
HALLOWEEN
Hotwife
SIZE QUEEN EROTICA
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

HALLOWEEN HOTWIFE

By Cynthia Sizemore

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HALLOWEEN HOTWIFE

Halloween Hotwife

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

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

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

"I know that's what *you* want," she said, smiling at me.

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

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

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

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

truth, we actually had sex the night that we got engaged, but that was close enough, wasn't it?

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Probably spilled bourbon on it."

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

***

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

"What's that?"

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

over."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"*Now* do you understand?"

"Dorothy!" I exclaimed, "of course!"

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

"So you want me to be..."

"The Cowardly Lion! Of course."

"And you get to be 'sexy Dorothy'?"

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

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

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

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

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

***

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

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

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

"I think I know that guy," she whispered, "I'm pretty sure he's Deborah's therapist. Marcus something..."

"Well for a therapist, he really can dance."

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

"Maybe you should dance with him...," I said suggestively.

"Oh stop it," she said, "he's not my type. Too muscular. Now that guy..."

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh my God," laughed Samantha, "I can't believe I didn't recognize him. It's Chris. Chris Johnson!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Have you met my wife Emily?"

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

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

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

"Yes!" she cried excitedly.

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

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

"That's good," replied Chris, "you always need one partner in a relationship who's thinking straight."

"Which one is it in your relationship?" I asked.

"Emily, of course," he laughed.

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

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

"I have noticed it," I said, "have you noticed what Samantha's wearing?"

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

I slapped him on the back.

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

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

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

I gasped audibly at what I saw.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You see what they're doing, right?"

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

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

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

"I did *not* know that," I said, my mouth dry, "you think there's a possibility..."

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

"The rumor is that this guy Marcus fucks his clients as part of his therapy practice. It's some kind of experimental thing that

started in the 1970s and that no professional organization endorses nowadays," continued Chris, as I watched "Sexy Dorothy" rub her ass against the UPS man's package.

"So, you mean..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're excited, aren't you?" she asked, concerned for a moment.

"Yes, of course! I've always wanted you to be a hotwife. You know that."

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

I did know. The Walshs lived on a relatively large piece of land, and their guest house was anything but "little." It was another

complete house, set back about half a kilometer from the main house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha looked over at me.

"Are you ready for this?"

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

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

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

She beamed at me for a moment longer, then kicked off her ruby slippers and fell down next to Emily onto the mattress,

embracing the taller woman and pulling her close for another long kiss.

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha nodded.

"It's ok," she said, "he doesn't bite."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wow, I love your muscles!"

"If you love his muscles," said Emily slyly, "just wait until you see his 'love muscle.'"

"I can't wait," laughed Samantha, "should we get it out now?"

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

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

"Oh yes," said Marcus, "I assure you that it's very real."

"He's like twice as big as you, honey!" she blurted, looking over at me.

I cringed a bit internally, but nodded.

"It's ok," said Chris, "he's bigger than me, too."

"Yeah, it's fine," I said, trying to smile at Samantha.

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

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

"It's so fucking beautiful," said Emily, "I love it when you bring him out to play."

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh God, ladies,” groaned Marcus as the two women gave his genitals an expert tongue bath, “you’re really spoiling me. You’re both going to get excellent customer service from me after this. I guarantee it.”

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

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

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

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

“Good girl, Dorothy. Why don’t you take a turn on my gearshift now?”

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

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

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

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

He turned to Emily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

anymore."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samantha could only groan her reply between gasps of pleasure.

"He's...not...as...thick..."

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

"God, honey," moaned Samantha, "he's going to make me come. I can't believe it!"

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

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

"Ready for me to take control, Dorothy?"

She nodded, whimpering slightly.

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

"Oh God," she screamed, "faster, please. Harder! I'm going to...I can't believe it..."

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

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

"Honey," moaned Samantha, "I'm coming!!"

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

"I need..," she panted, "a little break."

"That's ok," said Emily, "because I need a turn."

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

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

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

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

She gave me a smirk.

“Not you, Lion.”

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

“You, Indiana. Get over here.”

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

He stripped off his suspenders as he approached my wife, and bent down towards her on the bed as he fiddled with his belt buckle. She sat up and pulled him down for a long kiss, surprisingly me with her forthright expression of desire.

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, wow," she said, "that's *very* impressive. Do you see, honey?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is that right? Well ok, then."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sounds like your wife needs a nice deep dicking more often," laughed Chris, "she's got a nice tight little pussy. I'm glad Marcus didn't stretch her too much for me."

"Mmm...stretch me, please," moaned Samantha.

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

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

“Fuck yes,” was Chris’s only reply.

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

“Where do you want it?”

“Inside me, please!” begged Samantha.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For a long time, the room was silent.

Then, Emily spoke.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oops, sorry honey,” she said, “I guess once I start being a whore, I just can’t stop.”

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

“Thanks!” said Samantha, handing me the card.

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

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

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

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

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BECCA GETS BLACKED

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

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

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike's nose. Before long, he's not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet, inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

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

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

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

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BLACKED BY HIS BULLY

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

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

Kevin isn't just any neighbor.

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

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

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

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

LOSING LENA

Mike and Lena run into some trouble on their way to the Bahamas to celebrate the completion of their graduate degrees. Trouble, in this case, in the form of Carl, a tall, handsome and hung African-American corporate mediator with an unconventional approach to conflict resolution.

When bad weather grounds their flight and confines all of them to a hotel in Washington, D.C., Carl helps Lena and two other women learn the true meaning of "BDE."

Soon, Carl is giving Lena one-on-one lessons in submission in his hotel room. What he and Lena don't know, however, is that Mike is watching them the whole time. He can't take his eyes off his innocent girlfriend who, as it turns out, is not as inexperienced as she seems.

Come along with Mike as he watches his girlfriend in the experienced, dominant arms of a well–endowed black man. Mike already knows he can't compete. But will it matter to Lena? Will he lose her for good, or will they be able to come to some kind of arrangement that grants her the freedom she so obviously needs and desires?

Find out in this 14,000–word novellete that chronicles one woman's descent into submission while her boyfriend watches.

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