Cheating Wives Bundle



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CHEATING WIVES BUNDLE

By Cynthia Sizemore

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Introduction

Sharing my Submissive Wife

Introduction

For as long as we'd been married, my wife Kara had hinted that she wanted me to take more control in the bedroom. I have to admit that this didn't come naturally to me. It wasn't that I didn't fantasize about it, it was just that when it came to actually *doing* it, there were several problems: first of all, I wasn't sure exactly *what* she wanted me to do, second of all, I wasn't sure if I was physically capable of doing it (due to certain limitations which I'll explain later) and third of all, I knew for a fact that what she was craving was psychological as much as anything else, and I *certainly* didn't have a domineering or dominant personality. I was too much of a happy–go–lucky guy!

Kara and I married when I was 25 and she was 23. We were both somewhat late bloomers, I suppose, because we were both each other's firsts: she confessed to me that she'd fooled around with a couple of other guys in college (and even with a girl) but hadn't gone "all the way" with anyone but me. I never pressed her for details about what exactly she meant by that; for me it was enough to know that I had been the first man inside her.

Our sex life had always been a bit awkward, even if it was mutually satisfying. We'd worked at our compatibility in bed. Nothing came naturally. I had no idea what I was doing (having never been with a woman before Kara) and so Kara naturally took the lead, even though she was scarcely more experienced than I was.

Kara was a beautiful woman. Her father was of Italian heritage and her mother was German. She had the gentle curves and dark hair of the women of her father's home country, and the proud bearing and pale skin of the women in the north of where her mother was from. Her breasts were smallish, but far from tiny, and she had small, prominent pink nipples that got very sensitive when she was aroused.

Though she'd been raised in the US like I had been, she learned both languages (Italian and German) alongside English growing up.

Even though her proficiency was not completely native–like, she was still good enough to impress natives of both countries.

As for me, I was your standard white American mutt, a mixture of heritages that allowed me to celebrate pretty much any ethnic holiday I wanted to with at least as much justification as anyone else. My favorite was St. Patrick's day, and that's when our story begins.

I should also say that I'm not bad–looking myself, but I am a bit overweight, and a bit lacking in some other departments as well. I'm about 5'9", so not tall by any means, but tall enough to still beat Kara by a few inches. She always told me that she was happy with me the way I was.

Chapter 1

Like I said, it all started on St. Patrick's Day. We were celebrating with a few pints of Guinness at a bar downtown in the large American city that we live in (hint: it has a large Irish–American population, and a river that gets dyed green every year).

As often happens when she's a little bit tipsy, Kara began to get very flirtatious and handsy.

"I can't *wait* to get out of here," she whispered, "I mean, I'm having fun at the bar, but I'd rather be alone with you."

Her eyes burned with desire.

"What are you in the mood for?" I said, smiling at her suggestively.

I happened to be in the mood myself.

"Mmm," she said, "what I'm really in the mood for is for you to use one of our toys on me."

"Any certain toy in particular?"

"The flesh–colored one. The one that looks like a real cock," she giggled.

"The really *big* one?"

"That's right."

"I thought you said it was too big for you."

"Did I say that? I guess I did. But I'm kind of drunk now, and I'm thinking about you fucking me with it."

"Is that right? I guess we better pay the tab then…"

A few minutes later, we were in an Uber heading home, and a few minutes after that, we were in our bedroom, tearing each other's clothes off.

"God I want you," moaned Kara, lifting the tacky St. Patrick's Day t–shirt I'd worn as a joke.

"Is it because I'm one sixteenth Irish?" I joked.

“It’s because you’re my husband,” she said, kissing me passionately.

I loved her kisses. She grabbed my hands and pulled them around her, then took one and placed it on her butt.

“Maybe you can give me a St. Patrick’s Day spanking,” she said mischievously.

“I’m pretty sure that’s not really a thing,” I laughed.

“I’m pretty sure green beer isn’t a ‘thing’ either, but that’s never stopped anyone from drinking it.”

“Ok,” I said, a bit self–conscious, “I’ll try.”

“That’s all I ask.”

I kissed her again, and then she pulled her jeans down and draped herself across my lap.

“I’ve been craving this,” she sighed, “I really need you to show me my place. To remind me who’s in charge, you know?”

“I know,” I said, suddenly very shy, “I’ll do my best this time.”

“Remember what I said about talking too much.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“Remember what I said about apologizing. It ruins the moment.”

I cursed myself silently. We’d tried scenarios like this several times, and I just wasn’t able to pull it off. I didn’t have it in me to be a “dom,” at least not the way that she had told me she needed it. I’d tried to spank her in the past a few times, and she’d told me that it just didn’t work. Either I didn’t do it hard enough (and left her unsatisfied) or I did it hard enough, but was too apologetic about it during and afterwards.

When it really came down to it, the problem was that I just wasn’t that authoritative in bed. And I was fine with that. I had fun with Kara, and I know that she had fun with me. I don’t think she was ever lying about that.

I just think that she was always looking for a bit more.

That drunken St. Patrick’s Day, I resolved to give it another go.

I slapped her ass, hard.

“There you go, you little…”

I dropped my voice, unsure of myself:

“Slut,” I whispered.

She burst out laughing.

“Ok,” said Kara, “I thought it was worth a shot. I’m sorry I asked. I know you’re just not comfortable, and I have to accept it. It’s ok.”

She stood up once more, and sat in my lap, draping her arms around me affectionately.

“Kara,” I said, “I’m sorry… can we just…”

“I’ll never mention it again, honey,” she said, nuzzling my neck, “why don’t we do something else instead.”

“Do you want to do that thing that you mentioned at the bar?”

“Mmm,” she said, “I guess I’m pretty drunk because I’d somehow forgotten all about that.”

“You still want the big one.”

She paused for a moment, giving me a drunken smile.

“Yeah.”

I ran to the closet, rummaging in the box where we kept the sex toys. I had purchased the large dildo in question for Kara about six months ago. It had been my idea. I had always wondered if she might enjoy something on the larger side, because I myself was probably about 4 ½ inches completely hard. She had always insisted that size didn’t really matter to her, that it mattered to me more, and to men in general more than it did women.

I believed her, but on the other hand, I also wanted to see if she might be wrong. After all, if she’d never actually been with a well–endowed man, how would she really know what she was missing? So I’d bought her the dildo, without her permission.

It was a little awkward bringing it up. I explained to her that I thought it would be a fun thing to try, but it was clear that she’d been taken aback.

“Sure, we can try it,” she’d said, taking it in her hands and looking at it a bit quizzically before placing it in the box with the other toys.

In the intervening months, it had languished there, and I’d never mentioned it again.

Neither had she. Until tonight, that is.

I turned towards her, brandishing the 8–inch shaft of fake flesh in my hand.

“Mmm, that’s the one,” she giggled, “do you think I can take it?”

“I don’t know,” I said, “but I think it will be fun to find out.”

“Why don’t you go down on me a little first?” she said, smiling.

She knew that I loved to pleasure her. I lived to make her orgasm. And since I couldn’t do it with my penis, I did it with my mouth, or a toy. Tonight, hopefully both.

She eagerly took her panties down her legs, and I gazed at my wife’s neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair before diving passionately between her legs.

“Oh Alex,” she moaned, “you’re so good at that…”

“Thank you,” I said, coming up for air, “I love doing this.”

I teased her clit with my tongue while slipping a finger barely partway inside her. She moaned and cooed, bucking her hips up towards me in desire as she clung to the bed sheets with her hands.

“That feels so good,” she groaned.

I lifted my face off again, continuing to stimulate her with my finger as I looked up at her.

“Do you feel like doing something really dirty tonight?”

“That depends on what you have in mind,” she said, moaning a little as she rubbed her back against the sheets.

“I was thinking,” I said, “that you could think about being with someone else while I go down on you. And while I’m…fucking you.”

“You mean fucking me with the dildo?”

“Exactly.”

“So the guy I’m imagining is…I mean, it’s his cock?”

“That’s right.”

“Mmm,” she said, after pausing for a moment, “that *is* really dirty. I guess I could try it…”

“You don’t have to if you don’t want to,” I said, kicking myself as I realized how wishy–washy and, hence, unattractive that made me seem, “I mean, do what you want.”

She giggled a bit.

“Maybe I’ll imagine that he’s dominant, too. That he knows how to manhandle me.”

“Yeah,” I said, excitedly, “imagine that he’s your dream dom. A guy who can really give you what I can’t.”

“Alright,” she said, “you win. I’ll be dirty.”

She reached down and tousled my hair as if I’d been a child, then pushed me down somewhat forcefully back towards her clit. I immediately began teasing her again with my tongue as she moaned.

It could have been my imagination, but she seemed to climax almost instantly, crying out in ecstasy as she punched the sheet with one hand. It was a powerful orgasm.

“God,” she moaned, “I need the…I need the dick, please.”

It was clear which dick she meant. Not mine. The big flesh–covered eight–incher.

I knelt between her legs, brandishing the monster, which I’d covered in lube from a bottle on the nightstand.

“Oooh, that’s so big,” she sighed, looking up at me in desire, her face still flushed from orgasm, “I hope it fits. I mean, I want you to *make* it fit.”

“Remember,” I said, “it’s not *me* tonight. It’s him. Your fantasy lover.”

“Oh yeah,” she said softly, closing her eyes, “I forgot about that. You’re so *naughty*. Ok, I’ll just close my eyes and imagine him.”

“That’s what I want,” I said excitedly, both happy that she was going along with my fantasy, and filled with nervous anticipation about what was coming.

“I’m ready,” she said, biting her lip.

I began to gently rub the huge phallus up and down her pussy lips, then slowly pushed the head inside her.

“Oh… wow,” she said, “please, keep going. I need it.”

I pushed the shaft even further, remembering how timid I tended to be, and how often she’d urged me to get rougher with her, even though it wasn’t in my nature.

“More.”

Her tone was insistent.

I pushed the dildo to the hilt now, and watched as my wife’s features opened up as she was penetrated.

“Oh God. It’s so big,” she gasped.

“Too much?”

“No,” she said firmly, “it’s…great.”

I slowly pulled it back out of her, amazed at her body’s natural ability to accommodate a member twice my own size.

“Fuck me,” she pleaded, “I need it.”

I began to thrust the artificial phallus into her eager cunt, pumping it in and out slowly.

“Harder,” she begged, her breathing quickening, “faster.”

I obeyed her immediately.

“Yes,” she panted, “oh God, yes. I can’t believe how good it feels.”

Her head was thrown back now, her eyes still closed, in the throes of ecstasy caused by the large cock of her imaginary lover.

“I need more,” she groaned, gripping the sheets, “give it to me faster, and don’t fucking stop. Don’t fucking stop giving me that big fucking cock.”

I had seldom heard her use language like that. It was electrifying to see how passionate my filthy little idea was making her.

Was it possible that she hadn't been eager to use the dildo before because she had been *afraid* of her own reaction to the massive phallus? Did she know in advance how much she would love it, or at least suspect it?

Had she refused to use it before merely out of an abundance of caution for my own feelings? Even though *I* had been the one to suggest it in the first place?

"Harder," she urged, "I'm so close."

I was hesitant at first. I felt like I was already slamming the fake penis into her almost as hard as I could, and the last thing I wanted to do was hurt her. But when I saw the insistent look on her face as she reached the verge of ecstasy, I began to slam it into her harder and harder.

"Yes," she moaned, "harder! Faster! Deeper!"

She let out an adorable squeak as her hips tensed up and then released in what seemed to be an incredibly powerful climax.

"Oh my GOD, YES!!"

I had *never* seen my wife orgasm like that. Perhaps this was how she always made herself come on her own, (I didn't know how often she masturbated, even though she knew that I had no problem with it, and, in fact, encouraged it) but this was a new level of pleasure that I'd never seen her experience.

It was simply incredible to witness.

She slowly began to come back to earth, opening her eyes as if awakening from a sound night's sleep. She flashed me a huge grin.

"That was so good, honey. Thank you so much."

"No problem," I said, "but shouldn't you be thanking your imaginary lover?"

"Oh, that," she said, as if the whole thing had been an afterthought, "I mean, that was pretty hot, wasn't it?"

"I thought so. I'd love to hear what you thought about."

“I’ll tell you if you really want to hear,” she said, a bit hesitantly, “but I want to make you feel good, too, and I’m too sore to put you inside me, she said.”

“So why don’t you just give me a handjob?” I asked, “that way you can still talk. I want to hear all about it.”

“Ok,” she said, sitting up, “I feel kind of silly. I mean now that I’ve come. That was great, though.”

“You don’t need to feel silly,” I said excitedly, pulling down my pants and revealing my erection, “I just want you to be honest.”

Honest. I knew that might be a fateful word. But I still needed to hear what she was going to say. Maybe because my cock was so hard. Maybe if I had come first, I wouldn’t have pressed my wife so urgently for the truth.

Maybe it was something that she needed to get off her chest, too.

She squirted a bit of lube onto her hand and began to stroke me, her face still a bit hesitant.

“Well, I imagined that I was with a guy,” she said, “a tall and handsome guy.”

“A real guy you know, or someone you imagined?”

She hesitated.

“Are you sure you want to hear this?”

“If you’re asking me that, it must be a guy you know.”

“Ok,” she sighed, “it’s a guy I know. My advisor from grad school.”

“Dr. Ford?”

“That’s right,” she sighed, “you remember him. He was only like ten years older than me, and he was tall, in great shape.”

“Well,” she said, “I never told you this before, but I had a crush on him.”

“Oh God,” I moaned, incredibly turned on by my wife’s revelation.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I’ll stop if you want. Maybe I should stop.”

“No,” I said, “I want to hear this. I need to hear this.”

“Well,” she said, stroking me a bit faster, “I actually knew the woman he was dating at the time. Margret, you remember her?”

“Mm hmm,” I nodded, remembering seeing her advisor with an attractive slim brunette.

“One time, she confided in me that Dr. Ford liked it really rough in bed.”

“Oh,” I said, intuiting where this was going.

“And that’s not all,” she continued, blushing for a moment.

I could tell what she was going to reveal next was embarrassing to her, but also a source of pleasure.

“Tell me,” I insisted, my voice a bit hoarse.

“She told me, that he…”

“What?”

“That he had a really big penis,” she said, giggling a bit, “and so…when you were fucking me with that toy just now…I was actually imagining.”

“Him fucking you?”

“Mm–hmm,” she nodded, stroking me faster and faster as if she herself were becoming aroused again, “I imagined him manhandling me. Using me like his submissive little fuckdoll. Giving me the rough treatment that I crave.”

“Oh God,” I groaned, unable to take the pleasure any longer, beginning to shoot several ropes onto my wife’s hand.

“Wow,” said Kara, “you really liked that story, huh? I feel kind of bad telling it. I hope you know that it was just a fantasy and that I would never…”

I put my finger to her lips.

“Honey,” I said, “I’m not worried at all. In fact, I thought it was the hottest thing I’ve ever heard. Even if you wanted to look up Dr. Ford

on Facebook or something, maybe see what he's up to these days, I think it would be amazing."

"What?" her face took a look of panic, possibly even fear, "I couldn't. Honey, that would be terrible for our marriage."

"Come on," I said, "it would just be a little harmless flirtation. It could spice things up a little for us in the bedroom. But if you're really that uncomfortable with it… just forget I said it."

Her face slowly returned to normal, but she remained silent. I wished that I could have known what she was thinking. Was she seriously considering my offer?

"Let me go get cleaned up," she said, standing and heading to the bathroom, "it's getting late, and we've both had a lot to drink tonight."

I nodded.

Chapter 2

The next few days and weeks passed fairly normally. Neither of us mentioned what had happened the night of St. Patrick's Day. Maybe it was due to the alcohol. Was what we'd done merely a crazy one–off thing, the way some couples might do a little sexual experimentation on vacation and then never do the same thing again? Or was it the opposite: had we done something that was so profoundly connected to both of our most intimate fantasies that it was almost traumatic to mention directly.

Was it possible that Kara had been so drunk that she'd forgotten it?

No, I decided. She'd only had a couple of drinks at the bar, and she was completely coherent throughout.

She remembered. *She'd* been the one that wanted to try something bigger.

During those uncertain weeks, I almost forgot her fantasy about Dr. Ford, too. As strange as that sounds: a husband forgetting about a crush that his wife confessed to him.

Until one Sunday night, when we were cuddled up on the couch trying to agree on what show to watch.

"What about Mad Men?" asked Kara.

"Really? We've already seen that."

"I know, but I kind of have a thing for Don Draper."

"Do you, now?"

"Yeah, I do. Do you know that he reminds me of Dr. Ford?"

Dr. Ford. There was the name again.

I felt the adrenaline rising in my blood.

"Oh, yeah… I can see the resemblance I guess," I said.

"It's not so much the physical resemblance," she said, "though there is that, of course. I meant more his entire way of carrying himself. His authority."

“Oh? I guess you’d know more about that than I would. I only met the guy a couple of times.”

“I know,” she said, “it’s a shame. You’d really like him, I think.”

“Well, if my wife likes him, I’m sure I would, too.”

“Your *wife* might like him for other reasons than *you* do ,” she said slyly, putting her hand on my leg.

Then she turned away for a moment, adding almost casually, “did you know he’s single now?”

“No, of course not, how would I know that?” I asked, wondering how *she* would know it.

“I kind of…stalked him on Instagram.”

“Oh really?”

I couldn’t believe it. Was she actually thinking about it?

“Yeah,” she said, lacing her fingers through mine and staring off into space, “I have to admit that I scrolled through a lot of his pictures. He’s still in great shape.”

“And how did you feel when you did that?”

Suddenly, she seemed bothered by my question. What had I done wrong?

“I just remembered the good times in his class,” she said quickly, “what I learned from him. That’s all.”

“Oh.”

“Hey, let’s watch that!” she said, pointing to a show I’d never heard of.

She was obviously trying to change the subject.

“You know,” I said, “I really meant that it was ok to flirt with him if you want. It would turn me on, and be really fun to talk about in the bedroom. It’s really ok with me.”

She simply nodded, her lips moving faintly towards a smile. What was she thinking?

We watched the show in silence, then she announced that she was going to bed.

Dr. Ford wasn't mentioned again that night.

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A few days later, however, she was sitting at the breakfast table, looking at her phone and giggling.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Dr. Ford," she said.

"Did he post a joke or something?"

"No," she said, "he's just really witty. He wrote something funny to me, that's all."

My heart began to pound.

"So you're messaging him?"

"Yeah, I mean, we're talking."

"Did you message him or did he message you?"

"I added him as a friend, then he sent me a message."

"I see."

It still wasn't clear to me exactly what kind of exchange was happening. Were they actually flirting, or was this some kind of harmless case of a professor catching up with an old grad student?

As it turned out, that was only the beginning. I had no idea how deep things would go.

Pun *entirely* intentional.

***

One night, Kara announced that she was headed up to bed a little earlier because she wanted to "do a few things" before she went to sleep. I didn't think anything of it. I came up about 15 minutes later to find her wearing a lacy bra and panty set with garter belts, an outfit that she'd bought for our wedding anniversary a few months ago.

I opened my mouth to say something. I was surprised, because nothing about her demeanor before going upstairs had suggested erotic interest in the slightest. Usually, when she was in the mood, she made it obvious (like at the pub on St. Patty's day).

Her look of surprise (or was it guilt?) when I walked through the door told me that this outfit was not actually meant for me. As strange as it seemed in the moment, it was obvious that Kara was dressing up for someone else.

It feels stupid to say now, but it never even occurred to me that she might have been sexting with her old professor.

“What’s…all this?” I asked her.

My confusion must have been legible on my face.

“Oh. I didn’t think you’d be up for a while. Was the show already over?”

“I got sick of watching about halfway through. What are you *doing*?”

I tried not to sound upset, but I was completely taken aback.

“I’m…”

For a moment, it looked like she was trying to think of an excuse.

“The truth is,” she stammered, “I’m taking some pictures for a friend.”

“You’re…”

Stupidly, I was still baffled as to the identity of this “friend,” though it should have been manifestly obvious.

“For Dr. Ford,” she said, looking at me, her eyes as beautiful as always.

“Well,” I said, “that’s not what I expected.”

I couldn’t tell what I was feeling in that moment. Part of me was extremely excited. But part of me was also hurt. She’d crossed a line.

Or had she?

“You told me you wanted me to flirt with him,” she said, “so I did. And one thing led to another…”

“And so you’ve been *sexting*?”

“Well…yeah,” she said, a bit sheepish, “isn’t that what ‘flirting’ means nowadays? I thought you’d be happy. You said you would be.”

“Yeah,” I said, still trying to wrap my mind around what was happening, “I mean, I’d like to see the messages, if that’s ok with you.”

“Sure,” she said, perking up a bit and seeming less like a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

She gestured to the bed.

“Why don’t you lay down there and make yourself comfortable. I’ll show you everything.”

She tucked herself in the crook of my arm on the bed and handed me her phone. There were no secrets between us now. I began to read her correspondence with her professor for the past month or so.

Things began rather innocently, but quickly took a sexual turn, one fueled entirely by Kara. I had never witnessed my wife this forward in real life. There must have been something about the digital medium that made her fearless. Either that or it was her certainty (completely justified, I might add) of being a highly desirable woman.

I scrolled through messages of them reliving moments during the time she was a student. She confessed that she had wanted him to have his way with her in a classroom or his office. He admitted that he’d thought about the same thing.

Then, eventually, the text roleplaying turned into a picture exchange.

“Kara,” I said, when I saw the first picture she snapped, of herself in our bathroom mirror without her top on, “you took that right here!”

She laughed.

“Well, yeah,” she said, “did you think I was going to go across town to do it?”

“Did you do it while I was around?”

“Yeah. You were actually right here, where you are now, on the bed.”

“Wow.”

I didn’t know myself if I was upset or excited.

Kara reached down towards my pants and took all the doubt away, from both of us.

I had an erection.

“Mmm,” she said, “I think you’re going to like the rest of our exchange.”

I scrolled down. There was a photo of Prof. Ford smiling at the camera, clad only in his boxer briefs. It was impressive what good shape he was in for a man his age (though he wasn’t that much older than me, I remembered).

But what was more impressive was the size of his package.

“I guess his old girlfriend wasn’t lying,” I said.

“Just wait,” she said, grinning at me.

I scrolled down a bit more. I saw a picture of my wife trying to take a picture of her own ass in the mirror, bending over in a short skirt that I knew she’d worn to work a few days ago.

Then, without warning, I stumbled upon the tool of my undoing.

There it was.

Dr. Ford’s cock. Huge, erect and powerful, jutting out at least 8 inches from his body, curving upward slightly and coming to a point in a thick mushroom head.

It was, in a word, perfect.

I’m a straight man, but even I couldn’t hide my awe at the specimen of manliness I saw on display in front of me.

“That’s just…wow…” I said.

“I know,” said Kara, beaming at me, “it looks so much better than that dildo.”

“I bet it would feel better, too,” I blurted, “to you, I mean.”

“Ha,” she laughed, “yeah, I bet it would.”

The next thing that came out of my mouth was completely spontaneous, and I wished I hadn't said it as soon as it escaped my lips.

"Would you like to try it?"

There was a long, awkward silence.

She took the phone out of my hand slowly, looking uncomfortable.

"I think this kind of talk," she said, "isn't good for our marriage. I'm going to block Dr. Ford and erase his pictures."

"What?" I said, genuinely surprised, "but I thought that you were having fun!"

"Maybe too much fun," she said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means," she said, looking into the distance for a moment, "it means that I was actually thinking for a moment about going through with it."

"You mean you'd like to fuck him?"

She nodded slowly.

"Is that bad?"

"No," I said excitedly, "not bad at all. But if you do it, I'd like to be there to watch."

She scrunched up her nose.

"It's called 'hotwifing'," I said, "it's fairly common. There are lots of men out there who like to share their wives."

"Share? That makes it sound like I'm a piece of property. A tool or something."

"That's not what I meant," I said, "I mean, there are lots of guys who like to watch their wives have sex with other men."

She regarded me for a long time, as if in disbelief.

"And you think…that you'd like to do that?"

"I'd love to do it," I blurted, "I mean, let's face it. I'm not the biggest guy. And I know that you want to be with someone more

dominant.”

“It’s true,” she said, “but I just don’t know if I can separate sex and emotion. I mean, I love *you* honey!”

I paused for a moment, not yet sure of what I was going to say. Then it came to me.

“I know that,” I said, “but what if that’s not a bad thing? I mean, you obviously have feelings for your old professor that go way beyond just lusting after his body and his big cock. Doesn’t that make the idea of actually sleeping with him even more appealing to you?”

“Well yes,” she said, “but..”

“But nothing,” I blurted, “I think you should explore this with him. While I watch. It will be fun for all of us. We’ll all be in it together.”

She was silent for a few moments.

“You’re really serious, aren’t you?”

“I really am,” I said.

“Ok,” she said cautiously, “let’s see what he has to say about it. Obviously it’s not just up to you and me.”

“Obviously.”

Chapter 3

Obviously, Dr. Ford, or Chris, as he was called with his first name, didn't have any problem fucking my wife. Why would he? He was single, and she was gorgeous and kinky. Kara already knew that he liked it rough, from conversations with his ex–girlfriend and all the flirtation that they'd already done online. His kinks seemed to be very compatible with hers, and so I was excited that I was going to get the chance to see my wife finally completely satisfied.

What I wasn't prepared for, of course, were the implications this encounter might have for our relationship. I was too much in my own head, imagining the ecstasy that Kara had experienced with the huge dildo being multiplied to infinity when she was taken by a real man.

Dr. Ford arrived right when he said he would: exactly five minutes after 6:00 on Friday. He stood on our doorstep wearing a three–piece suit and holding a bouquet of flowers. I could see why he reminded Kara of Don Draper.

I opened the door, extending my hand to him.

"Alex," he said, "so good to meet you. Kara's told me a lot about you."

"I think we might have met a couple of years ago."

I knew for a fact that we had, but I also knew that he'd probably forgotten.

"Sure," he said, obviously faking it, "how've you been?"

"Good," I said, "won't you come in?"

He stepped into the house. This was it. A threshold had been crossed. In every way.

Kara was there to take the flowers from his hands and put them in a vase. She gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek in greeting.

When she returned, Chris and I were sitting in the livingroom.

"So you're sure you're ok with this?" he asked me, a note of concern entering his voice, "because once we get started, I'm only going to stop if Kara uses the safeword. Some husbands think that

they want to introduce their wives to big cock, but they're not prepared for the actual effect it has on them. I mean, every woman is different, but some of them love it so much that it basically ruins sex for them afterwards."

I nodded.

"Sex with anyone *smaller*, that is," he added, as if that wasn't entirely clear from the first statement he'd made.

"I'm sure," I said, "I mean, I think her pleasure, the possibility of her pleasure is totally worth it to me."

"You're a great guy," said Chris, "and Kara is lucky to have such an open–minded man."

Kara appeared beside him, running her fingers over his shoulders as if they'd been lovers for years.

How was she so comfortable with him already?

"Shall we get started?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Good," he said, "do you remember the safeword?"

"Mm–hmm. Yellow to slow down and red to stop."

"That's right."

"Well, ok then, professor," she said, flashing him a sultry look, "what are you waiting for?"

He answered her coquettish rhetorical question by pulling her across his lap, right there in the living room, and yanking up her black cocktail dress that she'd put on for the occasion.

"Black garters and black lace panties," he said, "just like I asked you to wear. You're a very good girl, indeed."

"I just want to please you, Sir," panted my beautiful wife, breathlessly.

He placed a hand on her ass, squeezing it for a moment, as if evaluating it. Then he drew back, giving her a sharp spank.

"Oww," she cried.

I could tell that his first spank was much harder than any of the ones that I'd ever given her. And he was just getting started.

"I can tell you probably haven't had a good spanking in a long time," he said, "your husband doesn't keep you in line, does he?"

"No," she said, "he doesn't."

"I know, because if he did, you wouldn't be over the knee of a dominant older man."

Before she had a time to reply, his hand cracked down on her ass several more times, causing her to squeal in delight, pain, or some kind of mixture of both.

I was finally starting to understand what she'd been trying to tell me that she needed. It wasn't the act itself, it was the entire attitude of calm composure that her former professor exuded. Something I wouldn't have ever been able to imitate.

I wondered if his easy sense of confidence came from his profession, his previous experience, or from the monster that was in his pants. I would never know, I realized, but it was something of a puzzle to me.

He spanked her a few more times, this time letter his hand linger a bit longer each time on her bottom.

"Let's get these off," he said, unfastening her garters so that he could pull her panties down to her knees, exposing her sex.

The room was suddenly full of the scent of feminine arousal. It was unmistakable, and a bit strange, given the fact that I was used to experiencing it in the intimacy of our bedroom, or, at the very least, only with Kara. Having another man suddenly in the room with us, and knowing that this other man was the one who was occasioning the release of this heady fragrance, was a feeling I hadn't been prepared for.

Oh God, I thought, *this is really happening. She's really, really into him. And she's going to fuck him.*

This was no fantasy. Not anymore. This was **reality**.

And the reality of the situation was about to slap us both in the face. Kara literally, me figuratively.

After he gave her a few more slaps on her bare bottom, Dr. Ford commanded her to get on her knees. My wife eagerly obeyed, looking up at him in devotion, her eyes on him and him alone, as I continued to watch from the armchair across the room.

“Are you ready?” he asked, stroking her hair gently.

“Yes, Professor,” she said, pawing at his package through his slacks.

He loosened his necktie as she unfastened his belt and began to undo his trousers as well. In that moment, in the tone of her voice as she said the word “professor,” I realized that it was his title as well, his former position of authority over her as an arbiter of knowledge which conferred such an erotic charge on their relationship.

There was no way for me to compete with *that*. That much was certain.

He sat up slightly and she took his pants down entirely. This was the point at which what I described metaphorically as “reality” literally hit my wife in the face.

The reality of his huge, erect phallus, which sprang forth from his pants and slapped her across the cheek through the sheer force of being released, causing Kara to squeal in laughter and delight.

“I still can’t believe how big it is,” she laughed.

“Sorry about that,” said Prof. Ford.

“You never have to apologize for slapping my with that cock,” she said, laughing a bit, “it’s an honor.”

“That’s a very good girl,” he said, “now why don’t you show your husband what you can do with a cock like this?”

She grinned up at him and then enclosed her mouth around him, taking the first third of his cock deep into her mouth.

It was a truly impressive effort. A third of his cock was roughly equivalent to two–thirds of my own, and she’d never even tried to deepthroat me, even though my endowment was quite meager. It was clear that his dominance was fueling her submission and therefore her willingness to please him.

“Look at how much she loves it,” he said, directing his gaze towards me, “she’s lost in the moment, just focusing on pleasing my cock. A lot of women find it meditative. I think Kara might be one of them.”

Kara popped off his massive phallus for a moment, grinning up at him again.

“I think I might be one, too. I could do this all day.”

“Sometime we might try that,” said Prof. Ford, “but I think your husband is probably anxious to see how this look inside you.”

I felt compelled to speak for some reason.

“Oh, no,” I said, apologetically, “you can do whatever you want. I mean I don’t have a particular schedule…”

“Good,” growled Professor Ford, reaching down and taking hold of Kara’s hair possessively, “because that’s what I was going to do anyway.”

Kara let out a long, low moan. I could tell that she loved this kind of treatment. She had both hands on his shaft now, stroking it eagerly as she tried to take his cock even deeper into her throat.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, “you’ve gotten very good at this. Have you been practicing?”

“Maybe a little bit with the dildo,” she confessed a few moments later as she came up to catch her breath.

This revelation was so shocking to me (though I’m not sure why, exactly) that I completely missed the tense of the Professor’s statement: “you’ve **gotten** very good at this.” Not: “you **are** very good at this.”

What basis did he have to make this comparison? I didn’t connect the dots at the time, in that moment. No, it would be a bit later when the truth about what I was actually witnessing would smack me mercilessly in the face.

He reached down and spanked her a few times as she continued to fellate him.

“You’re being such a good girl,” he said, “I know that Alex is enjoying the show. Aren’t you?”

I nodded.

“Good. Don’t forget that this show is all for you. This was your idea, wasn’t it?”

I didn’t answer. I wasn’t sure anymore. Had it been my idea? Or had it been Kara’s? Had the entire situation really grown organically out of my insecurities and the purchase of the oversize dildo so long ago? Or had Kara somehow known all along that this was something that she wanted, and had just been waiting for an opportunity to suggest it to me, making me think that it had been my idea all along?

I had no idea. All I knew was that my wife was on her knees in the living room, sucking a huge cock like a professional porn star while I watched.

“That feels so good,” he said, “fuck I’ve missed this.”

He’d *missed* this?

This this time, I knew something was going on. My face must have shown my astonishment, because Ford picked up on it, too.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” he said, seeming to actually mean it, “I thought Kara would have told you. She used to suck my cock like this in my office once in a while between classes.”

“She didn’t…” my voice was hoarse and my mouth was dry and the weight of the revelation hit me.

We had been married when she’d been in grad school. That meant that my wife, my sweet sexy innocent–seeming wife Kara had been *cheating* on me?

It was a good thing that I was already sitting down, because I’m sure that the power of this revelation would have caused my knees to buckle.

Just then, Kara turned to look at me, wiping some saliva off her chin.

“I’m sorry, honey,” she said, “I figured you wouldn’t mind finding out about it, given your little fetish and all. You’re not mad, are you?

We can stop if you want."

She gave me a concerned look.

Stop? Right at the moment when my greatest fantasy (and, to a certain extent) worst nightmare, was coming true?

"Did you, uh…" I started, "did you sleep with him?"

"I didn't fuck her, if that's what you mean," said Prof. Ford, "and we certainly didn't do any sleeping. She merely received regular corrective spankings from me and gave me fellatio afterwards as a way to prove her worthiness. That's all."

She shrugged her shoulders as if to say "nobody's perfect!"

"I thought you'd find it kind of hot," she said.

"I *do*," I said, "I do find it hot. It's just…finding out about it now… in this situation…is kind of rough."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You always talked about how much you wanted me to try a bigger cock."

But you cheated before you knew that I was into it! I wanted to shout.

I knew, however, that this was, on some level a dream come true. I would get to see my wife pleasured in a way that I could never hope to match. It was good for everyone.

So, I swallowed my pride.

"I do, honey. I do want you to try it. Keep going," I urged them.

"Good," said Dr. Ford, "because I'm anxious to finally take things to the next level."

"Where should we do this?" he asked Kara.

"How about right here," she said, giving him a playful smile.

"On the carpet?"

"That's right."

"Ok," he said, "fine with me."

She flopped back onto her back, pushing her dress up and then kicking off her panties, so she was laying there, ready for him. He

stood from the chair, his erection jutting out angrily in front of him, then fell onto her like a wild animal.

Passionate. Determined. Possessive.

Dominant.

He laced his fingers through her hair and raised her head, bringing her lips to his and planting a hungry kiss on them which she immediately reciprocated. This encounter was already fundamentally different from the way Kara and I made love: I was usually timid, afraid of hurting her, afraid of going too far.

While it was clear that Dr. Ford wasn't going to intentionally hurt Kara, it was just as obvious that he was the one in control. He was taking what he wanted.

And right now, what he wanted was to fuck Kara.

"I want you so bad," she whispered as their kiss broke.

"I know, sweetheart," he said, "are you ready to be a good girl?"

"Yes," she said, "it's so big. I don't know if I can take it. But I'll do my best."

I have to admit that I stood up at this point and moved to the couch so that I could get a better look at what was happening.

From the side, I saw my wife, so small, petite and fragile–looking by comparison to Dr. Ford, who loomed over her, pointing his huge cock right at her exposed slit. Her legs were back as far as I'd seem them go, her ankles' position next to her ears a testament to her many hours in the yoga studio.

She was staring into her former teachers' eye as he continued to grip her hair with one hand and guide his cock with the other. Once the tip was properly aligned, he dropped one hand to the floor to support his weight.

"Please," she begged, "I'm ready. I've waited so long for this."

"Me too," he said.

My gaze switched from my wife's face to the huge phallus slowly slipping inside of her over the next few seconds. At first, her expression looked pained. Then she seemed concentrated.

There was another look of pain as he was about halfway in, but when he bottomed out completely, holding himself there, Kara's face showed surprise and then profound pleasure.

"That spot…you're filling me so much…I've never…" she stammered.

Ever the professor, he had an explanation.

"You've heard of the 'g–spot', right? Well, many women actually have another spot, located a few inches further down, called the 'a' spot. It can only be reached by really large cocks…"

"Spare me the lecture please and fuck me!"

He nodded, leaning down to kiss her before beginning to slide his huge prick in and out of my wife's clenching cunt.

There was no possible way to compete with a man like him. It had been obvious from the moment that I saw his erection on my wife's phone, but it was completely undeniable now, as the motions of his thick shaft coaxed noises from my wife that I'd normally only heard her make in the throes of orgasm.

"Oh my God, I can't believe it," she moaned, "he's so big. You're so big."

She seemed to be talking to both of us at one.

"I love it," she moaned, "I feel so full."

His face took on a grim determination as he began to fuck her harder and deeper, as if trying to test her limits, to see how long she could stand being filled with his massive prick.

"I'm coming," she said suddenly, almost matter–of–factly at first, "I'm coming. Don't stop fucking me."

He showed no signs of stopping, pounding her continuously, his arms on either side of her now, giving it to her hard as sweat dripped off his brow onto our carpet.

I have to admit that I had my own hard cock in my hand now, stroking myself as I watched this incredibly primal scene unfolding in front of me.

A moment later, Kara shrieked, her entire body trembling for several seconds before she flailed, striking out against him and crying. For a moment, I thought she was hurt, and I actually stood instinctively to help her, until she suddenly fell limp again and looked up into Dr. Ford's eyes, the glow of a woman satisfied suffusing her face.

"That was…the best orgasm…I've ever had in my *life*," she said.

"I aim to please," he grinned, "but now I want you from behind."

"Oh my God," she said, "you're not finished? I don't know how much more I can take."

"If you can't take it," he said, "you can always use the safeword, remember?"

"Oh I wasn't *that* serious about not being able to take anymore," she said.

"Good."

He pulled out of her and then quickly positioned her on all fours, shoving himself into her from behind. She was facing me now, where I sat, my cock out. He grabbed her hair from behind and pulled it back. I was a little startled by how rough he was being, but I remembered that they had a safeword, and anything that happened between them now was totally consensual.

It was merely the rough treatment that she'd craved, that I hadn't been man enough to give her. I now understood why, and knew that I would never be equal to a man like Dr. Ford.

And I was beginning to be ok with that, even if it hurt a bit to see the transformation on my wife's face as he pushed into her from behind.

"Oh God, Professor," she moaned, her eyes rolling back, "I can't believe how big you are."

"Tell your husband," he laughed, beginning to pound her harder, one hand holding her hair securely while the other rested on her ass.

"He's huge," she sputtered, looking me in the eye for a moment.

"Whose cock do you prefer inside you?"

He was really twisting the knife now, but I loved it.

“Yours,” she moaned.

“So you don’t want to fuck your husband?”

“No,” she moaned.

He slapped her ass hard, twice in a row, once on each cheek.

“Kara,” he growled, “I don’t want your husband fucking you ever again. Not without my permission. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” she panted, her eyes already rolling back in her head as if she were on the verge of another orgasm, “I won’t ever let him fuck me unless you tell me.”

This was it. The moment that my wife had officially been conquered and taken from me. But if that wasn’t bad enough, what came next was an even greater sign of her submission to the better man.

“Professor,” she moaned, looking directly into my eyes, “I want you to come inside me. *Please*.”

Somehow in all the excitement I’d missed the fact that Dr. Ford wasn’t wearing a condom. And now, here was my wife, not telling him to pull out (as she would have had it been me), but rather encouraging him to come inside her.

For all we knew, she was fertile. She wasn’t on any kind of birth control.

“Tell him,” he moaned, pumping into her faster, “tell your husband what you want.”

He spanked her a few more times, fucking her with a primal fury now. It all seemed so right.

So perfect.

An alpha male claiming his mate, while the inferior beta provider was relegated to the position of spectator, jerking off on the couch.

I wish I could say that I tried to stop them. Tried to halt the conception of my wife’s child with this man who had basically been a stranger to me up to a few minutes ago.

But I didn't. I loved watching Kara take his huge cock. I loved the fact that she was about to orgasm again. I loved the fact that he was going to deposit his seed deep inside her.

And I loved the fact that they were both rubbing my face in it.

"Oh God," moaned Kara, "I'm coming!"

He drove his shaft deep, holding it inside as she contracted around him, and I realized in that moment that he was also climaxing. I imagined the torrents of hot thick semen that were being pumped into my wife's vagina in that very moment, the work of a penis made to impregnate young, beautiful women.

Not like my own, which had brought me to where I was now: watching a man who had conquered my wife both physically and psychologically years ago merely cementing his biological bond with her by trying to produce a child.

Kara let out a series of short, sharp moans as he filled her, her face a mixture of pleasure and pain as he slowly withdrew.

That was the moment that I ejaculated as well, filling my hand with my sperm, holding it there awkwardly as the loving couple basked in the aftermath of their affections.

"That was…beyond words," she said, falling to the floor and laying on her side.

He fell down next to her, cradling her head in his hands as he gave her a tender kiss.

"That was incredible," he said, "you were so good."

"I only want to be your good student," she said.

Fuck. It was true. Suddenly, everything about my relationship to Kara made sense. She'd been in love with her old professor all these years, and had only been waiting for an opportunity to be near him again.

The huge dildo had been the opening that she was waiting for.

Chapter 4

I'd be lying if I said that the next few weeks were easy. To be truthful, however, they weren't all bad. More like bittersweet.

Kara and I didn't really talk about what had happened. I mean, we did talk about it, but not about her infidelity prior to my encouragement to her to explore larger men and flirt with her old professor.

We didn't talk about her going down on him after her daily spanking while she was still his student.

What we *did* talk about was how much the encounter in our living room had turned us both on, and how much we wanted to repeat it.

Then, one night, everything came out.

"This time, I want to do it here, in our bed," said Kara as we were lying side by side in the bedroom.

"That would be hot," I agreed.

"You'd have to be over there, of course," she said, beginning to work the large dildo inside herself as she nodded towards a chair facing the bed, "I'd want you to be able to see it all, of course."

"Of course," I agreed, grabbing my own cock and stroking it as I watched my wife fuck herself with the extra–large dildo that was still just slightly smaller than Prof. Ford's actual endowment, "I can't wait to see the two of you make love again."

"Mmm, good," she said, closing her eyes and opening her mouth slightly as she fucked herself, "I just keep thinking about his strong arms holding me down and just giving it to me, harder than I could ever imagine."

I realized, in that moment, that we had been following Dr. Ford's directive not to have sex without his permission, without even discussing it together. It might have been something that she and Dr. Ford had agreed to in the heat of the moment, but it seemed to have been a binding agreement — for all of us. I certainly hadn't tried to

touch Kara in the intervening time since she and Dr. Ford had made love.

I had simply, instinctively, obeyed the order of a superior man. So here I was, stroking my cock as I lay next to my masturbating wife.

Her eyes were still closed and she was moaning now.

“I love how dominant he is,” she sighed, “not rough. Well, he *is* rough. But rough just the way I like it. The way I need it. That perfect combination of affection and authority.”

“It was really hot to watch,” I confessed, “I liked how enthusiastic you were when you sucked his cock. It makes sense that you’d done it before…”

She stopped fucking herself for a moment but didn’t open her eyes. A smile crossed her face.

“Yeah,” she sighed, “those were some good times. Sometimes it was hot and fast. Primal. He would grab me and fuck my face. I loved it. Other times, he would sit back and let me take control. I would tease him forever. Worship him. Edge him. Just stay on my knees for as long as possible, trying to prove to him that *I* was his best student.”

She began to fuck herself again now.

“He was in an open relationship with his girlfriend, and she knew about us. That didn’t stop me from being competitive, of course. I wanted to be better than her in every way. She just had one condition. That he couldn’t fuck me.”

So *that* was why she hadn’t done it with him already. It had nothing to do with me.

“What about me?” I whispered, “we weren’t in an open relationship.”

“I know, honey,” she said, smiling in a way that cut me to the bone, “that’s why I’m so glad that you love being a cuck. So I can tell you the truth now. The thing is, I always suspected it about you, anyway.”

“What?”

“Yeah, honey. You’d always ask me if you were big enough, for example. You understood my submissive fantasies and my need for domination, but you couldn’t follow through.”

She had a point. Maybe she knew me better than I knew myself.

She fucked herself in relative silence for about a minute longer, biting her lip as she seemed to be getting closer to orgasm. I decided that now was the time to try to get a little more truth out of her.

“Is…Dr. Ford going to wear a condom this time?” I asked.

This question only seemed to arouse her more, or maybe it was just a coincidence, but she let out a high–pitched moan before she answered.

“I like feeling him without it,” she said breathlessly, working the entire length of the dildo in and out of her sopping wet vagina, “I don’t want anything between us.”

“But you’re not protected,” I said, stating the obvious.

“That makes it so much better, don’t you think?” she moaned, “the element of danger. He could knock me up. He might have already done it.”

She looked over at me, seemingly coming out of her fantasy world for a moment.

“You know you love it,” she said, “the idea of him knocking me up. I mean, just look at how hard your cock is. You’re getting off on the idea of him coming inside me. Admit it.”

I kept jerking, slowly.

“Yeah,” I said, “I admit it, but don’t you think it’s not the greatest for our marriage?”

“No,” she said, closing her eyes and fucking herself even harder with the dildo, “I think this is the best our sex life has ever been. Don’t you?”

I wasn’t sure what to do with that remark. Mercifully, however, I didn’t get a chance to reply, because in the next moment, she climaxed.

As I watched my beautiful wife flush red with pleasure as she held the dildo pressed inside her to the hilt, imagining, no doubt, being filled with the potent seed of her dominant lover.

In the same moment, I climaxed as well, shooting my own seed onto my hands, wasting its procreative potential. It seemed only right.

Chapter 5

Dr. Ford arrived again right on time, and this time, he brought something for me: a bottle of my favorite whiskey. I was so thrilled that I almost gave him a hug, but I extended my hand instead at the last minute, suddenly feeling strange about the idea of hugging the man who might be impregnating my wife in a few minutes.

Dr. Ford was in a shirt, tie and sport jacket, which he threw casually onto an armchair in the living room as if he'd owned the place, before turning to me to ask about Kara's whereabouts.

"She's upstairs waiting for you, just like you requested," I said, holding the bottle in one hand.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll head upstairs, then. Why don't you pour yourself a glass and then come join us?"

I nodded, heading to the kitchen. Normally, this would have been a bottle that I would save for a special occasion, but under the circumstances I needed a drink fast. I poured myself two fingers, neat, and drank down the golden liquor as quickly as I could, taking no time to savor the flavors of oak and caramel that teased my tongue. My immediate need sated, I poured another glass and resolved to drink this one more slowly.

Special occasion? What was I thinking? If my wife being fucked in our marriage bed *wasn't* a special occasion, than what, exactly, would have qualified?

I shook my head, at nothing in particular. At myself, more than anything probably. At my own masochism.

Then I walked upstairs to the bedroom, where Kara's moans were already audible.

When I arrived, I saw my wife bent over our bed, her hands tied behind her back with Dr. Ford's necktie, and her black lace panties around her knees. He was spanking her with one hand and fingering her with another, alternating cheeks, turning each of them a bright pink that began to match the hue of the cheeks on Kara's face, which were flushed with excitement and arousal.

“Oh God, Professor,” she moaned, “that’s it. Make me your good girl.”

“You’re a very good girl. Are you ready to take your professor’s cock?”

“Please,” she moaned, “I need it so bad.”

I reflected on the fact that there had barely been any time for them to engage in foreplay. I’d been downstairs only a couple of minutes at most, and Kara was already clearly (and genuinely) desperate to be fucked. I knew her well. I was acquainted with her signs of arousal, which were undeniable.

“Not yet,” he said, teasing her.

The he looked up and saw me standing in the doorway.

“Oh,” he said, “your husband has decided to join us. Please, take a seat over there,” he said, pointing exactly to the spot in the chair beside our bed where Kara had predicted I would sit.

Had it been arranged? Or had they both instinctively known the proper place for a beta male to sit.

Why was I having thoughts like that? There were only two chairs in the room, after all. It was a 50/50 chance.

I sat down, viewing the couple from the side, as they got back to business. Dr. Ford’s spanks became more affectionate as time went on, his hand lingered longer and longer on Kara’s reddened backside as his fingers worked their magic in her pussy. The entire time he spoke words of encouragement to her in soft, low tones. His voice exuded authority, and she responded it it instinctively with every bone in her body. This was obvious from the way she arched her back, wiggling her ass out and pushing towards him, as if to take more of his fingers inside her.

“Oh please,” she begged, “please put it in me now? I’m so close. I just need it.”

He grinned.

“I guess you’ve waited long enough,” he said, unbuckling his belt and pulling down his trousers, freeing his enormous member, which sprang immediately to attention.

Even though it was the second time I'd seen his cock in person, it was still an awe–inspiring sight. I couldn't bring my gaze away from this, the instrument of the destruction of my marriage. It was so long and thick, so perfectly curved, its round mushroom tip glistening with precum. This was the product of millions of years of evolution, I knew, and was designed for one purpose and one purpose only: to deposit semen in the vagina of a willing female.

What I was going to witness would be a scene as old as time.

Dr. Ford must have sensed my gaze, because he looked over at me, smiling as he aligned his prick with my wife's wet hole.

"It's ok to look," he said, sliding himself partway into her and eliciting a gasp of encouragement from my wife.

"Yes, Professor. Oh yes. I'm so close."

He turned back away from me, and towards the task at hand: fucking my wife. Taking a handful of her hair into his hand, he began to thrust into her, giving her short, fast and hard strokes. It seemed impossible for him to last more than a minute or two at this pace, both for reasons of his cardiovascular endurance (which actually seemed quite good) and the sheer sexual stamina that would be necessary to fuck such a beautiful woman that hard and that fast.

But he was not me, as I already well knew, and it turned out to be Kara who climaxed first, shrieking in delight and pleasure as she flailed against the sheets, her arms still tied behind her back. He talked her through this powerful orgasm, calling her his "good girl."

Then, when the storm had subsided for the moment, he untied her wrists and bent down towards her, giving her a deep kiss as she turned back to meet his gaze. The entire time, he remained buried to the hilt in her vagina, which was still throbbing with pleasure.

"I'm not done with you," he said, holding a handful of her hair possessively.

"I hope not," she whispered.

He helped her to her feet and had her lay on her back on the bed, her legs spread wide. He scooted her hips to the edge of the bed, and for a moment I thought that he might have been preparing

to go down on her. That is, until I saw him position the head of his swollen cock once more at the entrance to her engorged tunnel.

“I’m sore,” she said, as he pushed into her, “but it feels so fucking good.”

“Let’s make you even sorer,” he said, “in the best way possible.”

He grabbed her wrists and held them over her head as he began to fuck her hard, using her hips only. It was as if the fantasy that she had confessed to me a few days ago was coming true: her desire to be held down and fucked by him, to be shown her place as a submissive to this alpha male.

“God you feel good,” he moaned, “guys your husband’s size never really understand how good a pussy can feel, because they can never really fill it.”

He tossed off this humiliating remark completely casually, as if it were a fact that everyone knew.

“Oh my God. Oh my God. Don’t stop!”

Could it really be? Was my wife about to have yet another climax?

Almost before I could even formulate this thought, she really *did* climax again. Right in front of me. It was unmistakable. Don’t forget — I know her well, and I know all the signs.

“Oh fuck,” sighed Kara, staring up into Chris’s eyes, her face flushed, “that was incredible.”

Chris, aka Dr. Ford, had done nothing in the meantime to slow his pace, continuing to fuck my beautiful young wife with a fierce look of determination.

“Oh Professor,” she moaned, “I can’t…oh my God…I don’t believe it.”

That’ s right. Kara came *again* on his cock, about thirty seconds after her previous orgasm. This was getting ridiculous. I had never been able to give her orgasms this closely spaced. Not that she had ever even shown interest in them. One (or maybe two, on a good night) had always been more than enough for her.

Now, however, she seemed insatiable.

“Don’t stop fucking me,” she moaned, “please give me that big, beautiful cock, professor!”

“I’m not going to stop,” he growled, bending down to give her a kiss on the lips as he continued to pummel her pussy mercilessly.

She climaxed again, a minute later.

Then a minute after that.

She wasn’t talking now. She was barely coherent. Her head had lolled to the side and her mouth was half open. Her eyes were glazed over in pleasure.

“I’m close,” he announced, “I’m going to fill you. Are you ready, honey?”

She simply nodded, looking up at him, completely cock–drunk as he slammed himself into her harder and harder until he finally pressed his head against her cervix and shot a massive load of sperm directly towards her womb.

He held himself there until the contracts had subsided.

Suddenly, a wave of emotion overcame me. I left my glass of whiskey on the table and left the room, closing the door quietly behind me.

I went into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. To my surprise, the erection that I had been sporting throughout the entire encounter was suddenly gone. I didn’t have to wonder why. I knew.

I took out my cock and gave it a couple of tugs, trying desperately to restore some life to it. It was no good. The scene I had witnessed had killed all of my illusions about my marriage, about who I was, and about who Kara was. I had been so thoroughly outclassed that I couldn’t even jerk off anymore. I went totally limp just thinking about the two of them fucking.

This impotence would take a long time to get over. Of that I was sure.

Chapter 6

What happened next would probably require a book in itself, but I will do my best to relate what happened in the space below.

My newly acquired inability to perform in bed only made our need for Dr. Ford greater. Even the dildo didn't do it for Kara anymore. Not after she'd had the real thing.

I begged her to stop seeing him. She agreed. I even got her to go to marriage counseling with me. She went to two sessions, but told me that it just wasn't working for her anymore.

I knew exactly why.

About three weeks after our last counseling session, she confirmed what I already suspected: that she'd continued to see Dr. Ford behind my back ever since the first night he'd fucked her on our living room floor, even after she'd told me that she'd stopped.

I didn't know what to say. What *could* I say?

"I want to leave," she said.

"To be with him?"

"Yes," she said, "won't you give me this chance?"

"What about me?"

She looked at me with a trace of the old affection that we'd shared, mixed with a bit of sorrow, and not a little condescension, like the look of an older girl turning down a younger, inexperienced boy for a dance.

"Maybe he'll let you watched us once in a while if you're lucky," she said.

That was the most I could hope for for a while.

She moved out. I was devastated.

***

I left all of the things that Kara hadn't taken with her exactly where they were when she'd moved out, and set about trying to live my life without her.

If you love something, let it go, wasn't that the old wisdom?

I had no idea if it would apply in this case, but I decided I would give it a shot.

Strangely enough, Kara's absence actually healed my impotence in a way. I began to have erections again, almost every night. I was hornier than ever. But all I could think about when I masturbated was my wife together with Dr. Ford, her older, dominant lover.

Him giving her everything that she craved: a spanking over his lap, his long, thick penis inside her, multiple orgasms, and, of course, a baby.

Yes, I came over and over again to the thought of this man impregnating the woman who was still, technically, my wife. I knew that I had lost out, but this kind of consolation was still available to me.

It was almost enough, too. I had *almost* forgotten that Kara and Dr. Ford were real, and not simply figments of my erotic imagination.

Almost.

***

Then, one day, my phone rang. It was Kara.

"Look," she said, "I feel like shit about how things ended between us. I want to make it up to you somehow."

"Kara," I replied, trying not to give away how excited I was to hear from her, "you don't have to. I understand completely. More than you probably know."

"No," she said, "I want to. And I talked to Chris about it. He's really possessive, but he says that he's ok with you coming over once and a while and doing clean–up duties when we're finished."

"Clean–up duties?"

I was confused. Did she want me to clean up her bedroom?

"Yeah," she said, her voice a bit unsteady, "like, you know, going down on me? After he's come inside?"

"I see," I said, trying not to hide the disappointment in my voice.

“I mean, if you don’t want to, you don’t have to, I just thought, maybe it could be a way for you to stay involved in our lives.”

“No, no,” I said, “you know that I want to. You know how much I like going down on you.”

“I know,” she said, and I could almost feel her smile through the phone.

There was my wife. There was Kara. Our old rapport seemed to be coming back.

“The thing is,” she said, “we just got finished making love, so if you want to, you could come over now…”

She gave me the address. Fifteen minutes later, I was standing on the doorstep of her lover’s house.

“This is quite a dramatic reversal of roles,” said Dr. Ford, opening the door for me.

“I know,” I said, “what can I say? Unfortunately, I don’t have any flowers. Or whiskey.”

“It’s ok,” he said, smiling as he ushered me inside, “I think she’ll understand. Kara’s upstairs in the bedroom.”

I raced up the stairs, happy to find Kara there behind the first door I opened, reclining on her back, covered in a silk dressing gown (one I’d never seen before, incidentally. Did they go shopping together already?), her legs parted slightly, as if she’d been waiting for me.

“Alex, honey,” she said, “I’m so happy to see you. Come here.”

I strode over to her and she pulled me in. For a kiss on the cheek, not the lips, unfortunately. I can’t lie. It hurt to be treated that way by the woman I was still married to.

“I’m so glad Chris said this was ok,” she said, gently indicating that I should get to work, “Chris’s cock is so amazing, but I really miss your tongue. And I bet you miss it too! I know how much you always used to like going down on me.”

“I do miss it,” I said, moving into position between her legs and lowering myself down between them.

The scent was not immediately appealing. In fact, I almost gagged.

“Is something wrong, honey?”

“No,” I said, trying to reassure her, “it’s just different from your usual smell.”

“It’s not bad, is it?” she asked, concerned.

“No,” I replied, “it doesn’t bother me, really.”

I took a deep breath and began to lick her clit, doing all of the things that I used to do to make her come. I couldn’t help but think back to the good times together, especially the night of St. Patrick’s Day, when she’d told me that she wanted to try the big dildo. I still wasn’t sure exactly what had happened in our relationship, or how, but I knew that she seemed to be happy now, and I was happy with the opportunity to pleasure her again.

So I gave it my all, licking her clit and even her lips, tasting Chris’s cum on my lips, swallowing a good amount of it in the process, trying not to gag on the ripe smell of what could easily have been a load that had been inside her for hours.

It was all to please her.

And after a few minutes of my greatest efforts, Kara started making sounds that were like music to my ears.

“Don’t stop, honey. Don’t stop. Oh Alex. I’m so close!”

I gave it my all, Chris’s cum practically pouring out of her pussy now and onto my lips and chin as I brought her to ever new heights, trying to help her up past the plateau and onto the summit.

Finally, she reached it, clenching her legs together and bucking her hips as she climaxed.

“God, honey. That was so good,” she sighed, stroking my head, “I think we should have you over every time afterwards.”

“I’d like that,” I said, sighing as I cuddled her there.

Even if I couldn’t have sex with her anymore, I was happy just being nearby while my wife got what she needed.

This was our happily ever after.

THE END

LOSING RACHEL

Introduction

My wife Rachel had been raised in a liberal community: a Midwestern college town that prided itself on its virtues of tolerance and respect for other cultures and identities. Nevertheless, she was quite conservative at heart, at least in a sexual sense. She believed that people could only really love one person at a time, and that sex was intrinsically connected to love. At least that's what I thought when I married her.

Rachel might have been against racism and politically progressive, but she seldom ventured from her white liberal bubble, and so she didn't have much contact with people from other classes or racial backgrounds.

I met Rachel when we were both graduate students at that same big Midwestern public university that she grew up around. I was getting my MBA, and she was doing an MS in psychology. You didn't need to ask Rachel what she was "going to do" with the degree, because she always had a clear plan: she was going to go on and get a PhD and then work in a clinical setting with child victims of trauma.

Rachel was nothing if not empathetic, and that's what made what eventually happened to our relationship even more incredible.

We'd only known each other for about a year when I got the courage to pop the question. I was 26, she was 23, and she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever dated. Or maybe even ever seen. Every time I woke up next to her, I questioned how someone like her could have chosen me, a kind of (let's face it) sloppy–dressing slob who nevertheless got good grades in school and knew finance well enough to always have a good–paying job.

To be honest, I had a moment of panic right after I popped the question (down on my knees, on our favorite hiking trail near the lake in the town that we lived), because I thought I saw a moment of doubt flicker in her eyes as she realized what was happening.

A moment later, though, the doubt had been replaced by tears of joy, and my red–headed, blue–eyed beauty was embracing me

while murmuring “yes, yes, yes!”

Sex that night was not just pleasurable, it was *soulful*. It was so far away from “fucking” that it almost couldn’t be described in physical terms at all. As I sank into her from above and gazed at her tightly closed eyes, I understood for the first time what it meant to “make love.”

I saw the look of love and devotion — pure, unspoiled passion— when she opened her eyes and finally looked at me, right at the moment of her climax.

I’ll never forget that look. And that’s why it hurt me so badly when I saw her look that way at another man, less than five years later.

Chapter 1: The Blowout

It all started one rainy summer evening. I was at the bar with my friends Jason and Kyle. We have been hanging out at the same place and the same time for years. We always had a few beers and played shuffleboard. It was always the same, and we loved it. My life was perfect: I had my friends and my faithful wife at home.

Until that fateful night, when it all started to unravel.

When I came home from the bar, Rachel was sitting in the kitchen, soaking wet and shivering in her raincoat. She looked so vulnerable, so frail there, and I immediately put my arms around her.

“Sweet pea!” I exclaimed, “what happened?”

“Get off me,” she snapped, “I was out in the middle of nowhere. In the rain. In the dark. For hours.”

“Oh my God. Was it the car?”

“Yep,” she said, “and I was so far out in the goddamn country that I didn’t have a cell phone signal. There was no way for me to call triple A.”

“God, I’m sorry. I didn’t have my phone with me of course, but it sounds like it wouldn’t have mattered.”

“It’s over now, anyway,” she said, turning away from me.

Then she looked at me, fixing me with those big blue eyes, filled with signs of crying.

“I’m sorry,” she said, grabbing my shoulder, “I’m not really mad at you. I know you couldn’t have known what was happening. It was just so…scary.”

“It’s ok,” I replied, “I’m really sorry that this happened to you. Why don’t you tell me what exactly happened, and how you got out of it? You’re obviously safe now. Take off that coat and let’s talk.”

She nodded.

“Ok,” she said, “I’m just still in shock is all. But Jared. Jared was great.”

Jared.

That was the first time I heard the name of the man who would ruin my marriage. Or was I really the one responsible for ruining it?

Reader, I'll let you decide.

"Jared?" I said, blissfully ignorant of what the next few months would bring.

"Yeah," she said, "he's the guy who finally stopped and helped me. He was the perfect gentleman. To think I was too scared to open the window to talk to him."

"I want to hear what happened," I said, helping her out of her wet jacket and bringing it to a hook in the entryway, "but let's get you a little more comfortable first."

I grabbed a blanket from the couch in the living room and returned to wrap her in it. Her petite body seemed so fragile.

"First there was this loud bang, and I thought at first that someone had hit me. Or that I'd hit something. But before I could figure out what was happening, the car started to pull hard to the right. I slammed the brakes but that caused me to fishtail a bit, so I let off of it again and came to a stop by the side of the highway. I was terrified!"

"It was pouring rain out, but I had my raincoat with me, so I struggled to get into it and then got out of the car. I didn't have a flashlight, but my cellphone's light was working fine, so I could see that the driver's side tire had blown. I knew there was no way I was going to get those lugnuts off myself, and I'd never used a jack before in my life, so I had to call roadside assistance."

I patted her on the back sympathetically.

"And that's when I noticed that there was no signal. I even tried walking away from the car, like ten minutes or so down the road, but I couldn't get the phone to work. You know what that part of the state is like. It might as well be the middle ages out there. I couldn't even find a farmhouse or any place with the lights on. But I also didn't want to spend too much time outside the car on my own."

"That was a good instinct," I said, "you never know what kind of people are going to try to take advantage of a woman in that

situation."

"Exactly," she continued, wiping her face with a paper towel, "and so I was in the car, crying, when Jared stopped. He came up to the window and knocked on it, but I was too afraid to open it for him. I cracked it just a little bit, like my mother had told me to do."

"He was so nice, though. He had me pop the trunk, and then he changed the tire while I was still in the car. Then he told me he'd follow me to the nearest gas station to make sure that it was open, and we'd check out the car in better light there to make sure there wasn't any other damage. And that's exactly what we did."

She turned to me, her face glowing now as she told the story. It was as if the memory of Jared's good deed had transfigured her, soothed her stress. The note of anger was completely gone from her voice now, replaced with a kind of serenity that I'd never heard before.

"When we got to the gas station, he passed his card to me through the window. I saw that he was a general contractor, and I decided to trust him. Besides, even though it was after dark and still stormy, there were gas station employees around."

"So is there anything else wrong with the car?"

"Jared doesn't think so. He looked it all over, from top to bottom, and didn't see anything wrong. He actually got one of the employees to open the car bay and let him put it up on the lift."

"Wow, sounds like you got the all–star treatment."

"You have *no* idea, honey. He took what was a terrible day and turned it around for me."

"So if things were so great," I said, pausing, "why were you so angry at me when I came home?"

Her face soured again, but just for a moment.

"I know it was wrong of me," she said, "but I couldn't help but think about how it should have been *you* there helping me — but you were off drinking with your buddies. I know it's not your fault, but I couldn't keep myself from thinking that. And the more I thought about

it the angrier I got. I'm sorry. I know you don't deserve it. You had no idea what was going on."

She pressed herself to me. My heart swelled with love, pity and anger at myself for not having been able to help my wife in her hour of need.

"I'm sorry, honey. I should have been there," I said, fighting tears, "I'm so glad you're ok."

She grabbed my arm and embraced it, then looked up at me. Our eyes met, and I gave her a long, soulful kiss. The kind that we'd shared so many times during our courtship and even after our marriage.

But something was wrong. Something had changed that night. I just didn't have the ability yet to recognize *what*.

Chapter 2: Changes

It was around that time — a couple of weeks after the accident — that Rachel began to get fed up with her birth control. Neither one of us was ready for kids yet, and I'd had trouble maintaining an erection while wearing a condom in the past, so we had decided that Rachel being on the pill was the best option.

But in the past few months she'd been complaining about mood swings, bloating, and just plain not feeling like herself. She made an appointment with the OB/GYN, and came home to tell me that evening in no uncertain terms that things were going to change.

"I'm just tired of all of the things that I have to do to my body. I don't want something else inside me, like an IUD or an implant or whatever. I talked to Dr. Pritchard about all of those things, but none of it sounded the least bit appealing. I think I'm just going to stop."

"You're just going to stop? You mean go off birth control entirely?"

"Yeah," she said, "I think it's come to that to be honest."

"Rachel," I said, "I thought we talked about this. We're not ready for a family yet. Right?"

"No, of course not. I know we're not. I'm just finished with doing things to *my* body just to increase *your* pleasure."

I was stunned.

"But you always said that you preferred doing it without a condom, too! I really thought we were in agreement on that."

"To be honest, I usually can't tell a difference. I said that because I know that it makes a big difference to you, that's all."

"Rachel, I don't know what to say. You know that I have… problems…with condoms."

"I know," she said, "but maybe it's time we try some different brands, or ones made of different materials. You know, they even have different sizes now? Like if the ones from the store are too big…"

"What? Now you're telling me that my dick is small?"

“Oh honey,” she said, looking at me with a mixture of amusement and pity, “I didn’t mean that. Of course your dick is the perfect size. It’s just that I know there are lots of reasons that condoms might not work, and that’s one that I thought of.”

“Well it sure doesn’t help me with the psychological aspects of performance to hear you say things like that.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, “maybe there’s some way to ‘retrain’ you to like condoms better. To get used to them. Until then, I guess I’m just going to use my hand.”

Just her hand. That’s right: being married to a bombshell, who was also my soulmate, came with one particular drawback. Rachel hated giving blowjobs.

She told me she’d tried it a few times in high school and college, but never really liked it. I had gotten her to try kissing my cock once, many years ago during a drunken night after a football tailgate party, but that was the one and only time in our marriage that she’d agreed to do it.

That was ok with me. We still had sex, after all! And sex with Rachel was enough to make me forget that I was missing out on what other men took for granted.

Still, the prospect of *only* getting handjobs from my voluptuous wife didn’t exactly make me happy. Sure, I enjoyed a “nice old–fashioned” once in a while as much as the next guy, but I didn’t feel like it could be my regular sexual contact.

I decided I was going to have to find a solution that worked.

“Ok,” I said, smiling at her, then moving in for a kiss, “I guess it’s not all bad. While you’re jerking me off, I can be playing with those nice big tits of yours.”

“Mmm,” she said, “I know you like that. And maybe I can tell you some of those naughty stories that you like so much.”

Naughty stories. That was one of the kinky games that Rachel and I liked to play. Even though we had both been largely sexually inexperienced when we met each other, I quickly discovered that Rachel was slightly more experienced than I was. Furthermore,

nothing got me harder than hearing about the filthy thoughts that she'd had as a teenager or young college student. It was even better when she told me about her first sexual experiences: giving a guy an awkward handjob in the high school parking lot after hours, having sex with her boyfriend for the first time when she was nineteen, or the time that she'd made out with her best (girl) friend when they were drunk and high and feeling like experimenting for the entertainment of a group of guys at a frat party.

Rachel seemed to have an endless supply of these stories, which always made her seem a little slutty, but never went so far as to completely besmirch the image of the wife that I loved so much. There was a fine line that she had to tread when telling me about these fantasies, and I think we both knew it. Even though they were a source of arousal for me, she would always mention some kind of silly fact about the guy involved or some self–deprecating detail, so it wouldn't sound like she was *still* lusting after the guy.

These were stories about the *old* Rachel, and that was why it was easy for us to indulge in these fantasies from time to time without serious jeopardizing our relationship.

"I'd love to hear another naughty story sometime," I said, "maybe that would help me get over my condom problem."

"Mmm," she said, "well maybe we should have a date night on Saturday. Which reminds me: you remember that guy who helped me out with the spare tire that night? I can't believe it, but I ran into him at the public library downtown today. He's a little down on his luck. Had a big client renege on a contract and he lost his house. I was wondering if we could have him over for dinner on Friday as a way of thanking him for what he did."

"I don't know," I said, "I was kind of looking forward to just hanging out with you. Maybe watching a movie or something. It's been a long week at work."

"But what he did for me was really sweet. It was also dangerous. Don't forget how hard it was raining that night."

"I know," I said, "but he sounds like he's homeless or whatever. Like on the edges of society. I'm not sure I want a guy like that in our

house. Can't I just write him a check or something?"

"He's not homeless! He's just kind of down on his luck. He's a smart guy. He was at the library to *read*, honey, not to look at porn on the computers or something. And he was reading *Moby Dick*, ok? Have *you* even read *Moby Dick*?"

I knew that *Moby Dick* was Rachel's favorite book. She was always trying to get me to read it, but I never made it past the first few chapters. I just couldn't see what was so interesting about a guy wandering around a New England town being sad or whatever.

"You know I haven't," I replied, "but why is it important what he's reading? I just don't know if it's a good idea to have him over here."

"I know what you're thinking," she said, "you're thinking that he's got bad manners. That he's going to get drunk and embarrass you or something. You know what? Not everyone with a blue collar job is a slob. You know that my dad was a bricklayer for years before he moved the family out here."

There she went again, reminding me of her father's working–class background. Her mother had been a lawyer, though. So it wasn't like she was exactly poor white trash.

"Look," I said, "I don't want to fight about this. If you want to have him over, let's have him over. I guess we do owe him some kind of thanks for what he did for you."

Her eyes lit up.

"Good," she said, "because I already invited him. He'll be by around 7 on Friday night."

"What?"

I was genuinely stunned.

She gave me a sexy little pout that made it impossible to be mad at her.

"Oh, come on, honey. Don't be mad. I promise to make it up to you."

She pursed her lips and closed her eyes, looking up at me for a kiss. I leaned down and gave it to her, pulling her close to me.

“I guess I have to cook,” I sighed.

“I think you do.”

“Any idea what this guy likes to eat? Or drink?”

“I’m sure he’ll be grateful for whatever you come up with. You’re such a good cook,” she said, nuzzling my nose in the cute way she had that caused my heart to skip a beat.

“Ok,” I said, sighing, “you win. I’ll make dinner for you and your little book–club buddy.”

I *already* felt like the third wheel, and I hadn’t even met Jared.

Chapter 3: A Very Welcome Guest

I came home early that Friday evening to start marinating the meat. I decided that the easiest thing to do would be to grill out for our guest. Poolside.

I was proud of the house that we'd been able to buy. Once I'd finished my MBA, I'd gotten a promotion at my company (which had also paid for the degree), and was now making a salary in the mid six figures. It was more than enough to pay the mortgage on this place, fund our 401k, and fund all kinds of extras, including the pool that Rachel swam laps in every morning to stay fit.

Still, the house was far from new, and there were lots of repairs that needed to be made. To the pool house, for example. It was originally probably intended as a "mother–in–law suite," but you'd have to *really* hate your mother–in–law to put her in that place, as I often joked to Rachel. The trim on the outside was following off in places, there were holes in the screen, and the carpets were worn. There was also a kitchen inside, and a working bathroom, but neither of us trusted them enough to have ever tried them out. Renovating the place was something I certainly had the money for, but never the time or patience to find a contractor willing or able to do it.

While I was firing up the grill, Rachel called from the house.

"Honey, he's here!"

"Alright," I called back, "just let me warm this up for a second."

The sun was almost down, and I hadn't turned any of the exterior lights on yet, so I could see directly into our lit kitchen, where Rachel stood, talking to the stranger.

He was taller than I was expecting. Tanned from lots of hard work in the sun. He also didn't have the typical build that I expected from guys who do a lot of construction. He was muscular yet slim, without any trace of a beer gut. He was wearing a button–down oxford style shirt and khaki shorts. His full hair was neatly parted. All in all, he looked like a respectable, even attractive guy.

It was clear from her body language that Rachel thought so, too. She was laughing and smiling, her attention directed totally at him. It

should have been clear to me from that moment on that I'd lost her, but for some reason, I persisted in thinking that I still had a chance.

That I still had a wife.

They were lost in conversation, and I watched them there, through the glass door, as if shut out of her life already, for what felt like fifteen minutes but was probably only three. Then I turned down the grill and went inside.

"Hey you too," I said, "I don't mean to interrupt, but I'd like to introduce myself."

I approached Jared and extended my hand.

"I'm Ethan," I said, "Rachel's husband."

"You're a very lucky man, Ethan," said Jared, "to have a wife as well–read and cultured as Rachel."

"Ha," I said, "I almost thought you were going to say 'beautiful.'"

"I *was* almost going to say that, I have to admit," he said, grinning, "but I didn't want to cross any lines."

"Well," I said, "I don't think that would be the first time that she's heard that."

I walked over to Rachel and put my arm around her, giving her a peck on the cheek. She beamed at me, giggling a bit.

"Oh stop it, you two."

It took me a moment to realize how natural our interaction had been. Jared wasn't just presentable, he was actually quite charming. So charming, in fact, that I was falling for it too. My defenses were immediately down, even though I should have realized that Rachel was very quickly falling under his spell.

"So you think this girl is cultured," I said, squeezing Rachel, "just what were you two talking about?"

"We were actually talking about the symbolism in the sermon scene in the first part of *Moby Dick*," he said.

"Oh," I replied, "that's right. Rachel loves that book, and she did mention that you were reading it too. I'm afraid that all I read these

days is the financial section of the newspaper. These markets have me spooked!"

Jared smilied. He didn't seem like the kind of guy who owned a lot of stock.

Rachel looked up at me, still cradled in the crook of my arm.

"So do you want to grab one of those bottles of wine we bought in California? You know, the special ones?"

I looked at her for a moment. The only "special" bottles of wine from California that we had were from a case that we bought during our honeymoon. We had planned to open one a year, together, as a private ritual celebrating our marital union. Surely she couldn't mean *that* wine, right?

"But honey," I said, trying to make her aware of her error, "the only wine from California in the basement is that case of Pinot. You know, the *special* one?"

She smiled.

"Of course I know. It's special, and this is a special occasion. It's not every day you get to thank the man that saved your wife's life."

*Saved her **life***? Wasn't that a slight exaggeration? All he did was change a flat tire.

I merely nodded and removed my arm from around her back.

"Alright," I said, "fair enough. I'll get it."

I decided it wasn't worth fighting about. It was only wine, after all! I headed down to the cellar and grabbed two bottles from our special case. You never know when one is going to be corked.

When I came upstairs, Rachel and Jared were in the living room, examining some of the wainscoting.

"It's nice," he said, "I've restored stuff like this before. The guy who did yours really knew what he was doing."

"I bet you do good work," said Rachel.

"*Did*," he corrected her, "until my entire business went belly–up."

“You mentioned something about that,” said Rachel, a note of concern in her voice, “do you mind telling me what happened?”

“Well,” he began, “it’s a long story, for sure, but what it basically comes down to is that my office manager stole a lot of money from the business and then left town. I was immediately sued by several clients, and some of them even threatened criminal action.”

“But that’s crazy!” said Rachel, incensed, “you shouldn’t be responsible for something that one of your employees did! That guy should be behind bars.”

“That’s just it,” he sighed, “that ‘guy’ — my office manager — was actually my wife. *Is* actually, technically still my wife, even though I haven’t seen her in over a year and I have no idea where she is. After she took the money from the business, she also cleaned out our joint accounts. I even lost the house.”

His voice broke a bit, and I thought he was going to cry.

“Ethan,” said Rachel, noticing for the first time that I was standing there, “get this man a glass of wine.”

I nodded, heading into the kitchen and searching for the corkscrew.

“You poor guy,” said Rachel, “where have you been staying?”

“I’m staying with my cousin for the moment,” he said, “but that’s actually up in the air, cause he got a job out of state and is going to be moving out next month. I make enough money doing odd jobs to afford rent, but none of the landlords around here will give me a shot because of my terrible credit history. It’s a college town, so they have plenty of tenants to go around. It’s a landlord’s market.”

I popped the cork on the wine and decanted it. It smelled delicious. I swirled it in the decanter, listening to Jared’s story and studying Rachel’s expression. She was hanging on his every word, her face filled with sympathy.

I poured two glasses and headed into the living room where they were.

“Here you go,” I said.

They took the glasses without thanking me, so absorbed were they in conversation. Behind me, I heard the sound of crystal clinking together.

They had already toasted. Without me.

I grabbed my own glass and turned back towards them.

“Oh, sorry, honey. That was rude of me. We already started drinking.”

“That’s ok,” I said, raising my own glass, “to the lovely woman of the house. And her safety. Guaranteed by you, Jared. We really can’t thank you enough!”

“Yes,” said Rachel, looking into his eyes, “really. *Thank* you.”

“Really,” he said, “I just did what anyone would have done.”

“But that’s just it,” said Rachel, “that’s not true, because no one else actually stopped and helped me. I can’t explain to you how frightened I was – in that weather, late at night, in the middle of nowhere with no telephone signal.”

“Well, in any case,” he said, a bit sheepishly, “I just did what I thought was right. Cheers, again!”

This time, we all clinked glasses. I swirled the wine on my tongue. It was delicious.

“I guess it’s time I put the meat on,” I said, opening the refrigerator, “maybe you two want to take the conversation poolside and keep me company?”

“Yes,” said Rachel, “that’s a great idea. Then Jared can see the pool house, too. I'd love to get his opinion on the work that needs to be done there. It’s not every day that we have such an experienced contractor visiting us.”

Rachel’s compliments were clearly having an effect on the glum demeanor that Jared had exhibited after talking about his wife. He perked up a bit and stood up, following the two of us out to the back yard.

While I cooked, the two of them made small talk, but I could tell that their conversation was more guarded, less intimate, than it had

been in the house when I was present.

After dinner, Rachel volunteered to do the dishes, and Jared and I stayed outside, finishing the wine. The conversation turned to the guest house.

“It’s true that you need extensive work,” he said, after I’d given him an impromptu tour, “but I think if it were me, I could have it all done in about six weeks. Faster if I had help.”

“Really?” I blurted, feeling the effects of the wine and not really thinking clearly, “in that case, maybe you could just fix it all for us?”

I wasn’t sure in that moment if I was really being serious or not, and I don’t think that Jared did either.

“I guess I *do* need a place to stay,” he said, as if thinking it over, “I could pay you back with labor. You’d have to buy the materials of course.”

“Yeah, of course,” I said, almost slapping him on the back, “just bill me for what you need.”

“Don’t you want to ask Rachel if it’s ok with her?”

“Trust me,” I said, “I’m sure it’s more than fine with her.”

“Hey, Rachel,” I said, calling to my wife as she finally emerged from the house, having finished with the dishes, “what do you think about Jared moving in with us?”

She wrinkled her brow as if not understanding something.

“He means,” began Jared, “what if I renovate your pool house here in return for rent. I’ll do all the work and you just have to supply the materials.”

Rachel looked over at me with astonishment.

“Is this ok with you?”

“Hell, it was my idea!” I exclaimed.

“Ok,” said Rachel, a bit hesitant at first, but then breaking into a large smile, “I think it’s a great idea. We’ve been wanting to renovate that place forever.”

“Well, I just don’t know what to say!” exclaimed Jared, beaming, “when can I move in?”

“As soon as you want,” I blurted.

“Let’s drink to that!” said Rachel, suddenly brandishing the other bottle of our special marriage wine, which she must have brought with her from the kitchen.

She poured us all large glasses, and we drank deeply of the wine on that warm summer night.

The next afternoon, Jared was hard at work on the pool house.

Chapter 4: Working at it

I couldn't help that Rachel was astonishingly frisky the week after Jared moved in. By that I don't mean that she was more sexual than usual — though she was *that* — I mainly mean that she was more flirtatious, more full of life than I could ever remember having seen her before.

Of course her rules about sex still held (I had to wear a condom if we were going to do it), but she was "in the mood" a couple of times that week. The night after Jared moved in, in fact, she told me one of her "stories" while stroking me.

We were in our bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed, facing the window that looked down on the pool house. It was dark in the backyard by the pool, but Jared's light was burning. The lights were out in our room, and the moon cast a pale glow through the window.

I watched as Rachel, dressed only in a sheer nightgown, squeezed some lube onto her hand and began to stroke my cock as she related her story.

"Mm..," she began slowly working the oil into my cock, "I know you love to hear stories about me being a 'bad girl' in college, so here's one I've never told you before."

My cock twitched, and I groaned a bit in anticipation.

"It was my freshman year," she whispered, "and I was alone in the dorm on labor day weekend. Everyone else had gone home, but I was stuck there because my family had gone on vacation without me. I was bored and a little lonely, so I was just hanging out in the dorm common area, when this guy came in. His name started with a J. Something like… Jack or Jason…"

"Maybe…Jared?" I whispered, "like the guy staying in our pool house?"

"Mmm," she said, "that would be a funny coincidence, huh? I guess they do bear a certain resemblance to one another…"

"Anyway," she continued, my shaft now well–lubed, "it wasn't hard for him to convince me to go to a party with him at this frat on

the edge of campus. I'd never been to a frat party before, and before I knew it, I was a little tipsy. In a very enjoyable way. The idea that someone would take advantage of me in that state never crossed my mind. In fact, I actually *hoped* that someone would 'take advantage' of me, because I was incredibly horny."

"It didn't take long for Jared or whatever his name was to kiss me of course," she said, breathlessly, both of us looking down towards the pool house where the other Jared was staying, "and pretty soon our hands were all over each other on the dance floor. People were laughing and telling us to 'get a room,' and I decided that 'getting a room' was a very good idea. But I only knew of one room: my dorm."

"So I whispered in my ear that I wanted to go back to the dorm with him, and you can imagine how quickly we were outside. He actually called a cab — can you believe it? He couldn't wait the ten minutes it would have taken to walk home. We fell inside the back seat, and that's where I felt it, honey. I'll never forget it: his cock."

The intonation that she put on the word "cock," a mixture of lust and hushed reverence, caused my own cock to twitch once more, secreting a tiny spurt of precum.

"I just couldn't believe it. I'd never imagined that one could be so big before. I mean, I'd fooled around with a couple of guys in high school (I told you about them, too) but Jared's dick — even through his pants — was so fucking big and thick and intimidating. In a *very* good way."

"Oh God, Rachel," I moaned, "this is the best story yet."

"Mmm," she said, her hand moving faster along my glans, "just wait, honey."

My eyes moved from the hint of cleavage visible through her nightgown to Jared's light below. Why had she decided to tell this particular story tonight? I certainly had my suspicions.

But was I just being paranoid?

It was so hard to know.

“Finally, we got back to the dorm, and I just attacked him. We were making out so hard, and so clumsily, looking back on it. I wanted his cock so bad. I wanted it inside me, but I also realized that there was no way I was ready for it. So, I decided I was going to do the next best thing: I was going to give him a blowjob.”

“I dropped to my knees in my dorm and had him sit on the bed. I took down his shorts and finally I saw it: his cock.”

“I thought you didn’t like blowjobs…”

“Mmm,” said Rachel, looking over at me in the moonlit room, “I guess I haven’t been totally honest with you. The fact is, I *have* given a couple of blowjobs that I absolutely loved. This was the first.”

“Keep telling me,” I groaned, watching her hands move along my shaft.

“I was extremely intimidated, but I was so horny that I decided I was up for the challenge. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and I took him inside. His head filled my entire mouth almost immediately, and I loved how he moaned when I took him inside. It got me so wet knowing that I was causing him that kind of pleasure.”

“It became clear that he was so big that I was going to have to employ my hands as well if I wanted to maximize his pleasure, so I used one hand to stroke his shaft while I played with his balls with the other. I got a nice rhythm going, and soon, he was groaning in pleasure. I was super wet as well. I wanted to fuck him so bad, but I was also scared because he was so big.”

“His shaft was so thick, honey. It was a feeling unlike any blowjob I’d ever given before or have given since. His size made me feel so small, so submissive. Every other cock I’ve been with has disappointed me in that regard.”

I couldn’t help but notice that she was looking down at my cock as she stroked it, comparing me to her old lover, no doubt.

“No offense, honey!”

“None…taken,” I groaned, and in that moment, I meant it.

I was so turned on by this story of my wife being slutty in college that I was willing to overlook the humiliating aspect. If I were being

honest with myself, the humiliation actually turned me on even more.

But that was something I came to terms with only much later.

“I wanted to make him come. I wanted him to come so hard for me that he wouldn’t mind the fact that I wasn’t going to fuck him. So, I did something really filthy, honey.”

“Oh God, what?”

I was close to climaxing now.

“I took his cock out of my mouth,” she said breathlessly, her eyes still focused out the window and on the pool house visible below, “and I started stroking him really fast.”

She began to stroke me faster as well.

“And I looked into his eyes, and I made the cutest face I could, and I begged him for his cum. I asked him to come all over my face.”

“Oh my God…”

“That’s right, honey. Your innocent wife turned herself into a naughty little cumslut. But you know what? I realized later that that wasn’t exactly what had happened. His *cock* had turned me into a slut. It was so fucking big that I couldn’t help but submit to him. And he shot a huge load, probably 6 or seven ropes of thick, beautiful cum, all over your young wife’s cute face…”

“Fuck…”

In that moment, I also climaxed, but it wasn’t nearly as impressive as the old Jared’s orgasm had been. We both watched as my cock twitched several times, emitting a slow, small trickle of semen.

“Mmm,” said Rachel, smiling at me, “and now you know the reason why I only like giving blowjobs to big cocks.”

She kissed me on the cheek, then stood up and went to the bathroom, leaving me sitting there in a post–orgasmic state of bliss and shock.

Was my wife some kind of… “size queen”? And had she been that way the entire time I knew her? I couldn’t shake the feeling that

maybe her sexual hangups had nothing to do with *her,* and everything to do with *me*.

With my dick to be exact…

Chapter 5: Celebrations

A few days later, it was a Tuesday, and time for my normal night out with the boys. I was ready to cut loose. It had been a hard day at work.

Of course, I couldn't help but think about that other fateful Tuesday night, when Rachel had been stranded. I hadn't joined my friends at the bar since then, out of some kind of superstition about it all happening again.

I voiced these concerns to Rachel.

"Honey," she said that morning before I left for work, "you have to stop beating yourself up about this. I understand that it wasn't your fault. My reaction was irrational."

"No, it wasn't, sweetheart," I said, "it was totally justified. But are you sure you're going to be ok here? I mean…with Jared out there?"

I gestured over my shoulder towards the pool house.

"If anything, I'll be safer because of him," she said, "don't worry about it. Go out with your friends. I want you to."

I had a nagging, uncomfortable feeling about this, one that I should have listened to. But I realize now that I also had an equal, if completely unconscious, wish to find out what might happen between my wife and our house guest, and if it would inspire any more of Rachel's famous "stories."

At the bar, Jason and Kyle were in high spirits. Jason had recently gotten a promotion at work after several months of putting in extra hours, and was ready to party. The celebratory drinks began to flow, and after we discussed his new job prospects for the better part of an hour, the conversation turned to my home situation.

"So, what's been going on with you lately?" he asked, after our fourth round of bourbon, "and how's Rachel?"

I told them about Rachel's breakdown, the story of Jared, and that he was staying in our house.

"And you left them *alone* there together?" said Kyle, his eyes flashing with mockery and a bit of concern.

“It’s not like we really even talk to him. He does his work, and we do ours. We’ve spoken to him maybe twice since he’s moved in.”

“You’ve spoken to him only twice,” said Jason, “I bet she’s ‘spoken’ to him quite a bit. Why else would she want him living there?”

He did air quotes with his hands around the word “spoken.”

“I’m not sure what you’re implying, but it was *my* idea for him to move in and renovate,” I said, annoyed.

“Ah–ha,” said Kyle, slapping me on the back, “haven’t you learned *anything* about women yet? They are masters of planting ideas in our head and making it seem like it was all our idea. They’ve been doing that for millennia.”

“But —,” I protested, “that’s not quite right. I was just talking about the old pool house and talking to Jared, and the thought popped into my mind.”

“It popped into your mind because she *knew* it would. She wants to get closer to him, bro. It’s totally obvious!”

“She’s barely talked to him. I mean, there was that first night when they were talking about Moby Dick or whatever, but that was harmless…”

“Trust me,” said Jason, “talking is *never* harmless. This guy wants to introduce your wife to his ‘white whale,’ and she seems like she’s eager for it.”

I took an uber home, weighing the bar conversation in my mind. Certainly, the guys were teasing me. But there was probably also an element of truth to what they were saying. Rachel knew that I wanted the pool house to be remodeled. And she also knew that Jared was a skilled craftsman with a failed contracting company. She put the possibility out there and let me put two and two together. Even if her motivations were unconscious, her plan had worked perfectly.

I came home through the front door. It was quiet and dark in the house. I looked down at the pool house and the lights down there were off too.

I turned on the lights to get a glass of water before heading up to bed, and that's when I noticed two wine glasses in the sink, side by side. One of them had lipstick on it. The other did not. On the kitchen counter, near the recycling, was a bottle of a very certain type of wine.

Our wine. From the case we'd bought on our honeymoon. Yet *another* bottle down.

It was as if our marriage was being slowly drained away too, right in front of our eyes.

"Honey," I whispered, as I crept into our darkened bedroom, "did you have a friend over tonight?"

"Oh, hey," she said, turning over and looking at me, still wide awake, "you're not still drunk are you? I just remembered a great story I'd like to tell you…"

This took me aback. I *was* drunk, but also fairly horny, and definitely ready to hear another filthy story from Rachel.

"I'd like to hear it," I said, "but why did you drink the wine from California?"

"Oh, that?" she said, reaching down for my cock already, "I didn't think you'd mind. You know, after we already drank two bottles the other night."

"I know you didn't drink that whole bottle yourself. Was someone else here?"

"Why are you acting so suspicious?" she asked, "it was just Jared. I asked him to have a glass of wine with me because I had a long day at the office and wanted to unwind."

"And you drank the whole bottle?"

"It wasn't that much wine, honey. You and I have had a whole bottle before. What's the big deal?"

"Maybe the big deal is that I was gone and you were alone with another man in my house."

"WIth a *friend*," she said, looking up at me.

Even in the dim, moonlit room, I was bowled over by her big, beautiful eyes, and felt myself begin to soften.

“Honey,” she said, “you know you have nothing to worry about. Now why don’t I get out the lube and tell you a story? This one is from my senior year in college, and it just popped into my head…”

I wanted to protest, but her hand was already on my hard cock, and it had been so long since I came that I simply shut my mouth and listened. Soon, my pants were off and my hard shaft was in her skillful hands as she began her narration.

“It was a week before graduation, and I was just finishing my senior thesis for my English major with Professor Harvey. You know, the one I always gush about? He must have been about 40 years old at the time, and was *super* attractive — to me and probably every other girl that took his class. He was so authoritative but also friendly. Always ready to help us at any time. I had a major crush on him, and I’d caught him checking me out a few times, too. I was still dating my boyfriend at the time, Michael. You remember him? Anyway…”

“One night, I’d been at the gym for a late–night workout, and I passed Dr. Harvey coming out of his office. We stopped and chatted, and I noticed that he kept looking at my chest. It was totally obvious that he was into me, but didn’t know how to go about hitting on me. He was also married, like every other professor his age. I knew that I was going to have to take the initiative. So I made up an excuse about leaving something in the English lounge, and asked him if he’d let me into the building. He must have known that I was bluffing, but he was eager to help, and followed me upstairs to the locked lounge so that he could open it with his key.”

“A minute later, we were standing there in the moonlit lounge and I turned and stared up at him. I told him there was something else that I’d asked him there to do: to fuck me.”

“Oh God,” I moaned, “really?”

“Mm–hmm. Do you think he needed any more encouragement?”

“I guess not…”

“Not at all. He slammed the door behind me and immediately began kissing me. A second later, he had my sports bra off and was fondling my tits. He looked like he was in heaven. That man probably hadn’t handled tits like mine in decades. But God, did he remember how. He’d only gotten more skilled in those intervening decades. That’s the thing about married men, honey. They always know exactly what they’re doing. And young college girls know that, and so they seek them out. He had me so wet I couldn’t stand it. That’s when it happened.”

Her tone of voice was suddenly serious.

“He put my hand on his cock. I actually laughed because I couldn’t believe it. I thought he had stuffed his shorts somehow. It was unreal. Part of me was scared. I thought I couldn’t go through with what I’d promised him. But another part of me remembered how turned on I’d been by Jared’s — I mean Jason’s or whatever his name was — huge cock. That part of me took over, and I started stroking his shaft with both hands, kissing him while I did so.”

She looked down at my cock, as if to compare the two.

“And then he told me that we’d have to be fast, because he couldn’t risk us being caught like this, and I knew he was right. So, he bent me over the arm of the couch in the lounge — just like that, no more foreplay — and he slowly pulled my yoga pants down over my ass and gave it a smack. I moaned and called out his name. That is to say, I moaned ‘Professor Harvey.’ I never would have said his first name. That was all too familiar. Not like getting stuffed with his huge cock.”

I looked down at my own much more modest endowment in my wife’s skillful hands as she continued to stroke me at an almost agonizingly slow pace.

“Then I just remember him pulling my thong panties to the side and rubbing the head of his huge cock against my slit and slowly, carefully, pushing it inside. It was the perfect blend of forceful and caring. The kind of move that older men have perfected and that younger women crave. That deliciously dominant vibe that only guys

with big cocks have was something that I longed for. That I needed. And still need."

In that moment, I was too turned on by her handjob to consider what she was telling me: that she needed a big–cocked guy.

"He grabbed my ponytail with one hand as he finally bottomed out. My pussy stretched to accommodate him, lubing itself much more than it ever had for another man before that. It was in that moment that I knew that I *could* take a big cock if I wanted to. It was thrilling. I grabbed onto one of the couch cushions to stabilize myself, and stuck my ass out even further as he started to fuck me really hard. I was completely passive now, but I loved it: my older, handsome and completely dominant professor was balls deep inside me, finally taking that young pussy that he'd probably dreamed about for the entire time he'd known me. I didn't care what he did with me. I wasn't on birth control, but it wouldn't have mattered to me if he'd come inside me in that moment."

I was close to coming myself now.

"And then he started fucking me really hard, and had me reach around and play with my own clit while he pounded me. It was almost too intense, but I loved doing what he told me. He slapped my ass a few times and called me a good little whore. And then he did something that I'll never forget. Something that only a few men have been able to do before: he leaned down and ordered me to come for him on the count of three. Then he counted down as he continued to pummel my pussy with that massive member: one, two, three! You know what, honey? I had the biggest orgasm of my life in that moment, bent over that couch in the English Department lounge. It was so fucking filthy. I barely had time to recover before he pulled out and told me to get on my knees. I knew what was coming next. I dropped down to my knees and took his cock in my mouth, stroking it vigorously as he began to spurt a fountain of cum. 'That's it, Rachel,' he urged, 'swallow all the evidence. Clean me off like a good girl.' I loved being ordered around like that by him."

"Oh fuck, honey," I said, "I'm going to come…"

Rachel abruptly took her hands away from my shaft, looking at me mischievously. My cock twitched several times involuntarily, leaking tiny bits of cum all over my shaft. She had ruined my orgasm. And what's more, she'd done it on purpose.

"You know what, honey? I think I changed my mind. I'm going to take a shower now and think about Professor Harvey. You take care of yourself if you want."

I watched in disbelief as she went to her nightstand drawer and retrieved her vibrator, then blew me a kiss as she disappeared into the master bathroom.

What had gotten into Rachel?

I looked down at the pool house through the window. Jared's light was on.

Chapter 6: The Bikini

The next morning, Rachel was up early. At first, I thought she'd already gone to work, because when I went downstairs, she was nowhere to be found.

That's when I looked out the window, and saw where my wife had gone: there she was, swimming laps in the pool like she used to do every morning until she stopped unexpectedly two years ago or so. I'd asked her why back then, but she'd simply shrugged and told me that she had decided she preferred her spin class instead.

So we hadn't really even used the pool very often since then, except for the very occasional weekend dip, usually late at night in the summer. We still paid to have the pool cleaned and the chemicals balanced every week, so part of me was actually glad to see her out there, her red hair up in a swimming cap and her beautiful body on display in the skimpy bikini she'd bought for a trip we took to Mexico last summer.

That was when my brain told me there was something wrong. She'd never *ever* worn a bikini to swim laps in. She had a sleek white one–piece for that. Not that she didn't look fabulous in that as well. It was just that she'd also told me long ago that only women who weren't really serious about swimming would wear a bikini to work out in.

If she wasn't wearing it primarily to work out in, why was she wearing it?

I only had to watch for another moment to find my probable answer. I saw Jared emerge from the pool house, stretching as he sipped from a cup of coffee in the morning air.

Rachel immediately swam over to him and put her elbows out of the water on the side of the pool, smiling broadly at him.

I fumed with rage and frustration as I watched the two of them talking, smiling and laughing. I couldn't remember ever having been this jealous before. After all, I had encouraged Rachel to tell me her "stories" about the past, when she'd experimented with other guys.

But seeing this — whatever it was that was actually happening — happen right in front of my eyes was simply too much.

I decided that I was going to confront her as soon as I could.

In the meantime, I stood at the window, sipping coffee, as Rachel climbed out of the pool and then toweled herself off before removing her swim cap and shaking out her hair in a dazzling red flood.

I was still awed at her beauty, after all these years. I knew that she was probably too good for me. Sure, I made a lot of money. But that really wasn't all now, was it? After all, I wasn't the best–looking guy by far. I stayed in decent shape, but Rachel was *gorgeous*. Simply amazing.

How could I blame Jared for wanting to try his luck with her? How could I really blame any man for it?

That didn't mean I wasn't jealous, though. Even if I knew that some part of me wanted to witness one of Rachel's "stories" come true in real life, I couldn't face it. It was like I was fighting with propriety, with what I knew that I was supposed to want, and what my dark desires were telling me that I really wanted.

I waited in the kitchen. I waited a long time for her to come back inside. Finally, she did.

"What were you doing out there?" I asked, trying not to sound accusatory, but realizing that I'd failed at that almost immediately.

"I was swimming," said Rachel, "I thought that would be obvious."

"Sure," I said, "but it looked like you were only swimming for a few minutes. Most of the time, it looked like you were talking to Jared."

"Yeah? So?"

"So? You spend 20 minutes out there chatting to our live–in houseguest? A guy that we don't even know…"

"*You* don't even know," she corrected me curtly, "*I* have been getting to know him pretty well."

“Yeah,” I said, my voice shaking now, “I’ve noticed that. I’ve noticed that you seem to prefer his company to mine.”

“Can you really blame me, honey? Look at you. You’re not even dressed for work yet. You’re down here yelling at me about a guy who’s renovating our pool house…”

“I’m not yelling,” I insisted, beginning to lose my cool, and coming dangerously close to really yelling, “I’m just saying…”

“Saying what, exactly? That you’re an insecure child? I know that already. Thank God there are at least some people,” she nodded towards the pool house, “who don’t feel like they need to be validated all the time. Who can accept that a woman and a man can have a platonic conversation. Who are not only *able* to read, but who do it once in a while.”

I started to sputter a reply, but Rachel simply turned and left, stomping upstairs and closing the door.

About fifteen minutes later, she re–emerged on the stairs, showered and dressed, looking radiant as always.

“Time for me to go to the office,” she said, “are you over your little temper tantrum?”

I was tempted to retort that she had been the one to storm off, but I swallowed my pride and simply nodded.

“Good,” she said, “I’ll see you tonight.”

That night, neither of us mentioned the fight. We made pleasant conversation as we ate together, then we watched part of a movie on Netflix. Around 10 pm, Rachel paused the film and stood, stretching her arms above her head and yawning demonstratively.

“I think I’m heading upstairs now,” she said, “if you want to join me, I have another story that I think you might like.”

My heart pounded. I half–dreaded, half–anticipated what she was going to tell me tonight, after her handjob last night took that strange turn and she ruined my orgasm. She seemed to be undergoing some kind of cruel new phase. And it didn’t take a genius to understand why.

But I also knew that even if I knew exactly what was happening, I also didn't have any way to stop it. It was like a force of nature, and I was just there to witness what was happening, without being able to do anything to stop it.

So, as I ascended the steps, I was sure that I would be drawn into Rachel's own world of fantasy. One that had a smaller and smaller place for me, her husband, and a bigger and bigger place for the kind of archetypal large–cocked intelligent man that she was so obviously craving, whether he was in the guise of a big–dicked dorm mate, a professor, or our friend Jared.

"So," she said, smiling at me as she poured out some lube onto her hand once we were both ready for bed and lying next to each other, "do you want to hear my story? I can't promise that it'll be a nice one."

I nodded, taking down my pajama pants to expose my already–erect cock. At least she was being honest.

"After that jealous fit you pulled this morning," she began, stroking my prick in her well–lubed hands, "I thought a lot about how hot it would be to give you something to be jealous about. Since you already seem to like to hear stories about me fucking other guys in the past, maybe you'd actually like it if I cheated on you."

"Rachel," I started, shifting in the bed a bit.

"Shh…," she said, "don't worry. You don't have to pretend not to like it. We both know that this turns you on as much as it does me."

I gulped. I certainly couldn't deny it but explicitly admitting it would have really been too much.

"I started to get so horny imagining actually cheating on you," she sighed, "imagining finally finding my own white whale. That special big prick that's attached to an equally special man."

She reached down and put a hand in her pants as she continued the story, stroking her clit and beginning to lose herself in her narration.

"I don't want *only* a big dick," she said, "I want a guy who gets me, who understands on an intellectual level what I'm about. I don't

care if he's educated or dirt poor. If he's a professor or a contractor. All I care about is having that connection to him, honey. You understand that, right?"

It was clearly a rhetorical question, so I didn't bother answering. I might have asked her what she saw in me, if the urge to fuck a huge–dicked alpha guy was really so strong. But I was too focused on the way the sensations that she was causing to my cock. After the ruined orgasm the other night, I wanted desperately to cum. Sure, I could have jerked myself off, but there was nothing like the touch of a woman, especially one as skilled as Rachel.

"How long has it been since you've been inside my pussy?" she asked suddenly, stroking me more insistently.

"I don't know," I stammered, "it's been like, what — a month? Two months?"

"What kind of husband," she continued, "doesn't know how long it's been since he's fucked his wife?"

I didn't know what to say.

"The kind of husband who is secretly a cuck, that's the kind. I know all about you. I know why you put up with this kind of treatment. Me going off the pill. Not letting you inside me. I know why you can't get it up in condoms. It's because you can't really bear the thought of fucking me. You'd rather watch someone else do it. Or if you can't do that, you'll at least listen to me talk about it. Isn't that right?"

"Rachel," I said breathlessly as she stroked my cock, almost cruelly now, "I'm not sure what to tell you. It's not true…"

"Bullshit," she laughed, "you and I both know it's true. There's no need to deny it."

Suddenly, she dropped my cock and began to focus on herself and herself alone, rubbing her nipples with one hand and her clit with the other, closing her eyes as she lost herself in a reverie.

"God, honey," she said, "soon, the guest house is going to be done. I fantasize every day about you moving out there, and Jared moving in here. Don't you think that would be wonderful, honey? The

only pussy you're going to get from now on is your hand. So, you'd better get used to it. Once Jared moves in here, that spot on the bed is going to be his, and I'm never going to let him go to sleep without having his balls drained by me. I'll make sure he gets all of the attention he ever needs. And maybe we'll even start a family honey…."

She paused for a few seconds, seeming to lose herself in her own fantasy, rubbing her clit more furiously and closing her eyes as she bit her lip. She was quivering now, on the edge of orgasm.

"And you —," she stammered, "you can live in the pool house, honey. It will be so nice once Jared finishes it. You can still pay the mortgage and support me and Jared, until he builds his business up again. It's going to be great."

"When the baby comes," she moaned, "I'm going to be so happy. Finally, I'll have the family I've always wanted: Jared, my superior alpha lover and soulmate, our beautiful child, and finally you: my loving husband and provider."

She climaxed as she concluded, her beautiful mouth parting just slightly as she threw her red hair back in ecstasy.

"Oh Jared, yes!!" she moaned, long since having given up even the pretense of including me in her fantasies.

I knew that she had now completely locked me out of her sex life. It was over. I had lost Rachel.

I sat there, taking my own cock in my hand and jerking myself off as I watched her reach a second orgasm without taking any notice of me whatsoever.

Chapter 7: The Captain's Quarters

It was Tuesday again. We'd passed the week in relative peace, neither of us discussing the strange scene that had played out in our bedroom. It was the last sexual encounter that we'd had, but it seemed to have left no great mark on our weekly routine. The weekend passed relatively uneventfully, though I did watch Rachel flirt with Jared again on Saturday morning as she swam laps once again.

The evening arrived, and I had to make my choice: go to drink with the guys, and leave my wife alone with her fantasy man, or stay home and forgo our long–held ritual, which I'd missed recently anyway due to the business with Rachel's accident.

I wrestled with the decision all day. When I got home, Rachel was already there, and greeted me with a smile. She looked positively radiant. Her hair was lustrous and her make–up had been touched–up since that morning. She was wearing a white evening dress that didn't seem like something she would have worn to work. It seemed more like she was preparing for a night out. For a date.

"Hey, honey," she said, "are you going to eat before you head to the bar with the guys?"

"I'm not sure," I said, telling the truth.

"Aw, you're not sure if you're going to eat? Or you're not sure if you're going to go out with the guys?"

"Both," I said.

She sat down next to me at the kitchen bar, "I really think you should go out. You've had a long week, and you deserve a little time to enjoy yourself."

"Maybe you're right," I said.

It wasn't hard to guess her ulterior motive. She wasn't even really trying to hide it. It was as if she *wanted* me to stay behind and witness her seduction of Jared.

"Of course I'm right," she smiled, "I'm your wife."

I gave her a kiss on the cheek and then picked up my jacket.

“I’ll be back around the usual time,” I said.

“Alright,” she said, “I think I’ll stay in tonight. Probably catch up on some reading or something.”

***

For some reason, I actually drove to the bar, and even considered going in for a moment.

What was I *doing*? Didn’t I have any pride at all? I knew for a fact (well, almost, anyway) what was happening at my house, but I was still drawn to the spectacle. Like an insect flying into a bug zapper.

Still, the thought of my beautiful young wife acting out one of her “stories” — the last she would tell me, or give me the privilege of witnessing — made me so incredibly hard.

I thought for a moment more, and then decided to throw caution to the wind. I backed out of my parking spot at the bar, and was back home less than 15 minutes later. Near my house, that is. I parked about a block away on the street, so I wouldn’t be noticed, and I practically raced towards my own back yard.

My heart pounded as I noticed that the light to the pool house was on. If I had thought a little more about it, I would have realized that this in and of itself was in no way out of the ordinary. After all, Jared was entitled to stay up as late as he wanted.

I crept up to the back fence and peered through a slat in the fence, directly into the pool house. I almost gasped at the transformation of the inside. Wood trim had been completely restored, the floors were sparkling, and there as even new furniture that I’d never noticed before. The whole thing looked a little like the inside of a captain’s cabin on a ship.

Like something out of one of those novels that Rachel loved and that I couldn’t find the attention span to read. Jared, ever attentive to her wants and needs, had remodeled the pool house in such a style as to be a kind of gift for her.

A gift that I could never hope to equal, no matter how much money I made, because it wasn’t just material, it was *spiritual*.

That's when they suddenly walked into view. They must have been standing off to the side, in the kitchenette, but now they appeared, holding glasses of wine and laughing. The look on Rachel's face was one of utmost amusement and contentment, as if everything were right with the world.

In *her* world, I knew that everything probably was perfect. But not in mine.

Or was it?

I watched as they made small talk for another few minutes, each sipping casually from their wine. Rachel was sitting with her legs crossed under her now, her skirt sliding seductively up her thigh as she turned to face her interlocutor. Jared had cleaned up quite nicely. He was clean–shaven, wearing a linen shirt that allowed his muscular torso to show through just the right amount. I was a little bit astonished at how convincingly he'd turned his look from working–class contractor to upper–class literary sophisticate. Now he looked exactly like the kind of man that an educated, well–off woman like Rachel would be interested in.

And as the wine continued to flow — was it from the same "wedding vintage"? — it became abundantly clear that Rachel *was* interested.

Very interested.

The tension grew to an unbearable degree which was evident to me, even though I wasn't in the room. Rachel played with her hair, flicking it back and forth over her part in a way that clearly indicated that she was nervous.

Jared, however, was as cool as a cucumber. I have to admit that I never really understood what a supremely confident, alpha male he was until that night. He spoke calmly, in measured tones, but still managed to tease and flirt with Rachel. I could tell all of this from her body language, from her eager reactions (and, in fact, overreactions) to his words.

Finally, it was clear that something had to happen. Both of them had set their glasses down on the beautiful new coffee table, and then, suddenly, Jared's arm was around her.

In one explosive, passionate move, Rachel was suddenly on her lap, straddling her lover as their tongues began to mingle in a long, slow and sensual kiss.

I could almost hear Rachel's moans of desire. Her softly whispered words of love and affection. I could almost feel the relief that must have coursed through her body as she realized that her love, lust or both was entirely reciprocated by Jared. That his desire for her might have exceeded her own.

I watched them make out for several minutes. Their petting was passionate, but entirely unhurried. Their hands were wandering now: his up along the hem of her skirt and towards her inner thighs, hers over his shoulders and chest. She was rubbing her pelvis against his, along the length of what I imagined to be a very large erection.

At that moment, I decided I needed to get a better look. I would have to use my key to sneak into the back gate. We'd had a lock installed on it a couple of years ago after our insurance company had insisted on it because of the liability associated with the swimming pool. Now I cursed it, because I couldn't for the life of me remember which of my keys fit the lock. My hands shook as I tried first one, then another, desperate not to miss a moment of the deep–dicking my wife was about to receive.

Finally, I had it. I pushed through the gate and burst into the back yard, only to forget the motion–detecting lights I'd installed there several months ago. Suddenly, I was awash in light, and stood there for a second before bolting into the shadows, just as I heard the sliding door to the pool house open.

"Oh my God, Jared," said Rachel, "the back gate is open. It's got a deadbolt on it. I don't understand…"

"You go inside," Jared ordered, "go up into your bedroom and lock the door. Don't open it up until you hear me tell you that it's safe. I'm going to find this pervert."

From my hiding spot in the bushes, my body prepared itself for a fight. My wife's lover looked around him, his eyes filled with a fierce anger, and perhaps a bit of fear. After all, I'd just completely cock–

blocked him, prevented him (unintentionally, of course) from claiming his prize: my beautiful wife's fertile young body.

"Come out wherever you are," he growled, pacing the yard, only a few feet from where I stood in the bushes, but blinded by the bright lights to the extent that he couldn't see me.

Then, he paused, in front of the pool house, looking out into the yard and speaking a bit softer now, but still loud enough to hear.

"Look," he began, "I'm not stupid. I know who has the key to the back gate. No thief is going to pick a lock like that one when they could just climb the fence. It's you, isn't it, Ethan? No need to deny it. Your wife is upstairs in your bedroom now. I'm going to go inside in a moment and comfort her there."

I should have burst forth in that moment and attacked my rival, but I didn't. I stood there, unmoving, *unable* to move, and a bit afraid of giving away my position for fear of what *he* might do to *me*.

"What I can't figure out," he continued, "is what kind of man would let a guy like me get so close to his wife? Then I realized it. A cuck. Some kind of little pervert who gets off on his wife getting fucked by another man. Well, Ethan, I promise you I'm going to give you a show tonight. I'm going to fuck a baby into Rachel. She's practically begging for it. She told me all about everything — the problems with your 'little man' staying hard, her reluctance to start a family with a man as unreliable and wimpy as you, the fact that she can't tolerate birth control. I'm not an idiot, and I don't think you are, either. The only reason that a woman tells a man details like that is if she wants to build intimacy with him. That is to say, if she wants to get **fucked** by him."

He paused for a moment, laughing to himself softly.

"Of course, maybe you're not even out here. Maybe you ran away as soon as the lights came on, and you're back at the bar with your friends, drinking away your sorrows. For your sake, I kind of hope that's true. Because I know I wouldn't want to see another man make love to Rachel the way I'm about to. But maybe that's because I'm not a cuck."

He turned, heading for the big house.

“I hope you like the renovations,” he said, “because that’s probably where you’re going to be living when this is all over. And by the way —”

He turned back towards the yard, addressing me where I waited in the bushes.

“— I promise to leave the door to the bedroom open and the lights on, in case you want to go upstairs and watch from the hallway. I figure if I’m going to take another man’s wife, the least I can do is let him watch her satisfaction. I know it’s not a fair trade, but it’s at least something. Isn’t it, Ethan?”

With that, he slowly walked up the deck stairs and into the house, closing the sliding glass door behind him, but not locking it. It was ok. I had a key anyway.

I paused for a minute or so, breathing deeply and attempting to calm my nerves through deep breathing exercises. The adrenaline pumping through my veins made it almost impossible to control the shaking in my limbs. Finally, after what seemed like ten minutes, I was able to calmly assess the situation.

I did what I knew I was going to do all along. What I had secretly wanted from the beginning.

I walked up into the house and removed my shoes, slowly tiptoeing up the stairs towards the bedroom, where I could already hear the faint sounds of female pleasure.

Chapter 8: Rachel's White Whale

The bedroom was lit with the warm light of two wall sconces, and the lovers were already entwined on the bed, locked in a passionate embrace. I had a perfect side view of the action from my place in the hallway, where I stood, barely breathing, in shoeless feet on the carpet.

My wife's sensual mouth played with that of her lover. This was the unhurried, yet at the same time somehow urgent kissing of a couple deeply in love.

They were both naked now — the time I'd taken to catch my breath outside had afforded them plenty of their own — but they were not under the covers at all. I could see all of my wife's beautiful, slender body, so pale and vulnerable in the hands of the older man. Rachel was not one of those redheads who had freckles. Instead, she had flawless pale white skin which was now contrasted with Jared's muscular, sun–worn torso.

I watched as Jared kissed down the side of her neck, moving slowly towards her breasts, whose nipples were erect in the room's cool air. His tongue flicked one, while his fingertips played gently on the other, much to Rachel's obvious delight.

"Oh Jared," she moaned, "I'm so happy we can finally be together. We've both wanted this for so long."

He answered by taking her other nipple in his mouth and eliciting a coo of pleasure from deep within her.

"God, yes, Jared," she cried, "this is already the best. I've never felt this way with another man…"

"We're only getting started," he said, popping the nipple out of his mouth and looking up at her, "just wait."

"Fuck," she moaned, "I want you to take me. I'm yours, Jared. You can do whatever you want with me. Just please, make love to me."

I saw that Jared had a hand between her legs now, and Rachel's eyes were closed as he pumped his fingers in and out of

her no–doubt sopping wet pussy.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I want your cock so bad. Please give it to me, Jared.”

She reached down and touched the top of his prick, moaning in lust as she did so.

“God, I’ve been waiting for a dick like this for years,” she whispered, breathlessly, “something that can really make me feel like a woman. Overpower me.”

“That’s right,” he said, parting her legs and positioning herself as she stroked his head, “are you ready, Rachel? Ready for me to finally fuck you?”

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, “I’ve been dreaming about this every night since the night we met. I always knew, from the moment that I looked into your eyes, that we were destined to be lovers. Now I understand that it’s more than that. We’re soulmates, too.”

“God yes, Rachel,” he moaned, plunging his cock into her, just up to the head because her tightness didn’t allow any more movement than that at the moment.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, sucking in her breath quickly, “I love how this feels. It’s incredible. Just give me a second to get used to the size. You’re the biggest man I’ve ever been with. By far.”

I looked down at my own cock, which was now in my hands. That’s right. I was a trespasser in my own house, jerking off in the hallway as I watched my wife get dicked down by the largest prick I’d ever seen in real life.

He was all the way inside her now, balls deep, and I watched as their eyes locked in a moment of lust that could only remind me of my soulful, profound sexual encounters with Rachel early in our relationship. I knew that she could only have that kind of deep connection with one man at a time, and I knew that I was no longer that man.

It hurt, of course. But part of me clearly enjoyed it. It was an objectively beautiful scene that was playing out in our marriage bed.

A beautiful redhead, completely naked with her legs spread, was taking a long, deep dicking from a fit older man's gigantic cock.

"Good girl," he moaned, "this feels so amazing. I can't believe we waited so long to do it, just out of respect for your husband."

The disdain with which he said "husband" told me all I needed to know about his attitude towards me.

"Fuck him," moaned Rachel, bucking her hips up to meet his increasingly rapid thrusts, "I'm going to divorce him, but still make him live with us so he can pay the bills. You can move into the house and take his place, while he moves down to the pool house. You've done such a good job on it he really doesn't deserve it, but I'm feeling nice I guess."

"Oh fuck, Rachel. You're so cruel," he laughed pumping his entire length into her tight, clenching cunt.

"I mean every word," she moaned, "I've never wanted a man as badly as I want you. Just take me. Body and soul. You own me."

"God, you're so tight. This feels incredible," moaned her lover, pushing her legs back so that her ankles rested on his shoulders, "I just want to get lost inside you."

"I need you so bad," she panted, grinding herself into him every time he bottomed out inside her with a slow yet powerful thrust, "I want you to come inside me. I want you to get me pregnant. Give me a baby, please!"

The look of incredible lust that spread across Jared's face was indescribable. At the same time, it clearly wasn't *purely* lust. It was also an incredible affection, a deep emotional connection with my wife that I had absolutely no hope of ever replicating.

"Please," she begged, "I'm so close. I want you to come inside me at the same time that I do. Understand?"

"Yes," he moaned, thrusting faster, "I'm going to fill you. Take this big fucking dick. I know you want it."

"God yes," she gasped, "I need it. Come inside me. I need your baby so bad…"

And in that moment, she wrapped her legs around him, pulling him as deep inside as he would go. At the same time, her entire body began to quake, and it was as if she were holding on to him for dear life with only her legs as her climax shuddered through her entire body, flushing every inch of it for a few moments before her original pallor returned.

She let out a high–pitched squeak and then a low, throaty moan as she convulsed on his cock. This was a performance — or, more likely, and authentic experience — the likes of which I had never seen. At the same time this was happening, Jared was pumping her full of spurt after spurt of his warm thick cum, which I had to imagine because I could not see.

Then, finally, it was over.

He collapsed on top of her, holding her face in his hands and showering her with kisses for several minutes as they lay entangled. Then, slowly, he pulled out.

“That was so wonderful,” she cooed, “it was amazing. I don’t want to wait any longer. When Ethan comes home, I’m going to make him sleep in the guest house. Starting tonight.”

“That’s a good idea,” said Jared, stroking her hair, “and if he tried to resist, I’ll take care of him.”

I knew that I didn’t stand a chance against his muscular frame. My only hope to combat their plan would have been to call the police and assert my property rights, but I didn’t need anyone else involved in this situation, which was humiliating enough already.

Still, as degrading as it was to have another man fuck my wife in front of me, in my own bed, it was also incredibly arousing. I looked down at my sperm–covered hand. I’d climaxed at the exact same time that they had: my own secret simultaneous orgasm, out in the darkness of the hallway.

“I don’t think he’ll resist,” continued Rachel, “I think I’ve given him enough information for him to understand exactly where he stands.”

“Won’t he leave you?”

“I don’t think so,” she said, “he loves me too much for that. But that’s too bad for him, now, isn’t it?”

“It definitely is,” said Jared, “because I’m not going to share. I don’t even want him to see you naked anymore. Not even in your panties. Got it?”

“Yes, Sir,” she said, smiling at him, “I think that’s an excellent idea. But there’s one thing: I *do* want him to see *you* naked, so that he can understand what a real man’s cock looks like. I want to suck your dick while he watches. To worship it and you so that he understands my needs as a woman, and the incredible pleasure he would have if he were able to fulfill them.”

“That’s so cruel,” laughed Jared, “I love it. I think we should start now.”

“But he’s not here,” laughed Rachel.

“I think he might be,” said Jared, guessing correctly, “who else has the key to that back gate? And besides, just send him a text now and tell him to come home right away and come up to the bedroom.”

Rachel already had her phone out and was sending the message. A moment later, an audible buzz came from my pocket.

Rachel and Jared both looked out into the hallway.

Shit.

“Come on out, cuck,” laughed Jared, “I *knew* you were out there. Did you like what you saw?”

I didn’t budge for a moment.

“Come out,” said Rachel, sitting up in bed and covering her nakedness with a sheet, “we can discuss this like adults.”

Reluctantly, I stepped out from the shadows, my dropping dick still exposed and my hands covered with cum.

Rachel giggled.

“God,” she said, “it’s even smaller than I remembered when I see it so close to yours, Jared.”

She was stroking him under the sheet, now.

“This cuck loves to hear stories about me fucking big cocks, and now he’s finally gotten the opportunity to see it up close for real,” she laughed, “as a present to him, I’m going to suck your cock naked, so he can get a nice long look at the body he loves so much but will never see again. Sound fair?”

“Sounds fair to me,” laughed Jared, as she dropped to her knees in front of the bed.

“Why don’t you stand so he can get a better look?” she asked, grinning up at her lover, who climbed off the bed and stood up in front of her, his cock hanging at three–quarter–mast right in front of my wife’s face. He must have been at least 9 inches, and wasn’t even entirely hard yet.

“Now *this* is *my* white whale, honey,” she said, taking his cock and stroking it, “this is what I’ve been searching for all my life. Not just a cock this size, of course. But a cock this size attached to a man like this.”

She opened her mouth and took the first third of his shaft all the way down on the first try. He gasped in pleasure as he hardened to his full length, thrusting gently in and out of her mouth as she gradually took him deeper and deeper, opening and relaxing her throat in a way that I’d never seen her do before.

I watched in awe as her full breasts bounced and her luscious red hair waved in time with the bobbing of her head, before she finally paused to tie it back into a thick ponytail.

“God she’s good,” moaned Jared, “I bet she’s never given you this kind of treatment, has she? But I get to look forward to it every day from now on. Isn’t that right?”

“Twice a day, if you want,” smiled Rachel, coming up for air and stroking his thick shaft as she beamed up at him, “you can do whatever you want with me. But please don’t forget to come in my pussy often. I need you to knock me up!”

“Oh baby, you know I won’t forget that,” said Jared as her mouth engulfed his shaft again.

I watched helplessly, my own cock getting hard once again.

“I know you love watching this. Look at her breasts bounce. That’s the last time you’ll see them do that. The last time you’ll see her beautiful naked body,” he taunted me.

“I’m close,” he groaned, after a few more minutes, “where do you want it?”

Rachel took his shaft out of her mouth for just a moment, “I want to swallow it all. Please give it to me, honey. I love you so much.”

In that moment, I saw the same look in her eyes that I’d seen the night I’d proposed to her once again. Even though it was an absolutely obscene act, swallowing this man’s cum, she did it with love and tenderness like I’d never experienced and now would never experience from her. I watched as she stroked his cock frantically into her mouth, cupping his balls in the other hand as he massaged her hair.

Then, he exploded. I watched as Rachel kept her eyes locked on his, showing her utmost devotion as he pumped his load into her mouth. She swallowed once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then he was finished. She sucked him clean, then opened her mouth to demonstrate to both of us that she’d succeeded in taking his entire load. It was clearly a gesture of love and devotion, as pornographic and unexpected as it was. I had no idea that she was capable of doing something so filthy.

Then she looked at me. Her blue eyes burning.

“I hope you enjoyed the show honey. It’s not the last time you’re going to see me suck Jared’s dick. But it will be the last time that you see me naked.”

I stood there, holding my cock, feeling like I should have said something — that I needed to say something. But I couldn’t.

And then it was over. Rachel was wearing a bathrobe. She stood and went towards the bathroom, then turned to me and said:

“I think you know where you’ll be sleeping from now on. You can at least thank Jared for renovating it for you.”

I was speechless. I didn't even try to protest. I simply looked at the chest of drawers in the room that held my clothes.

"Just get what you need for tonight. I'll make sure the rest of it gets to the pool house afterwards."

Jared looked at me almost sympathetically, his huge cock swaying between his legs.

"I almost feel sorry for you," he said, "*almost*. You had every chance to prevent this. But you didn't. You practically begged for it to happen. After all, it was your idea for me to move in in the first place!"

I had to admit that he was right, as hard as it was for me to do that.

I pulled a few things from the drawer and stuffed them into a gym bag I found in the closet. A few minutes later, I was in the pool house, admiring the new fixtures and the excellent workwork that Jared was responsible for.

Then, around 11PM, I looked up at the window of what used to be the bedroom I shared with my wife, and watched the light go out. I remembered the first night that Rachel and I had spent together, and I knew that Jared was in for something special.

Something that I'd never have again.

Epilogue: The Pool House

Everything came to pass exactly as Rachel had said it would. I remained living in the pool house, and paying all of the bills, while Jared took my place in the main house. Jared and Rachel were clearly trying extremely hard to have a baby, because every night I would hear Rachel's moans of pleasure coming from their room. The locked me out of the house at night (they had the locks changed almost immediately, without any protest from me), but they sometimes left the window open wide enough for me to hear my wife's shouts of ecstasy as she proclaimed her pleasure.

Not infrequently, I heard her mention his size, and compare it unfavorably to my own. I knew — or strongly suspected — on those occasions, that she was taunting me on purpose, that she knew that I was standing out in the yard, my cocked at an angle, hoping to capture a few suggestive noises.

She made good in her promises in other ways, too. First of all, I witnessed her suck Jared's cock at least four more times in the first month. It wasn't an everyday occurrence (at least, what I saw), but it was common enough for me to come home and find her on her knees servicing him, always in some kind of sexy outfit that was just revealing enough to not break her promise to never show herself to me naked ever again.

It was utter agony.

But still, I never moved out. I simply couldn't leave Rachel, even though I'd already lost her long ago.

Then one day, she announced that she was pregnant. I assumed that this would be the final straw. That I'd finally be ejected from their lives forever.

I was wrong. Rachel asked me if I would be willing to stick around and be her and Jared's "Manny" — male nanny. I would be raising the child of another man. The man who had stolen my wife from me.

It killed me inside, but what could I do? I had been bested. It seemed only natural and right to say yes.

And so we wait, now. As I write this, it's a cool night in the pool house, and Rachel and Jared are at the hospital. Her contractions started yesterday morning.

It's an exciting day for all of us. For me, for Jared, and most of all, for Rachel. The love of my life, and my former wife, now gone forever thanks to being conquered by a superior man.

THE END

MY GIRLFRIEND GOES WILD (WHILE I WATCH)

It was the first day back from winter break junior year that Madison sent that fateful text.

Alex, we need to talk, she wrote.

Every boyfriend knows exactly what *that* means.

Only in this case, it turned out to be a bit different than I thought. Different in a way that was good. And then bad. And then ultimately good again. In a bad way.

Instead of trying to explain the ambivalent feelings I have about what happened between Madison and I, I should just tell the story.

I couldn't deny that Madison was the one with the upper hand in our relationship. The reason was simple. She was an extremely attractive blonde in her early 20s, probably at the peak of her sexual appeal, and I was a… well, what was I? I sometimes wondered why she was even dating me. I guess it had to do with my potential. I was an engineering student at a top university, so my future salary was all but guaranteed to be sky high compared to all the psychology and even business majors she usually hung out with.

Other than that, I was pretty normal.

That winter break, Madison had been home visiting her family near the university we both attended, and I'd traveled to the opposite coast to visit my own. We'd stayed in constant touch via text, and also talked almost once a day via FaceTime.

Almost.

There was one night — the night that turned out to be particularly important — that we didn't talk.

New Year's Eve. We both went to parties with separate groups of friends, and never got a chance to speak with each other on the big night. Madison had been sort of vague about what she'd done that night, but I hadn't given her all of the details of what I'd done, either, mainly because it involved smoking pot with my friends, and I knew that she disapproved of marijuana use.

So it didn't bother me *that* much that Madison also hadn't been extremely forthcoming about her New Year's Eve experience.

Until now.

Fuck, I thought, on my way to her dorm to "talk," *she's **definitely** going to break up with me*.

As it turned out, I was both very right and very wrong about that particular intuition.

"Come here," Madison said, when I'd finally made it up to her dorm room, my heart pounding in anticipation, "sit next to me."

She put her hand on my thigh. I hadn't been expecting this kind of affection from someone who I assumed was going to break up with me.

I leaned in for a kiss, and she reciprocated, but without a huge amount of passion.

"I need to talk to you about something," she whispered, "I… did something kind of bad on New Year's."

"Ok," I said, already fearing the worst, "what do you mean, exactly?"

"First you have to promise not to be mad at me."

"I can't promise that until I know what you're talking about," I said, starting to feel a bit defensive.

What kind of push–over did she take me for?

"Well," she continued, "you know that guy from my high school. The guy I told you about who used to tease me?"

"Sure… Jared? That was his name, right?"

"Good memory! Yeah, Jared! He invited me to hang out with him and his friends at this house party they were having. I went with Emily. You remember her? The cute redhead? I suspected that Jared was trying to use me to get to her but it turned out that she was just as into him as he was into her…"

"Madison," I said, "what exactly do you have to tell me? This is killing me…"

I didn't want to come out and ask her if she cheated, because I was afraid she'd resent the accusation if she actually hadn't and this was all somehow just a big misunderstanding.

"I'll get to that. I'm just trying to set the stage for you so you'll understand," she said, still with her leg on my thigh.

"Anyway," Madison continued, "turns out that Jared and Emily kind of like each other, and the only other people at the party were all couples, so I was left feeling like the third wheel. I hate that!"

I nodded in sympathy.

"So Jared and Emily and I were watching a movie in one room, and the next thing I know, they're full–on making out and she's actually straddling him, grinding against him on his lap. Even though we were all a little tipsy, it was too much to ignore, and I was like, 'guys, do you need to get a room or something?' And Emily was all like, 'why bother? I know that Jared likes to show off.'"

"Show off…how?"

"That was my question, too," said Madison, licking her lips a bit, "and Emily just said, 'let us show you.'"

"So you sat there watching them make out?"

"Mmm–hmm. I even muted the TV so I could hear better. It didn't take long for Jared to have Emily's shirt totally off. He did a great job of playing with her tits."

She slid her hand over towards my cock, which was starting to get quite hard due to the vivid picture she was painting.

"Are you imagining Emily's nice, big ripe tits? She's so pale, and her nipples are so small and pink. Much smaller than you might expect. Jared had them totally erect and was teasing them so good…"

I had to admit, it *was* a very erotic image. I still wasn't sure, however, where all of this was leading. Was she going to let the other shoe drop and admit to cheating, or was this really about some kind of voyeuristic thing that turned her on so much she had to talk about it? I was in a state of suspense and it was killing me.

“Jared was licking Emily’s nipples, and she was making these cute little sounds. I have to admit that I was a little jealous. We were all drinking, and you *know* how horny I get when I drink.”

I did know, and that knowledge only contributed to my apprehension about what she was going to tell me.

“So…,” she continued, “Emily had told me a little secret about Jared. A secret that she’d heard from Ashley, his ex. You see…”

She was stroking my cock now through my pants.

“Jared has a big cock. Like a *really* big one.”

“Ok,” I said, not sure why she was telling me this.

“Oh, don’t be mad, honey. I still like your little guy.”

She smiled, looking down at the bulge in my pants affectionately.

“But I have to admit that I was as curious as Emily to find out if the rumors were true.”

“And so after making out for a while, Jared asked Emily if they should go somewhere else a little more private. That’s where I decided to do something a little naughty. I told them that they should do whatever they were going to do right there in front of me.”

“So…you watched them…have sex?”

My breathing was ragged with arousal.

“I’ll get to that,” she smiled, “but first, let’s get these pants off.”

She unbuttoned my pants and pulled them down, taking my underwear with them, then smiled as my erection sprang up. I couldn’t help but read a note of condescension into her smile, and I wondered if she might have been comparing me to Jared.

“So,” she said, grabbing my cock and playing with it as the precum began to coat my shaft, “at first, Jared was shocked, but Emily explained to him that we were both just curious about whether or not the rumors were true. He smiled at her and said that in that case, he was more than happy to show us.”

Madison reached into her tights now and started playing with her clit as she continued the story.

“He stood up and dropped his pants, and I actually gasped in surprise when I saw it. It was like one of those porno dicks. Except it was real.”

“Did…you do something…with them?”

“No, honey. I would never cheat. Not without your permission, that is.”

I would ponder that line for a long time afterwards, but for now she had me on the edge of orgasm and extremely curious about what had happened next.

“And so we asked him to stroke it for us. It looked so amazing. I couldn’t help myself, Alex. I put my hand in my pants and started playing with myself. Then Emily asked if she could touch his cock, and Jared guided her hand to it. It looked so huge and nice and thick compared to her petite little hand. Then she looked up into his eyes and asked him so sweetly if she could suck it. I just about lost it right there, Alex. I loved how submissive she was being for him. How this big, thick penis just exerted this pressure on her and on me, if I’m being honest. I almost came right there.”

She continued to stroke me with one hand, which fit easily around my average–sized penis, as she played with her clit, lost in the fantasy that she was relating to me.

“So then she started trying her best to pleasure him with her mouth. Getting his big fat cock nice and slick with her tongue, kissing it with her lips and cooing and moaning for him to show him what a good girl she wanted to be. She lubed it so well with her tongue that I could see it glisten in the light cast by the lamps in the room. I knew that she wanted it in her pussy so fucking bad. And I was so turned on by the idea of watching them fuck.”

It sounded to me like *she* wanted to fuck him, too, but I didn’t interject.

“I had my hand in my panties and was playing with my clit like I said. That’s not cheating, right? I mean, I didn’t actually touch either one of them. I was only touching myself. You don’t think I cheated, do you?”

I had a feeling that I was being manipulated due to the fact that Madison's hand was on my cock as she asked this question, but I had to admit that the manipulation worked nonetheless.

"No, babe," I groaned, "it's a hot story. Please keep telling it."

"I watched Emily licking his big, thick, heavy balls, too. Trying to fit one in her mouth. It didn't work. All she could do was just massage it with her tongue. He was groaning in pleasure so I knew that he loved it. Would it be naughty of me to say that I wanted to get in there next to her and help her out? That thing was like, magnetic. You should have seen it, honey. I mean, you would have loved seeing how she stroked that big shaft with her tiny hands as she tried her best to fit him in her mouth. It was awe–inspiring."

"He told her to reach down into her panties and tell him if she was wet. If she was 'ready for him'," Madison continued, looking down at my cock with amusement as she continued to stroke me, "and she did it immediately, too, looking up at him and giving him a little moan to tell him that she was soaked and ready to go. So then he pulled out of her mouth and asked her if she wanted to be on top or bottom. She thought for a minute, then he said, 'a lot of times it's easier if you're on top for the first time, so you can control how deep I go'."

"Oh God," I blurted, "this is so hot. So you actually watched them fuck?"

"You're not mad at me, honey?"

I knew that I couldn't claim to be mad when the story was turning me on so much.

"He got her to straddle him in just the right position. I watched as he lowered her slowly, carefully, onto his big thick cock. He was so strong, it barely looked like it bothered him at all to support her weight like that. Of course, Emily is a pretty skinny girl, even if she does have a nice thick ass. Sometimes I'm jealous of her."

I pictured Emily beginning to bounce on a long, thick prick, and had to admit that I probably would have been as turned on as Madison had been. She closed her eyes for a moment now, playing with her clit as her hand squeezed my shaft a little more forcefully.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “it was so amazing watching her slowly get used to his size. She looked like she was in pain at first, but he was so gentle. He encouraged her, telling her what a good job she was doing at taking it, and pretty soon she was bouncing up and down on his dick. She was so wet, and his shaft was completely soaked. I was completely soaked, too, honey, and so close to coming. I just wanted to hold off until I saw Emily climax, and I knew that she would soon, too.”

I moaned, thrusting my shaft up into her palm.

“Keep going,” I urged, “I want to hear how it ended.”

“I finally couldn’t hold it back anymore,” she moaned, “and I bit my lip and came really hard. I tried not to make too much noise, because I didn’t want to distract them, but Jared must have heard, because when I came down and opened my eyes, he was looking past Emily and making direct eye contact with me.”

“Oh fuck, Madison,” I said, “he saw what you were doing?”

“Of course he did,” she said, her voice hoarse with desire, “how could he have missed it?”

“And he looked at you?”

I was close to climax myself.

“Mmm–hmm,” she moaned, “he winked at me…”

“He *winked* at you?”

“Yeah honey…,” she moaned, closing her eyes as a series of moans escaped her lips, “and he… he…”

“What?”

“He mouthed some words,” she gasped, “right before he thrust his big beautiful cock up into Emily’s tight pussy and shot his load inside my friend.”

“Oh God,” I groaned, unable to hold back much longer, “what did he say?”

“He said…” she groaned, her fingers thrusting deep into her cunt now as her eyes closed in concentration, “he said…”

“What?”

My balls tensed under the pressure from her hand on my shaft. She was barely moving her hand anymore, so concentrated was she on her own pleasure, but I was thrusting up into her palm, fucking her hand practically, as she delayed this final revelation.

“He said ‘you’re next,’” she groaned, shrieking in ecstasy as she finally reached her climax.

In the same moment, I spent my load as well, shooting a spurt of cum into the air and onto Madison’s thigh. The rest coated her hand.

“Wow,” I said, a few minutes later when we had cleaned up and were laying next to each other on her dorm room bed, “that was… amazing.”

“I’m glad you thought so,” she said, “I felt a little guilty telling you that. Like I’d done something wrong. I mean, I know I was close to the line…”

“No,” I said, “it was harmless fun. It was a hot story.”

“I’m so happy to hear you say that,” she said, cuddling me from behind as she whispered into my ear, “and don’t worry. I’m not going to be ‘next,’ no matter what Jared says.”

“I’m not worried,” I said.

***

Over the next few weeks, however, I kept returning to the scenario in my mind. This time, I imagined that Madison had been the one riding Jared, and Emily had been the one watching. I imagined the two of them giving Jared’s huge penis the attention it deserved with their mouths, lips and tongue, and then him bringing both of them to orgasm after orgasm as he pounded one after the other, finally finishing on both of their eager, smiling faces.

It became something like an obsession for me. Even though I didn’t feel jealous (or at least I told myself as much) I still couldn’t help but kick myself for having these thoughts.

Was I really getting turned on by imagining my girlfriend cheating on me?

I finally had to admit that I was.

It slowly started to dawn on me that Madison had been thinking the same thing that I had. After all, she had been the one to bring it up in the first place, so it was clearly more than a harmless little fantasy. And if I were being honest with myself, wasn't masturbating while two other people had sex awfully close to cheating to begin with, even if she'd told me about it immediately?

Was Madison simply getting off on the voyeurism, or was she thinking about fucking Jared herself? Was it something about Jared as a person that appealed to her, or was it simply his large endowment?

I found ways to bring it up while we were together over the next few weeks. We'd be having sex, and I'd ask her something about what she'd seen. I'd ask her to imagine it.

She'd close her eyes when she was riding me, and say something like "I'm imagining Emily right now, riding Jared's big cock. Oh my God…"

Slowly, she also got more and more bold about integrating it into our lovemaking.

Finally, one day she asked me outright — mid blowjob — if I'd like to see her with a larger guy.

"Would you like to see your sweet innocent girlfriend do this with a really big cock?" she asked, batting her eyelashes seductively as she looked up at me.

"Yes," I gasped.

She licked my cock for a few seconds more, as if lost in thought.

"Are you really sure about that?" she said, stroking my shaft onto her tongue as she looked up at me expectantly.

"God yes," I groaned, on the edge of orgasm.

She stopped stroking abruptly.

"Tell me you want to see me suck a big dick. Then I'll let you come," she teased.

"I want to see you suck *and* fuck a big dick," I blurted, thrusting my hips up toward her hand in desperation, "please keep going."

She smiled in triumph, then closed her mouth around my cockhead and continued stroking my shaft, bringing me to a knee–shaking climax in her mouth.

She swallowed it all, then wiped her mouth off on the back of her hand and gave me a grin.

“I’m glad you feel that way,” she said, “because I think I can make it happen this Friday.”

“What?”

“I can make your wish come true this Friday,” she said, “Jared and his roommates are having a big party. Emily is still with Jared, so he’s off limits, but he’s got this roommate, Brad, who is really cute, and supposedly has a cock even bigger than Jared’s.”

A feeling of dread entered the pit of my stomach even as I felt my cock begin to harden again. I felt an immediate fight–or–flight response as the adrenaline pumped through my veins, even in my relaxed post–orgasmic state.

“Have… have you mentioned this to Brad?”

“No,” she said, smiling, “I haven’t even really met him, just seen a few pictures. But I’ve been hinting about Brad to Emily. She doesn’t know that I want to sleep with him. She thinks I want to set him up with a friend. Emily said that Jared said he was pretty sure that Brad would be down to fuck.”

“Fuck, sure. But what about fucking someone else’s girlfriend while that someone else is also watching?”

“Well, here’s what I think: what he doesn’t know can’t hurt him. It will make the whole thing more natural anyway.”

“What do you mean? How’s he not going to know?”

“Here’s the genius part,” she said, smiling excitedly at me, “I know from Emily that Jared and Brad’s rooms are connected by a huge walk–in closet. You can enter it through Jared’s room and watch through a crack in the closet door. I’ll make sure that Brad leaves the lights on so you get a good show.”

“I don’t know,” I said, my heart already pumping, “what if he finds me?”

“Then I guess you better run,” she laughed, “Jared said Brad is also tall and really fucking ripped. He’d probably beat the shit out of you.”

I must have winced, because she immediately punched my arm playfully.

“Aw, honey, don’t be mad. I’m only teasing. It’s up to you if you want to watch or not.”

I noticed her choice of words. It wasn’t up to me whether or not *she* was going to fuck Brad. She’d clearly already decided on that. The only thing that was my decision was whether or not I wanted to watch.

“I don’t know…” I said.

“Oh come on,” she laughed, “we’re in college. This is our chance to experiment sexually, right? I know how much the idea of watching me ride a big, thick cock turns you on…”

“Yeah, but I’m not sure if the reality of it is going to be as great as either of us think,” I said, “and what if you like it so much…”

“That I have really great sex?”

“Yes.”

“And then what? Leave you?”

“Yeah,” I said.

“Oh, Alex,” she said, “this isn’t about our relationship. I need you to understand that. You do, right?”

“Well,” I said, trying to hold back my emotion, “what *is* it about, then?”

“It’s about having some fun. Being young. Being in college. Don’t forget: this is something we both want to try.”

“I know…”

“I’m not with you just because of your cock. I won’t leave you just because of your cock. You understand that, right?”

This reassured me. I’m not sure why, but it did.

“Yeah,” I said, my mood brightening a bit, “ok, I guess we should do it.”

“Great!” said Madison, her whole face lighting up, “we’re on the same team! This is going to be fun. What do you think I should wear?”

“Well,” I said, “I know that I love seeing you in yoga pants and a sweater.”

“Hmm,” she said, “this is going to be a party. I was thinking about something that shows a little more skin. And provides slightly easier access.”

“Ok,” I said, seeing her point.

“Well,” she said, “we’ve got a couple of days to figure this out.”

We. Somehow I had found myself in the position of helping my girlfriend decide what outfit she would wear in order to get a well–hung stranger to fuck her.

Of course I realized that a girl as beautiful and sexy as Madison could have worn her Dad’s worn–out flannel shirt and her older brother’s bluejeans and would still have no probably pulling any man that she wanted. She must have realized it to. But there was still something fun about imagining her getting completely dolled up and as pretty as possible for her first encounter with Brad.

Pretty and ready to be ruined by Brad and his big cock.

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Finally, it was Friday night.

I visited Madison at her dorm, where she was getting ready for the party.

“What do you think?” she asked, greeting me at the door in what I could only describe as the sluttiest outfit I’d ever seen her wear.

“It’s very…different,” I said, looking her up and down, “I had no idea that you owned any of this stuff. I mean, you look kind of…”

“You can just say ‘slutty,’” she laughed, grabbing me by the hand and pulling me into the room, “that’s the point of tonight, you know.”

“I was going to say ‘goth,’ actually,” I said, taking a seat on her bed while she spun around, displaying her outfit and her body for me.

She was wearing a low–cut white crop–top that barely covered her black lace bra, which pushed her C–cup breasts together in a delicious display of cleavage.

Further down, she was wearing a pleated tartan skirt that stopped a few inches above her knees. She had on ripped fishnet stockings and black high–heels.

Topping it all off was the leather choker with a steel ring that adorned her neck.

“Is that…a dog collar?”

“Ha,” she said, “I thought it looked good with the outfit. I bought it at Hot Topic when I was in high school, but I’ve never had the nerve to actually wear it.”

She giggled.

“I guess you’re feeling bold tonight.”

“I guess I am.”

She began to run a comb through her thick, natural–blond hair, turning towards the mirror so that I was afforded the sight of her shapely backside.

Brad was really in for a treat. I didn’t see any way he would be able to resist this, unless he was passed out drunk, stoned out of his mind, or not really into women.

“How should I do my hair?” she asked, catching my eye in the mirror.

“Well,” I said, “you’ve sort of got that good–girl–gone–bad look going now, so how about some braided pigtails?”

She smiled.

“I like the way you think. Plus, if things go the way we plan, those are great handles for certain things…”

The lust in her eyes as she said this last line was like a dagger to my heart. At the same time, it was also like a shot of viagra

directly to my cock, because I felt my member immediately swell in arousal at the image of a well–hung muscular man pounding my girlfriend into submission with the aid of her pigtails as hand grips.

I watched for the next several minutes as Madison formed her thick hair into two long braided plaits.

Finally, she turned to look at me.

“You look amazing,” I said.

She looked down at my pants.

“And you look horny,” she said, smiling, “does it turn you on to watch your girlfriend get slutted up to meet another man?”

“Yes,” I had to admit.

“Mmm good. Because it turns me on, too. I’m going to be so wet. I probably shouldn’t even wear these,” she said, reaching up and slipping off her panties, “I’ll just soak through them immediately.”

She tossed the panties to me, and I caught them, bringing them briefly to my nose.

“Perv,” she laughed, turning back toward the mirror.

“Now there’s just one last touch,” she continued, opening a box on her dresser, “my makeup. I’m going to go all–out. Total slut.”

“I guess that fits with the outfit,” I said, fidgeting on the bed as I gripped my girlfriend’s panties in one hand and tried to adjust my uncomfortable erection with the other.

A few minutes later, she turned around again. The transformation was incredible.

She had applied a thin layer of foundation, heavy eye shadow, mascara and topped it all off with cherry–red lipstick.

She didn’t look at all like the cute, all–American girl–next–door that I loved.

She looked like a porn star or a stripper. And I knew that she wanted to be treated like one.

“I think that should get his attention,” I stammered, “his and every other guy’s at the party.”

She gave me a satisfied smirk.

“I guess you’re going to see a whole new side of me tonight.”

She slowly strode over to where I sat on the bed and bent down, displaying her cleavage. She pursed her lips, and I craned my neck towards her for a kiss, but she pulled back at the last minute, giving me only the tiniest peck.

“I don’t want to ruin my make–up,” she said, “at least, not yet.”

She winked.

What had gotten into my girlfriend?

“So how are we going to do this?” I said, “are you going to sneak me into the party? That seems kind of complicated.”

“No,” she said, “just come to the party with me. We can even introduce you to Brad. But then, at some point, you can slip off into the closet, and I’ll tell Brad that you got tired and went home. He’s not going to ask too many questions.”

I nodded.

“Sounds good.”

I didn’t even think to ask how I was going to get *out* of the closet, but this wasn’t exactly an airtight plan. I knew that there were lots of things that we’d have to end up improvising.

***

By the time Madison and I (accompanied by Emily), arrived at the large house where Jared and Brad lived with five other college men, the party was in full swing.

I had expected Madison to stick out as one of the sluttiest–dressed girls at the party, but as it turned out, she had plenty of competition.

“Wow,” said Emily, quite scantily dressed herself, “some of these ladies are out to get **laid**.”

She and Madison giggled, exchanging excited looks. I realized that I had no idea if Emily knew about our little scheme. Suddenly I felt very self–conscious. What would she think about me if she knew that I wanted to watch my girlfriend have sex with a man with a very

big penis? She'd probably never respect me again. To the extent that she even respected me now, of course.

"Oh, there's Jared," she said, pointing across the room, "and good — Brad's with him. You said that you wanted to meet him, right Madison?"

"Mm–hmm," nodded Madison, "let's go. Come on, Alex!"

I was clearly going to be the fifth wheel. No matter; I'd disappear soon enough.

As we approached the corner of the room where Emily had pointed, two large men turned around.

"Oh, wow," said Madison, expressing my sentiments exactly, "I knew that Brad was a big guy, but what is he, like 6'5"?"

"Not quite," laughed the tall, tree–trunk of a man standing in front of us, "I'm 6'3" on a good day."

"Are you like…some kind of athlete?"

"You don't pay any attention to sports, do you?" laughed Jared, "Brad's the starting quarterback for the college team."

A jolt of adrenaline rushed through me. I was handing my girlfriend over to the quarterback to be fucked? How did I ever expect our relationship to recover from this — despite all of her assurances to the contrary.

Brad extended his hand, first to Madison, then to me.

"Hi," he said, "I'm Brad. Nice to meet you."

He seemed really friendly. Not at all the kind of arrogance I might have expected from a quarterback.

"I still can't believe how big you are," giggled Madison, "I mean…it's nice to meet you as well."

"If you think he's big, you should see some of the guys out there trying to tackle him every play."

"I can only imagine," said Madison, toying with one of her braids.

"Hey…," I said, feeling awkward already and ready to make my exit, "I'm getting kind of tired."

“Awww, really baby?” said Madison, putting her hand on my arm and pouting, “I don’t want to go home yet. We just met Brad!”

“I know, I know,” I said, “why don’t you stay a little longer. Just text me when you’re on your way back and then when you’re home so that I know you’re safe.”

Jared looked at me incredulously.

“You’re really going to leave your girl with this guy?” he laughed, slapping Brad on the back, “the guy who won pussy slayer of the year his freshmen year?”

I smiled confidently.

“I trust him, and I trust you, honey,” I said, turning to Madison and winking.

“Of course, honey. I promise not to let this guy ‘slay’ me.”

I gave her a peck on the cheek and turned towards the hallway.

Third door on the right, I said to myself, repeating the directions I’d gotten from Madison.

I ascended the steps quickly, glad that I didn’t meet anyone during my ascent. From here the sounds of the party were largely muted, expect for the distant thumping bass of the speakers.

I quickly found Jared’s room, and knocked softly before I gripped the knob. Luckily, all was quiet.

I opened the door and stepped into the darkened room quickly, my heart pounding as I let the door fall shut behind me as quietly as possible.

I pulled out my phone and activated the flashlight, shining it around the room until I saw the closet door.

I opened it and was greeted with a wall of clothes.

Shit. This didn’t seem to be a walk–in closet!

Confused for a moment, I paused before taking a deep breath and sighing as I stepped passed the shirts and pants on the hangers, and into the inky blackness beyond, my phone extending in front of me.

It was a walk–in after all, but one maintained by someone who seemed to want to forget that fact. Or else there was some kind of arrangement giving Brad most of the space. In any case, I had now pushed past the strangely situated clothing and was now in the spacious closet itself.

The ceiling was high enough that I would have been able to stand up straight, but somehow I felt uncomfortable doing that, so I remained hunched close to the ground.

The floor was littered with sports equipment and clothing along the edges near the wall, but there was a pathway clear on the floor towards the door on the opposite end.

Brad's room.

I spent the next two minutes or so attempt to build an "observation nest" of sorts out of discarded clothing and football pads. Then I opened the closet door just a crack so that the bed, barely visible in the dim moonlight, was directly in my line of vision. Luckily, the closet doors were accordion–style with louvers, so there were actually a couple of cracks that I could see through, and I could see even more from certain angles if I craned my neck.

Having surveyed the situation, I sat back to wait for a text from Madison notifying me that the seduction was in progress.

I didn't have to wait very long at all. Almost as soon as I had begun to wonder exactly how long they would take, my phone buzzed.

Coming up, it read.

That was fast, I wrote back, not expecting a response.

She responded with an emoji that winked and blew a kiss.

The excitement began to build in the pit of my stomach. My girlfriend was about to have sex with another man. Another man with a very large endowment.

***

I didn't have long to ruminate, however, because about two minutes later, I heard the door burst open, followed by Madison's familiar giggle.

Suddenly, the light in the room came on. Then, Madison bounced onto the bed and into my field of vision, having been thrown there by Brad, no doubt.

“Brad!” she exclaimed, “you like it rough, huh?”

“Maybe,” said Brad, “the question is, how rough can you take it?”

“That really depends on what I’m dealing with…down here,” she laughed, patting his crotch as he lowered himself onto the bed, his mouth aimed at her lips.

“Why don’t you take off my belt and find out,” he said.

“Aren’t we even going to kiss a little first?”

“I thought you had enough of that downstairs! That’s got to be some new kind of record for the length of time it took a girl to stick her tongue in my mouth after her boyfriend disappeared.”

“Well, I’m glad to be exceptional at something in your book,” said Madison, kissing him again, deeply.

“There’s that kiss I wanted,” he said, after a moment, “you can take out my dick now, though.”

“Aren’t you a gentleman,” laughed Madison, grabbing his belt buckle eagerly and fighting with the mechanism.

“And you’re quite the lady, coming to a party dressed like that,” he said, “you might as well be wearing a sign that says ‘slut’.”

“I thought about that, actually,” said Madison, unfastening his belt and now working on the button on his pants, “but I thought it might be a little too forward. I’m the kind of girl who likes to be a little hard to get.”

“You weren’t particularly difficult tonight,” said Brad, helping her pull down his pants, leaving only his boxers between her and his rapidly swelling cock.

Madison guided his hips, turning him a little to the side.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“I like it more if you stand like this,” she said.

I realized that she had re–positioned him for the benefit of my gaze.

“Whatever you want,” he said, smiling down at her.

I now had a perfect side–on view as Madison smiled up at him, ready for the big reveal. She rubbed and massaged the length of his monster in his boxers.

“How many other co–eds have you introduced to this monster recently?”

“None since last week,” he laughed, “I haven’t jerked off, either.”

“Mmm,” said Madison, “thank you for saving it all for me.”

“I’m glad I did,” he said, smiling down at her, “cheating girls are my favorite. They’re always ready to go full slut–mode as soon as their boyfriends are gone.”

“Oh,” said Madison, “so you think I’m a slut?”

“I think every woman is a slut if you know how to bring it out.”

“And how do *you* bring it out?”

“My cock usually does the trick.”

“Is that right? Well, I guess we’d better see how well it works on me,” said Madison.

My own cock was stiff at this point. I tried not to move a muscle for fear of giving away my position. I was far enough away from the couple, and they were sufficiently absorbed in each other that I felt that they probably wouldn’t notice any slight noises coming from the closet, but at the same time, I didn’t want to push it.

This train of thought was brought to a screeching halt, however, in the next moment, when Madison grabbing his boxer briefs from either side with both hands and pulled them down his thighs, letting his long, thick shaft spring free.

“Oh my God!” she laughed, covering her mouth in surprise, “I heard you were big, but this is…”

She ran her hand along the shaft, spreading the precum from the head along its length.

"…incredible," she continued.

"Like I said," he laughed, "it brings out the submissive slut in pretty much every woman. Especially women with boyfriends."

"Well, I have to say it's working," said Madison, looking up at him in devotion, "may I please suck it?"

"You can certainly try," he said.

She opened her mouth as wide as possible, and I watched in awe from the closet as his oversize head disappeared between her lips. She sucked with enthusiasm that I'd never seen before, her cheeks caving in as she attempted to provide the maximum amount of pressure on his glans.

"You're pretty good," he said, sighing a bit, "you definitely suck cock like a girl who's cheating on her boyfriend."

"*Pretty* good?" she said incredulously, withdrawing her affections for a moment, "I'll show you how good I can be…"

"I like that you're a girl who doesn't back down from a challenge."

"If I weren't, do you think I'd be here trying to fit this monster in my throat?"

He grinned.

"Time to stop talking and start sucking again."

She opened wide and took his cock into her mouth again, this time stroking the shaft with both hands, drool forming at the corners of her mouth and starting to spread down her cheeks.

"Oh God, that's a good girl. You're a good little cheating slut, aren't you?"

"Mmm–hmm," she moaned.

"I'm going to see how deep you can take it," he announced, grabbing her pigtails like they were handles and pulling her slowly down farther on his shaft.

I watched as her eyes began to water, smearing the mascara that she'd so carefully applied.

She was breathing faster and rough through her nose, but was putting up an admirable effort at deepthroating his monster. Not that she had much choice, of course. He began to fuck her mouth in earnest now, sliding his prick as far as he could into her throat with thrust after thrust. The room was filled with Madison's gurgles as she submissively accepted the throat–fucking that Brad was meting out.

The entire time, he whispered obscenities, calling her a "good girl," and talking about how hard he was going to fuck her with his big dick.

I had a perfect side view of the entire scene, thanks to the subtle adjustment Madison had made for my viewing pleasure.

After a few minutes of this rough treatment, Madison had black tears running down her face, and her lipstick was completely smeared.

"God," moaned Brad, "you really are good at this. But I know that you didn't come up here just to suck my cock. I think it's time to see if we can fit this in that tight little pussy of yours."

"Fuck yes," panted Madison as he finally pulled his rock–hard shaft from her mouth, leaving a long trail of slobber behind it, "I want it so bad."

Brad reached down and flipped up her skirt.

"No panties? You really did come here to cheat, didn't you?"

"Of course," she said, her voice hoarse, "are you finally going to help me do it, or not?"

He smiled, working a finger into her from behind with one hand while he slapped her ass with the other.

"Oooh, I like it when you spank me," she cooed, "but I like feeling your big thick finger in there even more."

"I've got something else thick for you."

"Yes, please!"

He directed her to turn around on the bed so that she was on all fours, facing away from him. He was going to go straight to doggy

style. No pretending this was at all romantic: it was just about him using my girlfriend's hot young body for his pleasure.

While I watched.

I was so excited at what was happening that the emotional impact was only now beginning to hit me.

Now, as I saw him lining up his enormous prick and rubbing it back and forth across Madison's swollen labia.

I realized, in that moment, that there would be no going back from what was about to happen. This event might change our relationship for ever.

It might change Madison forever.

What I wasn't prepared for (and what I would only realize later) was how thoroughly it would change *me* forever.

I thought briefly about calling out. About coming out of the closet and disrupting the encounter, even though I knew it would mean a beating at the hands of Brad and probably half the football team. It would be worth it if it meant preventing Madison from being broken in by his huge cock and therefore ruined forever for guys like me.

In that moment, I also thought about how much I valued my relationship to Madison, about how lucky I was to have scored a girl like her, and how stupid I had been to go along with and even encourage the idea of her sleeping with another man, especially a consummate alpha male like Brad.

How could I be so stupid? I had a good thing going. All I had to do was keep her happy until we both finished school, then find a good job (not hard with the degree I was getting) and ask her to marry me. I might not have been her absolute first choice, but I knew that she valued stability, so in the long run, I would win.

But in that moment, as I saw the look on Madison's face as Brad slowly pushed his thick penis inside her, I knew that she was gone forever. I'd lost her.

I watched in what seemed to be slow motion as her expression showed several discreet stages of reaction to the act of penetration.

First, there was anticipation. Then there was surprise, accompanied by pain or perhaps shock. Then, swiftly, these two phases passed as well and a look of absolute pleasure came over her face. A look of contentment or peace for a few moments.

“I can’t believe it…” she moaned, “I’ve never felt this full…”

“Yes,” he said, beginning to fuck her now, “I fucking love introducing little bitches like you to big cock.”

“Keep introducing me,” she moaned, biting her lip and closing her eyes as he started slamming into her harder and harder.

“How do I compare to him?” he groaned.

“To who?” she moaned.

I knew exactly who he meant.

He slapped her ass. Hard. She yelped in delight and lust.

“To your boyfriend. To the guy who’s at home jacking off, never suspecting that his girl is getting railed by the biggest cock on the football team.”

“You’re so much fucking bigger,” she moaned, “he doesn’t come even close.”

“That’s it,” he laughed, slapping her ass again, “just let it all out. Tell me all about him.”

“I don’t know if I’ll be able to feel him after this,” she moaned, “he’s… oh my God…”

“That’s it you little cheating slut,” he laughed, “just go ahead and come on my big cock. Beg me for it.”

“Please,” she yelped, her voice high and submissive, “please can I come for you? Please can I come on your big fact cock?”

“Yes,” he growled, a commanding tone in his voice, “come for me.”

“Oh thank you,” she groaned, “thank you so much.”

I watched in horror and fascination as Madison reached a powerful climax, a matter of a minute or less after having been penetrated by Brad for the first time.

“I can’t believe how good that felt,” she gasped when she was finally able to talk again.

“Mmm, well, lucky for you, I’m just getting started,” he said, grabbing her hips with both hands and slamming into her with vigor.

I watched in horror as his entire length disappeared again and again into my petite girlfriend, eliciting from her primal, animalistic cries, the likes of which had never passed her lips. At least not to my knowledge.

She threw back her head again and he reached up with one hand, pushing a thick finger between her lips which she licked off eagerly.

“Your finger is thicker than my boyfriend’s cock,” she moaned, “oh God. Don’t stop. Please keep fucking me with that big, beautiful cock.”

As I watched her climax yet again, I felt like something had broken inside me. No longer was I enjoying the spectacle of my girlfriend being pleasured by another man, I was facing up to my own incredible inferiority as a lover.

Instead of being rock–hard, I went limp. I tried to stroke myself back to attention, but it simply didn’t want to work any more. Brad’s big dick had broken my psyche as much as it had broken Madison’s pussy. I had been proven inferior forever, and there was no way I would ever recover from this.

Still, I continued watching. I watched as Madison came for a third time in doggy position, and then I watched as he flipped her over onto her back, her skirt up around her waist as he pressed her legs up next to her ears and slammed her into the bed.

“Yes!” she exclaimed, taking the full length of his cock.

I knew that I could never make her feel like this.

I knew that this had all been a mistake.

But I couldn’t tear my eyes away as this musclebound stud brought my girlfriend to two more intense climaxes on his bed.

“Oh,” she moaned, after her latest climax, “I want you to come now.”

“Alright,” he said, “I guess I’m about ready.”

“Inside me?” she begged, a needy tone in her voice.

“Of course,” he said, without hesitation.

He didn’t even bother to ask if she was on birth control. It was possible they’d already discussed it downstairs, but not likely. Madison was on the pill, but she always made me wear a condom.

“Beg me for it, slut.”

“Please come inside me,” she pleaded as he began to stroke into her long and slow, “please fill me.”

“That’s it,” he encouraged her.

“I’ve never let my boyfriend do it. I’ve never let any man do it. You’ll be the first one to shoot your load inside me. The first one to claim me.”

“Yes,” he moaned, “this pussy is my property now. Say it.”

“My pussy is your property,” she moaned, “I’ll never let my boyfriend fuck me again if you say the word.”

“Your limp–dicked boyfriend isn’t coming near this beautiful, tight pussy,” he growled, slamming into her harder now.

It was as if he knew that I was only a few feet away in the closet, a mute witness to my own sexual humiliation.

“I promise not to let him,” she groaned, pushing her butt back against him as he plowed into her tight tunnel.

“Here it comes,” he groaned, “fuck yes!”

Grabbing her hips and holding her in place, I watched as the entire length of his cock contracted several times, pumping my beautiful young girlfriend full of his sperm. It was like watching some kind of primitive mating ritual. I had been outclassed and out–bred. There was nothing I could do.

To my surprise, Madison climaxed once *again* as this gigantic brute filled her. She bit down on the pillow and let out a long, guttural moan.

He slowly withdrew his still–dripping penis and gave her a cocky slap on the ass.

“Hope you got what you wanted tonight.”

“Mmm–hmm,” she moaned, nodded into the pillow, her ass still trembling in pleasure.

I saw the sperm glistening on her swollen pink lips.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. I froze. What the hell?

“Who is it?” called Brad.

“It’s me,” called a familiar male voice.

“Let us in!” called a familiar female voice.

“It’s unlocked,” called Brad, turning towards the door, his long dick dangling down between his legs.

Emily was the first through the door, giggling in delight as she looked first at Madison, who was still lying cock–drunk on the bed, and then at Brad, her eyes resting on the length of flesh that swung between his legs as he walked over to greet them.

“So you decided to join us after all!” he said.

“Mmm, how could we stay away from *that*?” laughed Emily, pointing to his cock.

He swung it back and forth playfully.

“Watch out, you’re going to hurt someone with that thing,” laughed Jared, who was taking off his own gym shorts.

“I would actually love that,” said Emily.

Then she turned to Madison, who was looking up at the group with a dazed, satisfied look in her eye.

“Did you convert her to a size queen?”

“What do you think, babe?” asked Brad, looking over at her, “are you converted?”

“Mmm–hmm,” she replied lazily.

“She just told me that she’s never going to fuck that boyfriend of hers again,” laughed Brad, “so I’d say that counts.”

“I’m going to be so sore,” moaned Madison.

“Well, we better give her a chance to recover before you go at her again,” said Emily, dropping to her knees between the two men, “in the meantime, maybe I can be of service?”

Once again, I had the perfect view as these two college studs stood on either side of my girlfriend’s hot redheaded, large–breasted friend.

Jared’s cock was out now, and it was equally as awe–inspiring as Brads. Not quite as long, but with a mushroom tip that was even thicker. Emily turned to him first and kissed the head before taking him as deeply as possible into her mouth. She was petite like Madison, but still capable of taking an incredible amount of dick. Her other hand reached out behind her, pawing for Brad’s now–hardening cock.

Brad took her hand and guided it to his shaft.

For several minutes, she went back and forth between their two shafts, polishing them with her lips and tongue until each was glistening in the light of the room.

“That’s a good girl,” Brad said, “you’ve got us so nice and hard now. It’s time to give that little pussy a workout.”

“Yes, please,” moaned Emily, popping off of Jared’s cock for a moment, “I feel so empty right now…”

The threesome in front of me completely obscured my view of the bed, where my girlfriend still lay, recovering from the revelatory fuck she’d just received.

Jared reached down and slapped Emily’s ass hard, as Brad reached up under the short dress she was wearing and pulled down her panties.

“Mm, I’ve never had a chance to fuck this tight little pussy that Jared’s told me so much about,” he said, bending her over the bed so that her pussy was facing me.

“Please,” she moaned, wiggling her ass at him as he got into position.

This angle afforded me an unfortunate view of Brad's butt, but luckily also allowed me to see the extent to which he stretched Emily's pussy as he speared it from behind.

Emily was clearly used to taking big dicks (probably because Jared had broken her in so well), so Brad's prick (which had been well–lubed by her oral efforts already) slid easily into her pussy from behind.

My girlfriend's beautiful friend let out a satisfied moan.

"Oh God," she groaned, looking at Madison, "you lucky little bitch. How many times did he make you come tonight already?"

"Mmmmgorgmmgg," answered Madison.

I realized that Jared had moved to the side of the bed and must have been feeding his cock to my hungry girlfriend, but I couldn't see exactly what was happening because of Brad's gigantic body, pumping into Emily's pussy directly in my field of vision.

After a few minutes of being fucked in this position, Emily came hard. I was actually starting to be able to enjoy the spectacle of watching Brad's huge cock in action, because I wasn't being so directly humiliated. I felt my own dick getting hard, and I briefly considered taking it out of my pants and jerking off, but I finally decided against it.

Brad began spanking her from behind. Laughing as she moaned each time that his hand made contact with her ass. Around the same time, I began to hear Madison moaning again, and I realized that Jared must have moved on to the next phase of their encounter.

A moment later, when Brad pulled out of Emily and rolled her over onto her back to resume pounding her from a different position (and in the process moving her a few feet to the side), I finally saw what my girlfriend had been up to.

She lay on her back on the bed, her legs wrapped around Jared's back, pulling his entire torso into her greedily with each stroke of his large, powerful cock that split her vagina in two. Her face was covered by a look of determination. Determination and

sheer lust as she took the entire length of his monster with each stroke.

My own cock immediately wilted. Seeing the woman I love experiencing such ecstasy at the hands of yet another lover was too much for me to take. Plus there was the added wrinkle that we'd talked about (and planned, even) her encounter with Brad, but this seemed more like cheating.

Real cheating.

I wasn't in any condition to confront her about this, however, so I just sat there in the closet, steaming silently, while I watched the two beautiful young women with their lovers.

After fucking their girls in the missionary position for a few minutes, both men flipped them over and took them doggystyle on the bed, with Madison on the left and Emily on the right. The two women's faces were very close together in this position, and it didn't take long for the two men to insist that they kiss.

My position gave me the perfect view as Madison closed her eyes, pursed her lips, and planted a kiss directly on the lips of her friend.

The two men cheered. The women seemed to be more than a little taken with their action, whether due to the pleasure of the act itself or to the effect it clearly had on their male lovers, I couldn't be sure. In any case, they continued to make out, slipping each other their tongues now as the men reached out and exchanged high–fives.

"That little fucking wimp had no idea what we had in mind for his girl, did he?" laughed Brad, chatting with Jeremy as he plowed Emily from behind.

"I don't think so," said Jared, "of course, he looked like a total cuck, so maybe he knew more than we think."

"Yeah," said Brad, "he did kind of seem like that, didn't he? Maybe I should come on his girl's face and send him a picture."

"That's not a bad idea," laughed Jared, "but I've got another one. Let's coat both of these bitches' faces while they're making out."

“Excellent idea, good sir,” said Brad in a terrible imitation of an English accent.

Brad obviously had some talents, but he wasn’t the best actor, nor was he the brightest guy around.

In a sudden, coordinated effort, Jared and Brad both pulled out of the two girls they were fucking and began to pump their tremendous erections, aiming at the locked lips of the two young coeds.

“Don’t open your eyes if you know what’s good for you,” moaned Brad, his voice hoarse with desire.

Then there was a groan, and a burst of semen arched through the air, landing across Madison’s nose with a plop. The next salvo hit her cheeks, chin and lips. Several more bursts covered Emily’s lips and chin as well.

The girls began to lick each other clean as they continued to make out. Jared elbowed Brad out of the way now and leveled his own massive prick at the adorable target presented by the two kissing women, unleashing shot after shot of sticky white liquid across both of their faces. Then he stepped back in awe, admiring his handiwork patting his buddy on the shoulder with the flat of his wrist, after ascertaining that his hand was coated in spunk.

In the space left by their two massive bodies, I could see Madison and Emily beginning to kiss each other harder, their caresses progressively becoming more intimate. Madison began playing with Emily’s nipples, which elicited some cooing from the young woman, who, in turn, reached out for Madison’s own breasts.

“I love watching girls make out,” said Jared, absently playing with his prick which hung, soft but still long, between his legs.

“Me too,” said Brad.

Then he turned casually to Jared, saying:

“Man, I think I’m going to hit the showers. I’ve had it for tonight. That girl in the collar really took it out of me. Mind if I cut through your room?”

“Not at all, brother,” said Jared.

It took me a moment to realize what he meant, and by the time I did, it was too late. His hand was already on the closet door, and he was opening it, ready to take a shortcut through his roommate's room on his way to the hall.

"What the FUCK!" he exclaimed.

I stood, catching my feet on some football pads as I attempted to turn and run.

"You fucking perv!" yelled Emily.

"Get him!" yelled Jared.

"Take care of him, guys!" urged Madison.

And it was her voice that hurt me the most. Almost as much as the fist that connected with my face and caused me to lose consciousness.

***

I awoke early the next morning on the couch downstairs, my head reeling from the punch and my mouth dry. I looked down at my body. I was covered in debris from the party and my clothes were filthy. Whether this was a deliberate act of humiliation by Brad and Jared, or an inevitable effect of passing out on the couch in what might as well have been a frat house, I never knew.

It didn't much matter, anyway.

I made it home after a half–hour walk, and was not at all surprised to find that Madison would not answer my texts. I tried messaging her on a couple of other social media platforms, and was astonished to discover that she had blocked me already during the short amount of time that I'd been unconscious.

So she hadn't meant anything that she'd said after all. All the stuff about how we were just having fun, and this was just some good, old–fashioned college sex experimentation. I knew that wasn't true, but I somehow managed to convince myself that she believed it herself.

In the end, it didn't matter, of course. Nothing did. I had been thoroughly cucked, sexually humiliated, dumped and bullied. I didn't know if I'd ever see Madison again. It didn't seem likely. I didn't know

if I'd ever be able to please a woman sexually again, so thoroughly had my confidence in my own equipment been shaken.

That night, however, I lay awake in my dorm for several hours, stroking my rock–hard cock. Even if it didn't make any sense, I couldn't get the image of Madison on her knees, taking Brad's huge cock as far down her throat as she could. Tears in my eyes, I brought myself to a powerful orgasm.

Imagining my girlfriend (that is to say, my *ex*–girlfriend) going wild.

Going wild while I watched.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

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SARAH’S ADVENTURE

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

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

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

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

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

EMMA'S FLING

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

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

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

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

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

HER OLD FLAME

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

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

Or is he?

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

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

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA

After his seemingly innocent wife Rebecca relates an uncharacteristically hot hook–up story from her college days, Louis can't stop thinking about watching her with a well–endowed lover.

Rebecca is reluctant to entertain her husband's desires at first, but when her old flame Chris comes into the picture, she suddenly becomes much more open to exploring a cuckold relationship. It doesn't hurt that Chris is tall, handsome, dominant, and, most of all, incredibly hung. Before she knows it, Rebecca is a confirmed size queen.

After several hot encounters between Chris and Rebecca, the couple's marriage is put to the test. Louis finds himself torn between the pleasure he gets from watching his wife and her lover and the incredible jealousy he feels as the two slowly grow more and more emotionally intimate. To make matters worse, Chris and Louis strike up a friendship of their own. How can Lou resent Chris for taking his wife when he can see for himself what a nice guy Chris is?

HER FIRST BULL: Book 1 – Rebecca is an explicit, raw, and emotionally poignant 22,000–word novella. It is an exploration of the pleasures and pitfalls of cuckolding, the merits of large men and the emotional minefield that awaits couples who venture into unknown territory.

It is also a love story. A tale of two people who find their soulmates in the last place they expect…

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