

Trophy Wife and the Cuck

A Cuckolding Tale

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Trophy Wife and The Cuck

KNEELING ON THE HARDWOOD floor of the guest room, naked except for the hard plastic cock cage locked on my dick, I heard Dani laughing beyond the closed door. It sounded like she was in our bedroom. I had been inside the guestroom for about ten minutes. Dani had sent me here when the doorbell rang, telling me she was expecting a friend and wanted me out of sight.

Then she had added, “You know, a friend with a real dick.”

I wasn’t sure why I put up with it. I’m the CEO of a major motion picture studio earning a \$1 million base salary along with a long-term incentive award with a target value of \$25 million a year. Dani was the trophy wife I’d married after divorcing my first wife.

I’d been happy the first year of our marriage, but while we were having a celebratory dinner the night of our first anniversary, Dani had announced something that shook me to the core. She informed me she wanted me to wear a cock cage. When I started to protest, she smirked

at me and told I would wear the cock cage and abide by her decisions if I wanted us to stay married.

Of course, I didn't want to do it. But I had no choice. Dani is a gorgeous woman, thirty years my junior. I didn't want to lose her. But I also couldn't afford a divorce. Foolishly, I had ignored my attorney's advice and hadn't asked her to sign a pre-nup. If we divorced, Dani would take half of my substantial net worth, which wasn't as substantial as it had been before I divorced my first wife to marry Dani.

I didn't understand why she had insisted on the chastity. It made no sense. I'm 55, but I go to the gym, jog, and stay fit. I had believed we had a great sex life. Dani always seemed so satisfied whenever we had sex. But that same night, when we arrived back home after the anniversary dinner, she had made me undress and had produced from her lingerie drawer the first of the chastity devices. She had kept me permanently locked ever since and many other cages had followed over the next year, each one a little smaller.

Wearing a cock cage permanently except for a half hour on Saturday mornings when Dani unlocks me for a proper shower and to clean the chastity device is humiliating. Not being able to have sex with my own gorgeous wife is even more humiliating. But Dani, who now insists I call her Mistress, seems determined to invent new and even crueler ways to humiliate me constantly. I suspect this afternoon I will soon suffer the most humiliating experience of all.

The door opened. Dani stood framed in the doorway with what now seemed the ever-present cruel smile on her lips. I saw she had removed the denim shorts she had on earlier but still wore the gray

hoodie, the hem of which extended just below her waist, exposing her smoothly shaven pussy.

“You can come out now, cuck,” Dani smirked. “I want you to watch and my friend is all good with it.”

Knowing Dani would brook no argument, resigned to my fate, I got to my feet. Dani walked over to me, removing the silver chain from her neck that held the key to the cock cage. To my surprise, she inserted the key, unlocked the device, and then roughly yanked the cage and base ring off me.

“I want him to see how tiny your little shrimp dick is,” Dani chided, before convulsing in laughter.

Dani’s remark, as it always did when she ridiculed the size of my manhood, cut deep. Yes, I had never been porn star material, but I knew I was a little above average in size. No woman I’d had sex with, not even Dani, had ever complained or seemed unsatisfied. Not until Dani insisted on the chastity and told me my cock was too small to satisfy her. Now, mocking the size of my dick was one of her favorite things. And after a year of wearing smaller and smaller cock cages, even I could see I was no longer above average.

“Come, Bob,” Dani commanded. “Our guest is waiting.”

Turning, she walked toward the doorway. Obediently, I followed, feeling weirdly exposed and ill at ease without the ever-present cage. I glanced at Dani’s perfectly shaped, gorgeous ass. She had also removed her panties. Just looking at her ass had been enough in the past to make

me rock hard. But because of the tsunami of anxious feelings, it had no effect this afternoon.

Following Dani down the hallway and into the bedroom, I saw a curious sight. There stood a muscular guy with six-pack abs, about two inches taller than my six feet. His legs were long and muscular. He looked early thirties, I guessed, but I couldn't be sure because he had on a black balaclava that covered his face. He wore nothing else and sported a fully erect, thick cock, the biggest cock I had ever seen outside of porn videos.

"This is my friend," Dani announced. "Kneel there at his feet, Bob, like a good boy."

Bile rose in my throat along with almost fully formed words of protest. But I knew better than to defy her. Saying nothing, I stepped forward and gingerly lowered myself to my knees, a foot away from the ruddy, flushed flesh of his cock head.

"You're probably wondering why our guest is wearing the mask." Dani quipped.

I made no reply, assuming she would tell me when she was ready.

"Actually, our guest works for your company," Dani chuckled. "He is your employee."

I still said nothing, feeling the heat of my blushing face.

“Well, you can’t expect your mistress to do all the work,” Dani said. “Move closer and take that huge, gorgeous cock in your mouth, Bob. I want you to fluff him before he fucks me.”

Frozen in horror at her words, I couldn’t move a muscle. Then I felt Dani slap the back of my head.

“I mean now, shrimp dick,” Dani demanded.

I shuffled forward on my knees, my stomach clenched in revulsion at the thought of what Dani was making me do. Tentatively, I opened my mouth, but couldn’t go forward with it. Dani was only too happy to assist. She grabbed a handful of my hair in one hand and pushed against the back of my head with the other, guiding my mouth the last few inches forward until I felt the bulbous cock head pass between my lips into my open mouth. When it reached the back of my throat, I gagged.

“Don’t be so greedy,” Dani chided. “This is your first time and you aren’t ready to deep throat yet.”

Standing behind me, Dani grasped my cheeks in her hand, forcing me to bob up and down on the man’s massive cock. I felt nauseous.

“That’s it!” Dani exclaimed gleefully. “Suck that cock like a good little limp-dick cocksucker.”

After what seemed several minutes, the guy began moaning softly and clasped the sides of my head in his hands, pumping his hard dick in and out of my mouth, making tears well up in my eyes and making me

choke and gag. Suddenly, grabbing a handful of my hair, Dani jerked my mouth away.

“That’s enough, greedy slut,” she said. “You will make him come and he hasn’t fucked me yet.”

Leaning back, resting my buttocks on my heels, I wiped my eyes.

“Over there, lover,” Dani cooed to the guy, pushing him towards our bed. When the back of his knees touched the edge of the bed, Dani pushed with her hand against his chest, and he fell onto the bed on his back. Dani climbed onto the bed, straddling his thighs. I watched as she directed the tip of his enormous cock to her opening with her hand and then she slowly lowered herself, taking him deep inside her pussy.

“Oh, my god,” Dani moaned. “He’s so big, Bob. He’s stretching your wife’s pussy. I barely felt your pathetic little dick inside me before. After this, I wouldn’t feel you at all. I’d just keep asking you if it was in yet.”

Turning her head, she looked at me over her shoulder, grinning.

“I want you to watch every second of this, Bob. I want the images of your wife fucking a man who can satisfy her seared into your brain. And don’t you dare to even touch your tiny dick.”

I felt tears trickling down my cheeks as I watched my wife energetically riding another man’s cock while I watched helplessly. With each stroke, her wet pussy made slurping sounds. Soon, the scent of

sex filled the room. She continued riding his cock until she shrieked and her body quivered and the orgasm washed over her. It was to be only the first.

Dani climbed off him and stood beside the bed, her legs still shaking. Taking his hand, she pulled him up onto his feet. Then she glanced at me.

“Stand up, Bob,” she commanded. “Come here. I want him to see how tiny your little shrimp dick is.”

Standing reluctantly, I took a step. Dani grabbed my flaccid cock and yanked me forward.

“Closer,” she insisted. “Don’t be shy, Bob. You’ve already sucked his dick.”

Taking the man’s erect cock in her other hand, she pulled mine next to it and then burst into laughter.

“See how pathetically small his dick is?” Dani chuckled to him. “You could fit ten dicks his size inside your gorgeous cock and have room left over.”

My face burned with shame, hearing my wife ridiculing the size of my dick in front of another man, a man she claimed I employed. This ultimate experience of humiliation felt overwhelming. After recovering from her fit of laughter, Dani released my cock.

“Get on the bed, Bob,” she said. “Lie down on your back with your head right here on the edge.”

I climbed on the bed and lay down as she had instructed me. She grabbed my head in her hands and pulled, encouraging me to scoot closer to the edge.

“Perfect,” she said. “This time I want you to get a real close up look of the action.”

Dani climbed onto the bed, her knees straddling my head, with her camel-toe pussy directly above my face.

“I want more of your delicious cock,” she cooed to the guy.

He moved behind Dani’s upturned ass, and I watched as his cock slid inside my wife’s pussy, stretching her, just inches above my face. He thrust slowly in and out of her and I saw her pussy juices glistening on his shaft.

“Fuck me harder,” Dani moaned after a few minutes. “Pound my pussy, baby.”

He increased the speed, slamming his dick in and out of Dani, his balls slapping against her pussy lips and his lower belly slapping against her ass.

“That’s it,” Dani squealed in delight. “Fuck me, baby. Make me come on your beautiful cock.”

The wetness from Dani's drenched pussy dripped onto my face each time he withdrew his massive cock before ramming it deep inside her again and again. Soon he was driving it in and out at even a faster pace. Dani shrieked and pushed back against him, greedily taking every inch of him. Her hips bucked as she came again.

"Oh, fuck... I'm coming on your cock," she whimpered.

Her words seemed to push him over the edge. He moaned while thrusting harder and faster for several moments, and then grunted loudly. After a few much slower thrusts in and out, he withdrew his dick from my wife's pussy, already deflating. Breathing hard, he flopped onto the bed beside her on his back, catching his breath.

Rising up on her knees, Dani looked down at me.

"He came in my pussy, Bob. If I get pregnant, won't that be a scandal? Everyone knows about your vasectomy. They will know it's not yours. Better clean my pussy. I want you to suck all his sperm out of my cunt."

She lowered her freshly fucked pussy, pressing and grinding it against my mouth.

"Lick it up, Bob. Suck that sperm out of my pussy. You better do a good job."

I licked halfheartedly, tasting the mixture of her juices and his semen. The semen kept leaking out of her into my mouth.

“You’re not sucking, Bob. I want to hear you slurping.”

She slapped my balls hard.

Groaning, I tried licking and sucking with more enthusiasm. Dani ground her sodden pussy against my mouth.

After what must have been ten minutes, Dani raised up on her knees and felt between her legs.

“Did you do a good job, Bob?” she asked. “Did you clean my pussy thoroughly?”

“Yes, Mistress,” I croaked, trying to catch my breath.

“Good boy,” she said, climbing off.

Then she grabbed me by the hair and pulled my face toward the guy’s crotch.

“Now you can clean his cock,” she said. “It’s the least you can do to thank him for satisfying your wife, something you’re incapable of doing.”

As she forced my face closer, she continued.

“See where the come dripped onto his stomach? Right there above his cock. Lick that all up first, then suck it all off his dick.”

She pressed my face down against his stomach and I licked at the thick, sticky goo. Then she reached down, forcing my mouth open and then down on his semi-erect cock. The semen was slimy and tasted like a mixture of salt and bleach.

After Dani felt I had cleansed him sufficiently, she pulled my mouth away from his dick.

“That’s enough for now,” she cooed. “You can have more cock when he comes to visit us again soon. By the way, I think I mentioned he is your employee, even though you don’t know which one. But how embarrassing will it be for you when he tells everyone at work the boss sucked his dick after he finished fucking his wife?”

My heart sank. I had forgotten the introduction. He hadn’t said a word the entire time and because of the mask, I had no clue who the guy was.

The mystery man chuckled a little as he got up off the bed and dressed. He and Dani left the room with their arms around each other, leaving me lying on the bed while she walked him to the door. She returned a few minutes later and lay down beside me. She fondled my still flaccid dick. It hadn’t even grown semi-hard during the entire ordeal.

“I’m beginning to worry you’re getting ED on top of all your other shortcomings,” Dani giggled. “Pun intended.”

Now that we were alone together and the feelings of extreme humiliation were abating, my cock began responding to her touch. Dani kept stroking until it grew hard.

“Actually, it’s sort of cute when it gets hard,” Dani said. “Even if it is so tiny.” Then she laughed.

I groaned.

“Tell you what,” she cooed. “Since you were such a good boy, before I lock it back up, I’ll let you rub your pathetic little dick between my ass cheeks and you can spurt your load on my ass. How does that sound?”

“Yes, please,” I moaned. Suddenly, I was so horny, desperate for relief. One last indignity didn’t seem to matter.

Dani pulled off the hoodie and flopped onto her stomach and arched her back to raise her ass. I straddled her hips and eagerly ground my hard cock between her beautiful ass cheeks. After being caged for months, it didn’t take long before I felt the orgasm building at the base of my cock. I moaned and, with a grunt of satisfaction coupled with a vague sense of shame, I unloaded my spunk on her exposed ass. My cock spasmed, once, twice, three times. Gripping the shaft of my deflating cock, I raised up and looked at the thick ropes of semen on Dani’s gorgeous ass, some running down into her crack.

Never turning over or looking back, Dani said, “Clean up your mess now. That’s a good little cuck.”