

***CHASTE  
CUCKOLD  
CHIFFON!***

**By Throne**

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***CHASTE CUCKOLD CHIFFON***  
**by Throne**

All I had on was this little nothing of a pale yellow top with spaghetti straps -- it ended right below my nipples -- and a matching thong that was barely there. It was so shameful, I was on the verge of crying. My wife looked at me with a critical eye, tilted her head to one side, and pursed her lips.

"Really," she declared, "you need some make-up. It's a bother for me but I know Dante will want to see you in full twink mode."

"Please." I tried to keep my voice from quavering. "Isn't how I look already bad enough?"

"Now you know, Chiffon, that my lover wants it to be very clear that he's the only man in this house when he's here. You wouldn't want to upset him again, would you? Remember what happened last time you made him mad? Spanky-spank-spank."

I hugged myself and lowered my eyes. "Yes, Trini," I murmured. Just being reminded of that incident made my bottom tingle, and not in a good way.

"So let's put a pretty face on you. It'll go good with how smooth you are all over. Those laser treatments worked miracles, don't you think?"

Reluctantly I agreed. It still felt strange to not have any hair on my body or even a hint of whiskers on my face. Combine that with how short and slender I am, with no noticeable muscular development, and it's hard for me to think of myself as a man. That's extra uncomfortable because I have to be around my very womanly wife. Trini is the same height as me, taller when she puts on heels. Her face is sweet and her figure is slim but sexy. She has long chestnut hair that she likes to wear down. (sigh) And now I'm denied sex with her and have to be constantly reminded that another man has taken my place in bed.

She gave me a look of consolation -- fake, of course -- and patted the front of my thong. "If you had more down here I might not be treating you this way. And of course, if I hadn't caught you playing dress-up behind my back. It's one thing that you like to

wear panties and stockings, but keeping it a secret is like lying. If you had been honest, we might be playing all sorts of fun games together now. But at least you get to have me do your make-up..." She began applying foundation. "...so you can be Chiffon instead of Mike."

I surrendered to the inevitable. Plainly she enjoyed having me under her control and being given an excuse to cheat. What she said about how different it could be now if I'd been candid might be true, though I had my doubts. Trini is dominant by nature and hooked up with me in the first place because I'm easy to push around. Everything that's happened since she caught me in panties has just been a bonus for her, I think. If only I had been more cautious, none of this would be happening. As much as I've enjoyed dressing, since my late teens when I finally gave in to a longstanding desire, I never wanted others to see me. I'm not the queenly exhibitionist type. Having my wife not only looking at me as Chiffon, but dictating what I wear and using my penchant as an excuse to treat me like her sissy property, isn't something I ever desired.

Trini worked on my eyes and mouth, added some blush to my cheeks, and finished with an air kiss about six inches from my lips. She reached under that brief top to diddle my nipples. That sent a rush of sexual energy through my system and got my little penis standing up, tenting the thong.

She said, "Wee Willie Winkle likes being made all girly."

My hips squirmed involuntarily and I responded in a choked voice, "Yes, dear." This was all so shameful.

"But Little Willie isn't allowed to go all the way, except on very special occasions, remember."

I moaned in frustration, a sound my wife often got to hear. "No, darling. He's not allowed to... squirt."

"Maybe I'll play with him later. Right now I have to get ready for Dante. You don't mind, do you?"

Of course I minded. It was devastating to see her with him. And the special efforts she made to attract and hold his attention just added to my pain. I mumbled something about how it was okay and she smiled at me. Trini slipped out of her blouse and skirt. I couldn't help admiring how trim and fit she was in just bra and panties. A small part of me wanted to wear that same lingerie. Even after everything she had put me through, my innate need to dress went on undiminished. Then she got completely naked, her lithe form so inviting. My wife faced me and put her hands on her hips, feet set apart.

"Do you think Dante will like what he sees?"

"I... I'm sure he will," I admitted.

"But I want to give him something special. Get those new boots you bought me."

She had driven us to the mall so we could visit a boutique shoe store. Trini had tried on several pairs of boots before settling on ones that were knee-high, in glossy black leather, with three inch stilettos and pointed toes capped in steel. She knew I had a weakness for seeing her in those and so reserved them for when she was with Dante. It was a small but effective way of defining my role in her life. Now I brought them from the closet, savoring the feel and scent of leather. She sat on the edge of the bed and extended one pale delicate foot. I got the boot on and worked it into place, then did the same with the other. It was so erotic, and had been so long since I was allowed to ejaculate, that I got hard again. She chuckled and, with me still kneeling in front of her, lightly bounced her foot against the underside of my genitals. I whimpered with need.

She asked innocently, "What's the matter, Chiffon? I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"N... no, dear."

"Oh. Am I getting you... excited?"

"Yessss."

"Oopsie. Sorry about that." Despite her apology she was still bumping my male parts with her boot. "Why don't you grab my naughty foot and hold onto it?"

I did. Having my hands on that smooth surface kept me aroused.

Trini went on, "Maybe you should show that boot who's in charge. I think you should take control and give that boot a good humping. Go on, Chiffon. Pull down your thong and demonstrate who's the boss."

As humiliating as it was, I knew better than to resist. I inched forward on my knees, still gripping her calf, and pressed my crotch against her leather-encased shin. My hips moved with a will of their own, powered by my sex drive, and I hunched against the front of the boot like a dog mounting a bitch. When I made the mistake of glancing up at her, she was grinning down at me with leering triumph. That was one more helping of shame on top of the many others I was already enduring. She allowed me to disgrace myself like that for several additional minutes before casually telling me to stop.

"I'm guessing you left a snail trail of icky sticky pre-cum where you were making love to my leg. Why don't you take a close look and see if I'm right? Go on, Chiffon."

I scrunched down until my nose was inches from the leather I had warmed with my body heat. There was a shiny wet area where my frottage had led to the slight discharge she had predicted.

In a hushed voice I told her, "Yes, Trini. I made a small mess there."



"And what do you think you should do about it?"

"C... clean it up."

"Now how do you imagine you should do that?"

"With my t... t... tongue."

"Bingo. Right answer on the first try. So let's see you do a thorough job, girl."

It was so awful to be treated like that. Her mocking tone and disdainful attitude stung me over and over. Even so, I did as I was told, brought my face to within an inch of the boot and inhaled the mingled scents of leather and my bodily fluid. Out came my tongue and I obediently lapped up what I had deposited, my throat constricting with revulsion. She kept me at it much longer than necessary before rising and stepping away, to leave me in my foolish and awkward pose.

As if nothing had happened she mused, "I wonder what else Dante would like to see me wearing?" With her forefinger on her chin she thought for a moment before saying, "I know. I'll let him see that other gift you got me. That lovely fur jacket."

Trini spent freely with our credit cards, leaving me to cover the bills, which necessitated denying myself things. She liked to point out that there was always room to economize and, in the midst of her spendthrift sprees, had gotten me to brownbag my lunches for

months. Usually I packed them but she sometimes delighted in doing it herself, surprising me with unappetizing meals. I would spend the morning dreading what I might find when midday arrived. Imagine my disgust upon discovering a ketchup and hot sauce sandwich on white bread, or a dozen prunes which, eaten on an empty stomach, were guaranteed to give me tummy troubles for the rest of the day. As beaten down as I was, even though she would never know if I merely disposed of the nearly inedible lunches, I ate them anyway.

She sent me to the hall closet where her waist-length mink coat waited on a padded hanger. I took it to her and held it up so she could slip her arms into it. As I stepped back she did a slow motion turn to show it off. It was incredibly enticing to see her in fur like that, the silk lining against her bare skin, naked from the hips down. She showed me her shapely bottom and gave it a wag.

"Come here, Chiffon. I shouldn't be the only one to enjoy this glamorous jacket." She snapped her fingers. "Put yourself nice and close. There you go."

My wife leaned toward me so the fur touched my bare belly. She let me run my palms over the full lapels. Then I had to raise that tiny top I wore so she could pivot her upper body and make the multiple strands caress my receptive nipples. I mewled helplessly at the unasked for stimulation. My thong was still down in front and my below average penis was standing up. She dragged the hem of her jacket over the top of my dick, making sure to avoid the dripping head. Finally, I had to get down on my knees so she

could brush the tickling fur over my face until I was murmuring wordlessly with frustration.

"There you go," she said merrily. "Don't say I never let you have any fun. I suppose it would be nicer for you if I let you play with your dingus more often. I mean, I let you touch it every day. But you'd probably get more out of it if I let you finish. Hey. Get more out of it. I made a joke. You would love to get all that backed up spunk out of your balls, wouldn't you, princess?"

"Y... yes," I confessed.

"Well, that's not going to happen anytime soon. I prefer you chaste. My celibate sissy husband. You're so much more entertaining when you're desperate for release. Now use your finger to clean up that drip hanging on the tip of Whittle Willie. Just like that. And lick it off your finger. What an interesting sex life I've given you. Agreed?"

"Y... yes, dearest."

"And now go get some wine glasses out for me and my man. We like a few sips of the red before he plunges into the pink."

"Certainly, Trini," I agreed meekly.

I made sure the glasses were spotless and that my small round serving tray was clean and polished. I didn't want to do anything wrong and possibly earn myself a spanking across Dante's

muscular thighs. Right when I finished in the kitchen I heard the front door opening. Naturally she had given him his own key. Still, I was expected to go and greet him, which was one more humiliation for me. I scurried through the house, glad that I wasn't in heels at the moment. There he stood, just inside the door, not much taller than me, broadly built, swarthy, with dark hair and eyes, his face dominated by a strong nose and heavy mustache that curved down over the corners of his mouth. He had on an expensive leather jacket over a black tee shirt, along with dark jeans and matching athletic shoes. He was as manly as I was girly.

"Hey, Chemise," he said, intentionally getting my name wrong. "How's it hanging?" He smirked at me. "Oh wait, it's not long enough to hang. And it's tucked into that snug little thong."

"Yes, Sir," I said, executing a curtsy, pinching the hem of my micro-miniskirt between thumbs and first fingers. "Would you like a glass of wine?"

"Sure. Whatever. Where's my woman?"

"Trini will be out in a moment. She just wanted to make herself... um... desirable for you."

"Damn right she did," he self congratulated. "And I want to look good for her." He flung his arms out to the sides. "What do you think, Cerise?"

"You're... just right," I ventured.

"So, are you saying you've got your eye on me? Like maybe you want a piece of this?" He crudely grabbed his crotch.

"N... no, Sir. I only meant..."

"It's okay. You can be honest. It's not like I'm going to rape you. Right?"

"I... yes... no... I mean..." He had me completely flustered.

Dante laughed. "Just having some fun with you, sissy. Now swish out of here and get that wine."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir."

Before I could say the wrong thing I hurried away, relieved to be in a different room. When I returned with the full glasses on my tray he was sitting down. I bent far over to offer him his drink. He left me in that unnatural pose for long seconds before he deigned to take it. As I straightened up, my wife appeared, still in just the fur jacket and leather boots, holding the front of her single garment together with false modesty. When she entered his sight he whistled appreciatively and raised his glass.

"Holy crap," he enthused. "You look fantastic."

She let go of the halves of the coat and spread her arms, making it part to reveal her creamy skin and shapely breasts, along with her lightly furred pussy. Trini told him, "It's all for you, lover." She turned to me to add, "And none for you, wimp."

Then she plucked the other glass off my tray and sat next to Dante. He put his hand possessively on her bare thigh, giving me a challenging gaze. Of course I didn't object. Any chance of that was long in the past. They clinked glasses and sipped. Then they set their drinks on the coffee table in front of them and shared a long kiss. One of his wide hands covered her nearest breast to give it a gentle squeeze. She moaned and put her fingers over his. I had to stand by passively and see it all. At last they were done and their attention shifted to me.

My wife said, "Chiffon has been difficult since the last time you were here, Dante. I think she needs a tune-up spanking."

"Take it easy," he soothed. "I'll bet she's been trying real hard to behave. You have to remember that Champagne is just a weak-minded sissy. Don't expect too much of her."

"Really? You're taking my wuss husband's side?"

"A loser like that deserves a break now and then. I'm sure she'd be happy to do something to show how sorry she is for whatever she did wrong. In fact, I know just the way she can demonstrate how eager she is to make up for it. Isn't that right, pansy-panties?"

"I..." Why was Dante sticking up for me? "Sure. I'll try my best. Thank you, Sir."

"No problem. I'm here to help." He unzipped a side pocket on his leather jacket and pulled something out. "You'll let us put this on you, Chartreuse, won't you?"

He opened his hand and revealed a chastity device like ones I'd seen online. It was small even for an undersized penis like mine. Lying next to it was a little padlock. I bit my lips and tried not to let my distress show. Would they really cram me into that and make it unremovable? Even though I wasn't allowed to make myself ejaculate at will, I still had my dick free. If they fitted that on me and held onto the key, the psychological effect could be negative in the extreme. Just seeing it made me nervous and fretful.

Trini commented, "It'd look perfect on him, the way he's all bald down there."

"Exactly. Just when you think your hubby can't be made to feel any less like a man, we take him down another notch."

She held her hands close to her chest and clapped them. "Yes! Let's do it. Who gets to, you know, pull his business through the ring part?"

"You're married to him, so you get that job."

My spouse grinned. "That cock cage will be a gift that keeps on giving. For weeks and months and however long I say." She locked eyes with me and said, "I might even hide the key and forget where I put it."

Dante handed her the device. She motioned for me to come close. She wriggled over toward the end of the sofa until she was no longer behind the low table. At her command I lowered my thong to mid-thighs and kept my legs apart just enough that it couldn't slip down. Trini held the ring up for me to get a better view of it. Then she slid it over my penis and passed my balls through it one at a time. I was so tense that even being touched by her soft hands didn't get me hard. Next she fitted the cage over me, compressing my penis until it was just a nubbin. I whimpered as she made sure my prison was aligned with the ring and that they were fitted securely together. Then she pushed the lock through the openings provided for it, so the two parts would stay joined, leaving me unable to get an erection and, except in extreme situations, incapable of having anything close to a satisfying orgasm.

"Now Dante," she decided, "I think you should be the one to snap the lock shut. I mean, after all, when it comes right down to it, you're the one who will control his dick."

"I don't know. You're here more than I am. Maybe you should do it."



"But I want Chiffon to always remember who made his lock-up official. I think you could do it without having to actually touch his junk."

"Oh, I don't mind touching it. Hell, I could hold those baby balls in the palm of my hand and squeeze them until he squealed like a girl. So, sure, I'll be happy to make him an involuntary celibate."

She told me, "You heard the man. Just keep the lock in place and go over to him so he can do the deed."

I went to him and he enclosed my genitals in one hand, making me feel strangely possessed by him. Then he got his fingers on the lock and paused, letting me agonize over what it would be like to get locked. There was a faint click as he fastened the padlock.

"There you go," he said smugly. "All locked up safe and secure. For how long, we'll just have to wait and find out."

Sounding as powerless as I felt, I said, "But... you know... if you leave this thing on too long, I don't know what it'll do to me."

"Well," Dante offered, "for one thing, it's going to make you so desperate to cum that you won't be able to think straight. You'll be six kinds of anxious to do whatever we say."

"B... but..." I pointed out in my wispy sissy voice, "I already do that."

"Right." Dante nodded. "Except now it won't just be because you're afraid of getting spanked or having your balls abused. Or from knowing how inferior you are and that being controlled by others is what you deserve and need. It'll be because you have a desperate urge to please us, all the time, in the hope that we'll reward you with a few minutes out of your pecker prison, so you can play with yourself and have a squirt. See?"

It sounded awful but I feared he was right. Still, I didn't want to believe they could make my situation even worse and affect my mind that way. I shook my head in slow motion.

Trini said, "You don't believe it, Chiffon? Let me give you a free demonstration."

She stood and came close enough to turn me sideways, so she had easy access to my body and her lover still had a clear view of what she did. My wife whispered lewd suggestions into my ear, telling me to imagine what it would be like if she bestowed her sexual favors on me instead of Dante. She tickled my hairless balls and ran a fingertip down the center of my smooth chest. My skin began to prickle all over. Then she began to lightly tweak both my nipples, again and again. I stayed where I was but couldn't keep myself from squirming. Dante took a swallow of his wine as he watched, his eyes lit up with malicious joy. I mewled helplessly as she brought my arousal to a fevered pitch and kept it there. My penis strained against its cruel confinement but made zero progress. My testicles drew up tight. Hot shivers seized me. I had to blink back tears of shame and frustration.

"So," my wife wanted to know. "Do you still think this won't turn you into a mindless slave? Hmmm? Or do I have to wet my fingers..." She put two digit-tips into her mouth and got them covered with spit. "... and use them to get you even more stimulated?"

When her slippery fingertips touched my nipples I moaned loudly and my knees almost buckled. I gasped and conceded, "Yes, it feels different. You were right. It's like I'd do anything you say, no matter what, for a chance at... at..."

"At being allowed to jerk off? While we watch?"

I winced. "Yes."

"That might be a fun performance to see. But for right now you're getting me hot. I mean, you're the only one who's getting any thrills. It's only fair that Dante and I should have some fun too. Isn't that true?"

She was still teasing my nipples. I sobbed and said, "Yes. You should do whatever makes you happy."

"Like screwing our brains out? With you in the room? After you've changed into another pansy outfit? And had a good hard spanking?"

Of course I would have gone along with that previously. But now I wanted it to happen, with the slim chance that it would lead to me gaining relief. Being put into chastity made such a difference.

"Yessssss."

"Okay then, if you're so agreeable. I found you something cute to wear at a girly shop in the mall. While you were at work I was spending your money on things to make you even more of a sissy. Isn't that comical?"

"It is." I sniffled. Without thinking I added, "May I change into them now?"

Dante chuckled. "We should have locked up your mini-dick a long time ago, shouldn't we, Charlene?"

"Yes, Sir." My lips were quivering. "Thank you, Sir."

Trini pinched my ear and gave it a half-twist. She towed me along, to the bedroom. From the closet she took a rumped plastic shopping bag and dumped its contents onto the bed. There was a bright orange tube top and fuzzy yellow leggings. Red ballet slippers. Several pieces of clunky plastic jewelry. I got out of what I was wearing and stood there naked. Trini reached for my nipples but stopped short, wiggling her fingers just an inch from them, to remind me how simple it would be for her to tantalize me all over again and leave me longing for what I couldn't have. Then she handed me the leggings. I sat on the edge of the bed and got

them onto my laser-shaved legs. Then came the top, which was too small for me and emphasized my flat chest. I tugged on the slippers and stood up to be inspected. She was satisfied with the laughable sight I made.

Next came the cheap jewelry. There were three strands of oversized beads in dayglo colors. Then came clip-on earrings featuring a big red ball on each. Several dangling bracelets went on each wrist and there was a ring with a large plastic gemstone on it. My wife smirked at me and declared that the finishing touch would be even more make-up. She intentionally applied it in a hurry and without care, giving me long drawn-on lashes and a wide cartoonish smear of a crimson mouth. The sloppy look was finished with broad circles of rouge on my cheeks. When she stood me in front of her full-length mirror I couldn't prevent an exaggerated pout that fit perfectly with the rest of my ridiculous appearance.

"Poor baby," Trini said. "So sad. Maybe that spanking you agreed to will take your mind off how absurd you look."

Dante grabbed my slender upper arm in a viselike grip. "Yeah. Let's take you to the kitchen for that. I have an idea how you can participate. I mean with more than just your soft ass."

He hauled me along. Every step made me aware of my chastity and the changes it was imposing on my thinking. Once in the kitchen, Dante went to an urn on the counter that held a variety of utensils and selected two. He held them out to me.

"You get to choose, Chasteen." When he smiled it lifted the ends of his bristling mustache. "Which one do you want me to swat your fanny with?"

There were a long wooden spoon and a solid metal spatula, the handle of which was covered in plastic. Either one would hurt. I hesitated, trying to decide on which would be less painful. Dante pulled them away.

"Can't make up your mind? Typical indecisive sissy. It's all right. I'll try out both of them on your sitter, to make it easier for you to choose."

"But I was only... I just needed a second to..."

Too late. He handed his improvised tools of discipline to Trini, clamped his hand on the back of my neck, and marched me to a wooden chair. Dante sat and pulled me over his lap. Trini stood there, hands on hips, keeping her short fur coat well opened. In my face-down position I had a good view of her boots. She handed Dante the metal spatula. His thighs were firm under me. I could smell the leather of his jacket. The swarthy man raised his arm and brought it down hard. There was a loud smacking sound and pain blazed through my buttock. That was quickly followed by a swat on the other side. It turned into a steady rhythm of blows that had me gritting my teeth, trying not to cry out, and kicking my feet.

Suddenly I was hollering. "Ouch! Ow! No! Please! Too hard! It hurts!"

"Naturally it hurts," Dante said as he paused and held the spatula out to Trini. "How else are you going to help me pick which one to use for the end of your spanking?"

"But I... You can't... It's not fair..."

My wife pushed her long hair back over one shoulder, took his first utensil and handed him the other. The business end of the wooden spoon was wide. When he smacked it against my poor posterior it made less noise but produced more pain. I wasn't sure if that was because I had already been 'tenderized' by the first round of strikes. I squirmed on his lap, tears welling up in my eyes and flowing down my cheeks. He had me wailing, my nose running, face sweating. Not until I was a blubbering mess did he stop. He laid his hand on my burning bottom.

"Whoa," he said. "Warm to the touch." Dante asked me, "Okay, which one do you want me to use for the rest of your spanking?"

"The rest?" I could barely speak. "I can't take any more."

"Nonsense. And because you can't decide, I'll play it safe and do half with each one."

"Nooooo."

He switched back to the spatula, driving the pain deeper into my flesh. Then he finished with the spoon, landing the final dozen or so blows on the tender backs of my thighs, where there's less protective padding. At last he coaxed me off his lap and got me standing shakily. Dante rose and put an arm around my quaking shoulders.

"There you go," he said. "I got that out of the way for you. If there's something you wanted to say..." he began expectantly.

"I... please... don't hit my bottom again."

He gave it a playful smack with his open hand, making me yelp. "Now come on, Cyrene, isn't there something you wanted to tell me?"

"I... (sob) don't know (sob) what you want to hear."

Trini interceded, saying, "Don't you think Dante deserves a thank you, Chiffon?"

That sounded totally wrong, but I knew how they thought. This would be one more way to shame me, one added step in breaking down what little was left of my old self-image.

Between deep breaths I said, "Thank you... Dante... for giving me... my spanking."



"Happy to do it, little one." He grabbed my buttock to give it a rough kneading that made me dance from foot to foot.

"Now," announced Trini, "if my wimp hub doesn't have any more special care he needs, maybe he'll let us get busy in the bedroom."

I tugged at my tube top, which had gotten pulled up, and my leggings, which had been inched down. I whispered, loud enough for her to hear, "Yes, Ma'am. I'm sorry I made trouble."

"It's all right," she said magnanimously. "You know how forgiving and compassionate I am. But it's nice that you apologized. You need to do that every time you get out of line."

"I'll try." She would have me blaming myself for every infraction, no matter how small or even imaginary. "I really will."

Dante told me, "And we'll do OUR best to help you be good, even if it means keeping your buns red all the time."

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir." As a precaution I included, "I'm sorry to make extra work for you two."

As we passed the mirror my wife pointed out my reflection. There was eye make-up streaking my cheeks. Then Dante led me to a chair set up against the dresser, facing the side of the bed. It was a simple piece of furniture with a round padded seat. I was thinking that at least it would be comfortable under my sore bottom. But then Dante took a bag from the dresser, out of which

he produced a handful of fishing weights. They were made of lead and shaped like narrow pyramids. He spread them on the seat, getting an even distribution that would put four under each half of my bottom. If I sat on them they would dig painfully into my buns, not breaking the skin but causing endless discomfort. He took me by the shoulders and positioned me with my back to the chair, then eased me down onto the sharp edges. They hurt as much as I anticipated and even more. He slid a low footstool under my feet. With my legs raised even that slightly there was more of my weight on my rump. The weights were already torturing me.

"Now you just stay still and keep comfortable," he said with a nasty smile. "And enjoy the show, Chantel."

He went to Trini and slipped the fur garment off her shoulders. She removed his leather jacket and helped him out of his tee shirt, before sinking to her knees so she could remove his shoes while he sat on the edge of the mattress. Next she undid his jeans and worked them down his legs, exposing a lot of dark hair. Last were his boxer shorts, giving me an eyeful of his familiar cock, six inches soft and eight hard, with a bulbous head. It took her only a few strokes to get him stiff.

As Trini lay back she told me, "Pay attention."

Dante got between her legs, looked my way, and advised, "You might learn something."

I had seen them have sex before, of course. Yet every time they did it was like they were discovering it anew, as if they were exulting in a joyous first-time experience, and finding ecstasy that they couldn't have imagine beforehand. I had to sit there with my spanked bottom blazing, those sharp edges digging into it, and witness my wife being willingly ravished one more time. It was emotionally agonizing and my butt hurt like heck. The pair on the bed were lively and vocal. The air became permeated with the mingled scents of intercourse. I had to struggle to keep from crying. After nearly an hour of vigorous lovemaking it was over and they were basking in a warm afterglow. I was sniffing.

Once they had relaxed for a while, Dante smirked in my direction. "You want to get off that chair, Chyna?"

"Yes, Sir," I piped.

"Okay. You can do that because we need you over here. I left a huge load in your wife's puss and it needs cleaning up."

This was a new requirement. "I'll get some tissues. Or a warm washcloth?"

"Nah. Don't waste tissues. And if you use a washcloth it'll just have to go into the laundry. I don't want to make any extra work for you."

"Then how would you like me to... to..." An unpleasant idea was suggesting itself.

"To clean her up? With your mouth. Freaky perverts like you love to do that stuff. Right?"

With my throat tightening, but afraid of disagreeing with him, I choked out, "Yes, Sir."

My wife tittered. Dante told me, "Come on now. Sound like you want it."

"Yes, Sir." I put an artificial smile on my face. "That would be... delicious." Eww. Why had I said that instead of something less specific? Just the suggestion of doing it turned my stomach.

"So get going," he told me. "And I'm sure you won't mind if I kiss this sexy lady while you're slurping my white sauce out of her snatch. And if I grab a feel of her perfect tits. That be okay with you?"

"Yes, Dante. That'd be fine. I'm sure she'd like it."

Trini finally spoke to her lover. "Damn. When you asked me if I was all right with you making him do that, I honestly didn't think you'd follow through. And that if you did, he'd give in so easily."

"How do you feel now about him giving your twat a tongue bath?"

"I'm ready to go." Her voice quivered with excitement. "And happy to keep him down there until every last drop of your manly cum is gone."

He told me, "You heard her. Get in place, head down, tongue out and..." He sounded like he was signaling the start of a race. "... GO!"

I put myself between her satiny thighs, my face almost touching her mound. His thick cream was all over her labia and a drop threatened to run down between her nether cheeks. I gagged as I lapped from the bottom to the top, gathering a heavy dollop, and taking it into my mouth. I forced myself to swallow and go back for more. While I performed my disgusting chore, Dante did as he had said he would, kissing my wife passionately and massaging her breasts. She purred. I moaned. It went on and on. At last the controlling man gave me permission to stop. I got up on my knees, hands pressed to my thighs, taking deep breaths. How must I appear to them, with my smooth body and feminine bits of covering, eye make-up still streaking my cheeks and lipstick probably a smeared disaster? And along with all that, my penis locked into and being minimized by that chastity device.

She snuggled against him and murmured, "You know, stud, Chiffon could clean you up, too. It'd be pretty much like having a real girl lick and suck your Johnson."

"Yeah. Any manliness is pretty much gone from your poor imitation of a husband. Not that there was much to begin with.

And I sure wouldn't ask you to lick everything off my cock. Hell, I don't think any girl would want to do that. But a sissy like Chelsea there, would jump at the chance. Wouldn't you, hot lips?"

"I..." No, no, no. But my poor backside was still throbbing. I steadied my nerves as much as I could and told him, "Yes, Sir. I'd love to do that for you. I'd be honored, Dante." When he appeared to be waiting for more I added, "Because I'm such a sissy. Such a... cocksucker."

"See that? Give the pansy a chance and the truth comes out. So what are you waiting for, girly?"

I shifted from between my wife's legs to the same position with his. As I lowered my face toward his soft but still impressive member, I eyed it's length, lying over his thigh, with trepidation. Trini got up on one elbow for a better view. He had two pillows under his head. They were both watching as I gingerly lifted the end of his tool and fitted my lips around it. I swirled my tongue over the knob and he immediately began to harden. Could this get any worse? I sucked and managed to get another few inches into my mouth. His pubic hair tickled my nose. As the head engorged to its full dimensions it became almost unmanageable. I had to back off completely, hold his now erect length at the base, and lick it up and down to remove their mixed sexual fluids. It was nauseating. He groaned with pleasure and I had to face the very real possibility that he might ejaculate. Maybe I could finish what I was doing before he got to that point. I simply had to be careful not to overexcite him.

That was when Trini fastened her lips to his nipple and added to his arousal. She mouthed one while fingering the other. His hips twitched several times. She was driving him toward an orgasm. I capped his fat knob and sealed my lips behind it. My hand lightly stroked him up and down. I could barely believe how I was servicing another man.

"That's the way, Chiffon," my wife urged. "Make it spit. Make your first cock shoot inside you mouth. Make it spit. Make it spit like a cobra."

I whimpered around that considerable mouthful and tightened my hold slightly, increased my hand's movement fractionally. She licked his ear and nibbled his neck. Dante panted. His spine arched. There would be no reversing course. In less than a minute he grunted and warm spunk hit the roof of my mouth. A second spurt went into the back of my throat, making me fight my gag reflex, and the next few shots ended up all over my tongue, and then puddled under it. I had to gulp down several more helpings, and even then some escaped the ring of my lips, to run down my chin.

"Ha!" My wife was amused. "Chiffon has cock-slobber dripping off her stupid face."

Dante said, "She'd better clean that up, too. Keep working, Cherry."

I had to lick the overflow off his big hairy balls. At last I was done, the awful flavor of semen thick on my tongue, its scent filling my nostrils. And my ass throbbed. Plus I was deeply aware that my penis was locked up, scrunched down to almost nothing, and would stay that way based on the whims of my wife and her bedmate. Earlier I had wondered if my plight could get any worse. Now I had my answer.

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(Thanks to everyone who reviewed my recent stories. Your feedback is valuable to me. Special appreciation to Lil Brenda, who left a comment on one of my oldies, **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MANHOOD.**)