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Christmas Eve

I am sitting in the maid's quarters behind the kitchen of my house with tears running down my face as I look upon the Christmas presents my wife had me open in front of her parents, her older sister and her husband, her younger brother and his girlfriend, and my twin sister and her boyfriend. I was uncomfortable with my twin sister's lie of telling me my parents had previous plans to be away for the Christmas / New Years holiday period and therefore, would not be part of my wife's Christmas Surprise. I was so humiliated when I opened the first box wrapped in pink paper to find three pairs of Victoria's Secret thong panties with a hand written card from my wife saying she hopes I like them. It was downhill from there. All my presents were different forms of women's lingerie. More panties, thigh high stockings, camisoles, and pajamas were given to me by everyone attending my first Christmas Eve present opening since marrying my wife. Little did I know she had planned the whole thing with her sister and my twin sister!!!

See, when I met my wife, I was a virgin. That's right – a college aged virgin. The only sexual activity I experienced were the wet dreams of my adolescence. My mother, made a big deal of my ruining the sheets and neither she nor my dad spoke to me about the nocturnal emanations or my unexplained and everlasting erections. Sex was something that parents did not talk to their children about. Well, at least my parents did not. I could never understand why they felt that way, but they did. My twin sister never spoke to me about what she was going through, but she did confirm one evening quite by accident that our mother had taken the time to tell her that as she matured more boys would be trying to *'feel her up'*. My sister and I never spoke of things sexual until this evening.

My wife and I dated for the last two years of our college education. I expressed to her a desire to maintain my virginity and although she wasn't a virgin understood from whence I came. We discussed our wedding plans at length and both of us gave in to our parents desire to have a large, obnoxious, and expensive affair. Before all was said and done, we had well over seven hundred and fifty people at our wedding. We estimated that it had to cost well over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but much to our amazement, the topper was an all expense paid honeymoon to the Greek Islands. It was there on the island of Mykonos my sexual life began or ended as the case may be.

The first night I was alone with her I was excited beyond belief. I was expecting to take her into my arms, hold her naked body next to mine, and feel her soft skin, breasts, and thighs against mine for the first time. It didn't happen that way at all. I stood naked next to the bed where my wife lay waiting for me her legs akimbo. Her hand gently stroking her hairless vagina showing me she had no problem touching herself in front of me. Just as I stopped by the bed, she began to laugh at me. She stopped masturbating, sat up, and pointed at my erect penis. She tried with all her might to stop laughing, but she couldn't. It took all of thirty seconds for me to lose my hard on and realize that she was not very happy with what I had brought to the relationship. She laughed to cover her disappointment.

You have to remember she respected my desire to remain a virgin. We did not have make out sessions that resulted in heavy petting and the expected orgasm. I never touched her naked body even by placing a hand

underneath her clothing. I never masturbated – believe it or not – I never masturbated. Did I wonder what she was doing for herself? Yes, I did, but I never thought to ask her or demand she not masturbate. Her having sexual relations with another man never crossed my mind. I trusted her completely. But, that first night standing naked in front of her, proud of my erection seeing her pointing and laughing at my penis was enough to break my spirit.

Once she calmed down she motioned for me to lie next to her. She apologized for her reaction, but she admitted that she'd never seen one that small on any man or boy. She didn't realize that she just add more wood to the humiliation fire she had started when she first gazed upon and broke out laughing at my erection. She rolled onto her left side and placed her right hand onto my genitals. She leaned in, kissed me, and began to stroke my flaccid penis. It didn't take long for me to react sexually to her stimulation, but what astounded both of us was how quickly I ejaculated a small quantity of sperm. We both agreed that since that was the first time I had ever ejaculated the excitement I felt added to the reason I ejaculated so quickly.

She didn't complain. We lay together kissing and she allowed me to place my hand on her privates. She took the time to explain to me what I needed to do to bring her to a climax. I followed her whispered instructions and used my index and middle finger to draw small circles around her blood engorged clitoris. She began to press her privates against my hand. She stopped kissing me so she could moan and urge me to replace my fingers with my mouth. I didn't know what she wanted, so I continued to use my fingers on her privates until she lifted her hips off the bed and screamed in orgasmic pleasure. I was sweating as much as she was. Her body glowed as she lay there breathing heavy recovering from her first orgasm induced by her loving husband. Unbeknownst to be, she had just faked her first orgasm with me. Her performance was perfect. No one would have suspected she had just faked an orgasm so she could calm down after seeing the size of her husband's penis.

I kissed her and she responded by placing her hand on my penis. She stroked me while telling me when I achieved an erection I should get between her legs and enter her. I was so happy tears welled into my eyes. I was going to put my penis into my wife and make love to her. I was going to consummate our marriage. I was going to become the man I had always thought I would be – a man with a loving wife who wanted to have sex with him and to make her pregnant. Little did I know that I would never get close to making her pregnant that night or in the future. She worked my penis until it was hard as a rock. I rolled between her parted legs. She began to rub the head between her pussy lips and then when she positioned it at her opening she said to push myself into her. I did.

Her reaction to feeling me enter her was humiliating. I pressed my hips forward so I could force the entire length of my erect penis into her. My natural instincts took over and I began to move in and out of her. I could see she was indifferent to our mating. She did not try to respond to my lovemaking. She asked me several times if I was in her because she couldn't feel anything except for when she felt my pubic bone pressing against hers. I continued to try to elicit a sexual response from her to no avail. She just laid there; legs open not responding to my attempts to sexually stimulate her. She made it a point to show me just what a lousy lover I was by expressing her chagrin that she allowed herself to marry a man with a boy sized penis

I was trying everything I could to get her into my making love to her. I kissed her breasts. I rubbed my hands all over her body, I kissed her neck, ears, eyes and cheeks. I whispered to her how much I loved her and great I felt inside her body. She didn't react. She just repeated how she wasn't feeling anything inside her and if I was ready I should cum because she was getting tired of me being on top of her. I wanted to cry, but at the same time I wanted to show her that I was a man and not a boy. Just as I began to increase my stroke, I felt it happen. I ejaculated. I didn't even have a chance to push myself into her pussy. I raised myself up and looked between her legs to see the small amount of cum I'd just shot resting on the crease between her thigh and her pussy. I didn't even have my penis in her when I ejaculated.

Sensing my horror at not truly completing the act of coitus, my wife commanded me to clean up the mess I had left between her legs. She didn't make me lick it up. She made me get a warm towel to wipe it up and then a dry to finish the clean-up job. As I wiped up the miniscule amount of cum I had produced, she looked at me and began to laugh anew. The rest of our honeymoon was an exercise in me learning how to bring her off with my fingers and my tongue. If I did it well, I was rewarded by her using her finger to rub my anus until I came or got so frustrated I begged her to let me go into the bathroom to masturbate. She wasn't interested in having me in her, on her, or ejaculating on or in front of her. All I was allowed to do to her sexually was finger her or lick her until she attained an orgasm or two or three.

Fast forward to Christmas Eve and my total humiliation before, during, and after dinner. The intervening months had provided my wife with enough time to begin her complete ownership of my life. She made me quit my job and go to work for her. I was forced to become her Administrative Assistant. Although I wore a suit to work everyday, underneath I was clad in panties, thigh high stockings, and either a camisole or bra. I was allowed to use the men's room, but had to sit to urinate because she placed a male chastity device on me. The device was designed so the chastised male was forced to sit to pee. If he attempted to stand, there was no way his penis could be lifted to direct the flow of urine into the urinal. One could try to stand backwards in front of the urinal and pee, but this was ineffective as you would cover yourself in piss. So, I sat to pee and everyone in the office knew I was a kept man.

Tonight my wife made an announcement to everyone. At precisely 9:00 PM, the front door bell rang and I was instructed to answer it. Standing there was my wife's new boyfriend. Well, not new, but to everyone attending the Christmas Eve present opening, he was new. She had been fucking him for the past four months and making no bones about it to her sister and my twin sister. They both knew I was the ultimate cuckold. I had a vague idea that she was getting pounded by him, but had no overt proof. See, she never demanded I lick her just fucked pussy clean. I was made to perform orally on her only after she had taken a shower. He looked at me and smiled the smile of a man who knew he had just met the sap who couldn't sexually satisfy his wife. He winked at me as he entered the house and made a beeline to my wife. I stood by the closed door, watched as he took her in his arms, and preceded to French kiss her. Not only did I see them kiss, but everyone there saw them embrace and kiss.

Dinner was served by me and I was forced to eat in the kitchen while her boyfriend sat in my place at the table. I could hear them laughing and talking about all things family except for one thing. They didn't say a word about me. Not one word about how I was dressed. Not one word about my serving dinner. Not one word about the man that was now sitting in my place at the table. It was as if I never existed. I sat at the kitchen table with tears in my eyes. Crying to myself that the woman I loved had tossed me aside for my inability to satisfy her sexually. I did give her orgasms, but not the kind she wanted and according to her what she needed. My wife openly admitted to me and anyone else that she was a size queen. The bigger the man's cock the better. Coupled with a big cock she loved big testicles because she inferred the bigger the testicle the more sperm. And, she loved cum.

Dessert was served as they sat in they sat in the family room admiring the twelve foot Christmas tree which stood in the corner next to the two story fireplace and a wall of windows. The family room in the house is an open room with a lot of windows. As I served dessert, I could see everyone watching my wife and her lover. I was instructed to return to the room after the last dessert was given out and the tray returned to the kitchen. When I returned everyone was sitting on the couches that created the conversation pit in the center of the room. My wife instructed her lover to stand in the middle so everyone could see him. She instructed me to kneel in front of him so I could see his Christmas present to her without blocking everyone else's view. My wife stood next to her lover, reached around, and pulled down his zipper. While looking at him she reached in and pulled out his red and green ribbon covered cock. She went even further by opening his belt and letting his pants fall to the floor.

The women gasped and the men just sat waiting for the next step of the presentation of her lover's present to her. Her lover was not wearing any underwear. When his pants hit the floor she let his ribbon covered cock go so it hung somewhat naturally in front of him. She announced to the family that instead of her opening her lover's present I would. I was openly crying at the thought of having to unwind the red and green ribbon that covered her lover's humongous cock. Her sister thought it was the funniest thing since Costello tried to remember, 'Who was on first'. Her laughter only got the others to begin laughing and verbally abuse me. I knew that I was going to touch another man's cock for the first time. Inside I was thankful that my parents were not in attendance. It was bad enough that my twin sister was witnessing my total humiliation.

I tried to beg my way out of it, but my wife, well actually, everyone present wouldn't have any of my sniveling and begging. So, I reached for his cock and was immediately slapped in the face for not asking permission to open my wife's present. I rubbed my face as I asked him if I could open my wife's present. He nodded and I proceeded unwind the red and green ribbon that covered his cock and balls. It took a good five minutes for me to uncase his genitals and when I was done I was instructed by my wife to thank him for giving her such a wonderful gift. I fought the feeling coursing through my body, but, to my shame I was getting excited. Sexually excited at being humiliated in front of her family and my twin sister. My cock strained in my chastity device as I gazed upon close to ten inches of cock. The family cheered and clapped as my wife's lover stood next to her with her cuckold husband kneeling in front of them accepting his total Christmas humiliation.

My wife did not force me to perform oral on her lover, but she did inform the family that he would be fucking her that very night as I slept in the maid's quarters. They were told that from this night forward the only time I would be in bed with her was when I was asked to perform oral on her. I thought her parents would make a scene, but they were enjoying my humiliation as much as their daughter was. Again, my thoughts went to my parents and how they would have reacted. I found out about two seconds after that thought when my mother and father walked through the French doors that lined the right side of the family room.

My mom walked over to me, leaned over, and told me that she always thought I'd end up like her dad. She announced to the gathering that her dad, my granddad, was a cuckold with an extremely small penis. She commanded me to stand. I looked up at my wife and she motioned that I should listen to my mother. Without any embarrassment on her part, my mom raised my maid's skirt, took out the key to the lock on my chastity device, and freed my boy penis from its confines. She made me turn around to show the gathering my tiny male appendage. She commented that I inherited my size not from my dad, but from my maternal granddad. She knew from the day I was born that I'd never have the size to make any woman sexually satisfied. I was crestfallen considering that this was the first time my mother showed any signs to me that she was a sexual being. If you remember, when I was having my nocturnal emissions, she would not say anything about them. She would yell at me for wetting the sheets and having to wash them before they were due to be changed.

I stood there trying to stifle an erection, but my mother had taken my boy penis into her fingers, not her hand, and commenced to play with it. My dad decided to sit down like the rest of the men and watch my humiliation at the hands of my wife and now my mother. I saw my twin sister look over at our father and wink. It was then I knew she had lied to me about their trip. It was also my undoing as I ejaculated, well, I have to admit, I dribbled four small shots of cum onto the floor in front of me. The women clapped and screamed obscenities at my failure to maintain my composure. They whooped and hollered that I was such a loser that even my mother's touch could cause me to squirt my sissy milk when she wasn't even trying to make me cum. I looked over at my dad and was chagrined to see him smiling and clapping his hands at my humiliation.

Luckily for me, I dribbled onto the ribbon that had encased my wife's lover's cock which made it impossible for my wife to command me to clean up the mess I'd made. To my ultimate horror, she explained to everyone what a lousy lover I was and that it was on our honeymoon she decided to cuckold and feminize me. She related the story of our first sexual encounter and how she spent most of the time we were in bed together trying to hold in her laughter. She walked over to me and touched my face as she told them that the first time she allowed me to masturbate her with my fingers she was so turned off by me that she faked her orgasm. I looked at her and realized that she wasn't kidding. I couldn't help myself. I broke down and cried. I didn't hear the laughter as the gathering moved to the other side of the room to begin opening their presents. My wife made no effort to ask or make her lover cover his genitals. She wanted everyone to know that the cock hanging between her lover's legs was hers and she was proud of it.

When my turn came to open the presents piled under the Christmas tree, I had been locked back up and my maid's uniform straightened out. The first present I opened solidified my feminization – Victoria's Secret panties. The rest heaped more humiliation on my being. Why did I let her do this to me? Why wasn't I man enough to walk out of this house and start over again? Why did I allow myself to be humiliated in front of my own parents and twin sister? Deep inside me I knew why. I never saw myself as a strong virile man. I never played contact sports. I never really chased women, but did think of myself as a male that could be a husband and a father. Now, I know what I am. I am a submissive cuckold sissy. My wife will continue to make me her slave and flaunt her ability to be sexually satisfied by having sex with a man other than her husband. The possibility exists that she could and would have sex with multiple men and force me to watch and clean her between her fuckings.

You can ask me why I'm staying. I love my wife. Desperately!!! You can ask me how I can love a woman that is going to take her cum filled pussy and plant it on my face commanding me to lick the cum of another man from her. I will eat another man's cum from her pussy, because she is asking me and not him to sooth her aching labia. You can ask me how I can accept being feminized. That is a simple one to answer, because I like dressing and acting like a girl. Ok, so I don't have the correct plumbing, but when I'm asked to provide oral and anal pleasure to her lover, I will. You can ask how I can accept putting another man's cock into my mouth or male pussy. That is simple also, I have come to like the taste of male ejaculate and know that the taste of a real man's come will be far superior to my own. The feeling of his cock throbbing and spewing forth his essence into my mouth or pussy-ass is a blessing. He isn't giving it to anyone else but me as he humiliates me by calling me names as he cums. You have to remember that

because I'm so small I can never feel what I feel when I have his cock in my hands, in my mouth, or up my pussy-ass. I feel like a good soul providing sexual pleasure to the man that is satisfying my wife.

It was about 1:00 AM when my wife decided to show me why I was the way I was. She, with the knowledge and help from the rest of the women, asked all the men to stand shoulder-to-shoulder and drop their pants. I was forced to again kneel in the center of the conversation pit and watch as my dad, my twin sister's boyfriend, my wife's father, my wife's sister's husband, and her brother all dropped their pants. The smallest cock hanging in front of my face was conservatively seven-and-a-half inches while the biggest which didn't compare to my wife's lover's cock had to be her sister's husband who was sported a good nine inches. My wife stood next to me rubbing my head as she told me that my three inch erect cock could never do for a woman what these men could. She had again made a point to humiliate me in front of the family. And, again I accepted her belittlement. The rest of the ladies gazed upon a bevy of cocks that each and every one of them would never deny access to their three orifices. It was my mom who commented that all the men had rather large testicles, thus proving their worth as men. She wondered aloud if they were all to masturbate and cum how much of a twelve ounce glass they would fill.

My wife looked at my mom, thought about it, and decided that if anything was going to happen this Christmas eve it was going to be her showing everyone how easily she could take her lover's cock. I watched as the couples began to kiss and fondle each other. In a matter of moments, the women were on their knees sucking cock. I just watched as each man took the head of their woman and began to fuck their mouths. The communal moan sent shivers up and down my spine. It was my wife who stood up first, took her lover's cock in her hand, walked the few short steps to one of the couches, and sat down, legs akimbo, inviting him to enter her without stopping. Her lover did exactly as her body asked. He positioned his monster at the gates to her love canal and pushed himself into her. My wife did not cry out in pain, but in ecstasy. I could see her extend her arms so her hands could grasp his waist as he began fucking her in earnest. All I could do was kneel there, tears again running down my face as I watched my wife fuck another man in front of me.

I could see the other begin to copulate and I could feel my cock straining against my chastity device. Oh, how I wanted to be free. To feel my boy penis in my hand as I watched these men fuck their women with abandon. Oh, how I wanted to feel my cock explode at the thought of being one of them, but, when I felt the pain caused by my cock trying to expand in the chastity device I came to my senses. I would not be able to produce my sissy milk without my wife's permission. I was stuck watching these couples fornicating in front of me, enjoying the union of their genitals, their mouths, as they made passionate love to one another.

My twin sister was the first to cum. She cried out as her boyfriend squeezed her tits and rammed his cock deep into her cunt. Then it cascaded through the rest of the couples. Last to cum was my wife's lover. She had orgasmed four times before he held her hips high to his as he emptied himself into her. No condoms were used and I could see each of the women lying legs akimbo with their lover's cum beginning to seep from their just fucked pussies. My wife could see my humiliation as all I could do was watch. She decided then and there to complete my Christmas Eve humiliation by commanding me clean each and every pussy starting with my own mother. My father watched as I crawled over to them, leaned in, and began to lick the vagina that I had entered the world through. I was one minute thirty seconds older than my twin sister, but to my mom and dad I just solidified my role as the family clean up sissy.

It took me a good hour and forty minutes to clean and give to each and every woman another orgasm. Much to my relief, I was not made to perform cleanup duty on the men. I don't now how I would have reacted to putting my father's cock into my mouth and having to taste the cum that made me. I know sooner or later I will have to suck him or any of them off, but thankfully not tonight.

So, here I am in the maid's quarters with my feminine Christmas presents, locked up in a chastity device, wearing a new pair of pink pajamas knowing my wife was in what used to be our bed with her lover receiving what I could never give her. I can't even masturbate over the thought of her having that ten inch monster enter any and all of her orifices. Because of the type of chastity belt I'm wearing I cannot play with my male-pussy. I'll suffer in silence knowing I'll always love her and she'll always love me no matter how badly she humiliates me. Maybe next Christmas will be better, but I doubt it as she's all ready invited the family over for next year's Christmas Eve present opening.