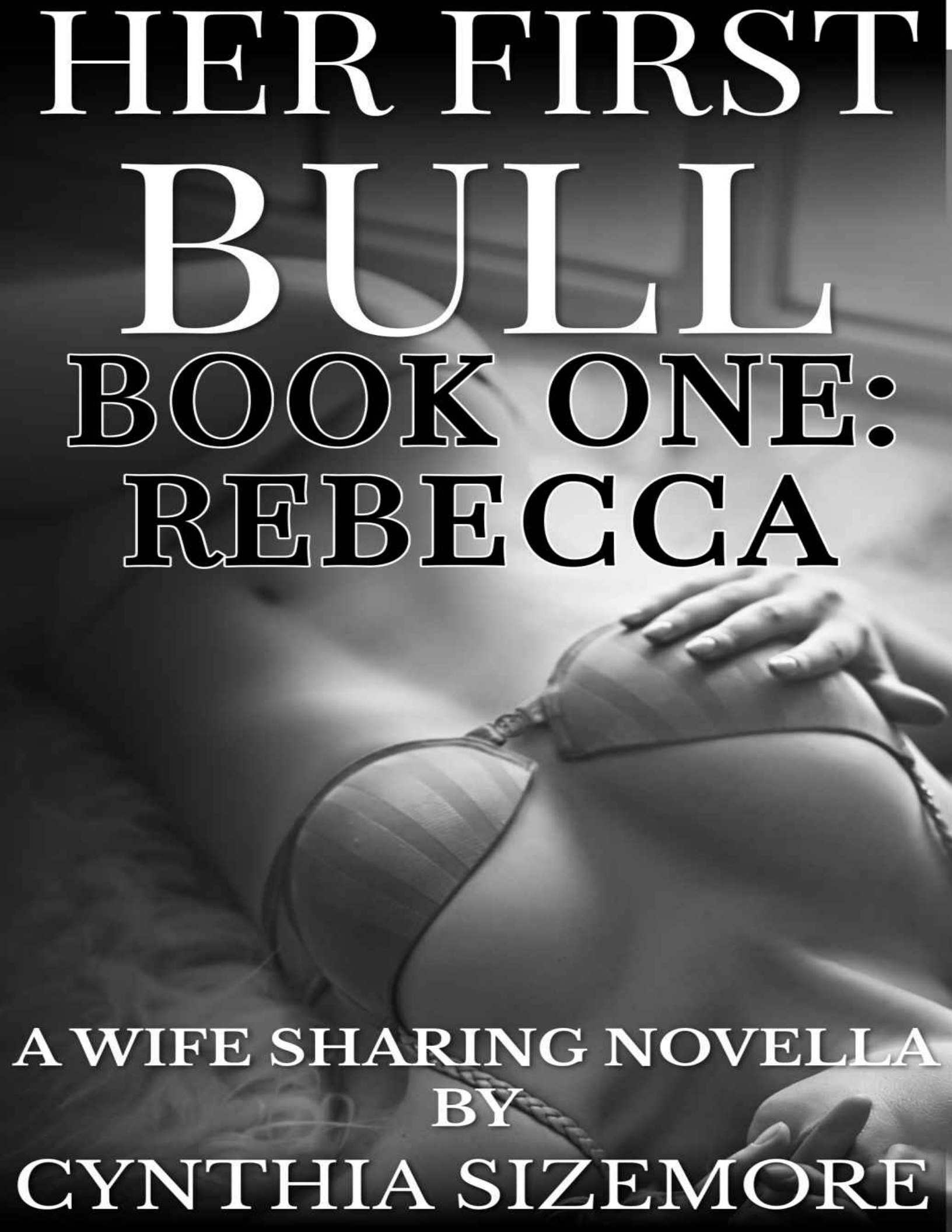
HER FIRST BULL

BOOK ONE: REBECCA



A WIFE SHARING NOVELLA

BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA

By Cynthia Sizemore

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HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA

Introduction

For as long as I could remember, I had been obsessed with the idea of seeing my wife Rebecca experience a well–endowed lover. I can't say why, exactly.

No. That's not entirely true. I have a pretty good idea of why, even if it doesn't explain absolutely everything.

It all goes back to one of my first dating experiences. My freshman year of college, I'd fallen deeply in love with beautiful blond student my same aged named Kristen. We had fooled around quite a bit, often getting *very* hot and heavy, but she'd never been willing to go "all the way" with me. Finally, we broke up — or, to be more accurate, she dumped me — but decided to "remain friends." This meant that when she finally decided to lose her virginity, she talked to me about all the dirty details only a few weeks after we'd broken up.

I don't think that Kristen *meant* to hurt me. At least I'm pretty sure she didn't. But she told me details about her lover that haunted me for the rest of my life.

"The thing was," she said, smiling at the fond memory as we strolled through a park near the college, "he was so much *bigger* than you. I really thought it was going to hurt bad. It did hurt a little, but when he finally got it inside, I felt so full that I came almost immediately. I never thought that was going to happen! Most of the women I know say that it takes them forever to learn how to come from vaginal penetration alone. Maybe they're with guys your size, though."

This remark, even though (or perhaps *because*) it was so casual, cut me absolutely to the bone. I was devastated, but also — for reasons I don't entirely understand — extremely aroused. I found myself pressing her for more details. We were friends, after all. She could share anything with me.

"What positions did you do?" I asked, dreading the answer.

"Oh that first time, just missionary. I was sore for a day or so after, but I couldn't wait to try again. So he came to my dorm, and we got to do pretty much everything: doggy, girl on top, even standing. I came in every position. He even got a little bit rough with me which I absolutely loved."

"Like…how do you mean?"

"He spanked me and pulled my hair and fucked me really hard. I don't know if I would have accepted any of that if he hadn't had such a big cock. I know that sounds like a funny thing to say, but it's true! He just seemed so much more dominant. So masculine. He oozed this kind of authority that I'd never experienced with another guy. It was magnetic. He could have done whatever he wanted to with me."

Her face took on a dreamy look.

"I don't mean to make him sound like an asshole or something. That's not true at all. He was actually a really nice guy. Just totally confident and effortlessly dominant. Maybe having a big cock like that changes a guy's whole personality. I don't know."

For the next few weeks, all I could think about was the innocent Kristen, the girl whose virginity I never had a chance to take, giving it all up for a man with an enormous endowment. Doing things with him that would have shocked her years or even months before. Doing all of them willingly, out of instinct, simply because of his dominant masculine essence. I couldn't stop thinking about it, and I couldn't stop imagining them in action when I masturbated, inventing details that I couldn't know and that she'd never told me about.

Every time I jerked off to this fantasy, I heard Kristen's words echo through my head: *I felt so full that I came almost immediately*.

I saw Kristen a few times for coffee after that incident, but I never succeeded in getting her to divulge any more details about that encounter. I think that she sensed that my interest had a strange erotic undertone that didn't appeal to her. She really did

want to be “just friends” with me, and didn’t need a creepy ex–boyfriend probing her for details about her sex life.

Chapter 1

In any case, Kristen and I drifted apart once I met Rebecca, my future wife, a few weeks later. Rebecca and I both sang in the university chorus, so we saw each other often.

A chance question about where to buy sheet music for the course turned into a coffee date, and before either of us knew it, Rebecca and I were inseparable.

All of us — Kristen, Rebecca and I — went to a small liberal arts college in the country that was about an hour's drive from the city where we'd all grown up.

Around six months after we started dating, Rebecca and I lost our virginity to each other. It was a beautiful moment: in her dorm room, on her bed, her wonderful black hair spread out on the bedspread and the light brown skin she'd inherited from her Italian father making such a great contrast to my own paleness. I drank her in that day, and I never wanted to leave her side.

Six months after that, we were engaged, and six months after our college graduation we were married. Throughout that entire time, we hadn't been with any other people. Rebecca was my goddess. While we were dating I couldn't even *look* at another girl. Even now, I have no desire for anyone but her.

Even after everything that's happened since then.

Although I was absolutely satisfied with our sex life, I couldn't forget that conversation I'd had with Kristen. It haunted me. It wasn't that I was ashamed about feeling inadequate, it was that I loved Rebecca so much that I began to think that I was depriving her of a pleasure that she was entitled to experience.

The pleasure of being with a well–hung, dominant and effortlessly masculine lover.

Which is why I started trying to get us to discuss our previous sex lives, the things that we'd done before we'd gotten together. I

didn't have much to report. After all, Kristen had been my "first," but only in the since that she'd given me a handjob or two.

Rebecca was very reluctant to talk about it, however. All she'd tell me is that she'd "fooled around with" another guy before we met. It took me a long time — over a year — to get the full story out of her, but one night I succeeded.

It was a rainy night in June. The windows were open, and the smell of the warm night filled the room. We'd just finished watching a movie and were laying on the couch, drowsy from the late hour and the bottle of red wine that we'd split.

"So what exactly did you do with Chris?" I asked her "are you ever going to tell me?"

She smiled. Normally she would have deflected the question, or started to get defensive. This time, she finally relented.

"Ok. I can see you really want to know. So I'll tell you."

"I really *do* want to know," I said, stroking her hair.

"We knew each other already. I don't want you to think that I'm a slut, or was one back then."

"Well I don't think that, because you obviously didn't sleep with him, right?"

"No. But what I did was maybe even sluttier in a sense."

"Now I'm really interested!!"

"We were at this party and we started making out. This was freshman year, maybe November."

I winced. This was during the time that she and I had been inseparable. *I* had certainly considered us a couple, but it was clear that *she* hadn't yet.

"*After* we'd started dating?"

"Yes, technically. But we weren't exclusive yet."

"*I* was exclusive with *you*," I said, trying not to sound too defensive, "I never wanted to see anyone else."

"I thought you *wanted* to hear this. I'm not telling you this to hurt your feelings. I'll stop if you want. We weren't a real couple by that point. We'd only just started flirting a bit. We might have kissed a few times…"

"Sorry," I said, "I *do* want to hear. Please go on."

"Ok," she continued, her good mood starting to return, "so he kissed me and things were getting pretty hot and heavy. I got bold, and asked him if he wanted to go into my friend's bedroom."

"Whoa! That doesn't sound like you at all!"

"I know, right? But I was feeling crazy that night, so whatever."

"Anyway," she continued, looking up into a corner of the ceiling as her head rested on my lap, "I really loved the way he was making me feel. His hands were all over me in the darkness of the room, and before I knew it, I was on my back on the bed. He really knew how to touch me."

I felt myself starting to get hard. I couldn't help but remember my reaction to Kristen's story so long ago.

"He had my bra off pretty quickly, and was playing with my nipples. I was moaning uncontrollably, because he was incredibly skilled at teasing them. He didn't just grab them or slap them or whatever a lot of guys who have only seen porn do. He had me going so hard that I thought I was going to come from nipple stimulation alone. That's when he reached into my pants and found my warm, wet pussy."

Suddenly, she reached down and took my hand and guided it into her pants, exactly where Chris's hand would have been. Instinctively, I began to massage her clit as she continued.

"He had me groaning so loud that he put a hand over my mouth to keep me from giving away what was going on in that dark room, even though everyone must have seen us disappear in there anyway. A moment later — I couldn't believe it — he had me coming. It was the first orgasm I'd ever experienced at the hands of anyone besides myself, and it was absolutely incredible. I was totally

dazed. Lying there like I had been struck by lightning for so long after I came that he asked me if everything was all right. It was *more* than alright. Way more."

I felt her vagina opening to my fingers as she related the story, and I began to slowly penetrate her with a single digit.

"I had never touched a penis before, but I was determined to make him feel as good as he had made me feel, so I reached down for it. He had to guide my hand. I had no idea what was going on, or what to do, so I had him turn on the light and help me with his pants. When he finally got them off, and had pulled down his underwear, I gasped. I couldn't believe it! He was absolutely **gigantic**."

Oh my God. Was it happening again? I couldn't believe it! What were the chances that two women that I loved would have had such memorable encounters with large penises?

"Like…how big do you mean?"

"I don't know," she whispered, "maybe twice your size?"

She looked at me with concern.

"Are you sure you want to hear this? Should I stop?"

"No," I said, "please keep going."

"Ok," she continued, "well like I said, he was standing there in front of me grinning. He later told me that he loved the fact that girls were so shocked by his size. I was lying on the bed, and he was standing next to it, his huge hard cock right in front of my face. I'd never given a blowjob before. I'd heard about other girls doing it, of course, so I had some kind of idea of what I had to do. But I never expected that my instinct would take over the way it did."

"Instinct?"

"Yeah. I didn't even think about it. I just dropped to my knees in front of him and looked up into his eyes. He said 'go ahead.' And so I took the head of his cock into my mouth. It felt strange – so hard and soft at the same time. I had to open my mouth so

incredibly wide I couldn't believe it. My mouth started watering, though, and soon I was taking the first few inches of his shaft into my mouth. At the same time, I was using my hands to lubricate his whole shaft so that I could make him feel as good as he'd made me feel."

My own cock was rock hard now as I listened. I felt a mixture of shame, jealousy and arousal, but I didn't want Rebecca's story to stop.

"I'll never forget his moans as I stroked his big thick cock into my mouth. It made me feel so powerful and so little and vulnerable at the same time to be bringing a man so much obvious pleasure. He reached down and ran his fingers through my hair and then he started thrusting into my mouth kind of gently. He told me that I was doing a good job, and should tap on his leg to let him know if he was going too fast or being too rough."

She stopped for a moment to moan as I pleasured her.

"But the strange thing was, the rougher he got, the more it turned me on. I don't know why I'm telling you all of this. It must make you feel weird. But you said you wanted to know, so I'm telling you."

"Keep going," I urged, even though I was having very mixed feelings.

"I started to love the position I was in. I felt so submissive but so powerful all at once. He was talking about how good my mouth felt. Then he told me he was going to come. He said he wanted to come on my face, and asked me if it was ok. I had actually never heard of anyone doing that, but in that moment, I was so turned on that the moment he pulled out of my mouth, the first word that escaped it wasn't even 'yes', but 'please.' Thank God I had the good sense to close my eyes, though, because the next minute he'd absolutely covered me in cum. I know it sounds strange, but I think about that moment a lot. I think about how slutty I felt, and what an accomplishment it was at the same time. How I'd made this big,

powerful man ejaculate. Give me his seed. He marked me in a way, honey. Not just physically, but psychologically as well."

She began to moan now, closing her eyes and thrusting her hips up to meet my hand. She was clearly getting close to orgasm. Was she imagining sucking a huge cock? It seemed highly likely.

"God, yes. Don't stop," she moaned, biting her lip as she grabbed my hand, holding it in place.

A moment later, she quivered as she came.

She opened her eyes and her face lit up.

"That felt so good to finally talk about," she said, "thanks for pushing me to tell the story."

"Thanks for telling me," I said, though I wasn't really sure exactly how thankful I should be.

"Can I take care of you later? I'm so sleepy now," she said, closing her eyes as she lay across my lap.

She looked absolutely beautiful. How could I refuse? After she fell asleep, I went into the bathroom and jerked off, imagining Chris (a man I'd never met) shooting his thick, creamy load all over my willing wife's face.

Chapter 2

The next few months were bittersweet. We started making love more and more often, but during each session, one of us would bring up her encounter with Chris. It was clear that the memory turned both of us on incredibly, even if I was still ambivalent about it.

Finally, one day, when we were making love (I was inside her in the missionary position), she blurted out that she'd like the chance to please him again.

"I want to watch," I moaned, thrusting into her even harder.

"Let's do it," she panted, "I'm friends with him on Facebook. You can message him and set it up."

That was too much for me. I came immediately, collapsing next to her.

"Did you mean that?" I asked, after basking in the afterglow for a few moments.

"Mmm–hmm," she said, cuddling up to me, "but only if you're really ok with it happening. I want you to approach him, though. Just so he knows that this is just about sex, not a relationship. This is something that I want to do for you, Lou."

I suspected that this was something that she wanted to do for *herself,* too, but I let it go.

Chapter 3

My wife messaged Chris through Facebook and told him that I'd love to chat with him. How do you start a conversation with a man whose cock your wife wants to suck?

It turned out to be easier than I'd expected. I simply asked him if he remembered her and the encounter at the party, and told him not to worry, that I wasn't jealous.

He was a bit hesitant at first (as was to be expected) but quickly admitted that he did, in fact, remember both my wife and the incident.

I asked him if he'd like to repeat it, this time with me watching. He said that he wasn't sure about it. That he'd have to think about it. I asked if he'd like to meet with us both first, in a neutral location.

He agreed.

It turned out that we were all into bourbon, so we met at a local bar that specialized in whiskey. I have to admit that I was quite nervous for that first meeting, but I suspect we all were. Even Chris.

My eyes scanned the bar, looking for the man whose cock my wife wanted to suck. I'd never seen him in real life before, so I was a little surprised when my wife broke out in a smile and walked up to a very tall but friendly guy who made the barstool he was sitting on look almost like doll furniture.

Christ. No wonder the guy had such a huge cock. He must have been about 6'4" tall.

He smiled and stood up as we approached, giving Rebecca a hug and shaking my hand firmly, but cordially. He didn't have anything to prove. He wasn't trying to "dom" me. He had the vibe of a genuinely nice person. He had an athletic build and was in very good shape. He must have worked out or done sports regularly. He had short cropped hair that was just beginning to recede on his scalp. I guess he didn't win the genetic lottery at everything!

We broke the ice by chatting about our favorite bourbons. I liked Four Roses, Chris was a Buffalo Trace kind of guy. Rebecca said she liked both, which was very diplomatic of her.

Finally, we had enough "liquid courage" to discuss what we really wanted to talk about: Rebecca sucking Chris's cock while I watched.

Chris had a couple of questions. Would he be expected (or allowed) to reciprocate in any way? Was I going to film it?

The answer to both of these was no. Neither Rebecca or I was ok with him actively pleasuring her yet. We wanted to see how this went first. And, as much as I'd like to have a record of the encounter, I was more concerned with everyone being able to relax and be themselves without the pressure of having a camera in the room too.

So it was decided: this would be a simple blowjob, at our place, with me watching. Chris wouldn't hang around afterwards, in order to give us space as a couple to process the encounter.

We set the date for next Friday afternoon, when we'd all be able to get off work early.

That was that. We finished our drinks, shook hands, and said goodbye.

Chapter 4

Rebecca and I fucked like rabbits for the next week. We couldn't stop talking about what was going to happen. She was going to enjoy a large cock for the second time in her life. It was like a reunion with an old friend. At least that's how we built it up in our minds.

We had sex every day before Chris's visit. Each time, Rebecca would talk about how much she looked forward to worshiping him.

That was her term, not mine (though hearing it really turned me on) *Worshiping*.

Finally, the day arrived. We were sitting in our living room, waiting for Chris to text that he was on his way over, which was the plan. He must have felt nervous himself, because a few minutes before he was supposed to announce his departure, we suddenly got a text saying that he had arrived.

He was already downstairs.

This was it. It was going to be our first cuckolding experience.

Rebecca looked me in the eyes.

"No matter what happens, no matter what I do or say, I want you to know that I love you, and I always will."

"I love you too," I said, giving her a kiss.

I couldn't believe that the lips that I had just kissed were about to be wrapped around a huge cock. My emotions were a jumble, and my stomach was in knots. I wasn't sure if I wanted to cut things off entirely, or if I wanted to take things even further than we'd discussed.

My internal monologue was quickly interrupted, however, by Chris's knock at the door.

He shook my hand and grinned.

"Nice to see you again!" he said.

He gave Rebecca a hug and a quick kiss on the cheek.

"So where do you want me?"

Rebecca and I had had long discussions about the perfect position for the blowjob. After considering the various advantages and disadvantages for Chris as recipient, her as giver, and me as viewer, we decided to start out with Chris sitting down in an armchair in the living room and Rebecca on her knees in front of him. This would give us all a great view of the action. If she or Chris wanted to change things up later, that would, of course, be perfectly alright.

"Sit down right here," said Rebecca, "you can drop your shorts first."

He nodded. It must have been a little weird for him to be taking off his clothes in front of another man, but the sight of Rebecca, who was practically salivating at the prospect of finally getting his cock in her mouth again, must have put his mind a bit at ease.

He was wearing gym shorts, and he dropped them to the floor quickly to reveal boxer briefs that were already bulging. A moment later, those were gone as well, and his long, thick cock was on full display.

If anything, it was *bigger* than Rebecca had described. She grinned in delight and looked over at me, mouthing the word "wow."

I nodded. We both couldn't believe it. This guy might have been ten inches long, and he wasn't even hard yet.

His pants down, Chris sat on the chair now, giving Rebecca a big, goofy, smile, then flashing a look at me as if to say "is this what you wanted?"

I sat down on the couch and felt a weird, sick sense of anticipation as Rebecca put her curly black hair up in a ponytail. She was wearing lipstick and mascara, too. This had been something that we'd discussed after she'd told me about how much it had turned her on to have her makeup ruined during the blowjob at the party.

Other than that little touch, she wasn't really dressed provocatively. She had a loose–fitting t–shirt and black sports bra underneath and was also wearing yoga pants. She looked like a young wife on her way to the gym, not like a size queen cuckoldress about to fulfill her husband's filthy fantasy.

"You're so big," she said, taking her place on her knees in front of him and looking up at the cock in awe, "have you ever measured it?"

"Ha," he laughed, a bit self–conscious, "I never have. I always knew that I was bigger than any other guy I'd seen, so I didn't have a need to. I usually feel like a freak, to be honest. That's why it's so great to meet a woman like you who loves huge cocks."

This was something that hadn't occurred to me. That having a big cock might not be only an advantage, but that it might come with its own set of insecurities as well.

"Well, maybe we can measure it sometime," Rebecca said, just before grabbing the shaft.

She glanced over to me.

"Are you ready honey? I'm going to put on a show for you."

I nodded.

Once again, even though she *said* it was a show for me, I would later realize that it was just as much about her pleasure.

She spent a few moments admiring his cock, feeling its weight in her hand as she grinned up at him. He reached down and stroked her hair briefly. We'd all agreed that him touching her was ok, but he wouldn't be allowed to kiss her.

That might seem a little strange, but that's what I was comfortable with. I wanted her to suck his dick, not fall in love with him.

As it turned out, there was nothing I could do to prevent that…

But more about that later.

Rebecca began to kiss around his shaft, flicking it with her tongue to tease him. It was amazing to see the way he responded to this touch, to watch the drops of precum on his cock begin to ooze out and down the shaft. During our discussions leading up to the encounter, it had come out that Chris "suffered" from a condition known as hyperspermia, which meant that his testicles produced much more than the "normal" amount of semen and precum.

Rebecca and I had both agreed that this was a major turn–on, and already this early in the game, I was seeing evidence of the condition.

Rebecca used the precum to lube up his shaft and began stroking it, smiling in satisfaction as she watched it get slicker and slicker in her petite hands. I remembered how she'd talked about the feeling of power that blowing him the first time had given her, that sweet strange mix of dominance and submission, and I imagined she was feeling a little of that heady combination now, at his feet, stroking his club–like cock while I watched.

"I want to taste it," she said, finally, and took the head between her lips, moaning softly as she made it disappear partway into her mouth.

For a while, she withdrew her hands, using the suction of her mouth alone to pleasure the end of his rod.

Chris stroked her hair, his breathing quickening a bit. I was completely rock hard now, but a little self–conscious about taking out my own cock in front of the much–larger man.

"God, you taste so good. I love the taste of your cock," she said, coming up for air after a few minutes.

"You're doing a really great job," he said, "much better than most women."

She blushed at the compliment. I should have realized that this was the first sign of the explosive chemistry — both physical and emotional — that the two would come to share later.

"I want to be the best you've ever had," she said, taking the cock back into her mouth and moaning as she began to bob up and down on it faster.

She was being more passionate than I'd ever seen her before. Rebecca was clearly doing this not just for the show she was putting on for me, but for the feeling of satisfaction that she was getting for herself.

Chris kept stroking her head and moaning words of encouragement as my wife took him deeper and deeper. I'd never heard her use the term "deepthroat" before, and I wasn't really sure that she knew what it was. She might have thought that she was the first one to invent it. Later on, Chris would tell us both that she was definitely the first to be able to *do* it for him.

In any case, I watched as Rebecca began to relax her throat progressively which each thrust, so that little by little, in an almost imperceptible manner, she was taking him into her throat and causing a noticeable bulge while doing so.

It was incredible to see my wife so dedicated to the task of making Chris ejaculate. She told me later on that one of the things she liked so much about his cock was how overwhelming it was, what a challenge it presented to her.

After several minutes of this, she'd finally had enough. Her face was flushed and her eyes were watering, her mascara ruined. Rebecca had told me ahead of time that this was exactly what she'd hope for: being made to look like a total slut.

Instead of taking a break, however, she immediately moved down to his balls and starting licking them while his shaft rested across her face. The contrast was simply amazing. There was this petite woman with a dick as thick as her arm and longer than her entire head resting across her face. The combination was simply breathtaking.

I felt like I was drunk watching them. Who knows the emotions that they were feeling. I know my wife was feeling pure lust,

however, because I could see it in her face.

"You're so fucking *big*," she moaned, coming up for air for a moment, "even bigger than I remember."

"Bigger than you're used to, huh?" laughed Chris.

"So much bigger."

She was stroking him with both hands now as she took the first half or so of his cock into her throat, a little more easily this time. She wasn't able to accommodate his entire length — that would have been simply impossible — but she was doing such an amazing job that Chris was clearly starting to lose control.

"Can I fuck your mouth?" he asked.

She immediately moaned in agreement, pulling off him for a moment so he could stand up. The image in front of me was a perfect illustration of his alpha male status. Here was this man, a full head taller than me (even though I'm not short myself, at 5'10") absolutely towering over my petite wife as he grabbed a handful of her hair and began to fuck her mouth, and then, ultimately her throat as well as she opend up to him again, this time giving him control entirely.

The entire time this happened, she looked up at him, trying to maintain eye contact as he used her mouth. Sounds of slurping and gagging filled the room. It was the most obscene thing I'd ever seen in real life, but it was something that all of us wanted desperately.

Finally, it was all too much for Chris.

"Oh God," he groaned, "you're going to make me come. I'm going to come so hard. Where do you want it?"

Somehow during all of our discussions and imaginations of this fantasy, we'd never actually agreed on where he was going to come. Sometimes we'd imagined him coming in her mouth, sometimes on her face, other times on her tits.

He pulled out of her for a moment to give her a chance to respond.

“Wherever you want, big guy.”

There was drool all over her chin and cheeks now. It had even dripped onto the floor. She was an absolute mess but was clearly loving it.

“On your face,” he groaned.

I was about to watch another man give my wife a facial, a privilege that I’d never had during all our years of marriage. As far as I knew, Chris had been the only man to ever do it to Rebecca, and would be in the future as well.

“Fuck yes,” he moaned, “it feels so fucking good.”

I watched her milk his cock with both hands, aiming the first few smaller spurts onto her tongue and then moving it up, as if by instinct, to shoot the more powerful ropes onto her face.

He came so hard and so far that one spurt of semen missed her entirely and splatted onto the floor behind them. Most of it met its target, however, and before I knew it, Rebecca was a cum–covered mess.

“Wow,” said Chris, slowly regaining his bearings, “that was amazing.”

“Did you enjoy yourself?” asked Rebecca, her eyes plastered shut with cum.

“Yeah. That was incredible.”

“Mmm,” said Rebecca, “thank you so much!”

“Anytime,” said Chris.

Then he pulled up his pants as I went to the kitchen to get Rebecca a towel.

He stood by the door awkwardly for a moment.

“Thank you,” I said to him, shaking his hand.

“I guess I should be thanking you,” he said, “you’ve got a great woman there. I hope you appreciate her.”

“I know,” I said, “and I do.”

“Goodbye.”

The moment he was gone, Rebecca and I were all over each other. We went into the bedroom and I pulled off her pants immediately, diving down into her soaking cunt. I licked and teased her clit for about thirty seconds before she exploded on my face. Then I tore my own pants off and mounted her, sliding inside her easily as she moaned my name. In a few thrusts, I filled her with my cum.

“That was incredible,” she sighed.

Chapter 5

I think in that moment we both knew that our experiment wasn't going to stop there. It took a while for us both to admit it.

About three weeks later, when we were once again on the couch after a long Netflix session, I finally verbalized the question that must have been on Rebecca's mind, too.

"Do you want to fuck him?"

"Yes," she blurted, "I've been thinking about it a lot. Would it be ok with you? You could watch, of course."

"Of course," I said, already shaking a bit in anticipation.

I knew instinctively that letting my wife fellate a man while I watched was *one* thing, but letting him *fuck* her would be to cross a threshold that might change things in our relationship forever. At the same time, the power of his cock exerted an irresistible force over both of us.

It was inevitable. Like fate. There was no use trying to stop it. The only thing left to do was find out if Chris was even interested.

I texted him to find out. We hadn't been in touch since the blowjob. He told us later that he wanted to give us the distance we needed to figure things out.

So glad that you had a good time with Rebecca, I wrote, *would you be at all interested in fucking her, too?*

It didn't take long for him to respond enthusiastically in the affirmative.

Soon, the day and time were set. The place would once again be our apartment.

It was around this time that I started to get off on the humiliating aspects of the game that we'd begun to play. For example, I started feeling like I was somehow fundamentally inferior to Chris, due solely to his cock size. I began to feel like I owed it to

both of them to make their experience as exciting as possible, and that meant making sure that Rebecca looked her best for him.

I would be presenting my wife to our bull like a present.

Rebecca and I went shopping at Victoria's Secret before the big night. I wanted her to look as pleasing as possible for Chris, and Rebecca shared my sentiment.

It was an odd feeling. During this time, I felt closer to my wife than ever before. We were more emotionally intimate talking about what Chris might like than we ever had been in before he entered our lives. This new kind of intimacy, even though it had been precipitated by her act of fellatio on another man, made me so happy for the moment that I never stopped to consider the consequences that might arise due to the basis of this new intimacy.

No, there was no time for that. Not when we had to make Rebecca look absolutely stunning for her new lover.

We got her hair done. We got her nails done. We even got her a pedicure. I was with her at every appointment. I must have seemed less like a husband and more like a brother, an admirer or a gay best friend. At the salon, the stylist even asked Rebecca if she was married, and she had to reply (with a bit of embarrassment) that I was, in fact, her husband.

We bought three different pairs of panties and teddies for the big night, unable to make up our minds in the store. When we got home, Rebecca modeled all of them for me. She was an objectively beautiful woman, and even if she hadn't been about to do what she was going to do, it would have been incredibly arousing to watch her try on lingerie.

But the knowledge of what was going to happen meant that I saw every movement, every moment that we shared through Chris's eyes. I didn't even know him. I had no idea what might appeal to him, but I did my best to predict it.

I thought about texting him pictures of Rebecca to tease him a bit before the big night, but Rebecca was against it. She wanted his

reaction to be spontaneous and authentic.

We finally settled on a cut–out black lace teddy with a thong back and a pair of matching black high heels for the big night. Rebecca looked absolutely stunning in it, and the moment that I saw her in the outfit, my ardor for her flared up and soon we were making out furiously.

She made me stop, however, so that she could take off the teddy. She didn't want to ruin it before the big night, and I had to agree. It wasn't for me, after all.

It was for Chris.

More and more, I had begun to see myself as a facilitator of sorts. Almost like the servant of an important cause.

The cause of bringing my wife together with a huge cock.

We fell onto the bed, kissing and fondling. I was ready to plunge inside her; my erection was aching with desire. But Rebecca gently pushed my head down towards her crotch. No matter. I was happy to lick her as well. I loved going down on her, and it seemed completely understandable that she'd want that before any actual penetrative sex.

As I plunged my tongue between her folds and then teased her clit more directly, Rebecca began to sigh.

"I can't wait for tomorrow night," she said, "I have to confess that I'm a little scared. I mean he's *big*. Like twice the size of you. I know that he's going to do his best to make things comfortable for me, but I know it's still going to hurt. I feel almost like a virgin."

She moaned a bit as I slipped a finger into her tight tunnel.

"Of course, back then, when I actually lost my virginity, I never had anything close to the kind of anticipation that I do now. That's probably because I knew that your cock didn't pose much of a challenge to my poor little pussy."

"Mmm–hmm," I moaned.

"Chris is different though," she said, "he's so masculine. And he's funny, too."

Something was a little strange about that last comment, I thought. We hadn't spent enough time with Chris to determine if he was funny or not. At least *I* hadn't. Was she remembering something that he'd said at the party all those years ago? If anything, he'd been rather serious during our interactions. After all, we'd been discussing a serious topic: him getting his dick sucked by my wife. Chris took his duties and responsibilities as a bull seriously.

I tried not to let the comment about Chris's masculinity bother me, either. A man's masculine worth wasn't tied to his cock size, was it?

Of course it wasn't. But then why was I acting like it was? Did I really believe it? It seemed like Rebecca certainly might.

"Oh God," she moaned, "I really hope that he likes my outfit. And all the extra stuff I've done for him. Even though I know he probably won't really notice. He's such a hot guy he's probably got women after his big cock all the time. I just hope I can stand out. You think that I stand out, don't you honey?"

"Mmm–hhmm," I groaned in response, my mouth completely full of pussy.

"I just want to be a good little slut for Chris," she giggled, then added "oh my God! I can't believe I said that. What's gotten into me? I need someone to take me in hand and make me behave. Maybe Chris will do that with his big, bad cock. God I think I'd do anything for him…"

Her commentary tailed off here as she began to moan and buck her hips against my face. What happened next astonished me, but it shouldn't have.

She started to moan his name as she climaxed.

"Oh Chris… Yes, Chris… Yes, yes, yes!!!"

My *wife* moaned *another man's name* while I was going down on her.

Afterwards, she was positively glowing.

"God, honey. That was so great. Come up here and give me a kiss."

I crawled up to meet her lips and shared a beautiful, intimate kiss.

A smarter man would have had the sense to put a stop to things the moment he heard his wife screaming someone else's name when she climaxed. It was clear that this little "experiment" had moved from "just sex" into more serious territory, and someone was going to get hurt.

But like I said, Chris's cock was like a force of nature that neither one of us had any chance of resisting. What use would it be? This hurricane was going to hit us one way or another now, so we might as well sit back, relax, and watch the show, even if it was clear that the show was going to leave us completely changed.

Chapter 6

Finally, the day had arrived. I was at loose ends, pacing around the living room, while Rebecca was in the bedroom getting dressed. We had agreed that she would stay out fo sight until Chris arrived so that he and I would get to experience her sexy new look at the exact same time. This made the anticipation almost unbearable as I waited to hear from Chris.

Once again, he was going to text us when he arrived, but once again, he forgot and waited until he was on our doorstep.

"Honey," I called, "he's here."

"Already? Again? Stall him a little. I'm still working on my makeup."

Great. Now I was going to have to make small talk with the guy who was about to work over my wife with his huge tool.

Chris walked in, dressed slightly more formally than the first time, in a button–down shirt and slacks. He explained that he'd come from the office and didn't go home to change because he was afraid of being late.

I started to realize that even though Chris was a tall, handsome, fit and totally hung guy, it didn't mean that he was absolutely masterful in every social situation. He seemed as nervous as I was about the small talk.

Almost.

I explained that Rebecca was still getting ready, and asked if he'd like something to drink. Maybe some water?

"Yeah, that'd be great," he said.

As I went to get the water, Chris browsed my bourbon collection.

"Oh wow. Stagg Jr. I love that one."

"It's a great special–occasion sipper for me," I said, thinking to myself that if there ever were a special occasion in my life (at least since I got married), it would be this one.

"I'd ask you for a sip," he said, "but I don't want to affect my… you know, performance."

"Maybe some other time," I said, handing him the water.

Were Chris and I becoming friends? Would it be possible for me to be friends with the man who was going to fuck my wife?

I didn't have answers to these questions, and knew I wouldn't have answers to them until after the deed was done. And lucky for both of us men who were bad at small talk, in that moment Rebecca stood at the bedroom door and announced her presence.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I'm ready."

Both of our heads shot over to the doorway. A huge grin broke out on Chris's face.

"Wow," he said, "you look really amazing!"

He handed his water glass to me (almost as if I'd been a waiter or some kind of attendant, I later realized, which wasn't far from the truth), and strode over to Rebecca and embraced her, giving her a long, slow kiss.

Kissing had been off limits for the blowjob, but we'd all agreed it was impractical and undesirable for a lovemaking session, so I'd made my peace with it.

The moment that I saw my wife's face light up as her lips met Chris's, though, I realized that I'd made a mistake. Only in that moment did it occur to me that what I was seeing wasn't my wife kissing an interloper into our relationship, but that *I* was, in a sense, the interloper. Our marriage had interrupted the relationship which had, in some sense, started at that party so long ago, when they'd first felt the incredible chemistry that I was now witness to.

What I was seeing wasn't so much a rekindling of a flame, but a flame that had never gone out. As much as it hurt for me to admit it,

I understood what my wife was feeling. And maybe what Chris was feeling, too.

A moment later, however, my wife's hands were on Chris's bulge, and what she was "feeling" became very concrete indeed.

"I think we need to get these off of you. Now," she said, tugging at his pants.

"Yes, ma'am," he laughed, helping her with his belt buckle and the button.

My wife's face lit up in surprise and delight as she beheld his magnificent cock for only the third time in her life.

"I want to suck it first," she said, "would you let me do that?"

"Would I? Of course!"

She played with it, looking into his eyes as she did so. The heat in her gaze seemed capable of burning me. She seemed to have forgotten entirely about the fact that I was watching, and was focused entirely on her lover.

Entirely on Chris.

She slid slowly down onto her knees, keeping eye contact with him the entire time.

"God, you look so sexy," he groaned, "your husband is so lucky."

She merely smiled and opened her mouth, taking his swollen cockhead between her lips.

I realized that I had been standing right next to them — perhaps uncomfortably close — for the ever since Rebecca had emerged from the bedroom in her outfit. I suddenly became aware of the fact that Chris might have found this position slightly awkward, so I stepped back and sat on the couch in the same place that I'd watched them from before.

"God, I can't wait to have this inside me," groaned Rebecca, taking him out of her mouth and smearing her drool down his shaft as she stroked him.

"I can't wait either," said Chris, "I promise to take it slow."

"I want you to take it slow at first, but then be as rough with me as you want," she said, looking up into his eyes pleadingly, "I'll let you know when it's safe to just follow your instincts."

Instincts. That pretty much summed it up. This whole thing was somehow primal. Natural. I was the provider. The good husband who showed up every day and did his duty. Chris was the alpha male, the one who all of the women really wanted to mate with, even if they couldn't have him around all the time.

All I could do now was follow *my* instinct, which was to sit on the couch and play with my hard cock while I watched my wife pleasure Chris.

She pulled out all of her tricks: the deepthroating (I think she might have even gotten a little bit deeper this time!) the ball licking. The moaning and the cooing as she worshiped his cock.

She probably sucked him for close to fifteen minutes this time, and might have gone even longer if he hadn't finally stopped her.

"That's good, babe," he said, grabbing her head, "I want to fuck you now."

She jumped up and led him by the hand into the bedroom, a look of pure joy on her face. I'd never seen her that eager to get into bed with me.

None of us had any idea if Rebecca would even be able to take Chris's cock. He'd told us that many women had had problems in the past, and some had even given up.

There were others, however, who had sworn that it was the absolute best sexual experience that they'd ever had. Those were the size queens.

Was Rebecca really a "size queen," or did she just talk a good game? We were about to find out.

"You look so incredible in that outfit, it's a shame to take you out of it," said Chris.

“Luckily, we don’t have to,” said Rebecca, laying back on the bed with her legs spread, “this part is only a tiny string, and it goes aside like this.”

“Perfect,” said Chris, approaching the side of the bed and starting to align his huge cock to the perfect angle of attack.

Neither of them bothered to check if Rebecca was even wet enough for penetration. It was patently obvious that she was positively dripping.

Chris rubbed his cock back and forth on her slit a few times before looking into her eyes.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes,” said Rebecca, a note of anxiety, or maybe just anticipation entering her voice for the first time, “please take me, Chris.”

She cried out in what seemed like pain when he pushed the first inch or so past her outer lips.

“That was the thickest part,” he said, “let me know if you want me to stop. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Don’t stop,” she panted, breathlessly, “it hurts, but don’t stop. I need to get used to it.”

It was incredible. It was as if I was watching a beautiful young woman being deflowered. But of course the beautiful young woman was my wife, and I had actually been the one to deflower her.

On the other hand, it really was a deflowering. It certainly seemed like a ritual that was going to change Rebecca forever.

“Ok,” said Chris, taking her hand, “here comes a little more.”

She winced and then smiled as he slid even more of his cock inside her.

“Oh wow,” she said, “I never thought I could be this full. I never knew it went down that far, to be honest.”

"There's just a couple inches more now," he said, his fingers interlaced with hers as he pushed into her further.

"What? There's more?"

The groan she let out this time was like nothing I'd ever heard before.

"I think I'm… oh my God. OH my GOD! Chris!"

He grinned. He knew exactly what was happening to her. She was about to come.

I couldn't believe it. I had trouble getting Rebecca to come just from vaginal penetration, and here was this guy with a big dick who had only now got it inside her (without even a single real thrust) and she was about to climax.

That was the moment that I realized that it was going to be over for Rebecca and me if he wanted it to be. I was defeated. But what else was there to do but to sit back and watch as the better man took control of my wife?

"Please fuck me, Chris. I'm so close…"

Her words sounded like someone pleading for their life. Her voice was so desperate it would have been almost chilling if I hadn't understood what was going on. I began to wonder if we should have told the neighbors not to call the police if they heard strange sounds coming from our apartment.

Don't worry, it's just my wife being broken in by her big–dicked lover while I watch.

I would have paid to see the look on the 89–year–old Ms. Thompson's face if I'd told her that. On the other hand, perhaps she wouldn't have been scandalized at all. She'd lived longer than any of us, and probably knew all about the power of a thick long cock.

I was about to witness that power first–hand as Chris drilled Rebecca with long, slow strokes to her first of many orgasms.

She wrapped her legs around his back and grabbed both of his hands as she came.

"God damn it. That was…that was amazing."

She looked up at me, her hair a sex–tossed mess.

"Lou, honey. I can't believe it. I can't believe how good he feels. This is out of this world."

"Great…" I stammered, unsure of what else there was to say.

"Don't stop now, big guy," she said, looking up into Chris's eyes.

He didn't really need to be told twice. He started giving her the full length now, in long slow strokes, letting her feel how her pussy expanded to accommodate him with each stroke.

The sounds she made each time he stretched her were incredible. It was like a woman in an ecstatic state. Which is exactly what she was.

"Mmm…tell me that you like my dick," panted Chris as he began to fuck her with slightly faster strokes.

"I *love* your dick," she moaned, emphasizing the word "love", which he hadn't even asked her to say.

"Oh my God," she cried, "oh my God. Yes. I can't believe it. I'm going to…"

And she did. She came *again*, in the exact same position, in the space of about two minutes.

She seemed to melt in his arms, giving him a look of devotion that I hadn't experienced from her even on our wedding day.

Her entire countenance was glowing.

"I can't believe the way you make me feel," she gushed, "I'm just tingling all over. It's like a non–stop orgasm."

"You're doing an incredible job taking my cock," he said, leaning down and giving her a long, tender kiss.

He seemed less like a "bull" and more like a lover.

I watched the play of their tongues with a sense of intense jealousy. Somehow, even more than watching them fuck, *this* got to

me. Maybe it was because I knew that there was no way that I could ever compete with his cock, but kissing my wife well should have been something that I was capable of.

I wondered if I'd ever be capable of either activity again.

If I had been smart, I would have left the apartment right then. I would have taken a walk, maybe gone to a coffee shop or bar, and let the two of them do their thing without an audience.

But I couldn't do that. I couldn't tear myself away from the spectacle of my wife experiencing the joy of a big cock for the first time.

"I'll do anything you want," she whispered to him as they broke their kiss, "I just want to please you."

"Why don't you try riding me?"

The way her face lit up sent an extra pang of jealousy coursing through me. Her reaction to the proposition of this particular position was highly significant. Early in our sexual relationship, Rebecca had tried to be on top often, and I knew that it was a position that greatly appealed to her. Unfortunately, I was too short to make the position last for very long, and would often slip out. It ultimately proved so frustrating that we'd stopped even attempting it.

Now she had the opportunity to live out this particular desire with a well–endowed lover who presented no danger of slipping out of her.

"I'd love that," said Chris.

"First, I think I need to finally get rid of this," she said, stripping off her teddy.

Chris was still wearing his shirt, even if it had come partially unbuttoned. He paused as well to strip completely naked, and if he was self–conscious about doing so in front of another man, he showed no sign of it. He had no reason to be, either. He clearly spent a lot of time in the gym, because he had rock–hard six–pack abs.

Totally naked now, he rolled onto his back on the bed, his cock sticking up in the air, my wife's lubrication glistening on its shaft.

She eagerly climbed on top of him and lowered herself onto his rock–hard prick. A few moments later, she was bouncing up and down on him to her heart's content, finally able to experience the position that she'd only attempted with me previously.

Was it as good as she'd hoped? Even better, it seemed.

Once again, after only a minute or so of riding him, Rebecca experienced a tremendous orgasm. Watching her body shake in pleasure as she came was an amazing sight. She was a beautiful woman, and seeing a beautiful woman's body in pleasure is a treat for any man, even if the particular body happens to belong to one's wife.

Her head was thrown back in ecstasy, her eyes closed as she withdrew into a space of pleasure totally inaccessible to me, but which Chris could probably sense through his intimate connection to her body in that moment.

After her climax, she collapsed onto his chest, his rigid cock remaining inside her. Another kissing session followed: several minutes of intimate, heated making out as their tongues intertwined with heartbreaking tenderness.

Heartbreaking for *me*, of course.

"Can I fuck you from behind?" he asked, finally.

"I'd love that. I want to be a little slut for you. I want to do anything you want."

She looked him directly in the eyes as she said that, her face only inches from his.

Hearing my wife refer to herself as a "slut" was shocking. Sure, she'd called what she did with Chris at the party years ago "slutty," but that was a description of a behavior, not of herself. Still, as filthy as this word was, it was clear to me (and probably to Chris) that she was not going to be a slut in the traditional sense of the word as a

promiscuous woman, but rather that she was going to be a "slut" for *him* and *him alone*.

In other words, she was going to devote herself to pleasuring his big cock, no matter how he wanted it.

We'd done doggy–style a few times over the course of our marriage, but Rebecca couldn't climax in that position, and often complained that it didn't feel intimate enough. Plus she was self–conscious about me seeing her ass, even if there was absolutely no reason to feel that way.

She slowly pulled herself up and off his cock until it popped out of her and slapped onto his flat stomach with an audible thud. God, that thing really was as thick as her arm!

I was leaking precum all over my hand as I watched what now began to unfold.

Chris stood up from the bed as Rebecca got on all fours. He was so much taller than her that in order to enter her from behind, he had to stand on the floor.

In my current position, I would see only Chris's ass from this angle. As much as the entire spectacle hurt me, I still wanted to be in a position to watch my wife's expression as she was penetrated. So I moved around them and took a seat in a chair next to the head of the bed, where I could look directly into Rebecca's eyes and see Chris's cock at the same time.

The contrast was incredible. Here was this tall, muscular man with a gigantic cock about to impale my petite Italian–american wife. As she stuck her ass out towards him, I looked at her body in admiration. She'd been working out a lot more lately — maybe because of Chris? — and it showed.

That was the moment that I realized something that had probably been nagging me for my entire relationship with Rebecca: she was *way* out of my league in the looks department.

How had I managed to marry her? Probably because I was the first guy that she'd met in college.

But wait — I *wasn't* the first guy that she met in college. I was the first guy that she met outside of a sexually charged context at a party.

Chris had been the first guy that she'd met in college. I came second. I had been preferable as a husband, but never as a sexual partner.

Was she even in love with me?

She probably was, in a sense. But maybe in the way that a woman can love one of her friends, or a puppy.

Her love for me, whatever its quality, would never be characterized by the same burning lust I saw in her eyes as she looked into the mirror above the bed and met Chris's gaze as he slowly worked his cock into her from behind.

They seemed to be completely unaware of my presence now.

"That's a good girl," said Chris, "take that big cock. Stick your ass up and out a little bit. Just like that."

"Oh God, yes," moaned Rebecca, "I can't believe how deep you are. You're hitting all kinds of new places now. Keep going, please. Fuck me. I want to be your good little slut."

Hearing that obscene comment caused Chris to grab her hips and begin to pound my wife with his entire length. She bit her lip and her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"Yes," she moaned, "I need it so bad. Take my pussy. It's all yours now."

Chris's face lit up. Being the size that he was, he probably didn't get the chance to pound a pussy as hard as he wanted to very often. He began to slam into her harder and harder. The sound of skin slapping together filled the room.

"Spank me," she moaned, "I want to feel your hand on my ass."

This was a true shock. Rebecca had never expressed any kind of interest in anything approaching rough sex with me. But now here

we were: she had experienced the most intimate, soul–touching lovemaking with Chris, and was now demanding the other extreme.

He reached out and slapped one of her asscheeks, his massive hand covering it almost entirely.

She cried out in delight.

"Yes. I love it! Keep going. Spank me."

He slapped her other asscheek, a little harder this time.

"Tell me who this pussy belongs to."

"It's all yours, Chris."

I felt a jolt of pain shot through my body. It was almost as bad as an expression of love.

"Tell me I'm the biggest you've ever had."

"Your cock is so fucking big. You're stretching me so good," she moaned, thrusting her hips back against him now as if trying to take him as deeply as possible.

"God your pussy is tight," he moaned.

"It gets tighter every time you spank me."

He grunted in pleasure as he spanked her ass again and again, turning it a bright pink color and leaving a couple of gigantic handprints across it.

It occurred to me that by spanking her, he was marking her in a way. She'd be feeling the effects for the next few days in the form of a pleasant soreness which would remind her of this encounter.

"God yes. I'm going to come again. Pull my hair while I come on your big cock, Chris!"

He laced his fingers through her hair and then gently pulled her head back as she trembled with an enormous climax that had an entirely different quality than the ones she'd experienced thus far in the encounter. It started out softly, but then, in an incredible crescendo, suddenly left her writhing with her face in the bedsheets.

Afterwards, Chris pulled her head back and bent down to give her a long, passionate kiss.

"I want you to come now, too," Rebecca said.

"Where do you want it?" whispered Chris.

"Inside me, of course."

Without saying what he was doing, Chris pulled out and then flipped Rebecca on her back. He pushed his cock inside her and began to pump, pinning her to the bed with long, hard strokes. She encouraged him with her moans.

He pushed her legs back almost to her ears in order to keep her as wide as possible for his big cock.

"Don't stop," she moaned, "give me your cum. I want you to fill me."

"Fuck," he groaned, "I'm so close."

"Don't hold back anymore," she said, "fill my tight little pussy. Claim it."

With a primal growl, he thrust himself inside her in one last powerful stroke. My jaw dropped as I watched the entire length of his cock flex as he pumped my wife full of his seed.

One. Two. Three.

Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten.

Fifteen.

Fifteen spurts of cum shot out of Chris's balls into my wife's pussy. And those were only the most powerful spurts. It seemed impossible, but then I remembered Chris's hyperspermia and it all started to make sense.

The couple kissed softly now, gazing into each other's eyes. Only slowly did they return to reality.

That's when things got a little awkward.

Chris stood up and went to the bathroom while Rebecca lay with her legs back, as if trying to get pregnant by holding his sperm inside for as long as possible.

She was lost in her own world of big–cock bliss. Completely overtaken by the afterglow that I could sense but not experience. She didn't say a word to me.

Finally, Chris emerged from the bathroom with a big grin on his face. Who wouldn't be happy about giving a hot young woman the fucking of her life in front of her husband?

He put on his clothes quickly, then turned to me.

"I, uh, I guess I'll be going now."

I stood, my cock completely flaccid and feeling smaller than ever as the man who had thoroughly fucked my wife towered over me. It must have been weird for Chris, too, to see me naked like that.

"Thank you, sir," I said, not sure why I had used that particular honorific.

It just felt *right* to thank him. And to call him "sir."

"Ha," said Chris, a bit embarrassed, "anytime. I really had fun. I hope we can do it again."

I nodded and led him to the door, which I locked behind him.

When he was gone, Rebecca finally spoke to me again.

"Honey," she called, "come here. I'm so fucking horny."

I walked into the bedroom and saw her in approximately the position that I'd left her in, on her back with her legs spread. I could now see Chris's sperm running out of her vagina and down across her anus and onto our sheets.

"Come here," she sighed, "I want to be with you."

I removed my shirt so that I, too, was naked.

I crawled up onto the bed and gave her a kiss.

She returned it affectionately, but of course without the sheer passion with which she'd kissed Chris.

"God that was incredible. Did you enjoy watching?"

"Yes," I stammered, even though it wasn't entirely true.

"Good. I did it for you of course."

"Of course."

We both knew it was a lie.

"Honey?"

"Yes?"

"I'd love it if you went down on me now. I really need to feel your tongue on me."

I remembered Chris's sperm leaking out of her, and just how much he had ejaculated inside her. The thought of eating another man's semen disgusted me, but as Rebecca gently guided my head between her legs, I found myself overcoming my revulsion and beginning to clean off her pussy with my tongue.

"Did you see how hard I came, honey?" she moaned, as I began to choke down the first few mouthfuls of sperm, "that was so amazing. I can't believe how good his cock made me feel. It was like I'd never even had sex before. I never understood that sex could be like that, that a man could make me feel that way. I'm still tingling all over."

All I could do was moan in encouragement as I continued to eat my rival's sperm.

"That feels good, honey. Do you think Chris liked my outfit? I think he did. I wonder what I should wear next time…"

We hadn't even debriefed the encounter. It was entirely unclear if there even would be a "next time" in my mind, but obviously not in Rebecca's.

I continued to lap at her folds, smearing my own face in Chris's spunk. It was like the facial he'd given Rebecca during their first

encounter, only this time, it was all over me.

"That's good, honey. Oh please, don't stop…"

This at least made me feel slightly more important to her, slightly less insignificant. The fact that I was still able to bring her to orgasm with my tongue.

"Just a little lower, honey…"

Did she mean?

She grabbed my head and pushed me down a bit lower. She wanted me to lick her asshole. To suck up all of her lover's cum. Whether she was doing this because it felt good, or because she wanted to see how far she could push me, I didn't know. It was impossible to ask, too, because a moment later my tongue was scooping globs of Chris's sperm into my mouth.

I'd heard of "cuckold clean–up" before, of course. But I don't want to give the impression that I was one of those "cuckold guys." The guys who think about nothing else but being humiliated by their wives and bulls.

No, this situation — the condition I now found myself in, cleaning the cum off my wife's ass with my tongue — had developed entirely organically. We hadn't discussed the various aspects of the fetish that appealed to me, only our shared love for big cock. For me seeing what it could do to her, and for her experiencing its power first–hand.

A moment later, she was orgasming as I choked down the last few drops of Chris's load. I couldn't believe it. I had eaten another man's sperm.

But I was still able to make my wife climax. At least I had that.

"Ok, honey," she said, "would you like to fuck me now? I know how much you were looking forward to it."

I raised my head and pulled myself up get in position. But my cock wouldn't cooperate. It remained completely flaccid.

“Oh, what’s the matter, honey? Doesn’t your little friend want to come out and play?”

“You…calling it that isn’t helping,” I said, “especially after what just happened.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I was just teasing. I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings.”

“It’s ok,” I replied, “I probably just need some time.”

“I understand,” she said, cradling my head on her chest, “take all the time you need. That was so incredible…”

We drifted off to sleep that night, together, lying on the bed in which she and Chris had so passionately made love.

Chapter 7

The next few weeks were almost like a second honeymoon for us. Not in the sense of us enjoying physical intimacy, but rather insofar as we seemed to once again renew our emotional bond. We were inseparable once more, like we had been when we'd first started dating.

Just like back then, we would spend all of our moments when we weren't working by each other's sides. We chatted and gossiped about our friends, about work, about our lives, and most of all, about Chris.

"I wonder if he has a girlfriend?" she asked.

"If he does, they can't be very serious. Or else she's very open–minded. I don't think that he's the type to cheat. He doesn't strike me as someone like that, at least."

"I think you're right," she said, "he seems too sweet for that."

This was how many of our conversations went back then.

Another similarity to our very early courtship days was that we didn't have sex. We fooled around a little bit, but even that became less and less common, and when it did happen, there was always a lot of dirty talk about her and her lover.

Instead, we fell into a routine: I would go down on Rebecca while she narrated her memories about her encounter with Chris or fantasized new ones.

"I want him to fuck me in every room of the house," she would moan, "to take me on the couch. In the kitchen, bent over the counter. On the rug in the entryway."

My job was to eat her out, to enable her orgasm while she imagined Chris's large, thick penis doing its work. I knew that it was a poor substitute for the real thing, but it was the most that I could provide her in the moment.

"Do you want him to fuck me again?" she moaned one night.

“Yes,” I moaned, directly into her muff, even though my actual feelings on the topic were much less cut–and–dry.

“Good,” she said, “I can’t wait. I miss him so much.”

She had an extra–powerful orgasm that night.

Once again, I was tasked with making the appointment. I texted Chris, and asked him if he’d like to be with Rebecca again.

He responded immediately in the affirmative, and told me to choose the date and the time and that he’d be there.

Once again, I chose a Friday evening just a days away so that I’d have time to clean up the house and make some other preparations for Chris. These included scrubbing the house from top to bottom, and, of course, shopping for a new outfit for Rebecca.

“I want to blow him away this time,” she said, “don’t you think that’s a good idea?”

“Of course,” I said.

We went shopping at Victoria’s Secret again and settled on a lacy pink bra and panty set. This particular pair made Rebecca’s curves appear to be the perfect combination of slutty and angelic. The “good girl” gone bad — for one man, and one man only: Chris.

This time, however, our “presentation” of Rebecca went beyond just her underwear. We both wanted to present her to Chris as a present of sorts, a sexy package for him to unwrap.

To that end, we also went dress shopping. We went through several stores and talked to several sales clerks. At one store in the mall, a woman a little younger than Rebecca was insistent on helping us.

“Looks like you’re shopping for something fancy. What’s the occasion?”

Rebecca looked at me, and then at the cute young clerk.

“It’s a big date,” she said, beaming.

That's not exactly how *I* would have put it, but I didn't want to contradict Rebecca in front of someone else.

"Ok, so tell me more about the vibe that you want to send this guy. Are you playing hard to get, or do you want to signal to him that you're interested in…"

"Being *not* so hard–to–get?"

"Ha, exactly!"

"Is there a way to strike a balance between the two? I mean, I'm absolutely sure that I want to sleep with him, but just because he makes me feel like a slut doesn't necessarily mean I want to look like one. Know what I mean?"

The clerk laughed.

"I know exactly what you mean."

At that particular store, Rebecca tried on four different dresses, and the sales clerk and I rated each one.

"Too hippy," she'd say.

Or: "too busty."

"Too slutty."

"Not slutty enough."

Finally, we settled on a simple black cocktail dress with a slit down the back. It was perfect: not too slutty, not too demure.

"You're such a great friend," said the clerk as we were checking out and I handed her my credit card, "I need to find a guy friend who not only goes shopping with me for dresses for dates with other guys, but also pays for them!"

"I know," laughed Rebecca, "he's great, isn't he?"

"He's a keeper," laughed the clerk, "and hey — let me know how the date goes! Don't give it up too fast."

"That's *exactly* what I'm going to do," laughed Rebecca, throwing her a smile as we took the bag and left.

"So I'm just a friend that goes shopping with you now?" I said as we walked to the parking garage, unable to contain my dismay with the turn our marriage seemed to be taking.

"Oh, come on, honey," she said, turning and gazing at me with her beautiful eyes, "you know I love you. I'm just really excited for this date with Chris."

"That's another thing. Why do you keep calling it a 'date'? I mean, we didn't call it that when you were just going to suck his cock."

"Oh, honey. I'm sorry. Does that bother you? What would you like to call it?"

"I don't know. Why did you have to tell the clerk what was going on? You could have just made something up. Like that we were going to a party or something. She must have found it odd. I mean, I'm wearing a wedding ring. What kind of married man would go around helping a woman find something to wear on a date if he wasn't married to her, and, therefore, the one she was going to go on a date with?"

I couldn't conceal my exasperated tone.

"Oh relax, honey. She probably just thought you were gay. Gay men can get married, too, you know!"

"I'm not sure if that makes things any better," I said, "I don't want to be just your gay best friend. I want to be your husband."

"You'll *always* be my husband, Lou. Let's get going. I have an appointment at the hair salon."

When we got home that night, Rebecca modeled her dress for me. She looked absolutely stunning.

I hadn't been able to perform at all with her since the fateful night that I watch Chris at work, but suddenly, seeing a beautiful woman who I barely recognized as my wife stand before me, I had an erection again.

“Mmm,” she said, looking at the bulge in my pants and smiling, “let’s not put that to waste.”

I eagerly fell into her arms. She reached down and stroked my cock through my pants as we embraced. It was the first time she’d touched me in what seemed like months, and probably really was.

We eventually collapsed onto the bed, and she stood up, letting the dress fall from her shoulders.

“I don’t want to get this dirty before the big night.”

I nodded.

She was in her new bra and panty set and a pair of high heels now, looking absolutely incredible. The high heels accentuated her curves, making her ass stick out in the most delicious way.

“I’m going to get the lube,” she said, reaching into the nightstand.

“But we don’t…”

I didn’t understand what was going on. Rebecca sensed my confusion, and gave me an amused look.

“Oh, honey. I’m going to give you a handjob. I want to keep myself nice and tight for Chris. Even though I know that you wouldn’t really make much of an impression, so to speak.”

I cringed a bit. I didn’t need to be reminded of my inferiority as a lover.

“Ok,” she said, “let’s get those pants off.”

I took my pants down and propped myself up on some pillows as she took my cock in her lubed hand.

“Mmm,” she said, “this is just like back when we were first dating. I remember the time in the dorms when I jerked you off, and you came all over my bedspread just before my roommate walked in. We barely had time to cover up!”

I smiled. The memories we shared made all of this stuff with Chris a bit more bearable. Still, I couldn’t help but think that while

Rebecca's relationship with Chris seemed to be evolving, my Relationship to Rebecca seemed to be progressing backwards.

De–volving.

She had basically cut me off from intercourse (this was, due to my impotence, only partly her fault of course), while seeming to intensify her emotional bond with Chris.

But she was here, now, and she was jerking me off. Despite my former impotence issues, I was able to stay hard, my eyes fixed on her amazing cleavage in her new bra.

"I remember that day," she said, "because the party where I met Chris was that night."

This revelation hit me like a baseball bat to the face. So she had gone off and sucked Chris's cock, and, indeed, almost gone all the way with him, after only agreeing to give me a handjob only hours before? This was hard for my ego to accept.

"So you really…?"

"Mmm–hmm," she said, "I guess I'm a bad girl. But you and I weren't really a couple at that point, so I wasn't cheating. And when I met Chris, it just felt right for some reason."

"You didn't give me a blowjob until weeks after that. You claimed that you weren't emotionally prepared for it yet."

"Did I?" she said, as if surprised, while she continued to stroke my cock, "well, maybe I did. All I know is that a few months after that, you were my first. We were *each other's* first."

"So why were you so eager to go down on Chris?" I asked.

"Hmm," she said, "I'm really not sure. I guess it just felt right in the moment. I also had a little to drink."

"But we drank together all the time."

"That's true," she said, pumping my erection up and down in her fist as she considered what I'd said.

"Did it have anything to do with his cock size?"

"Oh my gosh, is that what's been bothering you lately? I mean, maybe it did, back then. Maybe I was curious. But you should know that I love your little guy just as much as Chris's huge penis. They are both good for different things. Like, Chris is really good at fucking me, but you're really fun to jerk off. Like this…"

Was she saying this on purpose to torment me? Or was this how she really felt?

"Come on, honey. I want you to come for me. You can just imagine how great it's going to be when Chris finally slides that big cock into me again. It's been so long since the first time. I'm going to be so nice and wet and tight for him since I haven't had sex in so long. I thought it would be wrong to let you fuck me. After all, he made me say that he owned my pussy, and I didn't want him to think that I'd forgotten it. What do you think about that, honey? What do you think about the idea that another man owns your wife's tight little pussy?"

I exploded in that moment. I was ashamed of it, but I couldn't help it. Rebecca smiled at me as I spilled my seed all over her hands. My load wasn't nearly as impressive as Chris's, of course, but it was still one of the biggest I'd produced in a long time.

"Well," she said, looking at my quickly wilting penis, "I'll let you get cleaned up. I hope you feel better. It looked like you were saving up a lot of that!"

"Yeah, I guess I was," I said.

She went into the bathroom and washed her hands, then stuck her head back out.

"Oh honey?"

"Yes?"

"There's one more thing I've been meaning to tell you. I think that I'd prefer if you didn't actually *watch* Chris and I this time. I just feel like we'd both be more comfortable if you stayed in the other room while we go into the bedroom. You can listen, if you want, of

course. After all, I'm sure that we're going to be making quite a bit of noise. That's ok with you, isn't it?"

Once again, I was flabbergasted. This whole thing was my idea to begin with. And she had said several times that she was doing all of this just for me. That was clearly no longer true, if it ever had been.

I was beginning to think that Rebecca was manipulating me, using my feelings for her to help her get closer to Chris — and not just sexually.

But begging her for the chance to watch her and Chris felt equally humiliating.

So I just agreed.

"Of course, honey."

"Great!" she said, just before she stepped into the shower.

Chapter 8

The next day was Friday. It was time for my wife's "date" with Chris. Once again, I was going to entertain him until she was ready.

This time, he didn't arrive early, but right on time. It didn't matter, however, since Rebecca was still fussing over her outfit and unable to come out to meet him.

Chris and I were becoming more comfortable around each other, however, and were soon chatting about bourbon. This time, I offered him some.

"You said you like Stagg Jr.," I said, "but have you ever had Stagg Sr? Like George T. Stagg?"

"Do you…have a bottle of *that*?"

"I do," I said, "and I'd love to have a glass if you're up for it."

"Hell yeah!" he said, apparently unconcerned about the effects a bit of whiskey might have on his upcoming "performance."

It was true, of course, that the kind of raw stamina he'd displayed during the previous marathon session meant that it was unlikely that a single glass of whiskey would seriously affect him.

I grabbed the tasting glasses and went to the liquor cabinet to share with him my most prized bottle. I was already sharing my wife with him, so why not my rarest whiskey as well?

That was why, when Rebecca finally emerged, she found Chris and I engaged in an animated discussion of the finer points of the delicious whiskey we were drinking.

But as soon as Chris laid eyes on my wife in her new dress, awe filled his face, and he seemed to forget all about drinking.

"Rebecca, you look *stunning*!"

I couldn't help but also feel a sense of pride that this alpha male liked both my whiskey and my wife so much.

"I'm so glad you like it, big boy. It's all for you."

She looked over at me.

"Excuse us for a while, won't you, honey?"

She took him by the hand and gave him a smoldering look as she led him off into the bedroom.

But just when I was about to try to figure out what to do with myself while the two made love (or if I even wanted to be there at all) Rebecca stuck her head out the door and called to me.

"Honey," she said, "would you mind getting us a pitcher of water and a couple of glasses? I have a feeling we might get dehydrated."

"Of course," I sighed.

At least it would give me something to do.

I went into the kitchen, poured the water, and retrieved the glasses. I went back to the bedroom and knocked on the door.

"You can come in," said Rebecca, "just put them on the floor near the foot of the bed and leave."

I pushed the door open gingerly and saw Rebecca, her dress already halfway down her shoulders, stroking Chris's bulge through his tenting trousers.

What had she said to me earlier? That it wasn't about Chris's cock size, and that mine was just fine?

Well, maybe it really *wasn't* about *only* his size, but it was clear that his size was nevertheless extremely important to her, because she had immediately started pawing at it the moment they were alone together.

"Thanks honey," she said, as I deposited the water and the glasses and turned to leave, "stay nearby in case we need anything else, won't you?"

I nodded.

I was being treated like a servant, and I was accepting it. For what?

A few minutes later, when Rebecca's moans began to filter out from behind the closed door, I remembered: because, despite everything that she had put me through, I still felt like Rebecca was getting what she deserved, and that it was my job as her loving husband to help her get it: a nice, deep dicking from a well–hung stud.

I sat outside the door and listened to them, too self–conscious about being caught to actually press my ear against it, but close enough to detect much of their conversation and foreplay.

"God, Chris. I still can't believe how good you make me feel. I missed you so much. I'm so glad we're back together."

Those words hurt. They didn't have to do exclusively with his cock, but with him as a person. My wife was clearly unable to separate sex from love, and it was clear to me that she had fallen in love with Chris, or perhaps had always been in love with him, even if she was lying to herself and pretending that our marriage was still intact.

That's why I didn't know whether to jerk off or start crying when I heard her begin to orgasm for the first time.

"God, Chris. It's even better than last time…"

"Oh fuck, Rebecca. Your pussy is so tight. You're so beautiful. I love having sex with you so much."

Love. There it was. It wasn't the first time either of them had used that word, but this time it had an intensity that I couldn't' deny. It was as if Chris had had to stop himself from saying "I love you," and had therefore added the part about the sex at the last minute.

I knew that the only really dignified thing to do in this situation would have been to either leave the house and never come back, or to storm in there and demand that they stop, but I couldn't. I knew things had gone too far, but I was still largely in denial about what had happened, because the entire scenario turned me on so much.

Even though it was like a stab to *my* heart every time that Chris buried himself in *her* pussy (and she cried out from behind the door

every time he did so), I couldn't tear myself away.

I listened as Rebecca's moans gradually built in intensity and she climaxed. Her climax hadn't been as immediate as it had been the first time, but it seemed even more intense.

And she was moaning his name the entire time, along with phrases about his size.

"Oh God, Chris. It's so big…"

Then after this initial peak, their lovemaking seemed to crescendo once more. This time, I heard the familiar (yet muffled) slap of Chris's hand against her flesh.

She was begging him to spank her.

"Mark me, Chris. I'm yours. I love feeling your hand prints on me when I'm with Louis. It makes me feel like you're there with us."

Fuck. Was she saying this just to torment me? Or because she was truly so in love with Chris? Both things seemed like a distinct possibility.

"Fuck. I feel you so much more than I ever feel him. You're so much bigger than he is. It's like your cock is the first cock I've ever had. And I guess it's true…"

She was spilling her guts in there. She must have known that I was listening.

"Oh God, Rebecca," he groaned, still thrusting his thick penis into her tight vagina, "that night at the party…I thought about it for years. Thought about how much I wanted to fuck you then. To make love to you."

"Mmm I know. Me too. Oh God, Chris… I'm going to come again. I'm going to come on your big cock…"

"That's it, Rebecca. Come for me. I love to watch you orgasm."

I loved to watch it to, but of course I couldn't see any of this. I was left standing in the hallway, a respectable distance from the

door, with my cock in my hand and tears in my eyes, in spite of myself.

Rebecca's shriek of pleasure announced another climax, and then the sounds died down for a while.

In fact, all I heard for about five minutes were muffled giggles. I imagined the two lovers cuddling on the bed, nuzzling, kissing and tickling, exchanging flirtatious banter all while Chris's huge cock jutted up in the air, still waiting to be satisfied.

A second later, Rebecca appeared in the doorway again, her hair tousled and make–up smeared.

"Oh! You're still here, huh?" she said, giggling as if she were drunk (and she was intoxicated, in a sense: intoxicated by her love for Chris and his cock).

I nodded, feeling ashamed of the fact that I was obviously jerking off to the sounds of them fucking.

"Great! Could you do us a favor, then, honey? Could you get us some kind of salty snack? We need to replace electrolytes, ha ha."

"Sure," I said, "do you have enough water?"

"I think so," she laughed.

Then she looked me up and down, her face flashed an expression somewhere between pity and disgust. Then, her love–drunk smile returned.

"Oh God, honey. I love watching his cock disappear inside me. It looks so good. Maybe if you're lucky I'll have him take some pictures for you."

She blew me a kiss and then closed the door.

I should have understood then that this was just meant to manipulate me, to keep me around to help her win him over completely. But I couldn't see that then, or if I could, I didn't want to admit it to myself, because I still wanted to be included in their relationship in some way.

When I returned from the kitchen with the snacks, I knocked on the door.

"It's him," I heard Rebecca say.

"Just open the door a crack and put them on the floor. Thanks so much," she called.

As I opened the door, I couldn't help but see what they were doing. Rebecca was kneeling at the foot of the bed, Chris's huge shaft in her hands, her face filled with awe and adoration for his manhood. Before I was noticed, I saw her take the first third of his cock completely into her throat, looking up into his eyes was she did so. I was once again astonished by the size of his member, and the ability of my wife to encompass such a significant portion of his length while remaining composed.

I watched for several moments as she made love to his penis with her lips and throat, giving him the most affectionate blowjob I could imagine.

Suddenly, though, I was self–conscious and afraid that I'd overstayed my welcome.

Overstayed my welcome in my own bedroom! This was the headspace I was in.

But I loved it. As soon as I set the tray with the snacks on the floor as instructed, I left the room without comment, exchanging a quick glance with Chris who nodded to me as Rebecca continued to pleasure his member.

As soon as I was outside the room, I couldn't help myself. I went into the bathroom and jerked off, my mind filled with images of my wife pleasuring Chris's long rod.

After I had finally ejaculated, some of the pressure was off. When I emerged from the bathroom, I poured myself another glass of my prized whiskey as I listened to the next crest of passion from the bedroom.

This time, it was Chris.

"Oh my God, babe. That feels so incredible. You're the only woman who has ever been able to do this for me. I love it. Don't stop…"

Then he became nonverbal, only able to grunt and groan. I imagined him filling my wife's mouth with his seed, it spilling out all over her chin and chest, her making a show of slowly scooping it up and eating it.

I wondered if it tasted better to her than it did to me. Probably. Because she was in love with him.

They were silent for a few minutes now, but then I slowly began to hear noises once more. They were insatiable. Neither seemed to tire.

"Oh wow," giggled Rebecca, "you're hard again so soon. I can't believe it!"

"It's all cause of you, babe."

A few minutes later, Rebecca was once again groaning. This time, the entire bed frame was slamming into the wall. Chris was giving it to Rebecca harder than he ever had before, and she was urging him on.

"Yes! Harder, Chris! I need that dick so bad…"

I thought of the downstairs neighbor and what she might think of the noise level in our apartment.

As the couple's primal, animalistic fucking continued for several more minutes, there was a loud knock at the front door.

I looked through the peephole. It was one of our neighbors, a young mother in her early 20s. She looked tired.

I looked at my watch and suddenly realized how late it was.

I opened the door a crack, much to the surprise of the woman.

"Oh," she said, and the moans of pleasure continued in the background behind me, "I didn't actually expect anyone to answer…I mean, I thought…"

"Sorry," I said, "we'll try to keep the noise down."

"That would be great," she said, obviously confused and bit uncomfortable with the entire situation, "sorry to bother you, it's just really loud."

In that moment, Rebecca gave a last shriek of pleasure and the bed stopped moving.

"Looks like, the problem…uh…solved itself…," she mumbled, blushing as she turned to go down the hall.

Now our neighbor knew that I was a cuckold. Great.

I closed the door and listened for signs that another round was beginning. Nothing.

Finally, after about half an hour, Chris emerged, his hair mussed, his clothing disheveled, and a huge, sheepish grin on his face.

"Uh, I guess, we're um, done now," he said, "so I'm going to get out of here."

"Ok," I said, nodding, "thank you for coming over."

"Thank *you* for the whiskey," he said, shaking my hand as he made his way out of the apartment.

I waited a moment for his steps to fade down the hall before I went into the bedroom.

At first I thought Rebecca might have been asleep. But soon I realized that she was simply lying very still and looking at the ceiling, her face filled with an almost angelic bliss.

"Hey, honey," she said, the familiar cock–drunk tone in her voice, "that was…beyond words. Why don't you come up here and clean me up?"

This time, there was no kissing. No attempt at all to satisfy my sexual needs, even through a handjob. It was simply expected that I would go down on her and eat the creampie left by her lover.

I couldn’t believe how good it felt to immediately satisfy her demand. I plunged my face between her legs, drinking in her fragrance which was mingled with the pungent odor and flavor of Chris’s semen. I lapped at her clit and labia with all of the pent–up ardor that I’d saved for her during the entire time that she and Chris had been making love.

“Oh honey,” she moaned, “that feels so good. You’re doing a great job. Wow. Did you hear us? We had such a great time. He fucked me in every position imaginable, honey. He’s so big and strong he has no problem doing whatever he wants with me. Of course, the fact that he has such a big dick makes a lot of things possible with him that would never be possible with you. I hope you didn’t mind not being able to watch this time. I just thought that Chris and I would both enjoy it more, and be less inhibited, if we didn’t have an audience…”

I moaned my agreement into her sloppy wet mound as I continued to choke down Chris’s load.

“I’m glad you were ok with it, honey. I mean, I’m doing this for you, after all. I love being able to fulfill your fetish like this.”

I still couldn’t tell if she really thought this was true, and was in denial about her obvious feelings for Chris, or if she was trying to manipulate me into allowing her to continue to see Chris while still staying married to me. There was no real way to know.

“Oh, fuck yes, honey. You’re going to make me come. Oh shit… just like that…don’t stop.”

I was filled with a sense of accomplishment as she bucked her hips up into my face, experiencing what might have been her twentieth climax of the night, but the only one that had been brought on by her husband.

Afterwards, we lay next to each other and fell asleep on sheets damp from her and Chris’s lovemaking.

Chapter 9

The next morning it was as if none of this had ever happened.

Since it was the weekend, I cooked an more elaborate breakfast than I normally would have, making eggs, toast and hash browns for Rebecca, who slept in for a long time.

She emerged in her bathrobe and gave me a peck on the cheek.

"Hey, honey. That looks great!"

We drank coffee and read the paper, neither mentioning at all what had happened.

Then, Rebecca, striking a casual tone, dropped a bomb:

"Chris asked if we wanted to go to dinner with him tomorrow night. I said yes. What do you think?"

I was dumbstruck.

"Dinner…like an actual *date*? Honey, I thought we agreed that this whole thing was going to just be about sex. About me getting a chance to watch you with a well–endowed man. Not about you — or us — going on dates with other men."

She leaned over and touched my hand affectionately.

"Oh, honey. I'm sorry you feel that way, but Chris is a great guy. He's really funny and nice and it would be a shame if we didn't try to make friends with him. Plus, it's obvious that the two of you enjoy each other's company, with the way that you were chatting about whiskey the other night…"

"I guess that's true," I said, having understood in no uncertain terms that I would not be able to change Rebecca's mind on this issue.

"Come on. He wants to go to that new Indian place down the block. I've heard it's great."

I nodded and agreed. I would go on a date with my wife and her bull.

Chapter 10

That initial dinner went much better than I had anticipated. It was clear that I was the third wheel, but Rebecca was right: Chris and I got along extremely well.

Which is what made it even harder when I caught him and Rebecca playing footsie under the table and died a little on the inside.

I didn't want to spoil the mood by saying something, and it would have seemed ridiculous to object to the two of them touching feet after all of the much more intimate caresses they'd already exchanged.

There was obviously a qualitative difference to this encounter, though. My wife was gazing into his eyes, laughing loudly at his jokes as they kept up their little flirtatious game which they believed to be secret.

At the end of the night, Chris walked with us back to our apartment, which was just down the block from the restaurant.

When we got to the front door, Rebecca turned to me.

"Honey," she said, "do you think it would be alright for Chris to come upstairs for coffee?"

The subtext was crystal clear, but I decided I was going to put my foot down.

"Sorry, but I'm kind of tired," I said, "maybe some other time."

Rebecca shot me a withering stare. Her anger was palpable.

"It's ok," said Chris, "I have to get up early tomorrow morning anyway."

He gave Rebecca a hug and a quick peck on the cheek, then reached out and took her hand for a moment, giving it a quick squeeze before leaning in to whisper something in her ear.

Her entire countenance changed from angry to cheerful at his words.

"Have a good night," she said, squeezing his arm.

He turned to me and extended his hand, giving mine a firm shake.

"Can't wait for next time," he said.

I believed him. The thing that made what happened over the next few months even more painful was the fact that Chris and I began to develop a real rapport.

It turned out that we'd even grown up near each other, and that we were both ardent fly fishers, even though we lived in the city. We even had conversations about a fly fishing weekend sometime, our ideal getaway to a lonely mountain stream out west.

But while Chris and I were building our "bromance," he and Rebecca were clearly in the midst of a smoldering love affair, made all the more poignant by my presence as an obstacle to their finally being together.

As funny as it seems to say this now, this period of about five months was like another honeymoon to me. No longer were Rebecca and I a happy couple, of course, but parts of a menage–a–tois in the truest since of the word.

Of course, I knew how it was all going to end. Since I was unable to stop it, there was nothing else to do but get what I could out of the rapidly dying marriage.

Certain moments and conversations during this process stand out to me.

For example, I'll never forget the first time I caught the two of them holding hands under the table. They were still too shy to actually do it in front of me, but on our third "date," to a vegan diner near Chris's place, they slid into the booth next to each other while I sat at the far end.

They were already sitting with their legs pressed together, but their hands were clearly visible throughout the meal.

This all changed, however, when I got up to go to the bathroom. As I returned, I cast a glance under the table, and saw their fingers intertwined.

Rebecca caught my eyes as I returned to the table and knew that she'd been caught. She didn't move her hand, however, keeping it right where it was, under the table.

It hurt. I never thought that I'd think that seeing my wife hold hands with another man would hurt more than seeing him ejaculate inside her vagina. But it was true.

Once they'd passed this threshold — hand holding in secret — their hand–holding in public became more and more bold.

Soon, the three of us would meet up for walks through the park, and the two of them would hold hands like young lovers the entire time while I walked alongside them.

If anyone would have seen us, they would have taken Chris and Rebecca for the married couple, and me for a good friend.

Increasingly, that was true.

During this entire "honeymoon period," Chris and Rebecca's sexual encounters continued, of course. Often after one of our "dates" we'd all go up to our place for a nightcap, and Chris would fuck Rebecca in our bed while I waited in the living room.

Our routine was always the same. Chris would give Rebecca a few orgasms before giving her a massive creampie and then going home. I would go in and clean Rebeccca's pussy and anus with my tongue, unless she'd already fallen asleep in contented bliss. The whole thing got increasingly less awkward because we had done it so often.

It got to the point that Chris would actually give me a high–five when he left the bedroom, as if we were all on the same team and he was tagging me in for a game.

Chapter 11

It was around this time — during one of our three–way "dates" — that Chris inadvertently revealed another unexpected and devastating fact about my past.

We were at a small cafe, enjoying the fall air after a brisk walk through the part. As usual, Rebecca was draped all over Chris the entire time. It killed me to watch them like this, but I also didn't want to be excluded.

As I said before, Chris and I were becoming better and better friends this entire time. We started discussing the town that we'd grown up in, and people we'd gone to high school with. Even though we'd gone to different high schools, there was enough overlap in our two circles that we had several acquaintances in common.

For some reason, the name of my first girlfriend, Kristen (the one who had dumped me and then lost her virginity to a man with a large penis) came up. I asked Chris if he happened to know her.

He thought for a while. Then his eyes lit up.

"Kristen Edwards? Yeah, I absolutely *do* know her!"

"Oh, cool," I said, "I knew her freshmen year in college."

I didn't want to tell him the truth. That I had been desperately in love with her. And that she'd left me and shortly afterwards lost her virginity to a man with a huge cock.

"I did, too," he said, "in fact, we sort of hooked up a few times, just before that party when I met you."

He turned to Rebecca, giving her a squeeze.

I got a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. It *couldn't* be possible. It would have been too much of a coincidence. Totally outside the realm of plausibility.

He got a goofy grin on his face, then continued, lowering his voice.

"I shouldn't tell you this…but you're friends, so I guess it doesn't hurt. I actually took Kristen's virginity. I remember the whole thing really well, because she was absolutely *crazy* for my dick. I'm only telling you this because I know that you both like to hear about my big–cock adventures."

Rebecca nodded, giggling a bit.

"I love those stories…," she said, blushing a little.

I didn't know what to say. I felt like I was going to faint. Could it really be true that the same man had taken not one but *two* women from me? It didn't seem possible.

After we'd gotten the bill at the cafe, I expected that we'd head back to our place as usual. This time, however, things were different.

We stood together on the sidewalk outside of the cafe, Rebecca and Chris arm–in–arm.

"Honey," said Rebecca, "Chris and I were thinking…we were wondering …"

"Would it be ok if I take Rebecca to my place tonight? Alone? I promise to return her to you in one piece in the morning," Chris interjected, saying what Rebecca had obviously been afraid would be too much to handle for me.

"You want to spend the night at his place?"

I was still recovering from the news that my first girlfriend had also fallen prey to Chris's charms, and now my wife (who was already, admittedly, exclusively sleeping with Chris now, having ceased engaging in intercourse with me months ago).

"Mmm–hmm," said Rebecca, biting her lip playfully, "I've actually never been there, you know. I need him to show me around."

"I don't know…," I said, knowing that nothing that I would say could really put a stop to these two lovers being together.

"Pleeease," she said, flirtatiously, "I promise to tell you all about everything that we do. And if you're lucky there might be a little

reward in it for you."

She smiled and winked at me.

I have to admit, I fell for it. I knew that she was manipulating me, that she had lost all of her attraction to me long ago and was now merely keeping me around for emotional and financial support, but I didn't care. I was still attracted to her, and I loved her.

More than anything, I loved the idea of her making love to a superior, well–hung alpha male, and the fact that I'd begun to become friends with Chris made this aspect of it even better for me in a way. In giving Rebecca to Chris, in helping her look her best for him, I found a way to please not only a superior alpha male, but, increasingly, a good friend.

"Ok," I said, finally relenting and accepting what I already knew to be inevitable.

"Thanks, honey."

Rebecca literally jumped for joy and gave me a peck on the cheek as she snuggled up to Chris for the short walk to his apartment.

I went home alone that night, my head full of obscene fantasies and visions of what they might be doing in my absence.

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Chapter 12

The next morning, I got up and made breakfast for myself. For a while, part of me wondered if she'd actually *ever* come back.

But then, around 11:00, I heard her key in the door.

Rebecca was glowing when she came in.

"Hey," I said, "good to see you. How were things at Chris's?"

"They were *wonderful*, honey."

"I'm happy to hear that."

She took off her coat. I suddenly realized that she was wearing one of his shirts instead of the dress that she'd worn last night.

"Ha ha, what's that?"

"Oh this? It's his shirt. He let me wear it home. I love how big it is on me. And I can sniff it and be reminded of him."

"Ha, yeah, that sounds great," I said, trying to share in her enthusiasm.

"Looks like you already had breakfast. That's good, because Chris and I went to this great brunch place near his apartment."

"You went to brunch? You could have called me," I said, "I would have loved to come along."

"Oh, I know, honey. But we were just…you know. In a certain head space. We had a really intense night last night. I can't wait to tell you all about it."

"I can't wait to hear about it," I said, suddenly perking up at the prospect of being included in their sex life, if only in some small way.

"Well, come into the bedroom and I'll tell you all about it," she said, flashing me a sultry look

My entire mood changed. Suddenly, I was myself again. Married to the woman that I loved. Rebecca.

"Why don't you take off those pants? I promised you a reward, didn't I?"

Eagerly, I pulled my pants off and sat on the bed. Rebecca took her place next to me, snuggling in close to me and looking up at me with those big, irresistible eyes. She reached down with one hand and started to stroke my cock. I was leaking so much precum that there was no lubrication necessary.

"I had such a great time with Chris," she whispered, "he has a really cool apartment. I can't believe we've never gone over there before. I think I'm going to start visiting him over there a lot more often, though. It's just a lot more comfortable for a lot of reasons…"

One of those reasons had to be the fact that *I* didn't live there, but she didn't say that directly.

"First he went down on me for a really long time, which was great. It helps me get ready to take his cock. Even though I should be used to it by now, it's always a major adjustment. He's just so fucking *big*."

She began to play with the head of my cock, tormenting me with her hands as well as her story.

"Anyway, he's so good at oral, honey. I don't know if I've ever told you that. I mean, you're pretty good at cleaning me up after he's finished, but he's absolutely excellent at making me climax again and again with his tongue. Of course, he doesn't need to use his tongue to do that, his cock works incredibly well. And the orgasms he gives me with his penis are always deeper and more emotionally satisfying than the ones that come from his tongue. But a girl has to have some variety, you know?"

She teased my balls with her other hand. They must have felt so small and inadequate compared to Chris's.

"So after he'd made me come like three or four times, I needed a break, so I asked him if I could suck his cock. He agreed, of course, and so I got on my knees while he sat on the bed and just said sweet things to me and stroked my hair while I pleasured him. I

love taking my time and just exploring every single inch of him. Anyway, *this* is the part that I really wanted to tell you about, honey, because it came up during our conversation the other day. So you remember how you asked about Kristen Edwards? The fact that Chris took her virginity really turned me on for some reason, so I asked him to tell me the story of how it all happened while I was sucking his cock."

My entire cock was slick with its own natural lubrication now as she continued the story.

"Are you sure you want to hear this, honey? I mean, she was your girlfriend or something before you met me, right? I feel like you mentioned that when we first started dating."

"Yeah," I stammered, "we were together for a while…"

"Oh, good! That's what I thought. Well, you'll like this story even more, since I know that you love this whole 'cuckolding' thing. It turns out that Chris has taken not one but *two* girls from you, ha ha!"

"Anyway, Chris told me that Kristen actually dumped her boyfriend so that she could sleep with him with a clear conscience. That boyfriend must have been *you*, honey! Unless there was someone else in between?"

This new revelation hit me like a punch to the stomach. But my cock was still rock–hard, and even though I knew this story was going to hurt me, I didn't want to stop her. I couldn't tell at this point if she was telling me the story because she wanted to emotionally torture me, because she was getting off on it as well, or because she genuinely thought that I would enjoy hearing it.

On the other hand, she was right, wasn't she? I *was* enjoying hearing it.

"So as soon as Kristen had broken up with you, she went straight to Chris's dorm room. He remembers how cute she looked in her long cable–knit sweater, tights and ugg boots. She just jumped in his lap and started kissing him. They had been hanging out alone

together and talking for a long time before this, so there was all of this sexual tension between them. The only problem was that you were in the way, honey. Ha ha. Pretty soon, things got really hot and heavy, and because Chris is so tall, they couldn't fit on his dorm bunk bed, so they moved the mattress to the floor. Chris said he had done that a lot with other girls, so he knew what to do. Kristen looked so good on his mattress with her light blond hair, pale skin and pink little nipples. It wasn't long before Chris had her begging for his cock. The only problem was that she was a virgin, and he's so big (as you know)."

I couldn't believe I was hearing the other side of the story of the same events that Kristen had narrated to me all those years ago, told to me by my wife, who was also in the process of leaving me for the **very same man**. It was so cruel that it was almost poetic in a way, and I wouldn't have even believed it if it hadn't been happening to me in that moment.

"So he had to spend a long time getting her ready, but luckily they weren't in any hurry. Oh, to be young again and without any responsibilities! So he took his time, going down on her and opening her up gently with his fingers, getting her ready to take his cock. He also got her acquainted with his penis first, too, because she was actually a little scared of it because it was so much bigger than the only other cock that she'd seen."

That other cock was now, of course, in Rebecca's hands as she relayed the tale.

"So he had her stroke him and showed her how to explore him with her mouth, and she gave him a nice, long blowjob, just like I was doing while he told me the story. Just absolutely worshiping him with her tongue and lips. He said he wanted to come so badly but also really wanted to take her virginity first, so he held back. Finally, they were both ready. She was on her back on the bed, her legs spread, and he was on top, slowly guiding his incredibly large and masculine penis into her tight pink little vagina. He said he held her hand and told her to squeeze if he was going too fast. She nodded

and stared into his eyes the entire time as he pushed inside her. She had her first orgasm when he was only halfway in. Before he knew it, she was moaning his name and begging him to fuck her harder. He wanted to hold back because it was her first time, but after a while he couldn't help it anymore. He came inside her and filled her with her very first load of cum."

As you can imagine, the story was all the more intense for me because I could imagine every aspect of it perfectly, having known Kristen well and having seen Chris in action fucking my wife. The entire scenario was all too real for me, realer than my wife could probably even imagine.

Or could she?

I came hard, but just as I started to ejaculate, Rebecca removed her hand, whether innocently and entirely by accident or on purpose I didn't know. This had the effect of ruining my orgasm and leaving me wanting more right at the moment of my climax. I dribbled cum all over myself as Rebecca moved away at exactly the right moment.

"Oooh," she said, "you got yourself kind of messy. I'll let you get cleaned up."

And that was the last sexual contact I ever had with my wife.

Not that she broke things off that quickly. It was a long, painful three or four months before the separation became anything like official. During that time, we continued to see Chris together.

The big difference this time was that Chris and Rebecca no longer felt the need to conceal their affection for each other. They kissed and cuddled openly in front of me at restaurants and the movies. We even hung out with friends who, of course, knew that Rebecca and I were married.

The problem was that Chris was just a really nice guy, and really fun to be around. Everyone knew this. So it was hard for me to be mad at him or at Rebecca. In fact, I kind of understood them.

Our friends understood it, too. I still wonder why no one thought it was strange that my wife was suddenly draped all over this other man. On the other hand, *I* didn't act like it was weird, so why should *they*? They might have thought that they should mind their own business, or that we had some sort of polyamorous arrangement, which was, in a sense, the truth.

Things got really strange, however, when Rebecca announced that she was going to bring Chris along when we visited my family for Christmas. Rebecca and my parents had always gotten along great, and so they were really happy to meet Chris when Rebecca introduced him as "a really close friend."

Neither my father nor my mother commented on the fact that Rebecca's affections seemed to have completely transferred to Chris. They simply enjoyed Chris's company (as everyone did), and didn't ask too many questions.

To their credit, Chris and Rebecca toned down their public displays of affection in front of my parents. Mostly.

After Christmas, Chris and Rebecca started excluding me from their dates more and more often. Pretty soon, I was relegated entirely to "friend" status. Rebecca spent most nights with Chris, and her things disappeared from the apartment little by little, so that I barely noticed the difference from day to day, but suddenly found myself living a bachelor existence.

Finally, the reality of our situation could no longer be ignored.

I told Rebecca that we needed to sit down and talk about what was happening between us. I hadn't seen her face–to–face in days, so I sent this message via text.

Rebecca wrote back immediately, saying that she would be at our apartment in a couple of hours to pick up her last few things. She wanted to talk to me as well. She had important news.

Epilogue

"Hey, honey!" she said, using her old affectionate nickname for me.

I wondered what she called Chris when I wasn't around.

She sat down on the couch, and I took a seat at a comfortable distance. All of our old intimacy was gone. All that was left was a strange tension, the air somehow filled with our shared past in this very space.

"I came to tell you that I'm moving out."

"I guessed that," I said, "Chris has a pretty big place. I suppose it should work for the both of you."

"Yes," she said, pausing.

I could sense that she was about to burst over with happiness, and even though I knew that I'd never be able to share in this happiness, I nevertheless loved to see her this way. She was my wife, after all. For now.

"We're actually moving," she said, "to a place a little further uptown."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah. It's got two bedrooms. We're going to need the extra space."

"Of course. Space is at such a premium in this city."

I could sense that there was something she wasn't telling me, but for some stupid reason, I wasn't at all prepared for what she said next.

"We're going to need the extra space, because of the very important news I have to tell you."

I raised my eyebrows in surprise, only suddenly realizing what was going on.

“I’m pregnant!” she said, bursting into a huge grin and embracing me as if I’d been a good friend, and not her cuckolded husband.

“Congratulations,” I managed to gasp.

“I’m at 12 weeks today. I really wanted to tell you and your parents over Christmas, but we just couldn’t let the secret out until we knew for a fact that the pregnancy was viable.”

“That’s…great…” I stammered.

“I told Chris you’d be happy for us. He feels weird about the whole thing. Because of how all of this started, you know. Your little fetish.”

I nodded.

“But he really likes you and hopes that we can all be friends. You, me, him and the baby.”

“Of course,” I replied.

“There’s something else,” she said, looking down for a moment, and then holding up her left hand.

In place of the modest engagement ring that we’d both scrimped to save up for years ago was a new, large, sparkling diamond ring.

“Chris asked me to marry him!”

She was so excited that she hugged me again.

“Congratulations,” I said.

“Thanks, honey.”

There were tears in both of our eyes, but for entirely different reasons.

“I don’t want there to be any hard feelings between us.”

“Of course not,” I said, trying to hold back my emotions.

“I’ll never forget all of the time that we spent together. In the college choir and afterwards, right here in this apartment. And I’ll

never be able to thank you enough for helping me get back together with Chris. He really is my soulmate, and you helped me realize that."

I realized it now as well.

"We both hope that you'll be able to come to the wedding. We don't have too much time to waste, because I don't want to be showing in my gown. Not that very many people would be scandalized. I'm just too vain!"

"You'll look great no matter what."

"Thanks, honey. You always knew how to make me feel good about myself."

She went into the bedroom and packed up one last bag of things.

"There's just one more issue," she said, reaching for her purse and pulling out a large manila envelope, "in order for Chris and I to be married, you and I are going to have to get a divorce, of course."

This wasn't unexpected, of course, but it *was* the final, official deathblow to a marriage that had already been over for a long time.

"Yes," I said, "I figured."

"I had my lawyer draw up some papers. There's nothing for you to do but sign on each of the lines, next to my signature. He's even highlighted everything for you. It shouldn't take you very long to do, but I'll leave the papers here with you and you can mail them to the address on the first page."

I sat there, looking at the stack of papers, stunned.

"I'm really sorry, but I have to get going now," she said, bending down and kissing my forehead, "goodbye, Lou. I meant what I said back then, the first time that Chris came over: no matter what, I'll always love you. In my own way."

Then she stood and took something out of her pocket. It was her engagement ring.

"I want you to have this," she said, "I don't need it any more, and it probably means more to you anyway."

That was it. I couldn't hold back the large salty tears that tumbled down my cheeks silently as I watched Rebecca leave our apartment for the last time.

I knew that what had happened to our marriage was an incredibly powerful and in some ways highly improbable combination of fate and poor decisions.

It had been a poor decision on my part to pry too much into Rebecca's past, and to try to get her to explore my fantasy of watching her have sex with a well–endowed man.

It had been fate, however, that the man she had chosen had not only turned out to be perfectly matched to her personality, but also the man who had stolen my first love from me.

What made it all even worse was what a wonderful person Chris was, and how well we'd gotten along. Even though Chris was a consummate alpha male, he wasn't some kind of aggressive asshole. He was a genuinely nice guy who just happened to fall in love with the woman he was fucking as a bull.

It would have been easier for me to accept, ultimately, if Rebecca's preference for Chris really had just come down to the length and thickness of his penis. But I knew it was so much more than that. He'd out–manned me in every category that mattered, and there was simply no way to compete. His cock wouldn't have mattered a bit if it had been attached to a different man, and I knew it.

That is how my wife's **first** bull also became her **last**.

Let this be a cautionary tale to all would–be cuckolds out there: once the power of an alpha male's large cock is unleashed on your marriage, the results are entirely unpredictable. I found this out the hard way, so you don't have to.

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

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

MARA'S BBC THERAPY

When John's wife Mara suddenly stumbles across explicit material on his phone, previously repressed desires are suddenly awakened.

Part of her feels betrayed. According to her conservative worldview, watching dirty videos is exactly the same as cheating.

But another part of her is intrigued: if her husband is already, in a sense, cheating on her, perhaps she should have a bit of license herself?

It just so happens that Marcus, her new trainer at the gym, has been waiting to introduce his innocent, young and fertile client to his most effective training tool: his BBC. And he doesn't care if John is watching. In fact, he prefers it.

Come along on one sheltered young wife's descent into depravity as she falls for a man who's everything that her husband isn't.

HANNAH'S BBC THERAPY

Steven Jackson cheated on his lovely wife, Hannah. Now, he'll do anything to save his marriage. So when Hannah suggests they try a rather unconventional kind of couples' therapy, Steven is eager to comply.

That is, until he meets Hannah's new therapist: Dr. Marcus Fielding, a tall, dominant, alpha male with a BBC who (in cooperation with his loving wife, Linda) offers female clients very intimate treatment in his home studio. Treatments which involve what they call "restorative justice": the affirmation of a woman's desires, no matter how hurtful these may be to her husband...

Soon, Hannah and Steven have an appointment with Dr. and Mrs. Fielding, and Steven comes face-to-face with the reality of Hannah's needs, which can no longer be denied. But what about Steven's own conflicted urges? Will he learn to accept, and perhaps even enjoy the fact that his fertile wife is now a size queen and will need many more appointments with Marcus that are more than just emotionally hard, rough and raw?

LISA'S BBC THERAPY

Even though it wasn't her fault, Lisa can't stop blaming herself for being in the driver's seat during the accident that left her sister paralyzed.

Luckily, she has a loving husband who is willing to do whatever it takes to support her in her healing process.

But when Lisa begins to try a new type of therapy administered by the tall, handsome and dominant Marcus Fielding and his wife Linda, her husband Robert starts to get suspicious. Soon, he's following Lisa secretly to her counseling sessions, and finding out that her therapist's **BBC** may be *exactly* what his marriage needs.

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…

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