

# ***CRAVEN SISSY CUCKOLD***

***by Throne***

***"Hey, pansy boy. Get in here."***

***It was my wife Vera's lover, Cole, hollering from the living room. I was at the kitchen sink, wearing nothing but an apron that was bordered with wide ruffles. There was a big flouncy bow in the back. I hated how wearing only that showed off my slender body, which has been denuded of all hair, including my eyebrows. What I have above my eyes are drawn-on eyebrows, high arches that are totally feminine. They go well with the make-up I'm forced to wear daily, including foundation, rouge, and whatever color lipstick is dictated. At that moment my mouth was decorated with dark pink, which matched the apron. My hair has been allowed to grow long and been dyed bright yellow. At that moment it was pulled back into a ponytail, which tickled the back of my neck.***

***"Let's go," the Black man bellowed. "Step and fetch it, girl."***

***I nervously smoothed down the apron and hurried to answer his summons. He was stretched out on the sofa, with an open bag of some sort of snack food. All Cole had on were boxer shorts, so that his dark muscular body was well shown off. Above the waistband of the underwear, dense kinky pubic hair peeked out. Just the sight of it made me queasy. More than once, he'd dragged my face against that area, making me sniff the sweat and secretions that scented it.***

***"Yes, Sir?" My voice quavered.***

***"Get me a can of soda, Josie. Not the ginger ale. Some cola."***

***"Of course, Cole. Whatever you say." Naturally, he never called me Joe. It was always Josie or something insulting.***

***I was desperately anxious to keep him happy. It wasn't pleasant when he got mad. I scurried off to the kitchen, aware that he was getting a good look at my ass as I departed. It was so humiliating to have all of this happening in my own home. Or rather, my wife's home, as Vera had insisted that I put the property, along with everything else, in her name exclusively. I opened the fridge, grabbed a can from the rack on the inside of the door, and swished back, remembering to use the girly walk that I was required to always exhibit. When I tried to hand the can to Cole, he scowled at me.***

***"Damn it. I didn't want that crap. I wanted the other stuff. In the red can."***

***"I'm so sorry." They always had me apologizing, even if I had done very little wrong, or even nothing at all. They were so unfair about everything. "I'll go and get the right one."***

***"Never mind, shit-for-brains. I'll take what you got. But you need to be reminded what happens when you screw up."***

***Oh no. This wasn't going to be pleasant. I stammered out another apology, but it did no good. Cole stood up and pointed to his shorts. I knew what he wanted. Falling to my knees, I hooked my fingers under the waistband and began to lower them. He stepped out of the garment, and I carefully set it aside. Then he sat back down, putting his groin directly in front of me. Cole's king-size cock waited ominously.***

*"I think the perfect thing for you, would be to spend some time with your cute little nose down in all that hair. How about that?"*

*"I'd really rather not. I could get you a different soft drink and..."*

*The sound of him yanking the pull tab on what I'd delivered told me that we were sticking with Plan A. He took a long swallow, sighed contentedly, and set the can on the end table. I would be retrieving the empty to put in recycle, as well as picking up the snack bag once it was empty. He never cleaned up after himself. In fact, sometimes I was sure he went out of his way to make a bigger mess than necessary, so I would have more to do. Cole belched. His big hand flashed out and grabbed my ponytail. I yelped as I was pulled forward. His dense pubic bush rushed toward me. He tugged my face into it. His male musk was a powerful scent. The wiry hairs got into my eyes, nose and mouth. I had to fight back the urge to throw up.*

*"What's the matter? Don't you like getting up-close-and-personal with my junk?"*

*His cock was a monster, long and thick, with veins standing out along its impressive length. The head was wide and dark. As he held my face against the thick growth of hair, I could feel that enviable tool enlarging. Soon it was rubbing the side of my neck. I couldn't help mentally comparing what he had to my undersized member. That difference was only one of the reasons my wife now denied me sex and gave herself eagerly to him. There was also my problem with premature ejaculations and my timid approach to intercourse, both of which had contributed to her not having orgasms. With Cole, she finished often and loudly.*

*"Hey," he said, "here's an idea. You don't like what's down there because I don't always wash up, like you do. I never use them perfume soaps and that flowery shampoo of yours. So maybe what we need to do is get me clean. Don't that sound good?"*

*My voice was muffled, because my lips were mashed against him. I said, "Yes, Cole. Thank you."*

*"I only want what works for you, Josie. So, let's get me washed up. Give all that hair a good tongue bath."*

*"What?" I was surprised and disgusted. He couldn't be serious.*

*"You heard me. Get busy or get smacked."*

*I didn't want any of his nasty face slapping so, as much as it sickened me, I did what I was told to. As I lapped at the mat of hair, like a cat licking its fur, I heard a familiar womanly laugh.*

*"That's a great way to start your morning, Cole," exclaimed Vera. "And I see that my husband made sure to get you stiff. I guess he wants to give me some competition, when it comes to sucking that fat sausage."*

*"Yeah," Cole agreed. "He gets that hungry sissy look whenever he sees my Johnson. Maybe it's time to start him using his mouth on it."*

*"Well," Vera mused, "we don't want to upset the poor dear. His emotions are so delicate. How about if he starts by just giving it some kisses?"*

*"Sounds good," he agreed. "Sounds really good." To me he said, "You heard the lady, Josie. Get some of your lipstick on my dipstick."*

*My wife laughed, as if he had made some witty sophisticated remark. I was repulsed by what they wanted. The alternative was to get roughed up by Cole, possibly spanked over his muscular thighs, or used as a punching bag. If he did those things to me, I would end up surrendering and putting my lips on his straining shaft anyway. I was easier to give in at once. I'm a coward at heart, and more so when confronted by his threatening presence and short temper. He let go of my ponytail. I took his cock gently in my fingers and pressed my mouth to the underside, down near his heavy balls. I couldn't contain a whimper. Vera found the scene hilariously funny. That meant I would be washing his pubic hair with my tongue on a regular basis, and we would keep progressing toward me using my mouth on his prick to do more than give him a few kisses. I left a trail of lipstick traces from my starting point, up to the knob, where I lingered on the sensitive frenum, that narrow strip of tissue under the crown. He sighed contentedly, then shocked me with a slap to the side of my head. It was hard enough to topple me over onto my side. I lay there, sprawled at his feet, the taste of him thick in my mouth.*

*Vera sat by his side and said, "I better take over now." All she had on was a see-through nightie, one that ended just below her waist. There were not panties. I could see his spunk, drying in her pussy hair. She leaned back and stretched her arms out languorously. The movement made her big bust thrust out. Cole cupped a hand over one heavy breast and lightly massaged it. She purred and wriggled her wide hips, with sexual energy building up in her system. I was all too familiar with the signs. She gripped his still hard cock and stroked it up and down, very slowly. Her fingers couldn't encompass its considerable girth. He turned toward her, and they shared a probing kiss. Pangs of jealousy tore at me. The softness of her big boob, pinkly white, was squeezed out between his dark fingers. I sniffled and wrapped my arms around myself.*

*My wife glanced down at me and said, "Get out of that apron, Josie. Let's see you in some stockings and the panties with no gusset."*

*I cringed, got up, and shed the apron. They smirked at my naked body, smooth and pale all over. My tiny pecker twitched at the sight of my gorgeous Vera, despite what she and Cole were doing. I started to get an erection.*

*Cole pointed out, "The little freak must like to see us getting busy. Look at his candy-stick."*

*"It's hard to tell when he gets excited. It's so small, soft or hard."*

*They laughed. I scooted away, hung the apron on its hook in the kitchen, and headed for the guest bedroom, which was where I slept most nights. It had been redecorated in an exaggeratedly girlish fashion, all candy-colored, from the curtains to the stuffed animals atop the dresser, to the bedspread and pillowcases. There was always a background aroma of perfume and powder in the air. It was close to impossible to grab hold of even an iota of male thinking in that environment. I had dressed myself, often enough, in the ever-expanding wardrobe my wife was building, that it was easy to do now. I found a pair of shiny pink stockings, of the stay-up type. In the panty drawer of my dresser, I dug down through the ruffled ones, bikini-cut, polka-dotted, and thong models, until I came to a pair that had nothing where the crotch should be. They were so shameful that I hated having to wear them. Before Vera started dominating me, I never had any inclination to wear women's clothes. She saw right away how much it disturbed me, and the way it damaged my masculine self-image, so of course she made me do it more and more. After she had my body hair removed -- permanently -- it was even more difficult for me to reconnect with my male persona. Now that she had wisely invested our savings and we could live off the income that generated, I was home all the time and never allowed to dress as a man while there. On the occasions when I was sent on some errand, it felt strange to wear a shirt and pants. As you might suspect, under those I inevitably had panties and perhaps a camisole.*

*I sat on the edge of the bed and rolled the stockings up my hairless legs. The sensation of them made me tingle. I had noticed how the feel of girly things now made me react that way. My hope was that, even if I couldn't reverse the reaction, at least it wouldn't grow any stronger. I was beginning to doubt my ability to achieve even that. I got the panties over my feet, stood up, and worked them upward, then snugged them into place. It was dreadful, the way they framed and drew attention to my undersized genitals and the smooth skin around them. I started back toward the living room, putting a sway in my hips without even thinking about it. The moments when I could assert a bit of manly body language had become rare, and I feared they would soon be nonexistent. I sighed as I reentered the living room. They weren't there. I heard Vera's giggles and knew the pair had moved to the bedroom. I scampered back the way I had come, arms held out to the sides, elbows bent, hands elevated,*

*and wrists limp. My only small consolation was that no one could see me just then. However, when I entered the room, hands still flopping up and down, Cole and Vera snickered at the sight I made. They eyed my exposed male parts, pointed, and laughed boisterously. They were standing, him naked from before, with Cole helping my wife out of that filmy sleepwear. After he had it off her, he ran his hands appreciatively up and down her curves, spending extra time on the sides of her heavy breasts, and the swell of her hips, before reaching around to knead the well-upholstered cushions of her backside. She ground her pelvis against his, angling his rigid cock upwards, and applying pressure to it with her body. He seized her roughly, gave her a hard kiss, and then laid her back on the mattress. She turned herself so she was centered, and he quickly put himself between her spread thighs, on his knees. Cole got the rounded end of his cock against her moist pussy lips and eased halfway in. She gasped and clawed at the top sheet with both hands. He chuckled, then thrust violently, burying his impressive member all the way up to his balls. The abrupt penetration made Vera cry out. From the ecstatic expression on her face, I thought she might swoon. But as soon as he commenced an in-out rhythm, like a piston in her pussy, she was brought back to full alertness, and wrapped her legs around his middle.*

*"You're incredible," she said breathily. "Not like Josie over there."*

*I stood with my hands impotently at my sides. To my shame, my penis was still halfway erect. Being cuckolded while I was in the room took me to the depths of disgrace. My wife had zero respect for me. She sneered in my direction. Cole slowed his tempo.*

*Vera went on, "It was bad enough that Josie's dick is no bigger than a bite-size candy bar. But it always went off too soon. And he was so shy about screwing me that I felt like I was with a virgin, which is what he was before he met me." She never tired of bringing up those three points. "Thank goodness I made him learn to eat my snatch. That's the only way he was ever able to get me off. He's handy like that, when you're not around."*

*"How about," Cole began, at ease even though he was in the middle of sex, "if he goes down on you when I am around?"*

*"Why? You give me everything I need."*

*"Yeah, but I leave a big mess in your cootch. So, if he goes downtown after we do the deed..."*

*She finished the thought for him, "... I get cleaned up."*

*"And maybe even have a bonus climax," he suggested.*

*"Holy crap," she enthused. "That would be fun. And it would really remind the twerp of his place in this house."*

*"So, how about I pump a big load into your tunnel of love, and when I roll off you, the wimp slides in, gets his face down there, and laps up the whole mess."*

*"That would be incredible. I'm getting six kinds of excited, just thinking about it. Do the deed, Cole. Give me the cream filling." She took a deep breath. "But not too soon. Right now, I'm more sexed up than I've ever been before. Nancy Knickers over there can wait for her dessert. I'm sure she'll enjoy thinking about what's to come, after you cum."*

*He nodded. "Yeah. Those sissies love the taste of spunk. And the way he was getting his lips all over my stick, a little while ago, I could tell he wanted to do plenty more."*

*"Maybe we should have him clean you off, too," she said with fevered anticipation.*



*"Sure, baby. But let's keep that on hold for a while. Give him something to think about for now. He can anticipate it later tonight, when he's in his girly bed next door, drifting off to sweet sissy dreams."*

*She chortled. It wasn't a reassuring sound. He increased his pace. I had to witness his enviable shaft, as it slid in and out of my wife's accommodating body. She writhed and moaned as lust took over. Her hands went to his solid biceps and held on. It was like he was trying to nail her to the mattress, with that marlinspike of an organ. As I was seized by trembling, he launched her into the first of what turned out to be a trio of orgasms. Cole maintained self-restraint and didn't let himself spurt until the middle of her last quaking finale. Afterwards, he stretched out alongside her. They came down from their sex-induced intoxication.*

*He said, his tone soft but commanding, "Hey, Josie, time to go to work. You know how, the same as always, except now you got to swallow all that vanilla topping."*

*From Vera came a long exhalation. "This is going to be amazing. Go on, Josie. Do a good job of cleaning me up. And remember that this is going to be a regular thing, from now on."*

*I choked slightly as I got into the familiar position, to practice the unfamiliar addition to my usual performance. Her slit was running over with his thick discharge. I got close enough to breath in the distinctive odor of it. Blinking back tears, too scared of Cole to protest or refuse, I poked out my tongue and touched it to the warm salty load. I was about to consume another man's semen, along with my wife's sexual juices, all from her well-used puss. This was going to be so much worse than having my face in Cole's pubic bush. I lapped up a generous portion, let it roll back on my tongue, took it into my mouth, closed my lips, and forced myself to swallow. It was nauseating but, craven cuckold that I am, I went right back for more. The kind of physical punishments that Cole could administer were never far from the forefront of my thoughts. I slurped and slobbered. My wife was so aroused by what I was being made to do, that it was easy to trigger an additional Big O, though not one so big as what her bedmate of choice could provide. By the end, they were kissing, lips locked together, while I was sharing a different type of lip lock with her slippery labia.*

*Spurred on by the joy she took in inflicting that indignity, Vera soon began to take an added interest in dressing me in mortifying outfits. She loved to get me ready before Cole arrived, so I could greet him at the door in some especially emasculating look. For instance, the next time he visited, after my initial feeding of cream pie, she came up with an inspired costume. It consisted of a fishnet top and matching stockings, along with a headband to which were attached cat ears. She drew a half dozen long whiskers on my upper lip and across my cheeks. My transformation was completed with black ballet slippers and a long feline tail. Unfortunately for me, that final accessory was connected to a fat butt plug. Vera lubed up the anal invader and made me bend way over, so she could insert it. Less interested in getting the job finished, then in prolonging my anxiety, she postponed the next step. My wife went and got herself a glass of wine, leaving me in that awkward and shamefully revealing posture. When she came back, she decided to savor her drink. Then she made a phone call to her lover, to announce that he could expect me to meet him as he entered, while I was sporting a new fashion statement. After some dirty talk with him, the call was at last over. My lower back had begun to ache. She gleefully positioned the rump-rammer and slowly pushed it home. I wailed and sniffled, but it got fully inserted and was designed to not be removable unless someone pulled it out. I spent the next several hours in the role of her house pet, going around on all fours, making my tail swing from side to side, purring and mewling. She even gave me a fish oil capsule, reminding me that cats love that flavor. I had to bite into the soft gel covering, which made the contents spurt onto my tongue. The taste made my nose wrinkle and my eyes water. She caught a whiff of my breath, from a safe distance, and declared it to be stomach-turningly appropriate for my feline role.*

*When Cole arrived, and I was right inside the door waiting for him, he howled with laughter. "But you know," he told Vera, "That pussycat get-up does make Josie kind of kinky-sexy. Like she's working at The Kitty Club or something. It's got my Jones throbbing. I'm thinking that this is the time to break her mouth in, all the way, and start the girl on some deep-throating lessons."*

*Vera licked her lips. "Wow. I can take some pictures of her Cat Girl outfit, and then the job she does on that pussy-stretcher of yours. I could keep your face out of the shots, and then post them online. I've checked out some real twisted pages, that would be thrilled to have a whole series of pictures, called something like..." She paused thoughtfully. "... Princess Pussy-Sissy Licks Up the Cream."*

*He laughed heartily. "Yeah. And she could use that cat-tongue on my balls, too. Make her a star with lots of freaky guys."*

*It was like I was on a slippery slope, sliding lower and lower, with no bottom in sight. Vera got her phone to capture the images. Cole stripped down, right in front of me. I stared at his dangling cock, with its heavy head pointing straight down, while strange stirrings ran back and forth between my mind and my dick. Had the lovers brought me that far? Was I going to become as much of a sissy as they acted like I was?*

*"You're going to love it, Josie," Cole assured me, as Vera aimed her phone at his equipment. "Like I always knew you would, when we got to cock sucking time."*

*At Vera's instructions, I sank to my knees, got down on all fours, and moved toward him, making sure to sway my bottom and keep the tail in motion. My dick was pulsing insistently. Please, I silently begged, make that stop. But as I flicked the tip of my tongue against Cole's massive meat, the unwanted sensations persisted. I licked his unwashed balls all over and he began to get hard. Against my will, so did I. All too soon, I was running my tongue up and down the underside of his cock, from base to corona, then swirling around the widest part of the head. By then I was so hard that it hurt. I told myself that what was happening was because they hadn't been permitting me to ejaculate but I had trouble convincing myself it was true. I groaned from a combination of shame and need. When I capped his knob and sucked hard on it, something in my brain gave way. Perhaps it was the last of my ability to resist. All at once, I had both hands on the root of his nightstick-like prod and was lovingly pumping as I mouthed. Without being told to, I took in as much as I could, until my gag reflex stopped me. I heard myself moan and understood that it was the sound of disappointment, because I couldn't take him all the way. My wife and her lover were unexpectedly silent. They must have figured out what was happening in my psyche. Vera got down on one knee, used the hand that wasn't holding the camera, and felt around between my legs. She located my undeniably hard dick and gave it a squeeze. She went down onto her elbows, to catch a shot of my embarrassing erection. Then she resumed making a record of my inaugural, and all too enthusiastic, blowjob.*

*"I'm getting there," Cole assured me. "Going to bust my nut soon. You been waiting for this. Thinking about it when you in your sissy bed, listening to us screw in the next room, hoping we'll call you to come and do some clean-up. We skipped the step where you lick all the spunk off my rod, but don't worry, because we'll get to that next time. Right now, you got to finish what you started. You're just a slut for cock, Josie. We can see that, for sure."*

*He clamped his hands on the sides of my head and swore softly. His breathing accelerated. I was taking a perverse pride in a job well done. My hands moved faster, riding up and down on his pole. Cole grunted loudly. His hips jerked. Hot cream flooded my mouth. I had to fight to gulp it down quickly enough. He held on tightly. Cream ran out of the side of my mouth and down to my jawline.*

*Vera said, "I guess that counts as the money shot. You are going to be such a hit online, Josie. I know these pictures will go viral. There won't be a sissy site that doesn't feature them."*

*I was in a daze. She had me lick my lips for the camera. It was sinking in, not just what I had done, but how spiritedly I had done it. And my puny dick was still ragingly erect. She got me to sit back on my haunches and show it off for the lens. Then I had to play with it. Cole told me to get some of the cream that still coated the inside of my mouth, onto my fingers, and rub it into my nipples. Doing that drove me to the edge of exploding, but she forbade me from giving myself relief.*

*"Let's save that for another picture session," Vera decided. "Making you shoot into the palm of your hand and lick it up. We're going to have so much fun, with me dressing you up, and you acting out lots of different sissy fantasies. Everyone will be convinced that you adore doing this. In fact, I'm beginning to believe it myself, seeing how stiff your baby dick is, with that drop of clear stuff on the end. I can't wait to dress you as a cheerleader, a goth girl sissy, a hooker, and whatever else I can dream up. Doing it is so exciting that it already keeps me horny all the time. Thank goodness I have Cole to take care of my runaway sex drive. And you, Josie, to clean up afterwards, and give me a bonus orgasm every time."*

*The big man got up and hauled me roughly to my feet. "And I can't wait to have you be my personal cock cleaner, after every time I slam your wife. This just keeps getting better and better. Don't you agree, Josie?"*

*I'm too much of a coward to stand up to him, even in a small way like disagreeing with something he says, that's obviously not true. So, I said, "Yes, Cole. Thank you, Sir. I'm looking forward to everything." Without thinking, I added, "Especially using my mouth on your cock, right after it comes out of Vera's pussy." Why had I included that? What was happening to me? And how far would it go?*

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*(The scene of Josie having her face against Cole's pubic hair was suggested by an online friend, who I'll identify simply as 'J'. I thank him for sharing the fruits of his fertile imagination.)*