

A year ago, Brett's dreams came true when he married his high-school crush, Taylor, after a whirlwind courtship and engagement.

SAFEWORD

IGNORED

PRESENTS...

HUBBY LEARNS HIS PLACE



Having been a nerd in high-school, he couldn't believe he had managed "get the hot girl." Brett couldn't have been more happy...

That is, until his wife started getting bored with their sex life and decided they should start experimenting.



Brett proved too much of a beta male to stop his wife from checking out other guys right in front of him.

One day, Taylor invited a tall, athletic hunk home right in front of Brett.



It was part of some new kink Taylor wanted to explore, and Brett was helpless to say "no." He had no power in the relationship, because Taylor was smoking hot and he was still antimid, socially-awkward average-looking man.

With weak protests, Brett watched the muscle-bound stud grope his tight-bodied wife. Suddenly, Brett wished he had worked out more so he could compete.



Taylor took a sharp breath as the handsome stud ripped off her tiny yellow sundress. Brett watched in shame. Taylor had never let him take control of her like that.

Brett thought he might cry when he saw how Taylor--his lifelong crush and formerly sweet, innocent wife--bit her lower lip as she slowly unzipped the stud's pants.

Pain, jealousy and a pinch of arousal swirled like butterflies in Brett's stomach as he watched his wife lovingly take the stud the long, thick cock between her lips -- the lips he had kissed on their wedding day.

Gluck! Gluck! Gluck! Taylor bobbed her head up and down the stud's cock, until it was deep in her throat. Brett hung his head. Though he often went down on Taylor, she almost never returned the favor, much less deep-throated.

Despite her looks, Taylor had not been sloppy in high-school. Her cute, modest style couldn't hide her amazing body, but she only put out while in committed relationships.



Brett watched his wife's innocence crumble before his eyes. The stud was turning her into his personal, filthy whore.

Taylor grabbed a fistful of Brett's shirt. They had talked about this. It was time. He submissively began to disrobe.

Taylor pointed and laughed at the training bra and panties she had made Brett wear under his clothes.

A familiar embarrassment burned in Brett's cheeks. It was like high-school all over again. She was the hot girl, and he was the nerd. Why had he thought he deserved someone so far out of his league to be his pure, chaste equal.

He hung his head in shame as she put the Goldilocks wig on him. This was all he deserved. Taylor was so hot it made him ache inside. He could never leave her. Soft and weak, he had never been much of a man. He would gladly be her slave girl, if it meant he could still be near her.

The stud's member had gone flaccid as Taylor had put on Brett's makeup -- the only time she had looked at him with affection all day.

He allowed her to bend and break his sexuality -- though it made him feel violated. He, a straight man, would suck cock if that was her command.



It was a vile taste that made him want to gag and vomit. But he kept performing. It was all he had to offer the wife he didn't deserve.

The stud's thick member engorged, filling Brett's mouth until it was ramming against his esophagus.

Taylor pushed Brett aside, writhing her firm body against the stud's washboard abs as she began to make-out with him.

Taylor snapped the leash onto Brett's collar, forcing him to follow her and the stud into their bedroom.

Brett thought he could die when he watched her get on all fours like an animal. Her jaw dropped, a gasp of ecstasy escaping her lips as the stud thrust into her.

She came four times, loudly, before he had to. He slipped his wet cock from her stretched pussy, and pulled her face back to it. He emptied his load into her mouth, shooting globs of hot cum down her throat. Brett lowered his eyes. He had never been allowed to cum on any part of her, much less in her mouth.

Taylor had never kissed Brett so steamily before, pulling the stud's lower lip through her teeth as she finished.



Brett gasped in surprise when his wife grabbed his face with both hands. She tapped his mouth with a finger, ordering him to open it. Brett closed his eyes, tensing as he waited for a rope of warm, salty cum to dribble onto his tongue.

"Good girl" she said. Then she kissed him. Not the sexual way she had kissed the stud, but with deep affection. She tasted like his cock, but Brett didn't care.

"That was so hot, baby," she whispered. "You're the best hubby ever."

For the first time all day, Brett's penis wiggled, pressing against the walls of the chastity device she had made him wear.



"Swallow," she said, and it took everything in him to make his throat work. He gulped the glob down, cringing hard afterward. It was the most difficult thing he had ever done, and this time he was sure he would cry. But then Taylor -- the love of his life -- smiled at him and gently stroked his hair.

She had transformed him. Suddenly, her receiving pleasure was enough for him. Not just enough to make him cum, but enough to make him feel purposeful and loved.

The next morning, Brett got up early to put on his makeup, stockings and maid's outfit by himself, serving his wife and her lover breakfast in bed. He had learned his place and was loving it!

END!