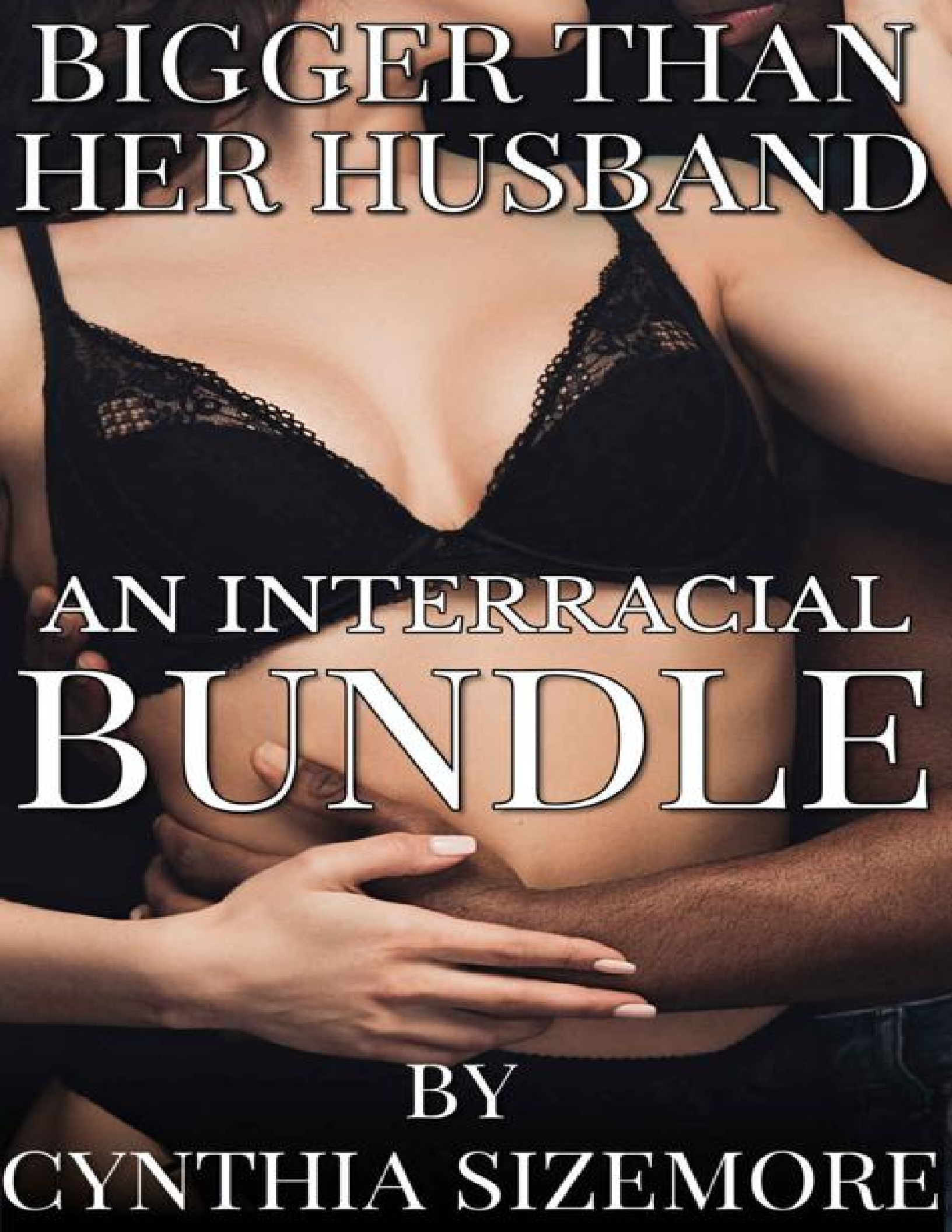

BIGGER THAN HER HUSBAND
AN INTERRACIAL
BUNDLE
BY
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

BIGGER THAN HER HUSBAND: AN INTERRACIAL BUNDLE

By Cynthia Sizemore

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HANNAH'S BBC THERAPY: Introduction

“Ok,” I said, “I’m sick of fighting, Hannah. If you really think this new therapist will help solve our problems, I’m open to it.”

I watched my wife’s face change from a frown to a broad grin.

“Really? You promise to do whatever she says?”

“I promise,” I said, not sure if I meant it or not, but totally sure that there was nothing else to try at this point, “I just want you to find inner peace. To find your happy place.”

“Thanks,” said Hannah, still beaming at me, “I have to admit, I didn’t think it would be this easy.”

“What would be this easy?”

“You know…repairing our marriage.”

“But you haven’t even started the therapy yet!”

“I know, honey,” she said, flashing her beautiful blue eyes at me, “I just know that this is going to be the right step for me. For us.”

“Yeah,” I said, a bit hesitant, “I think so, too.”

I had cheated. There was no other way to say it. I’d cheated on Hannah with a mutual friend of ours while she was away on a week–long business trip. The woman I’d slept with had since moved away, so she wasn’t an immediate threat anymore (so to speak) but it was still very difficult for Hannah to trust me. I knew this, and was actively trying to win her back.

“My first appointment is Monday,” she said, “I can’t wait. She told me she practices with her husband, actually, and so he might be involved in the therapy as well.”

“Husband?”

I raised my eyebrows, “I don’t remember us talking about a man being involved.”

“He’s not just any man, honey. He’s a trained professional.”

“Of course,” I said, trying to shake off my insecurities, “I’m sure he’s totally professional.”

“I’m sure, too,” said Hannah, patting the back of my hand with her palm, “he’s going to help us get over this.”

“I certainly hope so. You know I’ll do anything…”

“I know, honey. I know.”

There was a wistful look in her eyes, accompanied (I believed) by a tear. A wave of guilt wracked my body, and I almost began to cry myself. How could I have been so *stupid* to cheat on such a **beautiful, perfect woman**?

Chapter 1

After the first session, Hannah came home positively glowing.

“Wow,” I said, “you look happy. What exactly happened?”

“We discussed your infidelity,” she began, “and that was very difficult. Because I still carry so much guilt and shame about what happened. Even though *you* were the one who cheated.”

“I know you do, honey. You know how I awful feel about it now. I know we need to rebuild our trust, and I’ll do anything to do that.”

“I forgive *you*, sweetheart. But I somehow can’t forgive myself for letting our relationship get to the point it did.”

“You know that *I* was the one at fault. *Me* and me alone.”

“It’s very admirable for you to say that, but I know that I hadn’t exactly been interested in sex leading up to the ‘incident.’ Now, thanks to my appointment, I’m ready to acknowledge that. And to take concrete steps to deal with my feelings.”

“Wow, that’s great! But what exactly do you mean? What kind of ‘concrete steps’? It sounds quite definite.”

“Are you sure you’re ready to hear this, honey?”

A trace of concern crossed her face.

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Well,” she said, “Linda and her husband work together. I think I told you that.”

“Yes…”

“And they are both big proponents of what they call ‘restorative justice’ in relationships.”

“That makes sense,” I said, “I’ve heard of that in the context of prison reform. It’s like alternative sentences and things like that, right?”

“That’s correct,” she said, “but in the case of a relationship, it takes a slightly different form.”

“Ok,” I said, completely baffled, but still ready to do anything it would take to save my marriage.

“Since you slept with another woman, this form of ‘restorative justice’ will involve me sleeping with another man.”

“Hannah,” I said, “you’ve got to be kidding me. What kind of insane solution is that?! Won’t this just create more problems for us?”

I tried to hold my temper, even though I knew that I had no right to be upset.

“No,” she said, standing her ground, “in fact, this is the *only* way I think I can imagine saving our marriage. Don’t forget who’s responsible for all of this.”

She gave me an accusatory glare.

“So…what…you’re just going to go out to a bar or something and find some guy to fuck? Or are you going to choose one of our friends? *Please*, Hannah. Think about this.”

“I *have* thought about it. Quite a lot, in fact. And I understand your concerns, so let me get something straight: I’m not going to have sex with a stranger, or with a friend.”

“I don’t understand…”

“I’m going to have sex with my therapist Linda’s husband, Marcus. He specializes in this stuff, remember? He and Linda have helped hundreds of couples.”

“I can’t believe this…,” I said, shaking my head.

“If you didn’t want something like this to happen,” said Hannah, “you shouldn’t have put your dick in my friend. How do you think that made me feel? This at least is a guy who we won’t have to see socially. It’s only going to happen once. But you’re going to be there.”

“What?! Not only are you going to *fuck* another guy, but I have to be there to *watch* it?”

“It’s a very important part of the process. Linda’s going to be there as well. Both of you will witness the process of restoration.”

The rage disappeared from Hannah's eyes as she said this. I began to soften myself, somehow understanding that, as hard as this was to accept, she was dead–set on doing it. This would be my only chance to save my marriage.

"Ok," I said, "I can see that I'm not going to talk you out of it. But what is this going to entail, anyway? Are we all going to go to some kind of seedy hotel or something?"

"No," she said, "we're going to go to Linda and Marcus's place. In the hills. They have a very comfortable home studio there where they practice. The whole thing should take about three hours, give or take. Including the briefing and debriefing time."

"I still can't believe this."

"Three hours, honey. Three hours to fix our marriage."

"Ok," I sighed, "let's do it."

Chapter 2

Less than a week later, Hannah and I got into her sedan and made the 45–minute drive up into the hills, where Linda and Marcus were waiting to meet us. Hannah hadn't given me many details about the couple, so I had no idea what to expect, and I must have betrayed my surprise when a tall, muscular black man in his mid–40s opened the door and extended his hand for a firm shake.

"Marcus Fielding," he said, "very pleased to meet you. Technically, it's *Doctor*Fielding, but given the intimate nature of our home, practice we just use first names here."

"Hi," I said, shaking the hand of the man who was about to fuck my wife in front of me, "I'm Steven. Steven Jackson."

"Yes, I know. I've been briefed on the case by Linda, and have already had several conversations with Hannah," he said, ushering us inside, "Linda's already upstairs in the studio. Would the two of you like anything to drink? Non–alcoholic of course. Even though alcohol might sooth your nerves, we find that it can get in the way of the kind of psychological work we're trying to do here."

"I'd love a sparkling water if you have it," said Hannah, looking at Marcus with what I took to be lust.

I tried to suppress my anger.

"Nothing for me, thanks," I sputtered.

Marcus noticed this, and came over and put his hand on my arm.

"Look, Steven. I know this is hard. But you've got to trust the process. Linda and I have been doing this for over 20 years. We know exactly what we're doing. This is how you save your marriage, bro! Isn't that what we *all* want here?"

I nodded, trying to hide my glum expression.

"Don't forget *why* we're here, honey."

Hannah's face was serious. A pang of guilt shot through my body.

“I remember,” I said.

“Good,” said Marcus, “I’ll grab that water, and you two go ahead and go up and talk to Linda. She’s waiting for you.”

We ascended the small spiral staircase in the center of living room, Hannah first, and came out in the large, bright, upper–story room which seemed to be an open–floor–plan apartment with a kitchenette in the corner and several pieces of furniture, some of them with obscure functions. There was also what appeared to be a sex swing hanging from a ceiling joist.

In the middle of the room, sitting on a yoga mat, was an attractive woman in her late thirties or early forties. Obviously the famous Linda.

“Steven! Hannah!” she called, “you’re right on time! Come on over and let’s get started.”

We walked across the open space to where Linda was sitting.

She gestured to two cushions on the floor across from her.

“Please, take a seat. Steven, it’s so nice to finally meet you.”

She extended her hand in greeting, clasping mine in a friendly gesture.

“As you can imagine, Hannah’s told us a lot about you and your particular situation, so it’s great to be able to put a face with a name.”

“Nice to meet you as well,” I said, a little hesitantly.

“I understand that you both might have some apprehension about today,” she said, “and what to expect.”

I nodded.

“Rest assured that Marcus and I are trained, licensed professionals, and we help couples like you all the time. Hannah,” she said, turning to my wife, “why don’t you change behind that partition over there? Please remove your clothes entirely. There’s a robe there to make you more comfortable.”

Hannah nodded, then stood, setting her purse down next to the cushion.

Linda reached out and took my hand.

“Steven,” she said, “this will be difficult for you to watch. I can guarantee it. But that’s also part of what we’re trying to accomplish here. You know that what you did to Hannah hurt her very much. We’re not going to try to do that here. Restorative justice, in relationships as elsewhere in life, isn’t about *retribution*, but about *restoration* of the relationship. But having said that, some uncomfortable feelings are inevitable. After all, if you weren’t just a little jealous watching your wife make love to another man, then what kind of bond would the two of you really have?”

“I guess that’s right,” I said, shifting uncomfortably on the cushion.

“It’s also not at all uncommon,” she continued, “to become aroused yourself. Marcus is a very skilled and experienced lover, and your wife is a beautiful woman. No one could blame you if the experience caused you considerable arousal. In fact, your arousal is just as much part of the process as Hannah’s.”

“I’m not sure I feel comfortable talking about this,” I said.

“I assure you that you do *not* feel comfortable talking about this! I can tell from your body language. But there is no need for any of this to be awkward. I’m going to be here the entire time to help coach you through your feelings. I’d suggest that you remove your clothes and put on a robe as well. It makes certain aspects of the process… simpler.”

She gestured to the other side of the room, where a similar partition to the one that Hannah had disappeared behind stood.

I shrugged my shoulders and stood, walking behind the partition, where a white bathrobe hung, as promised.

“Do I have to take off everything?”

“Everything,” called Linda, “but you should, of course, wear the robe.”

I did as I was told. When I emerged from behind the partition, there was Hannah, standing next to Linda and grinning at me. Marcus had emerged from the downstairs as well, and was making

small talk as Hannah sipped the water he'd brought her. He was now wearing his own white bathrobe, and it appeared that he was also not wearing anything else underneath. Only Linda remained clad in yoga pants and a tank top.

I slowly walked across the room to the others. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was also walking into my own future. Away from my past. Away from my marriage as I knew it.

Chapter 3

“Well,” said Marcus, as I joined the group, “Steven is here, so it looks like it’s time to begin. As I’m sure Linda explained, I’ll be Hannah’s guide, and she’ll be yours. She’ll explain anything about the process that you don’t understand, and she’ll also help you deal with any emotional or physical consequences of the therapy.

I nodded, my heart pound in my chest.

“Steven,” said Linda, “come and sit next to me here.”

She gestured to a couch in front of a large bed located near the sex swing.

I followed her to the spot and sat down. At the same time, I saw Marcus take Hannah’s hand. Hannah was smiling uncontrollably at him. This smile I’d only seen a couple of times before. One of which was on our wedding day.

Marcus led Hannah to the bed directly in front of the couch where Linda and I were sitting, and pulled her in for an unexpectedly long, passionate kiss. I had halfway been ready to watch them fuck. After all, I enjoyed pornography, and I reasoned that I could simply try to detach from the situation emotionally and appreciate it as a spectacle.

But I hadn’t been prepared for the kissing. Especially not this kind of deep, sensual and probing kissing that seemed to go on for half an hour, even though I knew it was probably only a few minutes. Linda, sensing my consternation, put her hand on my leg and leaned in to whisper in my ear.

“This is something that Hannah told us she wanted. Something that you don’t do enough of.”

I flushed with embarrassment from having my shortcomings as a lover displayed so openly, even if there were only four people present.

I watched as Marcus reached up and untied my wife’s robe in the front, letting it fall open and exposing her ample breasts and

incredible figure. I had to admit: Hannah was an incredibly attractive woman, with auburn hair, pale skin, and light blue eyes. I didn't understand anymore what I'd even seen in Abigail, the woman I'd cheated with, except for just an easy opportunity to get my dick wet.

Marcus found Hannah's nipples and began to tease them. He seemed capable of remarkably refined movements given his enormous, beefy hands and muscular frame. Hannah responded enthusiastically to his efforts.

Then, for the first time, she cast a sideways glance at me, making eye contact briefly.

"It's ok," said Marcus, "remember your mantra for this encounter. Your desires are valid. Say it with me."

"My desires are valid," she said.

"That's right, Hannah. Your desires are valid. You deserve to get what you want."

"I deserve to get what I want."

"You deserve pleasure."

"I deserve pleasure," she said, casting another sidelong glance at me.

What exactly did she mean by this? Didn't *I* bring her pleasure? What did this have to do with my affair, exactly?

Suddenly, Hannah's actions took on a new boldness. I watched as she reached forward and untied Marcus' robe, reaching inside and grabbing him. A huge smile spread across her face. The same smile as before. I realized that this smile was connected with Marcus' cock.

But what could be so special about a penis? It didn't make sense…

At least not for another few seconds. Then I caught a glimpse of the monster that was slowly taking on its full size between Marcus' legs.

"Oh my *God*, Marcus!" giggled Hannah, as if reading my thoughts, "I can't believe it's really as big as you said it was."

“I would never lie or exaggerate. That would be unethical,” he said, stroking her face tenderly as she gripped his shaft with her other hand as well, “remember: your desires are valid. Your desire for a big dick is valid.”

“My desire for a big dick is valid.”

“Some women are born size queens,” said Linda, patting my leg as she smiled at me, “they can’t achieve vaginal orgasms unless they are penetrated by a man of a certain size. And for these particular women, the rule of thumb is usually ‘the bigger, the better.’”

“I don’t understand…,” I stammered, whispering to Linda, “she’s never mentioned any of this before.”

“Hannah never had an orgasm with you. Not during sex,” said Linda, “this played a role in her loss of libido around the time of your affair. She felt that she couldn’t approach you with this concern due to the strain it might put on your relationship. We helped her see that *not* telling you about it was what really caused the strain. At the same time, we got her to understand that there’s nothing wrong with a woman wanting a man with a bigger cock. *Needing* a man with a bigger cock.”

“But…,” I said, looking down at my own dick, which was getting hard despite my own ambivalent feelings, “I’m not exactly small.”

“No,” said Linda, regarding my phallus with a slight grin, “you’re probably even above average. But for a size queen like Hannah — or me, for that matter — yours just doesn’t cut it.”

I shook my head in disbelief. I felt a lump of anger and frustration rising in my throat. What could I do about the fact that I didn’t have a nine–inch monster cock like Marcus?

Absolutely nothing.

I turned my attention back to the couple. Hannah had dropped to her knees now, and Marcus was in the process of shaking off his robe to reveal his impeccably trained, muscular body.

And, of course, his enormous black cock, which jutted out obscenely in front of my wife, who looked up at him with an expression of incredible devotion.

“Say it again,” he urged her.

“My desires are valid. My desire to worship a big cock is valid.”

“Your desire to worship a big, *black* cock is valid,” he corrected her.

“My desire to worship a big, black cock is valid,” said Hannah, looking up at him.

“As part of our therapy session, we asked Hannah to dig deep. To tell us about what she really desired, no matter how taboo those desires might end up being. And this fantasy was the first on her list. The desire to be really *fucked* — taken, body and soul, were her exact words, by a man with a big, black cock.”

“I just can’t believe it. I never in a million years…”

“That’s not uncommon,” said Linda, “usually wives have been socialized to put their husband’s desires before their own. She probably has all kinds of fantasies that she’s never told you about before. That’s part of this process.”

Suddenly, I saw Hannah in an entirely new light. I watched as she gingerly took Marcus into her mouth, maintaining eye contact with him all the time, as if to assure herself that she was doing a good job. Marcus was determined to help.

“Yes, Hannah,” he said, “just relax your jaw and let it come. Let the cock come to you. You just receive it. This is a meditative process of relaxation.”

“Did he just say that sucking his cock was *meditative*?” I couldn’t believe my ears.

“Not sucking,” corrected Linda, “*worshiping*. It’s an important distinction. And yes, it actually is very meditative and centering. Marcus and I begin every morning with a long worship session.”

I shook my head in disbelief as I watched Marcus slowly feeding his big dick, painstakingly, a millimeter at a time, into my attentive wife’s throat. Hannah continued to keep her eyes locked on his, even as her chin and chest became slowly covered in spit.

“A true size queen — like Hannah or I — takes pride in her ability to accommodate even the girthiest member. And so it’s a point of self–esteem for Hannah to prove her ability to deepthroat my husband. As you can see, the lesson is going incredibly well. Your wife is a natural. Look at how tuned is she is to Marcus. Their thoughts are almost synchronized. They are on exactly the same wavelength.

I had to admit that she was right. Despite the fact that Hannah’s neck was distended with the bugle of Marcus’ cockhead, she was perfectly still, intensely focused, and seemed to even be enjoying the process, letting out a throaty moan each time he entered her throat anew.

Slowly, gradually, over the course of at least 15 minutes, Marcus began to fuck my wife’s throat as if it were the easiest thing in the world. He continued to talk to her, encouraging her with a big smile and lots of praise.

“You’re doing so good, Hannah. Your throat feels so incredible around my cock. You look so beautiful with my big black cock down your throat.”

And, over and over again, that same refrain:

“Your desires matter, Hannah. You deserve to take a large black cock, whenever and wherever you want. There’s nothing wrong with what you want.”

Each time, Hannah would agree wholeheartedly, moaning as she breathed slowly and intensely through her nose, the enormous black phallus bulging in her throat.

I became aware of the fact that my own cock was now absolutely rock hard. Linda noticed as well, reaching over and casually stroking me.

“What…?” I started, welcoming the touch but a bit confused by what she was doing.

“This is an important part of the therapy,” she said, “you have to associate your wife’s pleasure with your own. So I’m going to stroke you while you watch the session. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I stammered, looking over at Linda, who was a beautiful woman, and not too bad at giving a handjob.

“We have to realign your desires with those of your wife. We have to train you to associate her enjoyment of black cock with your own sexual pleasure.”

“Ok,” I groaned, as she produced a bottle of KY jelly and squeezed it onto my cock.

“Marcus,” she called, “whenever the two of you are ready, we’re all set for phase two.”

Marcus looked over at her and flashed her a thumbs up as he continued to thrust into my wife’s throat.

Slowly, carefully, he pulled the entire length of his cock out of Hannah’s throat, leaving several strands of spit behind. My wife was grinning like a drunk college girl. Her chin and chest were absolutely soaked in spit, and there was even a smear of lubrication on the hardwood floor where her pussy had brushed against it.

Hannah was absolutely soaked. Linda must have been right! My wife was a size queen. She loved huge cocks so much that deepthroating one had caused her to lube like I’d never seen before.

“Alright, Hannah,” he said, cupping her chin as she caught her breath, “how are you feeling?”

“Like I want to feel *you* inside me,” she said, her eyes radiating desire that I could feel all the way from the couch.

“Yes, ma’am,” chuckled Marcus, “how would you like it?”

“I want to be on top,” she said, “you lay on your back. I need him – ” (here it was clear that she was referring to *me*) “ –to be able to see how well you fill me. He needs to have this image imprinted on his brain.”

“Yes, I entirely agree,” said Linda immediately, “you’ve clearly internalized our therapeutic practice.”

She turned to me.

“Remember,” she said, “try your hardest to associate your pleasure with hers.”

I nodded, not sure what else I could do in the situation. Still, I had to admit, as difficult as the last few minutes had been, I was incredibly turned on by the whole situation, despite my conscious wishes, and I was actually looking forward to my petite, curvy wife take a gigantic black cock.

I never would have said that out loud, of course.

“That’s it, Hannah,” said Marcus in a soothing, encouraging voice, “take it nice and slow. This is going to be the biggest cock you’ve ever taken. It’s not unusual for it to take some time to get it all the way inside. That’s part of the fun for both of us, isn’t it, honey?”

He smiled up at hear, and I could almost feel the smile she gave him back, even though she was facing away from me now, slowly squatting on his enormous prick while he helped ease her down with his muscular arms.

“That’s it,” he said, “this is going to be just as amazing as you’ve always imagined. I promise. Just take it slow. I’m in total control.”

“Yes, Marcus,” she moaned, her voice in an undecidable register somewhere between pleasure and pain.

“Easy does it,” he said, slowly lowering her down.

I was amazed by the endurance in his arms. Somehow, between the both of them, they were taking the penetration extremely slowly. In fact, the glacial tempo reminded me of Hannah’s deepthroat “training” just a while a ago. But surely it was easier to “train” a woman’s vagina (which was made to stretch, after all) than her throat?

“God, Marcus. This is amazing. You’re so big, I can’t believe it.”

“Isn’t there someone else you really want to tell that,” smiled Marcus.

“Yes…,” she groaned, lowering herself another half inch, “Steven, honey. This is what I want. This is what I’ve wanted for so bad for so long. To be completely filled…”

Here, she broke off her statement with a gasp.

“Oh my *God*! I can’t believe it,” she moaned, only about halfway down his shaft, which seemed to be thick as a fire pole, “I’m coming!!”

“Yes, Hannah. That’s it,” said Marcus, his voice smooth and deep, “you deserve this pleasure. You are entitled to your desire. Just remember that. Keep breathing and just flow through the orgasm. Allow yourself to experience it.”

“Yes,” she squeaked, closing her eyes now and almost losing her balance on his prick. Marcus reached out and steadied her with his hands.

“Look at her,” whispered Linda, stroking my prick, “isn’t she beautiful? Doesn’t this scene just look *perfect*? They’re such a natural couple. Your pretty white wife with her tight little pussy, and my handsome husband with his big. Black. Cock.”

She punctuated the last three words with three long, sensual pulls on my cock that brought me very close to exploding. She seemed to sense this, though, and pulled back.

“Not so fast,” she said, almost teasing, “we can’t have you climaxing too early. I have a feeling that Hannah has quite a few more orgasms in her.

I looked at Hannah, still only able to see her rear. She was motionless, straining to catch her breah after being pummeled by waves of pleasure.

Then, suddenly she let a out a small shriek.

“Oh Marcus,” she cried, “I can’t believe how good it feels. This is unreal.”

“No,” said Marcus, gripping her hands as she began to ride him again, “this *is* real, and what’s more, it’s what you deserve. Don’t forget that.”

“It’s what I deserve,” moaned Hannah, “I deserve a big black cock in my life.”

“You deserve a big black cock in your life,” repeated Marcus, moving her up and down on his greased pole, holding her by her

hips now and taking complete control.

“She deserves a big black cock in her life,” echoed Linda, stroking me faster again for a moment, “do you see that now?”

“I think…, I’m beginning…, to understand…,” I panted.

“Good, good,” said Linda, laughing to herself a bit.

“I want to turn around,” panted Hannah, “he needs… to see my face.”

“Yes, that’s good!” said Marcus, “Steven needs to watch as you experience the ultimate pleasure. The pleasure you deserve. The pleasure of the BBC.”

“Yes,” moaned Hannah, as if she were in a trance, “I feel so good. I want him to see how well you fuck me. I need him to see how a man takes a woman.”

“How a *black* man takes a woman,” laughed Linda, whispering in my ear.

A few moments later, Hannah was on her hands and knees on the bed, and Marcus had entered her from behind.

“Oh my God,” she moaned, her eyes pointed in my direction, yet so glazed over from pleasure that she didn’t seem to see me at all, “fuck me, Marcus. Give me that big black cock. I need it so bad.”

“Yes,” said Marcus, thrusting into her balls–deep, “you need it, and you deserve it. You’re entitled to pleasure and to orgasms. Whether you’re married or not. Steven certainly thought that his own pleasure was important, otherwise he wouldn’t have cheated, now would he? And so why should yours be any different.”

“Fuck,” she moaned, “it’s true. I have been missing this in my life. I need to get fucked like this every day. Please just take me, Marcus. Show my husband how a man fucks. I don’t care what you do with me now. You can do anything you want. Just fucking fuck my pussy until you shoot your load deep inside me. I need to feel you inside. I need it so, so bad.”

“No,” growled, Marcus, slamming into her hard as he entwined his fingers in her hair, “you *deserve* it, remember?”

“I deserve this, Steven,” she moaned, looking directly into my eyes now as he fucked her, “I need you to understand that I am entitled to pleasure. My desires are not wrong.”

“That’s right, Hannah,” said Marcus, his voice becoming a bit hoarser as he fucked her even faster, “keep going. Just take deep breaths and let it all out. Tell Steven everything he needs to know about you.”

“I’ve never had a vaginal orgasm with you,” she blurted, “and I always told you I didn’t care. But the truth is, I *do* care. I always knew the reason, too. I knew that I was a size queen ever since I was old enough to be legal. The longer we were together, the more I resented you for not giving you what I need. And so I cut you off, sexually. I almost *wanted* you to cheat.”

She paused and rolled her eyes back into her head, moaning now.

“Ok,” she continued, “I *did* want you to cheat. I admit it. So that I’d have an excuse to go out and get some real dick. Some black dick.”

“Yes,” said Marcus, hammering her cunt from behind, “keep going. This all needs to come out. Steven needs to understand your feelings.”

“Fuck, Marcus,” she panted, “I need it so bad. I need your cum in my pussy. I need my husband to see you own me.”

“Keep breathing,” Marcus reminded her as Hannah seemed to slip away into ecstasy, “breath through the orgasm. I’m going to fill you up now.”

“Yes!” she screamed, ignoring his instructions entirely.

Her eyes were locked on mine the entire time that she climaxed again on Marcus’ gigantic black penis, with the exception of a few moments when she lost control, and they closed.

When Hannah’s breathing slowed again, there was an indescribable mixture of relief and triumph on her face.

Just then, Marcus grunted, signaling his own orgasm.

His chiseled pecs and abs contracted as he pulled Hannah towards him, pressing the head of his cock to her cervix as he shot several powerful bursts of sperm directly inside her.

The look of triumph on Hannah's face turned to one of pure contentment. It was clear that nothing could make her happier and more fulfilled in that moment than receiving Marcus' sperm.

"Perfect," said Linda, still holding my lubed cock in one hand, "there's just one more thing, before we let *you* come."

"That's right," said Marcus, still buried in my wife, his brow covered in sweat, "but this part is up to the both of you, not us."

I looked at my cock, so cruelly denied release by the cruel mistress Linda.

"I know," said Linda, "this must be frustrating. But rest assured you'll be allowed to ejaculate today when your conditioning is complete."

"Ok," I murmured.

Marcus slowly pulled out of Hannah, then she flipped over onto her back on the bed, looking up at him adoringly. He bent down and gave her a long, sensual kiss, then whispered something to her that I couldn't quite catch. She giggled.

"You did great, Hannah," he said, in a normal voice, "the rest is up to the two of you."

She nodded.

"We're going to leave the two of you alone for a few minutes," said Linda, removing her hand from my cock and standing.

I shifted in my seat. I had no idea what Hannah was going to suggest, but this was clearly an important moment for our relationship.

Chapter 4

Hannah lay in position, on the bed, looking up at the ceiling as her countenance glowed.

Finally, when Marcus and Linda had disappeared down the spiral staircase once more, she spoke.

“Come over here, Steven. On the bed.”

I climbed up onto the bed and looked down at my beautiful wife’s lithe body, stretched out in front of me, the flush of orgasm still present on her face. Her full thighs were splayed, exposing her swollen, well–fucked vulva, still oozing Marcus’ thick load.

“Honey,” she said, “I want you to clean me up. You’ll do that, won’t you?”

“Hannah,” I said, “I hope you know…how sorry I am. For cheating.”

“Words don’t mean a lot in a situation like this,” she said, suddenly serious, “but actions do. Now come here and clean me out with your tongue.”

Without fully understanding what I was doing, I threw myself between her legs and began to lick, Marcus’ load clinging to my lips and chin. His cum was salty, a bit sweet and sour at once and incredibly thick and gooey. At first it was a strange taste, but I quickly got used to it as it mixed with the familiar flavor of Hannah’s pussy.

“Good, keep going,” she said, pressing the back of my head to her cunt, “I need to explain a few things to you. First of all, this is going to be your role from now on: cleaning me out after I’ve been thoroughly fucked by my lovers.”

I moaned in surprise.

“That’s right,” she sighed, her arousal increasing, “I said *lovers*. I’m going to start seeing whoever I want. I already have my sights on a couple of beautiful, hung black men I met at the gym.”

I groaned, either in surprise or dismay, I didn’t rightly know which, as I continued to tongue her clit and lips.

“Second,” she said, “your own sexual release will be administered only by Linda, and will be restricted to our therapy sessions here, which are going to happen once a week from now on. You won’t be guaranteed an orgasm each time, but this will be the only time that there will be a possibility that it will happen. Do you understand?”

I moaned my agreement.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes.’ Good.”

She ran her fingers through my hair, almost affectionately, as I continued to clean out her pussy, lapping at her clit eagerly.

“You and I will continue to live together as husband and wife. Nothing else will change about our life. These are the conditions to save our marriage. Do you agree?”

“Yes,” I muttered, coming up for air, “I agree.”

“Good,” she said, “if you do a good job cleaning me up, Linda might help you come afterwards.”

I buried my face between her folds, licking and teasing her clit with abandon as she moaned in greater and greater pleasure.

“I’m imagining all of the black men I’m going to fuck,” she moaned, “all of the beautiful, big black cocks that are going to ruin my tight little holes. You won’t even be allowed to watch — except when I fuck Marcus, of course. But if you’re lucky, I might tell you about what happens on my dates…”

Then, for a few minutes, she stopped talking, lost in her fantasies as she came closer and closer to climax.

Then, to my pleasure and surprise, she erupted, bucking her hips into my mouth and grabbing the sheets as she climaxed.

I waiting until her contractions had subsided, then rolled off her, wiping the spit and cum from my mouth and laying on my back, catching my breath, my own cock sticking up angrily in the air.

A slow clap came from across the room. It was Marcus.

“*Very* well done, especially for a first session!” said Linda, appearing next to the bed now and looking down at me, “what do

you think…has Steven earned it?”

“Yes, I believe he has,” said Hannah, much to my relief, “but we need to provide the appropriate visual stimulation for his orgasm, don’t you think?”

“Hannah, you really are a fast learner!” laughed Marcus, “what do you think would be appropriate?”

“I think fellatio of your big black cock, Sir,” she said, sitting on the edge of the bed and grabbing his rapidly growing monster.

“I think that’s exactly right. Sit up so you can see them better,” said Linda, squeezing more lube on her hand, “and just let us do the work.”

I sat up, propping myself against some pillows, and Hannah moved to the floor so that I had a better look at what she was doing.

“Just ignore us,” said Linda, “focus on each other. Focus on pleasing that delicious big, black cock.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Hannah with satisfaction, looking up at Marcus as he whispered words of affection and encouragement.

“Look how much she enjoys it,” said Linda, stroking my cock, “look how much pleasure she gets from servicing a superior man. You’ll never be able to provide her with that, and what’s more, we’re going to help you enjoy the fact that you’ve lost your wife completely.”

“Yes,” I groaned, so turned on that I was unable to protest, “I understand.”

“Look how eager she is to please. How much she wants his cum.”

I nodded, extremely close to orgasm.

“Please,” I said, “may I come?”

“I think you should address that question to Marcus,” laughed Linda.

“Please, Sir,” I said, “may I come?”

“Hmm,” laughed Marcus, fucking Hannah’s face gently now, “I think that all depends on Hannah.”

“I want you to come first, Marcus,” she said, smiling up at him, “coat my face, please. I want to be a perfect little white slut for you.”

“My, my,” said Marcus, “that’s very slutty. But I have no choice but to agree.”

Hannah began to stroke Marcus’ cock onto her tongue, looking up at him in devotion as he groaned his encouragement.

“Good, yes…almost there.”

At the same time, Linda kept me just on the edge of orgasm. I thrust my hips up in frustration.

“God,” I groaned, “I need it so bad.”

“Yes!” exclaimed Marcus, shooting several ropes of cum across Hannah’s smiling face.

Hannah milked the last remaining drops of cum onto her tongue, then turned to me.

“Now, Linda. Now he can come, while he watches his wife lick up her black lover’s sperm.”

“Go ahead,” said Linda, stroking me faster.

I didn’t need much encouragement. A moment later, I shot my own load, a couple of inches into the air, coating Linda’s hand.

“That’s not bad for a cuck,” she laughed, “I’ll get you some tissues.”

Hannah continued to slowly scoop Marcus’ cum from her face and swallow it, savoring each taste as if it were a delectable piece of chocolate.

“God I love the taste of your cum, Marcus,” she said, “and I think Steven does, too.”

“Well if he doesn’t, he’ll soon get used to it,” laughed Marcus, “don’t forget to make an appointment for next week. We need to repeat the therapy on a regular basis, especially at first. It’s very important.”

“I already talked to Linda,” she replied, “we’ll see the two of you next week at the same time.”

“You can fit that in your schedule, can’t you honey?” she added, turning to me.

I nodded. Truth be told, I could tell that the “conditioning” was starting to work, and I was already looking forward to next week.

***

We all took showers. Marcus, Linda and Hannah disappeared all together into a larger bathroom, while I showered in a small shower stall in the corner of the large room, concealed behind a partition. When I emerged a few minutes later, fully clothed once again, I had to wait at least forty minutes for them to emerge.

When they finally did, they were all fully clothed again, and Hannah had a broad smile on her face.

“Ready to go, honey?”

I nodded.

Back in the car, we were silent for a while.

“What happened in the shower? Did you and Linda…”

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” said Hannah, a smile coming to her face, “but a woman has to have some secrets. You’re going to need to get used to that, if you want to stay married. Remember what I told you: I’m under no obligation to tell you about my sex life anymore.”

“Yeah, but…”

She sensed my consternation.

“Marcus fucked us both,” she blurted, “he was amazing. Then I had my first lesbian experience with Linda…”

I started getting hard thinking about it.

“I would tell you about it,” she continued, glancing down at my pants and noticing my erection, “but you know that you can’t get any relief for another week, so I’d hate to be a tease…”

“Hannah, please!”

“Very well,” she began, “it started when Linda and I kissed for the very first time…”

I felt my cock tenting my pants already. Apparently, this was going to be my life from now on…

THE END

HALLOWEEN HOTWIFE

Halloween Hotwife

“I can’t wait for the Walshs party, but why on earth did they say that costumes are required? We’re not in third grade!”

My wife Samantha looked at the date circled on the calendar hanging in the breakfast nook. The 28th of October. Just before Halloween.

“I guess it’s just like Halloween parties in college: it’s an excuse for women to dress slutty without being judged for it,” I said, trying to tease her.

“I know that’s what *you* want,” she said, smiling at me.

It was true. That was *exactly* what I wanted. For as long as we’d been together, I’d fantasized about sharing Samantha with other men. She was always more than game to talk dirty about it in the bedroom, but when it came to actually following through on it, she’d always been clear that it wasn’t an option.

She was simply too conservative. The perfect church lady, even though she was only 27. She only showed a slightly adventurous side of herself during dirty conversations in the bedroom. Other than the occasional bit of dirty talk, we were a twice–a–week–with–the–lights–out couple.

I was perfectly satisfied with this. I found Samantha’s curvy body incredibly attractive, and her shoulder–length dark brown hair intoxicating. I just also happened to think that she was so great in bed that other men should have a chance to experience what I did.

And besides: why shouldn’t Samantha also get a taste of what else was on offer out there? I’d had a wild phase in college, but Samantha had always been a good Christian girl. She’d given a handjob to one guy before we met, but that was it. She’d even waited to sleep with me until marriage. Well, *almost*. To tell the truth, we actually had sex the night that we got engaged, but that was close enough, wasn’t it?

It had been a long process to open Samantha up to new sexual experiences, and my greatest triumph had been getting her to fantasize about having sex with other men while I watched.

In fact, nowadays *she* led the fantasizing even more than me. She'd started riding me during sex sometimes, and when she did, she'd close her eyes and spin a fantasy scenario for me. More and more often, these scenarios involved totally taboo situations: a gangbang, a menage with her and me and another woman, and (with arousing, but also slightly disturbing frequency) guys with **really big cocks**. I was beginning to think that my innocent wife was actually quite "size curious."

Not that she'd *ever* admit to wanting to do this stuff in *real* life. After we'd both had our orgasms, it was always back to business as usual: she was the demure church girl, and I was her pervy husband with dirty desires.

"I guess I'll have to buy a costume," she sighed, "what are you going to dress as?"

"I have that lion costume that my brother gave me," I said, "I thought I'd go as Aslan, or Simba from The Lion King or something."

"Hmm," she said, "that thing needs to be dry–cleaned for sure. I don't know what your brother did in it."

"Probably spilled bourbon on it."

"Well," she said, "maybe I'll think of something that can go with it. I love couples' costumes!"

***

A few days later, Samantha came home from work, holding a bag.

"What's that?"

"It's my costume for the party tomorrow," she sighed, "I went to the Halloween store down the block. The place was totally picked over."

"Is everything alright? You seem kind of distressed."

“Yeah...,” she said, pulling out the costume, “it’s just...they didn’t really have my size in the one I wanted, so I had to go with *this*.”

She pulled out a short, blue and white checked dress with a lace ruffle at the bottom. It looked oddly familiar.

She held it up to her body and I raised my eyebrows as I saw exactly where the hemline fell.

“Exactly,” she said, “this was the last one in the store. But what choice did I have if we want our costumes to match?”

I must have given her a baffled look, because she reached into the bag once more and produced a pair of sparkly red shoes.

“*Now* do you understand?”

“Dorothy!” I exclaimed, “of course!”

“Took you long enough. I thought it would be obvious with your lion costume.”

“So you want me to be...”

“The Cowardly Lion! Of course.”

“And you get to be ‘sexy Dorothy’?”

“Well, not ‘*sexy* Dorothy. At least not on purpose. But I do think this thing is going to be a lot more revealing than I intended.”

I smiled at her and pulled her onto my lap where I was sitting at the kitchen bar. I nuzzled her neck and whispered in her ear.

“This puts all kinds of dirty thoughts into my mind, of course...”

“Oh stop it!” she teased, slapping the back of my hand as she nuzzled her nose into mine, “you know that’s just sexy talk for the bedroom. This is just going to be a party. That’s all.”

Those, as you might have already guessed, were fateful words.

***

We arrived with the party already in full swing. We hadn’t intended to be “fashionably late” but it had been impossible to put on our costumes and drive all the way across town in less than an hour after work.

Our tardiness meant that the Walshs were no longer greeting anyone at the door, and therefore also no longer making introductions. Samantha and I stood at the bar in our costumes, looking at the crowd, which was growing increasingly boisterous with each song that the DJ played. One thing was clear: these people might have been in their thirties and forties like us, but they had all come to party.

Samantha grinned at one particular party–goer, a tall, muscular black man dressed as a UPS driver, who was busting some crazy moves on the dance floor.

“I think I know that guy,” she whispered, “I’m pretty sure he’s Deborah’s therapist. Marcus something...”

“Well for a therapist, he really can dance.”

“Yeah,” she giggled, watching his increasingly silly antics, “and he’s obviously got a sense of humor, too.”

“Maybe you should dance with him...,” I said suggestively.

“Oh stop it,” she said, “he’s not my type. Too muscular. Now that guy...”

She pointed to a man in his late thirties dressed as Indiana Jones, “could tie me up with his bullwhip any day.”

“Samantha!” I teased, “this costume must be bringing out your wild side.”

“Isn’t that what you wanted? You were secretly hoping I was going to go a little crazy here and maybe live out some of our fantasies in real life. Weren’t you?”

“No,” I lied, “I just, you know. I love to talk about this stuff. And I love it when you talk about other guys like that.”

Indiana Jones must have noticed us watching him, because he raised his glass in a toast, and then headed across the room for us.

“Oh my God,” laughed Samantha, “I can’t believe I didn’t recognize him. It’s Chris. Chris Johnson!”

She threw her arms around him as he gave me an amused look, pulling her to him with the hand not holding his drink.

“She just said something very naughty about you and that bullwhip,” I said.

Samantha flashed me a dirty look and raised her hand playfully to slap me.

“*Before* she recognized who you were, of course,” I added.

“Thanks,” he said sarcastically, “that makes it a lot better.”

Just then, a tall blond woman dressed like the Nazi officer from Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade appeared next to Chris.

“Have you met my wife Emily?”

“I have now,” said Samantha, extending her hand in greeting.

The two women exchanged a smile, the meaning of which I would not decipher until later.

“I was just about to dance,” said Emily to Samantha, “would you like to join me?”

“Yes!” she cried excitedly.

“Good,” said Emily, grabbing Samantha’s hand and leading her to the dancefloor, “you two men can stay here and talk guy stuff.”

“Ok,” I said, turning to Chris, “I think I need a drink. Samantha’s driving tonight, so she’s staying sober.”

“That’s good,” replied Chris, “you always need one partner in a relationship who’s thinking straight.”

“Which one is it in your relationship?” I asked.

“Emily, of course,” he laughed.

We watched the two women dance together, not far from where Marcus the UPS man was still showing off his crazy moves, flailing his limbs in a surprisingly graceful manner that exuded humor, confidence and skill all at once.

“Though, to be honest,” he said, looking at Emily, “I’m starting to think that she’s feeling a little wild tonight. Something happens to some women around Halloween. Have you noticed it? The whole thing gives them kind of a license to be a little slutty.”

“I have noticed it,” I said, “have you noticed what Samantha’s wearing?”

“I didn’t want to say anything,” laughed Chris, looking my wife up and down, “but I’ve never seen her dress like that before. I’m not complaining of course...”

I slapped him on the back.

“I hope not!” I said, “I love it when other guys notice how sexy she is. She’s not too happy with male attention, though.”

“Oh really?” he said, “well, it looks like she might be more comfortable with the female variant.”

My gaze had strayed from the dance floor, but now I followed his finger as he gestured back towards it.

I gasped audibly at what I saw.

Emily, the tall “Shewolf of the SS,” was planting a long kiss on my wife’s lips. Samantha, for her part, had her hands around Emily’s waist and her eyes closed, thoroughly enjoying the intimate moment.

“You get one drink in Emily and she does this every time,” sighed Chris, “sometimes I question if she’s really straight or not. But then we fuck a few times, and I realize that even if she’s not, she’s super good at pleasing me.”

“Samantha’s *never* done this,” I said, unable to hide my surprise, “I mean, we might have joked about it a few times, but...”

“A lot of women are bi, or at least have bi fantasies,” said Chris, “it’s nothing to be threatened by.”

“I’m not threatened,” I said, still astonished, “I’m like...I’m in awe! This is a fantasy come true for me.”

“Hey, I’m not objecting either,” said Chris, clapping me on the shoulder, “maybe if we’re lucky, they’ll head for a room upstairs and let us watch...”

I nodded, laughing, “what are the chances of *that* happening.”

“If it’s up to Emily,” said Chris, “they’re fairly good. She’ll probably even try to bring Marcus over there along.”

“Wait,” I said, turning to him, “you’re actually serious? You think your wife is going to try to make a move on mine?”

“You see what they’re doing, right?”

I looked back at the dance floor and saw that he was right: Emily and Samantha were grinding on each other now, putting on an obscene show for several other amused party goers. A moment later, Marcus danced over towards them, and was quickly guided by Emily between the two women, who both began to dance up against him.

“I’ve never in my life seen Samantha act like this,” I said, “and she’s totally sober, too!”

“Must be Emily’s special touch. Something about the situation,” shrugged Chris, before taking a long sip of his beer, “all I know is, I hope they keep going. Marcus, in case you didn’t know, is hung as hell and he loves nothing more than turning white wives into total sluts for his BBC.”

“I did *not* know that,” I said, my mouth dry, “you think there’s a possibility...”

“I’d say a likelihood, at this point,” he said, indicating the way both of our wives were twerking against the grinning Marcus now, who seemed to be having the time of his life.

“The rumor is that this guy Marcus fucks his clients as part of his therapy practice. It’s some kind of experimental thing that started in the 1970s and that no professional organization endorses nowadays,” continued Chris, as I watched “Sexy Dorothy” rub her ass against the UPS man’s package.

“So, you mean...”

“Yep,” he replied, “the guy is balls deep in white pussy most hours of the day. And he never gets tired of it.”

“With girls like ours around, how could he?” I laughed, shaking my head.

I couldn’t believe it was happening. That any of this was happening.

But then, suddenly, the music stopped. The DJ announced that he was taking a 15 minute break, but would be back for more later.

The crowd began to disperse. The spell had been broken. Or had it?

Suddenly, Samantha appeared next to me, looking positively giddy.

“Honey,” she whispered, “I think I might be ready to turn our fantasy into reality tonight.”

“I guess *so*!” I said, “from the looks of the stuff you were doing out there, it seems like you were ready to do it in front of everyone, too!”

“You’re excited, aren’t you?” she asked, concerned for a moment.

“Yes, of course! I’ve always wanted you to be a hotwife. You know that.”

“Good,” she said, smiling, “because Emily just asked the Walshs’ if we can use their guest suite for a few hours. You know, that little house in their back yard?”

I did know. The Walshs lived on a relatively large piece of land, and their guest house was anything but “little.” It was another complete house, set back about half a kilometer from the main house.

“Grab whatever you want to drink and come with us,” she said, “we’re going out there now!”

I grabbed a beer from the bar and filed out the door behind Chris, who had thrown his bull whip over his shoulder and was hitting a vape pen with one hand as we walked out into the night.

Samantha, Marcus and Emily walked arm–in–arm in front of us, laughing and chatting amicably. It was a cool night, but not cold, and soon the sounds of the party had faded into the distance, and the lights of the guest house were visible in front of us.

“We’re going to have to strip the beds when we’re done,” giggled Emily, punching in the code that the Walshs had given her.

So far, none of the others had remarked on, or even seemed to notice the presence of Chris and I. To be perfectly honest, that's how I wanted it.

Emily was the first through the door, throwing herself immediately onto the large bed that dominated the open–floor–plan room. She'd obviously been there before.

I looked around awkwardly while Chris walked over and found another light switch, turning on the track lighting in the ceiling around the bed.

Samantha looked over at me.

"Are you ready for this?"

"Hell yes," I whispered, giving her a kiss, "this is a dream come true for me."

"Pray that I don't chicken out," she laughed, "I really, really want this."

"You won't," I said, stroking her cheek, "I know you too well."

She beamed at me for a moment longer, then kicked off her ruby slippers and fell down next to Emily onto the mattress, embracing the taller woman and pulling her close for another long kiss.

"Damn, I love Halloween!" exclaimed Marcus, hurriedly taking off his shoes before diving onto the bed between the two women.

I sat in one of the armchairs near Chris, who was thoughtfully hitting his vape pen as we watched the two women make out with each other, then with Marcus for a few minutes each.

It was an exquisite feeling of arousal and jealously that I experienced when I saw Samantha's lips meet his. It was nothing like watching her kiss Emily had been. Now there was a threat. A real cause for jealously. I knew it was silly to think so, of course, but I couldn't help but doubt my wife's devotion to me for a few brief moments as I watched the ardor she exhibited while kissing Marcus.

She was on her side at first, and he lay next to her, positively dwarfing her with his large frame.

“Is that *your* cowardly lion over there?” he laughed, finally acknowledging me for the first time as he stroked her hair.

Samantha nodded.

“It’s ok,” she said, “he doesn’t bite.”

“I’m not afraid,” said Marcus, “I’ll brave any kind of conditions to deliver my package. Especially to a sweet young thing like you, Dorothy.”

I watched as Samantha quivered at his touch, closing her eyes as their lips met again for another long, sensual kiss.

At the same time, Emily was stripping out of her uniform pants, revealing a matching vintage bra and pantie set.

“She goes all out for costumes,” Chris said, turning to me, “you should see the underwear that *I* have to wear. It’s not as sexy as hers, I can tell you that!”

I chuckled. Chris’s easy good humor helped take away the bit of apprehension I felt about my wife about to fuck another man while I watched, even if this kind of encounter was my greatest fantasy.

The next thing I knew, both women were helping Marcus out of his clothes. His shirt was quickly unbuttoned, and the women exchanged glances as they each took turns feeling his muscular chest. Samantha giggled.

“Wow, I love your muscles!”

“If you love his muscles,” said Emily slyly, “just wait until you see his ‘love muscle.’”

“I can’t wait,” laughed Samantha, “should we get it out now?”

“Mmm...hmm,” said Emily, moving down the bed towards Marcus’ short UPS uniform shorts, unbuckling them and then pulling them down over his muscular legs.

“Oh wow,” exclaimed Samantha, running her hands over his bulge, “is this for real?”

“Oh yes,” said Marcus, “I assure you that it’s very real.”

“He’s like twice as big as you, honey!” she blurted, looking over at me.

I cringed a bit internally, but nodded.

“It’s ok,” said Chris, “he’s bigger than me, too.”

“Yeah, it’s fine,” I said, trying to smile at Samantha.

We’d always talked about the possibility of her taking a much bigger cock, but she’d never seemed enthusiastic about the prospect until now. I think the fact that I thought that she was just going along with the idea to please me was actually a more comforting feeling to me than the idea that she might *actually* be lusting after a massive dick.

But now, here we were. And the two women had Marcus’ pants down now, and were playing with his cock, each of them with a hand on his shaft.

“It’s so fucking beautiful,” said Emily, “I love it when you bring him out to play.”

“Me too,” said Marcus, “he gets a lot of action at work, but I always appreciate the opportunity to sit back, relax and let the ladies do the work.”

I remembered what Chris had told me about Marcus’ unconventional therapy techniques. Could it really be true?

“Mmm,” said Emily, “come on, Samantha. Let’s give the doctor the treatment he deserves.”

I watched in excitement as Samantha and Emily each approached Marcus’ monster cock from the opposite end, licking up and down his shaft before locking lips just over his head, interlacing their tongues for a moment before Emily broke the kiss and took the first third of Marcus’ shaft into her mouth.

“You’ve got first shift on the balls,” she laughed, coming up for air and then guiding Samantha’s lips downward, “then we’ll switch places.”

“Oh God, ladies,” groaned Marcus as the two women gave his genitals an expert tongue bath, “you’re really spoiling me. You’re

both going to get excellent customer service from me after this. I guarantee it."

The two women only moaned in response as Emily pushed his shaft further and further into her mouth and Samantha licked and kissed his balls with greater and greater fervor.

"That's it," he moaned, "get that big black dick nice and wet, because I'm about to fuck Dorothy's tight little pussy until she's calling out for Auntie Em to come save her."

This dirty talk, as silly as it was, must have excited Samantha, because I saw her reach up under her skirt and begin to touch herself as she pleasured Marcus.

He noticed this, chuckling to himself before reaching down and smacking her on the ass.

"Good girl, Dorothy. Why don't you take a turn on my gearshift now?"

"Your *gearshift*?" laughed Emily, coming off his cock for a moment and stroking him slowly with one hand.

"Yeah, like in my delivery truck," said Marcus, "wasn't that funny?"

"Not really," said Emily, laughing a bit, "you've made better innuendos."

"Ok," said Marcus, "then why don't you get up here and suck my dick, Dorothy? How's that?"

He turned to Emily.

"Crystal clear," she laughed, pushing his rod over to Samantha, who took it between her lips, timidly at first, but then with increasing ardor and abandon.

She had given up on pleasuring herself for the moment, but Emily was all too happy to take over this task. She came up behind Samantha while she was fellating Marcus and reached up under her skirt, pulling down her panties before plunging her face under the skirt.

I couldn't see *exactly* what was happening, but it didn't take a genius to realize that my wife was experiencing cunnilingus from a woman for the very first time.

Marcus chuckled a bit as he noticed how obviously aroused Samantha was from Emily's lips on her pussy. Samantha was making small noises as she continued to bob up and down on Marcus' cock.

"That's it, Emily," Marcus said, "get that pussy nice and wet for me. I'm about to deliver an extra large package, and we want to make sure it's going to fit."

"Oh it'll fit," laughed Chris, turning to me once more, "Marcus is an expert at this stuff. It's definitely going to fit."

A few more minutes more, and the group couldn't stand it any more. To my surprise, it was Samantha who broke first.

"That's enough," she moaned, her chin covered in spit and precum, "I need that cock inside me. Please. I can't take it anymore."

"Good," said Marcus, "how do you want to start?"

"I want to be on top," she said to my surprise, "we need to go slow at first."

"Oh yes, of course," said Marcus, "come on up here."

Samantha wasted no time in climbing up onto him, crouching over him as he helped guide his enormous cock between her dripping wet lips.

Emily, knowing the place she was most needed, continued to massage his balls with her tongue.

"Oh God," Samantha groaned as she was penetrated by the first inch or two (her skimpy dress did nothing to block my view of the action as she sat astride this amazing cock), "I can't believe how *thick* you are!"

"It's *great*, isn't it?" said Emily, coming up and giving the lower part of his shaft a kiss before returning to sucking his balls.

"Fuck," she groaned, "I can't believe much this is stretching me."

“That’s it,” Marcus said, holding onto of her hands in his own as she slowly slid down the length of his pole, “easy does it at first.”

Finally, she was there. Where the incredible length of that thing had disappeared to, I had no idea. Marcus slowly lifted her up and then back down again. Slowly, they established a rhythm.

“God damn, you’ve got a tight little pussy, Dorothy,” he gasped, slowly fucking her faster and harder, though she retained most of the control over the pace due to her position astride him, “doesn’t Simba over there fuck you enough?”

Samantha could only groan her reply between gasps of pleasure.

“He’s...not...as...thick...”

“Or long, I bet,” laughed Emily, focusing on his shaft now, running her lips along it whenever it emerged from my wife’s vagina.

“God, honey,” moaned Samantha, “he’s going to make me come. I can’t believe it!”

“Believe it, baby,” laughed Marcus, “this is your first time with a BBC, isn’t it? Well, let’s make sure it’s not your last one, either.”

With that, he grabbed her hips in one hand, and stabilized her back with the other.

“Ready for me to take control, Dorothy?”

She nodded, whimpering slightly.

With that, Marcus rolled over completely, without withdrawing his rod, so that their positions were reversed. My wife was on her back on the bed, her legs spread, and Marcus loomed over her, pistoning his cock in and out of her poor battered cunt as quickly as he could. I had the perfect view of his giant cock violating my wife’s tight little pussy.

“Oh God,” she screamed, “faster, please. Harder! I’m going to...I can’t believe it...”

“Believe it,” laughed Marcus, “come on this cock. you can do it, Dorothy. Just relax and let it come. Don’t fight that orgasm.”

“He’s *so* good at talking you through it,” said Emily, who had presciently rolled to the side out of the way of the passionate couple, just before Marcus had executed his expert change in position.

“Honey,” moaned Samantha, “I’m coming!!”

I watched as her legs wrapped around Marcus’ back as he continued to pump into her cunt, through the orgasm. She trembled for several moments and then cried out, before collapsing limply underneath him.

“I need..,” she panted, “a little break.”

“That’s ok,” said Emily, “because I need a turn.”

“But of course,” said Marcus, pulling himself slowly out of Samantha and simply moving over a few feet to where Emily lay, her legs spread, on the bed next to her.

I watched as he penetrated Emily, his big black cock having a much easier time of it than with Samantha, due probably to her larger frame and to the fact that she’d been with him before. I watched as he sank slowly into her from above, and then, very quickly (much more quickly than with Samantha) began pounding.

As this was happening, my wife, collapsed on the bed next to the copulating couple, began to stir. Slowly, she sat up. Her hair was still drawn back in two braids like Dorothy’s, but a few loose strands had escaped, giving her a sort of sultry, disheveled look.

“I need more,” were the only words that passed her lips.

She gave me a smirk.

“Not you, Lion.”

Her gaze traveled to Chris, who suddenly stood up in rapt attention, letting his vape fall to the side.

“You, Indiana. Get over here.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, standing and giving me a wink.

He stripped off his suspenders as he approached my wife, and bent down towards her on the bed as he fiddled with his belt buckle.

She sat up and pulled him down for a long kiss, surprisingly me with her forthright expression of desire.

“What the hell?” she said, astonished, when he’d removed his shirt and pants.

“You see? I told you,” he said, turning his head to me briefly.

He was wearing a kind of old–timey set of underwear, all in one piece, which looked a little like a child’s onsie, but with shorts attached.

“Just a second,” he said, fighting with the buttons.

A few moments later, he was standing with his back to me and his best parts pointed directly at my wife.

“Oh, wow,” she said, “that’s *very* impressive. Do you see, honey?”

She pushed him gently and he did a quarter turn, so that I could view his unsheathed manhood in all its glory.

He might have *technically* been smaller than Marcus, but not by much.

Chris turned and gave me a smirk before turning back to Samantha.

“How about you show me a little of the same love you did Marcus.”

“Gladly,” she said, keeping him turned to the side, so that I could get a perfect view of her taking his cock into her mouth.

Samantha looked up at Chris in devotion as she licked and sucked with only her mouth, slowly adding both hands as his shaft became lubed.

Meanwhile, Emily was clearly near an orgasm as Marcus continued to pummel her cunt with his huge cock.

“God, yes, Marcus, give it to me, please!” she moaned.

This entire time, I had been incredibly hard, feeling my cock strain against my pants, covered unfortunately by the lion suit. It was the functional equivalent of wearing a chastity belt.

“Fuck yeah,” groaned Chris, “your wife gives really good head.”

“I know,” I muttered, unable to believe that it was really happening, that Samantha was really blowing a guy right in front of me.

“I need your cock inside me *now*,” said Samantha, looking up at Chris in hunger, “give it to me from behind. I think the cowardly lion over there might enjoy that.”

“Is that right? Well ok, then.”

Samantha climbed onto the bed and got on all fours. Chris positioned himself behind her, pushing his cock inside as he gripped her hips for support.

“Oh fuck, yes, Indiana,” she moaned, “I want you to fuck me hard. Just fucking take me. Use my pussy.”

He was eager to comply, fucking her hard for several furious strokes before pausing to gather both of her braids into one hand and then slap her ass with the other.

“Oh yes,” she groaned, “please spank me. I love it. I need it so fast and hard.”

I had never seen this side of Samantha. It was as exhilarating as it was shocking. She was biting her lip, her eyes were closed as Chris fucked her hard.

I briefly shifted my attention to Marcus and Emily now. Emily seemed to have had an orgasm, because Marcus was laying very still inside her, speaking softly to her in tones that I could not understand due to the vigorous fucking my wife was receiving right next to them.

I looked back over at Samantha, and then directly into her eyes as she opened them after another hard smack on her full ass from Chris.

“Oh, God, honey,” she moaned, her words clearly meant for me, “I love this so much. Thank you for talking me into this.”

“Sounds like your wife needs a nice deep dicking more often,” laughed Chris, “she’s got a nice tight little pussy. I’m glad Marcus

didn’t stretch her too much for me.”

“Mmm...stretch me, please,” moaned Samantha.

Then she said something that would haunt me for a long time, even though I knew that I could be assured of her love and affection.

“Ruin me, Chris. I want you and Marcus to ruin me for other cocks.”

“Fuck yes,” was Chris’s only reply.

Then, a few seconds later, he blurted that he was about to come.

“Where do you want it?”

“Inside me, please!” begged Samantha.

I sat straight up in my chair, and indeed would have stood and tried to stop them if I hadn’t realized the futilely of trying to stop what was already happening: Chris was about to come inside my fertile, unprotected wife.

“God yes,” she moaned, reaching another climax at the moment he deposited his seed in her.

“Fuck, that was good,” moaned Samantha, giving me a ravenous look, “but I need more.”

“That’s good,” said Marcus, “because I’m about to bust my nut. Usually, I hate sloppy seconds, but that pussy is just so good...”

Before I could open my mouth to protest, Marcus had taken Chris’s place behind Samantha and was fucking her furiously.

“God, yes, Marcus. Ruin me with your big black cock!” she shouted.

What in the *hell* had gotten into my conservative, churchgoing wife?

“You want this cum, don’t you, Dorothy?”

“Yes,” moaned Samantha, “please come inside me. I need it so bad...”

Then with a growl, Marcus slammed his cock to the hilt and pumped his potent seed into my wife's vulnerable womb. A look of indescribable joy and profound satisfaction crossed her face, and she climaxed yet again.

For a long time, the room was silent.

Then, Emily spoke.

"I guess everyone got off except for the cowardly lion," she said, feigning a pout.

"I'll take care of him when we get home," said Samantha, smiling at me, "after all, he's got to reclaim me."

I felt my prick jump in my lion outfit. She was giving me a chance. I still had a fighting chance to perhaps impregnate her myself.

Samantha had taken the fantasy further than I ever thought she would, but I was still satisfied. Elated, in fact.

We all took turns taking showers (that is to day, everyone except for me) and then Emily and I really did strip the sheets. It felt strange to be helping to clean up after an orgy that my own wife had taken part in.

While Emily and I were busy with the bedclothes, I heard Marcus and Chris giggling with Samantha in the other room. When we went to find them, we found my wife on her knees between the two of them, hastily licking cum off of her lips while the two of them brandished their rapidly sagging cocks next to her face.

"Oops, sorry honey," she said, "I guess once I start being a whore, I just can't stop."

"Well, we can pick this up again any time you want," said Marcus, handing her a business card that he had to awkwardly fish from his UPS shorts, which were around his ankles.

"Thanks!" said Samantha, handing me the card.

"Will you hold onto this for me, honey? This outfit doesn't exactly have pockets.

I nodded and slipped the card into lion suit, which, absurdly, actually *did* have a pocket.

“Come on, now honey, let’s go home,” said Samantha, rising and taking me by the arm, “I think it’s time for you to reclaim your hotwife. I can’t wait.”

I couldn’t either. This was going to be a Halloween we’d remember forever.

THE END

Lisa's BBC Therapy

Lisa's BBC Therapy

I can pinpoint the exact moment that things changed between Lisa and me forever. It was a Sunday afternoon in late September. She'd come back from her yoga class, absolutely glowing. There was a spring in her step that I hadn't seen in a long time.

She bounced up to me, her blond ponytail bobbing up and down behind her. Her yoga pants hugged her butt so well that I couldn't help but reach down and cup her buttocks with both hands while I bent down to kiss her hello.

"Hey, rabbit," I said, using her nickname that we'd been using since we started dating several years ago, "how was yoga?"

"It was *fabulous*," she said, "and pretty amusing. Linda was teaching the class again. You know that she's always so great. Such a calming presence."

"So what's so funny about that?"

"Oh, well, it wasn't Linda who was funny, it was Karen. We were chatting about how zen Linda is all the time, and she said, 'you know what they say: the least–stressed women are always married to the guys with the biggest dicks.'"

She giggled.

"Can you believe it? As if having a husband with a big dick has anything to do with not being stressed!"

I laughed, a little nervously.

"Oh, don't worry, honey. I'm *perfectly* chill, and you're the *perfect* size."

She kissed me on the cheek.

"So is Linda married?"

"Yeah! She's married to that guy Marcus, the marriage counselor. She's actually a therapist as well when she's not teaching yoga. I guess they practice together sometimes. That's kind of cool. Can you imagine working with me?"

“I’d get too distracted,” I said, grabbing her and pulling her in for a kiss, “I’d be staring at that ass of yours all day.”

“Ha, ha. As if my ass is something to write home about.”

“For me it is.”

“You’re my husband.”

“So? Who *else* are you trying to impress?”

“No one. Very funny.”

“Ok,” I said releasing her, “in all seriousness, though, I’m glad that these courses are helping you. You seem to be much less anxious these days.”

“Yeah,” she said, “I mean, I haven’t had a panic attack in months. It’s not like I’m totally cured, though.”

“I understand that, honey.”

“Actually, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about. Hannah was telling me that Linda and Marcus run these great anti–anxiety sessions out of their home. They’re having an information session next Saturday, and I think I’d like to go.”

“Yeah, of course. That sounds great, honey,” I said, barely listening.

If I’d known then what I know now, I would have pricked up my ears and read between the lines a bit. But, of course, I had no idea at that point exactly what the kind of therapy on offer would actually entail.

Chapter 1

After that first conversation, Lisa started going to Linda and Marcus's sessions on a regular basis. It seemed to make a real difference. But I still wasn't sure what to make of it all. On the one hand, she came home much relaxed after every session. On the other hand, he behavior changed in other ways. Some of them were subtle, others not so much so.

First of all, she started doing little nice things for me. Like she did the dishes in the morning when it was actually my turn. She was singing to herself a lot more. She used to be this way before the accident. The event that caused her so much pathological anxiety.

PTSD. Post–traumatic stress disorder. That was the name for what Lisa had. I had never realized that a simple car accident could cause so much upheaval in a person's life. But then again, there was nothing "simple" about this accident. It was an accident that left Lisa unscathed but completely paralyzed her sister. The worst part about it was that Lisa was driving.

It wouldn't have mattered, at all, however, which one of the two had been driving, because they were hit by a drunk driver head–on who was going the wrong way on a one–way street in broad daylight. Neither one of them, neither Lisa nor her sister Betsy, could remember the accident itself. The only trace that the event left was on Betsy's body and Lisa's psyche. The ironic thing was that Betsy — who was paralyzed — was much more mentally healthy than Lisa, who was basically unhurt except for a mild concussion.

Lisa always claimed that she was unable to live in the present. To really be centered in the **now**, and not to dwell on that terrible blind spot in the past, that accident that she could not even remember that changed her sister forever.

Hearing her sing to herself around the house, seeing these little changes in her, made me profoundly happy. I loved my wife incredibly and I hated to see her suffer. And even if some of the comments that she let slip, and some of the changes to her behavior should have clued me in to what might have been going on, I simply

suppressed those intuitions for the sake of trying to understand my wife's needs and respect her struggle for mental health.

So the little things that she started doing for me only added to my feelings of happiness for her. And they would have contributed to an overall sense of satisfaction in our relationship as well, had they not been accompanied by certain other changes that were less pleasing overall.

She began to show less and less interest in sex. Actually, that's not entirely true: she would still *accept* pleasure from me, but would subtly refuse to reciprocate. For example, during foreplay, I would usually go down on her and give her an orgasm before penetrative sex, because she had trouble climaxing from penetration alone. More and more often, however, Lisa would find a reason to cut our encounter short after her own orgasm. A couple of times, she simply rolled over and went to sleep; other times she made some kind of excuse about forgetting something in the kitchen or being suddenly worried about something at work, and she would get out of bed and spend so much time away from the bedroom that by the time she got back the mood had been entirely killed.

I tried to talk to her about this, but I was very wary of being too pushy. I didn't want to trigger her anxiety or other PTSD symptoms by getting defensive, but it was starting to hurt my feelings a little. I tried joking about it once after she left me with an aching hard–on so she could go take out the trash, saying "hey, what about this guy?" and pointing to my erection, but she simply responded with a quick reply: "why don't you take care of your little guy yourself? I have some chores to do. Thanks, honey!"

"Little guy."

I wasn't sensitive about my size (or at least, I didn't think I had any reason to be), but no man wants a woman, least of all his wife, to refer to his penis as "little." Even if it's a term of endearment.

I didn't know what it all meant, but I didn't have any reason to believe these changes in behavior were anything but coincidental. The connection to her therapy sessions didn't occur to me at all.

That is, until one day.

“Honey,” she said, “I started to have this awful panic attack at work today, but I was able to stop it quickly using techniques that Marcus — I mean, Dr. Fielding — taught me!”

Her eyes were bright.

“That’s wonderful!” I replied, “you mean you started to have an attack but you were able to actually *stop* it?”

“Yes! Exactly! It was like a miracle.”

“How did you do it?”

“It’s hard to describe,” she said, “it has to do with this type of meditation that he teaches. I close my eyes and breathe in deeply through my nose for ten deep breaths. I count each breath silently in my mind while I relax my throat and jaw.”

I was a little puzzled by this description.

“I get the breathing,” I said, “but why the throat and jaw?”

“Dr. Fielding says it’s all connected. When we’re at his office he uses other...aids to help me maintain perfect form.”

“What kind of aids, exactly?”

“For now, some medical devices that help me maintain the proper ambiture, but soon he’s going to introduce me to some other hands–on techniques.”

“Like *his* hands on *you*?” I asked, my tone a bit jokey, “I’m not sure how I feel about that.”

“As a matter of fact, yes. But Marcus is a consummate professional, and his wife, Linda is always there watching. So even if he’s touching me, it’s for entirely therapeutic purposes.”

I looked at her for a long time.

“What?” she asked, “don’t you want me to get better? Aren’t you impressed with the progress that I’ve made?”

I didn’t know what to say. I opened my mouth to speak, but she cut me off.

“Honey,” she said, “I’ve spent months seeing shrink after shrink. None of the other therapists have come close to giving me the tools

that Marcus has already given me. It's like he's penetrated inside me and unlocked the secrets to my psyche. Seeing him has been totally transformative. I don't want to go back to a time when I didn't know him."

"I'm just a little worried," I said, "about the kinds of 'tools' he's 'penetrating' you with. Isn't this the guy who's supposed to have a huge cock?"

"Yeah," she said, "what does that have to do with it if the therapy is working?"

"So, does he or doesn't he?"

"Does he or doesn't he what?"

"Have a huge cock?"

She looked at me for a long time, but didn't answer the question. Then, suddenly, she spun on her heel, exasperated, and ran for the bathroom.

"If you're just going to make crude jokes, this conversation is over. I'm making progress, and for the first time in my life, I'm feeling satisfied. Why can't you accept that?"

The door slammed behind her, and I was left standing in the kitchen wondering what to make of what had just happened.

I tried not to let my judgment be clouded by her defensiveness. She hadn't answered my question, and that was highly significant.

From that moment on, I decided I was going to figure out exactly what was going on in those therapy sessions.

Chapter 2

I started by paying close attention to what Lisa was wearing when she left the house. I noticed she almost always wore her yoga pants accompanied by a loose–fitting shirt and a normal bra on underneath it (as opposed to the sports bra she often wore when she actually did yoga).

This was nothing out of the ordinary. She looked a lot like one of the many undergraduate women we saw on the nearby campus every day, except that at the age of 29, she wasn't a college girl anymore.

What was really strange, however, was the fact that she'd always come back from her therapy appointments wearing normal office attire. Her hair wasn't wet, but I had the distinct impression that she'd showered afterwards. In any case, it was indisputable that she'd changed clothes, and that wasn't normal for a therapy session. Or at least not a therapy session like *I* knew them.

Finally — it was a Thursday afternoon — I decided, rather rashly, to follow her to the Fieldings' place. I felt a bit guilty about it, because the therapy was so clearly helping her symptoms, and I knew that if she detected this breach of trust on my part, it would only trigger her again.

I didn't want to be responsible for that, so I decided under no circumstances to let her know that I was following her.

It wasn't hard to find the Fieldings' private address online, so, one day about 15 minutes after she set out for her appointment, I got in my car and drove out to their house.

It was up in the hills overlooking the city, a quite secluded, yet beautiful place. I knew that driving up their driveway would probably cause me to be detected, so I was on the lookout for someplace near their house to pull off the road so I could stash my car and walk.

According to the internet, there was a scenic lookout point about a quarter mile down the road from their house. I could stash the car

there and walk on foot up through the woods, hoping that no dogs or security systems would alert them to my presence.

The first part of the plan went perfectly. I found the parking lot and jumped out of the car, already a bundle of nerves. But I paused, did some stretches, and took a deep breath before walking briskly along the side of the road up to the house. It was a warm day in early October, and we were in California, so I had no need for a jacket as I hiked up the hill towards the house. It was absolutely perfect weather — around 70 degrees — and I hoped that this meant that a window or two would be open.

I didn't really know what I would be able to do or see. I didn't have a plan.

I came up the driveway, and there, suddenly was the house: a large, structure of light wood and glass, a sort of mixture between high modernist architecture and a miner's cabin, but on a grand scale. This place must have been worth millions, especially given its location.

Pretty impressive place for a yoga teacher and a therapist, I thought, feeling suddenly very exposed as I circled around to the back of the property, hugging the tree line and keeping all of my senses on high alert for any sign of something amiss.

I came to the back of the property and saw a large wooden deck on the lower level, which was, interestingly enough, connected to another deck that connected to the upper level of the house. I could just see a glimpse of the windows on the upper level, which seemed to be cracked ever so slightly.

Bingo.

I took a deep breath, saying a silent prayer that no one was watching me from one of the windows of the house as I walked up onto the back deck and began to gingerly ascend the staircase, one creaky step at a time. From here on out, I had absolutely no business being there, and there was absolutely no plausible excuse that would explain my presence. I was a trespasser, plain and simple, and if my wife had seen me, it might also mean the end of my marriage, due to the trust issues it would cause.

Finally, however, I was there, near the open window, and I was happy to see a large piece of lawn furniture (an Adirondack chair) that I crouched behind.

As soon as I had settled into place and my breathing had returned to normal, I was startled to hear a man's deep voice.

"That's it, Lisa. Just relax," he said, "breathe through it. The jaw is a source of tension that affects your entire body. Relax it and drop it as low as you can go. She's doing great, isn't she, Linda?"

"You're doing great," came a woman's voice.

Lisa didn't say anything at all, which made me more than a little suspicious. Surely they couldn't be doing what I *thought* they were doing?

"That was great," said Marcus, "now let Linda have a turn again. Watch how she does it. Watch how her entire jaw relaxes and her throat opens. She's completely relaxed. Completely centered. Count with me while she takes it: one...two...three..."

I heard the unmistakable sound of slurping now. Were they actually...?

I dropped to my stomach and crawled across the deck to the window. I was going to find out what was going on inside.

Chapter 3

Slowly, carefully, I propped myself up on my elbows and peered inside.

What I saw was nothing less than the fulfillment of both my deepest fears and my greatest fantasies, all at once.

There, in a large, open room filled with windows, my wife knelt next to Linda, in front of a man who must have been Marcus. Marcus's huge frame towered over both of the women, who looked absolutely tiny in comparison to his muscular body.

Now I could see what they were doing. As I suspected, Linda was deepthroating Marcus's incredibly large cock. He was standing there patiently as his wife looked up at him in devotion, her mouth stretched to the limit as ten inches of thick cock disappeared down her throat.

"See how she's totally centered? Totally in the moment?"

Lisa nodded.

"That's how you need to be. You can hold her hand this time if it helps. You can hold both of our hands. Ok?"

"Ok," said my wife, her gaze directed upward at Marcus, "I'm ready to go again."

"Very good," said Marcus, as he slowly slid his dick back out of his wife's mouth, with a light "pop."

"Come here, honey," he said, taking Lisa's head gently between his hands and guiding her to his wet shaft, "open up and relax. Breath. That's it."

Lisa reached out and took Linda's hand as Marcus began to push his cock an inch at a time into my wife's tight throat.

I was breathing heavily now, my own cock tenting my pants as I watched this absolutely obscene sight play out in front of my eyes. I couldn't believe it. What the hell was going on? Was this really *therapy*?

Clearly not.

Clearly it was something else.

And yet…

And yet I also remembered how happy Lisa had been the past few days. How perfectly centered.

That was the moment when I realized that I wasn't going to tell her. No, I wasn't going to tell her that I knew. Not only because I didn't want to upset.

But also because I realized in that moment, watching her take her therapist's gigantic black cock down her throat, that watching her like this was an incredible turn–on for me.

"You're doing so well. You've come such a long way," said Marcus, cradling her chin in one hand while he held her other hand with his free one.

"You're doing great, honey," said Linda, still holding my wife's other hand as Marcus began to fuck her face with his full length.

"Just breath. Like that. In and out. We're here. In the moment. Nowhere else."

Marcus's voice was very soothing. I could see why he was popular as a therapist.

"Oh wow," he said, after a few more minutes, "you're doing an excellent job. I think that it's time to complete the session. Are you ready for that, Lisa?"

All she could do was moan eagerly.

"I thought so. Good. Let's finish, then."

I watched in awe as Marcus slowly pulled his cock from my wife's throat and Linda took hold of the shaft, stroking it eagerly as it pointed at Lisa's face.

"Let's say our chant..."

"Please give us your masculine essence, master. Please bathe us in your sperm, your potent seed," the two women chanted,

looking up at Marcus as if in a kind of trance, “your precious seed which renews the world. We ask to taste it.”

“Oh fuck,” groaned Marcus, “she’s so good at that.”

I was too turned on to wonder if this wasn’t less a therapy session than a strange sex cult, but later on the thought did cross my mind. In any case, in that moment, I watched as Marcus ejaculated an enormous amount of sperm first onto Lisa’s tongue, and then on his wife’s, leaving a trail of sticky white goo between them.

“You have received my seed,” he said, “and may swallow it.”

They both swallowed, then looked up at him admiringly.

“Thank you, Master,” they said in unison.

“You may clean each other now,” he said, waving his hand.

Instantly the two women fell upon each other, each kissing and lapping at the other’s face, sucking in the semen that he’d deposited there as if it were some kind of elixir of life. And perhaps it was. What was it they’d said? Something about his seed renewing the world?

I didn’t think I’d be able to help myself. My cock was out now and I was masturbating furiously, looking down at my penis which looked so small compared to the gigantic one wielded by Marcus. I didn’t have anything along to clean myself off with, so I simply held out my other hand as I shot my load, hoping to capture it all.

As I coated my own hand with my warm spunk, the clarity of my situation slowly seeped into my consciousness. I was lying on my side on a stranger’s deck, my hand filled with my own cum, while I watched my wife participate in some kind of therapeutic sex ritual. I needed to get out of there, fast. But I also knew that I’d be back. I needed to see how far things were going to go with Marcus.

In that moment, I even admitted something to myself: I wanted to see my wife take Marcus’s cock.

Chapter 4

I decided the best approach to leaving was to do it as fast as I could. I fastened my pants with my free hand, then waited until everyone's attention was directed away from the window before executing a roll and then pivoting to my feet for the flight down the staircase, holding my own semen cupped in my hand so as to not leave any evidence behind. When I finally got to the bottom, I plunged immediately into the woods and found some leaves to clean off my hand. There was a dry creek bed that ran down to the main road, and soon I was back at the scenic lookout where I'd parked my car.

My heart pounded as I drove home, but I saw no trace of Lisa's car when I checked the rear view mirror. There was no real reason to believe that she'd be driving back that soon. It was clear after what they'd already done, she'd probably be taking a shower at the very least.

She wasn't there when I got home. Good.

It took a long time for me to get my emotions in check. I actually jerked off twice more, thinking about my wife there on her knees, taking her therapist's cock all the way down her throat, before I climbed into the shower. I felt totally relaxed and totally on edge at the same time. A strange mixture of feelings.

I knew that what Lisa had done was to break our marital vows irrevocably. There would be no coming back from this. Trust could never be re–established.

But at the same time, what I had seen excited me to an extent I'd never thought possible, even if it was a bit puzzling. What I'd seen had had a ritual–like component. Almost cultish. Lisa didn't seem to me to be the type to get involved in something like that. But then again, after the accident all bets were off. She'd changed so much that I no longer knew if I could really predict *what* might appeal to her or not.

It was clear that taking Marcus's cock down her throat had appealed to her. The eagerness with which she'd licked his cum from Linda's face and cheeks testified to that.

I wondered if she'd actually fucked him yet, or if that was even a possible part of the therapy. It certainly seemed like it was. But who could tell with something as weird as this?

I resolved to follow her to her next appointment, which ended up being sooner than I thought.

"Dr. Fielding is really happy with my progress," Lisa announced that evening, "and he says he's ready to take my therapy to the next level. So I'm going to a session at his place tomorrow already. Linda's going to be there too, of course."

"Mmm–hmm," I replied, trying to be nonchalant even though my heart was pounding in anticipation, "what time are you going?"

"It's going to be later this time, which is why I'm mentioning it. We'll start around 7, and I might not actually be home until 11 or so."

"Wow, that *is* late," I remarked, "it's amazing that the insurance is covering all of this."

"Yeah, I know," she said, "I'm really glad we changed our plan this year."

There was a short, somewhat awkward silence.

"Well," she said, "this is a really important step in my therapy. Thanks for supporting me so much through this process. Marcus is really a miracle worker. You have no idea."

I actually did have some idea. But I felt myself getting hard already thinking of what, exactly, this latest stage would entail. I couldn't help but imagine how amazing my beautiful, curvy wife would look being penetrated by that thick black monster that Marcus had between his legs.

"I can't wait to be completely cured," she said, smiling, "because there's something else I want to tell you, too."

"Oh?"

"You know how you're always talking about wanting a family?"

“Yeah.”

“Well, I went off birth control last month. I think I’m finally ready. After all the work I’ve done with Marcus.”

“That’s great!” I said, my face lighting up.

It was true. I *did* want a family. But I wasn’t sure what to think about the exact circumstances under which this decision was being made. After all, she hadn’t shown interest in sex in forever, and certainly not interest in being penetrated by *me*. I couldn’t help but think that maybe this was part of a fantasy about being knocked up by Marcus.

Surely she wouldn’t actually do it though, right? Have sex with him totally unprotected if she was talking so eagerly about starting a family with *me*?

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I spent the entire next day in a state of aroused anticipation and nervousness. I decided that I would leave the house just after Lisa did, but would take a different route to the house. I’d park at the scenic overlook as I did before. Since it would be nighttime this time, I’d wear dark clothing as a precaution, but not so much as to arouse suspicion if the police stopped me (so no ski mask or camouflage makeup).

I was sitting in the living room, trying not to convey my state of agitation, when Lisa came down the steps. She was absolutely glowing. She wasn’t dressed in the normal yoga attire that she had worn to the other sessions, but wore a short black cocktail dress with a leather choker that almost looked like a collar of sorts. In fact, it even had a small steel ring in the middle.

A pair of matching pumps rounded out the outfit. She looked more like a woman going on a date than a woman about to meet her therapist. She sensed that I found her outfit a little strange.

“Marcus and Linda told me to dress up tonight,” she said with a shy smile, “I hope this is ok. I want to look good for them. This is an important part of my therapy.”

I nodded.

“You look wonderful, rabbit,” I said, reaching out for her hand.

I pulled in her for a kiss, but she dodged, and I planted it on her cheek instead of her mouth. She laughed nervously.

“I don’t want to mess up my lipstick,” she explained quickly, clearly not convinced by her own lie.

“It’s ok,” I said, “have a good evening! I really hope that this helps you.”

“Me too.”

I waited a few minutes after I saw her taillights in the driveway, then I jumped into my own car and drove along the route that I’d planned out. I hit some traffic, but I managed to make it to the parking area just a few minutes later than planned.

With the help of the GPS on my phone, I was able to find the path up to the Fieldings’ place. A few moments later, I was on the back deck steps.

Chapter 5

To my relief, there were no motion–activated floodlights or anything else of that nature. I was able to creep up the stairs to the top floor, where I could see warm light emanating from the large room where they'd been before. I approached the large windows, unconcerned this time about being detected because of my dark clothing and the darkness that surrounded me.

Immediately, I knew that I'd made the right decision. On a bed in the middle of the room lay Linda and Lisa. Linda was dressed in a similar manner to Lisa, in a short black dress and an identical collar. However, while Lisa wore her blond hair free, Linda had her gray–streaked brown hair pulled back in a ponytail.

Linda was in excellent shape for a woman of her age, which made total sense, given the fact that she spent most of her time practicing yoga.

If I hadn't already seen Linda and Lisa kissing after the sloppy blowjob the night before what I saw now would have shocked me. However, after already being witness to my wife's lesbian tendencies, it didn't come as a surprise to see Linda and my wife locked in an embrace with their tongues playing in each other's mouths, like two long–time lovers. Marcus was nowhere to be found.

Slowly, Linda seemed to move into a more dominant position, laying on top of my wife, reaching up under her dress and stroking her between her legs. Unfortunately, all of the windows were closed this time, so I didn't get to hear any of the effects that her no–doubt skilled hands were having on Lisa.

They kissed even more intensely now. I was painfully hard. Watching these two attractive women explore each other's bodies was incredibly arousing, but I secretly yearned for what I knew would be the main event: my wife taking Marcus's big black cock.

Gradually, it became clear that Linda was probably meant to prepare Lisa for exactly that event. I watched as she removed Lisa's

panties and spread her legs, diving between them and kissing her vulva passionately as my wife threw her head back in pleasure.

It was an incredibly romantic sight: the two women tenderly making love, my wife accepting the pleasure offered to her by her older partner. It was all I could do to keep myself from taking out my cock right then and satisfying myself immediately.

A moment later, however, I was happy that I'd waited.

As Lisa seemed to reach a climax, gripping the bed sheets in each hand as she threw her beautiful head back and bit her lip. I'd seldom seen her in this state, and she was absolutely beautiful.

Slowly, I became aware that Marcus had been standing there watching the two women, off to the side, standing next to where it appeared that a staircase from the lower floor entered into the main room. He must have come up a while ago. I hadn't noticed him there for obvious reasons.

He was wearing only a towel and had a long cord in his hand, which I suddenly realized was probably a leash to match the collars that Linda and Lisa were wearing.

He dropped his towel to the floor and walked slowly over to the couple on the bed, his long, pendulous rod swinging between his legs as he went.

Lisa's orgasm finally over, Linda straightened herself and looked over at her husband, who greeted the women, coiling the leash in one hand.

Lisa smiled at him and then rolled off the bed, joining Linda on her knees in front of Marcus.

Then the two women commenced to give him the longest, most sensual blowjob I'd ever seen. To call it a blowjob was even totally misleading, because what they were doing — more than anything, the *reverence* they showed in their approach to the task at hand — made what they were doing seem like *worship*.

Worship at the church of the **big, black cock**.

Marcus was smooth and deliberate throughout the entire process. He actually got fairly rough with both of them, off and on, but in a way that was completely controlled. For example, he fucked his wife Linda's face for several minutes, causing her to gag visibly on his cock while Lisa looked on. His movements were smooth and calculated, his cock gliding in and out of her throat at a consistent, even pace. Through it all he took the time to stroke each of them tenderly, almost lovingly over the hair and face, so that this act of kinky sex almost seemed equivalent to the sweetest lovemaking.

I remembered the commands he'd issued last night while he'd been fucking Lisa's throat: "breathe. You can do this."

Throat–fucking was a kind of ritual. **Cock–worship was a type of meditation**.

Satisfying Marcus's big, black cock was therapy.

And for me, it was oddly satisfying, sitting there on the deck, my own cock out now, stroking it slowly as I watched my wife swallow the biggest, thickest prick I'd ever seen.

Finally, it seemed that the time had come. I watched as Marcus pulled out of my wife's throat and bent down, giving her a long kiss on the lips that made my heart sink with the sheer heat of emotion that radiated from the lovers. Then he reached around and fastened the end of the leash in his hand to her collar, then let it fall to the ground as he pointed to the bed.

She stood, and Lisa looked over at Linda eagerly, giving her a big smile. It was clear that this was a moment they'd all been waiting for.

I watched as Linda gestured to a spot on the bed. Lisa lay back eagerly, spreading her legs to either side. Linda helped her keep the leash out from under her body and ensure that it was in the correct position for Marcus to grasp as he positioned himself between her legs.

His cock looked even bigger from this angle. Impossibly large.

Marcus doubled over the leash in one hand as he guided his cock into place with the other. Linda made some adjustments to

Lisa's legs, speaking what I imagined to be words of encouragement to her, but which I couldn't understand.

Lisa's eyes were trained on Marcus's, and I watched as she repeated something after him.

Probably something ritualistic. Associated with the cult, or the therapy, or whatever it was, exactly, that they were doing here.

She held Linda's hand, and Marcus held the leash tightly, as he pushed himself forward and sank into her. The look on Lisa's face was simply indescribable. It was a look of lust and peace all at once. Both the most complete serenity and the animal desire of a woman in her sexual prime.

It was perfect. It was the look of a woman who was free of all trauma. All anxiety. All concern except the fact that she was accepting a large phallus into her vagina.

She was sharing this moment with another man. I had to accept this, because there was nothing else to do.

In that moment, I understood the therapy. I understood why Lisa believed that Marcus could cure her, and what's more, I believed it myself.

I felt a few tears roll down my cheeks as I watched the muscular therapist pump in and out of my wife's tight young pussy as she lay on her back with her legs spread so far that her ankles almost rested on her ears. Her yoga classes really had improved her flexibility!

I wasn't sure if I was crying for my marriage, or crying out of happiness for Lisa, who I loved more than ever, even in this dark moment of betrayal.

I watched as her face changed from serenity to ecstasy as Marcus began to thrust even faster and harder. Even as he pounded my wife, his face was a mask of complete control. He was like a professional cocksman, mouthing words of encouragement and praise which I could not hear as he methodically fucked my wife's pussy.

I watched as she closed her eyes and bit her lip, lost in her own world of pleasure as her black therapist lover pounded her.

Linda, in the meantime, played with Lisa's nipples, stroked her hair and seemed to be whispering encouraging words in her ear.

Suddenly, it was unmistakable: Lisa was coming. She wrapped her legs around Marcus, pulling him in closer to her and holding him tightly as her butt lifted off the bed. It seemed that Marcus had timed his orgasm for exactly the same moment, because I saw his face suddenly become a mask of concentration and then pure release.

I could have sworn that I saw his powerful cock contract and release several times as he pumped his potent sperm into my wife's completely unprotected womb.

But it might have been an illusion. Wishful thinking, even? I didn't dare say for sure.

The next thing I saw was my with mouthing the words "thank you," as Marcus bent down to give her a long, sensual kiss.

At the same time, Linda took her place between his legs and helped work his cock out of Lisa's tight vagina. She then took it in her mouth hungrily, cleaning it off as she did so.

I looked down at my own hand, stroking my not–quite–so–impressive erection. I realized, suddenly, that even though I hadn't climaxed, I'd better stop jerking off on these strangers' porch, or I was in danger of being arrested. Or worse.

So I packed my stiff prick back into my pants as quickly as I could and cast one more look over my shoulder at the happy threesome (Marcus was laying on the bed now, embracing one woman with each arm), as I bounded down the back deck stairs to my car.

I thanked the contractor and architect that the deck stairs were built sturdily enough as to not transfer motion into the house and give away my perverse presence to the occupants.

Epilogue

That night, Lisa surprised me. I had half–expected her to be standoffish, changed somehow. But she was beaming when she came through the door, throwing her arms around my neck in delight and giving me a long sensual kiss.

“I think Dr. Fielding might have cured me today,” she whispered, “I feel more centered than I have in years.”

“But,” she added, playing with my shirt collar absentmindedly, “he did say that in order for the treatment to stick, he’s going to need to see me at least once a week from now on. That’s a small price to pay, though, isn’t it?”

I nodded.

“Oh,” she said, “and there’s one more thing. He thinks it’s really important that you come along and watch next time...”

“Oh?”

“Yes,” she whispered, “and I have to say, that Marcus and Linda’s therapy is rather...unconventional. But judging from those videos I found on your computer, I think you might like it.”

I blushed. Had she really discovered my secret?

“I knew you wanted to be cuckolded, honey. Why do you think I’ve been withholding sex from you? But you’re in for a real surprise when you find out exactly what I’ve been doing with Marcus. Come upstairs and I’ll tell you while you masturbate. That’s the only action you’re going to be getting from now on, honey. From your hand...”

She laughed, and then went to the staircase, beckoning me to follow her. My pride told me not to, but my cock led the way.

I knew I was going to love being Lisa’s cuckold.

THE END

MARA'S BBC THERAPY

Introduction

Things had changed between my wife Mara and me ever since the fateful day when she asked to use my phone. It was such a casual request that I granted it without a second thought about what she might discover, or how it might affect our marriage.

Forever.

We'd been hiking in the mountains near our house, and the day was so beautiful and the sky so blue that I'd completely forgotten what I'd been doing right before we left for our weekend getaway.

I'd been looking at porn. A very specific *type* of porn, to be exact. The kind of pornography that my conservative wife would never in a million years have even known *existed*, let alone wanted her husband to look at.

But as I watched her face fall as she looked at the screen, I immediately realized what had happened. She tried to disguise her surprise (or was it disgust?), quickly swiping away the page I'd had open and inputting the search that she'd intended to make.

"Oh," I stammered, reaching out in vain for my wife's hand, "I didn't mean for you to see that."

"It's ok," she said, jerking the phone away, "like I said, I just want to see if that restaurant is open."

I stood there for a few moments, studying her face for any further signs of emotion, but I didn't find any.

"Great!" she said, "it opens for lunch from 11–3, so we've got plenty of time to make it if we head back soon."

"How are you feeling?" I asked, taking the phone back and pocketing it as I silently cursed myself, "do you want to head back now?"

She looked up at me with her grey–green eyes, her beautiful dark hair flapping all around her face in the warm breeze. I took her hand in mine, trying to feel for some sign of her reaction to what she'd seen.

“No,” she said, her eyes betraying only a tender sadness, “let’s keep going for a while.”

She turned away and continued down the trail in front of me, not saying anything for a while. I took a moment to explore her body with my eyes: her shapely, child–bearing hips, her slender waist and her sensuous ass. My mind flashed back to the videos I’d been watching on my phone. The videos that she’d discovered long enough only to see the titles and a few key images from the thumbnails:

White Wife takes her first Big Black Cock.

Husband Watches Helplessly as his Wife is Blacked.

Fuck. This was just my private, secret fetish. I’d never even so much as suggested that we try anything besides the missionary position with my wife, and I’d certainly never admitted that I used pornography.

She’d asked about my porn consumption once, obliquely, when we’d been dating, telling me that if I “looked at any of that perverted stuff on the internet” she would consider it cheating.

So had I cheated on her? In her mind, had *I* been cheating on *her* every time that I’d imagined *her* cheating on *me*? That would certainly be ironic, wouldn’t it?

Mara had been a conservative, church–going woman her entire life. I’d loved the fact that she’d been so innocent when we’d met, but over the years, I’d begun to wonder if she felt like she had missed out on something by not having been with any other men. I started fantasizing more and more about her cutting loose with other men, and wondered if she’d done the same.

She told me that she never masturbated, and the only sign of any kind of “private” sex life that I’d ever found were the very tame romance novels that she liked to buy from the grocery store once in a while. None of those stories featured an attractive young white woman on her knees on the bed, taking a gigantic black cock from behind. The images she’d seen must have been **totally** shocking to her.

Chapter 1

The rest of our weekend hiking trip passed without incident. I kept trying to find a way to bring up what Mara had seen. I made a couple halfhearted jokes about her borrowing my phone again. She didn't rise to the bait. At all. It was as if the incident had never even happened. Except I knew for a fact that it had, and that Mara was processing everything in her own way.

In her own time.

Then, the change began. I call it "the change," because (from one day to the next), Mara completely changed her habits. Instead of lazing around in bed after the alarm rang, she jumped up and began a flurry of activity. Instead of lingering over breakfast in the morning before heading into the office, she started going to the gym.

At first, "the change" didn't bother me at all. In fact, I welcomed it. Mara was always attractive to me, but it was true that she'd put on a couple pounds during the years we'd been married, but in the space of two months, those pounds melted away completely and were replaced with toned muscle. But not so much that she lost her attractive, feminine curves. She seemed happier. Bouncier. More spontaneous around the house.

The only place that "the change" was at all negative was in the bedroom. Or, I should say, *partially* negative, because she let me do a few thing that had never been on the table before. I was allowed, for example, to worship her vulva and vagina with my tongue. Before, she'd always been squeamish about oral sex, believing it to be dirty because of her upbringing. Now, it was practically all that she wanted.

And she never reciprocated, either. I was careful not to point this out, because I didn't want to do anything that might ruin her newfound openness to sexual experimentation. I imagined that she'd eventually come around, and that she'd be sucking my dick in no time.

As it turned out, though this never happened. In fact, our sexual activity fell into more and more of a routine, just a different one from before. Where before we used to have brief, loving missionary–style sex with the lights out about once a week, I had started going down on Mara almost every day after work. At first, this would also precede a brief missionary session during which I also had the chance for satisfaction, but more and more, this fell by the wayside as well, until one day (after lavishing attention on her dripping pussy for almost an hour with my tongue), I asked if I might be satisfied as well, and Mara simply smiled at me and said “get the lotion.”

I wasn’t sure what she meant, then I realized that she was motioning to the bottle of hand lotion on her nightstand. I stood up from the bed and grabbed it, then handed it to her.

“Lie down,” she commanded, squeezing a bit onto her hand.

I realized what was happening: she was going to give me a handjob.

To most husbands, this might have been seen as dismissive, a sign of defeat. But to me (because of Mara’s otherwise conservative nature) this was actually something new and different. I imagined this was just a step on the path to getting her to be more and more experimental. Eventually she’d be giving me blowjobs, I was sure of it.

She smiled down at me, taking my shaft into her lubed hand and beginning to stroke me up and down.

“You like serving me, don’t you?” she laughed, “you like getting on your knees and eating your wife’s pussy.”

I gasped a bit when I heard this word come out of her mouth. Even though she’d been more adventurous in terms of letting me go down on her, dirty talk (especially dirty words like “pussy”) had been totally off limits. This was a new Mara.

“Yes,” I stammered.

“I like it, too,” she said.

She stroked me for a moment in silence and then said.

“You know, I’ve noticed a difference in the way that men at the gym have been looking at me over the past few weeks.”

My cock must have twitched, because she looked down at it and laughed.

“You liked that, huh? You like the idea of other men at the gym checking out your wife’s ass and tits?”

I blushed and nodded. How could I deny it? Mara was a beautiful woman, and I knew that the fact was not lost on other men, either. So what if I had a *minor* wife–sharing kink. It’s not like I wanted her to *actually* do anything with other men. It was just a fantasy, right?

She stroked me a bit faster, looking down at my cock and smiling a bit.

“You know,” she said, “my trainer, Marcus, was checking out my ass the other day. I know he was because of the mirrors in there. I don’t think he was inspecting my form, either, because later on, I noticed a bulge in his shorts.”

“What?” I gasped, amazed that my wife had been looking at another man’s bulge, or a bulge in general. She usually seemed completely uninterested in cocks.

“Yeah,” she said, “and...how do I put this delicately? His size was *quite* impressive.”

“Oh God,” I groaned, looking up at my wife’s beautiful tits and imaging a thick black cock sliding between them, “did he know that you were checking him out?”

“Mmm–hmm,” she said, “and in fact, he even asked me if I’d be interested in a more private session. At his house.”

“What?” I sat bolt upright, my back as rigid as my cock.

“Is something the matter, honey? I thought that’s what you wanted. After all, you were watching those things on your phone about exactly this, weren’t you?”

“But…,” I protested, internally conflicted.

On the one hand, there was nothing I wanted to see more than my wife take a large cock. On the other hand, I was deathly afraid of losing her to a superior man.

This was also the first time she'd directly mentioned what she'd seen on my phone, and her reaction was not at all what I'd anticipated. I fully expected her to be disgusted, repulsed and humiliated at the thought that her husband looked at that kind of "material" to get off. While her reaction was totally surprising, it was also, on another level most welcome. Especially in the moment I found myself in: with her hand on my lubed cock, bringing me closer and closer to orgasm.

"I know exactly what you're into now," she said, leaning down and whispering in my ear as her tits grazed my chest, "I've been doing a lot of reading. I'll admit it: at first I was furious and hurt. I couldn't understand what you were doing looking at pornography, or what it meant that you so obviously wanted to see me with a larger man. I never thought that size really mattered that much, but then I started watching some videos like the ones I saw on your phone, and I started to get really turned on by the sight of those women so obviously enjoying those large, thick poles. I started to wonder what it would be like to be with a *real* man, a man with a penis that says immediately that he's in charge. My fantasies started going crazy, honey."

She pumped my cock in her hands.

"All of a sudden, my husband's little prick stopped doing it for me. I can't explain it. I feel like I've been reprogrammed to desire a large, thick penis. And it's all thanks to you and your perverse fetishes, you little cuck."

She laughed.

"I don't even know why I'm doing this, to be honest. Why I'm doing you the favor of jerking you off, when I really should be going out and leaving you here to imagine me fucking a larger, better man while you jerk your pathetic little peter off by yourself. I guess maybe it's my Christian upbringing that's keeping me from actually going through with it."

“Mara,” I stammered, “don’t do this, please...”

She smiled.

“Admit it. I’ll let you come if you just tell me the truth. You secretly want me to fuck a man with a huge black cock. You want to see that big, thick, dark penis slide into your wife’s tight little pink vagina. You want to see me wrap my arms around him and give him a long kiss as he pushes himself deeper than you could ever go. And you want to see the look on his face when he fills me with his seed.”

“Yes,” I moaned, “I admit it!”

I couldn’t believe those words had come out of my mouth, but in the same moment, I erupted, shooting a fountain of sperm onto my wife’s tits and hands.

She smiled as she slowly stroked me until I was finished.

“I hope you enjoyed that,” she said, “because I think it’s the last attention you’re going to get from me for a while.”

“Mara,” I said, “let’s talk about this.”

“I thought we just did,” she said, giving me a playful yet cruel look before leaning down and giving me a kiss.

“You made quite a mess,” she said, “so you’d better clean yourself up! But I get the shower first.”

And so she left me there, my conservative wife, Mara, to sit on my bed, observing my own slowly wilting penis and covered in my own sperm. I had no idea how this had happened, or really how I even felt about it, but I was beginning to sense that I had absolutely no control over what was going to happen next. Mara was going to do what she wanted, and it was crystal clear that what she wanted was to fuck her trainer’s big black cock. It wasn’t a question anymore of *if*, it was a question of *when*.

Chapter 2

The next day at work, I could barely concentrate. I knew that Mara was going to meet her trainer right after work. At his house this time. That's why I was so shocked when Mara called me.

"Hey honey," she said, "it's me. I shouldn't talk long, because I'm driving, but I wanted to tell you that Marcus wants *you* to come along to my first appointment, too. Don't ask me why."

She giggled.

"I mean, I think I know what he has in mind, but I'm not really sure why you have to be there for it."

I gulped. I could barely form words.

"Sure, honey," I stammered, "I can get off work early. Just tell me the address."

I wrote down the address that she gave me. It was somewhere up in the hills. It would take me almost an hour to get there, but I immediately jumped up as soon as I'd finished writing.

"See you soon!" she said, and hung up.

I dashed to my car, mumbling something to my secretary on the way out the door, barely able to form a coherent sentence. I knew where I was going.

I was going to watch my wife get fucked.

All of a sudden, I wasn't sure if I was ok with it anymore. It had been a hot fantasy, but I'd never really intended to live it out in real life. At the same time, however, I understood that there was absolutely nothing I could do about it now. Mara was going to do what she wanted to do, and what she wanted to do was cheat on me. Right in front of my face.

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After being stuck in traffic for at least 20 minutes longer than I'd anticipated, I finally found the place. The building was a spacious, modernist take on a log cabin up in the hills. What wasn't made out

of light wood was made out of glass. It was three stories high, and I could tell that the walls of the third floor were made up almost entirely of windows.

Suddenly feeling very awkward, I paused for a moment on the steps before reaching out for the doorbell. But before I could ring, the door swung open, and an attractive woman in her early forties smiled at me.

“I’m sorry,” I said, “I’m...looking for Marcus. And my wife...Mara. I must have the wrong house.”

“John, right?” she said, extending her hand as she opened the screen door with the other.

“Yes,” I stammered, “how’d you know?”

“Didn’t Mara tell you?” she said, a bit amused, “I’m Linda, Marcus’s wife.”

I felt a wave of relief passing over me. Surely I’d misunderstood something then. It seemed impossible that Marcus would be upstairs fucking *my* wife while I was downstairs talking to *his*. At the same time, I was a bit disappointed, though it was hard to admit. If I wasn’t going to see Mara have sex with Marcus, what *was* I doing here?

“I’m not sure,” I stuttered, “she said to meet her here. Is she there?”

“Of course,” said Linda, as if my question had been totally ridiculous, but still with a kind of sympathetic understanding that put me immediately at ease.

“Can I,” I started, “I mean, should I come in?”

“Yes, please,” she said, “Marcus and Mara are upstairs right now, getting ready. We’ve been expecting you. I hope you found the place alright!”

“I did, thanks,” I said, immediately a bit more relaxed.

I stepped across the threshold as she opened the door.

“I’m not sure how much Mara has told you about what we do here,” she said, ushering me into the foyer, “but it’s very simple. First and foremost, we are therapists.”

“I thought Marcus was her trainer.”

My voice shook with uncertainty. What exactly was going on here?

“Yes, Marcus is also a personal trainer. In our practice, we don’t recognize a distinction between the physical and the psychological aspects of therapy. We incorporate meditation, breath and orgasm control into our therapy regimens. That’s why Mara started seeing Marcus.”

“I don’t understand,” I stammered, “so she’s been exercising so that she can have sex with Marcus? Are you’re ok with that?”

She smiled.

“I’m more than ok with it. I helped develop the therapy years ago when Marcus and I first met. I realized that having sex with him left me relaxed, centered and perfectly happy like no other experience before. I couldn’t keep the secret to myself; I had to share him with other women. It would be too selfish not to. I call it ‘BBC Therapy.’ We’re working on a patent for it.”

“And BBC is what I think it is?”

“Given the videos that Mara found on your phone, I’d venture to say that you know exactly what it is.”

I blushed. It was humiliating to know that other people besides Mara knew about my secret fetish.

“Come on,” she said, walking to a spiral staircase in the center of the room, “they’re wait to start!”

I trudged along beside her, my heart pounding in anticipation. I had a feeling that what I was going to see would change my marriage forever. And I wasn’t sure it would be a good thing, either, but I simply couldn’t turn around and head back home. The thought of what might be waiting for me upstairs was simply too enticing.

Chapter 3

I emerged from the staircase into the spacious, window–filled room that I'd seen from the ground floor. Mara was across the room, wearing her workout clothes: a loose–fitting tshirt and yoga pants. Except, even from several yards away, I could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. My wife's pert nipples were clearly visible. She was smiling at me peacefully.

The tall, muscular black man who greeted Linda with a kiss on the cheek must be Marcus. He walked up to me and gave me a firm handshake.

"Dr. Marcus Fielding," he said, giving me a broad grin, "I'm your wife's therapist and trainer. Pleased to meet you."

"Nice to meet you," I mumbled, "I'm John."

"Ok, John. Let's all have a seat and discuss what's going to happen here."

I nodded, following Marcus and Linda over to the bed where Mara stood.

Mara came over and gave me a kiss on the cheek, then whispered "thanks for coming, honey. This will be great for us. I promise."

I nodded. I had no idea what to think about what was happening, but I wasn't so sure it would be great for us.

We all sat down and Linda brought over a chilled bottle of seltzer water, pouring us each a small glass before Marcus cleared his throat authoritatively.

"John," he said, "let's cut to the chase. We're here because of something you did. You know what that was, don't you?"

"The videos?"

"That's right. Mara, you've already told John how those videos affected you. But why don't you tell him about the solution that we've worked out?"

“John,” she said, “according to the way that I was raised, to what I believe, using pornography is no different from cheating. In some ways, it’s worse than cheating, because it feels like you’re cheating on me with a different woman every time you watch a different video. And I know you watched more than one video.”

“Mara,” I started, wanting to explain myself but not really knowing what to say, “I...”

Marcus raised his hand.

“John, please let her speak.”

“So I felt that since you had been with so many other women, I would be completely justified in seeking out other men. At first this meant doing some reading about your sick little fetish. While I couldn’t understand what was attractive to you about seeing me having sex with other men, I did in fact begin to understand what made well–hung black men so appealing. I started watching video after video of well–endowed black men satisfying white women like me. I even bought a big black dildo. You didn’t find that in my nightstand, did you?”

I shook my head, my cheeks burning with embarrassment even as I felt my cock become as stiff as a board. I couldn’t help but imagine my wife in our bed, pleasuring herself with an oversize black dildo.

“Well, you’re in luck. Marcus told me to bring it today, and I did.”

She reached into a bag and pulled out a gigantic black dildo. It was curved upward slightly and formed exactly like a real cock, complete with a prominent mushroom head. The thing was absolutely intimidating, but the fact that my wife had been hiding it as a secret from me I found incredibly arousing.

“Marcus told me to practice with this to be ready for today,” she said, smiling over at him, “this dildo is about ¾ his actual size, so there will still be a little bit for me to get used to.”

“You can show me how you practice in a minute,” he said, “but first, continue what you have to say to your husband.”

“It’s not just about the size,” she said, “it’s about trust. What you did threw my entire world upside down. You knew that I didn’t like you looking at porn. And you promised me before we got married that you’d never do it. Do you know how it made me feel? Like everything that I’d ever taken for granted was thrown into question. Of course everything in our relationship, but also my basic desires, too. I’d never cared at all about a man’s cock size. But since *you* seemed to be so hung up on it — no pun intended — I started thinking about it more and more. And I started to realize that (let’s face it) you’re just sort of lacking in that department. Once I felt how incredible it was to have my vagina stretched by the enormous black dildo, I realized that there was nothing more that I wanted than to feel the real thing.”

“Mara,” I said, “don’t do this. We can go home now, honey. You don’t have to have sex with anyone.”

“I know that,” she snapped, “this is my choice. And as far as who I’m going to have sex with, well, you’re right that I’m not going to have sex with just anyone. I’m going to have sex with Marcus. And you’re going to watch. Admit it, it’s what you want.”

“No, it’s not,” I protested, blushing intensely.

We all knew it was a lie.

“It’s ok,” said Marcus, “denial is a common phenomenon. It’s a stage. Eventually the cuck will be overcome with his own desire to watch his wife make love to a superior man and will admit as much. I think we should get started now.”

“Oh God,” said Mara, giggling a bit, “I can’t believe we’re really going to do this. We haven’t even kissed before. You’re going to be the second man I’ve slept with in my entire life. The second man I’ve even kissed.”

Why did this statement make my cock so hard? I wanted to stand up, to run out of there, go back home like any self–respecting man would have done and call a lawyer and file for divorce. But something kept me rooted to the spot as Marcus reached out and pulled Mara onto his lap, his lips meeting hers.

I could see how nervous she was. Mara had never been a very adventurous person, and that was one of the things that attracted me to her. She was modest and — up to now — faithful. So the act of kissing another man, a man who was not her husband, must have been an act that had required extreme courage. It was incredibly painful, therefore, to watch her and Marcus embrace, knowing that Mara was not some woman given to casual flings and one–night–stands. No, if she was kissing a man like this, then real feelings were involved on some level, even if the man's wife was watching it all happen.

Linda *was*, in fact, sitting and watching it all happen. She put her arm on my shoulder now.

"Sometimes Marcus tells me that I should 'help out' the husband," she said, as I watch Mara's tongue begin to explore Marcus's mouth, "but in this case, he said that it's important for you not to experience a woman's touch while you watch him and Mara make love. He wants you to concentrate on what you're seeing."

"Ok," I said, not sure what to make of what she'd just told me.

"I'm glad you understand," she said, "it's kind of a shame, though. I think you're cute."

She giggled a bit, and her hand dropped from my shoulder.

"Even though we know you're a full–blown cuckold fetishist," she continued, as I watched Marcus stroke my wife's hair tenderly, "you're probably experiencing a lot of mixed feelings now that this is *actually* happening, right in front of you. It's common for husbands to walk out in rage at this point, or even to start to cry. But you're not going to do that, are you, John? I can tell by that bulge in your pants. Even if it's not a big one, it's still there."

Marcus's gigantic hand was under my wife's t–shirt now, teasing her nipples gently. Mara's hands were roaming his chest, kneading it, feeling his muscles, the corners of her mouth curling up in delight even as it remained pressed against his.

"Marcus has a lot of experience with female pleasure," Linda remarked, "he's an extremely skilled lover. Many of our clients come

back for extra sessions even after the problem they came to see us about has been solved. Of course, in most cases a single therapy session is nowhere near enough. The clients have to enter into a regular worship regimen to truly find peace."

I didn't need to ask what "worship" meant in this context. It clearly referred to the thick black idol that hung between Marcus's legs, waiting to be freed.

"I want to try part one now," said Mara, looking up at Marcus in utter devotion, "it's time to show John what he's good for."

"You sure you're ready?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm ready."

"Ok," said Marcus.

"Part one refers the first stage in the encounter roadmap that Mara worked out before you came here. It contains all of the sex acts that she wants to engage in with you and Marcus, and is an important part of her therapeutic plan. In this case, she wants you to prepare her vagina for penetration while she sucks Marcus's cock. This is a somewhat uncommon, though not unheard of practice for our clients. There are multiple ways to accomplish it, but in this case, she's going to lie on her back and spread her legs, while Marcus mounts her and feeds her his penis from the top. You'll be on your knees on the bed, burying your face in your wife's pussy. Any questions?"

Mara broke her kiss with Marcus and looked into my eyes.

"I want you to get me nice and wet for him, honey. This is all that you're good for now. Well, maybe they'll be something that I let you do when we're finished. If you're lucky. That's the *last* thing on my list."

Marcus was already stripping off her yoga pants as she lay back on the bed, giggling, while I pondered my reply.

"No questions," I whispered, dropping to my knees and burying my face in my wife's fragrant pussy as her lover put himself astride her chest.

I couldn't see much action, but I knew from their positioning and from the sounds I was hearing what was happening: Marcus was feeding my wife his gigantic cock from above while I pleasured her from below. I could hear slurping and sucking sounds, and, every once in a while, a moan of pleasure from Mara or a few words of encouragement from Marcus.

"That's right, Mara. Make my penis nice and hard and wet. The wetter it is, the more pleasurable it will be for you. Relax and enjoy this. It's very important for you to associate both your own pleasure and your husband's humiliation with my personal pleasure. This is the crucial lesson for our session today: that pleasing me, and humiliating your husband must cause you great pleasure."

"Oh fuck, it really does," she moaned as he slipped his cock out of her mouth.

I licked her vulva and kissed her clit, teasing it now and then with my tongue. My cock ached to be freed from its prison in my pants, but I knew that Mara (and Marcus) would never allow it.

"That's a good girl. You're doing such a good job getting my cock hard," said Marcus's deep baritone.

Linda began to speak again, describing the scene to me.

"You can't see it now," she said, "but your wife really seems to love my husband's cock. She's practically making love to it with her mouth. Of course, she can't take it all the way, but what she lacks in skill she's *definitely* making up for in enthusiasm."

"I love to watch her work your cock like that," she continued, addressing her comments to Marcus, "it's starting to get me so horny. Too bad all we have here is a little cuck, otherwise I'd really be in the mood to take some dick. And I know that Mara wants it to be just the two of you for now."

"That's right, honey," said Marcus, "but you and I have all night to work out whatever residual horniness you have."

"Mmm, I can't wait," said Linda, "you've trained me so well to get horny when I see you with another woman."

"Good girl," laughed Marcus.

I could still hear Mara sucking Marcus as I continued my own efforts to please her. She was sopping wet now, and her juices ran down my chin as I lapped gently at her clit, attempting to provide her with the most pleasure I could. I knew that there was no way that my tongue could compete with the sheer masculine energy of Marcus's gigantic penis, but I thought maybe there was a chance that I could still win Mara back if I proved myself at least capable of pleasing her orally.

"Oh God," moaned Mara, "I'm so close."

"Good," said Marcus, "I want you to meditate as you climax, though. I want you to consciously associate your pleasure not with what your husband is doing, but with my cock. Can you do that?"

"Mmm–hmm," she groaned, as I continued my efforts.

I couldn't help but be humiliated by the fact that *I* was doing the work of pleasuring Mara while Marcus was encouraging her to associate her pleasure with *his* cock.

"Tell me what you want. What you desire," he commanded.

"I want you to fuck me," she moaned, "I want to feel you all the way deep inside me. Deeper than any man has ever been before. I want you to take me like I've never been taken. By a real man. I want to be made yours and your alone."

I heard these words as I flicked my tongue against her clit gently yet insistently, remaining as sensitive as possible to the small signals she was sending me: her moans, the subtle shifts in her tone of voice.

"That's good, Mara," Marcus said, "just let it all out. Tell us about those feelings you've been hiding."

"I just want to surrender, body and soul, to a dominant man. My husband...has been such a disappointment. Not just physically. That, too, of course. But emotionally. When I found out that he wanted to see me with a larger man, his masculinity was diminished in my eyes. I can't be with a man like that, a man who knows that he's a beta male."

“Good,” said Marcus, “you may climax now. Hold my hand and concentrate on my cock while you come.”

“Mm–hmm,” moaned Mara, her mouth seemingly full once more.

“You’re both doing so great,” encouraged Linda, “that’s it, John. Keep pleasuring your wife. I can tell that she’s really close now. It’s going to be so wonderful to watch her come with her bull’s cock in her mouth.”

I continued my efforts, my jaw getting sore now, still determined to prove to my wife my worthiness even though I knew now that it also meant conditioning her to find pleasure only in her bull’s penis. Marcus continued to give gentle encouragement to Mara as her breathing increased and her hips began to buck up rhythmically into my lips. Her moans were deeper now, more euphoric, and I knew she was close.

“That’s it,” said Marcus, “just relax and let go. Give in to the pleasure of having a big cock in your mouth. It’s what you crave. What you *deserve*. Your feelings and desires are valid.”

In that moment, I felt Mara’s legs close around my head and muffed my hearing. They couldn’t drown out her moan of ecstasy, though, which resounded throughout the room. Marcus must have pulled out his cock at exactly the right moment.

I couldn’t help but feel a sense of satisfaction even though I knew that she had been entirely focused on Marcus’s hard black cock in her mouth, and not on the fact that it was her husband who was pleasuring her.

“Thank you, Marcus,” was the first thing she said when she was able to speak again, “I can’t wait to finally feel you inside me.”

“You’re very welcome,” he said, “but I”m not sure if you’re ready for me yet. I think you need to show me how you practice with that dildo first. I’m sure that John would like to see that too. It should really drive home the point that there’s no way for him to compete.”

“Of course,” she said.

I pulled back finally, wiping my mouth with my hand.

“Come back over here and sit next to me,” said Linda, patting the place on the couch next to her where I’d been sitting before, “you did a very good job. See how fixated Mara is on Marcus now? That’s part of the training. She has to associate all of *her* pleasure with *his* cock, no matter where the pleasure is coming from.”

“Oh,” she said, looking down at my pants, “I’m sure that this is getting your little guy pretty hard. Like I said, I’d like to help, but Mara has said it’s off–limits!”

I sighed. I looked at my wife, so young, so beautiful, on her back alone now on the bed, licking the huge black dildo while Marcus kneeled next to her, stroking his ever bigger *real* black cock.

“That’s it, honey,” he said, “keep looking in my eyes as you slowly work it in. Just take your time. Go slow. No need to hurt yourself. This is about your pleasure. The pleasure you deserve.”

Mara let out an adorable little squeak and then bit her lip as the oversize dildo head passed her soaking wet lips.

“It feels so good, but I’m still so sensitive from the orgasm you gave me,” she said, directing her comment directly to Marcus.

She was still pretending that I’d had absolutely nothing to do with getting her off before. It was humiliating, but somehow also thrilling, I had to admit. I had been reduced to nothing more than a spectator in my own marriage. Was that what I had secretly wanted all along?

“That’s it, honey. You’re doing such a good job,” said Marcus, “just a little further now.”

“Yes,” groaned Mara, “it’s so big, but I love it so much. I can’t wait for the real thing.”

“You’re going to get it soon enough,” he said chuckling a bit as he stroked her hair affectionately, “you’re going to have to trust me that it will be more than worth it when I finally stretch that tight white pussy.”

“This is what you wanted to see, isn’t it, cuck?” whispered Linda, who was playing with her own nipples now, “just admit it.”

“No,” I protested, “it was just a fantasy. But this...”

“You cucks are all alike,” she laughed, “you have wild fantasy lives, but when your sick little fantasies become reality you suddenly can’t take it anymore. The reality of watching your cute little wife taking the biggest cock she’s ever seen is just too much for you. Admit it.”

I didn’t know how to respond. I *couldn’t* respond. The situation was just too intense. I watched as Mara began to fuck herself now with the huge dildo, moaning softly every time it bottomed out inside her. The lips of her vulva grasped the shaft of the gigantic rubber toy tightly as she thrust it in and out. The entire time, her gaze never strayed from the eyes of her lover, who hovered over her, whispering words of encouragement as he stroked her cheeks and played with her nipples.

“Good girl,” he whispered, “show me how much you want the real thing. How much you *need* my big black cock inside you.”

“I want it so bad, Marcus,” she said, her eyes tearing up a bit now, “I *need* it so bad.”

Suddenly, I flashed back to a conversation that Mara and I had had the night after we had slept together for the first time, and the importance of what she’d said to me then suddenly hit me like a load of bricks. I had just taken her virginity. It had been an experience not without a bit of the expected awkwardness, but had brought me immense satisfaction, and I’d even been able to bring her to climax with my hand afterwards. We were laying there in the afterglow, and she looked into my eyes and said “I’ve never understood how people can separate sex and love. For me, it’s all the same. I could never be sexual with someone I don’t love. And I love you so much right now.”

The kiss she’d given me after she’d said that had melted my heart.

Now, watching her fuck herself with the huge dildo as her lover egged her one with tender words and caresses, I saw the same expression in her eyes. When Marcus leaned down to kiss her, and she lifted her head to meet his, I couldn’t help myself but cry out.

“Mara!”

Linda pinched my arm.

“Shh, don’t break the mood, cuck. They are experiencing an important, intimate connection. It’s clear. Did you know that, for women especially, the emotional side of sex is even more important than the physical side?”

That was, in fact, *exactly* what I was afraid of, and what I knew deep down. But there was absolutely nothing I could do about it, and I knew it.

I watched as Mara and Marcus exchanged a long, deep kiss, and then slowly pulled apart.

“I think you’re ready now. Are you ready?”

“Please,” she begged.

He slowly drew the large black dildo out of her and threw it onto the bed next to them. Then he pulled her legs apart and slowly fed his thick black cock inch by inch into her quivering cunt. She accepted him easily and graciously, wrapping one hand around his back and intertwining the fingers of the other with one of his hands. They seemed like a loving couple, one with years of experience making love, and not like two almost–strangers doing it for the first time while their spouses watched.

“Marcus,” she moaned as he stroked in and out of her, “it’s perfect. I can’t believe how well you fill me. I think...”

“Yes, baby,” he said, gripping her hand a little tighter as he began to pump slightly faster, “that’s it. Don’t be afraid of the pleasure. This is what you deserve. There’s nothing wrong with enjoying it.”

“I just can’t believe it,” she moaned, her voice cracking a bit, “I never knew sex could feel this good. I’m sorry. I’m just a little overwhelmed right now.”

“It’s ok,” he said, dropping down and giving her a long kiss.

With this change of angles, I caught a glimpse of my wife’s face. A tear was rolling down her cheek. He was fucking her so well that

she was *crying*. I couldn't believe it. It was so incredibly painful for me to watch that I considered getting up and leaving. The only thing that stopped me was the promise of seeing just how far this would go. Just how much Mara would transform in front of my eyes into a new person.

"That's a good girl," he encouraged her, "just relax and breath. Take long, deep breaths through your mouth as you experience the power of the cock inside you. Concentrate on your breathing and on my cock."

"Ok," she stammered, "it just feels so good. I think I'm going to come again."

"That's perfect," he said, "go ahead and relax. Give into the pleasure and come on my cock."

He started pumping into her a bit faster now, keeping a nice even rhythm as his free hand — the one that wasn't gripping my wife's hand — propped him up on the bed. I watched as his muscular buttocks flexed, powering his cock like it was a mighty piston.

"Oh yes, Marcus. It's so good. So much better than my husband's. This is what I need."

"That's it," he said, "keep going. Let all those feelings and emotions out."

"I never want him to touch me again," she blurted, "I don't even want him to see me naked. I belong to you now."

"That's it," said Marcus pumping harder, "keep going. What else do you want?"

"I want you to come inside me. I want to be filled with your seed. I need to be taken."

"Mara, no!" I exclaimed, standing up now and catching her eye for a moment as she looked at me over Marcus's shoulder.

I knew that she wasn't on birth control, but it wasn't until that moment that I'd put it all together. The whole thing had seemed unreal up to now. But now I realized that Marcus was certainly not

wearing a condom, and I had no reason to believe that he'd had a vasectomy.

Linda tugged at my shirt sleeve, trying to pull me back down, but I remained standing, watching the obscene sight of the powerful, muscular Marcus dominating my wife's small frame. I couldn't help but notice how vivid and appealing the contrast between their skin tones were. It was a perfect pairing: black and white, male and female. Yin and yang.

"It's no use fighting it," she said, "this is what Mara wanted. It's part 4 of her plan. She needs this in order to feel that the encounter is complete."

"And he's just going to…?"

"I'm afraid so," said Linda, "Marcus is a very potent man. He's already fathered several children, both with our clients and otherwise. It doesn't threaten me at all. On the contrary. He makes plenty of money, enough to support all of them. I find having such a potent, alpha husband an incredible turn–on."

"Mara," I cried, finally breaking down in tears as I realized that my dream of starting a family with her was perhaps about to be ruined forever in a matter of seconds, "think about this."

"Just admit it, cuck," laughed Marcus, fucking my wife even harder and faster, "this is exactly what you wanted all along. You wanted to watch a more powerful, dominant man take your wife in the most profound way possible right in front of your eyes."

"No..."

"Don't deny it, honey," moaned Mara, her voice breaking again, "just tell the truth. It's part of the process."

Warm tears were rolling down my cheeks now, but I held back the sobs.

The sounds of Marcus's thighs slapping against Mara's as he pinned her to the bed with deep, sensual thrusts filled the room, accompanied by my wife's high moans of pleasure.

"Please just admit it, honey. It's an important part of the therapy."

“Say it, cuck. Admit what you wanted. Time to come clean.”

I stood there, my life in tatters around me, powerless to do anything but admit defeat.

“I admit it,” I murmured, “this is what I wanted.”

“Louder,” urged Marcus, “Mara needs to hear this.”

“I admit it,” I said, clearing my throat and speaking more clearly, “I wanted to watch you make love to a powerful black man. I wanted to watch him come inside you. Without protection.”

“That’s a good cuck,” laughed Linda.

“Good,” growled Marcus, “this is an important breakthrough in your therapy, Mara. Are you ready?”

“Yes!” she moaned, “please do it. Please fill me!”

“Yes,” he groaned, “hold on, baby. Here it comes. There’s going to be a lot...”

“Mmm….,” she moaned, her eyes closed, her head thrown back in ecstasy as she climaxed again, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him in towards her.

I couldn’t believe it, but I could actually see his balls contract as he shot spurt after spurt of his potent hot cum into my fertile wife’s womb. It seemed like his orgasm would never end, but finally it was over.

“Thank you,” sighed Mara, her satisfaction palpable, “I needed that so much.”

“You’re very welcome,” said Marcus, slowly inching his cock out of her pussy, “would you like to move on to the final part of your therapy plan?”

Mara paused for a moment, looking over at me, a bit bemused. Then she turned back to Marcus.

“Yes,” she said, “I’d like that.”

Chapter 4

“What’s the final part?” I asked, still standing there dumbfounded at what I had seen but also incredibly turned on.

“It’s the clean–up phase,” laughed Marcus, “you’re going to clean out her vagina with your tongue while my wife and I watch.”

“Mara,” I said, “are you...serious?”

“Mm–hmm,” she said, nodding, “I learned about this from the sick videos that *you* watch, so this shouldn’t surprise you.”

“I don’t know...”

“Well, if you don’t want to, that’s fine. But if you want to remain a part of my life — our life — then you’ll do exactly what I say.”

“Part of your life? What do you mean?”

“Get over here and start eating me out and I’ll tell you exactly what I mean,” she said.

I dropped to my knees, and, for the second time that day, began to lick my wife’s vulva and clitoris as I knelt on the floor in front of the bed. Marcus’s cum was thick and salty, and the flavor made me gag. It was incredibly humiliating to be in the position of eating another man’s ejaculate, especially while he watched.

“That’s ok,” said Mara, after I’d gagged for the first time, “I understand that it’s hard at first. Marcus tells me that most cucks at least get used to the flavor after a while. Some of them even learn to love it. Isn’t that right, Marcus?”

Marcus laughed.

“That’s right,” he said.

“You know,” said Mara, “it’s so amazing how much sperm the adult male produces. All it takes is a single swimmer to fertilize my egg, and Marcus has deposited millions into my womb. There are still plenty left for you to swallow, like the good little cuck that you are.”

I groaned in pleasure and humiliation, unable to believe that I had actually found myself in this situation, the situation I'd been fantasizing about for as long as Mara and I had been dating, but which I'd never thought would actually come to pass.

"Here's how things are going to work from now on," said Mara as I continued to lick her pussy, doing my best to choke down the huge gobs of Marcus's sperm, "you're going to move into the guest bedroom for starters. I'll decide whether or not you can stay there depending on how obedient you are otherwise."

I moaned in agreement.

"Good," she said, "it sounds like you have no problem with that. Next, you'll never be allowed to see me naked again, but I may elect to wear skimpy clothing around the house if I want. Especially those outfits that I know drive you crazy."

"Mmm–hmm," I moaned, my mouth filled with salty sperm.

"I'm going to continue to see Marcus at least once a week, both here at his house and at our own. He's going to deposit his seed in my vagina after each session, and it will be your job to clean up after him. Once in a while he might choose to fuck my ass as well, and if that's the case, you'll be cleaning out my anus with your tongue, too."

I moaned in disgust, but it also turned me on, I had to admit.

"We'll be getting a divorce, which you're not going to contest, but you may remain in the house as long as you continue to please me."

Damn, this was going really far. Could she actually *mean* any of this? It seemed impossible.

"And when — not if — Marcus succeeds in getting me pregnant, you're going to be our live–in childcare," she said, seeming to be nearing a climax.

"Oh God," she moaned, "it's going to be so amazing, finally being with a real man. Even if he's married. I don't care. I'll be devoted to him alone. I'll even help Linda train other girls for him to fuck. His cock is just too fucking good..."

She climaxed in that moment, moaning in ecstasy as she pressed her warm cunt against my face.

“Well done!” said Linda, clapping, “I think that concludes the last thing on your list, doesn’t it?”

“I believe that it does,” said Mara, beaming at Marcus even as I looked up at her, wiping traces of his cum from my chin and lips.

“Well,” said Marcus, “I think that John can be going now then, don’t you?”

“I think so, too,” said Mara, licking her lips as she looked up at Marcus suggestively.

“But before he does,” she said, “let’s give him one last taste of what he’s going to miss out on forever.”

“Mmm, ok,” said Marcus.

Mara stood, throwing her arms around him in a long, passionate kiss.

“It’s so inspiring,” said Linda, “the power of BBC therapy. It works every time. At least when Marcus and I are involved.”

She took me by the hand and led me back to the staircase. The last thing that I saw before I descended the stair was Mara’s hand moving down to stroke Marcus’s long, rapidly hardening cock. It was clear that round two was on the horizon, but I wouldn’ t be around for it.

Epilogue

That night, I waited a long time for Mara to come back. Finally, I gave up and went to sleep in the guest bedroom. A few hours later, I woke up to the sound of her key in the lock, and I listened as she went about her nightly ritual of changing into her nightclothes, washing her face, and finally getting into bed. Except this time, she came into the guest room instead of climbing into bed and turning out the light.

My heart leaped in anticipation. What did she have to tell me? That it had all been a mistake? That she still loved me?

“Are you still awake?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said.

“Do you want to know what happened after you left?”

“Ok,” I said.

“Come on,” she said, smiling, “I know you want to know you little perv.”

“Ok,” I said, slowly accepting my cuckold role, “tell me.”

“Well,” she said, “go ahead and jerk off while I tell you this if you want. Just know that I’m not going to touch you.”

I had already expected that.

“So first we made out for a good long time. Marcus is such an amazing kisser. You already saw that of course. He’s got just the right amount of passion and tenderness. He’s never pushy. He just keeps me wanting more so desperately.”

“Then he started playing with my pussy. I was sore after the fucking he’d already given me, so he asked if I’d like to try something else, something new. I was really excited, so I said yes. He told me that he was going to introduce me to an entirely new kind of pleasure. I told him that sounded amazing. He asked if I’d ever had anal sex, and I told him of course not — my parents always taught me that it was filthy, and I still believed it. He told me that nothing

could be further from the truth. That it could actually be quite beautiful if done correctly, and I believed him. So I said yes."

I had my cock out now, jerking it shamelessly as she continued her story, no longer caring about how it made me look in her eyes.

"First, we took a long hot shower together. There was lots of kissing and touching. He lathered up my entire body and washed it gently, his hands linger on my boobs and ass. He knows exactly how to tease me. He was whispering soft sweet thing about how much he loves my curves. I know that you love my curves too, don't you, honey? Too bad you'll never be able to see them again. Don't be sad about it, though. Be happy that another man gets to enjoy them instead!"

It was hard for me to see it that way, but I didn't want to interrupt the story. My cock was hard in my hands, even though I was listening to a story of my conservative wife falling even further into depravity.

"And after the shower we got out and he rubbed me down with lotion. It felt so good to be massaged by his big, skillful hands. They were roaming all over my body, and I was getting so turned on. That's when he showed me the buttplug. He explained to me that he was going to have to train my ass to take his cock, just like we'd trained my pussy with the dildo."

"And so, he had me bend over the counter in the bathroom," she continued, "and he lubed up the plug. Then he slowly pushed it inside. I felt so incredibly full, I could barely take it. Every time I sat down, the buttplug transmitted sensations to my pussy. It's such an amazing feeling to wear it, not just because of the physical pleasure it causes me (but, of course, also because of that) but because of the fact that I know that I'm preparing myself for him. Preparing myself for his pleasure."

"After he'd put it in place, I told him how horny it was making me, and I asked him if there was anything that I could do for him. There had been a lot of attention focused on me recently, but the truth is that I've always been a pleaser, and all I really wanted to do

was to return some of the pleasure that he'd given to me. When I love a man, all I want to do is please him."

I felt tears come to my eyes. So it was true. She *did* love him.

"So he told me that I could suck his cock if I wanted to, and I immediately said yes. I dropped to my knees and started to worship him. I'd sucked him before, of course (while you were going down on me), but this time was different. We didn't have any time restraints, and we didn't have an audience, so I just took my time. I took that big, thick head between my lips and made love to it, slicking it down with my mouth and tongue until my hands slid along it effortlessly. It was so thick. So fucking thick, honey. It's an absolutely beautiful thing. The type of thing you can't fake. You either have it or you don't. And Marcus definitely has it."

"Finally, I started to take it into my mouth, a little deeper with each stroke. Marcus was great, telling me to breath deeply through my nose and take breaks if I needed to. Finally, I managed to take his cock halfway. I was so proud of myself! You would have been proud of me too if you'd been there, honey."

"I wanted to make him come so bad, so I grabbed his shaft and stroked it while I looked up into his eyes and stroked it faster and faster. I loved the sounds he was making. You have no idea how great it was to know that I could please such a big, powerful man like that. Finally, after a few more minutes, he couldn't take it anymore, and he told me he was going to come. I pulled his cock out of my mouth and stroked him off onto my tongue, looking up into his eyes and begging for his sperm."

"Then what?" I groaned, on the edge of my own orgasm, ashamed to be asking for more but too overwhelmed by pleasure to stop myself.

"Then he shot four or five huge, thick ropes of come onto my mouth, tongue and lips. I closed my eyes and lapped it all up greedily before I swallowed as much as I could. A few seconds later, he painted my face as well. I slowly fed myself his cum, putting on a show for him. He was very happy with my work, and gave me a kiss

and a little swat on the ass and a kiss before I washed my face. Then I had tea with Linda and drove back over here."

I was jacking off forcefully now.

"Keep going you pathetic little cuck," Mara said, shaking her head as she stood up from the bed, "but that's the last dirty story you're going to get from me for a while."

She walked across the room and into the hallway. I reached a powerful orgasm just as she turned the light out in what was now her room. I knew that it was exactly as if she'd turned the light out on our marriage as well, and I was finally able to accept that, if it meant that I could stick around and collect whatever little morsels of satisfaction that she and Marcus would send my way.

THE END

BLACKED BY HIS BULLY

Chapter 1

Jenna met our new neighbor before I did.

“I don’t like him,” she said curtly.

“What? What on earth would make you say that?”

“He told me I had a nice ass just a few minutes after I met him. What kind of cocky asshole does something like that?”

I looked at her over my tablet from across the breakfast table.

“First of all, you *do* have a nice ass. It’s simply an objective fact,” I said, “and second of all, what were his exact words? What did he really say to you?”

“Very funny,” she said, “I knew you’d say something like that. Just because my husband likes my butt doesn’t mean that I want everyone in the neighborhood to share his enthusiasm. What if the other neighbors had heard?”

“You mean those college girls, Samantha and Becca? He’s probably told them the same thing. You’ve seen them jogging, haven’t you?”

“Ha ha. I can tell this is just all a big joke to you.”

“Look,” I said, “I’ll go and talk to him if you want. I haven’t actually met him, so it’s not a great way to start off a new relationship, but I’m willing to do it if it will make you feel better. But I’m going to need to know *exactly* what he said, so I can understand what I’m getting myself into.”

“He said something about how he was going to look forward to seeing me weed the flowerbed in the front yard. Implying that he was going to watch me bend over and admire my backside.”

“What? *That’s* all he said? Maybe he’s just bad at smalltalk. Or else he has a gardening fetish. There’s nothing remotely sexual in any of that.”

Jenna was exasperated. Her bright blue eyes filled with fire.

“It’s not *what* he said, it’s *how* he said it! I would have thought that you, as a therapist, would understand that!”

I sighed.

“I’m sorry,” I said, “like I said — I’ll go over there and talk to him when we’re finished here. It’s Sunday, so he’s probably home.”

“Thank you,” said Jenna, folding her arms, “that’s all I wanted.”

“But you *do* have a nice ass,” I said, “that’s an objective fact.”

“Oh, shut up!”

Chapter 2

I knocked on the door of the house next door. It was a beautiful red brick colonial, perhaps 60 or 70 years old, and quite well–maintained. It had the look of a solid family home, not the kind of place you'd expect a bachelor to live, but if the reports were true, our new neighbor Kevin was unmarried.

In that moment, as I stood at the threshold, I had no idea that my entire world was going to come crashing down as soon as he opened the door. Because the moment that the large wooden door swung open, it was as if my entire past were smacking me in the face.

"Hey, squirt," said the tall black man who opened the door, "is that really you?"

"Kevin," I said, trying to keep a smile on my face, "Kevin Donalds. It's been a long time."

Here he was. Kevin Donalds. My high school bully had moved in next door. It didn't seem real, but it clearly was.

"You don't look like you've changed a bit, squirt," he said, looking me up and down, "at least not that I can tell from here. Won't you come in?"

"No," I said, "I don't really have time. I just wanted to introduce myself and tell you welcome to the neighborhood."

"Well thank you, squirt. That's really nice of you," he said, pausing.

"I'm sorry," he said, serious for a moment, "I'm not sure if you even like that nickname. I shouldn't have used it. Is there something else you'd rather be called?"

"How about just 'Ian'," I said, trying not to sound too defensive, "my name is fine."

"It is a fine name, isn't it? Ok, Ian," he said, reaching out and taking my hand in his large, powerful one, "let's just let bygones be bygones, and start fresh as neighbors. What do you say? I know that

there might have been some things that happened back on the math team that I'm not exactly proud of, but I hope you've had time to forgive me for that stuff."

"Sure," I stuttered, "of course. That's all over now."

"Good," he said, flashing me a big smile, "I'm glad you feel that way. I've gotta start unpacking, but I wanted to let you know that I'm having a housewarming party tomorrow, and I'd love it if you'd come by. We'll be starting around 6pm."

"Sure," I said, still tongue–tied at the shock of suddenly being confronted with my past, "we'd love to come."

"Good," he said, smiling, "and by the way — if you know that blond with the incredible ass who lives around here, would you do me a favor and invite her, too? I think her name is Jennifer, or Jessica or something."

"Jenna," I stuttered, "she's my wife."

"Well look at you, squirt! I mean Ian. You went and got yourself a fine–ass wife. Oops, I guess I better watch my language," he chuckled, "but let me reiterate: I'd be happy to welcome you and your lovely bride to my home tomorrow."

"Ok, thanks," I muttered, "nice to see you again."

"Very nice to see you again, *Ian*," he said, giving my name a slight emphasis that showed he still wasn't totally convinced that I deserved to be called by it.

And with that, the door was closed, and my first encounter with my former bully in over ten years was over.

***

Ten years. It was hard to believe. So much had changed since then, when Kevin and I were both on the math team, and had both been in competition for the affections of Kristine, our beautiful classmate. The thing was, Kristine had been my girlfriend, so I shouldn't have had to be in competition for her at all, but just after graduation our senior year, she'd betrayed me with Kevin, and I'd discovered her betrayal in the worst way possible: by walking in on

the two of them while they were making out in the math team practice room after school.

I still remember the shock and shame of that situation, how I'd remained rooted to the spot, watching in horror and fascination as my petite white girlfriend kissed my tall black bully with abandon.

I wanted to throw the door open wide and burst into the room and punch Kevin in the face. But I knew that he would best me in any kind of physical competition, and had, in fact, already done so on the intellectual level as well. He'd won state at the math finals earlier that year. The first student at our high school to do so. What's more, even though math was a stereotypically dorky thing to be interested in, no one treated Kevin like a dork. They treated him with as much interest and reverence as if he'd been a football player.

It made no sense to me.

Now, here he was, kissing my girlfriend. And I was stuck watching it. What were they doing now?

I watched in horror as Kristine dropped to her knees in front of him, smiling up as she unbuckled his belt.

"Mmm," she said, "I can't wait to see what you're packing down here."

What? *Excuse me*? Was this the same girl who took months to let me get to second base, and who would only consent to giving me a dry handjob until after we'd been going steady for a year? She'd told me that blowjobs grossed her out, and I'd respected it. But now she was on her knees talking dirty to my biggest rival on the team — my bully — about how much she wanted his dick?

Tears of rage formed in my eyes, but at the same time, I felt my dick become rock hard. As hurt as I was by my girlfriend's betrayal, it was clear that I wanted to see exactly how far she and my bully were going to go.

After talking to Kevin just now, I felt as if I'd been transported back to that moment, just after high school, watching my 18–year–old girlfriend on her knees, pulling out my bully's cock and admiring it, almost reverently, before taking it into her mouth.

I've since heard of the term "cock worship," but at the time I didn't have the terms to describe what I was seeing. All I knew was that Kristine, formerly awkward and a bit prude, suddenly seemed to have been seized with a skill that was motivated by pure passion. It was as if she was making love to Kevin's cock, sucking at its tip as she spread her saliva along his thick shaft, making small feminine moans of pleasure the entire time she did so. The entire process of sucking his dick — for what must have been the first time she'd done it with this particular dick, and most likely the first time *ever* (since she'd certainly never done it with me) — seemed to be causing *her* even more pleasure than it was causing him.

In any case, I remember her looking up at him and moaning "oh God, Kevin, I love it," as she came up for air.

We had just been on a date two days before. We'd made out in the back of my car for a few minutes and then talked about our plans for after high school. Kristine and I were going to the same big state school about 100 miles away, while Kevin was headed for an elite private school on the coast on a full math scholarship. We'd promised to keep dating during college, no matter what kinds of temptations might await us in the dorms or at parties.

So this betrayal stung all the more.

At the same time, it was impossible not to view the scene before me completely objectively. Here was a beautiful woman in the bloom of youth on her knees servicing a man with an absolutely enormous (and equally beautiful) black cock. He groaned in encouragement as she sucked him, licking his balls now, and when he glanced over towards the door, I thought for a moment that he'd spotted me, because our eyes locked for several seconds, or at least I thought they did, but it might have been a coincidence, because he made no sign of having seen me.

It was totally dark in the hallway, after all, and they probably had no idea that the door was even open.

"God that's good," groaned Kevin, "but I really want to fuck you."

Oh my God. Kristine had never even hinted at giving it up for me until we were engaged at the very least. I waited with baited breath

to hear what her answer would be.

“Please,” she moaned, looking up at him from behind his gigantic dick, “but you have to be gentle. It’s my first time.”

“So you never let that bitch of a boyfriend inside you?”

“No,” she said, “but that doesn't mean I haven’t practiced.”

“Oh?”

“I happen to have a dildo at home. A big *black* one.”

I felt my self–esteem totally crushed in that moment. But I still couldn’t move. My cock was rock–hard. I started rubbing myself through my jeans as I continued to watch this incredible act of betrayal.

“You are a kinky one,” he laughed, “so I’m not going to hurt you with this big cock?”

“Mm,” she said, “I kind of want it to hurt. At least a little.”

“Your squirt of a boyfriend could never do that, could he?” laughed Kevin, “I’ve never seen his dick before but I’m guessing it’s as diminutive as his math skills.”

“You’re so funny,” said Kristine, beaming at him as she stood, stroking his cock while she gave him a long, sensual kiss, “how do you want me?”

“Why don’t you bend over the desk,” he said, “we should probably be fast in case the janitor is still around.”

The janitor wasn’t, but *I* certainly was. I’d become curious when I couldn’t get ahold of Kristine at home, and had passed the high school parking lot to see her red pickup parked there. I’d used the math team code to open the door, and the rest was history.

I watched as Kristine bent over the desk and hiked up her sundress. Kevin came up behind her and pulled her panties down, letting out a long whistle as he admired her backside.

“Damn that ass is fine,” he said, giving her a playful spank.

She wiggled at him, smiling.

“Ooh,” she moaned, “I like that. I want you to punish me more, but I think you should hurry up. We’re not even students anymore. We shouldn’t even be here.”

“Well then,” he said, positioning himself, “get ready. I hope your big black dildo prepared you for a real big black cock experience.”

“It’s ok,” she assured him, “sucking your dick got me so wet. I’ve never had that kind of experience before.”

“Of course you haven’t. I’ve met your boyfriend.”

In that moment, she cried out. They were both facing me now, so I couldn’t actually see his cock enter her, but her voice told me everything I needed to know.

“Tell me the truth,” he growled, beginning to move inside her, “he’s a little squirt isn’t he? How big is he?”

“More…like…how… small,” moaned my girlfriend, holding on the desk for dear life as he began to slowly move inside her, with long, powerful strokes.

“That’s what I thought,” he laughed, grabbing a handful of her hair and pulling it as he fucked her harder.

“That’s it,” she moaned, “just take me. Use my pussy. It feels so good. I just want you to get off…”

“This pussy is mine now,” he growled, “tell me.”

“It’s yours,” she moaned, “please just do whatever you want with me. I’m so close…”

He slapped her ass and began to fuck her even harder.

“God you’re tight,” he groaned, “this white pussy is never going to be the same.”

“That’s it,” groaned Kristine, “ruin me for white guys. I just want to take your cum inside me.”

“Yeah, bitch,” moaned Kevin, “here it comes…”

While I’d watched the scene unfold, I had taken out my own cock and was furiously stroking it as I watched the scene, tears in my eyes. Now, as I watched my girlfriend reach climax as my bully

shot his load inside her with a massive groan of triumph, I shot my own load as well, spraying down the floor in the hall where I was standing.

“Oh shit,” I muttered, pulling up my pants and frantically wiping my cum–covered hand on my shirt, “fuck!”

When I had hastily put myself together, I realized that I’d have to go to the bathroom to get paper towels if I wanted to clean up the “DNA evidence” I’d left on the floor. But in that very moment, I looked back into the room and realized that Kevin had heard me.

“Shh,” he said, his big dick flopping in front of him, “I think there’s someone out there.”

My girlfriend and my bully scrambled into their clothes as I scrambled out the door, running into the parking lot and towards my car.

That was when the spotlights hit. They seemed to come from everywhere at once, and completely blinded me.

“HSP security,” said a voice, “please leave your hands where we can see them.”

“What?” I asked, slowly realizing what was happening.

“Get your hands in the air!” yelled the voice again.

I had no choice but to comply.

“What the hell is on your shirt?”

I blushed. It must have been obvious that I had been jerking off.

The light went out.

“Ian? Is that you?”

I nodded. It was Mike, the school security guard. I’d been on friendly terms with him for years.

“I thought you graduated. You have no business being here anymore. What the hell were you doing in there?”

“I was just…”

In that moment, Kristine and Kevin appeared.

“Hey, what are *you two* doing here, too?”

“Sir,” said Kevin, stepping forward with a piece of paper in his hand, “this is a note from Dr. Kleinheinz, the math team couch. It gives Kristine Parker and I explicit permission to enter the building this evening to retrieve the trophy that I won in this year’s state competition.”

He held up his trophy, letting it gleam in the lights of the parking lot.

“I’m going to get some picutres made with it, then return it. Dr. Kleinheinz knows all about it. He’s in Mexico this month otherwise he would have come with us.”

Mike looked at the piece of paper, examining it under his flashlight.

“What about this guy,” he asked, pointing to me, “was he supposed to be with you? I don’t see his name on here…”

I looked at Kristine, staring daggers at her. She avoided my gaze.

“We don’t know anything about squirt, do we?” Kevin laughed, looking at Kristine, “from the looks of it, he was here on his own, up to something…pervy.”

Mike sighed exasperatedly, looking back over at me.

“I’m not going to call the cops this time, Ian,” he said, “they’d ruin your whole future. Put you on a sex offender’s registry. Do you understand how serious this is? Jacking off at a school? What the hell were you thinking?”

I felt the tears running down my face. I couldn’t answer.

“He was tugging his little squirter, weren’t you, squirt?” laughed Kevin.

I heard Kristine stifle a laugh as well, and it cut through me like a knife.

“Well,” said Mike, “get the hell out of here, and don’t let me catch you within a mile of this school again after hours. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” I blubbered, turning towards my car and climbing in, trying to avoid Kristine’s face as I fumbled with the ignition.

All of these thoughts, the entire humiliating and absolutely shocking betrayal, combined with the sexual humiliation of being caught with jizz all over my clothes came back in the moment that I’d seen Kevin open the door.

I hadn’t talked to Kristine since that night. She’d tried to call a few times, but I didn’t pick up. I wasn’t interested in hearing her excuses. I’d already seen too much.

My freshman year of college had been rough. I’d heard rumors about what Kristine was up to (specifically, that she was dating one of the black football players — once you go black, you can’t go back, etc), but the school was big enough that I somehow managed to encounter her in person. Then, in my junior year, I’d met Jenna.

At first I couldn’t believe my luck. After being cheated on by Kristine, I had a hard time believing that a woman was really into me. But Jenna was.

We’d gotten married a few months after graduation, and had been happy together ever since. It was true that Jenna was gorgeous: petite and small–waisted, yet with a rather large chest and (as we’ve already established) an incredible ass. She had natural blond hair and bright blue eyes. Despite her size and her feminine charms, she wasn’t afraid of anything, and was a highly effective lawyer. With my counseling degree and small private practice we made plenty of money. Now that we were both in our late 20s, we’d decided that it was time to start thinking about starting a family. Jenna had recently gone off birth control.

This, and the presence of the same man who had cuckolded me with my first girlfriend so many years ago, began to fill me with uneasiness. I suddenly felt protective towards my wife. Towards her fertile womb.

I wasn’t going to tell her about Kevin’s party, or anything else that he’d said. It was better that way.

Chapter 3

“So did you talk to him?” Jenna was insistent.

That’s right. I’d been supposed to talk to Kevin about the innuendo he’d used around my wife.

“Yeah,” I said, “I mean, no. Not really.”

She gave me an incredulous look.

“Not really?”

“No,” I said, “you see, Kevin and I actually go way back.”

“How do you mean?”

“He was a…friend in high school,” I said, searching for a better descriptor for our relationship, “and he bullied me a lot.”

“A friend *and* a bully? I don’t understand…”

“It’s ok,” I said, “you don’t have to. Anyway.”

“So you didn’t even tell him to keep it in his pants around your wife?”

“How was I supposed to say that, Jenna? What was I supposed to do? Go over to my former bully and tell him to stop looking at my wife’s ass?”

“Yeah,” she said, matching my defensiveness with her own offense, “that’s exactly what you should have done. If you’d been man enough to do that years ago, you might not have been bullied by him.”

“That’s not fair, Jenna,” I said, choking back tears, “you don’t understand…”

Her tone softened.

“Look,” she said, “I’m sorry if I hurt your feelings. It’s just hard for me to respect you as a man if you don’t stick up for yourself. Or for me. You’re a therapist. Can’t you understand that? I’m trying to communicate openly.”

“But you’re a lawyer,” I said, exasperated, “you fight with judges and other attorneys every day. Can’t you tell a guy to stop checking out your ass?”

“I *can*,” she said, “but that’s not why I got married. I got married to have a man to make sure that I didn’t have to deal with come–ons from other men. I need to be able to respect my husband. Understand?”

“Yeah, I guess, I mean…” I stuttered.

“God,” she said, “you can’t even stand up to your own wife. How the hell do you do your job? Your clients must not respect you at all.”

She walked off into the next room before I could reply.

***

Before we went to bed, we managed to patch things up. I apologized for not standing up to Kevin on her behalf, and Jenna apologized for insulting me and my professional competence. But I could sense that she wasn’t completely sincere. She’d meant everything that she’d said.

Things were a little tense the next morning as we got ready for work, but Jenna kissed me goodbye as usual before she headed off to the firm, and I stayed behind to do the breakfast dishes before heading in to the office.

I happened to look out the front window as Jenna was pulling out, and I saw Kevin standing in his driveway, looking over at her. I watched in surprise as Jenna rolled down her window, and seemed to engage in friendly banter with him. I even caught a smile on her face as she continued to pull out of the driveway, their conversation over. It certainly didn’t look like the face of a woman who had just been insulted.

I couldn’t help but flash back to the scene I’d witnessed between Kevin and Kristine, so many years before. It *couldn’t* happen again, could it? I was a different person now, so Kevin must be different, too. He certainly wouldn’t try to cuck me again, would he? And even if he tried it, Jenna wouldn’t go along with it, would she?

The sinking feeling in my gut told me that I wasn’t so sure about anything anymore.

Chapter 4

I came home at the normal time that night and saw several cars in Kevin's driveway.

Good, I thought, *let him have his little party.*

It was Monday, and Jenna wasn't home yet, but that was completely normal. I worked a regular 9–5 at my practice, but she put in more irregular, and sometimes extreme hours. So it wasn't unusual that I had to wait for her to come home.

I texted her around 8PM, however, because she usually notified me if she was going to be really late.

There was no answer.

Then, around 9PM, I tried calling, both her cell and her office phone. I got her answering service, which offered to leave her a message. I declined.

I went to the window and looked over at Kevin's yard. There was only one car in the driveway now: Jenna's red miata.

A shudder went down my spine. It…couldn't…be…happening…again…

Could it?

As if in a dream, I slipped on my tennis shoes and walked to the neighbor's place, unsure of what I was going to do.

I entered Kevin's side yard, my ears pricked for noise. There it was: Jenna's voice. She was somewhere nearby, talking to Kevin. His own low cadence was unmistakable. Just like that night with Kristine.

I slowly realized that they must have been in the backyard, by Kevin's pool.

Walked up to the tall wooden fence and quickly found a peephole where I could see and hear what was happening on the other side.

Jenna was holding a cocktail in one hand and gesturing with her other. Kevin was standing in front of her, his hand on the sliding door that led into the house.

“So thanks for telling me that,” finished my wife, reaching out and touching Kevin’s arm casually, “I love hearing stories about Ian in high school. He told me that you two had a ‘complicated’ relationship, but that’s a whole nother level. I can’t believe you guys actually did that to him in the locker room!”

She giggled. My wife was giggling at a story of me being bullied in high school.

That bothered me of course, but not as much as the claim that my relationship with Kevin had been “complicated.” I’d never told her any such thing. Quite the opposite, in fact. What was “complicated” about Kevin bullying me and fucking my girlfriend? **Nothing at all**.

“Well,” said Kevin, pausing, “I guess you probably want to go back to visit the little squirt…uh, I’m sorry, I mean ‘Ian,’” he laughed, exaggerating my name, as if it were some kind of silly nickname, in contrast to my “real” demeaning name.

“Nah,” said Jenna quickly, and much to my surprise, “he’s probably in bed by now. I’ve been out for so long.”

“He knows where you are, right?”

Kevin gave her a playful expression.

Fuck. I could sense the electricity. What was he doing that he could build that kind of sexual tension with a woman so quickly.

“Actually, no,” she said.

I could feel her smile, even though I couldn’t see it.

“Very interesting,” he said, “maybe I could have one more drink. Would you care to join me? I hate drinking alone.”

“That’s a role I would *love* to fulfill,” she said, “if you promise to tell me more about Ian in high school. What was up with that girl he was dating…Kristine? He’s mentioned her so many times but I can’t get a straight story out of him concerning why they broke up.”

“Ha,” laughed Kevin, clearly not remorseful in the least, “that’s a long story. You see, it all started on the math team. I was ranked on the state level…”

I watched as my once–and–current bully put his gigantic hand on the small of my wife’s back as he ushered her into his house.

I immediately felt the familiar rush of arousal and humiliation. I knew what I had to do, was *compelled* to do, as if driven by some kind of outside force.

I went around to the gate that led to Kevin’s backyard and pushed it open silently. Then I crept silently onto the deck, hoping that it wouldn’t creak too loudly, and arrived at the sliding door to the house.

I pulled it gently. It opened a tiny crack. I pulled a little more. The latch didn’t catch.

It was unlocked.

Slowly, gingerly, I opened the door inch by inch, praying silently that it wouldn’t make a noise that would betray me.

It was dark and quiet inside the house. First, I very slowly closed the door behind me, letting it fall into place as softly as possible. Then, I stood and listened. At first, there was nothing. Then, somewhere upstairs, I heard the echo of Jenna’s laughter. It was unmistakable.

She was upstairs. What innocent reason could there be to go upstairs in a stranger’s house like this? Especially when it was just the two of you.

Especially when the stranger was your husband’s high school bully, which didn’t make him a stranger at all.

Suddenly, I considered Jenna’s earlier professed aversion to Kevin. What if it hadn’t been disgust at all, but rather **fear of her own desire for him** and guilt about it in my presence that had propelled her to ask me to confront him? Had she been trying to test the two of us against each other the entire time, if only unconsciously?

All of these thoughts went through my mind as I tiptoed up those old wooden stairs, cringing at every creak made by the old wood, until I was finally standing on the runner in the upstairs hallway. It felt like an appointment with fate. With the past.

Chapter 5

I moved slowly to the end of the hall and stopped about four feet from a door that stood open on a large master bedroom with a fireplace at one end and a large, king–size bed dominating the center of the room. The entire place was very well furnished, and surprisingly tidy for someone who had just moved in.

At the other end of the room, sitting casually on a love seat near the fireplace, was my wife: Jenna.

In the light cast by the lamps on the end tables, her features almost reminded me of Kristine's. Almost.

Kristine had been a German–Italian–American beauty, with pale white skin, jet black hair and blue eyes. Jenna was mostly Scandinavian on both sides of her family, though raised in Minnesota. She was the ultimate natural blond.

No, I decided, the only thing that *really* united the two women was their attitude toward my bully. Both of them clearly found him absolutely fascinating. More than fascinating. Positively erotic. There must have been some kind of magnetic energy that went out from his BBC and pulled women in.

First Kristine. Now Jenna.

The hallway was dark, and the bedroom was bright. I would be assured of relative invisibility if I could avoid being heard. From the sounds of their conversation, they weren't exactly worried about being caught. It was light and flirtatious. Playful and easy. I could only catch a word here or there over the deafening beat of my own heart and the rustling of my clothing as I got closer to the door, one painstakingly small step at a time.

Then I reached the threshold and crouched down as far as I could while still being able to see what was happening inside. I remained absolutely still and concentrated on their voices, which came gradually into focus.

"So what did you say to his girlfriend back then to convince her to fuck you so quickly?"

Jenna's voice was eager.

"To tell you the truth…I don't really remember. All I could tell you was that we were flirting for a long time. Exchanging glances, brushing up against each other, teasing — stuff like that. I had no idea that she had a thing for black guys with big dicks. That came as quite a surprise. A pleasant one."

"So you're a guy with an ivy league education, a big beautiful house, and a huge dick? Why exactly are you still single, if I may ask?"

"Let's just say that I haven't met the right woman yet," he said, a bit resigned, "I'm looking for an assertive, intelligent woman who can match wits with me. Not to get too intimate, but I'd really like to start a family. Sooner rather than later."

"You and me both," laughed Jenna.

"You're also looking for an assertive, intelligent woman?"

"Stop it!" she laughed, punching him on the arm, "you know what I meant."

"The thing is," he said, getting serious, "having such a big dick is often actually a disadvantage. There are some women who absolutely love it and can't get enough, but there are others who go running the other way when it comes out. It can be hard to find the size queens out there. There aren't as many of them as you might think."

"How rude," said Jenna, "to run the other way, I mean. I would at least give you a blowjob. It's just common courtesy, after all. I actually think I might be a size queen. But I've never had a chance to experiment."

"Ha," he said, "those are the kind of old–fashioned manners that I love."

"So how about it?"

"How about what?"

"You've been kind enough to extend your hospitality to me, so would you be willing to extend something else as well? I can promise

you at *least* a blowjob. I want to find out if I'm a size queen or not."

Kevin reached out and touched Jenna's cheek, stroking it gently for a moment before responding.

"Well, well, well. You white girls certainly don't waste any time asking for what you want. You want to see this big black cock?"

He pressed his thumb into her mouth for a moment, and she licked it sensually as if it had been a cock. Then he removed it, stroking it across her lips.

"Yes," said Jenna breathlessly, "I have to admit it's been an intense fantasy of mine recently. And to tell you the truth, I think you made my husband into kind of a cuck all those years ago when you fucked his girlfriend. I've snooped on his phone, and I know that he absolutely loves watching videos of white girls cheating with black guys. That's what got me really curious…"

A wash of shame overcame me. So she knew. She knew *everything*…

"Well, far be it from me to keep you from your *biggest* fantasy. Pun completely intended, of course."

"What are you waiting for?" she said, a huge smile breaking out across her face, "let me see that monster."

"Why don't you get down here so you can have a better look," he said, gesturing to the floor in front of him.

I watched in horror and arousal as my beautiful white wife struck a submissive pose, falling to her knees in front of my old high school bully, who immediately began to unfasten his belt.

"I think you're going to be pleasantly surprised," he said, "but just promise me that you won't run out in fear if it's too big."

"I already promised you a blowjob at the very minimum, remember?"

"Well a lot of women talk a big game, but then chicken out when they're actually face–to–face with a BBC."

He had his thumbs in his waistband now, ready for the big reveal.

“Are you sure you want to go through with this?”

“Come on,” she pouted, “are you going to make me beg?”

“Would you like that?”

“Maybe…”

The playful flirtation was killing me. I hadn’t seen this side of Jenna for years. Not since we were dating.

“Well, maybe you should ask nicely.”

“Please, Sir,” she said, looking up at him submissively, “may I see your big black cock?”

“Well, I have to admit that I am loathe to refuse such a polite request,” he said, chuckling a bit, “here you go.”

And just like that, I saw the instrument that had destroyed my relationship to Kristine so many years ago, in all its glory.

It seemed even bigger than I remembered it. Here it was again: the image that haunted my dreams come to life. Kevin’s big, perfectly formed, veiny cock. It had to be almost nine inches long.

The sight was simply awe–inducing. He grabbed it with one hand, swinging it around in front of Jenna.

“Well? What do you think?”

“Wow,” she said, a look of awe and surprise on her face, “you really weren’t kidding when you said it was big.”

“No, of course not. I always under–promise and over–deliver. Something one of my professors told me to do years ago.”

“Well you *really* delivered,” she laughed, “wow…I hate to compare…but this is like twice as long and thick as Ian’s.”

“Are you scared?”

“A little. In a *very* good way.”

“Good,” he said, “now about that blowjob.”

“Don’t worry, I promise I’ll get to that,” said Jenna, taking the shaft in one hand and examining it with a stunned look on her face.

“I can’t believe how fucking big this is!”

“You already mentioned that,” said Kevin, “come on, though. Just give it to me straight: are you going to run out the door, or stay and prove that you’re a real size queen?”

I hoped, of course, that she would break things off now and remain my faithful wife, even if she had already clearly crossed several lines, including holding another man’s cock in her hand.

But was that really the truth? Did I *really* want her to put down his cock and go home? Or did I want to watch my wife explore her sexuality with this undoubtedly desirable man, even if he was my former high school bully whose memory had tormented me for years.

I knew, deep down, that I didn’t want her to leave. I wanted her to stay. I wanted to see what was going to happen.

“I would *never* run out on a cock like this,” said Jenna, opening her mouth as wide as it would go and swallowing his entire cockhead.

“Good girl…oh my God,” moaned Kevin, “fuck. You’re a good cocksucker. I don’t know how Ian does it. He keeps bringing me you black–cock–hungry white bitches who suck dick sooo good.”

My wife could only moan her answer as she took him deeper and deeper, slurping at his dark meat as if it were a Popsicle.

I had never seen her display such enthusiasm for oral sex as she was now. It was like watching the scene with Kristine in the high school all over again. But this time, the woman wasn’t my girlfriend — she was (supposedly) the love of my life.

The old feelings began to return, but I also couldn’t deny the fact that my dick was hard as I watched my wife fellating my bully.

“God yes,” he groaned, “do you suck that little squirt’s little dick like this? Ha ha, I know you don’t.”

Jenna obviously found this amusing, because she stopped sucking his cock long enough to laugh at mine.

“Squirt,” she said, “isn’t that what you used to call him in high school?”

“It sure is,” said Kevin, “I didn’t realize how true it was until I started fucking his girlfriend.”

“Mmm…,” said Jenna, “yeah, I guess compared to you, he’s definitely a little underwhelming. Ok, a *lot* underwhelming.”

“By the way,” she added, her lips perched on the edge of his cock, “not to ruin the moment, but I’ve been meaning to ask: what exactly happened with you and his girlfriend after she broke up with Ian?”

“Kristine? Ha, I kept fucking her for years. After she was married, even. She just couldn’t get enough of my big black dick. She dated a few other brothers, but she had a soft spot for smart guys, so she kept coming back to me.”

“Mmm. I love smart guys, too” said Jenna, “especially if they’re also hung.”

“That was a factor for Kristine as well.”

A new flush of humiliation rose into my cheeks as I contemplated the fact that my high school sweetheart who had been so cruelly taken from me had been fucking my bully for *years* after we’d broken up.

She must have been positively **addicted** to his cock, and here was my wife, a very different person in many ways, getting a taste of the same drug that had hooked Kristine.

Kevin’s cock.

I watched as Jenna’s head bobbed up and down along his shaft, her two petite hands barely encompassing its circumference as she stroked it eagerly. She pulled off for a moment and bent down even further, pleasuring his balls with her tongue, I assumed.

From my position, all I could see was the back of her head and the satisfied look on Kevin’s face as he looked down admiringly at my wife’s blond head.

“Such a good girl. That’s it. Worship that big black dick.”

“God yes,” she moaned, her voice slightly muffled by his legs, “I want this fucking monster inside me.”

His deep laugh echoed through the room.

“So you want to see if you really are a size queen, huh? Are you sure about what you’re getting into? Don’t forget that a lot of girls can’t quit once they get a taste of the BBC.”

“I’ve already *tasted* it,” said Jenna, looking up at him, “I want to *feel* it now. Be stretched by it. Taken. Owned.”

“You’re goddamn right I’m going to own that pussy when I’m done with it,” laughed Kevin, reaching down and slapping her ass, “now get up here and bend over that bed.”

She would be looking directly at the doorway, I realized in horror and delight.

Jenna stood, her hair mused, her makeup smeared, weaving a bit as if already cock–drunk, and flopped forward onto the bed. From here on out she would let Kevin do the work.

“This is a cute pair of panties,” he said, pulling them down over her thigh, “I think I’m going to keep them for my collection.”

“Yes, Sir,” she murmured, “please. They’re yours.”

“That’s not *all* that’s mine now,” he said, slipping a finger into her from behind, an action that I was not in the position to witness directly, but whose effects I read on the face of my wife.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, arching her back so that her butt was pushed up at the perfect angle for his entry, “just take it already. It’s all yours.”

“Perfect,” he growled, positioning himself carefully for a moment before he began to work just the head into her tight, wet cunt.

“God,” moaned Jenna, “I feel just like a virgin. Like Kristine. You’re so fucking big, it’s like I’ve never had sex before.”

“Should I go slow?”

“Yes, please. At first. Then I need you to take me.”

Her words had an incredible urgency that I’d never heard from her in the bedroom.

“I’ve got about the first third in now,” he said, fucking her slowly.

From my position in the hallway, I was able to see directly into my wife's eyes as she took the largest dick of her life. It was both incredibly awe–inspiring and humiliating at once, knowing that she was having a profound sexual experience, one that I would never be able to come close to replicating.

"Yeah," she moaned, biting her lip for a moment and panting, "go ahead and put it in further."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. It feels so good. I might come if you push it in even more…"

"Alright then," he said, gripping her hip with one hand as he guided himself even further inside her, "here it comes…"

"Fuck!" Jenna shrieked, gripping the bedsheets as she steeled herself for his assault, "yes. Harder. Faster…"

I watched as Kevin grabbed her hair again and began to fuck her with his full length.

"God this dick is so good," moaned Jenna.

"Tell me it's bigger than his," growled Kevin, "say his name."

"It's bigger than Ian's," she moaned, looking directly at me without realizing it, "it's so much bigger and better than that little squirt's little thing."

"His penis doesn't even deserve the name, does it?"

"No," she moaned, "fuck, I can't believe this. I'm going to come! Don't stop fucking me!"

He redoubled his efforts, smiling in triumph as he slammed his cock into my wife, stretching her and ruining her irrevocably for my own pathetic member, which I now held in my hands, looking down at it in humiliation even as I stroked it furiously, standing there in the hallway of my bully's house, completely heedless of the possibility of being caught now.

"Fuck YES!" Jenna moaned, falling forward onto the bed and collapsing in a writhing pile of flesh and blond hair, still impaled by Kevin's huge black cock.

She seemed to leave her body. Her eyes glazed over and her hips bucked uncontrollably as she seemed to climax for more than a minute. I watched in astonishment. Even Kristine didn't react like this.

"Good girl," said Kevin, soothingly, stroking her hair as she slowly came back to earth, "but I'm not done yet."

She was face down on the bed now, but propped herself up on her elbows and stuck her ass out so that he could continue to fuck her. From this angle, I saw the entire length of his mighty cock in all its glory as he pulled back and then began to slide into her again. Jenna bit into a pillow and gripped the sheets as he began to pound her with a force that shook the whole bed. It was clear that she loved every single minute of it, because each stroke seemed to elicit more and more ecstatic muffled moans from her petite frame.

All the while, Kevin was talking dirty to her, telling her to take his big black cock like the good little white slut she was.

She didn't mind this degrading language. On the contrary: she was clearly *loving* it.

"Fuck yes. I love cucking white guys like your husband, Ian. Before long, I'm going to have all of the wives in the neighborhood."

"Mmm–hmm," she agreed enthusiastically.

Her pale white ass had been rendered completely red through his spanks, which had grown harder and more insistent with time. Now Kevin's entire muscular torso was covered in sweat and his face was marked by intense concentration.

"I'm going to come," he growled, "are you ready for it?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Jenna, lifting her head off the pillow, "I want it inside me, please. I'm not on birth control. I want you to be the only man to come inside my unprotected pussy. I want to have your baby, Kevin."

This was too much for me. The shock of the last few days, the incredible humiliation that came at having the bully from my past swoop in and not only seduce my wife, but possibly impregnate her as well, was simply too much. I realized in that moment that

something had changed in me when I'd watched Kevin make love to Kristine all those years ago. I now got off on being sexually humiliated by my partner, and this was the ultimate humiliation.

I came hard, not paying attention to what I was doing and dribbling cum all over the carpet runner and part of the wood floor in the hallway.

At that very moment, I watched in awe as Kevin pushed his rod to the limit, visibly pumping shot after shot of cum into my wife's unprotected womb.

Jenna moaned in satisfaction, seeming to experience her own mini–climax as her vaginal muscles contracted around his cock, milking it for every last drop of his potent cum.

"Thank you," she cooed, when he'd finally finished filling her and had moved behind her to spoon her on the bed, "I've never felt this good after sex. Not just the orgasm. I feel so safe in your arms."

She titled her head back to give him a long, passionate kiss. It felt like a knife through my heart.

Suddenly, I realized where I was. I looked down in horror at the mess that I'd made, and knew that there would be no way for me to clean it up without being detected, so I merely zipped up my pants as best I could and slowly, painstakingly moved backwards, one tiny step at a time, down the darkened hallway as my wife and my bully exchanged passionate kissed and caresses while spooning on his big bed.

They were probably gearing up for another round, but I knew better than to try to stick around.

Finally, after what seemed like an hour, I was back out on Kevin's deck. As I closed the sliding door behind me gingerly, I thought I could make out Jenna's high–pitched moan from above.

I took a hasty shower and then went straight to bed as soon as I got home. Against all odds, I fell into a long, dreamless sleep, from which I awoke only when Jenna awakened me.

Chapter 6

“Hey,” she said, “get up. You’re going to be late for work.”

I propped myself up on my elbows in bed, and looked at my beautiful wife, who was standing in the doorway, as radiant as ever. The whole thing — the humiliating, tawdry scene from the night before — seemed so far away now. Had it really happened? Or had it just been a bittersweet dream?

What Jenna said next left no doubt in my mind.

“I know you were there,” she said, “Kevin found the ‘evidence.’ That’s disgusting.”

“Jenna,” I started.

“You don’t have to say anything,” she said, “I know how much you loved watching me with him. Well, Kevin and I had a long talk last night. It was probably after you left. After the third or fourth time we’d made love.”

I sat silently, watching her.

“I think I’m going to be spending a lot more time next door,” she said.

I nodded.

“If you’re lucky, Kevin might leave the door unlocked once and while.”

I nodded.

“But he says that if you dare to take your dick out again and soil his rug, he’s going to beat the shit out of you. Understand, squirt?”

It hurt to hear my *wife* use my bully’s nickname for me from high school, but all I could do was agree.

“One more thing, though,” Jenna added, “I think it would be better if you slept in the guest bedroom downstairs from now on. Kevin is really jealous. He doesn’t want you to see me naked anymore, or even in my panties. But my robe is ok.”

A pang of longing shot through my heart.

“So those are the rules, cuck. Take them or leave them.”

I thought for a moment. Even though it was hard, I knew what I had to do.

“I’ll take them,” I murmured.

“What, cuck? Look me in the eye and speak clearly when you talk to me.”

“I’ll take them. I accept the rules,” I said.

“Good,” she said, smiling cruelly, “see you later, squirt. I’m late for work.”

I smiled sadly and went to the front window, where I saw Kevin wave to her from his driveway. Jenna rolled down her window and he leaned down and gave her a long kiss on the mouth before she finally broke it to back down the driveway.

I could practically feel each one of the words of affection they exchanged with each other, but I couldn’t hear any of it.

Their body language said it all.

I went about my morning routine sadly, wondering to myself how my bully had won the day again, and why I liked it so much.

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 and hotwife stories. It is truly appreciated.

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— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

Her First Bull: Rebecca

After his seemingly innocent wife Rebecca relates an uncharacteristically hot hook–up story from her college days, Louis can't stop thinking about watching her with a well–endowed lover.

Rebecca is reluctant to entertain her husband's desires at first, but when her old flame Chris comes into the picture, she suddenly becomes much more open to exploring a cuckold relationship. It doesn't hurt that Chris is tall, handsome, dominant, and, most of all, incredibly hung. Before she knows it, Rebecca is a confirmed size queen.

After several hot encounters between Chris and Rebecca, the couple's marriage is put to the test. Louis finds himself torn between the pleasure he gets from watching his wife and her lover and the incredible jealousy he feels as the two slowly grow more and more emotionally intimate. To make matters worse, Chris and Louis strike up a friendship of their own. How can Lou resent Chris for taking his wife when he can see for himself what a nice guy Chris is?

HER FIRST BULL: Book 1 – Rebecca is an explicit, raw, and emotionally poignant 22,000–word novella. It is an exploration of the pleasures and pitfalls of cuckolding, the merits of large men and the emotional minefield that awaits couples who venture into unknown territory.

It is also a love story. A tale of two people who find their soulmates in the last place they expect…

BECCA GETS BLACKED

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

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

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

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

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

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

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

ON HER BACK FOR HIS BULYING BOSS

Will's wife Marisa is intelligent, vivacious, and extremely attractive. She supports him in every aspect of his life. Which is why it stings so badly when he notices her flirting with his boss, Tony, the man who has made his life at work unbearable for the past few months.

Tony is everything that Will is not: confident, dominant and hung. The ultimate alpha male. Soon, he makes an indecent proposal to Marisa and Will that will change their marriage forever.

Before they know it, Will's beautiful and innocent wife Marisa is on her back for his bullying boss. Right before his very eyes. Both of them are about to get a lesson that they'll never forget about how much size matters.

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