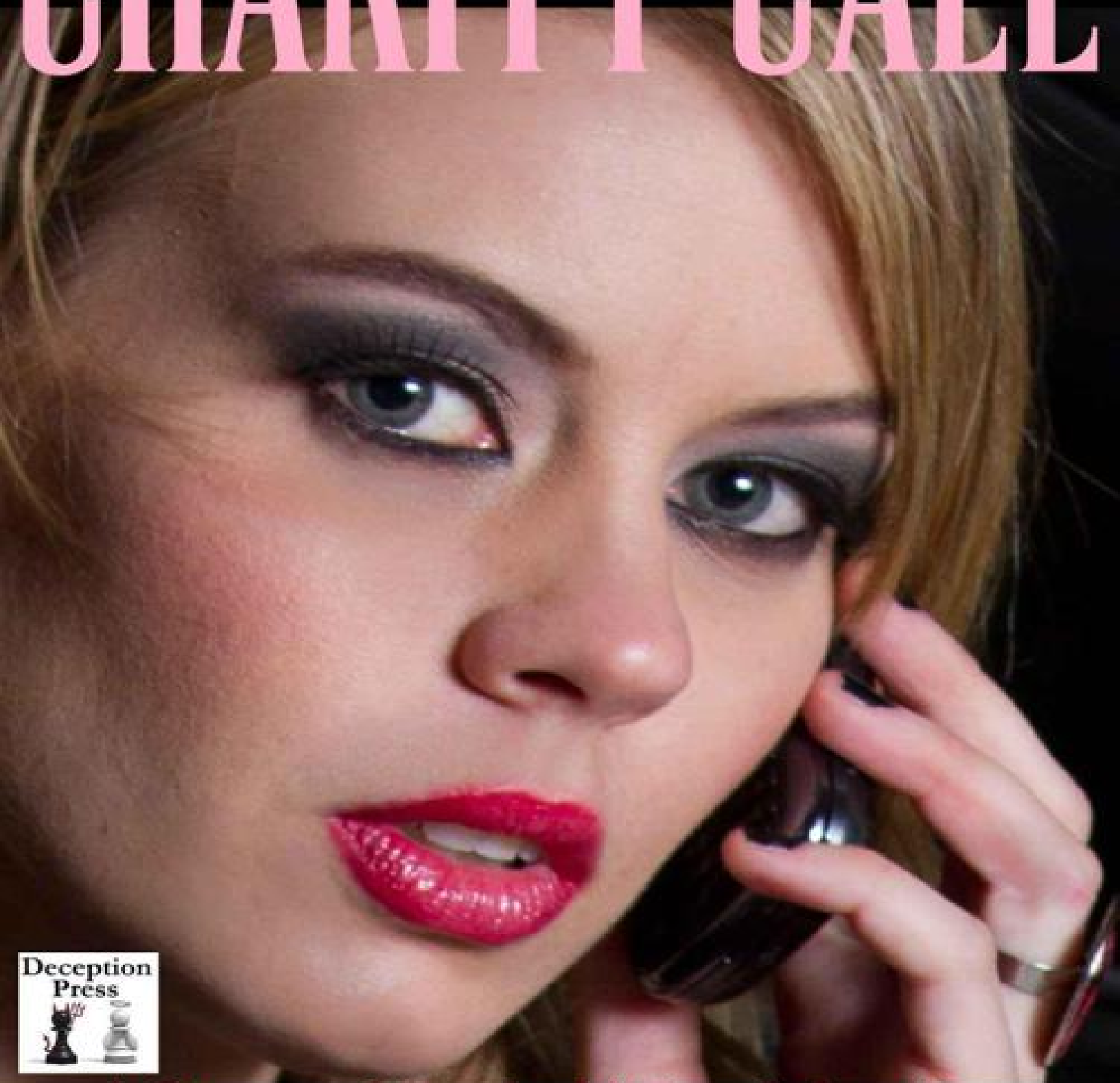


# CHARITY CALL



A Story of Cuckold Feminization  
& Slutwife Exhibitionism

# **CHARITY CALL**

## **A Story of Cuckold Feminization and Slutwife Exhibitionism**

**By Kylie Cooper**

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*Charity Call* is an explicit 8,100-word erotic story intended only for an adult audience that wishes to read frank descriptions of sexual behavior. It includes female infidelity, cuckold humiliation, female domination, forced feminization, male sissy submission, cross-dressing, erotic humiliation, semi-public sex and other forms of sexual variation. Do not sample, buy or read it if you might find such themes offensive.

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## Charity Call by Kylie Cooper

Jamie has just started scrubbing the bathroom sink when the cell phone rings. It's not a regular ring; it's the screeching sound of viola and drone guitar in a darkly erotic rhythm. He recognizes it instantly, even though it's distant.

The sound of the ringtone is distant because the phone is plugged into its cradle in the charging station near the front door, just as it always is when Jamie's at home; he's religious about always putting his phone in the charger when he comes in the front door. But the ringer is turned all the way up, so he hears it all the way on the other side of the house. Even so, he quickly washes his hands before he races to the living room to pluck his phone from its charger; he can be a bit anal retentive. He even dries them, too. He's one of those Type-A personalities who thinks it simply wouldn't do to get cleaning powder or water on his phone -- something he puts close to his mouth, and something that, if it shorted out, could do physical damage to his priceless face.

As he races to the entryway, Jamie relishes with bittersweet excitement of the grating sound of the Velvet Underground's "Venus in Furs." The familiar ringtone makes his heart quicken beneath his slutty little babydoll nightie, a filmy, see-through garment of white mesh and lace.

The ringtone tells him before he even picks up his phone that it's Charity calling. He feels his cock shifting painfully in its tight clear plastic prison. He's wearing a chastity tube, locked there by his wife before she went out on her "date." He's already thought about her too much tonight -- about where she is and what she might be doing with her new "friend." He's had three or four different "incidents" where thoughts about what might be happening on his wife's "date" made him almost get an erection. Each time, he felt the spikes digging into his flesh and he's had to breathe through the building pain and think about something unsexy to lose his erection.

It's going to be hard not to get a painful erection now, if Charity's date is going well and she wants to tell him about it. And most of Charity's dates

"go well." Charity doesn't exactly have the highest standards. It's not that she'll fuck anyone, but she's very good at vetting her dates so she only goes out with guys she's likely to find fuckable on every level.

Jamie wonders if maybe his wife will have something saucy or flirty to tell him about the date she's on tonight. It's with some guy named Luther that she met on KinkyBoard. Beyond that, Jamie knows nothing. Charity might want to tell him how well her date is going. Or she might have an order to give him, like "don't forget to clean the toilet with a toothbrush" or "make sure you dust behind the whip rack."

Or, if Charity's date has turned out to be boring, she might tell her husband to stop his cleaning and do something nasty while he's on the phone with her, just to amuse her. She might tell him to go to the bathtub and get in without getting undressed first, then put his shoulders on the ground and his crotch in the air and piss all over his face without taking his makeup off or getting undressed first, then send her a picture of it. That's what she did on her first date with Matt or Mike or whatever his name was, about two months ago. She even shared it with Mike or Mark or whatever. It turned out to be a great icebreaker and by the end, the date wasn't so boring at all. Charity came home from that date with a smile on her face.

It hadn't been easy to piss on his face with the clear plastic chastity tube; it's made to allow urination, so he can wear it for days, weeks, or months at a time. But Charity didn't care about that. She didn't even make him do it as punishment; she was just bored. She didn't care if the chastity tube made it more difficult. Wearing that locked tube and pissing on his own face if it amuses her -- or doing *anything* that amuses her -- is part of Jamie's life, and that's that.

Charity holds the only key to the chastity tube. It's currently on a chain around her neck, if she hasn't slipped it off and put it in her purse. Jamie doesn't get to decide if and when the thing finally comes off so he can rub out a much-needed load. All he gets to do is beg and cry and whine and *do things* for his wife -- humiliating things, dirty things, things that get her wet. But isn't that what she's off doing for *him*, dating weird strangers and sucking their cocks and usually fucking them?

Jamie spends most of his life with his heart soaring every time he hears Charity's voice, because it means maybe he'll have a chance to please her. He feels that way now. Mostly, though, Jamie's just glad his wife is calling to update him. She's out for the evening with someone new -- someone whose name he doesn't even know. He always worries about her a little; she can be slightly reckless, in his opinion. Of course, that's why he likes her so much. She's so much more reckless than he could ever be.

It's almost ten o'clock, and he's been hoping to hear from her letting him know she's okay. It's their protocol whenever she has a first date. He also hopes she'll drop a hint as to whether she's going to get lucky. He wants to know when he should expect her home...so he can be ready and hungry for her. His wife is so hot he doesn't wonder for a moment whether she could "get lucky" if she wanted to; any guy she dates would want to fuck her. But she can be slightly picky, sometimes...probably less picky than he would be, but still. What's more, sometimes she likes to make guys wait for sex with her. A blowjob on a first date, sure, no problem -- most of the time. But actually go to bed with a guy the first time? Her average is only about 30%. It was ten guys last month, and she only fucked three of them the first time. Most of the others just got BJs the first time they took her out, and one of them didn't call back. He didn't know what he was missing.

Of course, Charity would never make her dates wait as long for sex as she does Jamie. *That* is currently somewhere past "several months" and grinding toward "many," the point where his balls feel swollen and they almost constantly throb with need. If she ends up going all the way with this new guy on their first date, it will be the exception...but far from unheard of.

Jamie takes a deep breath to look at his phone, drinking in the sexy image of his wife as the ring blares. It's a gorgeous shot of her, his favorite picture in the world. Her red lips are pursed and messy with ruined lipstick, her mischievous green eyes flashing. Her blond hair is even messier than her lips, and a little bit wet, hanging in her face. In the picture, she has no visible clothes, and she's bare to the tits or, at least, deep into her cleavage, since the picture doesn't show her nips.

To any of his Jamie's friends who have seen it -- and he's shown it to most of them -- it seemed like a hot, slightly provocative picture of a very beautiful wife. They assume it was taken at the beach, maybe when she was wearing a strapless bikini top. Or maybe he took it at a nude beach, or when she was getting out of the shower. Many husbands have done the same, and many have shared their pics with their friends, as a way of bragging about how hot their wives are. They tell him he's a lucky guy, and he is. But with Charity, there's a little bit more to it than his just being lucky, just like there's more to the picture. The pic was taken with another guy's cell phone, right after he and his two roommates finished giving Charity an enthusiastic seeing-to. Her hair wasn't wet from the beach or the shower; it was wet with their cum. Her lipstick is ruined in the picture because she had just been sucking their cocks. Her hair was messy because she likes it when they pull her hair and even slap her face. Charity is a serious vixen in bed. She likes it rough.

Jamie's cock aches in the chastity tube as he looks at the picture.

He answers his phone: "Yes, Mistress?"

To his shock, it's a male voice that answers. A deep male voice, powerful and resonant, with an unmistakably soulful character.

"Hello, friend. How is your night going?"

Jamie is shocked. He says stiffly, "Who is this?"

On the other end of the phone, the guy doesn't answer. He just laughs.

Jamie's mind rages with possibilities; did his wife drop her phone? Did some asshole stranger pick it up? Perhaps he shouldn't be so rude; after all, this new phone he bought Charity is extremely expensive. If she did drop it somewhere, he wants the guy who found it to be in good spirits and kindly disposed toward him. Jamie gets ready to offer the guy a \$20 reward or something -- is that enough?

"Is this Jamie?" the stranger asks.

On the other end of the phone, Jamie can hear the sound of pulsing techno music. There are other sounds, far more distant. There are slurping sounds, suckling sounds, thumping, like someone is pounding a wall. They seem to echo, like the sound of bad techno music playing loud into Jamie's ear.

Jamie has the dishwasher running in the nearby kitchen, and it kinda drowns out the sound from the phone. It's hard to hear. Jamie grabs his hands-free headset from the place on the entryway charging station where his headset is *always* placed whenever he returns home. Jamie is good about that.

Jamie plugs in the headset and pops the buds in his ears.

He repeats, stiffly, "I'm sorry, Sir, maybe you didn't hear me. I'm going to ask you again. Who is this?"

"Maybe you didn't hear *me*," says the stranger, sounding angry. "I asked if this is Jamie."

Jamie's heart races. He gets a little dizzy. HE sits down in the nearest kitchen chair, his knees slightly spread for stability. He can feel the stretchy material of his garters pulling at the lacey tops of his stockings.

He says, "This is Jamie, yes. Who are you? This is my wife's phone. Where's Charity?"

The deep and powerful voice is clearly not at all interested in the niceties.

The man on the phone says, "I'm asking the questions. Is this Jamie Lambert, who's married to Charity Lambert?"

"Who is this?" snaps the husband. "Yes, that's right. Who is this?" snaps the husband urgently. "Where's charity? Is she all right?"

There's a languid chuckle as the stranger takes pleasure in Jamie's distress.

The stranger says, "Oh, she's more than all right, buddy. In fact, she's having a hell of a time right now. Here, she can't really talk right now, but I bet she's got something she wants you to hear..."

The sound warbles and quiets, then gets louder, the sound of the techno music gets louder. It's really bad music -- cheap, cheesy synthesizer garbage that sounds like it was produced by programming a computer to make tones at random over a hard-driving beat. Underneath it, he hears a female voice, howling, "Oh yeah, oh yeah, Daddy, yes, Daddy, fuck me oh yes, Daddy!" It's not his wife's voice -- not even close. But when the moaning sounds and the techno music diminish in volume, Jamie hears something else.

It's a wet, slurpy sucking sound. It sounds wet, like someone is thrusting something into a very wet hole, and slurping all over it. There are making noises, as if someone's me eating very messily. When the smacking sounds are matched by a faint, soft moan, and a series of disgusting "yummy" sounds, "mmm-mmmmmm, mmmmm---" Jamie recognizes the timber of the voice. Even with all the static and music and alien moaning, he recognizes the texture of his wife's sexual moans -- and the sound the messy eater always makes when she's sucking on a cock.

Jamie knows it all too well. His cock starts to stiffen, so help him, very much against his will.

Then he hears his wife gasping, between gulps. It sounds like she's doing more than just sucking; the gulping sounds have a telltale choking and gagging and slurping and drooling quality to them.

Is Charity swallowing dick? Is she opening wide and deep throating, the way she always trains Jamie to do -- whether he feels like it or not -- when she straps on her harness and makes him suck her cock?

Jamie's eyes widen as he sits there, feeling empty and helpless. He listens to the sound of his wife sucking cock as his dick stiffens quickly in his soft



silky lace panties.

His heart races faster. He feels his swollen balls sucking up into his body, throbbing and swollen and blue.

He hears Charity's voice: "I'm sorry, baby. I couldn't resist." It's what she always says when she teases him about having fucked someone else. She acts like she didn't mean to do it, but her craving for cock overwhelmed her. Jamie knows that she damn well *isn't* sorry -- and that she didn't even *try* to resist. In fact, Charity goes out of her way to place herself in the path of temptation she has no intention of resisting. But the game they play is that Charity's always reluctant...maybe as reluctant as Jamie is when Charity orders him to bend over and spread his cheeks for her huge strap-on cock.

That's why Charity's voice sounds so sad and so little, so girlish. What's more, she gulps out the words between loud, voluminous slurps on whatever she's sucking...cock, Jamie assumes from extensive experience. It also sounds like she's slurring her words, talking with her tongue out. Maybe it's just that silly piercing she insisted on getting recently, the one through her tongue. Or maybe she's just really drunk.

As Charity says again and again, "I'm sorry, baby, I couldn't stop myself, couldn't stop myself," Jamie realizes just how much his wife is enjoying himself, as he realizes why her words are so hard to understand. She's not just slurring; she's slurping. Yes, she is drunk, and that's why she's slurring - but she's also licking and slurping on what Jamie knows has to be a cock.

Jamie whimpers and moans. He rubs his hand over the hard plastic bulge in his panties. He swats his balls, hoping the pain will make his cock stop stiffening in its snug cage. But that only makes him hotter. He feels his nipples hardening against his silky babydoll nightie. His skin feels hot, but he's got goosebumps. He's dizzy with sudden and powerful arousal.

Charity keeps saying: "I'm sorry, baby, I--*gulp gulp gulp*--I just couldn't stop myself. Luther and I had a few drinks, and, well--*slurp slurp slurp*--he was just so fucking aggressive, and you know how I like that! He said if I wanted to be a real slut he knew this place where--*gulp gulp gulp*--a girl

like me could get all the cock she wanted, no strings attached...what could I say, baby? You know how horny I've been...it's been almost two weeks since I had a 'date'..."

She says the word "date" with the same tone of obvious sarcasm she always has when she says it. For Charity, the noun, "date," means "A good fuck from a man other than my husband, hopefully a man with a very big dick." The verb, "to date," means "fuck a guy I just met," or "probably fuck, but maybe just give him a blowjob if he's ugly." Jamie's face reddens. Has it really been two weeks?

The slurping sound returns, and Charity stops talking.

Jamie hears the male voice again. This time, he's chuckling.

Jamie demands, "Is that your name? *Luther*?"

"Why?" growled the stranger. "You gonna come down here and kick my ass? Go right ahead, bitch, and I'll tell you where we are. We're at Hush Yo' Mouth Video at 816 Tenth Street. Come down and take a swing at me, if you want."

Jamie trembles. He knows the place. He's even been there, back in the days when he was still hiding his perversions from his wife. Hush Yo' Mouth was in a very bad neighborhood. It's got a reputation in town as the sleaziest porn shop ever. It's actually said to be dangerous to go there. He's heard stories about guys getting mugged there. Queers coming onto you. Women getting their butts pinched...getting felt up...getting come-ons from strangers and offers of employment from pimps...and *worse*.

"Should I expect you, sissy? You gonna come down here and kick my ass?" The menace in Luther's voice is obvious, and it sends a tremor of fear through Jamie's lingerie-clad body.

Jamie's voice reverts to its girliest tone, a breathy whine as his sudden fear makes him answer as submissively as possible.

He whimpers, "N-n-no, I didn't mean that, Sir, I--I'm sorry, of course, she can--Mistress can do whatever she wants. *Sir*." Jamie's head spins and his cock makes firmer contact with the spikes in his chastity tube. He wants to curse himself for calling Luther "Sir," but it just slipped out. Not once but *twice*.

"Good," said Luther. "Because I think you'd like it here...probably a little too much. You'd end up doing what your wife's doing. You'd probably like it as much as she does. But that'd be a tall order...*damn*! Your baby is really going to town! Here, bitch, have a listen..."

Luther puts the phone back down to where Charity's making slurping and gulping sounds. They're positively obscene. It's obvious what she's doing. She's stretched her throat wide with a big black cock and she's pumping herself onto it. Charity's always loved to deep-throat; Jamie knows she used to do it with some of her boyfriends in college. Charity was proud of being able to deep-throat almost any guy, no matter how big. The fact that Jamie isn't big enough for deep-throating to really be a challenge had always been a little disappointing to Charity, and Jamie knew it. But his wife had pretended not to mind all that much.

Now that things have changed between them, Jamie accepts the truth. He's sometimes seen pictures of the guys that she met online, through her "no-strings-attached" personal ad on KinkyBoard. Practically every guy who respond includes a dick pick...probably because Charity's ad says "Don't bother if not 7"+ and thick." Seven inches was nearly twice her husband's length, and he was anything but thick.

Jamie moans louder as he spends several agonizing, humiliated minutes listening to the gulping and choking sounds, interspersed with the sounds of slurping and lapping and slapping. Jamie's not sure if it's Luther who's slapping her -- maybe spanking her butt? But some of the slapping noises sound kinda wet...and Jamie realizes with a hot flash of humiliated ecstasy what Charity is doing. She's probably slapping herself in the face with the stranger's cock between strokes of her lips all the way down to the base. She's told him about how she likes to do that when she's sucking a really big cock. She's told her husband how it makes her feel all submissive. She's

never even bothered to try the ritual with Jamie. What the small package he has at hand, why would she bother?

Every gulp and gag and choke and slap and slurp makes Jamie's cock try to stiffen; the tube and the spikes painfully prevent it from doing so. Jamie's eyes fill with tears from the pain in his tortured, chastity-bound cock. Nonetheless, Jamie keeps rubbing the front of his chastity tube, pathetically mimicking masturbation as if he could actually pleasure his own cock through the cage. That only makes the pain increase as his cock fights the impenetrable prison, and sometimes he reaches down deeper into his panties to grab his shaved, denial-swollen balls and pull them down *hard*, hoping the pain will help him to lose his erection. Sometimes it helps for a little while, but his boner always returns...

While Jamie mocks masturbation with his right hand, his left travels up to his nipples, pinching and twisting them through his sexy babydoll nightie. He rocks back and forth in his chair.

The sound of Charity's gulping gets fainter; the music is louder for a moment. There's the sound of sex -- an unmistakable rhythm of slapping and the wet, slushy sounds of penetration. It's mingled this time not just with female moans, but with spanking. Someone says, "*You fucked my boss, huh? See how you like it in the ass, Katrina!*"

Jamie realizes he's hearing a porn movie. But it sounds like the movie is being played through a crappy, cheap speaker, even before it reaches the phone. Jamie suddenly realizes where his wife is...she's in a porn booth somewhere. He hears more dialogue, "*Yeah, you like that bitch, don't you?*" crackling from the shitty porn-booth speaker into the phone, echoing off the walls of the tiny, probably cum-stinking "jack shack" somewhere on the wrong side of town.

The male voice returns:

"So, that's where your wife is, buddy. She's having a hell of a time. Ten cocks so far, and she don't look like she's gonna stop! We've been here for an hour and I still got a hundred bucks' worth of quarters. You know they

have an ATM right in the lobby at Hush Yo' Mouth Video? I had her get out an extra hundred for some whiskey from the liquor store across the street....I figured with all that sucking she'll get thirsty. But she's been getting plenty to drink. What your wife's been drinking is nice and and creamy... she seems to like it. I've got the bottle all to myself." The man takes an audible gulp.

Jamie's hands are in motion as his body rocks back and forth. He slaps his balls and pinches his nipples. He whines in despair. Then he grabs the phone and works his phone over his chest, rubbing the sensuously slick surface of the touchscreen against his smooth little titties. He feels how smooth his chest is from the shave job Charity gave it earlier. Now his other hand clutches his balls through his panties. He squeezes, trying to get his cock to shrink, to stop filing the chastity tube with its agonizing, torturous attempt at a hard-on. But it's no good; Jamie is too fucking turned on. He can't stop himself from getting a painful erection -- or as much of one as the chastity tube will allow. His cock can only stiffen to about one-third its erect length, a little over an inch, before it encounters a curve that prevents it from getting any harder or longer. By that point, the spikes are dug well into the cockhead, and Jamie's in agony.

"Here," Luther said. "Let me show you just how much she's enjoying herself! Now, don't get all hot and bothered," he laughed. "Your wife told me all about that chastity tube she makes you wear, so if you get a boner, she says it'll hurt like hell. But I want you to see how good she's getting it!" The stranger shouts: "Charity, your bitch husband have email on his phone?"

Charity doesn't answer; all the husband can hear is the sucking sounds, eager more eagerly than ever. She's groaning and gulping. She's really going to town.

"Hey, Charity! Cocksucker! Slut!" laughs the stranger. Jamie hears distant slapping, flesh-on-flesh, like the stranger is spanking Charity to get her attention. The stranger shouts, "I asked you a question!"

But he *doesn't* get Charity's attention, because she's distracted as hell, apparently. Distantly, Jamie hears Charity moaning, "Oh, yeah, oh, yeah, shoot it all over my face...all over my tits...."

Jamie's cock throbs agonizingly in the chastity tube. He yanks his skimpy lace panties to the side and desperately pulls at his balls, trying to make himself go soft.

"Damn!" said Luther. "You believe that shit, Jamie? Some guy just blew his load on your wife's face and tits! And that ain't even the first one. That's number -- what is it, four? Five?"

Jamie hears Charity laughing. "I don't know, Daddy. I haven't kept count."

"Looks like five...not including mine. I started her off, of course. Your lady's got cum all over her face, bitch...she's really a mess. Man, she really got a load this time! Your woman is covered in it! If I was quicker on the draw I could have caught that for you. In mid-spurt. That guy really needed a blowjob, that's for sure! Fuck, he came everywhere! Lick it up, girl...don't let one drop get on these boots or I'll spank you even harder next time!"

Jamie hears Charity moaning, "Yes, Daddy. I'm licking it up!"

"Your bitch husband got email on his phone?"

"I think so..." she says. Then Charity's voice is gone, and there's more sounds of sucking.

"Shit," said Luther. "Next customer's already going at her! There must be a line down the hallway! Guess word gets around when a girl like your wife is sucking dick in this glory hole. Most of the time it's just faggots and sissies like you. This place ain't exactly in the best neighborhood. Ah! Here it is. I found you, bitch. Right here in her address book under 'My Sissy Faggot Husband.'"

Luther laughs, but Jamie feels his face reddening. Is that *really* how Charity tagged him in her smartphone's address book? He wouldn't put it past her. His wife really loves to play *hard* with the humiliation stuff. She's really taken a liking to his darkest fantasies...so much so that Jamie's not sure he's really living his fantasies any more. Charity has taken him much further than he ever thought he'd go in this whole feminized-sissy-cuckold-cheating thing. Sure, it started with his fantasy...but it's long since progressed to a "game" driven by Charity's fresh ideas, and she's got plenty of them. What's more, when Jamie whines or bitches or tries to tell her he doesn't want to take it as far as she does, he gets a spanking, a whipping, or worse. Charity's really started slipping into the kind of sissy submission that he thought only existed in stories. He used to jerk off about it, but now it's real. He's so submissive to her Charity, now, that he thinks maybe he's lost all capacity to be a man *at all*...let alone a real man. He can't even pretend to be one anymore. Maybe he never could. With all the things Charity's been doing to him lately, he feels more like a girl than a guy.

Luther says, "Here you go, sissy. Here's a nice batch of photos. Some mementos of your wife doing what she loves best. Where the fuck's the SEND button?" Jamie hears more slurping sounds. Luther laughs. "Guess she's too busy to answer. Shove a dick in her face and she forgets she even *has* a bitch husband who wants to see her suck cock. Ah! Here we go...SEND. Feast your eyes, sissy," Luther adds with a laugh. "I know you'll like 'em."

Jamie hears the chime of his email client announcing the message's arrival. This sound isn't some S/M classic from the '60s; it's just the regular smartphone ringtone. But when he opens the message (return address Charity's), the photos attached hit Jamie even harder than the sound of screeching viola and done guitar.

A dozen pictures are attached to the email. Jamie thumbs through them, moaning softly in painful arousal and growing humiliation.

All the photos are over-lit, washed out, because her smartphone has an automatic onboard flash. But there's no mistaking what's in the pictures.

Charity is naked, stark naked, except for a black leather collar and high-heeled shoes. She's down on her knees in a dirty little porn booth just big enough for one person, but with two now crammed inside -- he can see Luther's big boots and his legs and his hand in one of the pictures, when he's grabbing Charity's long blonde hair.

There's graffiti on the walls of the booth, and one of the walls has a little TV screen showing porno. Under the screen, there's a gaping hole in the wall. Its edges rimmed in old, dirty silver duct tape. Through the hole is thrust a big black dick...unbelievably big! Jamie thinks it looks like it's got to be at least twelve inches or so.

The cock is in Charity's mouth in all but two of the photos. The only two where she's not are the ones where Luther has grabbed her hair and forced her head back so the photo could capture the beautiful ruin of Charity's face, with spit, tears and cum running in rivers down her chin and cheeks, her hair messed up and her makeup smeared everywhere. In the other ten photos, the dick is in Charity's mouth.

There's already cum all over Charity's face and tits, soaking her hair. It's obvious that Luther wasn't kidding when he'd said that was the fifth cock Charity had sucked tonight...not including Luther's.

Jamie's jaw drops as he looks at the obscene photos of his wife. His mouth opens so wide in shock that he feels the tightness of the lipstick he's wearing. (It's Charity's lipstick, a color called "Twelve-Alarm Red," sold on a stripper website Charity likes to buy from. It's the same shade that Charity's wearing in the pictures. It's so red that the color shows up even in the washed-out, over-flashed pictures. It's a shade of red so bright that it practically advertises "Free Blowjobs!" that's why Jamie likes it. That's why Jamie got painfully hard when he saw his wife putting it on for her date. That's why Jamie decided to wear it himself -- so he would look like almost as much of a slut as his wife.

Jamie licks his slutty, puffy, lipstick-caked lips and feels his eyes filling with tears of humiliation. A few tears spill out and run down his rouged



cheeks, heavy with mascara. That's also Charity's: "Morticia Black," and it makes the tears run thick and black down his rouged cheeks.

The email client chimes again. There's a new batch of photos -- another dozen or so -- and they're even more obscene than the first ones. They show Charity sucking another cock, but not *just* sucking cock. Jamie can see now that the booth has more than one glory hole. There are *three* glory holes, one in each wall. Charity's working all three of them -- one with her mouth and the others with her hands. This batch of photos has more variety. It gives Jamie a lot more detail as to just what she's doing. Charity seems to be moving from one glory hole to the other, one cock to the other, trying to give each cock an equal share of attention from her mouth and her hands. All three cocks are very big; two of them are a deep chocolate-brown and the other is a light mocha color. Jamie moans as he put the phone close to his face so he can look at the details of his beautiful wife's messy mouth and hands going crazy on dick after dick after dick. One of the photos even features a cumshot -- a shimmering arc of liquid pumping from mocha-brown cock onto Charity's face! The photo immediately after it shows a fresh cock shoved through the hole -- and Charity's lips poised at the head, ready to suck! She isn't wasting any time between dicks! In the last photo Luther has sent in this batch, Charity is about to take the new cock in her mouth.

These photos show a wider angle than the other ones, so Jamie can also see Luther, a little bit. Luther's jean-clad legs are parted around Charity's naked body, straddling her. It's a very dominant pose, and Jamie shivers to see his wife being dominated like this. But it's made all the more dominant because Luther has his zipper down and his cock out; it's visible in several of the photos, towering over Charity and casting a flash-shadow onto her naked, cum-covered body.

Luther is hung like a monster. Jamie can't believe how big it was. It's a dark brown, gorgeous and massive -- thick as well as long. It isn't a surprise to Jamie that Luther is black. Charity tends to prefer that, now. There was a time when she didn't find black men attractive -- or so she said. But when she learned about her husband's sexual obsessions, she'd been gulled into trying it. Guided, at first, by Jamie's attractions, she'd cuckolded him with

black men because that's what aroused her sissy most. Before long, though, Charity had developed her taste. She found she liked black men a lot, *big* black men in particular. There was just something attractive about them to her.

Also driven by her husband's perverted desires, Charity had risked bareback sex with a stranger, early in their cuckolding relationship. She'd found it so much to her taste that she'd lost her aversion to risk altogether. Now she always let her dates fuck her bareback. She loved it that way. She didn't even *think* about condoms.

All of this -- Charity cuckolding him by meeting black men for bareback -- is what Jamie used to fantasize about back when it had been just a fantasy. But once Charity took full control, Jamie had panicked. He realized how humiliating and frightening it was to be cuckolded like this, and he worried for his wife's safety.

By then, though, it was too late -- *much* too late. Charity was the one who was addicted now. She didn't even let Jamie complain or whine about how much she "dated," how many guys she fucked, or what she let them do to her and how. The slightest complaint from Jamie would get him strapped to the Punishment Bench in their second bedroom, aka "The Dungeon." The hours he'd spent there, howling into a ball gag as his wife worked him over with her whip and cane and strap-on, had taught Jamie to keep his sissy mouth shut, except when Charity wanted to sit on his face, or wanted her strap-on sucked, or came home from a date dripping fresh seed, spread her legs and ordered him between them for a long, luscious middle-of-the-night licking.

This is the furthest Charity's ever gone, though. What she's doing tonight -- sucking cock at a glory hole, under the dominant hand of a stranger -- pushes it further than ever before. And that's why Jamie's cock throbs so painfully in his chastity tube. That's why he pinches his nipples and twists them so hard. That's why the black tears run down his pink cheeks and the luscious catharsis ripples through his body. He wants to tell her he loves her for doing this...even as he wants to tell her he hates her.

Jamie's smartphone chimes; there's another email from Luther...and another and another. More photos come, in batches of between three and twelve. This sadistic Luther bastard is really getting off on rubbing Jamie's face in his wife's sluttiness! But it's Charity who's really getting her face rubbed in something...cock and cum. And there's plenty of both of them. Jamie sees picture after picture where hot loads are blasted onto his wife's face. Soon she looks like she's been bathed in it; her pretty, ruined face is dripping the pearlescent liquid. It runs in strings off her chin and her tits. Her blonde hair is soaked through and matted with it. It even runs down her smooth, flat stomach and courses over her pussy.

Desperately trying to cease the pain in his spike-imprisoned cock, Jamie pulls at his balls and slaps them with his open hand. He thumbs through the photos, unable to control himself as the sucking and gulping sounds continue for minute after minute.

Jamie finally can't control himself. He's got to get some relief.

Still wearing his headset and carrying his smartphone, Jamie springs down the hallway -- no easy feat in his slutty, marabou-toed strap pumps with their six-inch heels. In the bedroom, he opens his lingerie drawer and pulls out the biggest cock he has -- a twelve-inch monster, anatomically accurate and detailed with veins and ripples and a realistic, sculpted head. The soft silicone flesh is chocolate-brown, of course, like all the cocks Charity lets him fuck. Jamie knows the cock is too big for him; he knows he shouldn't be so ambitious right out of the gate. But his cock is in agony in its padlocked prison; it's driving him crazy; he has to do *something*.

He sprawls on the bed and shoves the giant brown cock in his mouth. It's a model that Charity's made him suck numerous times; it's got a flared base beneath its sculpted balls, so that it can be used in a harness. Jamie has gotten very good at opening wide to take it in his mouth, which is a surprising feat. When Charity first started strapping on cocks, they were much smaller than this one. As she trained her husband, she built up their size, until she could make him suck and fuck this one, which she likes to call "Charity's Monster." The first time his wife had strapped on this dick and shoved it in his face, Jamie had barely been able to get the head to fit

through the wide "O" of his red-painted lips. Now, his wife had trained it so well that he can get it all the way in. Less than one-third of the cock fills his mouth, though, and he feels the hard press of the thick head at his throat. Jamie hears his wife's gulping and slurping sounds on the other side of the phone; he looks at the pictures of her taking dick. He rolls over onto his elbows and knees, leaning forward as he plants the base of the dick on the bed.

Jamie straightens his throat and thrusts forward onto the cock, opening wide. He struggles to swallow as the giant silicone dick violates his throat. He chokes and gags, but he finally gets it down until his red lips wrap around the base of the shaft, close to the realistic balls. He holds the base of the cock with one hand and runs the painted red fingernails of his other hand over the bulge that the dick makes as he deep-throats it. Jamie pumps his face onto it, feeling what's left of his gag reflex struggle to reassert itself. It can't; Jamie's will to suck cock dominates it.

The gulping, slurping and sucking sounds Jamie makes are lost in the avalanche of similar sounds in his headset, from Charity -- on real cock. Jamie feels wicked as he awkwardly changes his smartphone over to the camera setting - almost losing his grip on it with his spit-slippery hands. He manages to get a couple of pictures of him deep-throating the giant cock. Maybe his Mistress will be pleased when he shows them to her when she gets home.

But then the email client chimes again, and Jamie switches to that -- to find more images of Charity, more covered in cum than ever, rubbing big hard black dicks between her tits and taking fresh loads on her face. How many cocks has Charity serviced already? Jamie doesn't know; he's not sure he *wants* to know.

But he does want to know how a big black cock feels...and not just in his throat.

When Jamie comes up for air from sucking dick, he hawks and spits all over the head of the big black dildo. He feels an aching throb in his pained cock. He feels an inexorable hunger inside him; he can't say no.

He knows he has to do it. No time for lube.

He spits again on the head of his cock. Jamie sits up and adjusts his body. He finds a good, firm spot on the mattress and holds the giant chocolate-brown dildo there, its base flat against the bed. Jamie crouches over it, holding the base of the shaft and guiding the spit-lubed head toward his crack. With his other hand, pulls the thin string of his thong-panties out of the way to expose his asshole. He spreads his cheeks. He sits down on the head.

Jamie cries out. He shoves harder, pressing his body onto the giant black cock. His eyes roll back and he lets out a desperate sob, his feminine body rocking back and forth as he thrusts himself down against the dick, feeling his asshole resist the intrusion. Then it all gives way, and his buttohole opens wide for the enormous head of the silicone member. Once the head is in, the rest of Jamie's asshole opens up easily for the spit-slickened dick -- all twelve inches of it. Jamie starts fucking himself down onto the cock, howling at the top of his lungs as he fills up his buttohole rhythmically.

On the other end of the phone, he hears Luther laughing. "Damn! Guess you're havin' some fun of your own! Listen to this, slut! What the hell is your sick sissy fuck of a husband doing?"

Jamie can't stop moaning, but he listens as Charity's slurping sounds get closer -- and then they stop, as Charity takes a turn to listen. Jamie moans loud for her, relishing the exquisite pain in his buttohole as he rams his body down onto the dildo, impaling himself again and again. He can feel the big dick slamming against this prostate. He violates himself with thrust after thrust of his slim, feminized body, howling and moaning and whimpering in pleasure.

"What're you doing, baby? Are you fucking that big fat black dick I fuck your butt with sometimes?"

Jamie whimpers, "Yes, Mistress!"

"That's a good sissy! Good little sissy bitch!" But then Charity's voice becomes stern. "But you didn't ask permission first, did you?"

Jamie feels a cold stab of fear, but he couldn't stop if he wanted. All he can do is wail, "No, Mistress!" as he feels a building pressure inside him, deep inside, where the head of the dildo rubs up against his inner parts, feeling like it's rubbing against his swollen balls and stimulating his half-soft dick from the *inside*. His eyes roll back and he cries out, "I'm going to cum, Mistress! I'm going to cum!"

Then he does. A deep, powerful, receptive and feminine-feeling orgasm ripples through him, spasms of pleasures radiating outward from his deeply-fucked asshole to his stiff nipples, and his cock-loosened throat. He screams at the top of his lungs as an interior orgasm blasts through his body and soul.

His dick remains soft, though, trapped in its padlocked prison. All that comes out of the tip is a thin drizzle of semen, wetting his panties thoroughly. Calling it a "squirt" would be giving it too much credit. But it does make his panties feel deliciously wet.

And the spasms of pleasures have lessened Jamie's agonizing need. He feels the sense of relief flowing through his body as he sprawls on the bed, the giant dick still embedded in his ass.

He could hear Charity slurping on the other end of the phone. She'd gone back to sucking dick. Jamie listened intently, still moaning himself, working his butt up and down on the giant dark-brown silicone shaft as he listens to his wife sucking dick at a glory hole.

Correction! Sucking and jacking dick at *three* glory holes.

Listening to it makes Jamie keep rocking his hips, the dick still inside him. Even after his "release," he feels an aching need to have it there. He loves the feeling of his asshole stretched around the huge cock. His own moans fade as he listens to the obscene noises of his wife making a glory-hole whore of herself.

After a few minutes of slurping, Charity takes a break from sucking. She's panting, like she's exhausted from so much sucking.

She says: "You're a very good sissy for fucking your ass. But a very bad sissy for not asking permission first. We'll talk about it when I get home." Jamie moans in terror; he knows what "we'll talk about it" means. It means the Punishment Bench; it might mean the whip, or the strap, or the cane, or maybe even the cattle prod.

Or it might mean this very strap-on, shoved up his ass. But Charity always makes sure to fuck Jamie much harder than Jamie fucks harder. Jamie knows if his wife decides to punish him with this very cock, she'll be sure not to make it too easy for him. Charity has powerful hip and thigh and abdominal muscles. With a dick this size strapped to her body, she can pound Jamie's ass like a blacksmith! She might make the fuck he just gave himself seem like a good-night kiss...

Jamie says, "Yes, Mistress. I'm sorry, Mistress. I got so turned on. I just *had* to cum..."

Charity's already sucking again, making audible gagging sounds. Between slurps, she says, "I know, baby. But I'll have to punish you. Maybe *you* need a trip to where I am right now. Don't you think that would make the punishment fit the crime?"

Jamie's whole body goes taut in sudden fear and arousal. His back arches and he shoves himself onto the dick even harder, till his tight butthole and his smooth-shaved butt are right around the anatomically-accurate balls.

Jamie moans: "I--I don't know, Mistress. If it...please you, Mistress?"

Charity's next words aren't to her slave, but to Luther.

She says, "No more pictures, Daddy. Please hang up."

The slurping and gagging and sucking sounds begin again; Charity's back to doing what she does best.

Luther has taken the phone back; he's laughing.

"You hear that, bitch? Sounds like you're gonna make a trip here some night soon. Something tells me you'll suck almost as much dick as your wife is. Don't worry, when I'm done with her tonight, I'll make sure she comes back to you nice and slimy for one of those tongue-baths you give her. She told me all about those. For now...nighty-night!"

There's a click. Luther has disconnected.

Jamie stays there on the bed for a very long time, moaning. He rocks his hips up and down, pumping himself on the cock that earned him his punishment. He holds up his smartphone and pages again and again through the pictures of Charity sucking and jacking off all those dicks. He doesn't stop fucking his butt. He just keeps stroking himself onto the big chocolate-brown dick, feeling unable to stop. It's almost like the motion is involuntary. It's as if some inner reflex has taken over for Jamie's conscious mind. All he can do, now, is fuck.

So that's what he does. Jamie sprawls there, legs spread.

Jamie's soft little cock drizzles. The juice leaks out of his chastity tube onto his lacy panties. The crotch becomes wetter and wetter with every stroke onto the giant silicone cock. Jamie looks at the pictures of Charity over and over, knowing he won't sleep tonight any more than she will. As he impales himself rhythmically on the giant silicone cock, Jamie twists his nipples painfully. He spans his thighs and slaps his face and tugs painfully at his balls. He feels his asshole relaxing more and more to accommodate the big silicone dick...and in response, he fucks himself onto it harder. He looks at the pictures of his wife sucking and jerking off strangers, and thinks about having to do it himself. He feels sure that his wife will make good on her threat. He moans in humiliated pleasure, loving and hating every minute of his self-imposed torment.





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