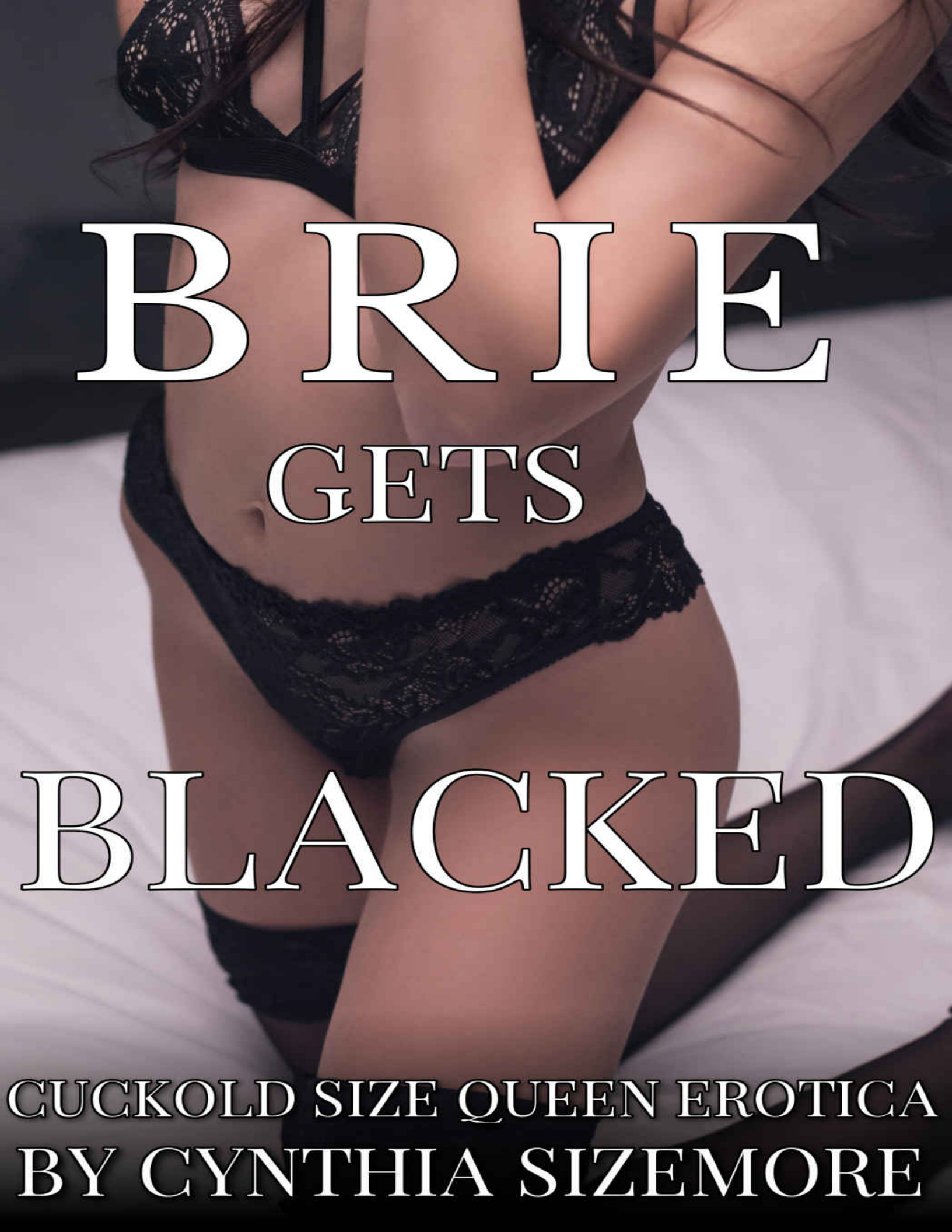

BRIE
GETS
BLACKED
CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA
BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

BRIE GETS BLACKED

By Cynthia Sizemore

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BRIE GETS BLACKED

Introduction

It was just after she got back from a long weekend visiting her mother in Colorado that I noticed something different about Brie. She had always been a pretty happy person, but lately the concerns about her mother's health had taken some of the spring out of her step.

But when she got back from that weekend visit, she was her old happy self. Even more than that: she was positively giddy.

I didn't know what to make of it at first. After all, there had been no improvement in her mother's condition. I knew that for a fact because she had updated me several times with dispatches from her mother's hospital room, where the 68–year–old was being treated for stage IV lung cancer.

No, this change obviously had to do with something else entirely. My 35–year–old was suddenly humming to herself, doing the chores as if she didn't have a care in the world.

Something had changed about her. So much so, that I simply had to ask.

"What's gotten into you?" I asked her that Monday night, coming up behind her and nuzzling her neck as she did the dishes, "did your doctor put you on some kind of new medication?"

She'd been seeing a doctor for anxiety recently, which mainly stemmed from her mother's illness. But the pills she'd been given so far just made her zone out, not giggle with happiness while she was doing the dishes.

"No," she said, "I'm just… what can I say? I'm feeling happy for the first time in a long time. Like whatever happens to my mom, it's for the best. There's nothing I can do to control it. It's sad, but it's also just the way things work."

"Wow," I said, looking into my wife's beautiful blue eyes, "did something happen while you were in Colorado? Did you talk to a therapist or something?"

"What? No," she said, sort of laughing it off as if what I'd said had been totally ridiculous, "I just feel like I've found…a new inner peace. I don't know how else to describe it."

"Ok," I said, still more than a bit confused.

That night, I went to pick up our son, Jamie, from basketball practice. Jamie was, biologically speaking, only Brie's son (not mine), but I had adopted him officially when we got married, when he was three years old, so he knew me as his father.

Brie had given birth to Jamie when she was only 20, only just married to her first husband, Kyle. Kyle had been an unreliable father and husband, however, and the two had already been having problems when Kyle's car went left of center one night after he was leaving a bar and struck an oncoming semi, killing him instantly.

This shock had still been apparent in the way Brie carried herself when she and I started dating about eight months later. Even though Kyle hadn't been the best husband and partner, she'd still loved him, and losing him so quickly was difficult to bear. So I guess you could say that I was used to seeing a more subdued side of Brie.

With time, though, she'd found ways to manage her mood, and we had formed a very healthy and happy small family. We'd tried for children of our own (not that Jamie wasn't "our" child — he certainly was!) but it became clear that I was unable to impregnate Brie.

Brie understood. At least she said that she did. She carried the fact of our infertility with the same quiet sadness that she had her first husband's death. And, now, her mother's terminal illness.

Until today, that is.

The more I thought about it, the more suspicious I became. It just wasn't like her to be so demonstratively cheerful all of a sudden. It was almost as if she couldn't help it. Like it had been caused by a force outside of her.

As if she were under a spell. Or on drugs.

As I pulled into the high school parking lot, another possibility, the most logical one, hit me in the chest like a sledgehammer.

It was as if she were *in love*. And not with me.

Jamie came out and threw his gym bag in the back before climbing into the passenger seat next to me. Our relationship had always been pretty good, and I was proud of the fact that I'd been able to be a stable male influence in his life.

"Is mom back from visiting Grandma?" he asked, a note of concern in his voice.

"Yeah," I said.

"How is she?"

"Mom or Grandma?"

"Both I guess."

"Grandma's still not doing well," I said, "it looks really bad."

"I figured that," he said somberly.

"But Mom…," my voice trailed off for a moment, "Mom seems to be doing great, actually."

"Doing great?" he snapped, "how can she be 'doing great' when Grandma's in the hospital?"

"I don't know," I said defensively, "she just seemed like she was in a good mood when she got back from the airport is all."

"Ok," he said flatly.

The rest of the drive was passed in silence.

It was just a passing mood, I told myself, a by–product of her grief about her mother's illness. People sometimes laugh at funerals, don't they? That doesn't mean that they're suddenly in *love*, does it?

Besides, Brie had been the most loyal wife I could imagine. I never saw her even look at another man. She wouldn't even tell me what celebrities she found attractive. She seemed to be entirely focused on me and me alone.

Not that she was *overly* sexual with me, either. Our love life was mostly bland, but very satisfying for us both. At least, from *my* perspective.

If I really stopped to think about it, I didn't actually know a whole lot about my wife's desires and sexual proclivities, as funny as that is to say. I did know a few things, however. First of all, that Kyle had been the first and only man she'd been with before she met me. Second, that he had not been very well–endowed compared to me, and that had actually made a difference in their relationship. She had not been able to reach orgasm through penetrative sex when she was with him, but with me it was no problem.

As you can imagine, this was a major ego–boost for me. I was proud of being able to satisfy my wife. For my part, I'd been with several women during college, and all of them said that I was the biggest man they'd ever been with. This wasn't always a good thing, however. There were at least two who found intercourse to be uncomfortable. The ones who didn't however, loved how I filled them. A couple of them even sought me out for hookups after our relationship was over.

Growing up, I never considered myself particularly big, but faced with the evidence I had to admit that I was. I even measured myself once: I was just over 7.5" hard, which, according to some studies I found, put me near the upper 97% in penis size. It would be very hard to outclass me in that department, and I became smug about it. Especially on the rare occasions when Brie would let something slip about it in bed. She might say something like "I love how you fill me," or "I still can't believe how big you are."

Brie hadn't really had enough experience for you to call her a "size queen," but it was clear that she loved the fact that I was on the larger side. I was very happy to be able to please her in that department.

I mention all of this because it became important in the course of our marriage.

Chapter 1

The morning after she got back from Colorado, Brie still had a smile on her face. She was also practically glued to her phone. It was clear that she was texting with someone. Was she *trying* to make me suspicious, or was she so carried away by her newfound happiness that she simply couldn't help it?

I watched her from across the breakfast table, where I scrolled through the news on my iPad. Jamie was still asleep. Basketball practice had (unofficially) started for the year, but classes weren't actually in session yet, so he was taking advantage of the ability to sleep longer in the mornings.

"Everything ok?" I asked.

"What? Of course," she said, tapping at the screen of her phone with both thumbs without even looking at me, "everything is great."

"You've been texting an awful lot this morning," I said, trying not to sound accusatory.

"Mmm…what?"

"I just said…," I repeated, then sighed loudly.

I couldn't help myself.

"Tyler, honey, what's wrong?"

She turned the phone over so I couldn't see the screen and then looked me in the eye.

"Nothing," I said, "you just seem kind of..preoccupied. Like you're not really listening to me."

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, a look of concern spreading across her face, "was there something you wanted to tell me?"

"Not really," I said, "I just noticed that you're texting a lot."

"Oh, yeah," she said, a guilty look crossing her face, "just updating my sister on my mom. You know."

"Seemed like you were smiling a lot."

"We were just reminiscing about something that happened when we were growing up," she said.

That seemed to be a plausible enough explanation. I decided to let it go for now, but I didn't forget about it.

***

Over the next couple of days, I kept a close eye on Brie, or as close an eye as I could, given the fact that we both left for separate jobs every morning.

Nothing seemed at all out of the ordinary that first week. In fact, her giddy mood also seemed to recede. Concerns about her mother took center stage now. She even seemed not to be texting as much as before. Maybe she really *had* been texting with her sister. Or maybe she knew that I had been suspicious and was now at even greater pains to conceal her true activities.

It was an unusually hot August, even for the era of global warming, and our air conditioner struggled to keep up with the demand for cool air. Especially upstairs. Where the bedrooms were.

This meant that we were both sleeping almost naked on top of the sheets most nights, tossing and turning, trying to get comfortable.

I knew that sex was probably out of the question, but the second night that she was back, I had to give it a shot. We hadn't been intimate since a week before her trip to visit her mom, and I have to admit that my balls were practically aching. Since we'd been married, I'd mainly avoided masturbation. Maybe it was due to my strict religious upbringing, but I was pretty sure that it was always healthier to have a "natural" climax than to make myself cum with my hand.

Brie, however, rebuffed my advances.

"No," she said, more forcefully than my half–hearted nuzzling had really required, "are you kidding?"

“I know it’s hot,” I said, trying to be as seductive as possible, “but it’s been a long time since you’ve been filled. Hasn’t it?”

I hoped that this not–so–oblique reference to her love for my size would stoke something inside her.

“Honey,” she said, “I’m just not into it. You know. My mom.”

“I know,” I said, “I understand. I’m sorry.”

We lay there for a few moments in silence, watching the spinning ceiling fan that seemed unable to accomplish anything but circulate more warm air.

“You’re too good to me,” she said abruptly, turning towards me with tears in her eyes, “I know that you deserve better. You deserve a woman who can give you everything that you need…”

She started to cry.

“Wait, wait!” I said, “Brie, honey. This isn’t that big of a deal. Your mom is dying. Trust me, I understand. I’m not going to die of a hard–on.”

I cradled her in my arms for a moment, but then let her go again as the heat became immediately uncomfortable.

She looked up at me.

“Thanks, honey. I’m glad you understand. I know that you have needs, and I’m sorry that I haven’t been great at meeting them lately.”

“Just give it time,” I said.

That was the last we spoke of it for a while. I remember, however, glancing over at the nightstand several times during this conversation and seeing her phone light up.

Someone was texting her.

Chapter 2

It wasn't until another week after the Colorado trip that I finally got suspicious enough to take action. I'm not exactly proud of what I did. It wasn't the type of thing that a husband who really trusts his wife would do, but then again, Brie wasn't exactly acting in a way that inspired trust.

Once again, she seemed to be unable to tear herself away from her phone. I knew that it wasn't about her mother. Or, at least, not *entirely*. When she *was* texting with someone about her mother's condition, the familiar somber look entered her face. When she was talking to the mystery person who seemed to have recently entered her life, her entire countenance changed.

That Wednesday night, as I watched her face light up in the glow of the messages she was receiving, I finally decided to do something.

"I'm going to run to the store," Brie announced, "Jamie needs to take a lunch tomorrow and we're out of bread."

"Ok," I said.

"I might also go by the gym afterwards," she added casually.

This was strange. She was going to the gym? In the evening?

"Really? Why?"

"Why not? That place is open 24 hours a day."

"Sure, but you never go at night!"

"I know," she said, "but there's a yoga class there that Karen's been raving about. I think I'd like to check it out."

"Alright," I said, trying not to sound the way I felt.

As soon as she was gone, I opened up my laptop and logged into the "find my phone" site. From here, I could see all of the family's cell phone locations. We had initially registered for the service so that we could keep track of Jamie. Now, the indicator for

Jamie's phone showed it right where it was expected to be: in the northeast corner of our house (his bedroom).

My phone was in the kitchen (where I was sitting), and Brie's phone was travelling down the driveway and onto the main road that led to the highway near our house.

My heart pounded as I watched the pulsating icon on the screen turn onto the on–ramp going the opposite direction from the grocery store and gym.

Great. This was one of those times when I didn't *want* to be right.

Jamie came downstairs while I watched Brie's phone travel six exits north, to a part of town that had, in recent years, become "hip" again after a wave of gentrification had raised property values there.

It was a neighborhood where we'd gone out to eat once or twice, but had never spent any significant amount of time.

I found myself making excuses for Brie as I watched her phone's indicator blink. She seemed to park and go into a building.

She must have been buying something at a specialty store. Maybe a gift for her mother. Or one of her friends. Maybe for Jaime or me. She was always thoughtful like that.

I became agitated, though, as I saw her phone's indicator stop moving. She was spending an awful lot of time standing in one place. Or else she had set her phone down somewhere.

I got on google street view and looked at the front of the building.

It was an apartment complex from the 1930s — a beautiful red brick building that had been renovated several times but still had lots of its old–school charm.

I told myself it was a glitch. That neighborhood had been changing so quickly that it was entirely possible that the building had been torn down and replaced with shops, or that a shop had opened in the space on the ground level.

I couldn’t find any evidence of this on google, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t the case.

I stared at the star that indicated the position of Brie’s phone for almost ten minutes. No movement.

What the hell could she be doing that was taking so long?

My heart was racing. I sensed that she was doing something illicit, something connected with her recent change in mood after her trip, but I couldn’t explain why. There was no rational reason for it, it was just an intuition.

I tried to talk myself down.

She might have stopped to use the bathroom, I thought.

But why would she have stopped there and not at a gas station closer to the off ramp of the highway?

Maybe she’s dealing with something related to her mother.

It was true that her mom used to live in the same city as we did (where Brie had also grown up) before moving to a retirement community, and then an assisted living facility in Colorado when her illness had become unmanageable.

I knew this was a flimsy excuse. Brie’s mom had been in Colorado for almost seven years now and had tied up most of the loose ends of her life before moving.

Still, she did have friends here, and maybe Brie was visiting one of them for a long heart–to–heart about her mother’s illness.

I finally convinced myself that this was the most likely explanation. But even so, I couldn’t help but try to see what Brie herself would tell me about her activities that evening.

It was 11PM by the time Brie got back. I was already reading in bed. Her hair was wet — she must have showered at the gym.

She also had a big smile on her face.

“How was yoga?”

“Wonderful,” she sighed, slipping out of her clothes.

I watched her get undressed, my cock hardening at the sight of her curves. She was a beautiful woman.

"I feel so centered. So at peace…"

"Well I'm glad you went," I said.

She changed out of her sports bra and into a t–shirt and panties, flopping onto the bed next to me with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I'm glad I went, too. My mom's condition has really been taking its toll on me recently, and it's time that I did something for myself."

"Yeah," I said, "I can understand that. It's good that you're exercising."

She smiled, looking off into the distance.

"Yeah," she said.

Then she turned towards me and gave me a quick kiss on the lips and said goodnight.

Chapter 3

The yoga sessions, or whatever they were, continued that week. Each time she left, I would track her phone. Each time, she would stop at the same apartment building as before, spending 30–40 minutes there before going to the gym.

So she *was* doing yoga, but also something else that she wasn't telling me about.

Finally, after the third time this pattern repeated itself, I decided that I had to take action. I couldn't stand the suspense anymore. If it really was completely innocent then I would feel like a suspicious, paranoid fool. But if Brie was cheating on me, then I would also be a fool.

The only solution to my problem was to follow her. And since I already knew where she was going, it wouldn't even be suspicious. All I had to do was make sure I arrived at the building about ten minutes after she did. Then maybe I could get some answers.

It didn't take long for me to put my plan into effect. It was 9:00 in the evening, and Jaime was finishing his homework at the kitchen table, when Brie came into the kitchen in her yoga clothes and announced that she was going to the gym. She kissed both of us and then left.

About ten minutes later, I told Jaime that I had forgotten something at the office and that I was going to leave for an hour or two. He was fifteen years old, so definitely able to handle being home alone. In fact, he seemed happy to have some time to himself with both mom and dad out of the house.

"Don't forget to finish the dishes," I reminded him.

"I won't, dad," he said.

A few minutes later, I was parked a block away from the address where Brie had been spending her evenings. If the pattern

held, she would be here for around half an hour (give or take) and then she'd head to the gym for her yoga class.

I had to know what was going on.

I got out of the car. It was a warm and extremely humid late–summer evening, and the sound of window air conditioning units hummed.

I had a closer look at the building where Brie was spending so much time. It had been recently restored, but for some reason the interior hadn't been retrofitted with central air. Or maybe some of the apartments had it and some didn't. This was evident from the fact that certain apartments had their windows open, the warm glow of lights spilling out into the night, while other apartments' windows were blocked by air conditioning units.

The building was perhaps ten stories tall, and had an iron fire escape, complete with a ladder, on the side. The fact that the ladder had been lowered to only a few feet from the ground, and that there were plants and even the occasional chair on the escape told me that the residents were ignoring the fire codes and using the narrow stairs as a kind of balcony.

Some of the apartments had *actual* balconies, too.

For a long time, I stood on the street, staring at the building, wondering where Brie could have been, and what she could have been doing.

Then I remembered the tracking app. I opened it on my phone, and watched Brie's phone light up on the south side of the building, near the fire escape.

My heart pounded. There was no way for me to tell which level she was on, but I could at least know what side of the building she was in.

Feeling like a criminal, I walked over the alley and stood under the fire escape, looking up. What would people think if they saw me standing out here? They'd probably call the police.

This wasn't a high–crime area, but it had used to be. Nowadays it was a hip, up and coming neighborhood, where the rents had skyrocketed. Probably lots of the recent transplants wouldn't take too kindly to a random man standing in the alley, trying to figure out his next move.

It was at that moment, however, that I heard her.

Brie.

At least I thought it was her. It only lasted for a moment. It pierced the hum of the air conditioners.

Her laugh.

High and light, the laugh that I hadn't heard in so long. The kind of joy that I'd read as symptomatic of some kind of disturbance in our relationship.

It happened so quickly, it was there and gone so fast, that I felt that there was a chance I had imagined it.

Why would Brie be here, laughing? It didn't make sense.

Unless…

Then it was there again. This time a giggle. The kind of giddy sound she'd made in our first days of dating.

A pang of nostalgia and horror gripped me at the same time.

Could this be the sound of a woman in love?

My heart pounding, I stood transfixed in the alleyway, my eyes darting from window to window above me, trying to intuit where Brie's laughter had come from.

Just then, however, a man opened one of the windows above me and stuck his head and arms out, then proceeded to light a cigarette.

This startled me enough that I turned and started walking back to my car, but not before hearing another sound that I was almost certain had come from my wife.

A moan.

A low moan of sexual delight.

As I walked to my car, my cock began to harden. I knew that moan. It was unmistakable. It was a sound that I hadn't heard in a long time.

When I got to my car, it was difficult to sit due to my erection.

Why was the idea of Brie cheating on me so arousing?

The fact that she was spending so much time here meant that she was, at the very least, being deceptive about her activities. And if I really had heard what I thought I'd heard, that meant that she was breaking her marriage vows in the most blatant way possible.

Images flashed through my mind of Brie and her lover. What did he look like? What did he have that I didn't have?

I had no way of knowing how to picture him. I didn't know what kind of man Brie would have been attracted to. Weren't most of the people that lived in buildings like this young hipster types?

Brie had never been into younger men.

I sat there for another few minutes, behind the wheel of my car, lost in thought and in my own fantasies.

I thought for a moment about waiting for Brie to emerge from the building so I could confront her. I knew that she wouldn't be in there much longer.

I was burning with desire to know once and for all what was happening, but at the same time, I had to admit to myself that I wasn't ready for what I might find out. I knew that something significant was going on, that Brie wasn't acting like herself.

I just wasn't ready to admit to myself how far it had probably already gone.

***

That night, when Brie got home, I decided to try an experiment.

"How was yoga?" I asked.

“Wonderful, as usual,” she said, her complexion practically glowing.

“It seems like you’re really enjoying it.”

“Yeah, I really am.”

“That’s great.”

I embraced her, kissing her hard enough to let her know my intent.

“Honey,” she said, “just what do you have in mind?”

“I think you know…”

She laughed, a little nervously, but not dismissively.

“It’s been a long time since we made love,” I continued, “and you seem so happy lately, I thought you might be in the mood.”

“I know it’s been a long time. I’m kind of tired tonight is all.”

“I understand,” I said, “but how about you just relax and let me do the work.”

“I guess that’s alright,” she said, a note of hesitancy entering her voice.

I kissed her deeply, then took her hand.

“Let’s go to the bedroom…”

A few minutes later, I was on my knees on the floor, kissing my way down Brie’s thighs as she gripped the pillows, already sighing with pleasure. She seemed much more turned on than she usually would have been at this stage in our foreplay.

I loved going down on her, and she loved it when I did it, but usually there was a long, slow burn to our cunnilingus sessions. This time, however, she was positively burning with desire.

At the same time, she was still strangely apprehensive. Suspiciously so.

"Are you sure you want to…go down on me? I mean, we could make love."

"You said you were tired," I reminded her, "and I just want to make you feel good."

"Ok," she sighed, closing her eyes and biting her lip for a moment.

Was she thinking about something else? *Someone* else? Her mysterious lover, whoever he was?

I noticed that her sparse pubic hair was completely matted, as if she'd been wet for hours. This could have been from the yoga, of course. I wasn't sure if she'd showered at the gym or not.

It also could have been the result of a lovemaking session with another man, I thought.

Brie surprised me by crying out the moment that my tongue touched her clit.

"Oh God," she moaned.

"Everything ok?" I said, slipping a finger into her dripping wet pussy.

"Mmm," she squealed, "yes, I'm just feeling *very* sensitive tonight is all."

This in itself was suspicious. Even though Brie took a long time to warm up, after having an orgasm she would often get incredibly sensitive, so much so that any more touching was practically unbearable for her. This was especially true when she'd had multiple orgasms.

I was beginning to understand what might have happened in that apartment building. Brie had reached orgasm multiple times.

I became erect as I teased her clit again with my tongue, extremely gingerly this time.

"Is this ok?"

"Mmm, yes," she squeaked, "God. That's good…"

Slowly, carefully and sensually I took my time, teasing her clit, then burying my face in her labia, reaching my tongue between them and into her wet tunnel as far as my tongue would go. This indirect stimulation avoided her highly sensitive clitoris.

It seemed to be *exactly* what Brie needed.

"Just relax, honey," I said, "like during one of your yoga sessions. Just think of anything that makes you happy."

"Ok," she moaned, her voice trembling.

I worked for a few more minutes in silence, keeping her right on the edge. We had been together long enough that I knew how to read her responses, how to tell when Brie was close. I wanted her on the edge, but I didn't want her to know that I was keeping her there on purpose.

I wanted to see if I could get some information.

"Thinking about someone special?"

"No…," she moaned, "just you honey."

"It's ok," I assured her, "I want you to imagine your dream lover. It's just a fantasy. Don't worry."

Instead of responding, she moaned.

"That's right," I encouraged her, "imagine it's just you and him right now."

I teased her g–spot with a finger.

"He's sliding inside you. Giving you every inch of his cock."

She gasped. She was close now.

"Think about him taking you, honey. How does it feel?"

"So good," she moaned, biting her lip right afterward and gripping the sheet tightly.

Her eyes were pressed closed, and she was pushing her hips up and into my face. She was very, very close.

"How big is he?"

I knew this wasn't a question she was at all interested in thinking about when she wasn't aroused. She'd always claimed that she didn't care at all about the size of a man's penis. But I was interested in seeing how she reacted when she was aroused.

Besides, as long and thick as I was, I knew there were very few men who could compete.

She didn't answer. I flicked her clit carefully with my tongue, timing my movements with my massage of her g–spot.

"Is he big? Thicker and longer than me? Is he, honey?"

"Oh God," she cried, finally reaching climax, "YES!!"

As she ground her pussy into my face, then pressed her legs on either side of my head so hard that I lost my hearing for several seconds, I couldn't be sure if her "yes" had been an affirmative answer to my question, or simply an affirmation of her own pleasure.

I suspected that it had been both.

Could it be that she'd found someone bigger? Could it be that I'd been dethroned in the size department?

Afterwards, we lay next to each other in silence.

I was still hard, my cock in my hand.

"Thanks, honey," she said, "I know that you didn't come yet, but I'm just so tired."

"It's ok," I said, "maybe you can just help me masturbate?"

"Help you how?"

This wasn't something that we'd ever done before.

"I don't know," I lied, "I guess…you could tell me a fantasy…"

She blushed.

"I guess I could try," she said, "I'm not much of a storyteller."

"Just tell me something about what you were thinking about just now."

"Ok," she said hesitantly, "it's just a fantasy, though, ok?"

"Yes, of course," I assured her, "no judgement. I promise."

"Ok," she said, sighing a bit, "it's a very romantic fantasy. He's a pilot. I meet him…at an airport bar."

A tingle went down my spine.

This might be close to the truth. Her change in mood had, after all, corresponded with her trip to Colorado…

"And he buys me a drink and he's just a little bit flirtatious. He's wearing his uniform. I love a guy in uniform."

"Go on," I said breathlessly, fisting my cock.

"And he's such a sweet man, and such a good talker that he's made me forget all my problems. The next thing I know, I'm sharing a cab into town with him and he's convinced me to come up to his hotel room."

I was filled with jealousy as she painted this scenario of her infidelity. At the same time, I was rock hard, my arousal making me probe her for more details.

"And we're kissing in the back of the cab. He's so gentle. Yet so masculine. He makes me feel safe. Secure from all the horrible things in the world."

The jealousy was overwhelming now. Why didn't she feel that way with me? Why was this so easy for her to talk about? It didn't seem like a fantasy that she was coming up with on the spot.

"The next thing I know we're up in his room and he has me on my back on the bed. He's kissing me on the lips and running his fingers through my hair. He whispers in my ear how beautiful I am, how much he wants to make love to me. I can't believe it. I can't believe this is happening. How good it feels to forget everything…"

"Oh God," I groaned, "keep going."

"It's just a fantasy," she said, "you know that, right?"

"Of course," I said, "that's why I want to hear it."

"Ok," she said, seemingly reassured, "his hands and lips are all over me now. My clothes are off, and I barely know how it happened. He's teasing my nipple with his tongue while his hands are probing my wetness. He slips a finger inside me. I want him *so* bad."

My cock was slick with precum by now, my own orgasm close. I did my best to hold off. I desperately wanted to know how the fantasy played out. What was the secret of my wife's new–found satisfaction?

"He has my panties off now, and I'm practically begging for him to fuck me. I reach down between his legs, and feel him for the first time. He's hard. And he's huge. I can't believe how big he is, in fact. I tell him that there's no way it's going to fit inside, and that he's going to hurt me if he tries. He's so much bigger than you, that your cock seems average by comparison."

"But my hands are gripping his cock, feeling his amazing girth, and I want him inside me so bad. He leans down and strokes my hair and tells me not to worry, that he's going to make sure that it doesn't hurt. He's going to take his time with me."

"Oh God," I said, "you must have been so turned on."

"I was," she sighed, then caught herself, "I mean, I would be. This is just a fantasy."

"Of course," I said, "keep going."

"He really did take his time. He pushed my legs apart gently, and slowly pushed past my resistance, giving me lots of opportunity to get used to his size before he put even more into me. When he finally bottomed out inside me, he looked me in the eyes again and told me that I was beautiful. I felt so full, so special, and so safe that I actually climaxed right then and there. My climax left me extremely sensitive. It always does. But also so wet that he could move easily within me. He started fucking me, honey."

She didn't seem to notice that she had slipped into the indicative past (that is, describing real events) and was no longer in

the realm of imagination. She was telling me about something that had really happened. There was no more attempt to deny it, or at least not much of one.

"Every stroke he took seemed to bring me to another climax. I had never felt that full. Connecting with him felt so *right*, like the one thing that had been missing from my life up to that point. It was so perfect. Emotionally and physically. When he finally came inside me…I was begging for it."

I noticed for the first time that Brie's hand was between her legs now. It wasn't just me who was getting off to this filthy fantasy.

"He just filled me, honey. It felt so good. I didn't even think about birth control…"

In that moment, I climaxed, shooting a powerful stream of semen into the air, followed by three more spurts. It was the best orgasm I'd had in years. But afterwards, I was overwhelmed with shame. What was I doing? Getting off on my wife's infidelity?

Then, a feeling of dread washed over me. What if it really *was* true? What if I actually had reason to be insecure about my size. Even if I was larger than 97% of other men, there was still that 3 percent. What if Brie's lover was one of them?

This thought haunted me over the next few days.

Finally, I decided that I had to do it: I had to follow her to "yoga" once again. This time, however, I decided I was going to get closer. I was going to figure out just who she was seeing, and why. I was also going to confirm my nagging suspicion that the moan that I'd heard that night really had belonged to Brie.

Chapter 4

Jamie was in his room listening to music when Brie left the house that evening, calling up to him with a lightness in her voice that had become all too familiar of late. What had started out as a welcome change from her recent dark moods had now become a painful reminder of what I was increasingly convinced was her infidelity.

"Bye, honey," I called to her from my office.

"Bye," she said.

The door slammed shut. I waited exactly one minute after I heard the garage door close to strip off the first layer of clothes I was wearing and get ready for my "mission."

Under my clothes, I had dressed completely in black. I was aware of how suspicious I would look if Brie – or anyone else, really – saw me in this outfit. But it was what I was convinced was necessary to carry out my plan.

A few minutes later (just after Brie had, herself, arrived), I was parked outside the mysterious apartment building.

The night was warm once again, and once again, light streamed out of some of the apartment windows overlooking the fire escapes.

I got out of my car and crossed the street, looking nervously around me. I went into the alley and was pleased to find that the ladder of one of the fire escapes had been dropped to the ground.

This was my way up. If only none of the residents opened their windows, or decided to duck out onto the escape for a cigarette.

I pulled myself easily up the ladder, and to my delight it held my weight easily, with minimal wobbling. I got onto the the first escape, and sat, waiting.

I knew I was going to have to get lucky if I wanted to catch Brie in the act. This would all be for nothing, and I would be risking trespassing charges or worse if I didn't discover anything.

Something in my gut told me that I would, however.

For a few moments, I sat there, dressed entirely in black, my heart pounding, wondering what kind of mess I'd gotten myself into. Wondering how I could have been stupid enough to think that something like this would work.

Almost ready to climb back down and go home and just confront Brie directly about my suspicions. Like a man.

But then, I heard it.

It was unmistakable.

Brie's moan.

Just like the other night. Just like the night that I'd gone down on her, that she'd admitted to fantasizing about the pilot. Hell, she'd practically admitted to really being with the pilot.

There it was again. A little farther up. I slowly stood up, trying to make as little noise as possible. I walked up the steps of the fire escape to the next floor, scanning the row of lit windows, my ears pricked for any sound of my wife.

"Yes," came her voice, as if calling to me, "please."

She was still a little further up. I could tell.

I crept up yet another flight of clanky fire–escape stairs, hoping that that the sound wouldn't give me away. It was a ridiculous fear, I realized, because although the high–pitched sound of my what I took to be my wife's voice rang out about the hum of the window air–conditioning units, the low humming sound produced by their simultaneous operation would have easily drowned out the sound of my footsteps for anyone inside the building.

Just as my head popped up to the height of the windows on the next floor, I simultaneously heard and saw the source of the voice that I had heard.

It was, as I had expected, Brie.

At first I didn't recognize her, though. What I saw was this: an open window on a well–lit room with hardwood floors and retro woodwork. It was a small, one–room apartment with a kitchen on the far wall.

For some reason, at the same time I saw the man and the woman, I also noticed a blue pilot's uniform, pressed and hanging on a clothes hanger which in turn was hanging from a hook on the wall.

This was him. Brie's fantasy man had been real.

It is hard to describe how traumatizing it is to watch the woman you love kissing another man. That is exactly what I saw in that moment, however.

Brie, her eyes closed, her mouth pressed hungrily against the lips of her lover, who had his large black hands on the small of her bare back and was moving them slowly down to her ass.

Brie was braless, but was wearing a pair of black lace panties that I had never seen. This was the reason for me not recognizing her at first, but the other reason must have simply been that in this particular context — and with this particular lover — Brie seemed to have been entirely transformed. Another person.

Her lover's right hand was on her breasts now. He was teasing her nipples while pulling her closer, his left hand cupping her ass cheek.

He broke their kiss for a moment.

"God, you have an amazing ass," he said in a rich, deep bass.

Brie smiled up at him. He was a full head taller than her, and she had to crane her neck. He was probably a few inches taller than me as well. I looked my rival up and down. He was a black man, perhaps in his mid–forties. His head was shaved bald. He had his shirt off, but was still wearing a pair of black boxer briefs.

My eyes drifted down to his package. I knew what large cocks looked like in underwear. Heck, I had one myself that I was pretty

proud of.

His, however, was next–level large, already.

I swallowed hard, my mouth going dry and my own cock hardening at the prospect of seeing Brie make love to this man with a member larger than my own.

For the next few minutes, I forgot where I was entirely (standing on a fire escape like a pervert, with my hand down my pants), and simply enjoyed the spectacle of what was playing out before my eyes.

Brie's hands moved from around her lover's neck down to his package. She was stroking him through his briefs as he caressed her buttocks, slipping his hand under her panties now.

"I want you," she moaned, "God, I want you."

"How much time do we have?"

"I don't know," she said, "and I don't care. I can miss yoga. I'll just shower here and head home at the normal time."

"It's up to you," he said, "you know I love having more time with you."

"Take all the time you want tonight. I'm yours," she groaned, melting into his arms and his kiss.

A pang of jealousy shot through me. I could have stopped things right then and there if I'd announced my presence. But that would have almost certainly meant that I'd be arrested, or beaten up by my wife's lover (who was much more muscular than I was) or probably both.

You couldn't just stand out on someone's fire escape and look through their window and expect not to get in trouble.

I thought for a moment about going down to Brie's car and waiting to confront her there. That would have been better for my mental health, perhaps.

But right then, in that moment, I wasn't able to think about the future. All I was able to do is think about what was playing out in front of my eyes.

They kissed for a few more minutes as her lover's hands found their way between her legs, probing her wetness and causing her panties to travel further down her buttocks until they had cleared them entirely.

"Time to take you to bed," he murmured.

"Please," she moaned.

To my surprise and hers, the pilot picked up my wife in his arms, holding her close to him and carrying her a few feet to the bed on the east wall that took up a large portion of the room.

He dropped her there playfully and she shrieked in delight. I had a side view now, and watched as the gigantic pilot loomed over my wife, his dark black skin contrasting wonderfully with her own pale beauty.

Their lips met again, then their mouths opened and their tongues played together. If ever there was a heartbreaking scene, it was this one. Their connection seemed so real. So loving. Their connection was beyond being merely physical, it was clear. This wasn't a case of a wife who just wanted to blow off a little extra sexual energy by getting some dick on the side.

No, the way Brie kissed her lover told me one thing.

Brie was in love. And the feeling seemed to be entirely mutual.

"Take me," she begged, looking up at him and breaking their kiss, "please. I need to feel you inside me."

"You said I had plenty of time this time," he reminded her, giving her a roguish smile.

The next moment, she was gasping as his tongue teased her nipples. She closed her eyes and bit her lip.

"You're so good to me," she moaned as he continued to kissing her breasts while he fingered her.

“You’re wet,” he remarked.

“I know,” she moaned, “I want you so bad. Please put it inside me.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he grinned, “I’d never refuse something like that to a lady.”

He pulled himself up for a moment and slipped off his briefs, freeing his gigantic black cock.

I gasped. I couldn’t help it. He was probably a full three inches longer than me, and maybe twice as thick. His cock was simply unbelievable. What’s more, it was beautiful. I’m not gay, and have never been attracted to men, but I couldn’t deny that the long, veiny black flesh that shot up between his legs was like a perfectly proportioned work of art.

Brie clearly thought so, too. She reached down and stroked him, begging him softly with her gaze as her petite hands spread the precum all over his shaft.

Would he use a condom? I remembered that Brie wasn’t on birth control.

“God, I never get tired of looking at it,” she said, entranced by his cock, “will you let me suck it later?”

He grinned.

“Maybe if you’re a good girl. I thought you wanted it inside you?”

“I do,” she sighed, parting her legs and pointing his shaft down towards her throbbing wet cunt.

She cried out in pleasure as he pushed the first inch or so inside her.

“It’s amazing how much easier this is now than the first time, in the hotel,” he said.

“You’re stretched me out so good,” she gasped, “nothing else compares now.”

Another pang of sadness shot through my body. I had my cock out now, completely ignoring the fact that I was in public and jerking off in the dark on a fire escape.

"Oh God," moaned Brie, her eyes closing now as he forced a few more inches into her, "yes!"

She seemed to be on the edge of orgasm already. I couldn't believe it.

It was true, however. She was coming. I never got tired of watching her climax, and this time I had a perfect view as her pale face reddened with exertion and her lips parted, letting out a high–pitched moan of pleasure like the one that I'd heard on that first night that I'd followed her here.

"I love your cock," she cooed, "oh, Peter. I love it!"

Peter. Peter the pilot, I thought. So that was his name.

"You feel so good," he moaned, "God, I love making love to you."

I noticed the phrase he'd used. "Making love." Not "fucking."

But that was what he started to do, now. Now that Brie had been sufficiently warmed up by her first orgasm, he began to give her his full length. Slowly at first, then faster and faster.

I watched in awe as his slick shaft penetrated my wife, who was moaning wantonly now, writhing beneath him as he pinned her to the bed with his gigantic prick.

"Take it, Peter," she moaned, "it's all yours. Oh God, I love it."

"Tell me you won't fuck him again," he growled, for the first time taking on a somewhat rougher tone.

A shiver went down my spine. I knew who "he" was, of course. "He" was me.

My wife's lover was demanding that she withhold sex from me.

"Yes, Peter," she groaned, "I promise. My pussy belongs to you now. I won't let him touch it."

“Good,” he said, lacing the fingers of one hand through her hair and pulling her up for a kiss as he fucked her even more fervently, “I don’t want any other man taking what’s mine.”

“It’s all yours, Peter,” she said, her voice quivering with desire, “just take what you want.”

This drove him to pound her even harder than before, slamming the frame of the bed into the wall so loudly that the neighbors couldn’t help but have been disturbed. Not that it mattered to the happy couple, Peter and Brie, who seemed so wrapped up in their lovemaking that the entire world around them had disappeared.

I watched as this well–endowed black man gave my wife yet another orgasm. Then another. After this third climax, which seemed even more powerful than the first two, Brie was literally crying in pleasure, tears streaming down her face.

“Should I stop, babe?” asked Peter with concern.

His chest was glistening with sweat. It was a hot night and they didn’t have air–conditioning, after all.

“No,” she panted, “I’m sorry. It’s just that sex with you is so… *emotional*. It’s more intense physically, too, but it’s just so overwhelming.”

“It’s ok,” he said, pulling out of her, “I understand.”

“No!” she said fiercely, “I *want* you inside me. I need to be overwhelmed by that big, beautiful cock.”

He smiled, pushing back inside her and then giving her another long, sensual kiss on the lips.

“I want you to do something for me,” she said, looking up at him with tear–stained eyes.

“Anything, baby,” he said, his rich baritone dripping with desire.

“I want you to come inside me this time.”

Peter’s eyes widened.

“Are you sure, honey?”

“Very sure. I need this so bad. It would mean so much to me. Please.”

“I’d love to,” he said, a huge grin breaking out across his face after a moment of contemplation.

With that, he began to fuck her harder than before, slamming his rod home as the entire bed shook under the force of his mighty strokes. Brie moaned and squealed in ecstasy, begging for him to fuck her harder, deeper, to put his seed inside her.

I was so aroused by the scene that I didn’t stop to think about the reality of what I was watching: my wife begging for another man’s cum in her unprotected womb. She might have been fertile in that very moment. She was on the older side, but, at 35, by no means unable of conceiving another child.

“Fill me, Peter,” she moaned, “I need your cum inside me.”

A look of determination passed across Peter’s face as he plunged into my wife again and again, his thick black rod burying itself to the root each time as his balls slapped against my wife’s flesh.

“God you’re a sexy woman,” he moaned, “here I come!”

“Yes!”

Brie exploded in ecstasy as her lover plunged himself home for the final time. I could see his shaft pulsing inside her in the way the skin in her stomach rose and fell. He was pumping her full of his potent seed, and, what’s more, it was an act of pure love.

“Thank you,” moaned Brie, when he had finished, “thank you so much.”

“My pleasure,” he said, slowly pulling out, then collapsing onto the bed next to her and stroking her head gently.

She turned towards him, putting her back to the window now, and murmured some words that I couldn’t understand.

They lay like that for about five minutes, kissing and talking. Sometimes Brie let out a giggle.

I should have left. I should have realized that the position I was in, standing on the fire escape stairs, my cock in my hand, stroking it slowly as I watched my wife and her lover whisper sweet nothings, was conducive neither to my physical nor my psychological well–being.

Something kept me rooted to the spot. An awful urge to see just how far things had gone, to see just how much of Brie I'd already lost.

Besides, if she hadn't headed home yet, she wouldn't know that I wasn't there.

After a few minutes of relatively light kissing and cuddling, it seemed that the libido of the two lovers had been awakened once more. Brie's hands had wandered down, and she was clearly playing with Peter's cock. I couldn't see it yet.

Then I saw her whisper something in his ear. He nodded.

Brie jumped up from the bed, a look of glee on her face as she run to her purse. She rummaged through it for a moment and found what she'd been looking for: a rubber hair band, which she used to pull her hair back into a ponytail.

When I saw that Peter had taken a seat on the edge of the bed, his thick shaft already standing at attention again, I realized what had made Brie suddenly so happy.

She was going to give Peter a blowjob. She was going to suck his big, long, thick, beautiful black dick while her cuckold husband watched from the window.

She dropped to her knees while she was still a few feet away from the bed and crawled over to him, a mischievous look in her eyes.

"You naughty girl," he chuckled, pulling her up for a kiss when she finally reached him.

"Can I please suck your cock?" she purred, "I want to taste you so bad. I want to taste *us*."

I had never seen this filthy side of my wife. Sure, she'd given me plenty of blowjobs in the past, but never this enthusiastically and eagerly. It was as if she was doing something for Peter that caused her herself incredible pleasure.

I realized, in that moment, that this must exactly be the case. She loved pleasing Peter that much.

I watched as she caressed and kissed his shaft all over, going down to his balls and licking them before taking the fat head of his prick into her mouth.

"Oh yeah, babe," he moaned, "show me what you can do with that mouth."

She slicked down his rod with her lips and tongue, spreading saliva down its length so that she could supplement the actions of her mouth with those of her hand.

Peter's head was back in pleasure as he savored the attentions of my wife. After a while, he reached down and grabbed her ponytail, controlling the speed of penetration.

I watched in awe as my wife began to take his cock deeper and deeper. She'd always claimed that I was too thick for her to even try to deepthroat, but here she was, going to town on another, much–larger man and taking almost half of his shaft into her throat.

Even though tears of exertion returned to her eyes, she would not be swayed by them, so determined she was to please her partner.

"Oh God, yes. That's it," he moaned, the sweat dripping off of his muscular, bare torso, "you love that big black dick, don't you?"

Brie pulled off for a moment, grinning up at him.

"I love sucking your big black cock, Peter," she said, "I want you to come for me."

"Where do you want it?"

"Where ever you want."

"In your mouth," he panted, "I want to watch you swallow it."

"Yes sir," she said.

She opened her mouth wide and began to stroke his thick prick onto her tongue, looking up at him in devotion. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, and I couldn't tear my eyes away.

I stroked myself in time with Brie's ministrations of Peter's cock.

"Oh God, Brie," he moaned, using her name for the first time, "I think I'm in love!"

Something about hearing him use my wife's name, and declare his love for her pushed me over the edge. I shot a stream of cum which, to my horror, splatted against the frame of the open window through which I'd been observing the couple.

I couldn't stop it now, however, not any more than I could stop what was going on between Peter and Brie inside. I watched in pleasurable horror as Peter filled my wife's eager mouth with his thick warm cum.

She looked up at him and then swallowed it, slowly, making a show of cleaning off her fingers and chin. Then she took him in her mouth once more and sucked out the last few drops.

It was the sluttiest thing I'd ever seen her do, and I knew that she'd done it all for one reason and one reason only: love.

All of a sudden, I felt sick. I was filled with the dread of a man who'd just been betrayed, and I no longer knew how to process the feelings that I'd just experienced or the scene that I'd just witnessed.

To make matters worse, I was dressed in black and covered in my own seed, standing on a stranger's fire escape.

I finally realized it was time for me to beat a hasty exit. I needed to get the fuck out of there. And fast.

But not too fast, I realized, as I slid on my own semen, grabbing hold of the railing and steadying myself before I plunged headfirst over it and into the black night below.

"What was that?" Peter said.

I heard footsteps approaching the window.

Fuck.

Luckily, before I slipped I'd made my way partway to the stairs on the other side of the fire escape, and so I was no longer standing right outside the window.

I froze, not moving a muscle, as Peter stuck his head out the window, looking back and forth. Fortunately he was still blinded by the inside lights, I realized, and wouldn't be able to see anything as long as I stayed completely quiet.

After a couple of tense seconds, he disappeared.

"What was that?" I heard Brie say, a note of concern in her voice.

I didn't stick around to hear what he answered. Instead, I went back down the steps as fast as I could go. A minute later, I was back in my car, pulling back out into the street and praying that Brie wouldn't somehow beat me home.

Chapter 5

All the way home, images of what I'd seen plagued me. In my mind's eye I saw Peter's huge black glistening rod penetrating my wife. I heard her calling his name. I watched her climax again and again.

It was a curious feeling of lust and apprehension. I sensed that things were going to come to head between Brie and I that evening. It would have been impossible for me to pretend that I didn't know something. My own behavior would have betrayed me. Of that I was sure.

So I waited for her in our bedroom, ready for some kind of confrontation. I wasn't sure yet what I was going to say. What I was going to do.

Was I mad? You bet I was. I was furious. But at her, at Peter or at myself?

But as upset as I was, I was also incredibly turned on.

That's why I was sitting on the edge of our bed, my erection jutting out from my boxers, when Brie came in. She'd already been in to see Jamie right after she came home.

She looked down between my legs and raised her eyebrows.

"What's got *you* so excited?"

"I don't know," I said, "you."

"Ha," she said, "but I've been gone all evening. Where did you go? Jamie said you were gone as well."

I noticed that her hair was wet. She must have showered, either at Peter's or at the gym.

She sat down next to me on the bed, kissing me.

This was a strange turn of events. What about her promise to Peter? Was she having second thoughts about him? Had it just been something she'd said in the heat of the moment?

Her words echoed in my mind.

"My pussy belongs to you, Peter."

It didn't matter if those had been her exact words or not; they captured the sentiment perfectly.

I kissed her back, breathing in her scent.

"Would you like to…you know?" she said, "do what we did the other night?"

"You want me to go down on you?"

"Mmm–hmm," she said, nodding.

My heart was pounding. This was *quite* unexpected. I thought about how Peter had filled her, and wondered if all of his sperm had come out in the shower. The thought of eating another man's cum repulsed me, but for some reason, I wanted nothing more in that moment than to go down on my wife.

Her pussy was warm and wet and smelled of the strong musk of Peter's cum. The shower hadn't done away with the scent.

"Oh God, yes. Thanks, honey. That feels so good. I'm so sensitive down there."

"You taste great," I said, which was surprisingly true.

Did I really enjoy the taste of other men's cum, or was there something else about the situation that aroused me to this extent?

I pushed my tongue between my wife's labia, lapping with vigor at her swollen, well–fucked cunt.

"Fuck, it's so good…," she moaned.

She ran her fingers through my hair.

"You're so good to me," she sighed, "I don't deserve this."

She was right. She didn't. And I didn't deserve to be cheated on. So why did it turn me on so much?

"Brie," I said, after a few more seconds of teasing her clit with my tongue, "I know everything."

“What?” she moaned, stopping and looking down at me in shock.

“I know about Peter. Peter the pilot.”

“Fuck, honey.”

“It’s ok,” I said, teasing her pussy with one hand, “it’s alright.”

“How?” she groaned, thrusting her hips up to meet my lips again.

Instead of responding, I just stimulated her clit.

What was happening? Were we actually having a conversation about this?

“You were acting weird,” I panted, coming up for air, “I tracked your phone.”

“You shouldn’t have done that,” she moaned.

I tasted the salty, musky tang of Peter’s cum in my mouth.

“You shouldn’t have cheated,” I said, after swallowing down my first mouthful.

“I know,” she sighed, pressing my head into her cunt, “but he was visiting his mom in the same nursing home where I was visiting my mom. And they both have the same kind of cancer. And I was booked on his flight home. The one he was flying.”

I lapped at her cunt, drinking in Peter’s sperm. I gagged a bit, but powered through. I wanted to hear the whole story from her, even if I’d already put it together myself.

She moaned a bit, clearly reliving this first encounter.

“We met at the bar,” she said, “it was so great to meet someone in the exact same situation that I was in. And it didn’t hurt that he was so handsome. And that he has a place in town…”

“Is he married too?” I managed, between mouthfuls of Peter’s sperm.

"Not anymore," she gasped, gripping the sides of my head with her thighs, "he got divorced about five years ago, but is on good terms with his ex. They have a son together. About Jamie's age."

I pushed a finger deep into her cunt and began to fuck her with it. I was furious, but I was also incredibly aroused. What's more, I had understanding, on a human level, for my wife's weakness. It wasn't that she was a bad person. She had been in an emotionally difficult situation, and had simply been looking for emotional support and found it easily. The same had probably been true for Peter. It wasn't like she'd gone looking for a big black cock to suck. She'd just found one.

I thought about this as I licked another glob of cum from her pussy, swallowing it as quickly as I could. What did Brie think about me, her husband, being so willing and able to consume her lover's creampie?

"Don't stop," she moaned, "whatever you think of me now, *please* don't stop!"

I kissed her clit while I teased her g–spot with my finger. I pressed my entire face against her labia. I didn't stop.

But I had to know.

So I stopped, just for a moment.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

"What?" she moaned, beside herself with arousal.

"You heard me," I said flatly, "do you love him? I just want to know. I'm not going to judge you. I understand the reasons that you had to do what you did."

"I don't know," she moaned, "just keep licking me."

"That's not good enough for me," I said, resolved not to let her weasel out of the question so easily, "I need to know. Do you love him? Yes or no."

She paused, then pushed my head back down into her sopping cunt.

“YES!” she moaned, “I admit it! I love him!! Ok????!”

In the same moment, her hips bucked up against my mouth, flooding it with another burst of salty cum. I chocked it down, swallowing every bit, grateful that the truth had finally come out.

At almost the same time, I brought myself to climax, my free hand on my throbbing cock. Big, but not big enough for my insatiable size–queen wife.

Epilogue

That night, we had a long talk. I told Brie everything. Well, *almost* everything.

I left out the part about actually *seeing* her with Peter. I simply admitted that I'd followed her and that I'd heard her moaning while I stood in the alley. I made something up about calling the airline and finding out which pilots had flown on the night that she'd come back from Colorado, and then cross–referencing the names with the real estate records corresponding to the building where I'd watched her and Peter.

It was a plausible enough lie. After all, she'd mentioned the pilot thing during our mutual jerk–off session, so that part wasn't so far–fetched.

By the time we'd finished confessing to each other, it was 7:00AM. The sun was starting to come up.

"So what do we do now?" she asked, "I can't do this to Jamie. He already lost his dad. He can't lose his stepdad, too. You're the only real dad that he's ever known."

"What do we *do*?" I said, "I don't think we need to 'do' anything."

She looked at me questioningly.

"What do you mean?"

"You're going through a terrible time right now. Your mom. Her cancer. Breaking up the family would only compound that. It's not easy for Jamie either."

"I know," she sighed, "but can you ever forgive me?"

"I'm not *going* to forgive you," I said, "because I know that you're not going to stop. You can't. You love Peter, and he loves you."

She nodded her head sadly.

"It's the truth," I said, "and we should face up to it."

"You're right," she said, tears coming to her eyes, "I'm so sorry — it just happened! I didn't mean to hurt you. He was there at the right time, and he just… he just…"

She broke down.

I put my hand on her shoulder.

"…he just *understood* me. He got it. He knew what it was like to see a parent go through something like this. Because his mother was the same age as mine, and going through the exact same thing."

"I know," I said, "I get it."

"But if you leave," she started.

"I'm not going to leave," I said, taking her hand, "I'm going to stick by you and Jamie, for as long as you need me."

Her face was puzzled.

"But what about Peter?"

"You can keep seeing Peter," I said, "as often as you want. All I ask is that you and I…"

Her eyes were watery now. She was genuinely touched.

"Yes?"

"All I ask is that I can clean up afterwards once in a while. And that you sometimes tell me about what happened."

"I can do that," she said, nodding quickly, as she wiped tears from her eyes, "you're such a good man. For putting up with this."

"I'm not putting up with it for your sake," I assured her, "this whole thing arouses me in a way that I don't entirely understand. That I don't necessarily *want* to understand. But all I know is that this is what you need, now. This is what's going to help you get through what's happening to your mother, and I want to stand by you while it happens."

She looked up at me, the tears coming faster now.

Then she was sobbing, pressing her small body against mine.

"Oh, thank you. Thank you, sweetheart! No one has understood me the way that you do. No one except …"

"I know," I sighed, "no one except Peter."

"That's right," she said, pressing herself into my chest, "no one except him."

And that, Dear Reader, is how we left things. Brie went to see Peter several times a week, and I watched from the fire escape every chance that I got. A couple of times, I came close to being caught, but instead of putting me off the whole enterprise entirely, those close calls actually made me come back for more.

I watched Peter take my wife in every single position imaginable. I watched their sex get more frequent, more uninhibited and desperate as their mothers' respective illnesses worsened.

They took a trip together, with my blessing, to Colorado. Peter paid for the ticket.

When they got back, I ate three days worth of creampies out of Brie's cunt, while she related every last filthy detail.

But the sex couldn't work miracles, as great as it was for the two people involved, and for the silent voyeur watching it (me). Reality soon caught up.

Peter's mother died that January. Brie's mom followed her that March. At the funeral, Jamie asked me who the tall black man in the pilot's uniform was who kept exchanging glances with his mother.

"That's a friend of your mother's," I said, "an old friend."

This answer seemed to satisfy the young man. And, after all, it was more true than either of us could ever know.

It wasn't easy for me, watching my wife with another man. But the more I watched Brie take Peter's big black cock, the more I realized that they were a match made in heaven.

There was nothing I could do to stop it, so I might as well stick around, as long as they both would let me.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BELLA GETS BLACKED

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

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

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

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

BECCA GETS BLACKED

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

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

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike's nose. Before long, he's not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet,

inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

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

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

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

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BLACKED BY HIS BULLY

When a suggestive comment made by their new neighbor scandalizes Ian's beautiful blond wife Jenna, Ian shrugs it off. The strong–willed Jenna, however, won't let it go. She sends her husband over to confront the man.

But when the handsome, black and totally alpha Kevin opens the door, it is Ian who is suddenly confronted — with the past.

Kevin isn't just any neighbor.

Kevin is Ian's old bully. What's more: Ian's never quite gotten over what happened when he caught Kevin with his girlfriend Kristine one night years ago. One night when they thought they were alone, and Ian learned that his seemingly innocent girlfriend was a secret size queen.

Now, as he watches Jenna's original animosity towards Kevin transform into attraction, Ian is afraid that the past is about to repeat itself.

What are the chances that Ian could lose **two women**, his wife and his girlfriend, to Kevin's **BBC**?

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