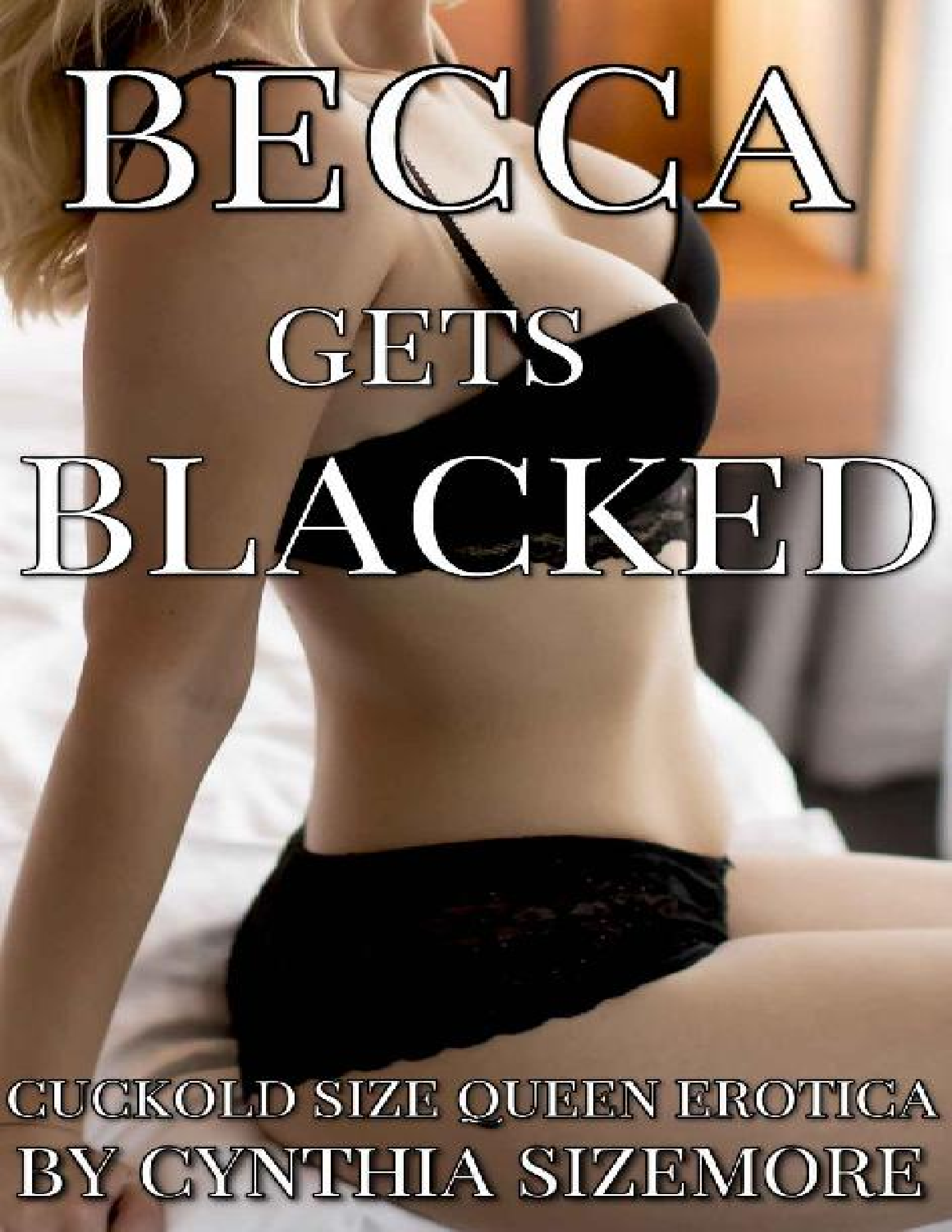

BECCA
GETS
BLACKED
CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA
BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

BECCA GETS BLACKED

By Cynthia Sizemore

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BECCA GETS BLACKED

Introduction

One of the things that I'd always appreciated about my wife Becca was her modesty. It came from her strict rural upbringing. She wasn't a "farm girl," exactly, but she'd grown up in a small town in the Midwest that did have a lot of dairy farms around it, and she'd internalized a lot of the virtues of the people around her. And some of the vices, too.

The virtues included working hard, not complaining, being loyal, and dressing modestly. Among the vices were being suspicious of people from other races. She wasn't exactly prejudiced, just ignorant and inexperienced.

These two aspects of Becca's personality — her modesty and her inexperience with other races — would combine to upend our relationship and change our marriage forever.

This is our story.

Becca has always been shy about her looks. She told me it all went back to the unwanted male attention she'd gotten in high school whenever she'd work something the least bit revealing. And so she was used to hiding her incredible body under baggy, loose–fitting clothes. Even around me.

I tried to be understanding about this. In truth, the fact that she was so modest appealed to me on some level. But as her husband, I also wanted her to let her hair down once in a while around me. Literally as well as figuratively.

So I encouraged her to dress sexy, and to try to explore her own sexual desires. She played along with me a bit, but I could always tell that she was happiest with traditional missionary–style sex with the lights out. No matter how much I encouraged her to experiment, to share her fantasies with me, she inevitably assured me that everything was great the way it was, and that she would feel comfortable telling me if she ever wanted to experiment.

I always accepted this answer, assuring her that her happiness was what was paramount in our relationship. My role as husband was to make sure she was completely satisfied.

And so the first six years of our marriage passed, in relative bliss. Until just after our seventh anniversary…

Chapter 1

The firm that I worked for was hosting a gala dinner in honor of the launch of our new product line. Everyone in the company was going to be there: from the secretaries right up to the CEO. And as the lead scientist in one of two R & D teams, I was expected to put in an appearance.

With my lovely wife, of course.

Becca was both excited for and extremely nervous about the dinner. This didn't make my own nerves any better. I was *also* extremely nervous, because the results of the annual research and sales contest would be announced.

Either I and R & D team 200 would be the winners, or my rival Steve Jones would win along with his crew.

Steve Jones.

I hated to admit it, but he intimidated me. In every way. He was smart, funny, handsome and hardworking. Not only that, he knew it. He never missed an opportunity to tell me about it. To rub my nose in his team's success and my team's mistakes. Some of his behavior was downright bullying.

That's right. My biggest rival was also my workplace bully.

Not only that, he was in great shape. There didn't seem to be an ounce of fat on his body. Not that it mattered for a research scientist, but it did bother me that he always made fun of my weight.

Sometimes even in front of my wife. Not that I worried about that — at least not at first. Becca had always supported me at work, and it was crystal clear that she stood by me, no matter what bullies like Steve said.

Oh yeah: there was one more important thing about Steve. He's black. It has nothing to do with the story, except for the fact that there were rumors that he lived up to at least one stereotype in a major way. That's right: Steve was hung.

I was able to confirm the veracity of this rumor in the locker room once with a quick sideways glance. I didn't do it on purpose. Did I?

Holy **fuck**. Some guys had all the luck.

Well, at least I didn't have anything to worry about. I was happily married, and thanks to my wife Becca's conservative rural upbringing, I didn't have to worry about her being around a guy like Steve.

How wrong I was.

Chapter 2

The night of the gala, Becca was tense.

“I’ve never worn a dress like this. I’m not sure if I like it,” she complained from the bathroom.

We had to leave in ten minutes if we were going to get there in time. I really hoped that she could get over whatever fear it was that was holding her back.

“I’m sure you look great,” I said, tying my bowtie, “just get out here so we can go.”

“Stop being such a jerk,” she said, “I’m not *like* you, remember? I didn’t grow up going to stuff like this all the time because my parents were rich.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, “just come out here and —”

Just then, she stepped out of the bathroom and into the light of the master bedroom.

“Holy shit, Becca,” I said, my jaw dropping on the floor in marvel, “you look incredible.”

She blushed, but I could tell she was pleased to hear it.

“I mean you look *seriously* sexy. I’m going to have to make sure that you stay away from other guys tonight.”

She blushed again.

“As if you have *anything* to worry about,” she said, giving me a kiss.

I looked down into her cleavage.

“You look amazing. I’m sure every guy in the place is going to want to get a glimpse of those breasts.”

“Stop it! You know I’m self–conscious about them.”

“Why, because they’re so big? Guys love that. They even still have that spring to them.”

She gave me a playful slap.

“Ok, please *stop* now! Let’s just go.”

***

The first part of the dinner was the cocktail hour. After we had dropped our coats at the coat check, we staked out an empty table and began looking around the room nervously. In some ways, we were the worst–matched couple: both introverts.

“I’ll go find us some drinks,” I said, “you stay here and hold down the fort.”

It was a corny thing to say, but I often fell back on corny humor when I was uncomfortable.

I went to the bar, hoping to see someone that I recognized from my team. Standing in line was Tim!

“Hey boss,” he said, “do you think we’ll get the prize tonight?”

“I’m optimistic,” I said.

“How optimistic?”

“I’d bet on it.”

“Oh really? That’s great!”

A big smile broke out across Tim’s face. I was happy to see one of my team members so optimistic.

“Yeah,” I said, “I don’t see how any other team could possibly have put up the numbers that we did.”

“What about 347?”

*347. That was the number that **Steve’s** team went by*.

“I don’t think we have to worry about them,” I said, “in fact, if Steve wants to make a bet tonight, I’m totally open to it.”

I wasn’t sure where this overconfidence was coming from. I hadn’t even started drinking yet!

“Ha, that would be awesome. I’d love to see that asshole get taken down a peg or two. I mean, just because he went to a good school doesn’t make him…”

It was our turn at the bar. I grabbed two glasses of champagne and turned around to find Tim gone.

I shrugged my shoulders.

Not like I won't see him again soon, I thought.

It took me a moment to get oriented once more due to the crowd. Where was Becca? I could have sworn I'd left her at the table near the edge of the crowd.

That's when I saw it: Becca *was* at the table, but she wasn't alone.

My bully and rival, Steve, was standing across from her, looking perfect as usual.

I walked up to the table slowly, taking care not to spill the drink in my hand.

"Good evening, Steve," I said, putting the drink down in front of my wife and then extending my hand.

His handshake was firm and confident as usual.

"Good evening, Mike," he said, in a tone that seemed to be mocking my own.

"I hear you're feeling pretty cocky about tonight," he said, flashing me an arrogant grin.

You're definitely the cocky one I thought, but didn't dare verbalize it.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," I said, trying to sound confident.

I caught Becca's eye. She looked worried. I knew that she hated conflict of any kind, especially anything that seemed at all "macho."

"Let's talk about something else," she interjected, "Steve here was just telling me that he used to be a competitive ballroom dancer. That's pretty unique, don't you think?"

"You mean unique for a *black guy*," he said, winking at Becca.

I flushed in embarrassment. Was my bully really flirting with my wife this flagrantly?

“No,” she stammered, “that’s not what I meant at all. I think it’s great. I would love to take ballroom dancing lessons.”

“Ok, then,” said Steve, “I have an idea. What if we make a little wager? I heard that you were in the betting mood.”

I knew it was a bad idea, but my pride wouldn’t let me back down. Not now, now that my status as a husband was on the line in front of my wife.

“I’m listening,” I said.

“How about this: if my team wins the big R & D prize this year, I get to take your wife here to a dance lesson at the studio where I used to practice. It’s a win–win. She gets to explore her love for dance, and I get to enjoy the company of a beautiful woman for the night.”

Becca blushed.

“And if I win?”

“Well, maybe you’d like to take me somewhere where you like to go. Like the all–you–can–eat buffet?”

He broke out in laughter. This guy really was an asshole!

“If you’re serious,” I said, “I think I have a better idea. If I win, I get your parking space for the rest of the year.”

“Until December? That’s like five months from now.”

“Until December.”

“Alright,” he said, shaking my hand again, “it’s a deal. I’ll see you at the ceremony after dinner.”

He flashed me a sarcastic salute with his forefingers and then grinned at Becca before strutting off through the crowd.

“You’re betting me against a parking space?!” she asked, a little upset.

“Relax,” I said, “he’s not going to win anyway, and I knew that the parking space thing would get to him. He’s very status–conscious.”

“Well,” retorted Becca, “he didn’t seem too concerned. And besides, I wouldn’t mind if he won. I’d actually like to take dancing lessons.”

“Really?” I said, “by all means, take lessons. But not with him. He’s nothing but a big bully.”

I didn’t like the look I saw come into Becca’s face in that moment.

“That might be true,” she said, “but maybe he’s a bully who can dance. And that sounds like fun right about now.”

“Oh, come on,” I said, taking her by the hand, “you’ve had too much to drink already, and you’ve barely touched your champagne.”

She grabbed the glass defiantly and drained it in one gulp. What had gotten into my mild–mannered wife? I’d only left her alone for a few minutes.

Little did I know how definitive those few minutes alone with my bully would influence the course of my marriage forever.

Chapter 3

For dinner, Becca and I were seated next to Tim and his wife, plus some people from accounting and H & R who I didn't know very well. The wine and conversation were flowing, and I had almost forgotten about the bet I'd made with Steve, and the upcoming awards ceremony.

But just then, the CEO climbed up to the podium and people started banging on their glasses. The room fell silent.

"Thank you all," he began, "for another great fiscal year. This was the best year since 2014. We've had some of the best sales growth in the sector. But our most important progress this year has, of course, been in research and development. And that's why I'm very happy to award this year's top prize to…"

Becca looked over at me, a look of excitement on her face. She reached out and took my hand. I couldn't help but wonder if she wasn't hoping that I would lose and Steve would win.

"…R & D group 347, headed by Dr. Steven Jones! Dr. Jones, come on up!"

My heart sank as the room erupted in applause. Tim looked over at me, with an expression of palpable disappointment as he clapped half–heartedly.

Steven took the podium, accepting the award on behalf of his team.

"I'd also like to take a moment to acknowledge my competition," he said, looking in my direction, "your team made a good showing, but, as always, the best man won! And now it's time for me to enjoy the sweet fruits of victory. Don't forget about our bet!"

The room erupted in laughter. I tried my best to be a "good sport," and not betray how humiliated I felt.

The "sweet fruits of victory"? How could I not feel like he was talking about my *wife*? I looked over to see Becca participating in the laughter.

How could she be on his side?

***

When we got home, I was despondent. Becca did her best to cheer me up.

“Why can’t you just see it as a friendly competition? We both know that some years you win, some years Steve’s team wins. This was just one of his years. It doesn’t have to be a big tragedy.”

“I know,” I said, “but actually he’s won four out of the five past years. And there’s this thing about the bet. Do you think he’s going to hold us to it?”

“Oh that? Come on. That’s going to be fun. You don’t need to take it so seriously.”

“He’s going to take you on a date, and I’m not supposed to take that seriously as your husband?”

“Hey,” she said, “no one said it was going to be a date. It’s just a dance lesson. One night at a studio. With other people around. There’s no reason to be jealous. Even if he tries to flirt with me or something, I promise that I’m not interested.”

“I know,” I said, “but you have to understand how much this guy gets to me. He seems to be better than me at everything.”

“Well,” she said, giving me a kiss, “he’s not better at being my husband. That’s for sure. Now would it make you feel better to make love to your wife?”

“Yeah,” I had to admit, “it would.”

We began to kiss passionately. A moment later, we were on the bed, entangled in each other’s arms.

But something was wrong. It wasn’t working. I couldn’t stay hard.

“It’s ok,” said Becca, her blue eyes radiant, “it happens sometimes. It’s probably the wine.”

But I knew it wasn’t the wine. I knew that I had been emasculated by my bully. I just didn’t know how much further it was

going to go.

Chapter 4

The next few weeks went by quickly. I didn't have to see Steve on a regular basis, so I had almost forgotten about the bet when he showed up in my lab one morning, wearing the same shit–eating grin as usual.

"Hey, chubbs," he said, "mind if I have your wife's phone number? I need to text her about the dance lesson next week."

"I'd rather you didn't," I said, "you can just give me the details and I'll make sure she's there."

"Well well," he laughed, "look at you, Mr. Protective Husband. It sounds like you don't think you can trust her around a guy like me. That's pretty sad."

I knew he was manipulating me, but I couldn't help but fall into his trap.

"Ok," I said, pulling out a pad of notepaper, "here it is. See if I care. I have total trust in her. It's just a dance lesson. What's the big deal?"

He took the paper and folded it, slipping it into his shirt pocket.

"Sounds like you're making this into a pretty big deal yourself," he said, "I wasn't going to try to fuck your wife, but I'm thinking now that maybe I should."

"What? I can't believe you just said that!" I fumed, "now get out of here before I tell HR."

He smiled.

"Do you really think this company is in any position to hire the head of their number one R & D lab?"

He clicked with his tongue.

"I'm going to text your wife now."

He turned on his heel before I could respond and disappeared down the hall. I was so angry that I could have punched the wall.

But at the same time, his comments began to awaken something else inside me. Something that I'd been trying to resist but couldn't. I began to wonder what it would be like if he **really did** fuck Becca.

Becca was beautiful. She had been relatively inexperienced before we met. What would it be like for her to experience sex with another lover?

What would it be like to *watch* her with another lover?

I felt myself getting hard, but then I quickly stood and paced for a few seconds, trying to rid myself of both the erection and the obscene thoughts.

No. It was too much to bear. The thought of my bully conquering me not only in the workplace, but also in the bedroom. Of him conquering my wife. What were the odds?

***

When I got home that night, Becca was smiling as she read a text from her phone.

"You always made Steve seem like such a jerk," she laughed, "but he's really funny. Listen to this —"

"I don't want to hear it," I said, wearily, "I wish you'd just go to that lesson with him so we can get this whole thing over with. He practically forced me to give him your number."

"Hey, take it easy, honey! What do you think is going to happen? We're just going dancing."

"He told me he was going to try to fuck you."

"What? Now what possible reason would he have to say that? That's totally arrogant. And disgusting."

"That's what he said."

"I don't believe you," she said, "I think you're just trying to prevent me from going through with this. Well too bad. I'm going to. And you're going to see that you're worried for no reason. It's all no big deal!"

“That’s what he said. He told me he was going to fuck you.”

She stood there staring at me, stunned.

“He *really* said that?”

I nodded.

“I’m going to ask him,” she said, pulling out her phone and drafting a text.

What was happening? My wife was second–guessing what I’d told her? She was going to take a *stranger’s* word over my own? The word of my workplace *bully*?

It was that moment when I realized it was too late. I’d already lost her. Whether she herself knew it or not.

A few moments later, her phone buzzed. Her eyes studied the screen for a few seconds.

“See? I knew it. He said that he said *he* was going to fuck with *you*. Not me. He also says he’s sorry for the misunderstanding.”

“I bet he is.”

“Don’t be so jealous. It’s unattractive.”

I turned on my heel and stormed out of the room and into the garage, where I began to work furiously on my latest woodworking project.

About an hour later, I tiptoed back inside. Becca was still in the kitchen, staring at her phone and giggling. I knew instinctively who she was messaging with.

How could I have been so stupid as to give him her phone number? Did I actually *want* something to happen between them?

I was forced to admit that part of me did.

“Ok,” said Becca, talking to me as if I’d never even left the room, “it looks like it’s all set up. He’s picking me up tomorrow night. I’m supposed to wear light, comfortable clothing.”

I nodded. She didn’t even look up from her phone.

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Chapter 5

I paced the living room, looking at my phone for the third time in less than a minute. It was 10:37 PM, and Becca had yet to respond to a single one of my texts. She'd been at the "dance lesson" since 8:00 PM. It was only supposed to last an hour. So where was she now?

Finally, fifteen minutes later, I heard her key in the door. She sprang into the house, positively glowing.

"Hey honey, you're still up?" she asked, a bit concerned all of a sudden, "I thought you'd have gone to bed."

"Did you get my texts?"

"What? Oh no, I'm sorry! My phone ran out of juice and I left my car adapter here. Steve drove, remember?"

"Sure," I said, "I remember."

"Well is everything alright?"

"It's fine," I said, "I just — I was just wondering when you were coming home is all. The lesson was supposed to be for an hour and now you've been gone for about three…"

"Really?" she said, looking at the clock on the wall, "time really flies, doesn't it? I'm sorry that I didn't tell you. I went over to Steve's place with a few other people from the class afterwards and we had a couple of drinks. I didn't think it was going to be a big deal or I would have told you."

"Drinks weren't part of the bet," I said, glumly.

I was comforted by the fact that there had at least been other people there with her.

"I didn't know that I had to obey the rules of the bet and be treated like some kind of piece of property," she said curtly, "don't I get a say in what I do or don't do?"

"Of course you do," I said, "I didn't mean it like that. I was just concerned."

“Well you needn’t have been,” she said, yawning, “Steve was a perfect gentleman. And an excellent dancer. So good, in fact, that I think we’re going again next week. That’s ok with you, right, honey?”

“What? Why would it be ok with me if you go on another date with the guy who bullies me at work and who told me he’s going to try to fuck you? You can’t understand why I might be upset by that?”

I was breathing quickly now, genuinely angry, with my fight–or–flight response activated.

“I can’t believe you’d suggest that.”

“Get over it, honey,” she said, giving me a kiss on the cheek, “it’s just dance lessons.”

And there it was. My bully was now dating my wife, once a week, and I was completely powerless to stop him.

***

Over the next few weeks at work, I sensed that something was amiss. I heard some of my employees in the lab whispering when I approached, and they stopped suddenly when I’d get without earshot. I began to get the feeling that they were gossiping about me. I could have just been feeling paranoid, of course, but it was hard not to think that there was something more to it.

Finally, I overheard a snippet of what they were talking about.

“…they were here last night…in the lab…he has no idea…”

It wasn’t hard for me to imagine who “he” and “they” might be. And Becca had been working late every night this week — except, of course, for the night when she went to the dance studio with Steve.

I had to figure out what was going on. I had no idea if the feeling I felt was fear of losing my wife, or arousal at the thought that she really had been cheating on me this entire time with my bully.

In truth, it was a mixture of both.

Chapter 6

That night, Becca went to her dance lesson with Steve, as usual. This time, however, instead of waiting at home, I decided to stake out Steve's house. I knew where he lived from the company directory, so I found a parking place a block away with a good view of his driveway, and I sat in my darkened car, waiting.

It was 9:15. The dance lesson had been over for fifteen minutes. Just then, a white sedan pulled into the driveway. The garage door went up, and the car disappeared inside.

It *had* to be Steve. Steve and Becca.

I jumped out of my car and slammed the door, unsure of what I was going to do. Would I confront them? Yell at them? Try to fight Steve?

I knew that would be completely futile given our differences in size and physical fitness, but at least I would have my honor.

Did I really *want* my honor anymore?

I wasn't so sure.

At this point, I was equally taken with the idea of discovering the truth behind what my wife was doing with my bully. No matter what the consequences of that discovery might be.

I crept down the walk towards Steve's house, and walked up to the front steps. I lifted my fist to bang on the door in rage, but then lowered it after what I saw through the front curtains.

It was Becca, looking up at Steve adoringly as he cradled her in his strong arms. The two of them moved closer together.

Was I about to witness their first kiss?

The first time my wife had kissed another man besides me?

Certainly it would have been the first time my wife had kissed a *black* man. That was an absolute certainty.

I stood there, rooted to the spot. They seemed to be in slow motion. Becca craned her neck upwards towards Steve, her eyes

closed. He pulled her towards him, his hand at the small of her back, drawing her closer.

Their lips met. I felt a wave of humiliation course through my body, but I also felt my cock getting hard.

I couldn't just stand there on the porch watching them, however. I had to do something.

Without understanding what I was doing, I knocked at the door.

I watched as Steve broke the kiss, then slowly sauntered over towards the door, flinging it open with a single gesture of his powerful arm.

"Mike!" he said, beaming at me, "what a pleasant surprise! Becca and I were just talking about you."

"It looks like you were doing a little more than *talking*," I said, unable to hide the sarcasm in my voice.

It was the opposite way I wanted to sound. I wanted to be firm. Resolute. Manly. But that was precisely what I could not be. What it was too late to do.

"Hi honey," said Becca, as if she hadn't just been making out with another man, "I guess it's good that you came by."

Their unexpected reaction to being caught in act surprised me. I felt thrown off my game, and I wasn't sure what to do. I decided to wait and see what was going to happen.

"Becca has something she wants to tell you, I think," said Steve, "why don't you come on in and have a seat."

I felt a lump forming in my throat. Wordlessly, I walked over to an armchair and sat in it, folding my arms in front of me.

"You remember, honey," she began, "how you always told me that my happiness was the most important thing in the world to you?"

I nodded.

"So you should be happy to hear that over the past few weeks I've come to a realization about something that I think will make me very happy."

My heart was sinking fast.

“Ok,” I murmured.

I could barely speak.

“I’ve decided that I want to make love to Steve,” she said, “and I’m going to. Whether you want to or not.”

“You’re — you’re just going to sit there and act like this is no big deal?”

Becca walked over and took my hand.

“Listen, honey. You knew when we got married that I wasn’t very experienced. That I hadn’t seen much of the world. And you always encouraged me to experiment sexually. You admit that much, right?”

“I guess…”

“And I was never that interested in experimentation before. But I think I’ve met the right man now.”

“Why him?” was all I managed to croak out as she crossed the room and put her arm around his torso.

“I’ve never been around a guy who can move like he does,” she said, looking up at him adoringly, “and he’s so funny, too. He makes my knees weak. Like no one I’ve ever met before. Not even you.”

“And so you’re going to —,” I stammered, overcome with rage, sorrow and also arousal.

“I’m going to let him make love to me,” she said, “this isn’t up to you. But I am going to give you a choice.”

I waited, listening breathlessly.

“You can either watch, and maybe even help out with a few things, or you can just go home. It really doesn’t matter to me.”

Hearing her talk like this was torture! Of course I wanted to watch them together with every fiber of my being, but I also knew that it would be the ultimate humiliation.

“Either way, he’s taking me upstairs in a few minutes,” she said, looking at me with pity, “what will it be?”

I sat there for a long time, just staring at the floor. Finally, I got up the courage to speak. To confess what I'd wanted all along, but couldn't bring myself to admit.

"I'll stay," I whispered, "I want to watch."

"That's my man!" yelled Steve, holding out his hand for a high–five, but then clapping me on the back instead when I didn't respond, "I knew you'd come around. It's not every day that a man gets to see his wife be introduced to a BBC."

"What — like the British TV channel?"

Becca was confused.

"You really *are* sheltered, aren't you?" laughed Steve, putting his arm around her waist and leading her to the staircase, "well, no matter. I'll enlighten you soon enough. Come on, my bedroom awaits!"

Chapter 7

Steve and Becca went up first, hand in hand, she gazing up into his eyes so intensely that she almost tripped on the stairs, not once but *twice*. It was as if he had some kind of weird power over her. She was like a teenage girl in love for the first time. It would have been awe–inspiring if it wasn't so humiliating to me at the same time.

Still, here I was: about to do *what*, exactly?

I walked awkwardly into the room behind them. They already had their hands all over each other, standing next to the bed making out like teenagers.

"Fuck, chubbs," laughed Steve, "she's giving me a chubby now."

"Am I now?" laughed Becca, reaching down and feeling Steve's bulge.

"Oh wow!"

She giggled like a schoolgirl.

"Honey," she said, "he's like as big as my arm!"

"We can compare it to your arm in a second, sweet thing," said Steve, giving me a wink.

What the fuck was happening? How was I just standing there watching this? And how could I possibly be *enjoying* this?

I watched as Becca dropped to her knees in front of my bully.

She'd never been into oral sex. She'd only given me head a handful of times – usually on my birthday or our anniversary. So it was shocking for me to see her in this position now.

"I'm broadening my horizons, honey. Experimenting!"

I couldn't tell now if she was being needlessly cruel or if she genuinely thought that I'd be happy that she was on her knees about to suck a huge black cock in front of me. I decided it didn't matter, ultimately, that either way she was going to do it and I was going to watch.

Watch and enjoy it.

“Oh wow, look!” said Steve, laughing at me as he pointed to my slacks, “I think Miley’s got a little hard on.”

“Little is right, at least compared to this monster,” giggled Becca, still rubbing his crotch with her hand as she knelt before him.

“Why don’t you take it out and we can see exactly how much bigger we’re talking?”

“Mm, I think I’d like that,” said Becca, undoing the button on his slacks and then unzipping them, pulling them slowly down over his muscular legs as if she were unveiling a valuable piece of artwork.

“Oh. My. God!”

She giggled and covered her mouth in glee when she had finally unleashed the beast.

“I can’t believe this thing is real. Honey, look at it!”

I couldn’t take my eyes off of it, of course. There it was: the final proof of my bully’s superiority to me. His huge slab of cockmeat that was rapidly growing even harder and larger than its already impressive size.

“Why don’t you get that little thing out and we can do an objective comparison, chubs.”

I felt myself obeying him almost instinctively.

“Yes, Sir,” I said, dropping my slacks and then my underwear to expose my raging hard–on.

“Well look at that,” said Becca, “you were right: his little thing is nice and hard.”

“We can’t really compare until I’m hard as well,” laughed Steve, “it wouldn’t be fair to me!”

“I think I can help with that,” said Becca, looking up at him tenderly as she teased the tip of his cock with her tongue, lapping up the small bead of precum on his engorged head.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, running his fingers through her hair, “use a lot of spit and then spread it down the shaft. Get it nice and wet.”

I stood there, stroking my cock, waiting to be defeated by Steve in yet *another* contest.

“Mmm,” said Becca, popping off his shaft for a moment and licking her lips, “he tastes so good. I never thought giving head could be like this.”

The look in her eyes made me die a little inside. It was like she was making love to his cock, worshipping this huge organ that appeared to be a little more than twice the size of my own — in width and in length.

“Almost ready to compare?” asked Steve.

“Oooh, but then I have to stop sucking it!” she pouted.

“Don’t worry,” he said, “you’ll have plenty of time for that later. I promise.”

“If you say so,” she said, looking up at me.

“Steve’s such a generous guy,” she continued, “one of the reasons I fell for him. But you know, you’re generous too, honey. After all, you’re letting me explore my sexuality.”

*She **fell** for him?* I thought.

It was like a dagger had gone through my heart. But my cock pulsed in anticipation of the humiliation to come. What was *wrong* with me?

“I think you’re hard enough now. What do you think?”

Steve nodded.

“Ok, chubs,” he laughed, “get that little dicky over here so your wife can see which one she prefers.”

I walked a few steps towards them and Becca, my cock protruding from under my considerable fat pad. I knew that I was totally average in terms of size, but it still seemed tiny in comparison to the huge black monster that extended from Steve’s sculpted torso.

“So what do you think?” sneered my bully, “which one do you prefer?”

Becca's hand closed around my shaft. It was a familiar touch, but this time it felt different.

"Stand next to each other," she said, "so I can get a good look."

I shifted so that I was standing shoulder–to–shoulder with my rival, looking down at my smiling wife who had my cock in her right hand and Steve's in her left. The difference was immediately evident.

"Well," she said, pausing for a moment, as if to draw out my torment, "let me see…"

She dropped my cock for a moment and compared Steve's monster to her forearm, giggling in delight as she realized that he extended easily to her elbow.

Then she tried the same thing with my cock, making a pouty face as she realized that it reached barely past her wrist.

"I guess it's not much of a contest," she said, "kind of like that R & D prize."

That hurt. I felt myself go a bit limp in her grasp.

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. I thought you didn't mind a little competition."

"Alright, that's enough of that," said Steve, "I think it's time that the cuck goes and sits in the corner there until he's called on again."

Cuck. There was the word that described my role in the relationship from then on. It was so humiliating, but it also seemed so perfect. So natural.

It was completely understandable, and completely natural that Becca would prefer a man like Steve over a loser like me. But at least I would be allowed to stay and watch Steve claim his prize.

Steve leaned down and gave Becca a long kiss, then pulled her to her feet gently.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it, Becca?"

"From the moment I saw you at that awards banquet."

He looked down at her and grinned.

"Then I guess that makes two of us."

He took his sweet time kissing her bosom, moving tantalizingly close to her nipples, then pulling away just before he reached them.

Was he doing it on purpose? Toying with her? Trying to show *me* that he could take his sweet time pleasing my wife while I was powerless to intervene?

I had to assume that a man like Steve knew what he was doing.

Finally, when it seemed that Becca almost couldn't take it anymore, he reached behind her with both hands and undid the knot at tied at the back of her dress, letting Becca's breasts tumble free.

"They're beautiful," he exclaimed.

"Oh, stop it. You say that to all the wives you seduce."

"No, I mean it," he half whispered, half moaned as he took a nipple into his mouth.

Then it was Becca's turn to moan. She looked at the ceiling as she gave herself over to his efforts.

Her expression said it all: this stranger, this man she hadn't known even a month before, was now pleasuring her more expertly than her husband of seven years.

It's funny how things turn out, I thought, slumping down into the recliner in the corner and then slowly stroking my cock as I watched the action unfold.

She clearly wanted him. She wanted all of him. Badly.

The feeling was obviously mutual. He grabbed her dress with both hands and pulled it down, exposing her pale, naked body.

"No fair," she said, tugging at his shirt, "*you're* still wearing *your* shirt."

Steve pulled his entire shirt over his head in a single, fluid manly motion that exposed his chiseled chest and abs, then he stepped out of his pants and underwear, standing completely nude in front of her with his enormous cock jutting out like a weapon.

"Wow, you must spend a lot of time in the gym…," she giggled.

“Let me put it this way: a hell of a lot more time than your chubby husband,” he laughed, returning his attention to my wife’s young, lithe body.

Becca grabbed his hips, pulling them in towards hers, then gripped his shaft with one hand and stroked him as she leaned in to kiss him again.

She stood on her tiptoes and whispered something in his ear that I couldn’t understand.

This was a terrible, awful torment. The worst thing that a husband could possibly experience. So why was I so close to shooting a load all over my own hand?

Steve let out a long, low chuckle.

“You have a freak inside you just waiting to get out, don’t you? You just needed the right man to awaken it.”

“Maybe so,” said Becca slyly.

A moment later, they were both fully naked on the bed.

Placing a hand at the small of her neck, he pulled her lips up to meet hers once more. At the same time, she reached down to grab his manhood.

“Have I told you before that this is a really big cock?” she laughed, looking down at how her hand failed to close completely around the shaft.

The thought of him inside her must have had her soaked.

“Ha ha, I think you might have mentioned it,” Steve laughed.

“Fuck…I can’t wait for you to strech me out with this big fucking dick,” she exclaimed, her voice hoarse with desire.

Steve had a devilish look in his eye.

“You’re talking like a dirty whore, young lady.”

“Well maybe I want you to fuck me like one,” whispered Becca, loud enough for me to hear, returning his mischievous stare with one of her own.

This remark clearly fired on my bully's passion, because he grabbed her wrists now, placing them above her head and holding them there with one powerful hand as he used the other to part her thighs.

"My little whore is wet," he smiled.

Becca gasped, nodding compliantly. I'd never seen her display this kind of raw, primal need with me before.

He slid a finger into her, ever so slowly, while his tongue flicked across her nipples, first one, then the other. She was moaning softly now, her eyes closed in pleasure..

"Oh Steve," she groaned, as his mouth slowly moved down her torso, then to her inner thighs.

Steve slowly relinquished his grip on her wrists as his hands moved down her arms and to her breasts, flicking her nipples urgently.

He was taking his time. Teasing her.

Teasing *me*.

Demonstrating to me his ownership of my wife's body and mind.

But I knew from the sounds she was making that Becca didn't need any more teasing.

She was probably already soaked. Completely open for him and ready to be taken.

But he wasn't going to have his way with her yet.

He pushed her panties to the side to gain access to her pussy.

I stood and crept closer to the bed, not wanting to miss a moment of the action despite the incredible pain it caused me.

She gasped as his tongue flicked her clitoris, extremely gently at first, but then more and more hungrily, though gradually, as if savoring her flavor. Deep, guttural sounds came from his throat as he pleasured her.

Becca reached back and grabbed the sheet as the pace of her breathing quickened.

I could tell she was nearing climax.

I'd never been able to make her cum so fast. It was like she was totally out of control.

"Oh God, Steve," she groaned, her knuckles white on the sheets as he began to tickle her g–spot with his index finger, "I'm so close. I'm going…to…"

Steve stopped for a moment, lifting his lips from her vulva and slapping her pussy playfully.

"What are you going to do, Becca?"

"Fuck, Steve, please!!" she begged.

"Fuck you? I thought you'd never ask."

The next thing I knew, he had mounted her and parted her legs. But suddenly he looked up at me.

"Hey chubs," he said, "Becca is still wearing her panties. What do you think — could you help us out with those?"

Exactly what was he proposing? That I be the one to take down my wife's panties so that another man could fuck her? How could something so cruel and debasing have occurred to him? Would she go along with it?

"You know, honey," said Becca, turning her entire lower body so that it was pointed at me, "I think he's right. Why don't you be on 'panty duty' from now on? I think you should be the one to take off my panties every time that Steve wants to fuck me. It's a nice reminder of your new place in our relationship."

I stood there, completely stunned. Almost unable to speak.

"Of course, if you don't want to, you can just go home and jack off," she said, "but something tells me that you want nothing more than to watch your wife get fucked by a superior man."

I couldn't speak. I flushed red and stood there, like a deer in the headlights. This was a new level of humiliation, and it turned me on so much I almost couldn't handle it.

"Isn't that right, honey?"

She snapped her fingers in my line of vision and then laughed.

“What are you waiting for, chubs?”

I reached up to the waistband of my wife’s panties and slowly drew them down over her long, silky–smooth alabaster legs, exposing her wet swollen pussy that looked like it was aching to be fucked.

I stood there, speechless, my wife’s panties in my hand.

“Hand them to Steve, honey. He’s in charge now.”

I turned, in the ultimate act of humiliation, and handed my wife’s panties to the bully who was about to fuck her while I watched.

Steve flashed me a wide, cruel smile.

“Thanks, chubs. Now why don’t you go sit down again.”

I nodded.

“That was the closest you’re going to get to my pussy ever again, honey!” said Becca, “I’m the kind of girl that can only really love one man. And that man is Steve.”

God. Damn.

My entire emotional world collapsed around me as I sat back in the armchair. At the same time, I knew that I’d never been more aroused in my life. It was such a strange feeling, but I wouldn’t have left in that moment even if I could have.

Steve grabbed Becca’s legs and repositioned her, climbing between them and dipping a finger inside her pussy before stroking his cock and looking for the right angle.

“Are you ready, sweetheart?”

Hearing him call my wife “sweetheart” sent a jolt of sweet humiliation through my body.

“Mmm–hmm.”

Becca was biting her lip in desire, her hands up on his forearms, pulling him towards her.

After a moment of adjustment, the head of his cock was inside her and he strained to penetrate her fully.

I knew that Becca was completely aroused – close to coming, even! – but Steve's girth was almost too much for her to accommodate.

She bit her lip even harder and closed her eyes, as if willing him to enter her.

"Almost in…," he groaned, pushing her legs back further to give himself a better angle.

Then, with a final push, he was finally inside her. His cock was long enough that he was able to grab both of her legs while kneeling between her legs, penetrating her shallowly, just enough to tease her g–spot with his cockhead.

"Oh God, Steve. Oh God…I'm almost there…"

Becca was completely beside herself now. The break in stimulation while he worked to get inside of her must have only increased the power of her arousal.

"Go ahead, sweetheart," he smiled, thrusting harder now.

He began to tease her clit with his thumb as Becca began to climax.

"FUCK YES!!" she screamed, "FUCK ME Steve!!!"

Steve was growling animally, still rubbing her clit as he pounded her with his full length.

Becca couldn't take it anymore. She arched her back and came the hardest I'd ever seen her.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she shrieked in pleasure.

She seemed to have lost all sense of inhibition. The sweet farm girl was gone now, banished by the power of Steve's Big Black Cock.

Becca had been blacked.

"GOD YES Steve!!"

Her hips bucked uncontrollably, up towards him, but he held her in place with his powerful arms as he continued to fuck her with

short, powerful strokes.

As her first orgasm slowly faded, she began to catch her breath. But Steve didn't have any intention of letting her relax. He pushed her legs back even farther and so that he was able to give her his entire length now.

The bedframe shook as the muscular man claimed her young, tight, wet pussy. Becca was completely in his power, and so much under the spell of pleasure that all she could do was look up and admire the way the light played on the beads of sweat on his muscular, unshaven chest.

Steve let out a series of guttural moans as he slammed his full length into her. The room was filled with the sounds of flesh against flesh as their thighs slapped together.

"Oh Becca," he groaned, pausing for a moment and fixing her with a playful smile, "this is the most fun I've had all week."

"All *week*?" she exclaimed, finally having a moment to catch her breath, "just what do you mean by *that*?"

"Relax, baby. I'm just teasing you," said Steve, still pumping into her pussy.

Becca had been provoked. Now that her inhibitions were gone, it seemed that she wanted a chance to take control. She shoved Steve forward, onto his back on the bed and mounted him, sliding herself down on his length. She had never in our seven years of marriage ridden me like this. In fact, I'd suggested it but she'd refused. Of course, I wasn't well–endowed enough to make it as easy as Steve.

"Grab my hips," she ordered.

Steve, bathed in sweat as he looked up at her, nodded and grasped her soft flesh with his powerful hands, thrusting up to meet her as she rode him.

Becca took her time at first, circling her hips as she bobbed up and down slowly.

"Do you like this, Steve? Is this what you like?"

Steve was clearly trying to hold back his own orgasm now, because all he could do was gasp.

“Yes… Becca, I…”

“Are you going to cum?”

He nodded vigorously.

“I want you to do it inside me. Please fill me up.”

A chill went down my spine. I knew that Becca was probably fertile. We’d been using condoms because she had had bad reactions to the pill in the past, and she’d always assured me that she wasn’t ready for kids. I had never felt the inside of my wife’s pussy without protection, much less actually come inside. And now this man was going to ejaculate inside my wife, not only because *he* wanted to — which he surely did — but because *she* was demanding it!

“Do it,” she moaned as she rode him, “fill up that pussy. Give me your cum. I want it so bad. I’m not using protection…”

“I knew you were a freaky bitch,” groaned Steve.

Becca smiled.

“That’s right,” she said, riding him even faster.

“Oh shit,” groaned Steve, thrusting up to meet her each time, “here it comes. I’m going to…I’m going to fill that tight little cunt…”

She smiled in triumph as he spent himself inside her, his face a mask of pleasure and relief as his shaft twitched visibly.

“God *damn* that was good. Did she ever fuck you that well, chubs?”

I didn’t answer. It seemed like a rhetorical question, to be honest.

“Mm,” she said, “I love being filled with your cum. But I’m not done with you yet. I need to taste it so bad.”

She slowly dismounted and then kneeled next to him on the bed. He sat so that she had full access to his cock and balls. I stood up once more, straining to get a full view of the action.

She gripped his shaft with one hand and put the other on his balls. They were so enormous she could barely cup them in her hands.

“Let’s see how you like this,” she said, smiling up at him before taking the tip of his prick into her mouth.

Becca might have sucked off one or two guys before me, but even if they had been bigger than I was, it was unlikely that they could have prepared her for this challenge.

Steve wasn’t just long, he was *thick*. In all the right ways.

“Oh Becca… what are you?… No one has ever been able to take me that deep…” Steve moaned as she bobbed up and down on his rigid shaft.

She took him as deep as she could, holding his balls against her chin for a moment before gagging and then coming up for air.

“My God, Becca. Where did a nice young lady like you…”

“I’m your little whore, remember?” she smiled up at him before taking his cock back into her throat.

He reached down now, and grabbed her hair as if by instinct. She popped off his dick once more and looked up with a twinkle in her eye.

“It’s ok,” she said, “grab my hair and fuck my face. I want you to use me to make yourself cum.”

This seemed to be exactly the permission he was hoping for.

He grabbed Becca’s head now and began to thrust up to meet her warm, wet mouth, fucking it as if it were her pussy.

His groans mingled with the sounds of sucking as he thrust faster and faster, nearing the point of no return. Becca grabbed his balls and stroked his shaft with her hands, moaning her own encouragement.

“Oh Becca, YES YES!!” he cried, pushing his shaft into her throat and finally releasing shot after shot of hot, warm seed into her.

She moaned eagerly, happy to finally have earned her salty warm reward.

After swallowing dutifully, she looked up at him.

“Was I a good little whore?”

“The best,” he said, his cock slowly slackening, “I take everything back. That was the most fun I’ve had all month.”

“All *month*?!!? How many other girls are you fucking?!”

Becca reached up and punched his arm in playful indignation. He grabbed her and pulled her onto his lap, holding her close.

“I’m just kidding, sweetheart. There’s only you. There could only ever be you.”

Hearing this kind of romantic nicety directed at my wife coming from my bully was simply heartrending. I thought about leaving. It seemed like they were finished having sex, so what was the point of me even being there? They’d clearly all but forgotten my existence entirely.

“Though I might ask *you* how such an innocent young woman with a small–cocked husband became so proficient in the art of big–dick fellatio,” he said.

“Well I could tell you all about it,” she said, “it all started in college. See, there was this party freshmen year where I met this guy with a huge cock. Not as big as yours, of course, but maybe like…eight inches? He was black, too…”

Oh my God. The picture I had formed over years of marriage to my wife suddenly crumbled before my eyes. Was the sweet, innocent country girl a size queen this entire time? What else didn’t I know about my wife’s past?

She seemed to have forgotten that I was in the room, or else she had no shame about having lied to me for all of these years.

“So it’s true what they say about college,” he tut–tutted, “they are the ruin of well–bred young women.”

“If you think learning to suck cock like that ruined me,” she laughed.

“Well, *I* don’t think so. But I bet that your limp–dicked husband doesn’t appreciate it.”

“This is the first he’s heard of it,” she laughed, “I had to play the sweet innocent girl while I was with him. That’s over now.”

I noted how she was talking about our relationship as if it were in the past. In a sense it was, and I knew it.

“I guess I’ll just have to disappoint him if he expects me to be his sweet little wife,” she said, looking up at him and kissing him once more, “now do you have another fuck in you or what?”

“I think,” he said, breaking their kiss for a moment, “I have more than that.”

He pushed her back onto the bed, positioning her now on all fours and parting her legs slightly as he began to tongue her aching slit.

Suddenly, he spanked her asscheek shortly before slipping a finger inside her sore pussy.

“Stevie!” she cried, “I didn’t know you had it in you. I’ve always wanted to be with a man who has the balls to get a little rough with me. My husband certainly never could.”

“Don’t call me Stevie!!” he growled, kissing her vulva and then spanking her hard on the other cheek, “That’s what my mom always called me. I hate that nickname!”

“Is ‘Steve–o’ better?” she sighed, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as he lapped at her clit rhythmically from behind.

“NO!” he exclaimed, spanking her twice more.

I saw the outlines of several red handprints arise across her backside.

“If you keep spanking me like that, I think I’m going to keep saying it,” she teased.

“And if you do, you’re going to earn a trip across my lap.”

“Mmm,” she sighed, “I think I might like that. I love being taken in hand by a big, burly guy like you. Even if your name is ‘Stevie.’”

“That’s it,” he snapped, sitting on the edge of the bed now and pulling her across his lap, “you’ve earned this.”

In the next few minutes, Becca experienced her first spanking as an adult woman — at least as far as I knew. Sure, I’d given her a few slaps on the ass during sex, but she’d always told me it didn’t do much for her.

This was different. She clearly wanted it. Had practically *begged* for it.

Steve took his time with her, giving her two or three hard slaps on the buttocks and following them up with a brief massage or a softer smack. He knew exactly how to spank her just close enough to her pussylips that she felt the blow in all the right places, but not so directly as to actually stimulate her.

By the end of it, her ass was absolutely on fire, and her pussy as well.

It was clear that she needed to be taken again. Right away.

“Have you learned your lesson?” asked Steve, sensing her incredible arousal.

“Yes, sir,” she said playfully.

“Sir? I quite like that change in tone, young lady.”

“Please stop talking and fuck me,” she gasped.

“I always do what a lady requires of me.”

He grabbed her and positioned her so that she was bent over the bed, then he stood on the floor behind her and guided his cock into her sopping wet cunt.

I dropped back into the seat so I could get a good vantage point as his huge prick attacked her swollen cunt.

“Fuck…,” she moaned, “it’s so goddamn…*big*!”

“Yes it is, sweetheart,” said Steve, grabbing her hair and pulling her gaze up so that she looked into a large full–length mirror on the opposite wall, “and you’re going to take it all.”

“Please make me, Sir,” said Becca, sounding absolutely defeated — in the best possible way — by the spanking he’d meted out.

Steve began to thrust into her hard, driving the entire length of his formidable prick inside her every time.

With each stroke, Becca seemed to open like she never had before. Her buttocks blazed from the spanking as his thighs slapped against them.

“Cum for me like a good cheating wife,” groaned Steve, slapping her ass again, “Come on this big black cock. Show your limp–dicked husband how much you love it. I know you’re close.”

It was true. Becca grabbed the sheets and bit her lip as if she felt about to explode all over his big cock.

That was the moment she locked eyes with me through the mirror. There was nothing in her gaze that reminded me of my familiar wife. Her face was a mask of wanton lust.

Becca was gone. I’d lost her forever.

“Mmm…yes…,” she moaned.

“Go ahead and cum, just let go Becca,” he growled, smacking her butt as he continued to fuck her tight young pussy.

She opened her mouth in pleasure.

“Oh yes, Steve, give me that big fucking dick,” she groaned, “I’m…I’m…”

“COMING!!” she screamed, arching her back and slapping the bed as he plowed her perfect pussy.

Steve let out a throaty, primal groan and reached his own climax, holding his cock inside her as he claimed her fertile womb with his seed.

Becca felt him slowly pull out, his cum leaking from her battered, satisfied cunt.

“Oh, Becca,” he panted, flopping down on the bed next to her, “that was the best fuck I’ve had in a year.”

Becca laughed, running her fingers over his bald head.

“You’re pretty experienced, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, maybe so. But I think I’m ready to be exclusive for a while…”

He dived for one of her nipples, taking it into his mouth and sucking it playfully.

“Ohh,” moaned Becca, “ready to go again so soon?”

“I’m always ready to please a beautiful woman like you,” he said, slipping a finger inside her as he teased her pert nipples with his lips.

“Oh, in that case…,” sighed Becca, losing herself once more in the pleasurable sensations of his skillful mouth and fingers.

She looked up at the decorated ceiling as Steve skillfully brought her to the edge of orgasm once more. His tongue flicked her clit as he massaged her g–spot with expertise that only long nights of pleasure can bring.

I looked on, watching him please my wife. I couldn’t help but admire a man that capable of pleasing a woman.

“Mmmm that’s so good. God, you’re so much better than my husband, it’s not even a competition. Lick me right there, Steve. Now suck it just a bit. Oh yes. Don’t stop. Don’t stop. DON’T STOP. YES Steve!!!”

And with that, Becca reached another stunning climax. This one was enough to render her completely exhausted.

She flopped into Steve’s arms and closed her eyes, completely lost to the world. And to her husband too, of course: me.

I stood, my throbbing erection still jutting out in front of my body.

Steve, spooning Becca tenderly as she drifted off to sleep with a huge smile on her face, sneered at me and I struggled back into my pants.

“You can jerk off in the bathroom downstairs, cuck,” he said, “just make sure to clean up after yourself. I think Becca’s staying

here tonight.”

I’m ashamed to say that I did exactly that: I stumbled downstairs and relieved myself with my own hand while my wife slumbered in the arms of her lover and my bully, somewhere above me.

I made sure not to leave a single trace of my activities, then I washed my hands and went home.

Chapter 8

Becca didn't come home that night. Or the next night, either. Finally, the next afternoon, I heard her key in the lock.

"Hi, honey," she said, "I'm just here to get a few things."

She went upstairs to the bedroom. I followed her.

"So this is it? Our marriage is over?"

"Yes, in a sense," she said, "you always said that you wanted me to be happy, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"Well, what makes me really happy…," she said, taking my hand and looking me in the eye, "is being with Steve. He's an amazing guy."

I could see the love in her eyes. *Feel* it.

"That's right…," I said, fighting back tears, "I just want you to be happy."

"Honey," she said, "that's not all. Let me finish."

I looked at her in surprise. There was more? So this *wasn't* the end?

"Steve and I had a long talk, and I told him about my feelings towards you. All of my feelings. The thing is, I love this house, and I love the security that you've provided for us over the past few years. And I don't want to actually move in with Steve. I thought maybe he could come to live with us."

"I'm not sure I understand…"

"Steve's got it all worked out. You see, you'll remain in the house, and we can stay married. At least on paper."

"Ok…," I said, my mouth going dry.

"And we both noticed how much you liked being there when we were making love."

I tried to avoid her gaze. I simply couldn't admit that I'd enjoyed watching my wife get fucked by another man.

"So…," she continued, touching my arm tenderly, "…we thought that you could be on panty duty for the foreseeable future. That is, if you want to."

"I guess," I mumbled, actually feeling a surge of joy at the notion that I would still be included in my wife's sex life, if only nominally.

"Great!" she said.

I'd never seen her so bubbly before. She was positively effervescent. It hurt so much to see her transformed like this for another man, but at the same time it was also one of the most arousing things I'd ever experienced.

"I'm so glad you want to stay in our life," she said, moving in to kiss my cheek but then drawing back at the last minute.

"Oh, sorry, I can't. Steve said I'm not allowed to kiss you anymore. At least not without his permission."

"It's ok," I said, trying to hide my disappointment, "I understand."

What was I saying?! That I "understood" the fact that my workplace bully had simply swooped in and seduced my wife to the extent that she would agree to never kiss me again? How could that possibly be something that *anyone* would "understand"?

But why did what would have felt so *wrong* just a few weeks ago now feel so *right*? Like I'd finally found my proper station in life?

I didn't have all the answers. But I did know one thing: I would remain Becca's cuckold for as long as she'd let me.

***

A few months later, Steve was totally moved into our house. He took my place in the master bedroom with Becca, of course, but I was quite comfortable sleeping in the guest room on the ground floor.

Sometimes at night I'd wake up to hear Becca moaning for Steve to fuck her faster and harder. Sometimes I'd catch them fucking during the day, if I came home from work early. I wasn't

always called on to perform “panty duty” — it actually became a special treat. I started looking forward to the days when Steve would call me into the bedroom to have me remove Becca’s panties before he filled her fertile womb with one or more loads of his potent sperm.

People at the office knew about the change in my life. How could they not? Especially after Steve and I being rivals for so long. I overheard plenty of snide remarks in the breakroom, but after a while, everything settled into a familiar routine. I would go home every night as if it was a normal home, as if we were a normal family.

That is, until what would have been my eighth wedding anniversary with Becca. That morning, before I left the house, Becca stopped me.

“Make sure you’re on time tonight, honey. I have a surprise for you…”

I nodded vigorously. My heart leaped. What could she mean? A surprise? For me? Was she going to make love with me again? Would I even enjoy it if she did? Was she going to confess her love for me once and for all and send Steve packing?

I hadn’t seen any signs recently that her feelings for Steve had changed a bit. They were still on a very regular schedule of having sex most times of the week, and on two recent occasions, they had even requested me to perform “panty duty.”

So there was no real reason to believe that she was going to leave him. But then what was the big surprise?

That day I work I could barely stand the excitement. If I had been paying attention, I might have noticed that some of my lab team members were treating me slightly differently, because they all had an idea of what was in store for me when I got home.

But the idea — the *hope* — that I would have my wife back (even if it meant I’d never have the thrill of watching her with another man) had me so on edge that I noticed nothing.

Finally, it was time to head home for the night. When I pulled up to the house, I noticed that there were several cars parked nearby. Was someone having a party? One of the neighbors?

I walked up to the front door and burst through it. There was Becca, holding a glass of champagne and wearing the same ball gown she had on that fateful night that Steve and I had made our bet. She looked positively radiant.

“This is for you, honey,” she said, putting the glass in my hand and leading me into the living room.

It was teaming with people — my co–workers, members of Steve’s team, even some of the neighbors.

“What’s going on here? Is this some kind of party?”

“That’s exactly what it is,” said Steve, coming up behind Becca and rubbing his hands over her belly, “we’ve got a very special announcement, and we wanted everyone to be here to hear it.”

Becca raised her hand and called for silence.

“Now that Mike is here, it’s time we tell you the news that we have to share.”

She paused, beaming at the crowd, then turning back towards Steve with a look of love.

“Steve and I —,” she began, “are pregnant!”

A roar of applause went up from the crowd. I felt like I was going to sink into the floor.

“I mean,” laughed Becca, “I hate it when people say that. *I’m* the one carrying the baby of course.”

Another gale of laughter, then a gasp. What was this?

Steve was down on one knee. He was pulling a box out of his pocket.

He was opening it.

What the **fuck**?

He *couldn’t* be. Not in front of all these people. We weren’t divorced. Not even legally separated!

But he was.

“Becca,” he said, looking up at her with soulful eyes while her current husband (me) watched not more than a meter away, “will you marry me?”

Tears were in her eyes. I loved seeing her happy, even if it meant my own pain and misery.

“Yes, yes, a thousand times, yes!”

Cheers went up from the crowd, until Steve raised his hand, calling for silence.

“Don’t worry, chubs,” he said, addressing me, “there’s something in it for you, too: after panty duty tonight, you might be allowed to clean up. After all, I’ve already done my job!”

He laughed, patting Becca’s belly. The crowd roared in laughter.

“Here’s to Mike!” said my bully, “here’s to the cuck!”

The crowd raised their glasses and drank. What could I do? I drank with them.

It was going to be a very interesting next few months. I didn’t know what the future would bring. But I had to admit I was looking forward to “clean–up duty” that evening.

THE END

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