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For the Love of Money

Monday Evening - The Meeting

"James, have you explained everything to your wife?" asked Mitch. He sat behind his 200 year old antique mahogany and leather desk which sat on a custom made hand knotted 16x20 foot Persian rug waiting for an answer.

"Well, I tried to explain to her what I did, but I don't think she really understands or she does, but she isn't giving me any feedback. She's not on top of the financial world," replied James.

"Fuck you James," growled Beverly, "I understand exactly what you did. You took our life savings, all ten thousand dollars of it and gave it to Mitchell to invest in whatever financial instrument he felt would appreciate. And now, thirty-six days later you drag me to his ostentatious four story penthouse for some sort of meeting about our life savings." Beverly Costello sat stick straight looking back-and-forth from her husband to his employer wondering about what has happened to their hard earned savings.

All six foot six inches and two-hundred twenty-five pounds of Mitch arose from the matching leather chair, walked around to the front of the desk, and leaned his backside against the edge while he kept his stare on the woman who was as stressed as a journeyman stock trader who just lost several hundreds of thousands dollars of his client's money. Mitch understood her fear of things financial, like the stock market, buying and selling options, precious metals, and corporate and tax-free bonds. He started trading as a teenager in penny stocks learning as he went along. He supplanted his early trading by reading all he could about investment strategies. He graduated high school in the top two percent of his class, attended college and graduate school getting his BA and MBA in finance and marketing from Princeton University and The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania respectively. Mitch traded for a number of years on Wall Street, made an obscene amount of money as an arbitrageur, and in a few years started his own private investment firm. The minimum investment required by Mitch to become one of his clients - ten million dollars.

The couple sitting opposite him was one of the infinitesimally small numbers of small initial investment dollar investors, but more importantly, James Costello was a newly hired employee of his investment firm. James' status as an employee opened the door for Mitch to accept him as an investor. There was one additional item that Mitch had seen that pushed him to accept James' request. Usually Mitch would hem and haw, make excuses, or require a long time of employment before allowing an employee to invest, but Mitch had seen James's wife's picture on his desk. The picture showed a tall, lithe, blond haired, blue eyed, long legged, small breasted beauty standing next to the man that was now employed as an entry-level employee. Mitch was taken with her beauty and decided the easiest way to get between her legs was to make them an offer neither of them could refuse. Once James asked if he could as an employee give Mitch a small amount of money to invest, Mitch's opportunity knocked and he took action.

"Beverly, may I call you Beverly?" he inquired, but didn't wait for an answer. "Your husband gave me your life savings to invest and hopefully make grow into a respectable, no, substantial amount of money. To earn enough money, that both of you could retire and never have to work again the rest of your life. If you had allowed him the time to explain to you the T's and C's of our agreement..."

Beverly interrupted him, "T's and C's?"

Mitch stifled his laughter. He wondered if she had more than a high school education, but he knew she had a degree in fine arts from a respectable mid-western university. He responded, "Terms and conditions." He continued, "I told your husband that if I lost the money, I would replace all ten thousand dollars of it and give you any interest you lost from the money market investment you guys invested in. And, if you had a profit, it was all yours. I mean one hundred percent of it as I am not taking any form of monetary commission. And, come to think of it, James is an employee, now isn't he." Beverly looked from Mitch to her husband and back to Mitch without saying a word. Mitch could see the look of incredulous shock on her face and that her hands were maintaining a death grip on the arms of the French provincial antique chair she was sitting in. He also noted the small engagement ring she was wearing next to her thin gold wedding band. He assumed they did not come from wealth and why they were in New York City could only be James' wish to become a stock broker and play in the big league.

James finally was able to get a word in edgewise, "So, Mitch, you asked us here for a reason and I'm assuming that you have some news for us about how you made out with our money. So, how'd we do?"

"Excuse me James, but there are some conditions that we haven't discussed with your wife and I think it would be beneficial to all concerned that we do."

James replied, "I don't think so. I know what you are alluding to and I accepted the terms, so, how'd we do?"

Mitch returned to his chair, sat down, and opened a manila folder that contained a single piece of paper. He noticed that Beverly did not say word about the 'alluding to' comment James had uttered moments earlier. He looked at the paper and then up to the couple sitting opposite him. "James, Beverly, I am happy to tell you that your ten thousand dollars has grown in thirty-six days to three hundred and sixty thousand dollars."

James Costello just smiled at Mitch proving to Mitch that he knew that Mitch would not fail to make the small investment grow by a whopping thirty-six hundred percent. Beverly Costello sat with her mouth agape not believing that Mitch had made that much money from such a small investment. They looked at one another, moved closer, and hugged each other knowing that all things considered they were on the road to being wealthy. Together they said, "Thank you, Mitch. Thank you very much."

Mitch said "You're welcome, but you know that the money isn't yours, yet... You can leave with your ten thousand dollars or you can agree to the final terms and conditions."

"Final terms and conditions???" asked James with a questioning look on his thin threadlike face.

"Yes, and they're quite simple. Now that you're initial investment has grown by thirty-six hundred percent, you have absolutely no chance to see it go down-the-drain, you have to agree that from this day forward that I will have my way with Beverly anytime and anyplace I want. Beverly, that James is what I was alluding to."

"What the fuck!!!" yelled Beverly. Her breathing now very noticeable as her chest rose and fell with her increasing anger.

"It is very simple. Both of you will in a few months be millionaires because of me. And because I've taken the time to make you millionaires, I will collect my commission. Like I iterated previously, I am not taking a monetary commission, but a sexual commission."

"Fuck you, Mitch!!!" again from the mouth of Beverly Costello; such a beautiful woman spewing such ugly venom at the man who just made her life a lot easier.

"Beverly, please," sighed James. "We'll be set for life and if I know Mitch, when we have enough money and he's not investing for us, he'll stop taking his commission. You know sweetie, we'll be able to stop working and raise our children when we decide to have them."

The daggers emanating from Beverly Costello's eyes were enough to tell her husband that he was wrong in his thinking. "If you want the money so much, why don't you have sex with him? In fact, why don't you get on your fuckin' knees and suck his cock, now!!!"

Mitch laughed when he heard her tell her husband to suck his cock, but could see her dominant possibilities exposing themselves.. What Beverly didn't know was in a matter of months both of them would be begging him to allow them to suck his cock. But first, he had to take Beverly and make her see that he was the man to be fucking her. He didn't say anything when both of them looked at him. Mitch just waved his hands as if to say he's sorry for laughing out loud at Beverly's comment.

"Please, Beverly. Why can't you see what it will mean for us? Mitch guarantees that in twelve months we'll be worth a minimum of four million three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. We can retire and based upon the investments we'll be able to travel or do anything that we want. Mitch told me that when we say we have enough he'll make the final investment to give us a tax free income for the rest of our lives. Don't look at me like that, Bev. I had an idea from the way he looked at the picture I have of you on my desk, that he would like to have a tryst with you. Please, just do what he wants for the both of us."

"I can't believe you, James!!! You willing to let his man, your boss, have sex with me so we, no you, can be wealthy. What if I say no to your proposal and agreement with him?"

James looked from his wife to Mitch; who sat like the Cheshire cat with a shit-eating grin on his face, and seemed to be at a loss for words. It was painfully obvious that he didn't think it would ruin his marriage or he wouldn't be sitting in Mitch's penthouse apartment with his wife knowing he agreed to let his boss have her for taking their small investment and making it grow. "Bev, how many times have we fantasized about me watching you with another man? How many times have you told me about what it would feel like being with another..."

Beverly Costello jumped to her five foot ten inch height, turned, and with an open hand slapped her husband across the face. James reeled in his seat having never seen his wife so mad. Mitch just sat in his leather chair behind his desk taking in the marital bliss gone asunder and not saying a word to either of them. To Mitch, it was also painfully obvious that Beverly Costello had no idea her husband was offering her to him for making them millionaires. James took a minute to recover and with a large red mark on his left cheek reminded his wife, "Bev, think about the money."

Beverly replied, "The money!!! Fuck the money, you're asking me to whore myself out to your boss!!! What else have you offered him in return for making us millionaires??? Don't answer that question, James. I can see by the lump in your pants you've all ready started in without me."

Beverly Costello looked at Mitch resigned to the fact that her husband was willing to allow his boss to have sexual relations with her knowing that he, no she was paying for his services rendered. They had on several occasions in the heat of passion fantasized about bringing another man into their marital bed. Standing there, she could remember how sexually excited James got as they possessed each other reveling in the fantasy that he was someone else. The fantasy always dealt with a man that was taller, more muscular, and had an endowment larger and thicker than James. Beverly couldn't believe her husband thought she'd say yes to his offering her to Mitchell. She realized she had a choice. She unwillingly nodded her acceptance of Mitch's last terms and conditions as she watched her husband sitting in front of her with an obvious erection.

Mitch looked at her and said in a voice that was cold and dominant, "Beverly, please turn around and from this moment forward I don't want to hear a word pass through your lips. You are to accept what is going to happen in total silence. Well, if you moan, I'm not going to tell you to stop."

Beverly looked at her husband to see if he would back out, but she saw him just looking down at the floor so she did as she was commanded to do. Upon her turning around to face Mitch, James Costello looked up and watched

not saying a word or showing any overt emotion. Mitch stood up and for a second time that night walked to the front of his desk. He glanced at James and without saying another word placed his right hand under the hem of Beverly's skirt and raised his hand so the palm was pressed against her most private of areas. Mitch proceeded to gently rub her cloth covered pussy. Beverly tried with all her might to stifle any reaction to the sexual stimulation, but that was a futile effort. As she felt the palm of Mitch's hand massage her labia which gently caressed her clitoris, she began to respond by imperceptibly opening her legs and gently moving her hips against the motion of his hand.

James stood up and said, "Mitch, I'm going to the movie studio downstairs to watch one of your movies. Call me when you're done."

"No, you're not, James. You just sit there and watch. You made the deal. Now think about how much you're going to enjoy the present and future money while I enjoy your beautiful wife." James Costello didn't respond with any words, but only with a sigh of acceptance which was enough for Mitch to continue the conquest of James' attractive wife.

With James sitting in his chair trying not to cry or show any emotion, Mitch moved closer to Beverly, put his left arm around her shoulders, and pulled her into him so he could place his lips on hers. Their lips met as his arms surrounded her and pulled her tight to his body. He pressed himself against her and that is when she realized that Mitch had something her James didn't. Mitch was hung and she could feel it pressing against her with an urgency born of his potential conquest of her and the satisfaction of his horniness. She couldn't believe how turned on she was getting considering three minutes ago she slapped her husband across the face and considered walking out. Beverly responded to his kiss by opening her mouth and allowing him to caress her tongue with his. Mitch kept a tight but not overpowering grip on Beverly, who was turning out to be a very sexually responsive woman. His cock continued to harden in his pants and Beverly made no attempt to pull away from his advances. After a good five minutes of deep French kissing, Mitch broke the kiss and stared into the deep blue eyes of the woman in his arms.

Mitch was taken with the feel of her svelte body against his. He couldn't wait to expose her nakedness to him so he could make love to her. He wanted to take her to bed and make long passionate love to her, but he knew that he couldn't. Beverly Costello had to be nothing more than a slut to him; a beautiful female that had three holes for him to use when and where he wanted. He couldn't fall in love with her. He decided that the best course of action was to take her from behind. Bend her over the desk, pull up her dress, pull down her panties, and enter her from behind. Give her no chance to see, caress, or fondle his manhood. She had to learn from the beginning that her loving husband had given his boss full rights to use her bodily orifices any way he wanted all for making them wealthy.

Beverly Costello stood to his right and in front of her husband and she turned her head for a moment to see her husband had his hand on his crotch. He was getting aroused and openly playing with himself. She couldn't, no didn't want to believe that her husband would accept his boss' use of her as a sex toy in payment for monitoring their investments. She believed in the sacredness of holy matrimony and the union of two people for the creation of life. She loved the physical act of the sexual union, but in her mind it was for procreation not purely pleasure. She felt Mitch move to her left and gently press her into his mahogany desk. Beverly didn't resist and allowed him to get behind her. When he was positioned behind her, she felt his strength as he pushed her forward so she was bent over the desk. She tried to keep her arms straight, but the pressure he brought to bear on her back forced her to lie face down on the desk.

"Good girl, now don't fight me, Beverly. Just let it happen. Remember, do not utter anything. Not a single word. Mitch is going to fuck you now." he stated. Beverly felt him lift the hem of her dress and push the thin panty between her legs to one side. Mitch kept his left hand on her upper back as he used his right hand to open the zipper of his pants. He reached in and extracted his erect penis. Neither Beverly nor James could see the size of the cock that he exposed. Mitch took the tip of his cock and placed it at the opening of Beverly's body. He could feel her wetness, but he could also sense the fear that was coursing through her body. He began to rub just the head of his circumcised cock between the lips of her pussy. He used it to spread the pre-cum that had gathered at the tip in combination with the juice that was beginning to flow out of Beverly's vaginal orifice.

Mitch felt Beverly's body, but more importantly her pussy, begin to relax and open to him. He lodged the head of his now hardened steel erect cock at her opening and thrust into her. Beverly Costello stifled her need to cry out loud by holding her breath for as long as she could. The cock that had just entered her body was the biggest she

had ever taken. Mitch used the thrust to prove his dominance over her did not let up as he slid the entire length of his manhood into her. Beverly Costello tried to rise up, but Mitch's strategically placed left hand kept her head and shoulders on the desktop. He pressed into her and knew that he'd soon have to start thrusting, but he wanted to be sure that she knew he was in control.

"Please, Mitch... I can't take it... Please, Mitch... Pull out a bit so I can catch my breath," cried Beverly. James Costello sat amazed that he didn't even see his boss expose his cock and enter his wife.

"What did I tell you, Beverly about talking or saying anything? Do you think, I care, Beverly? I am in you and your pussy is going to do what all good pussies do. You're going to use that hole and its soft interior to caress my cock as I slide it in and out of you. You're going to moan with pleasure as I fuck you in front of you husband. You're going stand bent over my desk, legs spread, offering me your cunt as I use it to masturbate my cock. And when I'm ready, I'm going to shoot my hot baby-making love juice deep inside you."

James Costello cried out, "Please Mitch, I thought you'd be using a condom. Don't ejaculate into my wife's unprotected body. That wasn't part of the deal!!!"

Mitch, while embedded into James's wife, turned and spat out at him, "Listen asshole, I just made you a major amount of money with more to come and you're just going to sit there and take the fuckin' consequences. I'm not going to let some latex balloon stifle the feeling of shooting a load into the sweet body of your beautiful wife."

Beverly heard what had transpired between her husband and his boss. She realized that her husband had demeaned himself to Mitch by allowing him to set the unusual terms and conditions of the investment. She realized that her husband was willing to do anything to become wealthy and now that she knew, she'd make him pay dearly from this moment forward. Beverly Costello relaxed and moved her backside ever so slightly in the hope that Mitch would read the signal as an okay to begin fucking her in earnest. Beverly Costello was going to give him the best fucking she could considering the position she was in and her husband would just have to suffer watching her get something James Costello could never give her. She did not feel Mitch respond to her, so she moaned loud enough her husband wouldn't be able to deny he hadn't heard her, "Fuck me!!! I want to feel that big cock sliding in and out of me!!! I want my husband to know that I've accepted his and ultimately your terms!!!"

Mitch did sense her body's relaxation. He took his left hand off her back and used both of his hands to grab her hips as he slid about half of his length out of her body. "Here comes, slut," he stated with a matter-of-fact tone as he slammed back into her.

"Oh, my God!!!" cried Beverly. "I've never had anything so big and thick up inside me... Give it to me, Mitch... Use me; I'm open to you... I'll do whatever you want, whenever you want!!! Just, fuck me hard, now!!!"

Mitch didn't need another invitation nor was he going to make a scene about her talking to him when he told her not to. Not caring about anything but his impending orgasm, he began to thrust into Beverly Costello's body with such force the top half of her body slid back and forth across the top of his desk. He fucked her hard. He'd pull out so her labia minor would close behind the corona so the head of his cock was just inside the entrance to her body and with a mighty shove he'd muscle himself back in, balls deep, pressing his cloth covered crotch against her cloth covered ass. As he fucked her, he wondered what it would be like to be on top of her in the missionary position. Her legs akimbo wrapped around his waist with her ankles crossed behind his back thus opening her precious holes to him. He thought about looking down and seeing her beautiful porcelain colored face, thin nose, perfectly shaped lips, eyes closed, blonde hair splayed across the pillow, sweat forming on her forehead as she moaned and writhed against his plunging cock. To him, Beverly Costello was perfect, tall, lithe, narrow hipped, long-legged, and small breasted. Thinking about what could be caused Mitch to drive into her body harder. He felt her respond by pressing against him when he kept his cock buried deep inside her and he knew he'd never lose control of her. He had to be careful he didn't fall in love with her.

Beverly stayed bent over for the next twelve minutes and allowed the man who was her husband's boss, their investment advisor, and now her, no their Master; fuck her. She realized as Mitch thrust himself in and out of her that she was nothing more than a slut, a hole in which he could slip his cock into, and a place to masturbate without having to use his hand. To James, she was a means to an end. For her, she was going to make her husband rue the

day he would offer her as a sexual toy to become wealthy. She decided to give her husband the show he wanted and give Mitch the opening he needed to have her anytime, anyplace without any conditions. She would give Mitch the sexual pleasure he wanted or demanded of her. She'd masturbate publically if he asked. She'd have sex for the first time with another woman if he told her to. Most of all, she wouldn't express it verbally to him, she'd eat a yard of his shit to get to his asshole. And, her husband would suffer the consequences, whatever they may be, period.

"Ah!!! Fuck me, I'm going to orgasm, now and again!!!" she cried. "You're so fuckin' big. Bigger than my husband. Shoot your load, Mitch... Give it to me... God!!!

"How can I make you understand that I don't want you to say anything, but you're so tight and so fuckin' hot!!! Oh, yeah!!! I knew once you had me inside you, you'd want more. Tell me, what you're goin' to do for me, whore..."

"Yes, I'm you're whore... Make me your slut... Fuck me, Mitch!!! Give me what I realize James could never give me!!! Orgasms just from having a cock in me!!! God, you're huge!!! Cum in me!!! Yes, I want your cum inside me... I want to feel it drip out of me as I walk away with my loser of a husband. He'll be rich with money, but I'll be a slut for your huge cock and rich with money. He'll never have me the way you're going to have me!!!"

Mitch was thrusting in and out and when he felt it. The telltale sign that his balls were going to give up some of the spermatozoa they had produced. He could feel the tingle in the space between his scrotum and his asshole as well as the pending contraction of his anal sphincters. He knew his orgasm was just a few strokes away. Mitch tightened his grip on Beverly's hips and with a powerful thrust embedded himself deep into her body. He felt his balls tighten up against the base of his cock, his shaft and head thickened, and the first rope of his cum sped down the his urethra, and into the slick walled womb that belonged to the woman who lay face down on his desktop.

"Take it!!! Take my cum!!! You're mine now, bitch!!!" Mitch felt every spurt of cum leave through the tip of his cock. He kept his body still and he emptied himself into her. When he was done he leaned against her keeping his semi-erect cock inside her hot body. Mitch stayed in her for another two minutes before he pulled out and without really cleaning himself, tucked his cock back into his pants. He stepped back from her, leaned over took her by her shoulders, and helped her stand up. Beverly Costello leaned against him for a moment so she could catch her breath and recover from the fucking she'd just experienced.

Mitch felt her gain control of her body and moved away from her. He didn't want to give her the opportunity to express any sort of lovey dovey thoughts about what just happened. He returned to his seat, sat down, and waited. He looked at James Costello and could see the streaks left by his tears as well as the wet spot that covered the front of his pants. Beverly saw the same thing as she sat down next to her husband. Neither of them said anything to each other or to Mitch. Mitch knew he'd won and said, "Ok. Now that we've finalized the terms and conditions, James, I'll see you at work in the morning. Beverly, I'll be in touch either directly or through your husband. I believe you can see yourselves out the same way you came in. Good night."

James and Beverly Costello stood and retreated out of the office without saying good-bye or thank you. James and Beverly Costello were on the road to wealth beyond their imagination. Beverly Costello was paying, no enjoying, fucking someone to gain a means-to-an-end. James Costello never thought he'd see much less enjoy seeing his wife being fucked by another man, but the semen hardening in his jockey shorts told him differently. He wondered how Mitch would treat him when he arrived at work in the morning.

Tuesday - The Next Morning at Work

James Costello all five feet seven inches of him arrived for work precisely at 7:30AM an hour-and-a-half earlier than he was supposed to be there. His wife, Beverly, did not say two words to him from the moment they left Mitch's penthouse through his leaving for work this morning. For the first time in their two-and-a-half year marriage, they weren't talking to one another. Yes, they've had spats, misunderstandings, but nothing like the silence imposed by Beverly upon him after the course of events from last night. He wanted to have sex with her in the worst way and although she was lying in bed next to him, she wouldn't let him touch her. He wanted to talk to her about it, but he realized her ignoring him, her silence, and her not responding to his attempts at explaining himself was not going to resolve whatever was running through her head. He sat at his desk staring off into space wondering if he did the right thing. Would Mitch say something to embarrass him in front of his colleagues? Would Mitch make remarks about his

wife openly? The surprising thing to James was the fact that as he remembered last evening's activities and wondered about what would happen when Mitch arrived, he had sprouted an erection. James Costello was learning a few things about himself as much as he learned things about his wife last night.

As the small crew of people entered floor that his office was on, James began to concentrate on his days activities. He wasn't allowed to trade, because he hadn't passed the tests necessary to get his stock broker's license. Temporarily, he was working in the Stock Certificate Department making sure that all the accounts had the correct stock certificates associated with them. He was responsible for contacting the trading houses to be sure the certificates were received in a timely manner and stored correctly. He knew that this was really an entry level position, but he trusted Mitch when he told him that if he worked and studied hard he'd be trading within a year.

"Good morning, James," stated Mitch as he stood in the doorway to James's small office. James hadn't even heard him when he arrived to say hello. He looked up and as he was about to reply, Mitch continued, "I have someone you need to meet this morning. I want you upstairs in my office at precisely 10:15 this morning. Not a minute earlier or one second later. Understood, James?"

James just looked at Mitch with his eyes wide open and mouth slightly agape. He replied, "We need to talk about last night, Mitch."

"No we don't, James. You made your bed and you're going to lie in it boy. From this moment on James, you address me as Mr. Markstein or Sir. We are no longer on a first name basis. Just be in my office precisely at 10:15. Again, James, do you understand?" Mitchell Mathew Markstein had just laid the gauntlet down to his employee and knew there was no turning back.

James replied, "Yes, Sir, Mr. Markstein. I'll be in your office precisely at 10:15AM."

Tilly Thomason's husband, Alvin, worked for Mitch's father for more years than she could remember and then Mitch for the past seven years. She was in Mitch's office for what would be the last time considering her husband had passed away eighteen months earlier from a massive coronary. Alvin Thomason performed special duties for Mitch, his dad, and because of it, Mitch treated them very well. So well, that she had nothing to worry about financially going forward as she had more than enough money invested to keep her in-the-pink for the rest-of-her-life. Today, in his office, per his request, Tilly Thomason, age 83, was going to say good-bye in person to Mitch. She knew he'd keep an eye on her investments, but this would be the last time they would be together in the flesh.

Mitch's office was on the top floor of a seventy-five story office building on the east side of lower Manhattan. Markstein Brokers Limited occupied the top five floors of the building. His office over looked the entrance to New York's harbor and he could see both Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty from behind his desk. What he liked most was that no other office building blocked his view or could anyone see into his office from any of the surrounding buildings. His office was in a beautiful building, on the highest floor, and afforded him total privacy. The intercom on his desk buzzed and his secretary announced that Mrs. Thomason was waiting. Mitch didn't respond, but instead, stood and walked to the heavy double doors of his office. He opened them, smiled, and invited Tilly into his office.

Tilly entered and when Mitch had closed the door she approached him and placed her arms around his waist, turned her head up, and offered her lips to him for what she knew was going to be one of the last kisses she would ever enjoy with her lover. Mitch leaned down, gently kissed her proffered lips, and broke the embrace to guide her to the couch that sat in front of the floor to ceiling windows. She allowed him to guide her and have her sit in the middle of the couch.

"It is so nice to see you Tilly. I hope everything is going well considering the untimely demise of your loving husband," inquired Mitch.

She smiled and replied, "How could anything be going badly, considering how wonderful you've been with my finances. I must say that I'm surprised you asked me to come to the city for our last meeting. I mean this is your office and I'm just surprised that since Alvin is no longer with us you'd ask me to come here instead of meeting at our usual place."

"I asked you here for a specific reason and I think you'll understand better when a James Costello arrives in about three minutes. Would you like something to drink? Coffee? Tea? A soft drink? An alcoholic beverage?"

"Oh, no thanks, Mitch. I'm just happy to be here considering the last time we were together was some seventeen months ago. You look wonderful and I'll assume you're still very active."

Mitch smiled and his eyes twinkled at her implied sexual innuendo, but before he could respond his secretary announced the arrival of James. Mitch returned to his desk and punched the button to electronically open the door to his office. He turned and watched James Costello enter his inner sanctum wearing a look of total fear on his face. Mitchell Markstein arms straight, palms down, leaned against his desk waiting for the door of his office to close so he could push the button that would lock the doors, illuminate a red light-emitting-diode on his secretary's desk, and let her know that under no circumstances was he to be disturbed. James Costello stood just inside the office doors waiting for what would come next.

"James, I'd like to introduce you to Mrs. Tilly Thomason. She is a dear friend of mine and her recently deceased husband Alvin worked for my father before coming to work for me", stated Mitch.

James walked over to where she was sitting and proffered his hand and said, "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Thomason."

Tilly Thomason stood, took his hand gripping it firmly, and realized he had a limp wristed handshake. She stood a mere five feet three inches, weighed about 90 pounds dripping wet, and her body was in pretty good shape for a eighty-three year old woman. She was casually dressed in an a-line skirt that came to about two inches above her knee; a basic white blouse over which she wore a cashmere v-neck sweater, a double strand of pearls graced her neck, and she wore a pair of black calfskin heels. Her hair was a rich whitish gray worn in a British bob style. She wore a minimum of makeup because her skin was soft and supple for a woman of her age. She looked into James's eyes, smiled, released his hand, and sat back down on the couch. James noticed that she did not sit with her legs together slanted to either side, but had them spread so her skirt fell between her thighs exposing more of her shapely legs to him. She made herself comfortable and replied, "Nice to meet you James. Have you been working here long?"

James couldn't believe how she was sitting in front of him and tried to put it out of his mind. He replied, "I joined the company three months ago. I'm working in the Stock Certificate Department now, but I'm hoping to pass the tests required by law so I can begin trading."

Mitch interrupted their conversation, "James, I don't think Mrs. Thomason is really interested in hearing an explanation of your office duties. I invited her here so we could see if you will react the same way today as you did last night."

"Excuse me, Mr. Markstein, but last night was something between us..." was all he could get out of his mouth when he heard Tilly begin to laugh quietly at first and then out loud.

Tilly leaned back into the leather couch and stated to the room, "Come now James, you don't think that I'm naive now do you?"

"No, Mrs. Thomason, I'm not saying anything like that about you, but I made a deal with Mr. Markstein and I thought it was a private deal. Something just between the two of us."

"My, oh, my, dear boy, but you've been hoodwinked. The deal you made also included your wife and don't try to deny it, boy. You see, when you walked in the door and addressed Mitch as Mr. Markstein I knew immediately that he had found a replacement for my dear departed Alvin. I thought he'd have found someone sooner, but I can tell just from our handshake he's found a winner in you, dear boy."

James Costello stood in front of Mrs. Thomason in a total state of panic. What she had just told him couldn't be the truth. Mitch Markstein was fucking her and her husband worked for him at the same time. He wondered what special duties her husband performed. As he continued to wonder about what he had gotten himself into, Mitch walked

over to where he was standing, put his arm around his shoulder, and guided him to a chair situated caddy corner to the couch.

"Sit James and watch", ordered Mitch.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Markstein" replied James not knowing what was going to happen next.

Mitch moved to where Tilly was sitting and stood in front of her. He didn't need to say anything to her. James was astounded to see her reach into her purse to remove a plastic case. She screwed off the top, removed her dentures, and placed them into the case. She then leaned forward, unzipped Mitch's pants, fished out his cock, and began giving him a blow job. As she held the head of his cock in her mouth, she turned ever so slightly so she could see the reaction on James's face. To her and Mitch, the look on James Costello's face was just like the MasterCard commercials say, priceless. As Tilly began to fellate Mitch she took to releasing his belt, opening the waistband clasp, and then with a flourish pulling them down. She knew from previous experiences that he would not be wearing any underwear. James could see for his first time the actual size of Mitchell's cock and his reaction was just what Tilly and Mitch expected. As Tilly's mouth slid up and down the shaft of Mitch's cock, her right hand began to gently massage his balls, while her left hand grasped his right buttock so she could control movement of her lover's hips. James Costello couldn't stop himself from beginning to rub his cock through his pants.

"Just as I thought you'd do. James, you will not play with yourself!!!" commanded Mitch.

James jumped in his chair when he heard Mitch speak to him as Tilly Thomason sucked what he could see was at least an eleven inch cock. "Yes, Sir", was James' somewhat whispered response. He took his right hand from his crotch and tried with all his might to keep himself from playing with what he knew was now a smaller than average cock. He watched as Mitch gently took Tilly's head in his hands and pushed his cock down her throat. Mrs. Thomason didn't even flinch as she felt his manhood slide into her esophagus, because she had learned a long time ago how to accept his size without choking or gasping for breath. Tilly responded to Mitch's control by taking his balls in both her hands and massaging them which told Mitch that she was comfortable having his eleven inches down her throat.

"Look at her, James. See how she is relaxed enough to keep my cock in her mouth and throat? That is what Beverly is going to learn to do when I teach her to fellate me. She is going to become an expert deep-throat cocksucker. Last night was just the beginning of what is going to be a wonderful relationship between Beverly and me. Notice how she is comfortable enough to play with my balls while I keep my cock in her buried in her mouth and talk to you at the same time." Mitch began to thrust every so minutely and slowly watching James as he did so. "Do you like what you're seeing, James?"

"Please, Mr. Markstein. Please don't make me sit here like some, some..."

"Wimp, James. Last night you became a cuckold, James. Do you know what a cuckold is, James?"

"Cuckold? No, Mr. Markstein, I do not know what a cuckold is", replied James. Tears welled in his eyes as he watched his boss fuck the toothless mouth of the elderly woman on the couch.

"A cuckold, James, is a man with an unfaithful wife. Just like Tilly was unfaithful to Alvin, James. But, you're a special cuckold, James. Know why?" inquired Mitch as he pushed the entire length of his cock down Tilly's throat.

"No, Mr. Markstein. I, I, I guess you're going to tell me, Mr. Markstein."

"That's right, James. You're special because you wanted to be wealthy like me and were willing to do anything to acquire that wealth. I saw the picture of Beverly on your desk and knew that when you approached me about investing your life savings I'd get a chance to feel her cunt surrounding my cock. And, you know what, James?"

"Yes, I know, Mr. Markstein. I reacted just the way you thought I would when you told me that to make me wealthy you'd want to fuck my wife when and where you wanted it. And, I agreed."

"Yes you did James, but there is more to our bargain. I'm going to fuck your wife just the way I've fucked Tilly over the years and I'm going to make you do things you've never, ever thought of doing before. Believe me James, when I told you that you'd readily consent because you didn't want to lose the two most important things that inhabit your life. First and most importantly, you didn't want to lose the money I'm making you. Secondly, you didn't want to lose Beverly, your trophy wife. Now, watch and learn, cuckold."

Mitch gently pushed Tilly's head off of his now engorged cock. She smiled up at him and waited for his next move. He bent over and picked her up by her underarms. Tilly allowed him to take her to his body; she opened her legs, and wrapped them around his waist. She knew what he was going to do and positioned herself so he could enter her. She grabbed his neck and audibly groaned as he slipped his cockhead into her body. Mitch moved his hands to support her by her buttocks as she slid down onto his cock. They stood there locked together by their sexual organs. After a moment of no movement, Mitch moved forward, dropped down so he could place Tilly on the couch, and began to fuck her. Tilly reached behind her knees and pulled them apart to give her lover better access to her opening.

"Mitchell, my love, fuck me!!!" she moaned. Mitchell did what she asked. He fucked her. He fucked her hard and deep. He didn't stop to keep his cock embedded in her body. He didn't relax. He fucked her like it was their last copulation. It didn't take long for him to give Tilly what he knew she so desired. When he did cum, he drove himself into her, released his thick white cum, and then pulled back to allow the remaining ropes to coat the inner and outer lips of her pussy. When he did that she realized that Mitch did not release his cum deep inside her for a reason. She knew why he had asked her to his office.

Mitch leaned over and placed a few gentle kisses on the mature woman's face before he slipped from her gaping cunt. He made no effort to cover himself but just stepped to the left side of Tilly and sat down next to her. He looked at her as he pulled her dress up above her waist and gently opened her legs exposing her well fucked pussy. Mitch saw that James had a very obvious boner and where it stuck up behind his pants, he was wet. He put his arm around Tilly's shoulders and pulled her next to him. She rested her head against his chest and breathed gently as she came down from the orgasm she enjoyed as he spent inside her. James Costello just sat staring at her gaping cunt, saying nothing, just waiting for Mitch to say something.

"Your first lesson, James, commences now. I want you to come here and kneel between Tilly's legs. I want you to look at her well fucked pussy up close. I want you to see the result of our copulation. I want you to see her red puffy pussy covered in and dripping the white liquid of my balls. When you're comfortable and understand that what you're looking at is something you'll be seeing in and on your wife, you will lean forward caress Tilly's sore pussy with your mouth and tongue. You will use them to make her feel better as you clean the mess I left there. You will be doing the same thing to Beverly on a regular basis. Oh, I could have cum deep inside her, but I wanted you to have an easy time the first time you eat a hot creampie made from my ejaculate. Now, get to it James."

Mitch and Tilly watched as James rose from the chair, fell to his knees, and crawled over to a spot between Tilly's splayed legs. He looked at Mitch and realized that it would be better to do what was asked of him without complaining. He saw the globs of Mitch's cum resting on her sparsely haired pussy. Mitch's cum blended in with the gray hair of her pussy. He tried to use the look on his face to signal Mitch that he was unhappy with what was happening, but he could see that nothing he could or would do could stop him from having to suck up another man's cum from a just fucked pussy. Tilly raised her legs offering James a better angle to her cunt.

"Let's go, cuckoo boy... Get your face in there and make me happy. Lick up your boss' cum. Show him what a good cum sucker you're going to be. He'll appreciate it. I know, because my Alvin would do exactly what you're going to do, so get to it boy." Tilly Thomason waited to feel James begin to suck her and she knew that she would keep him at it until she had another deep body orgasm.

James had never tasted his own cum and being forced to taste another man's cum for the first time was a revolting thought. He moved his face away from Tilly's sore pussy only to have Mitch slap him on the back of his head which was hard enough to make the point. James returned to licking and sucking the mature woman's well used sex. The acrid, salty taste of Mitch's cum was becoming something he could accept, because he realized that he'd be doing the same to his beautiful wife cleaning Mitchell Markstein's cum from her fucked pussy with his tongue. As he licked, Tilly began to control his head with her hands. She clasped his head between her legs and began to fuck his face with her pussy. James tried to break the hold she had on his head only to feel a second set of hands on his back and that

is when he knew that Mitch was also controlling his actions. He resigned himself to his fate and continued to suck at Tilly's cunt.

"That's it James. Suck on my clit. Use your tongue to fuck me boy. Oh, yes, Mitch, I think he's going to be a good cunt lapper for you. That's it James or should I call you Jamie??? Suck my cunt and make me, oh yes... I'm cumming!!!" Tilly pressed her sex against James' face as her body tensed and then relaxed as her orgasm flowed from her cunt to her brain and back down to her cunt.

James Costello felt his mouth fill with her sexual juices as they began to flow with her orgasm. As Tilly came down, she released her death grip on his head, but did not stop rubbing her soaking cunt all over his face. The second orgasm hit her and she creamed his face anew. James felt himself cum in his pants just from being forced to perform cunnilingus on the just fucked pussy of a woman he had just met earlier that morning. Tilly stopped rubbing herself on his face as she fell back into the couch flush with orgasmic pleasure. Mitch watched as she relaxed and wondered if he should make James clean him or wait to humiliate him in front of his wife.

"Mitch", Tilly said, "I think I'm all fucked and eaten out. I'm going to straighten myself up and take leave of your office. I'm available to you whenever you want an old piece-of-pussy to fuck, but I know that if anything is available to you the one thing I have you love more than my ancient cunt is my toothless blowjobs." She pushed James away with her feet and used her hands to smooth down her skirt as she stood preparing to leave. After straightening herself out which included putting her dentures back in, she walked over to where Mitch was sitting, kissed him on his lips, strode to Mitch's desk, pushed the door release button, and departed his office without even saying good-bye.

Mitch saw James sitting on the floor his face covered in his cum and Tilly's orgasmic juices. His pants were soaked from ejaculating in his pants. The stain confirmed to Mitch that James had cum possibly more than once from being forced to lick a strange woman's just fucked, sore, cum coated cunt clean. Mitch had indeed found a replacement for Alvin Thomason. James Costello had served him willingly this morning and that was all he expected of him. Mitchell Markstein had a new squeeze in Beverly Costello and nothing could make him happier.

"James, get your ass off the floor and get back to work", said Mitch.

"Yes, sir", replied James.

Wednesday - in James Costello's Office

James Costello worked in a small office on the seventy-first floor, five floors below Mitchell Markstein's penthouse office. It barely contained his desk, chair, a small credenza, and two chairs for visitors. Luckily it had a door, but for the time he was there he never had an occasion to close it. He didn't really want to have to deal with Mitch face-to-face and thought long and hard about closing the door to his office. He sat with his daily printout listing customers who made trades that would be receiving the actual stock certificates for their portfolio. The certificates were delivered by messenger and usually arrived between 10:00AM and 10:30AM.

James lost track of time as he sorted, noted, and filed the certificates that arrived late yesterday afternoon. As he was mindlessly doing this, Suzanne Chen walked into his office, closed the door, leaned against it and said, "I have something for you."

James Costello looked into the eyes of Mitch's secretary and then down to where her hands were raising her skirt to reveal her black lace top thigh-high stockings and a patch of pubic hair in the shape of a lightning bolt. She rested her shoulders against the door with her legs spread and her hips thrust forward as she revealed her sex to him. His gaze returned to her eyes and mouth as he said, "Who told you to come to my office? I have no interest in whatever you're thinking about happening." Just as he finished his phone rang and he picked it up at the completion of the first ring.

"James Costello", he said, "How may I help you?"

"James..." He knew immediately from the caller id and the voice who was on the phone. "If you're thinking about not listening to Ms. Chen, I suggest you leave the building because you're no longer employed. Oh, and the investment including the initial ten thousand will be divided among your peers. Have I made my point?" Mitch didn't need to raise his voice or make idle threats.

"Yes, Mr. Markstein, I understand that she is here per your request. Are you going to hold the money over my head for the rest of the time I'm employed here?" asked James.

"The only thing I'm going to hold over your head is your stupidity, James. You gave me your wife so you could be a millionaire. I'm going to use that desire to make sure I have another Alvin Thomason to do my bidding. Like I said James, do as I say or lose everything and that will include your wife."

"Beverly will never leave me."

"Beverly has had a man in her and you heard her because you were sitting there watching. Why should she suffer with a lame piece-of-shit like you when she could have me, my wealth, and most importantly the eleven inches that hangs between my thighs. No let me hear you tell me what you're going to do."

James was dumbfounded that his boss would admit to him his willingness to take his wife from him. He loved Beverly more than anything on this Earth, but his stupidity about wanting wealth beyond his dreams had put him into this predicament. He replied to his boss, "I'm going to hang up the phone, get up from my desk chair, go to where Suzanne is standing, kneel down, and lick what I believe is your cum from her pussy."

Mitch replied, "Then do it boy and address her as Ms. Chen!!!" He heard James hang up the phone.

Suzanne Chen listened to one side of the conversation, but knew that her boss had just told his new corporate cuckold to clean her just fucked pussy. On a few occasions, Mitch would arrive at work and be in need of a few good orgasms. Suzanne knew when she was hired that part of her duties would be to offer herself to her boss to help him satisfy his insatiable sexual needs. She also found out in time that Mitch was putting a sizable amount of money into a very private retirement fund for her. The benefit of giving your boss what he asked for without question. This morning he'd fucked her three times. The first time he came deep inside her and the remaining two times he shot his load all over her pussy and asshole. Taking the elevator down to James office was an adventure as Mitch's cum dripped down the inside of her thighs. She watched as James came to kneel in front of her.

"Ms. Chen, I'm ordered by Mr. Markstein to use my mouth and tongue to clean Mr. Markstein's cum from your body."

"I know, but before you begin I have to change positions." Suzanne turned around, bent over, and used both of her hands to spread the cheeks of her ass open. "As, you can see, he left something here for you to clean, so I think you should start there, boy."

James could see her asshole was covered in Mitch's cum. He'd never thought about licking any woman's asshole, but knew that if he didn't, Suzanne would say something to Mitch and all hell would break loose. He moved his head forward, extended his tongue, and placed it against her anus. Much to his relief, she did not smell terrible although he could smell a bit of her bowel. He definitely did taste the acrid salty makeup of his boss' ejaculate. The heavy liquid coated his tongue as he slid it up and down the crack of her ass. Each time his tongue passed over her anus, Suzanne would press herself backwards into his face. He was happy that she hadn't asked him to place his tongue into her asshole. It didn't take him long to suck all the cum from between the cheeks of her backside. When he could see that he was basically finished with her backside, he took his hands and placed them on her hips so he could get her to turn around so he could begin cleaning her pussy. That was his first mistake.

"What the hell are you doing, boy??? Don't you dare touch me!!! Did I give you permission to touch my body??? No, I didn't!!!"

James quickly removed his hands from her hips and said, "Excuse me Ms. Chen, but how was I supposed to advise you that I was finished and needed you to turn around?"

"You are never to touch any woman that Mr. Markstein sends here for you to perform your duties on. You are to remove your face from wherever it's been. You are to politely tell the female that you need them to change position so you may continue your duties. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ms. Chen, I do, but no one had advised me considering that you're only the second female that I've had to perform oral cleaning duties per Mr. Markstein's request. I suppose that Mr. Markstein will train my wife to treat me as you are now."

Suzanne Chen smiled and then broke out laughing as she leaned against the closed door to James' office making herself ready to have her randy pussy cleaned of her boss' ejaculate. "Yes, James, your wife is going to be taught what it is to be a slut for Mitch and a total dominant bitch to you. In time, you'll either love your new life or come to hate it, but either way it is imperative you clean me now so I can relate to Mitch whether I think you did a good job. Now get to it boy!!!"

James Costello didn't ask anymore questions. He looked between her legs and could see both thighs, her mons, and labia covered in thick ejaculate. The lace tops of her thigh highs were acting like dams and he could see some of the cum pooling there. He leaned forward and started with the inside of her left leg just above the lace. He kept his hands by his side as he used his tongue to gather the cum and suck it into his mouth. He moved ever so slowly up the inside of her thigh with his tongue relishing the feel of her silken smooth skin against his tongue. As he neared the most private part of her body, she took him by his head and forcibly pulled him between her thighs. Suzanne Chen used the upper part of her back to steady herself against the door as she began to grind her pussy on James' face.

Realizing that it would be a losing battle to try and free himself from Suzanne's grip, James continued to lick and suck as much as he could as she rubbed her cunt all over his face. He occasionally tried to break free when Suzanne would move her body in such a way that his nose would be embedded between the lips of her pussy and it became very difficult for him to breath. She knew what she was doing and would hold him there and just at the right moment would move so he could resume breathing again. The whole time he did what he was supposed to do, eat the copious amount of cum that was ejaculated by her lover, his boss, and now he could see his Master.

Suzanne Chen was close to having an orgasm. She could feel it rising through her body. She wanted to make sure James tasted and wore her juices on his face. Suzanne wanted to coat his face so when it dried everyone in the office would know who replaced Alvin as Mitch's corporate cuckold. She didn't say anything as her orgasm took control of her body. She increased the pressure on James' face and held him tight to her pussy as her juices flowed from her body. James could feel the liquid coat his face and could do nothing to stop Ms. Chen from depositing her juices and the cum that Mitch had deposited deep into her body.

"That's it boy. You're learning to be a good cunt lapper. I can't wait to see you face covered in my juice and Mitch's cum. Oh, my, God, I'm cumming!!!" was the last words out of her mouth as James felt her legs tighten around his head as her body shook in orgasmic pleasure. She held him there as her body shook and her breathing became a bit labored. After a good three minutes, Suzanne Chen released his head and pushed him backwards making him hit his head against the side of his desk. She leaned against the door for another few moments as she came down from her orgasmic bliss. She looked down to see James sitting on the floor his face covered in Mitch's and her sexual juices. It took a moment for her to gather herself together and begin to laugh at the wimp of a man sitting on the floor in front of her.

"So, James, did you enjoy eating my cum filled and covered Chinese twat?"

James gathered his wits about him and replied, "You didn't have to push me so hard. I think I'm going to have a bump on my head. If you're done with me, then I'd like you to leave my office so I can clean up."

"I don't think you understand James. The only thing you're going to do is return to work. Your bosses and peers are going to learn today that you are the new Company Cuckold. You are going to spend the rest of this work day covered in Mitch's cum and my orgasm juice."

"You can't be serious, Ms. Chen? Did Alvin have..." was all that came out of his mouth before Ms. Chen slapped him across his face. James Costello sat on the floor of his office and began to cry. "Please Ms. Chen; I didn't deserve to be slapped across the face like some little boy who made his mother mad. I'm not some punching bag!!! I don't care that you're Mr. Markstein's special assistant!!!" he sobbed.

Suzanne Chen squatted before her sniveling coworker, placed her left hand under James' cum coated chin, and pushed his head back so he was looking up at and into her eyes. James cried openly in front of Suzanne Chen and it had no effect on the woman who was holding his head up by his chin. "You have to learn your place in the scheme of things James. If you take the time to accept your fate, you'll be wealthy beyond your dreams and Mitch will not make it difficult for you on a day-to-day basis working here. The beginning is going to be a very humiliating time for Beverly and you, but I know Beverly is going to love being his slut and you... Well, be a good employee. Accept Mitch controlling and fucking your wife. Accept being your wife's cuckold and your life won't be so bad. You'll get used to and soon-or-later come to love sucking a better man's cum from a woman's just fucked pussy. You have to trust me, James."

With tears now mixed in with the sexual juices on his face, James nodded and said, "Please Ms. Chen, just one question."

'Ok, James", she replied.

"Alvin... Oh, how do I ask about...", James wondered aloud.

Suzanne Chen also wondered where or what he was thinking about. So, she tried to help, "If you're wondering about Alvin, James, he worked here for seven years and before that he worked for Mitch's dad. He worked in the same office you're working in now. He never complained about doing what was asked of him. I know when he died he left Tilly with an investment folder worth well over twenty-five million dollars. Is that what you were wondering about James?"

Sniveling and trying to get control of his emotions, James replied, "Yes and no, Ms. Chen, but, I'll just say thank you and leave this morning's activities to me complying with a request from my boss. If you're truly done with me, I'd like to clean up and get back to work."

"Get back to work, but cleaning up is not an option, James. You are to complete your work day here just as you are now. People have to learn about your position in the company and the best way to do that is for you to show them the results of your work," she said with a look of glee on her face and a twinkle in her eye.

Suzanne Chen wiped her hands on James' shirt before she stood up and left his office to return to her desk outside of Mitch's office. She felt completely clean except for a small amount of cum that stuck to the right lace top of her thigh high. She knew that James Costello, the Corporate Cuckold, would learn and grow in his primary position within Mitch's investment company. She would have good news to report to Mitch when she returned to the penthouse executive suite. James Costello had begun to accept his role as defined by Mitch and executed by his predecessor, Alvin Thomason.

The rest of the day was a long drawn out affair as his fellow workers laughed or just pointed at him when he walked by their cubicles or offices with his face caked in Mitch's cum and Suzanne's juices. The worst part was the stain that had dried as a white patch on his suit pants where he had ejaculated from getting so sexually excited from being forced to perform cunnilingus on a woman who had just completed several acts of coitus with their boss. James Costello would do exactly as he had done yesterday before he put the key into the locks on his apartment door. He would stop at a local bar to have a quick drink, he'd wash his face, and try to clean the cum stain from the front of his pants. He'd think up a good story to tell Beverly as to why his pants were wet when he entered their apartment.

Saturday - Mitch Invites Himself Over

The rest of the week was uneventful for James which included the night he came home with his pants all wet from trying to erase the evidence of his ejaculation. Beverly didn't even notice or didn't make a scene about it if she did. She was cool to her husband and did not make any effort to show or give him any emotional support. She basically ignored him and spoke to him only when she had a need to say something to him. She allowed him to sleep in her bed, but did not allow him to touch her. She strategically placed on her night table several books which she read each night before she fell asleep. James wanted to ask her what she was reading, but every time he tried to engage her in conversation she ignored him.

Saturday was the first day of the weekend they would spend together since their meeting and Beverly finding out James had agreed to let Mitch fuck her in exchange for investing their hard-earned savings. James tried everything he could to get his wife to talk to him. He apologized at least a hundred times. He told her he'd beg Mitch to give him back the initial investment and quit so she wouldn't have to fornicate with his boss as payment for his investment services. Beverly ignored James and went about her business as if he didn't exist. She left their apartment for a good seven hours leaving James to sit and wonder if she was fucking Mitch. Beverly returned with several shopping bags from Bloomingdales, Bergdorf Goodman, Barneys, and Victoria's Secret.

James inquired as to what she was up to for that evening, "Beverly, are we going out to dinner this evening? Or, are you going out by yourself? Or, are we staying home?"

Beverly stood in the middle of the small, sparsely furnished living room of their one bedroom apartment and decided to answer her husband, "No, James, we are not going out to dinner together. If I decide to go out for something to eat, it will be by myself. You can sit here and jerk off thinking about what you did for us this week." Her voice did not betray her continuing anger with her husband or her unresolved ambiguity about how much she did or did not love him.

James shook with fear and pain at her obvious hatred of him for what he did without first consulting her. He tried to answer her, but his breathing was so difficult all he could do was wheeze and begin to cry. He'd been crying all week and he'd hoped this weekend would begin to heal whatever estrangement he had created between them. As he sat on the small couch with tears running down his face, he heard Beverly answer the ringing land line phone.

"Hello", she said as she stood next to the small table that just fit into the tiny kitchen of their apartment. "Yes, that would be acceptable to me."

James could only hear one side of her conversation.

"Yes, I've been shopping. You want me to do what? Ok, I understand and I'll do it. Is there anything else you require?"

James stood up from the couch and strode to where his wife was talking on the phone. He wanted to find out who she was talking to, but Beverly pointed a finger at him telling him to stay away from her. He could see the anger in her eyes and knew she wasn't kidding around.

"Yes, he'll be here. No, we only have a small one bedroom apartment on the fifth floor of a five story walkup. Yes, I'll be prepared, dressed, and waiting per your request." Beverly hung up the phone, stood looking at her husband, and spoke directly to him for the first time since the meeting at Mitch's penthouse apartment. "James, we're having company tonight. Follow me into the bedroom and don't, and I mean it, don't say a fuckin' word. You will do as I say or you will suffer the consequences." Beverly strode right past him purposely bumping into to him to show him she wasn't playing around.

James Costello knew in his heart-of-hearts his wife just got off the phone with Mr. Markstein. He benignly followed her into the bedroom. As he entered the bedroom, he could see she had not calmed down and was still angry. He tried to calm her nerves and de-stress her emotionally by placing his hands on her shoulders and

massaging them. "Beverly, I believe I know who was on the phone and why don't you let me take care of ev..." was all he could get out of his mouth.

Beverly turned and pushed herself away from her husband. He could hear the pain in her voice when she spoke, "James, I'm not going to lie to you. This entire week while I was at work he called me and I didn't give him my work number. I'll assume you gave it to him and if you didn't, he one real smart son-of-a-bitch. Mitch told me I had to go out shopping for his type of clothing. He enumerated what I should buy for when and where we'll be going together. He told me where to go to purchase the books I've been reading. Voraciously reading I might add. I can see by the look on your face you're wondering why. I'm reading and learning about alpha males, beta males, cuckolding, slut wives, and best of all" with a slight pause, "feminine domination."

Incredulously, he asked, "Is that what you've been reading?" She could see him beginning to shudder and tremble where he stood. He whined on, "What did he say to you? Please, Beverly, I need to know."

Beverly could see James' emotional breakdown beginning just as the authors of the tomes on cuckolding and feminine domination said it would. Beta males would show their true colors as their wives became more dominant and took control of the relationship. She hoped he would not piss himself in front of her because she'd never seen him so fraught with emotion. It was bad enough he sold his soul to become wealthy not knowing that she would end up controlling their combined assets. Inside she was ebbing and flowing between love and anger at her husband. True to what she read, Beverly was still deeply in love with the man she married. Prior to her liaison with Mitch, she'd had relations with other men that did not influence her belief that she was correct when she accepted his proposal of marriage. The difference was without question Mitch's size and thickness. She was content with James sexual performance prior to her being royally fucked by Mitch, but as he said before and during their sexual connection, she'd never want anything smaller than what she had inside her now.

"James, he told me nothing about why you came home earlier in the week with a giant wet spot on you suit pants. He told me what he wanted of me and that you're to help. So, my dear husband, whom, believe it or not, I still love dearly, take all your clothes off, now. I will do the same. When we're both totally nude we'll retire to the bathroom so you can help me get ready and I can prepare you." She did not wait for a reply. She turned around and began to undress which didn't take her all that long to step out of the dress and heels she was wearing. Much to James' amazement she wasn't wearing any feminine undergarments. No bra. No panties.

Beverly turned around to see James standing exactly in the same spot when she turned to undress. He was still fully clothed and that pissed off Beverly. She strode over and remembering from her reading did what some authors said would be necessary to prove to the beta male who was in charge. It hurt her heart, but she knew she had to show James who was in charge of their relationship now. Timing it perfectly, Beverly used her right instep to kick her reticent husband directly in the testicles. The force was hard enough to initiate his loss of breath, bring tears to his eyes, and cause him to grab his crotch and fall to the floor in obvious pain.

"Oooowwww!!!" he cried as he rolled around on the floor. "Why did you kick me in the balls?"

"I kicked you because you weren't doing as I requested. This should teach you a very large lesson about who is in control of this relationship, James. Now, get your ass off the floor and get undressed, because if you don't, I'll just kick you in your balls again. This time I won't care about how hard I kick you and what could possibly happen to you. Now, get up!!!"

Beverly watched as her husband struggled to get to his feet and begin undressing. When he was totally naked she pointed to the bathroom, he took the cue, and walked in front of her entering the small room before her. Beverly noticed, much to her amazement, she actually got wet and experienced a bit of a sexual charge from confronting and ultimately causing her husband a moderate amount of pain. In all of her twenty-six years, she'd never struck anyone in anger and never thought she'd get a sexual charge out of doing it to another human being, especially the man she loved.

"James, I'm going to sit on the edge of the bathtub and you're going to trim my pubic hair and then completely shave me so I'm bare as if I was just born. You'll find a brush and scissor on the top of the toilet tank, my razor and shaving cream are in the medicine cabinet."

James just looked at Beverly and knew from the look on her face she expected him to do as she wished or more to the point, commanded. He turned, opened the mirrored door to the medicine cabinet, and retrieved her razor and shaving cream. Beverly positioned herself so she could rest against wall at end of the tub away from the faucet and open her legs so her James could gain access to her naturally hairy pussy. James found where she had placed the comb and scissor on the top of the toilet bowl tank. He realized she knew before today that she was going to shave her pubic area clean of any hair. The question he had was whether or not she learned it from her reading or from hearing it from Mr. Markstein.

"Beverly, I not really sure I'm in a calm enough state to use either the scissor or razor on you. Please, why don't you do it yourself? I don't want to cut you", whined James as he kneeled in front of his exposed wife.

"Oh, please, please, please... Is that all you can say in that whiney voice which I've never heard before. I'm not going to let you off the hook, James. You decided to make me into a slut when you accepted Mitch's T's and C's. Now, be extremely careful and make me bare for my lover", stated Beverly without much caring in her voice.

James Costello took the comb and ran it through the nest of pubic hair that covered her snatch. He carefully used the scissor to cut as short as possible the hair surrounding her pussy. It took him about fifteen minutes to get to the point where he could slather shaving cream on her and begin to shave the remaining hair from her crotch. He took the razor and began to shave her, but soon realized that he wasn't pressing hard enough to actually remove any hair. He was so afraid of cutting her skin that Beverly had to explain to him that if he didn't get it done he'd suffer the consequences. As much as she hated threatening him, she did, and she could feel herself getting a bit sexually excited when he cowered and did as he was told.

Twenty-five minutes after he began, James Costello looked down at his wife's twat to see it bare of all pubic hair. For the first time since she was a young girl, Beverly's privates were bare and she could see that James had been careful enough when shaving that she did not have any unsightly red bumps on her skin from the razor. She looked at her husband and said, "I'd let you suck me off, but that would only make me want to have something you can't give me, so, I want you to clean the tub and prepare me a nice warm bath using my favorite bath bubbles."

Beverly Costello exited the bathroom as her husband began to clean the area around the tub and the tub itself. She heard him running the water, cleaning the interior of the tub, and preparing her bubble bath per her request. She took the time open the door to her closet which had hanging on its interior side a full length mirror. She stood in front of it looking at her naked private parts. She never thought about doing what Mitch had ordered her to do, but seeing her that way she knew she would forever be bare between her legs. Beverly thought she looked one-hundred percent better, more sexually attractive, and younger than her twenty-six years. After admiring herself in the mirror of a good ten minutes, she returned to the bathroom to find her husband kneeling next to the tub awaiting her arrival.

"Is the water warm enough for me James?" she inquired as she took her right hand and rubbed it on his left cheek. "I'm sure you did your best to make it the best bubble bath considering we are having company tonight."

James felt her hand on his face and stifled a moan as well as a sigh as he answered, "Yes. Beverly, I tried to make the water the exact temperature you like. I can state with confidence that your bubble bath is ready for you to soak in, in preparation for Mr. Markstein's arrival."

Beverly didn't react to his expressing his knowledge that his boss was coming over considering it was James who started the whole thing by asking Mitch to invest their savings. She looked down at him and told him to stay right where he was because she was going to need him to help wash, dry, powder, and perfume her when she exited the bubble bath. Beverly Costello stepped into the tub, sat down into what proved to be the exact temperature of water, and sighed a sigh of total contentment. She took her right hand and caressed her naked vagina for the first time. She languished in the tub and she slowly masturbated herself in front of her husband for the first time in her life. She made a point of masturbating in the tub under the bubbles in front of her husband so he could only sit there not seeing her play with herself.

James watched his wife's face as she played with her clitoris and could see an approaching orgasm when much to his surprise his wife stopped pleasuring herself. Beverly laughed when she saw the look on James' face. "Did

you think I was going to masturbate to completion in front of you? Think not, James. Please be a good boy and wash my back." She offered him a wash cloth.

James accepted the wash cloth and began to gently massage his wife's back. She leaned forward in the tub and when she thought he'd done enough she stood and told him to pull the plug so she could use the shower so he could wash the remaining bubbles of her body. James watched the water flow out of the tub and when it was empty he started the shower. Beverly stood as he cleaned the bubbles and soap off her body. What she didn't notice was his growing erection and he didn't try to hide the fact that he was excited. He turned the shower off when he knew she was clean, stood with his erection prominently showing, and offered her a towel so he could dry her off.

"So, little man, I see you're erect. What pray tell other than my body made you sexually excited? Could the act of serving my needs, preparing me for a date, and doing as I say make you so excited you popped an erection?" Beverly stood open legged as James dried her body off. He didn't reply to any of her questions, because if he did, he'd only open his mouth and put his foot in it. It took James a good eighteen minutes to dry and powder his wife. When he was done, he stepped back and awaited her next request.

"James, let's go into the bedroom so I can get dressed. Mitch will be here by 10:00PM and I have a lot to do to get ready."

James replied, "Beverly, we have several hours until he arrives. Why don't we just get dressed and talk until he arrives?"

Beverly laughed and told her husband, "I'm the only one getting dressed James. Mitch has requested that you be naked. He told me what to wear. It should take me about three to five minutes to get dressed for him. In fact, I've laid it out on my bed. Why don't we go and see what I'll be wearing for your boss this evening."

On the bed was a pair of black Victoria's Secret chain v-string panties, black lace topped thigh high stockings, and nothing else. Next to the bed was a pair of black calfskin leather six inch platform heels. Beverly was going to be dressed for sex and nothing else. James looked at his wife, "Beverly please, let's see what we can do to end this situation. How can you expect me to be nude while the two of you are together?"

"The answer to your question James lies in the books I've been reading and learning from. As a cuckold, you have nothing to offer me except your love, devotion, and commitment to our marriage. Again you fail to see the error of your ways. But, I'm expecting, hopefully sometime soon, to hear from Mitch how he knew that you'd be his Company Cuckold."

James lost his erection and moaned in pain at the sound of his wife calling him the Company Cuckold. With saddened eyes he looked at his wife and said, "Did Mitch tell you that when he called you before?"

"Actually James he told me the very next day when he called me at work around 2:00PM" replied Beverly.

"So you've known since Tuesday that I'd been named the Company Cuckold and you didn't have the heart to say anything to me? What is happening here?"

Beverly snorted at his stupidity and replied, "What is happening here is your fault entirely. If you just accepted the job without approaching Mitch and asking him to invest our life savings, I don't think you'd be the Company Cuckold. I know Mitch would never have come on to me, but you gave him the opportunity and he took it. So, why don't you just leave me alone. Go into the living room, stand next to the television, and wait for Mitch to arrive. I'm going to relax on the bed so I can be well rested when he does arrive. Close the door on your way to the living room," she said after which she turned and sat down on their bed.

James wanted to go to his wife, fall on his knees, and beseech her to stop what was going on between Mitch, her, and him. He was seeing the error of his ways, but was sure that there was nothing he could do to get his wife to change her mind. He looked at her with puppy eyes trying to make her respond to him. Beverly Costello just turned so she could lie on the bed not having to look at her husband. James took the cue, turned, walked out of their bedroom,

closed the door, and assumed a standing position next to their television set. He thought about sitting on the couch for exactly ten seconds and then he remembered the pain that shot from between his legs to his brain making the decision for him.

Time pass slowly for James as he stood per his wife's instructions next to the television set totally naked. At precisely 9:50PM the buzzer for the downstairs door sounded in the apartment. Beverly walked out of their bedroom wearing nothing but the panties, thigh highs, and shoes. James admired how wonderful she looked especially her ass which was framed by the three strands of chains that held the small piece of material that covered her private parts. She pushed the button on the intercom, "Yes, who's there?"

Mitch replied, "It's who you expected. Let me in."

Beverly pushed the button that releases the lock on the front door which allowed Mitch to enter their building. She looked at James and as she returned to the bedroom said, "When you hear the door buzzer, answer the door, and let Mitch in."

Seven minutes later the buzzer sounded announcing that Mitch had arrived at the front door to their apartment. James, naked as a jay-bird, walked over from his position by the television set, and looked through the peep hole in the front door. The small fisheye lens showed him that Mitchell Markstein was standing on the other side of the door. Nervously he undid the locks and opened the door stepping aside so he wouldn't be seen by the neighbor living on the other side of the landing. Mitch walked in and stopped in front of James as he held the door open. He smiled at the obviously nervous husband, "So, James, I can see you're dressed for this evening fun. Why are you shaking so?"

James just looked at him. His eyes showed fear, but not fear from his coming to their apartment but fear of being caught by the couple that lived across the landing. "I'm cold not wearing any clothes and I'd like to close the front door."

"Ok, but first tell me where Beverly is."

"I believe she is in our bedroom, Mr. Markstein. Please, may I close the door?"

"Yes, you may" replied Mitch as he turned and walked down the short hall that allowed someone to enter their apartment. He stopped at the entrance to the living room and watched as James returned to his position next to the television set. Mitch noticed that James had his hands covering his crotch hiding his genitalia. He turned when he heard a door behind him open. "Oh, my fuckin' God, Beverly. You are one beautiful piece of ass. Come here and let me admire you."

Beverly provocatively strode over to Mitch, placed her arms around his shoulders, and placed her lips on his. She pressed her basically naked body against his. She opened her lips, invited him to place his tongue into her mouth while she stroked his back with her hands. Mitch responded by taking her in his arms and pressing her to him. It didn't take long for his cock to begin to grow. Beverly took her right hand from his back and placed the palm of her hand on his expanding manhood. She rubbed him the way he rubbed her pussy the previous Monday night. She broke the kiss, hugged Mitch, and looked to where her husband was standing watching her greet Mitch. Seeing her husband standing there like a good cuckold, she knew what she had read about beta males was true. They would put up with anything to keep their wives happy and not jeopardize their marriage.

Mitch pushed her back from him so he could admire her. He turned to see James standing motionless next to the television set covering his genitals. He returned his gaze to Beverly staring into her eyes and then tracking down past her pert breasts with perfectly sized areolas and nipples, a flat stomach, boyish hips, and long, perfectly shaped legs. He felt his cock twitch in his pants and knew that if he wasn't careful, he would fall in love with this woman. He never thought he'd fall for a married woman, much less the wife of the man he'd chosen to replace Alvin as the Company Cuckold. He pulled Beverly into his body and passionately kissed her. She responded in kind by allowing him to press his tongue into her mouth and his growing manhood against her dampening crotch. The kissed for a long time before breaking it to catch their mutual breaths.

Beverly spoke first, "I'm so glad to see you. I didn't think I would, but when I saw you standing there I knew I wanted more than I thought I did."

Mitch realized that what he didn't want to happen was happening. Beverly Costello was falling in love with him and much to his chagrin he was feeling the same feeling she was. One meeting, one fuck that wasn't anything more than him using her cunt to masturbate in, several phone calls where he explained to her what was expected of her, and he too wanted to be next to her. All from his remembrance of her voice and the feel of her pussy around his cock. Both of them were looking into each other's eyes totally oblivious to anyone that was around them. Mitch wanted to walk into the Costello's apartment, demand Beverly to suck his cock, and her husband to stand and watch, but his plan just fell apart when he saw Beverly sway to him and place a deep kiss on his lips.

Beverly stood in front of Mitch waiting, waiting for whatever he wanted of her. Mitch could see the anticipation in her eyes and spoke just loud enough for her to hear, "Have you been reading like I instructed you to?"

"Yes, Mitch and I've learned a lot about myself, my husband, and you."

"Good, because I'm going to make you mine, but not as you wish it to be. You are going to live the life of luxury, but you're going to do things for me that you've never thought you would. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mitch I do."

"Good, I know you're dressed as I asked, but I'm primarily here to begin yours and your husband's training. I want you to understand that I'm going to humiliate and denigrate your husband. If you understood what you read and agree, we will go over to the couch, sit down, and begin the process of breaking and training your husband."

Beverly returned her eyes to his, nodded her head, and whispered to him, "From what I read, I'm also to be trained. Trained as a slut to do whatever sexual act you demand of me. I was hoping you wouldn't do that to me, but I can see my original feelings were correct. All I can do is hope and pray that you'll see that I'm more than a whore and..."

Mitch wanted to take her in his arms, kiss her, and tell her he was falling in love with her, but knew better. "Don't go down that road, bitch!!! Now, get your ass over to the couch."

Beverly turned and walked over to the couch and sat down on the side furthest from her husband. Mitch walked over and pointed to the other side of the couch, which was enough for Beverly to move to where he wanted her. He looked over at James and spoke to him since he'd resumed his position next to the television set. "James, come over here and stand in front of us."

James did as he was told with one exception. He continued to cover his genitals.

"First things first, James, put your hands at your side. You're never to stand with your hands in front of your cock and balls. Don't be embarrassed. Their size is of no importance to me or anyone else except to make fun of them."

James looked at his wife and moved his hands to his side exposing his genitals. Beverly smiled when she saw how really insignificant her husband was sexually and as a man. She smiled at Mitch trying to keep from breaking out laughing at her husband's humiliation. Mitchell spoke, "James, please tell my cunt what you did on Tuesday morning."

James shuddered at the thought of having to tell Beverly what transpired on Tuesday and Wednesday. "I watched Mr. Markstein fuck an eighty-three year old woman. She was the wife of Alvin Thomason, the man who held my job before me."

Beverly interrupted her husband, "Mitch, you fucked an eighty-three year old woman? How could you?"

"James, tell her how," replied Mitch.

"He knows Mrs. Thomason for many years. When I arrived at his office she was all ready there. She sat on a couch, took out her teeth, and proceeded to suck Mr. Markstein's cock. She sucked and showed me how she could take his entire length down her throat without gagging. She actually sat with his cock in her throat and her face pressed into his pubic bone while Mr. Markstein explained to me how she learned to accept his cock while continuing to breathe through her nose. She kept him there for a good five minutes until Mr. Markstein removed his cock from her mouth."

Beverly interjected again. "James, you got to see what Mitch fucked me with?"

James looked at his wife and replied, "Yes, I got to see his cock and also got to see an eighty-three year old woman open her legs and give him access to her body. He fucked her on the couch while I sat in a chair watching."

"Did you get a boner, Beta Boy?" Mitch laughed at the way Beverly asked her husband if he got sexually aroused watching.

"Well, yes, I did get an erection watching Mr. Markstein fuck Mrs. Thomason. When he ejaculated and pulled out she showed me her gaping hole. Mr. Markstein explained that it was my turn to have fun. He made me kneel between Mrs. Thomason's legs and suck his cum from her vagina."

Beverly laughed and asked, "Did Mrs. Thomason make fun of you?"

"She called me a cuckold. Mr. Markstein had explained to me earlier what a cuckold was and that on Monday night he cuckolded me when he fucked you."

"Look Mitch!!! Just from talking about sucking your cum from a pussy he's getting an erection!!!" True to her words, James stood in front of his wife and his boss sprouting an erection. James tried with all his might not to look down at his cock, but he lost the battle. He looked down at his genitals to see his cock sticking straight out from his body.

Mitch turned to Beverly and inquired about something he had explained to her during the week. "Did you go to the adult bookstore and purchase the items I required for tonight?"

"Yes, Mitch, I did. They're in the hall closet on the top shelf in a plastic bag." Beverly wanted oh so badly to lean over and kiss Mitch. She licked her lipstick covered lips in anticipation of having his mouth on hers. She made no effort to hide her horniness and if Mitch had looked between her legs he would have seen a nice wet spot forming on the small piece of material that covered her bare snatch.

"James, go to the closet and retrieve the bag," commanded Mitch. Just as James turned to retrieve the bag, he saw Mitch lean over and take his wife's left breast into his mouth. He sucked on her nipple caressing it with his tongue as it grew in his mouth. Beverly responded by taking his head in her hands and holding him there. She wanted him to know that she was totally his now. Mitch allowed her to hold him there for a moment and then broke her hold on his head. James returned to his previous spot standing in front of them holding the plastic shopping bag in front of his genitals.

Mitch reacted to James not listening to his instructions about covering his genitals in a way that neither James nor Beverly thought would occur. Mitch stood in front of James. With his left hand he grabbed the plastic bag and pulled it from James' grip. James had no idea that Mitch would do that and when he felt Mitch's right hand grab and begin to squeeze his testicles he cried out. "Please, Mr. Markstein!!!!"

Mitch didn't acknowledge James' plea as he continued to apply pressure to James' balls. Beverly smiled the smile of an individual who knew the reason why her lover had her husband by the balls. She relived in her mind how she had kicked him there earlier in the evening. The difference this time was James could not fall on the floor and writhe in pain. Mitch was taller than her husband so he actually had to bend over to gain access to James' genitals.

He continued to squeeze and James continued to whine until he couldn't take the pain and began to openly cry. He also began to beg to be released between gasps for breaths as the pain scorched throughout his body.

"So, you think you'll survive, James? Or, should I just crush your small balls into pulp? This is the final time I tell you that you will never cover your genitals in front of me or anyone when you're not wearing any clothing." Mitch relaxed the pressure on James' testicles just enough to allow him to regain his composure and reply.

"Yes, Mr. Markstein, I understand that I'm never to cover my genitals when I'm naked and in your presence," he replied while still gasping for breath from the pain he just endured.

"Good. I'm going to release your balls and you're going to stand in front of Beverly and me and show us what is in the plastic bag." He retrieved a small box from the inside of his suit jacket and showed it to James. "Open the bag so I can put this in and it will be the last thing you show to us."

"Yes. Mr. Markstein," replied James as he felt the heat in his balls begin to recede. James picked up the plastic bag, opened it, and pulled out a box that had a picture of a woman wearing a strap-on. He showed the box to them and placed it on the floor in front of him. He reached in and retrieved a smaller bag which he opened to find an Intuition Plus ladies razor from Schick, a can of Aveeno Positively Smooth Shave Gel, and a bottle of Andre Hair Remover for Men. James pulled each item out and per instructions showed each of them to Mitch and Beverly. He looked into the bag and retrieved the last item which was the small box Mr. Markstein had placed inside. He pulled it out, opened it, and when he saw what was inside he audibly moaned.

"Mr. Markstein, is this what I think it is?" inquired James with a shaky voice.

"Show it to us, James." James turned the box so the contents would be visible to them. "Yes, James that is the newest version of the CB line of male chastity devices. It is known as the CB6000 and that is my present to you."

James looked at his wife pleadingly. He cried to her, "Beverly, please!!! This is going too far!!! I want to go back to the way it was with us. Mitch, take the money. All of it, including the original ten thousand. I quit. I don't want to work for you anymore. Beverly, please!!!" For what seemed like the millionth time this week, James Costello began to weep like a little child.

Beverly Costello laughed at her husband's request to make it the way it was with them before he so brazenly accepted Mitchell Markstein's condition for securing their hard earned savings in an exclusive investment account. "So, you want me to go back to the way it was? I don't think so, James. I've come to love a few things about our new relationship this past week. First, I love Mitch's cock. I had it in me just one time and if you were to put your face between my legs right now you'd see how wet I am in expectation of him fucking me tonight. Second, I love the money and the freedom it gives me to do whatever I want. And, third, I've learned that for years you've been nothing but a beta male acting as if he was an alpha male. I actually got wet when I kicked you in the balls earlier this evening."

Mitch laughed out loud, "You kicked him in the balls?"

"I had to when he wouldn't listen to me. Those books you told me to purchase and read were and still are enlightening." She looked at James and continued, "I'm going to give you a choice James. I could very easily throw you out, divorce you, and hope that someday in the future Mitch would marry me, but I know that Mitch is not going to marry the woman with whom he is having a slut/whore relationship. I'm going to enjoy being a whore for him even if it means having to suck and fuck dozens of men in a single night. I'm more than willing to keep our marriage as long as you know that the only reason you're here is to serve Mitch and by extension me. Your choice Beta Boy, leave or stay."

Mitchell Markstein sat on the couch next to Beverly Costello astounded at what she just told her husband. He really wanted to break up their marriage and take her for his own, but knew that once he perverted and brutalized her, he would never be able to look at her as a potential life mate. Mitch thought about stopping this whole thing now and giving James the money in the investment account as long as he accepted a divorce from Beverly. Mitch would

even allow him to work at the firm, but he'd have to continue being the Company Cuckold. He was actually torn because of his germinating feelings for her.

James remained frozen in front of the two of them. He didn't reply to Beverly's demand. She didn't force an answer from him either. Mitch decided to take the bull-by-the-horns, "Ok, the decision can wait for now. James, you are to go to the bathroom and prepare a warm bath for yourself. You are to sit up to your neck in it for the next twenty to thirty minutes. When the time has elapsed, you are to call us into the bathroom. Oh, be sure to take all your gifts with you, now go!!!"

James did as he was told. Mitchell Markstein stood and pulled Beverly to her feet. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her deeply. Beverly melted into his arms and accepted his tongue into her mouth as if they were long term lovers. For the second time that night, she could feel his cock getting hard as he pressed his body into hers. Beverly responded to his sexual urgency by pushing herself away from his embrace and allowing herself to slide down and squat before him. She reached for the zipper of his suit pants and pulled it down. Beverly reached into his pants, found, as was his custom, he was not wearing any underwear, felt for the head of his cock, and pulled it through the opening. Beverly was holding in her hand the largest cock she'd ever seen in the flesh and she'd never had an opportunity to play with one like it before this moment. She looked up at Mitch and that is when she received the surprise of her life.

"Don't even think about sucking my cock. I want you to stand up and undress me. Do it now, Beverly!!!"

Surprised that he didn't want to feel her warm mouth surround his tumescent manhood, Beverly stood, and began to undress her lover. She pushed the suit jacket off his shoulders and allowed it to fall to the floor. She pulled his white silk shirt from his pants, unbuttoned it, and like she did with the suit jacket, pushed it off his shoulders and arms to the floor. She reached for his belt, opened it, and allowed his pants to fall around his ankles. Beverly squatted and lifted each foot so she could remove his shoes, then his pants, and finally his socks. She stood, took a small step back, and admired the hunk of a man that stood in front of her. Remembering his order not to say anything when he fucked her on Monday night, she just stood in her panties, thigh highs, and shoes looking not at Mitch's face, but at the long cock that partially hung because of its state, between his legs.

"Now that I'm naked, you can resume squatting in front of me as I explain to you what you will do every time you meet me after we've been separated for more than one hour." He watched as Beverly resumed squatting in front of him without taking her eyes off his cock. "You will be required to kiss and suck my cock hello until one of three things happens. I ejaculate into your mouth or onto your face or I will tell you to stop what you're doing. You will remain squatting or kneeling in front of me after I've cum or not cum. From this moment on, your only thoughts will be about what you need to do to keep me satisfied."

Beverly looked up from his cock, "I understand, but have one question. How do I address you?"

"When we are alone you may address me as Mitch or Sir whichever you feel is appropriate at that moment. When we are in public together you will always address me as Mr. Markstein and if anyone should talk to you about me, you'll always refer to me as Mr. Markstein. I may require you to call me Master and if I do that, you've sunk to the lowest form a female human being I know."

"Yes, Mitch, but are you expecting me to perform fellatio on you no matter where I meet you?"

"Yes, without hesitation. I know you're wondering, what if you meet me at some upscale five star restaurant, am I expecting you to take the love-of-your-life out and show him your undying devotion and respect. Yes, I am."

"Excuse me, but did Mrs. Thomason..."

Mitchell Markstein didn't like where her question was headed and terminated the issue by savagely slapping Beverly across the face leaving a bright two dimensional red handprint on her left cheek. Having hit her, he waived a bit about the emerging emotional love for her. If he could hit her as savagely as he did, he could not marry her. Mitch saw her rubbing her cheek, but not crying. Beverly Costello is turning out to be one tough woman. "I told you what I

expect of you. Don't question me and you won't get slapped again. Tonight you're going to learn how to deep throat me without gagging and spitting up and you're going to learn how to place your, how'd you say it, yes, your Beta Boy into his chastity device. If I'm amenable to it, I'm also going to teach you how to keep him from getting erections by milking his prostate."

Beverly's eyes were full of tears and she tried with all her might not to cry. She had heard what he said she was going to have to learn to do and understood that she could be dominant with James, but to Mitch she was a submissive bitch who should be honored to have him and his cock. She continued to fight her tears as she began to regain her composure. She looked up at Mitch and to his amazement said, "Thank you, Sir for putting me in my place. I had no right to question my duty on how to and when to honor your cock. I accept you and your manhood as the Masters of all things sexual. I am your humble servant."

Just as she finished, James called to them from the bathroom. Mitch took her by her arm and pulled her to her feet. "Follow me into the bathroom so I can see if James is ready to begin his transformation into the ultimate sissy cuckold."

They entered the bathroom to see James standing in the tub his skin crimson from the heat of the water. Mitch strode over to the tub and ran his hand down James' back and then his stomach. He smiled at James and turned to Beverly, "He is ready, so I'm going to go into the living room while you, Beverly, teach James how to shave his legs and use the depilatory to remove the hair on his arms and back. Be sure to help him shave his genitals and backside being especially careful around his asshole. When you're done, both of you come into the living room."

Mitch exited the bathroom. Beverly saw where James had placed the razor, shaving cream, and depilatory cream. James listened to her instructions and without as much as a peep; he lathered and shaved his legs. He then used the depilatory on his arms and upper back and waited the necessary fifteen minutes before turning on the shower to rinse off the cream and his hair. The only remaining spots to be cleared of hair were his underarms, cock, balls, and ass. When he had completed the task of shaving the last remaining areas, Beverly made him turn around, bend over, and show her his asshole. She took the razor and cleaned a small area he had missed. James was totally hairless except for the top of his head and his eyebrows.

They entered the living room together to find Mitch sitting on the couch having just finished a conversation on his cell phone. He quietly watched as they came to where he was sitting. Mitch motioned Beverly to his side and pointed to the spot where he expected James to stand. He didn't say a word to either of them. The silence in the small apartment was deafening considering they were in the heart of the east side of Manhattan. Neither Beverly nor James made an attempt to talk or say anything to Mitch. They remained like that for approximately ten minutes when the silence was suddenly broken by the sound of the front door buzzer.

Mitch smiled, more to himself than to either of them, and said, "Amazing what you can get delivered at any hour in this city. They say The City never sleeps and the buzzer proves it. Both of you go to the front door and allow the delivery person into the building. When the front door buzzer sounds one of you is to look through the peek hole and if the delivery person is female, I want James to open the door. If the delivery person is male, I want Beverly to open the door. Here is a one hundred dollar bill; give it to whomever is at the door, it is their tip, take the package from him or her, and return here."

Beverly took the bill and walked to the front door with James following her. Pushing the intercom button she asked, "Who is there?" The female voice replied a delivery for Mr. Markstein. Beverly pushed the button that would release the front door, turned, and handed James the one hundred dollar bill. A few minutes later the buzzer to the apartment's front door sounded. James looked at his wife and she used her right hand to make an opening and closing motion which James interpreted to be her squeezing his balls. He opened the door and saw a young Eastern European woman holding a box containing a few bags. James took the box from the astounded delivery woman. He put the box on the floor and handed the one hundred dollar bill to the delivery woman and closed the door without saying a word.

He picked up the carton and followed Beverly back into the living room. He placed the carton in front of Mr. Markstein, stepped back, assumed his position in front of him, and remembered to keep his hands by his side. Beverly

sat next to Mitch and again was drawn to the flaccid, but huge cock that rested on his right thigh. Mitch smiled at her, leaned forward, and checked the contents of the plastic bags

“Great, just great!!! Like I said earlier, you can acquire anything you want anytime in New York City. I know you two are wondering what I have ordered and you shall find out in short order.”

He pulled out and held up two boxes each labeled 6-Quart Colon Cleansing Enema System. “One for each of you. It is imperative that you keep your bowels clean because you’ll never know when you’re going to have to bend over or raise your legs and accept a man into your backside. James will take his to work and leave it there, because he’ll be required to clean himself three times a day. The one kept here will be for either of you to use, but I know that James will be using it more than Beverly.” He put the boxes on the floor in front of him.

Mitch then pulled out a box of Chux Bedwetting Pads containing 25 pads. “These are for James. There are twenty-five pads in the package. They are the large size and have an absorbency rating of 25 ounces. Beverly, you are to order a carton of one hundred and never be without them.”

He then retrieved a box of Depends. “Yes, Beverly and James, adult diapers for incontinence. Never can tell when your asshole will be so stretched from a night of hard anal activity that it would be safer to be wearing a diaper than shitting yourself as you walk or sleep.”

Next he pulled out four jars or bottles. The first was a large size jar of Vaseline, which was followed by a large plastic bottle of Johnson’s Baby Oil, a large plastic bottle of Johnson’s Baby Shampoo, and the last item Mitch pulled out was a large bottle of Astroglide Personal Lubricant Gel. “If you’re going to take in up the ass, then any of these products will aid in your acceptance of a man’s cock or other item of stimulation.”

Last, but not least, he pulled out a box of Fieldtex powder free latex gloves. “I only ordered size small because the glove will primarily be used by Beverly.”

The plastic bags in the carton were empty. Beverly and James both knew where Mitch was taking them with the enema bags and lubricant, but had no idea why he ordered the other items. They both had quizzical looks on their faces. James wanted to just run from the room and Beverly just wanted to make Mitch hot enough to ram his cock into her so she could feel him in her.

Mitch looked at their faces and spoke, “One of the most important things for a cuckold to learn is his place. His acceptance of his role in the relationship facilitates the wife’s ability to sexually satisfy her lover and whomever else her lover tells her to pleasure. Men, such as myself, are called bulls in the lifestyle. I personally don’t care for the term, but for the sake of this explanation, I will. Bulls do not like to see cuckolds with erections. It is not their place to be sexually stimulated watching their slut wives getting fucked by a selected bull. That means the slut wife has to use whatever is at her disposal to make sure her cuckold does not spring an erection. There are several ways this can be accomplished. Castration is the first and final method. Removal of the cuckold’s testicles does the job and also shows the wife and her bull he is committed to his lowly stature in the relationship. The second is the use of a male chastity device. The third is a method called prostate milking. Milking the cuckold can be on a daily, weekly, biweekly or monthly schedule. You can use prostate milking in combination with a chastity device to assure the cuckold is not horny or have thoughts of being involved in sexual intercourse. Well, he could be the receiver...”

Beverly was amazed at what she just heard. She had read a little about denying the cuckold sexual release, but never thought about what really could be done to accomplish it. James looked from Beverly to Mr. Markstein with a calm face but fear in his eyes. He could see the change in Beverly over the course of the week and was totally afraid that his wife would make him into a eunuch.

“So, Mitch, what are we going to do with the rest of the items you purchased this evening?”

“I’m so glad you asked, Beverly. Tonight, tomorrow, and tomorrow night you are going to learn how to milk James and if he’s a good enough cuckold, I’ll think about teaching you to suck my cock the way I want you to. I plan on staying here until early Monday morning if need be, so we have a lot of time to get accomplished two simple things.”

Beverly opened her eyes wide and exclaimed, "I'm going to learn to be a good slut and James is going to learn how to suffer the consequences of allowing you to fuck me in return for your managing our money!!!"

"Both of you need to go the bathroom and take the enema bags, the Johnson's Baby Shampoo, and any one of the lubricants. There each of you is to learn how to give each other enemas. You are to fill each other's bowel with a minimum of two to three ounces of warm soapy water. You are to hold it for a minimum of five minutes. Each of you has to have this done to them a minimum of three times, not two as the box states. When you expel the last enema liquid it should come out as clean as it went in proving you have cleansed your bowel. I'll be waiting for your return."

Beverly pointed to James which was enough for him to walk out of the living room and into the bathroom. Beverly picked up what was needed to complete the enema tasks, leaned over and kissed Mitch on the forehead, and spoke, "I want you to know that I never thought I'd be dominating James after what happened on Monday night. When I felt you inside me I knew I was hooked. I guess you can say I've become a size queen and he's, well, let's just say, his desire to become wealthy doesn't include me sexually." Beverly did not wait for an answer; she turned and purposefully strode to the bathroom where her disconsolate husband awaited her.

When Beverly strode into the bathroom carrying the enema tools, James figured he had an opportunity to again speak to his wife about ceasing the continuing debasement of them both. She placed everything on the minuscule vanity and sink that took up a good portion of the small bathroom and spoke to her husband, "I guess James, you'll go first and when you're done, I think I have the smarts to clean myself out."

James began begging her again, "Beverly, please... I'm so, so sorry... I didn't mean for this to turn into some dominant and submissive lifestyle. All I wanted to accomplish by asking him to invest our money was to establish ourselves as two people on the road to wealth; wealth beyond our dreams. I didn't expect him to require he have a sexual relationship with you. I thought he wanted to have a one-time fuck session... Shit, I can't believe I just said that!!!" James stood in front of the bathtub shaking, not because he was cold, but because he was sacred shitless. Beverly could see his fear.

She stepped close to him and took him in her arms. For the first time since Monday's fiasco, Beverly Costello took her husband, James Costello into her arms and hugged him. She looked into his eyes and moved forward to press her lips against his. They opened their mouths together and brought their tongues together in a deepening French kiss. James instinctively placed his arms around his wife and pulled her closer as they kissed. Beverly responded to his urges and his hardening cock. She timed it perfectly. Just as he was beginning to use his body as if he was fucking her, she reached down, grabbed his balls, and squeezed with all her might. She was not gentle at all.

James dropped his arms, broke the kiss, and cried out, "Owww!!! You're hurting me!!!"

Beverly released some of the pressure and replied, "I'm never, and I mean never, going to forgive you for accepting Mitch's conditions. I always thought our fantasy was just that!!! A fuckin' fantasy!!! I found out this past Monday that it wasn't a fantasy for you. You wanted someone to fuck me. And the deplorable reality of it all, you found a way you could become wealthy, at my expense!!!"

James was again breathing as if it was the toughest thing in the world to do. He didn't have the strength of will or the energy to hit Beverly to try and get her to release his testicles. He suffered as she continued to put pressure on them and to show the now sweating and cowering James she meant business. "Ok, ok, what do you want me to say? What do you want me to do? Please, Beverly, I'll do anything, I mean it, just let go of my balls!!!"

Looking into his tear filled eyes, Beverly could see he was in extreme pain and she released his balls. James immediately dropped his hands to cup himself to try and protect his family jewels as the pain receded. Beverly spoke, but not in a quiet voice, but loud enough that if Mitch heard James scream he would hear what she had to say to him. "I want you to state in a loud voice that you are sorry for being an asshole and that you accept everything that will happen from this moment forward. If you don't James, I'll think long and hard about leaving you or tossing you out on your ear!!!"

James succumbed to her wishes and screamed, ""I am an asshole and I accept whatever happens to me!!!"

“Good, now turn around and bend over so I can prepare you for what will be the first of a lifetime of enemas.”

Twenty-five minutes later, James walked into the living room, head down and feeling for the first time in his life afraid of the future. Having never had an enema in his life, the pain associated with having to hold the warm soapy water inside his bowel was as bad as having his balls squeezed. Releasing the water was a relief and he was amazed at how much fecal matter was also discharged but, like it was explained to him by the third enema his bowel was totally clean. James took a position in front of Mr. Markstein, but slightly to one side so he would allow Mr. Markstein to continue watching television. Neither of them said a word to the other.

Every so often Mitch would put his right hand on his cock and gently stroke and play with it. It seemed to be an unconscious habit and James tried with all his might to avert his eyes. Mitch would chuckle to himself every time he would catch James looking at him stroking his cock and seeing him averting his eyes to keep Mitch from thinking he was watching. It took another thirty minutes for Beverly to complete her three enemas, but she strode into the living room, smiling and feeling quite energized after cleansing her bowel.

Before she could sit down on the couch, Mitch spoke, “Ok you two, I hope you both feel nice and clean inside. Don’t sit down, either of you. Beverly, “I want you to take one of the bedwetting pads, open it, and place it on the floor in front of James also making sure it is in front of me.”

Beverly reached for the box, opened it, and pulled out one of the pads. She saw it was blue in color and was surprised at how big it was when she unfolded it. “Wow, this isn’t small” she said as she placed the pad on the floor in front of her husband.

Mitch addressed James, “Beta Boy, get on your hands and knees. Make sure your head is facing towards the entrance to the living room thus having your ass facing the windows, so if any of your neighbors across the street should happen to look into your apartment, they’ll get to watch what is going on here.”

James groaned, but did as he was told. He assumed a position on his hands and knees in front of Mitch and his wife. His breathing became labored as he feared having to take Mitch’s cock up his virgin ass. He’d never thought about any form of homosexual sex. He’s always thought of himself at one hundred percent heterosexual. Although, he was taken by the size of Mr. Markstein’s cock and it wasn’t the first time he’s ever seen a well hung male. He didn’t want to break out crying, so he just whimpered in expectation of what possibly could happen to him next.

“Beverly, show me your hands.” Beverly showed Mitch her hands palms up. He took them and turned them over to look at the length of her nails. He whistled and said, “Beverly, get me a pair of nail scissors. I need to show you how you are to keep your nails for the foreseeable future.” He released her hands and she rose to go to the bedroom to retrieve the nail scissors.

.When she returned Mitch cut the nails on each of her index and middle fingers. He cut them so short Beverly actually got teary-eyed seeing her nails cut-to-the-quick. Mitch saw the tears well in her eyes. He consoled her, “There is a reason you have to keep these four nails very short all the time. As I teach you to use them to perform prostate milking, you’ll become well aware of why they have to be kept at their shortest possible length. Now, I want you to take a pair of latex gloves, choice of lubricant, and position yourself by your husband’s backside facing me.”

Beverly situated herself besides her husband by his rear end. Mitch instructed her to slather an amount of lubricant on James’ rectum and when she felt he was lubricated enough she was instructed to insert her index finger into his anus. After a few seconds of rubbing James’ anus, she placed the tip of her gloved index finger on his anus and pushed. James yelped in pain, a short burst of pain, but pain nonetheless. Beverly pulled her finger from her husband’s backside thinking she may have hurt him seriously.

Mitch told her to gently rub her finger around his anus thus using the massaging of his anus to allow him to acclimate himself to anal stimulation and in the end, pardon the pun, feel something stimulating. He then instructed her to gently insert just the tip of the finger into his asshole. When she did James did not cry out, but instead let her continue to massage his anus. She realized that if she added a small amount of lubricant to his backside as she massaged his anus she could slide her finger deeper into her husband’s lower bowel. Each time her finger went in

deeper, James didn't cry out, he moaned. She was taken by his acceptance of her playing with his asshole. Mitch saw the bulb go on as Beverly continued to play with James' anus.

"I have my finger all the way in", she said to Mitch.

"That's great!!! Now look between your husband's legs."

"Oh, my Lord, he has an erection!!!"

"That is what happens when you sexually stimulate any man's anus and insert a finger. But, we're not here to sexually stimulate James' via his asshole. We're here to teach you to milk him. I want you to press your finger towards the floor..."

"While I'm inserted into his asshole?" asked Beverly.

"Of course, did I tell you to pull it out?"

"No..."

"Then do as I say. Push down towards the floor gently as you use a small fucking motion. You should feel a small to medium sized gland under your finger."

Beverly began to move her finger and after a few strokes, "Yes, Mitch, I can feel it."

"Good, now stop, take your finger out of his rectum, lube his asshole, lube your index and middle finger, and nails up insert both into his asshole. When you're buried in his ass, use both fingers to massage his prostate gland. Do not touch his cock or balls. Just use your fingers to massage that gland and see the results."

Beverly changed her position to where she was directly behind James which made it easier for her to insert the fingers of her right hand into his ass. Mitch did not say anything, but continued to watch as she used more lube on her fingers so they would slip into James' asshole easier. When she had both fingers in her husband she found his prostate gland and began to massage it.

James moaned as his wife did what she was told to do. He did not complain or beg to have her take her fingers out of his rectum. He did not do anything but moan as he felt electric tingles flow from her fingers throughout his body. What he realized after a few minutes of her massaging his prostate gland was his total lack of sexual stimulation. Her fingers were tolerable and he wasn't getting sexually charged. Then he felt it. His flaccid cock jumped and his scum just dribbled out of the tip of his cock. He didn't have an orgasm. He didn't feel the all over body tenseness and release of a complete sexual orgasm. His scum just dribbled out of his cock onto the bedwetting pad.

James groaned, "Awwwww, what is happening..."

Mitch responded, "What you're feeling James is an orgasm without the pleasure. Beverly you should be able to tell when he's finished and it is ok for you to remove your fingers."

Beverly removed her fingers and noticed that the enemas had performed as they were supposed to. Her fingers came out clean from her husband's lower bowel. "Mitch, I could feel him releasing his cum. It was an amazing feeling. How often do I have to do this to him?" she asked.

"That depends, on how good he's been or how mean you want to be to him. I just want you to know that if he experiences an erection while performing his duties or just watching, not only will he be punished, but you, Beverly, will suffer the consequences of not keeping him milked. Milking will reduce his sexual desire and his ability to get and maintain an erection", he replied.

"How long do I let him rest between massages?"

"That again is up to you, but five to ten minutes should be sufficient. You'll know when you've drained him."

"Really?" she said, "And how will I know that?"

Mitch looked into her beautiful blue eyes and said, "He'll be begging you to stop. You see, Beverly, as you drain him it becomes somewhat painful because there is nothing to flow out of his body through his flaccid penis. You can be mean by performing multiple milkings, but I'd say, if he's begging or pleading, he's done."

"Cool!!! I'll assume, no, I know you want me to drain him tonight, so, sit back, relax, and I'll make sure that he'll want nothing more than to stand or sit by the television set watching as I learn how to suck your cock."

Mitch sat back on the couch and watched Beverly massage James' prostate for the next forty-five minutes. The last time she had her fingers in his rectum James was pleading for her to stop. She took heart and after the last pulses from her massage produced absolutely nothing from his cock, she stood up, removed the latex gloves, dropped them on the pad, and sat down next to Mitch.

"That was fun", she said to Mitch.

Mitch replied, "It will get tedious, but you have to do it." He looked at the unmoving James and said, "Beta Boy, stand up, clean up, and the go to your corner. I now can sexually take advantage of your beautiful wife."

Mitch didn't make a move to embrace Beverly. Instead he used her methodology by sitting up, opening his legs, and pointing between them. Beverly slid off the couch and positioned herself between Mitch's legs. His cock lay on top of his ball sack directly between his legs. She could see that he shaves his scrotum and keeps his pubic hair relatively short. Mitch took her head into his hands and made her look into his eyes instead of at his cock, which after she sucks him off he will forever be, her Master. "Now is the time for you to learn how to suck my cock. Now is the time for you to take my cock into your mouth and slide it down your throat. Take your pretty lips and caress its length. If I don't think you are progressing with your ability to take it, I will force it down your throat. Believe me bitch, you won't like having my cock shoved down your throat."

Mitch saw that James had completed his clean up duties and was quietly sitting in the corner next to the television set. He realized that he hadn't given James his present, but since he remembered, when he finished with Beverly he'd tell her to put it on him. With a hand on each side of her head, he directed her to his crotch. Beverly allowed him to press her head into his musky smelling pubic area. She really didn't like to perform fellatio and did not make a habit of sucking James' cock. She took a deep breath, which Mitch saw, and let her head rest between Mitch's legs.

"It is a simple process to suck a man's cock. You have to realize there are several things a man enjoys when he is getting blown. First you have to caress his cock and balls with your hands. How you suck his cock is dependent on his position. Sitting or lying down, you take his cock and lay it against his belly. In this position, you have the ability to lick it from his balls to its head. If he is standing, take his cock into one of your hands and place your lips on the head. Gently open your mouth being careful to cover your teeth and allow just the head in. Close your lips around the head just behind the corona and swirl your tongue around and over the head. Don't be afraid to find the piss slit and gently stick the tip of your tongue into it. You can't forget his two buddies that hang below him. They like to be caressed, licked, and sucked on. A man does have a sensitive area between his balls and his asshole. The perineum is an area that can and will enhance the activities of a blow job when the sucker uses her lips and tongue to kiss and lick this area. You can't forget to place kisses on the individual's asshole. Don't penetrate it, just caress it."

Beverly didn't need to hear anything else. She raised her head so she could raise his cock so it lay against his belly. She then leaned in and licked from the base of his cock to the head while she gently kneaded one of his balls in each hand. Mitch took the hint, leaned back, opened his legs wider signaling Beverly he expected her to suck his asshole, and relaxed. He was going to get his first blow job from his newly acquired slut. Beverly used her tongue to slide up and down the posterior side of his manhood. She moved her head to either side of his humongous cock so she could lick the sides of his monster. She heard Mitch's breathing begin to change and she knew it was time to take him into her mouth.

Having never sucked a cock this large, Beverly moved so she was kneeling higher than when she started the act of fellatio on Mitch, thus giving her mouth better access to his cock. She wanted to look up at his face, but decided against it, as she slipped the large crown shaped cock head into her mouth. Felling it stretch her lips, she pulled back fearing his monster cock would not make it into her mouth giving Mitch reason to shove it down her throat.. She immediately thought of a solution to her problem by holding his cock in her hands and licking just the head of his cock. Beverly thought long and hard about what she had to accomplish and decided that the only solution to her problem was to force his cock into her mouth no matter what happened to her lips.

She opened her mouth and did what she said she would. She took her head and forced his cockhead into her mouth. In her mind, she cheered and it slipped past her lips and teeth into her mouth. Beverly used her tongue to caress the head and did not retch when she tasted his pre-cum mixed with a small amount of urine. Relaxing as much as possible she began to slide her lips over the corona of his cock causing him to moan with pleasure. Her left hand returned to his balls and she began to gently massage them. Occasionally she would run the tips of her fingers down the crease of the perineum, but she did not touch his anus. With her right hand, she began to masturbate his cock by sliding it up and down the length of his shaft being careful not to hit herself in the mouth.

James tried with all his remaining manliness to avoid watching Beverly suck Mitch's cock. He tried, but failed, because he was interested to see if she could accomplish the feat that Mrs. Thomason did with ease. He also found he was getting sexually charged, but nothing was showing. His cock lay flaccid between his legs. He was thankful they hadn't put him in that God awful chastity device. He heard Mr. Markstein moan and looked up to see Beverly beginning to take him deeper into her oral cavity.

Mitch could feel Beverly's attempts to take him deeper into her mouth and he was waiting for the inevitable to happen. As she tried to ease his cock into her tightly drawn mouth, she finally hit her glottis and the gag reflex kicked in. Beverly withdrew Mitch's cock from her mouth while she was coughing and spitting. A long string of mucous rose from the area around his piss slit back into her mouth. Beverly tried to catch her breath quickly knowing in her mind that Mitch would not tolerate having his cock exposed rather than in her mouth.

For the first time in many minutes, he spoke, "Listen cunt, you were doing well taking my cock, but I can see that if you can't get it past where you were, I'm going to have to take you by your ears and force it past your gag reflex."

"Nooooo, Nooooo!!!! I will get it, even if I have to swallow it down."

Mitch chuckled, "You know sweet cheeks; that is exactly what I was going to tell you to do. If you can tolerate it, just swallow as my cock gets that deep into your mouth."

Beverly returned to sucking Mitch's cock using everything in her power to get the monstrous head of his manhood past her gag reflex. It took her to literally swallow at the right moment and force her own head down to get his cock into her throat. She'd get it past her gag reflex to only pull her head up, releasing his cock from her mouth, to start all over again slipping in into her mouth and down her throat. Two hours and ten minutes later, Beverly slipped Mitch's cock into her mouth, slid it down her throat, and as if she'd been doing it all her life spread her arms like a sports person who just won the most prestigious award awarded for their sport.

Mitch took his hands, placed them on her head, and said "Two hours and ten minutes, a new record for someone to learn to suck and swallow my cock while maintaining an open airway so they could breath. Since you've accomplished this in record time you'll excuse me while I make a phone call. Just keep your whore mouth and throat around my cock. Relax, because you have to get used to keeping it there."

Mitch released her head, found his cell phone on the table next to where he was sitting, dialed and waited for his good friend to answer. Mitch didn't care that it was 3:00AM. "Hey, bro, what's good? Did I wake you up? Well, I don't really care if I did, because I have this beautiful twenty-six year old Midwestern married babe; whose husband begged me to invest his money, swallowing my cock. She's between my legs right now with her nose pressing against my pubic hair. She did it in record time, two hours and ten minutes. Yeah, I know. Sleep tight and think how your cock will feel where mine is now."

James missed the completion of his wife's learning how to take Mitch's cock. He was so tired from his first milking he fell asleep on the floor. Mitch saw him lying there and decided it was time to fuck Beverly's mouth. He took her by the head and gently pulled so she would know he wanted her to release the hold she had on his cock. Beverly pulled his cock out of her mouth and looked up at Mitch. She placed a kiss on the tip of his cock and said, "I can't believe I've accomplished what you wanted. I never thought I'd get that monster down my throat, but I did."

Mitch replied, "Yes you did. Now you're going to make love to my cock with your mouth until I give you the essence of my testicles. I will decide where I put the essence. It may be in your mouth so you can taste its saltiness and feel its consistency on your tongue. I may decide to let you feel my cock explode in your throat where you won't taste my essence but instead feel my cock throb as it deposits my essence deep down your throat. Lastly, I could take it from your mouth, stand up, and jerk it till I shoot my essence all of your face. Your cock sucking job is to get me to the point where I can make that decision."

Beverly Costello didn't care one bit that her husband was sound asleep on the floor next to the television set. She took the head of Mitch's cock back into her mouth and used her tongue to caress it and her lips and cheeks to apply pressure on it. Occasionally, she would slide the monster down her throat to prove to him that she could do it at will. Mitch relaxed and allowed his body to react to her act of fellatio. He could feel all the preliminary bodily functions in preparation for his impending orgasm. He could feel his balls rising. He could feel the muscles around his asshole beginning to tense. He could feel the shaft and head of his cock expanding. He knew he was going to cum.

"I'm about to explode!!!" he wailed. He took Beverly by the sides of her head and kept her from moving it. He made sure that he controlled the action. He pressed his hips up off of the couch just enough to place his cock at the back of her throat. Beverly used her hands to stroke the part of his shaft that was not in her mouth. She used her tongue to caress the underside of Mitch's cock as it slid from her lips to the back of her throat. She waited for impending flood of cum to fill her mouth. She hoped and prayed in her head she would be able to swallow it all.

"God, you've got some fuckin' mouth. Where did you learn to suck cock like that? Take it now, bitch!!!" wailed Mitch as he placed his cock just against the back of her throat as the first rope of cum disembogued from the tip of his cock. Beverly was ready, but not for the amount of scum that was filling her throat. She tried to swallow after the second rope hit and realized that it was going to be a losing battle. She did the wrong thing by trying to move her head off the exploding cock.

"Fuck you, Beverly!!! You'll take it and choke on it if you have to, you fuckin' cunt!!!"

Mitchell Marstein decided to slam his cock down her dysfunctional throat which only caused Beverly to squirm and try to release her head from his grip. Mitch would have none of her trying to get away from his pulsating cock. He kept her head where he wanted it while he ejaculated and finished his orgasm. Beverly realized she had only one choice to maintain some composure while Mitch held her where he wanted her. She opened her mouth and allowed what was deposited at the back of her throat to slide out down the length of Mitch's cock. Beverly felt seven good pulses before Mitch released her head and fell back onto the couch. She didn't move knowing better than to piss him off.

"Ok, cunt, since you couldn't swallow it all, you'd better start licking up what you couldn't swallow."

Beverly did everything in her power to stop choking on the amount of scum Mitch had ejaculated into her throat. I didn't help that he expected her to just go back down to where his deflating cock was resting and begin to lick up the cum that covered his cock, balls, and pooled at the base. It took her a moment to regain her composure and when she did, she moved to begin the cleanup of his cum and her saliva. She didn't really like the taste of scum, but did what was required of her. She licked and swallowed until all of the ejaculate was removed and deposited in her stomach. When she was done with her cleanup she pushed herself up and sat next to Mitch.

"So, how did I do?" she asked as serious as any person wanting a straight answer.

Mitch didn't even look at her when he responded, "You're going to have to learn to swallow everything when I cum. I don't ever want a repeat of tonight's performance. Now, do me a favor, get a couple of pillows and blankets. You can sleep on the floor next to your husband. I'll take the bed and see you sometime tomorrow when I wake up."

Mitch stood up, walked with Beverly into the bedroom where she found extra pillows and blankets for her and her husband to use on the floor of the living room. Mitch didn't say word of encouragement. He just got into her bed and went to sleep. She quietly left the room, closed the door, and joined her husband on the floor.

Sunday – Not Just Another Morning

James Costello woke up first surprised to see his wife sleeping next to him on the floor. Looking at Beverly serenely sleeping he reached down for his cock and unconsciously began to stroke it. He was remembering not what happened last night, but his undying love and commitment to her. Seeing her wrapped in the blanket sleeping contentedly on the floor in the living room instead of in bed with Mitch could only mean something happened between them. Maybe she stood up to him and decided to sleep where her husband was instead of in bed by herself. As he lay there masturbating a flaccid cock, his worst scenario came to fruition.

"What the fuck are you doing!!!" cried Mitch as he walked into the living room as naked as a jay-bird.

James shuddered and Beverly woke up with a start. She didn't have a chance to rub the sleep out of her eyes before Mitch was taking by her arm and pulling her up to a kneeling position. She looked up at Mitch and realized his rampant morning erection needed tending to. She shrugged hard enough to get him to release her arm from his grip and allowed her to position herself in front of him to begin to fellate his morning wood. Beverly knelt and situated herself to be able to take his monster into her mouth and begin the process of sucking him off. Cognizant of what happened the first time he ejaculated into her mouth, she made every effort to suck him so he would keep just the head of his cock in her mouth. This way she'd be able to take what she knew would be a large load of morning ejaculate into her mouth without choking on it.

Mitch saw James stop his useless stroking and felt the touch of Beverly's lips on the head of his cock. He reached down with his right hand and gently rested it on her head. He allowed her to fellate him without him controlling what she was doing. Beverly again showed Mitch that she could take his entire length down her throat without gagging. James sat wide eyed as he saw Mitch's length slide into his wife's mouth and down her throat. She paused with her nose pressing against Mitch's pubic bone to show him she was comfortable holding him in her throat. James moaned audibly thinking about what it would feel like if he was in his wife's mouth the way Mitch was. After a few moments of keeping his cock down her throat, Beverly slid it up and into her mouth as she gently masturbated the shaft and caressed the head with her tongue.

It did not take long for Mitch to arrive. He allowed her to control where the head of his cock would be when he exploded. Beverly could feel the head of his cock beginning to expand as she took her right hand and placed it on Mitch's rising testicles. She knew he was about to explode. Mitch didn't verbalize about his pending orgasm, instead he grunted as Beverly caressed his balls and the head of his cock. He exploded as she kept just her lips around the shaft and the head in her mouth. Mitch shot at least six strong ropes of cum into her mouth. His knees got weak and his legs wavered as he completed his morning orgasm. Beverly did not remove her mouth from his cock after he completed ejaculating there. She just waited for his instructions as James continued to audibly moan about what he just saw happen.

"Good girl, Beverly. Now I want you to release my cock and show me what is in your mouth," said Mitch.

Beverly pulled her mouth off his cock, but did not just let it drop. She held it and gently lowered it between Mitch's legs while looking up and opening her mouth. Accumulated in her mouth was Mitch's morning ejaculation. It did not just rest on the top of her tongue, but pooled from the back of her throat to the back of her lower teeth. Mitch smiled down loving the site of a beautiful woman holding open her mouth to show him what a good cocksucker she was. "James, come over here, now!!!"

James did as he was told. He assumed a kneeling position next to his wife in front of the standing Mitch. "Good, Beta Boy. Now, as much as I know Beverly wants to swallow my morning load, I order you, James, to lie down with your head where your left knee is now."

James looked askance at Mitch and all it took was a quick slap to his face to get him to assume the position he was commanded to assume.

"Good, Beta Boy. Now, James, open your mouth. Beverly, deposit my morning load into James mouth. Don't kiss him, just dribble it out of or spit it out of your mouth into his. Make sure he gets most of what you're showing me."

Beverly did as she was told. She was amazed that James just lay there as she dribbled the copious amount of cum from her mouth into her husband's. What made it even more demeaning was not all of it made it into his mouth. Some of it landed on his nose, his cheeks, and his chin. When she felt her mouth was empty of Mitch's morning load, she looked up to show him that her mouth was indeed empty except for the coating that was left on her tongue.

"Good girl!!!! James, swallow."

James swallowed per Mitch's command. He was getting used to the texture and taste of Mitch's ejaculate.

"Good Beta Boy. Now Beverly, use any finger you wish to and wipe what is on Beta Boy's face and feed it to him. Make sure you get it all."

Beverly took gobs of cum that did not make it into James' mouth onto her fingers and without telling him he sucked them clean. She looked up at Mitch amazed that her husband didn't protest or fight his having to eat Mitch's cum or be humiliated in front of his wife. Beverly made sure she did an excellent job of cleaning James' face. Mitch actually applauded when he saw that James' acceded to letting his wife humiliate him. Unbeknownst to Beverly, James was crying on the inside, but held it so he wouldn't have to hear anything demeaning from his boss. When they were done, Beverly and James waited for Mitch's next set of instructions.

Walking over to the couch and end-table where his cell phone rested, Mitch picked it up to check if he'd received any calls since he fell asleep. He also noted that he really hadn't slept all that long considering it was only 10:00AM and he actually wasn't all that tired. He returned to where Beverly knelt and James lay on the floor next to the television set. "I forgot to do something last night and now that I've remembered, Beverly retrieve the present I gave to James last night. I believe it is on the table next to the couch."

Beverly arose, walked across the living room to the end-table, and retrieved the small white box containing the CB6000. She returned and handed it to Mitch.

"Stand up James. Now, Beverly, since he made the decision to invest your life savings under special circumstances, I think it is fitting for you, my slut, to encase his useless cock into the present I purchased for him. I think it was an exceptionally nice thing to do considering he's never going to feel the interior of your twat with his cock again."

"No, noooooooo" moaned James. "I don't deserve this treatment..."

Beverly responded, "Shut up, James. I warned you about trying to weasel out of your responsibilities to this marriage. Do I need to use corporal punishment to make you understand and accept your new, submissive position between you and me?"

James knew his goose was cooked. The little plastic temperature gauge had popped. There was no way short of leaving Beverly, he would ever regain her total commitment to their marriage. The only way to show his acquiescence was to place his hands behind his back, open his legs, and look at the floor. Beverly saw him take a submissive's position and smiled to herself. She'd won.

James' standing position also told Mitch that the Company Cuckold had accepted his debasement. Feeling kind Mitch said, "Beverly, before you put James into his chastity device, why don't you kneel in front of him and say good-bye to his cock. I want you to suck him."

Beverly took a position in front of her husband, knelt down, and just leaned forward and took his flaccid member into her mouth. The entire length went in easily and got nowhere near the point where she would have

gagged if it had not been for Mitch and his eleven incher. She took James' balls into her hand and realized that she would only need one. They were much smaller than Mitch's. Beverly began to suck her husband's cock in earnest, as she really had no desire to blow him. James tried with all his might to get hard, but he couldn't. His cock basically remained flaccid as Beverly sucked on it trying to get him off. He wanted to take her by the head, but knew better. Then he felt it, the telltale signs of an orgasm. He was going to have an orgasm and he responded by moaning and crying, "I'm going to cum!!!"

"Take him out of your mouth Beverly!!! James, masturbate till you shoot."

Beverly released his cock from her mouth. James took it in his right hand and began to furiously stroke it which lasted for about thirty seconds before he groaned and nothing came out of his cock. He had a dry orgasm. Impossible of a man his age, but he was so empty from the milking, his body did not have enough time to manufacture more scum. When he was done, James body was covered in sweat, his legs were weak, and he was teary eyed that nothing shot out of the tip of his cock. James couldn't stand anymore and collapsed onto the floor of the living room.

Mitch and Beverly broke out in simultaneous bouts of laughter. Neither of them had ever witnessed a sadder event than James ejaculating nothing and collapsing from masturbating. "Beverly, read the instructions and get him into his chastity device. I'm going to get my clothes, take a shower, get dressed, and leave you two alone for the rest of the weekend."

Beverly opened the box and read the instructions. Fifteen minutes later, James was encased in the CB6000 and like everything that affected him, he cried because he'd never be able to touch his cock again without Beverly's or Mitch's permission. What added to the sadness was his inability to masturbate, fuck, and/or procreate. That took more out of his being than anything else. He could suffer having to eat another man's cum whether it be fed to him or licked from a woman's body. He could accept having to have no hair on his body and having to take three enemas a day. Walking around the office covered in cum or vaginal fluids was tolerable, but not having the ability to fuck and cum at will was heart, back, and life breaking. James knew sooner or later he'd converted into a sissy. He cried over what he did to his life as his wife waited totally naked for her lover to say good-bye to her.

Mitch finished his shower, dressed, and went to where the Costello's waited for him. James was standing next to the television set, arms at his side, and his CB6000 encased genital package was exposed for all to see. Beverly waited at the entrance to the living room hoping against all hope Mitch would want to feel her cunt surrounding his cock before he left. As Mitch was about to speak, his cell phone rang. Answering it, Beverly could hear a one sided conversation.

"Hey, dude, what's up? I just got out of the shower and was heading to my place." Silence for a minute or two as Mitch listened. "Are you kidding? What time? Great, that means I do have time to get home, change, take another shower, and come to where the party is being held. See you there!!!"

Beverly was heartbroken. She knew that she wasn't going to be impaled on his magnificent sexual organ. Mitch was going to a party and she'd be stuck at home with her beta husband. If she wanted to get off, she'd have to use her vibrator or make James suck her off for hours on end. Beverly actually couldn't keep it in anymore she broke out crying at the thought of having to wait for Mitch to fuck her. Mitch saw her sitting totally naked on the couch crying her eyes out.

"What's the matter with you?"

Beverly took a deep breath in an attempt to control her crying and responded, "I was hoping you'd reward me for learning to suck you off the way you required, but fucking me. I was crying because I didn't get to have you in me. I wanted you to fuck me, relentlessly, and then shoot some humongous amount of cum in my womb. You asked, I'm telling you."

"Well sweet pea, there are going to be days where the only satisfaction you're going to get is using your fingers, a sex toy, or your useless husband's tongue. If you ever release him to use that useless cock to fuck you, I swear Beverly, I won't take it out on him, I'll take it out on you and you won't like it in the least."

Rising from somewhere deep inside her soul, Beverly confronted him, "Yeah, what could you do to me that would make me..."

"I'll tell you, bitch!!! Without any hesitation, I'll sew your fuckin' cunt shut. You'll never, ever know what it is to have anything up your snatch. Believe me when I tell you, because if you don't I can give you the names of three women that have a special little orifice to clean up their periods because I did to them what you think I won't do to you." Mitch didn't wait for an answer he turned, and walked out of the apartment.

Beverly sat on the couch and cried until she fell asleep. James did nothing to console his wife. He took a blanket and covered her as she slept on the couch.

Monday – Return to Work

James returned to work after spending the rest of Sunday trying to console his wife because she did not feel Mitch gave her the support she thought she should receive for learning to take his cock down her throat in, according to Mitch, a record time. Beverly was frustrated and totally inconsolable over her failure to get Mitch to fuck her. James offered numerous times to perform cunnilingus on his wife, but she rejected his advances. His life as he knew it was over all because he decided to ask his wealthy boss if he would take a small amount of their money and make investments. The result of his request exploded into his having no hair on his body, wearing a chastity device, giving himself enemas three times a day, and, for now, the ultimate indignity of having to eat his boss cum from women's bodies and wearing the results on his face while continuing the work day.

James did not have to perform creampie cleaning cunnilingus since his arrival at 8:00AM. Two hours later and no one has visited his office, but he knew that could change at any second. He was diligently doing his work when Mr. Markstein stood at the door to his office. "Good morning, Mr. Markstein," James said when he saw him standing there. "Have you been there long? I'm sorry, but I've been trying to keep busy."

"Not a problem James, but where is your enema bag?"

Flustered James replied, "In my desk drawer, Mr. Markstein."

"Ta, Ta, Beta Boy. Isn't there a coat rack in this room?"

"Coat rack? Yes, there was, but I had it removed when I took over the office, Mr. Markstein."

"Not good, James. Did you get permission to have it removed? I guess you didn't because I would have had to approve it. So, you are to get up, right now, and return the coat rack to this office."

James did as he was told and ten minutes later returned with the coat rack. He placed it in the corner where he thought it would be unobtrusive as possible. Mitch let him place it there and watched him return to his seat behind his desk.

"James, did I tell you to put the coat rack there? Did you ask me where it belonged? No, sooner or later you're going to realize that you have no decision making powers when I'm around. Or for that matter when any of my chosen subordinates are working with you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Markstein," James said as he arose from his chair and stepped to where the coat rack stood. "Where would you like me to put it, Mr. Markstein?"

"I want it in the corner next to the window. I want who ever walks into your office to see what is hung on it."

James eyes grew big as he thought about the possibilities. "Please, Mr. Markstein, don't make me hang the enema bag on the coat rack!!! Please, it is bad enough that people see me covered in cum and pussy juices."

"You can beg me all you want, James. Take the enema bag out of your draw. If it is still in the box, take it out of the box and hang it from the coat rack. Also, keep the box on a corner of your desk."

He sighed, opened the bottom right drawer to his desk, and did what Mr. Markstein commanded him to do. Now everyone in the office would know that James was ordered by Mitch to give himself enemas during the work day. He still didn't know if it meant anything else, so he asked, "Excuse me Mr. Markstein, but, may I ask a question?"

"Yes, because you asked with respect for me and my position over you," he replied.

"The enema bag, does it signify anything more than my requirement to give myself them during the course of the day?"

Mitch had a quizzical look on his face and he wondered if James was just that fuckin' stupid or he was smart enough to be playing him for a fool. He thought for a moment and responded, "I guess you're either not too bright or you're playin' me for a fool, but the reason the enema bag is hanging on the coat rack is rather obvious don't you think? It is there to let the world know you clean your bowel so you can be bent over and fucked up the ass like any good cuckold. In time, we won't call it your ass anymore. We'll call it your pussy, because your cock will never be used for anything more than taking a piss."

James again true to form just groaned and tears formed in his eyes. Mitch noticed and continued to advise James of his future. "If everything goes as it should, and if you're a good boy, I'll let you have an orgasm every so often, but that will happen only when you're bent over and a man's cock is stimulating your prostate gland. If you've been beyond reproach, I may even advise Beverly to cease and desist milking you for a period of time. Then when you get fucked she'll remove the chastity device so you can attain an erection. You won't be able to play with yourself, but having a man in your ass will stimulate you enough to orgasm like a well trained sissy bitch."

"Please Mr. Markstein, I have no desire to perform homosexual acts. I'm not gay. I have no interest in that lifestyle. I'd rather be dead than have to suck a cock or let another man fuck me in the ass."

"Let me posit to you this way James. Would you rather lose your wife to a divorce or do whatever you need to, to keep your trophy wife? You should realize that for whatever reason beyond your lack of cock, she married you. Now she knows what it feels like to have a man between her legs and inside her. She's taken a man's cock down her throat without any signs of respiratory failure. So, James, what is your response?"

To James, the room got quite hot even though the door was open and enough air was circulating. James broke out in a sweat from the stress he was feeling because of Mr. Markstein's telling him where his relationship with Beverly, Mr. Markstein, and his job was heading. He was terribly afraid he would lose Beverly if he didn't accept his role after literally telling Beverly the best thing for them was for her to fuck Mr. Markstein so he would protect their investment earnings. He was in a quandary because he didn't want to lose Beverly even if it meant him not having sexual intercourse with her and he didn't want to accept being a homosexual sissy. James looked at Mr. Markstein and just shrugged his shoulders.

Mitch was amazed that James could not give him an answer. "Come on now James. You were pretty confident when I interviewed you, when you began working here, and when you approached me about investing your meager savings. You mean to tell me you can't decide whether or not you want Beverly to remain with you as your wife albeit in name only?"

"Like I said earlier, I'm not a fag, Mr. Markstein."

"Listen James, being a sissy cuckold is not being a fag. Sure you're going to have to suck the cock of a better man and you're going to have to accept him bending you over and taking you anally. But, you'll be doing this because you love your wife and she loves you. This is just sex, plain, ordinary, find 'em, feel 'em, and fuck 'em sex. What Beverly and you do when with me or anyone else is just sex. No love. No emotional attachment."

"How do you expect me to face my wife when I've been forced to satisfy a man with my mouth and/or my ass?"

Mitch laughed at him. He made no bones about who he was laughing at. "You're not seeing the forest for the trees, Beta Boy. Your wife has been reading about the lifestyle and you heard her tell me so. Don't you think that she has read that some cuckold men are feminized? Turned into sissy cocksuckers. Being forced to dress like women, act like women, and have sex like women. James, you need to get a life and understand that Beverly is no longer interested in you as a man. When I spoke to her this morning..."

"You spoke to Beverly this morning? When?" inquired and cried James.

"I spoke to her about ten minutes after she got to work. I asked how she felt and she told me that she was still heartbroken that I did not fuck her Sunday before I left for my place. She just about pleaded with me to meet her for lunch so she could show me what a great fuck she is. I'm tempted, but I don't think I will because I want to keep her frustrated. So, James, what is your decision? Try to be the fake alpha male you were or be a good cuckold and just go with the flow?"

James looked into Mr. Markstein's eyes, he didn't see a kind, benevolent employer, he saw a cold, calculating bastard. James just sighed, crossed his arms on the desk, put his head down, and silently sobbed. He didn't look up when he heard someone call Mr. Markstein from the vicinity of the door to his office.

Standing outside the door was Joshua Davis, Mr. Markstein's Chief Financial Officer. Joshua Davis was in his mid-forties, stood a good six feet one inch in height, weighed somewhere in the vicinity of two hundred and thirty-five pounds, his hair was graying at the temples, and was one of the five senior management officials in Mitch's privately held company. He was married to his wife for eighteen years, had two beautiful children, and since coming to work for Mitch was dedicated to him like a sycophant to a God. He looked into James' office and chucking said to Mitch, "I see he's announced his arrival."

Mitch replied, "Yes, he has, but as you can see he's not too happy with his new duties as the Company Cuckold."

"I guess he'll come around, but I have more important issues and that is why I sought you out. We need to talk, privately, about what is going on with the acquisitions. Please, meet me in my office as soon as you can, Mitch." Joshua Davis knew better than to wait for a reply. He nodded to Mitch and returned to his office.

James Costello looked up at Mitch, he said in a heavy voice, "I suppose you'd like me suck your cock now?"

"Why James, what a wonderful thought, but, I'll accept that request as your decision not to leave Beverly and become the Company Cuckold. I really want to humiliate you in front of your wife. I have no intention of making you suck a cock without her being present. So, don't fret, just post your enema hours on the board next to your door, so all the employees will know when you're cleaning yourself. A clean male pussy is the sign of a content cuckold. When I return we'll discuss posting the hours of your primary cuckold obligations. I don't expect anyone, but me and who I authorize, to walk in here and demand you perform your cuckold cleaning duties."

James couldn't believe his ears. Post his cleaning hours. The more he didn't have the nerve to stand-up to Mr. Markstein the deeper he sunk into the crevasse of submission and cuckoldry. He was proud that he did not break down and cry at his descending into being a wimp. He put aside any thought of what his parents, sisters, and her parents, brother, and sister would think or say about where his marriage and relationship has gone. He needed to call Beverly at work and without even thinking about the consequences, dialed her office number.

Beverly answered the phone, "Beverly Costello, how may I assist you?"

He fumbled to say hello. "Hi, sweetheart, this is James. I wanted to call to see how you were getting along."

"James, why are you calling me at work?"

"Sweetheart, I've always called you at work. You've never asked me why, but were always ecstatic to hear my voice, as I am to hear yours now."

Beverly knew better than to play into his games. She figured he was up to something, so, she hung up the phone. Actually, she slammed the phone so hard into the cradle her administrative assistant came in to see if there was anything amiss. James heard the connection go dead and added another item to the list of his declining relationship with his wife. He returned to work waiting and wondering what time Mr. Markstein would return.

Instead of returning, Mitch sent a company-wide e-mail out explaining and determining James' schedule. It read:

To all Company Employees,

Eighteen months ago, Mitchell Markstein Investments, Inc. lost a dear and very important individual when Alvin Thomason passed away from, as we all know, a massive coronary. Alvin served the needs of the company without complaining and was always the first to ask if anyone needed any help or how he could be of service to them. I miss him terribly as I believe all of the employees who knew and came to love him, do also. He will be missed by us all.

To the good news, the recent hiring of James Costello has been a great one for Mitchell Markstein Investments. He has accepted an entry-level position in the Stock Certificate Department and has in a very short time shown how competent he is at maintaining our customer's portfolios. He came to us from the Midwest and brought his beautiful wife Beverly with him to New York City.

Now the great news!!! James Costello has graciously accepted the position of Company Cuckold. He has hung in his office a brand new six ounce enema bag. Outside his office he has posted his enema cleaning times, which will be the same times Alvin, his great predecessor, kept. I have thought long and hard about how many hours he should be available to those employees that need his specialized cuckold obligations. As I previously stated, his work ethic is beyond reproach and I have decided to increase the hours he will be available to those who require his services.

James Costello, Company Cuckold, will be available on the following Monday to Friday schedule:

First Morning Session from 7:30AM to 9:00AM

Second Morning Session from 9:30AM to 11:00AM

Lunch Session from 11:30AM to 1:00PM

First Afternoon Session from 1:30PM to 3:00PM

Second Afternoon Session from 3:30PM to 5:00PM

As you all can see, I think very highly of James' abilities and I know you'll avail yourself of his services starting with the First Morning Session after his induction ceremony this coming Friday.

Let's all welcome James Costello, Company Cuckold, to our company!!!

Mitch Markstein, President and Chairman of the Board

James Costello sat dumbfounded after he read the e-mail Mr. Markstein sent to all the employees. Calculating the hours as written by Mr. Markstein, he realized he'd be spending a majority, if not all, of his time providing cuckold services to his fellow employees. He was appalled at the number of hours he'd be eating cum instead of learning how to become a stock broker. As he sat stewing about the memo, the phone rang.

"James Costello, how may I help you?"

"Beta Boy!!! Mr. Markstein here. I know you received the e-mail and I expect you to post the cleaning hours as I have enumerated them. To be truthful, you'll not see anyone this week as I decided to have an induction ceremony this Friday and have opened you to providing your cuckold services the following week. Anyway, the employees will want to get to know you a bit better before they come to you with their cunts full of senior and selected middle management cum. And, don't fret your little head off; you'll not have to suck any cocks clean because I sent a private e-mail to all the male senior managers stating that they were not to approach you until I gave them to go ahead. You'll not have to suck any cocks until I've debased and humiliated you in front of your wife. Oh, and in the future, you are to answer the phone as you did, but acknowledge your position as the Company Cuckold."

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Markstein. The hours will be posted per your instructions and I will acknowledge my position as the Company Cuckold when I answer my phone. Should I assume, that is for internal calls only?"

Laughter came through the earpiece which made James cringe at what Mitch was going to say in reply to his assumption, "No, James, every call whether it originated inside or outside you answer acknowledging you're the asshole that sucks cum for a living."

The rest of the day women came by his office and congratulated him on his ascendancy to a highly regarded position in the company. Looking him straight in the eye, every woman to a person after congratulating James laughed and said they couldn't wait for him to be between their legs sucking them clean. What made him cringe were the ones who said he'd better do an exemplary job because their husband's had no inkling of what was going on in the office during working hours. The only benefit to his ascendancy to the Company Cuckold position, which was pretty low when you come to think of it, was all the women were at minimum of an eight on a scale of one to ten. There were no ugly or obese women working for Mitchell Markstein Investments. Any man worth his salt would gladly suck any of their cunts before fucking them. His problem was he wouldn't get to fuck them and he'd have to eat their twats after some senior or selected middle management male employee dumped his load in them.

The day ended on a high note for James. He wasn't ordered to perform and actually went home with a clean face and a non-cum stained pair of suit pants.

Monday –Not a Normal Evening

James Costello arrived at his apartment at precisely 5:47PM. He opened the door to his apartment and was not greeted by his wife, but by mounds of clothing. His clothing. All of his clothing. He stepped over the pile and strode into the living room. Sitting on the couch, reading a feminine domination or cuckold instruction book, was Beverly. She wasn't dressed in her business attire or in anything akin to what she wore for Mr. Markstein on Saturday night. Beverly sat reading in a very short silk robe. On her feet were mink lined slippers. As he stood looking at her, he could feel his cock press against the plastic of the cock tube that kept him from getting erections. James Costello knew he was still deeply in love with his wife.

Beverly turned the page of the book she was reading and looked up to see James standing at the arched entrance to the living room, "Oh, James, I didn't hear you come home. How long have you been standing there?"

Amazed his wife was talking to him, he answered, "Not long. I was just wondering why my clothes were piled by the front door, but more importantly, I was admiring you sitting there reading. What are you reading?"

"An educational book titled, '*Sexually Dominant Woman*' by Lady Green. It is written for women like me who have learned from their husband honestly or through subterfuge that he harbors a submissive personality. It is an interesting read and I think when I'm done you should read it."

James rolled his eyes. "I supposed Mr. Markstein told you to read it."

"No James, but the bibliographies, the end notes in the books he did give me to read, and the Internet are a great resource for learning especially when you're learning to be a Domme as well as a slut. How was your day at the office?"

"Do you really care?" That was the wrong answer and as soon as he said it he could see the daggers emitting from her eyes. Her peaceful, non-threatening demeanor was gone quicker than you could say, "*Jackie Robinson*."

Beverly took a deep breath, smiled, and told herself to calm down. She needed to work the relationship and get James to be accepting of everything that was going to happen to him as well as accepting what was going to willfully happen to her. "Yes, James, I do care. So why don't you just come over here and we can chat a bit about our day and other important things."

James visually relaxed, found a place for his briefcase, and sat down on the couch next to his wife. He was wary of her apparent reversion to their previous state of matrimonial bliss. "I really miss the way we were, Beverly."

She smiled at him and replied, "You know how to ruin a good time now don't you James. Hush, and listen to me. I really don't want to cause you any physical pain and I'm learning how to inflict emotional pain, but I believe that is necessary so I can maintain my permanent position as the dominant half of this relationship. Do you have any idea of how wide you've opened Pandora's Box?"

"Don't think I haven't been reviewing everything that has happened between us since we first met. I've come to the realization that if I had just kept the idea of bringing another man into our marital bed a fantasy I wouldn't be in the sorry state I'm in now. I have been trying for the past week to sit and talk to you about what has happened and what potentially will happen to us in the future."

"James, if you haven't realized that your desire to be rich has placed us on a road that will at sometime in the future allow us to turn back then you're sadly mistaken. What I want you to do is accept what is and prepare yourself for what will be. Now, you need to go into my bathroom and do whatever you need to keep your body hair free. I expect you to return here naked, as that is how you will forever be when we're together. Now, go."

His world was crushing down on him, but his love for Beverly continued unabated. He rose from the couch and went to the bedroom, undressed, and entered the bathroom. He noticed a small plastic basket that girls used in the dorms when going to and from using the common showers. In it were all the products that were given to him on Saturday to keep his body free of his naturally sparse hair. He picked up the basket and saw something new inside it. Apparently Beverly had gone to the local drug store or super market and purchased him a bottle of Very Private pH Balanced Body Wash. He read the label and understood it was something he was to use after he shaved or used the depilatory on his skin. James fought inside emotionally about continuing to accept his humiliation because he was realizing that his desire to be wealthy was actually not coming to fruition.

Sucking in a deep breath, he thought about his life with and without Beverly. As much as he wanted to see another man between her legs, fucking her, he did not want to open himself to the abuse he was taking. He never thought his boss would use his request to invest their small amount of money to make him into a scum sucking sissy cuckold. He was torn, but his love for Beverly allowed him to get into the shower, soak his body, shave wherever he could reach, and use the depilatory. When he used the body wash the tingling feeling he felt all over his body was pleasant sensation. He was without consciously accepting it becoming acclimated to a partial feminine physiology.

Thirty minutes after leaving his wife, James returned, naked, and sat down next to her. She noticed how radiant his body looked after his shower and shave session.

"You look very nice James. Did you like the body wash I purchased for you?"

James blushed, "Yes, I tingled all over as I used it. I felt very, well, feminine using it."

"That's nice James. We have to schedule time for you to maintain your body and hopefully over time your hair will become thinner and more feminine. We could also think about electrolysis to permanently remove your hair on certain areas of your body."

"I don't know if I want to go through electrolysis. I mean what if this whole lifestyle comes to an end and we revert back to the way we were?"

"James, James, James... You have to get through that silly head of yours, we're never going back to the way it was. I know your penis is not as small as some men, but six inches just doesn't compare to eleven inches. I really think you have your head in your ass if I'm going to give up five inches. I will admit it, openly, and right to your face. I am now and forever will be a size queen."

James closed his eyes and groaned. "Would this have happened if we had decided to in essence swing? Would you have turned the tables on our relationship all because someone with a bigger cock fucked you and you enjoyed it? You couldn't have justified the act as one based on sex and not on love?"

"I probably would have accepted the sexual act and talked to you about how we could maintain our loving, sexual relationship while swinging. Or, I could have looked at it as a one-time thing, but James, think about what you did. Think about it!!!"

James was flustered as he spoke. "Those words and what their alluding to is just as painful to me as if you had me by the testicles and was squeezing them as hard as you could. I know the error of my decision, sweetheart, but can't you accept my apology and turn away from what is happening to us."

"No, James, I cannot and that is final. If you had come to me to discuss asking Mitch to invest our money, I would have gladly talked to you about it. I most certainly would have said, go for it, ask him. I know that we would have discussed the ramifications of his requirements and probably decided not to invest any money. Did you do that?"

"No..."

"Then I think I have the right to end or continue this relationship according to my desires. And, from what I've been reading about the feminine dominated relationship, coupled with my desire to have Mitch's eleven inches provide me with sexual stimulation and satisfaction..."

"Ok, ok, ok... I hear you, but what about me?"

"James, tell me what happened at work today."

"You're sitting there telling me you don't know what happened to me today. I can't believe Mr. Markstein didn't call you to give you all the juicy details."

"Well, smarty pants, he didn't. Oh, he called me in the morning to ask me how I felt after his visit this past weekend. I told him I was heartbroken that I didn't get to feel his eleven inches inside me. Know how he responded? He basically told me to suck it up because he wanted to frustrate me. Don't think he isn't mean to me, James."

James learned something new about his wife's emerging relationship with his employer. Mr. Markstein was treating her poorly, but not as poorly as he was treating him. James looked at his wife and spoke from his heart to her. "Today was a day filled with humiliation. I was ordered by Mr. Markstein to hang my enema bag on a coat rack in my office in a place that everyone walking by or walking in could see it. He also ordered me to post the times during the day I would be in the women's rest room giving myself an enema. He then issued a company-wide e-mail announcing my hiring, my status as the Company Cuckold, and the hours I would be available to the employees. About thirty minutes after he issued the e-mail, he called me. He told me that I answered the phone wrong and I should always announce to whoever was on the other end they were speaking to the Company Cuckold. He finished by telling me I would not have to perform any cuckold services until a week from today, because on Friday he was having an Induction Ceremony. As I worked the rest of the day, female employees came by to look in my office, say hello, and

depart laughing. It was a very humiliating day even though I had not sucked any sperm from any of the female employee's cunts."

Beverly sat, mouth agape, eyes twinkling know her husband was suffering the slings and arrows of his fellow employees. "How did you survive wearing your chastity device? You don't seem too uncomfortable."

"I'm getting used to it. I think I need to be careful because it is chaffing around by scrotum. The hardest thing was dealing with my morning erection."

Amazed Beverly asked, "You had an erection this morning? I didn't think you'd be able to raise one."

Smiling James responded, "I guess milking isn't all it's cracked up to be. But, I can tell you with one hundred percent certainty I had an erection, albeit a very painful erection, when I awoke this morning."

"I could be nice to you and instead of milking you this evening before bed I could watch you masturbate yourself several times into the toilet bowl."

James frowned wondering why she would make him masturbate into the toilet bowl. Simply he asked, "Why into the toilet bowl?"

Beverly loved his obvious naiveté and also knew her voracious reading was putting her intellectually years ahead of his knowledge of the feminine domination/submissive cuckold lifestyle. "The toilet bowl is your receptacle because your thin, useless sperm will never be used to impregnate a woman. When you ejaculate it will be someplace where you can lick it up. For example, on a plate, in a glass, on a table top, or on the floor. If I'm feeling overly nice, I'll let you cum on my asshole, but nowhere else, and you can clean it off my asshole with your tongue. All things considered, you will forever masturbate into a toilet bowl so your useless sperm can be flushed into the sewer system where it belongs."

James was holding himself as he listed to Beverly verbally emasculate him. Tears welled up in his eyes and she could see that he was close to crying. "You mean to tell me, that you're not ever going to allow me to father children with you?"

Beverly had thought long and hard about having children with James. When they got married she was just waiting for the opportune time to tell him she was ready to bring a life into this world. A life she would love and cherish for the rest of her years. A week ago tonight, that desire to bring into this world James' child changed. She thought long and hard about his inconsiderate decision about her sexuality. She looked at herself in the mirror and wondered if she wanted to ruin her svelte body by getting pregnant. Beverly had seen what pregnancy could do to women and she really didn't think Mitch would want to use her after birthing one or more children. After a few moments reflection, she looked directly into his tear filled eyes and emphatically said, "No."

James groaned. She could see his encased cock throb as if someone had just emasculated him. She also realized that his balls were the size of peas compared to the eggs she fondled when she deep throat Mitch's cock. He began to visibly shake as came to the conclusion he would never father any children with Beverly or any woman that he should have the opportunity to have sexual intercourse with. He regained some of his composure before he spoke. "Do you understand that we're never going to be able to visit with either of our families? Both our parents are expecting us to have at least two children. I can just see their faces..."

"James, I have no intention of going home to Kansas. If you want to, go, but I'm staying here in New York City. I'm a city girl now..."

James interrupted, "No, Beverly, you're a fuckin' whore!!!"

She laughed so hard she began to cry, 'And, my dear sissy cuckold, who made me into a whore? Not, me, Beta Boy, you!! So take your attitude and shove it!!!"

"Should I leave? Is that what you want?"

"James you do what you want to do. You have to understand that if you pick yourself up and leave, you will not take anything with you except the clothes on your back. By the looks of it, if you were to leave right now, the only thing you'll be wearing when you leave is the CB6000 that is keeping you useless cock company. By this time next week, you'll have signed over legal rights to the investment account to me. When I move sometime in the near future, you will not be party to the mortgage. Your wish to become wealthy will only come to fruition if you remain with me as my cuckolded, emasculated, scum sucking husband. Wow, I'm getting good at verbally abusing you and fucking with your head."

"Beverly, what else haven't you told me? You're planning to make me sign papers renouncing my legal rights to the money that is now under Mr. Markstein's investment control?"

"Yes, James. I haven't told Mitch yet, but there is no way on God's green Earth you are going to get fifty percent of that account. By my accepting your decision to become his whore, you've lost all rights to our community property. In fact, I'm thinking about making your sign a document about our future relationship."

James was again astounded at what was being stated by his wife. "What kind of document?"

Inside she was having a wonderful time using the knowledge she gained about beta males and James was being sucked into the vortex of submissive cuckoldom hook, line, and sinker. "I haven't made up my mind yet, but there are basically two choices. The first is a Cuckold Contract and the second is an Indentured Servitude Contract. Oh, and sometime in the near future, hopefully, in my new apartment, I'm going to celebrate a cuckold wedding."

"A, a, a, cuckold wedding?" he stammered.

"Yes, James. A ceremony to consecrate my relationship with Mitch and your acceptance of his and my superiority over you. You'll still be legally married to me, but Mitch will be my provider of sexual satisfaction and the oodles of money that will be in my investment account. It will be him who sleeps next to me not you. It will be him I suck off swallowing his flavorful cum. It will be him I allow to take my virgin ass. You dear man, will just be around to take care of me, the women and men at the office, and when you arrive home, take care of my residence."

"And, if I don't..."

"Give it a rest James, you have only one of two choices to make and since you're sitting there all teary eyed and shaking from the stress of it all, I'm telling you I want an answer right now. Stay and be feminized or leave with what you're wearing now. Decide!!!"

James fell away from his wife and lay on the couch moaning, and whimpering like a little child. Whatever masculinity he had left was about to be shoved out the door with the clothing that was piled there. He lay there confused and bewildered about where the simple act of asking his wife to make them wealthy by fucking his boss would end up with him losing everything he ever worked towards. His heart pained him because he loved Beverly unconditionally. He could see her taking him on an emotional roller coaster as he fought her desire to make him pay for his stupidity. It was a simple decision after all. Complete his becoming the ultimate cuckold or leave with absolutely nothing. James just lay on the couch unmoving. His world collapsing around him.

"James," Beverly spoke in a quiet voice of reason as she moved off the couch and kneeled in front of him next to his head. "I'm not really the one who screwed up our marriage. I do love you. I had no issues with you and your abilities in bed." She took her right hand and began to gently stroke his tear stained face. "I was content and looking forward to a long life with you raising our children. The idea of bringing another man into our marital bed was a fantasy for me. You know very well, I wasn't a virgin when we began dating. You know I've had sexual relations with a couple of men that were larger than you and truthfully better than you in bed. But, I've never rubbed your face in it. I played with you when you wanted me to tell you that I'd love to have a bigger, stronger, better endowed man fucking me. James, it was you that were fucking me and it was the fantasy that was driving our orgasmic pleasure. I love you

and got off on it as much as you, but I never thought you'd really want me to fuck another man in or out of our marital bed."

Beverly continued to gently stroke his face and saw her husband relax as he gazed back at her. She continued, "I would never ask you to do anything that would hurt you. Did you ever think about my feelings and emotional well-being when you thought that a simple fuck would make us millionaires? I know you didn't and you showed your true colors when you sat watching Mitch fuck me and had an orgasm. You ejaculated in your pants watching another man use me like some fuck toy. You enjoyed it or you would have done anything on the face of this Earth to protect me. Seeing you sitting there docile after Mitch told you that you were to stay and watch because you agreed to his fucking me is what made me turn against you. How could you do that to me?"

James relaxed as he felt Beverly's hand stroke his face. He wanted to put his arms around her and kiss her, but something inside him told him that was not what he should do. Her robe had opened and he could see her pert breasts and her flat stomach and immediately put his hand on his crotch only to get rudely reminded of his encasement in the CB6000. Beverly realized her robe was open and didn't make an effort to close it when she saw her husband try to caress not her but his cock. She knelt silently waiting to see had come to a decision and when several minutes passed she knew she'd have to take the bull-by-the-horns, but instead decided to use the sugar approach instead of the whip. She leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on James' forehead.

"Please, James. If you stay, I promise I'll take care of you for the rest of your life. You'll have nothing to worry about and maybe, if you are truly committed, I'll put some money away for you so you'll have something should I pass away before you. Just tell me you'll respond to me in a positive manner no matter what I ask of you. I promise you'll be happy."

James finally spoke to her, "I won't be sexually satisfied. I won't experience being inside you ever again. I won't experience holding our child. I'll be turned into a cocksucker. I'm not gay and I don't have any desire to dress, act, and have sex like a woman. I'm a man, Beverly, and I'll always be one."

James could feel her tense up as she continued to gently stroke his face. He tensed in anticipation of her hurting him and she sensed it, "James, I'm not going to hurt you. I know you're not gay and I'm not asking you to just be a cocksucker. You're going to experience performing cunnilingus on me and that is a heterosexual act. I know you're worried because you're not going to insert your cock into a woman ever again. Just think of it as your payment for being a fuckin' idiot when it came to making stupid life altering decisions about our relationship. I could stand up, walk away from you, and demand you leave my apartment..."

"See, Beverly!!! This is not our apartment, but your apartment. You don't consider me as your partner anymore. The investment money, your apparently soon to be new apartment, and whatever else you purchase is yours not ours. The only thing I'm good for is licking Mr. Markstein's cum from your pussy."

"Don't you see how much you've accepted what has happened to you? Mitch demanded you never call him by his first name and what do you do, you call him Mr. Markstein. He ordered you to suck the cunts of two women you don't know and you did it. You hung the enema bottle and posted the times per his instructions. I bet if I were to go downtown now and look at the wall outside your office I'll see posted the times of your cuckold obligations. Am I right?"

"Yes..." was all he could mutter.

"So, if you've put yourself into a position of servitude to Mr. Markstein then why wouldn't you do the same for me? You're my husband, well, if you stay, you'll be my husband in name only, but still my husband. Then why don't we end this discussion by you telling me you're totally one hundred percent agreeable to becoming my feminized husband."

"I know you got the idea of feminizing me from Mr. Markstein."

"No, I did not. I got the idea from reading the cuckold and feminine domination books. I know that Mitch is aware of that happening to cuckolds. I have an idea, why don't I call him and ask him to talk to you about how it isn't his decision."

"Noooo, please don't call him. It is bad enough he treats me like shit when I'm at work. I have to think about accepting what you're asking me."

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Beverly moved her hand to James' right ear, grabbed it and twisted. James stiffened as the pain coursed through his body. Beverly twisted until James begged her to let go of his ear. She gave a final twist before she released his ear. She didn't give him time to recover. "Ok, James, answer me now – yes or no!!!"

"Ok, ok, ok... I love you Beverly. I want to be with you and I'll do whatever you want. I'll give you total control. Feminize me. Just don't hurt me, please!!!"

Beverly smiled the smile of a conquering heroine. She stood up, dropped her silk robe, and spread her legs. "Now, bitch, get over here and show Ms. Beverly your obedience by kissing my clit."

James rolled off the couch and onto the floor. He assumed a kneeling position in front of Beverly and without touching her, leaned in, and placed a kiss on the folds of her pussy where he clit was hidden. He then stuck his tongue between the labia and drew it up its length from bottom to top. He did that several times which caused Beverly to thrust her hips forward so he could tongue fuck her a lot easier. When he had licked enough to cause her clit to become engorged and protruding he opened his mouth and gently sucked it into his mouth. He used his tongue to caress her and she responded by taking his head in her hands and pressing it to her crotch.

"That's it James. Suck my clit. Use your lips and tongue on it. Oh, my, you're doing exactly what I like. Yes, suck me!!! I knew you'd end up being a good cunt lapper." Just as he got used to sucking on her clit, Beverly pushed him away from sucking her. She stepped behind him and sat on the couch. Her legs were akimbo exposing her naked pussy and ass to him when he turned around. She pointed. He responded by moving between her legs to begin sucking her clit again. Just as he placed his tongue between her labia, she commanded, "I want you to kiss and suck my ass."

James moved his head away from her vagina and pleaded, "Beverly, please give me a chance to get used to..."

Beverly didn't want to hear any back talk or pleading not to perform from James. She leaned forward and placed a swift but hard smack on the ear she had twisted prior to her sitting on the couch. James tried to grab his ear but Beverly had placed her legs around his upper arms preventing him from attempting to sooth his fire-engine red ear. Beverly was now past being nice to her husband. She opened her legs, quickly placed both her feet on James' chest, and violently pushed him away from where he was kneeling. Not expecting to be pushed the way he was, James reeled backwards and landed on his back in the middle of the living room. Like a cat stalking its prey, Beverly launched herself off the couch and landed feet first on James' chest.

The force of her landing on him caused his breath to leave his lungs and required a few minutes of wheezing and gasping for him to regain control of his breathing. When he finally did he looked up to see Beverly standing over him grousing at his inability to keep his word. Notwithstanding the pain that coursed through his body for the umpteenth time, James broke out in tears. He tried for the longest time not to cry, but he couldn't keep it in anymore. James did not care that his wife would see him bawling like a two year old. Beverly couldn't help but laugh at him because she knew it was his fault he was crying and not hers.

"When are you going to learn? Are you that fuckin' stupid? Two minutes ago, you're between my legs providing the only form of sexual pleasure you're allowed to perform on me and then, bam, you're on the floor crying. All because you won't suck my asshole? You know it can be a very erotic area on a woman or a man. Quit your caterwauling and sit up."

James was clam enough to heed her command and sat up. Naturally, because she was standing over him he came face-to-face with her cleanly shaven vagina. He looked up at Beverly and began to beg, "Don't you understand that I'm having problems with accepting what you want from me. It is quite difficult to see myself descend into a life of servitude. It is not easy for me to accept your abuse and humiliation..."

Beverly couldn't believe her ears, her husband was still trying to get the relationship back to the point it was before they entered Mitch's penthouse apartment. Underneath her furor, she did not want to use corporal punishment on her husband to get him to understand and accept his role in what was happening to him. Taking a deep breath, letting it out, and reaching to touch James' face, she calmly said to him, "James, I'm going to step away from you, sit on the couch, raise my legs, and you're going to crawl over to me. When you are between my legs you are going to place a French kiss on my asshole. If you don't comply, I will take you by your balls and toss you out of my apartment. I will call Mitch and tell him to terminate your employment. You will be on the street, naked, wearing only a chastity device. You will have no money and nowhere to go. You'd have to beg for clothing and money. Just think how humiliating it would be when you call home and try to explain to your parents what happened."

Beverly did not make an effort to move from her position over her husband. He noticed that she was still standing over him. Was she hesitating because she really didn't want to make him French kiss her asshole? He could only hope that she would see the error of his ways, forgive him, and return their marriage to the state it was before he made the dumbest decision of his life. He rationalized that if he could get her to sit calmly and talk to him he'd be able to convince her he was so sorry for making her fuck his boss. He could see nothing in her eyes and tried again to talk to her.

"I don't know what I have to say or do to convince you I was wrong. I know I should have consulted you about taking our life savings..."

Beverly exploded, "LISTEN YOU THICK HEADED SON-OF-A-BITCH!!! IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MONEY. IT HAS ALL TO DO WITH YOU TAKING YOUR SEXUAL DESIRES FROM FANTASY TO REALITY WITHOUT TALKING TO ME. YOU'RE FUCKIN' NUTS IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO RELENT AND LET YOU, THE ASSHOLE WHO MADE THE DECISION TO TURN ME INTO A SLUT, BACK INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT. I COULD FUCKIN' KILL YOU NOW, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO THE TIME!!! YOU ARE!!! YOUR TIME, WON'T BE IN A PENITENTURY, BUT BY SERVING ME THE REST OF YOUR LOUSY, LOSER LIFE. IF YOU'RE NOT BETWEEN MY LEGS FRENCH KISSING MY ASSHOLE WE'RE THROUGH."

James Costello never in the four and a half years he's known Beverly ever heard her scream so forcibly that her face turned crimson and her carotid artery and jugular vein stood out on the sides of her neck. He could see she had made both her hands into fists, but was restraining herself from pummeling him. It was now or never for him. He understood completely down to his inner being she would toss him out on his ear wearing only the chastity device. James shivered and knew his love for her meant he'd have to suffer for the rest of his life because of one really stupid decision.

"I'm overwhelmed and heartbroken, but my love for you makes me want to be with you even if it means I suffer for the rest of my life serving you before, during, and after you've been used by Mitch and whomever else he thinks is worthy of your body. Please sweetheart, sit back down on the couch so I may French kiss your asshole in penitence for my misdeed."

To make her point that she was not going to take anymore bullshit from him, she slapped him in the face before she turned and positioned herself on the couch, again legs akimbo, and her anus positioned where he could easily French kiss it as if he was kissing her mouth. James did not react to the slap, he just watched as his wife positioned herself on the couch. When she was ready he crawled over to her and placed his lips around her anus and used his tongue to penetrate her. Beverly actually relaxed as she felt her husband's tongue began to caress and enter her asshole. She didn't express verbally or physically move in any way to show her husband he was turning her on sexually. The entire point of this exercise was for her to get James to prove his undying devotion to her no matter how humiliating the act he was asked to perform.

Beverly looked down at her husband seeing he was totally committed to sucking her asshole. She closed her eyes, relaxed her legs, and placed her feet on his upper back so she didn't have to strain to keep her ass open for

his tongue. For the next forty-five minutes she half sat and half lied on the couch not saying a word or moving in response to her husband's tongue. James would occasionally pull back from his duties and she would take either of her feet and press his head back into her ass. He didn't complain. He just used his tongue on her asshole and after a good fifteen minutes was pretty adept at getting a good portion of his tongue up her ass. Beverly did nothing to encourage him.

When she'd had enough of his tongue she used her feet to push him away from her. She pulled her body up to a sitting position and looked down at her broken husband. From his half kneeling half lying position on the floor in front of her, she knew she'd completed in a week what some of the books said would take months. James Costello was no longer the dominant partner in their relationship. Beverly Elizabeth Costello nee Grant, was now the dominant, controlling partner and she would never relinquish the power ceded to her by her husband.

"Now for the rest of the rules, James. This place is your responsibility. You will clean. You will shop. You will cook all of the meals. You will do the wash and the ironing. You will do this around whatever schedule you have for work. I expect that when you come home from Lower Manhattan you will undress and tend to your household duties. You will present yourself to me for your nightly milking at least one hour before I go to sleep. You will arrange a schedule to use the bathroom to keep yourself hairless and soft. When I need your services you will provide them. From this night forward, I will decide where you sleep. You will never occupy a bed with me unless you are between my legs sucking my cunt or my asshole. Your bed is where I will place a pillow and some blankets. Oh, and tonight I expect you to take all your clothing that is by the front door and move them to the storage room in the basement."

James didn't even look up at Beverly. He just asked, "Did you leave any clothes here for me to wear to work?"

Beverly had thought about leaving a few items, but thought better of it. She wanted him to have to descend into the basement naked to retrieve the clothing he needed for the next day. "No, you'll have to get used to going down there naked. You'll have to get used to letting the neighbors see you're hairless and in a chastity device. If anyone asks me, I'll tell them you decided to be caged because you're a habitual masturbator. Now, I want to relax in a warm bath before I go to sleep. You'll sleep in the living room. When I awaken in the morning I want to see that pile of clothes no longer blocking the front door."

Beverly stood up from the couch, walked to her bedroom, entered, and closed the door. James could hear her turn the lock barring his entrance until she woke in the morning for work. He cried as he began his chores.

Friday – Corporate Induction Ceremony Day

When the clock radio next to Beverly's bed turned on to a soft rock station and woke her up she got out of bed and padded to the bathroom to take her morning leak. When she exited the bathroom she smelled the coffee and could hear James working in the kitchen. Ever since Monday after work, he's been an angel around the house. She loved the fact he was getting used to being totally naked from the moment he entered her apartment combined with his acceptance of her not talking to him unless she had a reason. This morning was turning out like any other since Monday evening.

James arrived at work precisely at 6:30AM. He was always the first employee from Mitch Markstein Investments to enter the building, take the express elevator to the seventy-first floor, and get ready for the day's work. Inside he knew that today would be the day he was to be officially introduced to the employees as the Company Cuckold. He knew that whatever he said to Mitch, how long he begged and/ or pleaded, he would be denigrated and humiliated much to the amusement of his employer. Coupled with Beverly's total emasculation of him as a man today's ceremony only pile more wood onto the humiliation fire. Work provided a small diversion from his thinking about his broken marriage, his acceptance of Beverly's demands, and his ultimate humiliation at work.

His day was moving along like any other day considering the entire employee base received the welcoming memo on Monday. The women who came to see him fell to a trickle, but he noticed there were a few that made a point of coming to see him every day. It was as if their life depended on making some lurid remark or some sexual movement with almost any part of their bodies. It all changed when Mr. Markstein showed up with Ms. Chen at 9:30AM.

"Good morning Mr. Markstein," James said to his boss in a pleasant tone of voice.

"Don't you say good morning to Ms. Chen?" queried Mitch.

"Sorry, Mr. Markstein, I didn't see her behind you. Good morning, Ms. Chen," he said with a false smile on his face.

Mitch took a seat on one of the two chairs that occupied his office. Ms. Chen continued to stand next to the open door. Mitch had a serious look on his face. A shiver of fear ran down James' back. Mitch leaned forward and spoke, "James, I've been hearing things from the women that you're not being a gentleman when they come into the bathroom and you're in there cleaning yourself. Is there a problem?"

James sighed and spoke, "Mr. Markstein I'm not very comfortable taking all my clothes off in their bathroom so I can administer the three enemas per each enema period you require. I think I'd be more comfortable in a private bathroom or at least the men's bathroom."

"Are you shy about having to administer the enemas in the women's bathroom? Are you shy about releasing the enema fluid if someone else is in the rest room? Aren't you also required to use the same open one hole squatting toilet to urinate? Aren't you required by your position to squat when you pee? I don't see why you're embarrassed and I expect you to greet and be kind to the women who have to use the same rest room as you."

"But, Mr. Markstein, I'm just not comfortable..."

"Listen James, you just have to get used to it. In a few weeks the newness of giving yourself enemas will have worn off and you'll feel comfortable when another woman enters the rest room and sees you either inserting the enema tube or relieving yourself. It gives them confidence that you're good about your hygiene. I don't want to hear anymore about your antics in the women's rest room."

"I understand Mr. Markstein," replied James.

"Good. About today's ceremony, Ms. Chen will come here at 11:15AM and accompany you to the auditorium on the seventy-fourth floor. I expect you to be ready to be introduced to your fellow employees and inducted as the Company Cuckold. You should be honored and I know you'll accept the position with a smile on your face."

Mitch didn't wait for a response he reached for the phone that was on the right corner of James desk. He dialed a number and waited for the connection. It didn't take but a few seconds, "Good morning, Beverly."

James was flabbergasted that Mr. Markstein would call his wife from his office. He could feel his face turn red as Ms. Chen smiled at him and made some obscene gesture towards him. Again, James could only hear one side of the conversation.

"Beverly, I would like to invite you to a very special meeting this morning here at Mitchell Markstein Investments. I know, I spoke to your boss yesterday and asked him if it would be all right with him. So, here's what is going to happen. I am sending my personal limousine to your office. My driver will take you home where you will find a package by your front door. You are to go inside and change into the clothing that is in the package. My driver will then bring you to my office. Yes, Beverly, I expect you too. Good, I'll see you about noon."

Mitch hung up the phone. Looking at James he said, "Did I just embarrass you? Did you think I wouldn't invite your wife to see your induction?" Mitch stood up and left the James' office with Suzanne Chen in tow.

Time couldn't pass fast enough for James. As he always did, he immersed himself in his work to keep from thinking about his continuing decline into a lifestyle that was not his choosing. He thought about Beverly coming to see whatever Mr. Markstein had planned and more about her attire. Would he have her dressed as a classy woman or as a slut? He looked at his watch every ten minutes hoping an hour had passed. Time moved like molasses pouring from a wide mouth jar in the middle of winter.

Suzanne Chen was at the door to his office at the precise time she was ordered to be there. James stood up and followed her to the elevator that would take them to the seventy-fourth floor. They didn't exchange one word from the moment she showed herself at the door to his office to entering the stage entrance of the auditorium. Once they were on the stage she spoke to him.

"Take all your clothes off James."

"You're kidding, right?" he asked.

"No James. I'm not kidding. The curtains are closed and when they open you will be standing where I place you in the clothing you are about to put on. So, dear boy, TAKE YOU'RE FUCKIN' CLOTHES OFF, NOW!!!"

James shuddered and began to remove his clothes. When he was naked, Suzanne picked up certain of his garments and tossed them into a large plastic bag. He thought better about covering his CB6000 encased genitals and saw Ms. Chen smirk when she saw that his flaccid cock did even fill up the plastic tube of the chastity device. She walked stage left and dropped the plastic bag, picked up a box, and returned to where James was standing.

"In this box are some of the clothes you are to wear for today's ceremony. I'm here at Mr. Markstein's request to help you. So, why don't you open the box and see what he bought you to wear for today's induction ceremony."

James couldn't help himself and began to tear up. Mr. Markstein purchased something for him to wear. He thought it was a wonderful thing to do especially since he'd been so cruel to him recently. James opened the box, looked in, and immediately dropped it on the stage floor. He couldn't contain his horror at what he saw in the box. "I'm not going to put them on. You can tell Mr. Markstein, I quit."

Luckily for James, Mr. Markstein was nowhere in ear shot of his last statement. Suzanne Chen didn't have the authority to punish James, but she sure could threaten him. Stepping closer to him, she whispered in his ear, "You don't want me to call Mr. Markstein, now do you? So, why don't you be a good boy and just let me help you get dressed. If I call Mr. Markstein he's going to authorize me to use corporal punishment and I know you're not going to stand-up to the pain I know I will inflict upon you."

He could see in her eyes how serious she was. Thirty minutes later James was dressed and sitting stage right waiting for his introduction as the Company Cuckold. At the appointed, time he could hear people entering the auditorium. From what he'd learned, he understood the auditorium could hold the entire employee base of Mitchell Markstein Investments. Three hundred people minus a few that would remain behind to answer the phones were going to be sitting watching his induction. About fifteen minutes before the ceremony, the five senior vice presidents took their seats on the stage. James noticed there were two empty seats. He figured one for Mr. Markstein and one for his wife. By the type of chairs they were, he knew which one was going to be his wife's.

Five minutes before the ceremony, Mr. Markstein and Beverly entered the stage. She was wearing a fine white Valenciennes lace dress, white sheer stockings, and white leather thigh high boots. It was plainly visible that she was not wearing any lingerie underneath the dress. She wore little makeup except for the blue eyeliner that highlighted her baby blue eyes and a bright red lipstick. James thought she looked nervous standing with Mr. Markstein. He tried to catch her eye, but to no avail. She was being introduced to the five senior vice presidents. When they were done with the introductions he moved her not to her chair but to the wings on stage left. He whispered something in her ear and James could see she was not elated by what he said.

The lights in the auditorium dimmed at 12:15PM and the curtains opened revealing to the seated employees the owner, senior vice presidents, and the soon to be inducted Company Cuckold on the stage. Mitch stood, strode to center stage where the microphone was placed, and began the ceremony.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. It is my pleasure to welcome you to only the second induction of Mitchell Markstein Investment, Incorporated Company Cuckold"

The audience clapped with just a few hoots and hollers. Mitch raised his arms asking for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to refrain from any cat calls or obscene gestures during this ceremony. It takes a very special individual to accept the position of Company Cuckold. As we all know, Alvin Thomason accepted and set a very high work standard as the Company Cuckold. It is my hope that the individual being inducted today will live up to and hopefully surpass Alvin's great work ethic. Before I introduce you to your newly appointed, but not yet inducted Company Cuckold, let me tell you how he came to accept the position."

Mitch looked over at James and then to Beverly standing to his right before he continued his monologue. "I hired James Costello as an entry level stock broker and put him to work in the Stock Certificate Department. Two weeks after starting, he requested a meeting with me to discuss a private financial matter. I met with him and much to my amazement he asked if I would accept a minor amount of money of his to invest. He related that he wanted to build an investment portfolio. I thought about it and told him I would accept his money under certain conditions. We spoke of those conditions and he readily accepted them. Thirty-two days after receiving the Costello's money, they were in my private residence reviewing the growth of their initial investment."

Mitch took the microphone off the stand and began to walk around the stage. He was getting into relating the story of James decline into cuckoldry. "That evening I found out he hadn't discussed the terms and conditions of the investment with his wife. Much to my amazement, his wife was not very receptive to becoming, well, how should I couch it, a slut. After much discussion and an understanding between them, she allowed me to consummate the terms and conditions of their investment. What I noticed after I deposited my commission in her was her husband's pants. They were wet from him ejaculating just watching me with his wife. It was then I knew I found a replacement for our dear departed Alvin Thomason."

At the mention of Alvin's name the employees clapped politely. Mitch waited for their honorarium to cease before he continued, "I have had discussions with both James and Beverly since our initial meeting. Things have gone swimmingly. As you know James has begun to perform certain duties showing how committed he is to his health, wellbeing, and cleanliness. He has posted per my request his personal hygiene times and the times he will be available for cuckold duties. Beverly has agreed to accept her role as orally defined in the terms and conditions of their investment contract, which has grown by more than three thousand per cent."

The employees stood and cheered at the mention of the increase in the principle investment. Again Mitch waited for the assembled employees to settle down. He looked out at the conglomeration of employees and continued, "So, it is my great pleasure to introduce to you, our Company Cuckold's wife, Beverly Costello." Mitch faced stage left and waited for Beverly to walk on stage.

Beverly Costello stood looking at Mitch thinking how was she going to do what she had to do in front of all these people. Then she remembered what fuckin' idiot her James was and walked out on stage to applause from the gathered employees. She strode up to Mitch, hiked her all ready short dress, squatted down, unzipped his pants, reached in for his cock, and without any preliminaries took him into her throat. Her face was pressed against the soft merino wool of his suit pants. She gently placed her hands on the sides of his thighs as she maintained keeping his cock buried in her throat without having once gagged or coughed. Mitch took his left hand and patted her on the head, as if she were a good dog.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as you can readily see, Mrs. Beverly Costello has accepted her role as my slut after her husband gave me permission to fuck her in return for managing their meager investment. You will also notice she has taught herself to take my greater than average sized manhood deep into her oral cavity and maintain a clam outer demeanor. She has in a very short time, well, actually just one night of cock sucking, become adept at orally stimulating her partner by taking his entire length down her throat."

Mitch looked down at Beverly to see she was actually shaking a bit from having to say hello to him the only way she was permitted. He decided that this was enough humiliation for her considering the assembly was more for her husband's sake than hers. He gently tapped her forehead signaling her to release his cock from her mouth, which she did without as much as a single drip of saliva or mucous dripping from his cock. Mitch took her by her arm and said, "Stand up Beverly and stay right next to me." When she was on her feet the people broke out in a rousing round of applause. Beverly actually blushed.

With his cock hanging out of his suit pants, Mitch turned and ordered James to his feet. "I want you to approach me and stand at least two feet to my left facing the audience."

James did as he was told. He was wearing his navy blue suit, a blue oxford shirt, a red paisley tie, and a pair of black oxford shoes. His face was flushed because he was extremely nervous and afraid of what he was going to have to do considering his wife just sucked Mr. Markstein's cock in front of approximately three hundred people. Having never stood on a stage before, James was surprised that he couldn't see out into the audience. He was so nervous he thought he was going to wet himself and did everything to control his bladder.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with great pride and pleasure that I introduce James Costello to you all." No one clapped, the entire audience sat silent. James wanted to bolt from the stage, but knew he'd be out of a job and out of a marriage if he did. Mitch looked at James and spoke, "James, I want you to undress. Take off your shoes, suit jacket, pants, tie, and shirt. Just those items of clothing, now."

Mitch, Beverly, the senior vice presidents, and the employees in the first few rows could see James shaking as he began to undress. He removed his suit jacket first dropping it on the floor behind him. He knelt down to untie his shoes and remove them. He stood and removed his tie. He paused and audibly moaned when it came time to remove his shirt. He looked at his wife with pleading eyes, but saw absolutely no response. Tears began to well in his eyes and nothing he could do stopped them from welling over his lower eyelid and streak down his face.

Mitch saw the tears and spoke, "Now, now, James. There is no reason to cry, the quicker you get undressed the quicker you'll accept your humiliation. Your fellow employees are waiting, so, please don't make me yell at you."

James nodded his head. As his tears ran down his face he unbuttoned and removed his shirt. When he dropped his shirt everyone could see the white satin lace edged camisole he was wearing. Beverly gasped and put her hand to her mouth, not in feigned surprise, but in actual amazement. He then undid his belt, opened the clasp at the waist, unzipped the zipper and dropped his pants. He bent over and pulled each leg out and dropped the pants on the floor. When he stood upright the entire audience began to clap, hoot, and holler. The people in the first few rows actually stood up to applaud. Beverly was dumbstruck. Mitch was smiling from ear-to-ear. James Costello was wearing a white satin lace edged camisole, white lace garter belt, and white silk lace topped thigh high stockings. The garter belt was not really necessary, but the straps attached to the tops of the stockings made the outfit. The *crème de le crème* was Suzanne Chen bringing a pair of white leather high heel sandals for him to put on. Prominent between his legs was the CB6000 chastity device.

Beverly turned to Mitch and asked, "How in God's name did you get him to dress like that? I was going to wait awhile before I introduced feminine clothing to him."

Mitch smiled at Beverly, he replied, "He had no choice considering his position." Mitch held his hands up to signal the raucous audience to quiet down. It took a bit longer than he expected, but didn't force the issue. When everyone was quiet, he spoke, "James, please tell everyone what you'd like to see happen on a regular basis when I'm visiting your wife."

James looked at Beverly and Mitch and responded, "I'd like to see you fuck my wife, Mr. Markstein."

"Is there anything else, James?"

"No, Mr. Markstein. Please..."

"To show everyone gathered here today to see you accept your position as the Company Cuckold I would like you to come over and kneel in front of me. Then I'd like you to ask me to fuck your wife in front of all your colleagues."

James, embarrassed and totally humiliated knelt in front of his boss and said, "Would you please fuck my wife, Mr. Markstein."

"Louder James. I don't think your colleagues in the back of the auditorium heard you."

James raised his voice, "WOULD YOU PLEASE FUCK MY WIFE MR. MARKSTEIN."

People clapped and whistled, but there were no cat calls or verbal abuse yelled from the audience. Mitch pointed to a reclining chair that was slightly behind him and nodded to Beverly. Her eyes grew wide, but knew that once she'd accepted her role as his slut, she could not back out from allowing him to fuck her in front of his employees. She rationalized that as much as she'd be humiliated, she was the one getting fucked by his eleven inch cock. She sashayed over to the lounge chair, smoothed the lace dress, and sat down just as she was instructed to by Mitch when he was at her apartment.

"Beverly, please rise and remove your dress."

Beverly stood, unzipped the zipper under her right arm, and let the dress fall to the floor. She was totally naked except for the white leather thigh high boots she was wearing.

"Please take your seat, Beverly."

Mitch walked over to where she was sitting and pointed at James. He then pointed to a spot on the floor where he wanted him. The lounge chair was facing stage left. Mitch was facing stage right. James was kneeling between them facing the audience. He was openly crying and every few minutes would gasp for breath. He didn't dare look at his Mr. Markstein, Beverly, or the audience. In as much as he was totally humiliated, he felt his cock trying to get erect within the confines of the CB6000. This fact only added to his emotional breakdown. Mitch stood looking down at Beverly his cock still flaccid and hanging out of the front of his suit pants.

"James, ask your wife if she'd like you to place my cock in her."

"Oh, please Mr. Markstein..." was all James got out of his mouth before Mitch bitch slapped him hard enough to send him reeling backwards on his ass. The audience was totally silent. You could hear a pin drop in the auditorium.

"One more time you disobey me, James, and I'll relieve you of your duties both here and at home. Now, ask your wife if she'd like you to place my cock in her."

James regained his kneeling position and asked Beverly, "Would you like me to place Mr. Markstein's cock in you?"

Beverly smiled and replied, "Yes, that would be very nice, but I think it needs to be erect before he'll be able to enter me. I think you should help him get erect, don't you?"

James looked from her eyes to Mr. Markstein's cock and replied, "Yes, it is not erect."

"So, why don't you ask Mr. Markstein if you can help him by making his cock hard enough to enter me." Beverly had gained a wealth of knowledge from her reading and Mitch was nodding his head in approval. The audience sat in a stunned silence watching them debase and humiliate James.

James looked up at his boss. The left side of his face was red from where he was bitch slapped. His cheeks were wet with tears. "Mr. Markstein, would you like me to help you get hard?"

Mitch began to play the humiliation game with James. "Now, why would I want you to make me hard, James?"

James rolled his eyes in frustration, but inside knew that he was going to have to humiliate himself until Mr. Markstein was satisfied. He spoke loud enough for everyone to hear, because he wasn't getting bitch slapped for not speaking loud enough. "To help you fuck my wife, Mr. Markstein."

"James, did you ask me to fuck your wife?"

"Yes, Mr. Markstein. I asked you to fuck my wife."

"Did you give me permission to fuck her anytime and anyplace I wanted to, James?"

"Yes, Mr. Markstein. I have given you permission to fuck my wife anytime and anyplace you'd like to."

"So, you want me to fuck her in front of all your colleagues?"

"Please, that would make me very happy Mr. Markstein." James was learning how to respond. "It would also be my pleasure to help you attain an erection."

"But you don't know how to suck my cock the way your wife does. How are you going to help me get hard enough to fuck your wife?"

James was stumped. He really didn't want to suck Mr. Markstein's cock for the first time in front of all his colleagues. It would be bad enough having to do it in front of Beverly, but three hundred people. "If you'd permit me, I could use my hands."

"You want to give me a hand job?"

"Just until you're erect enough to fuck my wife, Mr. Markstein then if you like, I would insert you into her."

"Let me get this correct, you want to give me a hand job until I'm erect and then put my cock at the entrance to your wife's pussy so I can fuck her?"

"Yes, Mr. Markstein that is what I'd do for you."

"Would you suck me instead of giving me a hand job to make me hard, James?"

"I'm not gay, Mr. Markstein. I don't suck cock," replied James.

Mitch looked down at James and decided on the spot that he was not going to fuck Beverly. To make his point about James listening to him, he decided to take a different approach. "James, instead of using your hands on me, why don't you get between your wife's legs and suck her until she's ready for me. I think your wife would appreciate being wet before I fuck her. Don't you agree?"

"I see your point and agree wholeheartedly Mr. Markstein." James moved between Mitch and his wife. He inched forward and began licking his wife's all ready wet cunt. He didn't complain because he'd rather suck her pussy than suck a cock. Beverly responded to his tongue by sliding forward in the chair, opening, and raising her legs to give the Company Cuckold a better angle to suck her cunt.

As he got comfortable between his wife's legs, Mitch signaled Suzanne to come back on stage. He whispered something in her ear. Two minutes later she returned with a padded bench. She placed it on the floor next to Mitch and returned to her position in the wings stage left. Mitch tapped James on the back and when he stopped licking Mitch spoke to him, "I think you'll be much more comfortable if you place this bench under your stomach and chest. I believe it is the correct height for someone eating pussy."

James eyed the bench and rather than risk being bitch slapped placed the piece between his wife's legs with enough room for him to lay and eat her pussy. He resumed sucking his wife's bare vagina. Mitch raised his right hand and signaled Suzanne Chen. This time two rather large beefy men came on stage with her. Each took a place on either side of James. Suzanne Chen knelt in front of her boss and began to fellate him. She didn't deep throat him. She sucked the head of his cock and stroked his shaft giving him enough pleasure to begin to harden. The audience

remained quiet. To a stranger it would seem that their silence demonstrated their knowledge of what was going to happen next.

As Suzanne sucked, Mitch's cock hardened. It took about three minutes of her constantly sucking his cock for him to attain an erection to his satisfaction. His eleven inch cock stood straight out from his body. Those nearest to and on the stage could see the length and width of his monster cock. When he knew he was ready, he tapped Suzanne on her head and she moved to a position behind Beverly's head. James face was still buried between his wife's legs. The two burly men stood stoically waiting for Mitch's next move. Beverly could see Mitch's rampant cock and thought to herself that she would finally get the fucking she was hoping for. She smiled up at Mitch and...

Mitch took his cock and began to rub it between the cheeks of James' ass. James jerked his head up from licking Beverly's twat when he felt something touch his backside. His movement was the signal the two men were waiting for as they both placed their hands on James' back, shoulders, and head. Mitch spoke, "With my cock I ordain you as the Company Cuckold." Mitch rubbed the head of his cock over James' asshole and when he felt it rest against his opening he pushed.

James cried out in extreme pain. "Owwwww!!! You're fucking killing me!!! Please, I'm not gay!!! PLEASE!!!!"

Mitch looked up and saw the look of shock on Beverly's face as he inserted his cock into her husband's asshole. He didn't wait a moment to let the Company Cuckold get used to having something that large inserted into his body. He prided himself on not using any lubrication. "Relax James, don't fight it. If you fight it, I'll end up ripping the shit out of your anal cavity and you'll be out of commission for several weeks." Mitch could feel James trying to squeeze his asshole shut, but the head of his cock was all ready in the man's ass.

"PLEASE!!!" was all James could cry.

Mitch pushed another three inches of his cock into his newly ordained Corporate Cuckold. For the first time he saw a look of fear come into Beverly's eyes. She was actually afraid that something bad would happen to her husband. Mitch relented and stopped pushing. He stood with approximately five of his eleven inches embedded into James ass. He smiled at Beverly and mouthed to her that he wouldn't purposely hurt James. With his cock in the Company Cuckold's ass, he turned his head to face the audience and spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it was my desire to take the Company Cuckold's wife in front of you all. I wanted you to witness her second fucking and the subsequent cleaning of her cum filled pussy by the Company Cuckold. But, as you have just witnessed, I decided that the Company Cuckold's virgin ass was in need of a good fucking. Our Company Cuckold has to learn his place in the scheme of things."

Mitch was interrupted by a round of applause. He continued.

"I did not want to injure the poor Company Cuckold's ass, especially in front of his slut wife. His ass will forever be a pussy after I'm through with him. For those of you who would like to return to work, I suggest you quietly leave this meeting because it is my intention to get all eleven inches up the Company Cuckold's ass."

James cried out, "Nooo, Please Mr. Markstein..."

"Shut the fuck up!!! You're going to lose your virginity and the beautiful part of it; you're going to spend the rest of the day dressed as you presently are with my cum dripping from your newly consecrated pussy-ass. I am going to enjoy fucking you because you were such an arrogant asshole to think you're beautiful wife would consent to fucking me so you could become a millionaire."

Mitch could feel the asshole surrounding his cock begin to relax. The Company Cuckold was beginning to get used to having a real man up his ass. To ease his introduction to being fucked up his ass, Mitch decided to use some of his spit to lubricate the remaining six inches of shaft that was exterior to the Company Cuckold's pussy-ass. Disregarding the howling coming from the Company Cuckold, Mitch began to push anew into the crying man's ass.

Beverly was totally forgotten about. She lay with her legs open watching her husband's boss force his eleven inch cock up his ass. The two men continued to hold James in place and were just waiting for the inevitable acceptance by James that he wasn't going to get his silent wish and have Mitch pull his cock out of his ass. James realized the best thing was to try and relax and let Mitch fuck him anally.

Mitch pushed the remaining six inches into James' ass. When he bottomed out he took James by the hips and pulled him towards him although there was nowhere for James's ass to go. The two men saw James' resignation and quietly moved away without having to be told. Beverly also noticed her husband's resignation and moved so she could caress his head in essence telling him it was ok if he accepted being sodomized by Mitch. Beverly wanted to whisper something to her husband, but knew if she did Mitch would only make her say it so everyone watching would know what she said. What James felt as Mitch pushed into his ass was not a cock that tapered from the head to the base. He felt a cock that was the same diameter from the corona to the base so there was only one width James' asshole had to accommodate.

Beverly decided it was time to let the gathered mass know she was all for her husband's humiliation. "James, now you know how I felt two weeks ago Monday, when Mitch took me from behind. You sat in that beautiful antique chair clandestinely stroking your miniscule penis through your pants while I was bent over Mitch's desk getting royally fucked. Now, you're truly a sissy!!! Show your colleagues what a good Company Cuckold you're going to be. I order you to tell Mitch to fuck you."

Mitch felt a tremor of fright pass through James' body in reaction to his wife ordering him to tell the man who was embedded in his ass to fuck him like some sissy bitch. Mitch waited a moment to see if the Company Cuckold would comply, just as his wife did when she allowed Mitch to fuck her two Mondays ago. "What's the matter James? Is my cock so deep inside your sissy ass it is stifling your ability to speak? Your wife ordered you to speak. I can't hear you and I know the people watching your ordination and defilement haven't heard you. So???"

James was beyond crying, moaning, or begging. His wife was sitting open legged in front of him as if she was sitting on the beach getting a suntan. He'd see her occasionally touch and caress herself as she watched Mitch force his cock into his bowel. He also saw she didn't flinch; she smiled and chuckled at her husband's humiliation. The audience was quietly watching and experiencing the total emasculation of a human male all because he thought his wife would willingly fuck his boss to assure their wealth. James didn't want to say what his wife was ordering him to and Mitch read the situation correctly. He began to slap James, the Company Cuckold, on the ass with enough force to make James' ass cheeks turn a crimson color.

James tossed his head back and cried. "Please Mr. Markstein fuck me."

Beverly countered, "Tell him what you are James."

James knew what she wanted as he felt Mr. Markstein's cock expand his anus and walls of his lower bowel. "Please Mr. Markstein; fuck me like the sissy bitch I am. He added, "My ass is yours to do with as you please. Fuck me!!!"

Mitch as he did with Beverly didn't need to be asked a second time. He knew that he was going to emotionally and physically hurt James and that only added to his sexual fervor. He didn't just take a few inches out of James' ass. Not Mitch. Not his style. He held onto the Company Cuckold's hips, reared back pulling all but the head of his cock out of James' ass, and without thinking what could happen to James internally, slammed his cock back into the submissive male bitch. When he bottomed out, he didn't keep his cock deep inside James. He again reared back and slammed his cock forward into the now screaming man. Five good thrusts of his eleven inch cock was enough to take the air out of James' lungs and reinitiate a crying jag. Mitch got a good rhythm going could feel James progress from pain to pleasure.

"That's it James. You're beginning to move like you're enjoying my cock up your pussy-ass. Show your wife and your colleagues what a good sissy you're becoming. I bet you're enjoying the feel of my cock as it passes over your sissy g-spot." Just as those words came out of Mitch's mouth he could feel James wiggle his backside in response to feeling his prostate gland respond to the cock that was fucking him.

Suzanne Chen chortled when she saw James responding to the feel of Mitch's cock up his ass. Without thinking she reached down and began to fondle Beverly's breasts. Beverly looked up at the woman who was caressing her nipples and as they made eye contact she took her hands and covered the ones on her breasts. If Beverly Costello was going down the slut road, she was going all the way. Although Mitch was ramming his cock into James with extreme force, the fact that Suzanne Chen had begun caressing Beverly's breast did not pass him by. As Suzanne continued to gently twist and pull Beverly's nipples, Beverly wanted more than anything to have her red painted Asian lips pressed on hers.

Suzanne leaned down and whispered in Beverly's ear, "I'd love to bump cunts with you."

"Bump cunts?" moaned Beverly.

"Yes, press ours cunts together, massaging our clits, or even better having one end of a double headed dildo in each of us as we press our crotches together. Don't worry I'm sure when I tell Mitch I want you he'll give you to me. Just look at him fucking your husband. He's so into having a new Corporate Cuckold especially when the Corporate Cuckold is married to a sweet looking cunt like you."

Beverly moaned as Suzanne cupped her small pert breasts and massaged them continuing to get a rise out of Beverly though her breasts. Mitch now had one hand on James' shoulder as he continued to pummel his ass with his cock. Every so often he would bury himself in James, raise both hands, and wait for the audience to applaud their approval. Very few of the employees noticed the play going on between Suzanne and Beverly, because they too were enthralled with Mitch's acquisition of a new Company Cuckold. James could no longer deny the pleasure he was receiving as Mitch continued to relentlessly fuck him. Having never had anything larger than a anal thermometer in his ass, taking Mitch's mammoth cock was extremely painful until his anal sphincter and lower bowel became adjusted to the length and width of the sexual organ that was forced inside. Once the pain dissipated and he could feel his prostate being pressed on with each stroke of Mitch's cock, James couldn't help himself but respond. He only wished he wasn't wearing the chastity device. He could feel his erection being denied by the plastic and the lack of sexual desire due to his milking.

Mitch made an effort to prolong his fucking of the new Corporate Cuckold, but watching Suzanne caress Beverly's petite breasts was enough to break his concentration on keeping himself from splooging inside the Company Cuckold's pussy-ass. He felt the onset of his orgasm. He wanted James to announce to his assembled colleagues his anointment as the Corporate Cuckold was complete because his Master, Mr. Markstein had ejaculated in his newly christened pussy-ass. Mitch did not have time to get the thought across to the humbled man providing his ass for fucking.

Mitch raised his arms, forcibly thrust his cock into James, and screamed, "I'm going to cum. When I shoot my first rope into you, I anoint you as the Company Cuckold!!! All remaining ejaculations are proof that you are my sissy bitch and my cum slut!!! Ahhhhhh!!!! I'm cummingggggg!!!

James felt the cock that took his virginity grow inside his bowel. He knew he'd truly become a sissy faggot when he felt the cum shoot from the tip of Mr. Markstein's cock. As it was happening, he wished he was shooting his own load instead of just feeling the sexual pleasure course throughout his body with no orgasmic release. He raised his head and moaned, "Oh, my God!!!! You're making me your bitch!!!! I can't believe I took your cock and your scum..." Just as he finished, the entire audience stood and began cheering. For all intent and purpose the lunchtime activities were concluded.

Mitchell Markstein Investments had hired, inducted, and anointed their second Company Cuckold.

Saturday – First Private Party

Saturday afternoon around 2:00PM the front door buzzer in the Costello's apartment sounded. James walked over to the front door and pressed the intercom button. Neither he nor Beverly was expecting guests. "May I help you?"

The sound of Mr. Markstein's voice came through the tinny speaker, "Press the door release Beta Boy. Don't make me wait."

James pressed the button to release the front door and was relieved that Mr. Markstein did not address him as Company Cuckold. He remained by the front door waiting for the door buzzer to sound so he could let Mr. Markstein enter the apartment. Five minutes later the buzzer sounded and without checking the peep hole, James opened the door, stepped aside, and allowed Mr. Markstein to enter the apartment. Mitch dressed casually elegant compared to James' nudity.

Mitch stepped into the apartment which allowed James to close and lock the front door. Mitch blocked James' return to what he was doing before he was interrupted by the front door buzzer. Mitch made no comment about James' nudity. "So, James, how are you feeling today? Recover from being inducted as the Company Cuckold? I have to admit after a few minutes of you taking my cock you got into being fucked and when it was all over seeing my cum dripping out of your newly christened pussy-ass was a delight."

As Mitch was talking to him, James was looking not at his boss, but at the floor. He looked up and replied, "Although I said what I did when you ejaculated in me, it was the most humiliating event I ever had to be a part of. As I have stated on numerous occasions, I am not gay. I have no desire to partake of any sexual liaisons with men. I did what I did to protect my job and my marriage. I know I made a terrible miscalculation when I approached you and asked if you would consider accepting the meager amount of money Beverly and I had saved. Whether you want to hear this or not, if I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't. Does that put into perspective for you Mr. Markstein?"

Mitch was astounded that James' responded to him the way he did. Mitch could see the man trying to hold on to whatever shreds of masculinity he had, but Mitch knew that as time passed, James would succumb to his status as a cock sucking sissy cuckold. "Beta Boy, believe me you're going to accept what has happened to you. I'm not going to stand here and debate with a naked man, who is wearing a chastity device, my rationalization for your descent into a form of slavery. Why don't you just call Beverly to the front door so you can watch and learn how you're going to greet me in the future?"

James shuddered at the thought of having to fall to his knees and take Mr. Markstein's cock into his mouth instead of just saying hello to him. James called Beverly to the front door. Mitch could see the door to the only bedroom open and Beverly peek out to see why her asshole husband was calling her to the front door. When she saw Mitch standing next to her naked husband, she lit up, and bounded over to him. She was wearing a silk knee high robe and a pair of white cotton ankle socks. Beverly was not expecting company, but when she saw Mitch she was ecstatic that he was standing inside her apartment. She stopped in front of Mitch, knelt down, and fished his cock out of his cotton khaki pants. She held his cock just behind the head and slipped it into her mouth. She ran her tongue around the sulcus, corona, and glans of his cock. When she had lubricated the head of his cock with enough of her saliva she opened her mouth and throat and took it in all the way. She rested her nose on the open zipper of Mitch's pants. She rested there until he signaled her what he wished for her to do with his manhood.

When she had deep throat her husband's boss, he rested his left hand on the back of her head signaling her he wanted her to remain where she was. He looked over at James and spoke, "Beta Boy, stop looking down at the floor. Look at your wife and gaze upon the ultimate cocksucker. She knows that I expect her to take me tonsils deep and she does it without hesitation. I don't know when, but within the next few days, not weeks, Beta Boy, you're going add cock sucking to your repertoire of cuckold skills. Now, should I make her suck me off in front of you or should I let her relax and take me out of her throat. Your call Beta Boy."

"Please, Mr. Markstein, let her stand up. She really doesn't need to be humiliated in front of me."

Mitch laughing responded, "No, she doesn't Beta Boy, but just from her taking me into her mouth, I can see you trying to rein in your encased cock from getting erect. You'll be on your knees soon enough, I'll bet your investment portfolio on it." Mitch continued laughing as he gently took Beverly by the head and pulled his cock out of her mouth. He looked at her and winked. He looked at James and ordered him to put his cock back in his pants. Beverly seconded Mitch's order. James was outnumbered so he knelt down and took Mitch's cock and tucked it back into his pants. He raised the zipper to his pants and stood up.

Beverly spoke first, "Nice surprise to see you today. I thought after yesterday's performance you would stay away for a few days."

"Never thought of that, Beverly. I'm here to take you and Beta Boy to a private dinner party. I will return at 5:00PM. You, Beverly, will be dressed like you were on Friday. You, Beta Boy, will receive a package with enough time for Beverly to help you get dressed. I'll have my chauffeur buzz you that I am outside waiting for you."

Smiling from ear-to-ear, and nodding her head, Beverly replied, "Yes Sir. We'll be ready. James will not cause a scene."

Mitch remembered, "Oh, be sure that Beta Boy is incapable of having an erection. The people you will be meeting tonight will not tolerate seeing him with an erection."

James groaned as he heard his wife reply, "I promise you, he will be so drained the only thing that will support his cock will be the plastic tube of his chastity device."

Mitch nodded, stepped in front of her, placed the middle finger of his right hand into her cunt, and said, "I'll be here promptly at 5:00PM." He pulled his finger from her cunt, turned, unlocked, opened the front door, and left. Beverly thought he'd at least kiss her on her cheek before he left, but realized his fingering her was akin to his kissing her. She could get used to being fingered by the man that was giving her eleven inches, but more importantly making her wealthy beyond her dreams.

Beverly returned to her room and James returned to cleaning and ironing. At 3:00PM, the front buzzer sounded. James knowing his wife was not going to respond, put down the iron, and again went to the front door to use the intercom to inquire who was at the front door. He pressed the intercom button and said, "Yes, may I help you? Who's there?"

The voice at the other end said she had a delivery for a Mr. Beta Boy. James cringed at hearing him called that by a total stranger. He pressed the front door buzzer to let the person in, but forgot to tell her to leave the package by the front door. Now, he was going to have to open the door. He'd have to invite her in or tell her to wait while he got some money from Beverly to give her a tip. Anyone and everyone who delivered anything in the City of New York expected a generous tip. Not giving one would result in the delivery person giving you're a ration of shit which continued as he or she left the building. Five minutes later the door buzzer sounded.

James, totally naked, except for his chastity device, opened the door. He didn't even try to partially hide behind the door. His thought process put forth the idea that if he was bold enough to stand in front of the female at the door maybe, just maybe she'd be so turned off she'd drop the package and run down the steps. It didn't work as he hoped. The college aged girl stood wide eyed pointing laughing at his hairless body and his chastity device encased genitals. James decide to take the verbal abuse about not giving her a tip, reached for the package, and when he had control of it he let the door slam shut. The noise of the door closing was enough to rouse his wife from her bedroom.

"What the fuck, James?" she screamed at him.

"Sorry, Beverly. The package Mr. Markstein told us would be delivered arrived and I didn't have money for a tip so I grabbed the package and let the door slam shut."

"You're an asshole James. All you had to do was call me and I would have given the person a tip. Well, we have about two hours to get ourselves ready so follow me into my bedroom."

One hour and forty-five minutes later Beverly and James were dressed and patiently waiting for Mitch to return. Beverly was dressed exactly as she was on Friday afternoon. She wore the fine white Valenciennes lace dress, white sheer stockings, and white leather thigh high boots. She was naked underneath the dress and she was very careful when she instructed James as he shaved her vagina. James was a basket case and Beverly did everything short of crushing his balls to make and ultimately help him get ready. To keep his balance James leaned against the wall because he was not used to wearing six inch heels. Beverly was taken by how good his legs looked

encased in black lace topped nylon thigh highs. The angle of his foot accentuated the muscles in his legs and the fact there was no hair on them made his legs look absolutely beautiful. He wasn't wearing a dress, but a uniform. A French Maid's Uniform which told both of them what he would be doing at the party. When he opened the box and saw what was inside it, he cried until Beverly coerced him to stop.

At five minutes to five the front door buzzer sounded. Beverly told the driver they would be down shortly. When they arrived on the street, the chauffeur was holding the rear door open. When Beverly arrived at the door she entered and sat down in the limousine. Just as James started to get in, more to hide from the passersby, Mitch put up his hand to stop him. "You, Beta Boy, sit up front with Tyrone. He could use the company." James was again figuratively slapped in the face and he moved away so Tyrone could close the door. He didn't open the door for James. He returned to the driver's side of the limo and got in. James, flustered as was his wont, opened the door and sat down in the passenger seat.

The glass partition was open between the driver's cabin and the rear passenger section. As soon as Tyrone pulled the car into the Manhattan traffic Mitch asked him to close the glass partition. From that point on the only communication between the parties would occur over the intercom. Mitch pressed the intercom and spoke, "Ty you know where we're headed tonight?"

Without taking his eyes off the road or hands off the wheel, Ty replied, "Yes, sir. We're headed to the Hamptons on the south shore of Long Island. I remember how to get there."

"Good. How long till we arrive?"

"I'd say about three hours, give or take, taking traffic into consideration," he replied.

"That is what I expected. I'll buzz if I need anything, but I'd say just make as good a time as you can and if you're interested Beta Boy should keep you happy."

"Thank you sir. I'll take that under consideration."

Mitch turned off the intercom. He looked at Beverly and unconsciously began rubbing his cock. He was dressed in an expensive Oxford handmade business suit, blue Egyptian cotton shirt, and a pair of alligator loafers. Beverly eyed him unconsciously rubbing his cock and remembered that she had seen him some three hours before. She slid next to him, opened his pants, pulled out his cock, and took it in her mouth. She didn't slide it deep, but did what she had done three hours previously. She caressed the head with her tongue and gently massaged the shaft which caused Mitch to moan in pleasure. After about ten minutes of her sucking on just the head of his cock, Mitch pushed her away from what she was doing.

"Beverly, I was going to make you suck my cock and tell you you'd better not make me cum. I wouldn't have lasted another minute or two the way your tongue was swirling around the head of my cock. So, let's just chat for awhile. You'll have more than enough cock later tonight."

"Well, I'm more than willing to just keep you in my mouth if that will make you happy. Or, we can talk. Whichever you prefer." Beverly relaxed into the leather seat. "May I ask you a question?"

"Sure... When we're alone you really don't have to ask," replied Mitch surprising Beverly.

"Why did you tell James to sit up front?"

"Because I wanted to be alone with you and if Ty feels like it, Beta Boy will have his sissy mouth around a black cock for sometime during the ride out to the Hamptons. Beta Boy has to learn his place."

Beverly was crushed because Mitch did not use her husband's given name. "Why can't you call him James? Why do you have to use the pejorative name? I can't be totally mean to him all the time."

Mitch sighed, "You know Beverly, if I had met you before you married James or even after you married him, things between us could have been totally different."

What he just said peaked Beverly curiosity. "How would it or could it been different?"

Mitch looked into her eyes and spoke, "If you were single, I would have seriously dated you. If you were married, I would have seriously thought about breaking up your marriage. The ultimate goal would have been marriage. But, I can't see myself forcing you to divorce James because the relationship we have now is all his doing. You are without a doubt one of the most beautiful women I have seen and let me tell you I've been around some beautiful women. Super models, actresses, working girls, and college girls to name a few."

"I'm speechless. I don't know how to respond to you. If my husband hadn't asked you to invest our meager savings and you had met me, oh, I don't know where, you'd have made a move on me?" Beverly didn't verbalize to him that she was creaming because of what he just admitted to her.

"I think you're one-in-a-million, but after Friday and tonight, I'd never be able to marry you. I guess the only thing I would consider is keeping you for me. I could limit the number of people who I allow to have sexual relations with you.

"Why don't you just tell James he has no choice but to divorce me? Tell Ty to turn around and head back to the city and we'll spend a cozy night together at your place. I'd enjoy fucking your brains out in private."

Mitch couldn't believe what she just said to him. He was thinking that she may not be that much in love with her husband. Could she be ripe for the picking? "You're telling me you'd agree to divorce your husband so you could marry me? Is my money enticing you? Because, you know that by me whoring you out, you'll be wealthy on your own. Marrying me would mean prenuptial agreements, lawyers, and a life of putting up with me fucking any cunt I find attractive. You'd want to live that kind of life?"

Beverly chuckled as she responded to Mitch, "I was hoping you'd want me and no one else, but, that was being pretentious of me. Would you do me a favor and see how James is doing, I'm a bit worried about him and his having to wear that French Maid's Uniform. Please???"

Mitch rolled his eyes, reached for the intercom button, and spoke, "Ty, how is it going up there?"

"Fine sir," replied Tyrone.

Mitch looked at Beverly as he spoke, "And your front seat passenger? How is he, or should I say she, doing?"

"You mean the cry baby? He's hasn't stopped crying since we started this trip. Says he's not going to suck my cock. I didn't ask him to; I told him that when we get on the Southern State and I can put the limo in cruise control I expect him to. Damn, if he didn't start caterwauling like a little bitch. Ruined his makeup to boot."

"I'm telling you to lighten up. He'll understand that sooner or later he's going to have to thank you for driving him to the party. Understood?"

"Yes, sir." Tyrone closed the connection.

Beverly was livid at Mitch. "You bastard!!!! You told me nothing was going to happen. I just heard Ty tell you he's going to make James suck his cock. How could you???"

"Very easily. Tyrone has been working for me since before I started my investment company. He may not be a vice president, but he watches my back. If you were to look underneath his left underarm you see a Sig Sauer P229 semi-automatic weapon. He's an ex-Marine. SEAL trained. Simply put, Beverly, he'll take a bullet for me and for that, I take care of him financially. The only thing James had to offer me was you."

"And you took me. I'm asking no begging you to please, please don't make James suck Ty's cock. He's not ready. PLEASE!!! It was so humiliating for him when you decided to fuck him instead of me. When we got home he stood in the shower for hours crying. Just like a woman would after she'd been raped. PLEASE!!! When we get where we're going, I'll take him back here and suck him off. I'll do it in front of you to prove that I want to protect James. PLEASE!!!" Beverly started crying.

Mitch wanted to smack the shit out of Beverly over her outburst to prove who was in command of their relationship. He could see her turning away from him emotionally and sexually to protect her husband. Had he gone too far in too short a period of time? The cuckolding of a husband was one thing, but turning him into a feminized sissy cocksucker usually took several weeks to months to accomplish. He fucked James in the ass within the first two weeks since he accepted allowing Mitch to have sexual relations with Beverly. Mitch was surprised at James reaction as he got used to having an eleven inch cock up his ass, but most men found after trying to reject the invasion that they liked the feeling of being fucked. He did not react to her, but just sat watching her cry. He figured he'd give her some time to calm down. Knowing Ty, he wouldn't be ready for his blow job for at least an hour or so.

Beverly calmed down and began a search of the back for some tissues. Tearing open all sorts of compartments she finally came upon a box of tissues. Sitting next to Mitch blowing her nose and dabbing her eyes, she waited for him to reply to her request. Mitch watched her and made a compromise. He reached for the intercom button and pressed it. "Ty, find a place you can pull over for a second or two. I want the cry-baby to get in back with us. No, questions just do it please."

Five minutes later the limo came to a stop at a small cutout on the Belt Parkway where James exited the front of the vehicle and got into the back. Mitch pointed to center of the three rear facing jump seats where he wanted James to sit. He sat where Mitch pointed and was lucky enough to get into the seat just as Ty pulled into traffic. Beverly smiled and relaxed now that her husband was not sitting in front with Tyrone. Mitch groused for awhile, but when he calmed down he spoke to James.

"Feeling better now that you're sitting with us?"

"Yes, Mr. Markstein. Thank you."

"Don't thank me. Thank your wife, she took it upon herself to make a case for me to have you sit back here with us. So, how long did you stand under the water in the shower crying?"

"Mr. Markstein???" said James with a quizzical look upon his face.

"Beta Boy, your wife told me you did that Friday night when you got home. You acted like some rape victim trying to wash away the humiliation of the act. So, I'll ask you again, how many hours did you stand crying in the shower?" Beverly made a move to touch Mitch's arm to get him to relent in his questioning of her husband. Mitch pushed her hand away and gave her a look that would melt snow.

James saw the interplay and responded, "I think, but I'm not one hundred percent sure, I was in the shower for about ninety minutes."

"A fuckin' hour-and-a-half you stood in the shower because I fucked you instead of your wife. Amazing!!! Let me ask you this one, Beta Boy, do you know why I fucked you instead of Beverly?"

"I can only imagine you wanted to humiliate me in front of my colleagues because of my saying I wasn't gay."

"Tell me Beta Boy, for the last ten to fifteen minutes that I was inside your ass, pounding away, what did you do?"

"I... I..." stumbled James.

"Either you say it, or I do."

"I got used to having you in me. I felt something I never felt before coursing through my body. I responded to you by trying to tighten my asshole and push back against your thrusts. OK, I liked having your cock in me after the pain subsided and was replaced by pleasure." James looked at his wife ashamed of what he just said and hung his head to hide his face from her.

"Time to make a deal, James."

"Deal, Mr. Markstein?"

"Yes. A simple deal. You relinquish all legal rights to anything acquired by Beverly or you in your marriage. You can if you divorce Beverly or you can remain married to her, but it will be in name only. I will consent to let you live with her, well us, even if you divorce her. If you don't divorce her, you will relinquish all legal rights and you will sign a durable power of attorney giving her total control over your affairs. You will continue to work at my investment company performing the cuckold duties that have been assigned to you. Beverly will become mine forever forsaking you as her husband."

Beverly looked at James and noticed he did not look up at Mitch as he spoke. He kept his eyes on the floor in front of him. She could see him beginning to quiver. James still gazing at the floor responded, "Why would I do that Mr. Markstein?"

Mitch knew and understood James game, "Because, in either case married or divorced, you'll live in the lap of luxury. I'll promise to put into an account an amount of money that will be yours should Beverly predecease you. Money that I cannot take back and the amount will be substantial enough for you to keep your present position at Markstein Investments, start anew, or retire. You will do as either of us say, no questions asked. Lastly, if you accept my deal, I'll promise not to whore out Beverly."

James looked up. He saw the look of shock on Beverly's face and the smug look on Mr. Markstein's face. "Not whore out Beverly? I don't believe you. Why would you do that?" inquired James.

Mitch reached into a small compartment on his side of the limo. He retrieved a metal object and held it in the palm of his hand. It looked like a clamp of some kind. "James, if I place this pure platinum vaginal clamp on Beverly's cunt, it will announce to anyone who is involved with me and my lifestyle that she is inviolate. Her mind and body are under my total control. No one will be able to have sex with her without my permission. She will be mine, period."

Beverly gasped at the thought of being totally under Mitch's control. She actually felt herself get wet at the thought of being indentured to him. She spoke, "If James divorces me does that mean you would marry me if I'm wearing that vaginal clamp?" James looked at his wife mouth agape after hearing her question.

"If James divorces you, it could be a possibility, not a probability. I don't really know if I want to marry a woman that I could whore out at a moment's notice. Keeping you would be a better scenario." Mitch changed his position slightly, opened the zipper to his pants, and took out his cock. He didn't motion Beverly to suck or play with it. He just exposed it and let it rest on his pant covered thigh. "So, James, have you made a decision."

James saw his flaccid cock just lying against his pant leg. He couldn't take his eyes off of it. Unconsciously he was admitting his defeat, but he continued to fight within his own mind. He didn't want to divorce Beverly, he loved her unconditionally. He looked into Mr. Markstein's eyes, and spoke, "If I don't divorce Beverly, what will be different? If I decide no to either scenario, what will be different?"

Mitch stroked his cock a couple of times before he responded, "The only difference James is you'll be married in name only. All your legal rights will have been ceded to Beverly and that includes signing a durable power of attorney. I will place a sum of money in an account for you. Any cash, real estate, assets, or brokerage accounts will be owned outright by Beverly now and in the future. She will provide for you and you will, as I have stated before, answer to her and me without question. If you say no to either option, you will see your wife used like a common twenty dollar hooker and you, you'll be right next to her getting used orally and anally. I could care less who uses either of you or for how long."

Beverly looked at James and could see him questioning his life. She started to speak when Mitch took his right hand and covered her mouth. That was enough for Beverly to realize that James had to make a decision. James put his face in his hands and sobbed as he sat in front of his soon to be lost wife and his boss. Mitch decided to give him the time to make a decision. He didn't press for an answer. Ten minutes later, James dropped his hands, looked up at Mitch, and gave him his decision.

"I love Beverly unconditionally and that means I do not ever want to lose or divorce her. I can see she'd like to spend her time with you and I'm responsible for that one hundred percent. I am willing to emasculate myself to be close to her even if it means I am married to her in name only. I will cede all things legal to her and I will sign a durable power of attorney giving her total control over my life. All I ask in return is for you Mr. Markstein to keep your word about placing a sum of money into an account for me if I require it in the future. I will continue to work for you and will listen and perform without question as long as I know you're not whoring out Beverly. Lastly, if possible, I would like to be called James and not Beta Boy."

Mitch smiled at James. He turned to look at Beverly to see her smiling from ear-to-ear. He spoke, "Beverly, I want you to take my cock in your hand and lift it so it is straight up. Then I want you to take your other hand and place it behind Beta Boy's head and guide it to my cock. I want you to instruct James in giving me his first blow job."

Beverly took Mitch's cock into her left hand and picked it up off his leg. She held the warm piece of flesh just below the corona of the head. She leaned forward in her seat, used her right hand to guide James to his knees in front of Mitch, and she guided his head to Mitch's cock. Amazingly, James did not fight against her. He allowed her to control him and when he got close enough he opened his mouth without Beverly telling him to. She pushed until his mouth was at the tip and spoke, "James, take him into your mouth and gently suck on the head. I'm going to release your head and you are going to give Mr. Markstein your first blow job. Take your time and I'm sure he'll give you something in return."

James didn't flinch when he heard Beverly tell him he was going to have to suck off Mr. Markstein until he deposited his load in his mouth. He was amazed as he felt the softness of the head of Mr. Markstein's cock. His lips passed over the glans, corona, and sulcus encasing just the head in his mouth. When Beverly saw that she told him to use his tongue. James having never had another man's cock in his mouth gagged at the thought and lifted his head causing his mouth to release Mitch's cock. Mitch didn't respond by getting irate. He just sat biding his time. Beverly took her right hand and again guided James head to the head of Mitch's cock. He opened his mouth and took it inside. This time Beverly kept her hand on his head. She was not going to let James release Mitch's cock until after he exploded in his mouth.

James could feel his wife beginning to guide his cock sucking motions. With each passing minute she'd push a little harder causing more of Mitch's cock to enter James' mouth. Beverly knew that in a minute or two James would have Mitch's cock deep enough into his mouth to reach his uvula and trigger his gag reflex. She prepared herself and when it happened she kept the pressure on the back of James' head. He coughed and tried to pull his mouth off of Mitch's cock. He eyes watered and tears flowed freely because of the pressure of the head against the top of his soft palate. James so wanted to have Beverly allow him to take Mr. Markstein's cock out of his mouth, but he could see Beverly wasn't having any of that.

Beverly spoke and she wasn't loving or gentle, "Just relax your throat James. If you relax your throat you won't gag and cough. I'm not going to reduce the pressure on the back of your head so don't fight me. Just let it happen. Swallow, now!!!"

James did as he was told and the head of Mitch's cock passed into his throat. Beverly pushed James head down to Mitch's crotch. Somewhere on the Southern State Parkway, James Costello took the length of his first cock down his throat. His eyes continued to water and his throat constricted around the width of the monster that filled his oral cavity. Beverly reduced the pressure and allows him to lift his head, but not all the way. When the head of Mitch's cock was just passing the uvula she pressed down forcing the erect cock back into James' throat. James was beyond fighting. He tried and did accomplish the relaxing of his throat as Mitch's cock slid past his gag reflex. He was getting comfortable and showed it by taking his hands and resting them on Mitch's thighs. Seeing him do that was enough for Beverly to remove her hand from the back of his head.

James began to suck Mr. Markstein's cock in earnest. He wasn't totally comfortable or good at performing a deep throat, but he tried to accomplish the feat. When his mouth was just holding the head of Mr. Markstein's cock he started to stroke the shaft that was exposed as he swirled his tongue around the head. It took about five minutes to elicit Mitch's first moans of pleasure. James's cock sucking was beginning to reap results. Mitch was unconsciously thrusting his hips off the seat and up to James mouth. He was going to take James by the head when Beverly interrupted to lean in and kiss Mitch. She opened her mouth and coaxed his tongue into hers. They sat kissing as James fellated his first man cock.

Mitch was comfortable kissing Beverly while her husband sucked his cock. He could feel James gaining confidence in his cock sucking ability and methodology. He responded by thrusting and James only flinched once when he wasn't prepared to have the cock push deeper into his mouth. Mitch did not signal his impending orgasm. His involvement with Beverly kept him from crying out and he wasn't going to hold James head as he ejaculated. Beverly could sense Mitch's growing orgasmic pleasure. She decided to place her hand on the back of James' head and renew her control over his cock sucking movements.

She broke the kiss, and spoke to her husband, "James, you're going to feel the head and shaft of Mitch's cock expand. That is the sign that he's about to cum. You're not ready to have him shoot in your mouth when he is back by your throat. I'll help you and hold your head where it should be when he ejaculates. He's going to shoot a lot of scum into your mouth and if you can't keep up by swallowing, just let it fill your mouth. You can swallow it when he's finished." James acknowledged what she said by letting her control his head. Mitch would rather have Beverly's tongue playing with his but gave in to her helping her husband. He knew in time James would have no problems sucking his cock.

Beverly watched Mitch's face as she continued to move her husband's head up and down the man's cock. She saw him begin to thrust longer and harder. He opened his mouth and held his breath for a moment and she knew. Mitch was about to blast off in her husband's mouth. In a matter of some thirty-six hours, James Costello was fucked anally and orally. She timed it perfectly as she held James' head and lips an inch below the head of Mitch's cock. He moaned and she could see the corpus spongiosum begin to throb as the mix of prostate fluid and testicular sperm filled James' mouth. James swallowed once and began to gag but with his wife holding his head in place he gain control and allowed Mitch to fill his mouth with his cum.

"James, when he is done do not open your mouth when you slip his cock out. Be sure to keep your lips tight enough around his cock to keep what is in your mouth from dripping out. A respectable cocksucker does not let the cum of her man drip back onto him especially if he is not naked."

James heard her and as he allowed Mitch's cock to slide from his mouth both of them could see him making an effort to keep the copious amount of ejaculate that was in his mouth there. When Mitch's cock was free of James' mouth, Beverly leaned over and sucked the remaining fluids from it. She kissed it and without Mitch asking placed it back inside his pants. James remained kneeling between Mitch legs. Beverly gently pushed him back so he would return to sitting on the middle jump seat. Both of them could see he hadn't swallowed what was in his mouth.

Mitch spoke, "Swallow James. You're not going to spend the night with my cum in your mouth. If you don't like the taste, you'll get used to it."

James scrunched up his face and swallowed. The smooth salty liquid flowed down his throat and into his stomach. He made a God awful face, but completed the task as told. Beverly leaned forward and placed a kiss on his forehead. Mitch picked up the solid platinum vaginal clamp and handed to James. "James, I want you to place this solid platinum vaginal clamp on Beverly's pussy. By doing so, you will forever cede any legal or religious control of her over to me. You will say so and then kiss her pussy good-bye. The only other time you'll be near that sweet box of hers is if and when I tell you to suck my cum from it."

Beverly leaned back into the leather seat, slid up the all ready short lace dress, and opened her thigh high leather boot clad legs to expose her naked womanhood to James. He closed his eyes and made like he was praying and when he opened them he leaned forward, opened the clamp, and placed it on the outside of her labia. "I hope I'm doing what is good for both of us. By placing this vaginal clamp on Beverly's privates I hereby disavow and renounce

any and all legal and religious obligations to Beverly Costello. She is granted all legal control over one James Costello."

Mitch took Beverly in his arms and kissed her passionately. When they broke the kiss, Mitch looked at James and said, "Beta Boy, you have nothing to worry about. My promise is as good as gold. Tuesday, next week, my attorneys will have all the papers ready for you to sign including the paperwork for the account I will set up for you."

"Thank you Mr. Markstein." James was relieved and relaxed.

"Oh, I forgot one thing Beta Boy. When we get to where we're going you'll enter the house through the back door with Tyrone. You will not be entering the front door with Beverly and me because you will be one of the service girls tonight. Last thing, when we arrive, after Tyrone has opened the door to let us out you will walk with him to the driver's side where he will sit and you will kneel on the outside and suck his cock. I expect you to perform as well or if not better than the blow job you gave me."

James rolled into a ball while remaining seated in the jump seat. He didn't want to suck Tyrone's cock but his goose was cooked. He looked back at Beverly and Mitch and quietly replied, "Yes, Mr. Markstein."

The rest of the ride to the Hamptons was a quiet affair. Mitch kept Beverly close to his side and James just sat opposite them with a look of complete dejection. Tyrone pulled into the circular driveway in front of the twenty-five million dollar estate that belonged to a good friend of Mitch's. They attended the Wharton School together and after graduation he went into the software development business and struck it rich during the first Internet explosion. Tyrone exited his side and opened the passenger door allowing Mitch and Beverly to exit the vehicle. James just sat and watched Mitch whisper something into Ty's ear. After telling Ty's that James would provide his mouth for pleasuring Ty's black cock, Mitch and Beverly walked into the party. Tyrone returned to the driver's seat and took the limo to the area assigned for parking.

Mitch and Beverly were greeted by a ravishing woman whom Mitch had never met before. She stood just about six feet in the five or six inch heels she was wearing. The chiffon dress she wore accented her hips and the huge breasts that were not encased in a bra. The hem of her dress fell a scant one inch below her crotch. Her raven black hair framed her dark South American face. She greeted them as if she knew them for a hundred years, "Good evening, Mr. Markstein. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe you're Beverly. Welcome to the home of Quentin Swane, but I know you've been here previously Mr. Markstein. Everyone is out back by the pool."

Mitch continued to eye her and when he'd had enough he remembered he need to check on something. "Thank you, Miss..."

"Alvarez, Maria Conchita Alvarez. I will be at your service this evening."

"I'm looking forward to it." He took Beverly by the arm and guided her to the area by the pool. He nodded at the gathered people, but made it painfully obvious he had something more important to tend to. With his arm still around Beverly's waist he walked over to the fence which bounded the area where all the limousines and cars were parked. He found the gate and gently opened it. He looked around the parking area and found what he was looking for. Tyrone had followed his instructions and parked the limo with the driver's side door facing the fence. Mitch and Beverly watched for several minutes as James, dressed in his French Maid's Uniform, knelt on the asphalt, and sucked Ty's big black cock. Mitch was extremely satisfied that James did not make a scene or cause Tyrone to use force to get him to perform orally.

"See, Beverly. James is learning to be a good cocksucker. Although I'd have preferred his divorcing you and getting out of your life, as long as he's compliant and services those he's told to, I can accept having him around. Tonight you are going to meet some very important and wealthy people."

Beverly was shaking her head side-to-side as she watched her in name only husband suck his second cock that night. She cried inside, but knew that he'd done it to himself. "I'm happy to see him performing, but I'm still a little

heartsick that he'll be nothing more than a sissy cocksucker the rest of his life. If I'm going to meet some really important people, we should get on with it." She smiled at Mitch and kissed him on the cheek.

They walked over to where Quentin was standing with a young petite blonde girl. He saw them approach and waved to them. When Mitch was in front of them, he reached underneath the leather miniskirt the waif of a girl was wearing and inserted his middle finger between the lips of her vagina but not into the girl. Quentin at the same time went for Beverly's vagina and when he saw the vaginal clamp he pulled back.

"You fuckin' piece-of-shit!!! Why didn't you tell me!!! You call me and wake me up in the middle of the night to tell me about this wonderful cunt you just met, and you bring her here announcing she's inviolate. What gives???" said Quentin surprised at what he saw between Beverly's legs.

Mitch pulled his finger from between the lips of the waif's pussy, smiled at his good friend, and replied, "Quentin, as God is my witness, I didn't lie to you. It was my intention to bring Beverly here and let all of you have at her. I wanted her to be royally fucked in every orifice of her body. But, I have to admit that I'm taken with her."

Quentin eyes continued to run up and down Beverly's lace clad body as he said, "Taken with her? Taken like if you hadn't met her because her husband wanted to see you fuck her, you'd be here with another cunt to be used at tonight's party?"

Beverly hid her shock at Quentin's remark. Mitch continued, "Probably so Quentin. Her husband, who'll you'll meet sometime tonight, agreed on the ride over this evening to relinquish all legal and religious connections to his wife with the understanding that I would accept his not wanting to divorce her. He is going to continue to be legally married to her, but in name only. As part of the deal, I promised her I would not whore her out to just anyone. But, you being my best friend and closest business associate, your cock will feel her beautiful vaginal orifice caress its length. Just keep it between us."

Quentin smiled at Mitch which was enough to seal the deal. He knew sometime soon he'd be between the beautiful country girl's legs, fucking the shit out of her. His cock jumped as he thought of what it would be like to have a night of unbridled passion with the woman in the lace dress. As the four of them were standing by the edge of the pool, another man approached. William Carlsen came up to Mitch, put his arms around him, and gave him a big hug. Mitch responded in kind tapping his friend on the back as they held one another. They broke the embrace and began laughing.

Carlsen spoke first, "So, Mitch, how's things with you? And, who is this porcelain goddess you've brought?"

"Will let me introduce you to Beverly Costello, she is my inviolate date for the evening."

Carlsen couldn't contain himself as he whined, "My God man, I just noticed the vaginal clamp. I'll offer you ten million to remove it for me."

Mitch laughed at his friend and replied, "Sorry... No can do and even if you offered me your entire portfolio, I'd still say no. There is a reason the clamp is there."

Will slapped Mitch on the shoulder and said, "I know, but you can't be mad at man for trying. See you later and maybe we'll share some pussy and ass tonight."

"Thanks Will. That could happen."

Beverly watched the people and came to the conclusion that there wasn't an equal number of men to women. She watched as the small group of people milled around the pool or went inside the house. She did see several servants walking around with trays of food or drink. She wasn't surprised to see all of them were men dressed in French maid's uniforms. What also intrigued her was how feminine all of them looked and acted. She wondered how James was faring and as much as she tried; she did not see him walking around with a serving tray. Beverly turned to see where Mitch was but was surprised to see he wasn't anywhere to be found. Somehow he slipped away

while she was scanning the pool area for James. Seeing she was alone she decided to walk around and see if she could find him.

Several of the men approached her and as soon as they noticed the vaginal clamp they knew that she was not someone who they could say hello to by placing the middle finger of either hand up her snatch. As she walked around, her initial intuition about the number of people attending the party was correct. She wandered through the family room, living room, library, and formal dining room and did not see hide nor hair of James. She decided to try the kitchen since he was dressed as a servant. The kitchen turned out to be larger than her entire apartment in the city. It was actually comprised of several smaller areas for preparation, cooking, clean-up, and a breakfast nook. All the appliances were top-of-the-line, the counters were granite, and the floor was solid oak variable width hardwood. Several chefs and sous-chefs were busy preparing the night's repast. She admired the way they worked and was about to turn around when she heard what could only be James' plaintive cry.

Beverly listened for what she thought was James' voice and when she heard it she moved as quickly as her six inch high heeled boots would allow. She followed the cries and ended up in what could only be the maid's quarters. There bent over the edge of a small bed was James. The skirt of his uniform was flipped up, his panties were pulled tight around his spread thighs, and imbedded in his ass was Tyrone. Beverly screamed, "What the hell are you doing, Tyrone? Get off of him now!!!"

Tyrone stopped plugging James' ass long enough to turn to see who was telling him he couldn't fuck the sissy bitch that sucked his cock in the parking area. When he saw Beverly standing in the doorway to the maid's quarters he froze. His cock was halfway in James' ass. He didn't know whether he should or could tell her to fuck off. Because she was Mitch's bitch and the sissy's wife he thought he'd better stop his fucking the sissy's pussy-ass. Rather than piss off Mitch, he withdrew his thirteen inch monster from James' backside and let him collapse onto the bed. Not in the least bit shy, he turned to face Beverly, shook his monster, smiled at her, and put it back into his pants. As he was leaving he stopped in front of her and spoke, "I guess I should have asked Mitch if I could fuck him. Your husband makes one hell of a sweet pussy boy. I wouldn't mind taking him home for my own. I know with a little practice his cock sucking skills will mature and I'll tell you for the few moments I was in his pussy, he is one sweet fuck."

Tyrone gently moved her out of his way and exited the room. Beverly went to the bed where James lay crying. She sat next to him and rubbed the back of his head. She whispered, "James, get a hold of yourself. I'm so sorry for you. Please stop crying. I promise you I'll talk to Mitch. Just get up so I can straighten your uniform and fix your face."

Luckily for Beverly she had James put back together just as the bell sounded summoning the guests to the formal dining room for dinner. She left him in the kitchen with the three other men who were dressed exactly as he was and who would be serving dinner to the guests. She walked into the formal dining room to see Mitch standing next to a thin West African woman with his hand not between her legs but down the back of her hip hugger jeans. Every so often she would move as if something was inserted into her anus. Mitch continued to probe her asshole as other people looked for the names which were on white linen panties, folded, and centered on each place setting.

When Quentin arrived he clapped his hands to signal everyone to sit down. Mitch reluctantly removed not one, but two fingers from the ass of the West African woman. The table was set for twelve. Beverly saw there were eight men and four women present. She was seated between Mitch and an Asian looking man she wasn't introduced to. Quentin tapped his glass to get everyone's attention, rose, and spoke to the assembled people.

"Gentlemen, welcome to the first summer dinner party at my new residence here in the Hamptons. It is with great pleasure I see my close friends Mitch Markstein, William Carlsen, Tumen Ochirbat, Angelo Costanzo, Jonathan Dewey, Mathias Washington, and last but not least Harsha Patel. Amongst us are four women, one of whom has been declared inviolate, leaving three for our pleasure. As I say your name, would each of you please stand up.

"Anila Patel. Anila is Harsha's first cousin and he has graciously brought her here for tonight's festivities. Anila is twenty-one years old, she stands 5'7" inches in her stocking feet, she weighs 135 pounds, and has a beautiful set of 36C breasts."

"Wanda Thabo. Wanda is from West Africa and is here at the behest of Tumen. Wanda is also twenty-one years old, stands a whopping six feet one inch, weighs 155 pounds, and carries her oversized 38DD breasts with pride."

"Berit Holgersen. Berit is Swedish born and raised. This is her first trip to the United States. Berit just turned eighteen two days ago, she stands a petite five feet four inches, and she weighs in at 90 pounds. She has small, pert breasts that are sized at 32A. Although she does not have any pubic hair gentlemen, she is a natural blonde. The winner of a special drawing will have the pleasure of taking her virginity."

"Beverly Costello. Beverly is of mixed European origin. She is from Kansas. The only thing you need to know about Ms. Costello can be readily seen between her legs. Ms. Costello, would you please raise your beautiful lace dress and show everyone what is strategically placed between your legs."

Beverly glanced over to Mitch and he just nodded his assent. Beverly stepped back from the table, raised the hem of her skirt, and exposed her vagina to the people around the table. She remained like that as Quentin resumed his monologue, "Gentlemen, as you can readily see, Ms. Costello is wearing a platinum vaginal clamp. This clamp was placed there by Mr. Markstein. As one of the founding members of this group, he has declared Ms. Costello an inviolate member of the female group here tonight. Anyone wishing to have any form of relations with her, must ask Mr. Markstein. To be honest, when a member declares the female guest he brought as inviolate, it is gentlemanly not to ask if him if you can have relations with her."

Quentin picked up a sterling silver bell and rang it. Two minutes later, the four feminized men dressed as French maids entered the formal dining room. Three of the four men were Asian and were selected by the group of men that comprised those that attended this evening's festivities and others who were for whatever reason not in attendance. All of the men were employed as Company Cuckolds and although their wives were not present this evening, they were obligated to attend when Quentin spoke to their employers. They were dressed exactly the same down to their shoes. All of them except James could pass on the street as a full-fledged female. If you didn't know they were each in chastity devices and had to shave their bodies every day, anyone admiring them would want to have sex with them. Quentin spoke, "Gentlemen, I offer for your pleasure four sissies. Three of them have served dinner and provided other services at previous gatherings for the assembled men. One is special. James would you please step forward."

James saw the men sitting around the table and the women standing, which included his wife. He looked down at the floor and stepped forward. The other three male maids kept their eyes on Quentin or focused on something across the room. Everyone could see James was ashamed and greatly humiliated. Quentin continued, "James, please look at our guests. Gentlemen, the male sissy maid standing apart from the others is related to one of our female guests. James is the sissy cuckold husband to Ms. Beverly Costello. As related to me by his employer, Mitch Markstein, James ceded all his rights as a man when he accepted Mitch's terms and conditions for accepting a very meager amount of money as an investment. We all know that the minimum amount anyone needs to invest with Mitch is ten million dollars. James had only ten thousand. Besides being Ms. Costello's cuckold, James has risen within Mitch's company to a one-of-a-kind position. James was inducted and anointed by Mitch as the second ever Company Cuckold. I would personally like to welcome him and hope he learns a great lesson tonight. You may step back James."

Quentin sat down and that was the signal to the chef to begin bringing dinner to the table. Dinner consisted of seven courses. As the participants ate, they commiserated about business and pleasure. The male sissy maids were the brunt of many an obnoxious statement as well as some light physical abuse. Dinner was a long affair and ended just short of midnight. The attendees retired to the large family room for coffee, tea, and desserts. Quentin brought in a large Baccarat crystal bowl and placed it on the coffee table in front of the large leather couch. Each of the men placed a special 24 carat gold coin into the bowl. When the eight coins were in the bowl, Quentin instructed each of the women, except for Beverly, to take a coin. It was then Mitch interrupted the festivities to ask a question.

"Quentin, where is the magnificent South American woman who greeted me when I arrived?"

Quentin grinned and replied, "Maria Alvarez is not here to please you sexually, Mitch. Her husband and her family are the ones who cooked the dinner you just ate. I believe within the next twenty minutes they'll be gone."

Mitch shrugged his shoulders while replying, "Damn, she was on beautiful woman. Oh well. Let's get on with the picking of the coins."

Anila Patel picked first, followed by Wanda Thabo, and then the virgin Berit Holgersen. After pulling a coin from the bowl, each of the women stood in front of the floor to ceiling fireplace. The men sat around the room waiting to see which one was going to have sex with one of the women. Since it was Quentin's party, it was his obligation to check the coins and declare who was picked by each of the women.

Quentin strolled over to Wanda and took the coin from her. He looked at it and announced that Angelo Costanzo was randomly chosen to be the first male to fuck or do whatever he pleased with Wanda. Next he took the coin from Anila's hand. He whistled when he saw the coin and announced that her cousin Harsha Patel would be the first to fuck her this evening. Taking a deep breath which very openly signaled his desire to have the virgin first, he took the coin from Berit's hand. He held his breath for a moment before he opened his hand to look at the coin that rested on his palm. When he did he rolled his eyes and groaned. With a bit of an edge to his voice, he announced that Mitch had won the taking of Berit's virginity.

The men who were not picked knew that as soon as their compatriots were done one of the male sissy maids would perform oral on the just fucked or ejaculated on women. When it was their turn they knew the pussies and asses of the women would be as clean as medical instrument that just came out of the autoclave. At the option of the chosen men, they could fornicate with the women in front of the other guests or they could at their discretion retire to one of the bedrooms on the second floor. Much to everyone's surprise, Mitch decided to take Berit up to one of the bedrooms. He signaled to Beverly to accompany him. It didn't take Harsha long to have his cousin on her knees sucking his not overly long but very thick cock. Angelo having never had sex with an African woman decided to bend her over one of the couches in the family room and shove his uncircumcised nine inch cock up her ass.

Wanda cried out in pain because Angelo did not use any lubrication. He did not prepare her anus with his fingers to loosen her before he rammed his cock into her. The men not involved in sexual activity could see her try to stop his assault on her rectum. They just watched knowing that Angelo was fucking her anally without lubrication because he really didn't like black women. Angelo forced his cock balls deep in the woman's bowel. When he was pressing against her butt, he called Tumen over and invited him to use her mouth. Tumen didn't refuse a chance to have his cock sucked. He removed his pants exposing a dark skinned thick ten inch cock. He positioned himself on the couch in front of the teary eyes black woman. Angelo reached forward as he was fucking her and pulled her head up by her hair. When she screamed, Tumen shoved his cock into her mouth. Wanda didn't expect it, but as the pain in her rectum subsided she reached for the shaft of Tumen's cock that wasn't in her mouth and began to fellate him. Tumen moaned as her thick lips began to glide up and down his hardening shaft.

Harsha Patel was comfortable having his cousin on her knees sucking his cock. Her mouth was stretched to the limit around his coke can thick cock. He wasn't forcibly thrusting his cock down her throat. Instead, he had his right hand on the back of her head guiding her cock sucking. His left hand was gently squeezing her right breast. He stopped her sucking giving her enough time to remove the sari she was wearing. Returning his cock to her mouth she felt him begin to caress and pinch her nipples. Anila had hoped that her first sexual activity would not be with her cousin, but having pulled his coin from the bowl she knew that she would have to service him.

Mitch watched the orgy begin. He strolled over to James and quietly told him to find Tyrone and bring him upstairs to the bedroom at the end of the central hallway. James nodded his head and departed for the kitchen where he knew Tyrone was sitting watching a baseball game. When he saw James depart the family room, Mitch gathered up Beverly and the young waif from Sweden. He guided them from the family room to the steps in the center hall that lead to the second floor. The bedroom they entered was as large as the back of the house. The rear wall was comprised of floor to ceiling windows and centered in them was a custom built two times king sized bed. The floor was a rich Venetian marble with priceless Persian rugs placed around the room. There were two full sized bathrooms, bureaus, couches, lounge chairs. A seventy-two inch plasma television set with surround sound was hung on the wall next to the double doors that made up the entryway. The bed was covered in white satin sheets, white down comforter, and had some twelve king sized down pillows arranged around the edges.

Mitch took Berit to one of the lounge chairs and told her to sit and wait until he was ready for her. He turned walked over to Beverly took her in his arms and kissed her passionately. As his lips were pressed against hers and

their tongues played in each other's mouth, the door to the bedroom opened and Tyrone, James, and Quentin walked in.

Quentin seemed a bit agitated and rocked from foot to foot as he waited for Mitch to break his kiss with Beverly. Mitch made him wait as he continued to kiss and rub Beverly's back. Quentin had enough, "AHM... Excuse me, but Mitch what are you doing?"

Mitch stopped kissing Beverly, gently pushed her away, and confronted Quentin. "You have a brass set of balls coming here uninvited."

Quentin was taken aback at the anger Mitch was showing him. They'd been friends since graduate school and he never once acted as he was now. He had to calm the situation down and quickly. He spoke in a quiet voice so no one else in the room could hear, "The others were hoping to see Berit lose her virginity in front of them. They were betting who you would ask to clean up what we hoped would be a bloody and cum mess. You know this is an unusual happening when you decided to take her to the privacy of a room. Please, Mitch..." was all he got out of his mouth.

Mitch grabbed Quentin by the arm and with a bit of force guided him to the door. He also spoke quietly so no one could hear him, but his voice did not belie his anger. "We've been friends since Wharton. I never denied you anything whether it was monetary or sexual in nature. This house is because of me and don't deny it to my face Quentin. All I have to do is call all of your debt and you'll be on your knees begging me to let you do anything to reacquire your wealth. You are going to go downstairs and tell the others that Mitch has decided to play with those who are present in this room now. If any of them have issues, let them come up here and confront me. It will be the last thing they do on this earth." He squeezed Quentin's bicep with a good amount of force, "Do I make myself clear?"

Quentin felt the pain in his arm and decided on the spot to leave his good friend alone, "Yes, Mitch. But, please just one additional question."

Mitch released Quentin's arm and replied, "Yes..."

Quentin, his eyes watering just a bit from the pain, asked, "What you said to me by the pool, did you mean it or where you just jerking my chain?"

Mitch relaxed, "Have I ever told you something and not come through for you? I'm surprised and hurt you'd even think I would take away the opportunity for you to fuck Beverly. Now, just go downstairs, have fun, and leave me to my ribald desires." The two men embraced, shook hands, and Quentin departed the bedroom.

Mitch while standing near the door pointed to Beverly and told her to remove her dress. Berit, Tyrone, and James watched as Beverly removed the lace dress. Standing totally naked except for her white thigh high leather boots and the vaginal clamp she was a thing of beauty. Her pert breasts stood up. Her flat stomach was a thing of beauty, but what Mitch loved about her the most was the shape of her legs. Standing, legs together, there was a beautiful inverted triangle formed by her knees, thigh shapely thighs, and her well defined, bare pussy. His cock twitched at the thought of spending every waking moment between her legs.

Mitch motioned to James and spoke, "Beta Boy, since you're married in name only to her, I want you to take your sexy French Maid uniformed body over to her and squat, don't kneel, in front of her and remove her vaginal clamp. When you have it in your hand I want you to lean in and place a gentle kiss on her pubic area. After you've completed your task you are to move over to the left side of the bed where the couch is and stand there. James performed as requested and stood red faced in front of the couch.

"Ty I bet you'd love to fuck Beverly," Mitch said.

Tyrone looked at his boss and replied, "She is one sweet lady, Mitch."

"Good, then I suggest you take your clothes off. Beverly, please get on the bed, on your stomach, with your legs hanging over edge on the floor. Berit, please stand and take your clothes off. She complied revealing her petite

body to everyone in the room. Mitch stripped his clothes as he walked over to the bed. For the first time Beverly saw the baseball bat sized cock her James had to suck and she had to get pulled from his backside. The size of his cock made Mitch's look small. Tyrone's schlong was uncircumcised, thick as his wrist at the base and didn't really taper to the foreskin covered head, and was a deep rich chocolate brown. His balls were huge and the scrotum was the same deep chocolate brown as his cock. Berit stood by the lounge chair eyeing the two men's cocks wondering which one would take her to the land of sexual pleasure. Mitch eyed the looked on Beverly's face and decided he was going to let Tyrone at least enter her from behind.

"Berit please come over to me and stand on my right." Berit hesitantly strode over to Mitch and placed herself next to his right side. "Tyrone take that baseball bat and with my permission and when you're ready you may indulge in fucking Beverly. James having stared at both men's cocks reeled in fear for his wife in anticipation of having to take Tyrone's cock into her body." Mitch watched as Tyrone walked slowly stroking himself as he walked to where Beverly was half laying half standing next to the bed.

Tyrone stroked his cock until it was hard enough for him to slip his foreskin back and being to rub the monstrous head of his cock between the lips of Beverly now unguarded vagina. The big black man made no effort to lubricate Beverly's vagina in addition to the precum that was oozing from his piss slit. He didn't think he needed to be overly gentle with the woman, but when he turned to see what Mitch was doing he could see a look that told him he'd better not treat her like some twenty dollar hooker. Tyrone stopped what he was doing, took a step back, stroked his cock some more, and then very gently placed he the head at Beverly's opening and pushed.

Beverly gasped as the head of Tyrone's cock began to separate the lips of his pussy and enter her body. She consciously tried to relax and take his baseball bat into her body. She tried everything she knew to help herself take him when she felt like she was being ripped in two. "OUCH!!! You're hurting me. My God Tyrone, I'm not a big woman!!!"

"Don't worry missy, I'll go slow. Just relax and before you know it, Tyrone will be balls deep inside you. I'd never hurt you purposefully."

Mitch heard what he said and turned to the ninety pound waif from Sweden that stood next to him. He took a whiff of her golden blonde hair and sighed when he recognized the scent which could only be purchased in her home country. "Berit, have you ever played with a man's cock?" he inquired.

She blushed and replied with her heavy Swedish accent, "When I was a younger girl. You know, playing doctor games. Since then I've seen pictures and naked men from afar, but I've never touched or sexually stimulated one."

Mitch reached and took her right hand and placed it on his flaccid cock. With his hand still on hers he began to stroke his cock. Berit looked down as her small hand as it encircled Mitch's cock. She began to stroke his shaft only not really knowing that the head was the most sensitive part of the male penis. As she felt his cock grow she moved her hand more to the head and tried to get into a rhythm that would satisfy Mitch. Mitch could see she was a true novice and decided it would be better if he took control and guided her through her first sexual encounter.

He stopped her from stroking his cock and she was crushed, "Please, tell me what I'm doing wrong. I want to please you and make you happy. Quentin said I should..."

"Berit," Mitch said. "Don't worry about a thing. We're going lay on the bed and I'm going to take you places you've never been before. Masturbation will never compare to the sex you're going to have tonight. I promise you, when we're through all you're going to think about is big cocks." He took her over to the bed where Beverly was now fully embedded on Tyrone's cock. She was audibly moaning as Tyrone held her by the hips and fucked her. James just stood watching and wishing he was someplace else.

Mitch and Berit lay down on the bed together. She was to on her back and he was on his left side lying next to her right side. He leaned over and placed his lips on hers. He opened his mouth and put his tongue on her lips and she opened her mouth to allow his tongue to enter. He could feel the anxiousness running through her body as he began to gently massage her smallish breasts with his right hand. As he kissed her his hand slid down the front of her

body and stopped and the hill that formed then mons of her pubic area. Her legs were not separated inviting him to touch her between them. He broke the kiss.

"Berit you need to relax. I promise you that I'll be gentle when I make love to you. You should be happy that I won the privilege of breaking your hymen. Those others would have taken no mercy on you and you'd have cried through the entire experience. Relax, and let me teach you." He placed his hand on hers momentarily and he could feel her trying to relax. His right hand slipped between her legs to cup her virgin vagina. He moved his head to her right breast and sucked her small nipple between his lips. He ran his tongue around it and he could feel it rise in his mouth and at the same time Berit parted her legs. He didn't want to insert a finger into her hole because he wanted the first object to enter her soft bare eighteen year old pussy to be his cock. He gently moved from her right breast to her left and sucked that nipple into his mouth. He could feel the young Swedish waif begin to respond to his oral attack on her body. As Mitch used his extended tongue to caress the front of her body as he descended to her sweet honey pot he heard Tyrone bitch.

"Damn, fuckin' real pussy in nothing compared to fuckin' boy pussy on the down low."

Mitch stopped licking Berit's bellybutton, looked to the other side of the bed where Beverly was being taken by Tyrone. He knew that the man who would take a bullet for him would grow tired of fucking real pussy because he would never be able to be stimulated enough. Tyrone was a man who preferred sissy pussy. Mitch looked over and spoke to Tyrone, "Listen bud, if her pussy ain't doin' it for you, tell me what will."

Tyrone stopped fucking Beverly. He pulled his black female lubricated baseball bat out of her. He stood next to the bed with his prodigious cock although erect hanging in front of him because of its weight. He brow was wet with sweat from just the short period he was plugging his cock into and out of Beverly's cunt. "Boss, earlier this evening, I... Fuck man, I was fucking that bitch who gave me a blow job when his wife caught me because he was yelping like a stuck pig. You asked me, because you fuckin' know me and I know you want to make me ask you, I will. I want the sissy standing over there. His pussy will more than do."

Beverly raised her head and looked at Mitch. He could see her eyes beseeching him to tell Tyrone he couldn't have James. As much as Mitch wanted to give into her, he knew if he did she would never listen to him when he asked, ordered, or commanded her to do things for him. He eyed her back and she could see he wasn't going to deny Tyrone James pussy-ass. "Well, Tyrone, if you want shim so much, why do you sit with him on the couch, talk to shim, make out with shim, and when you've gotten shim all hot and bothered you can fuck shim. Don't you dare bend shim over and just fuck shim."

Tyrone's eyes buggered out of his when he heard Mitch tell him he'd have to make out with the sissy in front of the two women instead of just bending him over as he did in the maid's quarters and fucking him. He started at Mitch and saw he wasn't kidding or was he. His eyes weren't revealing anything to him, so he decided to play his only card. "You know I ain't no faggot. I just like fuckin' sissy pussy and gettin' some sweet mouth wrapped around my big black motherfuckin' cock. So, I'll be gentle with him like I was before and I'll do it right here in this room on the couch. You and those white women can have the bed. I don't need no bed to fuck a sissy."

Mitch could care less about James and his soon to be benefactor of cock. He nodded and waved a hand at Tyrone which dismissed him but gave him permission to do what he wished with James. Laying on Berit's right side Mitch motioned for Beverly to get next to the Swedish waif's left side. Beverly slid across the bed and brought her body next to the shorter girl. She wanted to say something to Mitch about Tyrone but thought better of it. Now that Mitch had given Tyrone permission to sexually use James, she was content to let it happen. She looked at the body of the eighteen year old that was lying next to her and thought that tonight may just be the night.

Mitch leaned across the waif's midsection and kissed Beverly. When he broke the kiss he pushed her head down to the girl's left breast. "Suckle her breast as you would want yours suckled. Caress it. It is there for the taking and enjoy sucking your first female tit. And when you've had enough of her breast, I want you to kiss her lips. Kiss her and let your emotions go. Feel for her what you feel for me as your tongues caress each other."

Beverly leaned over the girl's left breast and took her nipple into her mouth. She used her left hand to cup the bottom of the small breast and gently massage it.. She began sucking on the small nipple and felt it grow in her

mouth. She felt Berit take her left hand and begin to rub the back of her head. When Mitch saw the interaction between the two women, he resumed his descent to the virgin pussy that awaited him. He rose to his knees, moved to where he could separate Berit's legs which he did, slid between them, and got his first look at her eighteen year old twat. He used his hands to gently separate her labia enough so he could see if her hymen was truly intact. Staring back at him was her intact hymen waiting to be forever damaged by his cock.

Mitch slipped his arms under her knees and gently picked them up so Berit would place her feet on his back. He could see Beverly and Berit looking back at him. He mouthed to Beverly to start making out with Berit. As he lowered his head to begin licking and sucking Berit's virgin pussy, he could see Beverly lower her lips and begin passionately kissing Berit. He licked from the bottom of her pussy to the top making sure he put enough pressure to push the hood of her clit up and let his tongue glide over it. By the third time she was raising her hips off the bed as if she was fucking his tongue. Mitch could sense her rising sexual pleasure and found the taste of her juices to be a twelve on a scale of one to ten. As Mitch continued to suck her pussy, Beverly moved from kissing her to feeding her a breast to suck on.

Berit took to sucking Beverly's left breast. She raised her hands to caress Beverly's tits in the same way Beverly caressed hers. After another five minutes of Mitch's tongue, Berit broke her oral copulation with Beverly's tit. She moaned as she continued to press her pussy up to Mitch's mouth and tongue. Mitch had her clit uncovered. He was gently sucking it between his lips and using his tongue to caress it and send shivers through Berit's body. Mitch could feel his cock hardening and elongating beneath him as he lay on the bed. He wanted to rise up, take his cock and jam it into her pussy. He had no compunction about taking her without first warning her. Beverly saw him begin to gently hump the bed. She knew could see he wanted to fuck her so bad.

With Berit's mouth still clamped to her breast she said, "Mitch, I can see you want her and she is responding to your cunnilingus. Why don't you let me take your cock and rub it between the lips of her cunt? I'd love more than anything to help you take her. Make me your female cuckold. Ohhhhh, what a hot thought!!!"

Mitch heard what she said and stopped his cunt lapping. He rose to his knees and his cock stood straight out from his body. Berit stopped sucking Beverly's tit when she no longer felt Mitch's tongue licking her privates. She looked down her body and saw the erect cock that Mitch was sporting. She looked at Beverly with a bit of trepidation and fear in her eyes. Beverly leaned into her and kissed her. When she broke the kiss she spoke to the apparently frightened young girl, "Berit I'm going to be here with you. I'm going to take his cock and rub it between the lips of your pussy. I will make sure he doesn't ram his cock into your body. I am going to guide you down the rose petal lined path to womanhood and teach you to be a size queen. I know it is going to hurt but in time that pain will be replaced by a level of pleasure you've never felt in your short eighteen years. Masturbation will never compare to having a real man sized cock between your legs and up your cunt. Just let me do it for you."

Berit moaned and nodded her assent. Beverly kissed her and then moved so she could take Mitch's cock and begin to massage the inside of just the petite woman's labia. Mitch was more than happy to have her play the role of female cuckold. He thought he'd make her suck her before he took her virginity, but the idea of her putting him into the sweet, luscious teen that lay before him was too much to deny himself. Berit saw Beverly take Mitch's cock into her hand, bend down, and then kiss and lick it. She took the purple head into her mouth and ran her tongue around it providing lubrication and pleasure to Mitch. Berit saw Mitch rise as Beverly began to just fellate the head of his cock. Beverly took it from her mouth and brought it to Berit's pussy.

Berit moaned, "Please, be gentle. I know... AHHHHHH!!!" Berit cried as she felt the head of Mitch's cock begin to slide between the naked lips of her virgin pussy. "Just that rubbing feels so... Please I'm so scared..."

"Shhh, Berit," Beverly whispered. "Calm down sweet girl. I'm here and when he's positioned to enter you and make you a woman, I'll come and hold you until the pain receded. Just try to relax and let him enter you."

Mitch could see the fear and trepidation in the young girl's eyes. If Beverly wasn't here, he would have just put his body over hers with hand around his cock and the head positioned at the entrance to her body. He would have said nothing to her as he forced his cock into her body. The initial scream of pain would arouse him even more as he listened to her plaintive cry; the cry every virgin makes when the gateway to her body is ripped apart. He watched as Beverly gently slid the head of his cock between the lips of the waif's pussy. He could also feel the opening at the

bottom of her cunt. The opening he so badly wanted to enter to feel the soft insides of her pussy. He finally reached his breaking point.

"Beverly, now or never!!! Either you position me to take her or I'll do it myself."

Beverly could see Mitch straining to keep himself from taking control of the situation. She placed the head of his cock at the entrance to Berit's body, placed her hand behind the head, and pulled signaling Mitch to push. They both saw the head slip into the teen's body and stop. Beverly looked at Mitch and somehow without voicing it made him understand that she wanted to be by Berit's head holding her when he broke the fragile gate to her body. Mitch relaxed just enough to allow her to move behind Berit. She picked Berit's shoulders up and sat behind her with her long legs running down either side of her body, but not situated as to stop the impending explosion of pain that would befall the girl as Mitch's cock pierced her protection. Berit felt Beverly behind her and leaned into the older more experienced woman. Mitch took the initiative.

With the head of his cock just in enough to be pressed against Berit's hymen, he looked from Beverly to Berit and when he thought the young teen was relaxed enough he pushed his cock against her hymen. His size and his strength was enough to break the barrier of skin and allow the head to enter Berit's body. The scream of pain was worth the moment and the look of complete fear on her face.

"AHHHHHHH!!!! AHHHHHHH!!!!" cried Berit as she felt her hymen break and pain course throughout her body.

"Shhhh... Shhhh...." Whispered Beverly as she felt Berit tense against her breasts and stomach from the pain she was feeling.

Mitch did not wait. He looked down between her splayed legs and could see a decent amount of blood beginning to flow out of her pussy. He smiled and without any care he forced his cock into the Swede. Her pussy was as tight as constipated asshole. He could feel the walls of her vagina giving way as his thick cock pushed it way into the girl. When he felt he was in deep enough, he moved his hands under Berit's ass and picked her up off the bed. As he raised her hips, he could feel her opening begin to relax and that was his cue. He held her and he did what Beverly hoped he wouldn't do. He pressed full force and using Berit's ass cheeks pulled her to him. In a matter of seconds he was balls deep in the virgin hole. All he had done was force his cock into the virgin hole. He hadn't even begun to fuck her.

Berit cried in pain as she felt the cock slide up her virgin birth canal. The ripples of pain were visible to both Mitch and Beverly. Beverly tried to calm the girl by stroking her body and whispering to her. Mitch was in a sexual trance that would soon turn into a sexual frenzy. He was pressed against her crotch. His eleven inch cock buried in her love canal. Tears rolled down her eyes and she leaned against Beverly. Mitch dropped her ass back to the bed and rolled his body forward. Beverly could do nothing but move backward to allow Berit to lie back down on the bed. Beverly watched as Mitch lifted her legs and positioned them on his back. He then positioned himself on his elbows above her prone body. He stared into her wide open eyes. He knew it was time.

"Berit, I'm going to fuck you now. The pain will subside and pleasure will replace it. I promise," whispered Mitch to the eighteen year old Swede that lay prone underneath him. He unceremoniously pulled his cock back about three quarters of its length and jammed it back into the girl. She lay non-respondent to his thrust as the pain continued but at a diminishing pace. Mitch again pulled his cock back from the depths of her love canal and again jammed it back into her. He pressed his body against hers and made small circular motions while he was balls deep. This was enough to put pressure on Berit's clit and began to cascade pleasure through her body. For the next five or six thrusts, Mitch always remained against her crotch.

Berit went from crying to moaning. She began to respond to Mitch fucking her. She instinctively moved upwards as he plunged back into her body. She'd pull back when he withdrew in preparation of sliding back into her. Beverly sat behind Berit and watched as she learned to move her body in response to Mitch's thrusting. A tear came to Beverly's eyes as she bemoaned the fact that she hadn't had Mitch in her and on top of her the way he was presently with Berit. Not wanting to disturb Mitch as she watched him increase his fucking motion, she slid to the other side of the bed which was closer to the couch where Tyrone and James were seated.

Berit raised her arms and hands to grab a hold of Mitch's shoulders. She raised her head and offered her lips to the man that was inside her body. She pulled against his shoulders wanting to feel the weight of his body on hers. She crossed her ankles behind the small of his back and used pressure to signal her desire for him to fuck her hard. Just as Beverly said, the pain was gone. All she could sense was a feeling of being full and empty as Mitch humped her small body. The pleasure surged and encouraged her to move her hips and her cunt in syncopation with Mitch's thrust. Berit was enjoying having a large thick cock in her body. She wanted to give him what he wanted. She expressed it in very simple English, "Fuck me!!! Fuck me!!! Fuck me!!!" was all she could say.

Mitch took the cue and began to fuck her in earnest. He didn't move down to kiss her even though she tried several times to kiss him. She finally concluded that he was only interested in one thing and that one thing was fucking her hard and long. Mitch would cease his humping either while he was embedded balls deep or just with the head of his cock still inside the girl. He'd look into her eyes and could see the desire spilling out of them. After what seemed like hours to Berit, but was only moments, Mitch began his thrusting anew. Every so often Mitch would rise up so he could gaze upon the connection of their bodies and see if the small pool of blood had grown into a larger pool. He did see the pink coating and splotches of red blood on the shaft of his cock. He moaned to himself as he thought about Beverly or James having to lick both of them clean. The thought of them performing clean up on a bloody cock and just fucked cum filled once virgin cunt was enough to put him over the top.

He pounded his cock into and out of Berit's hole. He was in a masturbatory frenzy using the tight walls of her pussy to stroke his cock. The only thought in his brain was dumping a load into this beautiful girl's body. Berit felt him speed up and tried to keep up with his thrusting. As he pounded against her crotch, waves of pleasure coursed throughout her body. She finally felt her body begin to tense in response to him. Mitch could feel her responding to his fucking and hoped she would crescendo and have her first fucking induced orgasm with him. He reached back and pulled her by her knees forcing her to unhook her ankles. He pushed her legs up, back, open, and apart. He pressed her legs so her ankles were next to her ears. He relentlessly pounded her pussy as his orgasm built.

Berit never knew what hit her. Mitch felt the shaft of his cock expand down its length culminating in the head of his cock getting so large even Berit felt it against the walls of her vaginal canal. She was moaning nonstop as she felt something beginning to rise from her crotch. Mitch felt her getting wetter as she began to experience a full body orgasm. Mitch could feel the walls of her vagina contract around his cock and that was the straw-that-broke-the-camel's-back. He jammed his eleven inches balls deeps and ejaculated so hard he thought he'd have a heart attack. He kept his erupting cock buried in her cunt as he made small thrusting movements to keep the feel of her vaginal walls stroking him.

Berit cried out, "AHHHHH!!! I'M CUMMING!!! WHAT A COCK!!! FIRST ONE AND IT IS FILLING ME!!!"

Mitch kept her legs pressed back by her head as he screamed, "TAKE MY LOAD!!! YOU ARE SO FUCKIN' TIGHT!!! YOUR CUNT IS SQUEEZING THE SHIT OUT OF MY COCK!!! YES, BERIT, CUM WITH ME!!! ENJOY YOUR FIRST FUCK INDUCED ORGASM!!!"

Mitch deposited a huge load into her cunt considering James had given him his first blow job in the limo on the way to the party. He was breathing hard as he released her legs and let them gently fall back to the bed. His cock was still in Berit as he kneeled between her legs. There was a mixture of scum and blood on the part of his cock he could see, on the creases between her labia and her thighs, and pooled below her ass. She was flush and her breathing was commencing to slow down. Mitch regained a semblance of order and he decided it was time to put Beverly to the test.

"Beverly, come here now!!!"

"Yes, Mr. Markstein." Beverly moved from the couch to the bed. She was trying to forget the scene that was occurring right next to her. Tyrone had James sitting on his cock as they watched Mitch fuck Berit. James didn't cry out or make a sound per Tyrone's instructions. He just turned his back to Tyrone and very slowly took Tyrone's baseball bat up his ass. Tyrone would occasionally thrust but was more content to tell James to contract and expand his anal sphincter and bowel around his cock. Beverly would see James wiggling his ass on Tyrone's lap and try to take more than Tyrone had to offer into his ass. She was disheartened and elated at the same time watching her husband continued to emasculate and feminize himself with total abandon.

Beverly crawled across the bed to where Mitch was still embedded into Berit's tight pussy. She eyed the unrealistic amount of sexual liquid that was pooled between their bodies. She reached to stroke Berit's sweating brow when Mitch commanded her, "Bitch, get down there and start lickin' up the mess."

Beverly hesitated and that was her mistake. Using his right hand, Mitch reared back and bitch-slapped her so hard she fell backwards on the bed, legs splayed, and head just a foot short of being over the edge of the bed. She immediately began to rub her face and knew she had another red handprint to show for her hesitancy. Her eyes welled up with tears and she fought with all her strength not to break out crying. She took a moment to regain her composure and crawled back to where Mitch was still embedded in Berit's cunt.

"I deserved that. I hesitated and I shouldn't have. I should be and I am happy for you. You got to take an eighteen year-olds virginity. I shouldn't be jealous of your conquest of a younger woman and your sexual abilities. I should be proud and honored you commanded me to clean your manly cock of Berit's virgin blood instead of making James clean up the mess." Beverly didn't wait for a reply. She lay down on the bed positioning herself where she could access the union of Mitch's cock and Berit's cunt. She gagged at the smell of their sex, but learned quickly to control her stomach so she wouldn't vomit all over them. Beverly extended her tongue and began to lick up the scum, blood, and vaginal fluids. As she lapped their genital connection, Mitch began to slowly pull his cock out of Berit's tight twat. As each inch departed the Swedish waif, Beverly would lick as much of the shaft as she could. When he was finally out of Berit, Beverly took the head of Mitch's cock into her mouth and slid it down her throat.

When Berit saw Beverly deep throat Mitch her eyes popped out of her head. "Oh, my God!!! I could never take that monster down my throat like that."

Mitch responded, "Give me time and you'd be able to do it too." He pumped his cock very lightly in Beverly's mouth and when he felt she'd had him there long enough he pulled his cock out. "Now, Beverly, it is not what you expected for the first time, but, go suck your first pussy. A just broken eighteen year old pussy."

Beverly did not hesitate. She moved between Berit's legs. She pushed them apart and raised her knees so her feet were on the bed. Then she attacked the bloody, cum soaked mess between her legs. She started with the mess that was in the creases of her thighs tasting Mitch's cum and the sweet taste of Berit's blood. Her chin rested in the pool of their juices that accumulated on the bed where Mitch had figuratively fucked the shit out of Berit. She licked and sucked as much of the mess as she could before she began to run her tongue between the lips of Berit's cunt. She found the open hole and stuck a finger in pulling out a cum coated digit. She sucked it into her mouth and removed it clean as a whistle. She returned to sucking on Berit's clit and that started the whole orgasmic ride anew for Berit.

Berit reached down and took hold of Beverly's head. She pressed it into her crotch. She began to rub her cum soaked cunt on Beverly's face. Beverly kept up her tonguing of the young Swedish girl's cunt. It didn't take long for Berit to ride the roller coaster of sexual pleasure. Having Beverly sucking on her clit was another new sensation for the girl. She rode Beverly's face as hard as she rode Mitch's cock. Beverly had a hard time keeping up with her flow of vaginal fluid as her body began to shake with sexual pleasure. Berit pressed her legs down and Beverly allowed her to close her thighs on each side of her head.

Beverly was for the first time captured between an eighteen year-olds legs while being pressed into her crotch as she licked and sucked the result of a fucking into her mouth. She could feel herself getting wet. Except for the slight feeling of pain from Berit pressing her thighs against her head, Beverly was truly falling in love with eating pussy. She could see herself between many younger girls' legs bringing them off with her mouth. As she felt Berit respond to her licking, she wished Mitch was kneeling behind her fucking her at the same time. Berit started shaking and moaning in concert to Beverly's sucking. Beverly moved her hands behind Berit's thighs and forced her to release the hold she had on her head. She pushed her legs out and up widening her access to the once virgin cunt. Her tongue lapped at Berit's openness and Beverly made it a point to concentrate on the blood engorged clit that stuck out like a miniature penis.

Berit screamed in orgasmic pleasure for the second time that night. She tried to clamp her legs against Beverly's head, but was held back by the older woman. For the second time that night, she was forced to orgasm with her legs wide open. When she masturbated she always attained orgasm with her legs tightly closed around the hand

and fingers that was diddling her clit. It was a different feeling to experience an earth shattering orgasm with your legs wide open. Beverly placed her mouth at the opening to Berit's pussy and sucked the tide of vaginal fluid that cascaded out of her body. This time she tasted a smattering of Mitch's cum and a large amount of Berit's orgasmic fluids. Berit felt her body contract and relax as she crescendo through her orgasm. When she was done she was again coated in sweat, breathing hard, and moaning like an old whore.

Beverly moved up and over the young girl's body placing her breasts on Berit's so she could lean down and kiss the girl she just got off by using her mouth. She wanted Berit to taste herself on Beverly's lips and face. They kissed each other as Beverly moved her body between Berit's legs so she could begin pressing herself against Berit. Mitch saw Beverly making out with the Swedish waif and moved over next to them. He rested on his left side and began to play with his cock. He watched the older woman make out with the younger woman. He felt himself getting erect when out-of-nowhere he heard a grunting and groaning. So did the girls. The three of them sat up and looked over to the couch where the groaning was emanating from.

Tyrone had pushed James forward onto his hands and knees. He was fucking him the just as hard as Mitch had earlier fucked Berit. Tyrone had a handful of James' hair and as he stroked in and out of James ass, he held his head up. James audibly groaned as Tyrone's baseball bat cock slid over the sissy's inner g-spot. Using his other hand as a brace on James' hip, Tyrone fucked him hard and deep. The three of them could see by Tyrone's breathing and body he was about to erupt into James' ass. They knew Tyrone was ejaculating in James when he planted his cock balls deep and rotated his hips against his pussy boy's backside. James eyes buggered out of his skull as felt his bowel being filled with a copious amount of Tyrone's sperm. Tyrone pulled out of James' ass, spun him around like a rag doll, and shoved his still hard cock in James face. James too tired to fight, opened his mouth, and accepted his continuing debasement by sucking the white cum from the length of Tyrone's baseball bat cock.

Beverly looked at her husband and knew he was a broken man. He never once complained about having to take Tyrone's cock up his ass or suck it after Tyrone ejaculated inside him. To her, James was getting everything he deserved and when they were alone again she'd make him relive every moment by telling her as he stood in front of her humiliating himself. Mitch turned back to the two cunts that were on the bed and decided it was time to take another virgin hole from Berit.

"Beverly, lay on your back with your legs akimbo. Berit, if you've never really sucked another woman, now is the time to start," he said.

Berit looked at Beverly and then to Mitch, smiled, and dove between Beverly's legs. She stuck her tongue between the thick lips of Beverly's vagina. She lay flat on her stomach as she began to suck the cunt of a woman for the first time. She did everything to Beverly she would want done to her and she relived the sensation of Beverly sucking her cunt right after Mitch had dumped his load into her. Mitch could see Beverly beginning to react to the Swedish girl's cunt lapping. He rolled to the edge of the bed and found a bottle of lube in the drawer in the night table. He returned to where Berit was actively sucking Beverly's lovely cunt. He looked at the small white ass of the young girl and knew he was going to enjoy the next few minutes.

He squeezed a nice sized dollop of lube onto the fingers of his right hand and slid them between the cheeks of Berit's ass. She reacted to what he was doing by lifting her head from between Beverly's legs. She looked at Mitch questioningly. He responded by continuing to lubricate the crack of her ass and the rosebud that formed her asshole. As she looked at him, he took his index finger and inserted it into her asshole. Berit grunted at the invasion but did not try to make him take it out. She understood what was going to happen to her next and returned to sucking Beverly. In response to her grunt, Beverly took Berit's head in her hands, closed her thighs against the young girl's head, and held her in place as she knew Mitch was going to take her anally.

Mitch was as hard as a rock. He took some more lube from the bottle and coated the head of his cock and positioned himself so he could place it between the cheeks of Berit's backside. He placed his legs on the outside of Berit's and began to rub his cock up and down the crack of her ass. He could feel the bumps of her rosebud as it passed under the head of his cock. Mitch stopped when he felt the soft opening to her rectum, looked at Beverly, and nodded. Beverly read the signal and tightened her grip on the eighteen year old girl. Mitch took her hips in his hands and without any thought of being gentle, rammed his hard cock into her ass.

Berit screamed in pain as the head of Mitch's cock stretched and ultimately tore the sphincter of her anus. The blood mixing with the lubrication acted to reduce the friction between Mitch's cock and Berit's virgin ass. Beverly relaxed just enough to allow the screaming crying girl to raise her head so she wouldn't suffocate with her head stuck between her legs. Berit was in terrible pain as Mitch slid his cock all the way into her torn and bleeding ass. The warmth of her blood only made him hornier and fed his desire to fuck her relentlessly. Her screaming reverberated around the room and could be heard in the family room where the others were having a pretty hot orgy of their own. Beverly tried to calm the agitated girl as she watched Mitch pound into and out of her asshole. She tried to catch his eye to try and advise him of the obvious pain she was feeling, but to no avail. Mitch had his eyes closed as he fucked the tight ass of the young girl whose vaginal virginity he took only an hour earlier.

Beverly changed her position so she could hold the crying Swede as she watched Mitch fornicate with her. Tyrone sat with his arm around James' shoulder watching the sexual frenzy that was occurring on the bed. Tyrone gently took James' hand and placed it on his cock. James knew what to do and began to gently massage the baseball bat to give pleasure to Tyrone as he watched Mitch anally rape the eighteen year old that was crying and screaming from having her asshole reamed by a giant cock.

Beverly couldn't take Berit's anguish, "MITCH!!! YOU'RE NOT GIVING HER PLEASURE!!! YOU'RE HURTING HER!!! MITCH, YOU BASTARD, STOP!!! I MEAN IT!!! STOP NOW!!!"

Mitch opened his eyes and saw the look on Beverly's face. He stopped his motion mid-thrust and extricated himself from the crying girl's rectum. He looked down and saw that she was bleeding profusely. Mitch jumped off the bed and ran to the bathroom where he gathered several towels so he could use them to stem the flow of blood from her torn anus and lower bowel. Beverly held the Berit and whispered to her that everything would be ok.

Mitch looked for Tyrone on the couch, "Tyrone, get dressed now. Get the sissy and the car. We have to take her to the nearest hospital. No 911. No police or ambulance. Do it!!!"

Tyrone was off the couch like a shot. James wasn't naked and all he had to do was pull his panties up. They departed the bedroom without saying anything to Mitch. Mitch pointed to Berit's backside where the towels were and Beverly moved so she could replace Mitch's hand. When she did, Mitch again jumped off the bed, retrieved the women's clothing, and his own. He got dressed and took Beverly's place as she put the lace dress on. Together they dressed Berit and carried her downstairs. Quentin and the others stopped what they were doing when Mitch ran into the family room.

"I've seriously injured Berit and she needs to go to the hospital. I know where it is. Tyrone is getting the limo and I'll take her there. You guys enjoy yourselves the rest of the night. I can't believe what I did to that young girl. I am going to take care of everything. I'll fill you in when I can Quentin, don't worry!!!" Mitch turned and ran to the front door where Beverly held Berit. Quentin and the others were frozen in place. They watched Mitch run out of the family room, heard the front door open, then slam shut, and a car race out of the driveway.

Luckily the hospital had a trauma unit. Berit had emergency surgery to suture the tears in her bowel and anus. The doctors were not very happy with the explanation given to them, but couldn't do or say anything to the police to prove it wasn't a consensual sexual act. Mitch and Beverly stayed in Berit's private room the entire night. Tyrone and James slept in the back of the limousine.

The next morning when Berit awoke, in pain, Mitch apologized for his arrogant attitude and his complete lack of human kindness when he took her anally. "I'm so sorry. I will take care of all medical and financial obligations. I will be sure you have the best doctors and the best care. I promise you that you'll have nothing to worry about now or in the future. I'm going to leave all my contact numbers and you are to come to the city when you get out of the hospital. I will talk to Quentin and arrange everything. Rest and get better." Mitch leaned over and gently kissed her on the cheek. Beverly stood on the other side of the bed smiling knowing that Mitch had done the righteous thing by Berit.

By 11:00AM, the limousine was on the Southern State Parkway heading back into New York City. Mitch and Beverly were entwined on the back seat peacefully asleep while James, in the front, gently sucked Tyrone's cock as he drove.

Beverly's New Apartment

Six months after that eventful Monday evening where James Costello swapped his wife for a life of sucking other men's cum from various women's cunts, Mitch's cum from his wife's cunt, and taking primarily Tyrone's cock up his sissy pussy, Beverly moved into her new four bedroom condominium penthouse apartment overlooking the Hudson River on the upper west side of Manhattan. I was in a brand new Trump developed building and his relationship with Mitch got her the best two floor penthouse that was available. To gain access to the condo one had to have a special key to activate the floor number in the elevator. It opened to an oversized foyer that was elegantly finished in marble and fine antique woods. The first floor and the living room with a double wide fireplace, formal dining room, full professional kitchen, family room, maid's and butler's quarters, two full bathrooms, and plenty of closet space. The second floor and topmost floor of the building contained the master bedroom with a sitting room, fireplace, and two full bathrooms. It also had the three additional bedrooms and full bathrooms. Access to the second floor of her penthouse was controlled by a private elevator or a lockable staircase that was situated in the family room and exited in the hall outside the master bedroom doors.

The twenty-four million dollar cost of the new apartment was paid in cash by Mitch in Beverly's name. The investment account was growing exponentially and he had no worries about her paying him back. Ever since that fateful night in the Hamptons when he anally raped the young girl from Sweden, Mitch has been committed to Beverly and with her acceptance, Berit. Quentin didn't take Mitch's relationship with Berit sitting down, but when Mitch called three of Quentin's loans, he backed off and let them alone. The only thing not reconciled between Beverly and Mitch was where she was going to live. Mitch wanted her to move into Beverly's new condominium so both she and James could watch over her. Beverly didn't see it that way. She saw it as an opportunity for Mitch to have a second woman to use and be enticed by telling them to pleasure each other for his voyeuristic fun. She also could see herself falling madly in love with Berit. They tabled a decision until after tonight's home warming party.

Big Apple Caterers were all ready in the apartment setting up the buffet tables and the chefs were in the kitchen beginning to cook seven main dishes, plus legumes, bread, desserts, and non-alcoholic beverages. Ashton Wines were providing the alcohol and wine for the evening. All of the employees were vetted and most of them had worked at previous functions hosted by Mitch. The guests were scheduled to arrive between 8:00PM and 9:00PM with the buffet and bar fully operational. The difference about this evening's festivities was as soon as all the food was prepared and the drink placed in what could only be called a self-service bar area the service personnel were to leave the premises. Tonight's gathering was not going to have the services of waiters or waitresses.

Beverly sat with James in his bathroom in the servant's quarters on the first floor of the duplex penthouse condominium. She was preparing him for tonight's festivities. Over the months, James had become resigned to the fact that Beverly would never pardon him for his asinine thought that she'd readily accept fucking Mitch for oodles of money. She inspected his body for missed patches of hair. He had become quite adept at removing his body hair after Beverly began using a pair of tweezers to remove any hairs he inadvertently missed. Tonight was a special night because Beverly promised him instead of her milking him multiple times she'd allow him to masturbate into the toilet so he could feel something of an orgasm.

"You know James, besides me removing your CB6000 and giving you permission to masturbate one time into the toilet tonight this is a very special evening for us." Beverly cooed to her in-name-only husband.

"Just one time, Beverly? Please, may I do it more than once? I promise I'll be good," whined James.

The cross look on Beverly's face was enough to let James know that his sniveling and whining would not win the day for him. Beverly continued, "It has been six months since you gave me to Mitch and that little investment is now worth well over five million seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars. By the time I'm ready to retire, Mitch tells me I'll be worth well over one hundred million dollars. Oh, if you're wondering, Mitch told me your little side investment has grown by a whopping one hundred and eleven dollars and twenty-one cents. But, enough of money matters. Do you want to guess what is so special about tonight?"

James couldn't believe how much money Beverly had in her investment account and little his had grown. Mitch had promised to put money away for him and make it grow, but he never said how fast it would accumulate. Again, the man who turned him into the Mitchell Markstein Incorporated's Company Cuckold had fucked him without

using his enormous cock. "I can only guess that it revolves around Mitch, you, and me. But, exactly what, I haven't a clue."

"Tonight, two things are going to be announced at the after party. First, you are going to get your sissy name and the legal documents to sign to make it permanent in the eyes of the State of New York. And, tonight Mitch is going to announce our marriage." Beverly's face was all aglow, her eyes twinkled, and her smile was from ear-to-ear.

"B- b-b- but, B-B-Beverly," stammered James, "I never divorced you. So, how could Mitch marry you..." Then the light bulb went on in James' head. He remembered the first nights of his cuckolding when Beverly would relate what she'd just read in the books on feminine domination and cuckolding of the male. The look on his face told Beverly he'd made the connection.

Wearing a shit-eating grin, Beverly continued, "That's right James. Mitch is going to announce to the gathering and you're going to confirm that I am now the sexual property of Mitchell Markstein. Everyone all ready knows what your position is at work. Those who don't, will learn when they watch you suck him hard and place him into my body forsaking permanently your position as my husband and lover. I can't wait to see the look on your face as you finally relinquish all ties to me."

James stood, his unencumbered cock erect, looking at Beverly trying stifle his obvious sexual stimulation which if she knew anything, was caused by his freedom and not the thought of placing his bosses cock into his wife's vagina in front of a room full of people. "You know, I still love and adore you. I thought we had an agreement in principle. I give you to Mitch, he puts money away for me, and you get to have anything you want because of your wealth. Just look at this place, Beverly. This is what I wanted for us, but I went about it the wrong way. I have subsequently found out that if I had just proved myself to Mr. Markstein, waited a considerable amount of time before asking him to invest for us, we'd be wealthy as husband and wife."

"You, dear James, are such an asshole." Beverly moved slightly and used both hands to turn James so he was standing in front of the toilet. "Time for you to learn the truth dear boy. Mitch saw the picture of me on your desk and decided that no matter what it took he was going to have me. He planned everything that has happened between us. He was and I believe still is hoping for you to accept losing me to him and ask me for a divorce."

"What?????" cried James as he began to sway in front of the toilet from the stress that was coursing through his body after hearing what his wife just said to him.

"I thought tonight would be the time to tell you. Mitch was taken with me when he saw the picture of me you took when we went to Yellowstone National Park. He even told me he did something he hadn't done in years." Beverly could see the look of curiosity on James' face. "He waited until everyone went home, sent Suzanne Chen down to your office to retrieve the picture, had her lay it on his desk, and while staring at the picture he had her give him a hand job so he could ejaculate all over it. He wanted to place it back in your office with his cum all over it, but thought better of it and had Suzanne clean it with her tongue. When he told me that I had an orgasm, albeit a small one, just from hearing the story."

James groaned and Beverly could see the story was so debilitating to him he had lost his erection. He didn't want to look at Beverly who was sitting on the edge of the tub expecting an answer from him. Emotionally, he reacted to hearing Mitch had set him up by bouncing very lightly from one foot to another. Over the past six months Beverly had learned the signs of his impending break into uncontrollable tears and as much as she was punishing him, she really couldn't tolerate seeing his pain. She could have left him to cry all alone in the bathroom and return when she heard no bawling from him. Instead, she decided to take pity on him.

Beverly reached and turned her broken husband towards her. She leaned into him and took his flaccid cock into her mouth. Beverly for the first time in six months began to suck James' cock. Astounded, James looked down at Beverly who had no problems taking his under adequate piece of cock meat into her mouth. She made a point of keeping her nose pressed against the smooth skin of his pubis just as she did when she had the maximum length of Mitch's cock encased in her throat. James was in seventh heaven watching his wife sucking his cock. He reached down and placed his hands on her head. Beverly's first thought was to stop her oral administration and yell at him for touching her, but decided against it for a better reason.

It didn't take James very long to feel all the physical actions of his impending orgasm. He didn't even think to be somewhat careful with Beverly and began to thrust his hips fucking her mouth. Beverly pursed her lips and moved her tongue so he would have easier access to her mouth. Several strokes later James erupted. He moaned as he felt his unencumbered cock erupt in Beverly's hot mouth. Beverly, feeling his cock pulsing laughed to herself because she had become used to the feel of a longer and thicker cock pulsing and depositing a larger amount of scum into her mouth. Three pulses later, James was finished and Beverly let him slide his softening cock from her mouth. She had not swallowed his ejaculate and realized that she had grown to love the taste of Mitch's ejaculate.

James reached down to help Beverly stand and she allowed him to help her to her feet. As soon as she was standing in front of her husband, she looked into his eyes, and with all the force she could muster, she spit the entire load of his ejaculate and some of her saliva onto his face. James was stunned. He fell backwards and almost tripped over the toilet but was quick enough to catch himself. With his face coated in his own cum and some of Beverly's saliva, he screamed, "What the fuck!!! I thought you were sucking me because you wanted to show me you still loved me. Beverly, please..."

With her eyes afire Beverly responded, "You thought I sucked your cock and let you cum in my mouth because I love you. Fuck, James!!! Just get in front of the fuckin' toilet and bend over. I have to drain your fuckin' useless balls. I pull out my finger and there is one iota of shit on it and you're going to lick it off. Now assume the position, bitch!!!"

Beverly milked James and didn't say a word to him during the whole process. When she was done she left James so he could arrange himself for the night's festivities. She left him and retired to her room where she could rest and await the arrival of Mitch and the rest of the guests.

Mitch arrived ninety minutes before the guests were scheduled to arrive. He inspected the work of the caterer and liquor company. He approved of what he saw, paid them per agreement with a little extra because he always took care of those who did excellent work for him, and showed them out the servant's elevator. He walked into the master bedroom as if it was his own. Beverly was seated at her dressing table preparing her makeup. She saw him walking over to where she was sitting and began to get to so she could take his cock into her mouth to greet him hello. Mitch was quicker than she expected and arrived just as she started to stand when he placed his hands on her shoulders and held her in her seat.

"Hi, Bev. You don't mind that I call you Bev?" he inquired.

Surprised that he didn't want or expect her to fellate him hello, she replied, "I'm not too enamored with the shortened form of my name, but if it makes you happy..."

Leaning over and kissing the top of her head, he said, "Is there a name other than Beverly you prefer?"

She looked into the dressing table mirror; that rose from the top of the dressing table to the ceiling and filled the area horizontally, and saw him staring back at her. She had a thoughtful look on her face as she thought what his ulterior motive was. No welcoming mouth-full-of-cock. Instead a kiss on her head and a question asking what she'd like to be called, if not Beverly. "Ok, Mitch, what's the game?"

"Beverly, I swear absolutely nothing... Except for that Saturday night when I let Tyrone use you until I knew he'd wither because he'd rather fuck some sissy's ass, have I given you to anyone?"

"Ummmm, no, but you did have to quell a battle with Quentin, didn't you?"

"That was a whole lot to do about nothing. I called six important loans of his and he came to my office crying, begging me not to crush his empire. The asshole even offered to suck my cock. See Beverly, I own a lot of people because they're financially indebted to me. Ever notice how he talks and treats you now?"

Laughing, "Yes, I do. It is strange though to see him check to see if I'm still wearing the vaginal clamp. My problem right now is you. No saying hello to you by sucking your cock. A kiss on my head and a question about what

I'd like to be called instead of Beverly. To me, Mitch, that is a signal that something is going on in your head. A surprise for me maybe."

Mitch looked up at the ceiling, sighed, and spoke, "The past six months has been the best six months of my life since I took up with you. I love to be between your legs, inside you, and watch your face go through the levels of pleasure I am causing you until I see and feel your orgasm. When I feel your vaginal muscles contracting around my cock I have no conscious way to stop myself from depositing my seed inside you. Tonight, I'm planning to give James his feminine name. We're going to have a cuckold wedding. I would want more than anything to forget the cuckold wedding, see you tell James after he's renamed that you're initiating divorce proceedings, and announce that in a short period of time everyone would be attending our wedding..."

Beverly couldn't believe her ears, but no matter she made a commitment to James and she would honor it until the day she dies. "Mitch, I'm flattered, but as much as I love the way you fuck me, I believe when you decided to take me as your personal slut and convert James into a sissy cocksucker a deal was struck. That deal was signed in the backseat of your limousine when James fellated you on the way to the Hamptons. I did not expect you to place the vaginal clamp on me. I expected to be whored out to all your friends and business associates. Don't stand there and tell me you want me to divorce James. It will never happen. I do abuse him, but realize that as much as I hate him for making me your whore, I still, sad as it may seem, love him."

Mitch didn't want to hear what Beverly was saying to him. Rather than bitch slap her, he decided to give her some time to think about leaving James for him. He thought about the true hot wife – cuckold relationship and how it usually revolved around the husband accepting his wife's infidelity. They agreed she could fuck any man she wished, but the moment she had feelings of love for him the relationship would end. Their primary relationship had to be protected at all costs. Mitch wanted to put asunder that relationship. He wanted Beverly to be his and no one else's. Maybe when he announces James' new feminine name she'll see the light and decide to give up on her marriage. He decided it was a good time to leave her bed and get himself ready for the party.

Beverly watched him retire to the bathroom and sat wondering if she had made the wrong decision. Maybe there was something more too why Mitch had asked her about her feelings for James. He was not insistent but she could see a modicum of disappointment on his face. Maybe she should have a conversation with James concerning what was going on in his life. Maybe he could shed some light on why Mitch wanted her to give him a pet name and make a monumental decision about her present state of marriage. She stood, walked over to her triple sized walk-in closet, and found one of her numerous Japanese silk kimonos to put on as she began her stroll down to James' quarters.

Arriving unannounced was something special for Beverly because when she opened the door as quietly as possible she got to see James admiring himself in the mirror. His shoulder length brown hair with blonde highlights was combed and laying beautifully around his neck. He was wearing what would be considered a little black dress except it was a beautiful shade of pink. It accented his shoulders and neck because it had a mandarin collar which had a gold chain wrapped around it. On his feet was a beautiful pair of six inch pink dyed satin pumps. The dress came just below his crotch and the pink lace topped thigh highs accented the color of the dress perfectly. She watched him run his hands down his side to his hips and back up. His breasts filled the top of the dress perfectly. His stomach was flat below his small yet shapely breasts. She wondered if he was still wearing his chastity device.

"Oh, my God, James!!! I can't believe how beautiful you look dress all in pink," chortled Beverly.

James unaware of her standing looking at him admiring himself dressed as he was in the mirror jumped when he heard her speak to him. "Oh, my God, Beverly!!! I didn't hear you come in." Blushing, he said, "Thank you for your compliment."

Beverly stared at him for a moment and decided it was time to have a serious talk. "James, why don't we go over to your bed and sit down. I would like to talk to you about some serious things."

Beverly could see a look of fear cross James' face as he turned and sat on his bed. He looked up at her and said, "Serious things?"

"Yes, James, serious things."

"Ah, ok," he whispered as he looked away from her.

"James, looking at you standing in front of the mirror admiring yourself, I have to ask. You don't look like you have a cock and are wearing a chastity device. Are you happy with your feminization?"

James looked up and replied, "I'm afraid, no truly scared to answer you, Beverly."

"James, please don't be scared. I want, no, I need to know what you're thinking and how you feel emotionally and psychologically."

James was curious about her sudden interest in his well being, but he answered her, "I'm getting used to it, especially at work. And, I'm not wearing my chastity device. Tyrone gave me the key so I could take it off and wear a gaff to conceal my male genitalia. He showed me how to use it. You push your testicles into your body and pull your penis back towards your ass. The gaff keeps everything in place giving you a very feminine appearance. You're not mad, are you?"

"No James the fact that you were not wearing the CB600 is the least of my concerns. I was wondering what was happening at work. We never really talk about how your day goes when you're at the office."

James sighed, "Going to work dressed in a suit and then changing into lingerie, a dress or miniskirt, shoes, and putting on makeup used to really bother me, but as the girls got used to seeing me getting dressed in the women's restroom they've become more accepting of my role in the company. They even smile at me as I relieve myself in the open European squatter. They don't openly laugh at me anymore when I'm forced to spend the day working with streaks of cum all over my face. They're supportive when I'm between their legs sucking their bosses cum from their just fucked cunts. Some of them know I will do an especially good job because their husbands don't know they're satisfying their boss sexually to keep their jobs."

Beverly was astounded at his candor and not embarrassed by his use of language. She decided to sit next to him on his bed as they continued to their conversation. Taking his hands in hers she said, "How do the managers treat you?."

"They used to make obnoxious gestures towards me." James removed his right hand from Beverly's and made the universally accepted motion for masturbation. "Now, they just smile at me when they pass. It used to bother me when they would call me into their office to fellate them and then while I was on my knees with their cock in my mouth a college intern would walk in just to shock them and embarrass me. I have also noticed a decline in the number of blow jobs where only the manager is involved. I find I am performing more cum cleaning cunnilingus than cock sucking for the sake of getting the manager off."

Beverly interrupted, "They never fuck you?"

"In the beginning, the managers would smile at me telling me the warm cum I was cleaning from the woman they just finished copulating with would one day be leaking out of my ass. They'd always said it loud enough for everyone around the cubicle so they could hear that I'd have to feel their scum dripping from my pussy-ass instead of having a warm tongue clean up the mess."

Her curiosity peaked, Beverly asked, "What made them stop? I mean you were inducted as the Company Cuckold to provide whatever cuckold activities were required by the senior managers. Can you remember a particular incident or time that signaled a change?"

James looked up at the ceiling trying to remember and nodded his head when the memory surfaced. "Funny Beverly but I can now remember the exact time and place. About three weeks after the Saturday party in the Hamptons, there was a manager's meeting to review the coming quarter's goals and incentives. At the end of the meeting, as Mr. Markstein was exiting but before the assembled managers were released from their obligation, they

heard Mr. Markstein ask Tyrone how the new love-of-his-life was. His answer was the key to the managers backing off their lottery to see who was going to be the first to fuck me.”

“Now that you’ve remembered, how do you feel...” was all Beverly could say before James interrupted her question.

“This is where it gets sticky, Beverly. For the second time, I’m flat out scared shitless to tell you how I feel. I’m not in the mood to be hit or spit on like I was earlier.” James just sat looking at Beverly waiting for her response to his obvious fear of telling her what his feelings truly were.

She smiled sweetly at her husband and could see the trepidation in his eyes and on his face. She leaned in and kissed him on his right cheek. “James, please, if there was any time for you to tell me the bottom line truth it is now.”

James read her eyes and could see she was serious. “Beverly, I was blind to what was going on around me at the office. I had no idea that Mr. Markstein was so enamored with you. I know this isn’t what you want to hear, but everything that has happened over the past six months is going to culminate with what I’m going to express to you now. I never thought for all the money in the world, I’d tell you what you’re going to hear pass through my lips. I’m in love with Ty. There I’ve said it out loud to someone other than my reflection in the mirror.”

Beverly made all the right moves when she heard the words she was hoping she’d hear. She took James in her arms and held him close to her. When she pulled back she kissed him on his lips. Not the type or length of kiss they used to share in their most intimate moments. Beverly could feel how relaxed James felt in her arms. She released him and said, “James, would you ever have thought this day would happen six months ago? Have you considered living your life as a sissy, not a woman, but a sissy for Ty? Have you considered what it would be like living with him as his sissy wife? I’m not mad or heartbroken that you’ve fallen in love with a big black man. I accept my role in this whole affair, but, I still say that it was your decision to let Mitch fuck me that resulted in your sitting there dressed in female clothes.”

“Can we stop rehashing the past and look towards the future?” James didn’t wait for an answer to what he considered to be a rhetorical question. “I yearn for the time I can be with Ty instead of walking around this palace naked, encased in a chastity device wondering when you were going to verbally or physically abuse me. I desire to have his baseball bat in my hands, in my mouth, and ultimately in me. The time we’re together he treats me not like some sissy bitch, but as his woman. He fucks me on my back with my legs around him. You can disbelieve what I’m about to tell you, but, he moans my name as he shoots his load up my ass, and he tells me he loves me. What I want more than anything else is to have my daily milking cease, the chastity device removed permanently, and I want to experience a full body orgasm. Beverly, I want...”

“James, don’t say anything else. You know all you have to do is tell Mitch you’ll sign the divorce papers and your wish will come true. If any person on the face of this earth can get anything done, it is Mitchell Markstein. I’m willing to bet he would have all the paper work in place for you to marry Tyrone. It would make this evening’s festivities if he could cancel the cuckold wedding and announce his marriage to me. Then you’d be free to marry Tyrone. Then after your naming tonight, we could be girlfriends.”

James’ look of shock made Beverly shake her head approvingly to reinforce her statement that they could become girlfriends. “Don’t pull my chain, Beverly. I never thought when I was growing up in Kansas that I’d end up a sissy cocksucker to some big black man in New York City. My only sadness I feel is my impending loss of family. I don’t think they’ll ever accept what I’ve turned myself into. If you’re wondering, I pined for our marriage as it was before I entered into that eventful contract with Mr. Markstein, but now, I know what you felt the first and all subsequent times you were making love to Mr. Markstein. That is how I feel when I’m making love to Ty.”

They sat opposite each other on James’ bed holding hands each with a tear in their eyes. Beverly broke the trance, released James’ hands, and stood up. She saw a box of tissues on the night table and retrieved one for each of them. As they wiped their eyes, the door to James’ bedroom opened and Mitch wearing his white cotton terrycloth bathrobe walked in as each of them was drying their eyes. He could see James fully dressed and Beverly in one of her thigh length Japanese kimonos. He had absolutely no idea of what just transpired between the two of them.

"Well, what do we have here?" he asked to neither of them specifically.

Beverly took the lead and replied, "What we have here is something you Mr. Markstein have been wishing for since the first time, no, excuse me the second time, you stared at my picture as Ms. Chen gave you a hand job." The look on Mitch's face was priceless because he had no idea that James knew about that incident. "Earlier this evening you asked me about what I'd like to be called beside my given name. You said some other things to me and it got me thinking, so, I came down here and I had a conversation with my husband. Seems James had something to say to me that has great bearing on tonight's festivities. James, would you like to tell Mr. Markstein what you told me?"

Mitch stood waiting for this little charade to cease. He wasn't in any mood for their bullshit considering Beverly didn't give him an answer when he asked for one. He looked at James waiting for an answer.

James stood, straightened his dress, tossed his head to move his hair off his face, and spoke, "Mr. Markstein, I would like to marry Tyrone if he would take me. I will sign the papers to dissolve my marriage to Beverly and ask you to make it possible for me to legally marry Tyrone."

Mitchell Markstein just about fainted when he heard what James had said and asked him. He turned to look at Beverly and saw her smiling from ear-to-ear. James just stood looking at the floor, embarrassed but happy inside that he had the possibility of being with Tyrone for the rest of his life and finally giving to Mr. Markstein the one woman he wanted more than anyone else. Mitch floated over to Beverly, took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately. She responded by opening the front of her kimono so her naked body would be available to Mitch. He felt her nakedness but didn't react as she hoped. He broke the kiss and closed her kimono. He turned to James, smiled, and spoke, "Thank you, James. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. I really mean it sincerely. If I didn't know you were actually a man, I'd kiss you now."

Nothing else was said as Mitch took Beverly out of James' room and returned to the master bedroom. They kissed all the way up the stairs and into the room. Mitch guided her to the bed where he pulled open the kimono and ripped it off her body. He pushed her onto the bed where she immediately opened her legs inviting him into her body. Mitch shed his terrycloth bathrobe and climbed between her outspread legs. He knelt over her and lowered his face to hers. They kissed. Beverly reached for his hanging cock and began to massage it. Their kisses became more intense exposing their sexual need as she felt herself getting wet and he felt his cock beginning to thicken and rise to the occasion. Mitch moved forward and Beverly took the cue to begin rubbing the head of his cock between the lips of her soaked pussy. He usually made it a point to hold his cock as he entered a woman, but this time he let woman he was going to marry place his manhood at the entrance to her body.

Feeling his cock at the right spot in between the lips of her cunt Mitch moved forcing her to release his cock and allow him to enter her body. As he slid his cock into her love canal, he kissed Beverly forcing his tongue into her mouth. She responded to his urgency by raising her knees to his sides and clasping her ankles behind his back. She rolled her hips up positioning her pussy to allow his now rampantly erect cock easy access to her body. Mitch continued to kiss her as he slid into her body. When he bottomed out in her he broke the kiss and looked into her deep blue eyes. He saw what he hoped he would see. Total submission to him and sexual desire waiting and wanting to explore their sexuality together. While bottomed out he moved down enough to place small kisses on her nipples and then took each one in his mouth and sucked them to erection.

Once he completed sucking her nipples he laid the full weight of his body on hers. Beverly raised her arms to his shoulders and began to gently thrust her hips against his all ready bottomed out cock. Mitch raised his head so they were nose-to-nose. He began the act of copulation by pulling the full length of his cock out of her body and driving it back into her. When Beverly felt him jam his cock back into her she knew this fuck session would not be the passionate body-to-body session she craved from him. Then she was surprised as Mitch slid just a small length of his cock out of her and slowly slid it back into her. He kept up this gentle motion giving her time to respond to his thrusting in kind.

"Beverly, I've been waiting for this moment from the first time I laid my eyes on you when you entered the office in my penthouse. This is the fuck I wanted. The fuck after hearing that you'll be mine forever. I want you as my wife, but more importantly, I want you as my whore"

Beverly responded by grabbing him around his shoulders and breathlessly responding, "I love you unconditionally Mitch. I am yours to do with as you please."

They fucked each other with abandon. Mitch started slow and increased his speed as Beverly opened herself to his cock. They kissed, moaned, and made love to each other. Mitch's cock and Beverly's pussy were one. Their connection was hot and wet. They never felt the emotion of sexual pleasure as they did now. Their passion fed their physical sex and then it happened. Beverly felt the shaft of Mitch's cock thicken and his urgent pressure against her crotch. She straightened her legs and used her hands to hold them open. Mitch felt the change in her position and used it to press the full length of his cock into her.

He screamed, "I love you Beverly!!! Take my load!!!! Oh, my, fuckin' God!!!!"

Beverly moaned as she felt his cock exploded inside her. She felt his cum fill her womb. She cried as he ejaculated inside her and her body exploded with her own orgasm. When he finished and was lying on top of her she whispered, "I love you so much Mitch. I don't ever want to lose you. I promise you to never get jealous when you come home late from fucking some other woman. Just sleep in my bed with me and tell me you truly love only me."

Mitch rose up to his elbows and looked into her sweat coated face. He smiled as his cock remained embedded in her cunt. He wasn't surprised by what she just said to him and he had decided months ago if this day came he would honor her request. But he felt he had to do something he'd never done before to her. He reached down and grabbed her leg behind her knees and lifted them. His cock remained inside her.

"You love me unconditionally?"

"Yes, my love," she replied.

"Then I'm going to give you something special right now."

She felt him move slightly and then something warm began to fill her womb. Beverly's eyes flew open as she felt him piss inside her cum filled womb. She couldn't believe he was emptying his bladder inside her. She never even thought a man could do that after he'd fucked a woman, but here she lay with her lover deep inside her filling her with his hot piss. Mitch watched her reaction as he relived himself in her. When he finished he mentioned to her it would be a good idea to clamp her legs shut and make her way to the toilet or shower. He sat chuckling to himself as he watched Beverly with her legs tightly held together bounce her way to the bathroom. Mitch laid back on the bed and relaxed thinking about the upcoming wedding.

Beverly returned from her trip to the bathroom and noticed there were still an hour before she'd need to get dressed for the party. She threw on a pair of Victoria's Secret's boy shorts, knee high stockings, Diesel jeans, and a Victorian blouse from J. Peterman. A pair of ladies New Balance running shoes completed the ensemble. Mitch remained naked on the bed.

Meanwhile on the first floor of Beverly's penthouse condominium James was also surprised when Tyrone knocked and entered his bedroom. James could see Tyrone was taken with how he was dressed. He walked up to the giant of a man and raised his face so Tyrone could bend and give him a kiss. Their lips touched and James put his thin arms around the waist of the man he wanted to call his own. He opened his mouth signaling Tyrone that he wanted more than just their lips to touch. Tyrone opened his mouth and placed his tongue inside James' mouth and pulled it back forcing James to stick his out seeking Tyrone's tongue. A new game was just initiated by Tyrone and James was playing it like the submissive bitch he was. After a few minutes of kissing Tyrone broke the kiss and looked down at James.

"What gives, bitch?"

James blushed and replied, "I have news for you and I don't know if you're going to be happy or extremely mad at me."

Tyrone stood staring at the sissy he'd been fucking for the last six months. But, more than that he'd been treating him like a good woman and teaching him how to dress properly. "I'm waiting James."

"I told Mr. Markstein I wanted to marry you," whispered James. The fear thick in his voice.

"You've got to be kiddin' me. You asked Mitch if you could marry me. What the fuck asshole. I'm not thinking about spending my life with you. You're a fuckin' sissy bitch. Why would I marry you?"

James was flabbergasted, but didn't shy away from Tyrone. He responded, "Because big man, the only way you can cum when fucking is in a sissy's ass not a woman's pussy. You had your cock in my soon to be ex-wife and couldn't get off. You even asked Mitch to allow you to fuck me instead. God, Ty, don't bullshit me!!! I love you!!!"

"James, I'm not bullshitting you. It is true I love to fuck sissy boys up their tight asses. But, I'm not going to be sleeping with a sissy boy when he is in his thirties, forties, or fifties. The reason why I like you is because your ass is still tight to me. I'll grow tired of it and toss you to the side for another younger sissy boy." Tyrone began to laugh as he spoke, "Then all the manager's will have their fun with you except none of them will fill you the way I did. So, why don't you turn around, lift that sexy dress, and let Tyrone fuck your sweet pussy-ass."

James couldn't believe his ears. Tyrone had been playing him for a fool, just like Mr. Markstein. He embarrassed himself when he told Mr. Markstein he wanted to marry Tyrone. He couldn't go back on his word and not sign the divorce papers. James walked up to Tyrone and began hitting him in the chest with the side of his closed fists. Tyrone continued to laugh at him and his lame attempt to punish him. James screamed as he hit Tyrone, "Get out you bastard. Get the fuck out of here!!! I hate you!!! I hate you!!! You're nothing but a piece-of-shit Nigger!!!"

His yelling, screaming, crying, and punching were laughably tolerable, but calling him a Nigger was not acceptable. Tyrone grabbed James' wrists and pulled them so his arms were straight out from his shoulders. The crying sissy boy felt the sharp jolt of pain as Tyrone's knee made contact with his balls. The dress was no match for the uplifting knee as it crushed James' balls into his crotch. Tyrone did not release his wrists and he made a point of lifting James off the floor. It didn't take long for a puddle of urine to form underneath the wailing sissy boy. Tyrone knew he wouldn't have to kick him again, so he just dropped him with enough force to make him land in the puddle of piss making his pretty pink dress all wet.

Tyrone grabbed James by the scruff of his neck and dragged him upstairs to the master bedroom where Mitch and Beverly were laying together in the afterglow of their lovemaking. He threw the door open and tossed James into the room as if he was a Raggedy Andy doll. Mitch and Beverly were startled out of their reverie and sat up to see the sniveling James lying on the floor. Tyrone stood staring at Mitch waiting for his employer to say something to him. Beverly tried to get off the bed, but Mitch stopped her and his stare told her she'd better remain where she was. Mitch eyed James and asked Tyrone what happened.

"Tyrone, what is this all about?" asked Mitch.

Tyrone having calmed himself down replied, "This sissy bitch asked if he could marry me. Who in his right mind gave him the idea that I want to marry some scum sucking sissy bitch? Fuckin' pussy boys on the down low is one thing, but marrying one is just fuckin' rude, man. Especially, this fuckin' sissy that sucks cock and eats cum filled pussy all day at work."

Mitch chuckled, "You'll have to blame me. I hinted to Beverly that if she could get him to sign the divorce papers, I'd help him with papers to marry you. Sorry, but I really want to marry her."

Beverly heard enough, she quickly rolled off the bed and went to James, she yelled at Mitch, "Fuck you, you lousy son-of-a-bitch. You can take your fuckin' money and shove it up your kike ass. Show you how fuckin' smart you are, asshole, I've been salting away in a private overseas numbered account a good percentage of the overly generous allowance you've been giving me. So, now that I see what a two-faced prick you really are, I'm going to take James and depart. Since this place is still in your name Mitch it is all yours."

Beverly stood and helped James up, but saw Tyrone standing blocking their exit. She made sure James was steady enough on his feet and then she went to her bureau. She retrieved a 32 caliber Beretta Tomcat, turned, and fired four shots at Tyrone before he could react to withdraw his Sig Sauer P229 from his holster. Mitch was frozen on the bed as he heard the echo of the pistol shots. Tyrone didn't move fast enough as the first bullet tore into his right knee, the second tore into his left knee, and the third and fourth were a direct hits on his pubic bone. Tyrone was incapacitated on the floor of the master bedroom and could not do anything to protect Mitch or himself for that matter.

She turned to Mitch, pointed the gun, and said, "Never fuck with a country girl there city boy. I've been around guns since I was born and started shooting when I was seven. I'm going to go downstairs to James' room so he can change and then we're going to walk out of this place. You and your Nigger friend over there are going to do absolutely nothing to stop us. About the gunshot injuries he's suffered, I know you'll know a doctor who can sew him up and if he's good save his manhood. Make a move and I'll have no problem putting one dead center between your two-faced eyes. Oh and please don't piss or shit yourself, I don't think it would become you."

Beverly and James backed out of the master bedroom leaving Mitch on the bed and Tyrone clutching his bleeding crotch on the floor. They made it to James' bedroom where he quickly shed his feminine attire for a pair of white briefs, Levi's, an oxford shirt, and a pair of running shoes. Beverly found a towel and cleaned the gun of what she hoped would be all of her fingerprints. She then went into James closet and reached for a box that was hidden on the top shelf. In it were ten packs of one hundred dollar bills, duplicate driver's licenses, social security cards, and two passports. She also found a Coach bag that was large enough to contain the money and the documents. She stuffed everything inside and they made their way out of the condominium, then the building, and had the unsuspecting doorman hail them a cab.

Once in the cab, James, astounded at what had just occurred, spoke to Beverly, "What in God's name have you done?"

"James, I never stopped loving you. I just couldn't accept your idiotic method of trying to make us rich. I'm not letting you off the hook, but I wasn't going to take anymore bullshit from that asshole Markstein. You're still going to serve me except this time I'm going to be in charge."

The cabbie interrupted them to ask, "Where to?"

Beverly replied, "Kennedy Airport. International Arrival/Departure Building."

"We are we headed," asked James as he relaxed and leaned back into the cracked faux leather of the back seat of the yellow New York City cab. He could see the calm that had overcome his wife as she sat next to him.

"I'll figure that out when we get there. For now James, just relax and think about how you're going to serve me the rest of your miserable life."