

# Becoming a Bull

A photograph of a person's midsection and legs, wearing denim shorts and a belly button ring, with hands on their hips. The person is wearing a silver belly button ring and has their hands on their hips. The denim shorts are frayed at the bottom. The background is plain white.

Alex Skylar

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Written by Alex Skylar.

I signed the last page in the stack of papers, then tapped them back into a nice, neat pile. That was the last of the documentation that I needed to sign for my transfer. It was only Monday and I was still going to be around until the end of the week, but at least I had that task finished.

When the company asked me to cover our San Diego office for a few months, I was a little hesitant. It's a beautiful area, but it's also over two hours away from my home in Los Angeles. Still, they offered me a really nice financial package that included a travel stipend to cover a hotel room several nights a week. They also promised me that they would move me into a top office once they found a permanent replacement to take over in San Diego, which they swore would take three months, tops.

That was almost a year ago. Finding someone who could handle the busy workflow and lead the team in a strong and effective manner had proven to be a challenge, and they kept me happy with sizable financial bonuses along the way. It also helped that I had a great team, but I was still glad that they could finally move me somewhere closer to home.

I was about to move on to my next task when there was a light knock on my open door. I looked up to find one of my sales associates, Suzanne, standing in the doorway.

"Hey!" she chirped happily. "Excited to be heading home next week?"

"Absolutely," I said. "I am going to miss all of you, though."

"That's so sweet," she replied with a warm smile. "I was wondering if you had a moment to talk in private?"

"Of course," I said. "Come on in."

Suzanne was one of my top sales associates. She had a bubbly, warm personality that could draw anyone in. She was in her late thirties, yet she showed the youthful excitement of someone half her age.

She was also a very petite woman, and as she turned to close the door, I couldn't help but notice the curve of her ass in her snug pencil skirt. I averted my eyes quickly though, not wanting to give the impression of impropriety.

She sat down in the chair opposite me and crossed one leg over the other. She sat upright, almost leaning forward, as she gathered her thoughts for a moment.

"I want to ask you a question," she said, then paused hard. "Before I ask it, though, I need to tell you it's an inappropriate question. I would never in a million years think of coming in to ask my boss this kind of question. The only reason I thought it might be something I could ask is that you're leaving next week and will no longer be my boss, so even if this doesn't go as planned, or even if it does, I won't have to face you after next week. So, I guess my first question is, should I ask my inappropriate question, or should I just go?"

Her words floundered about, and it was clear that she was very nervous about whatever was on her mind. Given her preface, it was likely a sexual question, but I had absolutely no idea what she would want from me. Was she going to proposition me? It seemed highly unlikely from what I knew about her.

Suzanne was a beautiful woman, with the kind of face that any man would find attractive. She could easily be a model, and she could easily have any man she wanted, but there was only one man that she had ever wanted.

Her husband Matt was her high school sweetheart. He had been the first guy she had ever dated, and he had always treated her like a princess. They had a kid together just out of high school, and now they were the proud parents of two teenagers. They had stuck together through thick and thin. Their relationship seemed perfect and wholesome, and it was easy to see why she had never needed any other guy.

Even at work, she would usually come off as conservative. Her outfits were always professional, and she almost blended into the background of the office. Her understated personality made it easy to miss her beauty.

It was hard to imagine what inappropriate topic she would be here in my office to discuss, and that alone fed my curiosity.

"I am always willing to listen to any personal matters you wish to share with me, and I'm here to listen without judgement. I'm

not the type to be easily offended, so as long as you are comfortable sharing what's on your mind, then I'm all ears."

Suzanne closed her eyes and took a deep breath. As she summoned her courage, my eyes were drawn to the soft curve of her neck and the way her ponytail danced across her skin. I couldn't believe how little I had noticed her like this before. Her outfits often hid the majority of her body, but I could still tell that she had a nice figure hidden below them. My mind was quickly going to places that it shouldn't, and when she began talking, I went even further down that dark road.

"My husband and I have always had a very plain relationship," she started. "We both love each other, and we are more than happy with each other. I'm sure you know that."

I nodded.

"We've spent a lot of the last fifteen years focusing on our family and making sure that we give all of ourselves to our kids. But now they are reaching an age where they become much more self-sufficient. We still run a tight ship, but they are often out with their friends or buried in schoolwork. We've found a lot more time for each other lately, and that's led to us discussing some very unconventional ideas. One of those ideas is to bring another man into our bedroom. "

I chuckled a little, either out of disbelief or just pure shock. But still, I had to hesitate.

"I'm very flattered," I said, "but I am very much a straight man and not interested in doing anything with another man. If you are suggesting that the three of us be involved together..."

"No, nothing like that," she said, cutting me off. "My husband doesn't want to be involved."

"He just wants to watch," I said, punctuating her words.

Suzanne smiled and nodded.

I had heard of cuckolds before, men who like to watch their wife with other men, but never in a million years did I imagine that I would be the man to fulfill such a fantasy for a coworker.

The idea was intriguing. Suzanne was definitely attractive, but I wondered how good she would be in bed after two decades in

a vanilla relationship. Would she be coy and inexperienced, or would she let out her secret wild side that she had been suppressing for most of her life?

There was also the issue of whether it would be inappropriate. She was right when she said she would no longer be my employee at the end of the week. That begged another question, though.

"Why me?" I asked, remembering that she was beautiful enough to have anyone.

"You're handsome, sexy, and I know you," she said. "I think I would be more comfortable with you than I would be with a stranger. My husband and I both agree that it would be a perfect way for us to try this idea out."

"So you've discussed me with him, then?" I asked sternly.

Suzanne's demeanor took a sharp turn. Where she had been sitting confidently in her seat, she suddenly withdrew into a much more submissive stance. She wasn't afraid, but she was subdued. Somehow it made me feel powerful, and I liked the feeling.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"What did you tell him?" I pushed.

"That I wanted to fuck you."

I never would have imagined those words coming out of her mouth if I hadn't been there to hear them. There was a sexual demon hiding inside her, wanting to come out, and she had come to me to help her free it. My testosterone surged, and I had the sudden desire to bend her over my desk and take her right now.

Suzanne lifted her eyes and met mine, and her mouth curved into a sly smile.

"When would this happen?" I asked.

"I was hoping you could stay the night down here on Friday. We could use your hotel room, since we have the kids at home. Maybe grab some drinks together first, then head there?"

"And you promise your husband isn't going to get jealous and try to beat me up?" I joked, breaking the tension a little.

"Trust me, if he did, you would have no problem taking him down," she chuckled. "How about 7 o'clock?"

I could sense her going back and forth between dominant and submissive, which could lead to an interesting night.

"Friday at 7, then," I agreed.

Suzanne stood up and headed toward the door. She swayed her hips as she walked away, and once again my eyes were drawn to that subtle curve under her skirt. When I looked back up, she turned back and threw me a quick wink.

What kind of sex fiend was buried behind that demure outside? I would find out Friday.

Throughout the rest of the week, there wasn't even a hint of impropriety from Suzanne. We both went about our business as if we hadn't talked. Other than a friendly smile here and there, she didn't even acknowledge our plans until the following Friday. It was just after lunch when she slid me a note.

"Meet us for dinner and drinks at Bella Mia. See you at 7," the note read.

I tucked it in my pocket as she walked away, once again throwing me one of those mischievous winks.

Once I had finished my day and said my goodbyes, I returned to my hotel to freshen up and change. I chose a pair of fresh slacks and a button-down shirt, with a sport coat to add a clean edge to my look. With a spritz of cologne, I grabbed my room key and headed out.

The restaurant was a beautiful Italian place with a bar just to the left as you walked in. The bar top was made of smoothly polished wood, with dim lights over it that created a warm, sexy ambiance. I took a seat and ordered a whiskey to pass the time while I waited for them.

The situation still felt pretty foreign to me. I could understand what Suzanne would get out of the experience, but what would her husband get from watching another man take his wife? Was he hiding his jealousy to accommodate his wife's needs, or was this something he wanted as well? It was hard for me to imagine the latter being true, but my research had shown that a lot of men actually enjoyed the premise of watching. Many of them were often

unspoken submissives who enjoyed the loss of control that came in a situation like this.

Suzanne came across as both dominant and submissive in the few minutes that we had discussed it, but that made a lot of sense. Perhaps she was the dominant one in her marriage, and this situation would allow her to switch roles and become the submissive, while still remaining dominant to her husband. I was hoping I would have a better understanding of the situation when I actually met her husband in person.

Every time the door opened, I would glance toward it to see if they had arrived. When Suzanne finally stepped through, I didn't recognize her at first. All I saw was a beautiful woman dressed in a tight little black dress, showing all the curves of her body. Her moderate breasts stretched the fabric, while the hem of the skirt ended halfway down her thigh. Her long, smooth legs stretched for days. She was accompanied by a man a few years older than her, wearing a grey suit and a nervous look on his face.

It wasn't until she waved at me that I realized that the sexy creature who had just stepped into the restaurant was the same woman I had been working with for the past year. She had been hiding a perfect body below those loose-fitting blouses, and for the first time, I realized that she had never worn anything that truly showed off how great her legs were.

Her long brown hair, usually a tousled mess, was straightened into a smooth sheen that perfectly framed her warm smile. When she saw me looking at her with that lust in my eyes, her grin grew until it was almost splitting her face. She was radiant.

I stood up to greet them as they crossed the room to join me at the bar. I gave Suzanne a hug and a kiss on the cheek, then stepped back to look her up and down.

"You look stunning," I said. "I almost didn't recognize you."

Suzanne turned red and looked aside, clearly enjoying my attention. That submissive stance returned, and I remembered my theory about her being submissive to me. It wasn't her default role, but I could tell she was learning to enjoy it.

For a moment, she even forgot that her husband was with her until I held my hand out to him and introduced myself.

"Oh, yes," she said. "This is my husband, Kevin."

Kevin smiled and shook my hand, but didn't say much. Where Suzanne was testing out her subservient role, her husband seemed to embrace it. I had mistaken his demeanor for anxiety, when it was really just a subdued personality. He seemed like a really nice guy, and his handshake was firm.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," I replied amicably. "Why don't we have a seat at the bar?"

Suzanne took the seat next to me, while her husband silently took a seat on the other side. This whole dynamic of being on a date with a woman and her husband was new to me, but I just let myself go with the flow.

For three people out for drinks, it felt a lot more like it was just the two of us. Suzanne's body was turned toward me, and she almost exclusively talked to me while her husband sipped his red wine next to her. He still looked anxious, but not in an upset way. It almost felt like he was listening in on us and just drinking it in.

That left Suzanne as the center of attention. She told me about how sorry they were that I was leaving, and went on and on about the people in the office. The more she drank, though, the more her attention shifted away from that topic.

"I probably shouldn't say this, but I've wanted to fuck you since the first day you started in our office," she suddenly admitted.

Her body leaned in toward me, and it felt almost as if she was throwing herself at me. It made me feel powerful, especially to see her doing it right in front of her loving husband. There was a raw, primal feeling inside me that surged to the surface.

"Perhaps you should have said something sooner," I joked.

Suzanne turned red, then glanced at her husband behind her.

"I never thought I would be brave enough to admit something like that," she replied honestly. "Kevin does such a great job of telling me I'm beautiful, and I know he feels that way, but lately I haven't been feeling that way about myself. I don't feel... sexy. I feel like I'm a mom instead of a woman."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "You are just as stunning as your husband says. You just do a good job of hiding that exquisite figure behind very loose clothing."

"Gotta keep it professional!" she said with a wink.

Suzanne leaned in and ran her hand across my arm, and I could feel the tension crackling.

"Maybe we should go to my room," I suggested.

Suzanna turned and looked to Kevin for approval, then smiled when he nodded. We paid our tab and headed outside. As we walked back to our cars, I saw Kevin whisper something to Suzanne. She nodded, then moved up beside me.

"Can I ride back with you?" she asked meekly, the submissive returning.

"Of course," I said.

My car was a sleek Mercedes sports car that dripped with sexiness. I went to the passenger door and opened it for her, getting a nice glimpse of her cleavage as she dropped into the seat. Then I went to my side and slid into the driver's seat.

As the engine roared to life, my lights kicked on and illuminated the car directly across from us. It was an old, beat-up sedan with way too many miles on it. It also just happened to be the car that Kevin was getting into.

I couldn't help feeling sorry for the guy. His wife had just gotten into a sexy sports car with a guy who she couldn't wait to fuck, while he was getting into this beater by himself.

"Are you sure he's okay with this?" I asked.

"He is," she said. "I know it may not seem it, but he's so worked up, he doesn't know what to do with himself. He wants to fuck me, but more than that, he wants to see me pleased. He actually suggested I come with you. All of this fuels him. And I can promise you, when we get to our bed at the end of the night, he is going to fuck me like an animal."

There was an evil grin on her face, and I finally understood. She was my toy for the night. The more I used her, the better the show, the more I would be rekindling their fire. She was doing this as much for him as she was for herself.

As she sank back in the chair, I saw those long, smooth legs. I reached over and slipped my hand over her knee, letting it slide a few inches up her inner thigh. She sighed and parted them slightly, but it wasn't the right time for that. Not yet.

I pulled out and headed for my hotel.

The hotel was only a short drive away. As we made our way there, my eyes kept glancing over at those legs. I could already feel my cock stirring, knowing it wouldn't be long until I was peeling that dress off of her.

I contemplated my role in all of this, and how I was going to handle this situation. I had been more reserved at the restaurant, but now it was time for me to become Suzanne's bull. This was their fantasy, and I wanted to deliver a memorable experience.

I parked the car and stepped out, then circled around to open Suzanne's door. My car sits pretty low, so I held out my hand and helped her to her feet. Kevin showed up right at that moment, and I saw his cheeks flush when he saw me holding his wife's hand. If that was the kind of thing that inspired his desire, then I wanted to run with it. I kept a light hold on her, then nodded toward the lobby.

"Shall we?" I said.

I felt her grip tighten as she realized what I was doing, and she nodded agreeably. Then she followed just behind me, hand in hand.

We passed through the lobby, which was mostly empty, and got onto the elevator. For the first time, the three of us were alone. I felt the urge to press the envelope again, so I took my hand back and slipped it around her waist. Suzanne moves closer to me, even turning her head to throw me an excited smile. There was a moment of tension, the two of us so close together, but then the doors opened on our floor.

We paced down the hallway to my room, where I swiped the key to open the door. Then we stepped inside.

I walked over to the table and set down my wallet and keys. When I turned around, Suzanne was looking at me with an air of

subservience as she set down her clutch. A few feet behind her, Kevin had also paused, waiting to see what would happen.

Her eyes begged me. I took a step toward her and slipped my hand around the back of her head, then pulled her into a deep kiss. She met my lips with her own fierce desire, and our tongues twisted and danced together.

My hands slipped down along her dress. Her waist felt so tiny, but her hips curved out into a cute little bubble butt. I pulled her close as my cock swelled against her belly, which only added to her urgency.

I pulled away suddenly and pushed her back. Suzanne looked at me with an expression of surprise.

“Take off that dress for me,” I said.

I immediately turned and walked toward the couch without waiting for her response. I sat down and laced my hands together in my lap, then looked back at her with a smug grin.

Judging by the wicked smile on her lips, she hated me in that moment just as much as she wanted to fuck me. She wanted me to take the dress off of her, she wanted to feel my hands on her body, but I wanted her to know who was in control. I wanted her to reveal herself to me willingly in front of her husband, and I wanted her to know that I was making the rules.

As she reached for the zipper, Kevin hurried past me and sat down in the other chair. With both of our eyes on her, she slowly lowered it and began peeling the fabric away.

I was almost expecting that she had skipped the underwear, but the matching set she had chosen displayed her assets perfectly. Her skin, smooth and taut, was perfect. Not even a sign of imperfection, which I found odd for a mother of two.

She reached back and unclamped the bra next, letting her hands cover her breasts as it dropped away from her body.

“Show me,” I said.

Suzanne took a deep breath, then pulled her hand away. Her breasts were just as full and perky as they had been in the bra. Before I could offer my admiration, she interjected her own information.

"I had some work done a few years ago," she admitted. "The kids did a number on me, but Kevin wanted to make me happy. I guess I never thought I would have someone other than him admiring me like this."

"Come over here," I said. "Kneel in front of me."

I dropped a pillow on the floor, and Suzanne lowered herself obediently into place, as if she was preparing to worship me. I leaned forward and kissed her again for a few moments, then leaned back and smirked at her.

The bulge in my crotch was evident. Without a word, Suzanne reached out and ran her hand over the outside of my pants. She felt my size, felt how my body was responding to her, and it strengthened her desire. Her hands moved to my belt where she fumbled with the buckle, then pulled the whole thing out of its loops and tossed it aside. It was a matter of seconds before she popped the button loose and started yanking them off.

The pants slipped down off my hips and my cock sprang free. Suzanne's eyes widened, and she reached out to grip the shaft.

"It's perfect," she said gleefully.

I looked up at Kevin, who had the same wide-eyed expression as his wife. He was almost holding his breath in anticipation, until she parted her lips and sank them down around the head. Then he let out a long sigh and gripped his own bulge.

Suzanne sucked my cock enthusiastically, but it was also obvious it was the first time she had handled anyone other than her husband in almost two decades. She seemed to struggle with the size, which told me all I needed to know about her husband. Still, her mouth was soft and wet, and she put her all into pleasing me.

"Good girl," I purred as I ran my hands through her hair and pulled her down deeper onto me.

She moaned in agreement, then began stroking the shaft as her saliva lubricated it. The added friction felt even better. She was slowly improving as she adjusted to my size.

Once she had me nice and hard, I was ready to return the favor. Suzanne had other plans, though. She stood up and peeled

her panties off, then straddled me on the couch. She wasn't here for foreplay. She wanted to get fucked.

Her lips pressed against mine again while she reached down and rubbed the tip of my cock across her pussy. She wanted control, and I let her take it for the moment. It was her time to show her husband exactly what she wanted from me.

Suzanne lined me up and lowered herself all the way onto my cock in one swift motion. Suddenly the warm wetness of her pussy was wrapped around me. As soon as she had me, she began riding up and down, swiveling her hips back and forth to press my length into the deepest parts of her body. She grabbed my head and kissed me hard, while her hips kicked harder against me with every motion. Soon she was bucking against me, crying out in lustful hunger.

I opened my eyes long enough to see Kevin, still watching us as he frantically tried to feel himself without taking his pants off. The look on his face told me that he had never seen his wife act like this before, and we both knew why. It made me feel powerful that she was so quick to violate her marriage vows with me, and that only made my rigid cock harder.

It didn't take long before she erupted in orgasm, dripping all over my lap as her entire body spasmed. Her cries echoed off the walls, probably even making their way out into the hallway. Kevin was red with the knowledge that other people would hear his wife cumming from the touch of another man, yet he made no attempt to stop us.

Suzanne slipped off of me onto the couch, but I wasn't done yet. I grabbed her by the hand and pulled her over to the bed. She planted her feet shoulder-width apart and bent over with her ass sticking out at me, ready to be taken.

The curve of her ass was absolutely perfect, and I was once again struck by how well she hid herself in our day-to-day interactions. It was probably good that I was leaving the office, because I would never be able to look at her the same way again.

"Let's make sure this pussy leaves satisfied," I said.

I gripped her hips and plunged my full length all the way into her, then began pounding into her with the weight of my body. She immediately cried out again, begging me not to stop.

"Keep going," she said. "Fuck me harder. I've wanted this for so long."

Kevin sat rigidly in his seat. His hand was in his pants now, stroking with the same rhythm that I was plunging into his wife. My cock stiffened again, knowing he could never do what I was doing to her.

I stopped abruptly, eliciting a disapproving moan from Suzanne, but she relented when I grabbed her and flipped her onto her back on the bed. She looked up at me as I towered over her, her eyes pleading for more. Then I plunged into her. Her lips curved into a circle and she let out a lustful cry.

My drive was unrelenting, meeting her body with a thunderous clap each time. I could have spent hours buried in that warmth, feeling her pussy alive around my cock, feeling her body fighting for air as our hearts raced.

But our night wasn't meant to be that long.

Less than twenty minutes after we had stepped through the door, that pleading returned to her eyes.

"Pull out and cum on me," she begged. "Give it to me, right now."

For a moment, I considered ignoring her, but there was a look in her eyes that betrayed some sort of other purpose. I let myself drift to the edge of climax, and kept going. Within seconds, I pulled out and aimed my cock over her body. White globs flew from the tip and landed across her belly, a few even reaching the underside of those beautiful breasts.

Suzanne gasped and smiled approvingly. As I stepped back, she stood up and sauntered across the room toward her husband. He was still sitting obediently in his chair, but when he saw her approach, he stood up and moved toward her.

Their lips locked into a passionate kiss. Suzanne pressed her body up against him, and I wondered if he realized that my fresh seed was soaking into the fabric of his clothes. He didn't seem to

care, though. His entire world was the woman in his arms, and I could understand why.

"Help me dress so you can take me home and reclaim me," she purred to him.

Kevin immediately set about getting her dress and helping her into it as she smiled at me. I stood watching, my cock still hard, and chuckled as he raced around. It took less than a minute before she was ready to leave the hotel.

Suzanne gave me one final kiss, then turned and led her husband toward the door.

"Thanks again," she mused aloud. "That was fun."

The door clicked closed behind them.

I hoped that she meant that, especially since I had enjoyed the experience immensely, but I couldn't help but wonder if she had truly enjoyed it as well. Why the abrupt stop? Was something wrong, or did she really just want a quickie?

I thought I might hear from Suzanne later that night, or maybe even the next day, but there was nothing. I didn't mind the silence, since that was the real advantage of having no strings attached, but I was still curious about whether she had enjoyed the evening.

I headed home the next morning, and settled in for the long haul. I started at my new office the following week, and settled into a great routine with the new team. Almost a month went by before Suzanne popped up again.

"Hey!" she texted me one day. "How is the new office?"

"Everything is going great!" I replied. "How have you been doing? I haven't heard from you since that night."

"Ah, that crazy night!" she said. "Kevin and I have talked a lot about that. It always gets him worked up. We both had such a good time."

"That's good. I wasn't sure, with how quickly you were in and out of there."

"I know, I'm sorry. I was still a little nervous about how he was going to respond to the whole thing. It felt so good, I didn't want to stop, but I also didn't want to carry on for hours if he wasn't

enjoying it. I wanted to get him out of there and make sure he was just as happy as he was going in."

"And did he like it?" I asked curiously.

"He loved it! He thought the whole thing was super hot. The only thing he didn't like was that we didn't use condoms, which he had asked me to do before we left the house. I got so into it, I forgot. That's why I asked you to pull out, so he wouldn't get upset about... well, you cumming inside me."

"I see," I said. "You should have told me. I don't mind using them."

"Thanks, that's good to know," she said. "Kevin actually suggested that I see you again. I was thinking maybe I could come up there sometime. Alone."

"Kevin doesn't want to watch the show again?" I asked curiously.

"He does, but we both agreed it would be fun to try something a little different this time. He said I could go see you alone, and maybe even spend the night. That way, I wouldn't feel rushed and he could get a good story out of it."

"Well, my place isn't much to look at," I admitted. "What if I got us a room on the Santa Monica Boulevard? We could hang out by the beach, have a nice dinner, and just see what happens."

"That sounds amazing!" she replied excitedly. "I could use a nice romantic evening. Plus, you won't have to try too hard. You know you're going to get to fuck me at the end of the evening anyway!"

I chuckled to myself, then looked up a few rooms online. I found a beautiful boutique resort that would be the perfect getaway for an unfaithful wife and her lover.

"How about this Friday?" I asked.

"That would be perfect. I'll meet you there?"

I sent her all of the info, and we agreed to meet up around 5 in the afternoon.

I pulled into the garage an hour early. After checking in and sending Suzanne the room number, I went up to freshen up.

The knock on the door came exactly on the hour. I opened it to find a beautiful sight waiting for me.

Suzanne was dressed in a light sundress that fell just short of her knees. The soft fabric showed the curves of her body, and that sent my heart racing. She smiled at me with that same bubbly grin as she stepped into the room.

The door clicked closed. She stood a foot away from me, looking into my eyes intently. There was a burning desire behind them, a need to be taken.

She dropped her clutch on the table and launched toward me. My arms enveloped her and pulled her in close. Our lips mashed together and began dancing around each other. I could feel how much she wanted me, how much she had been craving me since the last time.

Her hand dropped to my crotch and squeezed my growing erection. Suzanne wasted no time, and dropped to her knees. Her eyes looked up at me obediently as she unzipped my pants and reached for my cock.

"God I missed this thing," she said as she stroked it longingly, then sank her lips around my shaft without another word.

Her mouth was wet and warm. Her tongue danced around my shaft as she bobbed her head forward and back. Her movements were just as lustful as her kissing, and I had to focus to keep myself from climaxing.

After getting me completely hard, Suzanne stood up and grabbed her clutch again. She pulled out a condom and passed it to me. Although I expected we would be using protection, it was clear from her expression that she was just as disappointed as I was. A part of me had hoped she would decide to be naughty and ignore her husband's request.

I grabbed the package and tore it open. In front of me, Suzanne sat down on the bed and slipped her panties off. Her eyes continued to draw me in. I rolled the condom down onto my shaft and moved between her legs at the edge of the bed.

I pushed deep inside her. This was just going to be the first round, that furtive connection. Right now she was getting a feel for

me again. I pumped into her in slow, smooth thrusts, feeling her muscles even with the condom on. Her hips moved in gentle circles, pressing my cock deep inside her until she let out a heated cry.

"Fuck, I love your cock," she moaned, clutching at the sheets.

I kept my pressure on her, moving a little slower as her body pulled me in. I leaned down to kiss her, and her legs surrounded me. We kissed longingly, but my hips never stopped driving into her.

"Fuck me harder," she begged.

I sat up and pushed her legs further apart, then began slamming into her. Each hit was harder than the last. Her body seemed to lift off of the bed, her back arching, but she didn't cry out. Not yet. Then, like a tidal wave, she let it all go.

As she cried out on my cock, her muscles tightened around me, and I couldn't hold back anymore. My cock exploded inside her, filling the tip of the condom with a healthy load. I stepped back and my cock flopped free, while Suzanne rolled over onto her side to catch her breath. There was a smile plastered on her face, but her eyes were obscured by a touse of hair.

"Sorry, I couldn't wait," she giggled. "I've been thinking about that for so long."

My chest puffed up, knowing that a married woman was thinking about me more than her husband. Had she thought about me while she was in bed with him? It seemed likely, and I enjoyed the thought.

"That's okay. Are you up for dinner, or shall we eat in?" I asked slyly.

"Let's get some food," she said, finding her feet again. "You have me all night. Show me a good time first."

That was exactly what I did. We headed down to a beautiful restaurant poised just off the Santa Monica pier. We dined on lobster and steak, and the wine flowed freely. By the time we stepped outside, Suzanne had a definite buzz going.

"Let's walk down the beach," she said excitedly as she pulled me down to the sand. We kicked off our shoes and walked down the shore, hand in hand, as the sun set in the distance. Eventually we

stopped at a lifeguard tower, where we climbed the ramp and watched it drop below the horizon.

"It feels so good to be out like this again," she said. "Thank you for showing me such a great time."

She was standing against the rail in front of me, with my arm around her waist. In a way, it felt very intimate. It felt like a serious date that was going well, and perhaps that's what she really needed, those sparks of getting to know someone new.

"Well, I'm glad we get to share this evening," I said.

Suzanne turned and looked over her shoulder at me. Our eyes connected, and I saw her move closer as they drifted shut. I leaned in to meet her, and we kissed in the growing darkness. Her lips felt so soft, so supple. She was really a great kisser, and I couldn't help thinking that her talents were probably wasted on her husband.

There was no question that he knew how good she was. I'm sure after so many years, he could still appreciate what he had. Yet it confounded me that he would actually want this to happen while he wasn't there. Did he really trust her that much?

As we broke away from the kiss, my curiosity got the best of me.

"Why would your husband want you to come up here like this without him?" I blurted out.

Suzanne just laughed. She leaned in against my chest, snuggling up to steal my warmth.

"*He* didn't want me to come up here alone," she said. "I wanted to do it. I asked him if I could. I wanted to enjoy it this time, not just put on a show. Last time was for him. Tonight is for me."

With that, she leaned in and kissed me again. Her hand came up and found my crotch, as she began stroking me through my pants. I was already pretty hard, but her grip brought me to full force in mere seconds. She quickly unbuckled my pants and slipped a hand inside, then pulled it free.

Thankfully the sun was all the way down, and the beach was pitch black. You could hear people walking nearby, but you couldn't see more than a few feet away from you.

Suzanne stroked me right there on the lifeguard tower, but that wasn't enough for me. I grabbed her by the hips and spun her away from me, and bent her over the railing. I grabbed her by the ponytail, holding her in front of me subserviently.

When I lifted the edge of her dress off of her ass, I discovered she had left her panties back at the room. That's when I remembered that she had also left her clutch in the room when we went to dinner.

"I don't have any condoms," I mumbled, pressing the length of my cock into the valley between her ass cheeks.

Suzanne was breathing heavily. She enjoyed when I took control of her like this, but now she was left with a dilemma: please her husband or postpone her own pleasure.

"Fuck me," she gasped. "Please. I don't care."

It turned me on to end to see the office sweetheart turning into my own personal slut. She had tried to be an obedient wife, but all it took was the right motivation to push him out of the picture.

I grabbed my cock, feeling it strain for her, and pressed the tip into the folds of her pussy. She was soaking wet, so my length slipped easily inside her.

It was risky to be doing this in public, so I kept my strokes short and quick. Suzanne let out a few small moans, but I could tell she was struggling to keep them quiet. The last thing we needed was unwanted attention.

This was another instance where speed was of the essence. As soon as I felt the welcoming warmth of her pussy wrapped around my shaft, I felt those first pangs of excitement pulsing through my body. It didn't help when she pressed back against me and took my full length inside her. My balls pressed against her clitoris and I could feel her entire body tighten.

It only took a few minutes before her muscles tightened around my cock. It felt exquisite, and pulled me quickly toward an impending climax. I wanted to fill her, to leave my seed in another man's wife, but that moment would have to wait.

"Hey, you guys aren't supposed to be up there!" someone called through the darkness.

We both jumped and quickly moved. Luckily, Suzanne only had to pull her skirt down, and she was able to block me for a few seconds so I could tuck myself away. By the time we saw the flashlights getting close to us, we were already scurrying down the ramp and apologizing as we disappeared into the darkness again.

Once we were away from our interlopers, we both broke out into a fit of giggles.

"I can't believe I just did that," she confessed, wrapping herself around my arm and pulling close to me. "It felt like I was in high school again!"

"Sounds like you've been holding back that wild streak for too long," I said.

We were back at the pier already, and there was enough light for me to see her looking up at me with longing eyes as she nodded.

"Does that mean you're going to take me back to the room so I can let the rest of it out?" she asked with feigned innocence.

I smiled knowingly, then took her by the hand and pulled her in the direction of the hotel as she bounced excitedly behind me.

We paused briefly to look at the elevator before deciding the stairs would be faster. The only pause in our journey was when I stopped halfway to the second floor and gave her a fleeting kiss. She was the impatient one this time, and instead of settling for my lips, she pulled me toward the room so that she could have all of me.

As soon as we stepped inside, I tried to sweep her up in my arms again, but she once again denied me by raising her index finger.

"I have something for you," she said, then grabbed the small duffel bag she had brought with her and dipped into the bathroom.

I emptied my pockets and took off my shoes and socks, then unbuttoned my shirt. When I was done, I sat on the edge of the bed and waited patiently for her.

Suzanne emerged from the bathroom dressed in a sheer lace negligee. She paused just outside the door, watching for my reaction. I stood up and approached her slowly as my eyes admired

that beautiful figure. When I looked up again, she was beaming at me with that vivacious smile.

I pulled her up into my arms and kissed her firmly on the lips. I put all of my being into that embrace, and in return, I felt her melt into my arms. We stood there for what felt like forever, our hands clutching at each other.

I guided her to the bed and pushed her down gently, then dropped to my knees. Suzanne lifted her legs on the air and spread them wide, opening her pussy before me. I leaned in and ran my tongue along the slit, tasting how wet she was from our encounter on the beach.

It was the first time I had been able to truly appreciate her sex up close. Our first meeting had been so quick, I didn't have the chance to go down on her. Now, with just the two of us alone, I could savor her body and enjoy it in every carnal way possible.

I sucked on her sweet nectar, running my tongue in circles around her clitoris and diving between her labia. Suzanne moaned loudly, clutching at my hair and pulling my face deeper into her. I wondered to myself if her husband could make her squirm like this with his mouth.

My cock strained for her touch. Once I had her dripping wet, I stood up and peeled the rest of my clothes off, then crawled up into the bed and moved over her. Our lips met in another passionate kiss, and I felt the tip of my cock brushing across the outside of her pussy.

"I should get a condom," I whispered with a hint of naughtiness.

"No," she begged languidly. "I just want to feel all of you inside me again."

She paused, and her serious expression faltered for a moment.

"We already broke that rule," she added with a giggle. "If we're going to be bad, then we should just be really bad."

With that, she pulled me down into a kiss and began pulling at my hips. I let the tip settle into her wetness, then pushed forward into her.

Somehow her pussy felt even better this time. Knowing that she was openly defying her husband's rules, knowing that she was letting go of all of her inhibitions, I wanted to show her the pleasure that she was craving.

Suzanne let out a long, guttural moan as she felt our bodies come together. Her arms wrapped around me, and her nails dug into the flesh on my back. I responded by clutching her closer and pushing down deeper into her.

I felt her body tighten below me. It was a small orgasm, just a start, but her lips tightened against mine and we connected as one. When the moment had passed, I lightened my grip, and she pulled me to the side. We rolled across the bed until she ended up on top, where she pinned my arms down with a gleeful smile.

"I want to ride you," she said as she lowered her body down onto mine and enveloped my cock.

Her hips began to gyrate against me, slow and firm, while she looked deep into my eyes. Every now and then, she would stop to kiss me, but her eyes remained locked on mine for the most part. I could see the lustful desire, the way she craved me. I gave in to her control and let her take what she needed from me.

Suzanne lifted herself up and peeled off the lacy lingerie she had brought, leaving herself completely naked above me. Her beautiful body bounced and swayed with every motion, making me even harder.

"Your cock feels so good," she whispered roughly as she leaned down to kiss me. "So much better than my husband's. I've been craving it ever since we left that hotel room."

My cock swelled with pride. Hearing a married woman tell me that she couldn't stop thinking about me, even while she was with her husband, made my testosterone rage. Suzanne must have felt it, because she gasped when she dropped down and felt my length reaching to new depths.

"He doesn't make me feel like this," she continued. "I just want you to fuck me all night."

Then she pressed her lips against mine and began riding me with all of her passion. I lifted up to meet her, while her fingers

clawed at my chest. I could feel her orgasm coming this time, spreading through her body until she suddenly whipped back and cried out. Her pussy began squirting all over me, dripping off of my body and onto the bed below. I grabbed her hips and pushed in deep, holding myself there until her body collapsed limply on top of me.

We sat together on the bed like that for a few minutes. You could hear the waves crashing against the beach outside, which made me wonder how many other hotel guests had heard our lascivious encounter. Suzanne's heart was beating so hard, I could feel it against my chest.

When she finally lifted her head and crawled off of me, there was a blissful smile on her lips.

"That felt incredible," she said as she traced her fingers across my chest.

"Even better without the condom," I added.

Suzanne blushed and slapped my chest, then hid her face.

"Is it bad that I don't regret it?" she asked.

"That depends on Kevin," I said. "Is he going to be okay with it?"

"He will be," she sighed. "He once told me rules were made to be broken. I think he likes it when I get naughty like that."

"Too bad he couldn't see it."

"Maybe he can," she said, sitting up. "Do you mind if we take some pictures for him?"

Suzanne got up from the bed without waiting for my answer and went to the desk where her clutch was sitting. She pulled out her phone and looked at it, then glanced back at me with a devilish smile.

I got up and crossed the room to join her, admiring her cute bubble butt as I got closer. She handed me the phone, then turned away and slowly bent forward over the desk in front of her. My cock, still hard, pressed into the crack of her ass. She gave a little wiggle, and the friction stirred my body.

The screen of her phone was set to the camera, so I tilted it down and snapped a pic of my cock lying along her backside.

Suzanne was looking back over her shoulder at me, with that same naughty smile on her lips.

I pulled back and pressed the tip into the folds of her pussy. I pushed a little further so that just the tip was inside her, and snapped another photo. Suzanne was already becoming impatient, and as soon as she heard the camera snap, she moaned and pushed back onto me. I couldn't refuse her desire, so I pushed forward to meet her and let my cock slip all the way inside her.

I held onto the phone, but for a few seconds, I stopped taking pictures so I could enjoy the wet warmth surrounding my shaft. I looked up and saw there was a mirror in front of us over the desk. Suzanne's face was clearly visible, her eyes closed and her mouth open in a cry of ecstasy. I lifted the camera up and snapped a photo, so that her husband could see the expression of lust with me poised right behind her.

With the perfect photo, I put the phone down and grabbed her by the hips. I began thrusting even harder, feeling her body tighten after only a few minutes. I slid my hands back and pulled her ass cheeks apart so I could see myself sliding into her pink, and that's when I saw her tight little butthole staring at me.

I took one of my thumbs and pressed lightly into the indent. I didn't want to do too much, but all it took was just the slightest pressure.

"Oh my god," she cried out as she clutched the edge of the desk. "What is that?"

I didn't answer. I increased the pressure ever so slightly, triggering an erogenous spot that she never knew existed. Within seconds, her entire body began to tremble, then vibrate. She buried her face in the desk and screamed in pleasure as her most intense orgasm yet flooded through her body.

I stepped back and pulled my cock free, then slipped my arms around her to help her to her feet. Her climax had left her weak, so I guided her to the bed and helped her lay down.

I stretched out beside her and slipped my arm around her, pulling her naked body close to mine. Our bodies fit together like two spoons, except for my knee pulled up to rest on her thigh. My

hand settled on her chest, just above her breast, and I could feel her heart pounding relentlessly.

After a few minutes, Suzanne turned to look at me. My cock, still hard, was resting on her thigh. She slipped her fingers around it and began stroking it slowly as she gave me a soft, gentle kiss.

"I want to make you cum now," she whispered sweetly to me.

She parted her legs and shifted so that my manhood was resting against her throbbing pussy, then guided the tip to her opening. With a slight thrust, I pushed into her again.

I kept my arms around her, moving in a slow, sensual rhythm. It was different from our previous sessions. This was more loving, and I could feel a connection with her that I hadn't felt before. Her hands reached back to pull me in deeper, while her body pushed back to meet me.

I had been holding myself back all night, but the erotic tension of the moment immediately brought me to the precipice. This was how she would finish me.

"Do you want me to pull out?" I asked, knowing that I didn't have much time.

"No," she hissed sharply.

"But your husband?"

I knew her answer. I knew what she wanted. I wanted to hear her say it, though. I wanted to hear the words.

"I don't care about my husband," she whispered. "I just want to give you the same pleasure you gave me. I want to feel your seed inside me. I want to be all yours tonight."

That was all it took. My testicles tightened, and I pushed all the way in and held myself there. My cock began to spurt, filling her bare pussy with my load. My grip on her tightened until she cried out with me. At that moment, even though she was married, she belonged to me.

We didn't get out of bed to clean up. We just laid there, basking in the afterglow. It wasn't long before she drifted off to sleep in my arms, and I followed close behind.

I awoke the next morning to the blissful sensation of her wet lips surrounding my cock. I opened my eyes and looked down to see Suzanne smiling up at me. She had a naughty glint in her eye. It was enough to tell me she wanted more.

She teased me until I was fully hard, then crawled up over me. Her body moved and flexed over me. Her legs spread, and her pussy stretched wide. I watched eagerly as she lowered herself and swallowed my length with her sex.

Suzanne moved slowly. She seemed sleepy from the early hour, but equally intoxicated by the hormones running through her body. Her lips found mine and we kissed hungrily.

Her breathing deepened. Her arousal grew more powerful within a matter of minutes. When she pulled back to look into my eyes, I could feel the intensity.

"Do it again," she murmured. "I want to feel it inside me one more time."

She pressed deliberately against me, and I knew what she wanted. One final gift before she returned home to her husband.

It didn't take long. Watching her body sway over me, hearing her ask me to violate her marriage vows, and begging me to break the one rule her husband gave her. The combination was breathtaking. My body tightened, and suddenly I was unleashing inside her.

We kissed a little more, and then it was time. Suzanne got up and showered, then waited as I did the same. I walked her to her car, and with one final kiss, we parted ways.

That was the last time I saw Suzanne. I texted her a few days later to see how things had gone with her husband when she got home. She told me that she was truthful with him. Apparently he didn't mind, because she described the ensuing copulation as, "the most passionate sex we've ever had."

It had been a fun experience, and life changing for both myself and my former co-worker. I had found a new calling, and it would only be a matter of time before I was looking for another beautiful hotwife to conquer.

Other books available on Amazon by [Alex Skylar](#) :

### **From Housewife to Whore**

Eric's wife Jillian was very conservative, but when financial difficulties drive them to extremes, she decides to try out for the amateur night at the local strip club. That opens both of them up to a new side of their relationship, and eventually leads her to audition for an adult film. How far will she go to get the part, and how will it affect her relationship with her loving husband?

WARNING: This 25,000-word story contains graphic sexual depictions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

### **Elise's Friend with Benefits**

I often shared my girlfriends with other men, but that changed when I met Elise. She was the picture of perfection, and my interest in cuckolding was quelled by the fear of losing her to a better man. That all changed one night while she was away on business in Arizona and told me about an old friend who used to entertain her on her trips before we met. Chris sounded like the perfect bull, and her words stirred my dormant fetish. The resulting encounter was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and would forever change the nature of our relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, mild humiliation, and creampie.

### **The Hotwife Party**

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group

sex.

### **Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor**

Lisa and Shane had planned for a nice romantic ski getaway in the mountains of New Hampshire for their first anniversary. When they meet their ski instructor for the weekend, however, Shane suggests pursuing his fantasy of watching his wife with another man. While Lisa is hesitant at first, she gives in to her urges. The result is a weekend of sexual exploration that neither one of them will forget.

Warning: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

### **Cheating with Permission: Return of the Ski Instructor**

This story is a continuation of Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor: When Shane spent his anniversary weekend watching his wife fulfill his sexual fantasy by sleeping with another man, he thought his cuckolding experience would be a one-time thing. Months later, Lisa tells him that she has been in touch with her bull, and he wants to go on a weekend camping trip with them. Shane knows he will be a cuckold once again, but his wife has plans to take his fantasy to the next level. Will he be able to handle her unbridled sexuality and the accompanying humiliation?

WARNING: This 14,000- word erotic short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme humiliation, creampie humiliation, and group sex.

### **Losing the Bet**

Chris had always dreamed of seeing his wife Melody with another man. After using her for a wager over a late night game of pool, he ends up getting his wish. But when Melody and her friend Kristen decide to test the boundaries of his fantasy, will he get more than he bargained for?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and a threesome.

### **Cheating with Permission: The Latin Lover**

When Mia went out for some salsa dancing with her sister, she never knew it would change her relationship with her husband forever. At first she felt guilty for getting too close to a stranger, but when her husband encouraged her to explore her sexuality and test her boundaries, her curiosity takes control. How far will she take it?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story explores the world of hotwives and cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of cheating and exhibitionism.

### **Taking the Game Further**

Things have been tense between Sarah and her husband as they struggle to get pregnant. One night while they are out for drinks, they start a new game: Sarah flirts with other men while her husband watches. While the game distracts them from their problems for a little while, a big fight eventually causes Sarah to take the game a step further with a handsome stranger. How far will she take it, and how will it change her marriage?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story explores the darker side of cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of sex, cuckolding, and humiliation.

### **The Night Before the Wedding**

Stephanie's fiancé loved to watch her with other men, but she had rarely gone out on her own. For the night before their wedding she plans an exciting sexual adventure for herself that will leave her in bliss, while relentlessly teasing her soon-to-be husband. What sort of trouble will she get into on her own, and what surprises will she have in store for her husband?

WARNING: This 11,000-word erotica short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, bondage, group sex, and humiliation.

### **Taking his Wife**

Her name was Keira, and she was absolutely gorgeous. The only problem was that she was married. It was easy to become friends with her and gain her trust, but I wanted more than that. Could I convince her to give in to her base sexual desires and to give herself to me, a wealthy black man?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and interracial sex.

### **The Reluctant Cuckold**

When my wife Kim wanted to bring her younger sister Anna along with us on our anniversary trip to Miami, I hoped I might have the opportunity for some fun with the two of them together. Those dreams were dashed when her younger sister met a black man named Joe. After a game of strip poker and a lot of alcohol, I soon realized that my wife had an equal interest in her sister's new friend. How far would the three of them go as I watched helplessly?

WARNING: This 9,700-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, group sex, and interracial sex.

### **College Cuckold**

When Eric and Elise first went away to separate universities, they were just an ordinary couple. But the first time he visits her at school, he decides to play a game. He pretends he has never met her before, while encouraging her to explore her sexuality with her friend Tyler. Elise plays along, and the ensuing adventure creates a new dynamic in their relationship. How far will Elise take it, and how will Eric handle becoming a cuckold?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

### **Revenge Cuckolding**

When Eva found her boyfriend's secret stash of cuckolding porn on his computer, she was furious at first. So she decided that the best way to get even would be to carry out his fantasy right in front of his face with the help of her friend Jon. Would the reality of it be too much for him to handle, or would her revenge turn into a fun night for both of them?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme public humiliation, and cheating.

### **My Wife's Ex-husband**

I had often fantasized about my wife Clara sleeping with other men, but nobody stoked that fantasy more than her well-built ex-husband. After seeing a moment of flirtation between them one day, I decided to bring the idea up and see how she responded. The idea caught her interest and she started flirting with him. I would soon find out exactly why my wife had been drawn to this man in the first place, and all that he had to offer her.

WARNING: This 14,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and mild humiliation.

### **Shared**

I had watched many men have their way with my wife Tori, but always from my seat in the corner of the room. As a cuckold, I always waited for them to finish before having my turn. Tonight would be different, though. When Tori told me that she wanted to invite her friend Joe into our bedroom, she admitted her own fantasy of being shared by two men at the same time. It would be our first real threesome, and a night that none of us would soon forget.

Warning: This 5,500-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, male bisexuality, bondage, and double vaginal penetration.

### **A Hotwife Weekend**

Emily had been a hotwife for almost as long as she could remember, but her flings were always quick one-night stands. When a handsome bartender invites her on a ski weekend away from her husband, though, it allows her to explore her own sexual boundaries and discover delights that she has never known before. How far will she take her wanton behavior with her sexy host, and how will her husband feel when she returns to him at the end of her crazy adventure?

WARNING: this 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

### **Shared Accomodations**

It was a simple mistake that led to Alexis sharing a room with one of her male colleagues. She was concerned that it might upset her husband, but instead she discovered that he had developed an interest in the world of cuckolding. At his suggestion, she begins flirting with her attractive roommate, and over the course of their weekend together, she embarks on a sexual journey that will forever change her marriage.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and cheating.

### **Sleeping with his Friends**

Emma and I live an active hotwife lifestyle, but my friends have always been the one group of men who were off limits. As the nature of our relationship evolves, though, even that rule becomes flexible. First, she cuckolds me in front of them so I'm forced to admit the truth. Then she invites them into our house to give herself to them, one by one. Despite my hesitations, Emma and I both

know we won't be satisfied until she has experienced every single one of them.

WARNING: This 15,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and threesomes.

### **[The Cuckold Test](#)**

Adam had heard of cuckolding before, but the idea that it might be something that would arouse him had never crossed his mind. While away on an anniversary trip with his wife Brittney, though, a stranger introduces him to the idea of a stag relationship and suggests a simple test. It starts with just a kiss between his wife and another man, and if he likes it, then they move to the next step. But when Brittany opens up and finds her own sexual freedom, he finds himself wondering how far their mutual sexual journey will take them.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of stag cuckolding and anal sex.

### **[The Right Way to Cheat](#)**

Sometimes, all it takes is a chance encounter to show you a whole other world that you never even knew existed. For Alexis King, that moment comes when a handsome stranger walks into her diner and leads her down the road to infidelity. That one day would take her down a slippery slope of lustful sex and illicit affairs that would eventually bring her to Mr. Cole, her billionaire boss with a penchant for cuckolding. With her marriage collapsing, could his knowledge of non-traditional relationships be the key to finding her own happiness?

WARNING: This 60,000-word novel contains graphic sexual descriptions of infidelity, cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

### **[My Fiancé Prefers my Best Friend \(Part 1 of the Cuckold Trilogy\)](#)**

A week before their wedding, Scott's future wife Katie learned of the unusual nature of his friendship with his best man Kevin, as well as his fantasy of watching her with another man. When he gives her his blessing to explore her sexuality and desires with his best friend, they begin a sexual adventure that will shape the future of their relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of hotwives, cuckolding, and humiliation.

### **The Hotwife Party**

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group sex.