



THE CHASTE CUCKOLD



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Ultimate Love
By dimndndaruff

**Sing to me Muse of a man sentenced to a sorrowful fate;
Placed amongst merciless gangs of gods and mortals,
Those contribute to the dishonour and shame of this eunuch.**

**Disgraced by his love, he bares witness to his goddess
Finding endowed bulls to bathe her in the glory of lust's sweat.
Wordlessly, with a heated stare, and clenched muscles
She grinds her teeth and begs to feel her treasure loaded.**

**In front of him pitiless men state claim to her body;
And farm her mines; drain her minerals before moving on.
When he hears the siren, he fades with disgrace.
His love is humiliation, a painful view of her pleasure,
The sight of her opening up, breathing fiery words to her lover
Passionately crammed, getting drunk off his seed.**

**He watches her rubbing the muscled torso collapsed between
her thighs
Dripping onto the sheets despite her cuckold's eyes.**

1. The Beginning

Chelsea and I were married in autumn. It seemed appropriate, somehow. A little older than most couples getting married for the second time, we were both fleeing bad marriages and both had children from those discarded marriages. Consequently, we were wary of entering into a new relationship.

After a few wonderful months getting to know each other, we realised that we need not have worried as we soon found that we were ideal for each other. Especially since our kids were away at university and we were alone.

Our life settled down and we spent as much time exploring each other as we could. I always had harboured submissive fantasies but had never had the courage to confess my predilection to anyone. My previous wife would have exploded into mirth and then used the information to taunt me while she was filing for divorce.

I thought that Chelsea would lose respect for me if she found out about my fetish so I kept quiet. It was, I sometimes thought sadly, an unfulfilled fantasy I'll take with me to the grave. My fetish, I believed, was a deep secret and would never come out.

However, it all came out in a roundabout way anyway.

One night, we were watching a documentary on lifestyles and some doctor said that to keep sex alive

within a marriage, couples should be open to explore new things. The doctor went on to say that role-playing was a safe and sexy way to discover what turned on each of the people in the relationship.

‘That sounds interesting, Jim,’ Chelsea said.

‘What?’

‘Role playing. You could be the dashing prince who rescues me from the tower!’

‘Prince James? I could do that,’ I said playing along, not thinking it would go any further.

That night, Chelsea came out of the bathroom, posed seductively and said, ‘this is my tower. I wonder where my dashing prince is, where is the handsome Prince Jim?’

It was a little bit of fun but it wasn’t as successful as, I think, Chelsea had hoped. The fact was, I couldn’t really get into it. It is difficult for a submissive to pretend, to *act* as the dominant partner.

If I thought Chelsea had dropped the idea of role-playing, I was wrong as she discovered a site on the internet that suggested various scenarios for couples.

‘I have an idea for some more role play,’ she said.

‘Do I have to slay a dragon this time?’ I quipped and she giggled.

‘No, darling, this time, I’ll be your slave.’

I opened my mouth and was about to answer when Chelsea said something that shocked me.

‘Unless,’ my wife said quietly, ‘you’d rather be *my* slave for the night?’

My mouth went dry and I dropped my eyes.

‘Well, Jim,’ she said softly, ‘what would you prefer?’

‘Ah,’ I mumbled, ‘I’ll...I’ll be...’

‘Be what, darling?’ Chelsea prompted, her hand resting lightly on my shoulder.

‘I’ll be your slave,’ I whispered and she smiled.

‘I thought so. I found some interesting files of yours on the computer, darling.’

My heart was pounding but she just smiled at me before kissing me gently on my forehead.

‘Now, run off and get naked. My little slave boy should be naked when he serves his Lady Wife!’

Her words jolted me and I quickly ran to do what she wanted. When I returned, Chelsea was reclining on the sofa and smiled when she saw my rigid cock.

‘I think,’ she murmured, ‘we have found the perfect role play!’

And that’s how it all began!

That’s how our journey into the world of dominants and subs began.

2. The Last Time.

For the next few months, we continued to experiment with the Mistress/slave scenario. Well, Chelsea certainly did the research and came up with some innovative scenes that left us both exhausted and sexual satisfied.

It was obvious to me that Chelsea was really enjoying it and became more and more adventurous and assertive each time we played.

We both enjoyed it but it was still only a game. It was wonderful but, deep down, I hungered for more stringent measures, more control.

At last, we both sold our businesses and decided to semi-retire, even though we were just in our early forties.

‘We’ll have more time now, Jim,’ Chelsea giggled as we drove home from the business for the last time, ‘to experiment!’

‘Experiment?’ I asked.

‘Yes, darling, we’ll have more time to explore my dominant side and your subby one.’

I flushed but my cock began to stir.

Chelsea looked down at my groin and smiled.

‘I bet you’re getting hard thinking about all the naughty things your Mistress is going to do to you.’

Mistress!

That was the first time Chelsea referred to herself that way when we weren't actually in the bedroom and playing. Somehow, the fact we were in the car and in daylight made it even more erotic.

Mistress!

It was a word to fuel my fantasies.

My mouth was dry when I drove the car into the garage and switched off the ignition.

'Do you want to play more, darling?' Chelsea asked with a serious expression.

I nodded, my head swimming with possibilities.

'It's a new beginning, Jim,' she said sweetly, 'and we'll go in and talk about it but it's time you demonstrated your respect for me by opening the door.'

Hurriedly, I jumped out of the car and opened the passenger door for my wife.

'Thank you, darling,' Chelsea beamed and gently patted my cheek. 'What a good little subby!'

Her words and gesture sent a thrilling surge of submissive stimulation through me and I eagerly followed her into the house.

I stood waiting as Chelsea made herself comfortable on the sofa. Then, with a strange smile, she looked up at me.

'I want to hear, darling, if you want me to be your Mistress or not. We need to be clear, I think as I'm perfectly serious about extending our play into full time.'

I licked my dry lips, cleared my throat and said, 'I want you to be my Mistress.'

‘Are you sure? I *will* be firm with you, Jim. Do you want that?’

‘Yes,’ I murmured, ‘I want that.’

‘You’re sure that you’ll be fine with me making all the decisions and you will have no power?’

I nodded, incapable of speaking as my cock pushed against the front of my trousers.

Chelsea’s eyes dropped to that bulge and she smiled.

‘Well, I can see you *are* sure.’

My face grew hot but I was inwardly throbbing with submissive excitement.

‘Kneel down at my feet, darling and we’ll have a little chat.’

Kneel?

I swallowed and knelt beside her and my wife smiled at me.

‘I think in the future, darling, you should respond a little more quickly than that, don’t you?’

‘Yes...Mistress...’

There, I said it!

Chelsea smiled at that and nodded.

‘Darling, firstly let me say I love you very much.’

‘And I love you,’ I said quickly.

‘I know, darling but don’t interrupt me. I *do* love you. However, my research has shown me that submissive men such as yourself require a firm but loving hand. Is that correct?’

‘Yes, Mistress,’ I whispered, eyes down.

‘I thought so. Not many women are, I understand, capable of providing that governance but I think I am. There is no doubt that I enjoy my control over you and I am keen to see how much further I can take it. I must warn you, darling, that I *will* be firm and I *will* completely control you. I will make *all* the decisions. Is that understood?’

‘Y...yes Mistress...’

‘If that means I may have to punish you for bad behaviour, well, so be it, I shall! I will decide everything. For example, I will decide when and how we make love and whether or not you orgasm.’

Shocked, I blinked at her.

‘I don’t want this to be a game, darling,’ Chelsea said gently. ‘If you want it to be just a game, say so now.’

‘No,’ I whispered, ‘I don’t want it to be a game.’

‘So you’re perfectly happy for me to control you?’

‘Yes...’

‘In fact, you *want* me to control you, don’t you, darling?’

‘Yes,’ I croaked truthfully, ‘I want it, I need it!’

‘I thought so,’ Chelsea said with a tender smile. ‘We will begin slowly.’