

## Angel Learns My Secret

My wrists strained at the ropes that bound me to the chair. The vibrator taped to my cock was driving me mad while I watched my leather clad bride mount her lover's huge black cock. Angel smiled at me teasingly, knowing the pleasure and pain I was experiencing....

Suddenly I heard her key in the door I quickly turn off the magic wand, put it in the desk drawer, and switch the computer screen to face book. I could feel pre-cum in my underwear. Damn, why couldn't she have been gone just another five minutes?

At my age, cumming was not as easy as it use to be, and I felt guilty having orgasms to the porn on the internet instead of with my lovely wife, but sometimes my fantasies got the best of me.

"Hi honey, did you miss me?" She asked.

"Of course sweetheart, I have just been catching up on face book while you were gone." I lied.

I have always kept my fantasies to myself. I was afraid if I told my wife Angel, what my biggest turn-ons were, it would freak her out. Not that she was a prude. She was very sexy, quite uninhibited and willing to try new things.

I guess I was worried that if I told her I fantasized about her dominating and feminizing me, then fucking other men, she would lose all respect for me or I might lose her altogether to one of her lovers.

So I kept my cuckold thoughts to myself. I visited various sites on the internet which catered to wimps and cuckold wannabes. I would always wait until she was out doing errands, and quickly log on to these sites and masturbate, imaging Angel in the role of my dominate, emasculating, cuckolding wife.

One evening Angel seemed to be in an especially sexy mood and told me she wanted to try something kinky for a change. I agreed and upon her request, stripped and allowed her to ball-gag me and tie me spread-eagle to our bed.

As soon as I was tied and completely helpless, her demeanor changed. She became very dominate, almost angry with me.

She quickly changed into a very sexy leather corset, net stockings and boots, which I had never seen before. She had a cruel smile on her face and a cat-o-nine tale whip in her hand.

"So you don't trust your own wife enough to confide your secret fantasies eh?" She said. "I have been looking on your computer's history and have discovered some of the sites you like to visit!" She continued.

I was starting to sweat. I shook my head violently and moaned a muffled denial through to ball gag.

She merely laughed at me and started slowly dragging the whip over my body. "So my little wimp wants to be dominated, emasculated and cuckolded, does he?" She quipped.

Again, I shook my head and tried to issue a "no", through the gag.

"Oh don't bother to try and denying it, bitch!" She stated, "I can see you are getting hard just by my mentioning it!"

It was true; I was being betrayed by my own cock, which was growing harder with her words and actions.

"Does my little sissy want to see me get fucked by a big black cock?" She said to me in a mocking, little girl voice. "How about having you serve me and my lovers in a cute little maid's outfit or suck their cocks to make them hard so they can give me the fucking I really deserve? Then you can lick their cum out of my pussy so it is nice and clean for the next big cock!"

She had started stroking my cock as she spoke and I was on the verge of cumming. She could sense this and would remove her hand each time before I could shoot. She was driving me crazy!

"Does my little small-dicked cucky want to cum?" She asked. "Looked how turned on you are when I verbally abuse you!" Just the mere mention of being cuckolded gets you harder than you have been in months. I can see I have been barking up the wrong tree, I mean twig. I think I'm going to like having some nice big cocks to suck and fuck for a change!"

I was mortified. She had me by the balls. My cock had given me away. True, my half-hard-on had not been very successful in the past few months in satisfying her and I had been force to use my fingers and tongue to get her off. Now, here I was, hard as a rock and the mere mention of her fucking other men.

"I'll tell you what," She said. "I will give you a change to repute these charges. If you can keep from cumming while I continue to degrade you and tell you how much I look forward to our new sex life, with your cock caged and me fucking whomever I want, I will untie you and we will resume our normal, if not somewhat boring sex life. However, if you do cum, I will take that as a sign you want to become my little sissy cuckold bitch and I will start looking for new lovers, ok?"

Again I shook my head violently but to no avail. She rubbed some lubricant on my throbbing cock and with a slow stroking motion, began to talk in a soft, sexy, voice.

"I think the first thing I need to do it to remove your beard and all that nasty hair on your body. Everybody knows that hairy bodies are for real men, not sissy, small-dicked, bitches. Then we can go shopping and I will have the salesgirl help me pick out some nice sissy, maid's clothes for you.

I could feel the pre-cum starting to ooze from my cock. No, no, think of something else, concentrate, don't let her make you come, I kept thinking to myself.

"The, after I have trained you as my sissy maid, I think I will throw a party and invite my girlfriends so you can serve us in your cute new uniform and they can see what a sissy wimp you really are. Maybe we will hire a black male exotic dancer and you can watch me suck his cock. Would you like that?" She quipped.

Too late, I couldn't stand it any longer. I had gone past the point of no return. My cum started rising from my balls and came shooting out of my cock, again and again, landing on my face, chest, and stomach. I had not cum this hard during our entire marriage. It was the relief of a lifetime of stored up

fantasies, exploding all at once.

Angel laughed as I came, stating "You lose, I win. From now on, you will be my submissive little sissy cuckold. You will do whatever I ask, without question. I intend on making this as humiliating as possible for you. I still love you more than anyone in the whole world. That is why I am doing this. To make your dreams and fantasies come true and some of mine, too!"

She took off my ball gag and started scooping up my cum with her finger and feeding it to me. "Better get use to the taste," She said smiling, "You are going to getting a lot more of this. Maybe it will help you become more of a man, but I doubt it."

I felt totally humiliated. Tears were rolling down my cheeks. I felt she had lost all respect for me and no longer viewed me as a man.

She must have sensed this. She took me in her arms and said. "Don't worry, my love. I still love and respect you more than any man in the world. I was just mind-fucking you to give you pleasure and teach you a lesson. I wouldn't risk our relationship by playing any of these games for real. You mean too much to me. Promise me darling, never, ever, keep any secrets from me.

I felt a tremendous sense of relief upon hearing her words. It was a win-win. I still had my fantasies and my Angel.

We cuddled in each others arms that night and said nothing about what had transpired that evening. A few days passed and one afternoon I noticed Angel was getting all dressed up. She had bathed, shaved the stubble around her sweet pussy and was putting on some very sexy clothes.

"What's the occasion?" I asked.

"Oh, I have a date tonight; you can clean up the house while I'm gone. Here, wear my dirty panties while you do it, and don't wait up, I probably won't back until tomorrow mid-day.

My heart sunk and my cock rose simultaneously.

*(Con't)*