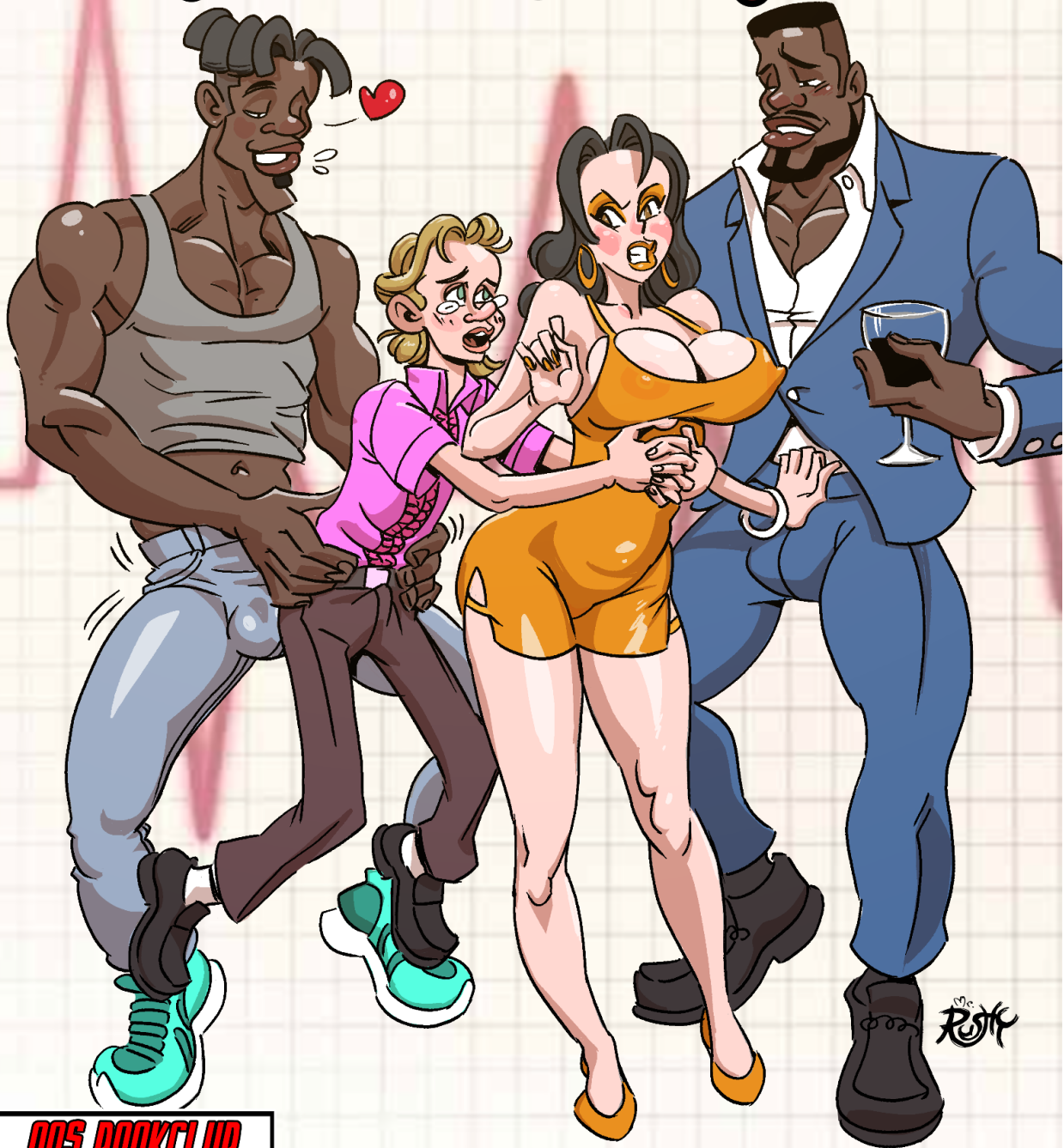


TALK TO ME!

WRITTEN BY
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By Throne

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TALK TO ME

by Throne

Sitting at his desk, Robin Manchester reviewed the impressive number of accounts on the screen of his computer. He never had trouble getting new ones and holding onto old ones. The company he worked for had just begun representing a concern that did licensing for sports teams. Some people thought Robin was not the best person to deal with those products. He was small and slender, not a fan of the major leagues. It was also significant that his voice was soft and high, enough so that first time callers immediately assumed he was female. But he had confidence to spare and nothing could stand up to that.

So, when he got a call from Marcus Johnson, a former pro football player who now represented teams through that new client, Robin was excited and eager to have a meeting. Johnson not only did publicity but also special marketing, which was a huge

opportunity. Two of his specialties were custom items and promotional limited editions. He also acted as a liaison with major advertisers. All of those areas could be incredibly lucrative for the company that employed Robin. This had the potential to be his biggest success yet.

And it would please his wife Maria, who would like to see him 'step up to the plate and hit one out of the park', along with bringing home a fat bonus check for her to spend. Robin was aware that his success was one of the main reasons his marriage was stable. That made up for some deficiencies on his part in the bedroom. He knew that Maria had been with a number of men before she met him, and had been quite a party girl. Her past lovers had all been tall and athletic, not to mention good in bed.

In fact, as she had confessed once after a few drinks, she was drawn to him partly because he was the opposite of that type. She wanted to slow her life down and decided she needed someone who wasn't a big powerful brute who could ravish her all night. What she was ready for was someone unassertive around her, who she could be comfortable with and who would provide for her rather extravagant tastes. So with his considerable income, as well as his eagerness to please her and maintain an untroubled relationship, she was willing to accept his lack of talent and equipment during lovemaking.

That might not sound like an ideal situation for him, but there was one more very important factor. Maria was a stunning,

voluptuous, Italian bombshell, with long, thick jet hair and a figure that made men stop and stare. She had unbelievable curves. Robin was immediately addicted to her thrusting bust, expansive hips, wide protruding ass, and full but firm thighs. He even cherished her large solid calves. When she wore black stockings it came close to giving him a spontaneous erection. He had the same feeling when she wore tight sweaters, yoga pants, boots, or at night a filmy, short nightie. Of course, that reaction was a frequent reminder to him of his essential shortcoming. His undeniable liability. The main thing that prevented him from being good in bed. Robin Manchester was cursed with a miniature penis. It was humiliatingly short and slim, with a rosy head that looked small even on such a below average member.

He made a point to tell Maria that he was dealing with Marcus Johnson, the famous pro ball player. She wasn't familiar with the name so, when Robin was on his home computer he did a search on him and called her into the room to view the results. Maria stood behind Robin as he read some of the text but she wasn't impressed. To try to hold her interest, he switched the search to 'Images'. The screen was immediately filled with shots of the star athlete, a muscular Black man with confident body language. They showed him in his uniform, dapper business suits, casual outfits, swim trunks and even, in one photo, nothing but a jockstrap. In that last one his lack of apparel made it abundantly clear that he did not share Robin's disadvantage in the male appendage department. Maria leaned over her husband with her

heavy bust pressing into the back of his shoulder. She held onto Robin's slim upper arm for added support as she hungrily ran her dark eyes over all those images of raw masculinity, especially the locker room shot with Marcus nearly au natural.

Robin said, "See. He's really famous. And I'll be working with him. This is going to put me head and shoulders above the rest of the guys in Account Development."

"That's terrific," Maria said, sounding slightly distracted. "Keep me posted on how it's going."

The next day, Robin made an early call to Marcus Johnson. After Johnson's secretary put him through, he was greeted by the celebrity athlete's deep rumble of a voice saying, "Robin, so nice to hear from you again. I was thinking that maybe we could get together to discuss some details of the contract my people are roughing out. Get a little facetime together. How does that sound?"

"Oh, that would be fine," Robin said enthusiastically. "I'd certainly like to talk to you one-on-one."

"Terrific. How about if I stop by your office? We can chat and then get lunch. I know an excellent place to eat not far from your building."

"Well..." Robin hesitated. There was something odd about Johnson's tone. He dismissed it and went on, "That would be perfect. When is a good time for you?"

"How about Friday? I could stop in about midday, if that works with your schedule. And we could go to lunch after we touch base on a few points."

"Terrific. I'll see you then." This was so promising. A bit breathlessly he finished with, "It will be good to get to know you."

Johnson said goodbye and cradled the receiver of the old style phone that sat on his wide desk. His large hand lingered for a moment as he thought. Robin sounded awfully ready to get together, and maybe something more. Marcus had been immediately attracted to that voice, so well modulated and feminine. He could only hope that whoever possessed such vocal charm looked as good as they sounded. He made a point to get his short hair trimmed and at home he touched up his neatly kept mustache. Marcus made sure his favorite sport coat, the one he called his 'seduction special' was unwrinkled. He wanted everything ready to make an effective impression on this girl Robin.

When Friday came he gave everything one last check and headed for the company she worked for. After he got there he was impressed to see that she had a corner office. She must be one hell of an Accounts Manager. He went to the closed door, with its

frosted glass window, and knocked lightly. That honeyed voice invited him in. When he opened the door the only person he saw was a man seated behind the desk. A small young guy with soft features. But still a guy. Marcus' eyes darted discretely around to make sure there wasn't someone else in there.

"Hello," said Robin. "You must be Marcus Johnson."

Damn. It was the same voice, coming from that unmanly looking male. The tall Black man forced himself to smile as he strode to the desk and held out his hand. Robin got up and revealed how very short he was. Marcus' big paw of a hand enclosed the smaller white one and they exchanged a quick formal shake. The former athlete sat in the seat opposite his prospective business connection and said he looked forward to working with him. After all, despite that shocking disappointment, they could still pursue mutually beneficial financial goals. They spoke for a few minutes and were making progress. Both of them saw big profits ahead. But Marcus was still unsettled at what had happened. The guy even looked borderline girly. His sandy blond hair was slightly long. He dressed in stylish but overly designed clothes. Even so, Robin was a dynamic talker with powers of persuasion.

After they'd covered all the essentials, Robin excused himself to get a coffee. He asked Marcus if he'd like one, too. This was one of Robin's techniques. Once he saw a client was responsive, he would offer to get him a beverage and then fetch it himself. The move demonstrated that he was willing to serve the other person,

at least when he, Robin, initiated the action. Because he had to leave the office to get the drinks, it also demonstrated trust, leaving the other person alone in his work space. Johnson said he would like one, with cream but no sugar. Robin gave him a winning smile and went to get them each a coffee. Marcus noticed there was a framed picture on the desk, facing away from him. He wondered if Robin was straight and looked back over his shoulder to see that the door was closed almost completely. With a swift move he stretched out his long arm and turned the picture around. There was Robin in a well tailored, expensive suit and a somewhat showy necktie. Next to him was a full figured sex goddess in a skintight dress. She had magnificent contours that begged to be touched. Marcus took one last look and turned the picture back the way it had been. Robin might not be a woman but his wife certainly was. Very desirable and, if Robin was as much of a weakling as his physique and manner suggested, maybe accessible. She would certainly be worth a discrete try.

The owner of the office returned and handed his guest a paper cup. Marcus sipped the steaming brew and it was very good. He leaned back and said, "So, it's looks like you and I can do a lot of business together. But I am going to have to give you a raincheck on that lunch we were going to have. I visited someone earlier and they insisted on treating me to some of the local pizza. It was

great but I'm still full. How about tomorrow? We can rough out a final deal and then let the paper pushers do all the detail work for us."

Robin was thrilled that everything had gone so well. He looked forward to telling Maria. Good news like that could easily lead to an evening of hot sex with her. Well, he reminded himself in the interest of honesty, she was so desirable that he lasted a lot less than the evening. Now he just had to make sure that Marcus didn't lose interest. This was one customer he didn't want to get away.

"No problem about the lunch," he assured his visitor. "I'm sure we'll be seeing plenty of each other."

"I think I'll stay over here in the city so I can check some of my contacts. I can get some dinner later on. Maybe you can recommend someplace. What I would love is a good homecooked type meal. Do you know anywhere that I can get that?"

"Well." The wheels in Robin's head were spinning. He had the perfect solution. "Why don't you come to my place? It's not even that far away. My wife is a terrific cook. She makes all sort of Italian specialties."

"I don't know. Pizza for lunch and maybe pasta for dinner. I don't want to start piling on the pounds."

"Are you kidding?" Robin said. "You look marvelous. Just like back when you were playing football."

"Well, I have tried to stay in shape," he said with false modesty.

"So come on. We have some good red wine, too."

"Now you're tempting me," Marcus said with a laugh. "But if it's not too much bother..."

"Absolutely not. I'll give you the address. And we can put my home number in your phone in case you need it."

"And I can grab a taxi. Problem solved. I really appreciate this, Robin."

"My pleasure, Marcus."

They rose again and shook hands once more. This time Marcus noticed how soft Robin's was. He surreptitiously looked him up and down, seeing even more clearly his potential to look feminine. Now it was Marcus' mind that was racing. There were some very interesting directions this could go. He would take it a step at a time and, if everything went his way, this could be the best business trip he had ever made.

As he left, Robin was congratulating himself for hitting on the idea of inviting him to the luxury penthouse apartment he owned. At the same time, Marcus was mentally patting himself on the back for how easily he had manipulated Robin into making that

invitation. The fact that Robin could be steered with so little effort was another plus. Yes, Marcus told himself, this situation was shaping up extremely well.

A few hours later Marcus showed up at Robin's residence, took the elevator all the way up, and went to one of the only two doors on that level. The big man had a chilled bottle of excellent wine in his hand, tucked into a cloth gift bag. He patted the perfect knot of his necktie and rang the bell. The door was opened almost instantly and Robin stood there grinning up at him. The smaller man was wearing a sports shirt and slacks, both designer items, that somehow didn't look manly on him.

Once Marcus was inside he held up the bottle and said, "I have a little gift for the hostess."

"That's so thoughtful," Robin gushed, a bit too eager to please. He called out, "Maria, honey. Come and meet our guest."

She came into the room, broad hips swaying. Robin was taken aback. The last time he had seen her, half an hour ago, she had been wearing a basic black dress and pearls. After that she said she had to finish getting ready. Now she was in an orange onesie so tight it fit like a second skin, so abbreviated that her cleavage and thighs were well shown off. As she approached Marcus, his eyes were all over her. She was even sexier than in that photo.

And had obviously dressed to impress, in just the way he preferred. Her make-up was just a hint overdone, jewelry a bit too flashy, heels an inch higher than called for and glossy crimson to go with her dress. Robin told himself that she had simply changed her mind about what to have on. Heck, she was probably uncertain how to dress in front of a sports celebrity like Marcus

Johnson.



The big man extended his hand and Maria held out hers. They shook once but then didn't break their mutual grip. She gazed up into his brown eyes and gave him a pandering smile.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Mr. Johnson."

"Please," he insisted. "Call me Marcus."

"Thank you... Marcus."

"My pleasure... Maria."

He handed her the bottle, which she took out of its fancy bag and admired. "This is lovely. So thoughtful of you."

The impressive man pointed out, "I knew a Zinfandel would go well with Italian food. Bold and tangy. I hope you appreciate something with a lot of power."

She fluttered her eyelashes and purred, "I'd love to try it." To her husband she said, "Robin, could you pour Marcus and I each a glass?"

Robin appreciated that she had remembered their guests' given name. It showed that she too was eager for this get-together to aid the flow of business. Great. He would use getting them wine as an excuse to leave the two of them together for a few minutes. With Maria charming the big man, and Robin schmoozing him to facilitate them working together, everything was on course to go

perfectly. Robin took his time in the kitchen. When he came back with the drinks he found the two of them sitting together on the sofa. He handed them their glasses. Because he didn't want the bottle to run out too soon, and so that Marcus might become slightly inebriated and therefore more open to suggestions, Robin didn't pour any for himself. He sat across from them in a large easy chair and watched as they clinked glasses.

Maria said, "To new friendships."

Marcus added, "May they develop into long lasting ones."

The two of them sipped the ruby red liquid while Robin looked on approvingly. Marcus glanced across at him, noticing how the large chair dwarfed Robin. Then he eyed Maria sidelong, trying to picture the two of them together in bed. The only explanation he could come up with, besides the fact that Robin obviously had a good income, was that the guy must be hung like a stallion. Why else would she stay with him? Of course, another answer might be that it was just the money, and she found her satisfaction elsewhere. Or wanted to.

When Maria excused herself ten minutes later, to go and check on the food, Robin leaned forward with his hands on his knees. He said, "Isn't she a doll?"

"She's a very nice young lady," Marcus said cheerily, intentionally not bringing up her showstopper of a figure. "You're lucky to have

her." He hoped that would prompt Robin to say more about his stunning wife.

"I am," he agreed. "It's not like she didn't have her pick of guys. But she was drawn to me." He left out everything about how she was looking for the opposite of the studs she had known before. "I guess I just have what it takes."

"That's great. And dinner smells delicious. What is that? Sausage with peppers and onions?"

"Exactly. You've got a good sniffer. Plus she's making cheese ravioli. And steaming broccoli. With that wine you brought, it'll be an ideal menu."

They chatted about business after that, Robin happy to have another chance to advance his plans, Marcus unable to take his mind off Maria. When she finally reappeared she had tied a pink and white apron on, which made her appear even more desirable.

It created an innocent-but-lascivious effect that Marcus found irresistible. She led them to the kitchen. From behind her, Marcus admired that big round ass. It put him in booty heaven.

Now he was more determined than ever to carry this to the conclusion he longed for. They sat and Maria served them. Every time she bent forward over the table, the former athlete got an eyeful of her deep cleavage. She brought a bottle of their own wine from the fridge to Robin, along with a corkscrew. She also brought a glass for her husband to use. Maria explained that they

could compare it to what Marcus had brought. Robin struggled to open it for several minutes.

"Maybe I can get that for you," Marcus offered. "I have a lot of experience with uncorking wine. I'm slowly stocking a cellar and like to open a bottle whenever I have a special guest over." He looked significantly at Maria and was gratified when she made and held eye contact.

Marcus had no trouble removing the cork. He even made an excuse for Robin, but phrased it to make clear he was covering for the other man's ineptitude. When Robin reached for the bottle, with a hint of impatience, Marcus pulled it back.

The Black man said good-naturedly, "We have to let it breathe, of course."

Robin saw his own error and agreed, trying to sound like he had known that all along. Now that there was more wine available, he poured himself just a little from the bottle Marcus had provided and took a sip. He wasn't used to drinking such costly wine. It was more complex than he was used to. He liked his to be sweeter. They ate for a while and then Marcus got up to serve more from the first bottle. He moved around behind Maria and reached over her, his long arm easily accessing her glass. As he poured he got another clear view of her partially exposed breasts. Then he moved behind Robin and refilled his glass as well, noting

that Maria was watching as he did it. He returned to his seat, gently swirled the wine in his glass, and inhaled its fragrance.

When Robin tried to imitate him, some sloshed out and got on the tablecloth. Marcus saluted them with his glass and took a sip, swishing it in his mouth and sucking in breath to enhance the tasting. Again Robin copied him, this time without mishap. He took a sip and wrinkled his nose. Again, the wine wasn't nearly simple enough for him. Marcus commented on its complexities and Robin nodded as if following him naturally.

Wanting to contribute something, Robin said, "I like it fruitier."

There was a moment's silence, with both the others looking at Robin. Marcus said, "Yes. Some do like it that way. Fruity."

He exchanged a secret smile with Maria, who suppressed a giggle.

She didn't mind a joke at the expense of her less than macho spouse. Especially not when it came from such a handsome man.

They finished the meal and Maria filled their glasses from the second bottle. Marcus tasted the wine and raised his eyebrows at Maria. She rolled her eyes and nodded surreptitiously toward her husband. Then everyone returned to the living room to relax.

There were a few more remarks about business but Maria interrupted them.

"So tell me, Marcus," she said with easy familiarity. "What was it like being on the road with your team?"

He thought for a second before saying, "Well, it could be kind of boring, between living out of a hotel and rushing to the game. There was always the desire for a... connection. Fortunately, the fans provided some help. Quite a few young ladies were there to keep up our spirits."

"Oh my," said Maria. "You mean football groupies?"

He laughed merrily. "I won't deny it. What can I say? Some girls are just attracted to athletes. They appreciate someone who can..." He made a throat clearing sound. "... hold their interest all night long."

"All night long," she said thoughtfully. "In a little hotel room."

"Actually," he explained, "those rooms were spacious. Which was good. Like I always say, Size Matters."

"Amen to that," she seconded.

Robin felt cut out of the conversation. He asked about the locker room and Marcus went into a story about when a male sportscaster came down sick and had to be replaced at the last minute with a female news reporter. He made the account amusing and Maria had several good laughs. Robin smiled amiably. They chatted some more before Maria asked Robin if he would get the dessert out of the fridge and serve. He left the room and took a few minutes to get plates, cut the Italian rum cake, and prepare it for distribution. He returned to the room to find his

wife and their guest leaning their heads together, sharing some private exchange. It couldn't hurt to have Marcus softened up by how friendly she was being, Robin reminded himself approvingly. He passed out the plates and then remembered they needed forks.

One more trip to the kitchen and they began eating.

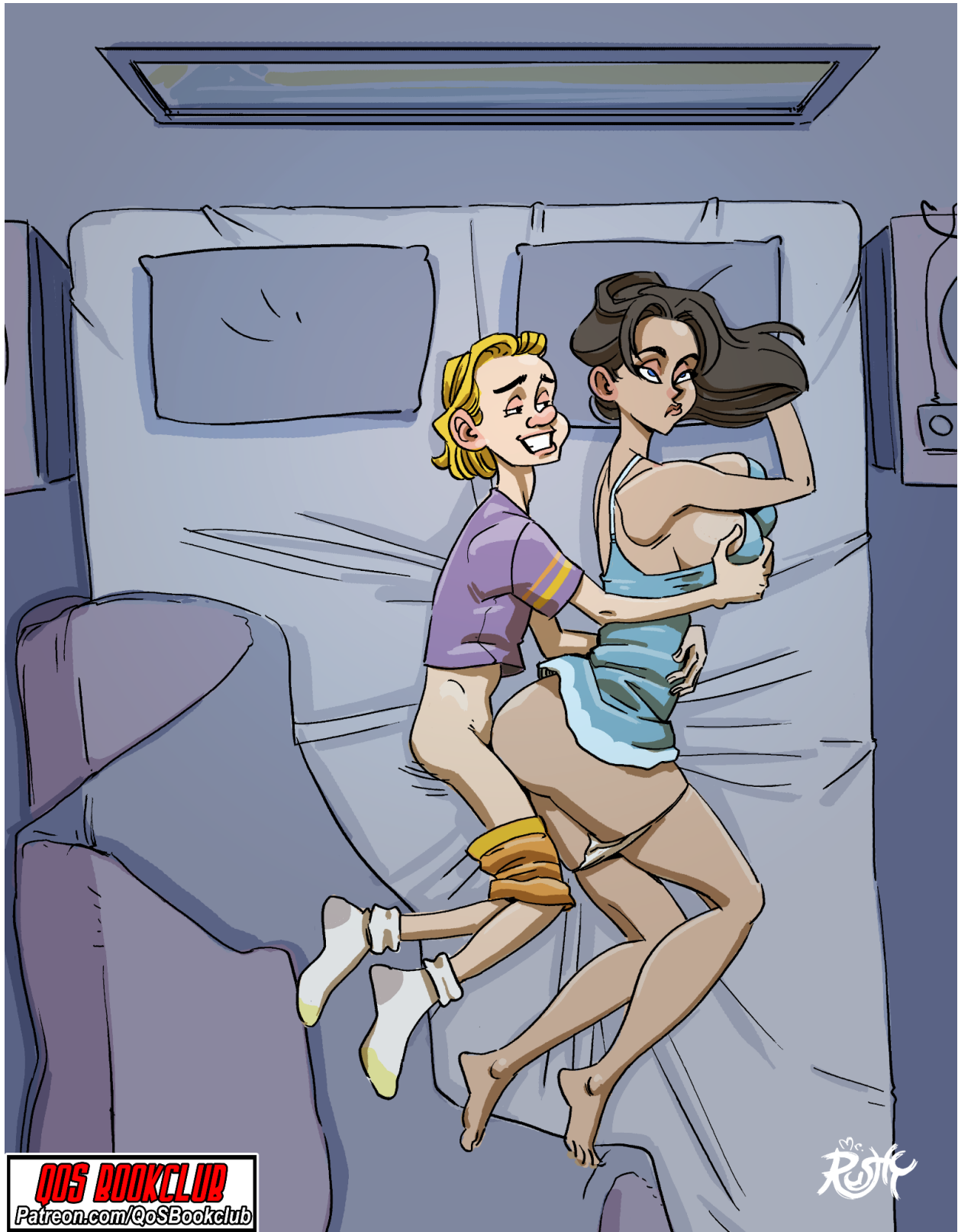
By the end of the evening, everyone was mellow. Robin used the opportunity to make a few more calculated points about the contracts before Maria shushed him to silence. He didn't appreciate that but was willing to allow her one misstep. When it was time for Marcus to leave, she walked him to the door and then, suggesting to her husband that he gather the plates, accompanied Marcus to the elevator and rode it down with him. She came back, smiling slyly to herself. Robin felt the evening had been very successful. Maria said the wine had gone to her head. She put the apron she had worn earlier around her husband's waist. Over his mild protests, she tied a big floppy bow in the back. Giving him a pat on the rear, she told him playfully to wash up all the dishes and then come to bed. They had a perfectly serviceable dishwasher, but these were fine dishes she had inherited through her family, and they always had to be hand cleaned. He humored her and started them as she left the room. Maria glanced back at him standing there, wearing that apron. She nodded, as if agreeing with some private question she had asked herself.

When Robin was done he had some trouble getting out of the apron. Why had she used some sort of fancy knot? He got it off at last and hurried to the bedroom, hoping that she might be in the mood for some playful fun. The good news was that Maria was perched on the side of the bed, wearing a tiny nightie with matching bikini panties. She was a warm invitation to passionate lovemaking. The bad news was that, as soon as he dropped a hint about what he wanted, she pointed out that the heavy meal made it impossible for her to get into the mood. He said he understood and got himself undressed and into his short sleeved pajamas. He stood there with his slender arms and legs mostly bare. His bride took a good look at him, pursed her lips, and shook her head fractionally. He didn't see that reaction. What he did see was how lovely yet inaccessible she appeared as she lay there, not yet under the covers. He got alongside her, atop his half of the covers, and snuggled closer. She pulled the rest of the blanket and sheet across her, gave him a lingering kiss, and stroked his upper arm.

That made him want her even more. But she rolled over, presenting him with her back.

"Honey," she said sleepily. "I'm a little bit cold. Could you squeeze up against me? Please?"

She didn't have to ask twice.



He pulled the remainder of the covers over him and wriggled closer to press himself to her, spoon fashion. His crotch was in close contact with her stupendous rear end. He started to get stiff at once but she didn't give any sign of noticing. She even squirmed her bottom, making him bite his lips to keep from moaning out loud.

"That feels so good," she murmured. "Stay right there, lover."

He was happy to accommodate her. The only drawback was that he couldn't lose his erection and it was driving him crazy. Still, it was better than nothing. And tomorrow night she might be less full and sleepy. Robin eventually drifted off to sleep, his head filled with visions of climbing on top of her for his precious minute or two of penetration. She was still awake but feigning slumber. Her mind was similarly crowded with images of intercourse, though with several significant differences.

A week later everything was set to go. The contracts were ready to be signed. Robin was ecstatic. That was when everything fell apart. He was already in a bad mood because his wife hadn't been feeling amorous. Then Marcus showed up with some bad news. Everything had been put on hold because of some minor problem Robin had experienced with one of his clients months before.

How would they even have found out about that? Has someone made an issue of it? As the days passed and nothing happened, Robin found himself having to answer questions to his bosses about the deal with Marcus. His confidence began to erode. It still could have turned out all right but then word of his past difficulty -- really only that one incident, a few changes he'd made in a contract without consulting anyone -- got out and his regular clients became dissatisfied. One of them decided to switch to another representative, which the company was quick to allow rather than lose the account. He had two new clients set up to meet with and both of those fell through. One went to a different company and the other asked for someone other than Robin to deal with. He couldn't believe the downward spiral he was caught in.

At home he let his temper get the best of him and snapped at Maria. That might have been overlooked but then he raised his hand to her. He didn't take it any further. But she overreacted and cloistered herself in the bedroom, refusing to unlock the door. After an hour of trying to reason with her, he at least got his wife to talk. She mentioned how his attitude had been deteriorating.

He countered with all the troubles he had been having. She pointed out that those were of his own making. He saw that he was boxed in and nothing short of some extreme strategy would free him. So when he mentioned having to call Marcus for an update, she said how polite the other man had been when he visited. Robin seized on that and said he could invite the one-time

athlete to their home again. That soothed Maria and she came out of the room. With his phone's speaker turned on, Robin hit the preset number he had entered into his directory.

Marcus answered after a few rings. "Hey, Robin. How's it going, buddy? Still no word on those contracts. Though I did get some feedback that they might be taking the account elsewhere."

"On no," Robin said in exasperation. "That's all I need." He heard himself and how desperate he sounded. Taking a calming breath, he said, "But maybe we can avoid that. Hey, why don't you stop over here and we can throw some ideas back and forth."

"I don't know. That news about what you did before is spreading like wildfire."

"But if I get your business, once everybody hears about that, it could turn everything around for me."

"And I'd like to help you. But I have to think of my people first. I mean, it's me that's going to get the credit or blame for whatever happens."

Robin gritted his teeth for a moment. The muscles in his shoulders were tight. He forced himself to sound calm as he said, "Well, let's just make it a social visit. I picked up another bottle of that wine you brought. It's in the fridge."

"Well, you know, it shouldn't be TOO cold."

"All right," Robin told him. "I can take it out right now. By the time you get here it should be just right. I think."

"I don't know." Marcus sounded uncertain.

With no other cards to play, Robin said, "I'm sure Maria would like to see you."

"Oh. Okay." Still not too enthused, Marcus decided, "I'll be there in about an hour."

"Great. That's terrific. Thanks so much."

He closed his phone and hurried to the den. Maria was lounging in a tank top and yoga pants, both from famous labels of course.

Robin told her, "You have to get dressed right away. Marcus is coming over and I need to make have everything just right. Wear something like last time. But not the same dress. You know what I mean."

"I know that you're babbling. Calm down, Robin. I'll make myself pretty. And why don't you wear that new shirt I got you?"

"I'm not sure I like that, to be honest."

"And I'm not sure I feel like getting dressed up if you're going to be a jerk."

"All right," he conceded. "I'll wear it. Just please get started."

She got up lazily and stretched, making him think of some exotic feline. He wished everything could just go back to how it had been and he could be getting ready to jump into bed with her. But he had to prepare for Marcus' arrival. Robin rushed to get cleaned up and then dressed. He was too busy to see what his wife was doing in the master bath that adjoined their bedroom. The shirt she had gotten him was powder blue, with oversized collar and cuffs, and embroidered flowers in a darker blue running in two strips down the front, on either side of the buttons. He combined the unwanted shirt with navy slacks and tasseled loafers, but nothing could completely cancel out the overdressed look he got from what his wife had purchased for him. What had she been thinking?

Marcus arrived only a few minutes late. Robin was in the guest bathroom, taking something for his nervous stomach. He heard the bell.

"Maria," he hollered. "Get the door."

"All right, already," she shot back, plainly unhappy with him.

He heard the door open and his wife and Marcus exchanging greetings. There were some murmured words that he couldn't make out. He checked himself one last time in the mirror and finger combed his hair back on the sides. When he went to the living room, Marcus and Maria were still standing, conversing in low voices. As Robin got a look at his bride he came to a complete

standstill. She had on a clinging bodysuit that molded itself to her every desirable contour. He could even see her nipples poking out against the thin material. Didn't she have a bra on under there? The cleavage went all the way down the front. Her big bust held the halves apart so that the inner side of each boob was well displayed. And she was wearing large hoop earrings that he had never seen before.

Robin went over to them, trying to act like nothing was bothering him. He shook hands with Marcus.

The big Black man said, "Not to rush things, but I've been thinking about that wine ever since we talked. It should be at the correct temperature right about now."

With a muted obscenity, Robin said, "I forgot to take it out. I'm really sorry."

For a second, Marcus appeared genuinely angry. Then his composure returned and he said, "Not to worry." He checked his watch meaningfully.

Maria told her husband, "I can't believe you did that. This is so embarrassing." Marcus had on a short sleeve shirt that showed off his powerful biceps. She put her hand lightly on his upper arm and said, "How about if Robin runs out and gets a new bottle. Slightly chilled. Not half frozen." She gave him a hopeful smile.

"Sure," he said. "That would be fine."

Robin wasn't happy but didn't want to make the situation even worse. He left the penthouse apartment casually but then broke into a rapid walk. This was going to take him over a half hour, even if he didn't run into any delays. He swore to himself as he hurried toward the elevated parking garage. When he got there the attendant gaped at him. It took Robin a moment to figure out that the young man was put off by that shirt. From that point on, Robin had nothing but problems. Traffic. The first store was out of what he wanted. There was a parking problem at the second. And more traffic on the return trip. He got back to his building after an hour, had to be stared at by the kid in the garage again, and rushed back to his door. As he entered, slightly out of breath, Marcus and his wife were sitting close together on the sofa, sipping wine.



"Hey," Marcus said cheerily. "Turned out it wasn't too cold after all. I didn't mean to be a wine snob or anything."

Maria wanted to know, "Were you running a marathon or something? You're perspiring."

"No, I was just..." He had raised his voice and had to lower it. It was back to its normal softness as he explained, "I just ran into a few hold-ups."

"Your timing's still good," Marcus told him. "We're at the bottom of that bottle and ready for a fresh one."

"Oh, and I almost forgot," Maria added. "Your boss called while you were on the way home. He needs to talk to you as soon as you get in tomorrow. He didn't want to leave any more of a message."

That wasn't good. It had to be serious for them not to risk having his wife get a clue about whatever was going on. Suddenly, on top of everything else, Robin was stressing about what might be happening at the office. He excused himself without saying that it was to go take some more medicine for his stomach. Maria snapped her fingers to get his attention, and wanted to know if he was taking the wine with him. He sheepishly handed it over. Marcus scooped up the corkscrew and set to work opening it. When Robin returned, still distracted, the two of them were laughing about something.

Needing to hear some good news, Robin said, "At least your people are probably close to signing up with us, Marcus."

"Well, that's still up in the air. They want me to look into a few more options first." He shrugged his broad shoulders. "And I have to do what's best for them." He picked up the foil wrappers from both bottles and the used corks. "Let me toss this stuff out. I saw where the can was when I checked the first bottle."

As soon as he was out of the room, Robin went to Maria. "Listen," he hissed. "You have to make this guy happy. He obviously likes you. Just be extra nice to him. For me. I need that account."

"You want me to come on to him? Because you screwed up at work?"

"No. I mean, not exactly. Just lean forward with your breasts and smile a lot. You know how to do that."

She gave him a venomous stare. "Oh? You mean from when I used to run around a lot? With different guys? And have great sex? Before I got hooked up with a short husband with a shrimp dick? Is that what you're saying?"

He froze. Everything was spinning out of control. He tried to find calming words but before he could locate them, Marcus returned. He sat next to Maria again. She immediately moved closer to him.

"So," she inquired avidly, "When you were playing ball, did you ever have any faggots on your team?"

"What?" He chuckled. "Not that I was aware of. But we did have this assistant, kind of a glorified errand boy, who everybody figured was gay."

"How did that work out?"

"Pretty well, I'd say. Some of the guys were up for a little action, just to get some quick satisfaction, and he was happy to accommodate them."

Robin laughed. "Well, I sure can't see you with some sissy hanging off your dick."

Marcus turned hostile all at once. Robin didn't understand. Part of him was still reeling from the way his wife had just devalued him as a man.

He said, "I had him, as you say, hanging off my dick, a few times. I like a good sissy suck job now and then. You want to say something about that?"

Those dark eyes were watching for Robin's reaction. Maria's were, too. The small man fidgeted around and then said, "I was just kind of kidding."

"Yeah? I didn't appreciate it. Maybe you and I shouldn't be doing any business with each other."

Robin had visions of losing that account, which would accelerate the rush to destruction he was already on. He looked anxiously at his wife. His eyes pleaded for her to do something.

Maria put her hand on Marcus' thigh. She said pleasantly, "My husband is just overreacting. Getting self-protective. The thing is that he and I are very freethinking when it comes to sex. I'm open to any invitations that come my way." Her hand moved higher.

"And Robin is, let's just say, a special case."

Marcus wanted to hear more. He asked, "What do you mean about Robin being special? Is that why he got funny about the sissy thing?"

"That's it." Maria appeared to be improvising. Robin was glad it was helping but feared where it might be headed. She went on, "The man I married is kind of a sissy himself. Into some twisted games. I suppose we could show you." Her fingers teased the bulge that was growing in the crotch of Marcus' pants. "If you'd like to see the real Robin."

He said cautiously, "Okay. Show and tell time. But don't try to fool me. If I can't trust him, we can't do business."

She gave him a final squeeze and got up. Turning to her husband she said, "Let's go... Robinette. Time to let Marcus see your other side."

With no other choice coming to mind, he followed his wife out of the room. She led him to their bedroom and looked him up and down. "We're going to have to go through with this, wherever it takes us. Unless you want to wind up unemployed and probably unemployable. And maybe alone. Everything hangs on his decision. Right?" He could only nod. "So let me figure what I have to do to pass you off as a swinging sissy."

She went to her closet and sorted through hanging garments. Maria came up with a glitzy vest that had faux gemstones all over the front of it. She found a store bag with some stockings in it, pointing out that she had grabbed the wrong size but they were perfect for him.

"All right, Robin. Strip down to the skin." As he awkwardly got undressed she commented, "Good thing you don't have much body hair. Kind of adds to your girly look." When he was completely bare she took cuticle scissors and did a quick trim of his pubic hair, leaving it as short as she could. "Now get that vest on. Good. Sit on the side of the bed and I'll talk you through getting into those stockings. They have elastic tops, so you won't need a garter belt." After his legs were encased in stockings, she made him move to her vanity table, where she selected cosmetics

and began applying them with practiced skill. After a surprisingly short time she said, "Done. Take a quick look at yourself in the mirror."

When he saw his reflection he gasped. Was that really him? The face was so feminine, and sort of whorish. He touched his cheek just to prove to himself that what he saw was real. Maria mussed his hair, brushed some product into it to add body, and declared him to be finished.

"And remember," she reminded him. "I had to tell Marcus that I'm free to do what I please with whoever I feel like. And he knows he's the type any woman would be delighted to get close to. The closer the better. So whatever I have to do, any sacrifice I have to make, just go along with it. Same for whatever you end up needing to agree to... sissy Robinette."

"But I'm not really... I can't actually..."

She gestured around the room with an out-flung arm. "Do you want to lose all this? Which also means losing me? If you don't, then be prepared to do anything and everything Marcus wants. Just like me. After all, it was you who got us into this mess. Understood?"

"I..." He hesitated and cleared his throat. In a faint whisper he finished, "... guess I don't have a choice."

"Correct. And stop putting your hand over your crotch. He'll suspect we're fibbing if he sees you get all modest. Convince him that you like looking girly. Now let's go. And since you seem to be losing your power of speech, let me do all the talking. I'll make up whatever I have to. Let's just get through tonight and then we can go on from there." She patted his cheek. "And put some pansy in your walk, darling." She took a few steps with her hips swinging wide and her arms making languid movements through the air, wrists limp. "Like that."

He imitated her, toning it down just a bit, as they went back to Marcus. The big man had his glass filled again and was waiting expectantly. He gave an approving nod as they approached.

Maria got close to him and pressed her heavy breasts forward putting them on the verge of popping free. She sat on his lap and put her arms around his neck. Robin could only stand there with his mouth open. Maria kissed Marcus' cheek and then shifted her attention to her husband.

"Well, Robinette? Aren't you going to strut your stuff for us? After all, Marcus did say he likes your kind now and then. And I'm sure you like a big strong he-man like him. Right?"

In a hushed voice Robin said, "Yes. I really like... his type." He nervously licked his lips. Even as he was doing it he understood that it would send the wrong message.

Marcus said, "Damn. I can see why he turned out to be a sissy. Look at that sad excuse for a dick. Not even close to what a real man has."

Maria wondered out loud, "Do you mean a real man like you?"

"Well, I'm not bragging, but..." He took her wrist and moved her hand to the spot it hadn't quite reached before, directly onto his genitals.

She gasped. "Oh my. That's a hell of a lot more than I'm used to getting. Mind if I check it out up close and personal?"

He gave her a kiss on the neck. "Don't let me stop you, girl."

Maria slid down onto her knees in front of him. She deftly got his pants opened and he rose up enough that she could lower them, along with his boxers, to his ankles. Robin's bride eyed her prize greedily.

"How big is that thing, Marcus?"

"Soft it's about nine inches. Hard, well, you'll have to get it there if you want to find out."

Robin couldn't believe this was happening. He felt utterly helpless, especially because he was nearly naked, dressed so femme, and wearing his wife's make-up, with his hair fluffed up.

At the same time, though he didn't want to admit it, seeing his wife so turned on by that superior Black man was strangely erotic.

In spite of how disturbing the sight was in other ways, his body started to react. His little dick began to swell. He wanted to clap his hands over it but she had already told him to keep them out of the way . Marcus saw what was happening.

"Hey," the seated man said. "Looks like somebody's trying to give me some competition. He might just get ahead if I don't get some help real soon."

Maria checked back over her shoulder to see what he meant. When she observed her husband's half-hard state she shook her head.

She said, "Jeez, Robin. That's really screwed up. Your little dick is getting stiff just from seeing me get all over Marcus? That gives you an unfair advantage. I'll have to level the playing field by lending a hand. Or maybe two hands, to deal with this big blacksnake."

Giving Robin a sneering smile, she turned her attention back to Marcus and ran both hands up the thick shaft of his tool. It began to grow immediately, and kept going until it was an astounding 14 inches long, with a girth to match. The head was large, even for being on a member of that size. Maria goggled at it in happy disbelief.

With a sigh she said, "This dissatisfied wife's prayers have been answered. How can I ever thank you, Marcus? Hmmm?"

"You KNOW how, pretty woman. So let's see what skills you've got."

She laughed and got her lips around the end of his massive manhood. It was a stretch -- literally -- but she'd had lots of experience before meeting Robin. Sucking big cocks is like riding a bicycle. Once you learn how, you never forget. Her throat opened accommodatingly and she took in inch after inch. Maria had to withdraw soon, to draw a deep breath, but while it was out she took advantage of its accessibility to lick the knob and swirl her tongue around it. Then she repeated her deep throating technique, taking him in even further. This time she breathed through her nose as she bobbed up and down on his shaft. Most girls couldn't handle him orally, so this was a treat for Marcus.

His pleasure was elevated by looking at the pathetic sissy husband, whose sorry little dick was fully hard.

"Hell," Marcus said to Robin. "You don't have a chance against a real man, in the cock department. In fact, you wouldn't have a chance against just about any man. No wonder your wife is so hungry for what I've got."

Maria took her mouth off him long enough to say, "That's for sure.

Robinette's miniature man-part is like the punchline to a bad joke. So disappointing. Though it does go along with him being a

puny shrimp." She snickered. "And his voice... Mr. Macho he's not."

"I know, babe," he said as she got back to work on his stick. "That's how all this started. When I talked to him on the phone I thought he was a chick. Plus, that name, Robin, didn't give me a clue that he's a guy. Well, almost a guy."

"I know." She went back to just pumping his rod. "Sometimes I can't believe how femme he sounds. I'll notice it a lot at night, after the lights are out, and he's ready for one of his two-minute sex sessions. He tries to give me some bedroom talk and it sounds like a lesbian is trying to get me hot. Really puts me in the mood -- NOT." She told her husband, "Come on, Robinette. Let's hear those dulcet tones. You can talk about..."

Marcus finished her sentence with, "... about what us two are doing. And what you think of it. Let's hear that mellifluous voice, girly girl."

Robin stood there wringing his hands. He reminded himself he had to be convincing, then started off uncertainty, "Well, the two of you are doing foreplay. I mean, Maria is performing foreplay on you, Marcus."

"Whoa," he interrupted. "Let's have some color commentary. Like a sportscaster. Or don't you know how a sportscaster talks?"

"I, um, sort of know. But I'm not exactly sure."

"Details," Marcus explained. "You've got to put in lots of details. And give it some flash. Get excited. It's sure as hell an exciting topic. Especially because it's your own wife who's the center of the action right now. But keep sounding all sissy, too."

The feminized man took a deep breath and started over with, "The room is well lit so we can see just what's going on. Sexy Maria is on her knees, deeply involved with Marcus' penis."

"Deeply is right," the Black man agreed. "But don't say penis. Say cock. Or Black cock. Or big Black pussy-buster."

Robin swallowed with difficulty. "Maria is doing a fine job of taking care of Marcus' big... enormous... Black cock. And she's certainly enjoying it. I've never seen her that happy with me." He heard himself say that and shuddered. Even so, his erection was harder than before. He gushed on in his lightweight voice, "Marcus is getting off on it. And he looks so good, so masculine and handsome. Really, really inviting."

The Black man guffawed. "Do I hear somebody getting jealous? Like maybe they want equal time with their mouth on my pipe? Cock like mine must look like The Grand Prize to a candy ass like you, Robinette."

Though the beleaguered husband wanted to protest, to assert that he wasn't like that and had no interest in Marcus' pole, he stopped himself from saying it. That might anger the powerful male and

cost him the contract. Still, it was unsettling to hear the athlete say those words. Maria announced that she was going to lap Marcus' balls and was ready for anything else he desired.

Marcus commanded Robin, "Now let us hear what your wife's performance is doing to your head. And be honest, princess. Don't let me catch you messing with the truth. I wouldn't want to have to do something mean to a cute piece of fluff like you."

"How this makes me feel?" It sounded like Robin was asking himself a question he didn't want to answer. The sportscaster impression was gone. "It makes me feel kind of... lost. Like I don't know who I am. And wearing this vest and the stockings, with my face all made up, I'm having trouble thinking of myself as... manly. But seeing my wife with you is the hardest. I keep comparing what I have..." He meant to just point to his penis but somehow found himself holding it. "... to your, err, fantastic weapon." He figured that was how Marcus wanted to hear it described. "And I'm thinking that maybe Maria won't think as much of me after this. I mean, besides the fact that I'm... I have... sometimes I like to..."

Maria unhelpfully offered, "You're a sissy with a tiny dick. And Marcus has this monster between his legs." She lapped at the underside of his tool. "Plus, you're excited to have a real man see you looking all pretty. And everything is getting you more confused than usual. So mixed up that now you're tugging your

little diddle while watching me get my mouth all over this killer
anaconda."

"T... tugging?" the disoriented husband said.

He looked down and saw that his hand, with a mind of its own,
was pumping his pecker in slow motion. This couldn't be
happening. It was like his pride meant nothing compared to the
need to satisfy himself. He wanted to stop but couldn't. His eyes
went back to Maria, who was rubbing her cheek against Marcus's

thick rod and murmuring affectionately.



To her spouse she said, "Really, Robinette, if you want to get the most out of your jerk-off session, you need to do more. Massage your balls with your other hand. That's right." After a minute she suggested, "Try pressing your finger right behind your scrotum. I'll bet you're real sensitive back there." She listened to him gasp and could see that he was slipping beyond the limits of whatever self control he might have. She went on, "And what would feel the best is playing with your nipples. Like this." She demonstrated by toying with the end of her own breast. He began to touch one on the nubs on his chest and gasped at how stimulating it was. Maria got a hand under her boob and raised it enough that she could fasten her lips on the pink protrusion. She sucked on herself while gazing into Robin's eyes. He moaned. She told him, "You can't get your mouth on yours, but you can wet your fingers. Do that, cutie. Get your fingertips wet and play with one of your sissy nipples while you keep that hand-pussy moving. You'll have to learn to love doing that, because your palm is going to be your new lover. In fact, lap the middle of your hand a few times. Now drool on it. Okay, get back to pulling yourself. From now on it's hand pussy for you, instead of my pussy."

Robin got his hand slippery wet the way she said to and used it on his penis. His bride duplicated his actions on her own hand and Marcus's cock.

"Please," Robin said to her in a strained whisper. "Let me stop. If I don't, I might have an... accident."

"You might make yourself spunk with your nasty hand?" Maria questioned. "You might jerk off until you squirt, right in front of your wife? And with another man here? Don't you have any shame, Robinette? Are you that much of a sissy freak? Hmmm? I mean, I'm not keeping you from stopping. But is that what you really want? To let go of your dingle and not empty your baby balls? Or do you want to have to unload those little nuggets? While you're looking like such a fag, the way you like? Do you?'

He whimpered, "Yes. Please. I want to... do that. But it's so humiliating."

"Your decision, sweetie. Let go of your plaything and wind up with blue balls. Or shoot your shot. But if you're going to discharge that popgun, do it into your other hand. I don't want you making a mess on the carpet."

His face looked so girlish with the cosmetics on it. And now it was made over by distress. He absolutely didn't want to finish himself in front of the two of them. The Black man was grinning at him while Maria fondled that thick-veined penis. But Robin had no more self control. He was seeing a side of himself that he would never have believed existed. And now that he had witnessed that part of his personality, he would never be able to deny it's presence. That aspect of him would always be present, waiting to be reawakened. This was his last chance to prevent all that. But he was breathing harder. Fingering his nipples, one and then the

other. Stopping that, but only so he could move the hand under the end of his penis. He angled his tiny tool downward, aimed the tapered head at his waiting palm.

Robin was panting. He let out a long loud moan. As if he was talking to himself, he babbled, "I can't. But I have to. I need to stop. I don't want to... "

Before he could say more, he lost the power of speech and his undersized member spit into his hand. There were several spurts and, by the time he milked out the final drops, it had made a sticky slimy puddle. Robin looked from side to side, as if seeking some way to get rid of that shameful evidence.

He said in his most girly voice, "May I please have a tissue? To clean up with?"

Marcus sneered at him. "You may not -- Robinette. But you do have my permission to lick that sloppiness off your small soft hand."

Maria watched her spouse intently. Her curious expression turned into a sadistic leer as Robin, his self-image battered, brought his hand up to his parted lips. He slowly extended his tongue. When he tried to close his eyes, his wife forbade it. The defeated husband slurped up his own discharge, taking several movements of his tongue to get it all. He forced himself to swallow, making a disgusted face.

"Isn't that cute?" Maria said. "He loves to pretend that he doesn't like acting that way. But I know this is one of his secret dreams. Another one is to see me get properly laid by a big Black stud. Do you want to make his fantasy a reality?" She took that huge cock in both hands and planted several kisses in the sensitive spot under the head.

Marcus told her, "Who am I to deny a pansy weirdo what he -- or she -- wants?"

He stood up and she helped him get completely undressed. Her hands roamed over his sculpted physique. She moved like a snake as she wriggled out of her bodysuit. As Robin had suspected, she had nothing on under it. Fully naked, she pressed herself to Marcus and ground against his upright shaft, which was caught between them. He scooped her up in his powerful arms and started toward the bedroom.

Robin, in the shameful vest and stockings, his face and hair all dolled up, that salty taste in his mouth, had to follow. So soon after ejaculating, his attention was no longer diverted by any sexual need. Now he was just a hapless husband about to witness his wife happily committing adultery. He sniffled as they arrived and Marcus laid her gently on the bed. The Black man had maintained his erection, something Robin doubted he himself would be able to do. Muscles rippling, the former athlete knelt between her legs. He gently kissed her breasts, ran his big hands

down her body, and effortlessly spread her thighs. She raised her knees slightly. He set the tip of his massive member against the vestibule of her sex.

"Heh," he said. "You are so wet, girl."

"After handling that killer cock of yours, and getting my mouth all over it, I'm practically dripping down there. Now get that monster into my pussy and make me feel like a woman again."

"What about Robinette over there?"

"Oh, she can stick around in case we need her to go fetch us some bottled water or whatever. We're going to get pretty wrung out."

"I know that's true. And she's going to love the show we put on."

The two of them laughed. Her amusement was cut short as he buried several inches of man meat in her tightness. The stretching and stimulation had her yowling like an alley cat in heat. Robin was shattered to see how she responded. At the same time, he was aroused to the point of aching tumescence. It seemed impossible that he was hard again so soon. He stood there in his stockings and vest, rubbing his thighs together, his entire body tingling with need. His arms came up and he hugged himself. Then his fingers stole to his nipples and, unable to help himself, he began to diddle them and then to gently tug. Even though he had cum so recently, he was in an altered state of dizzying excitement. The pair on the bed went on and on. They

changed to the doggie style position. Maria thrust her wide hips back every time Marcus jabbed his cock into her. She was perspiring and strands of her dark hair were plastered to her forehead by sweat. It continued non-stop until she had a wailing climax.

But Marcus hadn't finished. He simply slowed down until she got her breathing under control, then started taking her toward the heights of passion once more. He told her how much he loved pushing against her big booty. Her erogenous zones were still buzzing from the first explosion, so she was soon on the verge again. The skilled man kept her there while she purred and moaned and finally begged to be put over the top. With a laugh he increased his speed and his angle of entry, soon driving her into a second quaking orgasm. Robin got weak in the knees. He surreptitiously wet his fingertips in his mouth and resumed toying with his nipples. How could he be so ready to unload his balls again this soon?

Now Marcus let Maria recover for several minutes while he pulled out and tenderly helped her onto her back. He carefully took her legs, raised them, and moved in so he could drape them over his broad shoulders. She was almost scared as he entered her yet again. Almost, but not enough to keep her from wanting still more of his expert lovemaking. He eased the rest of the way in and began yet again to work himself back and forth. His mouth went to her nipples. Robin ached to be allowed to do that again,

to have his hands on his wife's smooth thighs, to press his fingers into the plushness of her hips. But all of that was to be denied to him. All he could do was to watch her lover indulge in the honors that had previously been her husband's alone.

Robin nervously let one hand slip down to finger his straining penis. Though he had told himself in the past that it was big enough, now it felt so small, too tiny to ever satisfy Maria or any female. Less likely to be desired than to be derided. Marcus was suddenly jamming her with renewed intensity, lifting her hips and rocking her body. She cried out as another finish seized her. This time, however, the capable man allowed himself the same release.

It was obvious that he was ejaculating, his face contorted, teeth clenched, as he emptied himself into her.



Their fiery energy subsided and they ended up side by side, in each other's arms. Robin was desperate to make himself finish but didn't dare to do it. He willed himself to stop his unnoticed masturbation, leave his nipples alone, and try to appear more composed than he was. At last they looked in his direction.

Marcus said, "Well, Princess Pinky Dick? What are you waiting for? An engraved invitation? Don't you know what happens now? What a sissy like you does after his wife and an alpha male get it on? I'll tell you. Get your face between her thighs, your mouth on her snatch, and clean out that huge load I just left."

"Yeah," seconded Maria, her voice sleepy and sultry. "Get it while it's hot, Sister Stockings."

Of course they spotted his embarrassing stiffness. There were more demeaning comments about his arousal and size, as he got himself into position and brought his lips to his bride's well used pussy. It was bright pink from overuse and there was thick cream seeping from it in a lazy rivulet. He gagged as he got started. Robin knew that this was something that would always be awful, no matter how often he had to repeat it. When he was done that, they did make him fetch them two bottles of water, which they gulped down greedily after their considerable exertions. He, as might be expected, wasn't offered similar refreshment, or the opportunity to rinse his mouth. The sated couple napped

contentedly for a while as the cuckold stood there, lost in his own thoughts, possessed by the image of his stunning wife alongside her Black partner, and wondering what lay ahead for him.

That question was answered in the days, and especially the nights, that followed. They introduced the idea that there could only be one male on the premises, so Robin had to always be dressed in some upsettingly girly way at home. His wife picked up a six-pack of basic cotton panties in assorted colors and patterns. There were garish knee socks. Belly shirts in loud hues, with words printed on them like WILLING, CUTE and GIRLY GIRL. There was also a corset, red with magenta trim, that she delighted in tightening until his waist was well compressed and he was gasping for relief. There was always make-up on his face and his hair got teased and brushed and backcombed into a variety of styles. If he forgot to act overly swishy, it earned him a swat on the bottom, or sometimes many swats. His wife found that a rubber spatula from the kitchen drawer was especially effective at reddening his buttocks.

Robin was also required to wear lingerie under his male attire at work. He was able to do his job by reflex and so had no problems with his established accounts. Marcus at last went ahead with establishing his own business connection, except that it was understood that Maria would control the big boost in income that resulted for her spouse. In fact, she took over all their finances. She liked to dangle her new status in front of her husband after he

came home and removed his masculine clothing. Maria might sit on the sofa watching TV while Robin, in nothing but a short, pale peach, satin chemise, massaged her feet. Because he was nude underneath, he was constantly aware of how its silky softness played over his skin, which he was now required to keep hairless. Its touch was beginning to stimulate him. He longed to stroke his wife's full but shapely legs. To caress her bottom. Even to regain his husbandly right of intercourse. None of those wishes was going to be fulfilled. That was difficult for him, but his life was much more trying whenever Marcus arrived.

One Monday night, the big Black man showed up in an especially jovial mood. He had brought two bottles of chilled champagne. It turned out that he had expanded one of the accounts he had set up with Robin, which would mean a significant increase in the money coming in. He gloated to the hapless husband about the fact that all that income would flow directly to Maria. Robin was dressed the way his wife and her man insisted on. This time he was in a spangled vest that didn't close, along with transparent harem pants, and slippers with toes that curled up. Marcus thought his look was hilarious and didn't hesitate to laugh right in the cuckold's face. Maria was proud of how feminine she had made him look, yet she always wanted something more. While Marcus poured them each a flute of the bubbly beverage, she added more make-up, using black liner around Robin's eyes and extending it into upswept points at their outer edges. She also gave him a half dozen narrow bracelets on each wrist, so that

whenever he moved there was a faint metallic clinking. Her final touch was a pair of tiny bells, which she hung from his large hoop earrings, adding to the sounds he made.

"You really get off on messing with Robinette," the Black stud observed. "But what I think is that you need to see it taken to another level." He handed her a glass, raised his, and they touched them together in a toast. "So how about if we go to the bedroom and our sissy slave girl stays out in the hallway and closes the door behind her, while I tell you what I've been working on."

Maria's dark eyes lit up with interest. She gave her husband a sneering look of dismissal. He went ahead of them, making sure to sway his hips while holding his arms out and letting his wrists go limp. Marcus told him that once he was alone, he should kneel with his nose touching the carpet. Robin followed the commands exactly, even though they couldn't see him. He remained in that awkward pose and tried to listen to what was being said. Mostly he just heard the buzz of their voices. But occasionally his wife would exclaim with elation.

"That is so perfect." "I can't wait." "Marcus, you are some kind of genius."

What little he could discern made him more and more worried. Then he had to listen to the two of them making out like a couple of oversexed teens. Finally, they called for him to run and fetch

them two bottles of water. When he returned, he knocked lightly on the door and was told to enter.

As Marcus snatched his water from Robin's hand, the Black man said, "We've got a real big surprise for you on Friday night, Sweet Cheeks."

"Yeah," enthused Maria. She bit her lips as if trying to contain a secret. "And you can think about it until then." She laughed soundlessly, making her gorgeous tits jiggle.

From then until the appointed evening, Robin was a bundle of frayed nerves. What could they be planning for him? When he finished work at the end of the week and came home, nothing was different. Marcus was there and getting dressed in a sharp outfit.

Maria appeared with a brush in one hand and an aerosol container of some hair product in the other. Obviously they were going out. As always, Robin got out of his male clothes. He checked what his bride had left for him to change into. There was a belly shirt, bright yellow, with the words I GIVE FREE SAMPLES across the front, above a set of bright pink, puckered lips. There were also matching thong panties which fit so snug around his little peen and balls. Finally she had chosen a pair of thigh high socks with wide horizontal stripes in loud primary colors. Once he had everything on and stepped in front of the full length mirror, he saw that he resembled a lustful coed who was advertising her availability.

There was a note on the dresser that instructed him to put his hair into ponytails on either side of his head. Each one was only a few inches long, but they added immeasurably to the effect. Finally, she had left him specific cosmetics to apply. There was bubble-gum pink lipstick, along with pink eye shadow and thick liner. She had even thought of heavy false eyelashes. After he had taken care of all that, he appeared even more like he was flaunting himself. He looked like a living sex doll.

Robin went uneasily to his wife to find out what would happen next. Her white dress was so tight that it was like she had been poured into it. The material was some blend that stretched easily, but wherever it did it became semi-transparent, so that her nipples were semi-visible, along with hints of skin in strategic spots. She turned her back and bent forward, so he could view that effect across her bottom. It was so arousing that he moaned with need. Then Marcus appeared, fully ready to leave. He had his phone in his hand and slipped it into the inner pocket of his jacket.

He said, "We're going out for the evening. That's your surprise. A night without us." He winked. "You have fun now."

The sissy husband was confused. Had he worried for days over nothing? They went toward the front door and Robin followed automatically. When they stepped out into the hall he finally let himself relax. It would be so pleasant to have hours alone. He

was just daring to imagine how he might spend the time when someone stepped into the apartment. It was a tall, slender Black man. He had angular features and a patch of hair under his lower lip. Unlike the pair who were leaving, he was dressed casually, in a muscle shirt and jeans, along with high-end running shoes. He looked at Robin with a hungry expression.

Maria called back to her spouse. "Have a good time, Robinette. Marcus got a friend of his to come and keep you company. Wasn't that thoughtful?"

And then the door closed. The new arrival eyed Robin up and down before giving a nod of approval.

He said, "Yo. I'm Deshawn. Marcus knows I picked up a taste for sissies while I was inside. You understand? Inside?

In-car-sir-ate-id? And he knows I have a special hankering for ones who are straight. Or think they are." He chuckled. "So now how about you introduce yourself?"

"I... I'm..." Robin took a breath. "I'm Robinette."



"Tell me about you," Deshawn requested as he stepped closer.

"I'm..." He realized he was wringing his hands and made himself stop. "I mean, I'm a married man but my wife met this guy and... What happened was that I was working on a business deal with your friend Marcus..."

"Holy crap. You really do sound like a girl. And don't look like a man." He strode into the living room and plopped himself down on the couch. "Let's see you do a few poses. And keep talking. That voice is giving me nasty ideas, girl."

Robin swished around the room. He practiced at that. The postures were trickier. He put his hands on his hips. Turned sideways and stuck out his bottom. When he suddenly ran out of ideas, he did the first thing that popped into his mind. The sissy husband licked his pointer fingers, slid his hands under his cropped top, and teased his nipples. Bad idea. His dick responded by rising to half stiffness. It was felt completely uncovered by these tightly designed pantie Deshawn chortled and made him twerk, so that his little member bounced comically. Then the Black man had his captive repeat the stimulation of his nipples until his undersized penis was fully erect.

Deshawn observed, "There's not much between your legs, Robinette. No wonder that hot wife of yours jumped into bed with my man Marcus. Now come on over here and sit next to me."

Feeling more afraid by the second, Robin nevertheless went and put himself alongside the visitor. Deshawn's long arm went around his prey's shoulders and pulled him closer. As Robin began to tremble, one large hand settled on his bare, hairless thigh, directly above the top of one of those high socks. Strong fingers squeezed soft, hairless flesh and the recipient made a small squealing sound. The hand slid higher. Robin's unwanted erection did not wilt, though he mentally tried to make it go away.

As if he was making innocent small talk, Deshawn suggested, "Why don't you put your hand on my junk, Sweetness? It won't hurt you. Leastways, it won't hurt your hand."

When Robin did it, he could feel through the jeans how huge the man's cock was. And it was getting larger. Deshawn said that being confined was making it uncomfortable and that Robin should help him by taking it out. As much as he didn't want to, the panty wearing husband did it. He was astonished at the immense organ he revealed.

"Yeah," Deshawn agreed with his unspoken thought. "It's a whopper. Not like that ladyfinger you got. Heh. Maybe that should be your name. Robinette Ladyfinger. Now just get my pants the rest of the way down. Take off my shoes. And get rid of my pants and shorts. There's a good girl. Now maybe blow on my Johnson. But keep talking too. Like tell me about what you're

wearing. Listening to you is so sexy, with that girly way you sound."

Robin got Deshawn naked below the waist, pursed his lips, and sent his warm breath toward the big man's tool. Between exhalations, he said, "I'm wearing a flirty top. It's a really loud yellow and on the front it says that I give free samples."

"And?"

"There's a picture of lips. Bright red ones. Which sort of suggests that I... err... give samples of... with... my mouth."

"That's so dirty, the way you pretend like you don't want to do what you're advertising. And even make it sound like you're nervous. Or scared. Yeah, scared is good. I mean, feeling you blowing on my Jones is a good start, but now how about some touching from those pretty hands? Let me feel if they're as soft as they look. And show me what those colorful lips can do."

Though hit made him quiver with shame, Robin gingerly fingered Deshawn's member, which resumed growing. Soon it was standing up. There were at least nine thick inches. The coercing man was looking on expectantly. In slow motion, the kneeling figure puckered his lips. He knew that, with the bubblegum pink lipstick, his mouth looked even more suggestive than the one on his shirt. To buy himself precious seconds, he went back to talking.

"I'm also wearing panties. They're pink and very brief. With no front. So that my privates are exposed." His lips were only an inch from that enviable shaft. He brushed them lightly against its underside, which made Robin whimper, and Deshawn moan appreciatively. "And I have on thigh highs. Socks. With rainbow stripes. Like a gay pride flag."

He ran his closed lips up and down the receptive bottom portion of that potent weapon. At the lowest point he paused to kiss Deshawn's heavy balls. Then, with no other way to delay the main act, he began kissing his way up to the top. When he got there, he kissed the sensitive frenulum, poked out the tip of his tongue, and flicked it side-to-side against that narrow band of tissue. Deshawn took hold of Robin's two small ponytails and moved his head closer, making it clear what he expected next. Robin tried talking again, this time about his make-up. His high voice was terribly unsteady. Fluttery. He knew the Black man liked the quality of his voice, and also responded to him sounding scared. Robin didn't want to do what came next, but he also didn't want to get him even more aroused with words. And the first option was inevitable, anyway.

Robin capped the fat head of Deshawn's cock and gave an experimental suck. There was a gasp from above. The defenseless husband ran his tongue around the corona and then sucked again. The Black man didn't let go of the sprays of blond hair, so Robin suctioned harder, at the same time taking in another inch of

thickness. He held onto Marcus' solid thighs and slipped into a rhythm of bobbing his head, pleasuring that superior cock. All this was as if Robin was being dragged down into a vortex of unmanly behavior. His hold on his old identity was slipping. And his tiny dick was harder than ever.

"That's my Robinette," Marcus soothed. "Just keep going, baby. That's the way. Oh yeah. You just took another two inches. That's how to make Daddy happy. You know you want to. I know you need it. Make love to my cock with your mouth, you sexy sissy bitch."

Overcome by the man's self assurance, his direct instructions, and that intimidating ramrod, Robin succumbed and found himself devoted to giving him satisfaction. He didn't understand why he was doing it with such dedication, even as he licked it all over and then swallowed it again. When his mouth wasn't otherwise occupied, he snuck in a few more words, finding that he wanted Deshawn to hear his voice, to be excited by it, and trying to say what would add the most to his passion.

"You're right," Robin told him. "I do want to. I really love it. You own me now. My mouth is yours."

"I told you," Deshawn confirmed. "I knew it as soon as I saw you, sissy. Now get one hand under my balls. Cradle them in that silky palm."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir." Robin's voice sounded syrupy and seductive, even to himself. "Whatever you want."

"What else I want, is for you to wrap your other hand around the base of my stick. Get those ladyfingers pumping, but real slow. Don't rush it unless you want me to spank your sissy ass."

"Ohhh. You would do that?" Robin teasingly got his fingers around the thick shaft, or at least as far as they reached, and began working it fast. "Will this make you turn my bottom all red?"

But then he reduced the speed, simultaneously taking the glans into his mouth and swallowing the several inches that were his limit. Why was he being so accommodating? Trying so hard? And what was the reason Robin was still so stiff? Stiffer than he had ever been when he had sex with his wife. The thought of her filled his mind with unsummoned images of her and Marcus. He pictured them dining together. Enjoying a romantic meal. Going to Marcus' place. Slowly undressing each other. Kissing tenderly and then with mounting intensity. Each caressing the other's body. Getting into bed together. Spending a wild hour of foreplay and spirited lovemaking. Lying side-by-side in a mellow afterglow, her snuggling against him and nuzzling his neck while she whispered vows of loyalty to his sheer maleness and desirable cock. Robin pictured her sliding down and worshipfully licking

their mingled secretions off that flaccid but still sizable organ.
She was even murmuring words of adoration to it.

"Your cock is so handsome. I love to feel it in my mouth. I'm
getting addicted to it."

Robin suddenly realized those words were being spoken aloud, by himself. He gasped at his audacity, and the wrongness of what he was doing. Yet he also lapped Deshawn's scrotum and pressed his lower face against it. He moved higher, to rub his cheek against the rigid pole. Then he got back to sucking the engorged knob while stroking the shaft and lightly massaging those heavy balls.

Robin kept it up until he heard the Black man's breathing quicken. He was getting ready to spurt. Robin was going to get his first mouthful of spunk directly from the source. All at once his thinking cleared. He didn't want to be dressed like this, so girlishly sexy, or to have his face made up and his hair that way.

But it was much too late to turn back.

He had to fake his enthusiasm now, as he tried to pace his efforts as well as possible. Deshawn's breath was hissing between clenched teeth. Robin decided that, as much as he didn't want to do it, this was the perfect time to finish that big man. He bobbed his head and tightened his hand, getting his thumb against the seam that ran along the underside of Deshawn's cock. Robin's tongue worked hard, swirling around the widest part of the head. Then he increased his stroking tempo even more, while working his jaw so that his tongue and the roof of his mouth repeatedly

tried to compress that knob. He was making the distinctive sound that sometimes accompanies fellatio, a 'numb, numb, numb, numb'.

Deshawn's body tensed. He grunted. His cream blasted out and hit the back of Robin's throat. The kneeling husband forced himself to swallow, barely able to believe what he was doing. There was so much that it flooded his mouth and even leaked from one side. He felt a drop run down his moving chin. His hand milked out every last gob of the thick salty contents of the sighing man's balls. Robin spontaneously began to cry, tears running down his flushed cheeks. Deshawn saw that.

"Look at you," the victorious man said. "My messy girl. That's a good look for you, Robinette. All weepy but like the cat that ate the cream. Now tell me how much you liked it. Talk to me."

The defeated husband gagged down more cum but its taste was still strong in his mouth. He made himself say, "It was wonderful, Sir. I've been dreaming about doing that for so long. Thank you for helping be see who I really am."

"No problem. Why don't you scoot out to the kitchen and fetch me a beer? And listen up, Robinette. Don't you dare rinse your mouth or clean your face. In fact, show me you understand by giving those talented lips a good licking."

Robin made a show of cleaning the outside of his mouth with his tongue. Not being allowed to flush his mouth would be terrible,

but the thought of disobeying that masterful man didn't enter his mind. He hurried to the kitchen, making sure to wiggle his hips as he went, and returned with a bottle of beer. Deshawn twisted off the cap and took a long swallow, as if to remind Robin of the difference in their statuses. Then he made the sissy sit between his bare legs while he turned on the TV with the remote and found a sports channel. For the next hour they sat there while Deshawn relaxed and Robin tried to think his way out of this dreadful situation. After the show ended, another beer was demanded. This time when Robin returned, he had to strike some more pin-up poses, leaning on furniture and rolling around on the carpet.

"You've got to do that one again," the Black man insisted. "Where you're bending over with your hands on the seat of that chair, sticking your soft pink butt out at me. Go on, Robinette. Make that sissy magic happen."

Shamed beyond belief, the dressed up male nevertheless did it. Deshawn got up and came over to him. He took a swig of beer and began to fondle Robin's rear through the seat of his panties. Setting aside his beer and gripping the flimsy piece of lingerie with both hands, he yanked hard and split it open up the back. One thick finger stroked the crack of Robin's rump, making the bent over guy shudder and freeze up. Deshawn slapped him playfully on the hip.

"The way you've been coming on to me, it gave me a real good idea. Let's head on into the bathroom. I need to take a leak anyway, after how you've been pushing beers at me. You're a real vixen, girl."

Robin wanted to protest that he hadn't been trying to attract attention or get Deshawn to drink too much. All he wanted was for this nightmare to end. How could he face his wife after being used like that? And after not being able to control how he acted during most of it? Along with being hard the entire time? He wordlessly followed the Black man. When Deshawn was in front of the toilet, he set his beer on top of the tank and signaled Robin to put himself alongside him. He stood there in just his sleeveless shirt and pointed at his dark cock.

"Now you hold that for me while I take a leak, like a good sissy does. Probably you've been thinking about doing it. Right?"

"Yes," Robin lied. "I... um... dream about helping a man with a big cock when he has to.. err... relieve himself."

"Make sure I'm aimed just right. You wouldn't want to make me miss. Then you'd have to clean up the mess. Unless you're a real

superfreak and that's something else you like to do."



Before Robin could decide how to respond to that sickening suggestion, Deshawn began to urinate, sending a heavy stream into the bowl, where it splashed loudly. It seemed to take forever before he was done. Then he made Robin give it a final shake.

"Remember," Deshawn said. "If you shake it more than once, you're playing with it."

He laughed, drained the last of his beer, and stepped away from the toilet. Then he roughly pulled Robin between himself and it, to turn him around so they were facing each other.

"Here's what you're going to do first," he said gruffly. "Pull up that top and get busy with your nipples. I want to see it get you all hot, just like a girl. Go on now."

Not sure what this might lead to, Robin still didn't question the order. He did it and his penis, which had finally begun to droop, sprang back to full life. His hips twitched, making the short length bob up and down. It was utterly mortifying.

"Now..." Deshawn leered at him. "Get one hand on that poor excuse for a cock. Stroke it for your Daddy. Work it for your Master. Get it ready to squirt."

"Oh no," Robin begged, even as his hand went where his Master wanted it. "Don't make me." He started tugging. "It's too much."

"With that little thing, you should say 'it's not enough'. But don't stop. And let's hear that wispy voice some more. Talk to me, Robinette. Tell me what you're doing."

"I... I'm playing with myself. Diddling one of my nipples. (gasp) And now the other one. (sigh) While I yank on my dick. My tiny pecker. My little pee pee."

"Sounds like you're getting jazzed up from talking about your baby dingus."

"Yes. I'm sorry. I can't help it. I don't know why. (sniffle) But it's making me crazy to tell you about my... miniature... immature... pint size..." He took a deep breath. "I have to stop touching myself. Right now. Or I'm going to finish."

"Damn right you're going to. Get that nipple tickling hand down there to catch your sissy juice. That's right, girl. Make sure it all goes onto your palm. Don't want to waste a single drop."

Robin moaned loudly and jetted his spunk into the waiting hand. He blubbered as he drained himself. Not until he was coming down from his release did he begin to untense. Yet he had just disgraced himself again.

"Now here's the deal," Deshawn explained. "I'm going to drill you right up the old poop chute. Give you a proper sissy breaking-in. Understand?"

"You're going to... to... sodomize me?"

"Yeah. Or in the way folks usually talk, I'm going to slam your fairy ass. I know you've been waiting for it. So thank me for ripping open them panties in back."

"Th... thank you, Sir."

"And get that love cream in between your butt cheeks. All over that tight virgin rosebud. In fact, if you don't want me to tear you up, you better get some inside. Do a good job, little lady. I'm watching."

"Please don't," he said as he smeared his own discharge over his rectal region. "This is more than I can stand. And you're so big. Your cock is too large. You'll split me apart."

"Ha! You sound like a girl who don't want her cherry popped. But you'll be thrilled after it's done. I know your type. From then on, you won't be able to stop thinking about it. You'll want all the cock you can get in your rear entrance."

Robin tried to insert one messy finger but it hurt. If a single digit was that painful, what would the Black man's enormous rod be like? Robin shivered as he forced himself to frig his hole.

Deshawn had him take the finger out and drool saliva over it, along with the next two. Then he made him get all three in there to properly lubricate the opening. At last he took Robin by his slender upper arms, turned him around, and bent him forward.

"Get a grip on the edge of the bowl, girl," he said forcefully.

The quaking husband clutched the cold porcelain rim and held on for all he was worth. Deshawn's powerful fingers parted his nether cheeks and the big man pressed the tip of his cock against that tight target.

"Here it comes, Robinette."

"You'll damage me. Don't. I'll use my mouth again. Anything but -- AAGGHH!"

"Don't let go. Here comes some more. You are so tight. I'm halfway in. You squeal like a girl. I love that. All right. I'm buried up to my balls. Hope you don't mind if I stay still for a few seconds just because it feels so good. That ring of yours is squeezing me so good." He took a few short strokes. "Feels like a hand job. Or maybe a ring job."

"Take it out." Robin began to weep. "It hurts too much."

Robin pushed his way to a standing position in final protest only to feel masculine hands push him back down till he gripped the basin, making him surrender to the inevitable pounding that followed. Pressing. Making room for him.



Deshawn took longer strokes. "It only hurts until it doesn't. That's when it starts to feel good. You'll see, baby. I'll teach you right. Your Daddy is going to get you hooked on big Black cock. BBC."

He proceeded to introduce Robin to the ins-and-outs (so to speak) of back door sex. Those large dark hands held slim white hips in an unbreakable grip. Deshawn rode him hard but not too hard. Soon the violated husband's groans of discomfort were changed to murmurs of acceptance, need, and eventually the desire for more.

Robin began to shove back to meet each rump-busting thrust. The sissy's dick was rigid. He squirmed and bucked and babbled on about his newfound devotion to Deshawn. The dominant man was still being driven by the sound of that girly voice. Even so, he made sure the session was long and that, by the final minutes, Robin was loudly imploring him not to let it end.

"Sorry, honey," Deshawn told him. "But I got to bust a nut. Here it comes, Pinky."

With that he grunted, dug his fingers in harder, gave a dozen violent jabs in close succession, and emptied his laden balls into Robin's bowels. Deshawn didn't stop until he was emptied out.

He withdrew slowly and was gratified to hear Robin whimper with disappointment when it was all over.

"Now get down on your knees, you dirty girl," he told him. "You can stay right there until Wifey and her Man come back."

"B... but, the toilet isn't flushed," Robin told him weakly.

"I know. Don't want to treat you too good and have you getting all mushy on me. Have to remind you that I'm the Boss and you're my Bitch. So don't even think about going anywhere."

He lowered the seat and lid, giving them a slight push against the back of Robin's head to reinforce his message. The well-used cuckold assured him, barely audible, that he would do what he had been told. After Deshawn departed, the ravaged cuckold was alone with his thoughts. He couldn't believe how much he had responded to being used in those different ways. His penis had betrayed him. Now he couldn't be sure of what he wanted or even who he was -- Robin or Robinette. He tried to wrest away the memories but they were seared into his mind. All he could do was kneel there, breathing in the acrid odor or urine, and try to stifle his sobbing.

After a while he heard the front door open. Then came the voices of Maria and Marcus. Deshawn said something to them and they laughed heartily. Moments later Robin heard them enter the bathroom.



Someone raised the lid and seat. Maria said, "It looks like that outfit I picked for you really did the trick. I knew you were a wimp but now it turns out you're a full blown faggot." She realized what she had said and chuckled. "A full-blowjob-giving faggot."

"One who takes it up the ass, too," Marcus added. "There's even some goo leaking out."

"I can fix that," Maria offered.

She reached into the cabinet under the sink to get something. There was the sound of a wrapper being torn. What she held in front of Robin's eyes was a tampon. It was pushed into his bottom, making him mewl sadly.

"I have to tell you," Marcus said, "that this small-dick sissy was 100% into sucking my Black cock. And playing with herself. And especially getting her tail plowed. Whoa. She kept wiggling and meowing and trying to get me to slam her harder. I can tell you for sure that what you married, pretty lady, was a secret sissy with a yearning for it. And now that I broke her in, she's going to need it all the time."

"Well, Deshawn," Maria said, "I hope you can keep on helping us with that. In fact, you'd be welcome to stop by whenever you feel the urge to use Robinette."

"When I feel the urge," he responded, "to give my balls a purge."

Marcus suggested, "And you can bring a few buddies."

"Sounds good." He got his long fingers on the back of Robin's skinny neck, with a viselike grip, and pulled him up and around, so that he ended kneeling and looking up at them. "Maybe we could have a poker night. Put little Miss Sissy Face under the table while we play. Every time one of the dudes wins a hand, she gives his big old Black cock a few sucks."

"That'll do the job," Marcus said. "I wanted there to be only one man in this place, and now that's the way it is. And how it's going to stay. In fact, I think I'll start taking advantage of that handy mouth. I didn't up until now because I've been so busy with the wimp's wife."

"Yeah," said Maria. "And I'm so glad you were. Now I'll never have to put up with Robin's dinky dick again. It's so useless," she gloated.

Robin slumped down, envisioning what his life would now be like. He inched forward on his knees, hugged Deshawn's lower leg, and reverently kissed his bare foot. They all chuckled at his subservience. And that affirmation that he was now available to Deshawn and to whoever else his Black Master said, on demand.

Deshawn tapped his slave with his other foot, and Robin obediently switched to kissing that one. The dominating man told

him, "Now that I see you like feet, I see you get plenty of that, too."

Maria hugged Marcus and they shared a lingering kiss. When their lips parted she gave her husband a contemptuous look and announced, "My husband's problems are gone at last. You'll be better off as the sissy you were always meant to be. And you're looking forward to having Marcus' cock down your throat. While I watch. Isn't that right, Robinette?"

"Yes, that's exactly right," her spouse said. He sniffled. "Thank you, Maria."
