HER FIRST BULL



Hannah

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

HER FIRST BULL: HANNAH

A CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN NOVELLA

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HER FIRST BULL: HANNAH

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INTRODUCTION

My wife Hannah had been running her own preschool for the entire length of our ten-year marriage. I had come to regard her as a parent of sorts, even though we didn't have children of our own. Sure, it was something that we both wanted, but we'd been trying to conceive for two years, and it just hadn't happened yet. I guess that meant that we were, officially "infertile," but that was a label that didn't really bother us, either. There were enough kids around at Hannah's work that we got our "baby-fix" no matter what, even if we only saw the kids when they were toddlers, not infants.

I say "we" because Hannah talked about her work so much that I felt like I knew everything that went on there. My job, however, had nothing to do with children. I was the comptroller for the city of Karlsberg, a small town in the middle of nowhere, population 23,000. I had a surprising amount of work given our population, but I still had plenty of downtime, so I supplemented my income with freelance accounting work, both for local businesses and for clients online.

It wasn't a bad life. We didn't earn much compared to people in big cities, but between the two of us we had more than enough money to afford a very nice house, two cars, and a two-week vacation every year. Hannah worked hard at the pre-school, so she made sure that she had enough time off so as not to get burnt out. This meant that she was usually off for the entire month of August. I could usually let some of my duties at the city offices slide, and whatever freelance clients I had could tolerate it if I was only reachable by

telephone for a few weeks, so we would often head off to the Florida panhandle or Louisiana. It was a terrible time of year to go because of the oppressive heat, but it was also great to have a chance to cool off in the ocean. And besides, the hotels and bars had air conditioning.

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We were on the beach in Destin that summer when Hannah first mentioned a name that I hadn't heard in more than a decade: James Weston.

"Jim's coming back," she said, squinting at her phone from under the large straw hat she was wearing.

"Jim who?"

"Weston."

"Oh," I said, "coming back where? To Kansas City?"

"No," she said, "you remember - he left the league at least two years ago."

"That's right," I said, "he had an injury or something, right?"

"Yeah, I think," she said, "he tore his ACL, but then there were some kind of complications during rehab. I'm not sure exactly what happened. Then Kaitlyn died. So awful. That poor man."

Jim, Kaitlyn, Hannah and I had all attended Karlsberg High together, more than a decade ago. Jim had been the quarterback of the football team, an incredible athlete who everyone in the town worshiped. I have to admit, I was caught up in his spell as well. He was a very nice guy, and usually also very humble about his skills (though once in a while he would let something slip that showed that he actually had quite an arrogant side).

Hannah and Jim had dated a bit right after high school, the summer before he went off to college on an athletic scholarship. A couple of months after they broke up, Hannah and I had both started at the big state school

where we found ourselves in the same orientation group. Eventually, we started dating, fell in love, and got married.

Sure, I knew that she'd dated the big high school football star who went on to join the KC Chiefs after his college career, but I never thought of Jim as a threat. Hannah never talked about him, except once in a while when the sports pages would mention him, or someone from our hometown would tell us what he'd been up to.

When his wife Kaitlyn died, we'd sent flowers, of course. Hannah and I had both known Kaitlyn casually in high school, but hadn't been good enough friends with her to travel out of state to attend her funeral. Besides, we hadn't been invited.

It had been shocking, however, to hear that a woman our age had gone from feeling great to dying within the space of eight months. Her bone cancer went through her body swiftly and furiously, leaving Jim without a wife, and two kids without a mother. Hannah was right: it was a terrible tragedy.

"He's coming back to Karlsberg," said Hannah, "with his family. He wants to be closer to his mom and dad. And I'm sure Kaitlyn's parents will appreciate being able to see their grandchildren, too."

"What's he going to do? For work, I mean?"

"I don't know," she said, "I'm getting all of this information from a post he made on Instagram. It's a small town, though. I'm sure we'll know more soon."



AS IT HAPPENED, we did know more, and very soon, because Jim showed up with his two kids on the first day of Hannah's pre-school that fall.

"Hi," he said, extending his hand, "I'm Jim Weston. I called about Caleb and Andrew."

Caleb and Andrew were only about thirteen months apart, and were forces of nature. They were already helping themselves to the best toys while their father barely had his foot in the front door of the small preschool.

"Jim," said Hannah, taking his hand, but also leaning in for a hug, "did you think I didn't remember you? It's me, Hannah. My last name used to be

Michaels.”

Jim’s face lit up.

“Oh my gosh! I should have known. I’m so sorry! I didn’t recognize the last name. Of course. And you must be Zach,” he said, turning to me, “and you’re married to Hannah. *That’s* why she’s Hannah McCabe now.”

“You got it,” I said, shaking his hand, “welcome back to Karlsberg. We were so sorry to hear about Kaitlyn.”

His face fell.

“Thank you,” he said, “that means a lot. It’s been very difficult. Especially for the boys. That’s why I’m back here. I thought that having more relatives around would help them adjust a little. Get things back to normal.”

“That makes total sense,” said Hannah, “I think it was the best decision. They’re going to do great here. I think you all will.”

“I hope so,” said Jim, “I just took a job at my father-in-law’s law firm. I’m going to be helping out around the office at first, but I want to go back to school and get my law degree eventually. I didn’t do so great in college, so I actually don’t have very many marketable skills besides throwing a ball and running fast!”

“Oh, I’m sure that’s not true,” said Hannah.

“I work with that firm all the time,” I said, “I’m sure you’re going to love it there.”

“That’s great to hear,” he said, smiling again, “it sure is nice to see people that I know.”

He looked at Hannah, as if remembering something.

“Hannah *Micheals*,” he said, shaking his head as if disappointed in himself, “I can’t believe I didn’t recognize you. You haven’t changed a bit.”

“You haven’t changed much either,” she said, looking up at him, her face filled with admiration.

I couldn’t help but feel just a little jealous. After all, she’d dated this guy before me. And he’d been in the NFL!

But, on the other hand, he’d gone to the same high school as I had, and certainly deserved my sympathy because of the terrible loss he’d experienced in his personal life, not so long ago.

I also reminded myself that Hannah was married to *me*, not him, and so there was no reason for me to feel jealous.

As I watched my wife admiring her ex-boyfriend, I began to feel another emotion as well: curiosity. How far had they gone together? Had they made love? How often? They'd only dated a couple of months as far as I knew, but they'd both been 18, an age where people are hungry for sexual experience and, well, *horny*.

Hannah was hot, both now and back then: she was a slim brunette with blue eyes, full lips and a great ass. She also had double-D breasts.

There were certainly some dads who insisted on dropping off their kids so that they could talk to her and even flirt.

But that never bothered me. Hannah had been completely devoted to me from the day we met. Even if she didn't believe absolutely everything they told us in church, I knew that she believed very strongly in the importance of marriage, and so I never worried about the fact that a lot of the dads in town fucked their wives while thinking of the cute preschool teacher, who also happened to be my wife.

I was proud of the fact that Hannah looked as good as she did. There: I'll say it! I liked the fact that she turned heads. It reflected well on me, after all. It meant that I had something that those other guys hadn't. After all, a lot of the dads who flirted with Hannah when they dropped off their kids used to be in high school with us. They'd been after her for years, and if she'd been tempted to sleep with one of them, she would have done it long ago.

Jim was different, though. He'd *actually* had her back then. He hadn't just fantasized about it like those other guys. Sure, Hannah had been on my radar back in high school, too, but I'd been so hung up on my girlfriend, Maria, that I hadn't had eyes at all for my future wife. It wasn't until that first day of university that I even considered making this hot girl my own.

But what did I mean when I said that he'd "had" my wife before I did? I actually had no idea how far things might have gone between them before we got together. I hadn't asked Hannah if she was a virgin when we'd gotten together. I had kind of just assumed that she was, because of how religious she was. We'd never discussed it explicitly. I just assumed that she'd internalized all of those lessons from Sunday school, especially because she obviously felt guilty about breaking them when she was together with me.

That all changed, of course, when we got married. Hannah was actually what I would consider "wild" in bed. She was always the one to suggest we

try new positions, new fantasies. She was the one who bought the “naughty schoolgirl” and “dirty maid” outfits for our anniversary.

Did I like it when Hannah dressed up and pretended to be someone else in the bedroom? Sure I did. It was fun.

But it didn’t really matter that much to me. I was simply attracted to Hannah, even if she was just playing herself: the sexiest woman that I’d ever met. I felt fortunate to have met and married her.

That said, like every relationship, our had slowed down a little over the past few years when it came to sex. Instead of doing it three or four times a week (all over the house) like we had when we were newlyweds, now we were doing it about once or twice a week (in the bedroom, Friday nights after our “date night”).

It was during one of those “date nights” — we were at the fanciest restaurant in town, Antonini’s Pizza — when we first got a glimpse of Jim’s new social life.

He was sitting at a table for two, across from none other than Hannah’s best friend from way back in the day, Katie.

I couldn’t help but notice how good Katie looked. She’d always been at attractive woman, but it was clear that she’d put some effort into her appearance that night. Maybe she had a crush on Jim from way back when, back when he was the high school quarterback?

I wondered what Hannah would think about her friend moving in on her territory, even if it was so far in the past.

I looked over at my wife, studying her face for some sign of what she was thinking. She smiled.

“I guess Jim is settling in,” she said, smirking a bit, “I can’t believe Katie didn’t tell me about this. She must be feeling guilty.”

“Careful,” I said, “don’t let them see us staring. Oh wait. Too late.”

We’d been spotted. Jim flashed us a huge grin and gestured for us to come over.

“Hey, Zach. Hey, Hannah. Nice to see both of you. I guess I don’t need to introduce you to Katie.”

“Hey bestie,” said Katie, smiling at Hannah.

It seemed like she’d probably already had a couple of drinks that night besides the glass of wine in front of her.

“Hey Katie,” said Hannah.

“I was going to tell you. I really was,” said Katie giggling, “but I thought I’d see how things went tonight first.”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Hannah, “seriously. He’s all yours. I missed my chance with him after Kaitlyn moved in…”

She immediately regretted mentioning Jim’s dead wife, because she quickly blurted an apology.

“Jim, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to…”

He waved his hand.

“It’s ok. I have to think about it every day. But it’s been a year and…ten months now. And I’m trying my best to move on. As painful as it is.”

“Of course you are,” said Hannah, her face filled with concern, “and you couldn’t have picked a better girl to do it with.”

“Do *what* with?!”

Katie was clearly tipsy.

“Oh, come on. I didn’t mean *that*. I mean, I didn’t *not* mean that, either. If you want. If *both* of you want.”

Hannah blushed as she tried to excuse herself. Jim simply smiled.

“Ok,” I said to Hannah, “before you dig yourself in any deeper, let’s get a table. Have fun you two.”

“We will,” said Katie, once again being a little more suggestive than was really appropriate.



THAT NIGHT, Hannah was in one of her more “wild” moods. She took control when we got home, kissing me passionately the moment that we stepped through the door. I couldn’t help but wonder if seeing Katie and Jim together had gotten her juices flowing for lack of a better term. Was she trying to imagine her old flame together with her best friend?

She grabbed me and took me by the hand to the bedroom, where she pulled me down onto the mattress and whispered forcefully in my ear:

“Make love to me, Zach.”

A moment later, my head was plunged between her legs. I pulled her panties to the side as she grasped the back of my head.

“Oh yes. Just like that.”

I imagined that she was thinking back on some fond memory of fooling around with Jim, maybe after football practice. Did the two of them sneak into the showers together for a quickie, once all of the other players and the coach had gone home?

My cock throbbed as I imagined my wife bent over, steadying herself on a towel rack while the large and powerful Jim thrust inside her.

Hannah cried out, climaxing as she pushed her wet cunt against my face.

“That was incredible, Zach. Now it’s your turn.”

Before I knew it, I was on my back on the bed, and Hannah was lowering herself on top of me. She was in a truly aggressive mood that evening, and it was amazing to see her so passionate about bouncing on my dick. I wondered if, when she closed her eyes, she was thinking about Jim and not me. Part of me actually hoped that she was. I can’t explain it, but it was true: I wondered if my wife still thought about her old lover, at least sometimes.

“God yes, Hannah. That’s so good.”

I was close to climaxing even though I’d only barely slipped inside her.

“No yet, babe. Please not yet,” she moaned, as if sensing that I was almost there.

She probably really could sense it. We’d been together long enough so as to know each other’s bodies and sexual responses inside and out. Did she also sense something different about our encounter that night? Something that had been charged by our conversation with Jim and Katie at the restaurant.

“I can’t hold back,” I blurted, “I’m sorry…”

I shot a huge load into my beautiful wife, opening my eyes in time to see a look of disappointment cross her face. It was replaced, however, with a smile an instant later. I knew that she’d enjoyed herself, even if I hadn’t been able to deliver a second orgasm.

“That was amazing, honey,” she told me, collapsing on the bed next to me.

“You seemed…really into it tonight.”

“I was.”

She played with my hair, running her fingers through it as she looked off into space at the ceiling.

“Was there something that put you in the mood?”

“Hmm? I don’t know. I guess maybe it’s that time of the month or something.”

Hannah was often especially horny just before her period started, around the time that she was ovulating.

“That makes sense.”

We lay there for a few minutes in complete silence as I listened to the sound of her breathing.

“That was crazy, seeing Jim and Katie together, wasn’t it?”

Hannah turned to me.

“Crazy? Why?”

“I mean…she’s your best friend. And you and Jim used to date. I thought it might…awaken some feelings.”

She smiled.

“That was a long time ago, and I’m married now. I’m not jealous or something, if that’s what you’re asking. I wish them both the best. God knows that Jim has been through hell these past couple of years. He deserves any kind of comfort he can find.”

She propped herself up on her elbow and looked me in the eye.

“To be honest, I hope that Katie is fucking his brains out tonight. He deserves it. And I know that she’s wild in bed.”

“How do you know that?”

“She’s always telling me about crazy stuff she’s done. Like threesomes, that kind of thing.”

“Do you think she’s going to have a threesome with Jim?”

She laughed.

“Probably not on their first date, I guess. But yeah, maybe, if he wants it. I mean, he deserves it after all he’s been through…”

“Hey, don’t *I* deserve a threesome?”

I nudged her playfully.

“I’m not so sure about that. Unless you’re talking about you, me and another guy…”

“Would you be into that? Being shared with another guy?”

“No. Not really,” she said, pausing.

Then she sighed.

“I mean…if we’re being serious, it just sounds too complicated. Emotionally and physically. I am happy with the way things are now. You drive me crazy in bed. You really do.”

“Thanks,” I said, “I’m happy too. I don’t need a threesome. Let’s leave that up to Katie. And maybe Jim.”

“It’s a deal.”

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I didn't think much about Katie and Jim's date for the next couple of weeks or so, until Hannah called me from the preschool and announced that she was going to be home a little later than normal because Katie wanted to meet her for a drink.

"I guess something happened with Jim, and she wants my opinion on it," she said.

"Ooh, sounds like some juicy gossip," I replied, "I hope you fill me in on everything when you get home."

"I promise I will."



WHEN SHE GOT HOME, she walked through the door with an expression on her face that conveyed amusement and astonishment.

"Well," she said, "I don't know if I should tell you this or not."

"Now you have to tell me."

"True," she said, throwing her jacket on a kitchen chair, "do you want a glass of wine or something? I feel like I need another one after having to be Katie's relationship counselor."

"Sure," I said, "it's Friday night, after all!"

I popped open a bottle of Aldi's finest, the best that we could get all the way out here in Karlsberg.

We sat next to each other at the kitchen table and clinked our glasses, toasting to another work week completed.

“So are you going to tell me the gossip? Or what?”

“Ok,” said Hannah, “I apologize if this gets a little…personal.”

“Personal how? Are you or I involved somehow?”

“No. No. That’s not what I mean. I just mean that some of the details are, well, a little delicate.”

“Delicate? You mean sexy?”

“I’d say ‘sexual’ rather than ‘sexy.’ I’ll explain.”

“Ok,” I said, “please do.”

“So,” she began, after taking a large swig of wine, “Katie and Jim really hit it off after that date we saw them on. Katie knew that Jim only had a babysitter for a few hours, so she decided not to waste any time. She took him back to her place and basically attacked him. He was very into it, too. They were all over each other. He had told her when he agreed to go on a date with her that he was cautious about moving too quickly and getting too serious too soon because he didn’t want to confuse his boys. They lost their mother so recently that he couldn’t just bring another woman into their home so soon. Katie understood that, but she was, well, horny. And so was he. So she told him that whatever happened that night wouldn’t imply a commitment on either one of their parts. It was just some fun and that was it.”

“Ok,” I said, thinking of Katie throwing herself at Jim and getting more than a little jealous, “I don’t see a downside to any of this. If I were him, I would be jumping for joy.”

Hannah glared at me, but I could tell that she wasn’t seriously mad.

“I know that Katie’s hot, Zach. You’ve always thought she was pretty. That’s fine with me as long as you keep your hands to yourself around her.”

“Of course I do. And I will. Keep my hands to myself, I mean.”

“Good.”

“So what happened? Why did she tell you all this? Just to brag?”

“No. Quite the opposite, in fact. Everything was going great until they got into the bedroom. That’s when things started to go south. Jim…couldn’t stay hard.”

“You mean he was impotent?”

“Yeah. That’s the personal detail that I was telling you about. You can’t breathe a word of it to anyone. Jim would just die… as if he doesn’t have enough problems already!”

“Maybe he was just uncomfortable. Worried about his boys.”

“And still grieving his wife,” interjected Hannah, “yeah. That’s what I said. But Katie took it as a personal insult, and a challenge. She managed to convince him to come by her place during lunch the next day to give it another shot while the kids were with their grandparents. Jim agreed. Katie pulled out all the stops. Lingerie. Dirty talk. She sucked on his cock and managed to get him hard, but right before he was about to go inside her, he went limp again. To be honest, I think the pressure to perform got the better of him. She probably intimidated him by making such a big deal out of it.”

“Yeah. I mean, anyone might have trouble performing with those kind of expectations,” I said.

Then something else occurred to me.

“Did he consider trying pills? Like viagra? I think you can get it online for really cheap these days.”

“They discussed that, yeah,” said Hannah, “but he was reluctant to take something like that if he was otherwise healthy. And he is. He’s been to the doctor. Had his bloodwork done and stuff like that. And as you can see by looking at him, he’s in great shape. It’s all in his head somehow. He wants to work through that first, before taking drugs to give him a boner.”

“That makes sense,” I said, thinking secretly that I would have done whatever it took to bang Katie, even if it meant swallowing a little blue pill, “so how did Katie feel about that?”

“She didn’t take it very well,” Hannah sighed, “she feels kind of like a failure as a woman, even if the reasons that he can’t function are very understandable. Men aren’t machines, after all. You can’t just expect them to turn on and off like that. No matter how attractive the woman is or isn’t.”

“That’s true,” I said, “but it doesn’t sound like Katie understands that.”

“She understands it intellectually,” said Hannah, “but not emotionally. And she’s afraid that she’s put so much pressure on him to perform that he’s never going to be able to do it with her, even if his dick might work in other contexts. I told her that she needed to give it time, try to relax and just forget about fucking him for a while. Go to the movies or the park or something. Hold his hand.”

“That’s good advice. I think that if I were him, I’d want to be with someone I was very comfortable with. Someone who I knew understood me and wouldn’t reject me.”

“Yeah,” said Hannah, “but I’m afraid it’s too late for that. They’ve stopped texting regularly, and I think they’re basically broken up now. Poor

guy.”

“Yeah, I feel very bad for him. Maybe we should have him over for dinner or something. I’ve been meaning to do that anyway. Ever since he moved back into town.”

“That’s a great idea,” I said, “I guess he has to get a babysitter first, right? So he’d need some notice.”

“I happen to know that Kaitlyn’s parents are taking the kids tomorrow night, because Caleb told me today at preschool.”

“So why don’t you call him?”

“I think I’ll text.”

“Good idea.”



AND THAT IS how we ended up having Jim, my wife’s ex-boyfriend, over to dinner at our house. If nothing else, this would give me an opportunity to observe the way Hannah acted around him. To inspect her every movement for a sign of her feelings towards him, either old or new. I was a little jealous, it was true, but the story about Jim’s impotence actually made me a lot more confident than I normally would have been having my wife’s stud of an ex coming to visit.

It’s true: he was tall, muscular, fit and used to play in the NFL. But none of that could preserve him from the indignity of not being able to perform when it really counted. I didn’t envy him. At least not really.

Jim immediately accepted Hannah’s invitation for dinner the following evening. Maybe he was happy for a social engagement to take his mind off of the failed relationship with Katie. Maybe he was eager to reconnect with Hannah. Maybe he was just lonely.

For whatever reason, he was there on our doorstep at 6:00, right when we’d invited him. He seemed to have dressed up a little for the occasion: he was wearing a button-down shirt and khakis. Then I remembered that he was helping out at his former father-in-law’s law firm. Maybe that was what he wore to work. In any case, he seemed nicely dressed and clean-cut.

He gave me a firm handshake.

“Zach,” he said, “thanks so much for the invitation. These are for the lady of the house.”

He lifted his left hand, which held a large bouquet of flowers.

“Thanks,” I said, “she’ll love them. Let me put them in some water. Do you want a drink?”

“Sure,” he said, following me into the house, “I’ll have what you’re having.”

“Bud Light?”

“Perfect.”

I led Jim into the kitchen, where Hannah was getting the burgers ready for the grill. She smiled and leaned in for a hug, which she performed without touching him, due to the kitchen glove she was wearing.

“Hannah,” he said, “so great to see you.”

“Great to see you, too. It’s been so long since we’ve had a chance to really talk. I mean, you’re usually just dropping off the kids or picking them up or whatever.”

“Yeah,” he said, “life is hectic, isn’t it? But good, too. They love it at your preschool.”

“That’s great to hear. We love having them.”

“I think I’ll get the grill ready,” I said, handing Jim a beer, “you two can chat about old times…or whatever.”

But they were already so absorbed in their conversation that they scarcely noted my departure.

After a few minutes, Hannah brought the burgers out to me on at the grill on the deck, and Jim followed behind her.

“Did you two have fun catching up on old times?”

I thought I saw Jim flinch a little, like I’d asked him an embarrassing question. That was evidence that he still had some kind of feelings for my wife, or at least recognized that the situation between them wasn’t *totally* innocent.

For a brief moment, I felt jealous. Then I remembered Jim’s failure to perform, and I felt better. That made me feel guilty, however. I knew that there was nothing that Jim could do about it, and it could just as easily have been me.

“There’s not much to catch up on,” he said, “you’re a lucky man. I always knew that whoever Hannah ended up with would wife her up. Hell, sometimes I wish I would have done it myself. Not that I regret anything that happened.”

“Of course,” I said, “she’s wonderful. I don’t know what I would do without her.”

During the dinner, Jim was polite and courteous to a tee. While it was clear that he was still the football star (large, confident and self-assured), there was a quiet reserve to his manner, as if the fact of his wife’s death was never far from his mind.

He might have been thinking about his kids, too, of course.

I also watched Hannah carefully during the dinner. I didn’t have to wait long to see little signs of flirtatious behavior, or at least what I took for it. It wasn’t too obvious, however. Hannah was too smart to betray herself like that. But sometimes it was hard to tell possible gestures of intimacy from simple friendliness.

Like when she rested her hand on his hand for just a brief moment at the mention of Kaitlyn. It was a move meant to comfort him, but did she linger there a bit too long?

Then there was the time, after dinner, when we’d gone out onto the back deck for a nightcap when she slapped his arm with the back of her hand and laughed out loud at a story he told about wrangling his two sons in the grocery store.

“You’re so funny,” she said, “you seem like a great Dad.”

“I don’t know about that,” he said, “but I guess you’d be a good judge of that. Given the amount of time you spend with my kids.”

“They’re both wonderful,” she said, “even if they can be a handful at times. So yes, I can safely say — with the authority invested in me as a preschool teacher — that your kids are amazing, so you must clearly be an amazing father.”

Her eyes were glowing now, with what I took to be admiration. If I hadn’t already had good evidence of Jim’s lack of sexual prowess, I would have been pretty jealous.

Hell, seeing Hannah look at another man that way really did make me jealous, even if I knew that he wasn’t in great shape when it came to his bedroom game.

Part of me knew, however, that Jim’s problems in the sack were probably temporary. A little more time to mourn his wife and he’s be laying pipe like he probably had all through college. The women of the town certainly seemed just as interested in him now as they had been back then,

so when he'd gotten his confidence back they'd probably be lining up around the block.

That is, of course, if it wasn't for one very important detail. Well, two of them to be precise: Andrew and Caleb.

They were cute enough, to be sure. But any woman getting involved with Jim on a long-term basis was going to have to accept the role of mother substitute. It didn't seem like there was any way around it. That was a lot to ask of anyone.

So I actually felt bad for the poor guy. He wasn't going to have any trouble getting dates around here, but it would have been very difficult to find love again, even if there weren't rumors surrounding his lack of virility already in circulation.

When we were done with the drink, Hannah gave me a look, and then leaned in to whisper in my ear while Jim lingered on the deck, staring out into our backyard as the last sliver of the sunset faded on the horizon.

"Should we ask him to stay or something? I feel like he's got to take advantage of the fact that he's got a sitter tonight."

"What did you have in mind?"

"We could ask him to watch a movie or something."

"What movie?"

"I dunno…what about *Varsity Squad*?"

"*Varsity Squad*, really? You don't think that hits a little close to home?"

"Why not? It's about college football. He'd probably like it."

"It's a sex comedy about a quarterback who fucks his way through the cheerleading squad, as far as I know."

"Even better."

I raised an eyebrow.

"You don't think he'd be embarrassed to watch something like that with us?"

"I guess we won't know until we ask him, will we?"

I sighed. Hannah had a way of, well, getting her way. There was nothing to do but for me to ask Jim, when he finally turned away from the sunset and sauntered back towards the house, if he'd like to stay longer and watch the movie with us.

"What movie?"

His question echoed my own.

"Uh…, *Varsity Squad*," I said, feeling a little embarrassed.

“Isn’t that that teen sex comedy?”

“I think they’re in college, but yeah, that’s the one.”

He smiled.

“I appreciate the offer,” he said, “I really do. It’s not often that I get to spend time around adults these days, what with being a single parent and all. But I’ve really got to get back. I told Amanda that I’d be back by 9:00. I don’t think that gives us time to watch a movie.”

“Who’s *Amanda*?” Asked Hannah, popping out onto the deck from the kitchen, where she had obviously been listening to our conversation.

“The babysitter. She’s in eight grade I think. The Olsons’ girl. Do you know her?”

Hannah looked relieved.

“Oh, yeah. Sure I do. A really nice girl. You should pay her well, because she’s in high demand as a babysitter.”

“Exactly,” he said, nodding, “that’s why I’d better be home on time. But thank you so much for dinner. It really meant a lot to me!”

“We had a great time, too,” said Hannah, stepping out onto the deck now and giving Jim a silly grin.

Was she drunk? I couldn’t account for her behavior otherwise. She was seemed to be flirting openly with Jim, right in front of my eyes.

“Yes,” I added, giving my wife a bit of side-eye, “we’d love to do it again sometime.”

“I’d love that too,” he said, “maybe we can do it at my place next time, during the day, so you can spend some time with the boys.”

“I spend a lot of time with them as it is,” said Hannah.

“Of course you do,” he replied.

“Well,” he said, after another moment, “I guess I’d better go now. Thanks again.”

He opened his arms and embraced my wife. All traces of awkwardness were gone as he enfolded her quickly in his powerful arms. She looked so small when he closed his arms around her. She must have felt so safe and protected when they were dating, I thought to myself.

Their hug didn’t last any longer than was appropriate between friends of the opposite sex. But it still had something tender about it. Something nostalgic, even.

It’s only your imagination, I told myself, you can’t see nostalgia in a hug. That’s impossible.

“Let’s do this again. Real soon. Give Andrew and Caleb a hug from me, ok?”

Jim nodded.



“SEEMS like you had a good time tonight,” I said to Hannah while we were washing the dishes.

“Oh yeah,” she said, “it was really fun to catch up with Jim. I just feel so bad for the poor guy. All alone with those two boys. And then there’s the whole debacle with Katie.”

“I know,” I said, “I felt kind of bad knowing that about another guy. I mean, I’d be mortified if that ever happened to me. And if a woman talked about it.”

“I think that it probably happens to every guy once in a while. I just never thought it would happen to Jim…”

“Why do you say that?”

My heart was racing. Was she about to betray some kind of secret about her past relationship with him? I had to admit that I was dying to know the details, as much as I was afraid that they might hurt me as well.

“Well,” she said, laughing drunkenly, “I don’t know if I should be saying this to my husband, but let’s just say that Jim and I were very ‘active’ during the time that we were together.”

“Oh really? You naughty girl.”

I kept my tone playful. Flirtatious, even. I didn’t want her to have a sudden attack of shyness. Not now that she was so close to opening up about the past she’d shared with Jim.

“Mmm-hmm,” she said, “I guess I was pretty naughty. But so was he. God, he was insatiable. I mean, I guess all 18-year-olds are. But it was extreme in Jim’s case.”

“Is that right? How many times did you do it in a week?”

She laughed, drying her hands on a towel and then putting her arms around me and looking up into my eyes.

“Do you really want to know this stuff, babe?”

“I think it’s sexy.”

“Do you, now?”

“I do.”

“Well then, I guess it wouldn’t hurt to tell you that we did it every single chance we could. It wasn’t always easy, because we were both still living at home. This was right after high school, remember?”

“So where would you do it?”

She smiled, looking off into the distance, a look of remembered bliss crossing her face.

“In his car. In my car. In the locker rooms at the old high school. Actually in the coach’s office. Once in the gym, too. We almost got caught…”

She giggled.

“And we used to do it in the park after dark. We’d bring a blanket and spread it out in a field. Or he’d just bend me over against a tree for a quickie.”

“Wow…I had no idea.”

“Sorry, babe. Is this changing your view of me?”

“A little, I guess.”

“You knew that I’d been with Jim before we got together.”

“Yeah, of course. I just never thought that you were so…passionate about him.”

“Well, you don’t have to worry,” she said, looking up and giving me a long kiss, “that’s all in the past now.”

“Is that why you wanted to watch *Varsity Squad*.”

She gave a drunken giggle.

“No comment. But I will say that fantasy and reality are two different things, right?”

“Of course they are. Let’s go watch that movie.”



THE MOVIE WAS a sex farce that featured several buxom young cheerleaders all vying for the attentions of the star quarterback. He slept with one of them after another, but in the end it turned out that he was only trying to make his true love, the prettiest girl in school (a bookish girl named Mary) jealous.

In the end, all the misunderstandings were cleared up, and John and Mary walked happily off the football field, hand in hand.

I could tell that Hannah had truly enjoyed the film, even if it was a little more low-brow than what she normally liked.

“So, big guy,” she said, to turning to me, “do you want to get laid tonight?”

It was a direct quote from one of the scenes in the movie, where the head cheerleader seduces the quarterback after a big game. He takes her back to the dorm and fucks her, but he is secretly pining for his true love, Mary, who was at the game in the bleachers, pretending to read a book and trying her best to ignore him.

“That was a good part,” I said, yawning.

“No,” said Hannah, “I was serious. Watching all that soft core porn got me kind of horny.”

“Well then…”

We turned out the lights and went upstairs into the bedroom. Hannah was clearly tired, but her sexual need was still very urgent. She stripped out of her clothes quickly, her beautiful still-young body seeming to glow in the warm light of the bedroom lamp.

“Fuck me,” she whispered.

I had my shirt off already, and my pants came next. I kissed her passionately and she fell back onto the bed, her eyes aflame with lust.

“God, I want you so bad.”

I couldn’t help but wonder if it was really me that she wanted, or if she was thinking about Jim — either in the past or the present.

She was already wet, but I knew I couldn’t skip the foreplay. I kissed her neck and down her chest, teasing her pert nipple with one hand while I flicked my tongue across the other.

“Yes, honey. Just like that.”

My hand on her pussy began to circle her clit, applying the kind of gentle pressure that I knew drove her crazy.

“Are you imagining the movie?” I whispered in her ear, “are you pretending that you’re with that quarterback…”

She didn’t answer me directly, but moaned a little harder and thrust her pelvis up towards my hand.

“Are you thinking about that scene…in the showers…where he takes the pretty little brown-haired girl from behind?”

She let out a short sigh that I took to be an affirmative answer to my question, but then she opened her lips and let out a hoarse whisper.

"No," she gasped, "I was thinking…about the time… one time… a…"

"What?"

"Never… mind…"

She closed her eyes and her mouth, breathing in hard through her lips.

"Were you thinking about…back then?"

I didn't expect an answer, and I didn't get one. But I also didn't get a denial. It was clear what I was hinting at, and I knew that Hannah would understand what I meant as well. But as adventurous as she normally was in the bedroom, she was remarkably subdued tonight, submissive, even. It wasn't that she wasn't in the mood or something. On the contrary, it was clear that she was very much in the mood. It was that she wasn't in the mood to take the lead, to take control like she had the night that we'd seen Jim and Katie at the restaurant, the night that she'd taken me home and ridden me.

I decided that if she wanted me to take control, I was going to have to try it. Maybe I'd get her to admit something that she was thinking about.

I ran my lips down her stomach and towards her sex, stopping to breath in the fragrance of her neatly trimmed bush. I loved Hannah's smell. It was immediately distinctive, yet totally pleasant to me. Intoxicating, even.

I plunged my head between her legs and began to lick her clit in long, slow strokes, just the way that I knew she liked.

My efforts had their desired effect.

"Oh God, yes. Oh my God. Just like that. Please just like that. Don't stop. Don't stop."

She went through her normal cycle of several small peaks before she began to build up to the big one: her orgasm.

At this point, I was good enough at making Hannah come that I could read the signs, and decided to use them to my advantage. I suddenly stopped tonguing her clit, pulling my mouth back from her mound entirely and leaving her to quiver in surprise, her voice shaky as she begged me to keep going.

"Just tell me one thing," I said.

"What? What are you talking about?"

"I want to know something. If you tell me, I'll let you come."

"Come on. Please. This isn't funny."

“I agree. I don’t think it’s funny. I just want to know something about what my wife’s thinking.”

“What? What do you want to know?”

“I want to know if you think that you could do it…”

“Do what?”

She was desperate now.

“I want to know — purely hypothetically — if you think that you could get Jim hard again. If you could make his cock work. Because you’re his old girlfriend.”

Hannah opened her mouth in a state of shock, her entire face flushing even more than it had been before. She was still breathing heavily, so obviously my question hadn’t killed her arousal entirely. She was, however, obviously surprised.

“What kind of question is that…for a husband to ask…a moment like this?”

I couldn’t quite read her tone, and I didn’t know if it was due to her arousal or due to the mixed feelings she was obviously feeling towards me. Maybe it was a little of both.

My first instinct was to back down and apologize for asking the question, but my curiosity got the better of me and I decided to persist.

“I’m not going to be mad or anything. It’s just a kind of…interesting situation for me. Your old boyfriend coming back to town like this. He used to be such a stud. I know that, because you told me. I just wanted to know if you really, actually think that you’d be able to help him get over his ex.”

“She’s not his *ex*,” said Hannah, “she’s his wife.”

“Well, she *was* his wife,” I said, “not anymore. So, technically, his ex.”

“Ok,” she said, “I don’t know why you want to know this but yes, ok. In a purely hypothetical, make-believe universe where we weren’t married, I might consider trying to help him out with his problem.”

“But do you think you could do it? Do you think you could fix him? I wasn’t even talking about you actually doing it. That’s something that you just came up with yourself, though it sounds like that prospect is really appealing to you.”

“Zach!” She said, “what’s gotten into you?”

“Nothing’s gotten into me.”

“We were making love,” she gasped, “I was so close to coming. And then you start quizzing me on my ex-boyfriend.”

“Hannah,” I said, “relax. I didn’t mean for this to be a big serious thing. I meant it to be like a role play. You know, like when you play the naughty maid for me? That’s all it is. That’s all I meant. But it’s obviously so serious to you that maybe I shouldn’t have brought it up…”

If there was one thing that Hannah hated, it was when someone suggested to her that she was closed-minded, unadventurous or unable to take a joke. She never wanted to admit to “taking something too seriously,” so when her eyes widened in shock, I knew I had won.

“So serious? No, babe. It’s not serious like that. I just didn’t know where you were going with this is all. So you want me to pretend like you’re Jim?”

That really wasn’t what I had intended at all. For a moment, however, I entertained the idea.

“No,” I said, “why don’t you tell me about your favorite memory of Jim, though. While I go down on you.”

“I don’t…”

The note of hesitancy came back into her voice.

“I mean, unless that’s too kinky for you or something.”

That was it. Nothing was too kinky for Hannah and nothing could be too kinky for her. Or she wouldn’t admit as much to me, in any case. She had to be the one in the relationship who was pushing the envelope, and I knew it. It was important to her for some reason. Maybe it was about proving to me and to herself that just because she was a small-town girl, that didn’t mean she was closed-minded. For whatever the reason, my ploy worked.

She agreed.

“Ok,” she said, “but you have to get down there and…pleasure me.”



THE STORY that Hannah told me that night was almost immediately etched onto my brain. She related it in breathless tones, here and there interrupted by a gasp or a moan that escaped her lips as I continued to pleasure her. In some places, I pressed her for more details, a request that she granted at times, a breathless “ok” escaping her lips.

When she reached the climax of her story — a story that I will relate in a moment — her hips lifted off the bed and she pushed my head away from her crotch, the sensation of her orgasm becoming unbearable. After a few moments, she looked down at me, her face flushed, and said:

"That. Was. Incredible. Thank you for forcing me to reminisce."

"I didn't force you to do anything. It seemed like it's been something you wanted to do for a long time."

"I know. I just didn't want to admit it to you. Or myself. I mean, since we're seeing Jim so often these days."

"I understand. But now there's no need to hide those feelings anymore. We can enjoy them here."

"Yes," she said, "just the two of us. Husband and wife. And I don't have feelings for Jim anymore, Zach. This is just a sex thing. A fun kind of fantasy. You know that, right?"

I was entirely unconvinced, but the fact that she stated this so plainly gave me permission not to confront the implications of this moment we were sharing now for our wider relationship.

"Right."

She nodded, then smiled. She seemed happy with my answer.

But before I tell you what happened once this dam had been broken, I need to relate to you the story of what Hannah told me. I will use my own words, remembering as many details as possible, both as Hannah related them to me and as I imagined them in my mind's eye while she recounted her story. In order to fill out some details, I will include things that I knew about my wife's life from our other numerous conversations over the years, not only the breathless confessions that she gasped to me in the throes of orgasm on that fateful night. It is hoped that my readers will therefore have a more accurate — and enjoyable — picture of my young wife's courtship with her lover. Before she was my wife…

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3

The physical chemistry between Hannah and Jim had been incredible from the very first time they touched each other. No, it had actually started even before that, Hannah claimed: with the very first time they met each other's eyes. It was like his gaze reached inside her somehow. Stirred something in her that she hadn't even known was there. This wasn't unusual for young people, of course (they had both turned 18 at the time) but to hear Hannah tell it, this attraction went beyond the usual hormonal surges of the teenage years. This was love, or at least an irresistible kind of lust.

There was only one problem: Jim was with Erin, another cheerleader on Hannah's squad, but not one of her good friends. In fact, something like the opposite: even though there was no open animosity between them, Hannah and Erin didn't particularly like each other. Erin was tall, blonde and small-breasted, with an icy smile that could appear warm when she wanted it to, but never fully hid the calculation and duplicity that lurked behind it. In other words, even though Erin was technically with Jim at the moment, Hannah felt no guilt whatsoever about lusting after her man.

And that's what it was, after all: lust. After that first look, that first moment when Hannah realized that she'd never really seen Jim before, not in this way, she couldn't get him out of her head. She'd fooled around with a couple of guys before. Even gone in Greg Smith's car with him to the make out spot near the park, where she let him touch her under her shirt. But she'd never gone to third base, or even touched a man's penis before. She told me that she'd never even thought about "going all the way" with

any of the guys she'd dated before she got together with Jim. But Jim was different.

There was still the problem of Erin, however. Jim assured Hannah that he and she had been drifting apart for a long time, but he still hadn't actually broken up with her. This would be one of Jim's problems, it turned out: he drifted from one woman to the next without always making a clean and clear break. So the specter of feminine competition was always lurking somewhere in the background the entire time that Jim and Hannah were together.

This also meant that Jim and Hannah never really "dated" in the beginning. they came together for brief, intense moments of physical contact, made all the more passionate by their double forbidden nature: first of all, there was the fact that they had to hide their activities from the eyes of their parents (even though they were technically adults, their parents never would have approved of them fooling around under their roofs), and second, because of the fact that Jim was still dating Erin, at least as far as anyone knew.

This secretive dimension of their relationship meant that every encounter was charged and extra intense. It also meant that my future wife was determined to prove that she was better than Jim's current girlfriend in every way.

The first time they made out together was at a party, out in a cornfield. She and Jim had run into each other at the edge of the bonfire, and he's given her a look. One look - that was enough for her to take his hand and be led by him off a few feet into the darkened cornfield, where their lips met for the first time and she felt his hands on her body almost as soon after. He moved more quickly and more confidently than any boy she'd been with before. His experience and self-confidence came through even in those first few brief moments. She started to understand what it meant when other girls talked about the difference between being with a boy and with a man. Jim, even if he was the same age as the other boys she'd been with, wasn't a boy. He was a man.

And a man who left her wanting more, immediately. After a few intense moments of kissing, groping and grinding, they heard a voice ring out over the din of the party.

"Where's Jim? Did anyone see where Jim went?"

It was Erin.

“Shit,” he whispered, breaking their kiss, “I’ve gotta get out of here. Let’s go out on different sides of the campfire. I’ll go around to the other side and wait about two minutes after you go out. Don’t tell anyone that you saw me here.”

Hannah nodded.

He leaned in for one final kiss.

“Wait,” she whispered, “I want to…I want to do this again. Sometime soon.”

“So do I,” he whispered, squeezing her hand,” I’ll let you know when.

That was all the assurance that Hannah needed. Jim’s confidence inspired her. He seemed trustworthy. Perhaps not in the sense of being loyal (he was cheating on Erin, after all) but in the sense of dependable. When he said that he wanted to fool around with her again, Hannah believed that he meant it.

So all she had to do was wait.



FOUR DAYS AFTER THE PARTY, Jim called Hannah at home and told her to meet him at the old high school that night.

It was a strange time in their lives: the summer after high school graduation. It was clear that things would change forever, indeed already had. Old friendships started to drift apart. Relationships were renegotiated. Undeclared feelings were suddenly proclaimed. There was nothing left to lose anymore by staying quiet.

Jim was waiting for her in the dark end of the parking lot, just like he’d promised. Hannah was ten minutes late, because she’d had to convince her mother to drop her off at a friend’s house a quarter of a mile away so that she wouldn’t know what her true destination was. She had absolutely no business being back at the high school, not after she’d graduated, and especially not during the summer.

Jim, on the other hand, did have business there, or at least more of a reason to be there than she did. He was on friendly terms with his old coach, who had been instrumental in getting him the football scholarship that would take him to the state’s flagship college. Coach Weston — with the blessing of the principal, of course — had given Jim his own key (just

for the summer) so that he could use the high school workout facilities. It would have been scandalous for him to let his fitness go during the summer, so Jim kept to his regular weightlifting regimen, even though he was no longer a student and no longer a member of the team. Some of the current students and team members sometimes joined their former quarterback in these workouts, so it wasn't as if he were all alone in the weight room. He was just the only one who wasn't technically enrolled at the high school anymore.

And he was the only one with a key.

When he met Hannah in the parking lot, he took her by the hand and pulled her towards the school.

"Where are we going?" She asked him.

"I'll show you," he said, "just don't make any noise. There could be janitors inside."

"Ok."

Hannah's heart beat in anticipation. The whole thing was like a little adventure, a forbidden assignation not only because of the fact that Jim was taken, but also because of the fact that they were, in some technical sense, trespassing. Or at least she was.

He produced a key and unlocked a maintenance entrance on the side of the building that Hannah had never seen before.

It was pitch black inside. Jim guided her through the darkness as their eyes slowly adjusted to the dim light that flowed through the windows.

"We can't turn on any lights," said Jim, "or someone will see it. There are janitors here sometimes. And security guards that drive through the parking lot. If they see lights on in the wrong place, they might come inside."

"Ok," said Hannah, following him through the darkness, down hallways and through doors that she'd never seen before as a student.

It was as if he had been taking her into a whole new world. She laughed when she thought this to herself. It was like Aladdin, and she was princess Jasmine.

Finally, they reached a room that Hannah recognized. It was the coach's office, adjacent to the men's locker room.

"In here?"

"Mm-hmm," he said, "I have permission from Coach Wood to be in here, so it will be easier to explain if we get caught for some reason. Also,"

He flashed a grin that was barely visible in the light of the moon pouring in through the skylight above them.

"…there's a couch here. And it's pretty comfy."

He dropped down onto the cushion, patting the seat next to him.

"Try it, it's nice! Much better than anywhere else in this place."

Hannah sat next to him, falling towards him as her weight compressed the cushion.

That was ok with both of them. It was where she wanted to be anyway.

She giggled nervously as she looked up at him. His arms were around her, and he was pressing his lips against hers. It was only the second time that they'd kissed, and the effect was just as powerful as the first time.

She heard a moan, then a sigh of pleasure, and was astonished — and more than a little embarrassed — when she realized that it was she herself who had made the noise.

"Sorry," she mumbled shyly, when they broke the kiss.

"You have absolutely nothing to be sorry for," he assured her in a soft and gentle tone.

It was great to be with a man who was confident enough that he didn't feel the need to act tough around her. He knew what he was doing, and he had no need to fake it by acting macho.

"I don't really know what I'm doing," she blurted, laughing giddily, "sorry."

"It's ok," he said, "we can go as quickly or as slowly as you want. There's no pressure at all."

"Thank you," she said, "that means a lot to me."

"Of course," he said, resting his hand on her leg casually, then adding almost as an afterthought, "do you mind if I do this?"

"Mind? I love it," she said, sighing again in pleasure.

"Good," he said, moving his hand a little further up her leg, "then you might like it if I go a little higher, too…"

"Please," she moaned.

For the next few moments, she was lost in the sensations of his hands all over her: between her legs, on her breasts, stroking her hair and her back. All still above her clothes. That made it almost like torture. Her entire body cried out for more.

She wanted him to take her, right then and there. Even if she wasn't really sure what that entailed. Even though she was scared.

Finally, just when she thought she couldn’t take it anymore, he whispered in her ear: “mind if I take this off?”

He meant her shirt.

She nodded.

“You do mind?”

“No,” she said quickly, “I meant I don’t mind. Of course not. Let me help you.”

And so a moment later, my future wife was totally topless, sitting next to the quarterback on the couch in the coach’s office. In her enthusiasm at taking off her top, she’d automatically removed her bra as well. Jim didn’t seem to mind.

“Wow,” he said, staring at her full breasts, “those look even better than I imagined.”

“I bet you’ve seen a lot of them. Mine are nothing special.”

“No, they are special. They’re very special.”

She moaned in pleasure as his tongue found her nipple. It was the first time that she’d let a guy do that, though she’d fantasized about it forever. Now that it was actually happening, the real sensation was so much better than any of her fantasies that she could barely take it. Was it always like this, or was Jim a particularly skilled lover?

Did the answer to that question really matter?

No. All that mattered was that he was making her feel incredible, and he’d barely even started touching her.

A few moments later, his hand was pressing against her clitoris. She was still wearing her skirt, but he was pushing her panties to the side. She was soaked, and was a little afraid that he might think it was weird.

Then he was doing something that felt like nothing she’d ever before experienced. He was circling her clit with his thumb, applying the gentlest pressure as he penetrated her with a finger.

“You’re so tight. And wet,” he whispered.

“Sorry,” she said, blushing.

“Sorry? That’s a compliment. Didn’t you know that being tight and wet is a good thing? It feels great to the guy.”

“Oh,” she said, blushing even harder now, “ok. Thank you then.”

She was trembling at the thought of being “tight and wet” for him. Because she knew that that wetness and tightness wasn’t just meant for his finger, but for his penis.

She'd never seen a penis before, at least not in real life. To be perfectly honest, the idea of it scared her. This big and hard thing pushing inside her, opening her up and changing her forever.

It wasn't only scary, of course. It was also thrilling in an overwhelming way. She wanted to let this thrilling experience just wash over her, to allow it to happen since she wasn't sure what she was doing and preferred not to be in control anyway. Lucky for my future wife, this was exactly what Jim wanted.

Jim pulled her panties off now, kneeling on the floor in front of her in order to do it. She expected him to get back up to kiss her, but instead he parted her legs and put his head between them. She cried out as his tongue found her slit.

This was heaven. She couldn't resist him now. She knew that she was going to let him do anything that he wanted to with her that night. Anything at all. His tongue circled her clit and she ran her fingers through his hair, pushing him down against her mound and grinding into him instinctively as she approached her climax.

"That's so good…I can't believe how you're making me feel. Don't stop. Oh please don't stop…"

Jim didn't stop, and a few minutes later, she experienced her first orgasm at the hands of another person. She let out a yelp and squeezed his head between her thighs as she climaxed, suddenly experiencing an overwhelming sensitivity in her clit, which was accompanied, however, with an overwhelming desire to be filled.

She had felt sexual desire before, but never had she wanted so badly to be *fucked*.

Jim wiped his mouth off on the back of his hand and slowly righted himself, grinning at her in the dim light of the coach's office.

"That was amazing. I can't believe you made me feel like that."

"I love making girls cum," said Jim.

"Well," Hannah replied, "you do a good job of it."

She felt a little sad that he'd said "girls." It reminded her that he was still with Erin. Technically.

"Can I…do something for you?" she asked, her eyes conveying a sense of satisfaction mixed with lust and curiosity.

"Yeah," he said, taking her hand and guiding it to his cock, "you can give this guy some attention."

“I’d love to,” she said, running her hands over the bulge in his pants eagerly, “I’ve never done it before, though. You’ll need to teach me.”

“I think that sounds like a lot of fun,” he said, unbuttoning his jeans and then pulling down the zipper, “but first I’ve got to get these out of the way.”

He pulled off his jeans and stepped out of them quickly. He was wearing grey boxer-briefs. Hannah could see the huge bugle in his pants, even in the very dim and shadowy light of the office.

“Uh, is…?”

Hannah was speechless as his cock sprang free.

“Are you for real…?”

She reached out and touched it.

“Go ahead and get acquainted with it,” he said, taking her hand and closing it around his cock.

(He was circumcised and approximately as thick and long as my wife’s arm. Supposedly. Jim was a big guy, but could someone really be that long and thick? It seemed like Hannah’s memory must have been clouded by nostalgia. Besides, women are famous for misestimating the size of men’s members. I decided that there was no way that Hannah’s memory could be accurate.)

“Does this hurt?”

She stroked him gently over the head of his penis, the skin dry under her touch.

“It would feel better if it was a little more lubricated,” he said.

He was obviously hinting at the fact that he wanted her to give him a blowjob. That much she understood. But she had never given a blowjob before, and his cock was huge. There was no way she was going to fit it all the way into her mouth. Much less down her throat, like she’d heard about some other girls doing.

What to do?

“Why don’t you kiss it a little? Get it wet with your mouth and then stroke it.”

“Ok.”

My wife’s full lips caressed his shaft. It was true that she couldn’t take him very far into her mouth, but she did her best anyone. She lapped at his head, licking it like an ice cream cone. She’d read about that in a woman’s magazine once. It felt grown-up to be on her knees in front of the quarterback like this. A little dangerous.

Thrilling.

She realized, suddenly, that she was the one in control, despite the fact that she was on her knees. She began to spread her spit down his shaft, stroking him along the length with both hands at once as she slobbered on his head.

“Oh my God,” groaned Jim, “I’m not sure I believe that you’ve never done this before. You’re a pro.”

“Mmm,” she moaned, her voice high-pitched and eager.

She still hadn’t totally recovered from her climax. Not really. A steady, pleasant glow permeated her body. She was in a blissful state as she spread her spit down the shaft, marveling at his thickness and savoring every sound of pleasure that reached her ears.

She had to prove that sex was better with her than with Erin, even if she wasn’t as experienced. She knew that enthusiasm went a long way, and so she sucked Jim’s cock like her life depended on it.

“Oh my God. This is so good. This is the best blowjob I’ve ever had. I’m not even kidding.”

He’s just saying that, thought Hannah, he’d probably be telling Erin the same thing if she were the one on her knees in front of him.

Then a thought shot through her head: Erin probably really had been in that same position. On her knees in front of Jim, sucking his cock while he sat back on the couch.

She suddenly felt unsure of herself again.

This state didn’t last very long, however, because (thankfully, given her state!) Jim decided to take control of the situation again.

“I want to fuck you,” he said, matter-of-factly.

“I…I’m not sure,” said Hannah, “I mean, I *really* want to go all the way with you. But I’m not on brith control. Do you have a condom?”

“Regular condoms don’t fit me. And there’s no place to buy larger ones around here.”

Hannah’s eyes widened.

“Is Erin on the pill?”

“Who? No, why are you bringing *her* up, babe?”

“I don’t know,” said Hannah, “forget it. Sorry.”

She looked down, still stroking his shaft thoughtfully.

The poor guy must have thought that there was a chance she was going to call off the whole thing, because the next second he forgot about his

reluctance to talk about his girlfriend and blurted out something that shocked Hannah.

“I pull out with Erin.”

“What?”

“When Erin and I do it. I pull out before I…you know. Cum.”

“So she doesn’t get pregnant? That works?”

“It’s basically as effective as a condom. The guy just needs to be able to control himself is all.”

“Are you for real?”

He nodded.

“I’m great at pulling out,” he said, stroking her hair, “I do it all the time.”

“Where do you…you know…”

“What?”

“Well,” said Hannah, obviously trying to think through the logistics of the whole thing, “if you don’t cum inside, where does it go? I mean, we can’t make a mess in here. This couch looks impossible to clean.”

“Erin likes to swallow it,” said Jim quickly.

“She swallows your cum?”

“That’s right,” he said, “I fuck her until I’m close, then I pull out and she opens her mouth and strokes me into it. It feels almost as good as coming in a pussy.”

“So you have ejaculated inside her. Otherwise you wouldn’t know what it felt like,” said Hannah, obviously testing him.

“No, not her,” he said, “that was…never mind. You know, we don’t need to do this tonight. If it makes you uncomfortable…”

Without knowing it, Jim had activated that same sense of adventure that I would discover in Hannah years later. She hated being thought of as closed-minded or unadventurous, despite the fact that she was almost totally sexually inexperienced.

She didn’t like to back down from a challenge. Even though Jim hadn’t been trying to convince her — he had plenty of other options, after all — his words had an almost magical effect.

“It doesn’t make me uncomfortable,” she said, “I mean, I guess it might hurt a little. But it doesn’t make me uncomfortable like that. You’ll go slow, right?”

Jim must have had a grin on his face as wide as the goalposts on the field. He knew he had just caught a Hail Mary pass and had a free path to the end-zone with no defenders in sight.

“I will do everything in my power to make you as comfortable as I can,” he said, gazing into her lust-filled eyes.

“And you promise you’ll pull out?”

“Of course. I don’t want something to happen any more than you do.”

“Ok, then.”

“Ok.”

He stood up and then bent down to kiss her, his huge thick cock sticking out in front of him, impossibly long. Hannah had no idea how he was going to fit that inside her, or how much of it she could possibly expect to take. That didn’t matter to her now. She was still reeling from her orgasm, and was hell-bent on proving herself just as good (or better) than Erin.

“Just tell me how you want me,” she said, looking up at him.

He adjusted her so that she was slouching on the couch, her legs spread out in front of her and her skirt (which she hadn’t removed) pulled up and out of the way. He placed his cockhead at the entrance to her tight young pussy and pressed forward.

Despite her arousal, she winced as she felt his first intrusion. She was fairly certain that she didn’t have a hymen anymore (she’d done a lot of sports, including cheerleading, growing up), but there was still the fact that she had never had anything larger than a tampon inside her, and Jim was much thicker than that.

“This is the hardest part,” he said, reassuring her, “after this, it gets easier.”

“Ok,” she said, trying to smile, “go ahead.”

He pressed further into her. At first it felt like he’d come across an immovable wall. That there was no way this was ever going to work. She even cried out in frustration. Why couldn’t it be easy? Was it alway like this with Erin? Or just the first time?

Jim stopped immediately when he heard her cry.

“Sorry,” he said, pulling his cock back, “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“No,” said Hannah, now more determined than ever, “I want you to try it again. I want to do it. I want you inside me.”

“Ok,” said Jim, grinning down as he poised himself once more for the attack, “just tell me if I need to stop.”

“Don’t…stop…,” she said, grabbing his hand and gazing into his eyes with a stark determination, “just…take it…”

Suddenly, with a hard grunt, Jim pushed past her resistance and was inside her.

“Oh wow,” she groaned, “that’s so…big…”

She was overwhelmed for several seconds, both in an emotional and a physical sense. She was incapable of saying anything, of thinking about anything at all except for the incredible feeling of fullness she was experiencing.

So this was what sex was. It was so incredible, so profoundly disorienting that it was hard to believe that there were people who did this on a regular basis. Several times a week, in fact. It was also hard for her to imagine that Jim had done it with anyone else but her.

They fit together so well. Perfectly. There was no way that he was as compatible with Erin as he was with her. It was impossible.

“Are you ok?” Jim asked, gazing into her eyes as he kept himself buried inside her.

“Yeah,” she said, “this is great.”

“Good,” he said, “I’m going to start moving now, ok?”

“Ok.”

This is what fucking is, thought Hannah, him moving inside me, not him just sitting there. If the feeling of him simply soaking inside her had been overwhelming, the feeling of him moving within her was something of a relief. She got to experience the sensation of him entering her again and again, but it was overall less overpowering than when he held himself inside her.

She could already feel another orgasm coming on.

“Yes, that’s good,” she moaned breathlessly, “it feels good now.”

“Can I go deeper?”

“You mean…you’re not going all the way?”

“Some girls can’t take it…”

He’d said the magic words, so to speak. He’d compared her to “other girls” once again.

“I can take it,” she said, without knowing if she was telling the truth, “just go slow.”

“Ok.”

He began to fuck her with long, deep, slow strokes now, bottoming out on her cervix each time, but each time taking pains not to ram it with his cockhead. He was obviously aware of the dangers of going too deep, and was determined not to hurt her. He was vigorous, but gentle at the same time. An expert at wielding his tool carefully.

Hannah was in heaven now. She'd heard a lot of talk, both from women she knew and in articles she'd read about how you weren't supposed to climax the first time you had sex, but it was clear to her that she was about to become the exception to this rule.

She was getting closer and closer to coming with each one of his long, slow strokes.

"Yes. Oh my God, Jim. I'm going to come. Don't stop. Just keep fucking me. Just like that…"

And she wrapped her legs around him as he pushed her deeper and deeper into the cushions of the coach's couch. Nothing had ever felt as great as this, and nothing could ever feel as great as this again, she thought as she looked up at his muscular torso, bathed in sweat as he worked himself in and out.

"Oh Hannah, you feel so good…I'm so close…"

"Hold on…I'm so close. Don't stop exactly what you're doing," she begged.

He was able to hold on for just a moment longer, which turned out to be all that she needed to come. She shrieked in pleasure, forgetting for the moment about the need to be quiet, as she reached her second climax of the night, even more powerful than the first one.

She scarcely had a moment to gather her wits again after the waves of sensual pleasure had crashed down upon her young body, because a moment later, Jim had pulled out of her (just like he'd promised) and was aiming his penis at her mouth.

What could she do? She opened up, just as he began to erupt, spurting streams of hot thick cum onto her tongue.

Hannah gagged a bit, letting some spill down her chin, then immediately felt guilty her reaction. After all, this was a part of him, and she should do her best to accept him. She licked at his tip eagerly as he continued to spurt.

Would it ever stop coming? She had known that men ejaculated, of course. She just hadn't expected it to be so forceful. And the amount to be

so prodigious.

He grabbed the back of her head gently, guiding his cock into her mouth as his balls continued to pump her full.

“That’s it,” he growled, “oh my God, that’s it. It feels so good.”

She swallowed again and again until her mouth was clear. It was still coming out of his shaft, but she was winning the fight against it, sucking him until he was completely dry and had nothing left to give.

She looked up at him, tears in her eyes.

Finally, he pulled out and sighed, collapsing onto the couch beside her.

“That was incredible, babe.”

She loved that he’d called her that. It made her feel special. Even if she wasn’t his girlfriend.

Yet.



THE NEXT FEW weeks were a blur. They had sex every chance they got. In his car. At the local lake on the beach after dark. One time, they even managed to sneak into her bedroom, when her parents were gone for the weekend and her sister was watching a movie in the basement. They’d had to be very quiet, but in the end, he’d taken her on her pink comforter, surrounded by her stuffed animals from childhood, while she pulled her panties to the side and hiked up her skirt, ready to jump up as if nothing was wrong, should the sound of her sister’s footsteps be heard on the stairs.

Most of the time, he finished in her mouth. She got used to the flavor of his semen, She began to associate swallowing with sex, in fact. It was a little disappointing to her the few times that he asked to cum on her tits, but when she saw how much he enjoyed it, she began to enjoy that, too.

Jim always made her cum, usually more than once, too. in that respect, he was an exceptional teenage lover. In other areas, not so much.

In terms of fidelity, for example. He really did break things off with Erin the night after he deflowered Hannah. But she only got to count him as “her” boyfriend for maybe a month or two at the most. That was when Kaitlyn suddenly came into the picture.

There was nothing concrete at first. Just a suspicion that Hannah harbored against the other girl, who she knew had also had her eye on Jim.

But after a while, it started to get hard for her to deny that something was going on between the two of them — Jim and Kaitlyn, that is. And one night, after Jim didn't return her calls, Hannah borrowed her parent's car and drove by the old high school.

Sure enough, Jim's car was parked there.

She remembered the coach's office. The couch. And she burst into tears.

He was in there with Kaitlyn. She just knew he was. She collapsed against the steering wheel of the care, sobbing to herself. When she got home, she told her mother that she'd gone to see an emotional movie with her friend Katie. Her mom didn't buy it for a second, but also l decided that it wasn't a good idea to pry into her grown daughter's love life.

Hannah, as hurt as she was, didn't tell Jim anything about her suspicions. How could she possibly accuse him of hypocrisy, when she herself had been eager to help him cheat on Erin? Wasn't it clear to her from the very beginning what she'd been getting into? He was the star quarterback, for gosh sakes. He was a very nice guy, but it would have taken a very strong man indeed to turn down advances from half of the high school cheerleading team.

Jim wasn't that kind of guy. He was kind, and generous lover. When he cheated, it wasn't out of spite, or malice, or even for the thrill of it. He also didn't lie about it when women confronted him. He simply seemed to think of sex as a natural and fun pastime, and didn't see the point in denying himself or women this pleasure.

But there was something about Kaitlyn. Hannah never knew if she was really special, that is, if Kaitlyn had something that none of the other girls did, or if she simply hung around long enough to be the last one standing (so to speak) when Jim was finally ready to settle down and have kids. Heck, maybe he'd been cheating on her all through college, too. He wouldn't have been the first college athlete to do something like that, nor the last.

Hannah lost contact with Jim after that fateful summer. They made love one last time, in the green grass of the football field at midnight, him pressing her into the freshly mown turf, bringing her to a whimpering orgasm before ejaculating into her mouth, as usual.

That was the last time she slept with Jim, but she never forgot him. And how could she? You never forget your first.

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4

The night that Hannah confessed the true depth of her feelings for Jim (feelings which she swore were long in the past and were just part of some bedroom fantasy) was the beginning of an entirely new phase of our marriage. I could sense this almost immediately, and I knew that Hannah felt the same way, even if we never spoke about it directly.

Hannah had a certain wistfulness about her. I knew that she saw Jim on a daily basis (twice a day, in fact!) because he dropped off and picked up his sons on his own most days (though once in a while he got help from his in-laws or Amanda). I wondered if she'd ever brought up old times with him.

Finally, I got the courage to ask her directly. It was one evening after dinner. I'd just finished the dishes and went into the living room to do what I often did at that time of the evening: put on a Jazz record and sip some whiskey.

Often, Hannah had some paperwork to do for her work or parent e-mails to answer, and so she would retire to the small office on the first floor that she used for that type of work. Not tonight, however. Tonight she sat down next to me on the couch, a glass of wine in hand.

"Isn't it Tuesday? What are you doing drinking?"

"Is it? Tuesday, I mean?"

"Yeah. What day did you think it was?"

"I don't know. I guess I just got distracted."

"Distracted by what?"

"I saw Jim just now."

"When he was picking up his kids? Don't you see him every night?"

“Yeah. I mean, I saw someone with him.”

“Who?”

“Erin. At least I’m pretty sure it was her.”

“Erin…like his ex-girlfriend? The one you got him to cheat on?

“Yeah. She never came back to town after high school, remember? She hated it here, supposedly.”

“She’s not the only one. Half of our class left.”

“I know.”

She sighed, taking a long sip of wine.

“Are you jealous?”

“Jealous? Of what?”

“Of Erin. Sounds like she’s moving in on Jim. Making up for lost time, now that Kaitlyn and you are both out of the picture.”

“Yeah,” she said, “that’s certainly what it looked like. It was kind of weird that she came with him to get the kids. I mean, I can see him wanted to catch up with her, but to bring her into his life with the kids around? That just doesn’t make sense. Think of the kind of instability that breeds. Having women around that you’re not serious about. Kids get attached so easily. They’re looking for a maternal figure.”

“What makes you so sure that they’re intimate. I mean, that they’re in some kind of relationship?”

“Oh please,” she said, not without a touch of anger, “I’m a woman. We can tell these things. Besides, you just said it yourself: she’s moving in on him.”

“Maybe, but maybe not,” I said, “why don’t you just ask him about her? You both know her. You have this history together.”

“I know,” she sighed, “but it’s really none of my business. Jim and I have never discussed…that part of our history. And he seemed like he didn’t even remember me when he came back into town.”

“You think he could forget about what happened that night in the coach’s office?”

She shrugged.

“I really don’t know.”

“I highly doubt it,” I said.

I began to think for a moment. What was I doing, exactly? Trying to reassure my wife that her ex really might still be interested in her? What was my motivation here?

I had to admit that I was curious. Curious about whether or not Hannah had been right about something.

Whether or not she'd been right about being able to cure Jim's impotence. It was a crazy thought to be sure. Not one at all appropriate for a husband to be having. But ever since Jim had come back into town, and especially since Hannah had made her "confession" to me (including the details about the size of Jim's penis), I had been best with mental images of the two of them together.

Unlike the typical images of a lover cheating, however, these images (for example, of Hannah bent over our basement couch, taking his cock from behind), didn't fill me with jealous rage. They filled me with lust. It was hard to explain. I'd never felt anything like it before. Maybe it was because Hannah had always been so sexually forward in our relationship. Maybe that was why I felt like a spectator in my own love life.

I couldn't totally understand it. Love was a crazy thing.



THE NEXT FEW days were very difficult ones for our marriage. It was clear that Hannah was constantly thinking about Erin coming back into the picture, which was actually something that should have had absolutely nothing to do with her (or me, for that matter). But it was more than clear that it did.

She never admitted this directly. But there were changes. Obvious ones. She started sleeping poorly. She would toss and turn. This was very unusual, since her job was normally so taxing that she had absolutely no problems sleeping. I didn't have to ask in order to know what was wrong with Hannah. I didn't have a name for it, though. It couldn't have been love, at least not exactly. It was definitely some form of jealousy, though, and to the extent that jealousy implied some kind of love, or at least lust, then maybe love really was involved after all. In any case, it was disruptive. A disruptive force in Hannah's life and our marriage.

It wasn't just her sleep, however. This restiveness began to manifest itself in other ways as well. Hannah, always sexually aggressive, had suddenly become even more voracious in the bedroom than before. It became completely normal for us to have sex as soon as she got home from

work. At first I loved it. After all, what husband with a wife who looked like Hannah wouldn't enjoy something like that?

But I also began to notice that I simply didn't need as much sex as she obviously did. I loved sleeping with her, to be sure, but I came to realize that any more than four times a week was a little too much. It wasn't that it got old, exactly, it was more that it became physically difficult to feel arousal any more. It wasn't that Hannah was unattractive, of course. She was as fetching as ever. It really had nothing to do with her. It was about me.



ONE EVENING, things came to a head. Hannah was snuggling up to me as I read a book, rubbing her body against mine in a clear attempt to initiate sex. Up to that point, I hadn't turned her down explicitly. I felt like it was my duty as a husband to try to indulge my wife's desires to the fullest extent possible. I tried my best to call up all my reserves of sexual energy, focusing on how I could please Hannah. But that night, I just couldn't do it. We'd already had sex once that morning, before work, and I felt like I had nothing left to give anymore.

"Come on," said Hannah, "is that book really so interesting?"

I sighed.

"You really are insatiable lately, aren't you?"

"You say it like it's a bad thing."

"I didn't mean it like that. I don't think it's bad…," I said, a bit too hesitantly to be totally convincing.

"But you don't like it."

She pulled back away from me, folding her arms to her chest.

"I do like it. Didn't we have a good time making love this morning?"

"I thought so," she said, still clearly hurt.

"Hannah," I said, "I had a great time. It's just that sometimes I feel like I can't give you what you need."

"You can't? Or you don't want to?"

Her eyes flashed at me in anger.

"It's not that I don't want to. It really isn't. It's just that…well…I'm pretty much happy if we do it three, maybe four times a week at the most.

And lately, you've been wanting it two times a day. And I get the feeling that I'm still not enough for you. I just don't know where all of this is coming from, is all…"

"Where it's coming from? What exactly do you mean by that? I'm not allowed to enjoy making love to my husband?"

"No, of course you are. But you have to admit that it hasn't always been like this. Lately, you've been really…in the mood a lot."

She was silent.

"Yeah," she said, "I guess I have."

"So I'd like to know why," I said.

"Why is that so important?"

"Don't you think it might be useful to understand your feelings, so that we can figure out where all of this is coming from, and maybe help you solve it? For the sake of our marriage?"

"*Solve* it? What, like me being horny is some kind of *problem* for you?"

"It's not a problem, exactly. But it is something that I'm having trouble adapting to."

She was quiet for another moment. Thoughtful. At least she didn't seem to be angry anymore, however. I decided to risk something.

"I couldn't help but notice," I said, in a softer tone, "that you started to show a lot more interest in sex right around the time you found out that something might be going on between Erin and Jim."

She didn't say anything, but her face began to tremble. I couldn't tell if she was going to burst out in tears or explode in a fit of rage. But she managed to contain herself for the moment, turning to me and nodding gently, placing her head against my shoulder.

"You're not mad, right?"

"Mad? Why should I be mad?"

"That I still have feelings for Jim."

There. She had said it. Her words hit me like a leaden weight to the chest. I couldn't breathe for a moment. Even though I had suspected the truth for a long time, even, though I derived a certain kind of perverse pleasure at the thought of her with the other man, I hadn't expected her to bring the past into the present so forcefully and explicitly.

"I…," I stammered, "I…"

"I mean it must be obvious, right?"

She looked at me with tears in her eyes now, sniffing as one tumbled down her cheek.

“Yeah,” I sighed, brushing the tear away from her cheek, “yeah, it kind of is.”

“So…what should we do about it?” She said after a while.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean,” she said, “since you’re not interested anymore…what would you think about me…exploring my attraction to Jim?”

I swallowed hard. If I had felt like I was getting hit with a weight before, this was like being smacked with a semi. I thought I was going to have to gasp for air. My wife wasn’t just admitting to having feelings for her ex-boyfriend. She was asking for…*what* exactly?

“What do you mean?” I finally managed to stammer.

“I mean,” she said, “how about you give me a shot at curing his little problem.”

“What makes you so sure that Erin hasn’t already done that?” I asked.

She cringed visibly, then flushed with rage.

“That little bitch,” she said, “there’s no way she’s better than me. No way!”

“I don’t doubt that,” I said, “but she doesn’t have to be better. Just good enough to get him hard.”

“I know I can do a better job,” she said, “and I think you know that, too. Or at least you want to see if I’m right. You’re a little pervy, aren’t you, babe?”

She ran her hand across my chest, then touched my chin with a finger, playfully.

Suddenly, I was on the defensive.

“*Pervy*? What do you mean?”

“I think you know what I mean,” she said, “all those stories you wanted to know about. About me and Jim. I think you get off on the idea of me being with him.”

I thought about protesting, I tried to protest. But the words didn’t come out, just some kind of half-hearted sounds.

I was still in shock, to be sure, but I was also unable to lie convincingly without any preparation whatsoever.

A huge smile slowly spread across Hannah’s tear-stained face.

“I knew it,” she said, “don’t you understand how great this is? We’re both going to get what we want, babe. I’m going to be with Jim again, and you’re going to get to watch.”

“Hannah,” I said, trying to reassert my authority, “I’m going to have to think about this.”

“Really?”

Still grinning, she reached down to my lap and rubbed her hand against my cock.

“I thought you weren’t interested in sex tonight,” she said, “but it sure feels like you’re hard to me. Are you thinking about me as a cute little 18-year-old, riding Jim’s cock? Are you wondering what he can do with it now? What it might be like to see your wife reunited with her first love?”

My cock strained painfully against my underwear. I cursed the fact that my body was betraying me in this way, but I knew it was useless to deny it. Hannah could see right through me.

“Are you thinking about watching me bounce on that big, thick dick? Do you want to see what it looks like between my tits? Jim used to love that. Sticking his prick between my tits while I held them together, lubing them up with spit…he shot such big loads that way…”

She had my cock out of my pants now and was jerking me off as she launched into this filthy story.

“He loved to come all over my tits, then watch me eat his load. He’d trained me so well to swallow his cum that I never hesitated. I didn’t realize how dirty it was until later…”

“Oh God, you’re driving me crazy,” I said, “I can’t believe you’re talking like this.”

“Yes you can,” she said, smiling as her hands glided up and down my shaft, “this is what you’ve been trying to get me to do for a long time. Talk about Jim’s big cock and how much I enjoyed it.”

“What did you like about it?”

I couldn’t pretend not to play along anymore.

“I loved how thick and hard he was. How big he felt in my hands. In my mouth. In my pussy,”

“God, that’s hot,” I groaned, unable to contain my excitement at the prospect of being cucked now.

What had Hannah done to me? Or had I done it to myself? Had I actually wanted this all along? I no longer knew the answer to these

fundamental questions. All I knew for certain was that Hannah was driving me crazy with these tails of her premarital bliss.

“He fucked me so slowly sometimes,” she said, closing her eyes as she continued to stroke me, “I loved that. I could feel every single last inch of that big, beautiful dick. He’d put me face-down on that couch, kneeling behind me, and just feed me that whole big beautiful cock.”

“Oh fuck. You’ve got me so close,” I gasped.

She let go of my cock abruptly.

“What are you doing?”

I was genuinely shocked.

“You want to come, don’t you baby?”

“Hannah,” I said sternly, “I —.”

“I’m only going to let you come if you promise me something,” she said, touching the bottom of my cockhead now with just the tip of one finger.

She began to slide her finger gently along the sensitive skin. What sweet torture. I could barely stand it.

“Please, Hannah,” I sighed, “anything.”

She smiled, putting her thumb and forefinger over my head now, stroking me very lightly and slowly.

“Promise me that you’ll let me try to cure him.”

“What?”

“I want to fuck Jim. With your blessing.”

“Hannah —“

My body was betraying me now. I thrust up between her thumb and forefinger, desperately trying for more contact. I need to cum. I was so close…

“You can watch,” she said, matter-of-factly.

That was it. That was all I could take.

“Yessss!” I moaned, my cockhead erupting with several quick spurts of semen.

“You’re coming a lot for a guy who said he wasn’t in the mood,” laughed Hannah as my penis continued to spurt.

“Fuck,” I moaned, “I can’t believe how good that felt.”

“I guess me telling you you could watch me really put it over the top, huh?”

I didn’t want to admit it, but she had been exactly right. My arousal was fading now, after this orgasm, and my reason was retuning. All of a sudden, a million reasons for why it was an extremely bad idea for Hannah to fuck Jim filled my mind.

“Hannah,” I said, “it’s not a good idea. You fucking Jim, that is. You said it yourself. Those kids need a steady environment. They can’t see their preschool teacher together with their dad. They need boundaries.”

“Zach,” she said, “you don’t think I was going to do it at their house, while they’re home, did you? Don’t be silly. We’re going to host him here.”

“I still don’t think it’s a good idea. There are too many things that could wrong. Emotionally, I mean.”

“Emotionally? Like what?”

“You already had you still had feelings for him. Have you already forgotten?”

“No,” she snapped, “I hadn’t forgotten. And I’m not going to, either. Whether or not I sleep with him.”

“It sounds to me like you’ve already made up your mind. And you’re going to sleep with him one way or another.”

“You’re twisting my words,” she said, forcing a laugh as if to lighten the mood, “I said that I’d still have feelings for him no matter what. I didn’t say that I’d sleep with him no matter what. If I do that, I want to have your blessing. I love you, babe. You’re my husband. No other man is going to come between us. Not like that.”

I have to admit that these were the words I needed to hear. I pressed Hannah close to me.

“You promised,” she whispered.

“It was under duress,” I said, “my cock was hard.”

“Even so,” she said, “your cock is going to be hard when he’s fucking me, too. I can guarantee that.”

“I don’t know. I’m not sure I could handle seeing the two of you together. Making love.”

“Would it help if it wasn’t making love?”

“What do you mean?”

“Like if we didn’t kiss. It could be just like a porn movie. A live sex show just for you.”

I thought about this for a moment. Did it make a difference to me whether or not my wife “fucked” her old flame or “made love to him”? I

closed my eyes and tried to imagine the difference.

"I don't know," I said, "I just don't know."

"But *you* want it as much as *I* do," she said, "I can sense it."

"As much as you? I'm not sure. But I guess you're right. When my cock is hard, it's all I can think about."

"See? We've just got to find a way to make it work for both of us."

I paused for a moment. Suddenly, I felt trapped. Defeated by Hannah's logic and my own desire, which was also hers. I heard myself say something that I didn't really want to admit, but I no longer felt there was any use in denying.

"I guess you're right."

What had I just agreed to? Over the next few weeks, I would find out.

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I had to admit that Hannah didn't rush into things, despite the urgency she felt on the night that she'd discovered that Erin was back in the picture. She lowered the number of lovemaking sessions to a reasonable number, even though I knew that she wasn't getting as much sex as she probably wanted. At the same time, she began to incorporate more and more dirty talk about Jim into our lovemaking.

Then, one Saturday night, she told me that she had a surprise for me.

"Great," I said, "what is it?"

"Well," she said, "it's up in the bedroom. I think you're going to like it."

"Is it something just for me?"

"In a way. But it's more for me. Or for both of us."

I was intrigued. My heart started to pump faster as I walked behind Hannah up the stairs, watching her voluptuous but toned bottom as it swayed in front of me.

I was already hard, imagining what she might have in store for me.

"I thought since it's been so long since I've been with Jim, I might be a little out of practice. He's a lot bigger than you are, you know," she said, walking over to the bedroom closet while I took a seat on the bed.

"I think you might have mentioned that once or twice," I said.

"Only because it gets you so hard to hear about how big his cock is," she said, turning around and revealing the surprise.

It was an impossibly long and thick, realistically colored and anatomically correct dildo.

"Like it?"

“Yeah,” I said, “is that…going to fit inside you? I mean, it’s huge.”

“Funny you should say that,” she said, “because from what I can remember, it’s more or less exactly the size of Jim. I mean, give or take.”

“There’s no way he’s that big,” I said, “your memory is clearly playing tricks on you.”

“Maybe,” she said, “but I’m pretty sure we actually measured it once. I used my mother’s tailor tape. He was exactly 8 and three quarters inch long. The same as this dildo.”

“Ok,” I said, “but…”

It couldn’t be. Seeing how the dildo absolutely dwarfed my wife’s hands made it simply impossible for me to accept or imagine that her ex’s penis could possibly be the same size. How would it fit inside her? It seemed impossible. Besides its unbelievable length, it was also at least twice as thick as my own penis, which was now fully erect as I watched my wife bring the artificial phallus to her lips for a kiss.

“Mmm,” she said, tonguing the head, “just doing this gets me wet. It brings back so many amazing memories. Do you like watching me do this, babe?”

“Yeah,” I said, a little guilty about what I was admitting, despite all of the admissions I’d already made to her.

It felt like I was traveling even further down a dark path. The feeling was exciting. Thrilling, even. But I couldn’t see any light at the end of the path, just more dark forest.

She pushed the tip of the dildo between her lips and filled her mouth with it.

“Mmm,” she moaned, “mmmm…”

She gagged on the thick rubber prick and then pulled it out. My wife the preschool teacher was acting like a pornstar.

She stepped closer to where I was sitting on the edge of the bed, reaching down with her one free hand and stroking my erection through my pants.

“I can tell you love this. Just imagine if this was really happening. Imagine that you’re in the closet downstairs. Watching Jim and I on the couch. First I give him a nice, long blowjob. I get him nice and hard. Tease him until he’s almost ready to come. Then I pull back and tell him he’s got to fuck me. Would you like that, honey? Would you like to watch us?”

She smiled at me and then put the cock back to her lips, liking up and down its bulbous head and giving me a wink before opening wide once more and taking the first few inches into her mouth until she gagged once more.

“I’d love to watch you,” I said, my voice almost inaudible, but loud enough for Hannah to hear clearly.

“I’ve been thinking about how we should do it,” she said, licking down the shaft of the dildo, wetting it with her spit as she kicked off her slippers.

“Honey,” she said, “help me with my shorts and panties.”

I bent forward and pulled her shorts and panties down her legs. It was something I’d done plenty of times before, but this time it felt almost as if I were preparing her to be taken by another man. And, in a way, I was.

“Thank you, Zach,” she said, for some reason using my name, which had the effect of suddenly distancing me from the whole scene.

It was almost as if Jim had really been there.

She lay down on the bed next to me, spreading her legs and sighing as she teased her slit with the thick head of the dildo.

‘I figure I’ll tell him you’re out of town,” she said, “and I’ll have him over to watch a movie. He’ll know exactly what’s going to happen, of course. I’ll make that very clear to him in advance.”

“How?” I asked, watching as she worked the first few inches into her tight pussy.

It was quite incredible that she could fit any part of the monstrous toy into her tunnel, but she was doing an admirable job. I wonder if her body preserved the memory of her encounters with Jim, all these years later. Probably…

“I figure I’ll tease him a little. Start with some light flirting and then move on to full-on sexting. I’m sure it won’t take much to get him to remember the old times we had together.”

A moment of doubt surged up in me. I remembered that Jim hadn’t even recognized Hannah when he’d come back to town. Had he been pretending? Was it possible that Hannah was much less important to him than he was to her? After all, he’d been with Erin at the time of their initial courtship, and had moved on to Kaitlyn (and who knows who else besides) shortly afterward.

It was entirely possible, I decided, that Jim was simply a player, and that any feelings of jealousy — though they might be entirely warranted in a

sexual sense — were completely out of place when it came to the possibility of he and my wife developing a proper relationship. Even if Hannah was hung up on him (as she undoubtably was) it seemed very likely that he was simply too much of a ladies man to stay tied down for very long.

But then, of course, there was the problem of his impotence. I wondered if he'd managed to overcome that issue. Possibly with Erin's help?

"Are you listening, babe?"

Hannah's voice snapped me back to reality.

"Yeah," I said, watching her fuck herself deeper and deeper with the obscenely large toy.

"Do you want to help me sext him, babe? Would that turn you on? He doesn't have to know that you're helping me."

In that moment, a feeling of incredible lust surged up inside me. I realized that I did want to be involved somehow.

"Yeah," I said, "I can help."

"Good boy," she said, closing her eyes and biting her lip as she fucked herself hard, "what do you think I should wear? Maybe you can take pictures of me for him."

"Maybe," I said, "but we don't want to make it too obvious that I'm involved, right?"

"Mmm, fuck, babe," she said, fucking herself with the entire length of the dildo now, "I love how you think. You're totally on my side now, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, unable to stop from stroking myself as I watched the obscene image of my wife fucking herself with the realistic phallus.

"Good," she said, "stroke that dick for me. Just like you're going to stroke it when you're watching us from the closet. Just imagine how hot it will be. Maybe if you're lucky you'll be able to see the look on my face the very first time it goes in."

"It won't really be the first time, though, will it?"

"I guess not. Not technically. But it's been so long, I almost feel like it will be the first time. I feel almost like a virgin again, babe."

It was quite an ironic thing to say, given the fact that she was fucking herself with a huge dildo as she said it. That was scarcely a virginal action. But on some level, I understood what she meant. Even if it had less than flattering implications for my own manhood. Was she implying that being

with me — being married to me — hadn't really "counted"? Or was the size of my cock so small in relation to his that it didn't even register?

Probably she meant it in a more figurative sense. Like it would kind of feel like she was a virgin again. In either case, I was too turned on to be upset at her. Heck, the fact that she'd said this at all made me want our dirty little plan to happen even more than before.

"Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah…"

She was getting closer to climax, I was sure of it.

"When do you want to do this?" I asked.

"Next weekend…" she stammered, "I want to do it next weekend. I just…can't wait…to feel him inside me again!"

"I can't wait either," I groaned, feeling myself reach the point of no return.

It was no use. It was like I was part of some flood that was coursing towards a city, bursting over the levies and washing over the buildings. The city was my marriage, and my wife was in the same flood with me.

We both exploded at the same time, I in several warm, sticky bursts in my hand, and she pulsing on her dildo, holding it deep inside her as she came.

I pictured him inside her. I imagined that he didn't pull out. Not this time.

He was pumping my wife full of cum. And I liked it.

Of course, I thought a moment later, of course he wouldn't do that in real life. We'd have to discuss the ground rules first. That is, I'd discuss them with Hannah. There was no reason that Jim would ever have to find out what was going on.



HANNAH and I went to bed that night without talking about the plan we'd formulated while we were masturbating together. It was as if we were both too shy to acknowledge what we'd discussed, once the heat of passion had passed, even though it was obvious to us both that the other one hadn't forgotten our conversation.

The next morning, however, was different. Hannah got up before me, ready to make coffee. She had smile on her face. The shyness — or

whatever it had been — was gone now. She was all business.

“I’m going to go shopping today,” she said, “I’d love it if you’d join me.”

“What time were you thinking?” I replied, knowing that she wasn’t talking about grocery shopping.

“Right after I’m done with work. Does 4:00 work for you?”

“Yeah it does. You want to go to the mall?”

She nodded.

Our small rural town didn’t have anything resembling a mall, so what she was proposing was an hour-long drive to the “big city” — a city of 100,000 people just across the border in our neighboring state. It wasn’t a trip that we ever took casually. It was only for special occasions.

Special occasions like buying a new outfit to seduce Jim in, I supposed, even though she hadn’t said as much. Part of me found it humiliating to be helping my wife in this way, but I was mostly excited. It was really going to happen. We were really going to put our intentions into action and live out our fantasies.

I was right on time to pick up Hannah after work. When she got in the car, she could read the question on my face: had Jim been there, and had she done anything to hint at our plans?

“He was here, just now,” she said, smiling at me and then giving me a kiss so passionate it caught me off guard.

She broke the kiss after a moment and then leaned back and put on her seatbelt quickly.

“He seemed a little down, so I asked him what was wrong. He didn’t want to talk about it at first, but I managed to get him to tell me that Erin left a few days ago. It seems like she wasn’t visiting for very long anyway, and they had some kind of argument. I couldn’t let on how happy it made me to hear that, so I just acted sympathetic. And I told him that maybe I’d do something to cheer him up later.”

“How did he react to that?”

“He was surprised,” she said excitedly, “I could tell that I caught him off guard. He wasn’t expecting me to talk to him like that. Flirtatiously, I mean. He probably thinks that I’m not interested anymore. You know, since I’m married.”

“It would be a logical thing to think.”

“Yes. But he seemed like he was looking forward to whatever it was I was hinting at. So now all I have to do is make sure that I actually have something exciting to show him.”

“I’m sure that he’d be happy with you taking a couple of snapshots in the underwear you’re wearing right now,” I said, “you’re an extremely attractive woman.”

She laughed a little, as if what I’d said had amused her.

I was driving down the main drag now, on my way to the state highway that would take us to the mall.

“I know,” she said, “it’s not like most guys are hard to please. But I also want it to be special for him. You remember his…problem? I have no idea if he still has it, but if he does, I want to make sure that I have the best shot possible at fixing it.”

“Probably viagra would do that.”

“I know. But I can’t get a prescription for viagra on my own!”

“Good point.”



WE ARRIVED AT THE MALL, parked and went inside. Hannah studied a map carefully, her eyes searching.

“What is it exactly that you’re looking for?” I asked her finally.

In the car, we’d chatted about work, as if everything was absolutely fine. We hadn’t discussed the stores that she wanted to go to, or what in particular she was looking for. I had my suspicions, of course. I imagined a new bra and panty set, maybe lingerie.

“There it is!” She exclaimed, her finger landing on the name “Uniform Outlet.”

It struck me as an odd choice, but I was willing to let her take the lead.

“Come on,” she said, taking my hand excitedly as we walked briskly through the mall.

“What are we doing *here*?” I finally asked, as she strode confidently through the entrance of the somewhat drab outlet store.

“I’m getting something for Jim,” Hannah said, flashing me a big smile, “I want to remind him of back then.”

Hannah was no teenager anymore. She was hotter now than she'd been back then, even if she was twelve years older. She was one of those women who looked better at 30 than she had at 18, thanks to a good skin care, diet and workout routine. There was no doubt about it: my wife was in her prime.

In other words, she would be a much sexier cheerleader now than she had been back then.

She went to a rack that held the apparel for our local high school, Karlsberg High.

"Don't you have your old cheerleader uniform still? Isn't that what you're looking for?"

"It's a little faded," she said, "and I've filled out in the bust and hips a little since then."

I looked down at my wife's petite body. She had "filled out" as she put it, but was still far from fat. She was curvy in the most pleasing way. Her body still drove me crazy. I realized how lucky I was to have been fucking this sexy ex-cheerleader for all these years. It felt like I almost didn't deserve it. What had I done with my life? Nothing as spectacular as playing in the NFL.

But somehow, nevertheless, I'd landed Hannah. And if this was what it took to keep her (sharing her with another man), I was going to do what had to be done. It wasn't as if she was the only one that wanted this, anyway. I was more than a little curious about the kind of chemistry that might arise between the two of them, what kind of effect fucking Jim might have on Hannah's already quite uninhibited sexuality.

It felt a little dirty, helping my wife pick out a cheerleading uniform meant for an 18-year-old, but in the end we found one. None of the employees noticed us slip into the changing rooms together so that Hannah could double-check the fit.

"Take a picture," she said, once she'd pulled the outfit into place over her panties.

I nodded, taking out my phone.

"This part is the only problem," she said, tugging at the bottoms, which were stitched to the skirt to prevent the audience from catching a glimpse of the cheerleader's panties.

"Oh well," she continued, striking a pose for me, "we can cut them off when we get them home. I've got some good sewing scissors somewhere."

I took several pictures of my wife, smiling as she modeled the cheerleading uniform.

“That’s good,” she said, “let me see.”

I handed her my phone and she studied the photos.

“Perfect,” she said, “we’ll do more when we get home.”

“Ok,” I said, “it sounds like you’ve got this all planned out.”

“I do have something of a plan,” she said, grinning, “but of course there’s no guarantee it’s going to work.”

“I have a feeling it will. There aren’t too many men who are going to be able to resist getting hit on by a girl as beautiful as you.”

She blushed.

“You’re just saying that.”

“No, I’m not.”

She closed her eyes as I kissed her on the forehead, as if to reassure her that she was beautiful enough to seduce her ex.

“I hope you’re right,” she sighed.

We bought the uniform of course, despite the fact that it needed alterations. The next stop was the lingerie store. That was more what I had expected.

Hannah chose a pink lace thong and a bra to match. I didn’t get a chance to watch her try them on, because the salesgirl here was watching us like a hawk, and there were signs everywhere reminding us that only one person was allowed in the rooms at a time.

“Maybe they have a hanky-panky problem,” I said, to Hannah, nodding to the signs.

She smiled.

“Probably more like a shoplifting problem,” she said.

“Wait here for me, babe,” she said.

The salesgirl gave me a little smile as I took a seat outside the changing room. She probably thought that I was going to get lucky soon. The truth of the matter was, I didn’t know what was going to happen to my sex life if Hannah managed to pull this off. Would she lose all interest in me? How could I compete with her big-dicked, dominant ex boyfriend? Then again, she’d been with him first, and she’d still deigned to marry me, all those years ago, so maybe she had other reasons for wanting to keep our sex life alive. I liked to think that I did a good job pleasing her in the bedroom,

though of course I had no real idea of what I was up against, only the vaguest shimmer of one.

Finally, she was finished.

“I’m getting all of these,” she announced, adding a pair of white cotton bikini-cut panties to the stack.

I nodded.

“Good idea,” I said.

We went to the counter, where I got out my credit card. The salesgirl smiled as she rang us up. She didn’t need to say anything. Her face said it all.

For some reason, Hannah chose that moment to betray our secret. Just a little, but enough to make it clear that there was more to our purchase than met the eye.

“Do you think he’ll like them, honey?”

I tried to stammer a response. Her choice of words had instantly made two things obvious to the salesgirl, and the brief moment of shock on her face showed it.

“He” was obviously not me. But I was also obviously not a brother or other relative, because she’d called me “honey.” So there could only be one possible way to understand her question: that I was a cuckolded husband.

Actually, that wasn’t quite right. I wasn’t a cucked husband yet. But it was going to happen soon enough.

“You’re…they’re…” I stammered, signing the credit card receipt.

“I’m sure you look amazing in them,” said the salesgirl as she handed over the bag, “you’re in incredible shape. He’s going to go crazy.”

She winked, giving me a knowing smile.

I blushed. I felt a strange mixture of humiliation and arousal. What had gotten into Hannah for her to say something like that in public?

As soon as we were outside of the store, I decided to confront her.

“Hannah,” I said, “what was that about, back there?”

“What?”

“What you said to the clerk. You basically told her that I was a cuck.”

“Cuck?”

“You know, a cuckold.”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” she said, looking a little embarrassed, “I honestly wanted your opinion. I’m still a little insecure about all of this. I

mean, he was in the NFL. He certainly had plenty of opportunities with real cheerleaders. Some of the most beautiful women in the world."

"He was with Kaitlyn that whole time," I reminded her.

"Don't forget that he was with Erin when he started sleeping with me. I don't think that he's such a loyal guy."

"If that's the case," I said, "are you even sure that you want to get involved with him? Isn't he likely to hurt you?"

"No," she said, "I'm not expecting him to be loyal. That's what you're for, babe. I'm expecting him to be a good fuck. Nothing less, nothing more."

Something about this didn't ring true. After all, she'd already had a couple of jealous outbursts concerning Katie, Erin, and even the babysitter. Why was she suddenly pretending that her interest in Jim was only casual? Was it a way for her to deny the true depth of her feelings for him?

I decided that must be it. It made me feel a little better for some reason. At least she was preparing for the possibility that he might only see her as a quick fuck and nothing more. If that turned out to be the case, it might be good for our relationship in the long run. She'd come around and realize that I was important in her life, even if I couldn't fuck her as well as Jim could. I would still be good for something.



BACK AT HOME, Hannah found her sewing scissors and skillfully removed the bottoms of the cheerleading uniform so that her panties would show when she lifted the skirt.

"Perfect," she said, twirling for me, "I think we're ready for some more pictures."

I agreed. This time, we used a ring light that Hannah sometimes used for Zoom conferences with daycare parents. It provided the perfect amount of light to make my wife appear truly sexy. I snapped shot after shot of her in various suggestive poses, then Hannah took my phone and selected three images to send to Jim.

"Ok," she said, "I've been thinking a lot about what I should write. What do you think?"

“I think you shouldn’t think about it so much. Any man would be happy to get those pictures. Both for the pictures themselves, and for the implicit message that you’re sending by sending them in the first place.”

“The implicit message being that I want to fuck?”

“Precisely. I don’t see how anyone could misinterpret that.”

“I hope you’re right,” she said.

“But there’s one thing he’s going to wonder about,” I said, “he’ll know that someone else was holding the camera when he sees these pictures. Isn’t he going to wonder about that at all?”

She thought for a moment. Then her eyes lit up.

“I’ll just tell him that you took the pictures for the two of us, but I wanted to get his opinion on them.”

“Get his opinion? Then he’s really going to know it’s a come-on.”

“All the better. We don’t want him to misinterpret my intentions, right?”

“I guess not,” I said.

“Good.”

She flicked through a few screens on her phone, a look of determination on her face. She typed something. Then she pressed send.

“There.”

She sat on the edge of the bed, staring off into space, as if in deep thought.

“I guess we’ll see what he —…”

My remark was cut off by the “incoming message” sound on her phone.

“Sexy,” Hannah said, her eyes lighting up.

“What is?”

“Me. That’s what he wrote. ‘Sexy’.”

I couldn’t help it. It was thrilling knowing that another man found my wife sexy. I mean, I knew that plenty of other men did. It wasn’t surprising in and of itself. But it meant that my fantasy (her fantasy?) was one step closer to becoming a reality.

She typed quickly on her iPhone keyboard, then pressed send once more.

“What did you tell him?”

“I thanked him and asked him if he’d like to see any more.”

“I’m sure he will.”

A few seconds later, the phone chimed again.

“You were right,” she said, grinning, “he also said that I look even better now than I did back then.”

“I was just thinking that too!” I said.

“Stop it, you’re just flattering me.”

She blushed a little as she typed on her phone.

“I have no reason to flatter you. I’m already married to you.”

She smirked, perhaps in response to what I had said, but more than likely because of what she was typing to Jim.

“What are you saying now?”

“I’m telling him to get a babysitter for Saturday night and he can figure out how else I might have changed over the years.”

“That moved fast! You don’t think he’s going to worry about the fact that you’re married?”

“I dunno,” she said, “he was there first. It’s almost like it doesn’t count, you know?”

I laughed. It was a silly thing to say. To treat marriage so casually. Did she really mean it?

“He said he’s going to text his sitter right now,” she said.

She let the phone drop to her lap and looked at me.

“I’m going to need your help to pull this off, Zach,” she said, “you know that, right?”

“How do you mean?”

“We’ve got to get ready for his visit! We need to clean the house, and make sure we have enough snacks and drinks and stuff.”

“Surely he’s not going to expect all that. He’s coming over to another man’s house to fuck his wife. He thinks that I’m out of town or something, right?”

“Yeah. I mean, that’s what I’m going to tell him. But I still want the house to look nice for him, ok? Plus you’re going to want to make sure that closet in the basement is cleaned out, since you might be spending a long time in there.”

“Ok,” I said, “we’ll see what he says then.”

Her phone chimed.

After glancing down at the screen, Hannah looked up at me and grinned.

“It’s on,” she said, “my boyfriend’s back!”

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I spent the next few days cleaning the house, a room at a time. It was absurd, of course, to think that Jim and Hannah would be spending any time in the guest bedroom, or in the laundry room, but it at least gave me something to do with the nervous energy that was teeming in every part of my body. It was like being elated but also sick to my stomach at the very same time.

I felt almost the same way I had during the first few weeks that Hannah and I had started dating. A new chapter was opening in our lives and in our marriage, and the house cleaning was almost like a ritual to acknowledge this fact. It was like we were purifying ourselves and our relationship, getting ready for some kind of fundamental transformation.

I know it sounds a little silly to put it that way. After all, what we actually had planned was very simple: my wife was going to seduce her ex-boyfriend while I watched. It even seemed that there wouldn't be very much "seduction" necessary, given the fact of how enthusiastically he'd responded to the pictures that she sent.

"What should I wear when he comes over?" Hannah asked me on the evening before the "big night."

"I thought you were going to go with the cheerleader uniform," I said.

"That's so cheesy," she said, laughing as if my suggestion had been completely absurd, "I don't want it to be like some kind of bad porn movie."

"Ok," I said, "then why did you go out of your way to buy it?"

"I needed an excuse to text him."

I wasn’t buying it, but I decided to chalk this last-minute indecision up to my wife’s nerves. She must have also been feeling a little apprehensive about what we had planned.

“What should I make for dinner tonight?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she said, “a salad, maybe. To be honest, I’m too nervous to eat very much.”

She threw her arms around me, holding me close.

“I’m scared,” she whispered.

I was taken aback by this sudden display of emotion.

“What are you scared about, babe? You know he thinks you’re sexy.”

“I know,” she sighed, “but what if that’s all he thinks? That I’m just another sexy girl from his past, throwing herself at him again for one last night of fun.”

“Well,” I said, my mind reeling from the number of changes in my wife’s stated intentions and moods over the past few weeks, “didn’t you tell me the other day that all you’re looking for is some exciting sex? That you don’t expect him to be faithful to you? That it would be crazy to expect that?”

“I don’t think that’s what I said…”

“Well, maybe not in so many words.”

I suddenly decided it wasn’t the time to confront Hannah with all the contradictory statements she’d made about her feelings for Jim over the past few months. It wouldn’t really benefit either one of us. All it would do was destroy the new unity that we’d found in our relationship, now that we had both become focused on a single goal: the goal of getting her to have sex with her ex.

I closed my arms around her, comforting her.

“It’s going to be just fine, honey. He’s going to love you, you know he will. You’re beautiful. You can compete with any of the NFL cheerleaders, anytime.”

“You’re sweet,” she said, sighing hard as she buried her face in my chest.

After a moment, she seemed to have snapped out of her mood. She looked up at me playfully.

“Aren’t you excited, Zach? I bet you can’t wait to see how big he really is. I can’t even remember exactly myself, but I bet he’s going to put that big dildo to shame.”

My cock stirred at this image. She noticed it, putting her hand over my bulge.

“I know you love watching me with that dildo, babe. You’re really going to love seeing me with the real thing. The look on my face when he finally gets a chance to stretch me out again. A dildo just can’t compete. God, this is making me so horny. I don’t know if it’s the nerves or what, but I’m so wet right now.”

She craned her neck up and kissed me as she rubbed my bulge. It was clear. She was trying to initiate sex.

I put one hand on her butt as I bent down and kissed her, my cock becoming full erect as I did so.

“I want you to fuck me,” she whispered, “I need you now.”

I slipped a hand under her sweatpants and panties, feeling the warm, smooth flesh of her buttocks.

“Do you think he’s going to want to do me from behind?”

She was rubbing up against me now. My erection was aching.

“I don’t know,” I said, “is that what you liked to do before?”

“We did every position,” she whispered, “he even picked me up and fucked me while standing a couple of times. He’s a very strong man. I bet he can still do that.”

There was no question, of course, of me being able to do that.

“Then I bet he will want to fuck you from behind,” I said, trying to get into the spirit of the dirty talk as Hannah got down on her knees and started pulling my pants off.

My cock fit comfortably in one of her hands as she licked the tip. I was short, but relatively thick. I knew that I couldn’t compare to Jim at all in that department, but it didn’t matter anymore. There was nothing I could do about it.

“Remember how this looks, Zach,” she said, looking up at me, “so you can compare it to Jim’s cock.”

She took my cock in her mouth and sucked gently, slicking down the shaft with her tongue, giving off soft moaning sounds as she did.

“God, Hannah,” I sighed, “that feels so good. You’re going to have to take a break now if you want me to fuck you…”

“I don’t care about that, babe,” she said, “I just want you to get used to the idea of thinking about me with Jim. Imagine his big prick sliding into

my mouth just like this. Expect imagine how much harder it will be for me with him than with you…”

At this point, I realized that Hannah had one hand down her pants and was touching herself while she sucked me off.

“I can’t wait,” she moaned, her head popping off my cock for a moment, “it’s going to feel so good. You’ll never look at me the same way again…”

I groaned. It had been a long time since she’d given me a blowjob, and this was an especially good one. I didn’t know what had gotten into her. Was it because she was thinking of Jim and just needed some kind of outlet, or was this some kind of attempt to manipulate me? Was she feeling guilty about something? There was no need for that, of course. I was a completely willing participant in this perverse little game of ours.

I was a completely willing participant in my wife’s infidelity.

“Hannah, I’m close,” I moaned, and she groaned too, at the same time, her hand moving more rapidly in her pants now.

Her eyes were closed as she pumped my cock into her warm, wet mouth.

“I’m coming…”

She didn’t let up, but swallowed my load, sucking until every last drop was gone. At the same time, she appeared to climax herself.

“That was fun,” she said, looking up at me and wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, “I’ll go get cleaned up for a second.”

She disappeared into the bathroom and came out wearing a robe. She climbed under the covers and beckoned for me to join her.

I did. We held each other close for a few minutes.

“I can’t believe it’s going to happen,” she said, “I just want everything to be perfect.”

“It will be,” I said, “what could go wrong?”

“There’s still…you know…”

“What?”

I genuinely had no idea what she could be talking about. We’d bought snacks and drinks. We’d cleaned the house. She’d waxed, shaved, and had new lingerie. Everything was taken care of.

“Jim’s…problem. The one he had with Katie.”

Oh. That one. It was funny to think about, but it was true: I was now praying that the man who was going to fuck my wife would be able to get it

up.

“I’m sure that won’t be an issue,” I said, “I mean, it’s been a while since that happened. And it was with Katie, not you.”

“You don’t think Katie’s hot?”

“Of course I do,” I said, “I mean, not as hot as you. But she’s attractive.”

Hannah sighed. I could tell that she was really apprehensive.

“But you have a history with him. A lot of memories of successful encounters. That’s going to count for more. He doesn’t have that kind of past with Katie.”

She was quiet for a moment.

“You’re right,” she said, “it is different, isn’t it? I have a connection with him that she doesn’t. At least I think she doesn’t.”

“She definitely doesn’t. Otherwise they’d be dating right now…”

“Ok,” she said, “you’re probably right about that. I feel better now.”

She squeezed me as we cuddled in the bed.

“Thank you, Zach,” she said, “you’re my best friend.”

It felt odd to hear that coming from my wife, whose infidelity I was hoping to witness the next evening, but it also felt good at the same time.

“You’re my best friend, too,” I replied.



THEN, suddenly, the day was there. We spent the morning in tense silence. It wasn’t awkward. It was suspenseful. We cleaned everything one more time for good measure. I don’t think our kitchen had ever looked as spotless as it did that day. And our downstairs bathroom was positively shining.

It was like the whole house was ready for Jim’s visit.

“I told Jim that I dropped you off at the airport this morning,” she said, “he has no idea that you’re going to be there, so it’s important that you don’t make any noise, and that you don’t come out of your hiding spot no matter what.”

“I promise,” I said.

“That means that you need to be sure to go to the bathroom before you get into the closet,” she said, “you might not have a lot of time afterwards.”

“Got it.”

~

JIM ARRIVED RIGHT ON TIME, 6pm on the dot. From my outpost in the basement closet, I could hear Hannah's footsteps as she went to the door to meet him. I heard her excited giggles, and I heard his deep voice speaking softly to her.

He must have been extra punctual because of the babysitter. He'd need to get in and out in the exact amount of time allotted because he had a deadline for getting home. That was good in a way. It meant that I wasn't going to be in the closet all night.

Unless, of course, he'd arranged for the kids to be with their grandparents. In which case, I really could be in there all night, since I was supposedly on a weekend-long trip.

I tried to put this idea out of my mind and listen to what might have been happening upstairs.

I heard two sets of footsteps go into the kitchen. Maybe she was mixing them drinks. I suddenly wished that I had installed security cameras around the house so that I could see what was happening in each room. Instead, I was forced to use my imagination.

I couldn't hear much while they were in the kitchen. Every once in a while, a floorboard creaked or a high feminine laugh made its way down to the basement though the ventilation ducts.

After a while, however, the voices and the footsteps came closer again. They were heading for the basement door. She must have suggested that they get more comfortable downstairs. Hannah was following the plan. That was good.

My heart beat faster as their voices drew closer. Finally, they entered the darkened finished basement, our "TV room," as we liked to call it. Hannah switched on the lamp, and the room was bathed in light.

"Wanna watch something?" She asked, turning to Jim, who absolutely towered over her.

I'd seen them together before, of course, but never from this perspective, the perspective of an outside voyeur. They really did make a cute couple, but one of those couples where the size difference makes it seem like the man must have to handle the woman like a delicate doll to keep from hurting her. I knew that Hannah's tastes — when it came to men

like Jim — were far from “gentle,” but his size made it seem like his “gentle” might be equivalent to another man’s “rough.”

He was huge, in other words. It was no surprise that a man like that might be packing.

There was a delicious tension in the air. From the way they were talking to each other now, I could tell that they’d been flirting upstairs, but they hadn’t actually kissed yet. The ice hadn’t been broken, in other words.

I was secretly thankful for this. I was excited to see my wife’s first kiss with her ex. I couldn’t say why, exactly. Maybe it was because I felt more like part of the action that way, so to speak.

“We could watch *Varsity Squad*,” he suggested, a smirk on his face.

“We could just play *Varsity Squad*,” suggested Hannah, returning his smirk.

She set her drink down on the coffee table, then took his from his hand and did the same.

“Play? What character should I be?”

His voice was low and flirtatious.

“How about…,” said Hannah, putting her hands around his neck, “and I know this sounds crazy…”

He raised his eyebrows, reaching down and placing his hands on her waist.

“How about,” she continued, “I play the sweet young cheerleader, and you play the studly quarterback. Do you think you could manage that?”

“I think I could get into a role like that, yes,” he said.

Hannah closed her eyes as he bent down and their lips met in a long, slow kiss. It was much softer and more romantic than I’d been imagining. It made sense, of course, that two former lovers would start out tenderly, but it still caught me off guard.

Maybe I’d secretly been hoping that it really would be “only” sex between Hannah and Jim. That feelings wouldn’t be involved in any way.

I could see now that I had been wrong about that. Hannah must have been in denial on the say that she claimed that all she expected from him was a good lay, nothing more. I could read it in her body language as she craned her neck up to meet his lips. Her whole body trembled slightly, and not just from the physical strain of the position she found herself in.

She was on fire with lust. I could feel it. And not just lust. Some kind of primal desire. The kind of primal desire that had no kind of rational

explanation.

Jim reached up and put a hand on her boob. He certainly wasn't wasting any time.

After all, he probably only had the babysitter for so long.

Hannah responded with a short moan of delight.

"Do you like the dress?" She asked.

"Mm-hmm," he said.

"Just wait until you see what's underneath…"

"Why don't we find out sooner, rather than later?" He said, reached back and unzipping her.

Her floral-print dress, which had accentuated her bust wonderfully, fell to the floor now, revealing the lingerie she'd bought on our trip to the mall.

She looked breathtaking in it. My cock rose the moment that I saw her. Since I hadn't been allowed to go into the fitting room that day, I was seeing it now for the first time. I had that in common with Jim, who said exactly what I had been thinking.

"You look incredible."

"Thank you," she said, reaching down and touching his bugle.

"Mmm," he said, "I love it when you touch me there."

"Is that right? Do you know how long I've been thinking about this guy down here? How much I've missed him?"

"I don't," he said, "I never really thought it was that spectacular. But every single girl I've been with tells me it's the biggest they've ever had."

"It's definitely the biggest I've ever had. There aren't too many guys out there who can compete."

"Not even Zach?"

It was the first time that either one of them had mentioned my name, or even acknowledged my existence. I felt a little shy, suddenly, for no good reason. After all, Jim had no idea that I was anywhere close by.

Hannah laughed.

"Do you think I'd be here making out with you if he could even come close? He's like half of your size. Maximum."

I'm not going to lie. I was both hurt and aroused by hearing that come from my wife's mouth. I knew that she had been drawn to Jim's size, but I didn't really understand how deep that attraction went, how important it really was to her, until I heard her say this. Of course. It might have been

the case that she was simply saying it to turn him on, because it was what she thought he needed to hear in that moment.

Maybe.

But there was something in her voice that made it seem (to me at least) that she was 100% sincere. My cock was my main shortcoming in our relationship, and she wouldn't have been thinking of her ex at all if it wasn't for his magnificent piece of equipment.

I felt my own cock start to droop again. I didn't know how to deal with this humiliation. It was worse than what she'd said to the sales clerk, in a way. She was humiliating me in front of Jim, sure, but she also knew that I was listening.

Maybe she thought I liked hearing things like that. And maybe — in a certain sense — she was actually right. Maybe I did like hearing it. Maybe I needed a reminder of my own inadequacy, the same inadequacy that caused me to consent to my wife fucking another man in the first place.

As I pondered these things, totally lost in my own thoughts, Jim slipped my wife's bra off and was tonguing her nipples, first one, then the other. His big hand came down across her bottom, giving it a hard clap and causing her to shriek in delight.

"Ohh," she said, "you're so strong. I remember how much you used to love to spank me. I haven't had treatment like that in a long time. Zach is just a little too respectful."

"That's a shame," he answered, kissing up her chest towards her neck, "I think we'll have to do something about that. You need a man who can give it to you just how you need it."

"I want you to give it to me just like you used to in the coach's office. And in your car…"

"And on the football field, in the middle of the night…"

"Yes. And in the park. The time you bend me over and I grabbed the tree. You took me from behind so hard. And when that jogger came through the woods in front of us, you didn't stop. You just grinned at her while you keep going until you filled me up…"

"How do you know I was grinning?"

"You told me, remember?"

"I don't," he said, removing her panties, "but I'm going to take your word for it."

“No fair,” Hannah said, smiling at him while now completely naked, “you’re still dressed.”

“Why don’t you help me with that? You do the pants while I do the shirt.”

“Ok.”

She grabbed at his belt eagerly, struggling with the heavy buckle for a few seconds while he unbuttoned his shirt and then threw it behind him. The t-shirt was next, while my wife fiddled with his pants button and zipper. She dropped to her knees and pulled his slacks to the floor after her, then stopped, running her hands under the waistband of his boxer briefs.

There was an immense bulge already apparent under his underwear.

“This is the moment I’ve been waiting for, all these years,” she said.

It didn’t appear that Jim was having any of the same “issues” he’d had with Katie. A moment later, Hannah confirmed this fact as she pulled down his briefs and freed that monster that had been hiding there.

“Oh my God,” she cried, “it’s perfect. Even better than I remembered.”

“You’re just saying that.”

His hand rested on my wife’s head now as she stroked him slowly, looking at his cock in awe. It was about the length of her arm, and just as thick. It was clearly at least the size of the gigantic dildo she’d bought, possibly even larger and thicker. It was an awe-inspiring sight, one that caused my own cock to shrivel up as if it were beating a hasty retreat in the face of a superior force.

That’s what this was, after all: a display of superiority. I had to admit that I understood the humiliating comments that Hannah had made now. She must have been trying to send me a message. Trying to tell me the truth about her desires. There was no way to deny it. Who wouldn’t prefer Jim’s cock to mine? It was larger, but it was also more beautiful. More perfectly proportioned. A natural work of art.

Hannah was already at work, taking him into her mouth while she stroked his massive balls with one hand. Her other hand slid along his shaft, working her saliva along its length, lubricating him so that he glided more easily into her eager mouth.

He guided her head, closing his eyes and concentrating on something. The sensations, probably.

“That’s it,” he said, “suck that cock. Show me how much you missed that dick.”

She moaned in agreement. She had indeed missed his dick, and I knew it.

“Such a good girl,” he said, “now lick those balls.”

She obeyed him immediately. He opened his eyes now and looked down at my wife.

“Fuck, that’s good. I bet you don’t do this for your husband, do you?”

“Mmm-mmm,” she moaned, his balls muffling her reply.

“That’s good. He doesn’t deserve this treatment. He doesn’t deserve you at all. A woman like you is made for a cock like mine.”

“Yes,” she moaned, gasping for air as she took a break from tonguing his sack, “I wish I could worship your cock like this every day.”

“We could arrange that.”

“I could give you a blowjob in the office at the daycare. Every morning after you drop off the kids. There’s a lock on the door. Or I could go out in your car. Anytime. Anywhere.”

I had to admit that I was a little surprised to see Hannah so incredibly submissive. And not only submissive: downright desperate to please her well-endowed lover.

At the suggestion of her meeting up with him every day, I felt my own erection returning for some reason. Perhaps I’d begun to simply accept the fact that if I couldn’t compete, at least I could watch.

And what a sight it was: my wife, on her knees, desperately worshiping Jim’s thick, hard cock, while he towered over her, his legs slightly spread and his hand on her head, guiding her with cool confidence while he spurred her on with filthy words.

Some of his language wasn’t just aimed at humiliating me. He was also saying some somewhat nasty things to her as well. But they didn’t seem to bother Hannah. On the contrary, they seemed to make her even more eager to please him.

“That’s it. Show me what a good slut you are,” he said, stroking her head softly, “I want to know how much you want me to fuck you. You’re going to beg for it, right? I want to hear you beg for this big dick.”

And things of that nature. I’d never been able to talk dirty like this to Hannah. She’d expressed some interest in it, during some of our roleplaying sessions in the bedroom, but it just didn’t come naturally to me. Jim was much better at it.

“Touch yourself for me,” he growled, “I want that pussy nice and wet for this big dick.”

“Yes,” she gasped, reaching down between her legs and rubbing her clit as she continued to take him into her mouth, deep enough to choke on.

I was leaking precum now. I reached down and took my dick out of my pants, remembering the blowjob that Hannah had given me the night before. Had it been my last? It certainly couldn’t compare with the kind of worship that she was performing on Jim’s member.

“Hannah,” said Jim, “I’m going to cum now. I’m going to cum inside your mouth. I want you to swallow it all. Are you ready for that?”

“Mmm-hmm,” she moaned, stroking him more eagerly now.

I thought back to their ritual back when they’d been dating. According to Hannah, he’d come in her mouth almost every single time. It had been their own weird form of birth control.

“I want to hear you say it,” he said, his tone growing more dominant, “look up at me and beg me for my cum in your mouth.”

She did as he requested. She looked up at him and stuck out her tongue, begging him to ejaculate into her open mouth.

“Please, Jim. I want your cum so bad. I love the taste. I haven’t had it in so long.”

She stroked the shaft onto her tongue.

“Yes,” he moaned, “so good. Such a good little cheerleader slut.”

“Yes, Jim. I’m your good little cheerleader slut,” she said, stroking him faster onto her tongue.

He let out a cry, followed by a grunt of pleasure as he exploded all over my wife’s tongue and face. She slurped up his semen greedily, but it just kept coming. I was in awe of the amount of sperm he had produced, and also of my wife’s ability to make it all disappear so quickly. At the same time, I was a little disappointed. He’d shot his load already, but I had been looking forward to watching him fuck Hannah. Surely Hannah had been looking forward to it, too, even as much as she obviously enjoyed pleasuring him with her mouth.

She licked off her fingers, eating up every last bit of his semen as she gazed up at him in adoration.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, maintaining his dominant demeanor, “that’s the best blowjob I’ve had in years.”

“Oh yeah? When was the last time you got your dick sucked, big guy?”

“You remember Erin?” He said, grinning down at her.

A dark look passed across Hannah’s face at the mention of her once and current rival. For a moment, I thought that she was going to explode in anger, but in the end, she smiled once more and said softly.

“My pussy is much better than that bitch’s.”

“Your head game certainly was,” he said.

“Give me a chance to prove it.”

“You’ve got it,” he said, “I’m ready to go again.”

“What?”

“You heard me,” he said, “I’m ready to fuck you now. I’m just getting started.”

She looked at him in disbelief, but it was true: his cock was hard as ever. Maybe he’d taken some kind of medication after all? Or maybe being with Hannah again after all these years had given him some kind of superhuman masculine potency?

“You don’t need a break?”

“I’ll take a glass of water. And some more of that drink.”

He sat down on the couch, which was positioned such that I could still see the front of his body from my hiding place in the closet. His cock was drooping slightly, but he was still mostly erect. A small glob of cum stuck to the tip of his member.

Hannah pick up their drinks from where they’d left them and brought Jim his. He drank it down in two gulps.

Hannah chugged hers as well, a new wildness coming to her eyes after she’d finished it. I wondered what it had been. Jim’s looked like some kind of whisky. I had quite a collection upstairs. I wonder what kind of taste he’d had.

As if he’d been reading my thoughts, he said: “I almost feel bad coming over here and drinking your husband’s 30-year-old scotch. While I fuck his 30-year-old wife.”

“Are you sure you don’t prefer his 18-year-old wife?”

“You weren’t his wife back then. I didn’t even know him. He was another dork. Some wimp who got lucky when he went to college and landed you. God knows how he pulled that off.”

“You’re sweet,” she said.

It wasn’t such a sweet thing to say about me. But I had to admit that it was basically correct.

“You go better with age. Just like the scotch,” he said, pulling her into his lap.

They kissed for several minutes. It was the most romantic they’d been up to now. He ran his fingers through her hair and teased her nipples, finally reaching down and running a finger down the length of her slit, causing her to moan with desire.

“Oh Jim. Please fuck me. Please. I need it so bad.”

His dominant, slightly degrading tone came back.

“I love it when sluts like you beg for it.”

“Did she beg for it? Did Erin beg for your big hard cock again, after all these years?”

“Don’t worry about her. Don’t think about that little slut now.”

“I want to know if I’m better than her.”

“Then I guess we’d better find out.”

I’d somehow known that part of Hannah’s desire for Jim had been driven by jealousy, but this short conversation really rammed the reality of it home. She didn’t just want to fuck Jim. It wasn’t only about his big cock. It was also about proving that she was better than the other girls. And that rivalry went back a long time. All the way to that night in the high school, in the coach’s office on the couch, where it had all begun…

He lifted her up and guided her down slowly onto his cock. He was still sitting on the couch, and I got a front-row view of the action from the side, as his thick rod disappeared into my wife for the first time in 12 years. Her face said it all.

At first there was apprehension. Then anticipation, followed by pain, and finally — once he began to move smoothly inside her, an accomplishment it took a minute or so to achieve — pure lust. She began to ride him with abandon, bouncing up and down in his lap as he urged her on with obscene commands.

“That’s it, Hannah. Be my good little slut. Ride that cock. Show me how much better you are than her.”

“Is my pussy better than hers? Am I better than Erin?”

“Yes, babe. You’re so fucking tight.”

I knew that Hannah probably also wanted to know something else, something that she didn’t dare to ask: not if she was better than Erin, or not only if she was better than Erin, but also if she was better than an even more important woman in his life. His deceased wife, Kaitlyn.

But even in the throes of passion, Hannah was intelligent enough to know that bringing up Kaitlyn would have killed the mood instantly. It was ok for her to compete with Erin, but never with the late mother of his children.

“I’m going to come,” she moaned, still bouncing on his shaft, “I’m going to come so fucking hard.”

“Tell me I’m better than him,” he demanded, slapping her ass as she rode him, “tell me I’m better than Zach.

“You’re so much better than him. You’re bigger, harder, and you last longer. You fill me up so good. I never want to touch his tiny little soft cock again after having you inside me. You’re simply superior in every way!”

Each of her words pierced me like a dagger. The fact that she had chosen them knowing that I was listening from the closet made it even worse.

“This pussy is your property now,” she moaned, “I want you to come inside me. I want you to claim it.”

“Are you on birth control?” Stammered Jim.

“No,” she said, “and I don’t care. I want your sperm inside me. I need it. I’m so close. Come with me, babe. Fill me up when I come. Please? Please? I need that big dick sperm inside me so badly…”

This was enough to drive me over the edge. I erupted in the exact moment as the two of them, Hannah’s cunt twitching against Jim’s long hard pole, which in turn began to pump my fertile, unprotected wife full of his potent baby-making liquid.

I shot my own sperm into a towel that I’d put in the closet earlier for exactly this purpose, spending myself in a satisfying orgasm that left me in a state of blissful for a few brief moments, until the sense of dread and regret began to creep in once more.

Jim had just cum inside Hannah. Was maybe still coming inside her, from the looks of it. He was pumping my wife full of his seed, and there was nothing I could do about it. Even now, it was too late. The only hope would be to get the morning after pill, and hope that it worked. That would be the only recourse to prevent her from carrying another man’s child.

It was true that she hadn’t gotten pregnant throughout our marriage, but I’d secretly assumed that I had been the one at fault for that. That my sperm wasn’t potent enough somehow. As dumb and unscientific as it sounded to

say it, it was what I thought. This seemed almost like a moment of truth to me.

In retrospect, I couldn't believe that Hannah had let him do it. No, scratch that. She hadn't let him do it. She'd begged for it. He'd probably been planning on coming in her mouth, like he had all those times before. A man with two children already who he had trouble caring for (if only for the fact that he was a single parent) probably wasn't planning on making any more. But the allure of "claiming" my wife's pussy as his "property" (as she'd so lewdly put it), had clearly been too much for him. It seemed like a case of Hannah getting the upper hand. Proving her dominance over him, despite being the submissive one in the relationship.

I had learned that it was often like that: that the submissive person was ultimately the one in control. But what did that say about my position vis-a-vis Hannah? She was the dominant one in our relationship, wasn't she? It certainly seemed that way to me.

Jim stayed inside her for a long time afterwards, and I couldn't help but imagine that it must have somehow aided in conception, his cock resting against her cervix, holding his swimmers inside her, giving them the time they needed to reach her egg.

They were kissing again, whispering soft things to each other that I couldn't understand. The mood was once again tender. Romantic, even. There was none of the degrading talk, either about Hannah or about me.

Gradually, however, the passion began to stir again. What had seemed like the actions of a couple that was winding down, now seemed like the actions of a couple who were ready for another round.

Hannah was moaning softly again. She'd dismounted him now, and was back on his lap. His cock was finally a bit more flaccid, though he was still at at least half mast. She rested one hand on it while she kissed him. He teased a nipple with one hand while his other played with her clit.

"I'm so sensitive down there," she giggled, "that was an incredible orgasm. I don't know if I've ever had one that intense."

"I'm glad to hear that," he said, "that I pleased you, I mean. I'm not glad to hear that you're so deprived of satisfying orgasms at home."

"That wasn't just satisfying," she said, "it was life-changing."

It was an odd word: life-changing. And it certainly sounded like hyperbole. But maybe she hadn't meant it that way at all. Maybe orgasming

on Jim’s cock after so many years really had changed Hannah’s life. It was certainly hard to imagine how our marriage would ever be the same again.

Maybe that’s what she should have said: that her orgasm was “marriage changing.”

But for most people — myself included — a marriage was a life. So in the end there was really no difference, was there?

Hannah dropped to her knees, now, worshipping his cock once more. I watched her lick her own lubrication from his shaft, along with the last traces of sperm that remained on it. She was slower and gentler this time than she had been before. He was probably a bit sensitive himself. After all, he’d had two orgasms in the space of about half an hour or so (though it was hard to say for certain how long their encounter had lasted, for it felt almost like a dream down here in the basement, where time seemed to stand still).

Jim was also less insistent than before. He ran his fingers through her hair and called her his “good girl.” He sighed from time to time. He was aroused, but he was in no hurry to orgasm. That urgency was gone.

“What do you want to do now?” She asked him, pausing abruptly.

“I know what I want to do,” he said, grinning, “but I don’t know if you’re up for it.”

That was it. Like me, he obviously knew that the way to get Hannah to do something was to suggest that she wasn’t adventurous enough to try it.

She grinned.

“Just try me,” she said, “I’m up for anything. Literally anything.”

“Ok,” said Jim, smiling down at her, “I’d like to fuck that tight little ass of yours. I don’t think I ever got to do that after high school, did I?”

She shook her head. Hannah had expressed interest in anal sex before, and we’d even tried it a couple of times early on in our relationship, but we eventually came to a tacit agreement that it wasn’t as much fun as “normal’ vaginal sex, and so we’d stopped doing it. She didn’t seem bothered by that one way or another.

I was interested to see how she’d react to this filthy suggestion by her lover.

“I’d love that,” she said, “there’s some lube right there in the drawer.”

She pointed to a drawer in the coffee table. Had she really planned that far ahead? I suppose she thought she might have needed lube to take him in her pussy as well. That wasn’t such an outlandish idea, after all.

He stood up and went to the drawer, pulling out a small bottle.

“Where do you want me, big guy?”

“On your hands and knees,” he said, “down on the carpet. Facing that closet over there.”

It wasn’t clear why he’d picked this particular position, but it didn’t matter. I was about to look into my wife’s eyes as she got assfucked by the biggest cock I’d ever seen. It was almost as if he’d known that I was watching, and was doing this specifically to demonstrate his dominance and superiority.

“Yes, Sir,” she said, getting into position as he came up behind her with the lube.

He spent a long time working the lubrication into her tight ass with his fingers. Hannah spent this time looking right at me, her face half in shadow due to the position of the lamp. I couldn’t read her expression exactly, but I was almost positive that she winked in my direction at one point.

While he was lubing my wife’s ass, Jim began to talk dirty again.

“I can’t wait to fuck you tight little cheerleader ass,” he said, “make you feel what it’s like to take a real man’s cock. I love teaching little sluts like you a lesson.”

“I bet I’m the best little slut whose ass you’ve ever fucked,” she answered, her competitive side back again.

“I’ll be the judge of that.”

With that, he got into position, and began the long and slow process of penetrating my wife’s bottom. She seemed to be in pain, or some kind of mixture of pleasure and pain, at least at first, but soon she was moaning softly in time with each one of his thrusts. He paused a few times to put more lube on his shaft, then he began to fuck her with slow, even strokes. As with the blowjob a few minutes ago, he was in no hurry. He was taking his time. Showing — and, by extension, me — who was in charge.

“I know you love this, don’t you, slut?”

This was the first time he’d called her “slut” so directly. Before it was always something like “my good little slut” or something else of that nature. I was shocked to hear Hannah moan in affirmation of this degrading name.

“I love it. I love being a slut for your cock. I’ll do anything for that big dick. Please Jim. Do anything you want with me.”

He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back, thrusting into her harder and harder.

“Such a good, tight little ass.”

“Am I better than Erin?”

“Uh-huh,” he moaned.

“I want to hear you say it.”

Once again, Hannah was becoming more dominant.

“Your ass is better than Erin’s,” he gasped, fucking her more frantically now.

“Yes. Oh my God. That feels so good. Don’t stop. Just like that.”

I couldn’t believe it, but it seemed like Hannah was about to come from being fucked in her ass. I had heard that it was possible for women to do this, but I had to admit that I didn’t quite understand how it worked. It seemed much less intuitive than climaxing from clitoral or vaginal stimulation.

“Oh yes. Just like that.”

“Good girl,” he growled, “come with my big dick in your ass. I want to feel you come on my cock.”

“Promise you’ll come for me, too?”

Her voice was frantic as he pounded her mercilessly from behind.

“I promise,” he growled.

“Oh God, Jim. Yes. I’m so close. I’m almost there…”

He slapped her ass hard with his free hand. Again and again.

She fell forward onto the carpet, and he was fucking her hard from above and behind now, slamming her onto the floor. She would probably have rug burn the next day.

“Oh God. Yes. Here I come!”

Hannah’s entire body trembled in ecstasy as she exploded in orgasm. At the same time, Jim pulled out and shot rope after rope of hot white cum onto my wife’s ass and back. She lay on her stomach for a minute or so, trembling and moaning softly, before finally raising herself to her feet once more and giving Jim a huge grin.

“That was incredible. I think I came even harder than when you were in my pussy.”

“I’m glad,” he said, “it was good for me, too.”

“What time is it?” He asked, a look of concern filling his eyes.

“It’s 11:30.”

Even I was stunned. Had he really been there two hours? It didn’t seem possible.

“Shit!” He exclaimed, “I’ve definitely got to go. Thank you, though. That was wonderful.”

“No,” said Hannah, giving him a long, slow kiss, “thank you. I can’t believe how good that felt.”

Jim disappeared into the bathroom for a few minutes to clean up, then came out again, giving Hannah another long kiss.

“When can we do this again?” He asked.

“I wasn’t kidding about blowjobs after drop-off,” she said, “only if I have someone helping me, of course.”

“Won’t someone notice?”

“Nah. Parent-teacher conferences happen all the time. And they’re confidential…”

“If you say so,” he said, smiling at her.

“Ok,” he added, “I’ve really got to go. See you soon?”

“Monday at the very latest.”

“Of course.”

He gave her a sharp slap on the bottom that showed that his dominant side wasn’t totally gone, before jogging up the basement stairs and out the front door.

Hannah (still naked) went over and collapsed onto the couch, exhausted. I stepped out of the closet.

She jumped.

“Oh my God, Zach!”

“What?”

“I forgot you were in there.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean,” she said, “I didn’t forget. It’s just that you surprised me. Of course I knew you were in there. Did you enjoy it? Was it everything you hoped it would be?”

In truth, I didn’t know how to answer the question. My first experience as a cuckold had both been exactly as I’d hoped and expected it to be, and completely different than anything I could have imagined. It had been such an incredible mixture of arousal and humiliation, shame and ecstasy, that I wasn’t sure if I could put it into words. In any case, words wouldn’t do it justice.

“Yeah,” I said, “it was…incredible.”

“I knew we’d feel the same way about it,” she said, grinning at me from the sofa, “now get over here and clean me up.”

“What?”

“I’m too sore for you to fuck me, babe. But I want to feel your tongue on me. I’m still horny.”

I looked at her in astonishment. Surely she didn’t want me to lick Jim’s sperm out of her?

She beckoned me towards her, and I gave her a long kiss. There was a strange, unfamiliar smell on her body. It was musky. Masculine.

Jim.

It was as if I was entering new territory. Like Hannah was a different person now. But I knew that she wasn’t the one who was different. After all, she’d merely been reconnecting with her old flame, from so many years ago. For her, it was like a homecoming. Finally being able to relive the best sex of her life with the man who had introduced her to sex in the first place.

No, it was me. I was the one who was different. Or whose view of things had changed. I was no seeing reality for what it really was for the first time.

Or kiss broke. She looked at me sweetly.

“Go ahead, babe. I need to feel your tongue on me.”

I nodded, as if in a trance. I moved down her supple body, kissing her breasts and her stomach, inching my way down to her sex.

It smelled musky and fragrant down there, too. A mixture of my wife’s natural lubricant and the strong, almost ammonia-like scent of Jim’s semen.

I pressed my head down between her legs and she sighed.

“Oh, Zach. Yes. Just like that. I need to feel your tongue inside me. Get it as deep as you can.”

As my tongue probed her outer lips, I felt her vagina contract, and a glob of semen hit my tongue. I closed my nose and tried not to taste it as I gulped it down. It wasn’t too bad. Not what I would have chosen to eat on a daily basis, but also not horrible.

“Good, Zach. That’s so good. Keep going.”

I licked and sucked, both at her lips and at her clit, swallowing one, two, then three more mouthfuls of hot cum. In the meantime, Hannah was in ecstasy.

“Oh God, babe. That feels so good. Did you like watching us, babe? Did you like watching your petite young wife getting fucked by a quarterback

cock? DI think he might have even grown a little since he was 18. He seemed bigger to me. God he was hard. He fucked me so good. I even loved taking it in my ass."

She paused and shifted a bit so that I was now, in fact licking her asshole.

"Good job, babe. Yes, that's it…you've got me so close. I'm going to come. Don't you dare stop."

I tried my best not to stop, but my jaw was hurting. Hannah's hand came down and pressed me close to her tight rosebud for a few seconds, then moved me back up to her clit.

"Yes, that's a good boy, Zach. Don't stop. I'm almost there."

A few moments later, she exploded. I felt a sense of accomplishment. And even arousal as she climaxed. I pulled back and wiped off my mouth, looking into her eyes.

"That was great, babe," she said, sighing, "God, I'm tired. I think I could sleep for 14 hours. Let's get to bed."

"Good idea."

We gathered up her clothes and the lube and went up to the bedroom. I imagined that Hannah might have wanted to shower after having been covered with cum and sweat, but to my surprise she peed quickly in the bathroom and then came out and collapsed onto the bed.

"Goodnight, Zach."

"Goodnight, Hannah. I love you."

But she didn't respond. She was already asleep.

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EPILOGUE

From that night onward, our marriage changed on a fundamental level.

Hannah never suggested divorce. In fact, it seemed like the furthest thing from her mind. Instead, she increasingly began to view me as a friend and confident, something between a brother and a girlfriend. She enlisted me in her attempts to catch and hold Jim's attention. At first, this was no problem. Jim was happy to come over and fuck her anytime that she told him that I was "out of town."

Eventually, however, this ruse became too exhausting. She started wanting to see Jim more and more often, and he started asking questions about why the town comptroller was spending so much time traveling. In such a small town, that kind of thing could get around, and I might have had to face tough questions at work. So eventually, we decided to come clean.

We didn't tell him that I'd been watching them from the closet that first night. Or from the bedroom hallway on another occasion. Or that I'd secretly recorded audio of them fucking in Hannah's car.

But we did come clean and tell him that I'd known about the affair, and even encouraged it. When I say "we," I really mean Hannah, because she did most of the talking, talking to him while I waited in the laundry room, listening. It was another one of those days when he thought I was out of town. Until the "big reveal."

"And so," said Hannah, "nothing needs to change between us. It just means that there will be less sneaking around. I see it as a good thing."

I stepped out of the laundry room and entered the kitchen, where the two of them were standing at the center island.

“Hi,” said Jim, his face telegraphing his amazement at the situation.

Jim was the one who should have felt awkward. Like the third wheel. But I was the one who wanted to sink into the floor in that moment.

“Hi,” I said sheepishly.

“So you like to watch, huh?”

“Yeah,” I said, my eyes darting over to Hannah.

“So you’d like it if I fucked your wife right now? Right here in the kitchen?”

“Jim,” said Hannah, “I didn’t invite you over for this. I wanted to talk about it…”

Jim smiled at her, coming around behind her and putting his arms around her.

“I know you didn’t. But I don’t think you’d say no to it. And I know he won’t.”

He sneered at me, his eyes full of contempt.

“This is what it’s like being the quarterback, buddy,” he said, feeling up Hannah’s tits from behind as her lips parted in arousal.

She craned her neck back and up to meet his lips.

“Oh God, Jim. We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“I know we shouldn’t. But that’s why you love it. You and your wimpy cuck husband.”

“Jim,” I said, “if Hannah doesn’t want to do it, you need to stop.”

I knew that I didn’t sound very convincing. And I didn’t feel very convincing, either. After all, there was nothing that I could do to stop him anyway.

“I *do* want it, babe. I want Jim to take me. Right here and now.”

“You like to watch, right? You’d love to watch your wife take a real man’s cock, wouldn’t you? Just admit it.”

Jim wasn’t really waiting for an answer. His hands were all over Hannah, and her body was responding to his touch, grinding her ass against his bulge, her short sundress riding up in the back.

“Come over here and get a better look,” Jim said, a note of contempt in his voice, “look at how wet she is for me already.”

He had flipped her dress up and pushed her thong to the side. Now he was working one of his fat football-player fingers into her tight cunt.

“Oh God, Jim. Please give me your cock. Please fuck me. I need it so bad.”

“You want to get fucked by this big quarterback cock while your husband watches from the sidelines? Is that what my sexy little cheerleader wants?”

“Yes,” she gasped.

A moment later, his pants were down, and his cock was out. He rubbed it against her outer lips while he continued to hold her panties to the side.

“Please,” she moaned, “just give it to me.”

He grinned, making eye contact with me as he penetrated my wife from behind.

“You see that? You see that you little wimp? You can’t give her this. No one can give her what she needs but me.”

“Yes, Jim. Give it to me. Please fuck me…”

Hannah was bent forward over the kitchen island now, lost in ecstasy as her lover railed her. He kept his eyes on me as he grabbed her by the back of her neck and forced his cock inside her again and again. By the time he’d spent himself, Hannah had climaxed several times.

Finally, he pulled out and Hannah spun around, dropping to her knees and taking his cock in her mouth, cleaning him off and sucking every last drop of cum out of him.

All of the cum that wasn’t already inside her, that is.

Jim tucked his penis back into his pants, zipped them up, then bent down to give Hannah a kiss goodbye.

“See you at drop-off tomorrow,” he said.

As he was leaving, he looked at me.

“Thanks for letting me use your wife.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I said instinctively, not realizing how I was participating in my own humiliation, “have a nice day…”



DESPITE HER BEST EFFORTS, Hannah didn’t remain at the center of Jim’s universe forever. Now that he’d gotten his mojo back and was no longer inhibited by his feelings for his dead wife, lots of the women in town wanted a turn with him. Of course there was a lot of jealousy when they realized that Jim wasn’t going to settle down with just one woman now. He had the perfect excuse not to, after all: that he didn’t want to destabilize his

home situation by introducing the boys to a new mother-figure who might not stick around forever.

So — at least according to the rumors — he continued to fuck his way around the daycare moms and their friends. Hannah wasn't the only one blowing him in the morning. Sometimes he'd get babysitters so he could go on dates after hours. I had to credit him for never exposing his children to his profligate lifestyle. He was at least considerate in that aspect of his life.

Hannah and I's sex life dwindled, the more emotionally attached she got to Jim. It didn't matter that he was slowly withdrawing from her and seeking out other women. They still had sex about once a month or so. I'd watch sometimes if I was home, or happened to come home during one of their encounters. Usually, Hannah wouldn't even tell me that it was happening or was going to happen, so I wasn't sure exactly how often they were doing it.

We did manage to have sex, still, about once a month or so. But Hannah's experimental side was gone now. She must have been saving that part of herself for Jim and Jim alone.

She only wanted to do missionary now, missionary with the lights off. She told me she wanted to get pregnant. To really try this time. And so she started tracking her periods with an app, then her cervical temperatures so that we could pinpoint ovulation. We had sex during those time periods, but I also suspected (at least a few times) that she'd found time to sneak Jim in there as well.

Finally, one day I came home from the comptroller's office to find Hannah in the kitchen, a huge grin on her face.

"Take a look at that," she said, pointing to something on the center island, the same center island that Jim had bent her over that day that we'd finally come clean.

I looked down. There was a small plastic stick with two blues lines on it.

"A pregnancy test?"

She nodded.

"What does it say?"

"It says you're going to be a father…"

There were tears in both of our eyes as we embraced. I didn't ever ask the question that I knew she wondered about as well: was it mine or his? Would there be anyway to know without a DNA test? I guessed we could

just wait and see. If it was a boy, would he be more into sports or math? A comptroller type, or a star quarterback?

Either way, I hoped that this pregnancy signaled the start of something new in our lives, and the end of Hannah's obsession with her ex.

THE END

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MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: JENNA

Jenna works part-time as a waitress. When a handsome doctor gives her a large gratuity, her husband Ryan begins to think that maybe this mysterious stranger wants to give his **voluptuous wife** more than "just the tip."

At the same time, a secret about Jenna's past comes to light, and the couple find themselves in new territory. But can Ryan handle **sharing his wife** with a **dominant doctor**? Especially when it comes out that this **older man** is also extremely **well-endowed**?

This is a 12,000 word novellette in which a hot wife is **shared and used by an older man.**



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: OLIVIA

Olivia, a former party girl, is now a successful lawyer. She's left her wild days behind her after marrying Robert – or has she?

When Robert and Olivia exchange fantasies one night, Olivia confesses her desire for a **tall handsome waiter** from her favorite bar. But when Rob and Olivia make their hotwife fantasies a

reality, will Rob be able to deal with sharing his wife with another man who is more **dominant and hung** than he is?

Find out what happens when Olivia and Robert confirm her status as a **sizequeen hotwife**!



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MELINA

Melina and David have a sexy game they play to keep their marriage exciting. They write down fantasies on a list, then roll a die to see which one they will act out that evening. But when Melina describes her fantasy about a handsome alpha-male mechanic who is also **rough, dominant and hung**, their little game edges closer to becoming a reality.

But will Melina really cross the line from fantasy into reality? Will she really be able to go through with cheating on David while he watches?

Find out in this second, stand-alone installment of **My First Time Hotwife**!



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MIA

When Mia, a married MILF, takes a seasonal job at a warehouse, she really hits it off with her new co-workers. *Especially* Jack, who, rumor has it, is not only a **take-charge** kind of guy in more places than the workplace, he's also **much bigger** than 99% of men, including Mia's husband.

When Mia confesses her lust for her **dominant, hung alpha co-worker**, her husband is more than eager to indulge her hotwife fantasies. Soon, the couple hatch a plan for Mia to seduce Jack while her husband watches…



SOFIA'S STORY

Sofia has been acting different lately. She's taking a night class at a community college in creative writing, and is spending more time with her classmates than she is at home with her husband Trent.

When Trent finds an erotic short story penned by Sofia that describes an affair between her and one of her fellow students, he is, in his own words, "split between jealous rage and savage arousal." Sofia's mystery lover is everything Trent is not: handsome, dominant, and most of all, **much, much bigger where it counts**.

He starts to concoct a plan for dealing with his cheating wife. But has Sofia really already cheated? Or is it all just fiction. And does Trent really want *revenge*, or does he want to *watch*?

What Trent discovers about the woman he thought he knew will push his marriage into a maelstrom of emotion and erotic exploration.

SOFIA'S STORY is a 24,000-word cheating wife novella that explores themes of cuckold angst, denial, size and clean-up.



TANYA TAKES A LOVER

Tanya was head over heels in love with Adam, her first and only boyfriend, when she married him a decade ago.

Now, a successful businesswoman, Tanya has started to wonder if she's missed out on something by never **sowing her wild oats**. What's more, her husband Adam has confessed his fantasy of **watching her with a larger man**. With their love life becoming a bit stale, the couple begins to weave fantasies of Tanya stepping out for a little extramarital fun.

When Tanya begins to develop a crush on her friend Sean, a man from church who has a reputation for being **larger** than life (and than Adam) both in and out of the bedroom, she sees an opportunity to both make up for lost time *and* indulge Adam's dirty desires simultaneously.

But when emotions start to intervene, will Tanya go too far? Or will she respect Adam's wishes – and her own marriage vows?

TANYA TAKES A LOVER is a 20,000-word emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity, voyeurism and the thin lines between fantasy and reality.



NICOLE'S BETRAYAL

Nicole is everything that Kevin (her husband of almost seven years) could have wanted in a wife: she is loyal, intelligent and beautiful. Oh yeah: she's also hot. A perfect ten. Way out of his league.

When the secretary at Kevin's office quits unexpectedly, Nicole steps in to help out. Of course she catches the eye of a lot of guys around the office – how couldn't she? – but Kevin's dominant alpha boss, Justin, takes a special interest.

Even if he is something of a bully and a womanizer, Justin is a good boss. He also has something that Nicole hasn't had in a long time, not since her wild college days: a large endowment.

Soon, both Kevin's cuckold fantasies and Nicole's size queen proclivities are out in the open, and Nicole and Justin are headed out of town for a conference, alone. Will Nicole stick to the rules for her marriage that she and Kevin have so carefully worked out? Or will her desire for Justin make her throw their agreement out the window?

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL is a 21,000-word, emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity and voyeurism.



BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

Beverly is happily married to Alvin, her spouse of 20 years. At 41 years old, she doesn't think that she's still able to turn men's heads, so she's surprised when she starts getting a lot of attention from the local geography teacher, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson is tall, handsome, and Black. He’s funny, intelligent and with an easy-going sense of humor that Beverly finds irresistible. When he pays her a compliment one day, she develops a crush on him.

Alvin notices this, and encourages his wife to flirt with the teacher. After all, what’s the worst that could happen? At first, the results of this experiment are encouraging. But when Mr. Robinson awakens a long-slumbering desire in Beverly, will her marriage to Alvin be able to survive the explosive fall-out?

One thing’s for sure: once BEVERLY’S DARK DESIRE is unleashed, nothing will be the same again. This is a 16,500-word novella-length work that explores intense themes such as cuckold angst, clean-up, and marital infidelity.



SARAH'S ADVENTURE

Can a young married couple deal with their ultimate cheating fantasy becoming a reality?

Brandon and Sarah, 25, have been together for seven years. They are very open with each other about their desires and fantasies, because they are acutely aware of the danger that the “fear of missing out” can pose to couples who marry so early.

But on a trip to Berlin, when Sarah begins to flirt with the tall, handsome, dominant and extremely endowed Mark, everything the two lovers think they know about their relationship is put to the test.

Can Brandon deal with watching his beautiful, fertile young wife in the hands of a skillful alpha male? Open this book and find out...

SARAH’S ADVENTURE is a 21,000-word novella exploring the intricacies of negotiated cheating, the hotwife lifestyle and what happens when it slides into cuckold territory and a threesome becomes a twosome.

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