
Beth
Goes
Black
Cuckold Size Queen Erotica
BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

BETH GOES BLACK

By Cynthia Sizemore

This is a work of fiction. Names, businesses, places, and events are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. All characters are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo is licensed from a stock photo website. All persons appearing on the cover image for this book are models and do not have any connection to the contents of this story.

© 2020, Cynthia Sizemore. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embedded in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Table of Contents

BETH GOES BLACK

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

Other books by Cynthia Sizemore

BETH GOES BLACK

Chapter 1

"Your new boss seems nice," said my wife, Beth, as she removed her earrings that night, placing them carefully in the jewelry box on our bedroom dresser.

My eyes ran over her body. Those hips. That butt. Tight and curvy as ever. Maybe *more* than ever.

Beth was small and full–figured, just over five feet tall and maybe 120 pounds. How tiny she'd looked standing next to Derrick, the boss in question!

The contrast between them had been striking. She, a petite brunette white woman with blue eyes. He, a tall, muscular Black man in a well–fitting suit with huge hands and a wide, confident stance. She was thirty, and we'd been married for five years.

He was — how old *was* he anyway? It was hard to tell. Definitely not more than forty–five.

I'd seen them talking to each other for almost half an hour at the office Christmas party. Lost in each other's eyes.

I couldn't help but wonder if he had wanted to take her under the mistletoe…

I snapped back to reality.

"Yeah, Derrick is usually nice," I replied, yawning a bit due to the late hour, "but he can be kind of an asshole sometimes."

"Really? I didn't get that vibe at all. He just seemed like a confident guy who knows what he wants."

"Yeah," I said, "that he is. That's why he's the new division head."

"Sometimes bosses have to be seen as assholes in order to get things done," said Beth, slipping out of her dress and unsnapping her bra, "that's why I'd make a terrible manager."

"Good thing no one wants you to be one," I said.

"Actually," she added, rubbing lotion into her face, "some people would say that my job was *all* management, all the time. I don't really think of it like that, though."

Beth was an elementary school teacher, and loved her job.

"I guess managing twenty–five eight–year–olds is a little different than managing twenty–five engineers," I chuckled.

"Yeah," she said, "the *eight–year–olds* are a lot more cooperative. And rational."

I had to laugh at that.

After we had both finished getting ready for bed, we lay next to each other reading for a while, as we normally did.

Then, something unexpected happened.

"Bryce," said Beth, turning to me suddenly and putting down her book, "would you like to…you know…"

I thought that I *did* know, but I just couldn't believe that she might be suggesting it. After all, how long had it been? It seemed like my wife had just given up on sex. *I* certainly had.

That is to say, I'd given up on *asking* for it.

"Yeah," I said, unable to stop a huge grin from breaking out across my face, "I'd love to."

I savored the feeling of her soft lips against mine as she pressed herself to me. My cock was instantly hard. I'd become so used to jerking off that being this close to the act of sexual intercourse with my wife put me in the emotional and physical state of a teenager. I felt both incredibly excited and uncertain about my own performance.

"God I want you," I sighed, my hands running up underneath her negligee and feeling her soft thighs.

"Yes, baby," moaned Beth, pulling me in closer as I kissed down her neck, "mm…"

She was wet.

Oh God, was she wet!

In the past few years, whenever she'd acceded to my entreaties to make love, one of the clear signs that her heart really hadn't been in it was the fact that we'd had to use copious amounts of lube, and that she'd been dry even during foreplay.

I slid a finger inside her.

"God, that feels so good," she moaned, "it's been too long."

Finally, I thought, *finally she gets it. After all the couples therapy. After all the pleading. The begging. The bargaining.*

She was tight. God, was she tight and wet! That was normal for a woman her size, but probably doubly so for a woman who hadn't had sex in probably half a year.

"That feels so good babe," she said, "keep doing that."

I was fingering her and rubbing her clit. I wanted to ask her what had brought on the sudden change, but I also knew better than to try my luck.

I was about to get laid. God damn. I was about to finally have sex with my wife again!

I ran my fingers up and down her wet slit, teasing her mound with my palm as she moaned.

"Oh Bryce. That's so good, baby…"

I teased her breast with one hand, tweaking a nipple as I continued the massage with the other.

"I need you," she moaned, "I want you inside me…"

My cock was straining against my boxers, already spilling precum everywhere.

I took them off quickly and positioned myself on top of my wife, who spread her legs and guided me inside her. It was an incredible, impossibly tight fit, comparable to the very first time we'd done it. I flashed back to that night: our third date, a year out of college. I'd been the first man she'd ever slept with, believe it or not. She had

been 23 and a virgin. Being the first man inside her had felt like an unbelievable privilege, something sacred. Up until the sex had dried up…

None of that mattered now. Not in this moment as I moved inside her, pushing deeper and deeper.

"God yes," she moaned, "I need this so bad. Fuck yes, Bryce."

I almost couldn't believe my ears. Had my prudish wife really said the word "fuck"? In *bed*, too? She was the type of girl who would censor her swearing even when there were no children around.

Normally when we made love, she remained completely silent. Abnormally so. To the point that I wasn't sure if she was even enjoying it, and to judge from our conversations during therapy, she often wasn't enjoying it.

Not now, however.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of something else while I moved inside my impossibly tight wife. If this was going to be my one shot with her for the next six months, I needed it to count.

I needed to rock Beth's world.

"Oh God, Bryce," she moaned, "I'm so close. Keep going. Just like that…"

I opened my eyes, watching her blushing face as she neared climax.

I couldn't believe it. It was really going to happen. It really was.

Beth was going to come.

"Please fuck me. Oh Mr. Bryce Alex Johnson, fuck me, please."

Bryce Alex Johnson? I don't think she'd *ever* called me that before. Maybe on our wedding day.

"Oh yes. I can feel it starting ooh God…"

And then she dissolved into a puddle of sweat and moans, the flush spreading across her sweet and sweaty face.

A feeling of relief swept through my body. I'd done it. I'd brought my wife to climax.

In that moment, I erupted inside her, feeling like a million dollars.

Laying beside her a few minutes later, basking in the incredible afterglow, I finally ventured to ask the question that I hadn't dared to a few minutes previously.

"What…brought this on?"

"I don't know," she said, smiling up at the ceiling as she held me close, "I really don't know. Maybe it was something to do with the fun of getting all dressed up and going to a fancy party."

"Mmm," I said, "you did look great in that dress. Did you enjoy the looks you were getting from the guys?"

"What?" she said, a tone of playful indignation in her voice, "they wouldn't be looking at a woman my age. Not with all those cute twenty–three–year–old college interns around."

"Which one did you mean," I laughed, "Rakeesh or Robert? We haven't had a female intern at the firm for the past three years."

"Ok, maybe they were secretaries. Whatever. I was just saying that there were a lot of beautiful women at that party."

"That might be true," I said, "but you were *definitely* one of them. Hell, I bet even Derrick couldn't get his eyes off your cleavage. That must have been why you were talking for so long."

"Oh," she said, a little annoyed for real now, "you think that's the only reason why any man would like to talk to me? To stare at my tits? When's the last time *you* took the time to ask me about my hobbies?"

"I know about your hobbies," I said, trying not to sound defensive, "why would I ask about them?"

"Sure," she said, "you know *what* my hobbies are. But Derrick was asking deeper questions. Questions about *why* I love to knit, for example. He was really interested."

"I'm sure he was," I said, beginning to feel jealous.

Was her conversation with him what had caused this sudden increase in libido? I couldn't help but find the timing *very* coincidental.

Chapter 2

The holidays came and went, and soon January was upon us. Miraculously, Beth and I had made love three more times over the break. It was almost enough to make me want to call off our couples counseling and declare our marriage saved.

Almost.

I was back at the office, but Beth wouldn't have to return to school for another week or so. A lot of people think that teachers get a lot of breaks, but I can tell you first–hand that this is only true on paper. Every day that week, Beth was going into school, prepping for six or sometimes seven hours a day for the new semester.

Not only that, she actually gave her own classroom a deep cleaning because she didn't trust the custodial staff to do the job as thoroughly as she liked.

The office was pretty empty that week, because plenty of employees elected to take their vacations the week after New Years, but Derrick and I were always there.

"Hey, Bryce," he said, one day after we ran into each other in the hallway, "there was something I was meaning to ask you. Do you think I could haven Beth's phone number?"

He must have seen the suspicion on my face, because he immediately laughed and shook his head.

"No," he said, "it's not like that. Sorry. Let me start again. I wouldn't just ask for another man's wife's number. You know my son, Deshawn? He's in second grade. He's having a terrible time in reading, and I think he might be dyslexic. Beth and I were talking the other night at the party about this new pedagogical method that she's been researching. Something that's supposed to make it easier for dyslexic kids to learn to read. I just can't remember the name."

"Sure," I said, "that does sound like something she'd be interested in."

"If you want," he said quickly, "you can just ask her for the information and pass it on to me. I don't want to overstep my boundaries."

"No," I said quickly, "it's ok. She's full of information about stuff like that, and probably has a lot more she'd want to tell you than just the name of the method. Got your phone?"

He pulled out his phone and I dictated the number to him.

"Thanks, bud," he said, "I promise I won't abuse this privilege."

He slapped me on the back.

"I didn't know you were married," I said, just before turning around.

"I'm not," he said, "my wife's been dead for four years."

"Oh shit," I said, "that's terrible. I had no idea."

"It *is* terrible," he sighed, "but don't worry about it. I'm over it now…or at least over it as I *can* be. I have to *tell* myself that I'm over it in order to function."

His eyes got watery for a moment, and his voice almost broke.

"I didn't mean to bring up bad memories…"

"No no," he said, his familiar jovial tone returning, "it's a natural question. No harm done. Just realize how lucky you are…"

"I do realize it," I said.

"Good."

And with that, I went back to work.

Chapter 3

I'm not sure exactly when Derrick sent the first text to Beth, just that I noticed that she was spending a lot more time with her phone than normal. She did have a lot of friends that she texted with, and she also used it as her primary mode of keeping in contact with her mother, but lately it was practically glued to her hand, and her face lit up every time she got a new message.

"Hey," I said, a hunch gnawing at me, "did my boss, Derrick ever text you? He was asking me something about literacy pedagogy…"

"Oh yeah," she said, a bit sheepishly, "he did."

"And did you tell him what he needed to know?"

"Yeah," she said, suddenly very enthusiastic, "his son Deshawn sounds so sweet. And he's totally adorable."

"You've met him?"

"It feels like I have," she said, "Derrick sent me a few pictures. And he's told me so much about him."

"I see," I said, feeling a surge of jealousy.

"Something wrong, honey?"

"No," I said, "it just sounds like you're becoming friends with Derrick?"

"And what if I was? What's wrong with that? I love helping kids, and his son really needs help. I'm even thinking about tutoring him."

"I don't know if that's such a good idea."

"What? Why not?"

"Because he's my boss," I snapped, "don't you think that things might get a little too…complicated?"

"Complicated how?"

"Like what if your tutoring doesn't work? What then?"

"Derrick seems like an understanding guy. He knows that dyslexia is a lifetime challenge and that teachers aren't miracle workers. But he's willing to do whatever it takes to help his son succeed, and I really respect that. There aren't that many fathers out there who are so dedicated."

"He doesn't really have a choice," I said, "he's raising Deshawn by himself. His wife died."

"Yes, I know," she sighed, "it must be so hard for him. He's such a good dad…"

"You seem to know an awful lot about his personal life," I snapped, "just how much have you two been texting?"

"Honey, are you jealous?" she laughed, looking over at me with her deep blue eyes, "I think you are!"

"Well, what would you say if the roles were reversed?"

"If *you* were texting with Superintendent Hayes? I guess I'd be a little surprised!"

"You know what I mean."

"Honey," she said, standing up and walking over to me and giving me a kiss, "you have *nothing* to worry about."

"I'd better not," I said, trying to play it off as a joke.

"You don't."

Chapter 4

My suspicion didn't leave me, however. Being an engineer, I began to think things through rationally. To break things down into steps and discrete, logical procedures. That was how problem solving happened.

My first two observations: It was important to have trust in a marriage. That was certain. But it was also important to hold each other accountable.

I decided to check the phone bill. That would tell me what numbers Beth was messaging, and how often.

Logging into our cell phone provider account one day after work, I felt my heart drop through the floor.

Beth was exchanging dozens of messages a day with Derrick. Sometimes close to a hundred.

This was ridiculous. It *had* to stop. If Beth wouldn't admit to the extent of her emotional involvement with Derrick, then I would have to fight it from the other end.

I walked up to Derrick's office and knocked on the door. Like a lot of bosses, he had an "open door" policy, meaning that he encouraged us to seek him out anytime with our concerns.

"Come in," he called, "it's open."

I opened the door and walked in confidently, ready to confront him about his relationship with my wife.

"Bryce!" he said, rising from his desk, "it's great that you came to see me. It will save me an e–mail. And besides, I prefer to deliver good news in person anyway."

This caught me off guard. I was speechless for a moment.

"Good news? Derrick, I —"

"That's right," he said, "I just got off a Zoom call with corporate. They were looking for suggestions for the McCormick account. A

new lead engineer. I suggested you, and they were all in agreement. You're going to take the reigns. Are you up for it?"

"*What*? Are you kidding?"

"I know it must come as something of a shock. But I probably don't need to remind you that you'll make close to 50% more if you take our offer. And to be honest, I think the guys at corporate *might* go even higher if you play hardball. They need someone good on this job."

"I don't know what to say," I stammered, "of course I want to do it…"

"I knew you would," he said, smiling at me, "you're perfect for it. Your background, your expertise…"

"They're going to send you a new employment contract. This means that you'll be in the management sector now. So things will be different. A *good* different."

"Thanks, Derrick," I stammered, "I really can't thank you enough."

"Trust me," he said, "just saying 'yes' is enough for me. If we don't have someone good on the McCormick account, we're screwed. Just between you and me, Lyle Miller really fucked things up when he was in charge of it, so we need someone who can mend fences, so to speak. I think you'll do great."

"I will do my best," I promised.

"I know you will," said Derrick, "now why don't you go home and celebrate with Beth? I know she'll be thrilled to hear the news."

"About that," I said, "it seems like you've been texting with her a lot…"

"Oh? Is that right?" he said, his eyebrows raised in what seemed to be genuine surprise, "I guess maybe we have."

"It's not a big deal," I stammered, "just something I noticed on the phone bill."

"No," he said seriously, "it *is* a big deal. She's your wife. I probably got carried away. I didn't mean any harm. I'll erase her number."

"You don't have to do that…"

"I want to. I've clearly overstepped my boundaries. I just get so lonely sometimes…"

"Thank you," I said, suddenly feeling like I was being unreasonable, "and I'm sorry to hear that. About the loneliness, I mean."

"It's quite alright," he replied, "quite alright."

Chapter 5

Beth was happy to hear about my promotion, and if she seemed disappointed about the sudden lack of contact with Derrick, she didn't show it.

As Ronald Reagan liked to say, "trust, but verify," so I logged in to check our phone bill every day that week.

Like he'd promised, Derrick hadn't texted my wife a single time.

It seemed to have been a fleeting passion.

That's what I thought anyway, until one day when I came home an hour earlier than usual to find Beth's car in the driveway. This was the day that she normally stayed late at school for the monthly meeting with the other first and second–grade teachers, so I was a little taken aback.

I was even more taken aback when I walked into the foyer and heard a groan coming from the upstairs bedroom.

It was Beth.

My blood ran cold. Was she there? With *him*?

As if in answer to my question, I head her call out, as clear as day "I wish you were here with me," just before letting out yet another cry of desire.

I tiptoed up the stairs and stood just outside the locked bedroom door.

"Oh God, yes. Give it to me, baby. I need it…"

I heard the bed creak, and the sound of a something entering her quickly. It wasn't loud enough to be an actual man, however — especially not one the size of Derrick.

"Yes," she said, seeming to respond to a question, "yes, baby. Yes, *Daddy*."

She must have been on the phone with him. I was filled with a sudden surge of betrayal. At the same time, however, my cock was

rock hard.

I should have kicked the door in and told her we were getting a divorce. That's what a rational man would have done.

But something about hearing my wife in the throes of passion like this made me stop dead in my tracks.

I took out my cock and started to stroke it.

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "I want you big black dick. I need that cock so bad."

She stopped for a moment, giggling.

"It looks so good. God, I just want to treat you like you need to be treated. How long has it been?"

It *had* to be Derrick who she was talking to.

Of course. They'd been caught texting, so they'd just switched to a means of communication that I couldn't monitor on the phone bill. They were using an app.

You lying bastard, I muttered to myself, thinking of Derrick, *you cheating bitch*, I added, thinking of Beth.

But I didn't do anything about it.

"That's too long," she giggled, "I promise to make sure you *never* go that long without being satisfied again…"

"Yes, Daddy. Stroke it for me. Stroke that big black cock. God, you're like twice the size of Bryce…"

I cringed, looking down at my own hard cock. That couldn't *literally* be true, could it? That would make him like, what, 10 inches?

"I'm not kidding," she giggled again, "you look bigger and thicker than this dildo."

She didn't even *own* a dildo! Did she? I realized that my wife must have been keeping quite a few secrets from me.

"God, I can't wait to feel that monster inside me," she groaned, seeming to begin to fuck herself again, "I just need to feel you deep and hard. I need it so bad."

"Oh, Daddy. Yes. I will take your BBC. I promise to be a good girl for you…"

The absolute filthiness of what was coming out of my innocent wife's mouth, combined with the fact that she was clearly aroused by my boss's large endowment sent me over the edge. I ejaculated into the palm of my hand just as Beth seemed to climax as well.

I stood there for a few minutes, rooted to the spot, a mixture of disgust, self–loathing and rage filling me as I heard her whispering and giggling into her phone for a few minutes.

Pillow talk after video sex.

"Shit," she said suddenly, "I can't believe how late it is. I always lose track of time when I'm talking to you. I've gotta get cleaned up before he comes home."

I suddenly realized that I would have a lot of explaining to do if she came out into the hallway and saw me literally standing there with my dick in my hand.

I walked as quickly and quietly as I could to the guest bathroom and shut the door quietly. We never used this room, and Beth would have no reason to go in there at all, especially if she was concerned about being caught by me.

A few minutes later, I heard the shower in the master bedroom start up. It was safe for me to leave.

After I'd cleaned myself up, I walked back downstairs and sat at the kitchen table, my head in my hands.

*What the **fuck**!?*

My wife was cheating on me with my boss. My wife, the girl who was so innocent that she had been a virgin up until the age of 23, when she met me. *She* was calling my boss "Daddy" and begging for his big black cock.

It would have been unbelievable if I hadn't heard it all with my own ears. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the whole situation.

I closed my eyes, and imagined the sight of them together. God would that be fantastic. The visual alone would be completely erotic.

I shook my head. What was I thinking? Why was this turning me on so much?

I was hard again. Ready to fuck. Even though I knew that there was probably a snowball's chance in hell that Beth would let me near her tight wet pussy that night.

I wanted to punch the wall in frustration. I wanted to confront her, to confront both of them. But at the same time, I was also filled with another urge.

The urge to see just how far they would take this thing.

I wanted to watch them. In those few minutes, while Beth was in the shower, I made up my mind: I wouldn't say anything to either of them, and I would bide my time. I knew that they would be doing the same: waiting for the perfect opportunity to finally physically consummate the emotional relationship that they'd already begun.

Chapter 6

My promotion meant that I would be traveling a lot more, which I knew would be a very welcome fact for Derrick and Beth. The problem, however, was that I was going to have to *really* travel. In other words, there would be no way to "fake" a trip in order to stay behind and catch them *in flagranti*. I suspected that they wouldn't dare to try anything beyond video sex with me still in town.

Sure enough, about a week after I caught Beth engaging in mutual masturbation with him, Derrick called me in my office on the phone and announced that I would have to travel to New York that weekend to check on the McCormick site.

I had known that this trip was going to be necessary *sometime* this year, but I didn't expect it to be *this* soon. Still, it didn't seem to be a useless trip made up for the purpose of getting me to leave town, because the on–site engineer called me a moment after I got off the phone with Derrick and confirmed that my presence was sorely needed.

It was settled, then: I'd be flying out on Friday afternoon.

I imagined how overjoyed Beth and Derrick must have been. How fate had sent them this perfect opportunity to finally be together.

The night before I was going to leave, I watched Beth carefully. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. There was nothing in her nighttime routine that suggested that she was preparing for a forbidden rendezvous the moment I went to the airport. No signs of her being overjoyed at the prospect of finally experiencing bliss in the hands of her "Daddy" — Derrick.

I never in a million years would have believed that my wife could have been capable of this level of deception. A deception completely without visible remorse as well.

Before we said goodnight, Beth looked over at me with that same expression she had the first night she met Derrick.

“I guess I’d be a bad wife if I let my husband go off on his business trip…unsatisfied,” she said, smiling at me.

My cock became erect. As mad as I was, as upset as I was at the entire situation, I just couldn’t help myself.

She reached down and felt me. It was an uncharacteristically forward move for a woman who usually preferred to be more passive in bed.

“You’re hard, aren’t you?” she said, stroking me, “I guess we should do something about this.”

Even though I knew that it was probably all a show put on for my benefit (or else to assuage her guilt about planning to be unfaithful to me).

“I wouldn’t be against that,” I said, smiling.

“Do you like it when I stroke you like this?” she asked.

“I do,” I said, “I’d like it even better if I were inside you.”

“Mmm,” she said, “me too. But for tonight, let’s just do this. I think I’m getting my period.”

“Really? Didn’t you like just have it?”

“Maybe,” she said, “I’m not really sure. Anyway, I’m feeling kind of bloated and crampy.”

“Ok,” I said, not believing her but also being so horny that I didn’t want to spoil the mood by calling her out on her lie.

“Mmm good,” she said, stroking me a little faster, “just imagine poor old me, waiting up at home for you to come back. I’ll be so lonely in this big bed all alone. I don’t think you’ve ever taken a trip for work since we got married!”

I thought back on it. She was right.

“True,” I said, “I guess this promotion will mean I’ll be traveling a lot more.”

“Yeah,” she said, “just remember. Stay away from all those sexy moms in the airport bars. I know how those places are. So many

lonely businesswomen who would *love* to get their claws in an engineer."

"Don't worry," I said, "they have nothing on my cute brunette wife. She's all I'll ever need."

I kissed her as she continued to stroke me.

"And you don't have any strange men over here," I said, testing the waters.

"Mmm honey, I never would."

"You're never just a little bit curious?" I asked, my breathing getting ragged due to the skill of her stroking.

"No, honey. Everything I need is right here in my hand."

I had to hand it to her. Her acting was really convincing.

"Sure it's…big enough for you?"

"Of course, honey!"

"You've never been tempted at all…curious even… about something bigger?"

"Oh no," she said, "this is more than enough for me. You know how tight I am. How hard it is to stretch me out. I think if you were any bigger it would be impossible for me to handle. I like you just the way you are…"

"Do you even…fantasize about something larger…just theoretically?"

I was having trouble getting the words out. Beth could obviously tell how much this was turning me on.

"You like this, huh?" she said, smiling at me as she stroked me a little faster.

I nodded.

"You like imagining your wife with a larger man?"

If I had been in a normal state (that is, not extremely aroused and being stroked by my beautiful, busty petite wife), I would never

have admitted anything of the sort. But men sometimes think with their "second head" (as my father would have said) and so I found myself admitting to my deepest desires.

"Yeah," I said.

"Interesting," she said, smiling as if she'd just played a winning move in chess, a move whose strategic importance was not immediately obvious and would only be understood by her opponent long after it was too late to do anything.

She looked down at the sheets covering my cock as she stroked me.

"Maybe…theoretically…you'd like to watch me on my knees, taking a nice big cock in my mouth?"

God, I thought to myself, *has she been like this all along? Have I just not understood or noticed this side of Beth? Or did Derrick bring all of this out in her?*

"I think I might enjoy that," she continued, smiling at me, "I mean, it would be easier for me to be in control of that situation. I wouldn't have to worry about him hurting my poor tight little pussy…"

I couldn't take it anymore. I shot my load all over the sheets and my underwear, letting out a long groan. Beth had a look of triumph in her eyes. Triumph and satisfaction.

If I hadn't known better, I would have thought that she was happy about having pleased her husband. I knew, however, that she was happy at the fact that she had extracted very important information from me: that I was turned on by the idea of her being with another guy.

In effect, I had given preapproval to her infidelity. She could now excuse what she was about to do as completely justified, even if it was still done completely without my consent. Furthermore, all of the phone and video sex that she'd had with Derrick — all of her lusting after his large member and (even worse) the clear emotional yearning she felt with him — had been justified in retrospect.

She was, in her own mind, a free woman.

Feelings of guilt and anger began to overtake me. I stood up and went to the bathroom where I washed the cum off my hands and stomach.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I should talk to her. I should tell her that I knew about everything. Make her beg me not to divorce her.

I *should* do that. But something just wouldn't let me. In the back of my mind, there was a truth that I simply couldn't acknowledge: the idea of Beth cheating on me, especially with Derrick, was a *major* turn–on.

Chapter 7

That night, I could barely sleep. I finally drifted off just hours before my alarm went off. I had to be at the airport by 9:00 am, which normally would have been no problem, but the fact that I'd only slept a few hours meant that I was feeling incredibly sluggish.

Luckily, I had packed the night before, so I jumped into the shower quickly and then grabbed my suitcase, giving the happily sleeping Beth a quick peck on the cheek before heading down the stairs and out the door.

She's probably going to be on the phone with him the ***second*** *I start up my car,* I mumbled to myself.

I cursed again as I pulled out of the driveway. What was I doing? Going on a business trip when I knew almost for a fact that my boss was just waiting to fuck my wife behind my back?

At the same time, I knew that there were a lot of people counting on me. There was no way for me to back out of the trip, short of faking an illness.

It was too late for that now.

Reluctantly, with images of Beth and Derrick together flitting through my mind, I pulled out of the driveway and made my way to the airport.

I parked the car and made my way through security.

I walked to my gate, and then slumped into a chair and dozed off until my boarding group was called.

I got onto the plane and found my seat. Suddenly, my phone buzzed.

It was a text from Beth.

Have a great trip, honey!! Did you make it to the airport ok?

She was checking up on me. Making sure the coast was clear. That must have meant that she wasn't with Derrick yet.

My heart fell. If I got into off the plane now, I might have been able to catch them. But that would have meant abandoning the trip.

As I thought about the passion that I'd heard in Beth's voice when I'd caught her talking to Derrick on her phone. Fucking herself with that mysterious dildo that I still hadn't found.

What I wouldn't have given to have been there and seen it with my own eyes. Their first touch. Their first kiss. That first time he slipped himself inside her.

The look on Beth's face as she experienced his size for the first time.

I put my head down on the seat in front of mine. Just then, my phone buzzed.

This time, it was a phone call from Miguel Lorenzo, my contact on the McCormick project.

"Hey, Bryce," he said, an edge of worry in his voice, "glad I caught you. You didn't take off yet, did you?"

"No, but I'm on the plane."

"Oh ok. I'll keep this short. We've run into some setbacks. The county inspector just shut us down."

"What? How is that possible?"

"Looks like some of our subcontractors didn't do their due diligence," he sighed, "they tried to cut too many corners. And now that whole thing is going to be on hold for at least a month until we figure out what the hell is going on."

"So my trip…?"

"Pointless, at this point. Take the weekend off. I mean, if you wanted to stay on the plane and just enjoy a few nights at the hotel, I'm sure corporate wouldn't have a problem with that. But you're not going to be of any use to us here."

"I see," I said, standing as the other travelers filed past me on the way to their seats.

"I'd say get off that plane if you still can. I'm really sorry to do this to you. I told you the second that I found out."

"I'm getting off now," I said, smiling at a large middle–aged woman pushing her way down the aisle.

I hung up the phone and then caught the eye of a flight attendant who was standing in the emergency exit row just a few feet in front of me.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I said, "I just had an emergency come up. I'm going to need to get off the plane if that's still possible."

"Oh," she said, her face filled with concern, "I'm so sorry to hear that. Yes, it's still possible. The captain hasn't sealed the doors yet. Just give me a moment to clear the aisle."

"Thanks."

She picked up a phone and communicated with another attendant, who made an announcement requesting the other passengers to make way for me.

There were some grumbles as people had to cram themselves into rows of seats with other passengers already sitting in them, but everyone complied.

I felt like a celebrity, not like a man about to watch his wife cuckold him.

I nodded and smiled graciously as I threaded my way down the aisle and off the plane, thanking the attendants profusely as I passed back down the ramp and out into the airport.

On the plane, about to take off now, I texted to Beth, as soon as I was clear of the gate *I love you.*

Chapter 8

My deception complete, I raced to the parking lot and jumped into my car. In less than half an hour, I was back home.

I knew that there was a chance that they'd be at his place. Or a hotel. Truthfully, it would have been a lot smarter of them to get a room a few towns over (or downtown), where no one was likely to notice them.

But, as luck would have it, as I drove past our house, I saw Derrick's black jeep parked in the driveway.

He wasn't even trying to hide it. It was completely blatant. They didn't care at all. They were so secure in their conviction that I was on that plane and would be gone for the weekend.

I knew that *I* would have to go out of my way to avoid being seen, however, so I parked on the street a few blocks away and made my way back to my house on foot, leaving my suitcase in the car so that I could travel lighter.

I took a shortcut through my neighbor's yard a street away that led into my own backyard. I was suddenly grateful for the fact that we'd never built a privacy fence. I was able to approach my house easily from the back.

I unlocked the sliding door, patting myself on the back for having chosen such a heavy, smooth–functioning model that opened completely silently into the kitchen. The blinds were open, so I knew that they weren't waiting on the other side of the door.

I slipped off my shoes as soon as I got inside, then closed the door quietly behind me.

I could already hear Beth's giggling from upstairs.

Shit. They were already in the bedroom.

They hadn't lost any time, had they? He must have been sitting in his car waiting for her to give him the signal to come over.

I crept to the foot of the stairs, listening to small snippets of conversation. Beth's voice was now joined by a lower, masculine one.

I knew it already. It was Derrick.

"Damn," he said, "you look great."

Was she stripping for him? Modeling her lingerie?

I got on my hands and knees to distribute my weight more evenly and avoid creaking on the stairs as I pulled myself ever higher, towards my own bedroom, the very bedroom I had left only a couple of hors previously.

I was overjoyed to see that the bedroom door had been left open a crack. The two lovers must have been in such a hurry — and so secure in the fact that I was presumed to be traveling away from them at hundreds of miles an hour — that they had neglected to shut and lock the door.

Luckily for me, Beth and Derrick were too wrapped up in each other (literally) to see me as I knelt on the carpet in the hallway, peering through the crack in the door. I was down low enough that they would have to have been looking for me specifically to notice my presence, and at the moment, they didn't notice any one but each other.

Beth's arms were extended up around her lovers neck as he bent down, craning his neck to kiss her. She was kneeling on the bed, which raised her a few inches above her normal height, but the two still strained to bring their lips together.

"This is a little more awkward than in my imagination," giggled Beth, "I think my neck is going to get stiff."

"Please allow me," Derrick countered chivalrously, grabbing her under the buttocks and lifting her into his arms easily.

"Wow," she gasped, "you're so strong."

But before she could say anything else, their lips were pressed together once again, and their tongues intertwined.

This was nothing like the filthy, nasty sex that they had been imagining during their video call. This was something different.

It was like watching two people in love finally coming together.

I realized that this was even worse than hearing her call him "Daddy" and talk about his big cock. This was something more profound and infinitely more dangerous for my marriage, which, I realized, was now basically over.

Given this fact, I decided that I should document my wife's infidelity, for the purposes of showing it to my attorney.

At least that's what I told myself. I knew somewhere deep inside that I was also hoping to capture this magic moment, to relive it in private over and over again, no matter how traumatic it proved to be.

My cock was hard as I watched the two lovers begin to explore each other's bodies. Derrick held Beth securely as she pawed at his biceps, admiring them and whispering soft sweet things that I couldn't catch.

For his part, Derrick's hands were all over my wife's ass, though he also managed to take one of her full breasts into his hand and tease her nipples, causing her to coo softly and rub her mound against the huge bulge in his pants.

Finally, he dropped her gently onto her back on the bed and loomed over her, kissing her gently and sensually on the lips and nipples as he removed her clothes. At the same time, she was working hard on his belt, which was quite large and tightly enough fastened as to exert quite a bit of resistance to her dainty fingers.

With a bit of help, however, she finally had him unbuckled and was pawing greedily at the bulge. My own cock was out now and I was stroking myself with my left hand while I wielded the phone in my right, capturing as much of the encounter as I could.

I realized that the gravity of the situation I was witnessing hadn't fully hit me yet. I was still too shocked — and aroused — to accept that my wife, who had only ever made love to me before,

was about to make love to another man for the first time. Not only that, I realized that even if they stopped short of consummating their relationship in this exact moment, her betrayal of her marriage vows to me would be just as great. Because what I could see in her eyes, in her every word and movement, was proof of one thing:

Beth was a woman in love. And not with me.

Derrick had her clothes off now. Beth was completely naked, on her back on the bed, and he was kissing down her chest as he parted her thighs gently. She moaned in anticipation and delight as his trail of kisses got ever closer to her lower lips. Finally, I watched her face as his head disappeared between her legs and he began to make love to this most intimate of parts of her with his lips and tongue.

I glanced into the full–length mirror opposite the bed, which allowed me to the see the action from a different vantage point. I saw Derrick's bald head gently rising and falling as he pleasured Beth, whose face was contorted in the kind of expression I associated with her orgasm.

"Oh God, baby, yes," she moaned, "I'm going to come for you."

"That's a good girl," he purred into her mound, "come for Daddy."

"Only if you promise to fuck me," she squealed, pressing her thighs together around his head.

"I promise," he replied, his voice muffled by her thighs.

She closed her eyes and her face flushed as she bit down on her lip. Beth looked absolutely beautiful when she orgasmed.

Scenes of our first few times together flashed through my mind. I remembered our wedding night, and the rain on the window of our hotel in Marseilles, the third night of our honeymoon when I thought that nothing could compare to the intensity of our two bodies coming together, that we would need nothing but each other for the rest of our lives.

A tear came to my eye as I realized that this had been an illusion. At least for her. Perhaps that moment really *had* been the greatest peak of passion that I would ever experience. But I was now witnessing Beth surpass any moment of ecstasy that she had enjoyed with me and move into a new realm, a realm of the senses that she shared only with Derrick.

"Damn that was hot," he said, once her hips had stopped ululating.

"That was amazing," she sighed, "I'm dizzy. I need a minute."

"Take your time, baby," he said, his voice a resonant bass, "we've got all weekend."

"I can't believe it," she gasped, "I can't believe it's really finally happening. After all those nights of texting. Those video chats. I never thought it would be real. But now here you are. Here *we* are. Together."

"Believe it," he said, "it's real. All of it."

He ran his fingers down over her breasts and stomach again, caressing her.

Why was I sticking around and watching this? I had the evidence that I needed. More than enough to prove my wife's infidelity and her guilt in the dissolution of our marriage. Right now, I should stand up and tell them that they'd been caught. Derrick might try to hit me, of course, but I was fairly certain that the element of surprise would allow me to escape before he was able to catch me.

In that moment, I knew the answer. I wasn't going to leave because I had an intense desire to watch the final consummation of their illicit liaison.

I wanted to watch Beth take his big, black cock.

A few minutes later, I finally had my chance.

Chapter 9

They exchanged soft, short kisses and whispers of tender words that I could not understand while they lay next to each other on the bed, Derrick's body hanging halfway off it while Beth was comfortably on the mattress. He was shirtless, but his bugle was still concealed by his boxer shorts, his pants having been discarded on the floor of the room during their extended cunnilingus session.

Beth seemed desperate to feel him. Both her hands were rubbing him, and she smiled at him in disbelief.

"I can't believe I'm going to see it in real life."

"Are you scared, babe? You seemed kinda scared on the video chat."

She nodded, biting her lip and giving him a coy look.

"We can take it really, really slow."

"I know," she said, "but I want it all. I want to learn how to take you. All of you."

"Alright," he said, "but you need to let me know if I'm hurting you."

"What if I *want* it to hurt, just a little?"

A few months ago, I never would have imagined in a million years that I would hear my wife saying such incredibly sexual things to any man, me included. But here she was, confessing to her own forbidden, illicit extramarital desires.

"Are you finally going to let me suck it?" she asked, sitting up on the edge of the bed now.

He stood, raising himself to his full height and looming up next to her, his crotch perfectly parallel with her face.

She swallowed hard and looked up at him.

"May I? Please, Daddy?"

“Yes, baby,” he said, his deep voice resonating throughout the room once again, “get me nice and hard.”

He reached down and stripped his boxers to the knees with a single stroke. Beth gasped in surprise and delight as his long black member flopped out and slapped her on the cheek.

I almost gasped myself when I saw the slab he was packing in his shorts. Beth hadn’t been kidding or exaggerating in the least when she’d said he was perhaps twice my length and girth.

I was completely outmanned. There was no way I would be able to compete with a cock like that one, any more than I would have been able to beat Derrick (who was probably 6’4” tall to my 5’10”) in a boxing match.

Nature had simply given us different endowments. We were unequal, and I was beginning to realize that I was ok with that.

Beth held his member in her hands for a moment, admiring it as she felt its weight.

“It’s way bigger than my dildo,” she said in awe, “I honestly thought that it would be about the same size.”

“Well it’s a good thing that you got that toy so you could prepare yourself for the real thing.”

“I don’t think *anything* could have prepared me for this. Not Bryce’s little thing, that’s for sure.”

I felt a shiver go down my spine at the mention of my name.

“Forget that little man for now,” he said, “just focus on us.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, looking up at him as she took the tip of his cock into her mouth for the first time.

What followed was a session of what I can only describe as “worship.” I’d heard the term “cock worship” before, but I never really understood what it entailed. Not until I watched my own wife — the woman who I had thought I would spend the rest of my life with — pleasure my boss for the better part of half an hour.

She started out gently, sensually, exploring every inch of his dark black dick with her lips and tongue, massaging the length of his shaft with her soft mouth, letting his masculine hardness experience the contrast of her feminine tenderness.

He ran his fingers gently through her hair as she tasted him, whispering words of encouragement as she worked.

She looked up at him frequently, communicating with her eyes. Eventually, she began to establish a rhythm, taking his head deeper and deeper into her mouth while she stroked his spit–slick shaft with both of her hands. I was genuinely astonished at the depth to which she was able to accommodate his large member. Had she been practicing sucking the dildo as well?

It didn't seem that far–fetched, based on what I was seeing. In fact, it seemed highly probable. He had most likely given her instruction via video, telling him exactly how he liked it so that their first time together would be truly magical.

Derrick was moaning and sighing now as she kissed down the underside of his shaft and began to lick his balls, first one, then the other, each of them the size of plums in her mouth. She moaned and sighed, as if the act of sucking itself was giving her immense pleasure.

For all I knew, it was. I knew that a woman in love could feel pleasure at being the vehicle of her lover's pleasure, in much the same way that I often derived satisfaction at making my wife come.

"Enough," he said, finally, "it's time. I need to be inside you."

"Yes, Daddy," she whispered, letting his cock fall out of her mouth as she lay back on the bed.

He bent forward, pulling her ass to the edge of the bed and parting her legs.

I was breathing fast now, so close to the edge of orgasm.

I watched as he positioned the head of his cock at the entrance to her swollen pussy. I'd never seen her this wet before. Never seen

her so wide open.

"Give it to me now. Please."

Her tone was pleading. Desperate.

He pushed forward and she cried out, I didn't know if it was in pleasure or pain. Derrick obviously also didn't know, because he stopped, too, then pulled back and asked her if everything was all right.

"It's perfect," she sighed, collapsing back into the sheets.

He pushed the second third of his cock into her, parting her lips and causing her hips to quiver.

"Oh God," she moaned, "I can't believe how big you are. I think I'm… I don't believe it…"

"Just relax, babe."

His voice was soft and reassuring.

"Just breathe through it."

She nodded and bit her lip, the tears coming to the corners of her eyes as he pushed all the way inside her, bottoming out before slowly sliding back out and readying the next stroke.

In three or four more strokes, she was there again.

Beth was coming. It was an incredible sight, to see my petite yet stacked white wife enjoying her first (and probably last) black cock. The contrast was, as I had predicted, incredible: her pale white skin being penetrated by this column of black flesh thicker than her arm.

"Oh yes. Take it. Take me, Daddy!" she wailed.

Derrick began to increase the pace of his thrusts now, talking her through it.

"That's it," he said, "just relax and enjoy it. Relax and enjoy the fucking I'm going to give you. Just breathe with me. Like we practiced on the video, ok?"

She nodded, whimpering a little as she looked up at him submissively.

All this time, my boss had been training my little white wife to take his big black cock. For how long?

"I need it, Daddy," she gasped, "oh yes. Please give it to me. I want to take it all the way."

He grabbed her legs now, and stood up to almost his full height, pushing them back to hit an entirely different part of her.

"Oh fuck," she groaned, reacting to the new angle, "I never thought… I never felt it like that…"

"That's cause you've never been with a real man," he growled, his voice taking on a mocking tone.

It was as if he knew that I was there, watching them, and he was ready to rub it in my face. The man who was my boss was also now giving my wife the fucking of a lifetime.

I looked on in awe as I watched this absolute masterclass in pipe laying that unfolded before my eyes. He thrust into her with her legs to the side, then above her head, then on the other side. In each and every position, he gave Beth a powerful, shuddering orgasm.

I almost thought that she was going to ask him to stop, that's how intense the pleasure seemed. After a while, the orgasms came so rapidly that I quickly lost count. It seemed like she didn't even have a chance to come down from one climax before another began.

"Oh God, I can't believe it," was all she was able to say as her lover brought her to one orgasm after another.

No longer did she need to "breathe through it." She didn't need his coaching. Not anymore. She had simply submitted to him entirely, and was allowing him to take control of her body and her pleasure.

"God you feel good," he moaned, "I'm going to come soon."

“I want you too,” she squealed, “I want your cum inside me. Please, Daddy. Please.”

“Let’s try something,” he said, pulling out and the grabbing her and flipping her onto her hands and knees.

He was going in doggy–style. Even though they had started their encounter with the tenderness of lovers who were finally able to come together, they were ending it like two people in absolute lust for each other, two people who felt the primal urge to breed.

He grabbed her hair as he slammed himself into Beth from behind, pulling it back as she moaned in encouragement.

“God damn,” he growled, “I can’t believe how tight you are. This is my pussy now, you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy!” she moaned enthusiastically, thrusting her hips back against him, “it’s yours.”

“You don’t let your husband’s little dick near it ever again. You understand?”

“No, Daddy. It’s all yours,” she groaned.

“That’s right.”

He gave her a spank and then let out a yell as he emptied his huge balls into her at long last, pumping my small wife full of his potent sperm.

That was the moment that it occurred to me that he wasn’t wearing a condom. Beth wasn’t on birth control. We’d been toying with the idea of having a kid (though we hadn’t really started trying, due to our marital issues) so we didn’t use protection. Besides, we had sex so infrequently it was rarely an issue.

Now, however, it was a *huge* issue. My hung boss had just deposited a massive load of cum directly into my wife’s vagina.

In that moment, however, I was too aroused to think about that rationally. I dropped my phone onto the soft carpet, then shot my load into my hand.

I grabbed my phone and slid on my knees silently down the hall to the guest bathroom that we never used, then slowly, carefully clicked it shut.

I locked the door as an insurance policy, then began to hatch an evil plan.

After I had wiped my hands off on some toilet paper (I didn't dare use the faucet in case they heard), I sat on the bathroom floor and pulled out my phone.

Trip canceled, I wrote, *I went to the office for a few minutes. Coming home now.*

Chapter 10

Only a few seconds after I pressed "send," I heard a cry of despair come from the bedroom, followed by a "fuck!"

"What the hell," said Derrick, "what did he say?"

I heard him pick up his own phone. He was probably calling Miguel to confirm.

"Ok. Ok, thanks. Yep."

"Shit," he said.

I couldn't make out the rest of what they said to each other. I only heard Derrick's footsteps on the stairs a few minutes later, then his car peeling out of the driveway.

I couldn't help but feel a little snug at having put a damper on their romantic weekend. Sure, they'd finally gotten to make love, but now they wouldn't be allowed to lay around in bed whispering sweet nothings in each other's ears while they nibbled on grapes and sipped champagne.

No, now Beth was going to have to face the consequences of her betrayal.

I listened carefully. I didn't hear her move from the bedroom. What kind of game was she playing?

Just then, my phone buzzed.

*That's a surprise. Why don't you come upstairs as soon as you get home? I've got a surprise for **you**, too!*

*What the **fuck**?*

I sat for a moment in stunned silence, staring at my phone.

She wasn't making any kind of effort to clean up. Derrick was gone, but she was still there.

I waited a few minutes then, swallowed hard and stepped out of the bedroom, walking down the hall with heavy footsteps.

It would probably be weird that she didn't hear the door, but I didn't know how else to fake it without going outside and coming in again, and that seemed too risky.

"Hey, babe," she said cheerfully, reclining on her back in her negligee on the bed.

My eyes darted to the dildo lying on the bed next to her.

It was long and thick and black, but nowhere near the size of Derrick.

So this was how she was playing it.

"The truth is," she started, "after our little…encounter last night, I started craving a little something myself."

This didn't make any sense. I had been ready to have sex with her the night before. She was the one who turned me down.

"I thought your period was starting," I said, regarding her suspiciously.

"I thought so too," she said, "but I checked my phone. It's not due until next week. I must have just been feeling a little funny. It happens from time to time."

"Ok," I said, "but where did *that* come from?"

"Oh, this?" she laughed, "I was going to show it to you when you got back from the trip. After our conversation about size, I thought you might be into me trying it, so I went out . You said the idea of me with a larger man turned you on, after all…"

She had me there. I was trapped. I had to admire how quickly she'd thought up this plan, and in only a couple of minutes. It was completely plausible, or would have been, had I not had a long video of her and Derrick making love.

I sniffed the air. I could smell the sex.

"I've already been…having fun," she said, blushing a little, "I couldn't help it. Want to join me?"

She tapped the bedsheets, which I knew were still wet with her and Derrick's lovemaking.

I loosened my tie and flopped down on the bed next to her, kissing her. She kissed back, as passionately as ever. Something about the fact that she had just been kissing another man made this kiss the sweetest in our entire marriage.

My arousal seemed to increase in proportion to the depth of her betrayal. The fact that she was now lying to me, trying to cover it all up, made me suddenly incredibly hard.

"I want you," I gasped, almost beside myself with desire.

This hadn't been my plan — to the extent that I had had a plan when I decided to text her from the bathroom. I had imagined storming in and throwing her infidelity in her face, showing her the video and telling her to pack her things and get out of our house.

Instead, here I was, making out with her and more aroused than ever by it.

"I want you, too, honey," she whispered, "but I'm too sore for sex. I want you to go down on me."

I felt a shiver go down my spine. Surely she didn't think that I'd fail to notice that another man had come inside her? That I wouldn't taste Derrick's sperm?

Was that what she *wanted*? Was she playing a perverse game of her own?

Why did I find myself, without arguing or asking questions, moving down the bed until my head was between her legs? Why did I find myself opening my mouth and licking her sopping wet pussy.

"That's it, Bryce. Oh shit that feels good. It's so tender from the dildo still. But your tongue is great."

I almost gagged as the first gob of Derrick's sperm hit my tongue. It took all I had to choke it down and swallow it.

Then, however, after that first mouthful, the second one was easier. And the third, and the fourth and so on.

"That's so good," she said, "I made kind of a mess out of myself with the dildo. There's a lot to clean up."

I moaned my affirmation into her cunt.

"That's it," she said, "a little deeper. Get your tongue down in there, Bryce."

I stuck my tongue as deep as I could into her cunt, scooping out every last gob of Derrick's spunk, even though I gagged while I did it.

She *must* have known what she was doing. There was simply no other explanation for why she was behaving this way.

"That's so good," she groaned, "a little lower. I need you to clean my ass, too."

This was a first for us. She'd never asked me to lick her ass before, and it had never occurred to me to do so. Why was she asking for it now, just after cuckolding me? Was she trying to rub her infidelity in my face — literally?

I shifted down, tasting her tight rosebud for the first time. It was different, but not unpleasant, much like the sounds that were now coming from Beth's mouth.

"God yes, babe," she moaned, "oh shit, I'm so sensitive. You're going to make me come. Keep licking my ass. Go deeper, babe…"

I pressed my tongue forward, trying to burrow as deeply into her hole as possible as she bucked her hips against my face. She was close. Very close. I could feel it.

"Eat my ass, Bryce. That's a good boy."

She'd never talked to me like this before. It was totally foreign. But I wasn't thinking about that now. I was thinking about how hard my cock was, and how good it felt to be doing something so degrading. Either I was discovering something about myself, or else Beth had figured out something about me. One way or another, I was eating my wife's ass after she'd been creampied by her lover, and I was loving it.

"Here I come. I'm coming, baby. Don't stop…"

And so Beth reached a powerful climax with my tongue in her asshole. I could feel every contraction through her anus. It was a different, but not totally unexpected sensation.

When it was over, I fell over onto my side, my erection tenting my pants. She grinned at me and unzipped them, taking it out.

"I know everything," I said, as she closed her hand around my shaft.

"Oh yeah?" she said, looking at me with her innocent eyes, "what do you mean?"

"You and Derrick," I panted.

She grinned at me.

"Everything?"

"Everything," I said, unable to muster the amount of anger that really would have been warranted by the situation.

"So you must have guessed that you just cleaned up his cum from my pussy?"

I nodded.

She laughed.

"You did such a good job, honey. In fact, such a good job that I should let you cum now."

"Please," I begged her, on the edge of an incredibly powerful orgasm.

"Not so fast. We've got to get a few things straight first," she said, chuckling again.

"Anything," I said.

She stopped, letting my cock stand red and angry while she looked at it with amusement.

"First of all," she said, "we're *not* getting a divorce, ok?"

"Why not?" I was genuinely shocked.

"Because I need you around to pay the bills, silly."

"That's not fair…"

"I didn't *say* it was going to be *fair*, honey," she laughed, "just that it would be better for both of us."

"Ok," I said, my cock doing the talking for me.

"Something else," she said, "I feel really bad about the way that I've treated you. I really do. It was wrong of me to get so emotionally involved with another man. But I really couldn't help it. You believe me, don't you?"

She fixed me with her beautiful blue eyes. They were watery. She looked so repentant. Innocent, even.

"I could see how it might happen," I said, "the two of you had such a connection that night. You started talking, and the rest became inevitable…"

"It was fate," she said, her voice breaking, "true love. Like in the movies. He just *gets* me, you know? In every way…"

"I understand," I said, my own voice cracking, "I don't like it, but I understand…"

Why had I said that? Something inside me couldn't help it.

"So what…will we do?" I asked her.

"You can still live here," she said, "just move into the guest room. You can do the chores, pay the bills. Who knows? You might even be changing diapers someday."

"And what do I get out of it?"

"*Get* out of it? Well, if you do a good job, I guess I could let you clean me out after Derrick and I make love. You really seemed to like that."

"I did," I stammered, "I enjoyed it."

"Good," she said, "because that's the only sexual contact you're getting from me from now on. Derrick said so. He probably wouldn't have even wanted me to let you see me in this nightie."

"But —," I said, looking at my stiff cock.

My heart ached as I watched her stand and straighten the fabric of her negligee, letting it fall back into place around her curves.

"Sorry," she said, "you'll just have to finish yourself off. I've got to go call Derrick and tell him the good news. But first I'm going to take a shower. It's been a long morning!"

What had I just agreed to? This wasn't what I had in mind at all. *I* was supposed to be the one in control. *I* was going to take the two of them by surprise. To confront them with their terrible breach of trust. To show them what horrible people they were…

Horrible why, exactly? Because they had fallen in love?

I began to stroke my cock while I heard Beth singing under the shower.

I closed my eyes and imagined Derrick pressing into her for the first time. I saw Beth's face again, the way she'd closed her eyes as her lips parted in ecstasy…

A moment later, I exploded all over my hand. As I grabbed the tissues to clean up, I slowly realized what I had agreed to.

Even though I knew that I could still get out of everything, that it wasn't too late for me to back out of what I'd said to Beth, I couldn't deny that it all made a certain kind of sense. Derrick was superior to me in a lot of ways. It was hard to disagree with the idea that Beth had simply landed a better man. What about me, though? Would I be able to land a better woman?

I thought about it for a while. I might not have been as tall and hung as Derrick, and certainly not as confident, but I still made good money and was in decent shape. I could carry on a conversation. I wasn't a bad catch by any means.

I sighed and closed my eyes, listening as Beth stopped the water. Her phone rang, and from the other side of the door, I could hear her talking to Derrick.

"No," she said, "no. Everything's fine. No, I'm serious! I took care of everything. Yes. Yes. Just come over here, and we'll all talk about it together…"

That was the moment that I knew: I could never be happy in a normal relationship. It wasn't a coincidence that I'd found a woman who ended up cuckolding me. If I broke free of Beth and Derrick, I'd just find another Beth.

I couldn't fight it. I might as well embrace it.

And that is the story of how I moved into the guest room of my own house, so that my boss could move in with my wife.

Almost every night, I would listen to them make love. A couple of times, I tried to record it. I captured some audio, but never a video as clear as that first time.

In many ways, that's ok with me, because I know that nothing — no other audio or video recording, that is — could ever possible match the purity and passion of my wife's first encounter with a big black cock. The cock of the man she loved: Derrick.

That video became a friend to me, and in the worst moments of the coming months and year, it was my solace. Neither one of them knew that I had stored it on my phone. Hell, neither one of them even suspected that I had made it.

Yes, dear reader, neither one of them knew that I had captured that most intimate of moments: **Beth going black**.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for purchasing or borrowing this book! Every time someone buys my book it helps me support myself as a writer and allows me to produce even more of your favorite smutty size-queen, cuckold, BBC and hotwife stories. It is truly appreciated.

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

Follow me on amazon here.

Follow me on twitter here.

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BRIE GETS BLACKED

When Brie comes back from visiting her ailing mother for the weekend, her husband Tyler can tell that something about her has changed. Instead of being depressed about her mother's condition, his wife suddenly seems happier than she ever has been before. It doesn't make any sense.

With a little spying, Tyler discovers the reason for his wife's newfound good mood: a tall, handsome, and totally alpha airline pilot named Peter, who has a BBC to match his outsized confidence, professional expertise and good looks.

In fact, Brie's new lover is even bigger than Tyler, who has always considered himself well-endowed.

When Brie's affair with Peter becomes too obvious to ignore, Tyler finds himself in a dilemma: will he leave his wife forever, giving her up to her superior black lover, or will the three of them arrive at some kind of other agreement that Tyler can live with?

One thing's for certain: once BRIE GETS BLACKED, nothing will be the same! BRIE GETS BLACKED is a 12,000 word cuckold size-queen novelette featuring an emotional and physical affair between a wife and her larger lover, as well as clean-up by the husband.

BELLA GETS BLACKED

Jason's wife Bella has always been shy about her body. But now, after some pregnancy-related weight gain, she's feeling especially down. Determined to shed some pounds once and for all, she hires a personal trainer.

Jason is excited by his wife's physical transformation. But when he finds out that her personal trainer isn't a woman, as he had assumed, but rather a tall, fit, intelligent, handsome and hung black man named Darryl, his ultimate fantasy of seeing his wife with a BBC starts to collide with reality.

After the two men clash during an awkward conversation, Darryl vows to seduce Bella, right under Jason's nose. Soon, Bella seems to be falling for Darryl's alpha charms, and Jason finds himself in between his wife's new desires and her new lover.

But what will happen to Jason and Bella's marriage, now that Darryl is in the picture? Open this book to find out. One thing is certain, however: once BELLA GETS BLACKED, nothing will ever be the same again.

BECCA GETS BLACKED

Mike's wife Becca is a modest country girl who has a hard time owning her own sexiness. He's very proud to be married to her and gets a thrill out of showing her off at company functions.

But when Mike's workplace bully, a rival scientist named Steve, takes a look at Becca and likes what he sees, their marriage will never be the same. The handsome, intelligent and totally alpha Steve has one asset that Mike doesn't: a BBC. And that doesn't have anything to do with British television, even if Becca is naive enough to think so.

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike's nose. Before long, he's not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet, inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

Becca, comparing the size of her two lovers, sees a clear difference: Steve is the superior man.

Now Mike must make a choice: stay with Becca and accept the humiliation that comes with watching her and her new lover, or strike out on his own, accepting that his marriage is over.

One thing is for certain: after Becca gets blacked, nothing will be the same…

Table of Contents

BETH GOES BLACK
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10
Other books by Cynthia Sizemore