A Cheating Wife Novella

EMMA'S FLING



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By Cynthia Sizemore

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EMMA'S FLING

Introduction

"Are you sure you we should go to this party? I mean, it might be awkward for you to be around Paul and I," said my wife, Emma, washing her face as she got ready for bed.

"Of course," I said, "why it be weird? Do you think I'm jealous of him or something?"

"No," she said, a thoughtful tone in her voice, "it's just that sometimes you seem very...curious about our time together."

Emma and I been invited to a New Year's Eve party by Bryce and Maddie, two old friends of ours from college who now lived only a few blocks away. Back when we'd all been undergrads together (almost a decade ago now) Bryce, Maddie, Emma and I had done our share of hard partying together.

There had been one other member of our group as well: Paul.

Paul and Emma had had what she termed a "fling" one summer before drifting apart a few weeks later. Emma and I got closer and closer over the course of my senior year and eventually started dating. A couple of years later, we were married.

I would have totally forgotten about Emma and Paul's relationship, if it hadn't begun so spectacularly, one crazy summer night our junior year.

Me, Bryce and Paul had all lived on the same floor of the dorms freshmen year. Later, we'd all pledged the same frat, and so were roommates.

Maddie was Bryce's girlfriend, who he'd been together with since high school. She was around us so often that she was practically "one of the gang," even though — as the rest of my story will reveal — she was still fundamentally different from us due to her insistence on using what might be called her "feminine charms."

I had no idea how important the events of that one fateful night would be for my later relationship. I recount them now to explain

the significance of Emma seeing Paul again at this party, years after my college graduation.

Chapter 1: Camping

It was late in August and our Midwestern college town was in the middle of a major heatwave. We all decided to head to the lake to cool off. We planned to make a weekend of it, so we were going to camp out.

So, that night, Maddie and Bryce pitched their tent at the campsite, and I pitched my own next to theirs. Paul was going to sleep in the back of his truck, which had a cover on it and was actually fairly serviceable as a camper.

After everything was set up, it was time to get down to business: relaxing.

It began with drinking. A *lot* of drinking. Classes were going to start the next week, and we were all feeling the need to get as much partying in as possible before it was time to hit the books again.

In a way, Maddie was the catalyst for everything that happened that night, and even at the party many years later. If it hadn't been for her, things might never have gotten started between Emma and Paul. Maybe Emma and I would have started dating much earlier, before she even considered Paul as a potential partner. Or, if they *had*dated — for however long that might have been — I would have just dismissed him as another ex–boyfriend. Nothing to worry about.

I realize these hypothetical situations are silly to think about. But it's hard to prevent myself from wondering "what if?"

Maddie was feeling extremely flirtatious that summer day. Even when we were in Bryce's car on the way to the lake, she was wearing this red, white and blue bikini that remains firmly engraved in my memory.

She had been wearing a bikini *in the car*. I only later realized how egregious this behavior had been. If I had been more experienced, I would have realized what was going on: she loved being the center of attention, and using her body to achieve that goal.

And she did achieve it. Even if she was Bryce's girlfriend, that didn't mean that we were all suddenly blind for some reason. We knew Maddie was hot, and so did she. She loved pushing the envelope, showing skin and flirting with the guys in our friend group. Up to that night, she didn't seem to prefer any one of us over any other one. She was just happy to get *any* male attention. Or, to be more precise: *all* of the male attention.

Maddie's wavy dirty–blond hair, her flat tummy and large breasts would have made her turn men's heads no matter what she was wearing, but now it was almost impossible not to look at her, especially since she was the only girl around.

Even though at least one more woman would have provided a much–needed gender balance to the group, you could just tell that Maddie wasn't exactly broken up about the fact that she was the only girl at the lake. She was certain to be the center of attention.

Sometimes Maddie's behavior bothered Bryce. You could tell. He never actually made a big deal about it in front of us, but once in a while you'd hear snippets of an argument between him and Maddie. It was always obvious to everyone what the argument was about: Maddie had gone too far, gotten a little too flirtatious with me, Paul, or one of the other guys that lived at the frat.

Part of me thought that Maddie was doing this on purpose. Trying to provoke Bryce so that he'd be compelled to declare his claim on her ever more forcefully. It wasn't a dynamic that *I* would have enjoyed, but it seemed like the two of them were making it work.

Bryce was not a confrontational guy with his friends (me and Paul), so he never addressed Maddie's behavior with us directly. For our part, we were both loyal to him (or at least *I* was), so things never went further than some innuendo and stolen glances at Maddie's beautiful young body.

God, did she have an *amazing* ass! I could still remember seeing her bend over to adjust a tent stake that afternoon, even about a

decade after it happened. I was pretty sure that she *knew* I was looking, and loved the fact that I was checking her out.

But as luck would have it, Maddie wasn't the *only* hot girl hanging around with us that night.

As the night progressed, the sounds of our revelry attracted a young woman from a nearby campsite. She'd just turned 19, and was actually on vacation with her family, but was very happy to find some raucous college students partying nearby.

Her name (as you might have guessed) was Emma, and I was immediately smitten with her. She was pleasingly petite, slim yet curvy, had curly long brunette hair and an infectious smile that was evident even in the light of the campfire. She had more of a "girl next door" look than Maddie. She seemed safer. Less likely to go flirt with any guy she could find.

What's more, when she approached our circle, she made eye contact immediately *with me*.

For about fifteen minutes, it was like we were the only two people in the world who existed. I was lost in her brown eyes, which were illuminated by the flicker of the campfire. We chatted about her first year in college, and I offered my own stories from my freshman year: the weed–out calculus course that I'd passed only on the second try, the boring professors and the inspiring ones. She even managed to work into our conversation the fact that she'd recently broken up with her boyfriend.

In other words, she was sending me a signal. Loud and clear.

"Hey," said Maddie, jumping up from the campfire, "I'm going swimming."

"The beach is closed for the night," I said, annoyed by the fact that she'd interrupted my conversation with Emma.

"Ha," said Paul, "that's exactly why we should go."

"Yeah," said Maddie, "there won't be anyone else there. We can do *whatever* we want."

The way that she put a strange emphasis on "whatever" made it sound like she was suggesting something sexual.

I realized later that she might have been pulling this stunt to try to direct everyone's attention away from Emma, the pretty stranger who had recently appeared in our midst.

"I could totally go for a swim," said Emma, giving me a look, "what do you think?"

This was clearly an opening. An opportunity. She was hoping that I'd make a move, I could sense it.

"Yeah," I stammered, "let's do it. I'll go get into my suit..."

"Suit? What are you talking about? It's dark out there. Let's go skinny dipping."

Maddie was giggling, already reaching around to undo her bikini top.

"Sure," said Emma, shrugging "I was at a nude beach in France last summer. No big deal here."

Bryce gave Maddie an annoyed look, but you could tell that he wasn't ready to start a fight in front of everyone. He simply stood up and took off his shirt. Paul did the same.

Still wearing our pants (or bikini bottoms, as the case may be), we walked together, the five of us, a few yards to the edge of the water. Maddie had been wrong: the sun might have been gone, but the entire beach was bathed in the beautiful blue light of the moon.

I looked over at Emma, my eyes flitting across her chest. Her breasts were much smaller than Maddie's but they were perfectly shaped and had wonderfully pert nipples.

She noticed my gaze on her chest and smiled. She was obviously a little shy but also proud of the fact that I liked what I saw.

"Ok, boys," said Maddie, "get those pants off."

We all looked at each other and then unbuttoned our jeans, dropping them and our underwear to the ground at approximately

the same time.

We stood there for a moment, each eyeing each other's member.

The contrast was immediately obvious: I was the smallest of the three. Bryce was perhaps an inch longer and thicker than mine, but Paul's — Paul's made Bryce and I's cocks look minuscule.

I couldn't help but stare. Between his legs hung probably six inches of thick cock.

"Wow," said Maddie, giggling, "I guess you're a grower, not a shower, huh, Michael?"

I cringed. I'm not going to lie. It hurt to have a comment like that directed towards me, especially in front of Emma, who I had been hoping to court.

"Yeah, so am I, actually," said Paul, in a matter of fact tone, "let's get in the water, huh?"

The girls stripped out of their bottoms and turned away, suddenly joined together in a kind of gender solidarity.

"Oh my *God*," whispered Maddie to Emma as they strode into the water, "a *grower*? For real?"

At least that's what I *thought* I heard. I can't be certain now, so many years later.

From that moment on, the spell between Emma and me was completely broken. The magic was gone.

Instead, as we swam around in that moonlit lake, Emma slowly began to approach Paul.

It started how these things often do: she splashed him. He splashed back. She tried to tickle him. He tickled her instead. She told him to stop and slapped him, running away from him, but not too quickly.

That was when *I* made my move. Or tried to. I went up to Emma and splashed her as well, getting water in her eye.

"Hey!" she said, "what the hell?"

"I'm sorry," I said, immediately realizing how awkward my attempt at flirtation had been, "I didn't mean to do that."

"Yeah. Ok," she said.

She turned away and swam over slowly to Paul, who she began to talk to in quiet tones. On the other end of the swimming area, Bryce and Maddie seemed to be engaged in one of their quarrels.

I wondered if it was related to her comment about Paul's penis. It seemed highly likely.

Suddenly, I was the fifth wheel. I walked back up onto the beach. Both couples were lost in conversation: Paul and Emma's was quiet and friendly, while Maddie and Bryce's was increasingly louder and less friendly.

Finally, Maddie turned and abruptly walked up onto the beach, next to me.

"Problems?" I asked.

She had her arms folded across her chest, covering her breasts. I still got a great look, however.

God, was I horny! It had been six months since I'd even had a date, much less gotten laid. I was doing my best not to get an erection in front of her, but boy was it hard.

Part of what was helping in my battle was the sound of Emma's laughter coming over the water, clear proof that I'd lost out on whatever might have been with her. She was into Paul, now, for whatever reason.

Years later, I fixated on the fact that her shift of affections from him to me coincided with Maddie's humiliating remark about our obvious differences in cock size. Deep down, however, I knew that this was a rationalization. Even if we had somehow been able to exchange cocks, Emma still probably would have gone for Paul that first night. He was just that much more charming and outgoing than I was. I hated it, but it was the truth.

Maddie and I tramped back to the campsite in silence. She disappeared into her tent, while I stoked the fire up again. We hadn't put it out completely before we'd left for the beach. I never said we were the most responsible campers!

When she emerged again, Maddie was wearing a t–shirt with no bra underneath (this was obvious due to her protruding nipples) and was still not looking happy.

I passed her a beer, which she accepted glumly. We sat in silence, sipping our drinks.

A few minutes later, Bryce emerged from the trees, going into the tent without a word.

The situation had suddenly become so awkward that I couldn't take it anymore.

"I'm going for a walk," I announced.

"Cool," said Maddie.

If I'm being honest with myself, it wasn't just the weirdness of being around Maddie and Bryce when they were quarreling that sent me back out to the beach. I was also propelled by jealousy and curiosity.

I wanted to know what was happening between Emma and Paul.

I emerged from the treeline to an empty beach. I didn't see them anywhere.

Where could they have gone? They weren't back at Paul's truck. We had been sitting right next to it and would have heard them arrive.

Maybe they'd taken a walk.

That was when I heard Emma, and realized that they were much closer that I had realized. Just about fifteen feet in front of me, to be precise.

The reason that I'd missed them was that they weren't standing up. They were on the ground. Kissing. What I'd heard was Emma's

giggle.

I realized that I was still in the shadows, and so remained rooted to the spot. I was filled with a mixture of impotent rage and arousal.

I could see both of them perfectly. The way that Paul's large hands explored Emma's petite body. Suddenly, this girl who I'd only met hours before was an unattainable object of desire for me.

Something I could never have or enjoy. But Paul could.

Maybe it was because they were already naked, but it seemed like there was only one place this make–out session could lead: full–on sex on the beach.

Emma was moaning now as Paul reached between her legs, fingering her slowly. I had to hand it to him: he might have been a giant of a man, but he was also an extremely sensitive lover, and it was clear that Emma appreciated this fact. She was mewing and sighing as he slowly worked a single thick finger in and out of her.

"I want you," she groaned, "oh God, I want you so bad."

Paul pulled himself up a bit and his erection became visible. Another surge of jealousy filled me. He hadn't been lying: he really was a "shower" not a "grower." He had to have been almost nine inches long, and thick. What's more, he pointed up at an angle. Unlike a lot of guys his size who I'd seen in porn movies, Paul was able to get completely erect. He looked hard as a rock.

Emma reached down and stroked him, biting her lip as he continued to massage her mound and finger fuck her.

He withdrew his finger and grinned, ready to mount her, missionary–style.

To my surprise, she objected.

"No," she said, "not like that. The sand."

She jumped up hurriedly and went back into the water for a moment, rinsing the sand from her beautiful backside.

For a moment, I had an incredible view of her lithe young body bathed in moonlight. I positively *ached* for her. I stood there in the shadows, my cock in my hand.

Then she emerged, grinning at Paul, who had also watched the show eagerly.

"Like this," she said, bending over a tree that had fallen on the beach and offering herself to him.

She was looking directly at me. For a moment, I imagined that she could see me, but I realized that this wasn't likely, or she would have said something.

In any case, I was face to face with a woman about to be fucked by my friend Paul. A friend with a very large and thick penis, who had just succeeded in seducing this girl from under my nose.

The girl who had appeared to me like the quintessential "girl next door" had become eagerly submissive to my friend and his huge dick.

"Slow," she said, wincing a bit as he pressed forward.

Their contrast in sizes was amazing. Paul, the huge, muscular man absolutely dwarfed the smaller dark–haired beauty.

"Oh God, you're so tight."

"Mmm and you're...so...big..."

He was inside her now, because I began to hear the sounds of their thighs slapping into each other. They weren't just two young people exploring each other's bodies. The tenderness that had been present in their make–out session before was now completely absent.

They were caught in a frenzy of lust. Both of them. It was animal. Completely primal.

"Yes," growled Emma, "fuck me. God damn it, *fuck* me!"

Paul continued to slam into her as hard as he could, pulling on her hair.

"Fucking *fuck* me. God. I need that fucking cock!"

I never would have guessed that Emma (who, in my mind, was a sweet girl next door) would have been capable of that kind of language. But, then again, looks can be deceiving. Obviously they were, in her case.

He slapped her ass. She let out a shriek.

"Fuck yes. Spank me. Spank and fuck me, damn it."

I was jerking off now. How could I not? It had been so long since I'd had any kind of sexual contact, and all night I'd been praying for a shot at Emma. Now that I'd missed my shot, the fact that Paul was doing such an incredible job "taking care" of her right in front of me was almost a compensation of sorts. If I didn't get to enjoy her, at least he did, and maybe we could laugh about it at the frat house in a few days.

He was slapping her ass with abandon now, and her cries and the sounds of flesh on flesh mingled with the smacks and echoed across the lake.

Later, I would wonder if Emma just didn't care if her mom or dad happened to leave their tent and find her there, or if they might even have been able to hear her?

Looking back, I realize that the spark of passion had been that strong between them that neither of them had cared. It was the meeting of two people who were passionately in lust for each other. So sexually compatible that all cultural, moral and religious programming had gone out the window the moment that they kissed.

"You're… so… big… God!"

Paul continued to spank her as he stretched my future wife's pussy with his huge cock. I started to wonder why it had never occurred to me before that Paul was so massively endowed. In a frat house environment, things like that tend to be known. There are jokes made.

Paul must have been the kind of guy to "speak softly and carry a big stick."

“Fuck yes. Oh my God!”

The first time I watched my wife orgasm was that night, before she was my wife. She looked absolutely magnificent: her hair a mess, her face covered with sweat from the heat of the August night and from the exertion of their passionate encounter. She bit her lip as her eyes rolled back and she grunted in pleasure.

Paul showed no signs of stopping, and Emma’s passion didn’t abate after that initial climax.

“Oh God. I can’t believe it. I’ve...I can’t...oh God!”

I was jerking myself off furiously at this point as Paul wrapped even more of Emma’s hair into his fist and adjusted his angle of attack, going even deeper.

“Fuck. Yes. Fuck. Me.”

Emma urged him on and Paul continued thrusting into her, his face had the look of a determined athlete or a conquering hero. He was absolutely dedicated to giving this girl the fucking of her young life.

At the time, I never could have imagined or anticipated that this “girl” — this 19–year–old beauty — would one day be my own beautiful bride. At the time, it seemed very clear that I had lost her. Forever.

Sometimes I wonder if, in that moment, I didn’t have an invaluable insight. One that should have stuck with me later, too.

I watched in awe as Emma reached a second climax. It was frankly incredible that Paul had been able to hold out this long himself. He was grunting in determination as he continued his assault on her pussy.

“Oh my God. I just came so hard.”

Emma’s voice was high–pitched and ragged. It was the sound of a desperate woman. A woman who had been shaken to the core of her being.

“I’m going to come,” announced Paul.

"Not inside," gasped Emma.

Paul nodded, even though he was behind her and she couldn't see him at all. He pulled out, and for a moment it seemed like he would spill his seed on her back.

But suddenly, to my surprise, Emma pivoted, taking Paul in her mouth as he unleashed what I imagined to be a torrent of sperm.

At the same time, I came all over my hand.

Suddenly, I was disgusted with myself. What was I doing out here, spying on my frat brother fucking the girl who I had a senseless crush on when I should have been back at the campfire taking the loss like a man with a beer in my hand.

Hell, I should be waiting to high–five Paul when he came back. Isn't that what bros are for?

I watched with envy as Emma's head bobbed up and down a few times on Paul's cock. She was really draining him. Sucking him dry.

She gave a giggle and looked up at him.

"That was a lot."

"I was really turned on."

He bent down and gave her a kiss.

It killed me to see that.

I turned around and walked back to the campsite as Emma's laughter rang out in the night.

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When I arrived back at the campsite, Bryce was sitting alone at the fire, drinking straight from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

"Jesus, bro! That bottle was full like an hour ago."

He pivoted to look at me. His eyes were glassy.

"Dude, you've gotta stop and go to bed. You've had enough."

"Fuck women, man," he slurred, "they're all hoes."

“Nah, come on,” I said, “you’re just drunk.”

I unzipped the fly of the tent and pushed Bryce inside, trying to settle him on top of his sleeping bag.

“Sleep on your side, man.”

I looked over to see Maddie, glaring at us.

“Is he wasted?”

“Yeah. I’m worried about him.”

“He does this like every weekend,” she sighed, “I’ll take care of him. Thanks.”

“No problem.”

I crawled out of the tent and took a moment to catch my breath. Then I cracked one last beer and watched the campfire while I sipped it.

Maybe I was hoping that Emma would come back.

Maybe I was hoping that Paul would come back.

Maybe I was hoping they’d come back together and I’d get to witness another explosive sexual encounter.

The longer Paul stayed away, the greater the chances that he was fooling around with Emma again. Their chemistry had been undeniable. It had been so raw and primitive. I’d never seen or experienced anything like it.

Slowly, however, my eyelids began to droop, and the beer can began to slowly empty. I decided it was time to call it a night, so I poured some water on the fire and retired to my tent.

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Sometime in the middle of the night I woke with an almost irresistible urge to pee. I pulled on some pants and stumbled out into the night, trying to remember the way to the toilets.

Finally, I decided that a tree would work just fine, so I walked far enough into the woods to by out of earshot from the campsite and relieved myself at the base of a trunk.

When I'd finished, I took a moment to take in the beauty of the night. From this vantage point, I could see our campsite: the two tents and Paul's truck.

Suddenly, I noticed Paul's truck rocking slightly. At first I thought it was my imagination, but then it happened again.

It could have been Paul just rolling over, of course. He was a big guy, and the truck wasn't one of those huge ones you see so many of these days. It was of a size that could have easily been rocked if a man Paul's size started moving around a lot inside.

But I also had a sudden intuition, or a suspicion that something more was going on.

I zipped up my pants and walked slowly back towards the site, stopping right next to Paul's truck.

The vents on the tinted windows of his truck–top were open as far as they could go, due to the heat of the night. He had screens over them for the mosquitoes, I noticed.

As I approached the truck, it lurched again.

Then there was a giggle. A feminine giggle.

A moment later, there was a sigh. The sounds of lips smacking together and another giggle.

"Mmm, that feels good…you can keep doing that!"

Another giggle, followed by Paul's bass voice saying something that I couldn't quite understand.

Something struck me as very strange. The woman's voice was familiar. Very familiar. But it wasn't Emma's. I was sure of that, even though I'd only met her a few hours ago.

Suddenly it hit me.

It was Maddie.

Maddie was stepping out on Bryce. She'd snuck off to see Paul in his truck after she was certain that Bryce was passed out drunk in their tent.

I was suddenly angry. Who did she think she was? How could she do this to Bryce? And how could Paul do this to one of his frat bros? It was breaking the bro code.

Not only that, it seemed totally unfair. Paul had already fucked one of the most beautiful young women I'd ever seen, swooping in and taking her right from under my nose. That had only happened a matter of hours ago. And now — from the sound of it — he was about to lay yet *another* extremely attractive girl. One who happened to be dating his friend.

For a moment, I contemplated knocking on the truck and interrupting them. I felt the urge to embarrass them. Expose them for the cheaters they were.

But then I heard Maddie moan. The blood immediately rushed to my cock as I thought about her bending over in her bikini earlier in the day. Paul was getting to enjoy what I'd always fantasized about. Not only had he fucked Emma — the girl who I'd had an emotional connection to — he was also fucking Maddie, the girl who I'd never particularly cared for on a personal level, but who I'd love to have sex with.

Fuck she was hot.

"Yes, yes," she squeaked, clearly trying to keep quiet.

A moment later, I had my cock out again as the truck began to rock rhythmically. Maddie's cries were muffled now. It was as if she had something in or over her mouth.

I imagined the scene inside. Paul on top of her, holding his hand over her mouth to keep her from making noise as he slammed into her.

Or was she on top of him, riding him with her head down and a pair of panties in her mouth? She might be just kinky enough to try something like that. She'd dropped hints before about her sexual proclivities, which included things too "wild" for Bryce.

The sound of flesh slapping on flesh filled my ears. If Bryce had been at all conscious, he would have easily heard Maddie's betrayal.

She must have been either completely certain that he was totally passed out, or else didn't care if heard her.

Maybe she *wanted* him to hear, on some level.

I didn't understand why, but listening to Paul giving a second girl the fucking of her young life in the space of just a few hours made me feel doubly humiliated. I felt like a cuck even though I had no claim on either of these women.

It was as if Paul was rubbing his alpha status in my face. Even though he had no idea that I had witnessed either event. I was mad at him, but I had no right to be.

I listened to Maddie's muffled moans as she reached an obvious climax. The rocking of the truck stopped as well.

I stood there, my cock rock hard, my ears pricked for any sound.

I heard a bit of soft conversation. Then I heard the sound of slurping. Then, gagging.

God. She was going down on him. Practically choking on his cock, from the sounds of it.

Now, it was Paul who was doing the talking. Suddenly, I could understand him. He was talking rather loudly. Once again, it was as if he either didn't care if Bryce heard him, or he wanted him to.

"Yeah, just like that. Suck that big dick."

I could hear Maddie moan as she took his shaft into her mouth. From the sounds of it, she was extremely enthusiastic about getting him off.

"Yeah. Deeper. Good job."

The sounds of sucking continued for a moment, then I heard Maddie come up for air, gasping a bit.

"God," she moaned, "I can't believe how fucking thick you are."

"Tell me it's the biggest you've ever had."

“It’s the biggest I’ve ever had,” she said, an edge of desperation in her voice.

“Tell me it’s bigger than Bryce’s.”

“It’s twice the size of Bryce. You cock is twice as big as his.”

“That’s a good girl.”

The slurping started again. Now the truck was rocking again. He must have been fucking her mouth. Maddie was groaning harder and more rhythmically.

“Fuck yes. Get ready. I’m close...”

She moaned in encouragement, coaxing the seed from his balls with the sound of her voice.

At the exact moment that Paul groaned out in pleasure, I also shot my second load of the night, splattering semen all over the ground outside his truck.

Once again, I was filled with shame and dread. Slowly, careful not to make any noise, I returned to my tent, pulling up the zipper one inch at a time so as not to make too much noise and give away the fact that I had been listening.

Behind me, I heard Maddie giggle again. Then, a few minutes after I was comfortably back in my tent, I heard the door of the truck slam.

She was gone, and Bryce would be none the wiser about her nocturnal activities.

Chapter 2: Emma

After that fateful camping trip, I didn't see Emma again until a few months later when I was walking out of the library on campus.

I recognized her immediately, but was unsure if she'd know who I was, or if she'd even be interested in talking to me.

But then she gave me a big smile, and fixed me with those same big eyes she had that first night around the campfire. The first night we'd met. Before she'd gone off with Paul and rutted on the beach.

I was smitten all over again.

And this time, so was she. We walked together from the library to the Humanities building, and then I invited her to get coffee with me.

She explained that she'd transferred to our university because of the nursing program. We chatted a little about her family and friends.

Of course, Bryce, Paul and Maddie came up.

"Bryce and Maddie are still together. They moved in together this semester," I told her.

"They seemed like a good couple," she said.

If you only knew, I thought.

"Yeah, they're crazy about each other."

"She had such cute hair," said Emma, "I wonder where she gets it cut. I need to find a good place around here."

"I can ask her."

"Yeah, would you?"

"I'd be happy to. Just give me your number and I'll make sure she texts you."

She smiled at me.

"That's the smoothest way a guy has ever asked for my number," she said.

I blushed, suddenly self–conscious.

"Don't worry," she said, "I'm happy to give it to you. Text me anytime."

She wrote it out on a piece of paper.

"Thanks," I said.

"What about Paul?" she said, innocently, "what's he up to these days?"

"He actually transferred to Haverford College," I said, "I think he's seeing a girl there these days."

"Oh. That's in Pennsylvania, right?"

"I think."

"Pretty far away."

"Yeah."

"So…," she said, suddenly looking down into her coffee mug, "this is a little awkward, but Paul and I had a little...fling. Nothing serious."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, we went out a couple of times after I met you guys at the lake. Ultimately, I decided he wasn't really boyfriend material."

"Ha. I can see that."

She gave me a big grin, as if to say, "unlike *you*."

"Well," she said, "I should go. But this was really fun. You've got my number. If you need to get in touch with me for any reason..."

Did I use that number? You bet I did. I wasn't going to let this opportunity slip out of my hands this time.

A few days later, she accepted my invitation to another coffee date.

After that, we went to dinner together.

After that, we went out for drinks.

On our fourth or fifth night out together, she invited me back to her room.

When we made love together for the first time, it was a beautiful thing. We were riding the same emotional wave. Looking into each other's eyes. It was intense, emotionally and physically, even if it didn't have the same raw animal power that her encounter with Paul had.

I barely lasted two minutes, but it didn't matter to Emma. She never had an orgasm from actual intercourse, but I was always very generous with my tongue, and she assured me that it wasn't a big deal to her.

After two years of dating, she started dropping hints about our future together. I had graduated and taken a job in the same city where we'd gone to school in order to remain close to her.

I took the hint and popped the question. I was overjoyed when Emma accepted my proposal of matrimony with tears in her eyes.

"I love you *so much*, Michael. I think I've been in love with you since the night we met."

"Me too," I said, a pang shooting through me.

I felt the exact same way. I always had. And I had no reason to doubt Emma when she said this. Hadn't we *both* felt that spark? Was it really *so* important that she'd gone off with Paul right afterwards and fucked him on that beach?

Hadn't it just been a meaningless hook–up, a one–time fling? Even if she'd gone on a couple of dates with him afterwards?

Wasn't she with *me*, not *him*?

This is how I had begun to think about things over our years of marriage together. Still, I could never quite get the images of that night out of my mind.

Sometimes, I tried to get Emma to talk about her time with Paul. She was usually evasive, trying to brush off my questions by

making jokes about how he seemed like a big, dumb jock, and wasn't that interesting to her now.

Neither of us had seen him since we'd started dating, but around a year ago, Bryce and Maddie (who were now happily married as well) had moved in to our neighborhood, buying a large Victorian house just a few blocks away from us. They had been working hard to remodel it, and now, a year after moving in, finally had it in the shape that they wanted, and were throwing a New Year's Eve party to celebrate.

Naturally, they'd invited Emma and me. But Maddie had also been careful to mention that there would be another guest on the list as well: our long–lost friend, Paul.

Paul and I had messaged on Facebook a few times, over the past several years. We'd actually invited him to our wedding, but he hadn't been able to make it.

I had been relieved, of course, not to have to think about my beautiful bride swallowing Paul's cum while she walked down the aisle next to her father.

So this would be the first time that either of us had seen him in person in a long time.

The party was that weekend, and it was only Monday.

Her nighttime routine over, Emma cuddled into bed next to me, where I sat reading my kindle.

"I can't wait to see what Bryce and Maddie have done with that place. I kind of wish that we'd bought it ourselves."

"You always say that," I teased, "but neither of us has the same do–it–yourself spirit that those two do. There's no way we'd ever take on a project like that, at least not in the way they did."

"Yeah," she sighed, "I guess you're right. But it's cool to live vicariously through them. Do you think they're going to flip it? Or are they sticking around for a while?"

“Bryce’s job seems really serious,” I said, “he thinks they’re talking about making him vice president. If that happens, they’re definitely sticking around. Plus, I’m pretty sure that Maddie wants a family.”

“Speaking of that…,” said Emma, snuggling even closer, “you know what time of the month it is for me?”

“You’re ovulating?”

“Well, maybe not yet. But sometime this week for sure. Pretty much any time between now and a week from now would be a great time to get pregnant.”

“Then I guess we’re going to have to try every night,” I said, putting my kindle on the nightstand and leaning down to kiss her.

“Whatever you say, dear husband,” she said, giggling a little as I pulled her in for an embrace.

A few minutes later, I was sucking on her nipple as I fingered her tight slit. It wasn’t really true that fucking a huge cock permanently changed a woman’s vagina, or else Emma never would have been as tight as she was. That first night — and whatever else she and Paul did together during their “fling” — would have changed her forever.

“That’s so good, honey. You’re so great with your fingers.”

Her hand was on my cock, stroking me. I was rock hard. I couldn’t help but start thinking about her and Paul that night. I knew I shouldn’t say anything, but I felt like I was going to. She still had no idea about what I’d seen — even after all these years.

“I think it’s time that you give me a baby,” she sighed.

Her panties were already off. She spread her legs and I entered her from above, sighing in pleasure as I felt her warm walls enclose me. I bent down and gave her a kiss on the lips.

“I love you, Michael,” she said.

“I love you, too, Emma.”

I pumped into her.

"Yeah, that's it," she said, smiling up at me, "just do what you want. God, I'm so horny."

Despite this confession, she actually didn't seem *so* aroused. More like determined to conceive a child with me.

I closed my eyes, the scene from the lake so many years ago flashing across my eyes.

I remembered Paul pumping into her from behind. Slapping her ass. I'd never tried anything like that with Emma. Despite how much she'd obviously loved it when *he* had done it, it just seemed so degrading. I didn't have the heart to treat her like that. To me, she was my wife. My angel. Even if she liked it.

"Yes, Michael. Yes. Just let it go. Come inside me and give me a baby."

It was as if she was trying to get it over with. Just get the sperm inside her so she could conceive. That was fine with me. It was a strategy that worked.

A few moments later, I shot my load inside Emma, looking into her beautiful eyes.

"That was nice," she said.

"Just nice?"

"Well, you know what I mean. I enjoyed it."

"But you didn't come, did you?"

"Well, no. I guess not."

"You *guess* not?"

"Ok, I didn't."

"Let me take care of that."

"You don't have to. It's late."

"I want to."

She gave me a slight smile, then sighed.

"Ok. I guess I don't mind."

I pulled out and began to massage her clit with my hand. She sighed.

"That feels good. Keep going."

She closed her eyes. I wondered what she was thinking about.

"Oh yeah. Just like that. Up a little bit. Good."

She took hold of my hand and moved it to the exact position she wanted it in.

"I want you to think of something sexy, ok, babe?"

"I am," she sighed.

"Is it Harrison Ford?"

I knew that she had a thing for the character of Indiana Jones, and it had become a running joke between us that if she ever met Harrison Ford she'd be allowed to have sex with him.

"Ha...no. Keep doing that."

I continued to circle her clit with my fingers, slowly working a single finger inside her. She was still extremely wet.

"Oh yes. That's good."

She was getting more and more aroused. I decided to take a chance.

"Do you ever think about people before me?"

"Huh?" her breathing was ragged.

"Like other guys. Do you ever reminisce about them?"

"There weren't that many 'other guys'," she said, giggling a little.

Obviously she was trying to dodge the question. I knew that she'd had one serious boyfriend who she'd slept with before Paul. Then there was me. So my question only could have applied to two people. Paul or her boyfriend in high school.

I continued to rub her pussy, fucking her with a single finger. My other hand found her nipple. I knew from experience that she absolutely loved this combination of stimulation.

"Oh God. Yes. Just like that. Don't stop. Don't stop."

I stopped.

She squeaked in dismay.

"Honey. *Please*."

"You didn't answer my question before."

"What question?"

"About whether you ever fantasize about other guys you've been with."

"Please, Michael."

"Come on. I won't be offended," I assured her, "I'm just curious."

"Ok," she sighed, pausing, "sometimes."

I started rubbing her again. She sighed with pleasure.

"Are you thinking about Paul now?"

She let out what seemed to be an involuntary moan.

"No!"

It wasn't a very convincing answer, and she knew it.

"Ok," she groaned, when I stopped my finger, "I'm… thinking about him..."

"Good," I said, "I want you to keep thinking about him. Remembering..."

"Ok," she said faintly, as if unwilling to admit to herself or me what she was doing.

I continued to circle my finger on her clit, fucking her hole with two fingers now as I played with her nipples.

"Oh God, oh God. It's so good. I'm going to...Oh shit. I'm so close..."

She looked so beautiful when she was this close to orgasm. I couldn't help but remember the very first time I'd seen her come, on that moonlit night so many years ago as Paul had fucked her

mercilessly from behind. I wondered if she was thinking about that night as well.

Or had her mind wandered back to some other incident during the brief time that they'd dated? Maybe that initial encounter — as explosive as it had seemed to me — actually paled in her memory in comparison to the other romps that they'd had.

I had no idea, and I'd probably never know. All I did know for certain was that Emma came harder than I'd ever seen her before.

Her face flushed. She was glowing. When her eyes opened and met my own, it was positively breathtaking. She was beautiful.

My angel.

"God, honey. That felt really dirty. But I came sooo hard. Thank you."

She kissed me passionately.

"I think your fantasy did a lot of the heavy lifting on that one," I whispered, "that is to say, your memory."

"Stop it," she said, "I feel bad that we were even talking about that. I never would have if you hadn't made me."

"Oh, I made you? You seemed pretty willing to do it."

I chuckled. Emma had to laugh, too.

"I guess that's right," she said, "still, I feel dirty. You're not mad, are you?"

"Why would I be mad?"

"You know. Because I admitted that I think about other people sometimes."

"That's no reason to be mad," I said, "I'd be surprised if you said you *didn't* think about other people sometimes. It's only normal."

"Oh yeah?" she said, a devilish smirk spreading across her face, "so does that mean that *you* like to think about other girls? I seem

to remember catching you checking out Maddie a few times over the years. I wonder if she still looks as good in a bikini as she used to."

Her tone was playful, but I was put back on the defensive.

"Ha ha," I said, "I guess I did used to check her out sometimes. But trust me, I'm over it now. I've only got eyes for you, babe."

It was true, too. Emma was the center of my world. She always had been.

"Whatever you say," she said, flashing me her beautiful smile once more, "I guess we'll see on Friday night."

Chapter 3: The Party

We arrived early. We hadn't meant to, but I think both Emma and I had been a little nervous about the party, despite the fact that we'd spent the entire week assuring each other that neither one of us had anything to worry about.

Even though Bryce and Maddie had lived practically next door to us for the entire last year, we hadn't seen much of them. They had been busy with the remodeling work on their house, and Emma and I had our own concerns. Emma was finishing up the last year of her master's degree, and I had recently received a promotion at work.

This accounted for a certain amount of the explanation as to why we hadn't spent so much time with Bryce and Maddie, but the truth was that we simply weren't as close to them as we had been when we were still in college. That was probably inevitable.

I looked over at Emma. She looked wonderful. Under her long faux–fur coat, she was wearing a black cocktail dress that came to just above her knee. It had two small straps that meant that her shoulders were bare. She'd pinned her hair back, and was wearing a bright red Taylor Swift–like shade of lipstick.

She was also wearing the golden necklace that I'd bought her for our five–year anniversary. She looked great, and I'd told her so. By comparison, I looked like a total bum. But I had actually done my best to dress up a little. After all, we'd been told by our hosts that it was to be a "semi–formal" party.

When the door opened, and Maddie stood there in a dress almost identical to the one Emma was wearing, it was clear that she'd made the right choice in attire.

"Emma!" she squealed, throwing up her arms as my wife leaned in for an embrace, "it's so great to see you! You look wonderful. Come in!"

She turned to me, pulling me in for a hug as well. I loved the way her ample bosom pressed against my own chest. She had

stayed in shape over the years and was still a total knock–out. Bryce was a lucky guy — if she wasn't still cheating on him, that is to say.

Maybe Emma had been right. Maybe I did have a little thing for Maddie.

I sighed. Even if I did have a crush on her, I'd never get a chance to fuck her and Emma in the same night like Paul had.

I handed her the bottle of white wine we'd brought.

"Aww," she said, pretending to be disappointed, "I was hoping you'd bring some Jack Daniels and Bud Light. Just like in the good old days. This looks expensive."

"It cost about as much as a case of Bud Light," I said, "so that's pretty much the same thing, huh?"

"Ha," she said, "you're so funny Michael. I'm glad you haven't changed."

Funny? Did she really think I was funny? I couldn't help it. I was flattered. For a moment, I thought that maybe Maddie had a thing for me, too.

We walked into a bright foyer. The wood floors had obviously been refinished, and there was fresh paint on the walls, which were also hung with several striking abstract modern art pieces.

"This place looks amazing!" said Emma, "I hope you'll give us a full tour."

"Of course we will," said Maddie, "but first let's get some drinks in you. You're the first guests to arrive, but I'm sure everyone else will be here shortly."

"How many people are you expecting?" asked Emma.

"Oh, I'd say like forty or fifty, total. That's assuming that everyone comes."

"Wow! Do we know anyone?"

"Well, you probably know the Olson's on the corner. That cute older couple with the little white dog? And there's Kyle and Elisabeth from across the street from you guys."

I nodded.

"And of course there's Paul."

"Yeah," said Emma casually, "you mentioned that he might be coming. How's he doing these days, anyway?"

"Good, from what I hear!" said Maddie cheerfully, "he's got a new job. He's like a...teacher or something. I dunno. You'll have to ask him."

A teacher? That seemed really out of character for my former frat brother who seemed like he had been on the path to become something like a stock broker or at least an accountant. I simply couldn't see him in the classroom. But I guess people change.

"Wow, I never would have guessed," said Emma.

"Let's go see what Bryce is up to. You two need some drinks," said Maddie.

We followed her into a large, high–ceilinged kitchen. There, standing at the center island, was Bryce. He was chopping vegetables and seemed surprised to see us when we walked in.

"You're *still* doing that?" said Maddie, a little exasperated, "it's 6:00 already."

"Oh, is that right? Hey, guys!"

He greeted us as if no time had passed since we'd all run around together in college.

"That's it?" laughed Maddie.

She turned to us.

"You'll have to excuse my husband. He really is excited to see you two again after so long. We were just talking the other day about how long it's been since we've spent any real time together. He's just not good at showing his feelings."

"I am too," Bryce replied, a bit irritated, "I'm *very* happy to see both of you. I'm just in the middle of this."

“Ok, ok,” laughed Maddie, “at least tell us where the champagne is.”

“It’s over there, in the ice bucket. I just opened it.”

“Do you have the other bottle chilling? For the toast at midnight?”

“Yep, it’s ready to go.”

“Perfect.”

A moment later, we were raising a glass of fine champagne, toasting to our reunion. It was quite a contrast to the old days.

The doorbell rang, and Maddie disappeared to answer it. Soon, we heard even more voices in the foyer.

“I think I’ll go say hi to everyone,” said Emma, “you and Bryce probably want to talk about guy stuff anyway.”

Bryce and I looked at each other.

Once Emma had left, Bryce reached into a cupboard below the kitchen island and produced a bottle.

“You know what this is?”

“Hell yes,” I said, looking at the bottle of Pappy Van Winkle 10–year, “where’d you get this?”

“Let’s just say I know a guy, and I’ve been saving it for a special occasion.”

He poured us two generous glasses.

“Good to see you again, bro,” he said raising it, “Paul better get here soon, because some of this is for him, too.”

Bryce put the bottle back into the cabinet and we each took a glass in each hand and went out into the dining room to join the guests.

“If anyone asks, it’s Wild Turkey,” said Bryce, giving me a wink.

I nodded.

The bourbon was as delicious as could be, and it left a pleasant burning sensation near the back of my throat. This combined with

the champagne from the glass in my other hand, caused me to feel relaxed and optimistic. It was going to be a good evening. A fun party.

That's why I wasn't at all disturbed to see Emma talking to a tall man in a well–fitted suit jacket and a bow tie. He had a pair of thick glasses on.

At first I thought I didn't recognize him, but then, after Emma let out a high peel of laughter and reached out and touched his shoulder, I realized:

It was Paul.

This was quite a transformation: from a loud frat boy to professorial type.

I walked over to them. Emma was doubled over in laughter now, her hand on his arm. She slowly dropped it when she saw me approaching.

"Honey," she said, "it's Paul!"

"I know," I said, "I recognized you. But it was hard. You never wore glasses before!"

"I always wore contacts," he said, "but I was too ashamed of them to tell anyone. My little secret."

He extended his hand warmly and I took it. His handshake was firm.

"It's great to see you, man. What's it been — like six years?"

"Hmm, let me see," I said, thinking, "maybe more like seven. What have you been up to?"

"I was just telling Emma that I finished my PhD in Art History last year, and I started a new job at a little college about fifty miles away from here."

"Art? History?" Bryce was as flabbergasted as I was.

"Weren't you at Delloite and Touche? You called it 'Delloite and Douche' last time I talked to you."

Paul smiled.

"I guess I wasn't very mature back then."

Emma was doubled over in laughter again.

"Deloitte and...douche," she giggled.

I glared at her.

"Sorry," she said, "I guess I just it just struck me as funny for some reason."

"You know what strikes *me* as funny?" I said, slapping Paul on the shoulder, "that the resident meathead in the frat house would turn out to be such an aesthete."

"Oh come on, honey," said Emma, frowning at me, "you don't even know what an aesthete is."

"I do too."

"Ok, ok," said Paul, smiling, "I admit. It's pretty funny. I did a lot of dumb stuff back then. But what can I say? After a year of working at that consulting firm, I realized that I wanted more out of life. I had a lot of money, but I didn't have meaning. I took a trip to Italy, I went to the Uffizi, and I thought to myself: there's more to life. A lot more. So I enrolled at NYU, and the next thing I know I'm going to museums, doing archaeological digs in Rome, and writing my dissertation on..."

Emma interrupting, touching Paul's arm.

"Did you say 'archaeological digs'? Like Indiana Jones?"

She looked over at me and winked. It was a reference to her favorite sexual fantasy, of course.

Come to think of it, he *was* wearing a bow tie like Jones did in *The Last Crusade*. I thought it looked stupid on him, but I could see how Emma might like it.

Suddenly, I didn't find this little joke very funny. What was she doing teasing me like this? Did she really like him?

Why did I find that possibility enticing?

I struggled with myself, trying not to show how far her question had gotten under my skin.

Luckily, Paul answered quickly.

"Ha, sure, but I'm not actually an archaeologist per se, though some of my field work involves archaeology. I always work together with an expert. I study Roman mosaics, you see."

Bryce looked over at me, holding his hand to his face and whispering loud enough for Paul to hear it.

"What would they have said back at the frat house? This is about the gayest shit I can imagine!"

Emma frowned. She didn't approve of such off–color jokes.

"Guys," she said, "I think it's fascinating. And I'm sure that Paul is anything but *gay*. Surely you've made some woman very happy..."

"Nope," said Paul, smiling, "I mean, I've probably made some women *happy*, but I'm not married, if that's what you mean."

"*Really*?" Emma cocked an eyebrow.

Now I was really mad. What the hell was she doing? Flirting with him right in front of me?

"Emma," I snapped, "can I talk to you a minute?"

She gave me an irritated look.

"What?"

I gestured for her to follow me into the next room.

"What the hell was that?" I asked, "that shit about Indiana Jones?"

"That thing was a little inside joke for you. I thought you'd find it funny. You don't have to be so insecure."

"How can I not be when you're flirting with an ex–boyfriend right in front of my face?"

She looked absolutely shocked and appalled.

"*Flirting*? I was just making conversation. Jesus Christ, Michael! You men are so sensitive. And he was never really my *boyfriend*. We

just had a fling. A long time ago."

"If you were just making conversation, why make such a big deal out of the fact that he's not married, huh?"

"Because my friend Jenna just broke up with her boyfriend and is looking for someone. She studied Art History, remember?"

Emma's eyes were large and a bit watery. As usual, I was powerless to resist them.

"I...I guess I do remember that," I said, "I'm sorry if I overreacted."

"Yeah," she sighed, "you did overreact, ok? Paul was just a guy I went on a few dates with. That's all. You're my *husband*."

This might have made me feel better if I hadn't known what those "dates" consisted of: raw, passionate, animal lovemaking. I'd seen it with my own eyes.

I thought back to the lake, and images of my wife's mouth pursed in pleasure as she cried out while Paul thrust into her from behind filled my mind. I started to get hard.

Part of me wanted to push them together. To see if that old spark was still there, after all these years. Even though Emma was denying it, I could tell from the look in her eyes when I came into the room that she was still transfixed by his presence. Even though Paul dressed like a dweeb now he was still in great shape, and was still packing that huge unit in his pants.

"Ok," I said, "I'm sorry. You should be able to talk to Paul. In fact, why don't you go out there and see what he's up to. I'll go and see what Maddie is doing..."

"See?" laughed Emma, "there's someone for you, too."

She gave me a peck on the mouth and winked at me.

I laughed.

I followed her back into the foyer, where Paul was still standing next to Bryce. I heard Bryce saw the words "10–year–old…" and "manufacturer's suggested retail price..."

I grinned. They were going back for more whiskey.

"Guys," I said, "don't leave me out of this."

Bryce smiled and gestured with his head towards the kitchen door.

"Shh," he said, "come on."

We caught up over three more glasses of Pappy in the kitchen, and at least three more beers on top of that.

By the time I was finished, I was feeling like I was back in the frat house. Any kind of jealousy or animosity I had felt toward Paul was gone. In fact, I found myself making comments that I knew I would regret in the morning.

"Emma's beautiful, isn't she?" I slurred.

"Yeah," said Paul, "you're really lucky."

"Well, I think so," I said, "but you know what I'm talking about. We're not just *frat* brothers. We're *Eskimo* brothers, right?"

Paul laughed uncomfortably.

"I guess," he said, "but that was a long time ago, man. She's your *wife* now."

"Sure," I said, "but that doesn't mean that she's never thought about anyone else. I mean, just the other night, she admitted that she sometimes reminisces about the times you two were together."

"What?" Paul broke out in laughter, "why the fuck are you saying this to me, man? You must be wasted. Let's get you out of here. Just put you in a cab and get you home. You're telling me stuff that you shouldn't."

The room started spinning around me. He was right. I was really drunk. Everything was catching up to me now, in a single moment.

I stumbled out of the kitchen, with Paul on one side of me and Bryce on the other. I was vaguely aware of Emma standing off somewhere to the side of me, talking in a concerned tone.

“I don’t need to puke,” I slurred, kneeling on the bathroom floor, “you guys know me. I never puked back in college. I was like the only one.”

“You might feel better if you did, honey,” said Emma.

I swung my head up to try to look at her. My vision was blurry, but I could still tell that she looked beautiful.

“Let’s take him upstairs,” said Bryce, “he can sleep it off in one of the guest bedrooms.”

I tried to say something, but I only managed to groan something incoherent.

“Ok,” said Emma, “do what you’ve gotta do.”

I don’t remember much of what happened next, but Paul and Bryce must have taken me under the arms and dragged me up the stairs to the guest bedroom, because the next thing that I remember I was waking up in a dark bedroom of a strange house, dressed in all of my clothes.

Chapter 4: The Bedroom

At first, I didn't know where I was. My mouth was dry and my head was spinning. It was still nighttime, and I was still extremely drunk, but other than that, I couldn't really orient myself. I raised myself to my elbows and looked around.

Moonlight poured through the window. It was enough to illuminate the room, which was a small, neat bedroom with a twin–sized bed in the middle.

Slowly, my memories returned. I was upstairs. Still at the party.

Shit.

Fuck.

What an idiot I was. Had I really told Paul that Emma still fantasized about him? What the hell was I thinking? And getting drunk like a total idiot in front of everyone?

I decided the best thing to do would be to rest for a few minutes, so I lowered myself back to the bed, cursing softly.

God damn it, Michael. You're such a fucking idiot.

After about 15 minutes, I was ready to get up again and face the music. Maybe I'd be able to sneak out of the house before anyone saw me. Besides, the residents of the house must be in a similar state to my own, or whoever slept in this room would be asleep in the bed that I was lying next to.

That's when, suddenly, the door opened.

I froze.

"Michael?"

It was Emma. I almost said something to her, but then I noticed a large shape looming up behind her.

It was Paul.

"Is he still asleep?" whispered Paul.

“I think so,” said Emma, stepping into the room, “I’m just going to make sure he’s still breathing.”

She bent down towards me. I kept my eyes closed almost completely, opening them just enough to make out the dimmest outline of her face.

“Michael?” she whispered again.

She waved her hand in front of my eyes. I didn’t budge.

“Well,” said Paul, “I guess we should leave him here.”

“If he’s staying the night, so am I,” said Emma, “but we can’t both sleep together on this twin mattress.”

She was right. These old Victorian bedrooms were mostly small, and even the twin mattress almost filled the room.

“There’s a bigger one down the hall,” said Paul, “come on. I’ll show you.”

Immediately I felt a surge of jealousy. Paul was going to “show” my wife to an empty bedroom? And was he planning on sleeping there with her, too?

The idea immediately filled me with a sense of incredible anticipation, and also not a small amount of dread.

It was like my greatest dream and my worst nightmare were both about to come true at once. My wife was going to be alone with her old fling, the man who she’d had explosive sexual chemistry with at one time.

As far as either of them knew, I was passed out on the bed. They could do whatever they wanted.

“Ok,” said Emma, slowly closing the door and latching it behind her, “I guess he’ll be fine here.”

“He’ll be totally fine,” said Paul, laughing from the other side of the door, “you don’t know how many times we did stuff like this in college. We all survived.”

Emma replied with something that I didn’t understand, then they disappeared down the hallway.

I waited for a long time in silence, trying to figure out what might have been going on down the hall. Were they together in the other bedroom? Had Paul decided to call it a night and go home?

Despite my best efforts, my level of intoxication was such that it was difficult for me to fight sleep for too long, and so I dozed off for a few minutes.

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I awoke with a jolt.

The light in the hallway was off. I couldn't tell how much time had passed, but it might have been an hour or more later.

At first, everything seemed quiet in the house. Absolutely still.

Then, in the faint distance, I heard it: Emma's giggle.

I got out of bed and stood on the floor, as quietly as I could. I dropped to my knees and went to the door, opening it a crack.

There it was again. Emma laughed, then said something that I didn't understand.

I slowly pulled the door open, praying that it wouldn't squeak.

Good old Bryce. He must have oiled the hinges during the renovation work, because it opened completely silently.

I slid forward on my knees through the darkened hallway, scooting towards the sound.

I came to rest just outside a door.

The next thing I heard was the unmistakable sound of lips smacking together.

"Oh God," said Emma, giving a little moan, "we shouldn't be doing this."

"We don't have to," said Paul, his voice playful, "but I can tell you want to."

"Of course I *want* to," she said, her voice desperate, "I want you so bad. But what about Michael?"

"He's dead to the world," said Paul, "he'll never be the wiser."

More sounds of lips smacking together.

My cock was suddenly rock hard. I was breathing heavily. Half of me wanted to break into the room and tell them to stop, the other half wanted to break in there and give them my blessing.

"What if he comes in here?"

"Trust me. He's not going anywhere. That guy was *wasted*."

The springs of a bed groaned as Paul's huge body pressed down on them.

I put my eye to the large keyhole on the door. It must have been original, because I had an almost totally unobstructed view into the room.

What I saw filled me with a mixture of lust and despair. There was Emma, my wife, sitting on Paul's lap and practically attacking him with kisses as he sat on the edge of the bed.

There was a small light on nearby, creating a mirror effect on the window opposite the door. I could see two views of what was happening.

Emma looked so small, so fragile perched on Paul's lap with her arms around his neck.

"I want you so bad," she moaned.

Now it was Paul who seemed to have second thoughts.

"Are you sure you don't want to go down to my car?" he asked, his huge hands on my wife's back.

"You told me you drive a Prius now, right?" said Emma, "you can't lie down in there. Besides, he's not going to come it. You said so yourself."

"Aww, we don't need to lie down. Remember that time in my Honda Civic? *That* worked just fine."

"Oh God. How could I forget?" gushed Emma, "I was sore for like a week but it was so incredible. I've thought about that night, and the night at the lake, and the night in my bedroom for years..."

"Well *I've* thought about the afternoon in the library, in the carrels, almost every night for the past decade."

"Oh God," said Emma, "now you've got me *really* turned on. I still can't believe we did that. I guess college students will do anything if they're horny enough."

"I had to hold my hand over your mouth because you were going to scream," he said, "I know you were."

"I can't help but scream when I have your dick inside me," she moaned breathlessly, between kisses, "I can't stop it. You just turn me into a total *slut*. I've never met anyone like you. I don't know how you do it."

His hands were under her dress, toying with her breasts as she thrust her lips against his.

Slowly I began to realize (to *really* realize) what was happening: I was going to watch my wife make love to another man. It would be the second time I'd seen her in such a situation, but the first time that she was actually my *wife*, and not some cute stranger we'd all met just a few hours before.

Of course I could have turned back and gone back into the bedroom where I'd been sleeping. But I wasn't going to do that. I knew that if I didn't watch what was going to unfold before my eyes, I'd regret it forever. Hell, I might regret it forever if I *did*. But I made a decision right there: I was going to watch.

I watched as Paul reached behind her and unzipped her dress, letting it fall onto the floor behind her. Her bra quickly followed.

I ached with longing when I saw her naked breasts bathed in the glow of the lamp, the very same breasts that were so familiar to me. Now I saw them in an entirely new light.

My cock, erect, strained against my pants.

I watched as Paul explored Emma's beautiful chest with his hands and mouth. She'd loved it when I played with her nipples as well, and she was cooing and moaning in pleasure, once again

seemingly oblivious to the fact that she was in another woman's bedroom.

"Oh Paul. God that's good. I want you so bad..."

After a few minutes, Emma seemed to be driven out of her head with desire.

"I want you," she said, "now."

She pushed him down onto the bed so he was laying crosswise on its surface, then stood, pawing at his belt until she had unfastened it and pulled his pants down to his ankles.

Already, the outline of his cock was visible under his underwear, but its true size was only apparent once she'd pulled down his boxer shorts and freed it, taking his shaft in her hands and stroking him as she stood on the edge of the bed.

"God you're so big," she said, grinning at him, "even bigger than I remember."

It was true: he seemed bigger than I remembered him that day at the lake. He must have been eight or nine inches, and thick. She needed both hands to stroke him.

She bent down and took him into her mouth. Her petite stature, his massive length and the height of the bed meant that she was able to blow him while standing.

I watched her full lips close around his cockhead, licking it and sucking it, teasing him with her tongue.

"Emma," he said, "you're so good to me. I love how you do that."

I cringed at hearing him use the "L" word. *Love*. He hadn't said he "loved" *her*, but something about the fact that he uttered the word just hit a little too close to home.

"I love doing it, too," she said, sending a stabbing sensation into my chest, even though my cock was completely erect and leaking precum into my underwear, "and I love your big cock. I missed it so much. I want it inside me. Now."

"Yes, ma'am," said Paul.

God she looked great. Memories of our last sexual encounter flitted through my mind. I began to rub my cock through my pants as I watched Emma strip off her thong, smiling at Paul, before she climbed onto the bed and rubbed her wet pussy along the length of his massive rod.

I had no idea how she was going to take the whole thing, but the two of them seemed to have had a lot of experience making it work already, even if that experience was now in the distant past.

She grabbed his shaft and slowly, gingerly lowered herself onto it, biting her lip in concentration as she did.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, "I can't believe how *thick* you are. I love it."

"And I can't believe how tight you are," he panted, holding her hips in his massive paws and supporting her as she lowered herself onto him, "after all these years. You feel incredible."

"You feel...*amazing*."

She let out a little whimper as he finally bottomed out inside her.

He reached up and pawed her breasts, covering them completely with his massive palms. She closed her eyes and threw back her head as she began to ride him, the bed creaking underneath them.

"God yes," she moaned, "I love it. I love making love to you."

I watched in awe as this attractive young in the prime of her life — my lawfully wedded wife — bounced up and down on an impossibly large and thick phallus.

This — I realize now — was a true turning point in my life. Not the night at the lake so many years ago. This one. Now. I never quite got over that curious mixture of eroticism and humiliation that came from watching Emma with her new lover.

Their coupling was quite romantic. Sweet, even. Despite the passionate efforts of Emma, who continued to ride Paul's rod with abandon, the entire scene was completely loving.

She slowed her ride several times to lean down to kiss him, building to one climax and then pulling back, totally in control of the encounter. Paul, for his part, seemed to love the way that she took charge of the situation despite her small stature.

Probably it was all he could do to keep from shooting his load inside her the second that he felt the walls of her tight pussy around him. I remembered that, despite the fact that I was nowhere near as thick as Paul, it was often a tight fit when I penetrated Emma. And if it was tight for me, well, it was almost impossible to understand how Paul could even fit inside.

They know what they're doing, I thought, still trying to remain as motionless as possible, even though I was fairly certain that there was absolutely no way for them to notice me at the keyhole.

"Yes, Paul, oh yes. I'm coming. I can't believe it. I'm coming so hard," announced Emma, throwing her head back and biting her lip as she started to ride him harder and faster.

Anyone else in the house would have been able to hear the bed creaking as Emma moaned. I wondered if Bryce and Maddie were also passed out drunk, or if they were lying in bed awake on a different floor, listening as their guests reached new heights of illicit carnal ecstasy.

The sight of Emma climaxing as she rode Paul was beautiful. Her entire lithe upper torso was thrown back, her nipples erect and her back straight. Then, suddenly, this incredible tension released as the climax traveled through her body like a powerful wave that I swore I could see.

She let out a yelp, clearly trying to suppress her own cry, but only succeeding for a moment as the pleasure caused her to abandon all of her inhibitions.

"God yes!" she moaned, "I… missed you…so much..."

Paul, for his part, was practically motionless during her climax, supporting her with his hands but otherwise largely inactive, as if offering his outsized phallus as a sex toy for the pleasure of his smaller partner. He might as well have been asleep for the last minute or so of their encounter.

"Wow, Paul," said Emma, a minute or so after her climax, "let's get *you* off now, too. I want you to take me like you did the first night we were together."

"Really?"

This request seemed to perk Paul up suddenly. There was no doubt now that he was fully awake.

"Yeah," she said, "now stand up. I need *more*."

The bed groaned as he pulled himself to his feet. His shirt was unbuttoned, exposing his bare chest. He was hairy with a small paunch, but extremely muscular. He must have kept up his workout routine, despite his scholarly ways. His pants were down around his ankles, and I got another good long look at his enormous erection.

It was as long and thick as Emma's forearm. I felt awed. Totally outclassed. Out–manned.

And what's more, I loved it. I was in an incredible completely powerless situation where all I could do was watch. There was no way I'd be able to compete with a man like Paul. Not in this one fundamental area. It all came down to biology. The survival of the fittest. The biggest and baddest males got to breed the most desirable females. And what I was about to witness might turn into one such breeding.

I thought of the last time we'd made love. When she'd told me that she'd be ovulating this weekend…

I knew I should stop her at this point. Any self–respecting husband would have done it long ago.

Any self–respecting husband wouldn't have gotten drunk and blabbed about his wife's sexual fantasies.

I guess I didn't have a whole lot of self–respect left. My cock had taken over that area of my brain.

Emma got on her hands and knees on the bed, backing her ass up to the edge of it. Their height difference was such that Paul was able to slide into her from behind while still standing. He was so much larger than her in every way that it would have been almost comical in another situation. I suddenly remembered that he'd played football in high school. I still showed: he was definitely the size of a linebacker.

He grabbed Emma's hips and began to thrust into her quickly and firmly. If he'd been inactive before, that was completely gone now.

Emma, petite though she was, seemed to need it even harder and rougher.

"Yes, babe," she moaned, gripping onto the bed sheets, "don't hold back. Just like the time at the lake..."

"At...the...lake?"

He gasped his question between increasingly harder thrusts that sent the bed slamming into the wall. It was clear that whatever concern they'd had before about being quiet was now completely gone.

"Yeah. Give it to me hard. I can take it."

He grabbed a handful of her beautiful hair. I remembered the silky texture of her locks, the smell of her conditioner that I'd smelled just that morning, and a pang of longing shot through my body.

My hand was on my shaft now and I was stroking myself as silently as possible, so close to the edge but also wanting to prolong the moment.

"Fuck me, babe," Emma moaned, "give it to me."

"Oh yeah," panted Paul, slamming himself into her harder and faster, slowly losing an inhibition he might have had about hurting

his small lover, "you love this..."

"I love your dick," said Emma, "I love your big cock..."

I'd never heard her talk like this. The dirtiest that she got with me was saying something like "I want you to make love to me."

By comparison, what was coming out of my wife's mouth now was obscene.

Was this something that she was saying because she knew that it got him off? Or was it something she genuinely felt?

"Give me that big cock, Paul," she moaned, "fucking *fuck* me. I want you to fill me..."

Paul slapped her ass suddenly, the crack filling the room and startling me enough that I twitched, bumping against the door with my hand and almost giving myself away.

Luckily for me, however, the two lovers were too much in their own world: a primal, animalistic world of passion.

"This is the biggest cock you've ever had," he growled, "admit it..."

"It's the biggest, Paul," she moaned.

"Bigger than Michael…," he panted, slamming his cock into her, "am I bigger than your husband?"

"You're so much bigger than him," she moaned softly.

He spanked her again.

"Say it again," he laughed, "say it louder."

This was some kind of game to them, obviously.

"Ok," she moaned, "you're so much bigger than my husband..."

"He could never fuck you like this, could he?"

"No, he never could. I can't even come with him..."

For some reason, being humiliated like this only turned me on even more. It was like a dream. Some kind of impossible fantasy coming true…

“That’s right,” said Paul, pushing her forward onto the bed so that she was flat on her stomach while he drilled her.

“You’re so much bigger than him,” she moaned as he held her head up by the hair, “so much better in every way.”

“I’m going to come,” he growled, “where do you want it?”

I half expected her to tell him to pull out, like she had that night at the lake, but what she said next wasn’t entirely unexpected, either.

“I want it inside me. Fill me, please...”

Her voice was plaintive. Desperate, even.

I couldn’t take it anymore, and neither could Paul. I shot a dribble of sperm onto my hand (luckily I didn’t spray it hard, or I would have hit the door) just as Paul collapsed forward onto the bed, pressing Emma into the mattress as he spent himself inside her.

For a long time, the room was silent except for the sound of their heavy breathing. I had no idea how Emma wasn’t being crushed by Paul’s weight, but he must have been supporting himself somehow, despite the appearance of him pressing down on her with his entire bulk.

Then, slowly, they started moving again. He slowly slid out of her, and she flipped over and stood up.

“Shit,” she said, “where are my panties?”

“Should I turn on the overhead light? I’m going to find the light switch,” said Paul, standing and then fumbling along the wall for a moment.

I was frozen in terror. He was walking right towards me. If he opened the door, even for a moment, I would be revealed for the pervert that I was.

It would have been a fitting end to the evening, in many ways.

Luckily for me, however, Emma — who had no qualms whatsoever about fucking her former lover so loudly that the whole

house could hear — was now suddenly sensitive to the fact that she was cheating on her husband in her friend's bedroom.

"No!" she whispered sharply, grabbing his hand, "come on. I think they're on the floor here."

She bent down and found the thong, then slipped it on, smiling at Paul as she did so.

He bent down and kissed her.

"God, I've been wanting to do this for so long," he said, "you have no idea."

"No," she giggled, "*you* have no idea!"

I slowly backed away from the door and scuttled back to the guestroom as quietly as I could, my pants around my knees.

I had just crawled back into the bed and under the covers when I heard voices in the hallway again. A moment later, the door opened, and Emma looked in on me.

"Michael? Babe?"

I didn't stir.

"He's still down."

"I told you," said Paul.

I heard the sound of smacking lips.

"Stop that," scolded Emma, "what if he wakes up?"

"If he knows, he knows," said Paul, "what's he going to do about it now?"

Emma seemed to give into this line of reasoning, because there was another long bout of kissing.

She let out a short moan.

"God, I just can't get enough of you..."

"Come back to bed with me."

"We can't risk it," she whispered, "he could wake up anytime. Go back and sleep in the other room like they told you to."

There was another long silence, punctuated by kissing. I lay with my eyes tightly shut, almost unable to stand the feelings of longing and lust that coursed through my body.

Finally, they parted. It was silent, and I fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 5: The Morning After

The next morning came quickly, but no one in the house stirred for a long time. I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling and going over the events of the previous night in my head.

It seemed like it had all been a dream. But I couldn't decide if it had been the fulfillment of a long–held fantasy, or the realization of all of the fears I had surrounding my marriage to Emma. The entire time we'd been together I'd been haunted by the vision of that first night at the lake. The image of her and Paul coming together in such a primal passion.

I'd always secretly suspected that she'd still had feelings for him, or at least lust. At the same time, I'd longed for a chance to see the two of them together again.

Now that I'd had the experience of seeing them fuck not once, but twice, I was unsure how I felt about it. On the one hand, it had been erotic beyond my wildest dreams. I'd seen a side of Emma that she never showed me in our marriage. A woman driven by pure lust and desire to the extent that she was ready to let her lover ejaculate inside her on the day of the month when she was likely the most fertile.

It had been an incredible act of betrayal, but nothing about it had seemed calculated. It seemed, on the other hand, that she was almost powerless to resist the attraction that she had for Paul.

That made what happened seem understandable. Natural. Inevitable, even.

What was I, but an obstacle? That's what I'd been the whole time, perhaps. If Paul hadn't broken up with her back then, maybe Emma would have married him instead. Emma had told me that she didn't consider Paul "boyfriend material," but surely that wouldn't have mattered to her if she was still getting sex like that on a regular basis?

I had no idea how Emma was going to act when we saw each other again. I knew she would probably be angry with me, and she

had every right to be. I'd behaved like a total idiot.

On the other hand, *I* had every right to be *furious* with her. But admitting that would also be admitting to her what I'd seen, and then we'd have to confront her betrayal openly.

I wasn't sure that I wanted that. It would mean the end of our marriage, for one thing, but it would also mean that I'd never have another opportunity to see her and Paul together again.

Eventually, around 10:30AM, the smell of coffee wafted up from the downstairs, and I decided it was time for me to emerge. I had to face the music.

I came into the kitchen to see Bryce and Emma standing at the stove, each holding a coffee cup.

"Hey, soldier," said Bryce, himself not looking so fresh, "Happy New Year! You reminded me of the good old days last night. How're you feeling?"

"Ok," I said, "Happy New Year. I think I'd like some coffee."

"Of course."

Emma gave me a sympathetic look, running her fingers through my hair and smoothing down a mat as I put my arm around her and pulled her in for a quick smooch.

"Happy New Year, babe. You gave us a scare last night," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I know I was probably acting like an idiot."

To my surprise, she simply smiled at me. In fact, she was positively glowing.

God damn it. This was somehow worse than if she'd screamed at me in front of Bryce. It was clear that she was still basking in the afterglow of her treacherous ways.

"Yeah, you were," she laughed, "but I'm just glad that you're on your feet again. It's not the end of the world."

"Thanks, anyway, for taking care of me," I said, taken aback.

"I didn't do *that* much. There was no way I was going to get you upstairs. That was Bryce and Paul's doing."

"Well, thank you Bryce. I'll have to thank Paul the next time I see him."

"Oh, you'll get a chance to see him pretty soon, I think," said Bryce, "he spent the night upstairs, too. You saw him up there, right, Emma?"

Emma seemed taken aback by this. A guilty look quickly passed across her face. Or was it my imagination?

"Uh, no…," she said, "I was in the room across from Michael."

"Huh," said Bryce, "I figured you might have run into him. He was in the other bedroom just down the hall from you two."

"No…," she said.

I could have told that she was lying even if I hadn't known it for a certainty.

"Oh, cool," I said, "so this turned into a sleepover. Just like in the old days, huh?"

Bryce handed me a mug of coffee.

"Thanks," I said.

A moment later, Maddie appeared in the kitchen wearing a bathrobe, her hair mused and her eyes sleepy. She was just as attractive as ever, and when she smiled at me, I felt a warm feeling pass through me.

"Happy New Year, Mikey," she said, "you were pretty gone last night. Must have been that good whiskey..."

"Yeah," I said, feeling a bit sheepish, "I'm sorry for any trouble that I caused. Happy New Year to you, too."

She waved her hand, then yawned.

"Don't worry about it. You've seen all of us in a similar state, I'm sure."

"True, but that was back in college," I said.

"Still."

Just then, Paul popped his head into the kitchen.

"So this is where everyone is," he said, sounding remarkably chipper, "is there any coffee left for me?"

He was wearing his undershirt and trousers and was unshaven.

Maddie gave him a huge grin.

I remembered that night at the lake. What I'd heard standing outside the truck. Surely, there was no way that Paul had pulled off the same trick last night as that night at the lake? Was it possible that he'd fucked *both* of them?

How long had those two been alone upstairs while Bryce and Emma were down here?

If they'd been fooling around, wouldn't I have heard them? I'd been awake for at least an hour before I got out of bed.

I remembered that the house had multiple stories, and the two of them might have snuck off to some far–away bathroom for a quickie. It seemed totally brazen. Incredibly risky, especially for Maddie.

But hadn't it been risky that night at the lake, too? They'd been in a truck right next to the tent where Bryce was sleeping.

Was it possible that she also had the same kind of animal lust for Paul that Emma had? That he was really just *that* irresistible?

I studied Maddie's face as she chatted with Paul, inspecting it for signs of post–coital flush. It seemed like she was being especially guarded while she talked to him. Friendly, but careful.

A moment later, Emma tapped me on the arm.

"Uh, Michael?" she whispered, "I know you think she's cute, but you're staring..."

I snapped my gaze away from Maddie. Luckily she hadn't noticed.

“Sorry,” I whispered back to Emma, “I was thinking about something else.”

“Mm–hmm,” she said.

“Well,” said Bryce, turning away from the stove, “I’ve got pancakes here, for anyone that wants them.”

We all sat down on at the table and wished each other a happy New Year once again. It wasn’t the most auspicious start to a year that I could imagine, but at least it wasn’t a boring one.

Chapter 6: The Aftermath

We finally headed home that afternoon, and both had the same idea: a New Year's Day nap. I still had a considerable hangover, and I knew that Emma had missed out on a lot of sleep as well, so — without even hopping into the shower, first — we both fell into bed, Emma in a large t–shirt and sweatpants, and I in my underwear.

I woke up before Emma did. I looked over at her, asleep. How could someone so angelic do something as awful as what she'd done? She'd had unprotected sex with another man while she thought I was passed out drunk nearby. She *should* have been wracked with guilt, not sleeping like a baby.

But there was such an incredible look of contentment on her face that I could have believed that what I'd seen the night before had only been a hallucination.

I bent down and kissed her forehead.

To my surprise, she opened her eyes, meeting my kiss with her own, closing her eyes and pressing her lips to my mouth, passionately.

She only kissed me like this when she wanted sex. My own passion was inflamed in the same moment. I was seized with an urge to reclaim her. To ensure that my own sperm had a chance at fertilizing her egg — if it wasn't too late.

But why did she want to make love? Was she trying to assuage her guilt? Was she just trying to relive the night of passion with Paul, using me as a proxy?

I didn't know, and in that moment, I didn't care. I kissed her back, my hand finding one of her nipples and teasing it gently until it was erect.

"Oh, Michael," she sighed, "don't stop what you're doing."

I continued to play with one of her nipples while I lifted her t–shirt and kissed her other nipple. She moaned in response.

At the same time, I reached down and slowly, gently parted her lower lips. She was soaking.

Extremely creamy.

I knew *why*, of course.

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

I continued to tease her clit with a finger while I sucked on her nipple. She placed a hand on the back of my head, lacing her fingers through my hair.

Then, she exerted a gentle pressure downwards. At first I thought it was my imagination, then I realized that she was serious.

She wanted me to go down on her. She was going to literally rub my face in the evidence of her betrayal. And for some reason, it turned me on. The fact that she was filled with my friend's sperm should have infuriated me. But for some reason, the idea of Emma being so blasé about this incredible betrayal only made me harder. For some reason, this felt right. Logical, even.

"You want me to...go down on you?" I murmured, looking up at her.

"Yeah," she said, her voice showing signs of her arousal.

I kissed down her stomach, taking my time as I neared her wet slit. The fragrance of Paul's creampie reached my nostrils. It was overwhelming. I thought I might retch at first, but I began to breath through my mouth as I pressed it to her lips.

"Oh God, yes. Just like that, babe," she moaned, moving my head up a bit.

I tried to focus on licking her clit, but I somehow found myself with a mouthful of sperm.

"Yeah, that's it," she said.

I thought about spitting the gob of semen out, but she continued to exert gentle pressure on the back of my head, making it difficult. It was just easier to swallow at that point, and so I

choked down first one mouthful, then another and another of my friend's sperm.

"Oh fuck. Just like that!"

Emma was on the edge of orgasm much more quickly than normal. Then, suddenly, she was coming. As her pussy contracted, she propelled one last glob of cum onto my tongue.

Then, she fell back onto the bed, her body completely relax.

I reached up and wiped off my face. My cock was rock hard. I was ready to put it inside her.

I propped myself up and began to guide myself to her entrance, but she shook her head and grabbed my shaft, pushing it to the side.

"Not now," she said, "let me take care of you."

She gently pushed me to my back, then gripped my shaft, stroking it up and down, my precum serving as lube.

"Seems like you enjoyed seeing Maddie again," she said playfully, "didn't she look nice?"

Was she trying to get me to admit my own adulterous desires in order to feel bad about her own?

All I could do was nod.

"Mmm," she said, teasing my balls, "I thought so. She looked pretty good in that dress, didn't she? Her tits are still nice and perky, and I bet you found a chance to check out her ass, too, didn't you?"

"Emma," I gasped, "why are you talking about her?"

"Shh," she said, "it's just a bit of fun, right? A naughty little fantasy. Totally harmless..."

She was playing with my balls now. I couldn't help but think about Maddie now. But I wasn't thinking about her the way she'd been last night, but rather the night at the lake, so many years ago. How good she'd looked naked in the moonlight. The sound of her moans while Paul was fucking her in the back of his truck…

“Seems like you enjoyed talking to Paul again,” I managed to whisper, as she sped up the pace of her strokes.

She smiled.

“Maybe I did. He’s a very accomplished guy, now.”

“I could tell he reminds you of...Indiana Jones...”

“Mmm, yeah I guess he kind of does.”

“You made a joke about it, remember?”

“I guess I did,” she said, breaking out into a huge smile, “that bow tie was kind of cute, I have to admit.”

I groaned as she stroked me.

“Does that turn you on, honey? Does it turn you on to imagine me fantasizing about another man?”

I nodded.

“What do you want him to do to me, honey?” she whispered, “do you want to watch your little wife take your friend’s big cock?”

I couldn’t even reply. I didn’t say yes or no, I just shot a huge load of cum all over her hands and my stomach.

She smiled at me and then gave me a peck on the cheek.

“Just a fun little fantasy,” she whispered, “I’m going to take a shower now.”

I nodded.

***

Her period came and went about a week later. Even if she’d been fertile on New Year’s Eve, Paul hadn’t given her a baby.

This, at least, was a small consolation for me.

I kept a close watch on Emma for the next few weeks. I was convinced that she was going to try to see Paul again, one way or another. Now that she knew that he worked not too far away, there would be opportunities for her to sneak off and see him.

What's more, she'd probably exchanged numbers with him, so they might be texting.

I logged in to check our phone records. I looked through Emma's text messages. There were a couple of numbers that I didn't recognize, but only one or two message *to* her phone from those numbers. Not enough of anything to indicate a sustained exchange.

This didn't assuage my fears, because I knew that she could be talking to him on Facebook or any number of other platforms that would use data and wouldn't be so obvious on the phone bill.

Luckily, she occasionally used Facebook on our home computer, and left herself logged in. All I had to do was wait for a moment when she was out of the house, and I could snoop.

It didn't take long for me to find my opportunity.

"Hey," said Emma one night, "I think I'm going to go work out."

"Really?" I said, genuinely surprised, "didn't you go this morning? You never work out at night."

I could immediately tell that something was up. What's more, I think that she knew that I suspected as well, because she looked away guilty. She stuck to her line, however,

"Yeah," she said, "I did cardio. I want to do some strength stuff, though."

"Ok," I said, trying to sound casual, "have a good time."

"Thanks," she said, giving me a quick peck on the cheek before heading off.

Immediately, I raced to the computer and logged on. I went to Facebook. Sure enough, she was logged into her account.

I went to the messages tab, looking for evidence that she'd contacted Paul.

Nothing.

Then I went to the friends tab. Paul wasn't there, either.

Had I been wrong? No. That was impossible. I knew my wife, and I knew that she was still in contact with him. They were still seeing each other. I just didn't know *how* exactly.

Maybe I should have tried to follow her when she'd driven away just now. That would have been difficult to pull off without her noticing. She obviously knew my car, and would wonder what I was doing driving behind her.

In desperation, I clicked on Paul's name and sent him a friend request, still posing as Emma.

He accepted it right away.

"Aren't you driving?" he asked.

Bingo.

My heart raced. I'd caught them red–handed. They must have been communicating some other way. Hell, maybe Emma had a secret phone. I wouldn't put it past her.

"Forgot the address," I wrote, hoping to trick him into telling me where she was headed.

"What do you mean?"

"Where are you?"

Fuck. If I wasn't careful, he was going to be on to me, and the whole thing would be ruined.

Shouldn't that be what I *wanted*, though? To ruin their little extramarital romp?

Deep down, I didn't want that, though. I wanted the two of them to be together. I just wanted to know about it.

"The hotel," he replied, "you know. The same one as before."

Exactly as I'd suspected. This hadn't been the first time.

I thought hard about the hotels near our house. Which one would be on the way to Paul's college? There were at least three.

Which one would Paul pick?

I decided to take a stab in the dark.

"The Hyatt?" I wrote.

"Yeah, of course. What else?"

"Sorry," I wrote back quickly, "I never remember the name..."

"See you soon."

I closed the browser and raced into my shoes.

A moment later, I was in my car, backing down the driveway. My wife would be at the hotel in a matter of minutes, but I might be able to make up the lead she had on me if I really raced there.

I put the pedal to the metal, as they say, and made it to the Hyatt in about ten minutes, having broken several traffic laws on the way there.

Luckily, no one had really paid much attention, and there hadn't been any police officers on the path.

I immediately spotted Emma's blue Rav 4 in the parking lot. I'd come too late to catch her in the act of going into the hotel, and I knew it would probably be useless to try to figure out what room they were in.

I should have asked that on Facebook. But then again, that might have given me away when Emma inevitably mentioned it herself.

So I sat there, in my car, staring at the Rav 4, thinking about my marriage, thinking about Emma and Paul and the night so long ago at the lake, and the night more recently at Bryce and Maddie's place.

They didn't exactly seem like a couple. Not the same way that Emma and I were a couple. Emma and I loved the same free–time activities. We loved cooking the same foods. We loved the same TV shows and movies. I somehow couldn't imagine Paul sharing any of those same interests. Even if Emma pretended to be fascinated with Art History, I knew that she got bored if she was in a museum longer than an hour.

What was a marriage based on, really? Sexual fidelity, to be sure. But what happened when real sexual *passion* entered the

picture?

Sex was a disruptive force in anyone's life, I realized, it made the smartest people do the stupidest things. It made people hurt the people they loved.

Hell, maybe *I* would have done the same thing if Emma had gotten drunk and Maddie had come on to me that night.

Maybe I'd be the one stepping out on Emma and cuckolding Bryce.

Couldn't things have easily been reversed?

I looked at my watch. She'd been in there for at least twenty–five minutes. I tried to imagine what was happening in that hotel room. The clothes coming off. The kisses.

Emma on her back on the bed, Paul thrusting into her.

Emma on top, riding Paul. Her head thrown back in ecstasy.

Emma on all fours, Paul slamming into her from behind.

My cock was hard thinking about it. I started to rub myself, imagining Paul shooting his seed deep inside my wife.

It was so horrible, this game she was playing. She might easily be knocked up by him. And then what? Was she planning to leave me? Go and raise their child together?

Was she going to make me raise another man's child? Did *I* still have a shot at getting her pregnant?

Not if she kept giving me handjobs like the other day.

Just then, the lights on the Rav 4 turned on. She had somehow slipped by me while I was staring out the window, lost in my own fantasy of her and Paul fucking.

I turned on my car and slowly drove home. I'd have to think of an explanation for my absence when I returned, so I stopped off at a grocery store and grabbed a bottle of wine and a few other things that we needed.

When I got home, Emma was upstairs in the bedroom, drying her hair. She'd just gotten out of the shower.

"Hey babe," I said, giving her a kiss, "don't you usually shower at the gym?"

"I figured since it was so late, I'd just come back home. Where were you?"

"At the store," I said, "I got us a bottle of wine."

"Well then," she said, "you'd better bring me a glass."

"Are you sure you want to? You know...the whole baby thing?"

"I don't really think I'm pregnant," she said, which relieved me for some reason, "and besides, I doubt a little glass of wine is going to do the baby in."

"Ok," I said.

"But if it makes you feel better, you can make it a small one."

I nodded.

Emma kissed me. She was in the same ebullient mood she had been on New Year's day. I would have thought it was strange if I hadn't known the cause: her recent tryst with Paul in the hotel room.

I went downstairs and poured two glasses of the wine, bringing them back upstairs, where Emma was in her nightgown sitting in the armchair in our bedroom. She looked so radiant in the glowing light of the lamp.

She turned her head to look at me, giving me a huge smile. My heart melted, just like every time that I looked into her eyes. Even after I'd seen evidence of her betrayal, not once, but twice.

"That's just what I need," she said, reaching for the smaller glass.

We toasted. For some reason, I was feeling strangely fatalistic about the whole situation. I realized I didn't have much control about what Emma did or didn't do. I had to admit that I part of me

was growing to resent her, but another part wanted to see what direction things would take.

A smarter man would have been getting ahead of the impending divorce: hiring a lawyer, gathering evidence of Emma's infidelity. But for some reason, I just couldn't do it. It was almost as if I'd become an observer in my own life.

We drained our glasses slowly, chatting about the household chores that would have to be done that weekend and the upcoming winter storm headed for our area. During our conversation, I gazed into her eyes.

For a while, I forgot everything that had happened between her and Paul, and she was simply my wife again: petite, brunette, and radiantly beautiful.

"Do you want another?" I asked her, when her glass was empty.

"I'd better not," she said, setting the glass aside, "but I do want you to kiss me."

Setting my own glass aside, I rose. She stood as well, and we embraced. I kissed her.

"Make love to me," she whispered, "I want you to give me a baby."

I reached up under her shirt and found a nipple. She moaned softly, melting into me. I was hard, instantly. I recognized that she was probably manipulating me. Making sure that some of *my* sperm was inside her, too, just in case she had Paul's baby.

A moment later, she was on her back on the bed, and I was kissing down her neck. She sighed in pleasure. I reached down into her panties and felt her. She was already extremely wet, and her pussy was already open. I didn't have to guess why. She'd already taken Paul's extremely thick penis inside her earlier in the night, and she hadn't totally come down from that height of arousal.

It was also clear that she was, once again, filled with his semen.

“Be gentle,” she said as my fingers touched her clit, “I’m feeling really sensitive down there today.”

Maybe it could have something to do with the fact that you’ve been plowed for at least twenty minutes already tonight, I thought to myself, but I didn’t say it.

Instead, I teased her very gently, just with my fingertips, until she was moaning and cooing my name.

Her eyes closed, she laced her fingers through my hair and kissed me, then pushed me ever so gently down.

It was obvious what she wanted. This time, I was strangely ok with the fact that I was about to eat another man’s semen. It even turned me on, to be honest. I’m not sure why. Maybe it was because I was, in some small part, partaking in the passion that I’d witness.

Tasting the chemistry between them. Literally.

Emma must have been getting off on it too, because she knew that I’d be eating another man’s sperm when she asked me to go down on her. It was pretty audacious for her to think that I wouldn’t notice, but maybe some part of her *wanted* to be caught.

Maybe this was all driven by a sense of guilt.

I don’t know. All I knew was that in the next minute, my face was buried in her muff once more, drinking in her juices and Paul’s sperm mixed together as she moaned.

“Yes,” she said, “just a little more. Higher.”

She moved my head to where she wanted it, bucking her hips up to meet my lips.

A few minutes later, she was climaxing, and I was choking down huge mouthfuls of my rival’s seed.

“Yes, babe. Just like that...”

Finally, she lay motionless on the bed, flushed and spent from her orgasm. I pulled myself back up to her eye level and wiped my face with the back of my hand before bending down to kiss her.

“That was so good,” she said.

An immense feeling of satisfaction filled me. I could still please my wife. I suddenly forgot about the fact that I had simultaneously been cleaning up after her lover.

"You're not done yet, though," she said, "I wasn't kidding — I want you to give me a baby."

It would be the first time I'd been inside her since New Year's. I guided my throbbing erection into her, feeling her walls grip me even though she was looser than normal due to her arousal and the fact that she'd accommodated Paul's much–thicker rod just a matter of minutes before.

I moved inside her. Her eyes were closed.

"That's it," she said, "just do what feels good to you."

She seemed detached from the situation. Like she was trying to be somewhere else. She was probably back in the hotel room she'd just left, reliving the slow, passionate lovemaking or the rough, animalistic sex that they'd had. Maybe it had been a combination of both. Or first one, then the other.

I closed me eyes myself and thought about her that night on the lake, thrusting her hips back against him as he took her from behind.

Then I thought about her in the dim lamp light of the spare bedroom, riding Paul's cock, her head pitched back in ecstasy.

"Oh God, Emma," I groaned, "I'm so close..."

"That's it," she said, as if trying to sound interested, "just let it out. Just cum inside me."

It was almost as if she'd been a bored prostitute trying to speed along a client.

I remembered how perfect she'd looked when she'd climaxed riding Paul, the sweaty strands of hair framing her angelic face.

I came, dribbling my cum into her.

Now I've given her an alibi, I thought to myself, *if he knocks her up, she can have be plausibly believe that the kid is mine.*

I slowly pulled out. Emma opened her eyes. I thought I could see brief flash of contempt in them.

What had happened to us? Had our whole marriage been a lie, destined to fall apart the moment she had a chance to sleep with Paul again?

Or had it all been an accident, a crime of opportunity, enabled by the fact that I was so intoxicated that I couldn't intervene to remind Emma of her marital vows.

Worse still, thinking back to that night, had I, at least unconsciously, incapacitated myself with alcohol *on purpose*, in order to give the two lovers another chance to be together?

I held Emma as she fell asleep in my arms. I contemplated these things long into the night before finally falling asleep myself.

Epilogue

I logged back onto Emma's Facebook the next day and erased the traces of my spying, deleting the chat logs. I didn't bother to unfriend Paul, but I did hide his posts from her timeline so she'd be less likely to notice the manipulation.

Emma was uncharacteristically moody for the next several days, then suddenly happier than I'd seen her in a long time. We didn't have any sexual contact, but she was extremely affectionate and sweet.

During this time, I tried to keep track of her whereabouts as closely as possible without being too obvious about it. During weekdays, it was much harder for her to sneak off to a hotel, and I reasoned that Paul probably had to be on campus most days, and his commute didn't leave him a lot of time for fooling around during the day, unless of course, he was actually sleeping in the Hyatt some nights.

All of these considerations soon flew out the window, though, one Wednesday in mid–February, when Emma greeted me at the door, holding a pregnancy test stick in one hand.

"Look. Look at it! It's positive."

"What?"

I could barely speak.

"That time… a couple of weeks ago."

"After you went to the gym?"

(The "gym" in this case, being, of course, Paul's hotel room at the Hyatt.)

"Mmm–hmm," she said, throwing her arms around my neck and giving me a kiss, "you're going to be a Dad."

I was speechless. It didn't seem like she was going to try to divorce me to be with Paul. Had she even told him? Would she?

Was the baby mine? Would I want to know if it wasn't?

Holding her close, I finally broke my silence.

"That's so great, honey. I can't wait to tell everyone."

"Well," she said, "I should go to the doctor first. And I think you're supposed to wait until the twelfth week. But I have a good feeling about this..."

***

Emma's good feeling turned out to be right: the pregnancy stuck, and after our initial visit to the OBGYN, we made a general announcement to our families and closest friends.

"I'm going to text Bryce and Maddie," she said, "I know they're going to be so happy for us. They are going to start trying soon themselves, I think, if they haven't already. Wouldn't it be fun for our kids to grow up together?"

"Yeah, that would be great. Hopefully they're as successful as you were."

I caught myself.

"I mean, as *we* were."

"Right," said Emma, suddenly thoughtful.

"I guess we should tell Paul, too," she said, hesitating a bit, "he's one of the gang, after all..."

"That's right," I said, "do you have his number?"

"No," she said quickly, "but *you* must, right?"

"Yes," I said, "I can send him a text later. Might be fun to hear how he's liking his new job, anyway."

I studied her face for a reaction to this. She smiled, as if thinking back on some kind of pleasant memory.

Suddenly, I couldn't take it anymore. The hurt was too much. I wasn't going to leave her. I had no intentions of abandoning her with the child, but I just couldn't bear to let her think she was getting away with this.

"Oh," I said, "speaking of Paul. There's something I've been meaning to tell you."

"Yeah?" she said, turning to me, her face glowing.

It was like she had been longing just to hear his name.

"Well," I said, "did you think it was odd how he and Maddie were upstairs for a lot longer than the rest of us on New Year's morning?"

"No…," she said, "why would that be weird?"

"It's not weird by itself," I continued, observing the look of concern that was spreading across her face, "or it wouldn't be, if not for one other thing."

"What other thing?"

The mood in the room was tense now. Emma was on pins and needles. Just how I wanted her.

"Well," I said, "it was a long time ago. Do you remember the night we first met? Around the campfire at the lake?"

She smiled.

"How could I forget?"

"Of course," I said, "well, that night, after I went to bed, I woke up to pee, and I heard some very...interesting noises coming from Paul's truck."

Her expression was dark now.

"What kind of noises?"

"Maddie was in there with Paul," I continued.

It was like her heart was breaking in slow motion, the same way mine had…

"Maddie was in there doing *what*?"

Her voice was a hoarse whisper.

"Fucking," I said, "they were fucking. From the sounds of it, she was *loving* it."

“That bitch cheated on Bryce?” she fumed, suddenly furious.

“Yeah,” I said, “she must have seen something she liked when we were all skinny dipping, and decided she was going to try it out. I have a feeling they might have had a second round on New Year’s Day while we were all downstairs. Hell, who knows. Maybe they’ve been doing it for years...”

“But that’s...impossible,” she said, a tear forming in her eye, “why are you telling me this? This is just a joke, right?”

She looked into my eyes, her gaze so wide, innocent and beautiful, just like the first night I’d met her.

As much as I wanted to get revenge, I couldn’t bear to see her like this.

“Look,” I said, trying to backtrack, “that was a long time ago. Maybe it was a dream. Maybe I mistook someone else’s truck for his in the middle of the night.”

“Maybe you did,” she said, wiping a tear from her eye.

All relationships are built on a combination of truth and illusion, I thought, all marriages, even the happiest, are built on some form of collective fiction, woven by two people. Ours was just a little different.

“In any case,” I said, pulling her close, “that was all a long time ago, and for now, we’ve got to look towards the future.”

Had I forgiven her?

I guess, in a way, I had. Maybe planting the seed of doubt in her mind concerning Paul’s exclusive interest in her had been the little piece of revenge that helped me live with Emma, and myself.

In any case, I decided that, no matter what the truth was, I was going to be this child’s father. I wasn’t going to get a paternity test.

“That’s right,” said Emma, holding me close, “we’ve got to look towards the future. Together.”

THE END

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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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— XX

Cynthia

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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…

HER SECRET BOYFRIEND

Chloe is an amazing woman: young, intelligent, beautiful, fertile and totally inexperienced.

So when Ben meets her, he knows he has to clean up his life. He stops drinking, finishes his degree, gets a good job as an engineer, and asks her to marry him.

To his surprise, she says yes! Ben is overjoyed: the woman that he loves loves him back.

There's only one thing standing between this couple and a perfect life together: Ben's fantasy of watching his innocent wife, totally unprotected, making love to a well-endowed, dominant man.

Even though he knows it's wrong, Ben can't help but encourage Chloe to indulge his cuckold fantasies. When Ben's old friend John enters the picture, Ben's wildest dreams come one step closer to becoming a reality. Soon, John and Chloe are seeing a lot of each other. But how far does their relationship really go?

Can Ben and Chloe's marriage survive HER SECRET BOYFRIEND?

HER SECRET BOYFRIEND (ca. 52,000 words) is an explicit novel for adults only, exploring the emotional and physical pitfalls of cuckolding and the hotwife lifestyle.

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