could see a twinkle in her eye. For some reason women always responded positively to me when I gave them a backhanded compliment. Nikki was no different.

Nikki had ordered more food than me, but she finished at the same time as me. There was no way to know if my thoughts were accurate without experiencing it, but I suspected that her comfort level and confidence would translate into the bedroom.

“You going to show me upstairs?”

She raised her voice at the end of her sentence like she was asking a question, but I knew it was her way of telling me what to do. I agreed with her and let the fact that I felt she was trying to boss me around slide, because I would redeem myself upstairs. She had confidence for sure, but I knew that if I peeled back a layer or two, I would find a woman that wanted to be manhandled and dominated.

Nikki pulled my hand and led me into my own room once it became obvious which one was the master bedroom. She hooked her arms under my shoulders and held on as she jumped on me. By grabbing her butt, I was able to support her weight and I spun her around playfully. She put her

forehead against mine and smiled at me with cute eyes that made me lust for her. I set her down on the bed while she kept her arms around me. I came down on top of her, moving my hands from her ass and towards her breasts.

“You’re bad.” I said before kissing her.

“What are you going to do about it?” She said challenging my position.

I rolled over on my side and sat up on the bed. Grabbing her arm, I was able to pull her over my lap and she laughed menacingly. Nikki knew what was coming, and I rubbed her ass in a circular fashion before pulling my hand away for a moment.

“Who owns your ass?”

She looked over her shoulder and smiled at me. Smack! I spanked her for not answering the question.

“Who. Owns. Your. Ass?” I said slowly knowing that it sounded like I was talking down to her.

“Nobody owns me!” She was still smiling, and we both knew what was going on.

Smack! I rubbed her ass gently after spanking her while asking her again. I pushed her so that her back was resting on my legs, and with one hand, I unbuttoned her work pants. Nikki didn't wait for me to put her back in the spanking position, and instead chose to roll back as she was. It was a struggle to pull her pants down from around her big butt, but I persisted and was rewarded with a beautiful, brown butt that perfectly framed a bright, white thong. Smack! I got her good but didn't pause this time. Each smack on her ass came harder and faster than the last, and quickly she became responsive to the pleasurable pain.

“You own me! You own me!” She called out, “you win!”

“I’m not convinced!” I smacked her for the final time before picking her up and placing her on her back.

Nikki pulled her shirt off while I roughly yanked on her thong and flung it across the room. Part of me hoped that she would forget about it or give up looking for it when the time came for her to go home. I removed my clothes and crawled towards her between her legs. My eyes were fixated on her pussy, and I was fascinated with how it looked very much the same, but also very different than what I had seen before.

She ran her hand down her body and over her pussy. She spread her lips slightly and looked at me while kissing the air.

“Come on.” Nikki looked like an angel as she encouraged me to go down on her.

I was unable to resist it. My first experience with a black woman compelled me to taste it, but I promised myself I would make a fool of myself and eat her for too long. I grazed her clit with my nose and kissed the inside of her thighs. Working my way around her with my lips, I paused over her pussy and breathed warm air before kissing it directly. It had been a long time since I had kissed a wet pussy, and it caused me to want more. I began to lick.

Lightly, Nikki put her hand on my head and began to move me up and down as I licked her. The feeling of her hand reminded me of what I had given up when I set out on this journey of reformation. Licking for another minute was all that I could allow, and when I hit the threshold, I moved up her body only to pause when I discovered her hard, dark nipples. I kissed her breasts first and teased her nipples before eventually biting. My bite grew harder with each passing second, and I didn’t stop biting until her reaction met my expectations.

“Fuck. Me.” Nikki slung her head back and threw her arms above it.

I moved towards her lips and kissed her. Biting down, I pulled her towards me and she followed only for me to release my bite.

My cock was filled with the need to show this woman my love. I rubbed the head of my cock on the outside of her wet pussy, and the sensation caused her to curl her toes.

“Fuck me please!” She couldn’t hold back any longer.

Her demands for my cock were understood, and I fulfilled her desires as I entered her. The warmth of her pussy was now enjoyed by my cock, and I placed my hand on the top of her head as I slowly pumped myself into her.

The need to redeem my moment of weakness filled my cock full of rage as I thrashed myself into her repeatedly. Watching her face contort while she uncontrollably moaned only added fuel to the fire that I had lit, and I was prepared to let it burn. I hooked her legs with my shoulders and pushed them back towards her head as I pulled my cock nearly all the way out before pushing it back in as far as it could possibly go.

“Oh Fuck!” She lost control of her entire body and began to shake uncontrollably.

“Yeah bitch! I have you now!” I cried out as I opened the seal and released me seed into her hole.

After the last few pumps to ensure that I was empty, I pulled my cock from her and let her legs fall to the bed. I laid on top of her and our noses were touching. Nikki was laughing and smiling from the pleasure I had given her. I found her attitude to be contagious, and we laughed together as we hugged.

“That was amazing.” She said so sincerely that I thought it was going to be followed up with a confession of love.

Saying nothing, I kissed her gently on the lips and rolled over to her side. I put my arm around her shoulder and slid my hand down to her breast. I squeezed it briefly before pulling her closer to me, and I closed my eyes for a moment. Together, we cuddled in silence, only listening to each other’s breath, and in time I noticed her patterns changed. I carefully moved my head so I could see her face, and I discovered that she had fallen asleep.

Choosing to make an exception to the rule, I let my black angel rest. Disturbing her now would not help my cause when I brought up the idea of wanting her to become a cuckcake. Softly, I kissed her back and admired the darkness of her skin. It all felt so familiar despite the differences, and I found myself drawn to her aura.

“Goodnight my little cuckcake.” I whispered so softly, one could argue nothing was said at all.

Will you be my cuckcake?

Morning came quickly, and I rubbed my eyes when I realized there was somebody lying beside me. Images of the previous night’s sex flashed before my eyes, and it made me smile as I sat up and looked at her. I put my face to her arm and sniffed her scent before gently kissing her.

“Nikki.” I rubbed the small of her back lightly until I noticed a reaction, “Come on. Get up.”

“Good morning handsome.” She said as she wiped her face and gave me a hybrid yawn-smile.

I told her that she could use whatever she wanted from the master bathroom and let her know where she could find clean towels and even an unopened toothbrush. When she finally got up and slowly made her way towards the bathroom, I put on some loose-fitting clothing and went down to the kitchen. If I don’t have coffee in the mornings, I’m practically useless.

In my groggy state I managed to set up the coffee maker while cursing myself for not doing it the night before. The fact that I allowed Nikki to stay over bothered me a little, because I had neglected some of my routine. My routine was a critical part to my reformation, and one of the reasons I was able to resist resorting to being dominated by Nikki. Licking her pussy briefly was a calculated mistake, but anything beyond that could bring down everything that I had built.

Once there was enough coffee in the pot, I pulled it out and filled my mug. Waiting for the entire pot to brew would be too much strain on myself. I turned on the small television in my kitchen to the local news and sat down with my cup of coffee. As I woke up I had the pleasure of hearing about the various violent crimes that had occurred the night before while I was getting my rocks off. I changed the station to the sports channel and sat back. I could hear the shower running upstairs, so I figured I had quite some time for her to be ready.

I wasn't even paying attention to what was going on upstairs when Nikki came into the kitchen and startled me with a peck on the cheek.

“Good morning!” She said cheerfully.

She was fully clothed, and I was impressed with how beautiful she was without makeup. I told her that she could get a mug and have some coffee if she'd like, and she accepted the offer and helped herself.

“Last night was pretty good.” She casually commented as she sat down across from me with her coffee.

I smiled at her and took a sip of my coffee, choosing not to directly respond to her comment. She held her cup with two hands and sipped slowly. I found her mannerisms to be quite charming and I wondered how her body language would change when I brought up the subject of cuckqueans and cuckcakes. Nikki kept talking about how impressed she was with me. It felt good when a woman stroked my ego like this, but I over time I had become callous to their compliments. I knew what I had accomplished in life, and someone telling me I did a good job and made all the right decisions wasn't really what I considered a breakthrough realization. It was fine what she was saying as long as it wasn't overly negative or critical. I continued to let her speak while I patiently waited for the right time come out and inform her of my goal of having her act as a cuckcake for the sake of Courtney's much deserved humiliation.

“I need to talk to you about something.” I said knowing that the light-hearted mood of the conversation would shift. “I'm sort of in a relationship

with another female right now, and before you freak out, I need you to hear me out.”

“Okay.” Her voice softened and she sunk into her chair.

“It’s not a standard relationship. Society wouldn’t really recognize it as such, but I could give a fuck what the world thinks of me.” I continued to speak but loosened up on my tone as I felt like I could continue to rant about society. “The woman I’m with is what we call a “cuckquean.” And I would like to become a “cuckcake.” Simply put, the cuckcake’s job is to humiliate the cuckquean by sleeping with her partner, and also sexually dominating the cuckquean as well.”

Nikki sat up from her chair and leaned closer to me as I talked about cuckqueans. I could tell that she had never heard of the concept, and she seemed very interested in the dynamics.

“Look at it like this. It will be like last night, but their will be a white woman in the room that will be submissive to both of us. She’ll lick your pussy, your ass, your feet, or do anything else that you tell her to do. You’ll be able to show your dominance over her, and she’ll be helplessly watching us fool around as she patiently waits for a command.”

“That’s freaky as hell.” She couldn’t help but laugh, but I knew that she hadn’t dismissed the idea because she seemed interested enough for me to continue to speak.

She asked me questions about the Courtney, and I answered them honestly. Her interest shifted towards the sexual dynamic between the cuckcake and the cuckquean, and I found that she was excited about the prospect of having a white woman service her with her mouth. There was a sparkle in her eye when she talked about it, and her enthusiasm caused my cock to stir.

“There is one thing you need to understand if you want to come over and try this.” I wiped the smile from my face and spoke seriously, “we’ll be using a universal safe word. What that means is, anyone of us can say it at any time. Once somebody feels the need to say it everyone has to stop

whatever it is their doing until we can regroup and continue when we know what limit was being pushed too hard.”

“That’s a good idea Steve. As much as I want to see a white woman begging at my feet, I understand that she is a human after all.”

“You work tonight right? Do you get off at the same time?” I asked.

“Yeah, if the dumbass shows up on time, I can leave at three.”

“I’ll talk to Courtney in a bit to arrange everything. I’ll text you later if for whatever reason it can’t happen tonight but expect me to be there by three otherwise.”

Nikki agreed to my plan, and I suggested that I take her home so she could get ready for work. Choosing to save my stamina for later on, I cut off any opening for her to stay longer so we could play around. The last thing I wanted was to be unable to perform with two women in my bedroom.

“See you tonight!” Nikki said when I dropped her off at her home.

I couldn’t help but notice how much of a better neighborhood she lived in than Courtney. When I was shopping for a house, I even considered the same neighborhood because it looked safe and was relatively inexpensive.

Validation of my reformation

After I dropped Nikki off, I found myself back in my kitchen enjoying another cup of hot coffee. I hadn’t even had time to shower or brush my teeth. While I worked on increasing my caffeine levels, I sent a text message to Courtney to get the ball rolling for tonight. The last thing I wanted was for her to make plans for the night, or the following morning.

“Everything is going according to plan. Tonight, you will become my precious cuckquean.” I sent to her as I took down the last gulp of coffee in my cup.

Right when I saw the confirmation that the text message was sent, I left my phone on the kitchen table and went upstairs to complete my morning routine. It had been the first time in a while that I did not meditate under the cold water in the early morning. Nothing terrible seemed to come from not doing it, but I feared the consequences of slowly working my way out of my proven methods.

When the routine was complete, I returned to see that Courtney had replied to my text message.

“Okay! What time are you going to pick me up?”

I debated for a while how I was going to do this. One option was picking Courtney up a little bit before three and then picking up Nikki. The other thing that I could do was bring Courtney back to my place first and leave her at my house when I left to go get Nikki. Both had their advantages and disadvantages, but I chose the second option because an idea popped into my mind that I thought would amplify the session.

The time it took for it to become anywhere near an appropriate time to pick Courtney up felt like days. I found myself pacing around my home reenacting some of the actions and lines I wanted to use on these women. It became very clear to me that this was not all about the physical act of sex or humiliating Courtney, but a performance of my masculinity in which I was the primary viewer and the one casting judgement.

“I’m on my way.” I texted Courtney around two in the morning.

“I’m ready!!!” She was clearly waiting for my text message all night.

“Wait for me outside.”

I smiled at myself in the mirror before leaving. Tonight, would be the performance of a lifetime, and I was prepared to dominate.

Courtney was waiting for me outside as I had instructed, and it made me smile to know that I still had her loyalty. She was taking on quite a bit to just be around me, and I respected her humility.

“You ready?” I said as she got her seatbelt on.

“Um, for what?”

“You know what. Are you nervous?” I asked.

“A little bit. I mean, like, what do you want me to say. I’ve prepared myself for what is going to happen. I’m going to do everything I can to make you, and her happy.”

She seemed slightly hesitant, but she quickly redeemed herself when she mentioned making both Nikki and I happy. That was her job after all.

Upon our arrival, I led Courtney upstairs to bedroom. I didn’t give her a chance to say much, because I wanted to instill reality into the situation immediately.

“Take your clothes off,” I watched as she stood there not doing anything. “Now!”

“Okay, okay.” She began to remove each article of clothing one by one, “aren’t you going to save it for when she comes?”

“I’m not fucking you tonight.” I put my hand under her chin and tilted her head back gently, “I’m going to prepare you for when the cuckcake arrives.”

“Prepare me? What do you mean by that?” She asked as she stood bare naked in front of me.

I chose not to answer her question directly. From my drawer, I pulled out some bondage gear that I enjoyed using on special occasions. It was a thick red rope that splintered off on each end, and there were sturdy, black straps on each end. Four in total, and it was designed to be a convenient way to tie somebody up.

“Lay on the bed.” I ordered

Courtney sat down on the bed and laid on her back.

“Roll over!”

When she rolled over, I grabbed her arms and placed them behind her back. I fastened the wrist straps first and pulled her hands closer to her feet where I placed her ankles in the other straps. After adjusting everything, I stood over her and looked at her while feeling an enormous amount of power.

“Go ahead, try and get out.” I said sitting down to enjoy the show.

“Oh my god!” Courtney tried to pull her arms up towards her head only to have her legs follow suit, “it’s impossible!”

It was enjoyable watching her try to escape from her bondage. The insight into her mind was interesting as well. She went through various stages of trial and error before finally realizing that it was an impossible task.

“You have me now.” She said out of breath as she relaxed her body and accept her fate.

With a powerful grin on my face, I stood up and walked towards the door. I turned around before leaving and looked at her.

“I’ll be back.” I said as I turned off the lights, “don’t go anywhere!”

There was a part of me that wished I could stay inside of the room and observe her behavior. She wouldn’t be able to move at all, but would she attempt further to break free from her bondage? Would she talk to herself? The possibilities were endless, but I knew that Nikki would be pleased to see a bound up white woman ready to please her. I couldn’t wait to see the sadness in Courtney’s eyes when she saw the pleasure Nikki was capable of giving me. Hopefully, her humiliation would give her the incentive to please me better in the future. If she was smart, Courtney would view this experience as a challenge and attempt to impress me the next time her and I made love.

I arrived at the gas station a few minutes late and could see Nikki standing outside checking her phone. She probably thought that I had forgotten about her, but a quick honk of the horn was enough to bring a huge smile to her

face. She looked fantastic even though she was wearing the same uniform that she did the night before. I wondered how much more beautiful she would be if I actually gave her a chance to go home and change into an outfit that she would wear outside of the workplace.

“Hey Steven!” She said as she plopped her round butt on the seat. “I couldn’t even concentrate on work today. The thought of your girlfriend’s face as we, you know, do our thing just wouldn’t get out of my head.”

“Wait until you see what I did for you.” I laughed to myself knowing that the surprise of a bound white woman laying naked on my bed would put her in shock and awe.

“Do we need to go get her?”

“Not yet.” I almost revealed the fact that she was waiting for us at home, but I caught myself just in time. “Let’s just get back to my place first, and then we’ll go from there.”

“Okay! Oh my god, I’m so excited!” She pretended like she was running for a second to get rid of some of her energy.

The drive home was a short one as I did my best to keep the conversation going with Nikki even though I could only think about her reaction when I turned the lights on in my bedroom. Nikki and Courtney had seen each other before, and I was also curious if the two of them would remember one another’s face. If Nikki remembered her face from the night she was talking to me, she would be able to revel in the fact that not only was she going to humiliate a white woman, but she would also be given the opportunity to take her frustrations out on an actual customer. In a way I envied Nikki’s position.

I was happy that when we walked in the front door Courtney didn’t take it upon herself to start shouting or something. I flicked on the lights, and after the door was locked, I pushed Nikki against the wall and kissed her. I ran my hands from her hips to her chest and squeezed her breasts hard as my lips moved to her neck. My intentions were to get Nikki aroused first, so

her frame of mind would be leaning towards sex when she discovered Courtney tied up.

“Oh, you trying to get some before she comes over.” Nikki whispered into my ear before biting it.

Her bite sent chills into my body, and my cock appeared interested as well.

“Come on, let’s go upstairs.” I was feeling good about myself, and my ability to placate a woman with my replies that avoided addressing their comments.

My heart began to pound as we jogged up the steps. When we approached the entrance to my room. I paused for a moment and took Nikki by the hand before entering the room and turning on the light.

“Oh my god!” Nikki was laughing hysterically, “Yo, what the fuck!”

I joined in the laughter, but I wasn’t nearly as amused as Nikki. My attention was locked into Courtney’s facial expression as she realized the identity of the woman that would be ruling over her. I could see the surprise in her eyes when she saw that I had brought home a better-looking woman, and the fact that she was black likely played on other emotions inside.

“I’ve already told the two of you about the safe word policy.” I quickly interjected before things heated up, “the word we’ll be using is “capicola,” and if any of us use the word everyone has to stop. Understand?”

“Yes.” I got back from both of them, however, one of them sounded more enthusiastic than the other.

Nikki walked over to the bed and looked at Courtney as she instinctively tried to move, but instead made a fool of herself. I followed Nikki and wrapped my arms around her and worked on unbuttoning her work pants.

“This little bitch, huh?” She began to raise her voice, “you remember causing all those problems a while back! You fuckin’ had the audacity to snitch on me to my manager!”

My dream had come true, and then some. I thought that the simple fact that she was a customer, Courtney would be treated as a proxy that would represent other customers, but instead she was one of the problems in Nikki's life. As soon as I got her pants unbuttoned, Nikki took the initiative to pull them off of her body.

"You're going to pay bitch!" Nikki said as she began to slip out of her light blue panties.

I pulled her shirt up when she was done but left the bra for Nikki to decide.

"Come on bitch! Kiss my black ass!" Nikki turned around and faced me with her butt pointed directly at Courtney's face.

Hugging Nikki, I looked over her shoulder and watched Courtney slither towards her butt. She looked at me and I could see the embarrassment in her eyes. She had chosen to obey and remained silent. I was pleased with her ability to perform the required tasks of a cuckquean.

I watched as her lips made contact with Nikki's brown butt, and when she was done with her kiss she looked at me again. I could sense the shame.

"I said kiss my ass!" Nikki shook her ass from left to right, "you keep kissing until I tell you to stop bitch!"

Nikki was the epitome of a vicious cuckcake. Her desire to humiliate me was on such a deep level, and so authentic that I almost considered leaving the two go at it alone.

Nikki put her hand on the back of my neck and pulled me for a kiss. Our tongues flirted while the only sound that could be heard was the puckering of Courtney's lips as they worshiped her master's ass.

My cock was pressing against Nikki's leg, and she noticed it. Like I had done for her, she began working on taking my pants off, while I quickly pulled my shirt off and discarded it. I shoved my face between her breasts and began to kiss as I wrapped my arms around her hips until I could feel Courtney's head.

“Spread your ass.” I said quickly as I tried to maintain my focus on kissing and licking her chest.

“Oh honey, I’m so sorry, but we had a delivery at work, and I spent the whole night stocking shelves. Be a doll,” she paused and let out a chuckle, “and clean my ass!”

With her ass spread apart, I was able to pull Courtney’s face between her cheeks. She seemed unable to control the sounds she made as she sloppily licked the inside of Nikki’s crack. I lowered myself to my knees so that I could get a better grip on her head and pulled her head deeper inside.

“Tongue in ass! You understand white bitch!” Nikki’s tone had become more aggressive and she placed her hand on my head and steered me towards her pussy.

I maintained my grip on Courtney’s head so that she could not escape her master’s ass, and I teased Nikki’s clit with my tongue. She began to moan, and I saw her take her other hand and put it on the back of Courtney’s head while the two of us worked together to bring her closer to an orgasm. My cock was rubbing against her leg, and I caught myself slowly thrusting against it in an attempt to receive stimulation. I snapped out of it right as Nikki moaned loudly from her pleasure, and I realized I too was being dominated. Not wanting to subject myself further, I got to my feet and made Nikki taste her own pussy. Nikki maintained her grip on Courtney’s head as I had released mine and moved my hands up her back so that I could unhook her bra.

With Nikki fully bare, I moved her away from Courtney’s face and threw her on the bed. While Nikki insulted Courtney for being an ass licker, I retrieved her light blue panties and put them on Courtney’s head like a hat.

“Open your mouth.” I commanded as I put the bra in her mouth, “Close, and do not drop it.”

I got on top of the laughing Nikki and grabbed her shoulder to roll her onto her stomach.

“Come here bitch!” I shouted at Courtney.

Nikki and I watched as Courtney did her best to come closer to us. She had to use her shoulders and knees to inch her way closer to us, and she looked pathetic with Nikki’s sweaty lingerie on her head and hanging from her mouth.

To help Courtney out, I put my hand on the back of her head and pulled her closer. I pushed the side of her, and Nikki’s head to the bed and they were an inch away from one another. I spit some saliva and rubbed it on my cock and smeared the excess on Courtney’s face.

“Do you love him?” Nikki asked Courtney face to face.

Courtney’s sad eyes answered everything, but she kept her mouth shut.

“Bitch, do you love him?!” Nikki shouted in her face and it startled Courtney.

“Yes! Yes!” She admitted, “I love him.”

I inserted my cock into Nikki the moment she confessed her love to me.

Her pussy warmly invited my stiff cock, and I thrust into her as hard and as fast as I could. Watching Courtney’s eyes as she endured insult after insult from Nikki made me want to give Nikki the best possible feeling. She was no longer able to insult Courtney, and instead was howling in her face. Courtney’s facial expression was nearly as twisted as Nikki’s even though she was not receiving my throbbing cock.

“Look at you Courtney!” I said as I was preparing myself to come. “Roll over!” I commanded knowing that I was nearly at climax.

I wanted Courtney to be ready to consume my load, but I didn’t want to be the one that gave it to her. My cock was unable to hold it in any longer, and my seed shot deep into Nikki and I held my cock as far in as I possibly could.

“Yes, yes, yes!” Nikki was elated from the feeling of my seed entering her.

“Sit on her face. Make her eat it.” I instructed Nikki.

Nikki’s ass tempted me, and I couldn’t help but kiss her ass as I pulled my cock from her pussy.

Courtney was on her back, and she knew what was coming as Nikki adjusted her body so that when she sat up her pussy would be inches from her face.

“Come on bitch! Reach for it!” Nikki was spreading her lips apart as the come dripped slowly into her mouth.

Courtney did everything in her power to bring her lips closer to Nikki. Most of my come dripped into her mouth, but some of it strayed from the path and clung to other parts of her face.

Nikki sat down completely right as Courtney was successful in reaching her pussy, and her pussy covered her face as she pinned her to the bed. Out of curiosity I moved my hand down Courtney’s belly and grazed her pussy. It was wet. Wetter than I anticipated, and it proved to me that she found pleasure in her personal humiliation. She reacted to my touch, so I decided to help her get off by using my fingers. I allowed her to come, because she was drinking mine from her cuckcake’s pussy, and I thought it a nice backhanded reward.

“Who’s a good white bitch? Come on, who’s a good white bitch?” Nikki was bouncing up and down on Courtney’s face. “You are! Yes, you are!”

The level that Nikki took Courtney’s humiliation astounded me. Courtney had already came and was now just enduring Nikki’s torment. I allowed her to have her fun as I got my clothes back on. I took a seat across the room and observed, and it seemed like Nikki had no intention to stop.

Cuckold flashback #3

Thoughts of Brenda found their way back inside my head as I watched Nikki toy with the cuckquean mercilessly. Resisting the thoughts proved to be impossible, and I found myself daydreaming of that encounter I shared with Mike and Brenda many years ago. There was, however, something different about this daydream from the start.

The first thing I saw was Mike's face buried inside Brenda's ass as she took my entire cock in her mouth. He looked like a pathetic wimp as he ran his tongue up and down her ass crack, and I couldn't keep quiet about it.

"That's a good cuck! You lick ass while I get my cock sucked!" I pulled the hair from Brenda's face, "you're a pathetic excuse for a human being!"

I pulled my cock from her mouth and grabbed him by the hair. I treated his face like a basketball and dribbled him off of Brenda's butt. She laughed at Mike and insulted his manhood by bringing up the fact that such a disgraceful penis like his deserves to be in chastity. I was getting deep satisfaction by humiliating the cuck, but my cock was lusting to enter his girlfriend.

"Get up cuck!" I ordered.

He climbed off of her and got on the floor where he belonged and awaited his next command.

I pulled Brenda's ass towards me and got behind her on my knees while she ordered him to get on the bed and to look at her.

"You see cuck! A real man doesn't lick ass." She used one hand to pin his face to the bed and slapped him with the other, "a real man doesn't allow his cock to be locked up!"

As she berated her boyfriend, I let myself enter her and enjoyed the sound she made from my penetration. Her pussy felt small, and I had to pull out slowly, and reenter softly to avoid hurting her. The feeling of taking a man's girlfriend in front of him while he helplessly watched fueled my cock's power. There was nothing this weak man could do to redeem himself. His

ability to be respected by me had vanished the moment he signed up to allow a superior man to pleasure his girlfriend.

Once her pussy was able to conform to my size, I pounded into her with all of my strength. I was focused on getting my nut, and I nearly lost my concentration when Brenda ordered her boyfriend to open her mouth so that she could spit inside.

“Eat it!” She screamed at him while pinching his cheeks hard, “you could never please me like Steve can. You’re not a man! You’re a goddamn disgrace!”

“I’m sorry goddess.” He said softly.

“You can’t even talk without sounding like a bitch!” I pointed out as my cock obliterated his girlfriend’s, once pristine, pussy. “Get over here cuck!”

Mike looked at Brenda hoping for confirmation. The fact that he didn’t jump up and run over to me made Brenda very upset with him.

“When your master speaks you obey!” She shouted at him.

I thought for a moment that he was going to cry. It was obvious his entire existence revolved around pleasing his goddess.

I grabbed his hair, and pulled him over to Brenda’s butt. His cheek was pressed against the top of her ass. He watched my cock go in and out of his woman.

“Nice view huh?” I pulled his face within inches of the action.

“Yes master.” He swallowed his own saliva, “thank you master.”

I brought the cuck over for a specific reason. I knew that I would be unable to hold my load any longer, and I wanted to see the look on his face as my manhood covered his face with goo.

“Fuck! Fuck! Yeah, that’s it!” Brenda called out knowing that I was near orgasm from the contractions of my cock, “come on him Steven! Make him

eat it!”

It was reassuring that Brenda was thinking along the same lines as me. Without any feelings of guilt, I pulled my cock from her and pointed it at the cuck.

“Open.” I said calmly as I released myself on his face, and inside of his mouth.

He was cringing as he took my load, but I gave him credit for his commitment to be a cuckold. I thought about the many reasons a man would fantasize about his, but none of them made sense to me. They didn’t have to. My theories would not change the reality of the situation. Mike was happy to take my come, and that was simply a fact that I had to accept.

“Wow!” Brenda said after she turned around to witness her boyfriend’s face turn white, “You’re so lucky that we have Steven here! How nice of him to do this for us. Isn’t that right sweetheart?”

“Yes.” Mike was swallowing the last of my seed, “thank you master.”

“Aww, no problem buddy.” I patted his head, “you did well today. Such a good sport.”

Power surged through my body as a result from displaying my dominance on a physical and emotional level. The thought of being thanked for fucking another man’s girlfriend was laughable, and still perplexed me, but I enjoyed the validation and the effect it had on my already inflated ego.

The aftermath was even more interesting than the sex itself. I watched as Mike obeyed every single one of Brenda’s commands. He fetched our clothes and bowed as he handed them to me. Mike even dropped to his knees to kiss the tops of each of our feet to show what Brenda called, “respect and appreciation for having such kind masters.” The entire experience was surreal, and I wondered what the guy got out of it. If he hadn’t had his cock locked up, I would be able to entertain the idea that he got off on the humiliation, but this guy was getting off on not being able to get off. It made less sense to me than conversations I’ve had about

paradoxes that could hypothetically occur during time travel. I had to repeatedly remind myself to not overthink it, and just allow the poor guy to do as he pleased.

I awoke from my daydream with my cock desperately trying to break the seams of my pants. There was no explanation I could think of to understand why I just zoned out. It was the first time that my flashbacks to my cuckold days became warped from reality. For some reason that I would never be able to explain, I found myself in a different role during the memory. I was the alpha male, and Mike was the cuckold that worshiped Brenda and suffered the humiliation. The only thing that seemed plausible was that I had made a massive breakthrough in my reformation, and I thought that it was possible that I might have escaped my demons for good.

Putting Nikki in her place

As my mind escaped the fantasy world, I realized that Nikki never stopped toying with Courtney. I had no idea how much time had passed, but Courtney was no longer tied up. She was on her knees with her face between Nikki's legs.

“Eat that pussy white bitch!” Nikki waited until Courtney began to lick before speaking again, “you're not going to say thank you?!”

“Thank you, Nikki,!” Courtney cried out before shoving her face back between her legs.

I couldn't let them go at it without me while I sat on the sidelines with a cock that was ready to go.

Nikki's natural inclination to be dominant was intriguing and I respected it, but something inside me was telling me that she needed to be put in her place. I thought of how she put her hand on my head and pulled me towards her with the expectation that I would service her needs while Courtney cleaned her ass. In that brief moment, she was the dominant force and I was

only second in the chain of command. However much I enjoyed the act, I could not allow her actions to go unpunished.

Courtney's willingness to continue pleasing Nikki was another thing that interested me. She was even freed from her bondage, and I was not giving orders, yet she continued to subject herself to Nikki's commands. It seemed like they both truly enjoyed one another, but for different reasons. Even so, I felt it was time to change the rules of the game.

Right as I came to the conclusion that it was time for me to intervene, Nikki had put her foot on Courtney's face and was pushing her so that she would fall on her back.

"Come here bitch!" I called out.

Both women stopped what they were doing and looked at me. They looked back at one another, and their confusion amused me.

"Good, I'm glad we have that settled." I said as I began to undress again, "let's not forget who's in charge now."

Courtney and Nikki turned towards me and waited with the only difference between the two was that Courtney was on her knees. I walked by Courtney and pulled Nikki in for a deep kiss, and I peaked at Courtney during the kiss. The sadness of her eyes looked worse than when she was watching me fuck Nikki.

"Get on the bed Courtney." I commanded.

I pushed Nikki on her back and kissed her neck and worked my way down towards her pussy, but stopped when I reached it.

"Sit on her face." I said to Courtney.

"Wait what?" Nikki said in a confused frenzy as Courtney's expression changed as she approached her "master."

"If you don't like the new rules to the game than you can say the safe word." I looked at her with cold eyes.

She knew that she had no standing in a negotiation. Her position was beneath me, and she silently laid still as Courtney mounted her face.

“Clean my ass you.” Courtney said calmly.

Courtney’s method of domination was less aggressive than Nikki’s. She appeared to treat her position with a level of class that, while not as humiliating on the surface level, appeared to be more sinister. She had spread her ass apart and pressed it into her face.

“Hold her legs.” I said as I pushed Nikki’s legs back so that Courtney could keep her pinned down.

I rounded the bed and put my face near Nikki’s. I observed her technique and critiqued her. Telling her that she needed to worship Courtney’s ass because she was destined to be a little ass licker were among the things I said to make sure that Nikki understood the chain of command. There was no way I was going to allow a cuckcake to outrank me.

“Listen Nikki, I know it’s hard to focus because you have your plate full.” I laughed knowing that my ass eating joke was corny, “I’m going to stick it in your ass. Courtney sit up for a second.” I said so Nikki would have the chance to say no, “is that okay with you? Don’t worry now, you’re still technically the cuckcake.”

She looked exhausted even though she wasn’t doing anything but laying on her back while a white woman sat on her face. She turned her head to me and said it was okay for me to take her ass. Courtney sat back down but began to grind on her face. I watched as she worked Nikki’s face down her ass crack all the way to her clit. She was getting her revenge on her tormenter, and I would be punishing her ass for getting too far ahead of herself.

I rubbed my cock on Nikki’s wet pussy and moved it towards her ass. I spit on my dick, and instructed Courtney to rub it in. With a huge smile on her face she obeyed me as she knew the punishment that Nikki was about to receive. Her hand was warm, and I had to push it away when I realized that she was willing to fondle me forever.

“Consider this a gift.” I said as I thrust my cock inside of her ass without warning.

She moaned loudly, but the sound was muffled inside of Courtney’s ass. Her voice sent vibrations into Courtney that made her eyes roll back into her skull.

“Shut that bitch up!” I yelled out.

She responded without saying anything, and instead lifted her ass from her face. Nikki’s moans became loud but were quickly stomped out when Courtney sat back down with force.

“Is that better sir?”

“Good job sweetie.” I was beginning to grow fond of Courtney more and more.

I couldn’t help but speculate why it was that I was seeing her in a different light. As I pummeled deep inside Nikki’s ass, I wondered if it was because, like me, Courtney had experienced what it was like to be a cuck. We shared this experience together, and I wondered if it made me feel closer to her even though she had no idea about my past relationship with Brenda.

As I snapped out of my thoughts, I decided to pull my cock from her ass and enter her pussy. After a few pumps, I pulled it out, and put it back in her ass. Each hole caused her to make a different sound, and Courtney thought the entire thing to be funny. I took pleasure knowing that I was in complete control of Nikki’s stimulation. She had wanted so much service to be performed on her ass and pussy, and now she was getting what she wanted in the form of my raging erection.

Courtney had stopped grinding and changed to a shallow bounce. It seemed that this movement made her feel something, and I watched as she pulled on her own hair as her spot was being hit. She was moaning progressively louder, and her sound made me want to come. To combat my cock’s desire to come, I pulled it from her ass and put it into her pussy which felt less tight.

“Fuck you bitch! You’re a disgusting whore!” Courtney screamed at Nikki while she achieved orgasm and I wondered how it made Nikki feel.

In only a short matter of time, Nikki found herself on the bottom of the food chain. One minute she was having her ass licked by a white woman, the next she was letting her face become the same woman’s sex toy.

Courtney dismounted Nikki, and sat behind her head. Nikki looked deeply into my eyes, as she took long deep breaths, and I moved my cock to her ass so I could see her expression. She shut her eyes tight and opened her mouth as I increased the rate in which I was fucking her ass.

“Oh god! Fuck! Fuck me Steve!” She called out.

“Shut up bitch!” Courtney interrupted to put a stop to Nikki’s need for attention. “Here, maybe these can keep you busy.”

She bent her knees and put the bottoms of her feet on Nikki’s face. The act of placing one’s feet on another person’s face was always one of the more interesting ways to dominate somebody in my opinion. For the most part, people acted skittish when confronted by feet, but Nikki seemed to enjoy it. She slid her feet back and forth, and I watched Nikki’s skin shift in multiple directions. Her mouth was open, and Courtney shoved her big toe inside.

“Suck it.” She said plainly.

She had already orgasmed, and it was clear she was just toying with her. The opportunity to humiliate her cuckcake just couldn’t be passed up and it provided me with excellent visuals which enhanced the pleasure I was feeling in my cock.

“You like my feet Nikki? How do they smell?” She lifted her feet a few inches from her face to allow her to respond.

“They smell good. So good! Please let me have them!” Nikki begged.

The sound of her begging for Courtney’s feet made my cock lose it’s ability to withhold my load.

Right as Courtney covered her face with her feet, I shot my load deep into her ass. I held my cock inside for a moment as I observed the pathetic position my cuckcake allowed herself to be in.

“Come here.” I said looking at Courtney.

“Okay!” She lifted her feet from Nikki, but before getting up to come to me she slapped her across the face with her foot.

Nikki remained still with my cock still inside of her ass, and she looked up at me to show me her sad eyes. Her makeup had been smeared, and she didn't look as beautiful as she did when she first arrived.

“Give me your hand.” I instructed. “Catch the come that drips from her ass.”

She looked at me, and I could tell she wasn't sure why I made such an odd demand, but she followed orders and put her hands together so that she could catch my come that was dripping from Nikki's ass.

I instructed Nikki to move her body in a way that allowed my semen to come out of her a faster rate, and I stood by and observed the process. I was smiling, but that was only because I knew that they were both in for a surprise. One of them was going to enjoy it more than the other.

Once I was satisfied by the amount of semen that Courtney was able to collect in her hands, I instructed Nikki to crawl to the edge of the bed.

“Eat it.” I said knowing that they both would have feelings of disbelief.

Nikki looked at me as she slowly crawled to the final act of her humiliation, and she paused as she looked at the come that was taken from the inside of her ass. She used her arms to support her weight, and slowly lowered her head to the pool of come.

“Kiss it first.” I said laughing.

She kissed the pool of come and her lips turned a shade of white, before she dipped her tongue into the mess. At first she was only taking in small

amounts, but after a few tastes it seemed like she realized that she would be there for an eternity if she continued at that pace. She stuck her tongue out and began to scoop it into her mouth while looking at me as she swallowed.

“Wow, you’re so good at this.” Courtney couldn’t resist the urge to further humiliate her cuckcake.

“Yeah, she’s doing such a good job.” I played along with Courtney as we shared a laugh and enjoyed the show.

“What does it taste like?” Courtney asked, “I’d try it myself, but it looks like you enjoy it so much. I wouldn’t want to take this away from you.”

“It tastes good.” Nikki said with the look of defeat on her face as she took the final scoop into her mouth.

“Don’t forget to lick the plate now!” I added.

“Be sure to thank our master too!” Courtney added.

Her addition by referring to me as their master made me smile, and I rewarded her by kissing her on the forehead. Nikki licked the remainder of my seed from her hand and when she was done she laid down on her back knowing that she was not as dominant as she thought she was.

I left the bedroom, and went downstairs to the kitchen. The entire session took a lot out of me, and I needed to rehydrate myself. Standing by the fridge, I chugged a sports drink straight from the bottle while the ladies were upstairs alone. Whatever it was they were doing up there while I was downstairs interested me, so I decided that I would go back to the room, but I would move up the steps carefully. If I made a lot of noise going up stairs I ran the risk of tipping them off and I would stumble upon a potentially different scenario than if I had walked in unannounced. I knew my house better than anyone, and I knew exactly where to step to prevent them from hearing me come. The odds of them fooling around like they had when I snapped out of my daydream were slim, but I was curious if they would be having a civil conversation or possibly fighting for some reason.

Peeking inside the room, I saw that Nikki was still laying on the bed, but Courtney was gone.

“Where did she go?” I asked.

“She said she wanted to take a shower. I already called next, so you’re going to have to wait.”

I didn’t fight her on that. Even though she was telling me how things were going down, I allowed it because I understood that they both spent a lot of time with their faces in one another’s ass and pussy. It seemed like a fair deal considering I was the one that truly benefited from the session.

“So you two are alright?” I asked feeling suspicious.

“Yeah, we’re good.” She sat up and grabbed my hand to pull me closer to her. “You know, I was a little shocked when you allowed her to dominate me.”

“Did you enjoy it?” I fought against the urge to directly answer her as I had worked so hard to do.

“Yeah,” she put her hands over my shoulders, “surprisingly it was fun. I never thought I would ever get down like that with a woman, let alone a white woman, but it was good. I preferred being the dominant one.”

“Did Courtney say anything to you about it?” I asked.

“She said that she did love you, and that she only wanted to make you happy. She said that if it meant that I had to be around she was fine with it, and that we should try to make the most of it.”

I thought Courtney’s confession of love was just a device that was being played with during the session, so I was taken aback when Nikki revealed the truth to me.

“How do you feel about her?”

“She’s cool. I can’t be mad about her being a pain in the ass the one day at the store.” We shared a laugh because we both knew that she had gotten her revenge fair and square, “I can see how this can work.”

“What do you mean?” I had an idea of what she was getting at but I wanted to make sure everything was clear before I made a comment.

“You know, the three of us.” She was massaging my shoulders, “I think we can share you.”

I kissed her neck after I almost forgot that she had still not cleaned herself, and it was only a few minutes since she had eaten my come.

“Come on! Give me a kiss!” She protested as she tapped her lips with her fingers.

“Are you trying to get a spanking!?” I threatened with a big smile on my face.

“Okay, fine! I don’t even get a kiss after all of that.”

I didn’t say anything in response to her pouting, I just looked at her with a stern look.

“Get into the shower with her. It’s good for bonding.” I laid down on the bed, “if she says anything just tell her that it’s the boss told you too.”

“Okay,” She paused with a smile, “boss! Thank you!” She got up, and I watched her brown ass disappear into the bathroom.

“What’s in it for them?” I said to myself as I began to suspect that the reason this three way relationship would work was because they had actually developed feelings between the two of them.

Living the dream

I sat back in my bed and closed my eyes while my women were in the shower cleaning themselves. The idea of having two women that were loyal to me was something I was very happy to have. Many men would sacrifice a lot just to have the experience that I did, and I'm pretty sure most of them would choose eternal damnation if it meant that they could live a lifestyle in which what we did together was a normal part of their day to day life.

The fact that I could move past my relationship with Brenda was what made me the happiest. I had been fighting an internal battle for so long, and I feared that it would never relent. My routine and habits would remain the same, out of fear that the thoughts would find themselves back inside of my head, but if it meant that I could go about my day without thinking of the humiliation I put myself through during my time with Brenda I considered it a win. For now, the only reason I would want to remember what happened with Brenda would be if I ever found myself in a situation with her. The thought of doing to her what she did to me seemed like the only reason to concern myself with those thoughts. If that situation, however unlikely it was, presented itself I would double the humiliation that I experienced, and she would never feel the same about herself.

There was no need to dwell on it or worry about trying to seek out Brenda in the hopes of humiliating her. I had Courtney, who at first was just going to be used as a come dump, and Nikki, who was originally just a tool that I intended to use to further humiliate Courtney. I found something better. All of the hard work that I did throughout my life, and the suffering I endured from Brenda's humiliating ways created who I was today. If I never had these experiences, I would have never pushed myself so hard on this journey to recovering my dignity and masculinity, and I would have likely settled for the first woman that paid any attention to me. It was because of this, that I had escaped the trap of mundanity, and entered the realm of exceptional men. Even high-powered CEO's would never find themselves in my position so easily. I was starting to realize that I was a true individual, and that I had accomplished many great things in my life.

After reflecting on my circumstances, I realized that I was neglecting one of the many benefits of being me. Inside my bathroom was two naked women

showering together. I got up and knocked on the bathroom door before entering.

“You guys seem to be getting on pretty well.” I said when I discovered Courtney applying soap to Nikki’s back. “Got room for one more?”

“Normally three in a shower would be a little cramped, but lucky for us you have a big bathroom.” Courtney said laughing.

I stepped in the shower and got in between the two of them. Courtney added some soap to her rag and began to soap me up like she had done for Nikki. Nikki filled her hands with shampoo and began to run it through my hair. I closed my eyes to keep it from getting in my eyes, and I heard them laughing. It felt like Nikki was using the shampoo to make goofy hairstyles for their amusement.

“Step under the water sweetie.” Nikki said as she guided me towards the shower head.

It had been the first time in a long time that I had taken a hot shower. I reacted the same way that somebody who took a cold shower would, but my body quickly adjusted to the new temperature. It felt good as the water beat down on my head, and when the shampoo had finally washed out I was able to open my eyes.

They massaged me while the soap was cleared from my skin, and I pulled them both, so their heads were against my chest. All of us smelled clean, with the stink of our dirty sex disappearing down the drain.

“Let’s do it to him now.” Nikki said to Courtney.

“Right now?”

I had no idea what they were plotting. Things were going too well for them to try and get some petty revenge in the name of justice.

“Rock, paper, scissors?” Nikki suggested.

Nikki won, and she celebrated with a silly dance.

I was turned so that I was facing Nikki, and she dropped to her knees and began kissing my cock. Courtney was behind me, and I felt her hands on my butt as she began to spread them apart. She began to kiss my ass like she had done before, and then I felt her tongue between my crack. The water was beating down on my chest, and out of fear that it would infringe on the quality of my blow job, I angled it so that it was beating down on Nikki's back.

The dream was mine. I had a white woman licking my ass, and a black woman sucking my cock. It felt like they were bonding with one another as they both connected with one another on an emotional level as they fulfilled their obligations to me. No matter the motive, I was the happiest man on Earth.

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!

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..

Diabolical Cuckcake

Jess spent her days by the pool and at the gym while enjoying the best of everything without ever having to work.

Despite her seemingly lavish lifestyle, she takes great offence when her friend, Kristen, announces that she is getting married to highly

accomplished, and handsome Jonah. Shocked, and in disbelief, Jess takes it upon herself to find a way to get prove Kristen's inferiority.

Gossip was a staple of everyday life for Jess, and she soon discovered the reason for Jonah's proposal. Jonah was willing to settle for Kristen because of her desire to become a cuckquean. Armed with this knowledge, Jess does everything in her power to become the cuckcake that is given the right to humiliate the pathetic cuckquean.

This novelette is 15,800 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

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