

Sorry Sissy!

Written by Iz

Concept by Devin Dickie

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*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

All characters are OVER 18 years of AGE! This is a bullying fantasy and not real. The acts in the following written work are only consensual sexual choices and fantasy humiliation scenarios. Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.

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CHAPTER ONE

Washington, 2016

Once the lecture was over, Stephen packed up his things and made it down the steps of the seating area. He made it out of the class and into the bustling hallway, with his head down and attention on how the day should go fast so he could go back to his house off campus.

After a while of walking, he finally arrived at the parking lot where he searched for his car since more cars were around the lot. He took out his car key and pushed the button on the keypad, and the sound of his car made him look towards the far right. He smiled once he saw his car and started making his way to it, but before he got close, he heard the sound of struggles and voices from behind one of the cars.

"Let me go!" He heard a distressed voice of a woman

"You owe us a lot!" A man's voice followed after.

"I promise, I will pay before this month is over!" The unidentified woman replied.

Out of curiosity, Stephan followed their voices and paused in shock when he saw a buff man holding the arms of a busty, and thick blonde woman. She was breathing heavily with fear all over her body. The man had a deadly look on his face and with his hands around her arms, he felt angry at his brute behavior.

"Am I interrupting something?" He asked and they both snapped their heads in his direction. He expected the man to let the woman go but he didn't, instead he eyed him up and down.

"Who are you!? Why don't you mind your business!?" The man barked at him.

Stephan gulped and looked around him. There was no one around and there was no way he could defend himself if the man chose violence. One thought went through his head and he mentally prayed that it worked.

"I saw what was happening some minutes ago and I have called the cops. They will be here any second and I believe it is a good idea to leave the woman alone," he lied, and saw the gears kick through the man's beady eyes.

Some seconds after, the man moved away and glared at the whimpering woman. With one glare at him, the man walked away. Stephan gulped and exhaled in relief before turning his attention to the woman who was leaning on a car with her hands on her chest. Stephan approached her slowly and stopped in front of her.

"Are you okay?"

"You didn't really call the police, right?" Her voice trembled.

"I lied, yes. Who was he?"

"He is my landlord. I rented one of his rooms and I haven't paid up."

Stephan felt a pang in his heart and began to imagine living in the same house as the man. He rubbed his face and nodded.

"How much do you owe him?" He asked, and the blonde woman shook her head.

"It's alright. You already helped me enough, I have to go now. Thank you."

When she could walk away, he blocked her path and gave her an impatient look.

"You live with that beast and I am sure he is waiting for you at his place. Listen, maybe I can help you. I know I might be a stranger, but let me at least help you."

The woman stared at a spot past his body for some contemplative seconds before she made eye contact with him.

"I just want to leave that apartment after I pay him what I owe."

"How much do you owe him?"

"\$180," she replied and he nodded.

It was nothing for him since he was from a moderately rich family, even though they had financial issues sometimes, he had enough to squander his money.

Without saying a word, he took out his wallet and gave her two crisp hundred dollar notes. At the back of his mind, he did not care if the woman was lying, something about her just wanted him to help.

"Thank you," she said, while taking the money.

"What's your name?"

She smiled, her blue eyes sparkling with tears brimmed in them.

"I am Whitney."

Twelve months later, Stephan had a girlfriend and she was Whitney. It marveled him how close they had become after the day he saved her. He had let her live with him in his two bedroom apartment and his attraction for her grew strong.

At some point, he felt she would reject him, because for long he felt he was not enough to be called a partner material to anyone, but when she returned his feelings, he was on top of the world.

Now, here he was standing in the bathroom of the restaurant he brought Whitney for their date, holding a red velvet box that had the engagement ring he bought for her.

"You can do this, Stephan. She loves you, she will accept you despite your insecurities. Just walk out there, get on one knee and

propose to her," Stephan whispered to himself and moved away from the mirror before him. He brought the box close to his face and kissed it, then left the restroom.

Stephan made his way towards their table. Whitney had her attention on her phone and food, then he took the opportunity to get down on one knee. He heard multiple gasps around, which made Whitney look down with her mouth wide open.

"From the first day I met you, to the days we started becoming close. I fell hard for you and at that point, I knew I had to make you my wife for eternity. So, Whitney Anderson, will you marry me?" He asked, with fear and hope heavy in his voice.

Whitney smiled and slowly rose up, which made his heart skip a beat in fear.

"Yes, Stephan. Yes, I'll marry you!"

Claps from around filled the whole place, then he slipped the ring on her finger. He rose up and pulled her close, then kissed her with happiness bubbling inside him.

CHAPTER TWO

Detroit, 2020

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The sound of an alarm blaring, made Stephan furrow his eyebrows and roll over on his back. He covered his face with his hands and rubbed the sleep still lingering in them. He opened his eyes and looked to the side where he saw his wife sleeping peacefully. He laid on his side and smiled at how her eyebrows were furrowed together, her lips pursed and face almost

swallowed by the pillow. He stretched his hand towards her face and ran the back of his hand over her smooth face.

His eyes shifted from her face to the curve of her thin waist, to her busts that were almost spilling out of her big tank top. He felt his shaft beginning to throb from arousal and that alone made him exhale in frustration.

Why now? Why can't I wake up every morning without these thoughts in my head? This is becoming tiring, he said in his head and backed his wife. He rose up from the bed and walked into the bathroom.

Stephan locked the door and leaned on it. He quickly palmed his erect member and groaned at the pleasure he felt from it.

"All I want to do is make love to my wife but the problem is... Do I even satisfy her? For years, I've been wondering what goes through her mind. I must be the smallest man she has ever been with and that is a bit of a downgrade," he said, and heard Whitney call his name.

With a deep exhale, he unlocked the door and left the bathroom.

Stephan sat at the head of the dining table, eating in silence while Whitney rambled on about work. His eyes were drinking in her 36F shape, leaving his mouth watering from want. The shirt she wore made her breasts appear bigger than normal, and her slim waist curved into her wide hips. He felt his cock beginning to stir when she stood up, which made her busts shake slightly. Once she turned around, he tilted his head and eyed her big ass cheeks. His eyes went down to her thighs that were covered in fishnets, then her red bottom heels.

An image of her in a tight, and short leather dress, and high leather shoes, then a long whip crossed his mind. He imagined her standing above him, running the whip across his chest and body. He imagined her telling him things that would send pleasurable jolts through his body.

"Stephan!?"

He blinked out of his thoughts and stared at his wife. He gave her a soft smile.

"I'm leaving for work now." She stepped closer to him and wrapped her thick arms around his shoulders, then placed a soft kiss on his lips. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her between his legs, and added more passionate pressure to her

soft lips. He moaned when he felt her tongue poking his lips, then he parted his lips, giving her more access to his mouth.

He cupped her big ass and squeezed, then rolled them softly. He felt his cock harden when she placed her knee between his leg and rubbed him softly.

When the need for air came, he pulled away and pecked her lips. He watched Whitney giggle before she stepped out of his arms.

"I gotta go. See you later, honey. I love you," she said while walking towards the front door.

"I love you too," he replied, and exhaled once she left the house. "I have to leave for work too." He stood up with the plates and hissed when his cock rubbed his boxers. He rolled his eyes. "I know, buddy."

∞

Later that night, Stephan sat on their bed, while his wife showered. His thoughts were on how he would have her sleep with him. For two months, he hardly made love to her all because he started questioning himself ever since he saw Whitney staring at a picture of a well muscled man on social media, who looked like he

was well endowed in the places he wasn't. It struck a nerve in him that made him understand that she no longer enjoyed him the way she did before.

Stephan snapped out of his thoughts and palmed his flaccid cock. He squeezed it and moaned slightly. His eyes spotted his laptop charging on the floor. He glanced at the bathroom door and made a beeline to the laptop. He picked it up after unplugging it, then left the room. He crossed over to the unoccupied guest room and locked it. He turned on the light, then went to bed.

Stephan dropped the laptop on the bed, and rushed to the bathroom in the room. He grabbed the tissue in the bathroom and rushed back out. He sat down on the bed and turned on the laptop, then connected to the WiFi. He glanced at the door and listened for any sounds, and when he was sure that Whitney wasn't close, he opened his browser and searched for a porn to watch.

"Busty white blonde woman and big black cock," he said under his breath as he typed it in. After getting some results, he clicked on the most interesting video and started to watch. He forwarded the video after some seconds and moaned when the big breasted blonde woman was on her knees, sucking the cock of a muscled

black man. Her small mouth barely wrapped around his cock as she sucked harder and faster.

Stephan pulled his sweat pants down and took out his cock. He stared at his cock with a slight grimace and eyed the black man's thick and big cock.

"How does Whitney really enjoy my 3 inches cock when there are men out there with his size?" He asked himself and forwarded the video. The new scene was of the woman riding the man so fast and hard that it sent pleasure through his body which made his cock harden up.

Stephan wrapped his hand around his cock and started to stroke to the rhythm of the pornstar riding the big cock. He began to moan as he increased his thrusts around his cock. He rubbed the tip of his cock and shuddered in pleasure, then cupped his balls with his other hand.

With his eyes trained on the video, he imagined it was his wife riding the big cock while he stood in the corner watching. With the volume low, he listened to the sounds of their moans and their sensual words to each other. Stephan started to stroke himself faster, to the point that goosebumps rose on his skin as well as sweat. His body got filled with pleasure the more he stroked

faster, and the more the male pornstar rammed his thick black cock into the woman's tight pussy.

When they changed into a doggie position, Stephan stroked faster when the camera came closer to their joined area. He felt his cock harden more and his high coming to an end. Soon after, ropes of his come flew out of the tip of his cock and landed on the bed and some parts of the laptop.

Stephan moaned out softly as he came while stroking his length. After some seconds, he left his cock and grabbed the tissue. His eyes landed on the pornstars still at it and paused the video. He wiped his body clean, as well as the bed and his laptop, before dumping everything on the floor.

Stephan relaxed on the bed and sighed in utmost relief.

"I can't wait until the day my fantasies come to pass, even though I know it will never happen."

"Stephan!?"

He sat up at the voice of his wife and powered off the laptop. He rose up and pulled up his sweatpants.

"Whitney doesn't need to know what I do almost every night. She will feel so bad about this. But how do I tell her about my dream of her being fucked by a black man with a big cock. I want to see how another man can give her pleasure, while I watch. I

know she doesn't get satisfied by my small size... Anyway, she doesn't need to know."

Stephan picked up his laptop and the discarded tissues and walked into the bathroom. Once flushed, he walked out of the bathroom and left the room.

CHAPTER THREE

∞

Stephan sat in his office chair, reading the document displayed on his computer screen with focus. After a while, he picked up a

pen and wrote on a blank paper, before clicking to the next page with the use of his mouse. He leaned back on his seat and rubbed his eyebrows in exhaustion. He stayed in that position for a minute before the events of last night crept into his mind.

He remembered walking out of the room and almost bumping into Whitney who eyed him suspiciously. Before she could question him, he had told her that he was receiving a video call from work. The last thing he wanted was her finding out about his fantasies and how he was touching himself because he did not know how he'd satisfy her more.

"Get those thoughts out of your damn head, man," he said to himself and slapped his cheeks softly, as if to wake himself up. He shook his head and scratched his head, before leaning forward.

Someone knocked on his door, making him glance at it in confusion.

"Come in," he said, and the door opened. His secretary walked in with a smile on her face. "What is it, Cherry?"

"Mr. Stones is here to see you," she replied, then he nodded his head.

Mr. Stones was one of his clients, and running a law firm made it easy for him to meet more lawyers like him to boost his reputation. As soon as Cherry left, Mr. Stones stepped in.

Stephan stood up and waited for the man to come closer. They shook their hands with smiles on their faces, then Stephan motioned for him to sit. He eyed the dark skinned man, taking in how his suit hugged his muscled body. His eyes took in how his beard fitted his jawline that he knew were defined beneath. His hair was cut into a low fade, and added to how grim and attractive he looked.

Stephan sat down and made eye contact with Mr. Stones. Mr. Stones began to speak about an upcoming case. Along the lines of their conversation, Stephan's attention drifted off to a continuation of where his last thoughts had been.

Mr. Stones fits into one of my fantasies. What if I asked him to please my wife in my presence? I've heard the women in the firm say about Stones. He's well endowed, and according to them, he is packing seven inches of pleasure and I wonder how that will feel inside of my wife, while I watch while stroking my cock. I want to see how a real man gives it to my wife, he said in his mind and felt his member stir in his pants at the graphic image of his busty wife bent over his desk with Mr. Stones ramming his thick length in and out of her. He imagined himself watching them from the door of his office, as if he caught them.

Stephan moved in his seat discreetly, and cleared his throat to bring his mind back to reality. He made eye contact once again with Mr. Stones, before his eyes darted to his wet plump lips. A quick image of him eating Whitney's pussy flashed through his mind. He moaned inaudibly at the image and looked down at his pants— he was hard and needed release badly.

Stephan quickly cursed his cuckold fantasy before paying attention to the man.

∞

The moment Stephan got home from work, he took a quick shower and dressed up for the night. Once Whitney came into the room, all dressed up in a short night dress, he immediately rushed to her and pulled her against his body. He heard her gasp before cupping her cheeks then pressed his lips against hers. He felt her not responding to his kiss for some reason, probably from shock, he guessed.

He felt her arms around his neck, then he deepened the kiss. He moved his hands from her waist to her ass, which he squeezed, earning a moan from her lips.

Stephan parted from her lips and kissed his way from her cheek to her neck, where he began to nibble on. He ran his tongue against her neck and moved one of his hands to her breasts. He cupped one, even though his whole hand could not fit around it. He pinched her nipple and pulled, then captured her lips again in a passionate kiss. He drove his tongue into her warm mouth and deepened the kiss.

Stephan pulled away and grabbed her hand, then pulled her with him towards the bed. He slightly pushed her to the bed and watched in pleasure as her busts shook from the impact. He pushed her shoulders until she laid on her back before he pinned her to the bed and started placing kisses on her cheeks, then her neck.

He rolled his hips into hers, and moaned at the friction he got from rubbing his hard member against her hips. He sat up on her hips and took off his shirt, then cupped her breasts. He squeezed them before pulling down the night dress, and her breasts spilled out. His mouth watered at them, then he leaned down and started peppering kisses over her huge breasts. He took a nipple into his mouth and sucked hard.

Whitney's moans filled his ears and he mentally patted his back. He was certain that she was enjoying everything. He pulled

away and stood before her. Stephan sat her up and took off her night dress. He licked his lips at the sight of her naked form. Her thick thighs that were pressed together, her large breasts with its hard nipples pointed at him. His eyes raked over to her face, and smiled at her.

Stephan pushed her back on the bed and climbed her body. He pressed his lips on her stomach, then moved to her breast. He nibbled on the soft flesh before sucking her nipple again. His wife cried out in pleasure, then he pinched the other one hard. He moaned when she raised her hips, making him feel her wetness against his thigh.

His hard cock strained inside his boxers, pleading for relief. Stephan immediately stood up and pulled down his boxers, then wrapped his hand around his length. He slowly stroked it when Whitney opened her legs, giving him a view of her already wet center. He eyed her lower lips and sucked on his bottom lip, then came closer.

When she sat up, he looked down at her in confusion. He simply gave her a smile when she smiled at him softly.

"Come, Stephan," she said, and he approached her.

Stephan stared down at her when she held his hips. When she wrapped her hand around his hardened member, he felt a sweet

buzz flow through his body. She brought her face closer and he shuddered from pleasure when he felt her warm mouth around his length. He threw his head back and moaned when she started sucking faster.

The moment he felt her whole mouth taking in his hard length, without feeling the back of her throat, his mind immediately made him aware of how small he was and how he would not satisfy her if he could barely fill her mouth. Feeling sexually deflated, Stephan pulled out of her mouth and rushed into the bathroom. He locked the door behind him and rushed to the sink where he leaned on and exhaled hard.

"Stephan? Honey? What happened?" He heard her worried voice from the other side of the door, which sent a pang of guilt straight to his body.

"I'm fine. I just... I feel tired. I need to rest, I'm sorry for turning you on and leaving you wet. I just have a lot on my mind. I'll make it up to you!" He replied and turned on the faucet. He cupped his hands under the water and splashed his face with the water.

I have to stop doing this. What the fuck is wrong with me? I can't even pleasure my wife without thinking about my size or

how she's maybe faking her pleasures just to satisfy my ego, he ranted in his mind and stared at his reflection in the mirror.

CHAPTER FOUR

∞

The following days left Stephan mulling over his predicament and how he could open up to his wife about them trying out new things in their marriage, at the same time, revealing to her about his problems with not being able to satisfy her to the max and how she needed to open up to him about her most likely faking her orgasms or sexual satisfaction, knowing fully well that he was not even an average packed man.

The sounds of multiple horns pushed him out of his thoughts, which made him remember that the red light had turned green. He hit the gas and drove off.

After thirty minutes, he came to a stop in front of his home. He turned off the car and relaxed on the chair. He sighed and stared at the front door of the house.

"Whitney has been acting strange lately. Could it be because of how I left her the other day? Gah, I hope not. I just hope it isn't because of that. I don't know what I will say to her if she's avoiding me because of what I did." Stephan punched the steering wheel and flinched at honk from it. He took away his car key and left the car. He banged the door shut and walked towards the front door.

Stephan opened the door and walked into the house. The first thing he saw in the hallway were rose petals on the floor. He took off his shoes and placed them on the rack beside him, then followed the rose petals, which led him straight to the living room. The rose petals were on the floor of the living room, and on the coffee table were wine bottles and chocolate bars. He dropped his car key and looked around, only to have his eyes widened when he saw his wife in a leather bikini with thigh length leather boots.

He gulped at her appearance and further noticed the dark lipstick on her plump lips. Her blonde hair was in a tight ponytail. He took a step back when she got close to him, then she smiled at him.

"What are all these?"

"Surprised?" She asked while running her manicured fingers on his chest.

"I don't know what to think," he replied.

"Relax, my love. You don't need to be confused."

Stephan watched as she went to the coffee table. She poured some wine into the glasses on the table and grabbed them, then made her way back to him. She handed one of the glasses to him, and winked.

"Care to explain?" He needed answers.

"Well, I was with some of my friends yesterday and they talked about spicing each of our relationships in a new way. We decided to change the bedroom rules by surprising our partners this way to see if it'd work. From now until when we want to get into character, I will be your mistress in the bedroom. I will bring pleasure to you, you will listen to me and do what I say and your reward will be me or you finally coming. Would you like that, boy?" She asked in a low and sensual tone that made him gulp.

Stephan felt his heart beating fast from the dark look in her eyes to the way her long nails were digging into his chest. Somehow, this new side of her brought pleasure to his body. His body started to stir and heat up from the display before him. Mentally, he thanked the heavens for finally answering one of his fantasies.

For a long time, he always wanted to see his wife control him in the bedroom. He wanted to be under her rules, he had a thing for fem-dominance and this revelation brought relief for him.

He winced out of his thoughts when she gripped his hair and pulled his head back.

"I asked you a question!" She whispered harshly against his ear. "When I speak to you, you respond like the good boy that you are. Understood?" She licked the shell of his ear and the sensual heat went straight to his cock.

Stephan moaned and nodded his head.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good boy," she said, and released his hair. "Now sit down."

Stephan quickly sat down on the couch and spread his legs. She went in-between and ran her hands from his thighs to his chest. She stepped back and left his presence, leaving him confused and needy for more. The sounds of her heels hitting the marbled floor gave him a sign that she was back, then she stopped behind him.

He started to turn his head to look at her but her hands stopped him. Stephan stared ahead and gasped when she placed something around his neck. He spied down and saw a leather collar. He felt her tighten it around his neck before she popped his

shirt open, ruining the buttons in the process. He was now bare chested with a tight collar around his neck.

"You love it don't you?" She whispered in his ear and he nodded. He heard her chuckle from behind him, then his eyes flickered to the television when it came on.

Before his eyes was a paused video of a blonde woman with a huge black cock inside her. Her face was masked from pleasure, while the man's face was etched in concentration.

"I've always had this dream of a big cock inside me. Big black cock and as a good boy, I imagine you watching me being fucked. I'd tell you to cry that your wife's pussy is being destroyed, I'd tell you to then suck his big black cock then lick our come off my pussy like the good boy that you are. Would you do that for mama?" She whispered while running her hands over his chest.

Stephan started to breathe heavily and hard as he pictured everything. He felt his cock becoming hard and all he wanted was for it to come to pass but a feeling crossed over him when he realized how similar their dreams were. A feeling of shame crept into his mind when he realized her words.

Whitney actually prefers a bigger cock to mine? She said it's her dream? Could it be that she always wanted a man with a bigger cock but she pretends with me? Hence her words. Shit,

what have I gotten myself into? Stephan rambled in his head and stood up. He quickly took off the collar and made eye contact with her.

"I just came back from work and this... It's nice but I'm not ready for that." He saw something flash in her eyes but he ignored it and left the living room.

Once he was out of sight, he leaned on the wall.

"What are you doing? You finally have what you always wanted but you're being a sissy? She was ready to dominate you and control you until she rides you into satisfaction and you walked away?" He spoke to himself and calmed himself for a few seconds. "I should be thrilled, but why do I feel weirded out?"

The sound of her heels made him walk away with his thoughts heavy in his head.

CHAPTER FIVE

∞

"I want us to go to this new club in town," Whitney said as she massaged his shoulders while he watched the news on the television in their room.

"Why?" He asked.

"I know yesterday ended badly, I just want to make up for it. Baby, I really want us to try this new part of our relationship. I

want to spice things up and I should have told you ahead of time yesterday, but I wanted to surprise you. So, let us go to the new club and I'll give you some new pleasure. Hmm? What do you say?" She said against his ear, causing his body to heat up.

Stephan shut his eyes and mulled over her words.

"Fine. What do you have in store for me this time around?" He asked, and she giggled, then kissed his lips after bending his head back.

"It's all about showing you a new side of our relationship and what goes on in my head," she replied, and kissed his lips again.

A part of Stephan wondered what she meant and the other part knew it had to do with what she said about her fantasies from yesterday. He swallowed thickly and hoped for the best outcome of things.

∞

The strobe lights flashing in the bustling club was almost a distraction for Stephan as he stepped into the place with Whitney beside him. People were in almost every corner of the club, dancing, and or talking. His eyes darted around the place before it

fell on his wife who was staring into his eyes with a pleading expression on her face.

"What is it?" He asked with a smile.

"Let's dance. I am already feeling so good!" She squealed and pulled him towards the dance floor. She began to move her body to the sound of the music, which immediately changed to a popular hip hop song that made Stephan moan when Whitney bent on her knees and started to twerk aggressively against his crotch.

He held her hips and allowed her to shake her ass against his already hardening member. He pressed his member into the center of her legs and eyed the way her juicy ass shook to the beats of the song blasting through the speakers.

When she moved away and faced him, he wrapped his arms around her waist and danced with her. His erect cock rubbed the upper part of her covered pussy, then his dance turned into thrusts. He was thankful that the lights were dim, that way the people around could not see what was happening.

"I wanna try something. I want you to imagine me as a stranger you saw in the club dancing with someone else." Whitney whispered in his ear, making curiosity fill his mind.

Stephan watched his wife walk towards the group of people around. His eyes widened when she stopped in front of a tall dark skinned man wearing a white dress shirt and dark pants. The duo looked in his direction, then the song changed to a Caribbean themed song that got the crowd dancing sexually hyper with each other. Stephan gasped when the dark skinned man and his wife began to dance so close to each other. He swallowed when she wrapped a leg around his hip and then he started to thrust into her. Stephan licked his dry lips and continued to watch them dance.

Whitney turned around and bent down on her knees, then the man gripped her hips and grinded himself against her ass, it made Stephan feel off. Despite how arousing the whole thing was, he felt uncomfortable about it all, especially when he could see the man's big cock already straining against his zipper area. The tip of his long cock constantly hit Whitney's covered pussy, which made Stephan feel more uncomfortable at the display.

He felt his hands becoming clammy and his throat becoming dry. The sound of Whitney's moans made him look back at them, the man was furiously thrusting into her. Then his wife faced the man and cupped his long erected cock through his pants. She

started to stroke his cock and Stephan held his breath when she made eye contact with him.

The man cupped her breast and pinched her nipple, that was when Stephan felt choked up and immediately walked away from the sight. He rushed out of the club and leaned on the wall to catch his breath.

"What is she trying to do? I feel so uncomfortable and wrong watching her do that. Here I was thinking that what I saw on the porn I watch is erotic but I feel so embarrassed that my wife is loving the feel of a real cock. I feel so off," he said, and rubbed his face.

"Stephan!?"

He looked over his shoulder and eyed his wife who had a look of worry on her face. He knew she could be worried and would ask him what was wrong, so he waited until she asked and he would lie about it.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes. I'm fine. Everything was just so overwhelming. It w-was so hot and erotic." he said and smiled at her.

"Glad that you enjoyed it. Let's go inside to continue, hmm?"

His eyes widened. "No, baby. I'm really not interested anymore. Can we just go home? I am already tired and need to rest for work."

Some unknown expression crossed her face, almost as if she wanted to say something but she smiled and nodded stiffly.

Stephan grabbed her hand and dragged her with him towards the parking lot of the club. Once they got to their car, he pulled her to him and kissed her, in order to keep her mind off his reaction. He still did not want her to see through his lies, so as to avoid any problems between them.

One thought was hitting his conscience; he wondered why all of a sudden, his desires and dreams were not as interesting as it was in reality.

CHAPTER SIX

∞

The next few days became weird for Stephan the more Whitney did things that were related to his fantasies. One time, she had told him that she would love to have a threesome between him, a black man and herself. He did not know how to respond and only nodded with a smile when she asked if they could give it a try. It was a dream of his and he wanted to try out too, but a

heavy feeling in his heart made it difficult for him to see himself involved in such. It had left him feeling down.

Walking into his workplace, Stephan responded to some of the greetings from the people around. He got into his office and sat down, then stretched his arms. His phone vibrated inside his pocket, making him quickly pull it out.

Stephan raised a single eyebrow at the message from his wife. He shrugged his shoulders and opened it, only to freeze at the fact that it was a video of her naked. He immediately paused it and looked around him, then reduced the volume. He swallowed his saliva and clicked the video again. It began to play; she laid down on the guest room's bed and parted her legs, showing her glistening center. Stephan moaned and palmed himself, then squeezed. He bit his lip when she started to rub her center rapidly, making herself moan with a roll of her eyes.

Stephan started to make a move to unzip his pants when he paused at the next scene on the video. Whitney was sitting on the laps of a dark skinned man, his hard cock peeking out from underneath her large ass. He watched closely as she began to roll her hips back and forth on his cock, moaning in the process. Stephan felt turned on for a moment but started to feel deflated

when she increased her speed on the man who started sucking her nipple.

Uncertainty and unhappiness filled his body at the scene. It made him feel uncomfortable that she had someone satisfying her the way she wanted.

"Is she using her sudden need for spice in our relationship just to hide her own fantasies? Is she taking advantage of it by doing everything she always wanted?" He muttered to himself, and deleted the video instantly.

He felt bad, and guilty that she was doing something to bring something new in their relationship. Something he did not like.

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After work, he went home and met Whitney sitting in the living room. Once she heard him, she rushed to him and kissed his lips. The thought of her being with the man in the video flashed in his head, making him move back.

"So, did you get my video?"

He was about to reply, but faked confusion.

"What video?" He asked.

"Oh... I sent a video of... Nevermind! Anyway, we will be going on a trip this weekend, I hope you're ready? It's going to be filled with adventures and more." She pecked him on the lips, before walking away.

"I hope it has nothing to do with this new part of her? I really don't know how much I can endure this," he said in a whisper and followed her.

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Weekend finally came and Stephan found himself standing in front of a hotel his wife had booked for their weekend trip in Los Angeles. She was giddy and repeatedly told him that she had a surprise that night. Stephan only nodded and walked into the room, which he explored.

The hours flew by and Stephan waited for the return of his wife who had left him alone in the hotel room for hours. Stephan decided to take a stroll around the vicinity of the hotel to kill time. After he was satisfied, he started heading back to the hotel room. Once he got to the door, he heard moans coming from behind the door. It made his heart pound heavily and fast.

"What is she up to?" He asked, and opened the door slightly. He gasped when he saw how Whitney was being ravaged by a dark skinned shirtless man. His head bobbed between her legs while she cried out in pleasure.

Stephan covered his mouth in realization. This was just like some of the porn videos he watches, getting caught by the husbands of the pornstars in the act with another man. He watched more when he started feeling aroused at the scene before him, only to stumble over his feet and stagger into the room, scaring his wife and the stranger.

Stephan stood straight and rubbed the back of his head, while Whitney covered herself up. The man sat on the edge of the bed, staring at him with a blank expression on his face. Stephan watched as Whitney got out of bed and approached him in her naked state. He internally moaned at her body, and gasped when she held his collar and pulled him against her body. She began to kiss him, which he hesitantly returned passionately.

When Whitney pulled away, he blinked in confusion and watched her walk to the man on their bed.

"Stand up, Lawrence," she said, and he did, towering over her. "Now, Stephan. I want you to be a good boy and let Lawrence give you some love. Lay on the bed."

Stephan gulped at her words. He was not bisexual but the fact that she was telling him that made him feel half aroused and half uncomfortable. He hesitantly nodded and laid down on the bed after walking to it. He watched as Lawrence took off his pants, leaving his boxers that had his erect cock inside of it.

"Go ahead, Lawrence. I'll sit and watch my boys enjoy themselves," Whitney said and sat down on a chair close to the bed.

Stephan slid to the center of the bed when Lawrence started crawling. He gasped when he parted his legs, then started taking off his shirt, the next was his pants and boxers. Stephan felt his heart was going to explode from the nervousness boiling in his system. He felt discomfort from what was to come next.

When Lawrence wrapped his hand around his hard cock, Stephan hissed and raised his hips up a bit. His warm grip sent goosebumps all around his body, then he started to stroke him up. Stephan felt a huge weight on his conscience at the fact that a man was pleasuring him, and that he was somehow enjoying it. Lawrence's strokes increased and a moan escaped his lips.

Stephan looked down at his hard cock and grimaced when he saw that the man's hand wrapped around his cock, even covering the tips. He felt embarrassed that his fellow man saw how small

he was, and he began to wonder what was going through Lawrence's head concerning his embarrassing cock size.

"Now Lawrence, be a good boy and suck him," Whitney's voice tore him out of his thoughts.

Before he could speak against it, Lawrence sank his mouth down on his length and started to suck. Stephan moaned and threw his head back at the feel of his mouth clamped around his member. He gripped the sheets as he sucked faster, then he saw Whitney walking towards them. She touched Lawrence's back and massaged it.

"Stop. Now, it's his turn," she said, and Lawrence stood up.

With wide eyes, Stephan stared at the monster cock the man possessed after he had taken off his boxers. He gulped and rolled to the side for Lawrence to lay down. Once the man did, Stephan sat in silence, contemplating if he could go ahead with something that was steadily becoming uncomfortable for him but when he remembered his wife, he faced Lawrence and mentally cursed at the thick, long and veiny length pointed at the ceiling.

"Come on, Stephan. Make mama happy and suck that chocolate stick," Whitney said in a sultry voice.

Stephan gulped and crawled over to the man. He knelt between his strong legs, and stared at his length. Stephan shut his

eyes to calm himself. He mentally told himself to take what was before him without any lingering doubts.

Just do this, Stephan. Maybe you might end up liking it. This is what you always wanted, right? He spoke to himself mentally and opened his eyes. He wrapped his hand around the man's length and was amazed at how big and heavy he was. It was unlike anything he had ever felt.

A smack on his back, made him hiss.

"Start sucking! Don't make me hit you again, you slut," Whitney said harshly and pushed his head down to the center of Lawrence's legs. "As a good slut, you will suck him hungrily until I tell you to stop."

Stephan felt humiliated and could not meet Lawrence's eyes. He wondered what he could be thinking. He never allowed such in the bedroom before and her doing this in front of a stranger made him heat up from embarrassment. He felt his body turning off and his mind went blank.

With a nod of his head, he hesitantly kissed the wet tip of the man's cock and grimaced at the saltiness. He opened his mouth and sank his mouth down on the man's length. He groaned when Whitney grabbed his hair and bobbed his head on his cock. Lawrence started to moan while he sucked faster. Within him, he

felt disgusted in what he was doing. When he was supposed to be enjoying it, he felt the opposite of it all.

Lawrence started to thrust into his mouth, making the side of his lips hurt. He never did this and it almost made him throw up. Just when he was about to throw up, Whitney dragged his head away and pushed him aside.

"Now, watch mama ride this cock."

In a few seconds, Whitney mounted Lawrence's laps and started to ride his thick length. Stephan watched as her big ass shook from each thrust, and how her large breasts were being pressed by the other man. Whitney started to scream loud, something she had never done each time they had sex. It made him glance down at his soft shaft. There was nothing erotic about the sight before him. He only felt disgusted in himself and resented his fantasies.

The bed began to shake as their thrusts became serious. He side eyed them and looked away immediately.

"Touch your fucking self!" Whitney ordered and Stephan had to look at her to confirm who she was talking to. "I'm talking to you, Stephan. Touch yourself and watch how I get fucked!"

Stephan quickly sat beside them and parted his legs. He held his flaccid cock and started to stroke with his body and mind

lacking any feeling of being turned on. He quickened his thrusts around his cock until it started to harden when he eyed his wife's hard nipple and pleasure filled face.

"His cock is so big. I can feel it deep inside of me. It is almost as if it's reaching my womb," she cried out, and Stephan felt heartbroken from her words.

Fear of being rejected by her due to his size took over his body. Her words replayed in his head over and over again as he stroked himself in shame.

She just confessed. I knew it! I knew she hated my size. I can't believe that in the process of wanting this type of fantasy to come to pass, I forgot about how she might not feel the same about my size in the end. I can never give her the pleasure she gets from him or anyone else. I am nothing compared to them, Stephan said in his head. Tears brimmed his eyes, then to end it all. He feigned his come and shuddered. He covered his cock, to hide himself, then rolled out of bed.

Just before he entered the bathroom, he heard Whitney and Lawrence screaming from their high. He ran into the bathroom and went under the shower, then began to cry.

CHAPTER SEVEN

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The next morning, Stephan woke up and found himself lying on one side of the bed. He stared at the window facing him in confusion, wondering when he had gotten in bed. All he remembered was staying under the shower while crying at how unfortunate things were turning out. He rolled over and blinked the sleep still lingering in his eyes when he saw Whitney laying on

top of Lawrence who had his strong arms around her body. He felt a pang of jealousy go through his body at the sight before him. They looked comfortable in each other's arms, sleeping peacefully.

Stephan sat up and backed them. He kept his eyes on the floor and went over what happened the night before. He ran his fingers through his dark hair and rolled his shoulders in exhaustion. He stood up and walked into the bathroom, showered and came out to find them still asleep in each other's arms. He dressed up, picked up his phone and left the room.

After some hours of sitting at the beach close to the hotel, he made his way back to their hotel room where he found Whitney dressed in leather pants and a leather tank top. Her blonde hair was curled and her face had make-up caked on it.

"Oh, you're back!" She said in excitement and jogged over to him. "I want us to go somewhere tonight."

"Where?"

"It's a surprise and trust me, you'll love it!" She responded and went to the closet in the corner of the room. She took out a paper bag and walked back to him, grinning mischievously. "I've always

wanted us to try something out and after last night, I know that you will love what I have in store for us."

Stephan gulped as his head started to think of what she was planning and he knew it had to do with one of his many fantasies. A sense of fear and nervousness filled him up, making him want to decline whatever she had planned.

"The sun is already setting, and we have to leave at 7pm," she said to him and pressed the paper bag to his chest. "I want you to wear this for me when we get there. Don't peek until we are there. Do this for mama, okay?" She patted his cheek and he hesitantly nodded.

He was tempted to take a peek into the bag but chose to obey her, the last thing he wanted was for her to punish him in the way he didn't want.

The sun finally went down and seven pm struck. He got dressed and sat on the bed, waiting for Whitney to return from where she went. As if on cue, she walked into the room and snapped her fingers at him.

"Come on now, let's go. We don't have time to waste," she said, and left the room. He quickly rose up with the paper bag and

walked out the room. He locked it with the key card and jogged after the fast walking woman.

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The taxi stopped beside the road. He watched as Whitney left the taxi, then he followed suit. He looked around the busy street before following her towards a building up front.

They walked into the building together and made use of the elevator. He stood behind his wife, while staring at the back of her head wondering what she was up to. A minute after, the doors of the elevator opened and Whitney stepped out first. Stephan hesitantly walked out and looked around the busy hallway, almost everyone was dressed in leather clothing.

"What is this place?" He asked her and she shrugged in response.

After walking through the busy area, they came to a stop in front of a double door that had a buff man as a security guard. Stephan stood in silence as his wife said something to him, and when the buff man looked at him, he simply smiled and looked at his wife's back, praying she answered his burning questions.

Whitney faced him with a smile and pulled him towards the other side of the hallway.

"Take the bag and find a restroom. Change into what is in the bag, then meet me here. Hurry up now, don't keep mama waiting," she said and patted his cheeks.

Stephan nodded and walked off. He searched around for the restroom and once he did, he stepped in and occupied one of the stalls. He exhaled and opened the paper bag. He held the content of the bag and took them out.

"What the hell?"

In his hand was a lace dress, and what he recognized as a spiked collar. He swallowed when he turned the fabric around, before he threw his head back in frustration.

"What kind of friends does she have that makes her do this to me? Why is she making this look like a coerced feminization?" He asked himself and sat down on the toilet seat. "I can't go out there. She will end up getting angry and most likely do something to me."

He brought the dress closer to his face and sighed.

Stephan walked stiffly in the thigh length lace dress that left nothing to one's imagination. Underneath the dress was lingerie he had also found inside the paper bag and on his feet were strap sandals with a little platform. Around his neck was the leather collar, and on top of his head was bunny ears.

When he saw his wife leaning against the wall, waiting, he stopped to count his breath before making his way to her. She raised her head and smiled brightly at him.

"You look like a beautiful woman. Turn around for mama," she said, and he refused by standing still. "Do not make me spank you, boy. Turn the fuck around!"

Shame filled him when he saw people watching them, people in similar leather outfits. He felt ashamed to stand in such attire under the heavy eyes of the people around. With a deep sigh, he slowly turned around with his arms pressed to his sides.

"Do it more sensually, more feminine you slut," Whitney ordered and he bit his lip, to stop himself from retorting.

With a large gulp of saliva, he moved his hips side to side in a fluid manner, and ran his hands around his chest. He started to turn around and forced a smile on his face, then struck a pose once he faced her.

Whitney clapped and jogged up to him. She cupped his ass, making him hiss. She brought her face closer to his and licked his cheek, then his lips, before pulling back. He watched her search her bag, until she took out a long leather strap with a hook at the end.

"You're going to be a good slut for me, hmm?" She asked and hooked the strap to the collar around his neck. "Now, get down on your knees."

Stephan felt tears in his eyes at the behavior from his wife. He parted his lips to retort but when she gave him a glare, as if she read his mind, he nodded and slowly went down on his knees. She tugged the leash and started walking away, he immediately went on his fours and followed her.

Soon after, he followed her into a red themed place. In every corner, there were people who were either naked or clothed. Some women were in a ring, naked and fighting themselves. Another corner, there was a man spanking a woman laying on a table. Everything in the room made him uncomfortable and when he noticed he was the only one in the position that he was in, shame came back tenfold.

"Let us go have some fun," Whitney said and dragged him to a set of couches.

Once she sat down, she crossed her legs and started talking with the men and women sitting with her. Stephan swallowed and kept his gaze on the floor, in order to avoid any of their wandering eyes on him.

"Is this yours?" A deep voice made him raise his head. Beside his wife was a blonde haired muscled man staring down at him with a smirk.

"Yes, he is mine. He's still a little stubborn but tonight, I will break him," Whitney replied the man and snapped her fingers at him. "Get over there and dance for us."

Stephan glanced in the direction she was pointing at. In the center of the sitting area was a circle platform with a pole. He gulped and looked back at Whitney who winked at him.

"Don't waste my time, boy. Get over there," she ordered with a scowl on her face.

Stephan slowly stood up and walked over to the platform. Shame was heavy on his body, and the heat of their stares were on his back. He stepped onto the platform and held the cold pole. He took in a shaky breath and exhaled, then bowed his head when tears started flowing down his cheeks— He could not do it.

Before he could stop himself, he stepped down and rushed out of the place. He heard his wife calling to him, but ignored her. He ran out of the place and headed straight to the restroom, where he changed into his own clothes. After that, he dumped the dress and the other things, then left the restroom. He bumped into Whitney who had remorse all over his face, but he scoffed at it and brushed past her.

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Once he got back to their hotel room, he started packing up his things. He heard his wife entering the room, but ignored her.

"Stephan, please, hear me out. I can explain."

His back straightened, then he faced her with anger moving through his system.

"Explain what!? Why are you doing all of these, Whitney? What is going on with you all of a sudden?"

"I am doing this for us. I want our relationship to be spiced up. I want a change in our sexual life." She approached him.

"Well, I did not ask for it! I never forced you to be this way! I never forced you to do this to me!"

A slap across his cheek made him freeze. He touched his cheek and stared at her in shock.

"Shut the fuck up, Stephan! You actually made me do this! You thought I was never going to find out about your fantasies!? You know, my recent behavior disgusted me too! I did this for you because I stumbled upon your browsing history on your laptop! All your porn history consisted of everything damn thing I have been doing! I thought it would finally make you want me again after you stopped touching me or making love to me!"

The anger that was once in him washed away and pain and shame filled his body. He bowed his head, avoiding her eyes.

"I realized how much you craved big black cocks, busty blondes, feminization, fem-dom! Etcetera! I decided to do all of that because I love you and wanted you to be happy! I sacrificed my state of mind to get your attention and how do you react? Like this! Ungrateful and... "

Stephan watched as his wife broke down. She went on her knees and bawled her eyes out, leaving him weak to the core.

He slowly knelt before her and held her hands then pulled her against his chest.

"I am so sorry, Whitney. I have been dishonest for months. For years, I've had these insecurities. I feel I am not enough because of

my size, I feel like I don't pleasure you enough, and on top of it all, I thought I could have what I see on those porn videos. So, when you started to make my dreams a reality, It felt different and wrong. I felt disgusted. I betrayed you, Whitney." He pulled away, and sat on the floor.

Whitney sat on the floor too, and wiped her tears.

"I never complained about your size or anything," she said.

Stephan chuckled, "I thought you internally did and didn't want to make me feel bad. I thought you just tolerated me even though I could never satisfy you sexually to the max. I've had my experience with my ex girlfriends and they all left me because of my three inches cock. They said I was not man enough and when I saw how long you've been with me, I started to think about their words and wonder why you were still with me. I didn't want to lose you, that's why I stopped making love to you. I felt; the more I don't show my embarrassing size, the more you love me."

Whitney chuckled and rolled her eyes.

"You are a funny man, Stephan. Who told you that you don't satisfy me? You made me squirt so many times! It's something no man has ever done to my body. When we have sex, you make me feel so good. No other man has ever reached your level. Even the one I slept with last night in order to please you was wack. He

does not know how to handle a big size woman like me. He was focused only on his own orgasms. Stephan, do not for a second think that I am faking my orgasms when I'm with you. You fucking know how to fuck!"

A blush stained his cheeks, making him look away from her. He felt a weight move off his body at her revelation but guilt ate him up at how she had to do things to please him.

"The only thing I can't take away is having to do the things I wasn't comfortable with. But I will do it all over again, if it satisfies you," Whitney said, and came closer to him.

"I am so sorry for making you live my dreams and desires. I thought those things would feel good in real life but fear consumed me. I thought you would fall in love with a man with a bigger package and leave me like my ex girlfriends. You had to go out of your comfort zone to please me. Thank you so much," he said in full gratitude and pulled her into his arms.

"I love you and I respect you, Stephan. But if you have anything to share with me, don't be afraid to. I am also sorry for embarrassing you, and putting you through things that hurt your ego. Will you ever forgive me?"

Stephan shut his eyes and had flashes of the past events. He took it as traumatizing but shook his head. He tightened his hold

around her body and exhaled. He forgave her, but it was hard to let what had happened go.

"Just give me some time to get over everything. But know that I still love you," he said, kissing her forehead.