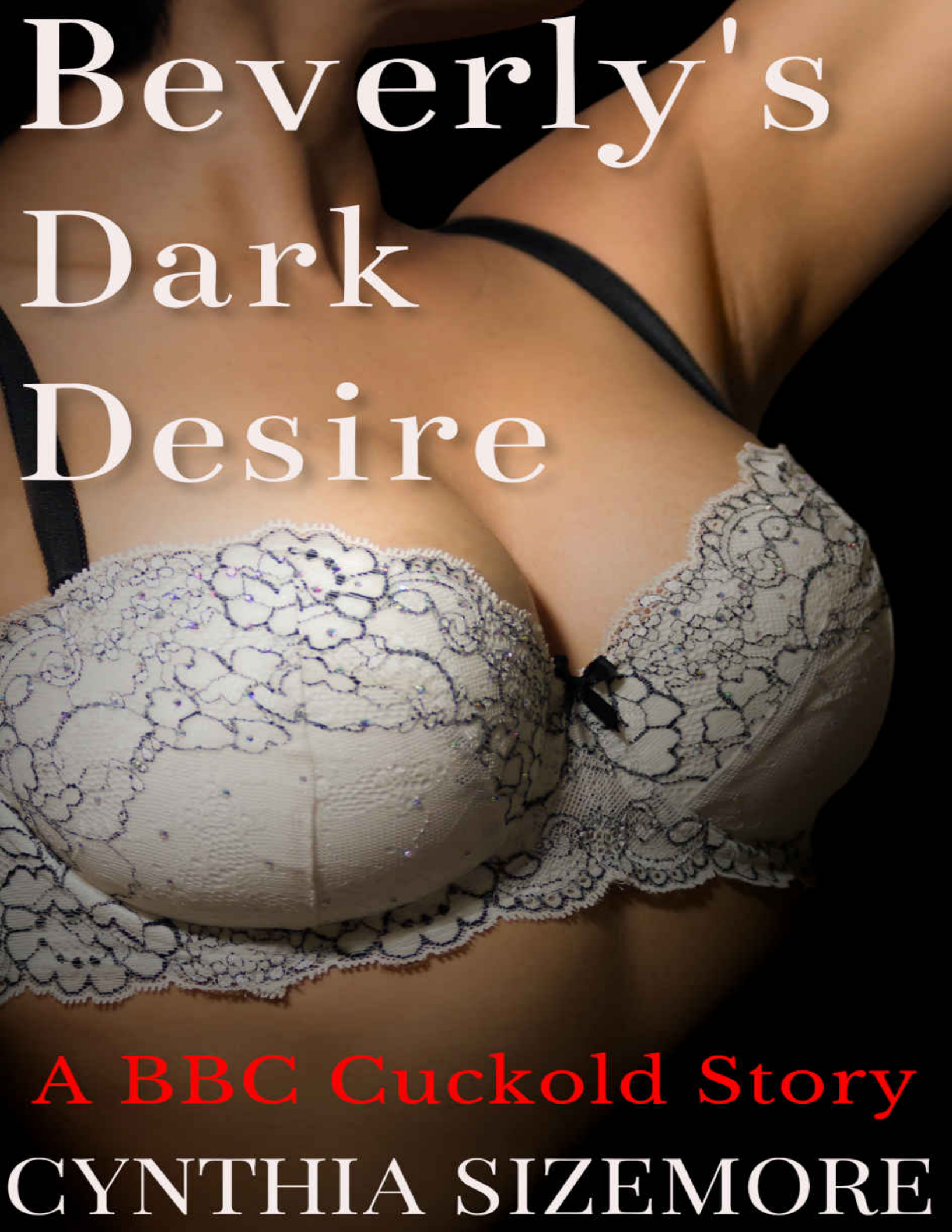

Beverly's Dark Desire
A BBC Cuckold Story
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

By Cynthia Sizemore

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BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

Chapter 1: Intimations

Do you ever just have a feeling about something? Something that you just can't explain, but that you *know* is true?

That's what happened the night that Bev came back from the parent–teacher conference with our son Matt's geography teacher. I hadn't been able to go, because I coach Bradley's soccer team, and we had a match that evening. Bradley is Matt's younger brother. Matt is 15 and Bradley is 9.

I'm Alvin. No jokes about the Chipmunks, please. I've heard them all.

My wife, Beverly, is 41. She's beautiful. In the prime of her life. A real "milf" if you ask me, even if she would *never* describe herself as such in a million years. She's much too modest, and (if you ask me) self–conscious about what she perceives as her flaws, even though what everyone *else* sees is simply an attractive older woman who might have a couple of gray hairs, but who stays in incredible shape through her spin and Pilates classes.

Oh yeah. And she's got a great ass, too, and boobs that are still so perky that some people who meet her think that she's had work done (she hasn't).

Her hair is dark blond. She calls it "ash–blond," and strongly identifies *as* a blond. She's pale and blue–eyed.

Half Irish, half German. *All* sexy.

Seriously. I *love* the way my wife looks, and I'll do anything to please her in the bedroom. Even if that means *not* pleasing her in the bedroom as often as I'd like to. Unfortunately, around the time that this story takes place, our sex life had seriously dropped off.

Bev just wasn't as interested as she used to be. Maybe it was the stress of her job as a nurse, or the pressures of being a mom to two very active boys, but she just wasn't in the mood very often anymore. More often than not, I was lucky to make love to her once a month. Bev seemed completely fine with this arrangement. I'd tried talking to her about it, but she had assured me that nothing was wrong; she just wasn't feeling especially sexy these days – no matter how often I assured her that she would always be incredibly attractive to me.

So I started doing something that I never had before. I started looking for gratification on the internet. I started watching porn, in other words.

I gravitated towards interracial cuckold porn, for reasons I can't entirely explain. Maybe because it was taboo. Maybe because some of the older actresses had bodies that reminded me of Beverly's. Whatever the reason, I became more and more fixed on the fantasy of seeing my wife with another man.

More about that, though, later.

Back to the intuition I had that night. The night of the parent–teacher conference. Bev was humming when she came into the

kitchen. Humming a happy tune. Something that she used to do when we were dating, but hadn't done in a long time.

"Wow, is Matt doing *that* great?" I asked her, giving her a peck on the cheek.

"What?" she said, as if coming out of a reverie, "uh, no. He's actually *not* doing well. We're going to have to have a talk with him."

"So why are you so happy?"

"Am I?"

I could sense the happiness radiating from her.

"Well, you're practically glowing," I said, "so something must have happened."

"Oh," she said, suddenly flustered, "I guess…"

She took off her gloves (it was late fall, and the weather had begun to get cold).

"It's silly, really. But I can't help it."

"What can't you help?"

"It's really embarrassing," she continued, "but Mr. Robinson – do you remember him?"

"The tall, muscular guy with the shaved head. The Black guy. Right?"

"That's right."

"What about him?"

"Well," she said, "he told me I was beautiful."

"Oh *did* he, now?" I said, smiling at her, "and how come your *husband* doesn't get the same reaction when I tell you the same thing, like five times a day?"

She smiled.

"I told you it was silly," she said, snuggling up to me, "I guess it's just nice to hear that from someone who *isn't* trying to sleep with you."

"Why are you so certain he *wasn't* trying to sleep with you?"

"Ha. Ha," she said, "he knows I'm married. And I'm sure that he has a girlfriend or something."

"Those things don't always stop people, you know."

"I know that," she said, "but Mr. Robinson doesn't seem like the kind of type of guy to try to get someone to cheat. And trust me: you have *nothing* to worry about it. You know that."

She leaned in and gave me a long kiss.

"Maybe not," I said, "but maybe this would be fun to discuss further...in bed tonight."

"You're bad," she said, "we'll see."

Bev had a suspicion that I had something of a cuckold fetish. She never would have actually called it that, of course. All she *really* knew for sure was that I'd asked her before about her old boyfriends. She'd dated a couple of guys in college before we'd gotten together, and I loved to hear stories about her encounters with them.

Unfortunately, however, Bev played her cards pretty close to her chest. She didn't especially like talking about other guys (she told me that it felt disloyal to me) and so it was a rare occasion when she let a detail or two slip concerning her previous relationships.

The fact that these moments of truth were so few and far between only made them more charged with meaning and eroticism.

For example, I'll never forget the night that she told me that Michael – her boyfriend freshman year of college, who had been on the football team – had a *huge* cock. So big, in fact, that Bev supposedly hadn't really enjoyed it.

At least that's what she told me. The fact that she'd been with a man so much bigger than me was a huge thrill. I began to imagine Bev as her younger self – she'd been a knockout in college, too – on her back and wrapping her legs around the muscular torso of a football player who sank his long, throbbing shaft into her sweet tight undergrad hole over and over again until she lost her mind in pleasure.

So I knew that Bev had had experience with size. What I didn't know until the night of the parent–teacher conference was that she'd also had...other experiences.

That night, the kids were tucked away in their rooms, listening to music or otherwise occupied (we didn't ask too many questions, as long as they were quiet) and Bev and I were in bed, reading.

"Want to talk more about Mr. Robinson?" I whispered in her ear, nuzzling the spot on her neck that I knew always provoked a

response in her.

"What else do you want to know? I told you everything," she said, her book dropping to her lap and her head falling back.

"You told me what he said," I said, "but how did it make you *feel*?"

"I thought that was obvious," she said in a low tone, as I nibbled down her neck, "you asked me why I looked so happy, didn't you?"

"That's right," I said, "but that's where it stopped. Did he make you think any...naughty thoughts?"

"Oh, Al," she said, "you're being very bad. You know I'm a good girl."

I reached around under her nightshirt and began to play with one of her nipples. Bev didn't wear a bra to bed, so my hands found her breast easily. I knew that she couldn't resist this kind of touch.

After a few moments of me teasing her nipple, and sending a trail of kisses up and down her neck, she was cooing softly.

"Al," she said, "do we really have time to do this tonight?"

"Time?" I whispered, "what are you talking about?"

"Isn't it almost 11:00?"

"So what, babe? We've got all the time in the world as far as I'm concerned."

I reached down and slipped my hand over her mound, under her panties. Her cunt was hot and wet.

“Tell me the truth,” I said, my fingers circling her clit, “did you imagine what it would be like...to kiss him?”

She moaned softly, then shushed me.

“Don’t...talk like that,” she whispered, “it’s bad...”

I decided not to push my luck this time. Her body was already sending signals that answered my question quite well. Her eyes were closed. Was she thinking about him?

I massaged her clit, fucking her with a single finger. She was dripping wet.

“Don’t stop what you’re doing,” she whispered, her body trembling as she gripped my arm tightly, “I’m close...”

“I want you to think about him. Taking him inside you...doing *whatever* he wants with you...”

All of a sudden, Bev’s face turned beet red and her eyes and mouth opened at the very same time as her pussy began to contract around my fingers.

“Oh God, Al,” she moaned, after the first wave of orgasm had subsided, “you’re so bad. Why did you say that to me?”

“What?” I asked, playing dumb.

She smiled, covering my face with kisses.

“You know. You’re so bad.”

“But you seemed to enjoy it quite a bit.”

“Maybe,” she said, sighing, “I’ll never tell.”

She didn't have to. I knew that she had been thinking of Mr. Robinson. Otherwise, she never would have had such an intense orgasm.

A few minutes later, I pushed into her, closing my eyes and imagining that I was watching her take Mr. Robinson's long, thick black cock.

I didn't know for a *fact* that he was hung. It was actually a bit racist of me to assume that he had a large cock just because he was Black. It was just a fantasy, and one that I didn't fully understand.

I pushed Bev's legs back and began to thrust into her harder and faster.

Imagining that Mr. Robinson was in the bed on top of her instead of me. Imagining that I was watching from the closet, jerking off while a superior man pleased my wife.

A moment later, I was coming. Ejaculating into my wife. I'd have a vasectomy a couple of years ago, so there was no danger of pregnancy.

"That was fun," said Bev, "did you like it?"

"Like it? I *loved* it," I said, "couldn't you tell?"

"Not really," she said, "you're never very vocal during sex. I can't always tell what you're thinking."

"Well," I said, "I *really* liked that."

"I'm glad," she said, "I was really wet, wasn't I?"

"You certainly were."

“You made me feel really good, too. When you were fingering me.”

“I could tell.”

“See? That’s because I’m more vocal.”

She kissed me.

That was the last time that we talked about Mr. Robinson for a while.

Chapter 2: Changes

That month, Bev was on hospital duty. That meant that she'd be working second shift for a while, and wouldn't be getting off work until ten or sometimes even eleven o'clock at night, depending on how busy things got.

Like a lot of people (most people, I guess), Bev couldn't just come home from work and go straight to bed. She needed to unwind for a few hours. So during the days that she was on second shift, she wouldn't make it to bed until 2:00 AM or so, long after I'd gone to sleep.

I worked a normal 8–5 schedule, and couldn't afford to come to work deprived of my sleep. I just didn't operate that way. Besides, someone had to be in shape to take care of the boys and make sure they got where they needed to be.

Bev's job was both incredibly boring (for long stretches of time) and incredibly stressful (for short bursts that could sometimes go on for quite a while). I knew that her job was very important, and that nurses like her didn't get the credit they deserved for all the work they put in, day in, day out. So I did my best to support her at home.

She'd recently started making friends with some of the younger nurses who she was mentoring, and they'd invited her out for drinks after work. Bars closed at 2:00AM, so when they left work, they'd sometimes stop by a place near the hospital for a nightcap.

Bev told me all about this. We didn't have secrets about this stuff. Besides, she wasn't a heavy drinker, and so I trusted her not to lose control or to put herself in danger. I was happy that she was spending some time with her new friends from work.

She wouldn't always tell me immediately before going out with the girls, because it was "just so spontaneous" and she "didn't want to wake [me] up."

So I became used to the idea that sometimes she wouldn't come back when she said she would, or that sometimes she'd smell of booze. She was never drunk, or even really what I'd call tipsy, when she'd fall into bed after work. When she came through the front door, I'd invariably wake up and lay still in the dark, listening to her get ready to slip into bed next to me.

Then we'd whisper soft "good nights" to each other before falling asleep.

In the morning, the roles would be reversed: I'd do my best to get out of bed silently, but she'd wait until I was ready to go out the door to tell me goodbye.

Bev's latest stretch on second shift was scheduled to last a month. But to my surprise, about a week before she was scheduled to go back to first shift at the clinic where she normally worked (after four days off to re–acclimate to the old schedule), she surprised me by announcing that she was considering staying at the hospital indefinitely.

"I have really bonded with some of the new girls," she said, "and I think I'd like to keep working with them."

"Ok…," I said (it was a Saturday afternoon – one of the rare times we got to see each other, and we were sitting on the back deck on lawn chairs, each holding a cup of coffee as we looked out into the backyard, where the trees were just beginning to bud), "I was actually looking forward to...seeing you more."

I put an emphasis on "seeing" that made my real meaning clear: I was concerned about our lack of sex life over the past month.

"I know, babe," she said, reaching out and squeezing my hand, "it's probably been hard for you, not having any release all this time. Maybe I can make it up to you today..."

"When? Brad and I have a game in an hour."

"That seems like enough time..."

I couldn't resist the look in her eye.

"Come on," she said, grabbing my hand, "I have an idea."

"Where are we going?"

She pulled me into the laundry niche, a small room off the kitchen. Her back to the washer, she pulled me towards her.

"I'd better lock the door," stammered, reaching behind me to pop the lock on the doorknob.

"Get over here," she said, half–sitting on the washing machine so that her mound was pressing against my bulge.

We kissed hungrily as she moaned softly, then nibbling at my earlobe. Her hands traveled down to my buttocks, and she pulled me towards her. This was very uncharacteristically aggressive behavior for Bev.

"What's gotten into you?" I teased.

"Don't tease me," she whispered, "I've just been feeling...a little frisky lately."

"Is that right? Where did that come from?"

My words were soft, spoken between kisses to her neck.

"Maybe talking to the girls after work. Some of them have very...active sex lives."

"Is that right? And hearing them talk about that got you in the mood?"

"I guess so…"

She gasped as I pushed a finger past her panties, exploring her wetness. I hadn't felt her this soaked in maybe fifteen years.

"Oh God yes, Al. That feels great."

I circled her clit gently, teasing her as my lips returned to her own.

She moaned softly, pressing her hips up towards my hand.

"I...saw Mr. Robinson… the other night," she whispered.

A delicious shiver ran down my spine.

"What?"

"He was at the bar… where I go with the girls…"

"Did you talk to him?"

"Mm–hmm," she moaned.

Many husbands would have been jealous in this situation. And I was, to be sure. But I was also excited about the opportunity to see another side of my wife. To learn more about her secret desires and fantasies that she'd never disclosed to me.

She was also more aroused than I'd seen her in a long, long time.

"He… came over to our table…"

Her voice was a raspy whisper as I continued to finger her.

"What did he say?"

"He made small talk at first," she sighed, "then he asked me a question about his nephew, who just broke his arm playing football. About physical therapy."

"Did he try to flirt again?" I murmured, kissing her neck, "did he flirt with my hot, sexy wife."

Her eyes were pressed closed, her face flushed. She looked so beautiful like this.

"He did," she whispered, "he asked me if he could have my number. To ask about his nephew's physical therapy...but we both knew that wasn't the reason…"

My cock was rock hard now, straining against my pants. Bev reached down and unbuttoned my slacks took it out, stroking it

gently as she kissed me.

"I need you inside me," she moaned, sitting up on the washer and trying to angle my cock into her wet slit.

"Did you give him your number?"

She hesitated for a long time, as if undecided about telling me the truth. Her lips played on mine and her hands continued to explore my shaft.

"Yes," she moaned, finally, "you're not mad, are you?"

"No," I blurted, "that's a huge fucking turn–on."

"Get inside me," she moaned, "now."

We'd never tried this position before, or anything like it, really. It felt oddly exciting to be exploring something different with my wife after so many years.

I pushed up into her and she gasped.

"Yes, baby. That's what I need," she whispered, her eyes still tightly shut.

"Are you thinking about Mr. Robinson?"

"Mmm–hmm," she moaned.

"What are you imagining?"

I plunged into her a little harder. She felt so good. I wasn't going to be able to last very long.

"I imagined him...taking me...his hands all over my body…"

Her voice was hoarse with desire, her moans cutting off every other word.

"Did you imagine him...fucking you?"

"Yes," she gasped.

I thrust forward into her, quickly reaching the point of no return.

"Do you want him to text you?"

"He..."

I slammed into her harder and harder, my passion uncontrollable now.

"He already did…," she gasped, her legs closing around me and holding me inside as she climaxed.

Bev's nails dug into my shoulder as I released myself inside her. Her small moans slowly subsided. I could tell she was trying her hardest to hold back completely, but her authentic, irrepressible passion made this nearly impossible.

She slowly opened her eyes, a wide grin spreading across her flushed face. I brushed a wet strand of hair from her forehead and kissed her.

"I was going to tell you anyway," she whispered, a note of guilt entering her voice, "you're not mad, are you?"

"Not at all," I said, "I can't believe that you actually did it. That you gave him your number, I mean."

"To be honest, I think the daiquiri might have been responsible for that," she sighed, "but what's done is done."

"So you've been flirting with him?"

"Yeah," she said, "I mean, *he's* mostly been flirting with me. Telling me how good I look. How beautiful I am. I keep reminding him that I'm married."

"Don't," I blurted, "just do what you want."

"I can't do that, honey! Besides, I don't *really* want to do anything with him. I just like the attention."

"It's really ok if you do," I said, "want to do something with him, I mean."

There was a long silence.

"Even if I did," she started, "I don't know if I could really go through with it. I've always been such a good girl. You know that."

"I'm not so sure that's true," I teased, "I seem to remember a couple of wild things you did back in college."

She blushed.

"Oh, you just love hearing those stories, don't you?"

"You know I do. Don't you ever miss those days?"

There was another long silence. I knew the answer, but I also knew that she didn't trust herself to tell me.

"Ok," she said, "I sometimes do. But I'm married now. Why are you asking me this stuff? Is this just an excuse for you to sleep with another woman?"

There was a note of concern in her voice. But was she really concerned about my fidelity, or was she just testing me?

"Trust me," I said, "that's the farthest thing from my mind. You're more than enough for me. I just want you to be as sexually satisfied as possible. Even if it means going outside our marriage."

"Oh Al," she said, sliding off the washer and straightening her clothing, "I didn't know that this was so important to you. I guess I'll have to think about it some more."

She beamed at me, her face glowing, either from the orgasm or from my revelation that I wanted her to be free to go outside our marriage.

From upstairs, we heard Brad call for me.

"You'd better get out there," said Bev, giving me a last quick kiss.

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During Brad's game, I couldn't stop thinking about Bev and I's encounter in the laundry room, and the revelation that had come at the end of it. Two revelations, actually: first of all, that she had given Mr. Robinson her number, and second of all, that she had actually seemed to entertain the idea of sleeping with him.

Would she actually do it, though? Would this be what would reawaken her sex drive?

A few days went by without either of us mentioning Mr. Robinson again. In fact, we barely had an opportunity to, because we practically never saw each other anymore.

Then came one morning, when Bev came home just as I was waking up.

"Where have you been? That must have been some night with the girls."

She smiled, yawning and rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"I was out with the girls," she said, "then Mr. Robinson texted me and asked if I could come to his place."

My heart started beating fast.

"Bev," I said, "you went over to his house in the middle of the night?"

"That's what you wanted, wasn't it?"

"I guess," I said, "I thought you'd give me more of a warning is all."

"Relax," she said, "we just talked. Well, to be honest, he did kiss me, but I told him to stop there until I'd had a chance to talk to you about it again."

"All you did was kiss? For real?"

"Well," she said, "yeah."

There was a bit of hesitation in her voice that told me that what she was saying wasn't the entire truth.

I pressed for more answers.

"Wait a minute," I said, "first you said that all *he* did was kiss *you*. What exactly did you mean by that?"

"Just what I said," she said, a playful tone entering her voice, "but I guess I failed to mention *where* he kissed me."

She took off her shoes and lay down next to me in bed. I was already rock hard.

"You mean to tell me..."

"Mr. Robinson is *very* good with his tongue," she sighed, leaning in towards me and giving me a kiss.

It seemed to me in that moment that I could taste a slightly different flavor on her lips. I was immensely excited.

"He...went down on you?" I asked breathlessly.

"He certainly did," she sighed, "but that's not where he started."

My cock was straining against my underwear.

"Your breasts?"

"Mmm–hm," she said, "he was incredible. A very patient and sensual lover. He had me begging for him…"

"For him to do what?" I asked.

"You know," she said, a trace of hoarseness entering her voice, "don't make me say it."

She was almost whispering now. All of a sudden, my wife was having an attack of shyness, despite the boldness of the confession she was making to me.

"To fuck you?"

"Yes," she admitted, "I was begging him to fuck me…"

"And he *didn't*?"

"No," she said, breathlessly, "he said…"

"What did he say?"

"He said he wants you to be there. To watch."

"What?"

I sat bolt upright in bed, a surge of adrenaline coursing through my blood. My cock was as hard as steel and my breathing was shallow. I didn't know if I was going to have a panic attack or jump for joy.

"Yeah," she said, "he said that he didn't want to get involved with another man's wife without being totally sure that you knew it was happening. He's heard of cuckolding before, but he doesn't condone cheating."

"Wait a second," I said, "this doesn't make much sense. I mean, he already kissed you and even...went down on you, right?"

"Yes."

"So is that not 'cheating' in his book?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It could be that Mr. Robinson is kind of an eccentric guy. He plays by his own rules. All I know is that those were his conditions before he'd actually, you know…"

He voice trailed off.

"Put it inside you?"

“Yeah,” she said, blushing.

“But did you see it?”

“What?”

“His cock, what else? Isn’t that the ‘it’ you were referring to?”

“Yeah, it is. And I did,” she said, looking away for a moment.

My own cock was tenting my underwear as I sat up in bed.

“And?”

“It was a cock,” she said, “that’s for sure.”

“Is that all you have to say? No more details? And did you do anything to please him? After what he did for you?”

“You’ll see it soon enough,” she said as a smile crossed her face as if she were keeping a secret, “I don’t want to ruin the surprise.”

“Surprise?”

I knew that could only mean one thing: Mr. Robinson must be huge.

Another jolt of adrenaline shot through me. How would she react to a larger cock?

Suddenly, I couldn’t wait to find out.

“So what did you do for him?” I asked, “you can at least tell me that.”

“Well,” she said, “I gave him a handjob with some oil he had near the bed.”

“What was that like?”

"Well," she said, "I had him lie down on the bed a little like you are now."

As she said this, she pulled my cock out of my boxers and began to stroke it, a thoughtful look on her face as she reminisced.

"And since he'd already given me one incredibly intense orgasm with his mouth, but wouldn't allow me to return the favor, I was frustrated in two ways: I wanted to prove to him that I could be a good lover, and I was also *so* ready for a second round. I needed him inside me, and I thought that maybe I could convince him to compromise his personal ethics and fuck me without you there watching anyway…"

This was the frankest conversation I'd ever had with my wife about her feelings during sex. The insight into her private thoughts was exciting, but a little bit scary at the same time.

"So I stroked his cock, like this," she said, moving her hand up and down my precum–covered shaft, "and I looked into his eyes and told him how much I wanted him. I told him that he could do *whatever* he wanted with me…"

"You really said that?" I gasped, remembering our little erotic game the night that she'd first spoken to Mr. Robinson when I'd encouraged her to imagine him doing "whatever he wanted" with her.

Had I awakened this drive in Bev, or had I merely given her permission to explore what was already there?

"Mm–hmm," she said, giggling a little, "I guess Mr. Robinson really brings out my wild side. What can I say?"

She was silent for a while, looking down at my shaft as she worked it up and down. I knew she was thinking about Mr. Robinson. I wondered how I stacked up to him.

"What happened then?"

"He told me he wanted to come on my tits," she said.

This detail was too much. Prior to her meeting Mr. Robinson, I'd never so much as heard Bev say that word "tits." It seemed so crude and unbefitting to a middle–aged mother.

She'd certainly never let me ejaculate onto her breasts. That was something I might have been interested in trying early in our relationship, but I'd quickly realized that Bev wasn't the kind of girl that was into that kind of thing, so I'd stopped trying to get her to experiment with sex. If she was happy with what we were doing, so was I.

But was Bev's newfound interest in sexual experimentation something that I might have been able to awaken if I'd been a bit more sensitive and persistent?

Or was it something reserved only for Mr. Robinson.

These were the thoughts – not articulated as clearly then as they are now, that went through my mind when my wife told me that Mr. Robinson had asked to ejaculate all over her chest.

"And did you let him?" I asked, feeling my own ejaculation becoming imminent.

"Yes," she said, "I bent down over him and gave him a boob–job. At least I think that's what you call it. It was kind of awkward at first because I'd never done it before, but I took his shaft between my tits and started stroking it until he came all over me."

"Oh God," I moaned, as I began to climax.

Bev watched in satisfaction as I ejaculated all over my chest (and not *hers* like Mr. Robinson had done).

"Wow," she said, "that's a lot…"

"You really turned me on," I said, sighing.

"Good," she said, "so when do you want to do it?"

"Do what?"

"Watch me and Mr. Robinson make love of course!"

An entire deluge of emotions hit me in that moment. She was really serious.

My wife wanted to make love to another man while I watched.

"Whenever you want...I guess," I stammered.

"Great! Let's do it whenever *he* wants."

"That would be ok."

We had already slipped into Mr. Robinson's world. We were already accommodating him, acting like the fact of him fucking *my* wife was actually doing me a favor of some kind.

I might have felt pathetic if I hadn't also been so incredibly turned on.

A few minutes later (after a series of texts between Bev and Mr. Robinson) we had our date: that Friday night, at his place.

Bev made arrangements for the kids to go to her parent's place. Even though we wouldn't be at our house, we still needed to make sure that there would be no distractions on the "big night."

Chapter 3: Preparations

The next few days were electrifying. I hear the phrase "roller coaster of emotions" a lot, but I never really understood it until then. It felt like Bev and I (and not Bev and Mr. Robinson) were sharing a naughty secret. It was true in a sense, I guess. I was part of the secret – at least I thought I was – but the real lovers were of course not Bev and me but Bev and Mr. Robinson.

The mere fact of the upcoming date with Mr. Robinson had kicked Bev's sex drive into a gear that I hadn't seen ever before, even during the most passionate days of our courtship. We had sex that Tuesday night, then again on Wednesday morning before work, and then again that night.

On Wednesday night, I took much longer than usual to climax, and was very pleased with my own performance. But Bev was insatiable. I brought her to orgasm with my hands, with my mouth, and then she played with herself while I fucked her. However, when we were finished, Bev still wanted more.

"You're an animal," I joked, "I can't believe how much you want it. Are you thinking about him every time?"

She gave me a secretive smile.

"Some of the time I am," she said, "but a lot of the time, I'm just focusing on the sensations. It's like I'm suddenly a teenager again, discovering my body for the first time."

"I hope Mr. Robinson can keep up with you," I joked, "because I sure can't."

"I guess we're going to have to wait and find out," she said, "by the way, would you like to go shopping with me tomorrow afternoon? I just realized that I should wear something special for our date."

She might have been talking about a date with me, her husband. But this was going to be a different kind of date night, for a different kind of couple.

Who was the "couple" now, though? Me and Bev, or Bev and Mr. Robinson?

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The next afternoon, Bev and I walked into Victoria's Secret together, where a salesgirl approached us, asking what she could help us find.

"We're looking for something to...spice up our love life," said Bev, much to my surprise.

The college–age salesclerk must have noticed the way I blushed, because she lowered her voice and leaned in with a conspiratorial whisper.

"Don't worry," she said, "I have the perfect negligee. And it will be *very* flattering on your figure."

That was her way of saying that my wife had large breasts and was a woman of a certain age, I guess.

In any case, Bev took this comment as the compliment it was intended to be, and followed the salesgirl off to a corner of the store, not before throwing me a smirk over her shoulder, followed by a wink.

It really was as if the two of us were sharing a secret. I couldn't help but be excited.

A few minutes later, Bev was in the dressing room, and the salesgirl and I waited outside.

"Ok," she called from the other side of the door, "you can come in now."

"Are you sure you want him to see it?" asked the woman, "won't that ruin the surprise?"

"Who said it was for *him*," laughed Bev.

Now it was the salesgirl's turn to be embarrassed. She gave me a shocked look, but quickly regained her composure.

"Of course," she said, "it's none of my business. Sorry. Let me know when you're ready to check out."

Suddenly, the feelings of giddy anticipation turned to humiliation. The weight of what I was doing hit me all at once.

I was actively helping my wife cheat on me. And my wife had just emasculated me by basically calling me a cuck in front of an attractive younger woman.

"Bev," I said, "I think we need to talk…"

My cheeks were burning with humiliation and anger.

"Of course, babe," she said from the other side of the dressing room door, "why don't you come in?"

I stammered something about how I didn't need to see her in the outfit, but she responded by opening the door a crack and sticking her finger out, making a "come hither" motion towards me.

Her grin, partially visible through the crack in the door, brought me back into our secret, private world of conspiracy, and I reluctantly entered the dressing room.

"Why'd you say that?"

My eyes ran up and down her body, taking it in. Despite the sign admonishing shoppers to wear undergarments when they tried on undergarments, my wife was not wearing a bra or panties, just a sheer blue lace negligee that did, as promised, accentuate her figure.

I forgot all about my question.

"Wow," I said, my cock getting hard against my will (and despite all of the sexual activity we'd engaged in over the past few days).

"I can see that *you* like it," she said grinning at me, "but will *he*?"

"I don't see how he *couldn't*," I said, my eyes running over her ample chest.

She spun around.

"Are you sure?"

A note of doubt entered her voice as she fixed me with large eyes. She was really concerned that Mr. Robinson might not find her

attractive. This was unbelievable to me, since in that moment, she was one of the sexiest women in the world. I would have done anything that she asked of me.

"I'm positive," I said.

"Good," she said, moving closer to me now and she stood on her tiptoes for a kiss, "this means a lot to me, you know. Your support through all of this."

We kissed, and my erection pressed against her stomach. She reached down and stroked me through my trousers. Surely she wasn't trying to start something *here* in the dressing room, right?

A moment later, the kiss was broken, but her hand stayed on my cock.

"Of course I support you," I said, "through whatever 'this' is. I'm your husband after all."

"You're so sweet," she sighed, suddenly gazing off in the distance, "everything just feels so strange right now. Like I'm about to have my first kiss or something."

"Well you *already* did *that* with him," I reminded her, as if she was in need of reminding.

"Yeah," she said, "it's just been so long since I've felt this kind of...desire. No offense to you, sweetheart!"

"None taken," I said, trying to convince myself in the same moment that I really meant it, "I feel it, too. It's like an exciting new chapter in our lives is beginning."

A huge grin broke out across her face.

"That's *exactly* what I was thinking," she said, "in *our* lives. This isn't about me cheating. This is about the two of us exploring something new. Together."

Even though I wasn't entirely convinced of that fact, I nodded. It probably didn't hurt that her hand was on my penis. Even though I strongly suspected that she had no intention of taking things any further there in the dressing room, the sensation of her fingers teasing my cockhead through my trousers went a long way towards getting me to agree with what she was saying. If she was manipulating me on purpose, she had done an excellent job of hiding it.

She gave me another kiss, then changed back into her clothes.

We exited the dressing room and then went to the counter to pay. The salesgirl, no doubt embarrassed at our earlier exchange and her assumption, had kept her distance, and was sorting receipts behind the counter.

"Ready to check out?" she asked.

"Mm–hmm," said Bev, tapping at her purse for a moment before adding, "honey, would you mind paying? I think I left my wallet in the car."

"Sure," I said, a bit sheepishly, understanding that now the salesgirl would know that I really *was* her husband and that she really *had* been shopping for something sexy to wear for another man.

Bev might as well have said "my cuckold husband will pay for this." I still didn't know if she was doing it on purpose or not. Maybe she'd forgotten all about what she'd already told the salesclerk before.

"He's so great," Bev said to the salesgirl as I produced my credit card, "I hope you have a man like him, or that you will someday."

"He certainly seems like a very...generous guy," said the young woman, smiling at me.

My cheeks burned.

"Look," said Bev, "you'd better stop. You're embarrassing him. Don't be mad, honey. We're just teasing you!"

"It's ok…," I stammered, "I guess I'm not used to shopping for women's underwear. These stores still make me feel like I'm about sixteen years old."

"Ha," said the salesgirl, handing me the receipt, "don't worry. There's nothing to be scared of."

I wasn't so sure of that. While I wasn't afraid of the clerk, I was starting to wonder about my wife's intentions. Was she humiliating me on purpose? If so, why? Was she just trying to see how far she could take things?

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That night, both kids were at friends' houses, and we were alone again. Bev pulled me into the bedroom right after dinner.

"Go down on me, babe," she said, her tone suddenly quite assertive.

It was downright shocking. It never would have entered my mind to simply pull *her* into the bedroom and tell her to "suck my dick," but that was basically what she'd just done.

But the shock of her command gave it an erotic charge, and a moment later I find myself on my knees on the floor with my head between her legs as she lay spread on the bed.

"That's it, babe. Oh, that's it *exactly*!"

She directed my head with her hands, showing me where to lick her and how hard. I loved pleasuring her, but I was used to being the one in control. This was new, but exciting. Not a bad feeling at all.

Then, however, as I licked and kissed her clit, Bev did something truly surprising: she started talking dirty.

"I can't wait for you to see it, babe," she moaned, "I think you're going to love Mr. Robinson's cock. Not in a gay way – I don't mean it like that – (though I guess I don't really know). I think you're just going to like the way it looks when it moves inside me. Just kissing him made me really wet. I could barely take it. I was begging him to put it inside me. Just fucking *begging* him. Did you ever think your wife could be so filthy, honey? Did you ever think that I'd be begging for a strange man's dick? I never even wanted to cheat before I met Mr. Robinson. Now he's all that I think about. We even have phone

sex sometimes. Did I tell you that? No? Whoops. Sorry, honey. That's it. Right there. Good boy. I'm so close. Just keep going honey…"

I am forgetting some of what she said, no doubt, and a lot of it didn't make sense, at least not as a coherent narrative. It did make sense as a testament to her desire for Mr. Robinson. As I lapped at her cunt and brought her ever closer to climax, I didn't try to respond at all. This was no time for a deep discussion about our relationship. I simply responded instinctively, trying my best to bring her to climax.

Maybe I was trying to prove my worth to her as a partner even though I'd clearly already been eclipsed in her mind by Mr. Robinson.

I don't know. I can't say that I really understood my own motivations any better than I understood hers. It was as if we were both caught in a strong current.

A strong current pulling us towards Friday night, and our appointment with destiny.

Our appointment with Mr. Robinson.

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We drove there together, in our Rav–4, like any other middle–aged suburban couple going to visit a friend on a rare night out.

Bev was suddenly nervous. I couldn't understand why. Shouldn't *I* be the one who was nervous? After all, *I* was the one who was going to watch his wife make love to another man. I was the one who Mr. Robinson had insisted be there to watch.

I was clearly part of his plan for the night. But why? That was what I couldn't understand.

Bev was dressed in a flattering but by no means risque blue sundress. It hugged her curves – her hips and chest – only hinting at the incredible body that lay concealed underneath. I knew, of course, that she'd also slipped on the negligee, but the dress she'd chosen did an excellent job of concealing the presence of this provocative undergarment.

It would be a surprise. A surprise meant for Mr. Robinson.

"This is a pretty nice neighborhood for a teacher," I said, "don't they get paid like $40k a year?"

We had arrived at the address he'd given Bev. It was an immaculately kept bungalow–style home in one of the school district's nicer neighborhoods.

"He said that he made a lot of money trading options for about ten years before he decided to become a teacher," she said, "Wall Street stuff. He tried to explain it to me, but I didn't really get it. Anyway, it seems to have paid well!"

"Why the hell didn't he just keep doing *that*?" I said, shaking my head in disbelief.

"He said that it just wasn't satisfying," she said, "that he wanted more from life."

Mr. Robinson was shaping up to be a lot more interesting than I'd initially thought. I was well–traveled and well–read, and I knew that a lot of women found me interesting. But it sounded like Mr.

Robinson had all that and more. I knew he was in much better shape than I was, for example.

We pulled up into the driveway and I put the car into park. We both sat there for a moment, neither one of us saying a word. It was clear that we were about to cross a threshold in our relationship.

Once we went through that door, nothing would be the same again.

"I think maybe we need to make some ground rules or something...," I said, breaking the silence.

"What do you mean, honey?"

She gave me a surprised look which I found a bit disconcerting. Was my request really that unreasonable?

"I mean like a safe word or something. Like if things are getting too out of control."

"He's going to *fuck* me, honey," she said, smiling, "the whole point is to lose control. At least for me."

"I understand that," I said, not being entirely truthful, "but I still think it would be a good idea if I had a way to stop things. I mean, I'm part of this too, aren't I? Otherwise why am I here?"

"Ok," she said, seeming to be more amused now than surprised, "what would you like your 'safe word' to be?"

"How about 'red,'" I said, "like a traffic light. If I say 'red,' then you have to stop whatever you're doing."

"Alright," she said, smiling, "that's fine. But what about Mr. Robinson? Does *he* have to stop, too? What if he doesn't *feel* like stopping?"

"It takes two people to make love," I said, trying not to snap at her, "and so I would expect you to make sure he stops whatever it is he's doing if I ask you to."

Despite my best efforts, I couldn't conceal the irritation in my voice. I was letting my jealousy show.

"Al," said Bev, her eyes turning serious now, "are you really sure you want to do this? I mean, we could back out now. There's no reason we have to go through with this. I'll survive if I don't get a chance to fuck Mr. Robinson."

"Sure," I said, "I know that. I want this for you, though. I really do."

"Al," she said, her voice taking on a new tone, "I don't think you're being totally honest when you say you want this just for *me*."

"What do you mean?"

A strange feeling came over me. What was she talking about?

"I mean that you've been practically begging me to do this for years. All those questions about old boyfriends."

"But that was just dirty talk. Idle curiosity," I lied.

"Alvin. I've seen the kind of stuff you look at on our computer. I've known about your fetish for years."

"I don't..." I stammered, "It's not a fetish. I don't think we should discuss this now."

She smiled.

"Oh really? You don't think that your little BBC porn habit has had any effect on our relationship? And that it has no bearing on what we're doing here at Mr. Robinson's place?"

"What? How could it..."

I was astonished. What was going on here?

"I was disgusted the first time I saw one of those videos you like, honey," she sighed, leaning against the car door, "I was even thinking about leaving you. I mean, what kind of *pervert* could get off on the idea of his wife cheating on him? That was *very* different from your 'idle curiosity' about my old boyfriends."

"What?! Beverly, I had no idea. I'm so, sorry. I never meant to hurt you."

I felt the tears coming to my eyes. How could I have been so stupid? Had I *wanted* her to catch me on some level?

"Stop it, honey. It's all ok now. I've had time to come to terms with your little fetish. And even to make it my own."

"What do you mean, 'make it your own'?"

A shot of adrenaline shot through me.

"I mean," she said, "that I started exploring your kink on my own time. I started going to interracial cuckold internet forums. Reading posts made by husbands and some wives as well. I'll admit that in

the beginning I was going there as an outraged wife. A woman scorned. You *knew* that I didn't approve of pornography before we got married, and I was furious at the fact that you'd look at such filthy things behind my back, especially without having the decency to cover your tracks!"

"If you were so upset, why didn't you just talk to me about it?"

I tried not to show how disconcerting and surprising this entire line of conversation was. It had caught me really off–guard, especially because we were now in the driveway of the man who was about to take on the role of "bull" in our relationship.

"I planned to," she continued, "I was going to confront you about it and give you an ultimatum. But then something strange happened. The more I read, the more I began to understand the psychology of the kink. The need for you to see me fully satisfied in a way that you could never accomplish. You basically said the same thing yourself to me a few days ago."

I had to admit that hearing this hurt a little bit. It was one thing for *me* to have those kinds of thoughts of inadequacy. It was another thing entirely to hear my beloved wife talking like that. As strange as it sounded, even though I had encouraged her to do what she wanted, hearing that *she* also wanted to cheat wasn't easy.

"Not only did I start to understand the psychology of it from the husband's perspective," she continued, "I also started to understand the appeal of it from the wife's side of things, too. Here would be my

chance to explore my sexuality with another man in an environment that was completely safe and consequence–free. Things had gotten stale between us in the bedroom, but the more I let my mind run wild, the hornier I got. When I met Mr. Robinson and felt the spark between us, that's when I decided to go for it. I decided to see how far I could take things."

Suddenly, a lot of things started to make sense. The humiliation at the lingerie store, for example.

Bev had known *exactly* what she was doing this entire time!

I didn't know what to say. I was speechless for a moment.

"So this whole thing...was your idea?"

"No, honey," she corrected me, leaning over and giving me a kiss on the cheek, her hand on the door handle, "this whole thing was *your* idea. It never would have occurred to me to do something like this if you hadn't practically begged me for it. If you hadn't interrogated me about my old boyfriends and their big cocks. If I hadn't seen those filthy websites you like so much..."

"Bev," I said, swallowing hard, "I love you."

"I know you do," she said, "I love you, too."

And so we walked up the driveway together, side by side, a husband and wife, on their way to meet their first bull.

Chapter 4: Going Black

Mr. Robinson threw the door open before we could even knock.

"There you are! Bev, you look great!"

He leaned in and gave her a kiss on the mouth, which she eagerly reciprocated. I couldn't help but cringe at what I saw. It was like getting punched in the mouth before I'd even walked through the door.

But I knew much worse – or better – things were to come.

"And you must be Alvin," he said, turning to me and offering his hand, which I shook firmly, "did you bring the Chipmunks with you?"

I laughed, trying to take his joke in the good humor it was meant.

"I think I'll let them wait in the car."

"Ha! That's a good one," said Mr. Robinson, his hand already around my wife's waist, "let's go inside and get comfortable."

He ushered us into a large living room with vaulted ceilings and several cozy–looking window niches on the side. In the center was a long white leather couch, next to which was an armchair.

"You take the chair, buddy," he said to me, slapping me on the shoulder, "the lady and I are going to start on the couch."

"Sounds good," I muttered, a bit taken aback at his effortlessly dominant presence.

I'm not sure what I had been expecting, but I didn't anticipate being ordered by my wife's lover. Still, something about it was comforting, actually. I didn't have to make any decisions for myself. I was just going to sit back and see what happens.

I sat down in the armchair and adjusted my clothing as Mr. Robinson took a seat on the sofa, slapping his knee with his large palm.

"Come here and have a seat, little lady."

Bev giggled, sitting down on his knee as if she'd been a much younger woman and not a 41–year–old mother of two.

"That's a good girl," he said, wrapping an arm around her waist as he balanced her on his lap, "did I already tell you that you look marvelous?"

"You did," she said, "but you can keep saying it. I'm a little nervous."

"What? *Nervous*? Baby doll, a beautiful woman like you has *nothing* to be nervous about. If anyone should be nervous, it's probably Al over there. I mean, he's about to watch his wife take another man's cock. That would make any guy nervous, wouldn't it?"

I laughed, trying not to seem as uncomfortable as I actually was.

"That's what I was trying to tell her in the car."

"Well, Al," he said, without really responding to what I'd said, "I wanted you to be here in person because I didn't want there to be any misunderstandings between us. I'm not in the business of going

behind a man's back and taking his wife. That's not how I operate. I was always honest when I was a trader, and I'm honest and straightforward in my classroom, too. That's why I want you to understand exactly what we're getting into here."

"Yes, sir," I stammered.

"Sir? That's very good!" he smiled, "you're already getting into the proper mindset. Because what I want to make clear to you is that I'm in control in this situation. You might think that *you're* doing *me* a favor by letting me fuck you wife, and it's true insofar as I *am* asking for your consent. But once you've given that consent, what *I* say, goes. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "what you say, goes. But Bev gets a say, too."

"Of course she does," he said, "I'd never do anything that she wasn't also completely on board with. But from what I've seen as I've gotten to know Bev recently, I don't think there are a whole lot of things that she'd say no to."

He laughed, tousling her hair and giving her a kiss, as if the two of them had been lovers for a long time already. The grin that she gave him was like another punch in the chest.

"Alright," he said, suddenly taking on a serious tone, "I wanna hear you say it, white boy. I want to hear you tell me what you want me to do."

I was taken aback by his sudden shift in tone and by his use of such racially charged language.

"I want you to make love to my wife, Sir," I stammered, almost not believing that I had been able to say such filthy words.

"That would be my pleasure," he said.

"Bev," he said, finally directing his attention to her, "why don't you get on your knees and get acquainted with my big black dick?"

She giggled.

"I thought you'd never ask!"

Her entire attention focused on him, Bev dropped to her knees and began to unbuckle Mr. Robinson's belt. Then she fiddled with his pants awkwardly until he stood up for a moment to help her.

"That's a girl," he said, "pull those down and take out your new toy."

She pulled down his pants and boxers at the same time, letting out an audible gasp as his cock sprang out and almost slapped her in the face.

"I know I've seen it before," she said, giggling nervously, "but I still can't get over how *big* it is. I'm a nurse and I see all kinds of bodies, but yours is just...perfect."

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat as my own erection (still trapped in my pants) made it difficult to move. I'd never heard her talk like this.

"That's it, baby doll," said Mr. Robinson, grabbing her head and guiding it towards his erection, "get that thing in your mouth. Show me how much you love my big black dick."

"Yes, Sir," she gasped, opening her mouth as he guided his cock into it.

She looked up at him in devotion, one hand on his shaft while the other played with his balls, which were as large and heavy as plums and covered in black curly hair. The sounds she made while she endeavored to take him as deeply as possible were so unfamiliar to me that I might have been convinced that it was a different woman in front of me sucking cock and not my devoted wife of many years. She was yelping and moaning as if giving him head was giving *her* pleasure, as if it was a privilege to service him.

Mr. Robinson seemed to have read my mind, because he looked over at me and winked.

"You hear those sounds she's making? That's because her pussy is getting all nice and creamy for me already. This is really all the foreplay a woman like her needs. Once she has a big dick in her mouth, she's ready to go. She can't help it. It's only natural. She reacts instinctively to my dominance. Isn't that right, baby doll?"

My wife moaned her agreement, but didn't take her mouth from his shaft as she slobbered on it, stroking her hands along its length even though she could only fit the first quarter or so in her mouth.

He must have been at least eight inches long, and extremely thick. In short, his was the largest cock I'd ever seen in real life, and certainly lived up to the "BBC" stereotype. There was no way a man of my size could compete with a guy like him, even if I had had the

same dominant swagger, I simply didn't have the necessary *equipment*.

It was like a law of nature.

"That's a good bitch," he said, looking down at her and running his fingers through her hair, "are you going to be my good little black cock slut?"

"Yes, sir," she said, gasping for air as she answered him.

It's true that many revelations about my wife had shocked me recently, but the fact that she'd so willingly accepted the label of "slut" really surprised me. After all, she'd been faithful to me for years, so calling her a "bitch" or a "slut" wasn't really fair. Not to mention the fact that it wasn't a very nice thing to say to anyone.

But she seemed to love it, because as soon as he said it, she redoubled her efforts at pleasuring his thick erection, as if trying to prove that she was not only a slut, but the *best* slut he'd ever been with.

Mr. Robinson, for his part, didn't hold back on the dirty talk.

"That's it, babe. Take that dick. Take that dick as deep as you can. I want those nuts on your chin, bitch. That's it. Just like that."

Even if she fell far short of taking his shaft so deep that his nuts actually hit her chin, Bev nevertheless began to take him deeper and deeper, so that finally her neck bulged as he entered her throat. She'd never done anything of the sort with me. And it wouldn't have been nearly as hard, either: I was nowhere near as thick as Mr. Robinson.

"That's it, bitch," he said, "you're doing such a good job sucking my big cock like the little slut you are. Do you like that?"

"Yes, sir!" she said, almost immediately, looking up at him reverently.

"That's a good little white slut," he said, "keep worshiping that big black cock. You know you need it. That's what you came here to do. To please your black master."

"That's right," she said, moaning, "that's all I want."

"Good girl."

She began to moan now, as if trying to coax the cum out of him. The sounds of her gurgling and gagging on his cock filled the living room. I was astonished that he'd been able to last as long as he had, but soon there were signs that he was close to climax.

"Yeah, that's it," he groaned, "get that nut. Go ahead. Work for it. Show me how much you want my cum."

She popped off his dick again, her makeup ruined now from the exertion of fellating him. I'd never seen her put this much effort into sex. That just wasn't her thing. But now she was determined to please him. To make an impression.

She'd certainly made on impression on me. I didn't even recognize Bev anymore. She had transformed into a different woman before my eyes.

As ambivalent as I was about the potential emotional impact of what I was seeing, I was nonetheless completely transfixed by the

spectacle. My cock rock hard, I secretly yearned to see this powerful, dominant man spill his seed in tribute to my submissive wife.

Soon, I had the chance.

"Here it comes, bitch," he growled, grabbing a handful of her hair and holding her head in place, "don't you move. You're going to swallow it all. Just like a good little slut..."

"Mmm–hmm," Bev moaned, opening her mouth wide as she stroked his shaft, his cockhead poised on her tongue.

It was a positively obscene sight, something that I never could have imagined her doing only a few months ago.

"Yes!" he groaned, shooting several strings of cum onto her tongue, then several more onto her lips and chin.

I watched in awe as Bev swallowed his load, never taking her eyes off his. She eagerly scooped the remaining cum into her mouth, swallowed again, then said, "thank you, Sir."

He patted her on the head.

"That's a good little white slut," he said, "now clean off that dick good. We're nowhere near done."

She eagerly took his cock back into her mouth, moaning as she sucked the last bit of cum from the tip.

"That feels so good. Does she ever do this for you?"

He looked over at me, grinning, but didn't wait for an answer.

"I didn't think so."

“That feels so good, babe,” he said, as my wife began to bring his cock to attention once more, “but I’ve got an idea. Let’s move into the bedroom...”

She nodded, standing and then stumbling a bit as if she were drunk. She was probably dizzy, but I couldn’t help but think of a term that I’d heard used before for women in this state: cock–drunk. My wife was cock–drunk after sucking off her lover like a porn star.

Mr. Robinson was very gentle with her, despite the degrading language he had used during the blowjob. It was clear that it was part of their erotic game, and that he was actually an extremely affectionate and kind man. He guided her gently down the hall towards the stairs, then up them and into his bedroom.

I jumped up and followed them.

“You can stay in the hallway until we’re done,” he said, “then I have a job for you.”

“But I want to watch!” I protested, ashamed of just coming out and saying it.

“I know you do. You can watch from the hallway. I’ll leave the door open.”

“Ok,” I said, hesitantly.

“Aw, honey. Don’t be mad,” said Bev, looking over her shoulder as Mr. Robinson ushered her into his room, “you’ll be able to see just fine from out there.”

I sighed. There was nothing else I could do. I stood there in the doorway as Mr. Robinson, kissed the lips that had just tasted his cum. If that fact bothered him, he didn't show it. He was a passionate, gentle kisser. I could tell that Bev loved it, because I saw how she reacted to his kisses and to his caresses.

"Let's see what's under here," he said, reaching behind my wife and undoing the zipper on her dress.

I couldn't help but be excited for his reaction to the negligee that we'd bought together. Would he be as excited by it as I had been?

Bev's dress dropped to the ground. In the same moment, Mr. Robinson let out a wolf–whistle.

"Damn, Alvin! You let your woman leave the house with something like this on? I guess I shouldn't be too surprised. After all, you're letting me fuck her. But still..."

Bev beamed as he praised her figure.

"Turn around for me, babe," he commanded, "let me see that ass. Oh yeah. Bend over."

He gave her a playful slap as she bent over for him, "that's just what I like. I love to see a thick ass like that..."

"Ooh," she giggled, "I love it when you spank me like that."

"Well maybe you need a little trip over my lap," he said.

"I think I'd like that."

"You wouldn't be the first woman I've met who likes a good whippin'. But first I've got other plans."

She turned back around now, smiling at him. He grabbed her under the arms and lifted her entire body, dropped her on her back onto the bed. Then he kneeled on the floor and plunged his head between her legs.

Bev closed her eyes and sighed, then bit her lip as he began to work his magic with his tongue. I remembered the way that she'd described how he went down on her, the night that she'd begged to fuck him and he'd refused, and it wasn't hard for me to see how he'd managed to bring her to that point, because after only a few seconds of Mr. Robinson licking her most intimate parts, my wife was moaning.

"Oh God, yes. Oh shit. That feels so good, sir. Don't stop. Oh please don't stop. Just like that..."

He growled into her muff as he pleasured her, his big hands teasing her tits as he reached up under the sheer undergarment. I knew that Bev loved having her nipples played with, and this action seemed to have brought her to the very edge of orgasm.

"Oh yes. Don't stop. I'm going to come."

Mr. Robinson's only reply was to growl into her pussy as he continued lapping at her clit.

My wife flushed a deep red and then returned to her normal pale complexion. Orgasm was upon her. She whimpered and arched her back as she came, her hips bucking up to meet his face.

"That. Was. Incredible," she sighed, a huge grin spreading across her face as the trembling that had come across her body finally

subsided.

Mr. Robinson stood up and then lay down next to her on the bed, stroking her face affectionately before bending down to give her a kiss.

"After that blowjob, I just had to return the favor. I might be dominant, but that doesn't make me inconsiderate."

"You were *very* good to me," she sighed, her face filled with contentment.

Damn. This guy could do that to her using only his mouth. Just think what he could do with his *dick*.

This thought didn't remain hypothetical for very long, because after the two lovers had exchanged a few whispered intimacies, Mr. Robinson pushed Bev further down the bed and climbed between her legs, his huge erection jutting out in front of him.

"Are you ready, baby doll? Ready to take my big black cock?"

"Yes," Bev moaned, her lips parted in desire, "I want you so bad. I've wanted you so bad for so long."

"I know you have. And your husband has wanted this too, hasn't he? Isn't that what you told me?"

"Mm–hmm," she said, giggling a bit and then looking over at me for the first time since they'd moved into the bedroom, "he's been watching videos of white wives taking black cocks for years. This must be like a dream come true for him."

“I love to make dreams come true,” said Mr. Robinson wryly, “especially if they involve met putting my dick in some tight white pussy.”

“Oh yes,” moaned Bev, “please do it. Please put your big black dick in my tight white pussy.”

Mr. Robinson was poised at her entrance, about to thrust himself inside, but then he stopped suddenly, looking over at me.

“Wait,” he said, “I want to hear *him* say it, too.”

My mouth was dry. My cock was hard. My heart was pounding.

I spoke with a voice that I didn’t recognize, my eyes fixed on his.

“I want you to fuck my wife, sir. I want you to fuck her with your big, black cock.”

He grinned, showing a mouth of straight, white teeth.

“Your wish is my command.”

Bev cried out as he entered her. He stopped to check in with her, to make sure that he hadn’t hurt her in his zeal to finally claim his prize.

“You ok, baby doll?”

“Mm–hmm,” she whimpered, reassuring him with tears at the corners of her eyes as she looked up at him, biting her lip.

“I’m going to take it slow. Get you used to the size.”

She nodded.

He moved in a little further, a little deeper, then pulled out again slowly. Then in again, going even further this time. He repeated the process until he was able to move in and out of her with his entire length, taking long, smooth strokes.

He bent down and kissed her, his posture and tone nothing like the domineering alpha male he'd played while she was on her knees in front of him in the living room. Here, he was a kind and generous lover.

But it didn't take too much longer for the alpha to appear again.

Once it became clear that she could handle his length and girth, Mr. Robinson began to fuck Bev harder and faster, slamming her into the bed as she squeaked with desire for him.

"That's it," he growled, "take that big black cock. This is your dream come true, isn't it? This is what all you white girls want. The chance to be on your back for a black man. Making up for all that racism. Finally just giving in to that desire for black dick."

"Mm–hmm," she moaned, her eyes closed.

He grabbed her wrists and held her down.

"I know what you need. I know exactly what white girls like you need. You need a nice deep dicking. The kind that your pathetic cuck husband could never give you."

"Yes," she cried, "I need it."

I had my pants around my ankles now, and was openly masturbating in the hallway. I hadn't asked for permission, but I

didn't really think I needed to. It would have been an embarrassing and awkward situation if I hadn't also been extremely aroused by the sight of Mr. Robinson, still wearing his button–down dress shirt (the front of which was drenched in sweat) looming over my wife as he pounded her from above.

"Take that cock, bitch," he groaned, "it's ok to come on it. Just give it. Just come on that dick. I know you want to..."

"Yes," moaned my wife, her legs coming up to hug him and pull him in closer as he thrust into her, "I'm so close to coming."

"Do it. Come on that dick."

"Yes, Sir!"

The next noises to come out of Bev's mouth were simply inarticulate moans as she kicked her legs in the air and shivered as if an electric shock was going through her body.

"Oh God," she moaned, "oh my God. It's so intense. It's so deep. Starting...so much...deeper…"

I took these words to mean that her orgasm was deeper and more profound than the one she'd experienced when he went down on her, or the ones she'd experienced with me.

"You like that dick? You like this big black dick?"

"Yes, Sir!"

With a grunt and a hard thrust, Mr. Robinson pumped his second load of the night inside my wife. She wasn't on birth control, and

even though she was 41, it wasn't entirely out of the question that she might get pregnant.

This thought flashed through my mind for a moment, the moment right after Mr. Robinson had flooded my wife's womb with his sperm. I'm ashamed to say that the fantasy of Mr. Robinson impregnating my wife didn't *only* fill me with a sense of shame and dread, it also triggered my own orgasm. I did my best to catch the first few bursts of sperm with my hand as I watched Mr. Robinson kiss Beverly tenderly on the mouth.

"Good job, baby doll," he said, cradling her head in his hands.

It really was something to witness the way he mixed tenderness and dominance. That seemed to appeal to Beverly greatly.

As my own orgasm subsided, a feeling of angst began to overtake me. What had I done? Was my marriage over now? Was I really responsible for everything that had happened?

Why had I ever asked Beverly about her past? Why had I been so curious? What business was it of mine? And why did I ever start watching cuckold porn? How could I have been so stupid as to not clear my browser history?

Maybe if I'd been a better husband, I wouldn't be standing there in the hallway, my hand covered in sperm, watching my wife and her lover basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking.

Maybe.

But then again, I thought, watching as Bev reached down and began to stroke his cock again, wasn't there something inevitable

about what had happened? Perhaps even if I'd been a model husband, and Beverly had been a model wife, she still would have cheated on me with Mr. Robinson. The difference was, I wouldn't have been there to witness it.

Shouldn't I at least be grateful for that? There were thousands of men with cuckold fantasies. Millions, even. And I had just had the opportunity to see mine come true. I should have been overjoyed.

I walked off towards the bathroom that I saw at the end of the hall, where I cleaned my hands and washed my face. When I came back to the bedroom, Bev was still on her back, but Mr. Robinson was straddling her, his balls in her face as she eagerly licked them.

"There you are again, Al! Why don't you get down there and clean out your wife while she cleans *me* off."

I gave him a look of confusion for a moment. What exactly did he mean?

"You cucks love that stuff, right? Get in there and clean her out with your tongue."

I realized what he was asking me to do, and, while I had fantasized about doing it for years, I was suddenly paralyzed.

"Go ahead, honey," said Bev, taking a break from tonguing Mr. Robinson's balls, "get me nice and clean for the next round."

Next round? Hadn't this guy already come twice in the past hour or so? How much more was he capable of?

Still hesitant, I walked across the threshold and into bedroom, pausing to watch the way Mr. Robinson worked his cock into my wife's mouth from above.

She was in what she probably would have considered before to be an absolutely submissive, even humiliating position. But to all appearances, she loved it.

"Get down there, white boy. Clean her out."

Mr. Robinson growled this command without so much as turning his head.

I crawled onto the bed on my stomach, positioning myself between my wife's legs. The smell was at once familiar and strange. I knew what Bev tasted like, of course. I'd gone down on her many times before and had grown to love her flavor. But there was something else there now, too. Of course there was: Mr. Robinson's sperm.

I was about to eat a creampie out of my wife's cunt.

I tried to hold in my breath as I began to lick her, taking the gobs of sperm into my mouth in small doses at first, trying to choke them down without tasting them.

Bev began to moan in pleasure, but her moans were muffled by some part of Mr. Robinson's body which she was currently pleasuring.

"That's it, bitch. Get that cock nice and hard again. I'm going in from behind this time."

She moaned in anticipation. Clearly, she was looking forward to this.

As I lapped at my wife's swollen cunt, I marveled at the sheer amount of sperm that Mr. Robinson had shot inside her. In swallowing his load, I was also swallowing my own pride: there was no way I'd ever be able to compete with a man like this. I knew that already, but the fact that he'd produced so much semen in such a short time after the blowjob filled me with a sense of awe and dread. Here was a true alpha. A man that had the natural right to claim any woman who he crossed paths with. Even if that woman was another man's wife.

"Good girl," he moaned, as the sounds of slurping continued to fill my ears, "that dick is nice and hard now. I need that pussy again."

"Mmm–hmm," moaned Bev.

"Hey cuck," he called, "are you done cleaning her out yet? I'm about ready to put another load in there."

I lapped greedily at my wife's pussy, licking up the last few mouthfuls of his cum and gagging as I gulped them down. Then I raised my head and wiped my chin off on the back of my hand.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good," he said, "now why don't you find a nice comfortable place to watch me fuck your wife like she needs to be fucked."

I couldn't help but feel grateful for the fact that he didn't banish me to the hallway again. It was like he was doing me a favor by

allowing me to watch my own wife be taken. As crazy as it may sound, I really *was* grateful, and I even told him so.

"Yes, Sir," I said, "thank you."

I looked around and found an armchair that I moved to the side of the bed so that I could watch the action from the side. Bev looked over at me, her makeup smudged and a silly grin on her face. I remembered the term I'd thought of before: cock–drunk.

Her ash–blond hair was messed up, but she stopped now to pull it back into a ponytail, fastening it with a band that she had worn around her wrist.

"Ok," she announced, looking back at Mr. Robinson when she'd finished, "go ahead."

He slipped himself into her from behind without replying. This time, he went all the way in on the first stroke. This time, she didn't need any time to get used to his size. She was stretched out already from all of the foreplay and the sex the two had already had.

This time, Mr. Robinson didn't take things slow, either. He grabbed her ponytail with one hand and slapped her ass with the other as he pounded her pussy from behind. The sounds of his thighs slapping her ass filled the room.

"Yes, bitch. Take that big dick. That's what you want, isn't it? That's what you need!"

"Yes, Sir. I need your cock," she replied, breathless as he thrust into her.

"What kind of cock is it, slut?"

"Your big *black* cock," she corrected herself.

"That's right. That's right. This is how white bitches need to get fucked."

"Yes, Sir."

Her pale asscheeks were red now, but he continued to spank her, the sound of each slap echoing through the room.

"God yes. Spank me. That feels so fucking good."

She'd certainly never asked to be spanked by me before. She'd always preferred the gentler side of lovemaking, but this was anything but. It was raw, crude and animalistic. And Beverly clearly loved it.

"That's right, bitch. I know you need this treatment."

"I do. I need it."

"Tell me whose pussy this is..." he growled, grabbing her hips now with both hands as he thrust inside her, "tell me whose property you are, bitch."

"It's yours. I'm your property," she moaned, thrusting her hips back to meet him.

"Tell me what you think about your husband," he said, a cruel note entering his voice, "tell me what you think about the man who brought you here to get fucked by a big black cock."

There was a pause. She hesitated. A sick feeling began to fill my body, even though my cock was erect.

"I...," she began.

He slapped her ass.

"Do you respect that limp–dicked white boy?"

"No," she blurted, "I don't..."

I turned deep red, completely humiliated and embarrassed, even though I didn't lose my erection.

"Tell him again," he growled, grabbing her ponytail and adjusting their position so that she was facing me, "tell him to his face. Tell him the truth."

"Your cock can never satisfy me like his can," she stammered, looking into my eyes, though her eyes were glazed over.

In that moment, I was overcome with emotion.

"Red," I stammered, then gathered myself, standing up, "*red*!"

But Bev just laughed. Then Mr. Robinson joined her.

"Aw, was that supposed to be some kind of safe word? I'm sorry, white boy, but the moment you brought your wife into this house, you relinquished all control over the situation. I thought you understood that! It's up to her what happens now."

Bev had closed her eyes, seemingly lost in the sensation of being fucked hard by Mr. Robinson's long, thick black pole.

Tears came to my eyes as I turned to leave the room, retreating to the bathroom as Bev's moans filled my ears. I shut the door and leaned against the vanity after I got inside, but I couldn't escape the sounds of my wife's betrayal.

I couldn't understand what they were saying anymore, but the obvious signs of their pleasure were still very much audible. I knew that she was probably coming again, and that he would probably fill her for a second time that day. I took out my cock and jerked off again as I imagined my wife, begging for her black lover to fill her with his seed.

***

It had been quiet in the bedroom for a long time when I finally had the courage to emerge from the bathroom. I had had a lot of time to think while I'd been in there by myself, listening as Mr. Robinson brought Beverly to one climax after another. It was a dreadful feeling, once the arousal had vanished, being confronted with my own inferiority so directly. But at the same time ,it was somewhat freeing, or at least I *hoped* it might be.

I knew that Beverly still loved me. I didn't think that she'd lied to me in the car. I knew that there was a difference between the marital love between the two of us and the raw, unbridled sexual passion that she felt for Mr. Robinson. She'd have to listen to reason. I just needed to get her home first.

When I walked up to the bedroom, I heard the sound of running water. A peek inside the room told me that they were in the shower. Together.

One of Bev's giggles rang out over the sound of the water, sending another pang of longing through me. What could I do about it, though?

Absolutely nothing.

I went downstairs and sat in the living room, leafing through a magazine while I waited for them.

Finally, about an hour later, Beverly emerged on the staircase, slowly walking down to the bottom. Her face was serious. Almost sorrowful.

Was that remorse?

"Hey," she said, standing in front of me in the dress she'd worn before, her hair still damp from the shower, "I guess I owe you an apology. You have every right to be angry with me."

"Not here," I said, gesturing towards the door, "let's go home."

"Ok."

We drove back home in silence, neither one of us know quite what to say. What was there to say? From my perspective, the "experiment" had been a total disaster. Sure, I'd gotten what I wanted, but it had been, in all honesty, too much for me to handle. I'd fantasized about being shown my place as a beta male by a dominant man, but the reality of it had been traumatic.

Finally, Bev broke the silence.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I never should have ignored your safe word. It was the heat of the moment. There were all kinds of hormones coursing through my body, and it was impossible to tell what was part of the game, and what was going too far."

"But that's exactly what the safe word is for," I snapped, "to tell you when you're going too far!"

"I know," she sighed, "but in that moment, I thought that you would get off on me ignoring you. In some of those stories you like, the wife seems to be supposed to push the husband's limits. It's all part of the game."

This was unexpected. She had a point, of sorts. I really *had* gotten off on it. Hadn't I jerked off again in the bathroom after storming out of the bedroom?

"I never saw it like that," I said, hesitantly, "I guess that sort of makes sense."

"I still shouldn't have done it," she said, "will you ever forgive me?"

"Yes," I said, "I already have."

She fell into my arms and we shared a long hug.

That night, while the kids were still gone, we made love in our bedroom, fucking ferociously, though not for as long or as hard as she had with Mr. Robinson. One of the advantages of being smaller than he was, I reflected, was that I didn't have to worry about hurting her with my cock, and could go as long and as hard as I wanted to.

Afterwards, we collapsed together in a heap on the bed. I felt closer to Beverly than I had in years. Maybe more so than ever before.

“Babe,” I said, “you still love me?”

“Of course,” she murmured, her head tucked under my arm as we lay side by side on the bed, “you’re my husband.”

“I love you, too,” I said, “but promise me something, will you?”

“What?”

“That you’ll stop seeing Mr. Robinson.”

There was a pause. It couldn’t have been easy for her.

“I promise,” she said finally.

“Good,” I said, “then that’s that.”

Chapter 5: Never Going Back

But "that" wasn't really "that," of course. What was done was done, and I couldn't get the images of what I'd seen out of my head. Day and night for the next few weeks, I was haunted by the things that I'd heard her say, the little moans she'd made when he'd thrust inside her, the expression on her face when she'd been on her knees sucking him off in the living room. I jerked off dozens of times to the memory, even though it tormented me.

There was another source of torment, too, however: Bev was still on the night shift, so we went back to barely seeing each other. And she went back to going out several nights a week with the "girls" after work.

We fell back into our old routine of barely having sex, and barely talking about it. If I'd been less jealous, or less naïve, I might have believed that everything between us really *had* returned to normal, that our experiment with cuckoldry hadn't left any long–term traces on our relationship, that it had been as significant as a brief vacation to an exotic place from which we'd returned basically the same people as before.

But I couldn't believe it. I had a nagging feeling. A suspicion that Bev was still in contact with Mr. Robinson. That she was seeing him behind my back.

There was no way to completely avoid him, of course. He was still our son's geography teacher, and so we would get e–mails from

time to time updating us on his progress. Mr. Robinson was always completely professional in these exchanges, copying both of us, and never so much as hinting at the fact that he knew us in any other social context.

Bev didn't mention him, or their tryst again, either. I found this very fact to be suspicious. If it really *was* all over now, wouldn't she be processing it too? Hadn't she had intense feelings for Mr. Robinson? Not talking about him at all might be her way of avoiding a direct conversation about whether or not she was still seeing him.

No one can keep a secret forever, of course, and eventually one night I learned the truth. It was completely an accident.

I woke up early, much earlier than usual, around 4:30 am. The neighborhood was still dark. Our dog, Beppo, was awake as well, and since he was used to going for a walk with me the second that I got up, I decided to take him out early, even though it was unusual. He didn't seem to mind.

Bev was due home in about an hour or so, maybe later if she really partied with the girls. She hadn't been doing that as often lately, though.

I decided to take Beppo on a walk around the neighborhood after he'd done his business. As I rounded the corner a few blocks from our house, I saw a car on the street that looked a lot like Bev's. When I got closer to it, I realized there could be no doubt: it really *was* Bev's.

A sinking feeling filled me as I realized there could be no legitimate reason for her to park so close to our house without actually coming home. Something weird was going on. Either something had happened to her (and I sincerely hoped it hadn't), or else she was up to something.

Something that she didn't want me to know about.

I slowly walked down the street a little further, my eyes and ears open to every sound around me. Just then, I noticed another familiar car, parked a little further down, in the parking lot of the small neighborhood park.

Where had I seen that vehicle before?

I slowly realized that the Range Rover in the parking lot was the same one that belonged to Mr. Robinson.

My heart sank. I walked slowly up to the car and stood quietly outside it. The early morning was still, and Beppo was very well–behaved.

The car was obviously occupied. On close inspection, it was rocking. The tinted windows didn't let me see inside, but what was happening was obvious.

Beverly was getting fucked again. By Mr. Robinson. The lure had been too strong to resist.

Slowly, sounds became audible. I even made out a few fragments of speech.

"Yes, Daddy. Give me that dick. I'm your little white whore..."

Beverly shrieked as she reached climax.

Then there was silence. I stood there for about five more minutes, not moving a muscle, until suddenly the door opened and the light in the car went on.

"Oh, it's you, Alvin!" said Mr. Robinson, "that guy looks a little too big to be a chipmunk."

He grinned at the dog.

"I'll be seeing you, Bev," he said, leaning over to my wife, who was staring at me in horror and disbelief, as he gave her a kiss, "I've gotta get outta here. Teaching in a few hours and all that."

Bev climbed out of the car and he pulled off.

For several moments, we stared at each other in silence, as Beppo rubbed himself eagerly against Bev's legs. At least one of us was happy to see her.

***

The next few months were difficult. I'm not going to lie. We started couple's counselling, and went several times a month. No matter how many times she apologized to me, I still couldn't get over the fact that Bev had betrayed me not once, but twice. She seemed addicted to her relationship with Mr. Robinson, and there seemed to be nothing that anyone else could do about it.

At the same time, it became harder and harder to hide our troubles from the boys. They sensed that something was wrong, but we didn't feel right in telling them. What was I going to do, sit them

down and tell them about cuckolding and how dangerous it can be? That was clearly out of the question. So we did what all spouses with marital troubles do, even though we knew it was wrong: we tried to smooth over the problems in the family dynamic with lots of treats and extra toys. It didn't work. The boys sensed our dissatisfaction, and they started acting out. There were problems at school and at home.

Finally, Bev and I arranged to go away for a weekend and finally settle things between us. Something had to give. Either our marriage would be over, or it wouldn't.

We booked a cabin in the woods, about an hour away from where we lived. There were no distractions from work. Mr. Robinson couldn't find us here.

The conversation was slow, at first. We were both angry, and we both felt that we had the right to be, while the other person didn't. It was difficult to move past that part. But when we finally did, we came to the realization that it was possible for both of us to get what we wanted if we set down some rules. With those rules, however, would come accountability.

Bev would be allowed to continue to see Mr. Robinson, two nights a week, but I would be present for one of those nights. On all other nights, while she was working, she would turn on her phone's tracking feature, and I would be allowed to check on her whenever I wanted. This was to keep her accountable. To keep her from seeing Mr. Robinson behind my back.

We also agreed to have a date night — just the two of us – twice a month. We were under no obligation to have sex, but we were going to spend some time together as a couple. Just the two of us. No Mr. Robinson.

Beverly might not have been able to "go back" after having "gone black," but this arrangement was designed to save our marriage and give us both what we wanted.

That night in the cabin, we made love again for the first time in months. We had finally seemed to patch things over.

***

So, I'm happy to report that this story has a happy ending for all parties involved: Beverly gets to experience a well–endowed lover twice a week, and I get to watch her with him once a week. If I'm lucky, we even have sex after our date nights, though I've learned that it's not something I should expect. I understand. After all, Beverly has to save herself for the alpha in the relationship: Mr. Robinson. For my part, I've learned to accept my place in the sexual hierarchy.

I've learned to love being a cuckold.

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.

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SARAH'S ADVENTURE

Can a young married couple deal with their ultimate cheating fantasy becoming a reality?

Brandon and Sarah, 25, have been together for seven years. They are very open with each other about their desires and fantasies, because they are acutely aware of the danger that the "fear of missing out" can pose to couples who marry so early.

But on a trip to Berlin, when Sarah begins to flirt with the tall, handsome, dominant and extremely endowed Mark, everything the two lovers think they know about their relationship is put to the test.

Can Brandon deal with watching his beautiful, fertile young wife in the hands of a skillful alpha male? Open this book and find out...

SARAH'S ADVENTURE is a 21,000-word novella exploring the intricacies of negotiated cheating, the hotwife lifestyle and what happens when it slides into cuckold territory and a threesome becomes a twosome.

EMMA'S FLING

When a happily married wife meets her old lover again for the first time in a decade, will she be able to resist the spark that brought them together back then?

Michael's wife Emma had what she calls a "fling" with his friend Paul before finally settling down with Michael. Even if the tall, handsome and well-endowed Paul inspired raw, uncontrollable passion in Emma, he just wasn't "husband material" in the same way that Michael is.

What Emma doesn't know is that Michael witnessed her first encounter with Paul, which took place during a wild summer night that all of them have been thinking about ever since. Michael can't get over the physical chemistry that he witnessed back then. He knows that he'll never be able to please Emma the way Paul could.

A decade later, Emma and Paul meet again during a New Year's Eve party. This time, everything is different. Or is it? After another night among friends, three people's lives will never be the same again.

EMMA'S FLING is a 21,000-word novella featuring a cheating, fertile wife, netorare, cuckold angst and clean-up scenes. It explores the emotional fallout of extramarital affairs and the reality of cuckold fantasies coming to life.

HER OLD FLAME

Melinda is everything her husband Steve has ever wanted: she's smart, feisty and voluptuously curvy. The kind of woman with a healthy appetite for the finer things in life — in the kitchen and the bedroom. The fact that she's an Italian–American from Queens only makes her seem more exotic to a guy from the suburbs of Dallas.

But Steve goes digging into Melinda's past, he begins to uncover some uncomfortable secrets about an ex–boyfriend named Carlo. Carlo is the opposite of Steve in every way: he's tall, confident, dominant and very well–endowed. Luckily, Carlo is behind bars serving a sentence for a crime of passion he committed protecting Melinda's honor. So he's not a serious threat to the couple's relationship.

Or is he?

When Carlo is transferred to a prison nearby, a stunning series of events will turn Melinda's old flame into a towering inferno...

HER OLD FLAME is a 50,000–word cuckold novel the explores themes of cuckold angst, netorare, clean–up, alpha males and what happens to beta males when they accept their place in the natural hierarchy.

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA

When Alan's beautiful, voluptuous wife Jessica takes a new job with a law firm in the city she grew up in, a mysterious man from her past suddenly reenters her life.

Mark Howard isn't just the same man who wooed Jessica when she was young and innocent, he's also her new boss. Not only that, he's the consummate alpha: a ruggedly handsome, successful attorney and war veteran. The perfect dominant masculine counterpart to Jessica's fragile femininity.

Alan, who harbors a secret hotwife fetish, presses his wife for information about her past connection to Mark. Jessica is reluctant to reveal the depth of her emotional attachment to her ex, but gradually some of the naughty details of their encounters begin to trickle out.

Specifically, one particular outsized detail that makes Mark an extremely memorable lover. Soon, all Alan can think about is the possibility of Jessica rekindling her romance with Mark, but this time with him watching as they go all the way…

As Jessica grows more intimate with her new boss (and old flame), Alan helps overcome every obstacle in the way of making their shared hotwife fantasy a reality.

But will Alan be able to handle the sight of another man turning his young, fertile wife into a size queen, and him into a cuckold? Will the three characters be able to balance their individual passions, or

will Alan be simply swept aside and replaced by the better man forever?

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA is a 50,000-word, explicit, raw and emotionally poignant wife-sharing cuckold novel. It is a stand-alone installment in the HER FIRST BULL series by Cynthia Sizemore.