

THE CIRCLE OF CUCKOLDS



BY
UNKNOWN

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By
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Bruce and his wife Linda were having drinks on the patio of their large suburban home. Bruce, a 42-year-old accountant, had done very well in his profession and was up for a vice presidency of the firm. Their expensive home reflected Bruce's financial success. Linda, a 36-year-old attractive brunette looked less than her age. Thanks to a disciplined regimen of exercise and diet, her figure was that of a woman ten years younger. Her most notable features were her large bust and long shapely legs. Linda was an elementary school teacher. The couple had no children, but were "trying."

The problem, according to Bruce's physician was his unusually low sperm count. For them, timing would be everything if they were to succeed in getting pregnant.

Sex for Bruce and Linda was very satisfactory for him, but less so for Linda, although she never mentioned this to him out of concern for his fragile masculine ego. Things picked up somewhat for Linda when the couple ventured into the world of suburban swinging last year. Although the guys in their circle were nothing to write home about in Linda's opinion, at least they were better than Bruce in the sex department. The parties, however, had become less and less frequent, and this was the topic of conversation on this particular evening.

"I don't get it," said Bruce. "First Sarah and Bill dropped out. Then Marie and Jim. Now the get-togethers are less and less frequent."

"I know," responded Linda. "Frustrating. But I think I know the reason."

"You do?" - asked Bruce, surprised.

"I think so."

"What is it?"

"Well," began Linda with obvious hesitation, "I was talking to Marie over coffee the other day. Apparently the action hasn't stopped, but some of our friends have gone in a different direction."

"What does that mean - a different direction?"

"Well," continued Linda, "I don't know quite how to put it. But basically some of the ladies started finding those evenings less than exciting."

"You're kidding!" - said Bruce.

"Nope. Now I know you guys are really into it. And why not? Let's face it, you're getting to play with some very hot babes. Am I wrong?"

"No," said Bruce, "you're definitely right. So what's the problem?"

"Well, take Sarah, for instance. What guy wouldn't want to crawl between that girl's legs? I mean, she could have any guy she wanted, right?"

"Damn right!" Bruce replied with perhaps more enthusiasm than was advisable.

"That certainly goes for you, too, hon."

"Thanks. Anyway, it was Sarah who started this new thing."

"What new thing?"

"Well, Sarah went Black."

Bruce was stunned at this announcement. He had never heard the expression "to go Black," but he definitely understood the gist of it. In fact, the immediate image of hot little Sarah with a Black stud on top of her sent a shiver through Bruce that he didn't understand.

"Black?" - was all that he could think of to say.

"Yes, Black. Apparently this was one of her long-time fantasies. So she talked Bill into answering an ad placed by some Black stud on a website devoted to interracial sex."

"I can't believe it," said Bruce.

"Believe it," replied Linda. "They met this guy and he fucked her right in their own bed right in front of Bill. After that, she couldn't get interested in our little group anymore. Even Bill was blown away by watching. He became a 'true believer' that night."

Bruce was embarrassed that this story had gotten him so excited that he had to shift in his seat, trying to conceal the fact of his hardening cock.

His reaction, however, did not go unnoticed by Linda. She crossed her legs, giving Bruce a view of thigh that never failed to get him hot. She sipped her drink and looked at him over the rim before continuing her story.

"Can you just imagine hot little Sarah squirming on the bed with with this thick 9-inch black cock about to enter her? And Bill sitting across the room watching it all?"

Bruce could indeed imagine this scene. He had been with her many times over the past couple of years and could never believe his good fortune. His only problem with her had been her extreme energy and need for fast, hard stroking that usually caused him to finish before she barely got going. Bruce found himself totally absorbed in this vision and breathing deeply.

"So," continued Linda, "Sarah told Marie about the experience and - believe it or not - Marie was very excited and receptive. Apparently she had fantasized about having a Black man herself. And she got Jim to go along with it - with the same guy!"

"Jeez!" said Bruce, now overcome with the image of this taboo picture. "No wonder we haven't seen them lately."

"Exactly. Anyway, now those two couples and a few others have been going to special parties held by another couple they met. Bruce, they've all gone Black!"

"Completely?" asked Bruce, stupefied.

"Totally. What's amazing is that the guys have acquiesced to this. Isn't that incredible, honey?"

"It definitely is."

"Bruce," purred Linda, "would you mind refreshing my drink?"

Uh-oh. Bruce didn't really want to stand up at this point for fear that his

excitement would be only too obvious. But with Linda holding out her empty glass in front of him, he didn't have a chance. Perhaps, he thought, it's dark enough that she won't notice.

Linda noticed, but pretended not to. It was just as Sarah had predicted. Her own husband was turned on at the thought of Black men fucking these white wives that he had known and been with for years. She concealed a smile as Bruce took her glass and quickly turned toward the house to refill it.

When Bruce returned with two fresh drinks, she took a sip, crossed her legs, and sighed softly.

"What is it?" - asked Bruce.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "Probably just too much to drink and too long since one of our parties. I was just trying to imagine myself in Sarah's place. Somehow I don't see myself lying on the bed with my legs wide open and some Black man's huge cock pushing at my pussy while you're sitting there watching. Do you?"

"Gee, I don't..."

"I mean, I probably couldn't take anything that big, even if I were excited and begging for it."

Bruce was by now in a state of frenzied excitement.

"And even if I could," she continued, "I'd be afraid I wouldn't be able to control myself and would go crazy. And with you sitting there..."

"Well, I..." Was all Bruce could manage at this point.

"Damn, I wonder how Bill and Jim feel when this is happening. How do they react?"

"Well, I guess you could ask them," ventured Bruce.

"I guess," she answered. "It might be interesting to invite Marie and Jim over for drinks just to hear the story first-hand. Get their perspective on this. I mean, we know them much better than we do Bill and Sarah, even from before our swinging days. What do you think?"

"Well, sure, why not?" - replied Bruce, trying to sound as casual as possible.

Linda beamed with delight. It had been even easier than she had imagined.

"Great. It should be very interesting," she said. "Meanwhile, all this sex talk has gotten me very hot. Bruce, would you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"Would you get me off with your talented tongue right here, right now?"

"Here?" - said Bruce, astounded. "People might see us."

"Don't be silly. It's too dark. Besides, I'll unfold this blanket over my lap.

You can crawl under it and nobody could see you even if they tried."

"Well, I don't know..." said Bruce.

But Linda was beyond the point of wanting to have a discussion on this subject or to engage in negotiations. The blanket was now on her lap and hanging all the way down to the patio. She reached down and lifted it up, revealing her now open legs.

"Now, Bruce! Please!!"

Bruce had never heard his wife speak so sharply to him. Plus, he was afraid that her raised voice would attract attention of the neighbors. So he quickly lowered himself to his knees in front of her.

"All right, sweetie. Calm down."

"Hurry!"

Bruce quickly ducked under the blanket, crawled between his wife's legs and moved his face to her pussy. Through the blanket he felt her hands on top of his head pulling him firmly against her. He began licking her already moist hole.

"Ohhhh, that's it, baby," she said softly, much to Bruce's relief. He plunged his tongue into her.

Linda was in heaven. Even if nothing else came of this, she had her husband on his knees, on the patio, about to make her cum.

"Oh, sweetie," she purred, "this talk about Sarah and her Black lover got me all hot. I don't know what came over me. Can you just imagine if it were me instead of Sarah?"

Linda noticed that her words caused Bruce to re-double his efforts between her legs. She had never felt so much in control.

"Mmmmf..." was the only sound coming from under the blanket, where her husband's tongue was too occupied with her pleasure to produce anything resembling real words. That was fine with her. Any talk from him would only take away from the fantasy she hadn't been able to get out of her mind ever since Sarah first told her about her new lover. It may have been hubby Bruce's tongue giving her pleasure at the moment, but in her imagination it was something much larger and much blacker. And it was attached to a real man.

Little did she know that Bruce couldn't get the same image out of his own mind no matter how hard he tried.

Her erupting orgasm was accompanied by powerful bucking against his now sopping wet face and when she finished it took him a moment to catch his breath.

"Thanks, honey," he heard her say. "You can come up now."

Bruce slowly backed out from between Linda's legs and crawled from under the blanket. He was struck by the sensation of cool night air against his warm, wet face. Getting back up into his chair, Bruce was somehow almost embarrassed to look his wife in the eye. It was as if he had done something shameful or humiliating.

Linda picked up on her husband's discomfort, but decided to look him directly in the face anyway. He seemed to shrink under her gaze. She suddenly realized why Bruce was so ill at ease before her. They had, in effect, experienced her first Black-inspired orgasm and both of them realized it. They had, she understood, taken a big first step. And she was savoring the possibilities.

A few days later Linda and Bruce were entertaining their friends Marie and Jim on that very same patio. It was late on a Saturday night after a candlelit dinner where there had been no mention of swinging. Now, relaxing in the balmy summer night air and mellow with wine, thoughts turned to sex.

For his part, Bruce was once again admiring the lovely Marie, a blonde, 29-year-old legal assistant at a prestigious center city law firm. He had enjoyed her lovely body many times at their swing parties and hoped that something might even be possible tonight.

It was Linda who turned the conversation to the "Circle" group.

"So tell us, Marie," she began, "what about the "Circle?"

"Oh, it's great! We love it, don't we, honey?" she said, addressing her husband, Jim.

"Yes, dear," he responded with somewhat less enthusiasm.

"Oh, I'm sure Jim'll be the first to admit that he had doubts and hesitations at first, but he came around and is now a true believer." Jim didn't say anything to this.

"A true believer in what?" - ventured Bruce.

"In Black men as lovers, of course," responded Marie.

"Listen," interjected Linda, "let me steal Marie away for a few minutes for some girl talk. Jim, you can share your experiences with Bruce in private. Okay?"

"Sure," said Jim.

Bruce and Jim admired the ladies as they retreated inside the house. Marie's swaying hips and long shapely legs never failed to arouse Bruce.

"Well," he said, "it's been a while since we partied. Marie is looking HOT!"

"Well, my friend," responded Jim, "you can look all you want to. But as you know my wife has gone Black."

"What does that mean exactly," asked Bruce.

"Very simple. She only has sex with Black men."

"And you, of course," interjected Bruce.

"Well, sure, sort of... sometimes. It depends."

"So what was it like seeing her with a Black guy?"

"To tell you the truth," answered Jim, "it blew my mind. I had just never imagined anything like that. Mainly, I'd never seen Marie get that turned on. And vocal! It almost scared me, really."

"Was the guy as big as Sarah told Linda?"

"Oh, yeah. I mean BIG. Nine or ten inches easy. And THICK! It was scary. I couldn't believe Marie could take it. But she did. When I saw that monster forcing its way into her pussy, I couldn't believe my eyes. She went crazy! And he hadn't even started fucking her. She had an orgasm just feeling him that way."

"Wow. That must have been hard to take."

"It was and sometimes still is, although I've gotten more used to it. At this point I could never deprive her of it. I mean those guys can fuck - and I mean hard - for half an hour. They're in a different league. You can see why she isn't interested in coming to our old parties any more. A bunch of white guys with small equipment and hair triggers. We can't compete. You gotta hand it to them. I wish I could give her that much pleasure. But I can't. She's hooked for sure. So I'm a believer."

This was information overload for Bruce.

"Jeez..." he said.

"Are you thinking about coming to a Circle party?"

"Well, I don't know," said Bruce.

"You should. Besides, I'd like someone I know sitting in the circle with me from time to time."

"What do you mean?"

"You know - the circle. Don't you know about it?"

"First I heard of it."

"Well," began Jim, "it's like this..."

Meanwhile, in the house, Linda is getting the lowdown from Marie.

"So you enjoyed it?" asked Linda.

"I can't even begin to tell you how much," she said enthusiastically. "It's like I never had real sex before! Linda, you've got to do it!"

"I can't say I'm not tempted. I don't know if I can talk Bruce into it, though."

"Are you kidding? You know how our guys are. If it has to do with sex, they're for it! By the time they figure out that it isn't about them, well, it's too late. By then there's no turning back."

"Well," laughed Linda, "last night I surprised myself with Bruce. I had him going down on me on the patio."

Marie's eyes opened wide in amazement.

"On the patio? Really?"

"Yup. I had a blanket over him, of course. At first he hesitated, but I was so hot talking about you and Sarah going Black that I didn't have much patience."

"I can imagine."

"I actually snapped at him - 'Do it!' - I said. I was about to apologize for my tone when all of a sudden he was on his knees looking very sheepish. So I went ahead and had him do me."

"Awesome," responded Marie. "I wish I'd been there to see that."

"And you know what? I was really turned on by the whole scene. Not just him eating my pussy, but the fact I was sort of in charge. I loved it!"

"Let me tell you something," said Marie. "Our relationship changed incredibly after Jim saw me being fucked by a real man - a Black man. You know how

bossy he's always been, how he likes to be in charge, how only his opinion matters? Well, after I lost my virginity - that's what I call it - he was a new hubby."

"Really?" - marveled Linda. "Tell me."

"Well," continued Marie, "that first night after Rick fucked me and left, it was like Jim was embarrassed to look me in the eye. So of course I kept trying to start conversations with him, trying to get him to look at me. But it was like he was diminished. And you know what? He was!"

"It's funny you say that. Bruce was like that with me last night and we were just talking about it. I can imagine how he'd be if it actually happened."

"My other surprising reaction," said Marie, "was that I was actually resentful toward Jim because I had spent all these years thinking I was having pretty good sex. When I was having nothing even close. But now my eyes have been opened, among other things."

Marie and Linda start giggling.

"One of the main things you depend on your husband for is sex," said Marie. "But once you don't need him for that, he becomes very pliable and eager to please. And because I resent having been deprived all these years, I don't mind rubbing it in."

Linda contemplated this for a moment before responding.

"That idea shouldn't appeal to me so much, but it does."

"Good. Now you two have to come to the next Circle party and get Bruce out in the circle with Jim."

"What do you mean - in the circle?"

"Oh," said Marie, surprised, "Sara didn't tell you about how it works?"

Linda shook her head.

"Okay. It's call the Circle group. But that's the short name. The full name is Circle of Cuckolds. The couple that holds the parties has a huge home out in the country. Outside on the patio there's a big circle - about 5 yards in diameter - drawn in yellow chalk. Are you with me?"

"Sure."

"Okay, then. When a couple arrives at the party, the wife is given two things - one, a chain collar with a lock and, two, a plastic coil bracelet with the key to that lock."

"Okay..." responded Linda, confused.

"When the wife wants to spend some time with a Black man - either having a drink and chatting or going up to one of the bedrooms - she puts the collar around her hubby's neck and locks it with her key.

"This is his signal to go out onto the patio and sit in the circle - the circle of cuckolds. He stays there until she retrieves him. If a man has the collar on, he MUST be out of the house and sitting in the circle.

"It's a very nice system. You have privacy with your man and you know where hubby is. And he knows where you are. And everybody can glance out at the patio and immediately know whose wife is having a good time with a real man."

Linda was beginning to feel warm at this description of how an evening at a Circle party worked.

"Wow," she said. "They really thought this thing out, haven't they? But you mean husbands don't get to watch?"

"No," Marie explained, "not at the parties. But if you have one of the Black men visit your home, then that's different. It's up to you and him."

"I'm not sure how Bruce would take that. I know I'm ready, but him? – who knows?"

"Look, just get him to take you to one of the parties. Put him in the cuckolds' circle and get yourself laid for real for the first time by a Black stud. Your Bruce will be dying of curiosity and want to hear everything. He'll be so curious he'll soon be ready for entertaining a real man at your home. And he'll be so blown away by what he witnesses, that he'll be eating out of your hand Among other places!"

The women howled with laughter.

"You know what I've really enjoyed?" - asked Marie.

"What?"

"Thinking about the guys in our old group who used to fuck me with their little things - and now seeing them consigned to the cuckolds' circle for all to witness."

"Well, okay, I'll talk to Bruce this evening."

"Good. The next party is this Saturday. I hope that by Sunday morning your Bruce will have been Black-cuckolded for good!"

Thirty minutes later, after Marie and Jim had left, Linda and Bruce returned to the patio for a nightcap. Just as Bruce was about to sit down, Linda had a request.

"Sweetie, would you get that blanket we had out here last night. It's a bit chilly."

She couldn't help but notice that mention of the blanket caused Bruce to blush and wondered what he would be like after a night in the cuckolds' circle.

With the blanket on her lap, Linda ran her tongue around the rim of her glass and looked at her husband, who, unnerved at being looked at by his wife and not knowing what she was thinking, looked down. Much to Linda's satisfaction.

"So," she said finally, "did you have a nice chat with Jim?"

"Oh yeah," he replied noncommittally.

"What about?"

"You know - about the Circle parties."

"And?"

"What?"

"Bruce! Stop playing games with me! What do you think?"

Bruce was completely taken aback at the tone of his wife's voice.

"I'm sorry, honey," he said weakly. "It was... uh... interesting. He seems okay with it."

"And how about you?"

"What do you mean?"

Linda only had to cock an eyebrow at him to make him realize that she didn't appreciate his evasions.

"Oh... I don't know. It's really different..."

"Yes, of course. How does Jim feel about Black men fucking his wife?"

"Linda! Do you have to talk like that?"

"Just answer the question."

"Well, he seems almost... proud of her," he said finally.

"Do you think those men would even be interested in me, anyway?" she asked.

"Honey, are you kidding?"

Linda crossed her legs for Bruce's benefit.

"I mean, Marie says the Black men at those parties are not only super well-endowed, but also good looking. They can have their pick of women!"

"Darling, you're-"

"Anyway," she interrupted, "I think it might be interesting to go to one of the parties just to see what the people are like. We don't have to do anything. We might just end up having drinks and deciding it's not for us. You know?"

"Maybe..."

"Did Jim tell you about the circle?"

"Yeah, he did."

"I think it's a cute idea!"

"Well, of course. You wouldn't be out there."

"No," she admitted, "I wouldn't. The parties are focused on white married woman and Black men. It is very sweet, though, that Jim and Bill are so supportive of Marie and Sarah that they willingly take them to Circle parties. I mean, that's real devotion. And self-confidence."

"I guess you're right..."

"So what do you say? Shall we drop in and see what the fuss is about. We can always take in a movie if we're bored."

"Yeah, why not? A movie would be fun anyway."

"Are you sure you're up for one of these parties, Bruce? Because if you're not, I'll understand."

"No, no, I am. If Jim and Bill say it's okay, then it must be."

"God, you get me so hot when you show me how much you love me that way. I'm so lucky!"

These words lifted Bruce's mood and made him glad that he had agreed to go along. Anything to lift her spirits, he thought.

"But," added Linda, "I do want you to think about it. About me... the meaning of the Circle... yourself sitting in the circle on the patio. Will you do that?"

"Sure I will."

"Great! I want you to think about what it means very seriously while you... "

Linda opened the blanket on her lap and let it hang down over her legs to the tiles on the ground. "... do what you did for me last night."

Bruce was stunned that Linda would ask for that two nights in a row. It didn't seem right. He hesitated.

"Bruce!"

"I'm sorry. I was just thinking."

"I just told you what I wanted you to think about. Now please do it. Now!"

Linda smiled triumphantly as her husband, eyes cast downward, lowered himself to the ground and crawled in front of her... again.

Bruce had very mixed feelings as he lowered his head under the blanket and crawled forward. Linda had always enjoyed sex and went along with the swinging parties for the last couple of years. But she had never very outspoken about sex, and certainly never took the initiative. Now, for the second time in two days, she was almost insisting that he please her orally.

This both excited him and made him nervous at the same time. At the moment, with his face between her widely spread legs, he was mainly excited. He leaned forward and made contact with her surprisingly wet pussy with his lips.

"Ooooh, that's nice," moaned Linda.

Although her voice sounded muffled to Bruce, he got the message and began gently lapping at his wife's slit with his tongue.

Linda looked down at the blanket covering her legs and the round bulge of her husband's head below her belly. The feeling of being in control was almost as erotic as the sensations produced by Bruce's worshipping tongue. She put her hands on the blanket where his head was and pulled him tighter against herself.

"Oh, sweetie, that's so good. Don't stop."

Bruce had no intention of stopping, although having his face pushed so firmly against his wife's pussy made it harder for him to apply what he considered his outstanding oral techniques. Her voice caught his attention.

"Are you thinking about the Circle, hon?"

"Mmmnph," he said, nodding. Coherent speech was not an option with his tongue probing her pussy and his nose squashed against her pubic bone.

"I'll take that as a yes. Now think about a Black cock right where your tongue is!"

The words brought Bruce quickly back to the conversation that had led to what was going on at the moment. Even if he had wanted to, he couldn't avoid imagining a big Black cock entering his wife. Surprisingly he felt a twinge in

his own little cock. Still, he wasn't sure he liked the idea. In the past, with their friends, he definitely had the better end of the deal since he got to enjoy his friends' very sexy wives. But none of the husbands posed a challenge or threat to his role with his own wife.

"Oohhhh," moaned Linda. "That's it, sweetie. Don't stop."

Bruce, sensing Linda's impending orgasm, wasn't about to stop. With the likelihood that she would soon have her first experience with an endowed Black Man hanging over him, it was important that he prove himself eager and able to satisfy her.

As Linda's orgasm began to overtake her, it was not her hubby that was in her mind, but the anticipation of someone much more powerful and virile. That thought, contrasted with the sight of Bruce on his knees under a blanket pleasing her with his tongue, gave her a sense of power. And that, she had discovered, made her even hotter. She bucked hard up against his face and grabbed his head to pull him more forcefully against her, ignoring his muffled protest.

Finally, when she relaxed and began to catch her breath, she realized that her husband's face was still trapped between her thighs.

"Oh thank you, honey," she said, releasing him.

Bruce backed out from under the blanket, raised himself stiffly to his feet, and sat down in his chair. Just like the previous night, he seemed to avoid looking directly at Linda. He reached for a napkin and was about to dry his soaking and shiny face.

"Sweetie," she stopped him, "don't do that. I love the way you look right now... Okay?"

Linda was amazed that he went along with her, considering that her juices were now running down his neck.

"So," he finally said, "you still want to go to that party on Friday night?"

"You know what?" - she replied. "More than ever!"

Friday night found Bruce and Linda driving to their first party of the Circle group. Linda was excited; Bruce had grave doubts.

"I'm not sure about this, honey," he said.

"Oh, don't be a spoilsport. You and the guys have had some of the sexiest women in the city to play with for years. Don't you think it's our turn?"

"I guess, but... I don't know."

"Don't worry, sweetie. I'm sure it will be fine."

"Anyway," continued Bruce, "just remember that we don't have to do anything at all. It could just be a chance to check it out without, you know, participating."

Like that's going to happen - thought Linda.

They arrived at the almost mansion-like house half an hour later. The landscaping was expensive, including large torches lighting the front yard.

"How do I look?" - asked Linda.

"Terrific," said Bruce sincerely. In fact, he thought Linda had really gone out of her way in getting together that evening. Her sexiest low-cut dress and highest heels, a visit to the hair salon, and some new perfume. Bruce began to feel a tingle just looking at her and remembering their last evening on the patio.

His reverie was interrupted when the door opened. Before them stood a beautiful woman in her mid-40s, brunette, tall, and dressed to kill.

"Hi!" - she said. "You must be Linda and Bruce. Please come in. I'm Rachel."

In the foyer the lighting was subdued, but enhanced by several candles. Soft music and conversation were audible from another room.

"Linda," said Rachel, "you are as lovely as Marie said. I think you will be a most welcome addition to our little group." Bruce noticed that his hostess was addressing his wife, but not him.

"And here," continued Rachel, "is your Circle necklace and a key to the lock."

Bruce shifted uncomfortably as Linda dropped the chain necklace into her purse and put the plastic coil bracelet holding the key around her wrist.

"Not that I think that necklace will spend much time in your purse, if you know what I mean," laughed Rachel.

Linda joined in the laughter and Bruce looked away, unsure how to react to this joking at his expense.

"Come with me. I'll show you the bar. Marie is already here and looking forward to seeing you."

"Great," said Linda as she and Bruce followed their hostess into a large, dark-paneled room. It was, in fact, a large library with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves and a fireplace. Set up at one end was a bar. Bruce noticed that the bartender, a man in his mid-40s, was wearing the same necklace as the one Linda had been given. Rachel noticed Bruce's curious look.

"He's wearing the necklace because he's one of the hubbies. Guys sent to the circle take turns tending bar and doing a couple of other things during the party."

"I see," said Bruce.

Standing before the bartender was a twenty-ish Black man with an attractive blonde woman in her 30s.

"Here is your champagne, ma'am," said the bartender, placing a flute of bubbly before him. "And here is your scotch, sir." It struck Bruce that the bartender was unusually polite.

Bruce and Linda ordered white wine, which was poured and served with admirable efficiency.

"Here you are, ma'am," said the barman as he placed Linda's drink before her on a napkin. "And here's your, buddy."

Buddy? - thought Bruce, What's that about.

"He's very polite," said Bruce to Rachel as they walked toward an open door of the library/bar.

"Of course. Just part of the tradition of manners and courtesy we encourage at our get-togethers. Hubbies usually address Black guests as "Sir" and all ladies as "ma'am," especially when serving at the bar," explained Rachel. "The woman he just now served?"

"Yeah," said Bruce. "What about her?"

"That's his wife."

"Your kidding!" responded Bruce, unable to conceal his surprise.

"Definitely not. She was with one of our special guests. Think how he would have felt if the bartender had been familiar with his companion. Therefore both of them were due respect. See?"

"Hey," said Linda, "I like that!"

"Well then," said Rachel, taking her by the arm and leading her through the door, "you have come to the right place."

They walked through a sitting area that also featured subdued lighting. A couple sat whispering to each other on a sofa in the corner. From this area they entered a very large room that could be described as a party room or perhaps a huge family room. There were five discernible sitting areas, a small corner bar, a dance floor, multiple sofa, all interspersed with potted trees. Candles and soft music completed the effect.

One side of the room featured French doors leading outside to a patio and illuminated swimming pool. There were perhaps twenty people in the room, primarily gathered in small groups.

"Linda!" It was Marie.

"Marie, hi," said Linda as the two of them embraced.

"I'm so glad you made it. You, too, Bruce," she added with a smile.

"Where's Jim," asked Bruce, hoping to latch onto someone familiar.

"Well," responded Marie, "actually he's out on the patio in the Circle."

"You mean..." began Linda.

"Right! Hold on. I'll introduce you. Don't move."

As Marie moved away, Bruce put his arm possessively around Linda's shoulders.

She shrugged him off as Marie returned with a handsome young Black man in his 20s.

"Wow," whispered Linda to Bruce.

"Linda," said Marie, "this is Mike. Mike - this is my best friend,

Linda."

"Well, well," said the man approvingly as he gave Linda a slow and open once-over. "Any friend of Marie's..."

"And this," she said, "is Bruce."

Bruce shook hands with the man, who squeezed his hand just enough to let him know who was stronger but without causing him to wince in pain.

"Linda," continued Marie in her usual breathless and enthusiastic manner, come with me. I want to introduce you to some one."

As Linda began following Marie and her friend, Bruce started to go after them.

Marie paused just long enough to discourage him.

"Bruce, be a dear and wait here - okay? I promise you'll see her again."

Linda looked at Marie but didn't protest Bruce's being given the "Stay!" command.

Marie led Linda over to a corner of the room where a small group of people were standing and chatting. Rather than joining to group, she tapped a tall Black man on the shoulder to get his attention.

When he turned around, Linda saw a very handsome man in his mid-30s with an athlete's physique. He allowed his gaze to take in Linda in a very leisurely way that made her blush.

"George," said Marie, "this is my friend Linda that I was telling you about.

Linda, George." George took Linda's hand in his and squeezed it warmly.

"Well, well, Marie," he said, "you didn't do the lady justice."

"Nice to meet you, George," said Linda, who was suddenly feeling very warm all over and hoped her face wasn't red.

"Would you take Linda in hand for a while? I need to go free my hubby from the Circle for a few minutes."

"Of course," said George, winking at Linda. "She will be in good hands."

As Marie walked away, the Black Adonis led Linda over to a love seat on the other side of the room and sat down with her. Linda felt the warmth of his legs against her and took a sip of champagne.

"So where's your hubby, Linda?" he asked.

"That's him sitting over by the door looking at us," laughed Linda.

"Good. He knows the rules for these parties, right?"

"Oh, he knows them all right," answered Linda with chuckle.

"Well, I think you are going to fit in very well here, Linda. And I think you'll be very happy you came."

"You think so?" -she said somewhat flirtatiously, getting into the mood of the conversation.

"Oh, yeah. Especially once we get your hubby on board. We may as well include him right now."

"What do you mean?"

"Watch."

George looked over at Bruce and used his index finger to summon him.

Bruce looked around as if not sure he was the person being signaled. He pointed to himself with a questioning expression on his face.

George nodded. Bruce arose and started to approach, but George stopped him in his tracks by holding up his open palm. Bruce looked confused. George held up his champagne glass and made a circling motion with his hand to indicate that Bruce should refresh both their glasses.

Bruce frowned, but slowly turned and headed toward the bar.

"Amazing," said Linda.

"Why? If I'm going to take his wife to Heaven, the least he can do is get us a drink."

Linda laughed at the self-confidence with which this man already took for granted what she was just beginning to hope would be the case.

"Pretty sure of yourself, huh?" - she said.

"I hope I'm not wrong. You're going to be one happy lady before this night is over. I want to make sure you come back again."

"We'll see."

At that moment Bruce approached the couple with two glasses of champagne, which he handed to them.

"Thanks, honey," said Linda. George remained silent.

"I'm Bruce," volunteered the hubby/waiter.

"You should return to your chair now," said George in a very neutral tone of voice that nonetheless did not invite a response other than compliance.

Bruce returned to his chair.

"Cold," said Linda.

"Well, I like to help everyone get off on the right foot from the start. Especially hubbies. And especially your hubby - for purely selfish reasons."

"You know how to flatter a girl," teased Linda as she sipped her champagne.

George put his right arm on the back of the loveseat behind Linda and rested his hand possessively on her shoulder. His touch made her jump slightly, but she did nothing to discourage her companion. Instead, she crossed her legs and turned toward him slightly.

"I think we're going to get along just fine," he said with a smile, caressing her shoulder gently. Linda sipped more champagne.

"I see Bruce can't take his eyes off us. Why don't we give him something to think about."

"What do you mean?" - asked Linda.

"This," he said. He moved his face slowly toward Linda's and she knew he was going to kiss her. It seemed like an eternity before he made contact and all kinds of things were going through her mind - how would Bruce react, how would she react, was it going to happen, did she want it to? Yes to the last question, she decided.

Then his lips made contact with hers. Even though there were plenty of people in the room, somehow it didn't matter to her. His soft kiss only served to help her make her decision. When she felt his tongue probing her lips, she immediately opened for him and felt it enter her mouth and intertwine with her own tongue.

She moaned quietly as she began to fully participate in the kiss, pressing her mouth closer against his, opening wider, and bathing his tongue with her own.

There was no turning back. She began to feel her pussy moistening and knew she was going to give herself to this man.

Bruce, seeing this man kissing his wife so blatantly - and in front of everyone - was frozen in place.

It was obvious that she was kissing him back. He didn't know whether to keep looking or go over there. One thing was certain - he didn't want to catch the eye of any of the other guests present. That would be very embarrassing. He was also pretty sure that this club - or whatever it was - was not for him. He didn't like the way this George person seemed to just take it for granted that he could take over his wife like that. He was annoyed at himself that he had run over to

them and when the dark man signaled and, especially, that he fetched them drinks like some servant. But most of all, he couldn't believe that Linda was going along with this and seeming to enjoy it.

Meanwhile, when their kiss came to an end, Linda was almost breathless from the sensations going through her body. If he does everything as well as he kisses, she thought, then she was definitely in trouble.

"Very nice," said George, resting an arm over her shoulder with his hand just touching her cleavage.

"Jeez," she said, "you're dangerous."

"You haven't seen anything yet," he laughed, moving his fingers lightly over her breast. "But I hope you would like to."

"Would I ever!" she thought. Glancing over at Bruce, she saw that he was staring directly at her with a look of great displeasure on his face. She realized that not only did she not care, but she even took secret delight in his watching her with George. She wanted him now and hoped that he would make that happen – and soon. She put a hand on his lap.

"I think it's time to introduce you to what this club is all about, don't you?" - he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I think you should put that collar around your hubby's neck and send him out to sit in the circle."

"Oh, I don't know..."

"Maybe I can convince you," he said with a smile.

As he leaned toward her, she turned her face to his, her lips slightly parted. When his lips touched hers, his tongue plunged deeply into her mouth, which caused to let out a quiet moan of pleasure. She reached up and put a hand behind his neck to pull him closer.

Now she knew she was going to give herself to him completely. Her body was tingling with desire and she didn't care who knew it.

Bruce couldn't take his eyes of this scene of seduction taking place across the room. It was humiliating to him, but at the same time he felt himself reacting.

When they broke the kiss and Linda stood up, he was confused. When she started walking toward him, he stood up, hoping his semi-erection wasn't visible.

"Hi, sweetie," she said. "Having fun?"

"Fun? Well, you seem to be," he said with a tinge of bitterness in his voice.

"Don't be a like that. We agreed to give this a try. I hope you don't mind if I..."

She removed the collar from her pocket and reached up to put it around his neck.

"Honey, do we have to..."

"Shhhh. Now turn around so I can lock it in place." He did as she requested and heard the little lock close. "Not too tight, I hope. Now, sweetie, you know what you're supposed to do when I put this on you, don't you?"

"Go out to the terrace and sit in the circle?" - he asked.

"Exactly. Hurry now. You can't be in the house when you're wearing that."

"But what are you..."

"I'm going to spend some time with George. Now go."

Bruce hung his head and headed to the patio without looking at anyone.

It was the longest walk of his life. He was certain that everyone was looking at him and smiling.

And he was right.

Outside there were three men already seated in chairs arranged facing inward in a circle with a diameter of about ten feet... He took a seat with as many chairs separating him from the others as possible.

"Congratulation!" said a young man who looked to be in his very early 20s.

"Thanks. I guess," he responded.

"Your medallion is facing backward," the young man said.

"Huh?" said Bruce, looking down at his chest.

"The medallion. It has to face outward so the letter can be seen."

"Oh," said Bruce. He flipped the round medallion around. The letters "BC" were engraved on it.

"What does that stand for," asked Bruce.

"Some people think it means "Being Cuckolded." But it really stands for "Black-Cuckolded."

Bruce was speechless.

"My name is Jimmy," he said.

"Bruce."

"So who's your wife with?" - asked Jimmy.

"His name is George."

"Wow! Lucky you!"

Why he was lucky, Bruce had no idea.

"Why lucky?" he asked.

"Well, George is only one of the top three men in the group, that's why. My wife, Julia, and I were here five times before she finally got to be with George. This is your first time, right?"

"Yeah," said Bruce.

"Well, you'll definitely be back. Your wife is going to one happy camper. I hope she likes'em big, because George is hung like you wouldn't believe."

Jimmy held his two hands apart about 10 inches.

"Your wife is going to think she died and went to heaven. And she will. She may not be able to walk for a week, but she'll definitely be bringing you back That's for sure."

"May I ask how old you are?" said Bruce.

"I'm 22 and Julia is 21."

"And you're already getting into this kind of thing at such a young age?"

"Well, we were just lucky, I guess. My wife's aunt is a member, if you can believe that. She's about your age. Anyway, for some reason she got the idea of inviting us to come to the club. I thought it was going to be some swinging thing."

"And you're okay with it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, at first I wasn't. But Julia was so happy it was worth it. And when I got the chance to see her with one of the men, I could see why. It was George, as a matter of fact. When he fucked her in our bed at home, it was like nothing I'd ever seen. I mean, I was shocked. And Julia went crazy like something I'd never seen. So I figure we're lucky. She's getting the best sex imaginable from an early age. Most people don't get to have this until they're, well, your age. You really can't go back."

"Well," said Bruce. He wondered if Linda and George had already gone upstairs to one of the rooms.

"So these guys sometimes, uh, come to your house to... uh... party?"

"Sure. But only after you're a member officially. And you've committed to the club. And acknowledged the men of the club. And told your wife that you support her and recognize that only these men can give her what she needs and deserves. You have to humble yourself a lot to get to that point, and when you see her with one of them, you know what humility really is."

Bruce noticed that the other two men were listening in on the conversation. Both were about his age.

"Hi," he said. "Bruce."

"Ralph."

"Emmit. Glad to meet you. My wife is with Barnes."

"Ouch," said Ralph. "First time?"

"Yeah. Kind of weird, but Lori was so excited."

"So what's the deal with Barnes?" asked Bruce.

"Barnes," volunteered Ralph, "is only nineteen years old. Younger than our children. My wife hasn't been with him yet, but she's working on it. Boundless energy, gets it up all night, and has these huge balls. Plus, he's good looking and smart. We're trying like crazy to get him to come to our house."

At that moment, another husband stepped out onto the patio and approached the circle.

"Hi, guys! You're on, Ralph." Ralph stood up, said good-bye and headed into the house.

"Hi," said Bruce. "I'm Bruce."

"Owen," said the newcomer.

"So why did Ralph leave the... uh... circle?"

"Sheets."

"Sheets?"

"Your first time here?" - asked Owen.

"Yes."

"Who's your wife with?"

"George," responded Bruce.

"Hey, nice going!"

"Uh, thanks."

"I saw George and someone heading upstairs and wondered who she was. Very attractive!"

"They went upstairs?"

"Sure. Where else? That's where it happens."

Bruce was struggling to deal with everything going on around him. It was all so new and, at this point, confusing. He couldn't help but wonder what Linda and George were up to at that moment.

"You asked about sheets?"

"Oh, yeah. What's that about?"

"Well," said answered Owen, "all the bedrooms get used more than once in an evening. So someone has to change the sheets. That someone is one of us hubbies."

"You're kidding!" - exclaimed Bruce. This was getting more and more unbelievable.

"Nope. Needless to say, there would be hell to pay if one of the men went into a room and the bed wasn't made up with clean sheets, towels, fresh bottles of water, clean glasses. We just call it sheets for short 'cause that's the main thing. We take turns. That and bartending are our main responsibility."

"That's pretty... I don't know," responded Bruce.

"Hey, it's not so bad. You're sitting in a dark corner on the second floor just resting most of the time. And those walls aren't totally soundproof, so you hear some heavy moaning and crying. Sometimes it works out that you're on sheets when your own wife is being fucked by one of the men.

"Anyway, when a couple comes out of one of the rooms, you wait until they've headed downstairs. You keep your eyes down. Don't look them in the face. That's a violation of their privacy. If they speak to you, just answer 'yes, sir' or 'yes, ma'am." Even if it's your wife, which was kind of embarrassing at first, when you're not used to it, not yet totally committed."

"Huh!" grunted Bruce.

"Anyway," continued Owen, "as soon as they're out of sight, you go to the pantry, get out a set of clean sheets and towels. Go to the room, change the sheets, put out the clean towels, remove the used water bottles and glasses. Get new ones from the pantry. If the candles have burned down or almost burned down, replace them. Then get back to your chair and wait for the next room and do the same thing all over again."

Bruce leaned back and pondered all he had heard. He couldn't help thinking about Linda and wondering how George must have reacted when he saw the sexy underthings his wife had bought for the occasion. It must be nice, he thought, to have guys delivering their wives to you for your pleasure. Not too long ago, after all, it had been Bruce and his friends who were enjoying each other's sexy wives. For the time being at least this wasn't in the cards.

Chapter 2

Linda, meanwhile, was not thinking about her husband. At the moment she was standing in the center of the room while her soon-to-be lover, George, sat in an easy chair gazing at the sexy wife who was about to become his. His cock was uncomfortably hard and he couldn't wait to free it. Or rather, for her to free it. He always enjoyed it when he was a white wife's first black man. He wondered if she would freak out when she saw his huge manhood; would she be a screamer or a cryer? Either way, he was certain, she would become a convert in the next thirty minutes.

He could hardly wait.

Linda, feeling somewhat light-headed from two glasses of champagne and more kissing in the privacy of the room was about to disrobe in front of this magnificent man. She reached behind herself and lowered the zipper of her dress. She wanted desperately to make an impression. She was so excited she could barely conceal it. With a shrug of her shoulders, the top of the dress dropped down to waist level, revealing the lavender bra that barely contained her breasts. That her nipples were erect with excitement was very obvious.

"Oh, baby, you're making me very happy," said George. "I just know that you and I are going to get along just fine."

"Thanks. My husband helped me pick it out."

"Really," laughed George. "I like that. He shows promise. Sounds like he really wants this for you."

"Well," answered Linda, caressing her breasts with both hands, "I wouldn't go that far. I think he might come around in time."

"I'm sure you can make that happen. Let's see the rest of it!"

"You're so impatient, George. But I guess I am, too."

With that, she let her dress fall to her feet. She kicked it aside and stood there with her feet apart and hands on her hips.

George took in the matching garter belt and small panties. His had moved to his lap and he shamelessly massaged his straining cock. Linda blinked in amazement as she made out the outline of his manhood. She felt herself getting moist again.

"Baby, that husband of yours has good taste. In women and in picking out just the right thing for you to wear for me. You tell him I said so, hear?"

"Okay. It'll probably embarrass him, but I'll pass on your message. Meanwhile I have something else to offer you."

Again Linda reached behind herself, this time to unhook her bra. She let it drop to the floor and held her breasts in her hand as if offering them her man for approval. The nipples were completely erect.

"Come on over here and give me a closer look."

Linda stepped over in front of George and stood between his outstretched legs.

He leaned forward, put his hands on Linda's hip, and took a nipple in his lips.

"Ohmygod!" - she moaned. The sensation was almost more than she could bear. This was just the beginning. She put her hands on his head and pulled him closer. She was beginning to feel wobbly on her feet.

"What about you?" - she asked hoarsely.

"What about me?"

"Don't you have something for play-and-tell to show me?"

"Oh, you know I do, baby. Especially the play part! Why don't you get down on your knees so I can give you your present?"

Linda didn't have to be asked twice. She gladly lowered herself before him, her eyes glued to his crotch. She was no longer able to even pretend the casual manner she had assumed earlier in the evening.

"So tell me," asked George, "how did it feel to put that collar on your hubby for the first time?"

Even that stirred something deep inside her.

"It was sort of hard at first," she said. "I knew he was hoping that it wouldn't happen at our first party. He hoped it was just to take a look around and talk about it later."

"No way that was going to happen," interjected George.

"I realized that as soon as we sat down together. But still, I wasn't looking forward to doing that to him. I kind of felt sorry for him."

George smiled and lowered the zipper of his pants.

"I think you'll find it was worth it," he said with a suggestive smile.

Linda was getting tired of talking. She wanted - NEEDED - for this man to touch her, to take her, to make her his, to take her to a new level of pleasure.

"But you know," she said, "when I was locking it around his neck, it gave me a feeling of power that I really liked. We've never been into power games, but I really liked the control I had at that moment."

"That's only the beginning, baby. After tonight, he will be very much under your spell. You will be on the inside, and he will be on the outside looking in. He will depend on you as his link to this special world you're about to enter. This will be your power."

Linda was breathing deeply and almost licking her lips in anticipation. Would this guy never stop talking? Still, his words evoked images and situations that made her even hotter.

"Take it out," he said softly. "Take out my gift to you."

Linda reached slowing through the zipper opening. When her hand touched him, she let out a gasp.

"Oh god," she said. Knowing she would never get it out as hard and large as it was that way, Linda unhooked George's belt and opened the top of his pants. She hurriedly pulled down the top of his boxers. Before her eyes popped up the largest and hardest black cock she could have ever imagined.

Reverently she took him in both hands, neither of which could reach around his massive pole. The veins of his cock stood out in relief, signaling the degree of his arousal. She leaned closer and looked at the huge mushroom head while stroking slowly. A drop of pre-cum appeared on the tip.

"Go ahead, baby. Don't make me wait!"

This was all the encouragement she needed. She leaned forward, licked at the bulbous and almost scary head and, finally, opened her mouth wide to take him between her lips. The contact made his steel-sprung cock jump so powerfully that Linda gave a muffled yelp. She began to wonder if she would even be able to take him in her mouth. After bobbing up and down a few times she pressed downward and forced the large head of his weapon into her mouth. Her lips were stretched tightly and her jaws open to the limit. She caressed the head with her tongue and felt giddy from his power.

"Lick it," he said.

Linda reluctantly removed her mouth from the black love muscle and lowered her head to its base. She nuzzled her nose briefly in his wiry pubic hair and inhaled his sexual aroma. Then, with the flat of her tongue, she licked the underside of his cock from bottom to top and down again.

She repeated this several times until his cock was glistening from her saliva. She briefly paused to admire the object in her hands and to revel in its power. At that moment she realized her life would never be the same again. This was what she had waited for all her life. She knew this with certainty. She tried briefly to imagine what this would mean for her and for her marriage, but the immediacy of the situation was too powerful for her to worry about those details.

"Don't stop now," said George.

She had no intention of stopping, but simply wanted to savor this life-changing moment, to draw it out as long as she could. With a sigh she moved her lips to the base of his cock and onward to his balls. She moaned as she licked each ball, giving herself totally over to the moment.

There was no shyness, no embarrassment, no holding back. Taking one of George' huge balls in her mouth, she lathered it lovingly with her tongue, thinking that the cum it contained would soon be deep inside her.

Linda became almost frantic in her need to experience this man, to give herself to him, to please him. She took him in her mouth again, but this time she forced herself to take more of the rigid pole inside. Her tongue caressed the tip of his cock and she was literally intoxicated by the taste of his cum, now leaking generously and, she thought, addicting her.

Briefly Linda contemplated how it was going to be when George began to enter her pussy, which had never experienced anything even close to what it would tonight.

The knowledge that it would certainly hurt at first didn't faze her. She found herself looking forward to the pain, because it would mean that she would become a complete woman and would have the ultimate experience for any woman. She pushed downward until the head of his cock pressed against her throat, causing her to gag. Even that she welcomed. George gently touched her head, signaling that the time for foreplay was over.

She looked up at him and began to touch herself through her panties.

"Please," she said.

George nodded. He was very familiar with the kind of need this attractive married woman was experiencing. He would savor her introduction to fucking by a real man for the first time in her life.

The two stood up and removed the remainder of each other's clothes.

They kissed standing next the bed, Linda grasping George' hardness with one hand and pulling him close by the buttock with the other. Her mouth opened wide to welcome his probing tongue, telling him in no uncertain terms that he was open to him in every way.

They moved to the bed. George positioned himself between her legs and licked each nipple, which only drove Linda more crazy that she already was. He ran his tongue down over her belly and, after the slightest of pauses, lapped at Linda's sopping slit. Her hands were on his head. When he took her engorged clit between his lips and flicked it with the tip of his tongue, it was more than she could stand.

"Oh god! I'm cumming. I... don't... believe it... Oh god!" She bucked up against his face uncontrollably as her first orgasm overtook her. When it subsided she was breathless.

George moved up until the head of his cock was just touching Linda's now very wet slit. He pushed forward gently. Linda moaned and opened her legs wider. Her arms encircled his waist and she pulled toward her.

She needed him NOW!

George pressed firmly against her and the swollen head of his cock began to penetrate.

Linda was so overwhelmed by the new sensations assaulting her body that she was afraid she might pass out. He was stretching her so much and hadn't even gotten started.

"Please... do it... hurry! Just do it. Fuck me!" she cried.

George was well past the point of no return. Together they had reached the combustion point. He took a nipple between his lips and licked it. While she was distracted by this, George pushed forcefully forward and in one movement buried the first four or five inches of his cock inside the whimpering Linda's pussy.

"Oh go! It's so big!! I'm going to cum again... oh... oh... I'm cum-m-m-m-ing!"

George remained still as Linda bucked and spasmed around his penetrating cock..

"More... don't stop, damn it! Fuck me!"

Needing no further encouragement, George withdrew several inches and pounded the full length of his rigid shaft into the tightly stretched pussy of the pretty white married woman squirming beneath him.

"So good... so good... more... harder" - she moaned, punctuating each word with an upward thrust of her hips. George obliged and began pumping his cock slowly and deeply inside the now delirious Linda. It didn't take long before George knew he would have to get relief. He always loved the moment when he emptied his voluminous load inside a new partner. Deeper than anyone or anything had ever been. This was virgin territory. This was George's property.

Linda was now completely taken over by her desire and the feelings she was experiencing for the first time in her life. Even under these circumstances she was aware that she briefly felt a moment of deep resentment against her husband for what she had missed out on for so many years. This made her pull George more firmly against her. She wrapped her legs around him and pulled against his buttocks as her orgasm approached.

"Now... fuck me! Hard! Cum in me... please! Do it!!"

George obliged. He penetrated Linda to the maximum depth and stopped moving just as his cock began to gushed inside her. Linda was overtaken with such a powerful orgasm that she briefly felt she lost consciousness.

She continued to hold George in a vice-like grip with her arms and legs until finally they both relaxed in each other's arms. He remained inside her. Linda had found relief and pleasure and sensations that she had never dreamed of. And she owed it to this man, George, who had brought her into a new world - a world she knew she would never abandon.

An hour later, when Linda and George came out of the bedroom, Linda noticed a man seated in a dimly lit niche. He looked familiar. As they walked by him Linda recognized him. It was Sarah's wife, Bill. He didn't look up, but kept his gaze downward, toward the floor.

"Bill?" - said Linda, pausing.

"Yes, ma'am," he responded, not looking up. Linda couldn't understand his strange behavior. Addressing her that way and not even looking up at her. It was like he was some docile servant rather than an old friend.

"You okay?" - she asked.

"You're okay, aren't you, Bill?" - interrupted George.

"Yes, sir. Yes, ma'am. I'm fine," he responded.

"Well, carry on," said George, urging Linda toward the staircase.

Once downstairs, Linda and George enjoyed a tall glass of mineral water together on the same sofa they had occupied earlier. They sat close, Linda's hand resting on her lover's leg and his arm draped possessively over her shoulder.

"I really hate for this night to end," she said.

"Don't worry. There'll be many others, I promise."

"I can't wait that long," she laughed. "Can't I take you home with me?"

"Maybe we'd better wait a bit for that, as much as I'd like to enjoy your body for a few more hours. Your hubby has been out there in the circle for two hours. I'm sure he's going crazy."

Her husband! Linda had almost forgotten. How, she wondered, was he going to take all this. Not just tonight, but other nights like this in the future.

"Yes, my hubby. Guess I'd better rescue him and take him home. I hope he's cool about this."

"Oh, I think he will be. Eventually he will even be enthusiastic."

"You think so?"

"I can almost guarantee it," said George. "If there's anything I understand, it's the Black-cuckolded hubby."

"Wow. What an expression. Black-cuckolded hubby. It doesn't sound like something he would be thrilled to hear."

"He will be very curious - and excited - to hear about tonight. You should tell him everything. It will be frustrating to him not to have been able to see it, but have to only hear about it."

"You think he will?"

"Oh yeah. Tell him all about it, slowly. Tease him. I'll eat my hat if he doesn't get turned on by it. His imagination will fill in the blanks. But don't let him have sex with you. Not tonight, anyway."

"Don't worry about that," laughed Linda. "I think I'll be too sore for a while. But it's a wonderful soreness. I've never experienced it before. I've never had orgasms like that. I think I passed out once. And you know what?"

"What?"

"I found myself resenting Bruce for depriving me all these years. Even though I know it's not really his fault. Now I'm spoiled. When's the next party?"

"Two weeks from now. You have that long to persuade Bruce to come back. I don't think it will be a problem."

"I hope you're right."

"I am. You know, there's another side benefit for you from Black-cuckolding your hubby."

"What's that?" - asked Linda.

"The longer this goes on and the more he accepts it and his diminished role, the more, well, eager he will be to please you in other ways. The balance of power between you will shift in your favor."

"I kind of like the sound of that," said Linda with a conspiratorial smile. "It would make things much easier."

"You'd be amazed. You'll probably get an earful from Bruce about thing he heard in the circle tonight. The hubbies out there gossip like you wouldn't believe."

"Interesting."

"They address us as 'sir' and 'ma'am' because they have to here at the club. But it doesn't take long before it becomes natural to them and they mean it sincerely."

"This is incredible," said Linda.

"You're already on the inside, and Bruce is on the outside looking in. He envies you. He will accept that he is no longer your match sexually. He will become very obliging in other ways. And you can take advantage of that to the degree you want to."

"Well," responded Linda, "it will be interesting to see if what you say is true in Bruce's case."

"You should talk to your friend Sarah. Her hubby Bill is already doing the dishes, laundry and housecleaning."

"You're kidding!"

"Nope. I could tell you more, but you will find out for yourself what possibilities exist in your marriage when Bruce comes to terms with being Black-cuckolded."

"Darling, I'd better rescue my hubby - I'm getting to like that term. See you in two weeks?"

"You can bet on it."

On the drive home, Bruce, as predicted, peppered Linda with questions.

She begged off, saying she was exhausted and needed to sleep on the way and they could talk once they got home.

Later, home and in their bedroom, Bruce lay in bed waiting for Linda to join him. His mind was in overdrive. What had happened at the party? How did Linda react? Was she okay? What would this mean for him? Was she upset? He even tried to imagine how she felt after supposedly being fucked by a super-hung Black stud. The image made him excited, and this he found annoying.

Finally Linda came out of the bathroom and crawled into bed. She turned toward Bruce and lay an arm on his chest. She looked at him with a dreamy smile on her face.

"You okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. But tell me what happened while I was outside," answered Bruce.

"I don't know where to start."

"Well, you went upstairs with that guy, didn't you?"

"Yes. And his name is George. Be polite."

"Sorry, sweetie. So tell me."

"Well, first of all, he really loved the undies you helped me pick out. They definitely had the desired effect."

Bruce felt himself getting hard at the image of his wife posing in the lavender garter belt, bra and panties she had bought for the occasion. He hadn't even seen them on her himself, but was trying to imagine himself in George's place.

"Good. So did he... uh... undress you or..."

"No. I did a little striptease for him."

"Really?" Bruce was getting excited.

"Yeah. George had his shirt and shoes off and was sitting in an easy chair with his drink. We'd been doing a little hot foreplay - you know, kissing, getting close. His tongue was almost down my throat and we were both getting very hot."

Bruce was now fully erect. He was glad he was under the covers and could conceal it from Linda.

"You sure you want to hear all this?" - she asked.

"Sure. Go ahead," he said, his voice cracking noticeably. Linda smiled and continued.

"So anyway, I figured we better get down to business. I mean, I was curious about what the fuss was all about. The way Sarah talked about these guys, well, I wanted to experience it for myself so you and I could decide if we wanted to continue with this group."

"Yeah, yeah. Go ahead."

"So I pushed him into the chair and stood in the center of the room and unzipped my dress. I danced around a little just to tease him, you know. Finally I just let the dress fall to the floor, kicked it away, and stood there with my hands on my hips giving him a good look."

"Jeez, that must have been something for him."

"Oh, it was. And I told him you picked everything out yourself."

"Why'd you say that?" protested Bruce, feeling embarrassed.

"Well, it's true, isn't it? Besides, he was very pleased, to say the least. I did a few turns and unhooked my bra, took it off and tossed it to him."

"Wow."

"Wow is right. I was sort of holding my breasts, teasing my nipples and showing him what he had in store."

Bruce began to squirm at this picture. He realized that he had never had an experience quite like that. He had done the wife-swapping thing with friends, of course, but George wasn't swapping anything. He was just getting what he wanted for the taking.

"While I was posing for him, I guess it got to be too much, because he loosened his belt, opened his zipper and pulled out his cock and started stroking it. I couldn't believe my eyes."

"What do you mean. Was he really... big?" squeaked Bruce.

"It was kind of dark, but I could tell he was huge. I was about to find out how huge. But first I wanted to drive him a little more crazy. I slowly took off my panties and tossed them to him. I stood there with my leg apart and covered my pussy with one hand while I help my breast with the other."

"Damn!"

"Then I walked over to him, stood between his outstretched legs and lowered my tits to his face. I swear, when he started on my nipples with his lips and tongue, I almost had an orgasm!"

Bruce was licking his lips as he listened, which didn't go unnoticed by Linda.

"I knew the 'big moment' was about to happen. I was way past the point of no return. I pulled away from him and lowered myself on my knees in front of him. Finally I saw his incredible cock up close right in front of my face. I took it in one hand. It was almost scary."

"What do you mean?" croaked Bruce, now almost in pain from his erection.

"I mean, it was so big and so hard and hot. Like a baseball bat. I couldn't get my hand around it it was so big. I used both hands and stroked it up and down. I began to worry about whether I could take it inside me."

"Jeez!"

"Are you sure you don't mind hearing all this. Maybe I should stop."

"No! Go ahead. Please."

"Well, you can guess what was next. I had to have it in my mouth. But first I just licked it. First the big head, all shiny and swollen. Then up and down the monster until it was shiny and moist. George was loving it, I can tell you. He pushed my head down so I figured he wanted me to lick his balls, which I did. I could barely get one in my mouth, but I did. I was very big."

Bruce desperately wanted to touch himself, but didn't dare. He was embarrassed to be so turned on by his wife's description of her experience with her first Black lover.

"God, just talking about it has me all wet again," she said. Then, with no warning, she moved her hand to Bruce's crotch and found his cock, rigid and straining against his pajamas.

"Oh my," she laughed, "it looks like I'm not the only one turned on by this story!"

Bruce felt himself blushing, caught as he was in full sexual arousal from Linda's story.

"I almost wish you could have seen me," she added. "Anyway, I had to taste that cock that was going to be in me as soon as I could make it happen. So I took him in my mouth. Bruce, you wouldn't believe it. I could hardly get the head of it in my mouth. My lips were stretched to the breaking point. I was running my tongue around that thing while I fingered myself."

"Man..."

"Man is right! I pushed down to get more of it, but it was pushing against my throat. It hurt a little, but I didn't care. It's weird. I almost wanted it to hurt some, so I pushed harder until I was gagged. Then I did it again. Both of us were ready, I can tell you!"

"I'll bet," said Bruce.

"I finally just got up, go on the bed, opened my legs and asked him to PLEASE fuck me."

"You actually said 'please'?"

"I know it's hard to believe. I was beyond caring. I'd never been so hot in my life. I knew it would hurt, but I wanted him so bad I could cry."

"So..."

"So George got rid of the rest of his clothes and crawled up on the bed between my legs. I felt him probing my pussy. We definitely didn't need any more foreplay. I just needed him in me and he needed to be inside of me at that moment.

"It was harder than I thought. Even though I was really moist, it took a while before the head of his cock finally penetrated me. And as soon as it did, I had an orgasm. I mean mind-blowing. He just stayed still while I exploded, impaled by the head of his cock."

"It was pretty big, huh? That must have been uncomfortable for you."

"Very. At first. But believe me, I didn't care. The pleasure was much more than the pain. And he hadn't even started fucking me for real. But he did. Slowly at first. It took a while, but after a while he had the whole thing inside me. I felt like I was about to split in half! I've never felt so full. Or fulfilled. And I loved it. We were both just enjoying the feeling of him inside me. I came again. Then he started fucking me for real. And I mean FUCKING me."

Bruce began slowly moving his hand toward his cock under the covers.

Linda noticed and smiled to herself, but said nothing.

"Anyway, it's probably good that we were along. I don't know how I would have felt if you had been watching all this. I mean, I was really out of control! I was crying and begging him to fuck me harder. I mean I was begging for it." In the end, we came together. He was all the way inside me and stopped moving. I started spasming all over. It was like nothing I'd ever felt. I think I was crying. My arms and legs were wrapped around him and holding on for dear life when he finally let go himself. It was like a damn burst. He started spurting deep in my pussy and kept going until I couldn't believe there was anything left. I could feel myself being flooded. I came again. I think I even told him I loved him, but I'm not sure. It's kind of a blur."

"Damn!"

"Oh, sweetie. Did I get you all hot?"

"You bet you did. How about we..." began Bruce, putting an arm around Linda and pulling her close.

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm sorry I couldn't. I'm really exhausted, not to mention very sore there. I don't think my pussy could take it. However..."

"Yes?" asked Bruce hopefully.

"I'm also kind of hot from remembering this experience. I could really use some tender attention from your tongue. Do you mind?"

"Well... uh..."

"Come on, honey. George was happy to please me. You're my husband. Do your duty! Maybe I'll even tell you some more while you're at it?"

That was all the encouragement Bruce needed. He crawled under the sheet and made his way between his wife's legs. Her aroma was potent, which only

increased his desire. It was almost as if he was now being included, in a limited way, in the evening's fun. He began lapping her moist pussy with the flat of his tongue.

For her part, Linda was amazed that he had acquiesced so readily. It was kind of insulting, after all. Still, the idea of her husband servicing her orally after a night of fucking with her Black lover was a definite turn-on. She almost regretted having cleaned herself so thoroughly before getting dressed at the party. Maybe, she thought, George was right after all about cuckolded hubbies being more docile.

"After we rested a while," she said, "I really wanted more, which was hard to believe since I had already cum half a dozen times. And I mean mind-shattering climaxes like I've never felt before."

Bruce moaned softly, since he couldn't really participate in the conversation with his tongue busy lapping Linda's now wet pussy.

"I sort of hinted that I wanted him to take me again," she continued. "He said I was like a bitch in heat." Linda laughed at the memory. "You know what he said?"

"Mnnff," responded Bruce, now more excited than ever despite himself.

"He told me if I was a bitch in heat, I should get on all fours and he would fuck me like one. I didn't even care. I just wanted it. Wanted him.

"So I got on my hands and knees with my back to him, spread my knees wide and offered myself to him."

Bruce couldn't believe his ears. He tried to imagine his wife in that position in front of an almost total stranger. He increased his licking as Linda began to undulate beneath his mouth.

"He teased me for a while and then finally penetrated me in one powerful stroke. Just like that and he was all the way in me. I had another orgasm before he even started fucking me. It felt so-o-o-o good! I was in heaven. Then he made me beg for more, and you should have heard me. Thank goodness you weren't there.

"Shall I go on?"

"Mmmnggff."

"You know, sweetie, you're a very good pussy-lapper. Just what I need to send me off to dreamland tonight. Anyway, he was playing with my nipples and fucking me deep and hard. Right where your tongue is now. Come on, fuck me with your tongue!"

Bruce moaned and pushed his tongue deep into his wife's pussy, fully aware that George' huge cock had been there less than an hour earlier. It made him feel somehow insignificant in the scheme of things, but he was determined to do some pleasing himself tonight.

"That's a good boy! Not quite like the real thing, but good enough for now. Come on, fuck me with that tongue. Deeper, damn it!"

Now she was bucking fiercely against Bruce's face so that it was difficult for him to maintain penetration with his tongue. His jaw was getting tired and his face was taking a pounding. He was now almost afraid of his own wife's pussy, almost dominated by it. For the first time in his married life, he felt her power and it scared him.

"Don't stop! I'm cumming! Ahhhh!"

Bruce felt her hands grabbing him by the hair and pulling his tender and sopping face against her. He felt almost like she was just using his face to masturbate with. It was all about her pleasure.

Finally she relaxed and released him.

"You can come out from under there now," she said.

Bruce crawled out from between the sheets and was able to breath freely again. The cool air was refreshing on his wet and punished face.

"Thanks for that," said Linda.

Bruce started to wipe his face with the sheet, but she stopped him.

"Don't you dare! Leave it."

"What about me?"

"I'm sorry, honey. I'm exhausted. But you know what I'd like more than anything?"

"What?" - asked Bruce>

"I want to see you jerk off!"

"Here?" - he asked, flabbergasted.

"Where else? Come on. I know you're hot. Don't you want to cum?"

"Well, I thought maybe you-"

"Uh-uh. I want to lie here and watch you make yourself cum. I'll even tell you what to think about while you're doing it."

"Okay, you win," said Bruce, sitting up on his haunches on the bed. He took his painfully hard but modestly sized cock between his thumb and two fingers and began stroking it.

"Close your eyes and try to imagine yourself upstairs in that bedroom watching me with my first Black lover, George. Can you see it?"

"Yeah. I see it," said Bruce, eyes shut as he pulled on his love stick.

"Your sitting there watching me stretch my lips around the biggest cock you've ever seen. You can here me slurping over it, licking and sucking. My head is bobbing up and down."

"Oh shit!" said Bruce.

"You're about to see yourself cuckolded. Can you see it? Isn't exciting?"

"Mmmmm," moaned Bruce.

"You've got my panties in your hand. You're holding them close to your face, inhaling the aroma of your wife. It's intoxicating!"

"Oh yeah," said Bruce, getting close.

"Here they are, Bruce. Open your eyes, but don't stop."

Bruce opened his eyes and saw Linda holding her panties in her hand out to him. He took them with his free hand. They were wet.

"Come on, Bruce. Close your eyes and hold my panties against your face. It will make it more real."

Bruce did as he was told. He pressed the wet material against his face and inhaled.

Linda was now even more amazed that she could talk her husband into performing this way. Never in her wildest imagination could she have believed that he could be talked into jerking off in front of her to images of her lover in his mind and pussy-soaked panties against his face.

"I'm going to cum!"

"Do it into my panties, darling. Cum in my panties. Now!"

Just in time he wrapped his cock in the panties and shot his load into the silky wet material. When he finally caught his breath and recovered, he looked up to see Linda smiling at him.

"Quite a show, lover!"

To say that Bruce was embarrassed and humiliated at this moment would have been an understatement. How had he been reduced to this? - he asked himself, looking down to avoid his wife's amused gaze.

"Honey," she said. "Do me a favor. Go wash them out in the sink, will you?"

"Okay," responded Bruce, happy to have an excuse to disappear. He walked slowly to the bathroom and turned the water in the sink."

"Oh, and honey?" - he heard her say to him from the bedroom.

"Yes?"

"Also wash out my new stockings while you're at it. They're hanging on the shower door. Thanks. Good night."

Bruce took the delicate nylons from the door and added them to the sink. As he washed them he realized that he had never seen her wearing her new outfit. Only George had. He looked up at himself in the mirror. His face was still wet and his hair matted down from his exertions.

He thought of George. And Linda.

Several days later Linda and Sarah were having drinks after work in a cocktail lounge. After rebuffing the advances of several young men, the two women were finally being left alone.

"Linda," said Sarah, "I'm so glad you came to the party last week. I take it you had a good time?"

"A good time? Only the best night of my life. At least of my married life, if you know what I mean. I can't thank you enough."

"And how is Bruce doing?"

"Well, he's sulking a little, so I'm paying some attention to him."

"Don't worry. He'll get over it."

"I think you're right. God, I wish I were seeing George tonight. I think I'm hooked!"

"You and me both," laughed Sarah. "Once you're officially a member, you won't have to wait so long to get laid. Barnes is coming over to my house tonight. Bill is cooking dinner for us."

"You're kidding!"

"Nope. That's why I'm here. Hubby is doing all the work."

"Is it true what Bruce told me - that Bill is doing the housecleaning for you?"

"You bet. I added laundry to his list last week. Now he's cooking one dinner a week."

"Wow. I guess George was right about us getting more power over our husbands... uh... hubbies... once we have Black lovers."

"Oh, you don't know the half of it. Just wait. Brucie hasn't even seen you with one of the men yet. That's when you really get the upper hand."

"You know, it's weird, but it's kind of a turn-on for me to have Bruce in this position. After the party when we got home I made him jerk off after he went down on me. He was like putty in my hands."

"I love it!" - laughed Sarah.

"You should have seen him. I had him holding my panties to his face while he was doing it. It was quite a site. But the big thing was when I asked him to hand-wash my panties and stockings before he went to sleep."

Both women shared a good laugh at this image.

"I recognize the pattern. It's the early signs of Black-cuckold-itis! The first big test will be when he has to personally ask George or one of the other men to sponsor you guys for membership."

"He has to do that?" asked Linda incredulously.

"Uh-huh. And he has to be sincere and convincing. I had Bill practice his little speech in front of me. I could hardly keep a straight face he was so serious!"

"That will be something, I have to admit."

"It's an important ritual they all have to go through. You can attend three parties without being a member. After that, if you want to continue having that delicious black cock in that hungry pussy of yours, hubby will have to testify and commit."

"Wow. That I'd like to see."

"This is a major turning point. It's where Bruce has to look George or whoever in the eye and say that his wife needs the men of the club because they can give her what he can't and would they please consider the two of you for membership. The men don't make it all that easy on the hubbies. They like to make them squirm and sweat a little. By that point Bruce will be so worried that he might fail you that he will do and say anything to win their approval. It's an amazing thing to behold."

"God I'm getting wet just thinking about it! By the way, I saw your hubby when George and I came out of the bedroom at the party. He didn't even look up at me. Just kept his eyes down."

"Of course, silly. It's a question of manners and respect. You were with George. He's in awe of George and the others and must treat them with respect. You were with George, so he knew he didn't dare act familiar with you."

"He even called me 'ma'am'!"

"Honey, he calls ME ma'am at that house. And I love it! He so much wants to please and is desperate for my approval now that he's yielded the pleasure of fucking me to Black men. So he tries in other ways to feel needed."

"Well, we'll see. Listen, I have to go. You have fun with your Barnes tonight. I'm so jealous!"

"Hey, you too can have home delivery. Just get hubby in gear. Later..."

Two weekends later Bruce and Linda found themselves driving, once again, to the Saturday night party of The Circle group. Bruce glanced furtively over at Linda's crossed legs. There was a lot to see since her dress was of the short variety - all the better to show off her perfect legs. This time she was wearing black stockings and her most outrageous black fuck-me stiletto heels. He would have given anything to be the one who was going to enjoy the pleasures of his wife's body tonight. She had him totally aroused.

This time, however, he didn't know what she was wearing under that dress. Linda had gone out shopping that afternoon and come back with a filled Victoria's Secret shopping bag which she refused to let him peek at. The mystery and her teasing only made her more desirable. Sometime that evening, he knew, that dress would slip to the floor and someone else would see his wife's body revealed in the most inviting way possible.

"Are you staring at my legs?" - she asked him, intruding on his erotic thoughts.

"Huh? Oh... well... you look so beautiful tonight, darling," he responded.

"Thank you, dear, but I wish you would keep your eyes on the road. Will you do that for me?"

"Of course. Sorry. I just-"

"Besides, as you well know, these legs and everything that goes with them are not for you tonight. You understand, right?"

"Of course. I..."

"So why frustrate yourself that way. If you behave yourself this evening, I think I can promise you'll see the whole package up close and personal, if you get my drift."

That hint of promised pleasure made Bruce's cock get even harder. He shifted in his seat, but took care not to stare at Linda, as hard as that was.

"Are you as excited as I am tonight?" - she asked.

"Well, probably not, and for good reason. Maybe you could not put the collar on me so quickly this evening so I could socialize a little."

"No promises," said Linda. "It depends on how things go. Who knows what will happen. Maybe no one will want to spend any time with me."

"Ha! Like that's gonna happen."

"Anyway, you get to hang out with the other hubbies on the patio. That must be interesting."

"I guess. They're all so enthusiastic about the club. You'd think they were the one's getting laid instead of their wives."

"You might take a lesson from them. Don't you think it's admirable for a hubby to be so concerned about his wife's happiness and pleasure?"

"Of course I do. You know that."

"Then act like it. Don't embarrass me."

"I won't," said Bruce, properly chagrined."

"We're not members yet, so be on your good behavior. One more party and we're out unless someone wants to sponsor us."

"I promise," said Bruce. "Do you think we'll get back to having some of the old parties with Sarah, Bill and the others?"

"Honey, they've gone Black! Don't you understand? Why would Sarah trade that for... well, you know."

Before Bruce could respond they were pulling into a parking place in front of the house where the party would take place. He hopped out of the car and opened the door for Linda. He couldn't resist catching a glimpse of exposed thigh as she got out of the car.

"Bruce, what did I tell you?!"

"I'm sorry, honey."

Linda didn't respond but strode briskly toward the porch with Bruce following behind.

Inside the gathering was larger than before, the hub-bub of conversation and clinking glasses much more lively. Glancing out the patio door he observed that so far there was no one sitting in the circle. Before he could catch up to Linda he was grabbed by their host and told that he had bartender duty. Within a minute he was mixing and serving drinks to a never-ending line of couples and men. As it was just the beginning of the evening, the line was non-stop.

Then he saw Linda in line with a Black man he hadn't seen at the previous party - tall, mid-30s, attractive and athletic looking. He had his arm around Linda's waist as they waited their turn. In a few moments that were standing in front of him.

"What may I serve you," he asked, looking at the man.

"I think I'll have a glass of champagne," said Linda.

"Yes, ma'am," he said with difficulty and without looking her in the face. He imagined that she was smiling at his words but didn't want to find out.

"I'll take a scotch on the rocks," said Linda's companion.

"Yes, sir, coming right up."

An hour later Bruce was relieved by his friend Bill and allowed, finally, to wander into the main room and have a drink. Standing in a corner he surveyed the gathering and recognized some of his friends from the old swinging group. Linda was in conversation with her new friend. Sarah was talking with a couple of the other wives. She looked drop-dead sexy, as usual, thought Bruce. It was almost painful to realize that he used to fuck her on a regular basis. And now he was almost afraid to talk to her. He was an outsider.

Before long he saw Linda approaching him. He stood up and forced a smile on his face even though he suspected the reason she was coming up.

"Hey, sweetie," he said. "Having fun?"

"I'm about to," she said teasingly. "I guess you know why I'm here."

"The collar?" - he guessed with resignation.

"Don't look so sad. The collar on you means I'm having a good time. Don't you want that?"

"Of course I do."

"Then turn around," she said. Bruce did so and felt the collar being placed around his neck. The touch of her hands was very warm. He realized that she had become, for him, like some unattainable sex goddess.

"Let's see," she said once the collar was in place.

Bruce turned around. He looked at her somewhat sheepishly as he turned the "BC" medallion facing outward.

"What does BC stand for," she asked.

"Well, there are several versions."

"Just tell me what it means."

"It means 'Black-Cuckolded,' he responded.

"Well, that makes sense, doesn't it?"

"I guess."

"All right, you'd better get outside. Behave!"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I mean-"

"No, that's fine. It shows me you're getting in the spirit of the Club. Now go!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Linda watched her husband walk slowly toward the exit to the patio, where there were already two other men sitting in the circle. Things had changed so dramatically in a single week, she thought as she pondered how she could test Bruce's commitment in the coming days.

On the patio Bruce took his place in the circle facing two men he hadn't met.

One was 50-ish and very overweight. The second was a bookish looking guy in his 30s. The three cuckolds introduced themselves to each other. It was going to be a long evening, but Bruce decided he would at least learn as much as he could about the club from the other hubbies... how he had come to hate that word! He hated it because it was exactly what he felt like these days - not a husband, not a man. Just a hubby.

The older of the two men was an outgoing type and immediately engages Bruce in conversation.

"So who's doing your wife tonight?" - he asked cheerfully.

"I don't know his name," responded Bruce. "Thirties, tall, tan jacket, navy blue slacks. Wandering hands."

"Ha! Sounds like half the men here. But in this case you're talking about Mike. He isn't as sociable as the others. Doesn't care to meet the hubby. He's good. Very, very good. Your wife will definitely not be disappointed. He's practically a one-man recruiter for the Circle."

"Has your wife been with him?" - Bruce asked.

"Oh yeah. She loves him! He's charming with the ladies, that's for sure. And of course he can deliver, if you know what I mean. He just doesn't care about hubby's situation or attitude. Why should he, after all? They want what he's got and he's happy to give it to them. He's very much in demand. I've been trying to get him to come to the house, but he's hard to get over. I've sent him gifts, letters, promised him the moon. The wife is on my case about this. She wants an overnight with him."

"Wow. You've offered him gifts?"

"Sure. And I'm not the only one. Mainly because she wants him. And when she doesn't get what she wants, she takes it out on me. You know how it is."

"Well," said Bruce. "I'm learning. This is only our second time at the club."

"Well, if Mike can't sell the little lady, no one can."

"Oh, I think she's sold. I'm the one who isn't sure yet."

This seemed to surprise Bruce's friend.

"What? You're kidding, right? I mean, this is the best thing that will happen to you. It's life with a happy wife. She won't go back, you know. But I guess you haven't seen her with a Black Man from the club yet."

"No," said Bruce.

"Get ready to become a believer when it happens. All the hubbies are converted. Of course they're very clever here. By the time your first three parties are over, your wife is hooked. Remember how you used to move heaven and earth to get a woman? You'll be doing that again - but to get the right Man for the missus. You'll be catering to them on the one hand, and to your wife on the other. I'll be curious to hear what she thinks about Big Mike. I'd do anything for that guy!"

At that moment another collared hubby came out to the circle with a message for Bruce. His turn to be on "sheets" had come up.

"What do I don?" he asked nervously.

"Just go up to the second floor and find the hubby that's on duty now. He'll fill you in."

A few minutes later Bruce found himself ascending the stairs to the second floor, where it was quiet and very dimly lit. At the end of the hall, in the shadows, he saw a figure sitting on a small stool. As he got closer he could see the "Black-Cuckolded" pendant hanging around the man's neck.

"You my replacement?" - he asked.

"I guess so. Can you fill me in?"

"Sure. No problem. Follow me."

The man led Bruce to a door in the center of the hallway.

"This is the supply closet," he said, opening it.

"Here are the sheets, towels, rags and so on. On the top shelf here are replacement candles, bars of soap and some pillow cases. Down here on the floor is a cooler with bottles of champagne, mineral water and some soft drinks. Glasses are here."

"Thanks. This is my first time. So, when someone leaves a room I..."

"You wait until they've left the hallway and headed downstairs. Then you grab some sheets and pillowcases and towels. Get in there and remove the sheets and put on the clean ones. Same with the towels. Don't dawdle. You don't want a couple coming up here and not having a room ready. Change glasses if necessary. Candles. Then put the laundry in the hamper down near your stool. There's a container for dirty glasses and empty bottles around the corner. Got it?"

"Yeah, I think so."

"Sit on the stool facing the hallway. Keep your eyes down when they come up to the floor or out of a room. You shouldn't see their faces at all."

"Thanks."

"No problem. You'll do okay. Right now there is one empty bedroom. The other four are occupied. Two couples came in about half an hour ago. The other two were occupied when I came on duty."

"Uh... I think my wife may be up here."

"Oh yeah? Who's she with."

"His name is Mike."

"Oh yeah, she's here. Last room on the left. She's having a good time. Already came at least twice. I could hear her crying out, "Oh, Mike. Fuck me! Fuck me! I'm cumming!"

"Jeez," muttered Mike.

"It's been quiet in there for about fifteen minutes. Mike's always good for a couple of rounds, so you'll be hearing them before long. You're a lucky guy. You know about how to talk to the Men and their Ladies, right?"

"Yeah, I know."

"Good. Don't embarrass your wife and don't piss off her Man. That's the key. So long and good luck."

Alone now, Bruce sat down on the small bench, which was only about six or eight inches high. He felt like an adult in children's furniture. No sooner had he gotten comfortable than he heard a door opening. Quickly he looked down, making sure he couldn't see whoever it was who was coming out. Best to be ignored.

No such luck.

"Bruce, is that you?"

Bruce immediately recognized the voice of his wife's best friend, Sarah. He was nervous around her anyway these days, but especially now.

"Yes, ma'am," he said as two pairs of feet stopped within his peripheral vision.

"So, are you having fun? Doing okay?"

"Yes, ma'am," he responded.

"Tell Linda hi in case I don't see her. And you'd better take care of that room.

I think we left it in bad shape."

"Yes, ma'am, I will," he promised.

"Good boy," she said, walking away with her lover.

As soon as he was certain that the couple was out of sight, Bruce moved quickly to the cupboard and retrieved fresh bedclothes and towels. He entered the room, which had the unmistakable odor of sex in the air. He decided to leave the door open and turn on the ceiling fan to clear the place out.

The bed was in complete disarray. The top sheet was on the floor. The bottom one, a fitted sheet, was still in place, with numerous wet spots all over. After changing the sheets, replaced the towels.

At that moment, he heard it. His wife's voice carrying through the walls of the neighboring bedroom.

"Uh... uh... God!... Darling, don't stop. Ohmygod! I'm cumming. You've got to fuck me. Please!"

Bruce was shocked and embarrassed at the same time. He felt like an eavesdropper on his wife's privacy. He left the room with dirty glasses and an empty champagne bottle.

In the bedroom next door, Linda was lying on her back while her Man lay next to her. On hand was moving between her legs. He was kissing her breast and suckling a hard nipple. With her own hand Linda was holding onto the largest cock she had ever seen and stroking it as her lover brought her to orgasm with his hand. Her body bucked and convulsed as she reached a mind-numbing orgasm.

After a moment of stillness punctured only by Linda's heavy breathing, he spoke to her.

"How about you have a taste of that thing in your hand, baby?"

Linda didn't have to be asked twice. She moved down between his splayed legs on her knees and leaned forward before the very thick, rock-hard 10-inch cock that had empaled her only minutes earlier. Now she was showing her appreciation with enthusiasm.

She first licked the black veined staff from bottom to top and repeated this several times.

"That's it, you slut. Now my balls!"

Linda moved her hungry mouth down to the base of his pleasure tool and began licking one of his huge balls. He held onto the top of her head with a firm hand. She took the orb into her mouth and loved it with her tongue. She repeated this with the other one.

"You want this in you again?" - he asked.

"Oh yes! Please. Fuck me again. I've got to have you. Please do it now. Deep and hard."

"I'll just lie here while you climb aboard," he said.

Linda raised herself up on her haunches and straddled Mike's mid-section. With one hand she grasped the black pole as she lowered herself until the mushroom

head made contact with her sopping pussy. Then she pushed down gently until the head disappeared inside her.

"Oh shit! Oh damn! I'm cumming already."

Without impaling herself further, Linda had an orgasm. As it ebbed, she began slowly lifting herself up and down, moving Mike's rigid pole a little deeper each time. Soon her pussy lips were so stretched she couldn't believe he was only half-way inside her. But that wasn't enough. Despite the discomfort she was determined to take all of him inside her this time.

With a sob she dropped down on her lover with all her weight.

"Ohmygod! Fuck me! Fuck me deep. I love you. I love you, darling. Harder. Uh! Uh... uh... uh... ohhh!"

It was at this point that Mike returned to the room next door. He heard his wife's declaration of love and blushed with embarrassment. She had never been like this with him. Even without seeing the two lovers together, he knew that the man in question was in an entirely different class. He felt a mixture of shame and awe. Even envy of Linda, who could experience something that he could only imagine.

Not long after returning to his sheet-boy stool in the hallway, Bruce heard his wife's voice and saw the door to the room she had been in open.

Quickly he looked down at the floor, making sure that he couldn't see even Linda's feet, much less her face. The last thing he wanted to do was invade the couple's privacy by looking at them. He may have been new to this club, but he was already nervous about breaking any of its rules.

His greatest hope at this moment was that Linda and her partner would not notice him in the shadows. He even stopped breathing and tried to imagine himself as invisible. However, it was not to be.

"Bruce? Is that you?" - came Linda's voice.

"Uh... yes, ma'am," he muttered. He could hear the footsteps approaching him. He lowered his head even more and tested his peripheral vision to make sure there could be no claim that he was staring at the two lovers.

"This one belongs to you?" asked a deep male voice.

"Yes, he does, believe it or not. Don't you, Bruce?"

"Yes, ma'am," confirmed Bruce.

"Is everything going okay?"

"Yes, ma'am. Everything's fine."

"Good. Good," she said, smiling.

Fortunately for Bruce, he could not see the smile on his wife's face. Nor could he appreciate just how amazed she was that her hubby had so completely accepted his role. The realization of his rapid conversion, voluntary or not, sent a wave of warmth through her body.

She leaned against her Black lover and rubbed her hand on his taut ass. For reasons she could not herself quite comprehend, this situation made her want to taunt him even more.

"You're going to clean up after us, right?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I will," he responded with enthusiasm he didn't feel.

"Now do a good job, you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am, I promise."

"You'd better. Where are my manners? Say hello to Mike."

"Hello, Sir," said Bruce.

"Is that all," teased Linda.

"No, ma'am. I just wanted to say, Sir, that I'm pleased to take care of the room you used, Sir."

"Good boy," responded Mike. "I think you're gonna work out just fine around here."

"Thank you, Sir."

Without a word Linda and Mike walked away from the Linda's humiliated husband.

For his part, Bruce only felt a great sense of relief that he hadn't embarrassed himself or Linda and had played his assigned role properly. He didn't even want to think about what could happen if he hadn't.

Later that evening, in their bed, Bruce lay on his back holding Linda's hand. What he really wanted to do was make love to her. He knew, however, that probably wouldn't happen. Not after the night she had had. Still, he felt somehow lucky to be even this close to her. It was almost as if he were participating in some way, although he knew full well that he was very much on the outside looking in.

"Sweetie," said Linda, "you were very good tonight. I was proud of you."

"Thank you, ma'am... damn!... I mean sweetie," said Bruce, now embarrassed more than ever.

"That's okay," said Linda. "I know the hubbies have to be polite at the club out of respect for the men, but it means even more when you show me that kind of courtesy in the privacy of our home."

"Good," he said, not having any idea of what an appropriate response might be.

"I think Mike would be very pleased to know you addressed me as ma'am in our bed. In a way, it's a sign of your respect for him, isn't it?"

"I guess so."

"I have to admit that it was a turn-on for me to stand there with him and watch you trying your best not to look up at us. That must be hard."

"It is."

"Well, you were good. Sorry if I rubbed it in a little. It's just that I've never experienced that kind of empowerment. It's heady stuff. And seeing you, well, grovel before Mike got me all hot."

"I... uh..."

"No need to say anything. I understand. You shouldn't be embarrassed about it.

Besides, if you'd seen what he was doing to me in that room, you would have been in total awe. I think you would have actually felt that deep respect for him instead of just saying the words."

"Well..."

"Well what?" - said Linda sharply, making Bruce nervous once again.

"I mean... I... uh... I'm sorry sweetie. You're probably right."

"Now don't get tongue-tied around me."

"Yes, ma'am." This time Bruce didn't even flinch at his words.

"I think you should be rewarded, don't you?"

"You mean, I can..."

"I mean I'm going to let you use that great tongue on my pussy again. Gently, though. I could really use it. Come on!"

Bruce, desperately horny, resigned himself to this limited role as he crawled under the sheet and between his wife's legs. In this closed atmosphere her sexual aroma was almost overwhelming. In the dark he sought her sex by using his lips to kiss his way up the inside of her thigh. When his mouth reached her pussy, it was sopping wet. He felt himself become even more aroused as he began lapping her juices with the flat of his tongue.

"That's it, baby! Use that tongue. You know you want to."

She was right about that. He desperately wanted to have sex with his wife, even if only in this way. As before, Bruce was keenly aware of the fact that hours earlier a stranger, a Black lover, had fucked the pussy that he was now licking, his wife's pussy. Again, he was an outsider taking whatever scraps she tossed his way. He had to prove that he wasn't jealous and petty and that he desired to please her no matter what.

"That's it. Don't stop. I got fucked so good tonight, sweetie. He's so big. Nobody's ever been that deep inside me before. It was heavenly. And you know

what? - I was begging for more. Really! I was begging him to do me harder and deeper and to give me his cum."

Bruce could almost see the scene in his imagination and found himself getting even more aroused. Bruce plunged his tongue deeper into Linda's still-tender pussy. Even straining to lick as deeply as possible he knew that he was still half a foot short of the area that was never to be touched by him - only by them, the Men.

Linda began humping up against Bruce's wet face with considerable force, holding him in place with a firm grip on his hair. At this point she was merely using his face to get off while thinking about the real thing that she had so recently experienced.

As her orgasm approached, Linda felt herself taking nasty pleasure in using her husband this way. After all, he and the other hubbies had talked their wives into sharing their bodies under the guise of "swinging" for years.

So if Bruce ended up with a little "beard burn," he still had nothing to complain about. With that thought in mind she yanked his face tight against her pussy and humped up hard against it.

"Mnnnfff" - came the muffled reaction from Bruce, now in a little pain from the hair-pulling and the rough treatment of his face. Still, he remained in place and moved to lick his wife's clit just as she reached an orgasm.

When she released him from the head-lock of her thighs and let go of his hair, Bruce found himself panting for breath and trying to blink away the fluids in his eyes.

"Honey," she said, "that was real nice. Thanks. Now you know what I want?"

"What," asked Bruce, looking up at her from his still prone position between her legs.

Linda reached over to the bedside table and retrieved her panties. Bruce, getting up on his knees, immediately understood what was coming. Once again, he was not to have sex with Linda.

Linda offered the panties to Bruce and this time he accepted them without complaint. And this time they were even wetter. He felt himself getting more aroused.

"You look like you're excited about this. Are you?"

"Well, I was hoping..."

"I know what you were hoping, sweetie, but not tonight. I couldn't take another fucking, even with a small pecker. Understand?"

"I guess," said Bruce, resigned.

"I'd like a little more enthusiasm," responded Linda with a no-nonsense voice. "Don't you want to do this for me?"

"Yes, ma'am!" he replied more enthusiastically than he felt.

"God I love it when you address me that way. Now do it."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you."

Bruce held the panties to his face and began slowly stroking his painfully erect cock."

"No. On the floor this time so I have a better view."

Without a word Bruce crawled off the bed and knelt on the soft carpet. He held the panties against his face again.

"Inhale deeply," prompted Linda.

"Yes, ma'am," said Bruce as he inhaled through his nose, filling his lungs with pussy-scented air. By covering his entire face with the panties he was able to keep from seeing his wife observe him. He knew she would be smiling at the sight and felt that by not seeing her he was somehow maintaining some degree of dignity.

"They're so wet because Mike kept rubbing my pussy while I was wearing them and I was so turned on. While he was fingerfucking me, I was holding on to his huge cock and completely out of control. Turn them inside out and taste the inside of the crotch and you'll see what I mean."

Bruce complied and placed the sopping wet crotch of the panties against his face.

"Lick it while you jerk off. Do it!"

Bruce licked the panties while inhaling her aroma and stroking his cock slowly.

Her aroma was intoxicating. But he couldn't avoid imagining Mike's large hand between Linda's legs preparing her for his cock. "Do you love it?" - she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. It's wonderful," responded Bruce, getting close to an orgasm and now sucking shamelessly on the panties to savor his wife's essence.

Linda again took cruel delight in seeing her husband humiliate himself this way and began to realize she could probably talk him into doing almost anything she wanted. He was clearly beginning to accept his second-class status vis-a-vis the Men from the club. It had happened faster than she expected.

"Okay, Bruce, now I want you to finish. Jerk off into my panties!"

"Yes, ma'am." Bruce found himself now willing to address his own wife in this way. In a sense, he thought, it wasn't him, but Linda who was making this happen. He was just doing what she told him to do. And he was making her happy, which was the main thing.

"Look at me while you do it!" - she commanded.

Bruce forced himself to look her in the eye as he stroked his hard pecker, even though he found it excruciating to see her smile while he performed in this way. Soon he began to cum and his eyes rolled upwards.

"Keep your eyes on me, damn it!"

"Yes... ma'am..." he said as his sperm gushed into the panties. It was hard to remain standing on his knees, but he forced himself. Finally it was done. At this point he remained in place, unsure of what she expected. He kept his eyes on her and looked questioningly to her for guidance.

"Good, honey. Now go wash them like before and hang them up to dry. My stockings, also. I'm going to sleep.

"Okay," he said.

"What??"

"Sorry... I mean, yes, ma'am."

"Better. Now go."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Chapter 3

The next day Linda again met for drinks with her friend Sarah to fill her in on the previous evening.

"That's great!" said Sarah. "He actually sucked on your panties while he jerked himself off?"

"Yup," said Linda. "And I didn't even tell him to do that. He just somehow did it. And he's calling me 'ma'am' more and more often without my prompting him."

"Terrific. I wish I could have been a fly on the wall to see him on his knees jerking his pecker with your panties in his face. Great. Soon he'll be where my hubby is."

"What do you mean?" - asked Linda.

"Well," began Sarah, "promise this is for your ears only. For now at least."

"Okay, I promise. What are you up to with Bill?"

"I have him belted!"

Linda looked with incomprehension at Sarah.

"Belted? What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered Sarah, "that I have him wearing a chastity belt."

"No! You're kidding!"

"Nope. I'm dead serious."

"I don't believe it," said Linda, although she actually did believe it.

"Believe it. He's had it on this time for two weeks. He's going crazy."

"I can believe it! That's incredible. He's wearing a chastity belt voluntarily?"

"Well, not at first. I complained that he was masturbating too much and it annoyed me. It meant he was less attentive to me than when he's horny, if you know what I mean."

"I definitely know what you mean," said Linda. "Bruce has been going without since we started going to the Club's parties. You can see how easy it is for me to talk him into things when we get home."

"Exactly. Don't you love it?"

"You know, I really do. It turns me on to manipulate him that way. I never thought it would be possible."

"Well, the chastity belt is just the same thing. The first time one of the Men came to our house and fucked me in front of Bill, he was climbing the walls. He'd never seen anything like that, never seen ME like that. I noticed that he was sitting in the corner rubbing his pecker through his pants while I was getting a real cock in bed.

"Anyway, later that night I complained about how he embarrassed me by playing with himself while a "real man" was fucking me. He apologized like mad and was really embarrassed. He didn't know that I already had the chastity belt in the house. I acted real mad and asked him if he would do me a favor - namely, wear a chastity belt just for twenty-four hours to see if he could do it."

"And he agreed?"

"Yes, but reluctantly. The main thing that bothered him was where I came up with the idea, not to mention the belt itself."

"Where DID you get it?" - asked Linda, warming up to the subject.

"Well," said Sarah, "it's a long story. The thing is, several of the hubbies have been belted for a while. Now don't ask me which ones. It's private. The only one who doesn't make a secret of it is our host for the parties. He's been locked up for a year already."

"A year! You're kidding!!"

"Nope. Anyway, Bill finally agreed after lots of pussy-whipping on my part. The thing is made of polished steel and keeps his pecker completely enclosed. He can't touch himself at all. It's very uncomfortable."

"This is really incredible. Bill, of all people."

"Not so incredible. He's gotten very, uh, subordinate to me ever since we joined the club. He's almost afraid of me and definitely kowtows to the men who fuck me."

Linda took this in as the wheels began turning in her head. She tried to imagine her Bruce in a chastity belt, totally at her mercy.

"But that was just twenty-four hours, right?"

"Yes," replied Sarah, "the first time. It gets complicated, but the short version is that by then I had him sucking my pussy clean after one of the Black studs had fucked me silly and filled me with his delicious cum."

"Oh, no! He doesn't do that!"

"Yes, he does, indeed. The first time I made him do it I told him it would be a sign of respect for the Man who did me. And very important to me as well. After a few times doing "cleanup" for me and my lovers he began to get used to it. Because I would praise him and even jerk him off when he did that."

"Wow."

"Anyway, one night after Jack - you haven't met him yet, but he has huge balls and spurts enormous loads - after Jack had fucked me and left, Bill saw him out and came back into the bedroom, practically licking his lips in anticipation of pleasing me.

"I said I thought I would just keep Jack's cum in me while I went to sleep and Bill didn't have to suck it out. He was SO disappointed. I finally relented and said he could eat Jack's cum from me only if I could put him in the chastity belt first. He agreed immediately."

"I can't believe," said Linda, "that Bill has gotten so hot to eat a Black Man's cum from you. It's so degrading for him, I would think."

"It definitely is. He's embarrassed about it, but so wants to please me and to prove that he fully supports the Men that he couldn't ever compete with that he

has convinced himself that this is wonderful. That's not all, but I'll save the rest for another time."

"So," prompted Linda, "he agreed to be put in chastity again..."

"Right. That was two weeks ago. I haven't let him out yet. He is climbing the walls! Right now he's so docile that if I say jump, he asks how high. He's my prisoner and a very horny one at that. He begs me every night to take it off. I keep the key hidden. And, of course, there is nowhere he can go to get it removed. I love it! He looks at me with those pleading eyes just hoping I'll make him do something so he can please me and persuade me to take it off. I'm giving it another week. Then I'll order him to do something new and really humiliating. If he complies, I'll take it off. For the time being. I think he's at the point that he would never disobey me no matter what."

"I wonder if Bruce will ever do cleanup for me?" - laughed Linda.

"Absolutely. All the hubbies do it from what I hear. It's the ultimate surrender and acknowledgment of their role vis-À-vis Real Men. Once he sees you with one of those Black bulls and how you are with them in bed, he will begin to really cater to you. He'll feel even more intimidated by the Men than he is now. Eventually he'll commit to you and to them."

"God that makes me hot. It shouldn't, but it does. Which reminds me, the next party is our third and I still have to get Bruce to ask one of those guys to sponsor us for membership. That should be interesting."

"That was such an erotic event for me I can't tell you. Once he does that, you know, it means he's surrendering to to Black men as far as sex with you is concerned. He's testifying, so to speak, that he accepts his status as a Black-cuckolded hubby. There's no turning back."

"I can't wait for it to happen."

"My advice?" - continued Sarah, "Lead him to approach the man you want him to for maximum effect, whatever that may be. Make him practice his speech, but don't make it easy. Make sure he remembers to address him with respect, praise him, beseech him, acknowledge him, beg him if he has to."

"I'm going to start laying the groundwork tonight. I wish he were already belted so he would be more pliable, but I think I can handle it. All I have to do is think about one of those gorgeous, hung, sexy Black men and then look at Bruce and it's enough to make me want to push his nose in it."

"That-a-girl!"

Two weeks later, on a Friday night before Bruce and Linda's last scheduled party with the Circle group, Linda suggested drinks on the patio after dinner. For the occasion she decided to dress up in the outfit she planned to wear the next evening. When she walked out to join Bruce, who had already brought their drinks to the patio, his reaction was all that she expected.

She was wearing a black dress cut low to display her breasts to maximum effect.

They seemed to be barely be contained by the fabric, ready to burst forth at the slightest provocation. Moreover, the dress was the tightest and shortest he had ever seen her wear. Her matching black stiletto heels were high and dangerous looking.

There could be no question that this outfit was designed for easy seduction. That the woman wearing it intended to get laid. Even though this was obviously the point of the Circle, still the blatant slutishness of her outfit almost took Bruce's breath away. He felt himself getting hard immediately.

"What do you think?" asked Linda, turning around slowly and then posing with her hands on her hips.

"Jesus, Linda," croaked Bruce.

"You think the Men will like it?"

"You need to ask? You might as well wear a sign that says, 'Please fuck me!'"

"Ha-ha. Very funny. But I guess I've created the impression I had in mind. After all, tomorrow's our last party as non-members. I want to make sure that we're invited to join."

"Oh, right," said Bruce. "I almost forgot. Well, you are definitely going to make someone very happy. I just wish it were me. Maybe a little preview this evening?"

"Now, sweetie," said Linda sympathetically, "you know how I feel about doing anything so close to one of the parties."

"Just thought I'd give it the old college try. Who knows - I might have been lucky!"

"Well, first you have to prove yourself - tomorrow night. Then we'll see."

Bruce was aching with desire as he Linda sat down and crossed her shapely legs. The already short dress was stretched tightly over the very top of her legs and he began to regret getting involved with the Circle. In earlier days - a month and a half ago - she would have been his for his own personal enjoyment this evening.

Now, however, she was like some unattainable sex goddess that he almost felt was beyond his reach. For the first time since he had met her in college, he had to compete with others for her affection. But now he was barely in the running. He was only slightly consoled by the fact that this unbelievably hot and desirable woman was his own wife.

"So," continued Linda, "may I assume that you are prepared to ask one of the men to sponsor us for membership tomorrow?"

"Are you sure this is what you want?" - asked Bruce, already knowing the answer.

"What do you think? You think I want to give this up after only a few weeks? You think you can take care of me better? Well, do you?!"

Her taunting and aggressive tone, so new but so intimidating, had Bruce backpedalling immediately. He didn't want her upset with him.

"No, no, honey, of course not. If it's what you want?"

"But do YOU want it for me as well?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, unconsciously slipping into his most obsequious mode.

"Good. Maintain the thought. Okay?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm just not sure which one of the... uh... men I should ask."

"Don't worry about that. I'll tell you who I want to sponsor us tomorrow evening. I need to get to know a third one, and then after that I'll tell you who to approach. Okay?"

"Okay," muttered Bruce.

"Okay?"

"Yes, ma'am, I understand."

"All right. But whoever I decide on, I expect you to do your duty. And do it well. Sincerely. And, of course, respectfully."

"Don't worry," assured Bruce, "I promise."

"You're up for it?" asked Linda.

"I think so. Will you be with me when I do it?"

"Do I need to be?"

"Well, I just don't know how it's usually done is all."

"Well, usually the hubby is capable of expressing his desires and his wife's all by himself. You just ask the man if he would support our membership and tell him why you want us to be members of the group."

"Okay, I can do that."

"Can you? Okay, then tell me - why do you want us to become members of The Circle."

"Well, I, uh, let me see. It's because..."

"Damn! I thought you were ready?!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am, really. I'm ready. Let me try again."

"Okay, let's have it."

"I want us to be members because we really like the people in The Circle and especially the Men -- like yourself, I'll say."

"Go on."

"The Men in The Circle are really special and able to give you, my wife, the kind of pleasure and happiness that only they can give you."

"Better," said Linda. "Anything else? I hope so."

"Of course. I'll say something like, 'I have a tremendous amount of respect for you and the other Men. I want only the best for my wife, Sir.'"

"Good..."

Bruce was getting into the spirit of the situation he had found himself in.

Looking at Linda he found it easy to believe that she had a right to expect more than he could offer. He knew that he had better do well or be totally out of her life.

"For me it's an incredible honor to know that my wife, Linda, has the opportunity to have lovers like You and the other Men, Sir. I want that for her and I fully accept my own limitations. Plus, I am flattered to be able to do whatever is necessary to give you the chance to experience this incredible woman. I promise never to interfere and to do everything in my power to support you and the other Men, as well as my wife."

"Well, well," said Linda approvingly, "maybe you've got it after all."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"I think you have the right tone, at least in theory. I just hope you will be totally sincere and respectful when the time comes for you to beseech for real."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Bruce.

"Are you ready to be a willingly Black-cuckolded hubby of the Circle?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you acknowledge the superiority of the Black Men?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Will you show me the respect I deserve as a woman who is fucked by superior Black Male?!!!"

"Yes, ma'am! I do. I promise, ma'am!!!"

"Good. Now get on your knees."

Bruce didn't even think twice about lowering himself to his knees before his wife. He was almost delirious with desire, not for sex with Linda, which he accepted as unlikely, but with desire to grovel before her, to go far beyond the point of no return. Something had snapped in Bruce. He had become, for the moment at least, completely overwhelmed by the need to crawl before her and to do anything she desired.

"Do you want to eat my pussy?" - she asked.

"I would love to only if you want me to, ma'am. Anything you want!"

"That's the right answer. For now, however, I'd like you to kiss my new shoes. The heels only. Do it!"

Bruce immediately leaned forward and kissed the shiny black heel of each shoe.

"Now suck it!" she commanded.

Bruce tilted his head so he could take the long, pointed heel of her proffered shoe into his mouth. He sucked it gently.

"Do it better. I want to see some enthusiasm!"

Bruce began sucking the heel loudly and with relish, almost gagging when it touched his throat.

"Enough! Stop."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, pulling away.

"I only wish I had my camcorder with me just now. Oh well, another time. Now, who do you respect?"

"You, ma'am!"

"Who else?"

"The Men of the Circle!"

"And whom will you treat with respect?"

"You, ma'am, and your Men."

"Good. Now I want you to continue practicing your little speech. Tomorrow is an important night."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

Saturday night Bruce was tending bar at the Circle party when he saw Linda heading toward the stairs arm-in-arm with the youngest Man in The Circle.

This was the one he had heard about - only nineteen, just out of high school, energetic, handsome and apparently endowed in a way that demanded respect and awe.

The thought of a kid that young enjoying his wife when even he, her husband, hadn't been able to for several weeks was excruciatingly humiliating to Bruce.

He was keenly aware of people observing Linda and her about-to-be lover together. Some of them even glanced over at Bruce with a knowing smile.

Bruce saw Linda separating from her companion and heading toward the bar. As if her being with the young man weren't embarrassing enough, now she was going to collar him in front of everyone.

"Bruce!" The voice of Marie, standing in front of him with an empty glass, interrupted his thoughts.

"Yes, ma'am," said Bruce.

"I thought I was going to have to wait all night," she added nastily.

"I'm very sorry ma'am. Would you like another champagne?" - asked Bruce in his most obsequious tone.

Linda was taking her time getting to the bar, so Bruce wanted to get Marie out of the way as quickly as possible.

"I'm just glad my friend wasn't standing here with me. I don't think he would have taken kindly to being ignored."

"I have half a mind to tell him, frankly," said Marie.

"I'm terribly sorry, ma'am. I apologize sincerely. Let me give you a clean

glass."

By this time another couple were standing behind Marie witnessing her rebuke of him. He quickly filled a flute of champagne and handed it to Marie with a cocktail napkin.

"Again, I apologize, ma'am."

"What are you apologizing for now?"

It was Linda, now standing by the side of the bar.

"He ignored me and kept me standing here forever," responded Marie.

"Bruce, you've really got to get on the ball. I want you to apologize right this minute!"

Although he had already apologized several times, Bruce knew that to say so would only upset and embarrass Linda more than she was. And of all night - just when he needed to make a good impression. He turned to Marie.

"Ma'am, please accept my apology for making you wait. I promise it will never happen again. Never! Please forgive me."

"Oh, all right. But Linda is right - you do need to be aware of where you are and who you are. And who I am."

"Yes, ma'am, I understand. I promise to do better."

Without a word Marie turned and walked away from the bar. He turned to Linda, who attached the "BC" collar around his neck.

"You know where to go when you finish here," she said.

"Yes, ma'am." Linda turned to return to her lover without a word. By now there were three people in line and not happy having to wait. It would be a long night.

After he was replaced at the bar Bruce was on "sheet boy" duty upstairs.

Not something he relished on this particular evening.

He had already changed the sheets in two rooms and had just sat down when a third door opened. Quickly he turned his eyes downward toward the floor to assure the privacy of the couple exiting. Then he became aware of footsteps

approaching him. He lowered his head even more so that there could be no question of his not looking at the man and woman.

"Sheet boy?"

It was Linda. She had never addressed him that way and it was especially embarrassing in front of her lover.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Stand up."

Bruce stood up quickly, being careful to keep his gaze strictly downward. He couldn't imagine what this was about.

"This is Barnes with me."

"Hello, Sir," said Bruce.

"Hello, Bruce."

Even though Bruce was fully aware of his status in the pecking order, it still was hard to accept this nineteen-year-old young man addressing him by his first name. Even if he had obviously just fucked his wife.

"You don't mind if I call you sheet boy, do you?" - asked Linda nastily.

"No, ma'am, of course not."

"Good. It's time for you to take care of that little business we were talking about last night. Since Barnes has to leave now, this seems like the perfect time and place. While I can still feel him in me, if you know what I mean."

Oh no! - thought Bruce. Not him.

"So, do you have something to say to Barnes?"

"Uh... yes, ma'am, I guess I do... uh"

"Well," interrupted Linda, "I'll just leave you two alone to take care of business. I'll see you downstairs, lover," said Linda.

Bruce could hear them embracing and kissing. Then she was gone.

"Well?" - prompted Barnes, his massive cock hard again after kissing Linda and feeling her hump against him.

"Sir, I'd like to talk to you about membership in the Circle."

"What about it?"

"Sir, I was wondering if you would consider sponsoring us for membership, sir."

"Why should I?" He wasn't making it easy. Of course, Bruce couldn't see the smirk on Barnes's face.

"Well, Sir, my wife, Linda, has never been so happy or well taken care of as she has been since she met the Men of the Circle. Sexually it's like she's finally a woman."

"Uh-huh," said Barnes with a tone that suggested he was waiting for more and not impressed yet.

"As for me, I want nothing more than my wife's happiness. And that means the opportunity for her to spend time with you and the other Men..."

"You mean get fucked by us, right?"

"Yes, Sir, exactly. I know I'm not in your class and never will be. I respect you enormously, Sir, and I promise you I know my place around here. I'm flattered to even be talking with you."

"Well," said Barnes, sounding a little more persuaded, "you do seem to have the right attitude. And my cock feels real nice in your wife's pussy and mouth. And Lord knows, she can't get enough of it. Seems like she's been deprived for a long time."

"Yes, Sir, she really has. That's why it's so important to me make it up to her in any way I can. And helping her be available for you is about as good as it gets, Sir."

"So you're all right with having us at your house to enjoy Linda, taking her out sometimes without you, and so on."

"Yes, Sir! I promise I'll do whatever you and she want just to make this happen, Sir."

"You're not going to be bugging her for sex are you?" - now he sounded almost threatening.

"No, Sir, absolutely not. It's all up to her. I promise not to bug her about it, Sir."

"Okay," said Barnes slowly, "get on your knees!"

Bruce wasn't ready for this at all and didn't know what to do. He should have, but his reactions weren't yet automatic where commands from a Black Man were concerned.

"I don't... on my knees?" - whimpered Bruce.

"What - you don't understand English?"

"No, Sir, I understand, Sir. I... just... I mean here..."

"You just told me you respect me and acknowledge my superiority. Was that a lie?"

"No, no, Sir! I do, I do!" cried Bruce.

"Then SHOW me! I want you on your knees right now. It's called paying homage. Or shall I tell Linda you are insincere and disobedient."

"No, no, please, Sir" said Bruce, dropping quickly to his knees. "I am sincere and obedient. See? I'm on my knees. Please let me pay homage to you, Sir. Please?"

"Are you going to hesitate the next time I ask you to do something?"

"No, Sir, I promise."

At that moment Bruce heard another couple come out of one of the rooms. Now he had two to clean and quickly. His embarrassment now took a back seat to the business at hand.

"Kiss my shoes," said Barnes softly.

Bruce shuddered at the knowledge that someone was observing his humiliation. But this time he did not hesitate. He immediately lowered his face to one of Barnes's shoes and kissed the toe."

"Do it like you mean it!" barked Barnes, getting into it.

Bruce heard the other couple laughing in disbelief. He began kissing the shoe seriously, using his tongue in the process. He moved to the other shoe and repeated his oral worship. He made sure his kisses were audible.

At this point he had no self-esteem or pride to hold on to. The most he could hope for was to please the young man standing above him. He was deeply grateful that Linda was not witnessing his self-debasement.

"Okay, enough!" - said Barnes.

"Thank you, Sir, for letting me pay homage to you," squeaked Bruce. He didn't move from his position.

"One last thing - are you going to treat Linda with the respect that any woman of mine deserves?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. Absolutely, Sir! I would never disrespect your woman!" He meant it, too, he realized.

"You'd better. You know she'll tell me everything, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You'll be a helpful hubby to her, right?"

"Oh yes, Sir. I promise, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

"Okay, that's enough. We'll see. You'd better not disappoint me if you want Linda to get my cock inside her. Now go about your duties, sheet boy!"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

When Barnes walked away, Bruce let out a huge sigh of relief. It had been much harder than he had been led to believe, but he felt like he had passed the test.

He also knew that he had better do nothing that would give Linda an excuse to complain to Barnes or any of the others about him.

"Congratulations!" - said Marie

Marie and Linda were having their usual after-work drink the following Tuesday after Linda and Bruce had been informed that they had been voted into The Ring.

"Thanks. I'm so relieved."

"So Brucie did his part, huh?"

"Oh yeah," replied Linda. "To perfection. Barnes told me all about it. He said he even had Bruce get on his knees and kiss his shoes."

"No! You're kidding."

"Nope. God, I would have given anything to see that. I asked Bruce about it last night and he confirmed it. He was so embarrassed. More because I knew than because he did it."

"I can imagine."

"He tried to make it seem like not such a big deal, but really - on his knees not a big deal? Give me a break."

"You know," said Marie, "our hubbies are much more intimidated by our new men that I would have thought a few months ago."

"Absolutely. Bruce was so relieved that he passed Barnes's little test that it almost made up for the humiliation. Now that it's behind him he feels better. He's getting into it."

"Really?"

"Uh-huh. I told him Barnes was coming to our place to party Friday night. Now that we're members, we can do that. I think Bruce is kind of excited. He wanted me to find out what Barnes likes to drink so he can have it there. He wants to take me out for some new lingerie."

"Excellent!"

"I think half of it, of course, is he's trying to please me in whatever way he can. He's very attentive. He's coming home early on Friday to clean the place up, get everything ready."

"Well," said Marie, "he is certainly in for an eye-opening experience. If he isn't a believer yet, he sure will be after Friday night!"

Friday evening Bruce was busy cleaning the house in preparation for the first visit by one of the Men of the club. He was about to experience whatever it was that made the other hubbies so enthusiastic and compliant. Linda was out shopping and had left Bruce a long list of household chores to complete. He couldn't wait to see what kind of outfit she selected. He almost wished he could have helped her pick it out.

When she came home with two shopping bags, Bruce was excited to see what she had.

"Will you model it for me?" - he asked.

"I guess I'll have to since I do have to be dressed before Barnes gets here."

"Right," said Bruce.

"Now, sweetie," continued Linda, "even though we'll be in our own home, don't forget your manners."

"Of course not," replied Bruce.

"You will address him as Sir?"

"Of course."

"And me?"

"Ma'am."

"Correct. Just keep in mind that I am Barnes's woman tonight and you should be okay. Now finish your chores while I get dressed."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bruce, getting into the spirit of the evening.

An hour later, just as Bruce was putting away the dust mop and broom, Linda came downstairs.

"Wow!" said Bruce, looking up at her on the landing.

Linda was wearing a very short black mini-skirt with high stiletto heels.

"Barnes likes heels," said Marie.

Her top was a low-scooped sweater which displayed her breasts almost obscenely.

"You like?" - asked Linda.

"You're so beautiful. Barnes will be pleased, that's for sure. Come on down."

"That sounded like a command to me."

"I'm sorry. Please, ma'am, come on down to the living room so I can admire you up close."

"That's better," replied Linda.

"So you think Barnes will approve?" - asked Linda, turning slowly in front of Bruce, who felt himself getting hard.

"Absolutely, ma'am. He is one very lucky man. I'm so jealous!"

"Good! So you're happy for Barnes as well as for me?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm glad he will have the opportunity to spend time with someone as beautiful and desirable as you."

Linda slowly pulled up her skirt to reveal the matching panties and garterbelt she had bought for the evening. Bruce stood hypnotized with his eyes riveted to this most sexy woman he could imagine.

"Want a closer look?" - teased Linda.

"Uh... yes, ma'am. I mean, if it's not..."

"On your knees!"

Bruce didn't even think twice before lowering himself to his knees in front of his wife, his gaze never leaving her panties.

"Lean closer, sweetie, and have a good look."

Bruce leaned forward until his face was only inches away from her. The urge to touch his lips to her was almost unbearable, but he knew better. Besides, if he did and she told Barnes, well, he didn't want to think about that.

"Do you want to lower my panties and kiss me?" - asked Linda.

"Really, ma'am?" asked Bruce incredulously.

"What do you think? I'll leave it up to you."

Bruce wasn't used to getting to make this kind of decision. He knew he had better weigh it carefully.

"Well?"

"I... I want to but... that wouldn't be right. Barnes should be the first person to see and touch you tonight, ma'am."

"Very good, Bruce. But if you kiss the tips of my new shoes, I don't think he would mind. Our little secret."

"Should I, ma'am?"

"Since I'm telling you to, I would say yes. As long as you polish them when you finish."

Bruce lowered his face down to floor level and planted a chaste kiss on the shiny black pointed toe of one shoe.

"Is that it?" - asked a disappointed Linda. "Is that the way you kissed Barnes's shoes?"

"Uh... no, ma'am. He told me to... uh..."

"Quit muttering and show me how you kissed Barnes's shoes!"

Bruce began kissing the shoe with full lips and using his tongue, passionately and with enthusiasm.

"Ha-ha! I wish I'd been there to see that."

Bruce blushed but moved to the other shoe and gave it the same treatment.

"I'd better get a cloth and polish them," he said, avoiding his wife's gaze.

In a moment he returned with a terry cloth and began buffing the shoes to a good-as-new shine.

"This is going to be quite an evening, sweetie. Please don't do or say anything to embarrass me."

"Don't worry, ma'am. I promise. Really!"

"One more thing?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Do I see a bulge in your crotch? Are you hard?"

"Uh, yes, ma'am. I'm sorry. I couldn't help it."

"Well," lectured Linda, "I don't think Barnes would be happy seeing you lusting after his woman. Do you?"

"No, ma'am. I'm sorry."

"Make sure you're not wearing boxers tonight. Put on your tightest jockeys. Maybe two pairs."

"That's a good idea, ma'am. I'll do that."

"That should take care of your problem for tonight. We'll talk about other approaches later. Go!"

Bruce scurried away and upstairs to change clothes.

"Don't touch yourself!" - Linda yelled after him.

Damn! It was as if she read his mind. This was going to be a long evening.

Half an hour later Barnes arrived. Bruce answered the door.

"Welcome, sir. I'm so glad you could come," said Bruce obsequiously.

"Damn right I can come!" laughed Barnes. Bruce looked down at the floor, not knowing whether he should join in the laughter or not. "Where's my girl?"

"Let me tell her you're here, sir."

Bruce went quickly upstairs to their bedroom, where Linda was putting on final touches to her makeup.

"Barnes is here, ma'am," he announced.

"Did you offer him a drink?" demanded Linda.

"I will. Right now. He wanted me to tell you he was here."

Downstairs Bruce took Barnes's drink order. He couldn't help feeling a little embarrassed kow-towing before this nineteen-year-old young man who seemed to expect him to jump to his every whim.

When Linda joined them, Barnes stood up, gave her a long once-over and took her in his arms for a long kiss. Bruce couldn't help but stare. There his wife was in the arms of a young Black Man, pressing against him, eyes closed, and clearly accepting his tongue in her mouth. Suddenly Bruce felt like a voyeuristic third-wheel and looked away discreetly.

He realized that he was almost enjoying their kiss second-hand. He couldn't help imagining himself in Barnes's place, kissing a married women in front of her well-trained hubby. He hated himself for becoming aroused and thanked his stars that he was wearing two very tight pairs of jockey shorts.

When they broke their kiss and sat down, Bruce asked his wife what she would like to drink and went to the kitchen to prepare it. When he returned with the drink, they were sitting close. Barnes's large hand was resting on Linda's crossed and very exposed leg, carressing it gently. Bruce made an effort not to look at them as he placed her drink on the coffee table.

"Here you are, ma'am," he said softly, then retreating to the kitchen to get his own drink. When he returned to the living room, the couple was kissing again. But now Linda's hand was between Barnes's legs and his hand had moved to her breast. She moaned into the kiss.

Bruce took a seat in a chair that Linda had had him place in the farthest corner across the room. He sipped his drink without peeking at the lovers.

"Bruce, you have a nice house here," said Barnes.

"Thank you, sir."

"I hope to be a frequent guest."

"I hope so, sir. We would like that." Bruce cringed at his own words. What must this man think of him? What must his own wife think of him?

"Good. Right now, though, this little woman has me all charged up. Know what I mean?"

"Yes, sir!"

"So you know what's going to happen now, don't you, Bruce?"

How does a man answer a question like that? - thought Bruce.

"And Linda says she wants you there in the bedroom while we enjoy each other. You up for that?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," responded Bruce.

"Sweetie," interjected Linda, "why don't you go upstairs and turn back the covers. You did put on the satin sheets, didn't you? The way I asked?"

"Yes, ma'am. I will. I did. I'll go do it now."

"Do that. And light the candles."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Also, take that little wooden footstool you use to polish your shoes and put it in the corner across the room. You can sit there."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Bruce, arising from his chair and moving toward the stairs.

"And Bruce?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Why don't you sit down on that stool and wait for us. You can take your drink with you."

"Thank you, ma'am. And, sir."

Bruce went upstairs, grateful to be out from under the scrutiny and interrogation of the young Black man who had so easily won over his wife. How, he marveled, could a guy less than a year out of high school end up with such confidence and presence? Bruce himself, he reflected, was still paying for women at that age - and for several years after that.

After retrieving his shoeshine stool from the hallway closet, he entered his and Linda's bedroom and set it in the farthest corner away from their bed. Then he lit the two candles he had set out on a table.

It was when he began pulling back the bed covers to reveal the sleek satin sheets where Linda would soon be entertaining their guest that he blushed with shame at what he was doing. He knew in his heart that this was to be a night that could change his and Linda's life.

He should, he thought, have put an end to it as soon as Barnes arrived. But Barnes hadn't really given him a chance. And once he was face-to-face with the young stud Bruce couldn't somehow assert himself. It had been too easy to acquiesce and say, "yes, sir." In fact, such manners had become so second-nature to him since joining the Circle that it hadn't even occurred to him to rebel. The "Men" of the club were intimidating for sure. And Linda, of course, would have been horrified if he had gone against her wishes.

He was already a cuckold, but now, tonight, he was going to watch himself being cuckolded right in front of his eyes and not be able to do anything about it. He comforted himself with the thought that he was not alone. After all, his friend Jim had come to accept his new role. Perhaps he would, too.

For now, however, his concern was with not doing anything to upset Barnes or Linda. He turned off the ceiling light and sat down on the small, uncomfortable wooden stool in the corner. For half an hour he sat there listening to the two of them talking and laughing downstairs.

Then, he heard them coming upstairs. He looked down at the floor so as not to invade their privacy, just as he had learned to do when working "sheets" at the Club meetings.

"Bruce," said Linda.

"Yes, ma'am," he responded without looking up.

"You don't have to keep your eyes on the floor tonight. In fact, I don't want you to. After all, this is what we have waited for."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, looking up while still trying to remain unobtrusive, if not invisible.

Linda had shed her outer garments and was standing in the center of the room sipping from her champagne glass in bra, panties, garterbelt, stockings and heels. Bruce couldn't help the quick intake of breath at the sight of her. Standing there facing him with one hand on her hip and her feet planted a foot-and-a-half apart, she was the essence of pure sexuality. Bruce found himself experiencing an almost unbearable sense of desire. So close, yet so unattainable.

Then Barnes walked into the room wearing only his slacks and socks, having shed the shirt and shoes. He was muscular and with the broad shoulders and narrow waist only possible at such a young age. When Linda walked into his embrace and turned her face up to receive Barnes's kiss, Bruce experienced envy and excitement at the same time. The kiss was, again, passionate and deep, as Linda moaned softly and pushed her middle against her lover. Barnes's hand reached behind her back and with a practiced motion unhooked her bra. Linda leaned back to allow the garment to be removed by Barnes, who tossed it toward Bruce. By the time he had leaned down to pick up the bra and looked back at the couple, Barnes's lips had captured one of Linda's rigid nipples.

Bruce felt his penis tingle and begin to harden, which embarrassed him even though only he was aware of this reaction. The cause, he figured, was that he was imagining himself in Barnes's position - about to fuck a beautiful married woman in front of her husband.

This train of thought was broken when he saw his wife of so many years lower herself to her knees in front of Barnes. She leaned forward to plant a moist kiss on his washboard abs while simultaneously fumbling with his belt buckle. Soon the buckle was open, the zipper pulled down, and the pants on the floor. Barnes stepped away and Linda tossed the trousers at Bruce.

"Hang them up, honey," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Bruce, upset that his voice was not only too high, but also cracked mid-sentence. He moved to the closet, hung the pants neatly, and then returned to his bench. Even in the dim candle light Bruce was stunned by the size of the tent in front of Barnes's boxer shorts. It projected obscenely outward what seemed like eight inches. Bruce couldn't help but stare. When Linda pulled the undergarment down to the floor, Bruce gasped, causing Linda to smile in his direction. Even in porn movies Bruce had never seen anything so thick and long and rigid as the Black cock now on display in front of Linda's face.

Bruce held his breath as Linda took Barnes's cock in her hand and stroked it gently. When she leaned forward and slowly licked the head with her tongue, he gasped out loud, causing both Barnes and Linda to look over at him and chuckle.

The scene was so erotic that Bruce had become painfully erect and was squirming in his seat.

When his wife finally took the head of Barnes's awesome cock in her mouth and began swirling it with her tongue, Bruce almost lost control. It was almost as if he were watching a scene with total strangers rather than his own wife.

"Come on, baby," said Barnes, "I know you can do better than that."

Indeed she could. Reaching behind her man and placing both hands on his taut ass cheeks, Linda pressed forward until almost half of his rigid staff was inside her mouth. Bruce noted that her lips were stretched to the limit and her eyes closed in concentration. It was obvious that, for Linda, the cock in her mouth was her entire world at that moment. She began bobbing her head, stroking the young man's thick cock in and out of her mouth, moaning rhythmically.

Bruce, squirming uncomfortably on the small stool to which he had been resigned, resisted the impulse to touch himself.

"Do my balls," ordered Barnes.

Bruce watched his wife reluctantly remove her lips from the powerful black cock that she had been savoring. Now it was shiny with her saliva and looking even more menacing than before. She leaned down and moved her lips to the

swollen ball visible to Bruce and began gently licking it. Then she took it with difficulty into her mouth and again moaned as she lips and tongue and cheeks bathed the cum-filled ball. She repeated the process with his other ball.

"Anything else you'd like to lick?" asked Barnes, looking over at a puzzled Bruce.

"Your ass?" - responded Linda in a barely audible voice.

"That's right, babe," said the virile black stud, turning around.

Linda placed her hands on both sides of Barnes's ass, pulled the cheeks apart, and glanced over at Bruce. Bruce couldn't believe what he was seeing. He couldn't imagine his wife being capable of performing such a "dirty" act. When she smiled at him and licked her lips lasciviously, he realized he hadn't fully appreciated the depth of Linda's conversion to Black.

He watched, mesmerized, as his wife leaned forward and buried her face between Barnes's ass cheeks. He saw her jaw muscles moving and heard the wet sounds that confirmed what he could not actually see.

"That's it, babe. Deeper. Use that tongue!"

It was more than Bruce could take and he felt his pecker squirting cum in his pants without having even been touched. The release was ecstatic and his eyes rolled back at the sensation. He felt like he had never cum so much in his life.

When the sensation of his orgasm passed, he became aware of the uncomfortable wetness. Besides that, with the ebbing sexual excitement he had been experiencing he now felt something else - embarrassment and humiliation.

Linda was now licking and probing Barnes's asshole with greater fervor and Bruce just wanted to be someplace else. He knew, however, that he dare not make a move to leave.

"Okay, that's enough," said Barnes. "Get yourself over to the bed."

Linda scrambled to her feet and moved quickly to the bed, lay down and spread her legs in wanton invitation to the recent high school graduate. Barnes moved to the bed and began kissing her breasts, sucking her nipples, and caressing her pussy with his fingers. Soon she was beside herself with desire, her hips involuntarily humping against Barnes's hand.

"Please, baby. Do me!"

"Do what?"

"Put it in me, sweetie. I can't wait any more. I need you!"

Barnes got in position between Linda's widely splayed legs and moved his cock to her very moist and opening pussy. She pushed up against him. Bruce, seeing the huge cock with the swollen bulbous head poised at the entry to his wife's womanhood, found himself once again getting hard. He couldn't believe that she would be able to take him inside her even though she obviously had the previous week.

Barnes pushed forward gently.

"Ohmygod! Oh, baby, it's so good. So big-g-g!"

Barnes pressed on until half of his staff was buried inside her. Bruce was embarrassed and uncomfortable and his pecker hardened in his cum-soaked underwear. What had he become? - he asked himself.

Barnes now fully penetrated the desperately horny Linda and began full-stroking her slowly. Before long the bed was shaking and squeaking as they couple established an faster and faster rhythm. Bruce was shocked to find that his own middle had begun to move in harmony with them, his pecker head squishing against his jockey shorts. He desperately needed to touch himself, but found the will not to.

Linda was now crying out loud with every powerful stroke. Their sweaty bodies slapped wetly against each other. Soon they were both on the verge of coming.

Linda pulled Barnes tighter against her and moaned loudly as the bed springs moaned with each movement. Bruce thought the bed would surely collapse.

"Fuck me! I'm cum-m-m-ing!" - cried Linda.

Bruce had never seen or even imagined his wife so totally abandoned to pure animal lust. She was clearly almost out of her mind with desire and pleasure and need. The sounds she made as the orgasm overtook her almost frightened Bruce.

This was sex like he had never even imagined. At that moment he realized with perfect clarity that things would never be the same again.

This realization was accompanied by a feeling of being unworthy of playing role of primary partner for his own wife. Barnes and the other Men of the club, he now admitted to himself, were so superior to him that he was right to have groveled before Barnes.

Barnes stiffened and froze in position with his entire cock buried inside Linda as he unloaded his cum-filled balls into her. She pulled him closer and experienced a kind of ecstasy as she received his seed. They remained entangled and silent for several minutes.

Bruce observed them and felt small and insignificant. He felt like he was in the presence of sexual greatness. He was on the outside peering in. His pecker continued to strain against his sopping wet pants and he felt somehow honored to be in the same room. He looked down at himself and saw the spreading wet stain on the crotch of his slacks. Barnes, he now believed, deserved his respect.

He was a believer.

After a few moments Barnes separated from Linda and made his way toward the shower. Linda looked over at Bruce with half-open eyes.

"Come over here, Bruce," she said.

Bruce hesitated because of his obviously aroused state and embarrassment about his wet pants. He hoped she wouldn't notice. He got up and moved toward the bed.

"Closer," she said.

When he was next to the bed, Linda extended her arm and touched the crotch of Bruce's pants.

"Well," she said, "I guess I don't have to ask if you enjoyed the show."

Bruce felt himself blushing with shame.

"Were you playing with yourself?"

"No," said Bruce.

"You came just watching me and Barnes?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered softly, avoiding Linda's gaze and looking at the floor.

"I'll take that as a sign of your approval. So you were impressed?"

"I... I mean... I've never seen anything like it," admitted Bruce.

"Like what?" - pursued Linda. "Like Barnes's cock?"

"Well, that, too. I mean the whole thing was so... I mean I never saw you like that, so totally out of control..."

"Well," said Linda, smiling, "there's a good reason for that, wouldn't you say?"

Bruce was uncomfortable discussing his feeling after what he had just observed. He hadn't even sorted them out for himself. At that moment Barnes came out of the shower with a towel around his waist.

"Sweetie," directed Linda, "fetch Barnes's clothes for him. You're the official valet tonight."

"Yes, ma'am," responded Bruce, switching back into the required courtesy due Linda in the presence of her man. Bruce kept his eyes on the floor as he walked past Barnes to his stool where he had set the man's shorts.

Without looking him in the face, both out of shame and out of deference, Bruce handed the garment to Barnes.

He then walked to the closet where he had hung the pants of Linda's date. He removed them from the hanger and carried them draped over his arm to their owner, who took them without comment.

"My shoes and socks are in your living room," prompted Barnes. Bruce was grateful for the chance to escape the gaze of his wife as he performed his humiliating role of cuckolded hubby. He nonetheless moved quickly to retrieve the powerful teenager's footwear. After Barnes was dressed he walked over to Linda and gave her a deep kiss.

"Honey," she said, "please see Barnes to the door."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied with a little more enthusiasm than necessary. Downstairs, at the front door, Barnes stood still making no attempt to leave until Bruce finally realized that he was waiting for the door to be opened for him.

"Thank you for coming over, Sir," said Bruce, opening the door.

"Any time, my man. That girl has a sweet pussy and a great tongue. But I guess you know that, don't you."

"Yes, sir," said Bruce, his head hanging. He hoped he was assuming a proper attitude for Linda's sake.

Then Barnes was gone. Bruce locked the door and returned to the bedroom where Linda was still lying in bed.

"Over here, sweetie," she said, patting the bed next to her. Bruce walked over and sat down next to her.

"You know," she said, "you don't necessarily have to address me as 'ma'am' when I'm not with one of the Men. Not that I don't appreciate it, of course."

"I understand," replied Bruce. "I wasn't sure. It seems like with you still coming down from the experience of being with him... I mean, I didn't want you to think I show you courtesies only when you are with a... date. It's getting sort of automatic."

"Well, that's fine with me. It also shows your respect for Barnes, doesn't it?"

"I do respect him. Very much. Especially now... "

"So, no surprises for you tonight other than seeing what a virile stud like Barnes does to your poor horny wife?"

"No," said Bruce, "I guess not. Well... maybe... when you, you know, used your tongue... uh..."

"You mean when I tongued his asshole?"

"Yes, ma'am. I was kinda shocked. I mean..."

Linda laughed at Bruce's discomfort.

"You'd have to be a woman sucking on a gigantic hard cock to understand," she explained. "I mean, I knew he would be inside me, fucking me in a few minutes. I was so turned on. And when I sucked those balls into my mouth and licked them, know they were full of his cum, god, I was just so hot."

Suddenly she reached over and put her hand on Bruce's crotch again and laughed.

"Obviously it was very sexy to you as well," she said.

"I... I..."

"It's hard to explain, but I just HAD to give myself to him completely, no matter what. I had to submit to him completely. I had to prove to him that I loved him. I couldn't get my tongue up his asshole deep enough. I could have stayed there forever. Understand?"

"I think, so, ma'am. I feel that way about you, after all?"

"Do you really?"

"Of course, ma'am. You know I'd do anything for you."

"You poor thing," she said gently. "You haven't had any sex lately, have you? Other than jerking off into my panties."

Bruce blushed inwardly at her blunt language.

"No, ma'am. But I understand. I mean, why should you when... you know..."

"Well, I think you need a treat. Not fucking, of course. I'm much too tender for that. Besides, wouldn't that be a little disrespectful to Barnes?"

"Yes, of course, absolutely. You are his tonight. I would never try to... you know."

"I do know. But still... and since you said you would do anything for me... maybe we can work something out."

Bruce's heart skipped a beat and his pecker hardened even more against his wet underwear.

"Wouldn't you like to have a little sexy fun, please me, and demonstrate your respect for Barnes at the same time?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Bruce unsurely.

'Okay then," she said, opening her legs, "get over here." She pointed to the bed between her legs.

Bruce move on his knees between his wife's open thighs and leaned down to kiss a breast. She stopped him with a firm hand against his forehead.

"Not like that, silly! Your face. Down here. Close."

"Now?" asked Bruce, seeing where she was heading.

"No, next week. Of course now! Do it, dammit!"

Bruce backed up on his knees and began to lower his face toward his wife's gaping, sopping pussy.

Then he hesitated.

"Unless, of course," she prompted him, "you don't mind facing the... uh... repercussions."

"Repercussions?" Bruce was puzzled by the word, but he knew a semi-disguised threat when he heard it. He glanced up at Linda's face. Her eyebrows were lifted in expectation of a response.

"Of course," she said. "You can't expect to insult one of the Men of the club without any consequences, now can you?"

"What do you mean - 'consequences?'"

"Bruce, if there were ever a time for you to show me all courtesies, it is now."

"Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry, ma'am." Bruce mentally kicked himself for talking to her with such familiarity when she was still under the influence of Barnes's powerful sexing.

"Are you really, Bruce?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm sorry. I... I... didn't realize I was insulting him. You said 'consequences.' If I was-"

"Oh, stop babbling! All I'm saying is that you should think before you act - or fail to act. By consequences, I mean punishment. Is that clear enough for you?"

Bruce lowered his eyes and felt himself slightly shaking with confusion and apprehension.

"Yes, ma'am. I just never heard anything about... punishment. Ma'am. I don't-"

"You should really have a talk with your dear friend, Jim."

"What about Jim?" - asked Bruce, who was feeling more and more out of control.

So much was happening so fast that he couldn't grasp it all. And now this.

"Sweetie, keep you eyes focused on my pussy. Perhaps it will help you clarify your thoughts. Now don't get all nervous. Take a deep breath!"

Bruce did so and was overwhelmed by the aroma resulting from his wife and her lover's sex.

"Good," said Linda comfortingly. "Now, about Jim. As you know, he is very devoted to the Club and fully supportive of Marie and her happiness."

"Yes, I know," said Bruce. "I'm also supportive."

"We'll see, sweetie. I hope so. Anyway, back at the start of all this Jim wasn't fully on board. He did and said some things to Marie that reflected less than full support. Not to mention a definite lack of respect for her lover."

"That's terrible, ma'am," squeaked Bruce ingratiatingly.

"Yes, it was. Marie talked to George about it."

"Oh no!"

"Oh yes. Jim had to be corrected. That bad attitude had to be nipped in the bud. At first Marie felt bad helping arrange for her own hubby's punishment. But that passed. And the results were excellent."

"What happened to him, ma'am?" croaked Bruce.

"You can talk to him about it yourself. Suffice it to say, he doesn't ever want to be subjected to that again. I understand he was crying like a baby."

"Jeez," said Bruce. He tried to absorb this new information while keeping his eyes directed at Linda's sex. He was suddenly feeling very vulnerable and very much at Linda's mercy. He had never had reason to fear her before, but now things were different.

"I don't want to be punished," he said plaintively.

Linda patted him reassuringly on the head. She experienced a rush of power at having brought Bruce to this point. She really didn't want him to experience the repercussions that Jim had, but she also knew that she was not about to let Bruce backslide at this point.

"And I don't want you to be punished, sweetie. You should understand, though, that it would be my decision alone. Please keep that in mind as we go forward. I don't want you to have to experience what poor Jim did, but I won't hesitate to order it if you deserve it. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you."

"After all," continued Linda, "you are staring right at the solution. You can show your support now... or after some persuasion. Why put yourself through that. I'd be prouder of you if you could willingly show your complete respect for Barnes right now. I will give you five seconds to make your decision. One... two..."

Bruce was terrified at the thought of being subjected to some unknown kind of punishment. Now he was out of time. He would avoid what Jim had gone through, whatever it was. Why hadn't his so-called friend warned him about this?

Linda's voice interrupted this train of thought.

"Time's up sweetie. Sorry."

"No! Please let me!!" cried Bruce as he buried his face between his wife's legs.

The first sensation was one of wetness covering his face. Then his senses were overwhelmed by the pungent odor of his wife's juices and her lover's abundant cum. Finally, as he plunged his tongue deeply into Linda's gaping pussy, it was the taste that made his humiliation complete.

"That's it, sweetie," said Linda as she pulled his head closer. "Surrender to it. Surrender completely. Show me how you feel!"

Bruce's eyes were stinging - whether from his own tears or from the wet swamp in which he was wallowing, he did not know or care. He inhaled deeply and lapped at Linda's pussy with a worshipping tongue. He knew he had passed the point of no return long ago. He could give himself fully to his new role or suffer unknown consequences.

He chose the latter.

"That's it, Bruce," said Linda encouragingly. "Lick up Barnes's cum. Savor it. And think of that beautiful black cock of his and the pleasure it gave me. Do it!"

Bruce sucked the gooey cum into his mouth and, indeed, couldn't help but remember the awesome power of the young man's enormous cock as it pounded in and out of the the pussy he was now worshipping. His wife's pussy.

He tried to communicate what he was feeling through his tongue and lips. With his nose pressed hard against Linda's pubic bone, Bruce felt her internal muscles and force a continuous stream of cum into his wide open mouth.

"That's it," said Linda, "show me who you are. Clean me! And make me cum!"

Bruce struggled to maintain contact with Linda's bucking body. He lapped deep and tried to flick his tongue against her slippery and engorged clit. She was approaching orgasm and Bruce's abused face was paying the toll.

He realized that his own modest pecker was hard again.

"I'm cumming! Don't stop, pussyboy!" With that, Bruce's wife went over the edge, pulling his face against herself with incredible force, bucking and screaming with a an intensity that frightened him.

Bruce remained in position, not daring to budge until given the signal by Linda. It didn't take long for her to push him away with her foot. He lay there somehow dreading having to look her in the face again. He didn't know what to say or what to expect from her.

"Well, sweetie," she finally said, "did you love it?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Bruce. "I really did."

"Don't you feel better now that you've shown me how you feel and committed yourself to this new life of ours."

"Yes, ma'am." Incredibly, Bruce realized, he actually meant it. The past was gone forever and now he felt himself ready to accept and eventually, he hoped, embrace this new role of his.

Linda smiled to herself. She wondered how Bruce would in fact deal with everything that was to come. It was a lot for a hubby to accept. One way or another, of course, he would fall in line and comply. She almost hoped he would show a little resistance down the road, because nothing would please her more than to use the unpleasant means of persuasion at her disposal to bring him into line.

Life was good. Very good.

The End