CYNTHIA SIZEMORE



AN ANTHOLOGY OF CUCKOLD NOVELLAS

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By Cynthia Sizemore

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SARAH'S ADVENTURE: THE MUSEUM

Berlin's "Museum Island" was the kind of thing I'd never have sought out if it hadn't been for Sarah. *She* was the Art History PhD student, *I* was her husband who worked in IT. Even if I'd learned to appreciate certain things about art over the course of our relationship, I could never spend as much time staring at a painting as she could. Video games were *my* preferred art form, even if I had a hard time convincing Sarah that my interests had as much merit as her own.

We'd spent the first two days of our week in Berlin visiting historical sites, the kinds of places that *I* was interested in: Checkpoint Charlie, The Jewish Museum, and the Brandenburg Gate. We even took a train all the way to the other side of the city to check out the Soviet War Memorial in Treptower Park, an absolutely stunning piece of art in its own right, even beyond its historical import.

So how could I tell her that I didn't care about any of the museums on the "Island"? It would have been downright unfair. I had no choice but to go, and amuse myself as best I could. She'd been a good sport about everything else.

That morning, we woke up in our small room at the hostel and took showers in the communal shower area down the hall. Things like that (having to walk down the hallway to find the showers and toilet) had taken some getting used to at first, but after our first week in Europe (we'd landed in Paris), we were embracing such cultural differences with gusto.

It was our first time in continental Europe, even though Sarah had spent a semester studying abroad in Scotland when we had been undergraduates. Those three months apart had been the most difficult time in our relationship, but we'd weathered them with the help of Skype calls, texts and e–mails.

Sarah and I had been dating since we were in high school, and we'd been married for a year when we went on the trip to Europe

together. We were both 25, and still in love as much as we had been the first time we kissed at age 18.

Because we'd married so young, and because we had each been the other's first sexual partner (if heavy petting doesn't count), we were both aware of the possibility that one of us would feel that they'd "missed out" on something: that fabled wild, experimental phase of sexuality in college.

For that reason, we were very open with each other. Sometimes painfully so. We confessed crushes, no matter how harmless. We pointed out members of the opposite sex who we found attractive, and we pointed out members of the *same* sex who we thought the *other* person might find attractive. It wasn't uncommon for Sarah to point out a girl with a nice ass, or for me to tell her when I had read something about one of her celebrity crushes.

She had a special thing for older guys with gray hair. Bad boys who also had an intellectual side to them. Think Anthony Bourdain. That kid of guy.

Up to this point, all of this talk had been a great way to enliven our bedroom life. A way to make sure that neither one of us felt like we'd missed something by not sleeping around in college. We'd made a pact that everything that included both of us was on the table, as long as we both consented to it.

This had already resulted in one threesome. I'd confessed to Sarah that I found her friend Ashley attractive, and Sarah – to my surprise – had arranged for Ashley to join us one night in bed. Unfortunately, the encounter hadn't been nearly as satisfying as I'd imagined it. I had had problems getting hard. Last–minute performance anxiety in front of Ashley, who was a very beautiful woman.

Sometimes having a fantasy come true can be the worst thing that happens to someone.

So, I knew that I "owed" Sarah a threesome – since she'd been so generous in convincing Ashley to sleep with me, even if it didn't work out well at all – and to be honest, the idea of sharing her with another man was actually quite appealing.

I had to admit I was very curious about how my inexperienced wife might react to another man's touch. Would the sounds she made be the same? Would the expression on her face when she climaxed be similar? Would she experience more pleasure than she did with me?

There was so much to think about. I know it sounds naive, but I wasn't worried about losing her. I wasn't insecure in my own sexuality, despite my inability to perform during the threesome with Ashley. I knew I had an average–sized cock, but it had always served me well. Sarah had regular orgasms (even if she didn't orgasm during intercourse), and we'd been together for so long that it seemed impossible to me for her to want to be with anyone else on a regular basis.

For whatever reason, we'd been talking about the possibility of a threesome "for her" a lot on vacation. While we were in Paris, but *especially* in Berlin. In Paris, because of the fun of making jokes about "menages–a–tois." In Berlin, because the city was known for its sex clubs. Even if those were mostly for the queer community, the topic of public sex was on our minds.

We walked through the streets of the city like we were on the prowl, checking out the beautiful young people who had come from all over the world to frolic in the party capital of Europe. We felt a little like predators. On the prowl for the perfect guy for Sarah to seduce.

In reality, I didn't think that we'd actually go through with it. Not here, not when we were on the road. When it came right down to it, Sarah was actually pretty conservative, sexually speaking. She had a wild fantasy life, but when it came to sex with me, we usually did it with the lights out in missionary position. If she was going to have sex with another guy, even with me involved, it was going to be someone that she trusted and someone that we both knew. Well.

This crazy stuff was all just talk. Even the idea of a threesome "for her" was more *my* obsession than her own. She'd told me many times before that she didn't find the idea of sex with two guys as appealing as *I* obviously found the idea of sex with two *girls*.

But that didn't stop us from talking about it.

I write all of these things to illustrate the kind of mood we were in that morning, when we got to the Museum Island.

The entire visit wasn't sexually charged, of course. Sarah was there as a serious student of art, too. She'd started her PhD program a year ago, and was preparing for her master's exam that fall. She was taking it a semester early, but her professors had assured her that she'd be ready.

So she was also there to see as much art as possible, and had a black moleskine notebook with her for the purpose of taking notes on the works she saw.

Sarah looked like the archetypal "sexy librarian": she had her wavy black hair back in a messy bun and a pair of dark–rimmed glasses perched on her nose. She wore a tight–fitting skirt and a white button–down blouse with a black bra on underneath that was visible through the almost sheer fabric. Luckily, she was also wrapped demurely in a striking blue sweater, so that she didn't look like *too* much of what she herself had referred to as a "slut."

It had been our private joke. Of course, Sarah, who had only ever had sex with one man (who also happened to be her husband) was the very opposite of a "slut." Despite her conservatism, however, she did enjoy it when she got attention from men. She actually enjoyed it when men (especially those older, Anthony Bourdain types) tried flirting with her. She'd draw it out for as long as she could, enjoying their overtures, testing their seduction skills, until finally pulling the rug out from under them at the last minute, right after they asked for her number.

She'd tried this stunt a couple of times when I was present. We would laugh about it later, but then, when we were together with the lights out, one of us would say something about it, and the tone would get serious. Our lovemaking – though never especially experimental, as I've already mentioned – would take on another kind of intensity in the aftermath of one of these flirtation sessions, as if our sexual passion fed itself on danger.



In fact, she'd had one such little flirtation quite recently. In the hostel we'd been staying at in Berlin, with an older solo traveler from Croatia. He was tall and slim, his eyes heavy, his face wrinkled but his hair dyed blond. He was probably around forty, but his manner was of someone even older. World–weary. I guess that wasn't so uncommon in the part of the world he was from.

Ignoring me, he'd gone straight up to Sarah and introduced himself as Dino, and asked her for a cigarette.

Sarah, as it happened, had decided to take up smoking during our trip to Europe. That is, she'd already picked it up the habit briefly back when she was studying abroad in Scotland, but then put it down just as quickly when she'd returned to the States. Now that we were back in Europe, she couldn't resist smoking for what she promised would be only the duration of our trip.

I personally didn't smoke – never saw the appeal – but I did love the way that Sarah looked holding a cigarette, and the smell never really bothered me that much. I had no reason to believe that she was going to become a regular smoker once we returned home, so I hadn't complained.

So when the tall, sad–looking stranger (much too old for a youth hostel) approached her at the bar and asked for a cigarette, Sarah looked over at me – I was looking at a pamphlet for a tour called "Berlin Underground" – and winked, before pulling a pack out of her purse and heading to the door with the older man.

I had watched the two of them through the glass of the hostel windows as they smoked. First one cigarette, then another. Sarah began the conversation looking serious. Concerned. But every once in a while, flashes of mirth crossed her face. She was turned towards Dino, who looked straight ahead as her pulled on his cigarette, and so I was unable to read the expression on his face, only hers.

She was silent for much of the first cigarette, listening to him intently. But about ten minutes later, after they'd sparked up the second, I began to watch her lips move.

Her beautiful, red lips. She was in what I called "professor mode," now, I could tell. It was when the serious student in her came out and she seemed wise beyond her years. I loved it when

she got that way, telling me carefully and calmly about some important work of art. Sarah didn't gush when she was passionate about something.

She got quiet.

Serious.

Receptive. You might even say *submissive* in the face of beauty.

I was convinced that she was talking to Dino right then about some piece of art that was important to her. Either something that she'd seen already on the trip, or something that she planned to see. Maybe she had been interrogating him about some piece she wanted to see in Zagreb or Splt, two places that we wouldn't be able to visit on this particular trip but which stood on our agenda for the (probably distant) future.

During this conversation, I pretended to study the pamphlets for the various museums, and I watched them. So intently, in fact, that one of the hostel employees, who probably didn't realize that I was married to the young woman I was staring at through the glass, came over to me and asked me if she could help me with anything.

"I'm just waiting for my wife to finish her cigarette," I said, watching her face as the German woman registered the fact that I'd just said "wife" and not "girlfriend."

"Germans don't get married until 40 or so," someone had told us, "and only after they've already had at least one child together."

The cigarette (or, more properly speaking, *cigarettes*) had now drawn out for at least twenty–five minutes when Sarah came back into the hostel, a smirk on her face as she walked towards me.

Dino remained outside, looking out into the street as he had been before.

"And?" I asked, "what took so long? Were you telling him about the Louvre?"

"Yes," said Sarah, surprised, "how could you tell?"

"I was watching your face," I said, "I can tell when things get serious."

"I see," she said, smiling, "so could you tell when he asked me to go up to his room with him?"

I laughed.

"I'm not surprised," I said, "but I have to hand it to him. He wasn't beating around the bush, was he? He didn't even try something less direct first, like asking you for a coffee?"

"I guess the cigarette *was* the indirect approach," she replied, "you're just lucky that I wasn't in the mood for a roll in the hay with a man from the Balkans."

"Well," I said, "I guess that's right. Are you in the mood for a roll in the hay with a man from Cleveland?"

She stared into my eyes for a few seconds.

"I guess we have about an hour before we've got to be on that train to Potsdam," she said, "why don't you take me upstairs. But make it quick…"



THAT HAD all happened the night before. Now, here we were, on the Museum Island, with an entire day of art appreciation in front of us. Sarah was pumped. I – as I said before – was less enthusiastic. At least at first.

Sarah led the way into the first building, the Pergamon Museum. We had planned to spend only a couple of hours in each museum on the island, but as soon as we realized just how big the museum actually was, we re–conferred and changed our plans.

This was the museum that Sarah had looked forward to the most, so we would spend the day here. Or at least as long as we could before we got tired.

After the first hour at the museum, my skepticism had vanished entirely. I walked with awe through the Ishtar gate, marveling at the ancient Babylonian architecture that had been brought so far across the world.

Sarah wanted to go to another part of the museum – she was interested in Greek and Roman art – so we agreed to meet up in an hour in a different gallery.

I lost myself for forty–five minutes or so in the world of ancient Islamic art. I suddenly wished that I'd been able to score drugs,

because I realized how amazing some of the mosaics and abstract designs would look if I'd been under the influence. Alas, I had to go through the museum completely sober.

Finally, my growling stomach reminded me of what time it was, and I went off in search of Sarah.

That's when I saw Mark for the first time. Towering over my wife as the two of them examined the bronze cast of a Greek statue.

In writing this, I was almost tempted to call Mark "Anthony," because Mark reminded me of no one else quite as much as Anthony Bourdain, my wife's (deceased) celebrity crush. That is, he reminded me of Bourdain, if Bourdain had been an Art History Professor from Germany.

As it turned out, Mark wasn't from Germany at all. He was a Canadian who was living in Berlin. At the time, though, I didn't know that.

What I saw was a tall, gray–haired handsome man of about forty–five in a well–fitted black sport–jacked that he wore over a tight designer t–shirt. He was wearing the dark–rimmed frames of an intellectual (he and Sarah almost could have been from the same university) and artfully ripped jeans that looked like they'd probably cost him $500.

There are lots of guys that dress like that in Berlin, and many of them are around Mark's age. Lots of them try to pick up women the age of my wife, I'm sure.

There was something different about Mark, though. It wasn't just his height (though he was at least 6'3" tall), it was more in the way he carried himself. While other professorial types seem to have a kind of awkwardness about them, a sense of not quite belonging where they are, Mark was an absolutely commanding presence.

Even that first time I glimpsed the two of them, from a distance, I could tell: Mark had Sarah's complete attention. She was absolutely captivated by him. And not in the way she had been when talking to Dino.

This was something different.

I walked slowly towards the couple, only to see Mark wave to Sarah, cast a quick glance in my direction, then turn and walk away

at a leisurely pace.

Sarah was literally staring after him.

"Hey, babe," I said, coming up behind her and embracing her, "who was that?"

"Him? He's like…an art history professor or something. A docent at Humboldt University."

"A docent? That sounds fancy."

"Yeah. It *sounds* fancy. It's actually the lowest rank of professor there is. He must not be doing it for the money."

"I don't think anyone in Art History is."

"You'd be surprised," she said, pulling out of my embrace, "there are historians who make good money spotting fakes and doing provenance research."

"I'm sure," I said.

"Are you hungry? We can go to the museum cafe."

"I'm starving," I admitted.



As we sat down to lunch (I had a Currywurst, the most overpriced one I could imagine, and Sarah had a rocket salad with goat cheese), the topic of the mysterious stranger came up again.

"So did that guy try to give you his hotel room key, like Dino?" I asked.

"What guy?" said Sarah, absently.

"That 'docent,'" I said, "the guy who was hitting on you."

"He was not *hitting* on me. We were having a conversation. There's a difference. And he has a name."

"Oh, so you know his *name*? Just how long were you talking to him before I came in?"

"Like five minutes. Tops. And yeah. What's so wrong with that?"

"Does he know *your* name?"

"That's the first thing he asked," she said, "what's the big deal?"

"Nothing," I said, enjoying our familiar game of flirtation, "it's just that it sounds like something a pick–up artist would do. Try to

establish rapport with you right off the bat."

"You think Mark is a pick–up artist?"

She rolled her eyes at me. She looked so cute when she was annoyed.

"Ok, so his name is Mark," I said, "got it."

"You have nothing to worry about," she said, "Mark isn't going to be our Berlin threesome. We probably won't even see him again."

"You sound a little disappointed," I teased, "and I didn't know that we were *actually* going to have a Berlin threesome. I thought if you were interested in that, you would have made a move on Dino."

She sighed.

"We're not," she said, "I'm tired. I feel like I might still be jet–lagged. I have no energy for a threesome. Trust me."

"So that's the only reason you're not interested? I mean, if you had the energy, and Mark was up for it…"

"What's going on," she said, suddenly suspicious, "are you actually jealous of a guy I talked to for ten minutes in an art gallery?"

"Oh, it's *ten* minutes now? A minute ago it was five."

"Whatever," she said, folding her arms.

Had I gone too far?

"Hey, babe," I said, touching her arm, "I was only teasing. We always talk like this. I thought you liked it, too."

She looked thoughtful for a moment, staring down at the table, lost in thought. Then, slowly, a smile spread across her face.

"I *do* like it," she said, "and you have nothing at all to worry about. Even if we do get to have a 'Berlin threesome."

She leaned across the table and kissed me. I could smell her perfume. It was a scent that I loved.

"Let's keep going," she said, "these shoes are killing my feet, but I want to see the Pergamon Altar before we have to go!"

"Alright, then," I said, standing and gathering our dishes, "but this time, we stick together. I need to fend off all the pervy docents who want to 'teach' my wife."

She stuck out her tongue playfully at me. I loved it when we flirted like this. It got both of us going. I knew that we were going to

have great sex when we got back to our hostel room that night.



About an hour later, after we'd meandered through another gallery of ancient masterpieces, we finally came to the *piece de resistance* of the entire museum. (I learned that term from Sarah – could you tell?).

The Pergamon Altar.

In a large, spacious hall, an entire ancient temple had been painstakingly reconstructed by German archaeologists. Along the wall, there was a long series of sculptures, animals and humans, locked in various poses.

"Wow," I said, upon entering the hall for the first time.

"I know, right?" said Sarah, "I've read so much about this place. It's kind of crazy to be seeing it in person."

"I'm going up there," I said, pointing to the top of the steps, "this is so wild…"

"Ok, honey," she said, "I'm going to start down here, on that side of the frieze. It should be easy to keep track of each other."

I nodded, then gave her a peck on the cheek.

"Watch yourself around the docents," I whispered.

"Oh, stop!" she said, giggling slightly.

I loved this flirtatious energy between us.

I walked up the staircase. The steps were surprisingly large. They had clearly not been made with modern visitors in mind, but rather with the purpose of awing the spectator.

The effect worked. When I reached the top, I turned around to look below me. I could still see Sarah, but she was just one figure in a throng of visitors now. Of course she stood out to *me*, however. She was my wife.

And what a beautiful wife she was. Even from this distance, I noted how gracefully she moved on her own two legs, how she shifted her weight on her feet as she stared in awed contemplation of the art, sticking her hip out first to one side, then another.

Damn, she had a great ass. And the skirt really brought it out in a major way. No wonder guys were taking their best shot with her.

Part of me hoped that someone else would try something, with her all alone like that. I liked knowing that my wife was so desirable to other guys.

I guess I had something of a cuckold fetish, but just a minor one. I liked the idea of seeing her with another guy, but I wanted it to be in a threesome, not necessarily in a situation where I wasn't involved at all.

I turned back to the top of the ancient temple and began to immerse myself in the exhibition and the information on the displays.

The time passed quickly, and before I knew it, I realized I'd been up there for over half an hour. I decided it was time to check on Sarah.

I walked back to the top of the stairs and looked down into the hall, along the wall where the frieze ran.

It took a long time to spot her again. At first I thought she might have come up the stairs herself, and might actually be standing behind me somewhere. My eyes scanned the row of visitors once. Twice. Three times.

No Sarah.

I turned around and scanned the groups of people at the top of the stairs. I didn't see her there, either.

Then I looked at the staircase itself, where groups of people gathered here or there, sitting close and chatting.

No Sarah.

I was about to pull out my phone to text her, when suddenly my eyes landed on a tall man who whose stance looked very familiar. He was explaining something to a woman, and had his hand on the small of her back.

It was Sarah's new "friend," Mark the docent.

And the woman whose back he held his large hand against was none other than Sarah.

I immediately felt a thrilling mixture of jealousy and arousal. Even Dino hadn't been bold enough to actually *touch* her, but here

this guy was acting as if it were the most natural thing in the world to put his hand on my wife.

What's more, Sarah didn't exactly seem to be resisting. In fact, she was leaning in, listening intently as he pointed out a feature of the relief that they were standing in front of.

Any doubt in my mind that Mark was a pick–up artist left instantly in that moment.

This guy wasn't just flirting. He was trying to bang her.

In my younger, stupider days, I'd read stuff in internet seduction forms about ways to rapidly escalate encounters with women. One of the most tried–and–true methods that everyone swore by was the idea of finding an innocent reason to touch her in a non–sexual way. This shows your intentions, and it gets her comfortable with the idea of being physically intimate with you. It's also a way for the man to gauge the woman's interest. If she pulls back or resists, it's a no–go, but if she allows it or even escalates, she's sending you a signal loud and clear.

Sarah was definitely allowing it. Anyone who saw them would have thought that they were a couple. He absolutely towered over her. I wasn't so short myself (5'10"), and neither was Sarah (she stood around 5'6") but this guy was a giant by comparison.

I had to wonder, in that moment, if *everything* about him was giant. I'm not gay, but I do have to admit that I love the sight of a huge cock in action, and the brief image of him thrusting into Sarah from behind sent a rush of blood flowing to my member. Of course, there was always the possibility that he was the same size as me. Or smaller.

Whatever. It'll never happen, I thought.

Even if Sarah and I joke about it all the time. Even though we did that thing with Ashley, we're never ***really*** *going to invite another guy into our bedroom. We you get right down to it, Sarah's too timid for that. It was easier with Ashley* .

And if we do actually ever have "her" threesome, I ruminated, *I have to make sure the other guy isn't some kind of alpha pick–up artist. It would be better to choose some sweet chubby guy from one of her grad school courses.*

I had no intention of being shown up during a threesome. I wanted Sarah to feel pleasure of course. But I also didn't want her to have such an incredible time during a threesome that being with me would pale in comparison for the rest of her life.

Given how inexperienced the two of us really were, this seemed to me like an actual possibility. While I didn't have any reason to be insecure about the way in which I pleased Sarah, I also didn't have anything else to compare it to. And neither did she.

So seeing another guy touching the small of her back the way this docent was doing was just a sort of harmless voyeuristic thrill. It wasn't a serious threat to our relationship.

I could already anticipate the frenzied (for us) lovemaking that would ensue when we finally made it back to the hotel room. It would be even more intense than after Dino hit on her.

With this in mind, I began to slowly descend the staircase, a single step at a time, due to the fact that the steps themselves were so tall.

At one moment, I almost lost my footing because my eyes were fixed like a laser beam on Mark's had, as he pressed it further into the small of my wife's back. At the same time, he continued to emote and to gesture with his free hand, pointing out this and that feature of the sculpture on the wall in front of them.

Finally, I was at the bottom of the staircase. I walked briskly straight towards them. As much as I enjoyed having witnessed this intimate moment on some level, I also loved the fact that I could now swoop in and dash all of Mark's hopes.

Sarah belonged to me, and I was about to show him that.

As luck would have it, in the instant before I appeared on the other side of Sarah, Mark happened to withdraw his hand from her back and let it fall to the side.

"That's the theory, anyway," he said.

I extended not my hand (as Mark had done), but my entire *arm* around my wife and pulled her close to me.

"Hey, babe," I said, "who's this guy?"

I looked Mark up and down, trying my best to show him that I was in control of the situation.

To my surprise, he didn't even acknowledge my presence. It was like he was looking right through me.

This, I had not anticipated.

"And so," he continued, "I'm of the opinion, like a lot of other scholars, that the grave robbers made short work of this as well."

"Mm," said Sarah, "but why would they want to hack off just *part* of a sculpture? Why not go all the way?"

"Antiquities dealers can still sell pieces and fragments. It's done all the time."

"Hey babe," said Sarah finally, turning to me, "I want you to meet Mark."

For the first time, Mark acknowledged my presence with a glare, like a professor who had been interrupted by a student coming to class late.

"Hi," he said shortly, "nice to meet you."

"This is Brandon," said Sarah, "my husband."

I noticed that Mark hadn't even asked my name. He simply wasn't interested.

"Hi, Brandon," he said, as if he was a child being forced to be polite for the sake of the relatives.

"Well," said Sarah, looking at me with hesitation in her eyes, "I guess we should get going now…"

"Oh know," I said, my Midwestern politeness taking over, "I didn't mean to interrupt. I mean, you can keep talking or whatever. I was just checking in to make sure that I didn't lose track of where you are."

"Don't worry," said Mark, "I've been taking good care of her."

Sarah laughed.

"He does know what he's talking about, that's for sure."

"I've been coming to this museum at least once a week for the past fifteen years," he said, "ever since I quit finance."

"You were in finance?"

I watched Sarah's eyes light up. This only made Mark more interesting.

"Sure," he said, "I worked on Wall Street for about a decade. But eventually I got sick of that world. The lies. The money–grubbing. I

started to long for meaning in my life. For beauty."

His eyes flickered mischievously as he made a point of looking Sarah up and down.

"Sometimes I find it embodied in a work of art," he continued, "and sometimes I find it embodied in a person."

Sarah blushed. It was completely clear to all of us that this was a come–on. But how could this guy be so ballsy as to try something like this right in front of me, her husband? Did he just not care, or was he so sure of himself that he didn't even consider me to be a threat?

I opened my mouth to try to reply, but I couldn't formulate an appropriate response to his flirtatious remark without coming across as defensive or insecure myself.

Sarah was the first to get a word in edgewise.

"Well," she said, "Berlin is a great place to be if you're interested in beautiful single women. Especially tourists. There are plenty of girls that come here looking for a fling."

Mark smiled.

"That's true," he said, "but you know that for a man like me, *single* women don't really present much of a challenge."

The innuendo was clear.

My head was spinning. This guy really *was* so cocky that he was not only bragging about his seduction ability, he was also declaring that he was going to seduce my wife *right* in front of me.

I grabbed Sarah's elbow.

"Ow," she said, "what are you doing?"

"I need to talk to you," I whispered, "alone."

"Ok."

As she turned away from Mark, I saw a smug smile spread across his face.

"What the hell are you doing?" I said, more irritably than I had intended.

"What do you mean?"

"He's *flirting* with you. He basically said he was going to fuck you."

She rolled her eyes.

"You're exaggerating."

"Come on, Sarah. Don't be naive. Why do you think he wanted to talk to you in the first place. Because he could see that you were a grad student just by looking at you?"

"Well," she said, "why were *you* interested in me in the first place? Because I'm such a good conversationalist?"

"That *was* one of the reasons," I snapped.

"So my tits had nothing to do with it?"

She smiled at me, giving me a suggestive look. Suddenly, the tension evaporated.

"I'm sorry if he made you feel insecure, honey," she said, "and I'm sorry if I played a role in that, too. But you have *nothing* to worry about, you know."

I was always very insecure about being called out for being insecure, so I immediately did my best to cover up for it. It could be that Sarah understood this, but I didn't actually think that she was being *deliberately* manipulative.

"I'm not insecure," I said, "in fact, why don't you go back and keep talking to him? I'm sorry I interrupted you."

"You're sure?"

She cocked an eyebrow.

"I'm sure," I said, "besides, I kind of *like* the fact that there are so many guys interested in my hot young wife…"

"Mmm," she said, smiling at me, then leaning in and whispering in my ear, "maybe if you're lucky we can talk about this later tonight…"

I knew exactly what she meant.

She was still the same old Sarah. This was all a flirtation, nothing more.

"Ok," she said, pulling back, "I'm going to go chat with Mark again, but we should go in about 15 minutes."

"Perfect," I said, "I promise to leave you alone."

"I like the fact that you're keeping an eye on me," she said, "you're my husband, after all."

We kissed quickly, then she squeezed my hand as she turned back and walked up to Mark, who was standing contemplatively in

front of part of the frieze about thirty feet away.

2

SARAH'S ADVENTURE: THE BAR

Sarah ended up talking to Mark for thirty more minutes. I know, because I was timing it. I wasn't jealous or insecure (at least that's what I told myself) but I *was* starting to get bored. I was already thinking about the dinner that I wanted to have tonight: something hearty and "traditionally" German. We'd had a lot of ethnic food in Berlin already, but what was the point of eating Vietnamese take–out every night when we could get that any time at home?

Still, there was the problem faced by all tourists: how to find the perfect "authentic" restaurant that wasn't also overrun by the *other* tourists trying to do exactly the same thing?

Finally, we were back on the train to our hostel. I decided it was time to discuss dinner options with Sarah, and described our dilemma as I saw it.

"Hmm," she said, "I agree with you. We need to find a place that's good, but not so well–known that it will be impossible to get a table."

"Precisely," I said, "maybe we can ask one of the hostel employees."

Sarah frowned.

"That seems like the exact *opposite* of what we should do," she said, "that's what *everyone* is going to do. They'll just steer us to some tourist trap that they probably make a commission for sending people to."

"True."

We rode silently for a few moments, listening the the clacking of the wheels on the train as we pulled into the station.

"Hey," she said, "I've got an idea."

"Yeah?"

"Let's ask Mark."

"What? But how?"

"He gave me his card."

"He *what*?"

"Relax," she said, "he's a professional contact. He teaches at the university, remember? He told me to send him an e–mail if I had any questions about the art in the museum. He even offered to take pictures for me."

"Sounds to me like he gave you his number."

"Yeah, his card does have his cell number on it," she said, "I think we should text him."

"Then he'd have *your* number, too," I said.

"He can look me up on the university website anyway," she said, "what are you so concerned about? We're going to be an ocean away by next week."

There it was again: she was playing into my insecurity about being seen as insecure.

"Ok," I said, "you're right. Let's see if he has a recommendation. It's not like we're inviting him to dinner with us."

"Right," she said, squeezing my arm, "I'll text him when we're back at the hostel. We've got to get out now."

We disembarked from the train and walked two blocks to our hostel.

As soon as we'd closed the doors behind us, our hands were all over each other.

"God," said Sarah, "I want you so bad."

"I couldn't stop thinking about reclaiming you when I saw you talking to him," I said, not needing to specify who 'he' was.

"Mmm fuck. I need that," she moaned, running her hand over my crotch, something that she normally almost never did.

Sarah had always been shy about touching my cock until she was completely warmed up. Hell, she didn't even like to *say* the word "cock." The fact that she was already touching me so directly meant that she must be incredibly aroused.

She fell back onto the small wooden bed and pulled me down after her. I covered her with kisses as I hiked up her skirt.

"Yes, Brandon," she moaned, "take me. Reclaim your wife."

It was funny to use that word "reclaim" even though all she'd done was speak with a stranger. But somehow it made everything

more charged.

"You're mine," I growled, pulling down her tights and pushing her panties to the side, "and you're soaking wet."

"Yes, honey," she gasped.

I kissed her cheek then nibbled on her ear as I began to finger her. Years of practice had taught me exactly how she liked to be touched.

"Oh Brandon," she gasped.

"Did you like getting attention from Mark?" I whispered in her ear.

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

"Did you think he was handsome?" I asked, circling her clit slowly.

"Yes," she gasped, "I admit it. I thought he was…attractive."

"Mm," I said, slowly pushing two fingers inside her now, "just attractive? Or sexy?"

She didn't respond to this question, at least, not verbally. Instead, she pushed her hips up towards my fingers.

I looked at her face as I continued to finger her. Her eyes were closed tightly and her cheeks were flushed. I knew this look. This was the look of a woman about to orgasm.

I wondered if she was thinking about him.

"Are you thinking about him? Are you thinking about making love to a tall, handsome stranger?"

Again, she didn't answer, but her moans escalated.

"I want you to imagine our Berlin threesome," I whispered, "even if we probably won't do it, I want you to think about it while I make you come."

She whimpered in response.

"Mm–hmm…"

I continued my efforts with my fingers, teasing her clit and g–spot. Her eyes were tightly closed, and I would have given anything to know what was going on behind them. I watched as her lips trembled, then parted slightly as she let out the long, low moan that I knew heralded her climax.

"Yeah, baby," I whispered, "just let it go. Come for me. Come for *him*."

Her first moan had been low, but the next two were high–pitched and rapid, a tone that I'd never heard her produce before. She suddenly sounded so feminine. So vulnerable. So submissive.

When the contractions in her lower body finally stopped, she opened her eyes and beamed at me, the familiar post–coital flush spreading across her cheeks.

"Oh my God," she said, "that was incredible. You better get inside me now, Mr. I want to make *you* feel as good as you did me."

I blushed, happy for her praise. I loved knowing that I satisfied my wife, and I always made sure to make her come before we moved on to the actual "act," because it was never certain if she was going to climax during our actual intercourse. In fact, as far as I knew, she never had.

She assured me, however, that this wasn't a problem. Not only that, statistics showed – she was quick to point out – that most women couldn't come from a penis alone. They needed help from some friendly fingers or a tongue.

In other words, I didn't see it as a problem at all that I had to aid Sarah's climax with my fingers. On the contrary, I saw it as proof that I was a devoted lover.

I pulled Sarah's tights off, but she was still in her skirt and panties.

Sarah had her hand on my cock once more (she'd understandably lost her grasp while I had fingered her) and guided to her pussy. She slid her panties to the side, and I was about to push forward into her, when her eyes suddenly got big.

"Shit," she said, "do you have a condom?"

"Yeah," I said, a bit hesitantly.

She heard the hesitation in my voice.

"Brandon, babe," she said, "please don't make a big deal about this. I just don't want to get pregnant during grad school. At least not while I'm still taking classes. *Maybe* when I'm writing my dissertation."

"I know," I said, trying to hide my disappointment, "I mean, I *could* pull out…"

The subtext for this entire conversation was a fight that we'd had a few months ago. It had been one of the very few fights we'd had in the course of our relatively harmonious relationship. Sarah had wanted to go off hormonal birth control because she'd been experiencing increasingly unpleasant mood swings. She'd tried a couple of different prescriptions, but none of them had worked.

I had problems with condoms. Sometimes I couldn't stay hard while I was wearing them. Sometimes I'd go soft before putting one on. Sometimes I'd be hard, but couldn't come because the sensation of sex had been deadened. Sarah knew this about me, but had insisted that we use condoms or else not have sex at all. Hormonal birth control caused too many side effects for her, and she was not about to get an IUD.

"It's my body," she said, "I'm the one who's putting stuff into it. Would *you* want a little piece of copper inside you?"

In the end, we'd both relented a bit. I had agreed to try harder to get used to condoms. With time, I did manage to stay hard during intercourse, and even retrained myself to come while wearing one. For her part, Sarah began to allow me to go without a condom once in a while, when it was the part of her cycle when the chances of conception were the lowest, and only on the condition that I pull out.

We both knew that the couple of weeks we'd be in Europe did not, unfortunately, correspond with the time that the danger of a pregnancy was at its lowest, but rather at its *highest*, meaning that I was unlikely to enjoy and condomless sex during the trip.

Oh well. Sex with a condom was better than no sex at all. And I wanted sex.

I went over to my suitcase and pulled out a pack, opening it as I walked back to the bed. To my dismay, I felt my erection drooping.

"Come here," said Sarah, sitting up partway in bed, "let me take care of you a bit."

I felt her mouth close around my cock and I shut my eyes, imagining Mark thrusting into her from behind. A moment later, I

was hard again.

Sarah moaned on my shaft, then removed it from her mouth.

"Seems like you're ready to get inside, big boy…"

I slipped the condom on quickly. This was the only way it worked for me these days.

Placed myself between my wife's legs and thrust forward into her. Her wall enclosed me and I sighed with lust.

"God, you feel so good, babe."

"Even with the condom?"

There was a note of triumph in her voice. Even though I didn't like wearing it, even though I had problems keeping it up, she knew that if the choice was between sex with a condom or no sex at all, I was always going to choose to endure the condom.

"Mmm–hmm," I answered, thrusting inside her.

"Do you want to watch me with him?" she whispered.

"Huh?"

"Do you want to watch me fuck Mark."

"Yeah," I panted, my voice hoarse, "I do."

I slammed into her a few more times, establishing a rhythm now.

"What did you…" I stammered, struggling to regain my composure, "what did you imagine him doing…"

"Anything he wanted," she sighed, a smile spreading across her face, "I want him to make me his good little girl…"

Her eyes were closed again and she was still flushed from the orgasm. But she turned an even deeper shade of red as these words – for her, extremely filthy – came out of her mouth.

"Oh God," I groaned, unable to hold back, "that's so hot…"

I exploded into the condom as Sarah gave a little moan of triumph.

"Was that good?"

"That was great," I said, collapsing onto the bed next to her, "that's such a hot fantasy."

"Glad you like it," she said, "I'm really getting off on it too, lately."

"Vacation is fun," I said, looking into her eyes before giving her a kiss.

"Yeah, it is," she said.

Sarah patted my arm, then stood up from the bed.

"I'm going to take a shower before we go out," she said.

"Don't you want to figure out *where* we're going first?"

She paused for a moment.

"Yeah, I guess we should."

"So do you still want to…"

There was a pause. A glance between us.

"Ask Mark? Sure. Let me get my phone."

She found her bag and pulled out her iPhone, then held up the card that Mark had given her, inputting the number into her contacts.

"I'm surprised you didn't put it in your phone right away," I teased.

She gave me a look.

"You're so *bad*," she said, "don't make me regret all of that dirty talk!"

"You have nothing to regret," I said, reaching out and stroking her leg, "and it wasn't *that* dirty."

God, she was gorgeous!

"Don't compare me to what you've seen in porn," she scolded, "my upbringing was pretty conservative. The stuff we've already done together would be considered absolutely scandalous by everyone I grew up with. If my youth pastor knew about what we did with Ashley!!"

She grinned. Part of the fun for her (I knew) was defying her conservative religious upbringing, which had been one of the reasons that we'd gotten married at a relatively young age. Besides, she was right: even *talking* about the idea of breaking her marriage vows was equivalent to actually committing the sin itself in the church that she'd grown up in.

"Ok," she said, her thumbs tapping on the screen, "I'm texting him."

A few seconds later, she threw the phone on the bed and began to gather her clothes, towel and sandals for the shower.

To my surprise, the phone buzzed almost immediately after she'd thrown it down.

"He's probably been staring at the phone all afternoon, waiting for you to text."

She picked it up and squinted at the screen.

"It's just a word. In German."

She passed the phone to me.

Grünauer

"Huh," I said, "maybe it's the name of a restaurant."

I searched for it on my phone. Sure enough, there it was: a restaurant called "Gasthof zum Grünauer," in a sidestreet in Kreuzberg, not too far from a subway station.

"Their website is basically non–existent," I said, "it's just a Facebook page that someone must have made for them in 2005. The pictures are ancient."

"You *wanted* off the beaten path," she said.

"Yeah," I said, "at least it's not going to be overrun with tourists, right?"

"Exactly."

She grinned at me and then turned around and headed for the shower. I sat there in the room, ruminating on the events of the day, and the encounter that we'd just had.

Why had it turned me on so much to hear Sarah confess her desire to let Mark do "anything he wanted" with her? What *exactly* had she meant when she'd confessed to wanting to be his "good little girl."

I knew that she had fantasies about being submissive to an older, dominant man. Why couldn't it be to me?

That was the moment, in that hostel in Berlin, when I understood it for the first time: she couldn't submit to me in the bedroom because she was so invested in being on an equal footing in our marriage. She was a strong believer in women's rights, and she didn't like the fact that the women in her church growing up pledged to "submit" to their husbands.

But she still *wanted* to submit.

In *bed*, that is. And *not* to me, her husband.

To an older lover.

A thrilling shiver ran down my spine.

It was as if I'd cracked a code. I wasn't sure what to do with this new information, however. The fact remained that even if this scenario turned both of us on, there was still no chance of it actually happening. Sarah was much too shy for that.

When Sarah got back from her shower, it was my turn.

"Don't go sexting with Mark while I'm gone," I said, grinning at her.

She blushed. She looked so pretty with her thick black hair up in the towel wrapped over her head.

"You have nothing to worry about."

About thirty minutes later, we were on our way to the subway station to catch the train to Kreuzberg.

Sarah looked absolutely gorgeous in a short gray wool skirt (different from the one she'd had on earlier in the day insofar as it was several inches shorter) that was perfect for the warm summer night and the probable cool breeze we might face later. She also wore a plain white blouse that bulged where her chest pushed against the buttons.

She had an amazing rack. And she'd been absolutely correct before: her tits *were* one of the things that had attracted me to her, way back when.

"Did you thank Mark?" I asked, "for the recommendation, I mean?"

"Yes," she said, "he said he goes there all the time."

"He's not going to be waiting for us there, is he?"

"I don't think so. It would be weird of him not to mention it if he was planning on doing something like that."

"He seems like kind of a weird guy."

"He is *not*," she said, "he's just passionate about art."

"I don't think art is the *only* thing he's passionate about," I teased.

"Alright," she said, "here's the subway."

It was clear that my insinuation had hit close to home for her.

We climbed down the steps.

Twenty–five minutes later, we walked up to the unassuming front door of the restaurant. Here it was: *Gasthof zum Grünauer*.

I opened the door and ushered Sarah inside.

"Ladies first," I said.

"Thank you."



THE WAITER SPOKE NO ENGLISH, and seemed impatient and angry with us the entire time, but the food was incredible. I washed down my *Bouletten* with two large pilsners, but Sarah stuck with mineral water.

"I have to admit," I said, after our plates had been cleared, "that was a great recommendation."

"It really was," said Sarah, beaming at me, "are you happy?"

"Very."

She pulled out her phone and looked at it.

"Mark is asking if we liked the restaurant."

"We did," I said, the beer making me feel happily drowsy, ready to go with the flow.

She tapped on the phone and sent the message. A few seconds later, her eyes lit up.

"He says he's at a bar around the corner from here, and wants to know if we want to join him."

I leaned forward.

"Did he really say that? Or did he ask if *you* wanted to join him?"

"He wrote 'the two of you'," she said, extending the phone across the table, "see?"

I nodded, satisfied.

"Just because *we've* had all those dirty fantasies about him doesn't mean that *he's* thinking the same way about *us*."

"You're so naive, Sarah," I said, shaking my head.

"Oh," she retorted, "and you're more experienced, huh?"

"Experienced enough to know what a man who texts you is thinking about."

"Hmpf."

She crossed her arms, pretending to be upset.

"So should we go?" I said, after a moment.

"I dunno," she said, an edge of concern entering her voice, "maybe it's not such a good idea."

"Come on," I said, "it's Berlin. We were going to have an adventure, remember? It's just a drink. One drink, and we go back to the hostel."

She grinned.

"Ok," she said, "one drink."

"Perfect."

I gestured for the waiter to come over, and I managed to pay our bill, including a generous (for Germany) tip.

The older, paunchy bald man (who might have been to owner himself for all I knew) suddenly smiled at us.

"Have a good night," he said, in heavily accented English.

"Gute Nacht," said Sarah, beaming at him.

She'd been learning a few phrases here and there in anticipation of our trip, but this was the first time she'd felt comfortable enough to try one out "in the wild."

We stepped out into the night. I took a deep breath.

It smelled like adventure.

Had I really just suggested that we go and meet up with a man who was, more than likely, an experienced pick–up artist with his sights set on my wife?

Yes, I really had. It sounds insane. I can't really explain it myself. At least not rationally. I think that the fact we were in a foreign country gave everything that happened a light sense of unreality, as if when we got back on the plane whatever we did would be erased from the record of our relationship.

I looked at Sarah. Her eyes were bright. She couldn't conceal the fact that she was excited, too.

"It's just a couple of doors down," she said, "I think its…can that really be it?"

She pointed to a bar with a single window, illuminated by the light of a television monitor from the inside.

"He did say it was very 'authentic,'" she said.

"It certainly looks that way," I replied, suddenly feeling bold, "come on. What's the worst that can happen – they give us a dirty look?"

I took Sarah by the arm and led her up to the unassuming door.

Looking back, that was the last moment of the night where I felt like I had any kind of control over events.



THE AIR inside stunk of cigarettes, in clear defiance of the city–wide ban on smoking in restaurants.

"They're smoking in here," I remarked, as my eyes adjusted to the dim space, "you should be happy about that."

"Ha, ha," said Sarah, her voice taking on a note of worry, "do you see him anywhere?"

I squinted.

There was an exceptionally tall man sitting in a booth along the left–had side of the room. I immediately recognized him. It was Mark.

He was looking down at the table, concentrated intently on something.

At first I thought it was his phone. Then, as we approached, I realized he was putting the finishing touches on a pen and ink drawing, the contours of which were just barely visible in the dim light cast from the lights affixed to the wall.

"Sarah," he said, looking up, "and…"

"Brandon," I said.

"Right," he said, "of course. Sarah's already told me so much about you."

I looked at Sarah, who avoided my gaze shyly.

So much about me? I thought, *I thought they'd been talking about art!*

"Well," he said, gesturing to the booth in front of him, "have a seat. Karl will be by in a minute to take your order. Though I have to

warn you, there are really only two choices here: schnapps and beer."

"No wine?" said Sarah, her eyes wide, after we'd slid into the booth, me against the wall and her directly across from Mark.

"I'm sure they've got a bottle around here somewhere," he assured her, "red or white?"

"White," she said.

"I somehow knew that's what you would say," he said, smiling at her.

"And for you, Brayden?"

"It's Brandon."

"What?"

"My name. It's Brandon."

"Right," he said, "sorry. That should be easy for me to remember, if I put my mind to it. Let me see: Brandon. Like the Brandenburg Gate."

He snapped his fingers as if experiencing a "eureka" moment.

"That's it!"

Sarah giggled.

"Ok, Mr. Brandenburg Gate," he said, looking at me, "what'll it be?"

"I'll have a beer, I guess."

"Good man."

"Karl" appeared a moment later, standing next to the table without greeting us. He fixed us with a glare and flipped his notepad open.

Sarah and I were immediately uncomfortable. Had we done something wrong? Did he know we were tourists?

Luckily, Mark took care of everything, saying a few words to Karl in German in a friendly but firm tone, finishing it off with the only bit of German that had managed to stick for me: "bitte schön" – something like "pretty please."

"So," said Mark, smiling at the two of us, "you liked the food?"

"Loved it," said Sarah, "it was very hearty, but oh so delicious. And there were plenty of vegetables, too."

"I never knew that a glorified hamburger without a bun could be so good," I said.

"Ah," said Mark, "you must have had the Bouletten."

"I think that's what they were called," I nodded.

A second later, Karl slammed the drinks on the table in front of us.

"Kassieren," he said, which I correctly interpreted to mean "pay up."

Mark pulled out his wallet.

"I've got this one," he said, holding up his hand when I reached for my own wallet.

"Ok, thanks," I said.

"You don't have to, you know," said Sarah, beaming at him, "I know that docents don't earn a lot of money."

Mark smiled, handing Karl a bill and indicating that he should keep the change.

"I don't earn any money, in fact," he said, "I don't need it."

"Wow," said Sarah, "you must have done *really* well on Wall Street."

"Can't complain," he said.

We raised our glasses.

"I've learned this," said Sarah, pausing to think, "don't tell me…"

Mark cocked an eyebrow, waiting.

"I've got it," she said, smiling, "Prost."

"That's exactly it. Prost."

We clinked our glasses together and each took a drink.

"You're obviously a very attentive student," said Mark, fixing Sarah with his gaze, "just the kind I like to have in class."

"Well," she said, "too bad we're going home in a few days. I'd love to take your class on the Pergamon Altar."

"I bet you would," I muttered, under my breath, suddenly feeling jealous.

I knew that Sarah loved sexy professors. Her ideal man would have been Anthony Bourdain in a tweed jacket, and that was almost exactly who this guy was.

"What?" asked Sarah, turning sharply towards me.

"Nothing," I muttered.

"Good," she whispered, "don't ruin our evening."

"Everything ok?" asked Mark, seemingly amused, "do you two need to be alone? Like at the museum today?"

He obviously knew *exactly* what was going on. He had to.

"It's fine," Sarah said, "I know that Brandon wouldn't mind if I took your class. If it were possible."

"That's right," I said.

"Too bad it won't be," Mark said.

"You know what?" said Sarah, "even if I can't take your class, you can at least show me what you were drawing. It looked like maybe part of the Altar?"

"Almost," he said, "but not quite. Minus two points."

Her face fell. I could tell that she longed for his approval, even though he was clearly joking.

"Well then, can I see it?"

"Certainly," he said, turning the sketchbook around so that it face us.

It was a drawing of a satyr, the Greek god of the forest, sporting an impressive erection as he chased down a beautiful young woman with flowing hair.

"Oh my," said Sarah, who was more than a bit embarrassed, despite the fact that what he showed us had undoubtedly been very skillfully drawn and was not some kind of modern pornography, but rather the drawing of a painting from the gallery.

"It's a satyr, sometimes called silenus," explained Mark.

"He seems to be very…excited," I said, trying to mask my discomfort with a joke.

"He is a deity closely associated with the Bacchic rites," said Mark, raising an eyebrow, "named for Bacchus, or Dionysus, the god of wine. I'm sure Sarah is well acquainted with him, given her choice of beverage."

He raised an eyebrow. Sarah had just put her glass to her lips, and practically choked on the wine when he looked at her. She was clearly nervous.

"As you said," Mark continued, sounding now very much like the professor that he was, "he's in a perpetual state of arousal, with his long, thick phallus continuously at the ready."

"His endowment does seem rather…prodigious," giggled Sarah, blushing.

"Something other than you're used to?"

Sarah blushed again.

"I didn't say that…"

"You didn't have to."

My own cheeks were burning now. Just what, exactly was he insinuating? And where did he get the nerve?

Mark seemed to have noticed my consternation, because he looked over at me and smiled slightly, the wrinkles around his eyes moving more than his mouth did.

"Actually, to the ancient Greeks, a large erection was anything but arousing. It was seen as a sign of barbarism. A lack of proportion. It was considered much better to have a small penis. Like the one you see on Michelangelo's David, for example."

"But that's not an ancient sculpture," I said, trying not to sound defensive.

"Oh, so you're into art history, too?"

His remark was clearly sarcastic.

"I guess I've picked up a few things, having been married to an aspiring art historian for so long."

"Has it really been *that* long?"

He smiled.

"What would *you* say, Sarah? Has it been a long time?"

"Sometimes it feels that way," she said with a giggle, slapping me on the arm.

"Well, I hope neither of you have the proverbial seven–year–itch, because Berlin is a place that's filled with temptations…"

"I don't think we need to worry about that," said Sarah, "we've been married long enough to be very…open with our feelings."

"Is that right?"

His smile was wry.

"What, you don't believe us?"

Sarah sounded incredulous. Like he'd challenged her, which I guess he had, even if I felt that the challenge had been directly more precisely at *me*.

"Let's just say that if you *have* solved the problem of…sexual jealousy, you will have solved a problem that has existed for as long as there have been men and women."

"Well," said Sarah, "maybe we have."

She placed her hand on my hand, glancing over to me as if to reassure me.

"Perhaps every couple solves that age–old problem in their own way. And maybe we've found a way that suits us."

"Maybe you have," said Mark, taking a drink out of his glass, "what do I know about anyone else's marriage?"

Sarah smiled. She seemed to feel that she had been the victor in this exchange. I wasn't so sure.

"Anyway," he said, "if you're really interested in this drawing…"

He pointed to the sketchbook still open on the table in front of him.

"…I'd invite you to come over to my apartment sometime to see the original sculpture. It's actually right around the corner."

Sarah's eyes lit up.

"Maybe next time you're in Berlin," he said, "I'm sure that you're both very tired now…"

"Not at all," blurted Sarah.

"What are you talking about?" I whispered.

"What about our Berlin adventure?" she whispered, poking me in the side, "it's way too early to go back now."

"Can I talk to you alone?" I whispered.

"You know what?" said Mark, rising, "I was just about to go around the corner for some cigarettes. I'll stop back in here in five minutes and see if you two have made a decision. No pressure. Either way, I hope you enjoy the rest of your time in Berlin."

He took Sarah's hand, bowing gallantly, and then he shot me a salute, like you would to a little boy.

He's blatantly disrespecting me in front of her, I thought, *he's doing it on purpose. He knows it. He's getting off on it.*

When Mark had left, Sarah turned to me, smiling.

I could see the excitement in her eyes.

"So what do you think?"

"We said just one drink," I reminded her.

"Yeah," she said, "one drink at the bar. And now we're done with that one drink. What about our Berlin adventure?"

"Yeah, I know," I said, "but come on. Why do you think that guy is asking us to come up to his apartment? He's been flirting with you all night."

"And what if he has? Doesn't that turn you on even a little?"

She grinned at me, poking my ribs. It was hard to resist her when she got in this kind of flirtatious mood. The soft light of the bar made her hair look radiant, the dark red highlights shining.

God, she was hot. Incredibly attractive. Her big eyes, her soft lips, her slightly cleft chin. All of it adorable, right down to the mole on the side of her neck. I felt the same way about her now as I did all those years ago when we'd first started dating.

"What about back at the hostel, hmm? *That* didn't turn you on?"

"*That* was fantasy," I said, pointing back in the general direction of the hostel, "*this*, *this* here…"

I pointed to the table.

"…is reality. Something totally different."

"Is it though? We're on vacation. It's kind of like another reality. Just look at this place. I mean, we never would have gone to a place like this back home. I would have hated it. But now…I kind of like it!"

She put her hand on my arm and her head on my shoulder, then tipped her head up to gaze into my eyes from close range.

"Come on, Brandon. Where's your sense of adventure? We're only in Berlin for a little while. Whatever happens here, stays here."

"Like what happens in Vegas?"

"Exactly."

And that is why, when Mark reappeared in the bar a few minutes later, he found the two of us waiting for him to lead the way to his apartment.

3

SARAH'S ADVENTURE: THE APARTMENT

Mark's building, like a lot of them in this part of the city, looked completely unassuming on the outside. Even at night, you could see the graffiti all over the outer door.

We followed Mark through a darkened courtyard, then another. If we hadn't already seen a couple of apartment blocks from the air, we might have wondered exactly where he was taking us.

Finally, in the third building, he turned back to look at the two of us, who were following him like children following a teacher.

"There's no elevator, unfortunately. It's about six flights up. But I guarantee you, the climb is worth it."

Sarah smiled.

"That's ok, I think we're up for it."

"Perfect."

Mark took the stairs surprisingly quickly. I suppose the fact that he probably did it several times a day helped. It also helped that he was extremely tall, and had long legs to match.

By the time we rounded the final turn and emerged onto the top floor, both Sarah and I were out of breath, but Mark was had already unlocked the door to his apartment and was standing at the threshold with a grin on his face.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to remove your shoes," he said, "but I have house shoes next to the door."

While we stood in the entryway, removing our shoes, Mark went further into the apartment and turned on some lights in adjoining rooms, but left the lights in the main room off.

"I have a funny feeling that he's going to try to get you to take off more than your shoes," I said, speaking softly.

"You're *so* funny," said Sarah.

"Just wait and see," I said.

Was I secretly hoping that he was going to make a move? Was I just continuing our ongoing flirtation? Was I nervous about the

possibility of a threesome with this man who was so clearly appealing to my wife?

We emerged from the hallway into a startlingly spacious main room. One wall was made up completely of windows.

Mark walked over and opened the curtains, revealing a large veranda covered in plants, looking out onto an incredible view of the city. It was clear now why he'd left the lights in this room off: so we could enjoy the view.

And what a view it was. The Berlin *Fernsehturm*, the television tower and the city's most iconic landmark, jutted out into the black sky.

"See that over there?" said Mark, pointing to a dome of lights, "that's Potsdamer Platz. It's supposed to look like Mt. Fiji."

"Whoa," said Sarah, "I think I read about that place. The Sony Center? Something like that?"

"Precisely."

Sarah and I stared out into the night for a few moments, taking it all in. The view certainly did add to the "adventurous" mood of the entire evening.

Sarah turned to look at me, giving me a smile as if it say, "see, I *told* you it would be worth it!"

Mark came in with a bottle of wine and three glasses.

"Shall we have a toast?"

Sarah smiled.

"Sure."

He popped the cork on the white wine, which was well chilled, and we raised our glasses.

"Remember what to say in German?"

Sarah nodded.

"Prost!" they both said, and clinked their glasses together.

I did my best to imitate the words, mumbling them without confidence.

"Tsk, tsk," said Mark, shaking his head at me, "you forgot one of the most important parts."

I gave him a quizzical look.

"Eye contact. When you *Prost* another person in Germany, you must make eye contact. Sarah seems to have grasped this intuitively. Did you notice how she gazed into my eyes?"

I laughed.

"Ok," I said, "and what's supposed to happen if I don't make eye contact?"

"That's a funny story," he said, putting his glass down on the coffee table and taking a seat in an armchair, "a lot of Germans say it's supposed to bring a very specific type of bad luck."

"What kind?" asked Sarah, a note of mirth in her voice.

"Bad sex," said Mark, a mocking look on his face, "seven years of it, in fact."

"Poor baby," said Sarah, running her fingers through my hair, "good thing you've got me to make sure that's not going to happen."

"Yes," said Mark, "with a wife like you, I'm sure that's a complete impossibility."

"Very funny," I said, taking another drink of the wine, "did you make that up yourself?"

"The thing about bad sex? No, I assure you, it's completely true! Perhaps it's a bit juvenile, but it is a widespread legend, even if it's not something that people actually *believe*."

"I wonder if it's ever been studied," giggled Sarah, sipping her wine, "I mean scientifically."

"A double–blind experiment and all that?" mused Mark, "seems like a difficult proposition."

Sarah and I were still standing, awkwardly, while Mark relaxed in the armchair.

"Have a seat, you two! The couch behind you is very comfortable."

We both lowered ourselves on the couch, sitting at opposite ends and facing Mark.

"Now then," he said, "look at the two of you. Here in a new city, having an adventure. I hope I'm proving an exciting enough host!"

"Of course," said Sarah, laughing a bit as she adjusted her legs on the couch, trying to make sure her skirt didn't go too far up her legs.

"What was it you came up here to see? Oh yes, the sculpture!"

"That's right," I said, "the goat–man with a hard–on."

Mark smiled.

"I guess that's one way to describe it."

He put his glass on the table.

"I'll go and get it," he said.

"You can just get it?"

He nodded.

And left the room for a moment, returning with a small bronze sculpture showing the same scene that we'd seen in the sketchbook: a satyr with a large erection pursuing a beautiful young woman with flowing hair.

"Wow, that's amazing! Is it really an original?"

"It is indeed."

"I didn't think the ancient Greeks could cast bronze," I said, "and if it's that old, doesn't it belong in a museum?"

Mark chuckled softly.

"It *is* an original," he said, "but not an original Greek statue. It was made by a sculptor in France right around 1895, when things like this were all the rage."

"So it's like…art nouveau?" asked Sarah.

"Yes, in a way. Note the woman's flowing locks. They reach down past her knees. The art nouveau artists were fascinated with women's hair…"

I couldn't help but notice how Mark's gaze drifted over Sarah's hair.

"You know," he said, "you probably look great with your hair down, too."

"Ha," said Sarah, clearly loving the compliment, "maybe, but it's not as long as hers."

"Perhaps not," said Mark, "but I'm willing to be that you're every bit as beautiful as her."

Because the figure was naked, it wasn't hard to understand exactly what he meant.

I felt the need to defend my wife's honor. And my own.

"Yeah," I said, trying to effect a jocular (and not defensive) tone, "and I'm willing to bet you're every bit as ugly as *he* is."

"I don't have cloven hooves," he said, smirking, "but I do resemble him in another significant way."

He looked at Sarah and winked.

"What was that?" I said.

"Come on," said Mark, "don't be so uptight. You're here for an adventure, aren't you?"

Sarah gave me a look as if to say "don't spoil our fun."

"I guess he's referring to his big nose," I said, trying to salvage the situation.

"I *do* have a big nose," he laughed, "but that's not what I was talking about."

Sarah smirked.

"You guys. Always so concerned with size. You know it doesn't really matter to women, right? It's something that's more of a male hang–up."

"You know that every woman I've been with says that?"

He laughed.

"Especially the ones that don't know any better."

"You're awfully cocky," countered Sarah, "if all it took to please a woman in bed was a big dick, then there would be a lot more satisfied women in the world. Like I said: it's a *male* obsession."

"You seem pretty sure of yourself," countered Mark.

"Well," said Sarah, "did a *woman* make that sculpture?"

"No," said Mark, "I have to admit that you've got me there. But that does nothing to prove your point about size being irrelevant."

"Maybe not," she said, "but it does prove that size is a male obsession."

"Perhaps you're right," said Mark, smiling.

"So Mark," I said, "how long have you lived in this apartment?"

I was desperate to change the subject. It was obvious.

To my surprise, he simply ignored me. Instead, he stood up and came over to the couch.

"Why are you sitting so far away from Sarah?" he asked me, "are you scared of her?"

He pushed Sarah gently over towards me and took a seat on the other side of her. Then, to my surprise, he grabbed my hand and put it on her thigh.

"Go ahead and give her a kiss," he said.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

"An experiment," he said.

Sarah smiled at me and leaned in for a kiss. Her mouth was eager, hungry. I closed my eyes and kissed her back as I rubbed her inner thigh. She moaned softly.

"What are we doing?" I whispered to her, when our kiss finally broke.

"I think this is the start of our Berlin threesome," she whispered back, excitedly.

All I could do was nod.

A shiver of delight and terror traveled down my spine as I looked over at Mark, and saw that his hand was now on Sarah's other thigh. She turned her head towards him, and he met her with a kiss on the mouth.

It was long and slow, hesitant at first (at least on Sarah's end), then more insistent as the older man began to employ his tongue. At the same time, his right hand was on her inner thigh, while his left hand was on her shoulder.

I reached up and played with Sarah's breast with my right hand, while I continued to play with her leg with my left, which was still where Mark had placed it.

Sarah moaned, still pointed towards Mark.

Finally, they broke their kiss.

"Tell me something, Sarah," said Mark, stroking her hair as his hand inched further up her thigh, "are you a good girl or a bad girl?"

"I'm a *very* good girl," said Sarah immediately, gasped a bit as if the question had touched on some important secret.

"That's what I thought," he said, "now why don't you kiss your husband?"

Sarah turned back to me, her expression filled with yearning. I kissed her passionately, melting into her as she moaned.

I could feel that Mark was reaching his hand up her skirt, all the way now. Her moans were more due to his touch than to my kiss, I imagined.

I broke our kiss again, still massaging Sarah's breast.

Mark's hand had disappeared entirely up Sarah's skirt, and from the look on her face – her eyes were pressed firmly closed, and she was biting her lip – he was fingering her.

"Oh God," she moaned, "that feels so good."

"Just wait," said Mark, looking over at me and winking.

I continued to massage Sarah's breast. Mark reached around and detached the clasp on her bra.

"I've been wondering what these look like since this morning," said Mark, "why don't you show us, Sarah?"

Sarah's eyes were glazed over, the pleasure of being fingered by Mark must have been overwhelming.

She nodded her head in agreement, then reached down and pulled her blouse over her head, letting her bra slip down her arms and throwing both pieces of clothing lazily on the floor.

"Beautiful," said Mark, toying with one of her nipples as he held her full breast in one hand.

He bent forward and kissed her neck now, effectively blocking me out. I slid to the side and began to touch myself. The sight of my wife being kissed and fondled by this older man was incredibly arousing.

It was also scary. On a profound level. I was watching my wife, who had only ever been with me, experience the touch of another man for the first time. I wondered if she had felt the same way I did during our failed threesome with Ashley.

Probably not. She probably hadn't been nearly as aroused as I was now.

Mark and Sarah were concentrating on each other now. It was as if they'd forgotten about me completely. Mark had also positioned himself in such a way as to make sure that my access to Sarah's body would be limited. Sarah didn't seem to mind it. In fact, it seemed like she was having an incredible time.

And wasn't that the point of this whole "Berlin threesome," after all? Wasn't it about *her* pleasure, just as the threesome with Ashley had been about *my* pleasure, even if it hadn't ended up that way?

I decided the best thing to do would be to sit back, relax and participate as much as Sarah wanted me to, and no more.

Perhaps this was a rationalization, I thought later, a rationalization for the fact that Sarah had already very clearly focused on Mark, and excluded me by default. Now all I could do was pretend that that was ok with me, and that I had been fine with the arrangement from the beginning.

The couple broke their kiss. Sarah's arms were around Mark's neck now, and she was staring up at him, as if awaiting for him to issue an order. Her lips were slightly parted, and her cheeks were flushed.

I knew from experience: Sarah was extremely aroused. In fact, she might already be on the edge of orgasm. I noted how her shallow breaths were coming faster and faster.

Mark reached down under her skirt. Sarah knew what to do. She pushed the bottoms of her feet up against the floor and raised her hips, allowing Mark to slip her panties over her ass and then all the way down her legs.

He turned to me, grinning, and pitched the panties in my direction.

"Keep track of these for your wife, will you?"

I grabbed the small piece of fabric and noticed how wet it was. Sarah must be out of her mind with desire.

Mark dropped to his knees in front of the couch and Sarah (who was now only wearing her skirt and nothing else), slouched forward, guessing correctly what he had in mind.

A moment later, her head was thrown back in ecstasy as the older man practiced his superior cunnilingus techniques on her young, inexperienced pussy.

While I was proud of my own ability to make her come with my tongue and lips, I realized in the span on the next few minutes that what I did to Sarah was like comparing he performance of a talented high school violin player to that of Itzhak Perlman. Both might be

able to play the same piece of music, but there was such a clear and incredible difference that it was hardly worth comparing them.

Sarah's hair was still pulled back and up in a bun which was showing signs of fraying. Her lower lip was trembling as Mark's mouth worked its magic on her pussy.

She looked over at me as I stroked myself, and made a gesture for me to get closer. I scooted over on the couch next to her. She reached out towards my crotch, pawing at my cock through my trousers.

I recognized this for what it was: an attempt to include me in the action, somehow.

I looked down at Mark's head working between her thighs. She had one hand on my cock, but the other hand was doing something that I'd never seen her do before.

She was masturbating. Playing with her nipples, to be exact.

My wife was playing with her nipples. While another man was going down on her. This was a whole lot to take in at once.

I'd never once seen her play with herself. I knew that she must do it from time to time (didn't everyone?) but despite how open we were about our fantasies, I'd never seen her do anything at all like this.

"Kiss me," she moaned, as Mark continued licking her.

She pulled me towards her, kissing me hungrily, moaning into my mouth as Mark brought her close to the edge again and again, teasing her expertly.

"Thank you for letting this happen," she whispered to me.

"Of course, babe," I said softly, "what happens in Berlin stays in Berlin, right?"

She looked at me and smiled, blushing, then closing her eyes again as a wave of pleasure shot through her body.

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

She always squeaked adorably when she was close to orgasm, and now she was making those tell–tale sounds.

That was the moment that Mark chose to do exactly what she didn't want him to do: he stopped.

"Hey," she moaned breathlessly as he pulled his head up and grinned at her, "what did you do that for?"

"I think it would be best if your first orgasm of the night was with one of us inside you."

I liked the fact that he'd included me in this statement. Part of me thought that this night had the chance of turning into a threesome that would be enjoyable to all of us, not just to Mark and Sarah.

"What? Why can't you just keep doing what you were doing. Then you can fuck me."

"Now, now," said Mark, "you told me you were a good girl. Remember, Sarah? And good girls do what they're told…"

"Ok," said Sarah, breathing hard, "then one of you better get over here and fuck me."

I watched as the familiar expression of complete submission filled her face. He was pushing her buttons in ways that I couldn't even begin to understand intellectually, but I sure felt them emotionally. It was impossible not to see his effect on my wife.

Mark stood, quickly unbuttoning his shirt to reveal a surprisingly muscular torso.

Did this guy spend all of the time that he wasn't in the museum at the gym? How the hell could a 45–year–old guy (for he certainly seemed at least that old) look like that?

Must be something about the Berlin lifestyle, I mused to myself, *lots of walking and fucking young tourists.*

His shirt unbuttoned, he went to work on his pants next. Looking over at Sarah (who now, much to my surprise, had her hand between her legs), I began to remove my own clothes.

I took off my shirt and pants quickly and was working on my underwear when I looked over at Mark, who was standing there completely naked except for his unbuttoned shirt and his socks.

What I saw must have caused all the blood to drain from my face, because Sarah, who was still looking at me, gave me a concerned look.

"Honey," she said, "are you ok?"

"Yeah…," I said, my face transfixed on the sight in front of me, "I'm…fine…"

Sarah's gaze followed my own, coming to rest on the largest cock that I'd ever seen hanging from between Mark's legs, slowly becoming more erect as we watched. It had to be close to nine inches long and bigger than the diameter of a toilet paper tube at the base.

"Weren't we going to do an experiment tonight?" said Mark, grinning at Sarah, "didn't you tell me that size doesn't matter? That it's just a male obsession?"

While he said this, my eyes – and, I now noticed, Sarah's as well – were fixed on his erection.

Sarah bit her lip, looking down at the monster jutting up from between his legs.

"It's ok," he said, moving closer to her.

She was still slouched on the couch, her legs spread out in the same position they had been for the long session of cunnilingus that had just ended.

Now she sat up slightly, propping herself up on her elbows as if to get a better look at his cock.

There was sweat on her brow and she was clearly still incredibly aroused. He had, after all, just left her on the edge of orgasm.

"I have to admit," she said, suddenly grinning and still breathless, "there is a certain resemblance to the statue."

"And why did you think I bought it?" said Mark, leaning down and stroking my wife's hair before giving her a long kiss on the lips.

I watched him take her by the hand and guide her to his shaft as he continued to kiss her deeply.

My own erection, to my utter dismay and surprise, wilted like a flower. I tried to stroke it. To think about the inherent erotics of this situation: a beautiful woman (Sarah) was about to take an extremely girthy cock for the first time. It was a sight that any heterosexual man would have loved.

I had convinced myself that I did love it. That I would be able to. But some part of me clearly wasn't so convinced, because I was completely flaccid.

Sarah and Mark broke their kiss. Sarah looked over at me, her eyes glazed over in pleasure. She gave a small, sympathetic frown as she saw me stroking my limp dick, the kind of look you might give a small child who has hurt himself.

In other words, pity.

Mark glanced down for a moment, then back up at me.

"Hey buddy," he said, in a completely casual tone, "would you do us a favor and go into the bed room and get the condoms that are on the nightstand? We'll probably need the lube, too. It's right next to them."

I couldn't believe it. He was sending me into the bedroom to get a condom so that he could fuck my wife.

Sarah looked at me, her expression seemed to say, "what happens in Berlin stays in Berlin."

I turned and saw the darkened doorway behind me. Was I really going to do it? Was I really going to help Mark fuck my wife?

At least he's going to use a condom, I thought, laughing to myself at my own grim humor.

This was what we'd both been fantasizing about for a long time. Sarah getting to experience another man. I'd already had a shot at a threesome, hadn't I? Wasn't it only fair?

Hadn't Sarah and I communicated about this a lot already? How could I possibly back out now, even though the reality of this situation had left me, well, bascially castrated, at least in a metaphorical sense.

I heard Sarah moaning somewhere behind me as I entered the darkened room. The light coming through the doorway was enough to illuminate a nightstand which, when I approached it, did indeed have a package of condoms on top. There was a bottle of lube next to it.

I grabbed both items and walked slowly back into the living room, where Sarah and Mark were making out furiously. Her hands were both wrapped around his shaft, stroking him slowly. She could barely close her fingers around it – that's how thick it was. It was like she was holding a small baseball bat.

I began to wonder if there was any way it was even going to fit inside her. Which brought me to another consideration.

I looked down at the package of condoms. Most of the writing was in German, but one particular thing stuck out like a sore thumb: the letters **XXL**.

I had a feeling that these condoms weren't going to fit me. It was looking increasingly like I wasn't going to be fucking my wife tonight, even if I *had* been able to get hard.

But Sarah was going to get her threesome just the same, even if I was reduced to a spectator.

"What do you think, Sarah? Do you want this big cock inside you?"

"Mmm–hmm," moaned Sarah, glancing over at me and blushing.

Despite the dirty talk that had been flowing between us recently, I knew that Sarah was still quite embarrassed at the use of such direct language in bed. But I had the feeling now that she was more embarrassed at the fact that I was there to see how turned on she really was when Mark talked like that.

"I didn't hear you, honey," said Mark.

He cradled the back of her head in his hand as he bent over her, her hands around his cock.

He was really going to make her beg for it.

"I want you inside me," she said, softly, gazing up into his eyes.

"Tell your husband what you want," he said, pushing a thumb into her mouth, which she sucked on eagerly, "tell him what you need."

She looked over at me, her eyes filled with desire.

"I want him to fuck me, babe," she said.

I nodded.

"I know."

She reached out her hand towards me. I walked over towards her and took it, sitting down on the couch next to her.

Mark took the package of condoms out of my hand, and Sarah and I watched in awe as he slowly unrolled one over his long, thick cock.

Sarah gripped my hand tightly, as if in anticipation of what was going to happen. I turned towards her and gave her a long kiss.

Then we pressed our foreheads together, not speaking, simply breathing hard. Sharing the intimacy, the tenderness of this moment. It was as if we knew that what was about to happen might change our relationship forever.

"I love you," she whispered, "thank you for letting me do this."

"I love you, too," I said.

I turned away from her, still holding her hand as I sat on the sofa next to her. Mark, his huge cock jutting out in front of him, grabbed her hips and pulled her towards him so that she was slouching on the sofa. He bent over her, putting his cock in position at the wet entrance to her hole.

Then he grabbed the bottle of lube, which I had almost forgotten about, and squeezed some onto the tip of his cock.

"She's soaked," he said, turning to me, "but it really can't hurt. A lot of girls need it the first time."

"Ready, honey?" he said, turning back towards Sarah.

She nodded.

He pressed forward and she let out a gasp, grabbing my hand as we both watched the way that his cock parted her tight pink lips.

"Ok so far?" he asked.

"Mm–hmm," she said, "you can keep going."

He pushed himself in a little further, about half way now.

"Oh God," she panted, "I can't believe how big you are."

She was pressing hard on my hand now. With my other hand, I began to stroke my own cock, which was slowly getting harder now as I watched my wife be penetrated.

A few moments later, he was sliding easily in and out of her, giving her his entire length in long, slow strokes.

"Does that feel good?" he asked Sarah, putting a finger in her mouth again and watching with pleasure as she eagerly sucked it.

"Mm–hmm," she moaned.

Gradually, she let go of my hand, her full attention becoming more and more focused on Mark. Finally, I was simply sitting next to her and watching as Mark went about his work.

And a skilled worker he was. Just like when he was going down on her, he was completely in tune with her body, answering her moans with harder or softer thrusts, slowing down and speeding up with the tempo of her breaths. He was keeping her on edge on purpose, making sure that she didn't have a chance to relax, that she paid close attention to each one of his thrusts.

At this point, I was rock hard, stroking my cock in time with the thrusts that my wife was receiving.

"Are you going to come for me?" he asked her, thrusting a bit harder now.

"Mmm–hmm," she moaned.

"Good girl," he said.

Sarah moaned at this. I remembered her submissive fantasies, and knew that she was experiencing something of an erotic dream come true.

"Now," he growled, thrusting into her harder, "come for me *now*."

She closed her eyes as her hips began to twitch, her already–impossibly tight pussy gripping him even harder as she spasmed on his dick.

"Such a good girl," he said, slowing his thrusts as her orgasm began to subside, "did that feel good?"

"Mm–hmm," she said, her eyes still closed.

"You looked so good coming on that big dick," he said.

Sarah blushed. I knew that she was self–conscious about how she looked during sex, even if she liked hearing that she looked good.

"Didn't she, Brandon?"

Mark turned to me, grinning and glancing down at my cock.

"Looks like you enjoyed watching your wife finally get what she's been missing out on."

I nodded. I didn't like being humiliated like this, but the whole situation was such an incredible turn–on that I was about to come anyway.

"I need more," murmured Sarah, opening her eyes wide now and looking at Mark needily.

Mark thrust back into her. This time, it was not about Sarah's pleasure as it had been before. He grabbed her and pushed her legs back as far as they would go (and they went *quite* far back, due to the amount of yoga that she did).

Then he began to pound her. There was no other word for it.

I was sitting there watching an older man using my young, formerly innocent wife as a fucktoy. It was hard to believe that this was happening, but it was. What's more, Sarah was obviously loving it. It took her about a minute and a half to reach orgasm for a second time.

He bent over and kissed her as she came this time, once again calling her a "good girl" and whispering something in her ear that I didn't hear.

I couldn't take it anymore. A pang of jealousy and regret coursed through my body as I watched them kiss, Mark's massive tool disappearing into her petite body over and over again.

I shot a large load all over my own stomach and my hands.

As my orgasm subsided, the reality of the situation slowly began to creep into my consciousness.

Sarah, my wife, was having the best sex of her life. With another man. And I was just sitting there watching.

Even if I somehow got them to stop now, the damage had already been done. Sarah had already experienced orgasm twice at the hands of another man. She'd already felt his touch. His kiss.

Not to mention the fact that she'd now experienced an incredibly thick cock for the first time. There would be no going back to the stage of innocence that we'd started the day in. Sarah knew the truth about size now, and it was a truth that would be with her for the rest of her life. I'd never be able to compete with Mark.

Even if we never saw him again, our relationship would never be the same.

These were the thoughts going through my mind as I watched Sarah come for a third time. Now Mark seemed close to orgasm, too.

After Sarah's third climax had washed over her, Mark suddenly pulled out and stripped his condom off. He stood up to his full length, and put a hand on the back of Sarah's head.

Was he going to do what I thought he was going to do?

Sarah always wanted me to come inside a condom. She was squeamish around cum and wasn't even that crazy about giving blowjobs, even though she would do it, out of a sense of duty.

So imagine my surprise when she opened her mouth eagerly for Mark's cock, taking the tip of it inside her as he thrust into her mouth.

"Does size matter, Sarah?" he asked her, looking down as he thrust into her mouth.

She didn't answer. The answer was obvious, but he clearly wanted to hear her say it.

"Mmm–hmm," she moaned, his cock still filling her mouth.

"I didn't hear you," he said, pulling out and stroking his cock in front of her face as she gasped for breath.

"Yes," she sad.

"Yes, what?"

She looked over at me now, an apologetic look on her face.

"Yes, size matters," she whispered.

"Louder."

He was stroking himself more vigorously now.

"Size matters," she said more loudly.

In that moment, a thick rope of cum arched through the air and landed on my wife's face, coating her forehead and the bridge of her nose. Then another and another and another, until Sarah's entire face had been coated, and cum was dripping down her chin.

I'd asked to trying coming on Sarah's face once or twice when we first started dating, but it had become apparent rather quickly that it was just not something she was into. Now, however, she was not only into it, she was *enthusiastic* about it.

Her eyes firmly closed, she grinned up at him.

"Wow," she laughed, "you were certainly quite…productive."

She opened her mouth and took his cock inside, licking it off and cleaning it with her tongue.

No, she was far from reluctant. She *loved* this.

"Let me get you a towel," said Mark, turning around and walking into the bedroom.

Sarah and I were alone for a moment. The smell of Mark's cum filled the air. There was a nervous tension between us as Sarah sat there on the couch, her eyes closed.

It was clear.

Mark had, well, *marked* her.

(Excuse the bad pun).

"Sorry if I got carried away there," Sarah said after a minute, "I mean, you know, with that size thing. I just said it because I thought that's what he wanted to hear. In the heat of the moment."

"Sure," I said, "I get it."

"You don't sound so sure of that."

We heard the toilet flush and the water running in the other room.

"No," I said, "I *do* get it. You like to please. And you wanted to please him."

"Yeah," she said, "I feel bad that you didn't get to participate. I'll make it up to you later, ok?"

"Ok."

"Good."

Just then, Mark returned, throwing Sarah a damp towel, which she used to wipe off her face.

"Well," he said, "who's thirsty? I think I could go for some water this time."

I was relieved to see that he was wearing pants again. I didn't want to have to look at the monster cock that had just potentially changed my sex life forever for the rest of the night.

In that moment, I also remembered that I was still naked from the waist down and covered in my own cum.

"Where's the bathroom?"

"Down the hall on the right," said Mark.

"Thanks."



When I returned, Mark and Sarah were both sipping sparkling water and talking. Sarah was still naked, but had let her hair down now. She looked absolutely radiant, her locks spilling down over her shoulders. I wondered if Mark had requested that she take it down. I remembered his comment earlier about women's hair.

They did look a little bit like the satyr/faun couple in the sculpture. In any case, they were chatting like a couple. About what, I couldn't quite hear yet.

Probably something art related. The fact that she shared *this* with him as well suddenly filled me with another swell of jealousy.

"So, should we get going?" I said.

"Honey," said Sarah, "what about staying here? Mark says we'll have to wait for an hour for the next train, and I don't really feel like going out again. I'm tired."

"It's really no problem," he said, "that bed in there is big enough for the three of us."

I stared at Sarah, trying to read her face, and trying at the same time to send her the signal that I was not so crazy about the idea of sleeping at Mark's.

"Come on, honey," she said, "we'll get some sleep and then leave as soon as the trains are running again in the morning."

"Ok," I sighed, feeling the sleep filling my eyes already, "that makes sense I guess."

And that is how we found ourselves sleeping side–by–side in Mark's large bed, Sarah in between Mark and I.

He had been right: the bed was gigantic, and he had individual duvet covers for each of us, so it was as if we had been sleeping separately.



Sometime during the night I woke up to sunlight streaming through the window. Why was I still so tired? I grabbed my phone from the floor next to the bed and saw that it was 4AM. I remembered that

we were in Berlin, in the summertime, when the nights were surprisingly short.

Then I turned to the side and my heart sank when I saw that Sarah and Mark were missing from bed.

In that exact same moment, I heard noises coming from the living room.

It was the sound of flesh hitting flesh. A clapping sound, followed by a short, sharp female gasp. It took me a while to realize what was happening.

He was spanking her. Mark was giving Sarah, my wife, a spanking. As I've mentioned before, being with a dominant older man was one of her biggest fantasies, and we both knew it.

I crept to the door and peered out into the living room. Sure enough, there she was, bent over his lap as he smacked her ass, one hand laced through her hair.

"Say it louder," he ordered.

She mumbled something that I couldn't understand.

He slapped her ass again, leaving a red hand print. I knew that she was loving this.

"I'm a good girl, daddy!" she gasped.

"Louder."

He spanked her again. She let out a moan, arching her back and sticking up her buttocks. I could tell she wanted him so bad…

"I'm a good girl, daddy!" she said, almost shouting.

"Tell me what you want," he ordered, slapping her ass and then slipping a finger inside her, slowly working it in and out of her tight pussy as she squirmed on his lap.

"I want to suck your cock."

He spanked her again.

"You want to do *what*? Say it louder."

"I want to suck your big cock, daddy!" she moaned.

"That's a good girl," he said, "now you'd better do what you promised."

She climbed up off his lap and dropped to her knees in front of him, taking his cock into her mouth as if she were starving for it. I

heard the sound of gagging as she struggled to take him into her throat.

I'd never seen Sarah this enthusiastic about cock sucking, or about any kind of sex for that matter with me. It was like I was watching a different person entirely, a woman who I didn't know who only happened to bear a strong resemblance to Sarah.

I stood there in the doorway, watching in surprise and horror as my wife worshiped this older man's cock.

Mark was running his hands gently over her hair, giving her words of encouragement and calling her a "good girl."

Then, suddenly, he looked up and made direct eye contact with me. I realized that the entire apartment was, of course, as light as day, since the sun was up and we were on the top floor of the building. Of course he could see me standing there like an idiot, with my dick literally in my hand (I had started jerking off again – I couldn't help it. The scene was objectively erotic, even if it was my wife who was on her knees sucking cock like her life depended on it).

Mark winked at me and then put a finger up to his lips, telling me not to make a sound. I wasn't sure why he did that. But I didn't plan on interrupting the encounter and pulling Sarah out of the moment. It was my chance to see how she acted when she thought I wasn't watching.

After a few more minutes of Sarah bobbing up and down on his thick rod, Mark decided it was time to change things up.

"Stand up, babe," he said, reaching down and giving her ass a slap.

She obeyed quickly, and he bent her over the back of the couch, giving me a side view of the action as he slid his cock into her.

I realized, in that moment, that he wasn't wearing a condom. Of course he wasn't. She'd gone straight from sucking him to taking him in her pussy.

"God that feels good," moaned Sarah, grabbing the couch to support herself as her older lover thrust in and out of her.

He laced his fingers through her hair again and used his other hand to slap her ass.

"Tell me you love my big cock," he growled.

"I…love…your…big…cock…daddy…!" she yelped, her words coming in time with his thrusts.

"I know you do."

"You're stretching me out so good," she moaned.

The sounds of their thighs slapping together echoed off the hardwood floors and the bare walls of the apartment.

"Damn right I am," he said, punctuating his statement with another slap to her ass.

She moaned, arching her back as he fucked her. She looked so beautiful like that. Completely submissive to him. Exactly what she'd fantasized about.

I wondered if she realized that he wasn't wearing a condom. I wondered if she even cared.

"God," she moaned, "don't stop. I'm going to come."

"Come for me. Come like a good girl," he commanded.

She let out an adorable shriek as she climaxed. He didn't show any signs of slowing down, though, continuing to thrust harder and harder into her from behind.

"Tell me to come inside you."

A shiver ran down my back. She wasn't on the pill. He wasn't wearing a condom. Was she really going to just let him do this?

Slap! His hand cracked down on her ass.

"Please come inside me," she gasped, "…daddy."

"I'm going to come inside your unprotected pussy now," he announced, "that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, daddy," she moaned, looking over her shoulder at him, "please come in my unprotected pussy."

I couldn't help it. In that exact moment (probably at the same time as Mark), I shot a load. I shot onto Mark's beautiful hardwood floor, and *he* shot his into my wife's fertile young pussy.

He held himself inside her for a long time afterwards, leaning down and meeting her lips as she looked back at him over her shoulder.

It was a deep, soulful kiss. The kind that we'd shared a few times before. I knew Sarah. I knew that she was in a blissful, post–

orgasmic state of complete satisfaction.

She gave him an adorable smile when the kiss finally broke, then said.

"I hope we weren't too loud."

"We were perfect," said Mark.

That's when she righted herself a bit and turned in my direction. When her gaze caught mine, a look of shock and remorse filled her face.

"Brandon…"

I couldn't help it. A single tear spilled down my face. After watching them fuck so passionately and coming myself, the eroticism of the situation had given way to a terrible anxiety.

My wife had just fucked another man.

Made *love* to another man.

Without a condom.

"Brandon," she murmured again, "I'm…sorry…"

"I think I'll sleep out here," announced Mark, "maybe you two should try to sleep in the bedroom."

Sarah nodded, covering herself with a duvet cover that she must have brought with her from the bedroom when she had followed Mark into the living room for their second fuck session.

Heck, maybe it hadn't just been their second, but their third or forth. What did I know? I was just the cuckold husband. A third wheel.

She approached me, her face filled with pity.

"Brandon," she whispered, taking my hand, "things got…out of hand. I'm really, really sorry."

I didn't know what to say. I practically *couldn't* speak.

"It's ok," I muttered, not convinced of my own statement, "let's go back to bed."

"Ok," she said.

It was five in the morning, after all.

We curled up together on Mark's bed, just the two of us now, me spooning Sarah, who cried softly in my arms.

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed, "I didn't mean to hurt you…"

"Shh," I said, "it's ok…"

It wasn't ok, though. Not really. But I didn't want to have a big discussion about what had happened when we were still in the home – the *bed* – of the stranger who might have just ruined our marriage.

Eventually, Sarah's sobs subsided, and she fell into a deep sleep in my arms. All of those orgasms, all of that *fucking* must have exhausted her.

I lay awake for a long time afterwards, thinking about what I had just seen and heard. It was like tearing away a veil of illusion that had hung over our marriage and our life for as long as we'd been together. The illusion that we could make up for lack of sexual experience by experimenting together. The illusion that satisfying a fantasy was a harmless, low–stakes and fun thing.

The illusion that size didn't matter, and that my average–sized penis could compete with a cock almost twice as long and thick.

The illusion that her sweet husband would ever be able to compete with a dominant older man who spanked her and made her call him "daddy."

What made all of this even worse was the fact that it turned me on so much. Even as I lay there, spooning Sarah, my cock got hard as I remembered her bent over the couch, begging for Mark to claim her, to deposit his seed inside her unprotected pussy.

My cock pressed against her naked ass, between her cheeks. I thought I could feel Mark's sperm spilling out of her, onto the sheets. For a moment, I considered pushing forward and entering her from behind while she slept.

I felt the sudden need to reclaim her.

But she wasn't awake, and it wouldn't be right. If there was another encounter between us (this thought depressed me, the thought that our sexual relationship might now be over) it would have to be on *her* terms, not mine.

Finally, I fell asleep.

4

SARAH'S ADVENTURE: THE TRAIN

When we finally woke up, it was 11AM and the apartment was silent. I was dreading having to talk to the man who'd just fucked my wife, so I was relieved to see that Mark had left a note for us.

Thanks for a great time. I had to go to work. Help yourselves to breakfast. Hit me up the next time you're in Berlin. You have my number. Mark

Next to it was a pile of fresh rolls, some butter and cheese.

Sarah came out of the room a few minutes after me, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"He's gone," I said, showing her the note.

"It's just as well," she said, yawning, "I think I'm going to take a shower."

"Good idea."

While Sarah was in the shower, I munched on a roll.

Everything had changed, from one day to the next. What had started out as a fun fantasy between husband and wife had culminated in an encounter that might have ruined our relationship forever.

But was it *really* ruined? Could I find a way to live with the fact of having watched my wife be pleasured by another man?

Why not? Why was it so unacceptable to me? Wasn't her pleasure important? Hadn't it been obvious that she had been satisfied on a profound level by her encounter with Mark?

Shouldn't I be *happy* for her?

That seemed like a strange thing to think, but in a way, it was true. I had also enjoyed watching her with Mark, after all. Even as I replayed the scene of them fucking for the first time on the couch in my head, I felt myself getting hard again.

In the middle of these thoughts, Sarah emerged from the bathroom, her hair up in a towel. Her face was ashen.

"Brandon," she said, "I just wanted to say…I'm so sorry. I know things got out of hand last night. I crossed a line. Several lines."

I sighed.

"Let's talk about it later," I said, "I think we should try to get you Plan B somewhere. There must be a way to buy it."

"Yeah," she said gravely, "good idea."

We spent the next hour or so trying to navigate the system of pharmacies, but we finally found one that was open, and had a youngish female pharmacist who spoke English. Sarah had a chat with her, and a few minutes later, the woman handed her a box of pills.

Sarah took them on the train, washing them down with a bottle of water.

"I'm going to delete Mark's number," she said.

"Ok," I said.

"I'll throw away his card, too."

"Are you going to forget his name and where he works, too?"

I couldn't help my sarcastic tone. We both knew that she could look him up online at any time if she were inclined to establish contact with him again.

Sarah buried her head in her hands, sobbing.

"That came out wrong," I said, "I'm sorry."

"No," said Sarah, sobbing, "I'm sorry. We never should have done this. We should have known…"

"Well we did do it," I said, "what are we going to do about it now? You can't unfuck him."

"I know," she said, turning her head to look up at me with tear–stained eyes, "but I can make it up to you. As soon as we get back to the hostel."

I kissed her immediately, feeling an incredible, electric surge of passion pass between us. It was more electrifying than the first time we'd made love.

It must have looked strange to the other people on the train, if they'd been paying attention: the two of us, making out like we were in high school, with the package of morning–after contraception on the seat next to us.

I didn't care how it looked, and neither did Sarah. I slipped a hand down her shirt, feeling for her nipple.

"Brandon," she said, giggling, "what are you doing? People are going to see…"

"Remember, we're on vacation," I said, "and what happens in Berlin, stays in Berlin."

She laughed, and almost giddy laugh, as if the emotional weight of the situation had been lifted from her shoulders.

"I want you," she said, "I want you to reclaim me."

"I will."

A few minutes later, we pulled into the station where the hostel was. I took Sarah by the hand, leading her across the platform to the exit, then through the doors of the hostel and up to our room.

I pushed her back onto the bed and hiked up her skirt. Even though she'd taken a shower, the garment still reeked of sex.

I began to kiss down her stomach.

"Oh God, Brandon. I want you so bad."

I was going to make sure that she had an orgasm before I reclaimed her. I kissed her inner thighs, slipping a finger into her wet cunt.

I could actually feel a difference. Mark really had stretched her. Or else it was my imagination…

She was also very wet. Squishy, even.

I realized that she was probably still filled with Mark's sperm.

"Oh God, Brandon," she said, "don't stop…"

I was really about to do it. I was about to eat my wife's lover's creampie.

I plunged down into her muff, licking her swollen lips as she pushed her mound up towards my mouth.

"Fuck babe. I'm already so close."

I licked her clit, then down across her lips, suddenly tasting a mouthful of warm, salty and slightly slimy liquid.

Mark's sperm. I was eating his sperm.

As disgusting as it was, I was instantly turned on because I immediately thought about how erotic Sarah had looked, bent over

the couch, being fucked by Mark's long thick cock as he pulled her hair and slapped her ass.

Sarah might have been thinking about that same scene, because in almost the same moment she climaxed, flooding my mouth with her juices and even more of Mark's sperm.

I choked it down, swallowing the load of her older lover, pleased at the fact that I'd been able to make my wife climax.

"God, Brandon," she sighed, "that was incredible."

I moved up, and wiped my mouth off with the back of my hand, looking down at my beautiful, sex–tossed wife. Her hair was down and had dried almost completely now.

"Brandon," she smiled, her eyes still swollen from crying on the train, "make love to me."

"Should I get a condom?"

"Why bother. I just took those pills."

I pressed forward, entering her almost immediately. She was still wearing her skirt from the night before.

"Yes," she moaned, as I entered her.

"Did you miss your husband's cock?"

"Yes," she moaned.

"Are you sore from getting fucked by Mark's big dick?"

"Yes," she moaned, as I pushed her legs back and began to hammer into her.

"Did you like being spanked and fucked by an older man?"

She hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Yes," she moaned.

I slammed into her furiously, passionately. I bent down and kissed her.

"Do you think," I whispered, "you can still love your husband?"

"Yes," she said, the tears coming to her eyes, "I still love you, Brandon."

In that moment, I climaxed, flooding Sarah with my own sperm, which now mingled with whatever was left of Mark's.

I had done it. I had reclaimed her.

I collapsed onto the bed, holding her close as we lay in silence, listening to each other's beating hearts.

"Do you think you can forgive me?" she asked, after a while.

"I don't know," I said, "but I do know that *that* – what happened just now – was amazing."

"I thought so, too," she said, "it's funny, but I feel closer to you now than I ever have before."

"I know," I said, "I know."



The next day, we went to one of the lakes on the outskirts of Berlin. It was a beautiful day. We brought a lunch and our bathing suits. After swimming for an hour or so, we stretched out on our towels and lay in the sun.

"Well," I said, "you had your big–city adventure, didn't you?"

"I sure did," she sighed.

"It was pretty fun, wasn't it?"

"It was."

"It's going to be hard to go back tomorrow, isn't it?"

"Yeah," she said, turning to me and smiling, "but we'll always remember this trip, won't we?"

"I don't know how we could forget."

SARAH'S ADVENTURE: EPILOGUE

It's been almost a year now since our trip to Europe. Sarah is deep into her PhD program, and might be going abroad again to conduct research – this time, to Greece. I might go with her, or I might not. It will depend on whether or not I can get time off work.

Sarah and I are just as happy as ever, but now it's a different kind of happiness. It's not the naive contentment of a couple that doesn't know any better. It's a happiness based on knowledge. Knowledge of ourselves and the other person.

I understand things about Sarah now. I understand her needs in a way I didn't before. And I think she understands them, too.

We've had a lot of conversations about what happened that day (and night) in Berlin, both in and out of the bedroom. While Sarah admits that she'd love to experience a large cock like Mark's again, she also realizes that it wasn't *only* his size that made him such an appealing lover. It was also his dominating presence, his knowledge, his self–confidence and experience.

For my part, I realize how much I actually enjoyed being put into the position of voyeur by a dominant man. How much I loved watching my wife be completely satisfied by an older, well–endowed lover.

Sometimes, we talk about doing it again. We fantasize about finding another guy like Mark, or possibly getting in contact again with the man himself. I know he'd probably be happy to see Sarah again. To get the chance to experience her tight young pussy. Her obvious passion for him. For his knowledge, experience, and his cock.

We even went so far as to buy Sarah a large dildo, which she's taken to calling "Mark." Sometimes she uses it while I watch her from a chair in the corner. She talks dirty, and moans for "daddy." It's all incredibly filthy, but also extremely erotic. Something she never would have done before our trip to Berlin.

Will we ever do it again? I'm not so sure. Even though the fantasy remains extremely attractive to both of us, the emotional fallout from the first time was almost too intense. Watching Sarah with another man again might be pressing our luck too much. Even seeing her playing with such a large dildo sometimes conjured up almost intolerable jealousy within me, even if it made my cock rock hard. While I loved the passion of "reclaiming" Sarah – both after she had been with Mark, and when she was with the dildo called by his name – it was a roller coaster of lust, humiliation, desire and shame.

I think, ultimately, that the formula we came up with on that fateful day has served us well up to now: what happens in Berlin, stays in Berlin.

But will we take another trip to Berlin someday? The *real* Berlin, or the Berlin of hotwife fantasies?

I can't say for sure…

THE END

5

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL: 1

The light shone through the bedroom window on Nicole's sleeping head. Throughout the time that I'd known her, I'd always been astonished at what a heavy sleeper my wife was. I myself woke up the very moment that light hit the curtains of the room in the morning, or that so much as a car horn sounded outside the window.

I took a moment to look at her.

Nicole.

The way that the light brought out the natural highlights in her dirty blond hair. The way that the tanktop she wore to bed hugged her breasts, and the boy shorts she favored when sleeping accentuated the gentle curve of her child–bearing hips.

Not that she'd actually borne a child. Not yet. That was something we were still working on, so far without success.

I couldn't help myself. I bent down and kissed her forehead. She opened her eyes, rubbed them and yawned, then flashed me her signature smile, the one that always melted my heart.

"Good morning, sweetie," she said, "what time is it?"

"It's 8:00," I said, "I've got to leave. I'm glad you got some sleep."

"Mmm, me too," she said, propping herself up on her elbows, "I think I'm going to go to yoga with Linda this morning."

"That sounds great."

"Have a good day at work!"

"Thanks," I said, "have fun at yoga."

Nicole was between jobs at the moment. She'd worked as a paralegal before we'd moved to a new city for me to take the job I worked at now. I was the head IT guy for a small financial services firm, run by a sole proprietor: Justin Hart. I mention him because despite being only one man, he was an outsized presence around the office. Outgoing and charismatic, he was both loved and feared by his fifteen employees. He was the sole decision–maker, and took

this role seriously, being completely unafraid to make difficult choices for the good of the firm.

Justin could be generous, though, too, and he'd been especially good to me. He'd found me through a headhunter and had lured me away from my old gig with the promise of a salary almost twice what I had been paid, as well as a benefits package that was significantly more generous. I would have been crazy not to take the job, and Nicole understood that.

Even though she hadn't been able to find a job yet in our new city (and I sensed that she wasn't actually looking very hard, given the fact that we'd lived there for over eight months already), Nicole was happy with our new life. We had a large house, two cars, and were saving a nice nest egg to help us start our family.

Although she never actually said it, I think that Nicole was hoping that she would get pregnant quickly and transition to being a stay–at–home mom without ever having to go back to work. That certainly would have been ok with me, but she didn't want to admit this to herself. At least not yet.

My hope was that, any day now, she'd become pregnant, and the whole issue of whether or not she could or should go back to work would be entirely irrelevant for the time being.

So, this was our life, for the time being: I would work forty or sometimes fifty hours a week, and Nicole would spend her time ostensibly looking for jobs, but really mainly decorating the house, doing yoga, and shopping online.

It was totally fine with me: in my eyes, Nicole could do no wrong.

Maybe this perspective on my wife was due to the fact that she was what I considered to by way out of my league. Some days, I still couldn't believe that she'd sat next to me that day in freshmen physics class, and that she'd actually accepted my offer to help her study for the first test.

While we hadn't started dating right away, we'd stayed in touch via Facebook for the next year or so, and when we ended up living down the street from each other one summer, I mustered up my courage to ask her to get coffee with me.

She'd agreed so quickly that I almost felt like she might be playing a practical joke on me. Or only see me as a friend. But after that first coffee date, we took a long walk in the park, and agreed to go to an outdoor concert that weekend, where we shared our first kiss on a blanket in the park, after the concert had ended and the sun had gone down.

A year after graduation, we were married. My friends still teased me about it, and I understood. I was not what most women would have considered a "catch." I was average height, balding, a little overweight, and wasn't particularly funny. But Nicole loved me, and I loved her, and I tried not to think about the difference in our levels of attractiveness. Whenever I'd hinted at the subject, Nicole would tell me that women were attracted to different things than men were, and that she loved how loyal and dependable I was. Not at all like the other guys she'd dated in college.

For my part, I tried not to think about those "other guys" and the question of her past hardly ever came up. I tried not to be jealous of Nicole, and she really never gave me any reason to be. While she got plenty of male attention, she had become an expert at deflecting it. This meant that some men thought of her as an "ice queen" or a "bitch," but this was only because she'd learned to adopt a prickly exterior to keep would–be suitors at bay. She told me that one of the major benefits of getting married so young was that she had a built–in excuse not to engage with the strange men who propositioned her.

That all made sense to me, and so, for a long time, we were a perfectly happy, if somewhat mismatched couple. Me, Kevin, the schlubby IT guy, and Nicole, the curvy, busty blonde who ever guy wanted to bed.

Only I had that privilege now. And it was glorious. I never knew how wonderful sex could possibly be before I met Nicole. I'd had one girlfriend before her, in high school, and we'd lost our virginities to each other, but it had been an awkward, unsatisfying affair for both of us. We'd done it a few times more before she'd decided she wanted to break up before we went to college. I'd been heartbroken. Until I met Nicole.

I thought back on all of these events as I admired my wife in the early morning light for another fleeting second before heading off to work.

"Oh, and don't forget one more thing," she called to me, just before I shut the door, "today is probably a very good time to…try to add to the family…"

"How could I forget that?" I grinned from the doorway.

"Just hurry home so you can make love to your wife," she said, giving me a sultry look and blowing me another kiss.

"I will."



At work, Justin grabbed my arm the second I came through the door, walking next to me down the hall.

"Hey, Kev," he said, using a nickname that I didn't especially appreciate but was too timid to tell him not to use, "I need you to install some security cameras around the office. Can you do that?"

"Yeah," I said, "of course I probably can. But don't you think there's someone who'd be better qualified for the job?"

"Sorry," he said, "I don't mean that you should install the actually cameras. I want you to hire the contractors and administer the system. I want decent resolution. And sound."

"Sound, sir? That's not typical for a security system…"

"I know," he said, "but I have my reasons. Trust me."

"Ok," I said, "I can get started on the project. Just give me a budget and the locations of where you want the cameras."

"I just e–mailed you a list of rooms," he said, "and why don't you get a couple of quotes, first. I'll worry about the budget."

We stopped in front of my office.

"I'm happy to do this, of course," I said, a note of caution entering my voice, "but I need to know what exactly the application is going to be for this system before I hire a contractor."

He stared at me for a moment, then lowered his voice.

"Let's talk about this for a second behind closed doors."

He ushered me into my own office and closed the door. I took a seat behind the desk while the boss began pacing back and forth. He was clearly upset.

"You remember Lindsay, that girl who left about a week after you started here?"

I strained to remember. The first couple of the weeks on the job had been kind of a blur.

"Sure," I said, "I think so. Brunette? If I recall, she was quite…"

"She was hot," he cut in, "she was a fucking knock out and she knew it. I should have known that she was after something. I should have sensed it. I'm good enough to smell crazy pussy. Christ!"

I almost laughed. Crazy pussy. Not exactly politically correct!

I kept my composure, however.

"Ok, what about her?"

"She's saying that I sexually harassed her. That I used my position of authority to seduce her. She's got a lawyer, and is trying to sue me."

"Sorry to hear that," I said, suddenly becoming uncomfortable.

Was he about to ask me to help him cover up sexual harassment?

"I didn't harass her. She pursued me. I have the texts and e–mails to prove it, luckily. But what I don't have is video evidence, at least of the times that we did it in the office."

I looked away uncomfortably. I couldn't help it.

"Sorry," he said, "I know this is a little awkward. I hope you understand how upset this makes me. The accusation that I would have to resort to intimidation to get laid. Please!"

"It must be difficult," I said, trying to recover the situation, "so… the cameras."

"Yes," he said, "they must be capable of recording audio as well as video."

"Are you sure this is legal? I mean, wouldn't this mean recording your employees 24–7?"

"No," he said, "you'll see on the list that the cameras are going to go in the places that I frequent, not only the employees. There

won't be any in anyone else's office, for example. I checked with the lawyers. They signed off on everything."

"And how long do you want to keep the footage?"

"I think about three months should be sufficient. But if anything…significant happens, I want to be able to go in and save it for longer."

I nodded. He had given me a kind of smirk as he pronounced the word "significant." Was this guy planning on sleeping with more employees? Was he doing it already?

"Ok," I said, "I'll go ahead and get to work on this. We can set up a meeting and look at the system together once it's installed."

"Thanks, Kev," he said, once again using the nickname that I hated, "I probably don't have to mention this, but this system has to be top–secret."

"Of course, sir," I said, "I'll have the contractors install it on the weekend."

"Perfect," he said, "and no need to 'sir' me."

"Right."

"I want to be the only one with access to the footage."

"Of course, sir. Sorry," I said, immediately catching my mistake.

"It's ok, Kev," he said, turning to leave my office, "and thanks."

He shot me a big grin and a little salute before closing the door behind him.



That night when I got home, I couldn't help but tell Nicole about this recent development — the sexual harassment suit, that is, but not the cameras I'd been asked to have installed. I kept my promise to Justin.

She chuckled and shook her head.

"I can't say I'm entirely surprised," she said, "a lot of these CEO types tend to be alpha–male assholes. I don't really see the appeal, to be honest, but I guess a lot of girls are really attracted to power."

"So you believe his story, that she pursued him?"

"Oh yeah. Definitely. Not that he probably didn't encourage it. You can be sure of that. He's not married, right? I don't remember you ever mentioning it."

"Not that I know of. But we're going to have an opportunity to get to know him better soon. He's hosting a barbecue at the office next week, and he wants everyone to bring their spouses. I'm sure if he has a wife, she'll be there."

"Really? Cool! I've been wanted to get to know your co–workers. Why haven't you told me about this yet?"

"I just found out about it."

"This will be really fun. What should I wear?"

"You're asking the wrong guy," I said, smiling.

I knew that Nicole would look incredible in whatever she wore. She was the kind of woman who would have to go out of her way not to turn heads. Her response to my announcement of what was sure to be a boring office party made me realize how socially isolated Nicole must have felt over the past few months in our new city. She'd made a few casual acquaintances, such as the woman that she did yoga with, and she'd become active in our church, but she still didn't seem to have settled into our new life.

"Maybe I'll be able to make some new friends," she said.

"Yeah," I said, "that would be great."

"Wonderful."

She walked up towards me, giving me a look that I found irresistible, as usual. That mischievous smile.

"I hope you didn't forget," she said.

"Forget about what?" I said, feigning confusion.

I liked to tease her.

"It's time to…make that new family member."

"Oh, is that right?"

Our lips met in a passionate kiss. The spark had never gone out of our relationship, at least as far as I was concerned. Every time we kissed, I wanted her with a desperate longing.

"Let's go upstairs," I whispered.

"Actually," Nicole said, her hands already working at my belt, "I thought we could try something a little different today…"

"Is that right? Now you have my attention."

"I thought," she said, stopping to kiss me, "that maybe we could do it down here. Did you know that I've been having some dirty thoughts today?"

"Really? My innocent wife? Having dirty thoughts?"

"Don't tease me," she said, letting out a little whimper as we kissed again.

Her hand was on my shaft, now.

"I just don't get to see this side of you that often," I said.

"That's what I'm trying to say," she said, grinning, "I'm trying to give you a good look at my other side."

She turned around, slowly pulling down her yoga pants over her tight rear.

She wasn't wearing any panties.

"You were prepared, weren't you? You planned for this…"

I don't know why I was so surprised. Of course, she'd told me that morning to expect sex that night. We were trying to conceive, after all. But it was still an exciting prospect, and I never got tired of admiring Nicole's beautiful body, no matter what angle she presented it to me.

"I was doing some reading on the internet," she said, running her hand down her own slit and gasping a bit as she teased her clit, "a lot of women say that rear entry is a good position for conception. It enables a direct line to the cervix. A perfect target for your little guys…"

Rear entry might have been a routine part of sex for many couples, but for us it was a bit fraught. You see, the incongruity between Nicole's shapely rear end and my somewhat modest endowment made entry difficult. Add to that the fact that I had more than a little padding up front (ok, let's be honest, I have a beer gut) and you can probably begin to see that it's tricky for me to stay inside from that angle.

Also, there was no way I was long enough to get anywhere close to Nicole's cervix, so the idea that this position would be better for conception somehow was also unconvincing.

Normally, I might have protested, reminding her of the other times we'd attempted similar positions with no success. But I was so hard looking at my wife (who was now bending over the arm of the couch and offering herself up to me, her bottom like a ripe peach), that I had talked myself into trying it.

I pressed myself into her wetness from behind, letting out a long groan of satisfaction.

"Yes, Kevin," she moaned, "that's so good. I need you to give it to me as hard as you can. I want you to just do what you want. What makes you feel good."

I moved inside her, trying to get deeper but being sabotaged by my fat pad and small dick. Her pussy felt amazing to me, but I was convinced that she couldn't really feel my cock, even though she'd said otherwise.

"That's it," she urged me, as I thrust ahead harder, "just use me. Give me a baby."

I began to lose whatever self–consciousness I'd felt about our history with the position, and I thrust into her a bit harder. For a few strokes, everything was going great. Even though I was far from being hung, I was starting to feel like a porn star.

"Does it feel good to you?" I asked.

"Don't worry, babe," she answered, "just do what you want. We need you to come in order to make a baby…"

I set my jaw and grabbed her hips, thrusting into my beautiful wife.

"Oh God," I moaned, "you're so hot. I can't hold out much longer."

"I don't want you to. Come for me. Come inside me, now."

I felt familiar warm feeling of pleasure building inside me as I thrust into Nicole, but right at the moment that the torrent of sperm came shooting out of me, I slipped.

That's right: the stream of semen that was supposed to score a direct hit on her cervix instead came spurting out all over Nicole's ass. She felt this and realized something was wrong.

"What…happened?"

"I slipped out," I admitted, feeling sheepish.

"Did you come inside me at all?"

"Maybe a little," I lied.

The truth was, none of my cum had gone inside her. It was all dripping down her buttocks.

"Damn it," she said, a note of disappointment entering her voice, "so much for that idea."

"Nicole," I said, "I'm sorry."

"It's ok," she said, sighing, "could you get me some kleenex?"

"Of course."

I walked over to a side table and grabbed a box, passing it to my wife, who wiped herself clean of the life–giving fluid that had missed its mark.

"I'm sorry, honey. I just slipped out right at the wrong moment."

"It's ok," she said, "it's really fine. You'll be ready to go again soon, and we'll just try again. Maybe lying down this time."

"Yeah," I said, "that sounds good."

But we didn't try again, at least not that night.

6

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL: 2

The barbecue started at 3:00pm that Friday afternoon. It was a great excuse for everyone at the office to shirk their duties starting around noon, because we all helped set up for it. There were folding chairs to put out, tables to set up, and drinks to prepare. The only things that employees of the small firm didn't do were put up the tent in the parking lot and actually cook the food. Both of those things were being taken care of by a catering company that Justin had hired.

I was happy not to have to work much that day, though of course I continued to check up on network alerts and monitor the status of backups. Around 2:55, however, I was standing next to Mike and Paul, two of my co–workers, under the tent in the front parking lot, nursing a Bud Light.

As we were chatting, the other guests — mainly spouses of the employees, but a few of our clients as well — began to arrive and park in the lot.

I smiled as Nicole's RAV4 pulled into the parking lot. She was right on time.

In that moment, Justin appeared next to us, slapping Paul on the back and telling him that he had tickets for the NBA game that weekend but he couldn't go. He was on the verge of offering them to Paul — I could see the anticipation on Paul's face — when suddenly my boss did a double–take.

"Holy shit, guys. The blonde…"

Our heads all snapped up towards the woman he was talking about, who was, of course Nicole.

"God damn," said Mike, an overweight man in his late 40s, "who is she? A trophy wife of one of our clients?"

Nicole was dressed in a pink and yellow sundress and sandles. Her sunglasses and wide–brimmed straw hat gave her the look of a movie starlet. These rather demure aspects of her look were

countered by the dress's plunging neckline and the bright red lipstick that adorned her full lips.

"Dunno," said Justin, also leering, "but that's a fine piece of ass."

"If the boss doesn't know her, then she's not a client," said Paul, before clearing his throat quickly as it became clear that she was approaching our group.

"Hey, honey!" said Nicole, walking up to me and planting a kiss on my cheek, "are you going to introduce me to everyone?"

I couldn't help but be filled with a sense of pride. The "trophy wife," this extremely attractive young blonde that had turned the heads of all the guys around me, was none other than my wife.

Mike and Paul seemed to be suitably mortified that they'd been making what had amounted to lewd remarks about the woman who I was married to. Only Justin — as was to be expected — kept his cool.

"What is a beautiful woman like you doing with a jerk like this?" he said, hooking his thumb in my direction after shaking her hand.

Nicole smiled. Usually, she didn't like this kind of joking around (she knew that she was beautiful and didn't appreciate being reminded of it every second) but it seemed like she was taking this in stride.

"Well, this 'jerk' happens to be the love of my life," she said, looking at Justin and smiling as she kissed me on the cheek again.

The twinkle in her eyes told him that she took his comment in the lighthearted spirit it had been offered.

"I'm just kidding, of course," said Justin, clapping me on the shoulder.

"Kev," he said, leaning in closely and pretending to whisper, but doing it loud enough that Nicole would be sure to hear him, "you're a very lucky guy."

"I know," I said.



Nicole and I mingled with the rest of the employees and their spouses for the next hour or so, and nothing else of real note happened until about an hour later.

Justin came up next to me while Nicole was talking to Stacy, Mike's wife, and clapped me on the shoulder, pulling me in for a confidential conversation.

"You see that girl over there? The brunette with the bangs?"

"Yeah. That's Lydia, right?"

I began to realize that this firm had an outsized number of young, attractive women working for it.

"Yeah. She's one of the reasons I need that system installed. She's been letting me hit it for like a week now, but I'm afraid that she's one of the crazy ones, know what I mean?"

I laughed awkwardly.

"Well, the contractor is going to finish the installation this weekend when everyone's gone…"

"Right. Good."

"You'll have the password to the system by Monday, after I inspect and test the installation."

"Perfect," he said, straightening up a bit, "I'm glad I can count on you. It's good to have another guy around who knows how to appreciate good pussy."

He nodded in Nicole's direction.

I was too astonished at this off–color comment to be as angry as I should have been, but luckily Nicole hadn't heard anything that he'd said. A moment later, he was gone.

I watched Lydia from across the tent for a few moments. She never talked to Justin, or made any indication that she even knew him. That was part of the game, I guess. A secret affair with the boss.

I started to wonder if he was really telling the truth. Was he actually fucking all these women? What did they see in him? To me, Justin just seemed like a macho asshole. A successful asshole, but an asshole nonetheless.

~

Nicole and I drove home separately, since we'd come in different cars. All the way home, I couldn't help but revisit the scene at the beginning of the party in the parking lot. I was used to other guys wanting to fuck Nicole. Pretty much every guy did. But my boss had crossed a line that he shouldn't have, and I hadn't had the guts to take him to task for it. Part of that was the fact that he was my boss, of course, but part of it was also due to the fact that I was simply not that imposing of a guy to begin with. I'm not a pushover, of course, but I simply lacked the will to be dominant in social situations. I often joked that I was a "lover, not a fighter." But lately, I wasn't feeling like much of a "lover" either, especially compared to Justin.

"That was fun," said Nicole, when we'd arrived home and were changing out of our clothes in the bedroom.

We planned to watch some Netflix before bed since it was still so early.

"I'm glad you thought so," I said, "I hope you enjoyed meeting everyone."

"Oh yeah," she said, "Stacy is a blast. We need to have Mike and her over sometime. She just says whatever pops into her head. She's hilarious! Apparently, she thinks that Justin only hires women if he thinks there's a chance of sleeping with them. Can you believe that?"

"I can defintiely believe it," I said, "remember what I told you about Lindsay and the security cameras?"

"How could I forget," she laughed, "that's all I could think about. Every time I met a woman who worked at your office, I was just thinking, 'did the boss try to fuck you, too'?"

"Well," I said, "there's also Rita, of course — " (Rita was the CFO, at 67 years old, the firm's oldest employee) "— I doubt he's tried anything with her."

"Ha," said Nicole, "no, I guess he probably hasn't. Did you know that Stacy caught him banging the receptionist when she came into

the office looking for Mike once on the weekend? He had her bent over the front desk at 9 in the morning on a Saturday. Who is this guy? It's like he doesn't care if he gets caught or sued or me–tooed or whatever…"

To my surprise, I thought I'd caught a note of admiration in her voice. Usually, Nicole strongly disapproved of this kind of macho womanizing. Had something changed?

"Yeah," I said, "I guess he figures that since he's the boss, he can just buy his way out of whatever problems come his way. I didn't know that Stacy had caught him with Lindsay, though."

"Oh no," said Nicole, shaking her head, "this wasn't Lindsay. This was some Asian girl who worked for him a couple of years ago. Whatever it was that happened with Lindsay was an entirely different issue."

I chuckled.

"That's incredible. This guy really can't keep it in his pants."

"I guess not," said Nicole, who seemed to be on the verge of saying something else, but then stopped.

There was a look of amusement on her face, and her lips were parted about halfway. She was clearly recalling another humorous detail of her conversation with Stacy.

"What?" I said, "you look like you want to say something else…"

"It's nothing," she said, shaking her head, "just something else that Stacy mentioned about Justin is all."

"What did she mention?"

"I shouldn't tell you."

She smiled, then blushed a bit, looking away.

"Come on," I said, "now you have to tell me."

"I promised Stacy not to."

"How big of a secret could it be," I said, "if she told you after knowing you for only five minutes? Besides, I'm your husband. She knows that anything that she tells you is going to get back to me eventually."

Nicole thought for a moment, then frowned.

"Ok," she said, "I'll tell you. It's really not that big of a deal, after all. Just something else funny that she mentioned about the morning

that she walked in on him and the Asian girl."

"So what was it?"

The suspense was killing me.

"Justin is pretty big. Like, not just tall. He's rather…impressive."

"You mean like he's got a big dick or something?"

"Mm–hmm," she said, smiling and shaking her head, "Stacy said she could barely believe it fit inside that poor young woman. But it definitely did fit, and they seemed to be having the time of their lives until she got there."

"What happened? Did he at least apologize?"

"Not really. He actually winked at Stacy and told her to come back later, believe it or not. She said that she turned around and shut the door behind her, but she could still hear them going at it."

"Wow," I said, "that is extremely brazen."

"Well," said Nicole, shaking her head, "he is the boss, after all. I guess as long as it's consensual, he's entitled to bang his employees on company property."

"Yeah, but in front of other people? Isn't that harassment or something?"

Nicole shrugged.

"I don't think so. Stacy doesn't work for him, her husband does. If he'd been fucking people in front of his employees, then yeah, it's grounds for a suit. The guy is playing with fire as it is, though. And from what you already told me about that lawsuit, sounds like he's finally getting burned."

"Yeah," I said, sighing, "I just hope the whole company doesn't go down with him. I like this job."

"And I like the money you make," said Nicole, smiling suggestively at me, "now, don't you think it's time that we tried again to make a baby?"

"I think you might be right about that," I said, "but this time, let's do it the normal way."

The "normal way" meant missionary position. I didn't want to repeat my failed performance of a few nights ago, when I'd done her from behind but then slipped out and came all over her ass instead of inside her.

"Whatever you say, hubby."

Nicole's smile, and the touch of her breasts on my body, had me instantly erect. I was also imagining my boss bending a young attractive Asian woman across his desk and having his way with her.

Was he actually that big? Or was the girl simply petite, and in the heat of the moment it had made it seem to Stacy that he was hung. On the other hand, all of his behavior would seem to indicate that my boss was hung and he knew it. I was filled with a strange sense of jealousy and admiration. I wondered what it would be like to watch Justin fuck.

Nicole and I's lovemaking was successful this time, insofar as I managed to ejaculate inside her instead of all over her. I didn't know if she actually had an orgasm or not, but she assured me that she'd enjoyed the romp all the same. I didn't know if she was telling the truth or just trying to make me feel better. Increasingly, I had the suspicion that she was viewing sex as a means to an end (that is, to get pregnant) and not as an enjoyable activity in and of itself.

I told myself that that was ok, that sexual desire ebbs and flows in a relationship, and that it was totally normal for a woman to focus on the procreative aspects of sex, especially when she was as baby–crazy as Nicole was these days.



The next day I drove to the office to meet with the technician who was installing the new security cameras. These were not the boxy cameras in the corner of the room with blinking red lights. Nor were they the half–globes of tinted glass that protruded from the ceilings in department stores.

These were so small as to be practically undetectable.

"You're sure they're hard–wired?" I asked, when the technician held one unit, no larger than a credit card, up for inspection, "I don't really see a place for a wire."

"There is one," he assured me, "right here. The camera gets both power and its network connection from a single small connector."

"And that sends the recording…"

"Directly to the server," he said, completing my sentence, "encrypted at the point of recording, so there's no way to hack into it. Only authorized users can view the footage."

"Perfect," I said, "I'll be in my office while you finish installation. When you're done, we can look at the software interface together."

"Sounds like a good plan," said the technician good–naturedly.

I turned and went into my office, closing the door behind me. Since it was Sunday and I didn't have any other work to do, I sat browsing the web for a few minutes, but the whole time I kept thinking about Justin. About his big cock, and how he didn't seem to be able to keep it in his pants around the office. It was really astounding that an alpha–male type like this could still exist in the age of sensitivity training and #metoo. He seemed like a liability to his own firm.

The more I thought about it, the more worried I became that I might be personally liable for aiding his harassment by installing this camera system. What if Justin had been lying about getting the OK from his lawyers? What if all of this was illegal? What if I was some kind of accessory to a crime, or would be, the moment that he fucked a girl on film without her knowing that she was on video?

Those were the reasons I told myself for what I did next. The true reasons, of course, were darker and more perverse than I wanted to admit to myself.

I resolved to give myself access to the cameras. Justin would not be the only one with a password, and there was no way he would ever find out. I was sure of that. I'd seen his level of tech savvy, and I knew that he was not going to have the sophistication to figure out that there was a second administrator account installed on the system.

The real reason, of course, is that I wanted to watch. I wanted to see if what Nicole had heard from Stacy was true. I wanted to know if Justin really had a huge cock. And what's more, I wanted to see it in action.

Little did I know, I would have my chance much sooner than I had anticipated.

7

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL: 3

The next Monday, when I returned to the office, Justin was waiting for me. I had already texted him after the installation was completed, and now he was eager for me to show him how to use the new system.

This time, I went to his office. I pulled up the web interface on his computer and had him create a user name and password that I couldn't see. Unbeknownst to him, I had, of course, already created my own administrator account on the system.

His eyes lit up as he saw the resolution on the cameras.

"And the sound? The microphones work too?"

"Yes," I said, "just turn on the speaker on your computer."

He did so, and we heard two women in the breakroom talking about their weekends in crystal–clear audio clarity.

"This is great. Great work. I don't need to remind you that this whole thing is our little secret, right?"

"Of course. I know it is," I said, trying not to sound defensive, "I'm a pro. And I do what's asked of me."

"Yeah," said Justin, "I know. But I'm going to throw a nice little bonus onto your next paycheck, just to remind you of how much I appreciate you."

I thanked him, but the truth was, this bonus made me feel a little dirty. Like I'd done something wrong. That feeling was only compounded by the knowledge that I had done something wrong by not telling him about the extra account.

I didn't even consider checking the recorded video until several weeks later, when there was a rumor that the receptionist, Lydia, had quit that afternoon, supposedly after having a fight with Justin over something that sounded rather…personal.

Lydia. The brunette with the bangs and the killer body. I remembered back to the company barbecue, and I remembered what Justin had said about her.

She’s been letting me hit it for like a week now, but I’m afraid that she’s one of the crazy ones, know what I mean?

I wondered to myself. Surely Justin had better sense than to fuck his employee in the office, right? I mean, he did have an apartment or a house or something, didn’t he? Then again, maybe the office was part of the fantasy for him. For both of them.

I checked to make sure that my office door was locked, then I fired up the web interface. There was a lot of footage to go through, so I wrote a quick script that would tag only footage shot after hours where there was movement. I decided that they probably weren’t going to start going at it right at 5:30, so I set the time frame from 7:00pm to 7:00am just to be sure.

It didn’t take long before I struck paydirt. There it was: five days ago. Action on Justin’s office camera.

Just must have checked the angles of the camera, because he had positioned his chair in the middle of the room to allow the camera to get a great shot, not from the front, but from the side.

He’s using this place as his personal porno studio, I thought to myself.

The reason I was so sure of this was that his pants were around his ankles, and Lydia was on her knees in front of him, fellating him eagerly.

The rumors, it seemed, were true. His size had not been a figment of Stacy’s imagination, or her inability to judge the dimensions of the male member in comparison to a petite Asian female.

No. There could be do doubt: Justin really was hung. And Lydia was doing an amazing job of making his pulsating monster disappear into her mouth and throat as he guided her with a necktie that he’d wrapped around her head.

“That’s a good girl,” he growled, “suck that big boss dick. Show me what a good little slut you are.”

Lydia’s makeup was smeared, but she appeared to be having a genuinely good time being used by her boss in this obscene manner, bobbing up and down and moaning eagerly, almost theatrically, as if

she'd also been aware of the camera. Maybe she was aware, after all. I had no idea what he might have told her.

She popped off his shaft and licked his balls as he stroked his cock for a moment. Then he reached down and hiked up her skirt, dropping one end of the necktie for a moment for the purpose of planting a hard spank on her thong–clad ass.

I realized now that Lydia's hands were secured behind her back by his belt, the same black leather one that he wore every day.

This guy is a real pervert I thought.

But perhaps I was, too, because I felt myself getting incredible hard as I watched my boss dominate this eager young woman.

"Is that pussy wet for me? Does sucking cock get you wet, slut?"

"Mm–hmm," moaned Lydia, seemingly desperate to please him, "please put it in me."

She kissed his balls a few more times, then he let go of the necktie.

"My pleasure."

He dropped to his knees, and she turned around, bending forward onto the ground as he grabbed the end of the belt that held her hands in place. He guided himself inside her. She must have been soaking wet, because he managed entry in a single stroke, and she was a rather petite woman. His size wouldn't have been manageable if she hadn't already been totally aroused.

She fell forward, her face on the carpet and her ass in the air. It looked like an awkward position, but she must not have been in the state to care, because she moaned loudly and encouraged him to fuck her as hard as he could. He spanked her several times as he drilled into her, telling her in a loud voice to "take it like a good girl."

I was shocked, to say the least, by this extremely graphic footage. But I was also aroused. I started to rub my erection, but I stopped short of actually jerking off. After all, I was still at work.

"That's it," he said, his hands on her hips now, "come for me like the little slut you are."

"Yes, Sir!"

The petite woman yelped and mewed as she climaxed on command. I had to admit that this was a fairly impressive feat,

provided that she hadn't been faking the orgasm, and there was no real reason to believe that she had been.

Justin grinned, then looked directly at the camera. He knew exactly what he was doing, in other words, and was winking at his future self who would be watching the video.

His look couldn't have been meant for me, though, because he didn't know that I had access to the video footage.

"Come here, slut," he said, jerking on the belt that held her hands behind her back once more.

Lydia pulled herself up and spun around. Justin was on his feet again, stroking his cock right next to her face just in time to deposit a large load of cum directly onto her lips and chin.

"Good girl," he said, "clean it off."

She slurped at the cum with her tongue, and he used his shaft to guide it into her mouth. It was an incredibly pornographic sight, and it was hard to believe that the man responsible for writing all of our paychecks was engaged in such reckless behavior.

But he was the boss.

I was leaking precum now, but I still wasn't about to just whip it out and start jerking in the office. Instead, I looked at the next section that the algorithm had flagged. It was Justin and Lydia again, a few days later.

This time, he was spanking her. Like, an old–fashioned, over the knee spanking. From the looks of it, she was loving it, though. I had to admit that it was extremely arousing to see such a beautiful woman submitting to a powerful man. I knew that I would have never had had what it takes to command that kind of authority, but it was fun to watch a man who did.

When the spanking was over, Lydia dropped to her knees in front of her boss and began to fellate him again. I watched as a look of satisfaction came across his face as the young woman was at work. Once more, he made brief eye contact with the camera. Who was he looking at?

He was probably thinking about watching himself later on. This guy was a real piece of work. I wondered if Lydia knew she was being recorded. Did I have a duty to tell her?

In that exact moment, my question was answered.

"Look over there, baby," he said, as she bobbed on his cock, "that's where the camera is."

"Really?" she said, taking his shaft out of her mouth, "I can't see anything."

"I know," he said, pushing her head back down towards his dick, "that's the beauty of it."

She seemed to redouble her efforts now, as if she were showing off for the camera. A few moments later, Justin was moaning in ecstasy as he unleashed a powerful stream of semen into her eager throat.

"You're a great receptionist," he said, looking down at her adoringly as she licked the last traces of cum from his member.

This guy isn't running a financial services firm, I thought to myself, he's running a brothel. Or a porno studio.

At least he wasn't filming these women without permission. My conscience was clear on that count, even if I did feel a little dirty watching these dirty deeds on video.

My cock was straining to get out of my pants now. I wanted so badly to jerk it, but I stopped myself, closed the browser and tried to think of something boring.

About two minutes later, there was a knock at my office door, and Justin popped his head in.

"Did you hear? Lydia just quit on me. Fuck!"

"Whoa, I'm sorry to hear that," I said, not letting on that I had already heard the news through other sources, "when's her last day?"

"It turned out to be today, apparently. She didn't even have the courtesy to give two weeks notice."

She probably thought that the fact that you were fucking her meant that you'd give her a good recommendation no matter what she did, I thought to myself, but didn't dare say.

"So what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he said, looking genuinely distressed, "we've got clients coming in tomorrow. It's going to look weird if we don't have someone at the front desk."

"Can't someone else fill in?"

"Yeah, of course. But in the long term, we're going to need someone else. Luckily, I can just repost the same ad we used last time."

I wondered what Justin's interview process was like, given the fact that he'd succeeded in fucking at least three of the last interns he'd hired. Did he screen them out somehow before he even met them?

"Good luck," I said, "and let me know if there's anything I can do to help."

"Thanks," he said, "and I don't think there's anything you can do, unless you happen to know someone who's looking for a job."

"Not that I can think of," I said.



That night, I filled Nicole in on the office drama. I told her about Lydia storming off the job and about the rumors that she'd been sleeping with Justin. I didn't, of course, tell her anything about the fact that I'd spent several minutes watching Lydia and Justin fucking and sucking in the office.

"That jerk," she said, "what kind of asshole is this guy? The poor girl probably needed the job, and didn't know how to deal with the fact that she was also sleeping with the boss. She should have gotten HR involved. Depending on what happened, I bet she at least has a lawsuit on her hands."

"I know," I sighed, "it's totally reckless. It's like he thinks with his cock, not his brain. I don't know how he's managed to stay in business for so long."

Nicole smiled, her fingers lingering on the stem of her wine glass. We'd just finished dinner, and were lingering at the table before doing the dishes.

"Still," she said, after a moment of silence, "there must be something there."

"Something where?"

"I mean, there must be something about Justin that makes him attractive to all these women."

"Didn't you already find that out from Stacy?" I said, trying to joke, "I mean…about his big you–know–what?"

"Ha," she said, "that kind of thing doesn't really matter that much to women. That's more of a guy hang up. Some guys are just so proud of their big dicks. Like who cares if you're eight inches long if you treat your girlfriend like shit?"

A sudden suspicion filled me. I thought of the boyfriends that Nicole had had in college. The ones who I knew next to nothing about. A mixture of jealousy and curiosity welled up in me.

"You had a boyfriend who was eight inches?"

She stopped, a defensive note entering her voice.

"Probably. More or less."

"Well, was it more or was it less?"

She paused.

"I mean, I guess the answer to that question kind of depends on which guy you're talking about."

"There was more than one?"

"Honey," she said, looking me in the eye and flashing her beautiful smile, "you knew I wasn't a virgin when we met. I had other boyfriends, but they're all history now. There's only you. My husband."

"I know," I said, "I'm just curious. It's not a big deal. It seems like you're saying that you had a lot of boyfriends with really large cocks."

"I guess that's true," she sighed, looking off into space as if reminiscing, "maybe I was kind of a size queen for a while."

"Oh really?" I said, trying to conceal my growing sense of astonishment and jealousy, "but you ended up with me, so you must have gotten over it."

She must have sensed that the conversation had gone too far, now, because she reached out and touched my hand.

"Babe," she said, looking me in the eye again, "you know I love you. Every part of you. Penis size doesn't matter to women as much as it does to men."

"But you just said," I blurted, unable to control myself, "you just said that you liked big penises. Or you went through a stage where that was the case. So it must have mattered to you at least a little bit!"

"It can be fun sometimes," she said, "but it's nothing to build a marriage on. That's what I meant."

This felt like a slap in the face, even though she clearly hadn't meant it that way.

"So what you're saying," I snapped, "is that you married me even though I can't satisfy you as fully as one of your big–dicked boyfriends."

"Stop it," she said, "you're making this into a much bigger deal than it is. All I said was that it can be fun sometimes. But the most erotic thing of all for me is making love to someone who I have a deep, emotional connection with. Like someone I'm married too."

She pushed her face into mine, fixing me with her beautiful eyes. I felt my anger and jealousy start to melt away.

"Someone like my husband," she whispered, kissing me.

We made out furiously, almost knocking some of the dishes off the table and onto the floor, before both standing and moving into the bedroom, without either of us saying a word.

I don't know why, but the thought of Nicole having been with larger men before me had awakened something inside me, some kind of primal lust. I was hard as a rock and needed to get inside her. It was as if I wanted to prove to her, or myself, that I really could satisfy her, that I could be enough for her, even though I wasn't as large as her ex–boyfriends.

"I want you," she whispered, a soft desperation entering her voice, "I want you inside me. I want you to give me a baby."

I had her blouse unbuttoned almost immediately, and took the soft globes of her breasts into my hands as our tongues continued to connect. Her hands were on my cock now, stroking me. We broke our kiss, and she leaned in and nibbled my earlobe. A shiver ran down my spine.

"This, this right here, is more than enough for me," she said, giggling a little, "it's everything I could want."

I don’t know why, but in that moment, I believed her. I allowed myself to think that her proclivity for large cocks had just been a phase, and that she was perfectly happy with my less–than–impressive member.

“You’re more than I deserve,” I said to her.

It was the truth, and we both knew it. She was out of my league. But she absolutely hated it when I mentioned this undeniable fact.

“Stop it,” she said, “you know I don’t like it when you talk like that. You and me — we’re perfect.”

I sighed, “you’re perfect. I’m like the fat slob on the sitcom whose wife is inexplicably slim and pretty.”

“So what?” she laughed, “don’t those guys usually have a pretty good life?”

“I guess they do,” I said, smiling as she stroked me.

“Now, weren’t we going to make a baby? Isn’t that what we came in here to do?”

A moment later, I was inside her. We did missionary position, so I wasn’t worried about slipping out. Moving inside her felt incredible, as always.

“Fuck me,” she moaned, “God. Please just give it to me. I don’t care how long you last. I need it fast and hard.”

I was determined not to come too early, to show her that her husband, however schlubby I was, however small my dick might have been in comparison to the other men she’d been with, was still capable of absolutely rocking her world.

I opened my eyes and looked at my wife. Her eyes were closed tight, and her face was flushed. She was incredibly beautiful. I pumped into her, responding to her body as she urged me on with small, adorable moans and yelps.

In that moment, however, I imagined her in this same position, but one of her larger boyfriends from college deep inside her, stretching her out.

Ruining her for a guy my size.

There was something so primal about the idea. So primitive and right. The man with the bigger member wins in the game of evolution. There was nothing a guy my size could do about it.

In that moment, I couldn't hold back any longer. I groaned as I spent myself into my wife.

"That was fast," she said, as I cradled her head on my chest a few moments later.

"Are you sure I shouldn't…do something for you?"

"Oh, no. It's fine," she said, "the important thing is that your little swimmers are inside me."

We lay there for a while in silence.

"Do you ever miss being with other men?"

My question hung in the air for a moment. I could tell that I'd crossed a line.

"I'm sorry…I didn't mean to…" I stuttered, before she even had a chance to answer.

She continued to stare at the ceiling for another moment. I almost seemed like she hadn't heard me. But then she began to speak.

"I don't miss it, not really," she said, "you know that I love you."

"It took you a while to answer that," I said.

She sighed.

"It's not that I miss it per se," she said, starting again, "and I'm not really sure that it's good to discuss things like this. I shouldn't have even made that comment about being a 'size queen' before. It's not fair to you."

"It's ok," I said, sensing an opening, "we're married. We should be able to discuss anything."

There was another short silence, while Nicole pondered this proposition.

"Ok," she said, "I guess there are certain things that I still reminisce about. About being with other guys. But not about the guys themselves or anything. Yuck. I would never want to be married to any of the guys I used to date in college. I'm so happy I have you honey."

"But there must have been something appealing about them, or you never would have dated them, right?"

"I guess," she said, as if what I'd said hadn't made much sense, "it's hard for me to reconstruct the appeal now. The things that

appealed to me back then were totally different from what I like now. Most of it must have been purely physical."

I felt my cock start to harden again, even though I had ejaculated not more than a few minutes ago.

"Physical? Like, the sex was good? Or are you talking about dick size again?"

She was quiet again for a moment.

"Are you sure we should be talking about this, honey? Like, do you really want to hear it?"

The tone of concern in her voice convinced me that I was about to come upon some kind of secret, so I pressed on.

"Yeah," I said, "I'm just curious is all. I wish I could have known you back then is all."

"You did know me back then. We met while I was still dating some of those guys."

"Yeah, we met then, but we didn't really hang out until almost a year later. You stopped pretty quickly once we got serious."

"It's true that we didn't really hang out until then," she sighed, "but I actually didn't stop seeing them that quickly."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," she said, laughing a little, a kind of tic she had sometimes when she was nervous, "I was still dating a couple other guys when we started going out. But as soon as we got serious, I broke things off. I don't want you to think that I was cheating on you. I didn't, and would never — "

Suddenly, the suspicions and petty jealousies that had plagued me during the time that Nicole and I had dated in undergrad came flooding back to me. I had been defensive and jealous around any man that she introduced me to, any "guy friend" who "just wanted to hang out after class" and happened to be sitting in the common area of her dorm when I came by to take her to dinner.

In my mind, back then, they had all been fucking her. They had at least wanted to. How could they not have wanted to?

"Don't be mad," she added, after I was silent for a few seconds, processing what I'd just heard, "we weren't exclusive yet. Besides, you won. I chose you."

It was clear that Nicole realized as much as anyone else that her looks made her a prize to be won. I was filled with a sense of pride again. She was right after all, wasn't she? She had chosen me. I had won the "prize." She was my wife, and obviously desperately wanted my baby.

So what was there to be insecure about? Maybe I could just enjoy the thought of her with other men, without getting jealous all over again.

"So you were…sleeping with other guys while we were dating?"

"I wasn't sleeping with them. I usually kicked them out before I went to bed."

She laughed again.

"Sorry," she added, after sensing the discomfort I was trying so hard to conceal, "I was just trying to lighten the mood. We've never talked about this before, because I didn't want to hurt your feelings. There's no reason for you to be insecure. Like I said, I chose you, not one of those jerks I was dating."

"If they were such jerks," I said, emotion coming into my voice even though I tried to suppress it, "what were you doing dating them?"

"I don't know," she sighed, "I honestly don't. I was just immature. I think I liked the attention. And of course the sex was probably pretty good. I honestly can't remember much of that anymore."

"I don't buy that for a minute," I said, "that you can't remember the sex, that is."

"Well, even if I could remember it, would you really want to hear about it? I mean, that's so far in the past now, honey. It has nothing to do with us today."

"Like I said," I replied, trying to strike a neutral tone once more, "I'm just curious. Like about how the sex was different."

Inside, I was not only reeling from the revelation that Nicole had been sleeping with someone else while we had started dating, but also from the fact that it hadn't just been one guy.

My wife had been sleeping around on me. Before she was my wife, but still…

Why did it turn me on so much? I was rock hard.

"It was different, that's true," she said, "much less tender. Less loving and intimate. That's what I love so much about our sex life, sweetie."

"I know," I said, "I love it, too. But sometimes it seems like you're not in the mood for 'loving and intimate.'"

"If I really wanted that kind of sex," she said, "I wouldn't have married you."

"But that's what I'm trying to figure out," I said, "what kind of sex were you having with those other guys?"

"Oh," she said, laughed, "do you really want to get into the details?"

"Yeah," I said, "let's get into those details."

I didn't mention the fact that she'd told me just a few moments ago that she couldn't recall any of the details.

"Well," she said, after another moment, "I guess I was more into…experimentation back then."

"Is that right?"

She giggled, blushing a little.

"Mmm–hmm. I had so many things I wanted to try out."

I had never seen this side of my wife. When we'd started dating, she'd acted sexually confident, to be sure, but never at all "kinky" or "experimental."

"What do you mean? What kinds of things."

She laughed again.

"You name it, I probably tried it back then."

"Anal?" I said, choosing something that she'd never let me do — not that I'd really pressed hard for it.

"Uh–huh."

"More than once?"

She nodded.

"What else?"

"You're the one asking the questions," she laughed, "I can't just write a list of things I did back then. It's not like I have that good of recall."

"Ok," I said, trying to think of another question that would reveal the extent of my wife's premarital activity, "what about a threesome?"

"Oh yeah."

"With another girl?"

"Mm–hmm," she said, smiling a little to herself.

"With two guys?"

"Yep."

I was quiet.

"Honey," she said, turning towards me, "you're not angry, are…"

She cut off her question as her hand found my rock–hard prick.

"Mmm," she said, "I never knew that talking about my past would have this kind of effect on you! Maybe we can use it to our advantage in our quest to start a family."

She grabbed my balls, stroking them with a skillful motion.

"Maybe you'd like it if I was on top."

I nodded.

In our years of marriage, we'd tried this position maybe two or three times, total. Like doggy style, it was difficult to sustain because of my length and girth, and so we'd eventually given up on it. But this time, there was a look of determination in Nicole's eye, and she guided me into her wet pussy and took control, riding me as she closed her eyes and began to reminisce.

"A lot of the guys I used to see were on the football team," she began, her hips undulating gently, "I met them through Molly. Do you remember her?"

"You hate football!" I blurted, unable to hold back my surprise.

I was feeling a weird mixture of awe, jealousy and curiosity now. We'd gone to a large, Big 10 university with a very good football team. Not only were all of the players physically imposing, many of them had gone on to have careers in the NFL. They had been treated like gods on campus. Back then, I would have been able to give anything to meet one of them in person. Sometimes I'd see them on campus, but would be afraid to approach them. It was incredible to think that my wife had known several of them back then, and had never mentioned it to me. It seemed like no big deal

to her. It was as if she'd just told me that she used to hang out with Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman and Oprah Winfrey.

"I do hate football. It's such a violent game," she said, her eyes still closed and biting her lip as she rode me, "but I liked the football players. Or they liked me, I guess. Like I said, Molly was kind of a groupie, I guess you'd call it. She found out where the football players liked to party, and made sure that she got invited. One night, she brought me along, too."

"And you…fucked them?"

"Not that first night," she said, giggling, "please don't think that your wife is a slut. I might have been experienced, but it's not like I'd just jump into bed with any guy who talked to me."

"Of course not," I said.

Thankfully, the fact that I'd come once already, combined with the novelty of having Nicole on top was enabling me to hold out much longer than I usually would have been able to.

"What about Henderson?" I asked, using the last name of the star quarterback on the team, a man who now played for a major NFL team, "did you ever…"

"Henderson? I don't think so," she said, opening her eyes.

"Oh, wait! You mean Mark. Hmmmm," a huge grin broke out across her face.

She looked so beautiful like this, riding me, her large breasts and slim waist on full display. Her beautiful blond hair fell back as she threw back her shoulders.

"Yeah," she said, "we hooked up several times. He was a sweet guy. Definitely my favorite of the bunch."

She stared into space for a moment, ceasing her efforts at intercourse.

"Oh yeah," she said again, caught in the reverie, "Henderson. Mark Henderson. How could I forget?"

"What was it like?" I panted, still reeling from the shock of learning that my wife had fucked one of my sports idols.

"He was great," she said, "a little shy in bed at first, if you can believe it. But once he was comfortable with me, and knew how much I could take, he lost some of his inhibition."

She moaned a little, riding me faster again now, as if getting lost in the memory.

"I'll never forget one night, in his room at the frat house…we fucked for hours. I couldn't believe how much stamina he had, after working out all day. He could still lift me up and fuck me while he was standing…"

Now that was a position that I never could have even attempted, given my level of physical fitness.

"Was he…a pretty big guy?"

"He's 6'4". A lot of those guys are really tall. Most of them. There was the kicker who was maybe 5'9", but still fucking built…"

"I meant…did he have a large cock?"

She grinned again, her eyes still closed as she rode me.

"Yeah, he did. It was the biggest I'd ever seen up until that point. He was like eight or nine inches. I don't know…"

"Did it feel good?"

"Not at first. We really had to get used to each other. I loved playing with it, though. I remember the first night we hooked up. There was so much raw passion in the air. We were up in his room, making out for what felt like hours. I wanted him to fuck me so bad. It was like the typical roles were reversed. I was pressuring him for sex, and he was trying to slow things down. When I finally got his pants off, I understood the reason: he didn't want to hurt me."

"Oh god," I groaned, close to orgasm again now, "what was the first time with him like?"

"We used a lot of lube," she moaned, reaching down with one hand now to rub her clit as she rode me, "and went so slow. I was on top, like I am now. I didn't think it was going to fit, but I was so determined to make it happen. I wanted the quarterback inside me. It made me feel so special. Like I was some kind of chosen girl…"

In that moment, Nicole stopped speaking and began to shudder. She flushed red and let out a little yelp as she continued to rub her clit furiously.

She was climaxing at the memory of fucking the college quarterback, a man who I watched almost every Sunday on television now.

"Before I knew it, I was riding him. And coming like I'd never come before…"

Nicole was coming like I'd never seen her come before as she remembered this encounter. A moment later, I was, too.

"Mmm, did you give me even more of your little swimmers?" she asked, finally opening her eyes.

"Mmm–hmm," I said, nodding, a smile spreading out across my face.

"That was really fun," she said, bending down to kiss me as her blond locks fell into my eyes.

"I agree," I said, "maybe we should try this again sometime."

"Maybe we should. It really seems to get you in the mood to make babies."

"It definitely does," I said.

"Great."

We lay there for several minutes, cuddling silently, until I went entirely limp and slipped out of her. She snuggled up next to me, laying her head on my chest once more.

Finally, I broke the silence. Perhaps it was some kind of post–orgasmic clarity that motivated what I said next. Maybe the fact that I had just come twice in a short period of time had given me some kind of objectivity concerning our sex life.

"If you ever wanted to explore again," I said, "with a larger man, I mean…"

She looked up at me, her face incredibly close to mine, so much so that I couldn't accurately read her expression.

"…I wouldn't mind. I mean, I'd like it."

"You'd like it. If I slept with another guy?"

"But you're not going to sleep with him," I said, trying to repeat her joke from before, "I'd want you to kick him out before you go to bed."

"Ha, ha," she said, "I don't think I could go through with that now. I'm a married woman. And we're trying to get pregnant."

"Very interesting the way you phrased that," I teased, tickling her a little, "you didn't say that you didn't want to do it, just that you didn't think you could go through with it."

She fought me off, giggling as I continued to tickle her.

"Ok, ok," she said, "maybe I could be convinced to try it, with someone I'm attracted to. But are you sure it's a good idea? I mean, could you handle it emotionally?"

"I think so," I said, "I mean, I handled that story about you and Henderson pretty well."

"I'm not talking about whether it turns you on," she said, "it's obvious that it does. I'm talking about the long–term effects. Let's think it over for a while. I'm not sure that you're really as ready for it as you think."

"Fair enough," I said.

"I'm going to the bathroom to clean up," she announced, giving me a peck on the cheek, "I know it's hot, but don't obsess over me with all those football players. That's in the past now."

"I'll try not to," I said, returning her kiss.

But how could I not obsess? It was impossible. How many had there been? Had they known about each other?

8

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL: 4

Several days passed, and it was as if new life had been breathed into our relationship. Nicole had a twinkle in her eye every morning when I got ready for work, a twinkle that hadn't been there before. We both started dropping suggestive hints to each other about her sexual past, both in person and sometimes via text.

I started getting obsessed with the idea of her exploring her sexuality again with another man. There was only one man who I knew for certain had a large cock, however.

It was, of course, Justin.

Nicole had already declared that she found Justin to be a jerk, so I never mentioned this possibility to her. I knew that she'd shoot it down immediately if I did.

Still, I couldn't get the idea of them being together out of my mind.

In the meantime, we still hadn't found a replacement for Lydia, and Justin didn't seem to be interested in any of the other women around the office (or was too smart to approach them), so I didn't have any new wank material while I was at work. I did, however, revisit a few of the key moments of his kinky encounters with Lydia. I wondered if Nicole had ever done some of those things with the football players.

At home, Nicole and I, having breathed new life into our married sexuality through the introduction of this new fantasy, were making love more often than ever. Often times, it would start with her telling me about some kind of encounter with one of the football players. It turned out that she'd been with more than just Mark Henderson. Many more. And sometimes more than once. A couple of times, she and Molly had teamed up to give Mark or one of his teammates a good time.

It was like Nicole had become my perfect little live–in pornstar. Once the dam had been opened, the stories started pouring out. She

told me about getting banged by Mark in the locker room after a game, while his teammates and even two of the coaches looked on.

Objectively speaking, my wife really would have been considered by most standards a "slut." But I didn't like that word. I preferred to think of her as a sexually confident young woman. Besides, all of that was far behind her now, as much as part of me had wished it wasn't.

Though we continued to talk about the possibility of her indulging her size queen proclivities in real life once again, Nicole continued to be resistant to the idea of actually going through with the fantasy. She was afraid of how I'd react, even if I happened when I wasn't there. She didn't want to hurt me, and I respected her for that.

That was why, despite the shock of these new revelations about her past, I trusted Nicole more than ever.

Maybe that was why I made the suggestion that I did that day. Because I wanted to test the trust that I had in her. To see how far she would go if she were put in a tempting environment.

You see, I had a hunch: I had noticed that the more Nicole had talked about how much of a jerk a guy was, the more she had denied really liking him, the more turned on she seemed to be. I'd observed this in the way she'd talk about the football players she'd "dated." She'd talk about so–and–so, who was this huge jerk, who wanted a blowjob the morning of the big game, even though it was bad luck, and she'd done it of course, even though he always came on her face without permission.

Nicole seemed to like assholes. Or at least enjoy pleasing them sexually.

Like I said, maybe that was why I made the suggestion that I did that morning.

"We're still looking for a new receptionist," I said, "why don't you apply?"

"I thought about that," she said, looking up from her morning coffee, "but that guy Justin just seems like such an asshole. I mean, how many secretaries has he chased off since you've been there?"

"Only the ones he was sleeping with," I said, chuckling a bit, "and you wouldn't have to do that. Unless you want to, of course."

"Ha, ha," she said, "I'm not totally against the idea of trying to work there. But if we do indulge this little fantasy of yours, I don't think it should be with your boss. That would make things just a little too complicated, don't you think?"

"I'm not so sure about that," I said, "but I was half–kidding, anyway. I think you should take the job if you think the work would appeal to you."

She sighed.

"Maybe you're right. I was holding off on getting a job because I keep thinking that I'm going to get pregnant and day now. But that obviously hasn't happened yet, so maybe I should just do it. I know that you make enough to support us both, but it would still be fun to have a little extra money."

"It definitely would. And you'd probably make some new friends."

"That's true."

And that is how Nicole decided to apply for the job at my office, where she'd be reporting directly to Justin.



At first it was a little strange, the fact that we both worked in the same building, at roughly the same times, but very quickly we fell into a routine. We often drove separate cars to the office, because I typically had to work later or start earlier than Nicole did. Nicole was paid hourly, and worked a regular 8–5 schedule. I, on the other hand, was salaried, and had somewhat irregular hours due to network maintenance and security. No one likes it if the e–mail server is down during business hours, so I often had to go in at 5:00am or stay until 7:00 at night to get those types of jobs done.

So even though we were both working in the same small office, we had somewhat parallel work lives. Of course we saw each other at work — it was unavoidable — and we often had lunch together, when we could.

I didn’t have much chance to see Nicole and Justin interact in person, but from what I could gather, they were getting along fine. It didn’t sound like they were exactly friendly, but at least Nicole wasn’t talking about how much of a jerk her new boss was.

Then again, given what I knew about her proclivity for jerks, this fact was also a little disappointing. After all, I still fantasized about her taking the place of Lydia and submitting to my boss’s perverse desires, even though I knew that Nicole considered it a horrible idea.

One early morning while I was running some maintenance scripts on a server, a thought occurred to me: I could probably get an idea of Nicole and Justin’s interactions from the security camera footage. I didn’t have any reason to believe that anything had happened between them, but scanning the footage might give me an idea of the dynamic between them, to see if anything might potentially develop in the future.

The footage went on for hours, of course, and there was no way to know what might have been interesting. So I fast–forwarded to a few spots on the video where Nicole and Justin were talking at length without being interrupted, then I played them back at normal speed with the sound on.

The first few sequences that I watched were surprisingly mundane. Disappointingly so, in fact. He was explaining the mail system to her (why he didn’t have a subordinate do this, I have no idea) and then telling her about the quirks of the office coffee machine. At a firm any bigger than ours, it would have been ridiculous for the owner and CEO to take on this kind of training, but Justin was something of a micromanager, the kind of boss who liked to be intimately involved with his employees, as his track record with the other receptionists showed.

Finally, one day, I found something that sparked my attention. Nicole was in a cream–colored blouse that was a bit loose in the front. I saw her bending over her desk to staple some sheets of paper together, just as Justin walked up.

She caught him looking.

“Did you lose something on my desk?” she snapped.

That was the feisty Nicole that I knew. The hot girl who had been forced to become adept at fighting off suitors (except, as I now knew, for football players).

"No," said Justin quickly, "I was actually just looking down your blouse."

Nicole almost shouted in surprise. She had obviously been as shocked as I was at Justin's incredibly forward behavior. I had expected him to check her out, but I didn't think he'd make such an obvious play for her attention this early on.

Then again, how long had it taken him to bed Lydia? And the girls before her?

Maybe the direct approach was exactly what worked, even if it did seem crass.

"You must be trying to get sued for sexual harassment," said Nicole, crossing her arms over her chest as she straightened up.

"No," he said, not missing a beat, "I was actually thinking that you'd look good in some of the outfits that I bought one of my ex–girlfriends. I think she was smaller–chested than you, though. What are you, a 34DD?"

Nicole was surprised.

"Yes," she said, "good guess. I'm impressed. But I'm afraid I'm not interested in any of your exes dirty laundry."

"That's a shame," he said, "because I know you'd look stunning in some of the dresses. You don't like Dolce and Gabbana, do you?"

I couldn't see Nicole's face, due to the camera angle, but I could almost feel her eyes light up a the mention of one of her favorite designers.

"That depends on the year. Some years are better than others."

"I really wouldn't know about any of that," Justin shrugged, "I just know what looks hot. I could bring a few things for you to try on tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Nicole, hesitating a little, "but no thanks. I don't think I should be accepting gifts of any kind from my boss. After all, I'm married, remember?"

"Of course I remember," he said, jovially, without a trace of being disappointed at having been shot down, "Kev is one of our best guys

around here. We couldn't function without him."

He turned and left.

I wonder, I thought to myself, did he actually take 'no' for an answer?

I looked at the date/time stamp on the video. It had been recorded several days before, in the morning. Why hadn't Nicole mentioned this flirtation to me? Was she keeping it a secret, or had it really been entirely insignificant from her perspective? I knew that, as a very attractive woman, she was used to being hit on by men, but given all of our dirty talk about Justin, and his particular history, I would have expected her to report any behavior of this sort directly to me.

After all, we were being forthright and honest about our desires now. At least that's what I had assumed.

I went home later that day to take a nap while Nicole was still at work. I'd had to get up extremely early to do the server maintenance, and I was completely knackered.

When I woke up after a short, fitful sleep, I had a strange hunch. I went over to Nicole's closet, and found, next to her other, more familiar dresses, four new acquisitions, all of them in dry cleaner's bags. I was no judge of quality, but they looked expensive.

They were all made by Dolce and Gabbana. A coincidence?

Maybe, maybe not…



The next morning, I noticed that Nicole was wearing one of the new dresses. I pretended not to know anything. I needed to understand what, if anything, might have been going on between her and Justin.

"You look really pretty," I said, kissing her on the mouth, and then again on the neck, "is that a new outfit?"

"Yeah," she said nonchalantly, "do you like it?"

"You look incredible in it," I said, also noticing that she was wearing a bit more makeup than normal, "is there some kind of

special occasion?"

"No occasion," she said, "I just felt like dressing a little nicer today."

"Well you look wonderful," I said, kissing her again.

"Thanks."



That evening, I stayed late, ostensibly to run a security audit on the servers, but really because I was curious about how Justin had reacted to Nicole's outfit.

I didn't have to search long to find the footage that I wanted.

"Wow!" said Justin, walking through the front door that morning to find Nicole already there, waiting to greet him, "you look much better in that outfit than she ever did. I'm so glad that I saved it for you."

"Ha," said Nicole, "I bet you say that kind of thing to every employee who you gift your ex–girlfriend's old designer dresses."

"I do," he laughed, "but this time I actually mean it. I know — it's even surprising to me! I had no idea that your tits, I, uh, I mean, your chest, would look quite so good."

"Well you better take a good look, mister," she said, slapping him playfully with the manila folder she held in her hand, "because looking is all you're ever going to do."

"At least there's that," he said, grinning.

Were they actually flirting? For a moment, my hopes were ignited. Maybe she would be willing to cross the line with Justin after all…

"As long as I'm looking," he continued, the devilish grin still on his face, "why don't you turn around and show me how it looks from behind."

Nicole gave a little gasp, as if insulted, but a moment later was spinning around slowly so that she faced the camera and away from Justin.

The look of satisfaction in her eyes was unmistakable: she loved the attention he was giving her.

She wiggled her butt for a second. Justin gave an exaggerated wolf–whistle.

"It ought to be against the rules to look that good," he said, "that ass is a liability to have around this office. You're going to drive the men to distraction."

"Very funny," she said, rolling her eyes, but still smiling, "now don't you have some other women employees to sexually harass? Seems like it's your full–time job…"

He grinned, clearly not intimidated by her insinuation.

"It certainly would be, if they all looked like you."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"That's exactly how it was intended."



After watching this latest video, I raced home to Nicole. I found her cleaning up after her solo meal of leftovers. She had just finished loading the dishwasher. To my disappointment, she had changed out of the sexy dress.

"Hey, babe," she said, as I approached her from behind, locking her in an embrace, "did the security audit go ok?"

"Yeah," I said, kissing her neck, "I still have a couple of things to take care of early tomorrow morning, but I'm hoping all the hackers will hold off until then."

"I hope so, too," she laughed, as I nuzzled her neck, "you seem like you're in the mood tonight."

"What about you?"

"Mmm," she said, rubbing her ass back against my crotch, "I think I might be convinced…"

"What are we waiting for, then? Let's go to the bedroom…"

A moment later, I had removed her apron and was leading her by the hand to the bedroom, where she fell onto her back. I was on top

of her at once, covering her with kisses, then pulling the t–shirt that she had put on after work, while I'd still been at the office.

My lips found her erect nipples. I took first one, then the other between them, suckling them a bit, then teasing them with my tongue as Nicole writhed below me.

"Mmm, Kev," she moaned, "I love it when you take control like this…"

"I bet you do," I said, "does it remind you of your football days?"

("Football days" was our slang term for her wild days in college, of course).

"Mmm," she said, "a little bit. Maybe it does just a little."

I kissed down her flat stomach, towards her mound. It smelled wonderful.

"Just imagine you're back at the football frat house," I said, "and I'm about to get you ready. I'm going to go down on you before one of them fucks you with his big, thick cock."

"Ooh, Kev," she moaned, grabbing my hair and pulling my mouth up towards her lower lips, "you're so bad. You make me do such naughty things."

I licked her clit gently but insistently as she moaned.

"Molly really did get me ready like this, once. She went down on me in front of her boyfriend, Randy. You know, the tight end?"

I moaned. I did, indeed, remember the man she was talking about, who had gone on to be a third–round NFL draft pick and then dropped out of the sport after a serious head injury.

"He loved to watch girls together, and so we put on a show for him one night. Molly and I were in nothing but short skirts and t–shirts. She had me lay back on the bed and she went down on me, licking me until I was begging for her to make me come. But she kept pulling back, right in the crucial moment, because she wanted her boyfriend to be the one to finally bring me to climax. By the end, I was practically crying. I needed to get fucked sooo bad. Finally she moved aside, and he climbed on top of me, he shoved his thick cock inside me so slowly. It felt incredible. I came the second that he bottomed out inside me, then I begged him to keep going. He made me come again and again that night. I couldn't count the number of

times I climaxed, wrapping my legs around his muscular football–player torso as he plunged into me. I felt so helpless, so submissive, so feminine."

She stopped her monologue for a few minutes, as I slipped a finger inside her, stimulating her g–spot as I licked her clit. She was on the edge now.

"Don't stop. Just a little lower, babe. That's it…"

She pushed my head down into the correct position, which I did my best to hold as she continued to relate her filthy memory.

"I loved getting fucked like that. Fucked with a real cock…"

She was really getting carried away now, basically admitting that she still preferred a larger male member than the one I could supply, despite her previous assurances that her "size queen" days were behind her.

"Oh God. Don't stop. I'm so close…"

A moment later, she was climaxing, her pelvis smashing into my face as I struggled to maintain the exact same rhythm that had brought her to the edge of such an intense climax.

"Yes!!"

I loved making Nicole come. I kept my head between her legs for several seconds after her orgasm had faded, being careful not to overstimulate her.

"That's… so good…," she said, running her fingers gently through my hair.

We lay there like that for a few more minutes, in complete silence.

"Nicole?" I asked, "want to try to make a baby now?"

But my wife was fast asleep.

9

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL: 5

I had been spying on Nicole and Justin at work through the camera system for almost a month, when Nicole surprised me one night after work.

"Justin wants me to go out of town with him next weekend," she said, casually, "he's going to that conference in Toledo. He needs someone to take notes on potential clients and stuff like that."

That was odd. He hadn't mentioned that in any of the conversations that I'd listened to over the office security system. Had he sent her an e–mail or something?

A nagging suspicion started to grow in me. Were they meeting outside the office? Entirely behind my back? And if so, why?

"Sounds romantic," I joked, "remember, if anything happens, it's ok with me…"

She laughed uncomfortably.

"I don't think it's anything like that," she said, "I think he really does just need someone to help him out. We're going to have a booth…"

"And you're going to be a 'booth girl'?"

She gave me a withering look. I remembered how she disliked being objectified by men, even if it was clear that she enjoyed it on some level.

"I'm more than just eye candy," she said.

All of a sudden, it seemed like something was bubbling up to the surface inside of Nicole, something that had been long repressed.

"Maybe I like the fact that Justin values me for more than just my tits and ass," she continued, getting more and more upset, "he needs a skilled personal assistant. Who cares if he's fucked the other ones."

She put a disdainful emphasis on the word "fucked."

What was going on? Could she be right? Was Justin really not trying to get into her pants? Was she naive? Or was she lying to me,

trying to gaslight me, even though I'd already told her that sleeping with Justin was basically ok with me?

I had seen the flirting, though. I had it on video. She couldn't pretend like it wasn't happening, but I also couldn't let on that I had proof of what was going on.

"Come on," I replied, taking a softer tone, "you're going to tell me that he's never tried to flirt with you? Not even once? I find that hard to believe."

"I didn't say that he didn't try to flirt with me," she said, her anger seeming to fade, "just that he actually seems to appreciate what I do at the same time."

"Ok," I said, "I get it. It seems like you like working for him, so that's good, too."

"I do like working with him," she said, "I feel like we make a great team. And I also think that if you only have a little patience, something really special between me and Justin might happen. Your dirty little fantasy might come true."

Was she just keeping him at bay for the time being in order to heighten the sexual tension between them, to make the ultimate payout even better? Was that what this was all about?

Suddenly, I wasn't sure if "something really special" between Justin and my wife was really what I wanted. I knew that it would be hot to see Nicole finally enjoying a large penis again after years of being deprived of the pleasure, but I wasn't sure that I wanted her to have a serious emotional connection to another man, which is what it seemed like she was shooting for, or even beginning to develop.

And we hadn't even discussed the entire issue of birth control. The fact that Nicole wasn't on it, that is. She was trying to get pregnant, after all, and if she was going to fool around with Justin, he would have to wear a condom. I might have had a cuckold fetish, but I really didn't want to raise another man's child.

Nicole kissed me.

"Thanks for understanding, babe," she whispered, "I promise to text you during the conference. I'll let you know everything that happens."

This promise excited me again, and my sexual arousal at the idea of my wife experiencing another man slowly began to push the doubts I had out of my mind.

"But you just said you didn't think anything would happen…"

"I said that I didn't think that he had dirty intentions," she whispered, her lips teasing my earlobe, "not that I didn't have them…"

"Nicole," I gasped, genuinely surprised, "you're so bad! What do you have planned?!"

"What do you think I should do?" she asked, reaching down and feeling my erection through my pants, "I can tell you like the idea of me making a move on Justin."

"Yeah I do," I said, running my fingers through her hair.

Our faces were so close together I couldn't read her expression. Just the lust radiating from her body.

"You want your wife to take your boss's big dick?"

"Yes," I gasped, as she unzipped my pants and reached inside.

"You want me to tell you all about it? About how much better he is than you?"

There was precum leaking down my shaft, providing lube for the handjob that she was giving me now.

"Do you want to hear about all the dirty things I do for him? How I cater to his every dirty need? I have a feeling he might be kinky, honey, and I can't wait to see what he's into. I haven't had any fun like that since college…"

I realized that she was degrading our married sex life implicitly, but I was too aroused to protest. Besides, wasn't it true? Wasn't I an inferior lover, with my beer belly and small dick, compared to the 9–inch guys with washboard abs who played college football?

"I'd like that," I said, feeling my orgasm quickly approaching.

For the moment, it seemed like both of us had forgotten about making a baby. Because Nicole was clearly intent on making me come.

"You won't be there to see his big cock stretch your wife's tight pussy," she whispered, "but if you're lucky, maybe I'll have him take pictures…"

That was all I could take. The idea of my wife fulfilling my ultimate cuckold fantasy pushed me over the edge and I shot my load into Nicole's waiting hand.

"Wow," she said, smiling, holding up her hand, "you made a lot of little swimmers. Too bad they're not where they belong. Oh well."

She gave me a peck on the cheek and then head to the bathroom to wash her hands. Was she intentionally denying me "normal" sex? I remembered our recent encounter that had ended in cunnilingus while she had reminisced about her "football days."

Suddenly, I was having a hard time remembering the last time we'd actually had "real" sex.



Justin didn't say anything about the upcoming trip he was taking with my wife until the afternoon of the day before they were going to leave.

"Hey, Kev," he said, coming into my office, "could you tell Nicole to bring something nice to wear to dinner this weekend? We're going to go out with the guys from Schwarz and McDonagal."

Schwarz and McDongal was a rival firm from Chicago.

"I didn't know you were on such good terms with them," I said, "but yeah, of course I'll tell her."

"Good," said Justin, "tell her that it can be sexy, but maybe not too sexy. We don't want to lose her talents to those guys, after all."

He gave me a wink.

I must have looked confused, because in the next moment, he said, "don't worry, Kev. I'll take good care of Nicole for you. I'll make sure those other guys at the conference keep their hands to themselves."

I'm sure you will, I thought to myself.

"I'm not too worried," I said, trying to strike a casual tone, "she's a grown woman and can make her own decisions."

He leaned in and clapped me on the shoulder.

"You're not too worried. But you sound a little worried, Kev!"

He slapped me on the back and laughed.

"Ha! Only kidding."

"Of course."



That night at home, Nicole was in a packing frenzy. She had several outfits laid out on her bed, and was trying to figure out the perfect one for their dinner date.

"Do you like this blue dress? I'm afraid it's too low–cut. I'm not 25 anymore."

"You are definitely sexy enough to still pull that off," I said, feeling suddenly less like a husband and more like a friend.

"What about this bra? Too sexy?"

Isn't the point to seduce Justin? I thought to myself.

"No," I said, looking at the black lace bra she had in her hands, "I've always liked that one. I think it's perfect."

"Great! But what about the dress?"

"You really can't go wrong with the small black one."

She looked at me, her eyes brightening.

"Thanks, babe! You're exactly right. The little black dress is the perfect choice. Always stick with the basics."

She gave me a kiss.

"Ok," she said, "why don't you let me pack, then maybe we can spend some time together…"

I nodded, then headed downstairs to watch television for a few minutes.

About half an hour later, Nicole came downstairs, dressed in her pajamas. I always found her at her most attractive like this. Without makeup, in somewhat frumpy clothes. Maybe because it seemed so intimate. I was the only man who got to see her like this, and it felt good.

Now, however, I had bittersweet feelings about the whole thing. This trip was going to be a big event in our marriage, and we both

knew it.

"Hey babe," she said, plopping down on the sofa next to me, "how are you feeling?"

"Good," I said, in a less–than–convincing tone.

"Are you worried about the fact that your wife is about to take a trip out of town alone with your big–dicked boss?"

She smiled mischievously, then looked down at my shorts.

"Hmm," she said, her hand on my cock, "it looks like your little guy is looking forward to the trip, even if you're not."

"No," I said, "I am looking forward to it. I want you to have fun."

"Mm, good. Because I wouldn't want to do anything that you weren't 100% on board with. I know that you've wanted this for me for a long time. This is more about you than it is about me, you know."

"Really?"

This actually surprised me.

"Yeah, of course! I wouldn't be doing this if you hadn't constantly been talking about what a stud your boss is. If you hadn't dredged up all those memories of me and the guys from the football team."

Was she feeling guilty now, and trying to assuage it somehow?

"Well," I said, "don't just do it because I want you to. I want you to do what you want, too. And it seems like you've decided to seduce Justin."

She gave me another mischievous smile as she took my cock out of my pants.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," she said, "maybe I will and maybe I won't. Maybe I'll just tease him and then leave him with blue balls at the end of the night. Or maybe I'll go all the way with him. Let him do whatever he wants…"

My cock was at full attention now as she stroked me quickly.

"Seems like you like that idea," she said, whispering in my ear as she continued her expert handjob, "seems like you like the idea of your boss finally claiming me with that big fucking dick between his legs. I can't wait to finally see it. I've heard so much about it, but I haven't had the pleasure…I want to see if he can stack up to the quarterback…"

I let out a short cry as the semen shot from my shaft and onto the floor of the livingroom.

"Good thing we got rid of the carpet," she laughed, looking down at the cum splatter on the hardwood, "I hope that will take the edge off for you this weekend."

"It will," I said, kissing her, "and thank you."



Nicole took an Uber to the airport the next morning, and met Justin there. They made their flight on time, and she texted me a selfie of the two of them sitting side–by–side in business class, holding up champagne flutes.

They think I'm his wife she texted, isn't that funny?

That makes perfect sense I thought to myself a woman who looks like you **should** be with a guy like him.

But I didn't write that.

LOL, I responded instead, just be sure to fill your **real** husband in on what's happening today. And tonight, especially

She assured me that she would.

I tried to keep busy around the house that day, but I couldn't stop checking my phone, hoping for updates from the conference.

Finally, around 4PM, I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to write to Nicole.

Hey, I wrote anything happening over there?

Nothing that you might be hoping, she responded immediately we're about to pack it up for the day and go out for drinks, though.

She sent a smiling selfie of her and Justin standing at the firm's booth. They looked like a perfect couple, and it wasn't hard to see why the flight attendants had assumed they were married.

A pang of longing shot through me as I examined the photograph.

Just tell me as soon as anything happens, I wrote back.

Don't worry, babe. I'll let you know.

I paced the bedroom nervously for several minutes. I couldn't do it forever, though, and I knew it. I had to try to find a way to calm my nerves, so I went downstairs and found the pot that I'd smuggled back from my last trip to Colorado.

I hadn't rolled a joint in years, but I found some rolling papers and busied myself with the process. It definitely took the edge off.

About fifteen minutes later, I'd finally formed a sort of sloppy cone. It wasn't perfect, but it would work. I cracked a window in the living room and sparked it up, coughing a little at the burn of the smoke. It had been a long time since I'd gotten stoned, and my nerves were calmed almost immediately.

Finally, I was able to relax.

About an hour later, I got a text from Nicole.

Heading to dinner now it read. Attached was a photo of her in her little black dress, taken in the Ladies Room.

She looked stunning.

You look amazing, I wrote back, he's not going to be able to keep his hands off you.

I don't know about that, she wrote, he's been a perfect gentleman so far :(.

I went to the kitchen to get myself something to eat. I settled on frozen pizza. About an hour later, I had eaten half of the pizza and was starting in on my second beer. Between the junk food, the beer and the joint, I was feeling pretty good. I had almost forgot about the fact that I was in all likelihood going to be cuckolded later that evening.

I watched two episodes of True Detective, the show that I always wanted to watch, but Nicole couldn't stand.

Then my phone buzzed.

He's taking me to his room.

My heart pounded. It was happening. I tried to imagine the scene. Were they making out on the elevator? Or was she trying to play coy, pretending like she didn't know what was going to happen? Had they been flirting at dinner, in front of the guys from the rival firm?

My cock began to stiffen.

How long before he was **inside** her?

Five minutes passed. Then ten.

I stood up from the couch, staring at my phone.

Come on, I thought, tell me what's happening.

A moment later, an incoming call lit up my phone's screen. It was Nicole.

"Hey, babe," I said, answering it immediately, "is everything ok?"

"Everything is great, Kev."

To my surprise, it was Justin, my boss.

"Uh, hi boss," I said, somewhat taken aback, "is Nicole there?"

"Oh yeah," he said, "but she's busy at the moment. Aren't you?"

I heard the sound of my wife's voice in the background somewhere. It was somewhat muffled.

Before I could say anything, I heard Justin take a deep breath, and then sigh.

"Fuck yes. That's it. You suck that dick like you mean it. Show me how good you are…"

My own cock stiffened immediately. There could be no doubt: Nicole was giving Justin a blowjob.

"Your wife really knows how to suck dick, Kev" he sighed, "I guess you — or maybe someone else — must have taught her well."

"I really can't take credit for that," I said, laughing nervously, "I think she must have learned it in college."

"Oh yeah, college! That's right. I take it she was a real firebrand back then. At least that's what she tells me. You were a lucky guy to be able to land her."

"Thank you, sir."

For some strange reason, I swelled with pride at this lewd comment that my boss had made. My reaction didn't make much sense, but then again, nothing else about this whole situation made much sense either. It was like I was living in a dream world. A fantasy had come true.

"Ha," laughed Justin, "you're welcome. Thank you for lending me your wife. I'm going to have a real good time with her tonight."

I was feeling a strange mixture of sensations. Awkward, jealous, and incredibly aroused. The hand that wasn't holding my phone was

holding my cock now.

"Are… you going to fuck her?"

I immediately cringed at the stupidity of this question.

"Hmm," said Justin, "am I going to fuck the slut on her knees with my cock in her mouth? I dunno. I haven't decided yet. What do you think, Nicole? Should we fuck?"

"Yes, please."

I heard Nicole's voice clearly now as she came up for air.

"Hi, babe," she added, before the slurping sounds began again.

"That's it. Get that dick nice and hard. Play with your pussy for me, too. Yeah. Put a finger in there. Get nice and wet."

I was jerking off now in the front of the TV, which was paused on the image of Rust Cole from True Detective, as he sat in the police station crushing cans of Lonestar Beer.

"Fuck, man. I wish you could see her now. Your pretty little wife. On her knees in front of me with my dick in her mouth. You know, I didn't actually think I was going to fuck her? Funny, I know. I told myself, Justin, this is the first receptionist you've had who's totally off–limits. And I was prepared to respect that. Because she's your wife, after all, Kev. But then she started flirting with me, and agreed to go on this trip alone. All day she's making suggestive comments about what was going to happen after dinner. All during dinner she's finding excuses to brush up against me. She's got her hand on my thigh under the table at the restaurant. Then she takes my hand and puts it between her thighs. And then I tell her to come up to my room. And now she's on her knees taking my cock halfway down her throat. That's where we are, Kev. That's how we got here."

"Yes, sir," I said, not knowing what else there was to say.

"Oh God. Oh yeah. You better take a break. That's right. I want to fuck you now."

I gulped. The time was here. My wife was about to be entered by another man. A superior man with the kind of cock that she craved. She might not ever be the same again after this experience. Once she remembered what she'd been missing all these years of being married to me.

"Babe?"

He must have passed the phone off to Nicole, now.

"Hey," I said, "how's it going?"

"It's… going… great…" she said, moaning a little.

Was he already inside her?

"I'm on my hands and knees on the bed," she continued, "and you're on speaker phone. The phone is on the pillow in front of me. Justin is…ooooh…"

"Oh God, Nicole. This is so hot…"

"Justin is fingering me. But he's about to put it inside me. Are you ready, babe? Are you ready to hear your wife get fucked with a big cock?"

"How big is he?" I stammered.

I had already seen his member on video before, and knew that it was prodigious, but I was interested in hearing Nicole's estimate of his size.

"Mmm," she said, "I'd say he's at least the size of the quarterback. More than enough for me…"

"Oh God," I said, "is he inside you yet?"

"Almost…"

There was a short yelp, then a gasp.

"He's inside me, babe. Oh God. He's huge…"

For the next few minutes, no words came over the phone line, just moans from Nicole and the occasional grunt from Justin as he thrust into her. I could hear every slap of his flesh against hers, and it shot into me like an arrow.

This was not at all how I had been expecting it to be. I was turned on, sure, but this hurt. It was like I was being stabbed by both of them each time that he entered her.

"God yes. Give me that big dick," she moaned.

Then he began to spank her as he fucked her. I could hear Nicole's moans become even more insistent, even needier.

"Yeah. That pussy is yours now. It belongs to you. Take it…"

"Tell me I'm bigger than your husband," growled Justin, slapping her ass for emphasis, "tell him…"

"He's so much bigger than you," she gasped into the phone.

"Tell him that I'm the only one who's allowed to fuck you now."

"Nicole," I said, "I'm not so comfortable with —"

But I couldn't finish my sentence.

"I'll never fuck anyone else without your permission," she said, and I knew that the "your" didn't mean mine.

"My pussy belongs to you," she panted, seeming to reach climax suddenly.

"Good girl," he said, still pounding, "good little slut. Come on this big dick. I'm almost there…"

I thought of the birth control. I remembered that we hadn't discussed it at all.

"Oh yes," moaned Nicole, "yeah. Fill me up. Just come inside me, please…"

"Nicole!" I said, trying in vain to intervene, "not inside!"

Justin cackled in glee as Nicole moaned.

"Fuck yeah. That feels so good. There's nothing quite as good as coming inside another man's wife," he said, a moment later.

"God, I wish you could have seen it, Kev."

"Nicole," I said, "I want to talk to you privately. Right away."

"Sorry, babe. Not now," she said.

A moment later, the line went dead.

I was standing there, in the middle of my living room, a little drunk and a little high, with my phone in one hand and my cock in the other. I felt an odd mixture of shame and arousal as I pumped my dick, replaying the scene that I had heard, but not directly witnessed, back in my head.

I'll never fuck anyone else without your permission .

Her voice echoed in my mind as I reached orgasm, shooting my load all over the floor once again.

As the afterglow slowly subsided, the shame and dread of my situation began to sink in. I sighed, then headed to the kitchen for some paper towels.

10

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL: 6

Nicole's Uber pulled up to our house late that afternoon. Her face was apologetic. Sad, even. She hadn't returned my calls or answered any of my texts after our call the night before.

"Babe," she said, after she'd stepped across the threshold and put her rolling suitcase at the foot of the stairs, "I'm sorry about last night. I guess we need to talk."

I nodded in agreement.

She got a glass of water, and I got a beer, and we sat next to each other on the couch in the living room, just like we had the night before she left, when she'd given me a "goodbye handjob."

For a while, there was silence.

"So how was the flight back? Were you in business class again?"

"Yeah," she said, sighing, "it was good."

"Did you and Justin… fool around at all on the plane?"

"Are you sure you want to hear this? Because last night, it seemed like you were…"

"I'm sure."

"Ok," she said, "we did. He wanted to introduce me to the 'mile high club', but I was too chicken. Instead, he fingered me under the blanket, and then I gave him a handjob. I think the flight attendant must have known what was going on, though, because she kept giving me dirty looks."

"I guess when you're his size, it's kind of hard to do that with any kind of subtlety."

"Yeah," she said, a melancholic air in her voice, "he is pretty conspicuous that way."

"So what else happened?" I said, turning towards her now, and looking her in the eye.

"Oh babe," she said, falling into my arms, "it was so great. Thank you so much for letting me…for giving me the freedom to feel that way again…"

I held her close to me. The tears were running down my cheeks now. I was overwhelmed with feelings of jealously, but also love. I could sense in her voice how much this had really meant to her, and in that moment, all that I wanted was for her to be happy.

"Of course, honey. Anything for you."

"You're such a good man," she said, "I'm so glad I married you. Even though I don't deserve you."

"You do, though," I said.

She was crying now, too.

"I won't ever have sex with him again," she said, "if that's what you want."

"No," I said, "I want you to do what makes you feel good."

"Really?"

"Really."

She wiped the tears from her eyes.

"You're so good to me, babe."

She rubbed my cock through my pants, smiling as it responded to her touch.

"Mmm, I bet this little guy loved hearing me moan while Justin fucked me…"

"Yeah," I said, "he did."

"Let's give him some attention…"

She unzipped my pants and took it out, looking me in the eye as she stroked me.

"Did you like hearing your wife get fucked with your bosses big dick?"

"Yes," I gasped, a bit surprised at the filthy emphasis she'd placed on the naughtiest words that she'd used.

"I came so hard, babe," she said, moaning a bit as she stroked me, "much harder than I ever have with you. That's what you want to hear, right? You want to hear that my big cock experience was as good as I remember it?"

"Yeah," I admitted, "I'm glad you liked it."

"Did you enjoy it too, babe? Did you enjoy it… when…"

She leaned in and whispered in my ear as she stroked faster now.

“When your boss, our boss, shot his load inside my warm, wet fertile pussy?”

I grunted in pleasure and humiliation as I shot my load, unable to control myself. She kept stroking, smiling at my cock as it spilled its seed all over her hand and the hardwood floor.

“My, my,” she said, smiling, “I’m happy you enjoyed that so much.”

She kissed me.

“I’m going to go wash my hands.”

A few minutes later, we were cooking dinner together. It was almost as if nothing had changed in our marriage, but I knew that it had. We both did.

Finally, after the pasta primavera was finished, and we were both draining one last glass of wine, I had the strength to bring up the nagging question that I’d been thinking about for the entire weekend.

“What if he gets you pregnant,” I said, finally.

“I was wondering when you were going to ask that,” she said, “I took the morning after pill this morning.”

A wave of relief washed over me. Thank God.

“Do you want to keep sleeping with him?”

“I don’t know,” she said, “I mean, yeah, I want to. But can you really handle it?”

“I think I can,” I said, “but only if we have some ground rules.”

“That’s fair.”

We spent the next hour or so in animated conversation. It was almost fun, really, discussing the various pros and cons of the rules we were inventing for her relationship with Justin. In the end, we came up with two very important regulations, from my perspective: 1) that she tell me every time that they had intercourse and 2) that he never be allowed to ejaculate inside her without wearing a condom.

That night, we actually had sex again. And I came inside her. I felt like I had finally reclaimed my wife.

~

Those good feelings didn't last forever, however. Over the next few weeks, I sensed Nicole getting more distant. We went back to hardly making love, even though she was ostensibly still trying to get pregnant.

One night, when we came home from work, she was in an uncharacteristically horny mood.

"Babe," she said, while we were relaxing after dinner, "what do you think about taking me upstairs?"

I immediately agreed. It had been a long time since we'd made love. Throughout the past few weeks, she'd seen Justin twice (both times at his place) and both times, he'd worn a condom. I didn't know for sure, of course, but I took her word for it.

I had to.

That night, Nicole kissed me passionately. But it seemed like her fervor was feigned. Like she was going through the motions, trying to convince herself as much as me that she really wanted to have sex.

I kissed down her neck and began to tease her nipples with one hand. My other hand found its way between her thighs. I had hiked up her skirt and pushed her panties to the side.

She was already wet. Dripping, in fact. Her lubrication seemed oddly thick and sticky.

"Wow," I said, "you're already really turned on."

"Mmm–hmm," she said, "I want you so bad. Won't you get inside me?"

Something seemed strange about this request. I had an odd feeling.

"Of course," I said, "but I want to make sure you feel good, too."

"Oh," she said, "you know that I don't care so much about that. I just want to make a baby."

"Don't be silly," I said, kissing down her stomach, "I want to make you come."

My mouth found her mound, my lips latching onto her labia and my tongue probing her tunnel. I caught a warm mouthful of lube.

It tasted a bit salty and a bit sour, nothing like she normally tasted.

"Honey," I said, about to give voice to my suspicions.

But she cut me off, pressing the back of my head into her mound.

"Oh yes," she said quickly, "keep licking me. Just like that."

I opened my mouth and swallowed yet another gulp of what I realized must have been Justin's semen. A rush of humiliation and anger passed through my body.

She had been fucking him without telling me. And letting him cum inside her. Hell, maybe she was begging for him to knock her up. Now she was fucking me so that, on the off chance she got pregnant, she could still claim the child was mine.

I lapped at her cunt angrily. Why was I letting her do this to me?

"Oh fuck. Yes. Don't stop. A little lower…"

She pushed my head down.

"Keep it up. Your tongue feels so good."

I had a raging erection now. I was a bit surprised at how aroused this betrayal made me feel. It really was true: Justin was simply an irresistible alpha male, and women like Nicole were powerless when confronted with the possibility of carrying his child.

It was stupid, actually, for me to be mad about any of this. It was just the way things were. I was the beta male fit only to lick his sperm out of my wife's fertile vagina.

"Yes, babe. Oh yes!"

I choked down two more mouthfuls of the salty, sticky stuff that I was now certain was semen.

At almost the same moment, Nicole exploded, her thighs clenching around my ears so tightly that I could barely hear as she moaned in ecstasy.

A few moments later, she pulled my head up.

"That was just what I needed, honey. Now why don't you finish inside me?"

I righted myself, positioning myself between her legs, but my erection went limp in my hands. For whatever reason, this confirmation of her betrayal, and my ultimate beta status, had rendered me impotent.

"I'm sorry," I said, after a minute, "I don't think I can tonight."

"That's ok," she said, sighing, "I had a lot of fun anyway."



Once I realized that Nicole had most likely broken our contract and was sleeping with Justin without a condom, I started watching her movements more and more carefully. I noticed if she left for work early, and I noticed how many miles her car had driven when she claimed to be going to yoga.

Then I thought to look in the most obvious place of all. The place where I should have started my search for signs of her betrayal.

I checked the office tapes.

There it was, under my nose this entire time. Almost every time that I'd either gone home early or come in late, Nicole and Justin had been making love in his office.

Not just "making love" either. Often, they were fucking. Fucking in that raw, animalistic, unhinged and passionate way that I knew I could never match.

He spanked her. Bent her over the desk. Had her on the floor in several different positions. He gagged her with her own panties. He slapped her ass with a ruler. He had her gag on his cock on her knees under his desk while he took business calls.

No matter what he did, he brought her to climax. Again and again.

But most of all, he came inside her.

Over and over and over.

I didn't catalog this entire list of perversions all at once, of course. It took days for me to watch everything, for the full extent of Nicole's breaking of our contract to sink in.

Every afternoon after lunch, I would sit in my office and watch one video, or part of one. Some times I jerked off. Sometimes I simply watched. A couple of times, I even teared up.

I did my best to remain the same at home, in my interactions with Nicole. And to tell the truth, she was so caught up in this passionate affair of sex (and, dare I say it, love?) that she probably wouldn't have noticed anyway.

I ate at least three more of Justin's creampies over the course of as many weeks, and I even started to like the flavor. Slowly, that was becoming the only kind of sex that Nicole would offer me.

Finally, about four months later, Nicole texted me to share some news.

She was pregnant. Our dream of starting a family would, at last, come true.

She never mentioned the fact that we'd only had sex a single time during this cycle, compared to the dozens of times that she'd let Justin come inside her over the same period. It was as if she wasn't even conscious of this fact. She simply acted as if the baby was mine, and that was all there was to it.

And, over the course of her pregnancy, I slowly became convinced that the baby really was mine, even if the chances of that were so small as to be practically non–existent.

I was going to stay with Nicole. No matter what.

I wanted to be a dad. I wanted to help raise the child. Even if it was, in all likelihood, their child, not mine.

But most of all — if I was really being honest — I wanted to continue to watch Nicole and Justin on video. I knew that if we got a divorce, I'd lose my job, too. And my secret access to my wife's extramarital sex life.

So that was the arrangement that we reached. Or that I reached with myself, really. I never mentioned my suspicions to Nicole, and she pretended to break things off completely with Justin — for the good of the child, of course.

In reality, they continued to have sex throughout her entire pregnancy, right up until she was so big that the practicalities of the act become entirely too much to handle in an office.



When the baby finally arrived, I fell in love with her immediately. We called her Ruth, after Nicole's grandmother. We both cut back our hours at the firm so that we could take turns being home with her, and Justin was very generous with his maternal and paternal leave policies. It turns out, there are some serious upsides to fucking the boss.

Nicole's duties as a mother mean that she's less devoted to pleasing Justin these days. But now and then, I'll catch her giving him a blowjob on camera. She's not up to vaginal sex just yet, but I'm sure that once she is, nothing will be able to stop her from enjoying his large, thick cock as frequently as her new life will allow.

When that time does come, I'll probably be babysitting, wondering what I'm missing, and looking forward eagerly to my next opportunity to finally plop down in front of my computer and experience my wife's secret sex life, the one that has almost completely supplanted our own.

I guess you could say that we've found our own happy ending.

THE END

EMMA'S FLING: INTRODUCTION

"Are you sure you we should go to this party? I mean, it might be awkward for you to be around Paul and I," said my wife, Emma, washing her face as she got ready for bed.

"Of course," I said, "why it be weird? Do you think I'm jealous of him or something?"

"No," she said, a thoughtful tone in her voice, "it's just that sometimes you seem very...curious about our time together."

Emma and I been invited to a New Year's Eve party by Bryce and Maddie, two old friends of ours from college who now lived only a few blocks away. Back when we'd all been undergrads together (almost a decade ago now) Bryce, Maddie, Emma and I had done our share of hard partying together.

There had been one other member of our group as well: Paul.

Paul and Emma had had what she termed a "fling" one summer before drifting apart a few weeks later. Emma and I got closer and closer over the course of my senior year and eventually started dating. A couple of years later, we were married.

I would have totally forgotten about Emma and Paul's relationship, if it hadn't begun so spectacularly, one crazy summer night our junior year.

Me, Bryce and Paul had all lived on the same floor of the dorms freshmen year. Later, we'd all pledged the same frat, and so were roommates.

Maddie was Bryce's girlfriend, who he'd been together with since high school. She was around us so often that she was practically "one of the gang," even though — as the rest of my story will reveal — she was still fundamentally different from us due to her insistence on using what might be called her "feminine charms."

I had no idea how important the events of that one fateful night would be for my later relationship. I recount them now to explain the significance of Emma seeing Paul again at this party, years after my college graduation.

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EMMA'S FLING: CAMPING

It was late in August and our Midwestern college town was in the middle of a major heatwave. We all decided to head to the lake to cool off. We planned to make a weekend of it, so we were going to camp out.

So, that night, Maddie and Bryce pitched their tent at the campsite, and I pitched my own next to theirs. Paul was going to sleep in the back of his truck, which had a cover on it and was actually fairly serviceable as a camper.

After everything was set up, it was time to get down to business: relaxing.

It began with drinking. A *lot* of drinking. Classes were going to start the next week, and we were all feeling the need to get as much partying in as possible before it was time to hit the books again.

In a way, Maddie was the catalyst for everything that happened that night, and even at the party many years later. If it hadn't been for her, things might never have gotten started between Emma and Paul. Maybe Emma and I would have started dating much earlier, before she even considered Paul as a potential partner. Or, if they *had*dated — for however long that might have been — I would have just dismissed him as another ex–boyfriend. Nothing to worry about.

I realize these hypothetical situations are silly to think about. But it's hard to prevent myself from wondering "what if?"

Maddie was feeling extremely flirtatious that summer day. Even when we were in Bryce's car on the way to the lake, she was wearing this red, white and blue bikini that remains firmly engraved in my memory.

She had been wearing a bikini *in the car*. I only later realized how egregious this behavior had been. If I had been more experienced, I would have realized what was going on: she loved being the center of attention, and using her body to achieve that goal.

And she did achieve it. Even if she was Bryce's girlfriend, that didn't mean that we were all suddenly blind for some reason. We knew Maddie was hot, and so did she. She loved pushing the envelope, showing skin and flirting with the guys in our friend group. Up to that night, she didn't seem to prefer any one of us over any other one. She was just happy to get *any* male attention. Or, to be more precise: *all* of the male attention.

Maddie's wavy dirty–blond hair, her flat tummy and large breasts would have made her turn men's heads no matter what she was wearing, but now it was almost impossible not to look at her, especially since she was the only girl around.

Even though at least one more woman would have provided a much–needed gender balance to the group, you could just tell that Maddie wasn't exactly broken up about the fact that she was the only girl at the lake. She was certain to be the center of attention.

Sometimes Maddie's behavior bothered Bryce. You could tell. He never actually made a big deal about it in front of us, but once in a while you'd hear snippets of an argument between him and Maddie. It was always obvious to everyone what the argument was about: Maddie had gone too far, gotten a little too flirtatious with me, Paul, or one of the other guys that lived at the frat.

Part of me thought that Maddie was doing this on purpose. Trying to provoke Bryce so that he'd be compelled to declare his claim on her ever more forcefully. It wasn't a dynamic that *I* would have enjoyed, but it seemed like the two of them were making it work.

Bryce was not a confrontational guy with his friends (me and Paul), so he never addressed Maddie's behavior with us directly. For our part, we were both loyal to him (or at least *I* was), so things never went further than some innuendo and stolen glances at Maddie's beautiful young body.

God, did she have an *amazing* ass! I could still remember seeing her bend over to adjust a tent stake that afternoon, even about a decade after it happened. I was pretty sure that she *knew* I was looking, and loved the fact that I was checking her out.

But as luck would have it, Maddie wasn't the *only* hot girl hanging around with us that night.

As the night progressed, the sounds of our revelry attracted a young woman from a nearby campsite. She'd just turned 19, and was actually on vacation with her family, but was very happy to find some raucous college students partying nearby.

Her name (as you might have guessed) was Emma, and I was immediately smitten with her. She was pleasingly petite, slim yet curvy, had curly long brunette hair and an infectious smile that was evident even in the light of the campfire. She had more of a "girl next door" look than Maddie. She seemed safer. Less likely to go flirt with any guy she could find.

What's more, when she approached our circle, she made eye contact immediately *with me*.

For about fifteen minutes, it was like we were the only two people in the world who existed. I was lost in her brown eyes, which were illuminated by the flicker of the campfire. We chatted about her first year in college, and I offered my own stories from my freshman year: the weed–out calculus course that I'd passed only on the second try, the boring professors and the inspiring ones. She even managed to work into our conversation the fact that she'd recently broken up with her boyfriend.

In other words, she was sending me a signal. Loud and clear.

"Hey," said Maddie, jumping up from the campfire, "I'm going swimming."

"The beach is closed for the night," I said, annoyed by the fact that she'd interrupted my conversation with Emma.

"Ha," said Paul, "that's exactly why we should go."

"Yeah," said Maddie, "there won't be anyone else there. We can do *whatever* we want."

The way that she put a strange emphasis on "whatever" made it sound like she was suggesting something sexual.

I realized later that she might have been pulling this stunt to try to direct everyone's attention away from Emma, the pretty stranger who had recently appeared in our midst.

"I could totally go for a swim," said Emma, giving me a look, "what do you think?"

This was clearly an opening. An opportunity. She was hoping that I'd make a move, I could sense it.

"Yeah," I stammered, "let's do it. I'll go get into my suit..."

"Suit? What are you talking about? It's dark out there. Let's go skinny dipping."

Maddie was giggling, already reaching around to undo her bikini top.

"Sure," said Emma, shrugging "I was at a nude beach in France last summer. No big deal here."

Bryce gave Maddie an annoyed look, but you could tell that he wasn't ready to start a fight in front of everyone. He simply stood up and took off his shirt. Paul did the same.

Still wearing our pants (or bikini bottoms, as the case may be), we walked together, the five of us, a few yards to the edge of the water. Maddie had been wrong: the sun might have been gone, but the entire beach was bathed in the beautiful blue light of the moon.

I looked over at Emma, my eyes flitting across her chest. Her breasts were much smaller than Maddie's but they were perfectly shaped and had wonderfully pert nipples.

She noticed my gaze on her chest and smiled. She was obviously a little shy but also proud of the fact that I liked what I saw.

"Ok, boys," said Maddie, "get those pants off."

We all looked at each other and then unbuttoned our jeans, dropping them and our underwear to the ground at approximately the same time.

We stood there for a moment, each eyeing each other's member.

The contrast was immediately obvious: I was the smallest of the three. Bryce was perhaps an inch longer and thicker than mine, but Paul's — Paul's made Bryce and I's cocks look minuscule.

I couldn't help but stare. Between his legs hung probably six inches of thick cock.

"Wow," said Maddie, giggling, "I guess you're a grower, not a shower, huh, Michael?"

I cringed. I'm not going to lie. It hurt to have a comment like that directed towards me, especially in front of Emma, who I had been hoping to court.

"Yeah, so am I, actually," said Paul, in a matter of fact tone, "let's get in the water, huh?"

The girls stripped out of their bottoms and turned away, suddenly joined together in a kind of gender solidarity.

"Oh my *God*," whispered Maddie to Emma as they strode into the water, "a *grower*? For real?"

At least that's what I *thought* I heard. I can't be certain now, so many years later.

From that moment on, the spell between Emma and me was completely broken. The magic was gone.

Instead, as we swam around in that moonlit lake, Emma slowly began to approach Paul.

It started how these things often do: she splashed him. He splashed back. She tried to tickle him. He tickled her instead. She told him to stop and slapped him, running away from him, but not too quickly.

That was when *I* made my move. Or tried to. I went up to Emma and splashed her as well, getting water in her eye.

"Hey!" she said, "what the hell?"

"I'm sorry," I said, immediately realizing how awkward my attempt at flirtation had been, "I didn't mean to do that."

"Yeah. Ok," she said.

She turned away and swam over slowly to Paul, who she began to talk to in quiet tones. On the other end of the swimming area, Bryce and Maddie seemed to be engaged in one of their quarrels.

I wondered if it was related to her comment about Paul's penis. It seemed highly likely.

Suddenly, I was the fifth wheel. I walked back up onto the beach. Both couples were lost in conversation: Paul and Emma's was quiet and friendly, while Maddie and Bryce's was increasingly louder and less friendly.

Finally, Maddie turned and abruptly walked up onto the beach, next to me.

"Problems?" I asked.

She had her arms folded across her chest, covering her breasts. I still got a great look, however.

God, was I horny! It had been six months since I'd even had a date, much less gotten laid. I was doing my best not to get an erection in front of her, but boy was it hard.

Part of what was helping in my battle was the sound of Emma's laughter coming over the water, clear proof that I'd lost out on whatever might have been with her. She was into Paul, now, for whatever reason.

Years later, I fixated on the fact that her shift of affections from him to me coincided with Maddie's humiliating remark about our obvious differences in cock size. Deep down, however, I knew that this was a rationalization. Even if we had somehow been able to exchange cocks, Emma still probably would have gone for Paul that first night. He was just that much more charming and outgoing than I was. I hated it, but it was the truth.

Maddie and I tramped back to the campsite in silence. She disappeared into her tent, while I stoked the fire up again. We hadn't put it out completely before we'd left for the beach. I never said we were the most responsible campers!

When she emerged again, Maddie was wearing a t–shirt with no bra underneath (this was obvious due to her protruding nipples) and was still not looking happy.

I passed her a beer, which she accepted glumly. We sat in silence, sipping our drinks.

A few minutes later, Bryce emerged from the trees, going into the tent without a word.

The situation had suddenly become so awkward that I couldn't take it anymore.

"I'm going for a walk," I announced.

"Cool," said Maddie.

If I'm being honest with myself, it wasn't just the weirdness of being around Maddie and Bryce when they were quarreling that sent me back out to the beach. I was also propelled by jealousy and curiosity.

I wanted to know what was happening between Emma and Paul.

I emerged from the treeline to an empty beach. I didn't see them anywhere.

Where could they have gone? They weren't back at Paul's truck. We had been sitting right next to it and would have heard them arrive.

Maybe they'd taken a walk.

That was when I heard Emma, and realized that they were much closer that I had realized. Just about fifteen feet in front of me, to be precise.

The reason that I'd missed them was that they weren't standing up. They were on the ground. Kissing. What I'd heard was Emma's giggle.

I realized that I was still in the shadows, and so remained rooted to the spot. I was filled with a mixture of impotent rage and arousal.

I could see both of them perfectly. The way that Paul's large hands explored Emma's petite body. Suddenly, this girl who I'd only met hours before was an unattainable object of desire for me.

Something I could never have or enjoy. But Paul could.

Maybe it was because they were already naked, but it seemed like there was only one place this make–out session could lead: full–on sex on the beach.

Emma was moaning now as Paul reached between her legs, fingering her slowly. I had to hand it to him: he might have been a giant of a man, but he was also an extremely sensitive lover, and it was clear that Emma appreciated this fact. She was mewing and sighing as he slowly worked a single thick finger in and out of her.

"I want you," she groaned, "oh God, I want you so bad."

Paul pulled himself up a bit and his erection became visible. Another surge of jealousy filled me. He hadn't been lying: he really was a "shower" not a "grower." He had to have been almost nine inches long, and thick. What's more, he pointed up at an angle. Unlike a lot of guys his size who I'd seen in porn movies, Paul was able to get completely erect. He looked hard as a rock.

Emma reached down and stroked him, biting her lip as he continued to massage her mound and finger fuck her.

He withdrew his finger and grinned, ready to mount her, missionary–style.

To my surprise, she objected.

"No," she said, "not like that. The sand."

She jumped up hurriedly and went back into the water for a moment, rinsing the sand from her beautiful backside.

For a moment, I had an incredible view of her lithe young body bathed in moonlight. I positively *ached* for her. I stood there in the shadows, my cock in my hand.

Then she emerged, grinning at Paul, who had also watched the show eagerly.

"Like this," she said, bending over a tree that had fallen on the beach and offering herself to him.

She was looking directly at me. For a moment, I imagined that she could see me, but I realized that this wasn't likely, or she would have said something.

In any case, I was face to face with a woman about to be fucked by my friend Paul. A friend with a very large and thick penis, who had just succeeded in seducing this girl from under my nose.

The girl who had appeared to me like the quintessential "girl next door" had become eagerly submissive to my friend and his huge dick.

"Slow," she said, wincing a bit as he pressed forward.

Their contrast in sizes was amazing. Paul, the huge, muscular man absolutely dwarfed the smaller dark–haired beauty.

"Oh God, you're so tight."

"Mmm and you're...so...big..."

He was inside her now, because I began to hear the sounds of their thighs slapping into each other. They weren't just two young people exploring each other's bodies. The tenderness that had been present in their make–out session before was now completely absent.

They were caught in a frenzy of lust. Both of them. It was animal. Completely primal.

"Yes," growled Emma, "fuck me. God damn it, *fuck* me!"

Paul continued to slam into her as hard as he could, pulling on her hair.

"Fucking *fuck* me. God. I need that fucking cock!"

I never would have guessed that Emma (who, in my mind, was a sweet girl next door) would have been capable of that kind of language. But, then again, looks can be deceiving. Obviously they were, in her case.

He slapped her ass. She let out a shriek.

"Fuck yes. Spank me. Spank and fuck me, damn it."

I was jerking off now. How could I not? It had been so long since I'd had any kind of sexual contact, and all night I'd been praying for a shot at Emma. Now that I'd missed my shot, the fact that Paul was doing such an incredible job "taking care" of her right in front of me was almost a compensation of sorts. If I didn't get to enjoy her, at least he did, and maybe we could laugh about it at the frat house in a few days.

He was slapping her ass with abandon now, and her cries and the sounds of flesh on flesh mingled with the smacks and echoed across the lake.

Later, I would wonder if Emma just didn't care if her mom or dad happened to leave their tent and find her there, or if they might even have been able to hear her?

Looking back, I realize that the spark of passion had been that strong between them that neither of them had cared. It was the meeting of two people who were passionately in lust for each other. So sexually compatible that all cultural, moral and religious programming had gone out the window the moment that they kissed.

"You're… so… big… God!"

Paul continued to spank her as he stretched my future wife's pussy with his huge cock. I started to wonder why it had never occurred to me before that Paul was so massively endowed. In a frat house environment, things like that tend to be known. There are jokes made.

Paul must have been the kind of guy to "speak softly and carry a big stick."

"Fuck yes. Oh my God!"

The first time I watched my wife orgasm was that night, before she was my wife. She looked absolutely magnificent: her hair a mess, her face covered with sweat from the heat of the August night and from the exertion of their passionate encounter. She bit her lip as her eyes rolled back and she grunted in pleasure.

Paul showed no signs of stopping, and Emma's passion didn't abate after that initial climax.

"Oh God. I can't believe it. I've...I can't...oh God!"

I was jerking myself off furiously at this point as Paul wrapped even more of Emma's hair into his fist and adjusted his angle of attack, going even deeper.

"Fuck. Yes. Fuck. Me."

Emma urged him on and Paul continued thrusting into her, his face had the look of a determined athlete or a conquering hero. He was absolutely dedicated to giving this girl the fucking of her young life.

At the time, I never could have imagined or anticipated that this "girl" — this 19–year–old beauty — would one day be my own beautiful bride. At the time, it seemed very clear that I had lost her. Forever.

Sometimes I wonder if, in that moment, I didn't have an invaluable insight. One that should have stuck with me later, too.

I watched in awe as Emma reached a second climax. It was frankly incredible that Paul had been able to hold out this long himself. He was grunting in determination as he continued his assault on her pussy.

"Oh my God. I just came so hard."

Emma's voice was high–pitched and ragged. It was the sound of a desperate woman. A woman who had been shaken to the core of her being.

"I'm going to come," announced Paul.

"Not inside," gasped Emma.

Paul nodded, even though he was behind her and she couldn't see him at all. He pulled out, and for a moment it seemed like he would spill his seed on her back.

But suddenly, to my surprise, Emma pivoted, taking Paul in her mouth as he unleashed what I imagined to be a torrent of sperm.

At the same time, I came all over my hand.

Suddenly, I was disgusted with myself. What was I doing out here, spying on my frat brother fucking the girl who I had a senseless crush on when I should have been back at the campfire taking the loss like a man with a beer in my hand.

Hell, I should be waiting to high–five Paul when he came back. Isn't that what bros are for?

I watched with envy as Emma's head bobbed up and down a few times on Paul's cock. She was really draining him. Sucking him dry.

She gave a giggle and looked up at him.

"That was a lot."

"I was really turned on."

He bent down and gave her a kiss.

It killed me to see that.

I turned around and walked back to the campsite as Emma's laughter rang out in the night.



When I arrived back at the campsite, Bryce was sitting alone at the fire, drinking straight from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

"Jesus, bro! That bottle was full like an hour ago."

He pivoted to look at me. His eyes were glassy.

"Dude, you've gotta stop and go to bed. You've had enough."

"Fuck women, man," he slurred, "they're all hoes."

"Nah, come on," I said, "you're just drunk."

I unzipped the fly of the tent and pushed Bryce inside, trying to settle him on top of his sleeping bag.

"Sleep on your side, man."

I looked over to see Maddie, glaring at us.

"Is he wasted?"

"Yeah. I'm worried about him."

"He does this like every weekend," she sighed, "I'll take care of him. Thanks."

"No problem."

I crawled out of the tent and took a moment to catch my breath. Then I cracked one last beer and watched the campfire while I sipped it.

Maybe I was hoping that Emma would come back.

Maybe I was hoping that Paul would come back.

Maybe I was hoping they'd come back together and I'd get to witness another explosive sexual encounter.

The longer Paul stayed away, the greater the chances that he was fooling around with Emma again. Their chemistry had been undeniable. It had been so raw and primitive. I'd never seen or experienced anything like it.

Slowly, however, my eyelids began to droop, and the beer can began to slowly empty. I decided it was time to call it a night, so I poured some water on the fire and retired to my tent.



Sometime in the middle of the night I woke with an almost irresistible urge to pee. I pulled on some pants and stumbled out into the night, trying to remember the way to the toilets.

Finally, I decided that a tree would work just fine, so I walked far enough into the woods to by out of earshot from the campsite and relieved myself at the base of a trunk.

When I'd finished, I took a moment to take in the beauty of the night. From this vantage point, I could see our campsite: the two tents and Paul's truck.

Suddenly, I noticed Paul's truck rocking slightly. At first I thought it was my imagination, but then it happened again.

It could have been Paul just rolling over, of course. He was a big guy, and the truck wasn't one of those huge ones you see so many of these days. It was of a size that could have easily been rocked if a man Paul's size started moving around a lot inside.

But I also had a sudden intuition, or a suspicion that something more was going on.

I zipped up my pants and walked slowly back towards the site, stopping right next to Paul's truck.

The vents on the tinted windows of his truck–top were open as far as they could go, due to the heat of the night. He had screens over them for the mosquitoes, I noticed.

As I approached the truck, it lurched again.

Then there was a giggle. A feminine giggle.

A moment later, there was a sigh. The sounds of lips smacking together and another giggle.

"Mmm, that feels good…you can keep doing that!"

Another giggle, followed by Paul's bass voice saying something that I couldn't quite understand.

Something struck me as very strange. The woman's voice was familiar. Very familiar. But it wasn't Emma's. I was sure of that, even though I'd only met her a few hours ago.

Suddenly it hit me.

It was Maddie.

Maddie was stepping out on Bryce. She'd snuck off to see Paul in his truck after she was certain that Bryce was passed out drunk in their tent.

I was suddenly angry. Who did she think she was? How could she do this to Bryce? And how could Paul do this to one of his frat bros? It was breaking the bro code.

Not only that, it seemed totally unfair. Paul had already fucked one of the most beautiful young women I'd ever seen, swooping in and taking her right from under my nose. That had only happened a matter of hours ago. And now — from the sound of it — he was about to lay yet *another* extremely attractive girl. One who happened to be dating his friend.

For a moment, I contemplated knocking on the truck and interrupting them. I felt the urge to embarrass them. Expose them for the cheaters they were.

But then I heard Maddie moan. The blood immediately rushed to my cock as I thought about her bending over in her bikini earlier in

the day. Paul was getting to enjoy what I'd always fantasized about. Not only had he fucked Emma — the girl who I'd had an emotional connection to — he was also fucking Maddie, the girl who I'd never particularly cared for on a personal level, but who I'd love to have sex with.

Fuck she was hot.

"Yes, yes," she squeaked, clearly trying to keep quiet.

A moment later, I had my cock out again as the truck began to rock rhythmically. Maddie's cries were muffled now. It was as if she had something in or over her mouth.

I imagined the scene inside. Paul on top of her, holding his hand over her mouth to keep her from making noise as he slammed into her.

Or was she on top of him, riding him with her head down and a pair of panties in her mouth? She might be just kinky enough to try something like that. She'd dropped hints before about her sexual proclivities, which included things too "wild" for Bryce.

The sound of flesh slapping on flesh filled my ears. If Bryce had been at all conscious, he would have easily heard Maddie's betrayal. She must have been either completely certain that he was totally passed out, or else didn't care if heard her.

Maybe she *wanted* him to hear, on some level.

I didn't understand why, but listening to Paul giving a second girl the fucking of her young life in the space of just a few hours made me feel doubly humiliated. I felt like a cuck even though I had no claim on either of these women.

It was as if Paul was rubbing his alpha status in my face. Even though he had no idea that I had witnessed either event. I was mad at him, but I had no right to be.

I listened to Maddie's muffled moans as she reached an obvious climax. The rocking of the truck stopped as well.

I stood there, my cock rock hard, my ears pricked for any sound.

I heard a bit of soft conversation. Then I heard the sound of slurping. Then, gagging.

God. She was going down on him. Practically choking on his cock, from the sounds of it.

Now, it was Paul who was doing the talking. Suddenly, I could understand him. He was talking rather loudly. Once again, it was as if he either didn't care if Bryce heard him, or he wanted him to.

"Yeah, just like that. Suck that big dick."

I could hear Maddie moan as she took his shaft into her mouth. From the sounds of it, she was extremely enthusiastic about getting him off.

"Yeah. Deeper. Good job."

The sounds of sucking continued for a moment, then I heard Maddie come up for air, gasping a bit.

"God," she moaned, "I can't believe how fucking thick you are."

"Tell me it's the biggest you've ever had."

"It's the biggest I've ever had," she said, an edge of desperation in her voice.

"Tell me it's bigger than Bryce's."

"It's twice the size of Bryce. You cock is twice as big as his."

"That's a good girl."

The slurping started again. Now the truck was rocking again. He must have been fucking her mouth. Maddie was groaning harder and more rhythmically.

"Fuck yes. Get ready. I'm close..."

She moaned in encouragement, coaxing the seed from his balls with the sound of her voice.

At the exact moment that Paul groaned out in pleasure, I also shot my second load of the night, splattering semen all over the ground outside his truck.

Once again, I was filled with shame and dread. Slowly, careful not to make any noise, I returned to my tent, pulling up the zipper one inch at a time so as not to make too much noise and give away the fact that I had been listening.

Behind me, I heard Maddie giggle again. Then, a few minutes after I was comfortably back in my tent, I heard the door of the truck slam.

She was gone, and Bryce would be none the wiser about her nocturnal activities.

12

EMMA'S FLING: EMMA

After that fateful camping trip, I didn't see Emma again until a few months later when I was walking out of the library on campus.

I recognized her immediately, but was unsure if she'd know who I was, or if she'd even be interested in talking to me.

But then she gave me a big smile, and fixed me with those same big eyes she had that first night around the campfire. The first night we'd met. Before she'd gone off with Paul and rutted on the beach.

I was smitten all over again.

And this time, so was she. We walked together from the library to the Humanities building, and then I invited her to get coffee with me.

She explained that she'd transferred to our university because of the nursing program. We chatted a little about her family and friends.

Of course, Bryce, Paul and Maddie came up.

"Bryce and Maddie are still together. They moved in together this semester," I told her.

"They seemed like a good couple," she said.

If you only knew, I thought.

"Yeah, they're crazy about each other."

"She had such cute hair," said Emma, "I wonder where she gets it cut. I need to find a good place around here."

"I can ask her."

"Yeah, would you?"

"I'd be happy to. Just give me your number and I'll make sure she texts you."

She smiled at me.

"That's the smoothest way a guy has ever asked for my number," she said.

I blushed, suddenly self–conscious.

"Don't worry," she said, "I'm happy to give it to you. Text me anytime."

She wrote it out on a piece of paper.

"Thanks," I said.

"What about Paul?" she said, innocently, "what's he up to these days?"

"He actually transferred to Haverford College," I said, "I think he's seeing a girl there these days."

"Oh. That's in Pennsylvania, right?"

"I think."

"Pretty far away."

"Yeah."

"So…," she said, suddenly looking down into her coffee mug, "this is a little awkward, but Paul and I had a little...fling. Nothing serious."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, we went out a couple of times after I met you guys at the lake. Ultimately, I decided he wasn't really boyfriend material."

"Ha. I can see that."

She gave me a big grin, as if to say, "unlike *you*."

"Well," she said, "I should go. But this was really fun. You've got my number. If you need to get in touch with me for any reason..."

Did I use that number? You bet I did. I wasn't going to let this opportunity slip out of my hands this time.

A few days later, she accepted my invitation to another coffee date.

After that, we went to dinner together.

After that, we went out for drinks.

On our fourth or fifth night out together, she invited me back to her room.

When we made love together for the first time, it was a beautiful thing. We were riding the same emotional wave. Looking into each other's eyes. It was intense, emotionally and physically, even if it didn't have the same raw animal power that her encounter with Paul had.

I barely lasted two minutes, but it didn't matter to Emma. She never had an orgasm from actual intercourse, but I was always very

generous with my tongue, and she assured me that it wasn't a big deal to her.

After two years of dating, she started dropping hints about our future together. I had graduated and taken a job in the same city where we'd gone to school in order to remain close to her.

I took the hint and popped the question. I was overjoyed when Emma accepted my proposal of matrimony with tears in her eyes.

"I love you *so much*, Michael. I think I've been in love with you since the night we met."

"Me too," I said, a pang shooting through me.

I felt the exact same way. I always had. And I had no reason to doubt Emma when she said this. Hadn't we *both* felt that spark? Was it really *so* important that she'd gone off with Paul right afterwards and fucked him on that beach?

Hadn't it just been a meaningless hook–up, a one–time fling? Even if she'd gone on a couple of dates with him afterwards?

Wasn't she with *me*, not *him*?

This is how I had begun to think about things over our years of marriage together. Still, I could never quite get the images of that night out of my mind.

Sometimes, I tried to get Emma to talk about her time with Paul. She was usually evasive, trying to brush off my questions by making jokes about how he seemed like a big, dumb jock, and wasn't that interesting to her now.

Neither of us had seen him since we'd started dating, but around a year ago, Bryce and Maddie (who were now happily married as well) had moved in to our neighborhood, buying a large Victorian house just a few blocks away from us. They had been working hard to remodel it, and now, a year after moving in, finally had it in the shape that they wanted, and were throwing a New Year's Eve party to celebrate.

Naturally, they'd invited Emma and me. But Maddie had also been careful to mention that there would be another guest on the list as well: our long–lost friend, Paul.

Paul and I had messaged on Facebook a few times, over the past several years. We'd actually invited him to our wedding, but he

hadn’t been able to make it.

I had been relieved, of course, not to have to think about my beautiful bride swallowing Paul’s cum while she walked down the aisle next to her father.

So this would be the first time that either of us had seen him in person in a long time.

The party was that weekend, and it was only Monday.

Her nighttime routine over, Emma cuddled into bed next to me, where I sat reading my kindle.

“I can’t wait to see what Bryce and Maddie have done with that place. I kind of wish that we’d bought it ourselves.”

“You always say that,” I teased, “but neither of us has the same do–it–yourself spirit that those two do. There’s no way we’d ever take on a project like that, at least not in the way they did.”

“Yeah,” she sighed, “I guess you’re right. But it’s cool to live vicariously through them. Do you think they’re going to flip it? Or are they sticking around for a while?”

“Bryce’s job seems really serious,” I said, “he thinks they’re talking about making him vice president. If that happens, they’re definitely sticking around. Plus, I’m pretty sure that Maddie wants a family.”

“Speaking of that…,” said Emma, snuggling even closer, “you know what time of the month it is for me?”

“You’re ovulating?”

“Well, maybe not yet. But sometime this week for sure. Pretty much any time between now and a week from now would be a great time to get pregnant.”

“Then I guess we’re going to have to try every night,” I said, putting my kindle on the nightstand and leaning down to kiss her.

“Whatever you say, dear husband,” she said, giggling a little as I pulled her in for an embrace.

A few minutes later, I was sucking on her nipple as I fingered her tight slit. It wasn’t really true that fucking a huge cock permanently changed a woman’s vagina, or else Emma never would have been as tight as she was. That first night — and whatever else she and Paul did together during their “fling” — would have changed her forever.

"That's so good, honey. You're so great with your fingers."

Her hand was on my cock, stroking me. I was rock hard. I couldn't help but start thinking about her and Paul that night. I knew I shouldn't say anything, but I felt like I was going to. She still had no idea about what I'd seen — even after all these years.

"I think it's time that you give me a baby," she sighed.

Her panties were already off. She spread her legs and I entered her from above, sighing in pleasure as I felt her warm walls enclose me. I bent down and gave her a kiss on the lips.

"I love you, Michael," she said.

"I love you, too, Emma."

I pumped into her.

"Yeah, that's it," she said, smiling up at me, "just do what you want. God, I'm so horny."

Despite this confession, she actually didn't seem *so* aroused. More like determined to conceive a child with me.

I closed my eyes, the scene from the lake so many years ago flashing across my eyes.

I remembered Paul pumping into her from behind. Slapping her ass. I'd never tried anything like that with Emma. Despite how much she'd obviously loved it when *he* had done it, it just seemed so degrading. I didn't have the heart to treat her like that. To me, she was my wife. My angel. Even if she liked it.

"Yes, Michael. Yes. Just let it go. Come inside me and give me a baby."

It was as if she was trying to get it over with. Just get the sperm inside her so she could conceive. That was fine with me. It was a strategy that worked.

A few moments later, I shot my load inside Emma, looking into her beautiful eyes.

"That was nice," she said.

"Just nice?"

"Well, you know what I mean. I enjoyed it."

"But you didn't come, did you?"

"Well, no. I guess not."

"You *guess* not?"

"Ok, I didn't."

"Let me take care of that."

"You don't have to. It's late."

"I want to."

She gave me a slight smile, then sighed.

"Ok. I guess I don't mind."

I pulled out and began to massage her clit with my hand. She sighed.

"That feels good. Keep going."

She closed her eyes. I wondered what she was thinking about.

"Oh yeah. Just like that. Up a little bit. Good."

She took hold of my hand and moved it to the exact position she wanted it in.

"I want you to think of something sexy, ok, babe?"

"I am," she sighed.

"Is it Harrison Ford?"

I knew that she had a thing for the character of Indiana Jones, and it had become a running joke between us that if she ever met Harrison Ford she'd be allowed to have sex with him.

"Ha...no. Keep doing that."

I continued to circle her clit with my fingers, slowly working a single finger inside her. She was still extremely wet.

"Oh yes. That's good."

She was getting more and more aroused. I decided to take a chance.

"Do you ever think about people before me?"

"Huh?" her breathing was ragged.

"Like other guys. Do you ever reminisce about them?"

"There weren't that many 'other guys'," she said, giggling a little.

Obviously she was trying to dodge the question. I knew that she'd had one serious boyfriend who she'd slept with before Paul. Then there was me. So my question only could have applied to two people. Paul or her boyfriend in high school.

I continued to rub her pussy, fucking her with a single finger. My other hand found her nipple. I knew from experience that she absolutely loved this combination of stimulation.

"Oh God. Yes. Just like that. Don't stop. Don't stop."

I stopped.

She squeaked in dismay.

"Honey. *Please*."

"You didn't answer my question before."

"What question?"

"About whether you ever fantasize about other guys you've been with."

"Please, Michael."

"Come on. I won't be offended," I assured her, "I'm just curious."

"Ok," she sighed, pausing, "sometimes."

I started rubbing her again. She sighed with pleasure.

"Are you thinking about Paul now?"

She let out what seemed to be an involuntary moan.

"No!"

It wasn't a very convincing answer, and she knew it.

"Ok," she groaned, when I stopped my finger, "I'm… thinking about him..."

"Good," I said, "I want you to keep thinking about him. Remembering..."

"Ok," she said faintly, as if unwilling to admit to herself or me what she was doing.

I continued to circle my finger on her clit, fucking her hole with two fingers now as I played with her nipples.

"Oh God, oh God. It's so good. I'm going to...Oh shit. I'm so close..."

She looked so beautiful when she was this close to orgasm. I couldn't help but remember the very first time I'd seen her come, on that moonlit night so many years ago as Paul had fucked her mercilessly from behind. I wondered if she was thinking about that night as well.

Or had her mind wandered back to some other incident during the brief time that they'd dated? Maybe that initial encounter — as explosive as it had seemed to me — actually paled in her memory in comparison to the other romps that they'd had.

I had no idea, and I'd probably never know. All I did know for certain was that Emma came harder than I'd ever seen her before.

Her face flushed. She was glowing. When her eyes opened and met my own, it was positively breathtaking. She was beautiful.

My angel.

"God, honey. That felt really dirty. But I came sooo hard. Thank you."

She kissed me passionately.

"I think your fantasy did a lot of the heavy lifting on that one," I whispered, "that is to say, your memory."

"Stop it," she said, "I feel bad that we were even talking about that. I never would have if you hadn't made me."

"Oh, I made you? You seemed pretty willing to do it."

I chuckled. Emma had to laugh, too.

"I guess that's right," she said, "still, I feel dirty. You're not mad, are you?"

"Why would I be mad?"

"You know. Because I admitted that I think about other people sometimes."

"That's no reason to be mad," I said, "I'd be surprised if you said you *didn't* think about other people sometimes. It's only normal."

"Oh yeah?" she said, a devilish smirk spreading across her face, "so does that mean that *you* like to think about other girls? I seem to remember catching you checking out Maddie a few times over the years. I wonder if she still looks as good in a bikini as she used to."

Her tone was playful, but I was put back on the defensive.

"Ha ha," I said, "I guess I did used to check her out sometimes. But trust me, I'm over it now. I've only got eyes for you, babe."

It was true, too. Emma was the center of my world. She always had been.

"Whatever you say," she said, flashing me her beautiful smile once more, "I guess we'll see on Friday night."

13

EMMA'S FLING: THE PARTY

We arrived early. We hadn't meant to, but I think both Emma and I had been a little nervous about the party, despite the fact that we'd spent the entire week assuring each other that neither one of us had anything to worry about.

Even though Bryce and Maddie had lived practically next door to us for the entire last year, we hadn't seen much of them. They had been busy with the remodeling work on their house, and Emma and I had our own concerns. Emma was finishing up the last year of her master's degree, and I had recently received a promotion at work.

This accounted for a certain amount of the explanation as to why we hadn't spent so much time with Bryce and Maddie, but the truth was that we simply weren't as close to them as we had been when we were still in college. That was probably inevitable.

I looked over at Emma. She looked wonderful. Under her long faux–fur coat, she was wearing a black cocktail dress that came to just above her knee. It had two small straps that meant that her shoulders were bare. She'd pinned her hair back, and was wearing a bright red Taylor Swift–like shade of lipstick.

She was also wearing the golden necklace that I'd bought her for our five–year anniversary. She looked great, and I'd told her so. By comparison, I looked like a total bum. But I had actually done my best to dress up a little. After all, we'd been told by our hosts that it was to be a "semi–formal" party.

When the door opened, and Maddie stood there in a dress almost identical to the one Emma was wearing, it was clear that she'd made the right choice in attire.

"Emma!" she squealed, throwing up her arms as my wife leaned in for an embrace, "it's so great to see you! You look wonderful. Come in!"

She turned to me, pulling me in for a hug as well. I loved the way her ample bosom pressed against my own chest. She had

stayed in shape over the years and was still a total knock–out. Bryce was a lucky guy — if she wasn't still cheating on him, that is to say.

Maybe Emma had been right. Maybe I did have a little thing for Maddie.

I sighed. Even if I did have a crush on her, I'd never get a chance to fuck her and Emma in the same night like Paul had.

I handed her the bottle of white wine we'd brought.

"Aww," she said, pretending to be disappointed, "I was hoping you'd bring some Jack Daniels and Bud Light. Just like in the good old days. This looks expensive."

"It cost about as much as a case of Bud Light," I said, "so that's pretty much the same thing, huh?"

"Ha," she said, "you're so funny Michael. I'm glad you haven't changed."

Funny? Did she really think I was funny? I couldn't help it. I was flattered. For a moment, I thought that maybe Maddie had a thing for me, too.

We walked into a bright foyer. The wood floors had obviously been refinished, and there was fresh paint on the walls, which were also hung with several striking abstract modern art pieces.

"This place looks amazing!" said Emma, "I hope you'll give us a full tour."

"Of course we will," said Maddie, "but first let's get some drinks in you. You're the first guests to arrive, but I'm sure everyone else will be here shortly."

"How many people are you expecting?" asked Emma.

"Oh, I'd say like forty or fifty, total. That's assuming that everyone comes."

"Wow! Do we know anyone?"

"Well, you probably know the Olson's on the corner. That cute older couple with the little white dog? And there's Kyle and Elisabeth from across the street from you guys."

I nodded.

"And of course there's Paul."

"Yeah," said Emma casually, "you mentioned that he might be coming. How's he doing these days, anyway?"

"Good, from what I hear!" said Maddie cheerfully, "he's got a new job. He's like a...teacher or something. I dunno. You'll have to ask him."

A teacher? That seemed really out of character for my former frat brother who seemed like he had been on the path to become something like a stock broker or at least an accountant. I simply couldn't see him in the classroom. But I guess people change.

"Wow, I never would have guessed," said Emma.

"Let's go see what Bryce is up to. You two need some drinks," said Maddie.

We followed her into a large, high–ceilinged kitchen. There, standing at the center island, was Bryce. He was chopping vegetables and seemed surprised to see us when we walked in.

"You're *still* doing that?" said Maddie, a little exasperated, "it's 6:00 already."

"Oh, is that right? Hey, guys!"

He greeted us as if no time had passed since we'd all run around together in college.

"That's it?" laughed Maddie.

She turned to us.

"You'll have to excuse my husband. He really is excited to see you two again after so long. We were just talking the other day about how long it's been since we've spent any real time together. He's just not good at showing his feelings."

"I am too," Bryce replied, a bit irritated, "I'm *very* happy to see both of you. I'm just in the middle of this."

"Ok, ok," laughed Maddie, "at least tell us where the champagne is."

"It's over there, in the ice bucket. I just opened it."

"Do you have the other bottle chilling? For the toast at midnight?"

"Yep, it's ready to go."

"Perfect."

A moment later, we were raising a glass of fine champagne, toasting to our reunion. It was quite a contrast to the old days.

The doorbell rang, and Maddie disappeared to answer it. Soon, we heard even more voices in the foyer.

"I think I'll go say hi to everyone," said Emma, "you and Bryce probably want to talk about guy stuff anyway."

Bryce and I looked at each other.

Once Emma had left, Bryce reached into a cupboard below the kitchen island and produced a bottle.

"You know what this is?"

"Hell yes," I said, looking at the bottle of Pappy Van Winkle 10–year, "where'd you get this?"

"Let's just say I know a guy, and I've been saving it for a special occasion."

He poured us two generous glasses.

"Good to see you again, bro," he said raising it, "Paul better get here soon, because some of this is for him, too."

Bryce put the bottle back into the cabinet and we each took a glass in each hand and went out into the dining room to join the guests.

"If anyone asks, it's Wild Turkey," said Bryce, giving me a wink.

I nodded.

The bourbon was as delicious as could be, and it left a pleasant burning sensation near the back of my throat. This combined with the champagne from the glass in my other hand, caused me to feel relaxed and optimistic. It was going to be a good evening. A fun party.

That's why I wasn't at all disturbed to see Emma talking to a tall man in a well–fitted suit jacket and a bow tie. He had a pair of thick glasses on.

At first I thought I didn't recognize him, but then, after Emma let out a high peel of laughter and reached out and touched his shoulder, I realized:

It was Paul.

This was quite a transformation: from a loud frat boy to professorial type.

I walked over to them. Emma was doubled over in laughter now, her hand on his arm. She slowly dropped it when she saw me

approaching.

"Honey," she said, "it's Paul!"

"I know," I said, "I recognized you. But it was hard. You never wore glasses before!"

"I always wore contacts," he said, "but I was too ashamed of them to tell anyone. My little secret."

He extended his hand warmly and I took it. His handshake was firm.

"It's great to see you, man. What's it been — like six years?"

"Hmm, let me see," I said, thinking, "maybe more like seven. What have you been up to?"

"I was just telling Emma that I finished my PhD in Art History last year, and I started a new job at a little college about fifty miles away from here."

"Art? History?" Bryce was as flabbergasted as I was.

"Weren't you at Delloite and Touche? You called it 'Delloite and Douche' last time I talked to you."

Paul smiled.

"I guess I wasn't very mature back then."

Emma was doubled over in laughter again.

"Deloitte and...douche," she giggled.

I glared at her.

"Sorry," she said, "I guess I just it just struck me as funny for some reason."

"You know what strikes *me* as funny?" I said, slapping Paul on the shoulder, "that the resident meathead in the frat house would turn out to be such an aesthete."

"Oh come on, honey," said Emma, frowning at me, "you don't even know what an aesthete is."

"I do too."

"Ok, ok," said Paul, smiling, "I admit. It's pretty funny. I did a lot of dumb stuff back then. But what can I say? After a year of working at that consulting firm, I realized that I wanted more out of life. I had a lot of money, but I didn't have meaning. I took a trip to Italy, I went to the Uffizi, and I thought to myself: there's more to life. A lot more. So I enrolled at NYU, and the next thing I know I'm going to

museums, doing archaeological digs in Rome, and writing my dissertation on..."

Emma interrupting, touching Paul's arm.

"Did you say 'archaeological digs'? Like Indiana Jones?"

She looked over at me and winked. It was a reference to her favorite sexual fantasy, of course.

Come to think of it, he *was* wearing a bow tie like Jones did in *The Last Crusade*. I thought it looked stupid on him, but I could see how Emma might like it.

Suddenly, I didn't find this little joke very funny. What was she doing teasing me like this? Did she really like him?

Why did I find that possibility enticing?

I struggled with myself, trying not to show how far her question had gotten under my skin.

Luckily, Paul answered quickly.

"Ha, sure, but I'm not actually an archaeologist per se, though some of my field work involves archaeology. I always work together with an expert. I study Roman mosaics, you see."

Bryce looked over at me, holding his hand to his face and whispering loud enough for Paul to hear it.

"What would they have said back at the frat house? This is about the gayest shit I can imagine!"

Emma frowned. She didn't approve of such off–color jokes.

"Guys," she said, "I think it's fascinating. And I'm sure that Paul is anything but *gay*. Surely you've made some woman very happy..."

"Nope," said Paul, smiling, "I mean, I've probably made some women *happy*, but I'm not married, if that's what you mean."

"*Really*?" Emma cocked an eyebrow.

Now I was really mad. What the hell was she doing? Flirting with him right in front of me?

"Emma," I snapped, "can I talk to you a minute?"

She gave me an irritated look.

"What?"

I gestured for her to follow me into the next room.

"What the hell was that?" I asked, "that shit about Indiana Jones?"

"That thing was a little inside joke for you. I thought you'd find it funny. You don't have to be so insecure."

"How can I not be when you're flirting with an ex–boyfriend right in front of my face?"

She looked absolutely shocked and appalled.

"*Flirting*? I was just making conversation. Jesus Christ, Michael! You men are so sensitive. And he was never really my *boyfriend*. We just had a fling. A long time ago."

"If you were just making conversation, why make such a big deal out of the fact that he's not married, huh?"

"Because my friend Jenna just broke up with her boyfriend and is looking for someone. She studied Art History, remember?"

Emma's eyes were large and a bit watery. As usual, I was powerless to resist them.

"I...I guess I do remember that," I said, "I'm sorry if I overreacted."

"Yeah," she sighed, "you did overreact, ok? Paul was just a guy I went on a few dates with. That's all. You're my *husband*."

This might have made me feel better if I hadn't known what those "dates" consisted of: raw, passionate, animal lovemaking. I'd seen it with my own eyes.

I thought back to the lake, and images of my wife's mouth pursed in pleasure as she cried out while Paul thrust into her from behind filled my mind. I started to get hard.

Part of me wanted to push them together. To see if that old spark was still there, after all these years. Even though Emma was denying it, I could tell from the look in her eyes when I came into the room that she was still transfixed by his presence. Even though Paul dressed like a dweeb now he was still in great shape, and was still packing that huge unit in his pants.

"Ok," I said, "I'm sorry. You should be able to talk to Paul. In fact, why don't you go out there and see what he's up to. I'll go and see what Maddie is doing..."

"See?" laughed Emma, "there's someone for you, too."

She gave me a peck on the mouth and winked at me.

I laughed.

I followed her back into the foyer, where Paul was still standing next to Bryce. I heard Bryce saw the words "10–year–old…" and "manufacturer's suggested retail price..."

I grinned. They were going back for more whiskey.

"Guys," I said, "don't leave me out of this."

Bryce smiled and gestured with his head towards the kitchen door.

"Shh," he said, "come on."

We caught up over three more glasses of Pappy in the kitchen, and at least three more beers on top of that.

By the time I was finished, I was feeling like I was back in the frat house. Any kind of jealousy or animosity I had felt toward Paul was gone. In fact, I found myself making comments that I knew I would regret in the morning.

"Emma's beautiful, isn't she?" I slurred.

"Yeah," said Paul, "you're really lucky."

"Well, I think so," I said, "but you know what I'm talking about. We're not just *frat* brothers. We're *Eskimo* brothers, right?"

Paul laughed uncomfortably.

"I guess," he said, "but that was a long time ago, man. She's your *wife* now."

"Sure," I said, "but that doesn't mean that she's never thought about anyone else. I mean, just the other night, she admitted that she sometimes reminisces about the times you two were together."

"What?" Paul broke out in laughter, "why the fuck are you saying this to me, man? You must be wasted. Let's get you out of here. Just put you in a cab and get you home. You're telling me stuff that you shouldn't."

The room started spinning around me. He was right. I was really drunk. Everything was catching up to me now, in a single moment.

I stumbled out of the kitchen, with Paul on one side of me and Bryce on the other. I was vaguely aware of Emma standing off somewhere to the side of me, talking in a concerned tone.

"I don't need to puke," I slurred, kneeling on the bathroom floor, "you guys know me. I never puked back in college. I was like the only one."

"You might feel better if you did, honey," said Emma.

I swung my head up to try to look at her. My vision was blurry, but I could still tell that she looked beautiful.

"Let's take him upstairs," said Bryce, "he can sleep it off in one of the guest bedrooms."

I tried to say something, but I only managed to groan something incoherent.

"Ok," said Emma, "do what you've gotta do."

I don't remember much of what happened next, but Paul and Bryce must have taken me under the arms and dragged me up the stairs to the guest bedroom, because the next thing that I remember I was waking up in a dark bedroom of a strange house, dressed in all of my clothes.

14

EMMA'S FLING: THE BEDROOM

At first, I didn't know where I was. My mouth was dry and my head was spinning. It was still nighttime, and I was still extremely drunk, but other than that, I couldn't really orient myself. I raised myself to my elbows and looked around.

Moonlight poured through the window. It was enough to illuminate the room, which was a small, neat bedroom with a twin–sized bed in the middle.

Slowly, my memories returned. I was upstairs. Still at the party.

Shit.

Fuck.

What an idiot I was. Had I really told Paul that Emma still fantasized about him? What the hell was I thinking? And getting drunk like a total idiot in front of everyone?

I decided the best thing to do would be to rest for a few minutes, so I lowered myself back to the bed, cursing softly.

God damn it, Michael. You're such a fucking idiot.

After about 15 minutes, I was ready to get up again and face the music. Maybe I'd be able to sneak out of the house before anyone saw me. Besides, the residents of the house must be in a similar state to my own, or whoever slept in this room would be asleep in the bed that I was lying next to.

That's when, suddenly, the door opened.

I froze.

"Michael?"

It was Emma. I almost said something to her, but then I noticed a large shape looming up behind her.

It was Paul.

"Is he still asleep?" whispered Paul.

"I think so," said Emma, stepping into the room, "I'm just going to make sure he's still breathing."

She bent down towards me. I kept my eyes closed almost completely, opening them just enough to make out the dimmest

outline of her face.

"Michael?" she whispered again.

She waved her hand in front of my eyes. I didn't budge.

"Well," said Paul, "I guess we should leave him here."

"If he's staying the night, so am I," said Emma, "but we can't both sleep together on this twin mattress."

She was right. These old Victorian bedrooms were mostly small, and even the twin mattress almost filled the room.

"There's a bigger one down the hall," said Paul, "come on. I'll show you."

Immediately I felt a surge of jealousy. Paul was going to "show" my wife to an empty bedroom? And was he planning on sleeping there with her, too?

The idea immediately filled me with a sense of incredible anticipation, and also not a small amount of dread.

It was like my greatest dream and my worst nightmare were both about to come true at once. My wife was going to be alone with her old fling, the man who she'd had explosive sexual chemistry with at one time.

As far as either of them knew, I was passed out on the bed. They could do whatever they wanted.

"Ok," said Emma, slowly closing the door and latching it behind her, "I guess he'll be fine here."

"He'll be totally fine," said Paul, laughing from the other side of the door, "you don't know how many times we did stuff like this in college. We all survived."

Emma replied with something that I didn't understand, then they disappeared down the hallway.

I waited for a long time in silence, trying to figure out what might have been going on down the hall. Were they together in the other bedroom? Had Paul decided to call it a night and go home?

Despite my best efforts, my level of intoxication was such that it was difficult for me to fight sleep for too long, and so I dozed off for a few minutes.

I AWOKE WITH A JOLT.

The light in the hallway was off. I couldn't tell how much time had passed, but it might have been an hour or more later.

At first, everything seemed quiet in the house. Absolutely still.

Then, in the faint distance, I heard it: Emma's giggle.

I got out of bed and stood on the floor, as quietly as I could. I dropped to my knees and went to the door, opening it a crack.

There it was again. Emma laughed, then said something that I didn't understand.

I slowly pulled the door open, praying that it wouldn't squeak.

Good old Bryce. He must have oiled the hinges during the renovation work, because it opened completely silently.

I slid forward on my knees through the darkened hallway, scooting towards the sound.

I came to rest just outside a door.

The next thing I heard was the unmistakable sound of lips smacking together.

"Oh God," said Emma, giving a little moan, "we shouldn't be doing this."

"We don't have to," said Paul, his voice playful, "but I can tell you want to."

"Of course I *want* to," she said, her voice desperate, "I want you so bad. But what about Michael?"

"He's dead to the world," said Paul, "he'll never be the wiser."

More sounds of lips smacking together.

My cock was suddenly rock hard. I was breathing heavily. Half of me wanted to break into the room and tell them to stop, the other half wanted to break in there and give them my blessing.

"What if he comes in here?"

"Trust me. He's not going anywhere. That guy was *wasted*."

The springs of a bed groaned as Paul's huge body pressed down on them.

I put my eye to the large keyhole on the door. It must have been original, because I had an almost totally unobstructed view into the room.

What I saw filled me with a mixture of lust and despair. There was Emma, my wife, sitting on Paul's lap and practically attacking him with kisses as he sat on the edge of the bed.

There was a small light on nearby, creating a mirror effect on the window opposite the door. I could see two views of what was happening.

Emma looked so small, so fragile perched on Paul's lap with her arms around his neck.

"I want you so bad," she moaned.

Now it was Paul who seemed to have second thoughts.

"Are you sure you don't want to go down to my car?" he asked, his huge hands on my wife's back.

"You told me you drive a Prius now, right?" said Emma, "you can't lie down in there. Besides, he's not going to come it. You said so yourself."

"Aww, we don't need to lie down. Remember that time in my Honda Civic? *That* worked just fine."

"Oh God. How could I forget?" gushed Emma, "I was sore for like a week but it was so incredible. I've thought about that night, and the night at the lake, and the night in my bedroom for years..."

"Well *I've* thought about the afternoon in the library, in the carrels, almost every night for the past decade."

"Oh God," said Emma, "now you've got me *really* turned on. I still can't believe we did that. I guess college students will do anything if they're horny enough."

"I had to hold my hand over your mouth because you were going to scream," he said, "I know you were."

"I can't help but scream when I have your dick inside me," she moaned breathlessly, between kisses, "I can't stop it. You just turn me into a total *slut*. I've never met anyone like you. I don't know how you do it."

His hands were under her dress, toying with her breasts as she thrust her lips against his.

Slowly I began to realize (to *really* realize) what was happening: I was going to watch my wife make love to another man. It would be the second time I'd seen her in such a situation, but the first time that she was actually my *wife*, and not some cute stranger we'd all met just a few hours before.

Of course I could have turned back and gone back into the bedroom where I'd been sleeping. But I wasn't going to do that. I knew that if I didn't watch what was going to unfold before my eyes, I'd regret it forever. Hell, I might regret it forever if I *did*. But I made a decision right there: I was going to watch.

I watched as Paul reached behind her and unzipped her dress, letting it fall onto the floor behind her. Her bra quickly followed.

I ached with longing when I saw her naked breasts bathed in the glow of the lamp, the very same breasts that were so familiar to me. Now I saw them in an entirely new light.

My cock, erect, strained against my pants.

I watched as Paul explored Emma's beautiful chest with his hands and mouth. She'd loved it when I played with her nipples as well, and she was cooing and moaning in pleasure, once again seemingly oblivious to the fact that she was in another woman's bedroom.

"Oh Paul. God that's good. I want you so bad..."

After a few minutes, Emma seemed to be driven out of her head with desire.

"I want you," she said, "now."

She pushed him down onto the bed so he was laying crosswise on its surface, then stood, pawing at his belt until she had unfastened it and pulled his pants down to his ankles.

Already, the outline of his cock was visible under his underwear, but its true size was only apparent once she'd pulled down his boxer shorts and freed it, taking his shaft in her hands and stroking him as she stood on the edge of the bed.

"God you're so big," she said, grinning at him, "even bigger than I remember."

It was true: he seemed bigger than I remembered him that day at the lake. He must have been eight or nine inches, and thick. She

needed both hands to stroke him.

She bent down and took him into her mouth. Her petite stature, his massive length and the height of the bed meant that she was able to blow him while standing.

I watched her full lips close around his cockhead, licking it and sucking it, teasing him with her tongue.

"Emma," he said, "you're so good to me. I love how you do that."

I cringed at hearing him use the "L" word. *Love*. He hadn't said he "loved" *her*, but something about the fact that he uttered the word just hit a little too close to home.

"I love doing it, too," she said, sending a stabbing sensation into my chest, even though my cock was completely erect and leaking precum into my underwear, "and I love your big cock. I missed it so much. I want it inside me. Now."

"Yes, ma'am," said Paul.

God she looked great. Memories of our last sexual encounter flitted through my mind. I began to rub my cock through my pants as I watched Emma strip off her thong, smiling at Paul, before she climbed onto the bed and rubbed her wet pussy along the length of his massive rod.

I had no idea how she was going to take the whole thing, but the two of them seemed to have had a lot of experience making it work already, even if that experience was now in the distant past.

She grabbed his shaft and slowly, gingerly lowered herself onto it, biting her lip in concentration as she did.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, "I can't believe how *thick* you are. I love it."

"And I can't believe how tight you are," he panted, holding her hips in his massive paws and supporting her as she lowered herself onto him, "after all these years. You feel incredible."

"You feel...*amazing*."

She let out a little whimper as he finally bottomed out inside her.

He reached up and pawed her breasts, covering them completely with his massive palms. She closed her eyes and threw back her head as she began to ride him, the bed creaking underneath them.

"God yes," she moaned, "I love it. I love making love to you."

I watched in awe as this attractive young in the prime of her life — my lawfully wedded wife — bounced up and down on an impossibly large and thick phallus.

This — I realize now — was a true turning point in my life. Not the night at the lake so many years ago. This one. Now. I never quite got over that curious mixture of eroticism and humiliation that came from watching Emma with her new lover.

Their coupling was quite romantic. Sweet, even. Despite the passionate efforts of Emma, who continued to ride Paul's rod with abandon, the entire scene was completely loving.

She slowed her ride several times to lean down to kiss him, building to one climax and then pulling back, totally in control of the encounter. Paul, for his part, seemed to love the way that she took charge of the situation despite her small stature.

Probably it was all he could do to keep from shooting his load inside her the second that he felt the walls of her tight pussy around him. I remembered that, despite the fact that I was nowhere near as thick as Paul, it was often a tight fit when I penetrated Emma. And if it was tight for me, well, it was almost impossible to understand how Paul could even fit inside.

They know what they're doing, I thought, still trying to remain as motionless as possible, even though I was fairly certain that there was absolutely no way for them to notice me at the keyhole.

"Yes, Paul, oh yes. I'm coming. I can't believe it. I'm coming so hard," announced Emma, throwing her head back and biting her lip as she started to ride him harder and faster.

Anyone else in the house would have been able to hear the bed creaking as Emma moaned. I wondered if Bryce and Maddie were also passed out drunk, or if they were lying in bed awake on a different floor, listening as their guests reached new heights of illicit carnal ecstasy.

The sight of Emma climaxing as she rode Paul was beautiful. Her entire lithe upper torso was thrown back, her nipples erect and her back straight. Then, suddenly, this incredible tension released as the climax traveled through her body like a powerful wave that I swore I could see.

She let out a yelp, clearly trying to suppress her own cry, but only succeeding for a moment as the pleasure caused her to abandon all of her inhibitions.

"God yes!" she moaned, "I… missed you…so much..."

Paul, for his part, was practically motionless during her climax, supporting her with his hands but otherwise largely inactive, as if offering his outsized phallus as a sex toy for the pleasure of his smaller partner. He might as well have been asleep for the last minute or so of their encounter.

"Wow, Paul," said Emma, a minute or so after her climax, "let's get *you* off now, too. I want you to take me like you did the first night we were together."

"Really?"

This request seemed to perk Paul up suddenly. There was no doubt now that he was fully awake.

"Yeah," she said, "now stand up. I need *more*."

The bed groaned as he pulled himself to his feet. His shirt was unbuttoned, exposing his bare chest. He was hairy with a small paunch, but extremely muscular. He must have kept up his workout routine, despite his scholarly ways. His pants were down around his ankles, and I got another good long look at his enormous erection.

It was as long and thick as Emma's forearm. I felt awed. Totally outclassed. Out–manned.

And what's more, I loved it. I was in an incredible completely powerless situation where all I could do was watch. There was no way I'd be able to compete with a man like Paul. Not in this one fundamental area. It all came down to biology. The survival of the fittest. The biggest and baddest males got to breed the most desirable females. And what I was about to witness might turn into one such breeding.

I thought of the last time we'd made love. When she'd told me that she'd be ovulating this weekend…

I knew I should stop her at this point. Any self–respecting husband would have done it long ago.

Any self–respecting husband wouldn't have gotten drunk and blabbed about his wife's sexual fantasies.

I guess I didn't have a whole lot of self–respect left. My cock had taken over that area of my brain.

Emma got on her hands and knees on the bed, backing her ass up to the edge of it. Their height difference was such that Paul was able to slide into her from behind while still standing. He was so much larger than her in every way that it would have been almost comical in another situation. I suddenly remembered that he'd played football in high school. I still showed: he was definitely the size of a linebacker.

He grabbed Emma's hips and began to thrust into her quickly and firmly. If he'd been inactive before, that was completely gone now.

Emma, petite though she was, seemed to need it even harder and rougher.

"Yes, babe," she moaned, gripping onto the bed sheets, "don't hold back. Just like the time at the lake..."

"At...the...lake?"

He gasped his question between increasingly harder thrusts that sent the bed slamming into the wall. It was clear that whatever concern they'd had before about being quiet was now completely gone.

"Yeah. Give it to me hard. I can take it."

He grabbed a handful of her beautiful hair. I remembered the silky texture of her locks, the smell of her conditioner that I'd smelled just that morning, and a pang of longing shot through my body.

My hand was on my shaft now and I was stroking myself as silently as possible, so close to the edge but also wanting to prolong the moment.

"Fuck me, babe," Emma moaned, "give it to me."

"Oh yeah," panted Paul, slamming himself into her harder and faster, slowly losing an inhibition he might have had about hurting his small lover, "you love this..."

"I love your dick," said Emma, "I love your big cock..."

I'd never heard her talk like this. The dirtiest that she got with me was saying something like "I want you to make love to me."

By comparison, what was coming out of my wife's mouth now was obscene.

Was this something that she was saying because she knew that it got him off? Or was it something she genuinely felt?

"Give me that big cock, Paul," she moaned, "fucking *fuck* me. I want you to fill me..."

Paul slapped her ass suddenly, the crack filling the room and startling me enough that I twitched, bumping against the door with my hand and almost giving myself away.

Luckily for me, however, the two lovers were too much in their own world: a primal, animalistic world of passion.

"This is the biggest cock you've ever had," he growled, "admit it..."

"It's the biggest, Paul," she moaned.

"Bigger than Michael…," he panted, slamming his cock into her, "am I bigger than your husband?"

"You're so much bigger than him," she moaned softly.

He spanked her again.

"Say it again," he laughed, "say it louder."

This was some kind of game to them, obviously.

"Ok," she moaned, "you're so much bigger than my husband..."

"He could never fuck you like this, could he?"

"No, he never could. I can't even come with him..."

For some reason, being humiliated like this only turned me on even more. It was like a dream. Some kind of impossible fantasy coming true…

"That's right," said Paul, pushing her forward onto the bed so that she was flat on her stomach while he drilled her.

"You're so much bigger than him," she moaned as he held her head up by the hair, "so much better in every way."

"I'm going to come," he growled, "where do you want it?"

I half expected her to tell him to pull out, like she had that night at the lake, but what she said next wasn't entirely unexpected, either.

"I want it inside me. Fill me, please..."

Her voice was plaintive. Desperate, even.

I couldn't take it anymore, and neither could Paul. I shot a dribble of sperm onto my hand (luckily I didn't spray it hard, or I would have hit the door) just as Paul collapsed forward onto the bed, pressing Emma into the mattress as he spent himself inside her.

For a long time, the room was silent except for the sound of their heavy breathing. I had no idea how Emma wasn't being crushed by Paul's weight, but he must have been supporting himself somehow, despite the appearance of him pressing down on her with his entire bulk.

Then, slowly, they started moving again. He slowly slid out of her, and she flipped over and stood up.

"Shit," she said, "where are my panties?"

"Should I turn on the overhead light? I'm going to find the light switch," said Paul, standing and then fumbling along the wall for a moment.

I was frozen in terror. He was walking right towards me. If he opened the door, even for a moment, I would be revealed for the pervert that I was.

It would have been a fitting end to the evening, in many ways.

Luckily for me, however, Emma — who had no qualms whatsoever about fucking her former lover so loudly that the whole house could hear — was now suddenly sensitive to the fact that she was cheating on her husband in her friend's bedroom.

"No!" she whispered sharply, grabbing his hand, "come on. I think they're on the floor here."

She bent down and found the thong, then slipped it on, smiling at Paul as she did so.

He bent down and kissed her.

"God, I've been wanting to do this for so long," he said, "you have no idea."

"No," she giggled, "*you* have no idea!"

I slowly backed away from the door and scuttled back to the guestroom as quietly as I could, my pants around my knees.

I had just crawled back into the bed and under the covers when I heard voices in the hallway again. A moment later, the door opened, and Emma looked in on me.

"Michael? Babe?"

I didn't stir.

"He's still down."

"I told you," said Paul.

I heard the sound of smacking lips.

"Stop that," scolded Emma, "what if he wakes up?"

"If he knows, he knows," said Paul, "what's he going to do about it now?"

Emma seemed to give into this line of reasoning, because there was another long bout of kissing.

She let out a short moan.

"God, I just can't get enough of you..."

"Come back to bed with me."

"We can't risk it," she whispered, "he could wake up anytime. Go back and sleep in the other room like they told you to."

There was another long silence, punctuated by kissing. I lay with my eyes tightly shut, almost unable to stand the feelings of longing and lust that coursed through my body.

Finally, they parted. It was silent, and I fell into a deep sleep.

15

EMMA'S FLING: THE MORNING AFTER

The next morning came quickly, but no one in the house stirred for a long time. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling and going over the events of the previous night in my head.

It seemed like it had all been a dream. But I couldn't decide if it had been the fulfillment of a long–held fantasy, or the realization of all of the fears I had surrounding my marriage to Emma. The entire time we'd been together I'd been haunted by the vision of that first night at the lake. The image of her and Paul coming together in such a primal passion.

I'd always secretly suspected that she'd still had feelings for him, or at least lust. At the same time, I'd longed for a chance to see the two of them together again.

Now that I'd had the experience of seeing them fuck not once, but twice, I was unsure how I felt about it. On the one hand, it had been erotic beyond my wildest dreams. I'd seen a side of Emma that she never showed me in our marriage. A woman driven by pure lust and desire to the extent that she was ready to let her lover ejaculate inside her on the day of the month when she was likely the most fertile.

It had been an incredible act of betrayal, but nothing about it had seemed calculated. It seemed, on the other hand, that she was almost powerless to resist the attraction that she had for Paul.

That made what happened seem understandable. Natural. Inevitable, even.

What was I, but an obstacle? That's what I'd been the whole time, perhaps. If Paul hadn't broken up with her back then, maybe Emma would have married him instead. Emma had told me that she didn't consider Paul "boyfriend material," but surely that wouldn't have mattered to her if she was still getting sex like that on a regular basis?

I had no idea how Emma was going to act when we saw each other again. I knew she would probably be angry with me, and she

had every right to be. I'd behaved like a total idiot.

On the other hand, *I* had every right to be *furious* with her. But admitting that would also be admitting to her what I'd seen, and then we'd have to confront her betrayal openly.

I wasn't sure that I wanted that. It would mean the end of our marriage, for one thing, but it would also mean that I'd never have another opportunity to see her and Paul together again.

Eventually, around 10:30AM, the smell of coffee wafted up from the downstairs, and I decided it was time for me to emerge. I had to face the music.

I came into the kitchen to see Bryce and Emma standing at the stove, each holding a coffee cup.

"Hey, soldier," said Bryce, himself not looking so fresh, "Happy New Year! You reminded me of the good old days last night. How're you feeling?"

"Ok," I said, "Happy New Year. I think I'd like some coffee."

"Of course."

Emma gave me a sympathetic look, running her fingers through my hair and smoothing down a mat as I put my arm around her and pulled her in for a quick smooch.

"Happy New Year, babe. You gave us a scare last night," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I know I was probably acting like an idiot."

To my surprise, she simply smiled at me. In fact, she was positively glowing.

God damn it. This was somehow worse than if she'd screamed at me in front of Bryce. It was clear that she was still basking in the afterglow of her treacherous ways.

"Yeah, you were," she laughed, "but I'm just glad that you're on your feet again. It's not the end of the world."

"Thanks, anyway, for taking care of me," I said, taken aback.

"I didn't do *that* much. There was no way I was going to get you upstairs. That was Bryce and Paul's doing."

"Well, thank you Bryce. I'll have to thank Paul the next time I see him."

"Oh, you'll get a chance to see him pretty soon, I think," said Bryce, "he spent the night upstairs, too. You saw him up there, right,

Emma?”

Emma seemed taken aback by this. A guilty look quickly passed across her face. Or was it my imagination?

“Uh, no…,” she said, “I was in the room across from Michael.”

“Huh,” said Bryce, “I figured you might have run into him. He was in the other bedroom just down the hall from you two.”

“No…,” she said.

I could have told that she was lying even if I hadn’t known it for a certainty.

“Oh, cool,” I said, “so this turned into a sleepover. Just like in the old days, huh?”

Bryce handed me a mug of coffee.

“Thanks,” I said.

A moment later, Maddie appeared in the kitchen wearing a bathrobe, her hair mused and her eyes sleepy. She was just as attractive as ever, and when she smiled at me, I felt a warm feeling pass through me.

“Happy New Year, Mikey,” she said, “you were pretty gone last night. Must have been that good whiskey...”

“Yeah,” I said, feeling a bit sheepish, “I’m sorry for any trouble that I caused. Happy New Year to you, too.”

She waved her hand, then yawned.

“Don’t worry about it. You’ve seen all of us in a similar state, I’m sure.”

“True, but that was back in college,” I said.

“Still.”

Just then, Paul popped his head into the kitchen.

“So this is where everyone is,” he said, sounding remarkably chipper, “is there any coffee left for me?”

He was wearing his undershirt and trousers and was unshaven.

Maddie gave him a huge grin.

I remembered that night at the lake. What I’d heard standing outside the truck. Surely, there was no way that Paul had pulled off the same trick last night as that night at the lake? Was it possible that he’d fucked *both* of them?

How long had those two been alone upstairs while Bryce and Emma were down here?

If they'd been fooling around, wouldn't I have heard them? I'd been awake for at least an hour before I got out of bed.

I remembered that the house had multiple stories, and the two of them might have snuck off to some far–away bathroom for a quickie. It seemed totally brazen. Incredibly risky, especially for Maddie.

But hadn't it been risky that night at the lake, too? They'd been in a truck right next to the tent where Bryce was sleeping.

Was it possible that she also had the same kind of animal lust for Paul that Emma had? That he was really just *that* irresistible?

I studied Maddie's face as she chatted with Paul, inspecting it for signs of post–coital flush. It seemed like she was being especially guarded while she talked to him. Friendly, but careful.

A moment later, Emma tapped me on the arm.

"Uh, Michael?" she whispered, "I know you think she's cute, but you're staring..."

I snapped my gaze away from Maddie. Luckily she hadn't noticed.

"Sorry," I whispered back to Emma, "I was thinking about something else."

"Mm–hmm," she said.

"Well," said Bryce, turning away from the stove, "I've got pancakes here, for anyone that wants them."

We all sat down on at the table and wished each other a happy New Year once again. It wasn't the most auspicious start to a year that I could imagine, but at least it wasn't a boring one.

16

EMMA'S FLING: THE AFTERMATH

We finally headed home that afternoon, and both had the same idea: a New Year's Day nap. I still had a considerable hangover, and I knew that Emma had missed out on a lot of sleep as well, so — without even hopping into the shower, first — we both fell into bed, Emma in a large t–shirt and sweatpants, and I in my underwear.

I woke up before Emma did. I looked over at her, asleep. How could someone so angelic do something as awful as what she'd done? She'd had unprotected sex with another man while she thought I was passed out drunk nearby. She *should* have been wracked with guilt, not sleeping like a baby.

But there was such an incredible look of contentment on her face that I could have believed that what I'd seen the night before had only been a hallucination.

I bent down and kissed her forehead.

To my surprise, she opened her eyes, meeting my kiss with her own, closing her eyes and pressing her lips to my mouth, passionately.

She only kissed me like this when she wanted sex. My own passion was inflamed in the same moment. I was seized with an urge to reclaim her. To ensure that my own sperm had a chance at fertilizing her egg — if it wasn't too late.

But why did she want to make love? Was she trying to assuage her guilt? Was she just trying to relive the night of passion with Paul, using me as a proxy?

I didn't know, and in that moment, I didn't care. I kissed her back, my hand finding one of her nipples and teasing it gently until it was erect.

"Oh, Michael," she sighed, "don't stop what you're doing."

I continued to play with one of her nipples while I lifted her t–shirt and kissed her other nipple. She moaned in response.

At the same time, I reached down and slowly, gently parted her lower lips. She was soaking.

Extremely creamy.

I knew *why*, of course.

"God, Michael," she moaned, "that feels so good."

I continued to tease her clit with a finger while I sucked on her nipple. She placed a hand on the back of my head, lacing her fingers through my hair.

Then, she exerted a gentle pressure downwards. At first I thought it was my imagination, then I realized that she was serious.

She wanted me to go down on her. She was going to literally rub my face in the evidence of her betrayal. And for some reason, it turned me on. The fact that she was filled with my friend's sperm should have infuriated me. But for some reason, the idea of Emma being so blasé about this incredible betrayal only made me harder. For some reason, this felt right. Logical, even.

"You want me to...go down on you?" I murmured, looking up at her.

"Yeah," she said, her voice showing signs of her arousal.

I kissed down her stomach, taking my time as I neared her wet slit. The fragrance of Paul's creampie reached my nostrils. It was overwhelming. I thought I might retch at first, but I began to breath through my mouth as I pressed it to her lips.

"Oh God, yes. Just like that, babe," she moaned, moving my head up a bit.

I tried to focus on licking her clit, but I somehow found myself with a mouthful of sperm.

"Yeah, that's it," she said.

I thought about spitting the gob of semen out, but she continued to exert gentle pressure on the back of my head, making it difficult. It was just easier to swallow at that point, and so I choked down first one mouthful, then another and another of my friend's sperm.

"Oh fuck. Just like that!"

Emma was on the edge of orgasm much more quickly than normal. Then, suddenly, she was coming. As her pussy contracted, she propelled one last glob of cum onto my tongue.

Then, she fell back onto the bed, her body completely relax.

I reached up and wiped off my face. My cock was rock hard. I was ready to put it inside her.

I propped myself up and began to guide myself to her entrance, but she shook her head and grabbed my shaft, pushing it to the side.

"Not now," she said, "let me take care of you."

She gently pushed me to my back, then gripped my shaft, stroking it up and down, my precum serving as lube.

"Seems like you enjoyed seeing Maddie again," she said playfully, "didn't she look nice?"

Was she trying to get me to admit my own adulterous desires in order to feel bad about her own?

All I could do was nod.

"Mmm," she said, teasing my balls, "I thought so. She looked pretty good in that dress, didn't she? Her tits are still nice and perky, and I bet you found a chance to check out her ass, too, didn't you?"

"Emma," I gasped, "why are you talking about her?"

"Shh," she said, "it's just a bit of fun, right? A naughty little fantasy. Totally harmless..."

She was playing with my balls now. I couldn't help but think about Maddie now. But I wasn't thinking about her the way she'd been last night, but rather the night at the lake, so many years ago. How good she'd looked naked in the moonlight. The sound of her moans while Paul was fucking her in the back of his truck…

"Seems like you enjoyed talking to Paul again," I managed to whisper, as she sped up the pace of her strokes.

She smiled.

"Maybe I did. He's a very accomplished guy, now."

"I could tell he reminds you of...Indiana Jones..."

"Mmm, yeah I guess he kind of does."

"You made a joke about it, remember?"

"I guess I did," she said, breaking out into a huge smile, "that bow tie was kind of cute, I have to admit."

I groaned as she stroked me.

"Does that turn you on, honey? Does it turn you on to imagine me fantasizing about another man?"

I nodded.

"What do you want him to do to me, honey?" she whispered, "do you want to watch your little wife take your friend's big cock?"

I couldn't even reply. I didn't say yes or no, I just shot a huge load of cum all over her hands and my stomach.

She smiled at me and then gave me a peck on the cheek.

"Just a fun little fantasy," she whispered, "I'm going to take a shower now."

I nodded.



Her period came and went about a week later. Even if she'd been fertile on New Year's Eve, Paul hadn't given her a baby.

This, at least, was a small consolation for me.

I kept a close watch on Emma for the next few weeks. I was convinced that she was going to try to see Paul again, one way or another. Now that she knew that he worked not too far away, there would be opportunities for her to sneak off and see him.

What's more, she'd probably exchanged numbers with him, so they might be texting.

I logged in to check our phone records. I looked through Emma's text messages. There were a couple of numbers that I didn't recognize, but only one or two message *to* her phone from those numbers. Not enough of anything to indicate a sustained exchange.

This didn't assuage my fears, because I knew that she could be talking to him on Facebook or any number of other platforms that would use data and wouldn't be so obvious on the phone bill.

Luckily, she occasionally used Facebook on our home computer, and left herself logged in. All I had to do was wait for a moment when she was out of the house, and I could snoop.

It didn't take long for me to find my opportunity.

"Hey," said Emma one night, "I think I'm going to go work out."

"Really?" I said, genuinely surprised, "didn't you go this morning? You never work out at night."

I could immediately tell that something was up. What's more, I think that she knew that I suspected as well, because she looked away guilty. She stuck to her line, however,

"Yeah," she said, "I did cardio. I want to do some strength stuff, though."

"Ok," I said, trying to sound casual, "have a good time."

"Thanks," she said, giving me a quick peck on the cheek before heading off.

Immediately, I raced to the computer and logged on. I went to Facebook. Sure enough, she was logged into her account.

I went to the messages tab, looking for evidence that she'd contacted Paul.

Nothing.

Then I went to the friends tab. Paul wasn't there, either.

Had I been wrong? No. That was impossible. I knew my wife, and I knew that she was still in contact with him. They were still seeing each other. I just didn't know *how* exactly.

Maybe I should have tried to follow her when she'd driven away just now. That would have been difficult to pull off without her noticing. She obviously knew my car, and would wonder what I was doing driving behind her.

In desperation, I clicked on Paul's name and sent him a friend request, still posing as Emma.

He accepted it right away.

"Aren't you driving?" he asked.

Bingo.

My heart raced. I'd caught them red–handed. They must have been communicating some other way. Hell, maybe Emma had a secret phone. I wouldn't put it past her.

"Forgot the address," I wrote, hoping to trick him into telling me where she was headed.

"What do you mean?"

"Where are you?"

Fuck. If I wasn't careful, he was going to be on to me, and the whole thing would be ruined.

Shouldn't that be what I *wanted*, though? To ruin their little extramarital romp?

Deep down, I didn't want that, though. I wanted the two of them to be together. I just wanted to know about it.

"The hotel," he replied, "you know. The same one as before."

Exactly as I'd suspected. This hadn't been the first time.

I thought hard about the hotels near our house. Which one would be on the way to Paul's college? There were at least three.

Which one would Paul pick?

I decided to take a stab in the dark.

"The Hyatt?" I wrote.

"Yeah, of course. What else?"

"Sorry," I wrote back quickly, "I never remember the name..."

"See you soon."

I closed the browser and raced into my shoes.

A moment later, I was in my car, backing down the driveway. My wife would be at the hotel in a matter of minutes, but I might be able to make up the lead she had on me if I really raced there.

I put the pedal to the metal, as they say, and made it to the Hyatt in about ten minutes, having broken several traffic laws on the way there.

Luckily, no one had really paid much attention, and there hadn't been any police officers on the path.

I immediately spotted Emma's blue Rav 4 in the parking lot. I'd come too late to catch her in the act of going into the hotel, and I knew it would probably be useless to try to figure out what room they were in.

I should have asked that on Facebook. But then again, that might have given me away when Emma inevitably mentioned it herself.

So I sat there, in my car, staring at the Rav 4, thinking about my marriage, thinking about Emma and Paul and the night so long ago at the lake, and the night more recently at Bryce and Maddie's place.

They didn't exactly seem like a couple. Not the same way that Emma and I were a couple. Emma and I loved the same free–time

activities. We loved cooking the same foods. We loved the same TV shows and movies. I somehow couldn't imagine Paul sharing any of those same interests. Even if Emma pretended to be fascinated with Art History, I knew that she got bored if she was in a museum longer than an hour.

What was a marriage based on, really? Sexual fidelity, to be sure. But what happened when real sexual *passion* entered the picture?

Sex was a disruptive force in anyone's life, I realized, it made the smartest people do the stupidest things. It made people hurt the people they loved.

Hell, maybe *I* would have done the same thing if Emma had gotten drunk and Maddie had come on to me that night.

Maybe I'd be the one stepping out on Emma and cuckolding Bryce.

Couldn't things have easily been reversed?

I looked at my watch. She'd been in there for at least twenty–five minutes. I tried to imagine what was happening in that hotel room. The clothes coming off. The kisses.

Emma on her back on the bed, Paul thrusting into her.

Emma on top, riding Paul. Her head thrown back in ecstasy.

Emma on all fours, Paul slamming into her from behind.

My cock was hard thinking about it. I started to rub myself, imagining Paul shooting his seed deep inside my wife.

It was so horrible, this game she was playing. She might easily be knocked up by him. And then what? Was she planning to leave me? Go and raise their child together?

Was she going to make me raise another man's child? Did *I* still have a shot at getting her pregnant?

Not if she kept giving me handjobs like the other day.

Just then, the lights on the Rav 4 turned on. She had somehow slipped by me while I was staring out the window, lost in my own fantasy of her and Paul fucking.

I turned on my car and slowly drove home. I'd have to think of an explanation for my absence when I returned, so I stopped off at a grocery store and grabbed a bottle of wine and a few other things that we needed.

When I got home, Emma was upstairs in the bedroom, drying her hair. She'd just gotten out of the shower.

"Hey babe," I said, giving her a kiss, "don't you usually shower at the gym?"

"I figured since it was so late, I'd just come back home. Where were you?"

"At the store," I said, "I got us a bottle of wine."

"Well then," she said, "you'd better bring me a glass."

"Are you sure you want to? You know...the whole baby thing?"

"I don't really think I'm pregnant," she said, which relieved me for some reason, "and besides, I doubt a little glass of wine is going to do the baby in."

"Ok," I said.

"But if it makes you feel better, you can make it a small one."

I nodded.

Emma kissed me. She was in the same ebullient mood she had been on New Year's day. I would have thought it was strange if I hadn't known the cause: her recent tryst with Paul in the hotel room.

I went downstairs and poured two glasses of the wine, bringing them back upstairs, where Emma was in her nightgown sitting in the armchair in our bedroom. She looked so radiant in the glowing light of the lamp.

She turned her head to look at me, giving me a huge smile. My heart melted, just like every time that I looked into her eyes. Even after I'd seen evidence of her betrayal, not once, but twice.

"That's just what I need," she said, reaching for the smaller glass.

We toasted. For some reason, I was feeling strangely fatalistic about the whole situation. I realized I didn't have much control about what Emma did or didn't do. I had to admit that I part of me was growing to resent her, but another part wanted to see what direction things would take.

A smarter man would have been getting ahead of the impending divorce: hiring a lawyer, gathering evidence of Emma's infidelity. But for some reason, I just couldn't do it. It was almost as if I'd become an observer in my own life.

We drained our glasses slowly, chatting about the household chores that would have to be done that weekend and the upcoming winter storm headed for our area. During our conversation, I gazed into her eyes.

For a while, I forgot everything that had happened between her and Paul, and she was simply my wife again: petite, brunette, and radiantly beautiful.

"Do you want another?" I asked her, when her glass was empty.

"I'd better not," she said, setting the glass aside, "but I do want you to kiss me."

Setting my own glass aside, I rose. She stood as well, and we embraced. I kissed her.

"Make love to me," she whispered, "I want you to give me a baby."

I reached up under her shirt and found a nipple. She moaned softly, melting into me. I was hard, instantly. I recognized that she was probably manipulating me. Making sure that some of *my* sperm was inside her, too, just in case she had Paul's baby.

A moment later, she was on her back on the bed, and I was kissing down her neck. She sighed in pleasure. I reached down into her panties and felt her. She was already extremely wet, and her pussy was already open. I didn't have to guess why. She'd already taken Paul's extremely thick penis inside her earlier in the night, and she hadn't totally come down from that height of arousal.

It was also clear that she was, once again, filled with his semen.

"Be gentle," she said as my fingers touched her clit, "I'm feeling really sensitive down there today."

Maybe it could have something to do with the fact that you've been plowed for at least twenty minutes already tonight, I thought to myself, but I didn't say it.

Instead, I teased her very gently, just with my fingertips, until she was moaning and cooing my name.

Her eyes closed, she laced her fingers through my hair and kissed me, then pushed me ever so gently down.

It was obvious what she wanted. This time, I was strangely ok with the fact that I was about to eat another man's semen. It even

turned me on, to be honest. I'm not sure why. Maybe it was because I was, in some small part, partaking in the passion that I'd witness.

Tasting the chemistry between them. Literally.

Emma must have been getting off on it too, because she knew that I'd be eating another man's sperm when she asked me to go down on her. It was pretty audacious for her to think that I wouldn't notice, but maybe some part of her *wanted* to be caught.

Maybe this was all driven by a sense of guilt.

I don't know. All I knew was that in the next minute, my face was buried in her muff once more, drinking in her juices and Paul's sperm mixed together as she moaned.

"Yes," she said, "just a little more. Higher."

She moved my head to where she wanted it, bucking her hips up to meet my lips.

A few minutes later, she was climaxing, and I was choking down huge mouthfuls of my rival's seed.

"Yes, babe. Just like that..."

Finally, she lay motionless on the bed, flushed and spent from her orgasm. I pulled myself back up to her eye level and wiped my face with the back of my hand before bending down to kiss her.

"That was so good," she said.

An immense feeling of satisfaction filled me. I could still please my wife. I suddenly forgot about the fact that I had simultaneously been cleaning up after her lover.

"You're not done yet, though," she said, "I wasn't kidding — I want you to give me a baby."

It would be the first time I'd been inside her since New Year's. I guided my throbbing erection into her, feeling her walls grip me even though she was looser than normal due to her arousal and the fact that she'd accommodated Paul's much–thicker rod just a matter of minutes before.

I moved inside her. Her eyes were closed.

"That's it," she said, "just do what feels good to you."

She seemed detached from the situation. Like she was trying to be somewhere else. She was probably back in the hotel room she'd just left, reliving the slow, passionate lovemaking or the rough,

animalistic sex that they'd had. Maybe it had been a combination of both. Or first one, then the other.

I closed me eyes myself and thought about her that night on the lake, thrusting her hips back against him as he took her from behind.

Then I thought about her in the dim lamp light of the spare bedroom, riding Paul's cock, her head pitched back in ecstasy.

"Oh God, Emma," I groaned, "I'm so close..."

"That's it," she said, as if trying to sound interested, "just let it out. Just cum inside me."

It was almost as if she'd been a bored prostitute trying to speed along a client.

I remembered how perfect she'd looked when she'd climaxed riding Paul, the sweaty strands of hair framing her angelic face.

I came, dribbling my cum into her.

Now I've given her an alibi, I thought to myself, *if he knocks her up, she can have be plausibly believe that the kid is mine.*

I slowly pulled out. Emma opened her eyes. I thought I could see brief flash of contempt in them.

What had happened to us? Had our whole marriage been a lie, destined to fall apart the moment she had a chance to sleep with Paul again?

Or had it all been an accident, a crime of opportunity, enabled by the fact that I was so intoxicated that I couldn't intervene to remind Emma of her marital vows.

Worse still, thinking back to that night, had I, at least unconsciously, incapacitated myself with alcohol *on purpose*, in order to give the two lovers another chance to be together?

I held Emma as she fell asleep in my arms. I contemplated these things long into the night before finally falling asleep myself.

EMMA'S FLING: EPILOGUE

I logged back onto Emma's Facebook the next day and erased the traces of my spying, deleting the chat logs. I didn't bother to unfriend Paul, but I did hide his posts from her timeline so she'd be less likely to notice the manipulation.

Emma was uncharacteristically moody for the next several days, then suddenly happier than I'd seen her in a long time. We didn't have any sexual contact, but she was extremely affectionate and sweet.

During this time, I tried to keep track of her whereabouts as closely as possible without being too obvious about it. During weekdays, it was much harder for her to sneak off to a hotel, and I reasoned that Paul probably had to be on campus most days, and his commute didn't leave him a lot of time for fooling around during the day, unless of course, he was actually sleeping in the Hyatt some nights.

All of these considerations soon flew out the window, though, one Wednesday in mid–February, when Emma greeted me at the door, holding a pregnancy test stick in one hand.

"Look. Look at it! It's positive."

"What?"

I could barely speak.

"That time… a couple of weeks ago."

"After you went to the gym?"

(The "gym" in this case, being, of course, Paul's hotel room at the Hyatt.)

"Mmm–hmm," she said, throwing her arms around my neck and giving me a kiss, "you're going to be a Dad."

I was speechless. It didn't seem like she was going to try to divorce me to be with Paul. Had she even told him? Would she?

Was the baby mine? Would I want to know if it wasn't?

Holding her close, I finally broke my silence.

"That's so great, honey. I can't wait to tell everyone."

"Well," she said, "I should go to the doctor first. And I think you're supposed to wait until the twelfth week. But I have a good feeling about this..."



Emma's good feeling turned out to be right: the pregnancy stuck, and after our initial visit to the OBGYN, we made a general announcement to our families and closest friends.

"I'm going to text Bryce and Maddie," she said, "I know they're going to be so happy for us. They are going to start trying soon themselves, I think, if they haven't already. Wouldn't it be fun for our kids to grow up together?"

"Yeah, that would be great. Hopefully they're as successful as you were."

I caught myself.

"I mean, as *we* were."

"Right," said Emma, suddenly thoughtful.

"I guess we should tell Paul, too," she said, hesitating a bit, "he's one of the gang, after all..."

"That's right," I said, "do you have his number?"

"No," she said quickly, "but *you* must, right?"

"Yes," I said, "I can send him a text later. Might be fun to hear how he's liking his new job, anyway."

I studied her face for a reaction to this. She smiled, as if thinking back on some kind of pleasant memory.

Suddenly, I couldn't take it anymore. The hurt was too much. I wasn't going to leave her. I had no intentions of abandoning her with the child, but I just couldn't bear to let her think she was getting away with this.

"Oh," I said, "speaking of Paul. There's something I've been meaning to tell you."

"Yeah?" she said, turning to me, her face glowing.

It was like she had been longing just to hear his name.

"Well," I said, "did you think it was odd how he and Maddie were upstairs for a lot longer than the rest of us on New Year's morning?"

"No…," she said, "why would that be weird?"

"It's not weird by itself," I continued, observing the look of concern that was spreading across her face, "or it wouldn't be, if not for one other thing."

"What other thing?"

The mood in the room was tense now. Emma was on pins and needles. Just how I wanted her.

"Well," I said, "it was a long time ago. Do you remember the night we first met? Around the campfire at the lake?"

She smiled.

"How could I forget?"

"Of course," I said, "well, that night, after I went to bed, I woke up to pee, and I heard some very...interesting noises coming from Paul's truck."

Her expression was dark now.

"What kind of noises?"

"Maddie was in there with Paul," I continued.

It was like her heart was breaking in slow motion, the same way mine had…

"Maddie was in there doing *what*?"

Her voice was a hoarse whisper.

"Fucking," I said, "they were fucking. From the sounds of it, she was *loving* it."

"That bitch cheated on Bryce?" she fumed, suddenly furious.

"Yeah," I said, "she must have seen something she liked when we were all skinny dipping, and decided she was going to try it out. I have a feeling they might have had a second round on New Year's Day while we were all downstairs. Hell, who knows. Maybe they've been doing it for years..."

"But that's...impossible," she said, a tear forming in her eye, "why are you telling me this? This is just a joke, right?"

She looked into my eyes, her gaze so wide, innocent and beautiful, just like the first night I'd met her.

As much as I wanted to get revenge, I couldn't bear to see her like this.

"Look," I said, trying to backtrack, "that was a long time ago. Maybe it was a dream. Maybe I mistook someone else's truck for his in the middle of the night."

"Maybe you did," she said, wiping a tear from her eye.

All relationships are built on a combination of truth and illusion, I thought, all marriages, even the happiest, are built on some form of collective fiction, woven by two people. Ours was just a little different.

"In any case," I said, pulling her close, "that was all a long time ago, and for now, we've got to look towards the future."

Had I forgiven her?

I guess, in a way, I had. Maybe planting the seed of doubt in her mind concerning Paul's exclusive interest in her had been the little piece of revenge that helped me live with Emma, and myself.

In any case, I decided that, no matter what the truth was, I was going to be this child's father. I wasn't going to get a paternity test.

"That's right," said Emma, holding me close, "we've got to look towards the future. Together."

THE END

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MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MELINA

Melina and David have a sexy game they play to keep their marriage exciting. They write down fantasies on a list, then roll a die to see which one they will act out that evening. But when Melina describes her fantasy about a handsome alpha-male mechanic who is also **rough, dominant and hung**, their little game edges closer to becoming a reality.

But will Melina really cross the line from fantasy into reality? Will she really be able to go through with cheating on David while he watches?

Find out in this second, stand-alone installment of **My First Time Hotwife**!



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MIA

When Mia, a married MILF, takes a seasonal job at a warehouse, she really hits it off with her new co-workers. *Especially* Jack, who, rumor has it, is not only

a **take-charge** kind of guy in more places than the workplace, he's also **much bigger** than 99% of men, including Mia's husband.

When Mia confesses her lust for her **dominant, hung alpha co-worker**, her husband is more than eager to indulge her hotwife fantasies. Soon, the couple hatch a plan for Mia to seduce Jack while her husband watches…



SOFIA'S STORY

Sofia has been acting different lately. She's taking a night class at a community college in creative writing, and is spending more time with her classmates than she is at home with her husband Trent.

When Trent finds an erotic short story penned by Sofia that describes an affair between her and one of her fellow students, he is, in his own words, "split between jealous rage and savage arousal." Sofia's mystery lover is everything Trent is not: handsome, dominant, and most of all, **much, much bigger where it counts**.

He starts to concoct a plan for dealing with his cheating wife. But has Sofia really already cheated? Or is it all just fiction. And does Trent really want *revenge*, or does he want to *watch*?

What Trent discovers about the woman he thought he knew will push his marriage into a maelstrom of emotion and erotic exploration.

SOFIA'S STORY is a 24,000-word cheating wife novella that explores themes of cuckold angst, denial, size and clean-up.



TANYA TAKES A LOVER

Tanya was head over heels in love with Adam, her first and only boyfriend, when she married him a decade ago.

Now, a successful businesswoman, Tanya has started to wonder if she's missed out on something by never **sowing her wild oats**. What's more, her husband Adam has confessed his fantasy of **watching her with a larger man**. With their love life becoming a bit stale, the couple begins to weave fantasies of Tanya stepping out for a little extramarital fun.

When Tanya begins to develop a crush on her friend Sean, a man from church who has a reputation for being **larger** than life (and than Adam) both in and out

of the bedroom, she sees an opportunity to both make up for lost time *and* indulge Adam's dirty desires simultaneously.

But when emotions start to intervene, will Tanya go too far? Or will she respect Adam's wishes – and her own marriage vows?

TANYA TAKES A LOVER is a 20,000-word emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity, voyeurism and the thin lines between fantasy and reality.



BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

Beverly is happily married to Alvin, her spouse of 20 years. At 41 years old, she doesn't think that she's still able to turn men's heads, so she's surprised when she starts getting a lot of attention from the local geography teacher, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson is tall, handsome, and Black. He's funny, intelligent and with an easy-going sense of humor that Beverly finds irresistible. When he pays her a compliment one day, she develops a crush on him.

Alvin notices this, and encourages his wife to flirt with the teacher. After all, what's the worst that could happen? At first, the results of this experiment are encouraging. But when Mr. Robinson awakens a long-slumbering desire in Beverly, will her marriage to Alvin be able to survive the explosive fall-out?

One thing's for sure: once BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE is unleashed, nothing will be the same again. This is a 16,500-word novella-length work that explores intense themes such as cuckold angst, clean-up, and marital infidelity.