

Her First Bull

Jessica



A CUCKOLD WIFE SHARING
NOVEL
BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA

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I *have one particular favorite memory of Jessica and I together. Before everything changed forever...*

I was finishing up a long project in my home office one Thursday afternoon in the fall, when suddenly the door burst open.

There was Jessica, my young wife of five years.

The fire in her eyes matched the waves of red hair flowing down her back. I'd been so absorbed in my work that I hadn't even heard her car in the driveway. Her sudden appearance would have startled me I hadn't been so wrapped up in my own concerns.

As I raised my eyes, squinting in the late afternoon light that poured through the window behind me, it was as if I was seeing my wife for the first time. In that moment, I rediscovered what a beautiful woman I'd married, and how mundane and meaningless my work was in comparison to what was standing before me.

I noticed how Jessica's white sundress accentuated the generous curves of her hips and bust, which was heaving a bit in the late afternoon light from the exertion of running up the stairs. A single droplet of sweat had formed between her two marvelous breasts, and her nipples were visible under her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her feet were bare. She must have kicked off the pumps she had been wearing that morning as she'd vaulted up the stairs to see me.

"Alan," she said, holding up her phone as she slowly caught her breath, "it's time."

I stared at her, my eyes lingering on her curves. My cock rose to attention instinctively, but for some reason, I was still too dumb to get it.

What can I say? Sometimes guys are just slow.

"Time for what?"

"The app. It says I'm *ovulating*," she said in frustration, striding towards me as I rose from my desk, "I need you to...you know..."

She blushed. Jessica was sometimes adorably shy when talking about sex. Maybe it was due to her strict religious upbringing. But there was no reason now for her to be at all self-conscious. After all, we were *married*, and we were about to engage in the *one* form of intercourse that has been celebrated by major religions since the dawn of time.

We were about to make a baby. Or try to, anyway.

I wrapped my hands around her narrow waist and pulled her towards me. As our lips met, it was as if every pore in her body were screaming the same message: *take me*.

"I love your kisses, Alan," she whispered, looking up at me with her pale blue eyes, vulnerable and innocent.

My hands found her buttocks, pulling her towards me, grinding her against my erection, which strained desperately against the zipper in my trousers.

"I've been thinking about this all day," she whispered, smiling at me.

I reached up under the sundress, brushing my hand against her smooth inner thigh. She trembled with desire.

"Let's go to the bedroom," she whispered, grabbing my arm and then my hand, leading me down the hall to the room where we slept.

Jessica paused, standing next to the bed, then reached down and pulled her small sundress over her head in a single fluid motion, shaking out her hair after letting the garment drop to the floor behind her. Then she pulled the small white thong she was wearing

down over her shapely bottom and ivory legs, letting it fall next to her dress.

No longer shy, she looked up at me with a devilish smile.

She was a beautiful woman, and she knew it. At 28 years old, she was even more gorgeous now than when we'd met seven years ago.

I took a moment to take it all in. Her naked, redheaded, delicate beauty. She reminded me of a painting I'd seen in an art history class once: *Nuda veritas*, by Gustav Klimt.

The naked truth.

Jessica, in the late afternoon light of our bedroom, had transformed the space from a mundane home in middle-class Chicago suburb to a sacred temple. Her body was the true work of art. Every painting paled in comparison to it, and I was truly lucky to be allowed to unite with it for a few moments of ecstasy which seemed all too brief and insignificant in the face of the sheer beauty that she offered me.

She grabbed at my belt, pulling it off as her lips met mine, hungrily. I helped her with my pants, kicking off my trousers and fumbling with the buttons on my shirt at the same time, desperate to expose my own naked flesh, to unite it with hers.

Finally, we succeeded, and I stood before her, naked myself. I didn't consider myself unattractive, but when I caught a glimpse of our two bodies together in the mirror on the wall opposite to our bed, I couldn't help but notice the contrast.

There was Jessica: delicate, feminine, with the body of a goddess, the wisp of red hair between her legs barely concealing delights of which only one man — me — had ever had the privilege of partaking in.

Then there was me: tall, pudgy, balding, with gangly arms and legs and a paunch in front, despite all the time I spent at the gym. My cock, perfectly normal and average in every way, jutted out, angry and red in front of me, almost ridiculous in its assertive desire.

Jessica smiled and fell back onto the bed, beckoning me to follow her.

"I want you, Alan," she whispered, "give me a baby..."

I fell down on top of her. There was no more foreplay required now, only the act itself. She grabbed my shaft and guided it to her wetness as she closed her eyes, blushing as she parted her legs as far as she could.

"Take me, Alan."

I pressed forward, gasping in pleasure as I entered her, my free hand wandering up towards a nipple which I teased as I thrust in and out. I felt an indescribable pleasure rising in my loins.

Too fast. **Too fast!**

I tried to hold back my orgasm, but it was too late. A matter of seconds after I'd entered the holy temple of her flesh, I spilled my seed inside my wife, letting out a long moan as I emptied my aching balls.

I knew that I hadn't proven myself worthy of her beauty. I hadn't given her the ultimate pleasure that she deserved. Even though she caressed my head lovingly, whispering words of comfort, assuring me that it was ok that she hadn't orgasmed, that the fact that I'd come inside her during this critical fertile period was all that really counted, I *knew* that I'd failed.

That was the moment when I began to imagine what it might be like for her to be with someone more deserving of her charms. Someone matched to her physically. Someone who would be able to counter her feminine beauty with his own masculine virility.

That's right: through it all, even then, **I kept imagining her with someone else.** Even in that most intimate of moments that a couple can share, the attempted conception of a child, there was always that intrusive thought:

The image of her with a larger, better man. A superior, alpha male with a large cock.

What they call, in the cuckold community, a "bull."

This is the story of how my fantasy became a reality, and all the consequences that came along with it.

This is the story of Jessica's first bull.

Jessica was nervous. It was only her fourth week on the job as the manager of marketing for the law firm of Howard, Riggs, & Beardsley, and she was already in charge of the most important event of the year: the charity auction. Howard, Riggs & Beardsley (or HR&B, as the firm was mainly known) was a team of serious litigators. They didn't chase ambulances or advertise with flashy billboards by the side of the highway. Their marketing was more subtle — done through charity events, art gallery sponsorships and other avenues that attracted the type of clientele they were looking for: the *wealthy* kind.

Over the past few years, the charity auction for the local children's hospital had become the biggest event of the year. Not only did it garner the firm a lot of valuable publicity, it was also for a good cause.

That was why it had made sense to hire Jessica, even though she didn't exactly have a traditional marketing background. She'd gotten her start in Chicago art galleries, and had moved from there through a series of PR jobs for nonprofits and charities, until this dream job popped up in St. Louis and we jumped at the opportunity to move back to the city where Jessica had grown up.

I work in IT for a large multinational venture capital firm with offices all over the world, so it wasn't difficult for me to work remotely, going into the firm's St. Louis branch as necessary. Before

we knew it, we had purchased a modest yet elegant house in a part of the city a little nicer than we should have been able to afford, and were beginning to settle into our new surroundings quite comfortably. Jessica in her new job, me in my new work rhythm.

Jessica had also begun to reconnect with a few people from her past. She'd gone to an all-girls' high school in the area, but had known people from all over. Both girls *and* boys.

One particular boy (who, in the meantime, had grown into a handsome, accomplished man) from Jessica's past would turn out to have a major effect on her present.

On *our* present.

But back then, the possibility that one of the partners at her new firm, Mark Howard, could actually be Mark *Holland*, a boy who she'd known right after graduation and who had attended a neighboring all-boys' school, never even occurred to Jessica.

That is, not until several days on the job, when she finally had a look at the company website and saw a photo of the youngest partner at the firm who had been overseas during the interview process and felt a strange feeling of *déjà vu*.

"I *know* I've seen him before. But I just can't place him!" she had said to me over dinner after her first day on the job.

We'd gone out to a fancy restaurant to celebrate. It was an upscale French place that I'd been dying to try, mainly because I wanted to try to duplicate the dishes there at home. It was perfect: white tablecloths. Dim lighting. Waiters with accents, and no translations on the menu.

"Why is this so strange to you?" I'd asked her, only half-listening as my eyes flew over the menu, taking in the names of the various sauces and sides, "he works there. Maybe you really did meet him during your interview after all. You know how those things can be. You meet so many people who you'll have to be introduced to at least three more times once you actually work there. Or maybe you saw some company photos or something. You must have at least checked out their website first."

"Of course," Jessica had said, pausing, "I did all of my research. I always do. But I seem to remember that his webpage was being

updated or something, so there was no picture of him available. But now I think he looks so familiar. Like someone I've known forever, but who I can't place."

Like someone I've known forever.

Those words would come to haunt me. I had no way of knowing it back *then* of course. Not before the auction.

Now it was finally the night of the big event. The charity auction that would raise thousands for the children's hospital. Potentially *hundreds* of thousands if all went well. Everything was riding on her, and Jessica was starting to feel the pressure.

"We've got to get in the car in five minutes. I have to be there *at least* an hour early, to make sure that all the auctionees know what they're supposed to do."

"What *are* they supposed to do, anyway?" I asked, "I thought they just had to stand there and look pretty. Or handsome or whatever."

"There is so much more to it than that," she said, rolling her eyes, "I don't have time to explain it all to you now..."

She pushed past me and went to her nightstand, picking up her favorite pair of earrings, a diamond set that I'd given her for our fifth wedding anniversary.

I paused to examine my wife's figure, letting my eyes linger on her body for several moments as she bent over, fishing for the earrings.

Jessica put a lot of effort into her appearance. It was an important part of her job, to be sure, but it was also something that she took personal pleasure in. She worked out at the gym five days a week — three times a week with a trainer (weights and aerobics) and twice a week in yoga classes. She was careful, however, not to develop excessive musculature that would ruin her feminine figure, even though I had repeatedly assured her that muscles didn't bother me.

Her efforts at the gym had resulted in her keeping her perky, shapely ass, flat stomach and tight, slim waist, giving her a figure that had the best parts of a 50s pin-up and a contemporary sorority girl. Her ample bust rounded out her look. She was far from a

“skinny” woman. She was a woman with curves. The kind of curves that signal fertility and health to every man that she met.

In short, my wife was a complete knock-out.

Finally she located the earrings and slipped them into both ears with remarkable alacrity, spinning around to meet my gaze.

“Were you staring at my ass? How do I look?”

“No comment,” I said, moving in closer to her, “and you look wonderful, of course.”

I pulled her in for a kiss.

“Any man would be happy to have you as a wife. Are you sure that *I* can’t buy you?”

“I told you before,” she said, squirming out of my grasp and heading for the door of our bedroom, “I’m the organizer. I can’t *also* be an auctioneer.”

“But I’m sure you’d bring in the most money. I mean, just look at you. Your figure. Your smile. That *hair*.”

Jessica blushed. She was both proud of, and a bit shy about her lush, wavy red hair, which drew compliments from men and women alike. Unlike many redheads, Jessica had absolutely no freckles on her pale white skin.

“You’re *supposed* to say that,” she said, “you’re my husband.”

She pursed her lips in the mirror, checking her lipstick. While she dressed up for work regularly, she rarely went all out like this — wearing jewelry and makeup — and she looked absolutely stunning. I think that she was secretly a little bit afraid of undergoing transformations like this one. Afraid that it might bring out some other hidden side of her.

To tell the truth, I was afraid of it, too. Or should have been.

I drove us to the event, but it soon became clear that Jessica should have, because all she did was bark orders from the seat next to me as we raced down the freeway.

“No. Take the next exit! That one right there! NOW.”

“What? It’s too late, honey. I’m not going to cut off that truck behind us.”

“Shit. Shit. SHIT!!”

“What?”

I saw out of the corner of my eye that she was looking at her phone in panic.

"Jenna's dropping out. She's at the emergency room."

"So?"

"Jenna. She was going to be auctioned tonight. Her son cut his hand or something, and they're at the ER. They're probably going to be there all night. You know how this stuff goes."

Jessica put her head in her hands. For a moment, I thought she was going to cry.

"What's the big deal?" I said, as sympathetically as I could as I dodged in and out of traffic, "can't you do it with one fewer person?"

"One fewer person," she said, typing furiously on her phone, "means at least \$5,000 fewer dollars for the hospital, which means we're never going to break last year's record. Not breaking the record means not getting headlines, which means not getting the free publicity that the firm hired me for."

"Sounds like pretty expensive publicity to me," I said, putting on the signal for the exit.

"You're not helping," she said, folding her arms until her phone buzzed again.

"*Fuck*," she said, "Carol doesn't want to substitute. She's got a new boyfriend with jealousy issues. She told me that she'd do it if no one else could, but now she's backing out on me. I can't believe this!"

"Look," I said, putting on the breaks on the off-ramp, "if you need someone so bad, why don't you just do it yourself? You know what you're doing, right? And you look wonderful."

"You're really flattering," she said, "but I don't think I'm going to bring in \$5,000. Those other girls are all paralegals in their early 20s, and let's face it: they're a lot hotter than me."

"Oh right," I said sarcastically, "you're such an old woman now. You're 28. That's practically dead."

"I'll be 29 in a month," she said glumly, "I'd be lucky to get \$500 dollars, much less \$5,000."

"Ok," I said, "how about this. *I'll* bid for you. Ok? I can put up at least \$1,000. That's what I wanted to do to begin with."

"Can we really afford that?"

"Look," I said, "I've got some money from that trust fund my uncle set up. His will stipulated that it can't be touched unless it goes to a charitable organization and I've been meaning to donate it, but haven't gotten around to it yet. With the stock market doing as well as it has, it's around \$15,000 or so; I haven't checked it lately. I'll use that money to bid on you. Ok? It should be more than enough. There will be no chance that someone else will win."

"I don't know..." she said, "I don't really want to go on a date with some random stranger."

There was a long silence in the car.

"Ok," she said, as I pulled into the underground garage of the hotel where the auction was taking place, "I guess we don't have much other choice. I'll have to tell Larry. He's emceeing tonight."

"It'll be fine," I said, "these things happen. No one is going to blame you. Especially if I give the hospital \$5,000 of old uncle Bob's money."

"Thanks, honey," she said, kissing me.

There were tears in her eyes, but she blinked quickly and they disappeared, her professional demeanor returning.

I found a spot and parked the car.

"I've gotta run," she said, giving me a peck on the cheek, "thanks so much for helping me solve this. I'll see you at the auction!"

She still had a lot of work to do behind the scenes, so I was going to mingle with the other guests until the auction started.

3

The main ballroom of the downtown hotel had been transformed from a drab conference space to something resembling the setting of a royal ball. Even though I'd been to a few elaborate events as part of Jessica's work before, I had to admit that she'd outdone herself this time. The chairs and tables looked like something out of a palace, not a hotel storage space. Large, bright chandeliers hung from the ceiling, casting just the right amount of luminescence onto the ballroom below so as not to show the guests in *too* unflattering of a light.

The guests themselves had really gone all out. I suddenly felt very out of place in my simple gray suit, which I had considered to be the fanciest thing I owned. The fact that it didn't fit quite right anymore only exacerbated my feelings of awkwardness. Most of the men were in tuxedos, and the women were in elaborate ball gowns.

I approached the check-in table, where I saw a familiar face.

"Hi, Ashley," I said, "it's me, Alan. I'm checking in."

"Oh yes," she said, "So nice to see you again! I hope Jessica's not going too crazy with all the last-minute details. I know she's hard on herself, but she's got no reason to be."

"She is. You're right about that," I said, "in fact, she just had some major last-minute stress, when one of the auctionees dropped out."

"Oh no!"

"Yeah. But we figured it out. She's going to be the last one to be auctioned."

"Ooh, I love it!" said Ashley, flashing me a bright smile, "she's such a beautiful woman. I'm sure she'll make a lot of money for the hospital. You're not jealous, are you?"

"Ha," I said, "I'm going to bid on her myself. So unless some billionaire comes by and outbids me, I'd say I'm feeling pretty secure."

"Of course," said the lovely Ashley, handing me an envelope, "it would be wonderful if some billionaire put up thousands of dollars for the hospital. It's just one date, and Jessica is a devoted wife, so you have *nothing* to worry about. It's all for fun!"

She winked. I wasn't sure how to interpret that, but I chuckled nervously.

"That's your bidding packet. It's got all of the information that you need for tonight, as well as your seat assignment."

I nodded, suddenly feeling very self-conscious around all of these society types. Even though Jessica had worked in this environment for years, she and I were still outsiders. We didn't come from money, even if I made a comfortable living now. I had learned how to blend in over the years, but it was clear that I would never *really* belong.

Jessica fit in much better than I did. She was at home in this world. Sometimes I sensed that she wanted to be part of it permanently, but of course there was no way to do that while still being married to me.

I found my assigned table, and was relieved to see a young woman around Jessica's age sitting by herself and smiling at me as I walked up.

"Hi!" she said, in a perky tone, "I'm Sarah. You look like you feel as out of place as I do."

"Jeez, is it that obvious?" I said, both charmed and a bit embarrassed that she'd pegged me so easily.

"Relax," she said, "a few months ago I was a paralegal. I still am, technically."

"What brought about your change in fortune?" I asked, standing awkwardly next to the table.

"You should sit down," she said, gesturing to the place next to her, "it's free."

I sat down, smiling back at her. It was hard not to be taken in by her beautiful smile, and I had to concentrate on not glancing down and staring at her cleavage, which was attracting my gaze almost irresistibly.

"My change in fortune...", she continued, toying with the cocktail straw in her drink, "came when I started dating Mark Howard."

"*The* Mark Howard? The partner?"

"Yeah," she said, giggling a little, "I was his personal assistant on that big case last year — the one against the landlord on the south side, you must have heard of it — and we just couldn't keep our hands off each other."

"Oh," I said, somewhat awkwardly.

"Sorry if that was too much information!" she laughed, "I've had two of these, and I'm not really used to drinking at all."

"No," I said, "that's perfectly fine. We're all adults here..."

"Ha, of course! So, what about you? Why are you here?"

"My wife, Jessica, is the event organizer."

"Oh, Jessica! Sure, I've heard about her. I think she actually went to high school with Mark, how wild is that?"

"Really? Oh, so *that's* why she thought he looked familiar. But they couldn't have actually gone to high school together," I added, "because Jessica went to Immaculate Conception — the girls' school."

"Oh yeah, that explains it, because Mark went to Bishop West, the all boys' school. They might have run in the same social circles though. And apparently he was really different back then, so I'm not surprised that she doesn't remember him."

"I don't think she even *knows* where she knows him from," I said, "so they couldn't have been that close."

"Ha! Good. For you I mean. Because I wouldn't want to be the guy to follow Mark," she laughed.

A jolt of jealousy shot through my body.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh," she said, a bit coquettishly, "let's just say that there are a few things about Mark that make him rather...unforgettable as a lover, if you know what I mean."

I didn't know exactly what she meant, but I also didn't think it polite to ask.

"Anyway," she said, picking up her phone, "he's mine, now. And I'm not going to let any old girlfriend come near him. At least not until I'm married and can divorce him for half his money. Then I *want* another woman to seduce him."

She burst into a fit of giggles.

Before I had time to react to this remark which seemed so casually tossed off, Sarah's iPhone, which she was gripping in her hand, vibrated. She looked down at the screen and immediately raised her hand to her mouth.

"Oh my God," she blurted, bursting into giggles again, "I can't believe he actually did it. Fuck. Tinder is so much fun."

I must have had a shocked expression on my face. Had she really just admitted to both being after Mark for his money, *and* still being on Tinder while she was dating him? And was she *sexting* with another man?

"Oh come on," she said, giving me a seductive wink, "it's just some harmless fun. Let's keep it our little secret, ok?"

She reached out and patted my leg. I had to admit: she was a very attractive woman, and I felt validated by the fact that she was even talking to me, so before I knew it, I was nodding in agreement. Of *course* I wouldn't tell Mark anything.

Sarah, looking over my shoulder, grew serious.

"Speak of the devil," she said, dropping her phone onto the table and pulling out her chair to stand, a broad grin spreading across her face, "here's Mark!"

I turned in my chair to see a tall, handsome man in a perfectly tailored tuxedo approach the table, his arms outstretched in greeting. He embraced Sarah and pulled her in for a kiss on the cheek. He was ruggedly handsome, with a five-o'clock shadow that seemed to be perfectly groomed. He was at least three inches taller

than me, and his broad shoulders suggested someone who spent some time in the weight room, even if he wasn't so completely trim all over as to be the type of man who was obsessed with his diet. His full head of dark brown hair was trimmed and combed neatly, parted to the side.

In short, he was an attractive man in the prime of his life. One who exuded an easy, gentle confidence even from across the room.

Looking him up and down, I had to wonder about Sarah's remark before. Even if it was clear from her remarks that she valued him mainly for his financial resources, it was equally clear that there was something about him physically — something that he would have possessed even in college — that made him an unforgettable lover.

Why was I fixated on this, though? My wife couldn't even remember who he was, so what were the chances that the two of them had been intimate? I knew for a fact that I was the first man who Jessica had actually slept with, even though she'd admitted to "fooling around" with several guys before me.

I tried push these thoughts out of my head as I rose and extended my hand to Mark in greeting.

"Alan," I said, "I'm Jessica's husband."

"Mark Howard," he said, shaking my hand, "I'm so glad to meet you. Did you know your wife and I go way back? She probably knows me as Mark *Holland*, though. That was my father's name. My estranged father. I took my stepfather's name during college. How is Jessica? I haven't talked to her in forever."

"She's great," I said, "flourishing in her career, as you know. And what an amazing production this is..."

I gestured to the festive hall.

"All her doing. I hope you know you made the right decision in hiring her."

"Oh, I had nothing to do with it," said Mark, "Sarah and I were on assignment at our sister firm in Frankfurt. Doing some boring bank litigation. But that's all over now."

He looked over at Sarah with a twinkle in his eye, as if reminding her of some romantic night they'd spent by the Rhine river. The gaze she returned to him was absolutely smoldering.

"Thank God for that," she said, "we had a great apartment, but I really enjoy not having to torture store clerks with the atrocious German I picked up in college."

"Anyway," said Mark, gesturing to the table, "you're right. We're very happy that we've hired Jessica. I was especially happy, because I think I owe her an apology, and I'd like to be able to deliver it in person."

"Oh?" I said, "she never mentioned that to me."

"That's great to hear," he said, "because I've felt guilty about it for years. But I don't want to go into that now. It's between me and her, but I'm sure that she'd tell you about it if you asked."

"Of course," I said, "I understand that Jessica has some things in her past that are none of my business."

Suddenly, their relationship seemed like it had been *much* more intimate than I'd thought possible. But if that were the case, why hadn't Jessica recognized him?

"Oh, forget about *her*, honey," pouted Sarah, grabbing his wrist, "can't you see that she's got a perfectly wonderful husband now? And *you've* got a perfectly wonderful girlfriend."

I couldn't help but be flattered by the beautiful Sarah's description of me as "perfectly wonderful," even if I'd already seen enough evidence of her manipulative nature to throw her own self-description seriously into question.

Just then, a waiter arrived behind us.

"If you'll please be seated," he said, "the appetizer will be served momentarily."

We took our seats. Slowly, the crowds of drinkers elsewhere in the hall dispersed as everyone found their places. Joining Mark, Sarah and I at our small round table were Carla and Harold Garvey, an elderly couple who had already given their entire estate to the children's hospital in the form of a legacy gift.

Jessica had told me about them.

"Simply delightful people," she said, "you'd never know from talking to them that they're worth millions."

This turned out to be correct. The Garvey's were delightful conversation partners. Soon the first three courses had flown by, and

it was time for dessert. And the auction.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," boomed a voice over the loudspeaker that sounded exactly like a movie trailer, "WELCOME TO THE ANNUAL CHARITY AUCTION..."

"Larry's such a goof-off. He does that voice sometimes while we're playing golf at the club," said Mark, leaning in to talk to Mr. Garvey, who was a bit hard of hearing.

"Well, he certainly gets your attention," said Mr. Garvey, laughing.

"First up, we have the gentlemen," said Larry, "if I may direct your attention to your auction materials, you will find our first eligible bachelor, Mr. Jeremy Larson, 24 years old, straight out of Yale Law. He can bench press an impressive 120 pounds (ok, maybe not so impressive) but he's got beautiful blue eyes and he loves his mother. What more could you want in a man? For a date with Jeremy, donations start at \$100. Do I hear \$100?"

A woman near the front raised her paddle.

"Wonderful! \$200?"

Jeremy ended up "selling" for \$575, to a woman old enough to be his mother.

One by one, the five bachelors were auctioned off. Then came the part that everyone was *really* waiting for: the women.

"Our lovely ladies are next," said Larry, "get those bidding paddles ready."

I watched Mark grip his paddle.

"Planning on making a bid?"

"Yeah," he said, "Sarah said she could let me go for one night. And of course I want to support the hospital."

Sarah smiled faintly and patted his hand as she swiped right several times on her phone, raising her eyebrows a few times.

She wasn't really browsing Tinder while sitting right next to her boyfriend, was she? Surely not.

"First up, we have Brittany. She's 23 years old and an intern at the firm. Her interests include cooking, crafting and baking. She has a master's degree in Japanese from Stanford. But, as you can see, she's not only smart, she's beautiful."

Brittany, a leggy brunette in a blue evening gown, did a little twirl as the audience applauded.

"Do I hear \$500?"

I watched Mark's paddle. It didn't budge. Ok, so brunettes weren't his thing. But he wasn't going to try to bid on Jessica, was he? I hadn't mentioned that she was substituting for Jenna, so there was no way that he was waiting specifically for her. And so what if he was? Why did it bother me so much to think about him "buying" her for a silly auction? Or did the thought of him taking my wife on a date actually arouse me?

All that he was buying was a romantic evening for two. It was unlikely that anything more than harmless flirtation would result from any of the "purchases" made here tonight. The whole point was to have a little fun and support an important cause.

Besides, it was going to be *me* going on that date with Jessica, not her boss. Not matter what kind of relationship she might have had with him in the past, or what it was that made him so "unforgettable" to women.

Three more beautiful women were auctioned off, each bringing in around \$4000 for the hospital. Then it was time for the final "lot" of the night: Jessica.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for our last girl. Jenna Sorensen had to drop out due to a personal emergency, but we have here a *more* than adequate replacement. And a beautiful one. Not only that, this new woman is obviously incredibly talented, because she's the one who not only organized this evening, but has ensured that it's gone as smoothly as it has. That's right. I'm talking about the new director of Public Relations and Outreach at Howard, Riggs & Beardsley: Jessica Michaels!!"

A roar of applause went up from the crowd, due at least as much to my wife's organization skills as it was to her striking appearance.

And she *did* look striking, standing there on the small auction stage under the spotlight, blushing slightly as she bathed in the adulation of the audience.

"Brava!" yelled someone nearby.

There were whistles of approval. Or were they wolf whistles?

"She looks great," said Sarah, "that's your wife, right?"

I nodded.

"I'd kill to have her hair."

"You don't have a problem if I bid on her, do you?" said Mark, leaning in to talk to me, "I haven't made my donation yet, and I think it would be great to catch up with Jessica again, even if she doesn't remember me."

"Of course not," I said, "but I'm going to bid on her, too. That's what we agreed to."

"Well then," said Mark, winking at me, "may the best man win!"

"Let's start the bidding off at \$500 dollars," said Larry, "do I hear \$500?"

Before I could raise my paddle, another man near the front did.

Shit. There was going to be real competition for Jessica as it seemed.

"Wonderful. \$500 to number 15. Do I hear \$550?"

Mark and I raised our paddles simultaneously.

"Ok, we've got a tie," said Larry, "do I hear \$600?"

Mark's paddle went up faster this time.

"\$600. What about \$700? I can attest to the fact that Jessica is a mesmerizing conversationalist. But watch out, guys. She's already convinced me to give another \$500 to the hospital tonight!"

The crowd broke out in applause.

I raised my paddle.

"\$700 to number 34," he said, referring to my number.

"Do I hear \$1000?"

Mark shot me a smile and raised his paddle.

"Very good!" said Larry, "what about \$2000?"

I raised my paddle. If the increments kept going up this much, I was going to run out of money fast. I didn't want that to happen. But if I was going to lose, I wanted it to be to Mark for some reason that I couldn't explain.

For some reason, I wanted to see what would happen if my wife reconnected with this mysterious man from her past, who she seemingly didn't remember, but who obviously remembered her. I felt like it held a key to a side of my wife that I'd never known.

"\$3000?"

Mark's paddle went up.

"Come on," he said, "just let me win. You get to date her every night."

"No way," I said, not ready to give up just yet.

"\$4000 to number 34. Do I hear \$5000?"

Mark raised his paddle.

"\$6000?"

It was more than I wanted to spend, but I was determined to put on a good show, even if, more and more, and for reasons I couldn't explain, I *wanted* Mark to win.

I raised my paddle.

"Quite the bidding war here!" said Larry.

Jessica was absolutely beaming. She was obviously extremely pleased to be bringing in not only so much money for the hospital, but also more than any of the other women. It was a tangible proof of her feminine desirability.

"Let's try for \$10,000," said Larry, "since people are either in a very generous mood or else are as taken with Mrs. Michaels' charms as I am!"

A hush fell over the crowd. This would be a truly generous donation, even for the very wealthy crowd. After all, they'd already had to donate \$1000 a plate for the meal tonight.

A cheer rose through the room as Mark's paddle was raised.

I couldn't let him do this. I knew it was too much money, but after the applause died down, I raised my own paddle and blurted "15,000!"

"\$15,000 to number 34. Number 50, do I hear, perhaps \$20,000?"

"\$25,000," said Mark raising his paddle defiantly.

Fuck. I knew it was time for me to bow out. Even if we could technically afford it, it would just hurt too much to go any higher.

Besides, if Jessica went on a date with Mark, I might finally find out what had connected them in the past.

"Going once..."

A hush fell over the crowd. All eyes were on me.

"Going twice, for \$25k..."

I looked at Mark and shrugged my shoulders.

"GONE!!! It's a new record for the Children's Hospital charity auction, brought to you by the firm of Howard, Riggs & Beardsley and of course the lovely Jessica Michaels, who has put on an amazing event. Let's give her another round of applause!!!"

"That was great," said Mark, leaning in to talk to me as the room erupted, "thanks for bidding against me. Keeping me honest, so to speak. I'd only planned on going up to 10k, but when you kept going, I thought, 'what the hell'? I hope there are no hard feelings. Jessica's going to be a fun date!"

He extended his hand in friendship.

"Of course not," I said, giving him a firm handshake, "I'm sure you both are going to have a great time."

"Wherever you take *her* you have to take *me*, too," pouted Sarah. She seemed to be only half joking.

"Of course, honey," said Mark, leaning over and kissing her on the head.

He at least seemed committed to his girlfriend, even if she didn't deserve it.

It was quite late when we finally made it home, but Jessica showed no signs of fatigue. She was positively glowing.

"Wow," she said, "I still can't believe everything went so well!"

"It did," I said, for probably the dozenth time that night, "and it was all thanks to you. Not only did you plan and execute the event perfectly, you also brought in the most money of anyone."

"I know. I still can't believe it. Thank you so much for bidding on me and running up the price like you did!"

"Of course. I was a little reluctant to let another man take my wife on a date, but I also didn't want to deprive you of the chance to connect with someone from your past."

"Ha, that's very nice of you. I still can't believe that I didn't realize that Mark Howard and Mark Holland are the same person. His picture looks nothing like I remember him."

"So you *do* remember him?"

"Oh yeah. He would be a hard guy to forget," she said, smiling.

I felt a jolt of adrenaline. Why did what she said echo Sarah's statement so closely? What *was* it about Mark?

"Did you date him or something?"

I was trying to sound casual. Flirtatious, even.

"Mark? No. Not really."

"What does 'not really' mean?" I said, laughing nervously.

"Oh, I mean we didn't really date. We might have kissed a little bit. Just some experimenting. I think he had a girlfriend in another state or something and had just broken up with her."

"Come on. *Every* girl remembers who they kissed. You're telling me you don't recall exactly what you did with him?"

"Well, maybe I do, if I really thought about it. He was a really sweet guy," she said, yawning as if the exertion of the night had finally caught up with her, "I mainly recall the feeling of being with him. But I guess I could probably think of more details when I have time to jog my memory."

"I'd love to hear the details," I said, my cock becoming rock hard for reasons I couldn't fully explain.

"Are you sure? I mean, wouldn't you be jealous? I'm going on a date with him, after all."

I tried to keep things light, even though I really was experiencing extreme jealousy. Extreme jealousy and extreme arousal, although I wasn't really convinced that I had anything to be jealous of.

"Ha," I said, "it'll just be a fun night out, I'm sure. Besides, he's pretty serious about Sarah."

"Oh yes," said Jessica, "I met her briefly. She's quite attractive, isn't she?"

"Yeah," I said, "and I think she's got him wrapped around her finger."

"Mmm, yeah, I think so," said Jessica, suddenly snuggling up to me, "but what about me? Do I have *you* wrapped around *my* finger?"

"Of course," I said, kissing her passionately as she jumped into my lap.

After a few moments, she whispered into my ear:

"I want to make love."

"Of course," I said, "it's that time of the month, isn't it?"

"Mmm-hmm. Help me out of this," she said, gesturing to the zipper on her dress.

A moment later, the dress was on the floor, and Jessica turned towards me, her diamond earrings sparkling in the light of the bedroom.

"Come here," she said, "and show me how much you appreciate your wife. After all, some men are clearly willing to pay a lot of money for me."

"I know," I said, kissing down her neck, "and that turns me on."

"Mmm, even though you lost the bid?"

"Even though I lost the bid," I said, running my hands down the smooth skin of her back as I kissed her deeply.

"Are you ready to make a baby?" I whispered.

"Yeah," she murmured, "but first I want to try something different."

"Oh?"

I was intrigued.

"I want you to go down on me."

This was a change. Jessica was normally rather conservative in the bedroom. Usually she strongly preferred missionary position sex with the lights out. She'd let me fondle her breasts and finger her as foreplay, but she often wouldn't touch my cock except to help guide it inside her vagina, or unless I explicitly asked her to. She had given me a few blowjobs, but normally only after I begged her to, and usually only on special occasions like our anniversary or my birthday.

She knew that I loved to go down on her, but explained to me that her strict religious upbringing had made her uncomfortable with her body, and so she only allowed it once in a while, even though she claimed to enjoy it.

This was the first time she was actually *requesting* it. It was a more outgoing — dare I say, even dominant? — side of her, which portended things to come in our relationship.

"Of course, honey," I said, dropping to my knees as she took her place on the edge of the bed.

I found her engorged clit quickly and she moaned in pleasure as I tongued around its perimeter. At the same time, I slipped a finger inside her, massaging her g-spot.

She placed a hand on the back of my head, holding it in place, slowly working her fingers into my hair until she was gripping it tightly and was able to steer my movements. Then she began to speak.

"God, honey. It was so amazing tonight. Everything was perfect."

"Mmm-hmm," I groaned, loving the wonderfully musky taste of her sex.

"It actually really turned me on to be auctioned like that. To be on display for all those people. Especially the men."

She paused for a moment, as if lost in thought, as I continued to pleasure her with my tongue and finger.

"Oh wow. That feels so good. I should let you do this more often."

"Mmm-hmm."

"God, and when you were bidding on me... All I could think about was how it felt so good to be this prize for the best man to win. And how if this were the olden days, he would be a king or a duke or whatever and take me home to his castle and ravish me for hours..."

She began to squeak in pleasure, holding my head down in place as she continued to vocalize her filthy fantasy.

"He'd have me however he wanted. Wherever and whenever he wanted, and my poor husband wouldn't be able to stop him, because he'd have been bested by his social better."

I felt a surge of jealousy. All of a sudden, this fantasy seemed a lot more personal.

"Sorry, honey," she said, almost immediately, "I got carried away with that last part."

"It's ok," I said, continuing my efforts, "I actually love it when you're honest about your fantasies."

"Do you miss...kissing him, honey?"

"Who?" she groaned.

"You know: Mark. Do you miss kissing Mark? I know those first experiences can be really intense..."

"No, of course not. I mean... why are you asking me, honey?"

"Just curious..." I said, "you were talking about your fantasies. I just wanted to know if that was one of them."

"No, it's not," she said, "I would never even imagine something that would hurt our marriage. Please keep going," she urged, attempting to guide my head back into place gently with her hands.

"It's ok if you think about him," I said, "it doesn't bother me."

"No," she moaned, "I can't think about him."

"You can," I said, "go ahead and put Mark in your fantasy if you want..."

Jessica let out a yelp of pleasure, then held my head in place firmly with both hands.

"Oh, don't stop, please..."

I felt her tense up incredibly as she begged me over and over to continue to do exactly what I was doing. Then, she climaxed, falling back into a panting heap on the bed as I wiped my mouth off and prepared to mount her, my stiff cock at the ready despite my humiliation at the fantasy she'd just shared and that I had, in fact, encouraged.

She shoved me gently to the side, closing her eyes as a smile spread across her face.

"*That* was very naughty."

I pulled myself up and kissed her lips. She was almost entirely unresponsive. Exhausted.

"Sorry, honey. Too tired for that now. How about tomorrow?"

"Sure," I said, completely frustrated, "of course. You've had a long day. But what about... you know...it's that time of the month, isn't it? Don't you think we should at least get in a quickie?"

Jessica and I had been trying for a baby for the past eight months. Despite the fact that we'd carefully tracked her fertility, I'd not yet been successful in impregnating her. Even though we had to be unsuccessful for a year before technically counting as "infertile," I could sense the increasing desperation every month that Jessica's period came right on time, like clockwork.

That's why it was especially strange to me that she would let this opportunity pass without letting me at least do what I needed to do to ejaculate inside her.

"I know..." she said, her eyes closed, "but I'm so tired now. Maybe we can try in the morning. You always like it better then anyway."

"Suit yourself."

I tried not to sound sarcastic or defensive, but I couldn't help it.

"Thanks, honey," she said, turning over and pulling the cord of the lamp on the nightstand.

I went into the restroom and stroked my cock to the thought of my wife as an innocent maiden, bought and taken to the castle of a powerful king to be ravished for hours. In my mind, Mark was the king. He put Jessica on the bed and entered her with his gigantic cock, holding her legs back as he plunged into her.

She climaxed, then a grin of delight crossed her face. She looked into his eyes and said "I love you," just as he filled her fertile womb with his seed. At that moment, I came as well, suddenly embarrassed and troubled by the scenario that had just played out before my mind's eye.

Did I actually *want* Jessica and Mark to sleep together? Why did the idea of him impregnating her — doing what I was clearly incapable of doing — appeal to me so much?

Of course it was all just a fantasy. People think about all kinds of crazy things in order to get off.

About a week went by and things went back to normal around the house.

Well, *almost*.

Jessica was still riding high from the success of the charity auction. Everyone at the firm had been congratulating her, and, so I'd heard, teasing her about her upcoming date with Mark.

Mark, as it turned out, was still on assignment at another branch office, and had only been in town for the banquet. He'd be returning that weekend, however, for the "date."

"Jenna is really jealous that *I* got sold to Mark and not her," said Jessica on Wednesday night during our midweek dinner of broiled salmon and broccoli, "she thinks he's super cute."

"Ha," I said, "she's been on the prowl ever since her divorce. Maybe I can set her up with someone."

"That would be nice," said Jessica, smiling as she paused to lift a piece of broccoli to her mouth, "since Mark's off limits anyway. There are rumors he's going to ask Sarah to marry him soon."

"Oh, how wonderful. She was...nice," I said.

"Do you really think so? I mean, she's hot, but I don't actually know if she's Mark's type."

"I guess you could be right," I said, "she seemed kind of wild still. Like she's not totally settled."

"What do you mean by that?" said Jessica, suddenly interested.

"Oh, nothing really. Just some stuff she said about partying," I said, not wanting to actually tell the truth about our conversation before dinner or what I'd seen.

"Well," said Jessica, smiling, "I'm pretty sure I know what Mark's type is."

I was immediately suspicious of this remark. I thought back to her mysterious relationship with Mark in high school or immediately after and a jolt of adrenaline shot through my body. I knew that jealousy was not an attractive emotion, however, so I fought back against it.

"What do you mean by that? Just what was your relationship with Mark like back in high school?" I said, as casually as I could.

"Oh, come on, Alan. Don't be jealous. I already told you: we never dated. We worked together at this summer camp after graduation, and we flirted a little."

"You told me before that you kissed him. That's more than just flirting."

"Is it though? I mean at that age..."

"You're telling me that you kissed every guy that you ever flirted with? I find that hard to believe."

"No, honey. Ok, I kissed him," she said, trying to laugh it off, "so what's the big deal? That was a long time ago. I was 18, just out of high school, and he was 21. Home from college."

"Sounds like you're remembering a lot more detail than last time."

"Maybe," she said, her eyes in the distance as if recalling a sweet memory, "but come on. You've got no reason to be jealous. I'm married to you, and he's in a serious relationship. It's just a silly date night for charity. Which reminds me: I have to decide what to wear! Do you want to help me choose an outfit?"

"Yeah," I said, a little confused by the emotions that I was feeling, "of course, honey. I'm sorry if I sounded jealous. I just wish I knew more about how you felt about him back then."

"Well," she said, "maybe he'll jog my memory during our date and I can tell you if you're so interested."

"It's no big deal," I said, trying to act casual again, "I was just curious."

"Come on," she said, changing the subject, "let's go upstairs and figure out what I'm going to wear."

Before I knew it, I found myself in a rather odd position, one that not very many husbands find themselves in. I was sitting on the edge of the bed, evaluating each outfit choice that my wife paraded before me.

First was a bright blue form-fitting dress. She looked absolutely stunning in it. Her cleavage flashed out from the low-cut front. A surge of jealousy and desire filled me.

"What do you think?" she smiled, "too sexy?"

"No..." I said, "you look wonderful."

She beamed.

"Maybe it's not sexy enough? After all, he paid a lot for this date. I think I should give him his money's worth, don't you?"

I wasn't sure what to think about that remark. Was she really asking her husband to help her attract another man?

It seemed that she was.

The next outfit was a classic little black cocktail dress. Jessica's incredible bust made this one seem almost as obscene as the first. Of course, it could just have been my own nagging suspicion that caused me to see everything in such a sexual light. But the fact remained that a dress like the two that Jessica had tried on so far were both designed for one purpose and one purpose only: to attract an admiring gaze. Whether this gaze belonged to a man, a woman or the wearer herself was beside the point. I had the feeling that I was wrapping up a package to present to Mark as a gift, as Jessica was the contents.

"You look amazing," I said, "if I were Mark and I saw you in that, I wouldn't be able to think about the meal at all."

She beamed.

"Really? You really think this is the one?"

"Well, I guess we could try the other one, too..."

"What do you think about underwear?"

I felt another jolt of jealousy. Why did my wife care what kind of underwear she would be wearing to her date if the entire night was going to be totally innocent?

Jessica realized her blunder almost immediately.

"I mean," she said, trying to laugh it off, "I know he's not going to see my *underwear* of course. I just want to feel my best. It's for me. That's all."

"Yeah," I said, "of course. I understand."

She waited for a beat.

"So what do you think? The black or the red set?"

"I guess it depends on how you're feeling. You look absolutely stunning in both."

"Aww. Thanks, honey!"

She leaned in and kissed me.

"You're always so sweet to me. I know I'm not the perfect wife all the time, but I love you, and I'm so glad that you trust me enough to let me go on this date."

"Well, yeah, of course I trust you," I said, "and I mean, it's not a *real* date, right? Just a charity thing."

She looked at me for a moment, as if unsure, then smiled broadly.

"Yeah, of course. It's just a fun thing we do for charity. I mean, I'm sure I could just cancel the date, and Mark would still donate the money. He's a nice guy like that. He'd understand."

"No, no," I said, "I didn't mean it like that. Of course I want you to go on the date."

"That's so sweet of you, honey," she said, her lips just inches from mine, "you know that I would stay home if you wanted me to."

"I know."

"Good."

She smiled again and pinched my arm.

"I've got to get out of these clothes. I don't want to ruin them before the big night!"

The "big night" was tomorrow. I was already feeling a strange mixture of excitement and anxiety about the whole thing.

If I could go back in time and listen to my gut, I might have been able to avoid some of what happened next. On the other hand, some of what happened had absolutely nothing to do with me, and that made it all the more difficult to accept, in a way.

But more of that to come.

"Date night" was finally here. Mark had insisted on coming to pick up Jessica in person instead of meeting her at the restaurant. After all, she was his prized guest, and if he'd already paid thousands of dollars for the privilege of escorting her that night, what difference did the cost of a limo make?

That was my reasoning when Jessica told me to watch for a limo on the street outside our house. Did he mean a "limo" like what the car services in New York mean? Just a big black car? Or did he mean an actual stretch limousine, complete with a bar, a uniformed chauffeur, and a shade that can hide the occupants in the back of it from the chauffeur's prying eyes...?

He meant the second type. That was made apparent at 7:01 PM, when the car rolled up to the curb outside our modest 2-bedroom home.

"Bye, honey!" said Jessica, clutching her tiny purse in one hand as she kissed me on the cheek to avoid smudging her bright red lipstick.

She looked absolutely stunning.

"Bye," I said, "have fun. I can't wait to hear all about it."

"I will, honey," she said, clearly in a panic to get out the door, "I could be back late. I have no idea what he has planned. But I promise to tell you all about it."

I nodded.

She ran out onto the lawn, or approximated running in her stilettos, only to stumble when one of the sharp heels buried itself in the damp soil.

Luckily, she fell directly into the arms of Mark, who had exited the limo and was coming up the front sidewalk to meet her. It was a picture-perfect save right out of the playbook of a bad romantic comedy.

I stepped out onto the porch.

"So sorry," stammered Jessica, "I didn't want you to have to get out. You know my husband Alan, right?"

"Of course," said Mark, his arms still around my wife as he helped her regain her footing.

He looked over at me and smiled.

"How could I forget my biggest rival in the bidding war for the privilege of taking this beautiful young woman on a date?"

I grinned and waved.

"Have a wonderful time," I said, "and take care of her."

"You can trust me," he said, waving before he turned back toward the limousine and offered Jessica his arm.

"Let's try it like this. I don't want you to stumble again and our date to end in the emergency room!"

"Thank you," she said, turning her back on me as she took hold of his outstretched arm, "I feel so silly to start things off like this. I hope I can make it up to you..."

That was the last thing that I heard her say before the door of the limousine slammed and they drove away.

For five hours, from 7:05 PM to 12:05 AM, I waited. I tried doing things to take my mind off of what was happening. I read a book for a moment, but I couldn't concentrate. I turned on the TV and tried to see how the Cardinals were doing, but I couldn't get absorbed in the game.

I thought about playing a video game, something that I hadn't done in years.

Nothing killed the nagging voice in my head that told me that something was happening, or that something *had* already happened

between Mark and my wife that would have enormous implications for my marriage and my life.

More disturbing than these thoughts, however, was the fact that I kept imagining Jessica and Mark on their date, and getting more and more **aroused** by the idea of them crossing a line. At first, I imagined some harmless flirtation. Jessica's hand lingering a bit too long on his, her sipping from his drink.

Then, I imagined them having a second drink and moving on to hand-holding. Then kissing. They both knew it was wrong, but there they were, alone again after so many years apart, both of their partners far away, with a limousine and a driver who was trained in discretion. The possibilities were endless. I imagined them disappeared into the back of the limo, tearing off just enough of each other's clothing to facilitate the act of physical union they'd both been longing for the entire night — or their entire lives, I didn't know which. Mark pushing my wife's panties aside as he lowered her with his muscular arms onto his big, thick, rock-hard cock while she straddled him in the limousine seat, staring into his eyes with a love that she'd never shown to anyone but him, biting her lip as she rode him to a rapid climax, then taking her time as she slowly, soulfully made love to him, sighing in contentment as she squeezed him, using her body to show her utter devotion to his pleasure, coaxing out his seed into her hungry womb as she whispered his name again and again: "oh Mark, how I've missed you!"

I couldn't take it anymore. I went into the bathroom and closed my eyes, ashamed to even look at myself in the mirror as I imagined this fantasy. I started stroking my cock. This time, I imagined that Mark had booked a hotel room for them. They made love on the bed and in the shower, then finally on the floor. As I imagined Jessica experiencing her most powerful orgasm ever, I shot out a stream of cum that leaked down over my hands and onto the floor.

Cleaning up the bathroom at least gave me something else to think about for a while. But after that was finished, there was still more time to kill.

Finally, at 11:00PM, I went to bed. I couldn't sleep, however, and lay there restlessly, my cock rock-hard once more as I imagined

Jessica and Mark making love, this time in their office, where she asked him to take her hard and fast from behind during a noontime quickie. In my mind, she begged for him to give her what her husband couldn't: a baby.

Why was I doing this to myself? Did I simply enjoy the psychological torture? I must have, on some level. On another level, this was obviously a way for me to deal with the insight that my unconscious had already made: Jessica and Mark had some kind of feelings for each other.

Finally, at 12:05 AM, I heard Jessica's key in the lock downstairs. She was back.

Since the light was out in the room, it was easy for me to pretend to be asleep as I watched her get ready for bed. First, she slipped out of her dress, letting it fall to the floor in a heap. Then, she disappeared into the bathroom for a long time (washing her face and brushing her teeth, no doubt), before coming out and discarding her bra and throwing it, and the dress, into the hamper. I caught a glimpse of the silhouette of her bust against the light emanating from the master bath. Her profile was breathtaking, her nipples erect and pointing straight out, aching to be touched.

I knew it already, but seeing her in this state only reinforced it: Jessica was a beautiful woman, in the prime of her child-bearing years. She was probably even more beautiful now than when Mark had known her.

I was lucky to have married her, and I knew it. She probably knew it, too. She had the upper hand in our relationship, that much was clear.

She turned out the light in the master bath now, bathing the room in darkness. A moment later, she slipped into bed beside me, wearing only her panties.

I could have said something then. I could have said hello and asked her how the date went. But I remained completely still, feigning sleep.

A few minutes went by in silence. I nearly fell asleep for real. But then, faintly, I heard a sound. The sound of fingers rustling in the sheets.

Jessica's breathing grew ragged.

By now, my eyes had adjusted to the dark, and so when I looked over, I could tell more or less what was happening from the way that the sheets covering Jessica moved.

Jessica was masturbating. She appeared to be rubbing her clit, to be specific.

She was doing her best to stop herself from making noise, but it was clear that she was so aroused that this proved to be a nearly impossible endeavor.

She began to moan faintly, moving her fingers a little faster now as they circled her clit.

My penis was stiff as I tried to imagine what sorts of scenarios were playing out in her mind. While I couldn't be certain about the exact contours of these fantasies, I was reasonably sure that I, her loving husband, was not their protagonist.

No, *that* role was reserved for Mark. But what was she imagining? What did she already know for sure about Mark as a lover, either from her experiences knowing him just after high school, or from her experiences tonight? Mark seemed like too decent of a guy to cheat on Sarah (even if she was obviously not so virtuous), but even a morally upright man might fall when presented with the temptation of a woman as beautiful as Jessica.

Beautiful and willing, which I was now completely positive about. After all, why else would she feel such a great need to pleasure herself after coming home from a date, if not for the fact that the events of the date had inspired her fantasies.

On the other hand, I thought to myself as my wife slowly approached a powerful self-induced orgasm, the fact that she obviously had so much desire left over after her evening with Mark meant that their erotic encounter had most likely been restricted to the meeting of their minds, *not* their bodies.

But did that make it better, or worse?

I watched as Jessica yelped one final time and collapsed, panting, into the sheets under a wave of pleasure.

I couldn't help but be happy for her. It must have felt great.

The next morning, Jessica was up before me, already in the kitchen with the coffee made when I came downstairs. Her hair was up in a messy bun, which I absolutely adore. I've always been just as attracted to her without makeup as with it. It didn't matter to me if she was in her frumpiest clothing or the kind of sexy evening wear she'd worn last night for Mark. She was still a total knock-out.

"Hey!" I said, "there you are. When did you get in last night?"

"I think around midnight," she said, "you were already asleep, and I didn't want to wake you up."

"That's really nice of you," I said, "I wouldn't have minded if you had, though."

"I know you wouldn't have," she said, giving me a peck on the cheek, "you're so sweet. I was exhausted, though. I just wanted to go straight to bed."

Not straight to bed, I thought, remembering her nocturnal activities.

"So you had a good time?"

"I had a *great* time," she said, smiling off into the distance as if watching herself last night.

Then a look of guilt entered her face. I knew Jessica well, and it was unmistakable. She was hiding something.

"Mark is so sweet. Just like I remember him," she said, quickly recovering and trying to put on a more neutral face.

"That's great," I said, "did he get a chance to apologize? It sounds like he maybe wasn't so sweet to you in the past."

"Oh, that. Did he tell you?"

"No, not exactly. At the auction he just said that he was glad that he'd 'won' you, because he had something he wanted to apologize for. Something from a long time ago."

She looked puzzled for a moment, then her face lit up.

"Mark is sooo sweet. Of course he'd think I was still upset about that. But I'd gotten over it years ago. We were young. Sometimes young people do stupid things."

I nodded.

"So...what exactly was he referring to?"

"Nothing," she said, still smiling, as if lost in her memory of Mark, "just the fact that he never wrote back to my letters after that *incredible* summer we spent together. But I understood. He went into the army, after all, and from what I'd heard was sent to Afghanistan. It's not hard to imagine that he'd have more important things on his mind than a lovestruck 18-year-old girl."

"*Lovestruck*?" I said, trying to hide my growing concern, "before you said that you kissed him, but that you couldn't remember the details. Now you're saying that you were in *love* with him?"

"I mean...I think most 18-year-olds are in love with every guy that they kiss. You remember how you were at that age, don't you? I'm guessing you were in love with more than a couple girls who you haven't told me about."

She had a point there. But this wasn't her 18-year-old self talking anymore. It was her current self. And her current self had been the one that started talking about "love" all of a sudden.

"I guess maybe I was in love with him a little," she continued, "but I don't want that to sound any more serious than it really was. I was just an 18-year-old kid, after all."

"Ok," I said, "I get it, I think. So tell me more about the date."

"It was good," she said evasively, "you know. Ok, I guess."

Now she was downplaying it. She had clearly experienced some feelings, and was trying to hide them from me.

"At least tell me where you went to eat if you don't want to tell me anything else," I said, trying not to sound too angry.

"You know the nice area of the old Italian neighborhood?"

"That neighborhood they destroyed by putting the highway in during the late 60s?"

"That's the one. It's totally rundown except for one block which has the last restaurant still run by immigrants from the old country. It's a little expensive, but the food is incredible. It isn't the kind of place you would take someone if all you wanted to do was show off how much money you have. It's the kind of place that you take someone who will appreciate it, and Mark knew that I would. He said he remembered me talking about how I wanted to go to Italy back when I was 18, and he thought he would try to do the next best thing to actually taking me there."

She'd never told me about her interest in going to Italy. In fact, last spring, I'd suggested we take a European vacation, but she'd insisted that we couldn't afford it and that it wasn't so important to her anyway.

"Another example of what a sweet guy Mark is," she said, sighing, "we had a long five-course meal. There were white tablecloths. Candles..."

"Sounds romantic," I said.

"No," she added quickly, "definitely not. It was just a friendly conversation."

Why was she so quick to deny the fact that the evening had been romantic?

"So what did you talk about?"

"This and that. He talked about Sarah a lot."

"Really? What did he say?"

"I don't know what he sees in her. It sounds like all she does is complain. Do you know that she threw a jealous fit while they were living in Germany and threatened to leave him because she didn't like the way one of the secretaries was looking at him? He ended up having to fire the poor girl, in order to make Sarah happy."

"She doesn't sound like much fun," I said, remembering my own encounter with her.

"Well, maybe not much fun to be around. But maybe she's a lot of fun in bed. Something must be keeping Mark interested..."

"Ha," I said, "yeah, I guess. She didn't tell me anything about their sex life when we talked at the auction, of course. But she did mention something about Mark."

"Oh yeah?"

"That he was a...very memorable lover for some reason?"

Jessica smirked.

"Yes. I actually know *exactly* what she's talking about."

"Really?" I said, trying to sound casual, "care to fill me in?"

"Are you sure you want to know?"

"Yeah," I said, feeling that I was finally going to get some answers to the mysterious appeal of Mark.

"Well," she said, then her voice trailed off.

"Well, what?"

"I'm sorry," she said, blushing a little, "I actually don't think I know what she was talking about."

"Come on," I said, "you obviously do. Why won't you just tell me?"

I moved in close to her, trying to coax her compliance by stroking her hair affectionately. She pulled away.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"So you *do* know."

"No, I don't. I already told you."

"You're being really evasive about what happened last night," I said, "and now about this big secret of Mark's. Whatever it is. Don't you think we should be able to tell each other things like this?"

"It's nothing," she said, laughing a bit and slapping my hand away, "it's really nothing."

"So then there's no problem telling me what this 'nothing' is, right? If it's so insignificant?"

"Alan," she said, "can we just drop it, please? We've both got a lot of chores to do. How about we everything on our list this afternoon, then, once the house is in shape and looking great, we... you know..."

She smiled suggestively at me.

"Try to make a baby?"

She nodded eagerly.

"Deal," I sighed, patting her on the back.

She smiled and gave me a quick peck on the lips before spinning around and heading out of the room. Her ass looked amazing, even in her pajamas.

We spent the next three or four hours on chores, each of us tackling one area of the house. Jessica went shopping, while I cleaned out the garage. While doing so, I came across a box that we hadn't unpacked since moving. It wasn't labeled, so I opened it up and sifted through it.

It was a bunch of Jessica's stuff from college. There were a few photos mixed in with some other papers and things that seemed like junk, but had evidently been important at some point. I found a medal that she'd won in high school track and field, and a picture of her in her cheerleading uniform from college. I smiled. She hadn't changed much since then. She could probably even still fit in the uniform.

At the bottom of the box, however, was a diary. It was one of those kind with a simple lock on the outside, and I would have completely ignored it if there hadn't been a key sticking out of the lock. It was like an invitation to open it.

I pulled out the diary and looked at the cover. It had Jessica's name, and the years that corresponded to her final year in high school and her first year in college.

The time that she'd been close to Mark, in other words.

My heart pounded as I clicked the lock and opened the diary.

I smiled when I saw my wife's neat yet flowery handwriting, with its big loops and swirls. She always was a girly girl. It was one of the

things that made her so attractive to men. I mean, that and her incredible figure and red hair of course.

I skimmed its pages, reading about her final weeks of high school and the incredible anticipation she felt leading up to graduation. Some of the names I recognized, some I didn't, but Jessica's narrative voice was unmistakable. I felt myself being drawn into her life.

Then came June. Graduation was over, and she was going to spend the summer at Camp Juniper working with school age kids. It was going to be her first summer job.

And her first contact with boys outside of a closely supervised setting. Jessica had gone to an all-girls' Catholic high school. But now she was 18, and an adult in the eyes of the law, even if her parents still treated her like a child.

Her diary recounted her mother's worry about her being around boys, and her admonitions to Jessica to not let them try and "funny business" with her. She didn't seem to realize, Jessica wrote with amusement, that maybe Jessica *herself* would be the one starting the "funny business!"

It was clear from the rest of the entries that Jessica's conservative upbringing had not succeeded in keeping her mind off sex. If anything, it had had the exact opposite effect. What emerged from the diary entries leading up to her departure for the summer camp was the portrait of a young woman who was longing not only for love, but also for sexual experience. Summer camp seemed like the best place to find it.

Jessica was already primed to fall in love — or lust — before she ever laid eyes on Mark.

I flipped through the first few pages describing the arrival at camp and the other counselors. Then, I found the first mentions of Mark, "a very cute and nice guy who's a lifeguard and has been here for three summers already."

Three or four pages later, I read about her visiting Mark in the lifeguard house while the girls she was responsible for were swimming. It was a win-win situation for her. She could hang out and chat with Mark and watch the swimmers all at the same time.

Then came the last campfire of the first week. After the campers were in bed, she and Mark sneaked off to the small house on stilts overlooking the lake, which was the only place that they could be alone. That's where they had their first kiss.

"He wanted to do more, but I wasn't ready for that yet," she wrote, "maybe tomorrow night."

I felt a lump forming in my throat. Here was a direct account of what my wife had been concealing from me. But was it really that important? Wasn't I blowing a harmless young adult romance out of proportion? Was *I* the one with the problem?

I read the next page greedily, soaking up the details. I reprint it here in its entirety.

Mark and I were in the lifeguard house for a long time last night. He showed me exactly how to kiss. He said he could tell that I hadn't kissed a boy before, but he said he was happy to teach me more, and it didn't matter anyway because a girl as beautiful as me could do it however I liked. It could be that I was still giddy from the fun of the campfire, or else I'm falling for him, because all of my morals seem to be going out the window. I told him that he was sweet but that I wanted to learn how to please him most of all. So he said that there was something we could do that would please both of us. He asked if he could feel my breasts. Without my bra. So I did something really naughty. I let him put his hand up under my shirt and unhook my bra. It felt so strange having another person touch me there. He was the first boy to do it, and as far as I'm concerned, he could be the only one ever because of how incredible it felt. He knew exactly what to do. He teased my nipples and kissed my neck. He told me he wanted to suck my nipples, but I wasn't ready for that yet. We rubbed up against each other, though, still standing up because I didn't want to lie down yet (that seems dirtier) but I loved how his body felt against mine, how his bulge (which got VERY hard, by the way) rubbed up against my mound (still through my shorts of course) in just the right way. This is what Emily was telling me about. "Dry humping." Well it wasn't very "dry" for me, because when we finally said goodnight and I went back to my bunk, I had to go to the bathroom and change my underwear

because it was soaked through. I'd never had my body react like that. But all I could think about was how good he smelled and how incredible he made me feel. I can't wait for tonight. We're going to meet up there again...

I was about to flip the page and continue reading, but I was seized with a sudden pang of conscience at the intimate details that she was disclosing. What was I doing reading my wife's diary, anyway? Wasn't it an invasion of privacy, especially since it had been locked?

But the key had been *in* the lock. Consequently, it couldn't be *that* secret, could it? We were married, after all. We shouldn't have secrets from each other. Not serious ones, anyway.

How serious *was* it?

This was the central question that plagued me. I didn't know if I wanted to discover the truth. The truth about her encounter with Mark. I had no idea if she would even actually describe the act of making love to him itself, if there had been any "act." Or acts. In the plural.

I looked at my watch. Jessica had been gone for a while. I didn't know how much time I was going to have before she returned from the store, and I still had plenty of more chores to do, so I stashed the diary and its key in a drawer in my workbench. I could return to it later.

I tried to ignore the raging erection that had formed in my pants as I read Jessica's diary. The thought of her as a young 18-year-old about to be introduced to sex with a 21-year-old (even if what she claimed turned out to be true, that they hadn't "really" done it) was incredibly exciting to me.

I hoped that she would follow through on her promise to me and come clean about more details.

Finally, I finished cleaning the garage and the kitchen. Jessica returned from the store and we both worked on the laundry together, chatting about the week ahead of us. The topic of Mark, and her date and her past with him, didn't come up at all.

But after dinner, and a couple of glasses of wine, we relaxed in the living room on the couch.

I placed a hand on Jessica's leg, and she leaned in towards me.

"Almost ready to try for that baby?" I whispered.

"Mmm," she said, "aren't you going to at least try to get me in the mood first?"

"It would be my pleasure," I said, kissing down her neck as I slipped one hand into her blouse from the front, closing two fingers over her right nipple.

She moaned in approval. Jessica loved having her nipples played with, and I knew it.

"That's so nice, honey. You're definitely getting me in the mood..."

"Maybe," I whispered, "I should go down on you again. You seemed to really enjoy that the other night."

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned.

I dropped down and knelt on the floor in front of the couch, gently slipping my fingers under the waistband of Jessica's yoga pants. She lifted her bottom from the cushion to allow me to pull the pants and her thong panties down over her curvaceous ass and down to her ankles, exposing her soaking wet sex.

I plunged forward, my lips gently kissing the area around her clit as my tongue began to slowly work its way up and down her folds.

"Oh, Alan," she moaned, running her fingers through my hair as I continued to pleasure her.

"God, that feels so good," she sighed, arching her back a bit to thrust her pussy forward into my face.

I pleased her for a few minutes more, then I decided it was time to get some answers about what had happened last night.

"You seemed to enjoy yourself last night...after you got home," I said, glancing up at her for a moment.

"Why did you stop?" she moaned, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"When you got back from your date with Mark," I said, "you were playing with yourself in bed next to me. It seemed like you really had fun doing it."

"I guess I was," she sighed, "please keep going."

"What were you thinking about?"

"None of your business," she protested with a playful slap to the top of my head, "now are you going to keep licking me or what?"

"Will you at least tell me Mark's secret?"

"Will I what? What do you mean by that?"

"The reason he's so memorable as a lover," I said, working a finger into her tight pussy and massaging her g-spot gently.

"Oh, Alan. What are you..."

I played with her clit gently with my thumb, flicking it a bit with my tongue in an attempt to coax the truth out of her.

"Oh God, Alan. Please don't stop."

"I stopped."

"Ok," she said, "I'll tell you."

"What are you going to tell me?"

"Everything. Whatever you want to know."

"Alright," I said, "for starters: were you in love with Mark?"

"I don't know. I think I probably was."

"At the time, did you consider yourself to be in love with him?"

"Yes. I'm pretty sure about that," she said, pushing her pussy onto my finger and practically fucking herself with it.

"And now?"

A lump formed in my throat.

"No. Of course not. I love *you*, honey," she said, grasping my head and guiding it up towards her face so that she could look into my eyes, "but... I admit that sometimes I think about..."

"About what?"

"How things might have been. How things could have developed between Mark and me. But that doesn't mean that I want to go back in time and try them out, much less break up his relationship to Sarah."

"I have to admit," I began, "that I find the idea of you rekindling things with Mark really hot."

"You *what*?"

His face was filled with shock, and perhaps a bit of delight as well.

"I mean...as a fantasy, of course," I said, afraid that I'd already gone too far, "I think sometimes about how electric that tension

between you might be. How incredible it would be for both of you to finally reunite after all these years."

"Oh God, Alan. It's so wrong to even think about those things as a married woman. But for *you* to talk about them..." she moaned, grinding her pussy into my hands in an action that directly contradicted the words that came out of her mouth.

"It's ok," I assured her, "it's just a fantasy. Don't you wish sometimes that you could be with him?"

"No, I'll never admit it..." she moaned, pushing my head back down towards her clit, which I immediately began to circle with my tongue.

"Oh God, Alan. That's so good. Don't stop what you're doing *right now*."

I stopped.

"No!" she cried in frustration, "why do you keep doing that? I'm so close!"

"You haven't told me his big secret."

"You really want to know Mark's big secret?"

"Yeah. Why is he so memorable?"

"His big secret," she moaned, "is that he has a big secret."

"What? That doesn't make any sense," I said, genuinely confused.

"Do I have to spell it out for you, Alan?" she sighed, "Mark has a..."

"A what? Big secret?"

"Yes!" she sighed, exasperated, "Mark has a big, beautiful penis. Ok?"

"Mark has... a very *big, beautiful penis*."

"A *big, beautiful penis*?"

"That's right. It's really big, and — I don't know how else to say this — it's really nicely shaped, too. Like a work of art."

"His *penis* is a work of art?"

"Yep! It sure is."

"And just how many times did you see this masterpiece of a penis?" I said, trying not to sound defensive.

To be honest, my own penis was incredibly erect.

"I don't know," she said, "I guess maybe a few times. Now please, *please* let me come."

"Jessica," I said, "I think it would be really hot for you to think about Mark's big beautiful penis while I make you come."

"What? Alan, I can't do that. That would be so bad..."

"It's just a fantasy, honey. I think it would be so hot for you to experience it. I'm super hard right now thinking about it."

"Really? Alan... I don't know..."

"Really," I said, "I have to admit that I thought about the two of you making love while you were on that date with him."

"Oh God, you did?"

"Yeah," I said, teasing her g-spot again, "and I even thought about..."

I hesitated, not sure if I was ready to confess everything yet.

"What?" she moaned.

"I thought about him filling you with his cum," I said, "and you... finally...getting pregnant."

There it was. My dirty fantasy was out in the open.

"Oh God," she moaned, as my tongue returned to her clit, "oh my GOD, Alan, that's so...so...BAD!"

As she groaned that final word, she reached a powerful climax, grinding her entire crotch into my face, her legs clenching down and the releasing as her hips bucked up and down, the orgasm trembling through her body.

"My God, Alan..., oh shit...", she groaned, "I can't believe..."

"It's ok," I said, slowly removing my finger from her pussy.

"I'm so sensitive," she said, "just give me a minute, ok? Shit, Alan. I haven't come that hard in...I don't know when."

I smiled. I loved being able to please her so well.

She looked at me, her entire face flushed, either in embarrassment or post-orgasmic glow.

"Let's just forget about that last thing you told me," she said, looking a little guilty, "we're married, and that's that. *You* are going to be the one to get me pregnant."

"Of course, honey," I said, "it's just a fantasy."

"Just a fantasy," she repeated, as if trying to reassure herself, not me.

"So should we try?"

I stood, my erect cock outlined clearly in my pants.

"Just...give me a minute," she said, "I'm so sensitive after that orgasm. Why don't you just hold me for a while."

She patted the couch next to her. I sat down and wrapped my arms around my incredibly attractive wife.

"Why don't you tell me a little more about Mark?" I whispered, snuggling up to her a bit more.

"Do I have to?"

"You told me you'd tell me whatever I wanted to know," I reminded her.

"Ok," she said, giving a slightly defeated-sounding sigh, "what do you want to know?"

"How did things end between the two of you?"

"The summer ended. He had to go back to college. What I didn't really realize is that he was on academic probation. He flunked out the next semester and his unit got called up to Afghanistan. I heard all of this from his mother like a year later when I ran into her at a grocery store, and the old wounds reopened."

"How did he get his life back on track so fast?"

"As far as I understand it, he was only in Afghanistan for a few months before his convoy was hit by an IED attack and he suffered a traumatic brain injury. He was placed on permanent disability and retired from the military. However, even though he'd flunked out the first time, he still had access to the GI bill and was able to go back to school and finish his degree. He got into Harvard Law after that, and the rest is history. I guess he's able to manage his symptoms very well now."

"Sounds like you got to know a lot about him last night."

"No," she said, her evasive tone returning again, "I mean, yeah, I guess..."

"Did the two of you...reminisce about old times at all?"

"No..." she said, a wistful gleam seeming to come to her eye, "we didn't really. Not directly."

"What does that mean...not directly? Did you kiss?"

She was quiet for a long time.

"Alan," she said, "do you really want to hear this?"

"It turns me on, I told you," I said, "I'd love it if you actually made out with him."

"I didn't make out with him!" she exclaimed, "I'm a faithful wife!"

"Then why can't you answer my simple question?"

There was another uncomfortable silence.

"Ok," she said, "he did ask to give me a quick kiss on the lips."

"Really?" I said, my cock flexing against my pants, "and did you let him?"

"Alan," she said, "I don't know if we should be talking like this..."

"So you obviously did," I said excitedly.

She nodded silently.

"But it was just a quick kiss... and he apologized for it right away and insisted that he's happy with Sarah."

"That's so hot," I said, trying to reassure her, "it really turns me on. I mean, especially because I know that you must have really been looking forward to kissing him again after all those years."

Even though I was aroused, I also felt a surge of jealousy.

She gave me a sheepish look. I knew that she was hiding something that she regretted.

"I feel so guilty," she whispered, "I never wanted to hurt our marriage. I'm so sorry, Alan."

Tears started to form in the corners of her eyes.

"You don't think I cheated, do you?"

"No, no," I said, trying to sooth her, "of course not. Not at all. It was just a minor slip-up."

"Yeah," she said, looking off into the distance for a moment, "like I said, he apologized, and told me that he just wanted a little reminder of those hot nights back during summer camp."

"Just how 'hot' were those nights at camp?"

"You're really not mad?"

"No. I want to know what the two of you did together," I said.

"You really do, huh?"

I nodded.

A smile broke out across her face.

The guilt was all gone now.

She lifted a finger, poking me playfully.

"I was a good little Catholic school girl, honey. I didn't have sex with him. I mean, I certainly did things that were very *very* sinful. But his penis never went into my vagina. So I was still a virgin when I met you."

"Ok," I said, finally feeling like I was getting somewhere, "let's talk more about the specifics. What *did* you do with him?"

She gave me a mischievous grin.

"Oh my God! It really *does* turn you on, doesn't it? Ok, take off your pants and I'll tell you. I want to see how hard you get when I give you all the dirty details."

I couldn't help but find something slightly degrading about this prospect, but I also couldn't help feeling very aroused already at her suggestion and its promise.

"Alright," I said.

"I've got some lube right here," she smiled, pulling a bottle of lotion out of the drawer of an end table, "let's see your little man."

I remembered her remark about Mark's "big, beautiful penis," and cringed at the moniker she'd used for my cock. I wasn't small. Probably about average. Certainly not big, though. And beautiful? I doubted it.

"So...my pervy husband wants to hear all about his wife being a naughty little school girl, huh?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Well," she said, "we used to go to this place that we knew was deserted so we could make out. It was the only place in the whole camp where there weren't other people. Even though other people knew about this place, the fact that we went there became our little secret. We never revealed it to anyone else: not the other counselors, or the other campers. Of course plenty of other counselors must have hooked up over the years. They probably figured out ways to make it happen. Horny college kids always do. This was *our* particular solution. Our secret place."

"I know what you mean."

"Mmm-hmm," she said, smiling at me as she teased my balls with one hand while stroking my shaft with the other.

"It's *so* secret that I don't even want to tell *you* about it. Even though we're married. That's how important it was to us back then."

"Then don't tell, me," I said, smiling, "a girl has to have some secrets."

She blushed a bit.

"Thanks for understanding, honey. Now, where was I?"

She grabbed the bottle of lotion and applied a little more to her hands before reaching for my shaft again and continuing her naughty narrative.

"Oh yes. Well. We started out really slowly. I was *very* inexperienced, and I was also super scared of sinning. Even though my parents didn't really go to church anymore, I was still not totally convinced that I wouldn't go to hell for letting a boy put his hand down my pants. And so I'd kept my distance even from the events where they actually tried to pair us off with Catholic boys from the nearby boys school. Ironically enough, Mark actually went to one of the nearby Catholic schools, so I ended up hooking up with one of the guys I'd spent all of high school trying to avoid. Anyhow, there we were. Making out basically every night, and trying to keep our hands off each other during the day. Not that we did a very good job of that, of course. The other campers noticed first. We'd sometimes hold hands when we thought no one was watching, but kids are really curious about that stuff and they caught us right away. Pretty soon there were rumors about the two of us going around the camp, but unlike when I was in high school, no one tried to stop us, because we were both adults. What could they do? I think the older counselors found the whole thing cute. Which it was."

I nodded, breathing a little faster as she expertly stimulated my rock-hard dick.

"But you wanted to hear the dirty stuff, not the sweet stuff, didn't you, honey? Ok, I'll tell you. The first thing he introduced me to was having my nipples played with. That drove me so crazy that I lost all self control and even though I swore to myself it was only going to be a one-time thing, the next night, I let him put his fingers down

my shorts. I'll never forget how amazing it felt to feel a man's touch there the very first time. Especially a man like him. He wasn't like one of those inexperienced guys who fumble around looking for the clit, or go too fast or hard or whatever. One of those guys that you have to train to get it right. No. He must have been experienced, because he knew *exactly* what he was doing. The second night we were together, he actually made me come just with his fingers. You have to remember, honey. I was still pretty religious, and I didn't even masturbate to speak of. I mean, I did, but I always started to feel guilty and I stopped before I took things 'all the way.' So imagine my surprise when after about 45 minutes of foreplay and slow fingering, I positively exploded. I think that first orgasm was the most profound one, you know? You never forget your first. You really don't. And I knew in that moment that I'd never forget the guy who gave it to me, either."

I moaned, partially due to the pleasure that my wife's hand was causing me, and partially because I was suddenly cognizant of the fact that my wife had, in some profound sense, already "imprinted" on Mark from a very young age due to this early experience of sexual bliss. A sense of inevitability hung over my head now. It had all been predetermined in the past. There was no way for me to compete with a memory, even if (and especially when) that memory was now embodied in her workplace supervisor.

I could see the future in front of me — so I thought: Sarah would leave Mark, and Mark would run into Jessica's arms for comfort. And me? I'd be alone, somewhere on the sidelines.

The thought aroused me incredibly, and I was ashamed because of it.

"Mmm, I think you like my story, honey. But don't come just yet. We haven't gotten to the parts I know you really wanted to hear."

"I'll try," I moaned, bucking my hips up into her hand, "but don't you want me to...you know...do it inside of you?"

She withdrew her caress, leaving my swollen cock cruelly bereft of attention.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, "I think I'm too sensitive. It's all your fault, though. You did too good of a job at making me come."

I remembered what I'd said just before she'd orgasmed, and felt my cock twitch involuntarily.

"Ok," I said, "I guess we still have some time before the window closes."

"Mmm-hhm," she said, gripping my shaft again.

"Where was I? That same night that he gave me such an incredible orgasm, I finally asked him what *e/se* I could do, just for him. It was clear that teasing my nipples had been just as much for me as it had been for him. Now I was determined to please him, but I didn't know where to begin. This entire time, I'd been vaguely aware of his penis. That it was this big, hard thing in his pants. And of course I sort of knew what one looked like, but I wasn't really prepared in any way for what he was going to reveal. I was even too shy to actually call it by its name. I knew that guys liked it when it got some kind of attention, but I wasn't really sure what exactly was waiting for me."

"Fuck," I groaned, as she continued to stroke me with soft, light touches, as if trying to delay my orgasm.

"Mark was really sweet, though. He asked me if I was sure that I wanted to touch it, and I said of course. I was really eager to learn, even as shy as I was. So I reached down and felt it with my hand for the first time through his shorts. It was enormous. Much larger than I'd expected. I was instantly seized with panic, and I pulled my hand away. It was like a living thing, some kind of external expression of his masculinity. It was completely foreign to me and at the same time immensely attractive. I don't know if you can understand. You're a man and I feel like your experience is so different. You probably see a woman and you automatically love everything about her. But for us, the penis is a weird thing. It's not automatically attractive to us unless we love the man that it's attached to, or at least felt great affection for him. And in that moment, that was exactly what I felt for Mark. So I apologized to him and told him that I was just a little bit scared because I didn't know what to do. He said it was ok, that he'd show me what he liked. I smiled and thanked him."

I was picturing this in my mind's eye. Them up in the lifeguard house, after hours, their young bodies pushed together...

"So he pulled down his shorts and underwear, and there it was. This huge, long, hard thing. In that moment, I had two conflicting thoughts at the same time. The first one was that I wanted it inside me. I wanted to surrender to it completely. The second one was that there was no way I was ever going to let that thing near my pussy because of how big it was. It was so much bigger than I'd imagined. I'd used tampons, so I wasn't exactly unfamiliar with putting things inside myself, but I was, nevertheless, completely unprepared for the sheer size and weight of his member. Of course, he wasn't asking to fuck me. But my sex education (as conservative as it had been) had assured me that this was exactly what he'd eventually want. Still, I was hoping there was a way that I could satisfy him and return the favor of what he'd done for me without having to undergo the painful process of losing my virginity just yet."

"Keep going," I urged, "this is really interesting."

"Interesting? More like arousing, you little perv," she giggled, slapping my shoulder with the back of one hand, "I never thought that my husband would get off so hard on me talking about another guy's dick. I guess I don't really know you that well, do I?"

She giggled again, looking down at my swollen cock.

"I can tell that you're really enjoying this. And I haven't even told you the good stuff yet."

"Please get there soon... I don't know how much more of this I can take."

"I promise. I know you just want to hear about his big, beautiful cock, don't you? Why are you so obsessed with another man's dick?"

Her tone was somewhat mocking. I'd never experienced something like that from her before, and I was shocked to discover that I loved it. How could I possibly enjoy being taunted by my wife like this?

"Well, I guess I should give you what you want," she continued, "and tell you about that first night that I touched it. It was so big and hard and thick. I used just one hand because I was too timid, until he reached down and placed my other hand on his shaft. There

was all of this precum leaking down the bottom of his shaft, so I didn't need any extra lube. He placed his hands over my own and showed me how to stroke him, telling me when to go more quickly, or when to be a little more gentle. He was a great teacher, and I was eager to learn. Eager to make him feel as good as he'd make me feel. He had me feel his big, heavy balls, too. Of course I'd learned from sex ed that men ejaculate, but they never really prepare you for what that's going to be like. I had some idea in mind of course. A kind of gentle, slow leakage from the tip, I imagined. I knew that it only took a single sperm to make a woman pregnant, and that men produced millions of them, but I had no idea what that would look like in practice. Especially when it came to man who produced as much as Mark did. So when he told me he was going to come, I didn't really know what to expect. He asked if he could do it on my chest. My shirt and bra were off because of all the fooling around we were doing up to that point, so I said yes. I didn't want to spoil the moment by admitting that I really didn't understand what was about to happen. He told me not to stop stroking him exactly the way I was doing it. He also told me to point his cock at my chest. I just wanted him to feel as good as he'd made me feel, honey, so I looked up at him and said 'please give it to me. I want your sperm.' I know it sounds funny to say something like that now. To call it 'sperm,' when even 'semen' would be the more correct term, even though they both sound so clinical."

I was right on the edge of my own orgasm now, and unlikely to produce nearly as much semen or sperm or cum or splooge as Mark had, but incredibly aroused by her story nonetheless.

"Keep going, I'm so close," I moaned.

"You sound like he did," she laughed.

"His cock was so thick that I couldn't even fit my hand all the way around it like I can with yours, but I was kind of twisting it try to cover the whole thing. All of a sudden, he just moaned something about how beautiful I was and the next thing I knew, this spurt of warm liquid hit my chin. I guess my aim was a little off, ha ha! That surprised me so much that I stopped stroking but he moaned for me to keep going. So I did my best, but then I put my head down and

kind of dodged, which meant that I coated my own face and forehead. Then I pushed his cockhead down and away and finally sprayed the rest of his load on my breasts, which is where he wanted it in the first place. To say I was mortified would have been an understatement, but he was so sweet and helped me clean off with a towel. The next night was even better. Night after night that summer he taught me — trained me — to please him and his big beautiful cock. If you're lucky, I might tell you more about it soon. But right now, it's time for you to come."

She grabbed my balls with one hand, giving them a gentle tug, as she leaned forward and whispered in my ear.

"Just imagine him shooting his big load inside me, honey..."

I reached a tremendous orgasm, shooting semen straight into the air and all over Jessica's hands and my own chest.

She giggled.

"Ok," she said, "you'd better change that shirt. And I need to wash my hands."

I nodded.

"I know this was really fun," she added, the look of guilt returning to her face, "but I'm not sure if talking about this stuff is really good for our relationship."

"What do you mean, honey?"

"I mean," she said, "I know that it's your fantasy and everything, but this all makes me a little uncomfortable."

"Come on, Jessica," I said, "don't take it so seriously. It's just some harmless fun. You played the part really well."

She looked at me as if that was exactly what was bothering her: the fact that she *had* been into the fantasy at least as much as I had been.

"Let's just try to make a baby again soon, ok, Alan?"

"Ok," I said, nodding in agreement.

What *had* gotten into Jessica? The hint of teasing and cruelty that she'd displayed during the handjob didn't seem like her at all. On the other hand, it was clear that she now understood that I loved being treated like this. But how far would it go? When would this all

end? And was I really prepared for how far all of this might ultimately go?

I thought back to the night of the auction. How I had held back on the bidding, even though I knew that we had enough money to afford to bid higher. I had *wanted* Mark to win. But why?

I couldn't be sure. Not yet, anyway.

The next day was a Sunday. Normally we would have gone to brunch with friends in the city, but Jessica told me that she was behind on her latest project for the firm, and would have to go in for a few hours in the morning. That was fine with me, even though I knew I would miss her.

I couldn't help but think that maybe she was going to meet Mark in secret. Or she was hoping to. And I kicked myself because I knew that *I* was also partly *hoping* that that was the case. I *wanted* her to have another opportunity to be alone with Mark. But why?

This would require a lot more introspection than I cared to do at the moment. In the meantime, though, my thoughts were drawn to her diary once more. It was there in the garage, in the drawer, almost beckoning to me. She had already provided me with many of the dirty details herself, but I knew that a woman was more likely to lie to her husband than she was to her diary. Part of me wanted to confirm that she'd really been telling me the truth about her nocturnal encounters with Mark during summer camp.

Once I was positive that she was gone, I went out to the garage and flipped quickly to the part of the diary where I'd left off reading. It described in veiled terms the handjob that she'd told me about. A few entries later, however, something else caught my attention.

Mark brought up more towels to the lifeguard house last night so we had a comfortable place to lay down. It was so exciting being so

close to him like that. But it was also extremely hard not to finally let all my defenses down and just let him do the deed. My body is begging for it, to be honest. I just want to throw my faith and my upbringing and all of my morals out the window and just scream for him to fuck me already. But I'm too good of a girl to do that. Instead, he's been pleasing me with his mouth, which seemed really dirty at first. I mean, why would anyone want to put their mouth down there?!? He told me that he loves to do it, though, and that it brings him just as much pleasure as it creates for me (which I don't think is possible) so I started to relax and let him work his magic. It IS magic, too, what he does with his tongue. It's a sensation I can't describe. He brings me right up to the edge and then drops me, only to pick me up again and bring me even closer again, over and over until I'm crying out and begging him to please keep going and not stop and telling him that I'll do anything for him..."

My cock was rock hard as I read, imagining my beautiful young wife on her back, completely naked and exposed to Mark, who was causing her untold pleasures with his tongue. Finally, I couldn't help it anymore. I took it out and started stroking as I continued to read.

...then in the final moment, the diary continued right as I started to come, I said something stupid. I mean, I thought it was stupid at the time, but I just couldn't stop myself. I moaned "I love you, Mark!" just before I orgasmed. I felt silly right afterwards, because of course he couldn't answer me because his face was buried in my pussy. But a few moments after I had calmed down, he wiped his mouth off with his hand and looked up at me, gazing into my eyes. "I love you too, Jessica," he said. I could have melted right there. I finally knew what love was. I understood what sex was about and why a woman might want to let a man put something so huge inside her. I could have let him fuck me right then and there. I was ready to throw my religion out the window now, but there were still two obstacles: 1) birth control (I'm not on it, and I don't think he had a condom with him) and 2) his incredible size. I have come to really adore his penis. It's smooth (almost silky on the bottom and at the head) and as long and thick as my forearm. It's really awe-inspiring. I have learned to make him reach orgasm with my hand fairly well

(and have avoided being sprayed in the face again — though there have been a couple of close calls) but after the magic that he worked with his tongue, I was eager to return the favor. Especially after we'd both said the "L-word" to each other. So I told him that I wanted to use my mouth on him, and his face just exploded in a grin. Some of my friends had talked about giving "blow jobs" so I sort of knew what to do. I asked him which part I should blow on, and he kind of laughed, but then apologized for laughing. I was embarrassed, but he told me I shouldn't be, that that was just a name, and that actually all I had to do was basically the same as stroking him, but with the tip (or as much as I could fit) of his cock in my mouth. It sounded easy enough. He told me that it would probably be easier for me at first if he lay on his back and I leaned down over him, so that's exactly what we did. Once again, I was super eager to please him, so I immediately got into the position that he suggested. I had a problem, however. His cock was so big! I didn't want to scrape him with my teeth. He was very patient, and gave me some tips on how to accommodate him. Before I knew it, I was bobbing up and down, licking the underside of his penis like it was a tasty treat while I worked his shaft with both hands. He guided one of my hands down to his balls and told me he was close to coming. Now, I'd seen what he was capable of, and I knew that if I didn't figure something out, he was going to absolutely fill my mouth with semen. I wasn't sure exactly what to do about this, though, because he told me that he was close and I knew that I shouldn't stop doing exactly what I was already doing. Mark is so sweet, though! He stopped me and looked down, telling me what was going to happen "I'm going to come," he said, "if you want to, you can try to swallow it. But you don't have to. Just keep stroking it while I'm coming." "I want to," I said, still completely lovestruck, of course! So I kept stroking him into my mouth with one hand with another hand on his balls, and pretty soon, yep! He started to cum. It was like someone shooting a hose into my mouth. I started to swallow right away but it **just kept coming**. Luckily it was warm, and it didn't taste too bad, or else I didn't really have a chance to think about the taste, because he just kept shooting it into my

mouth and I kept swallowing. In the end, though, I failed to get it all, and a lot dripped down my chin and onto my hands. I was disappointed in my own performance, but when I looked back up at him, he had this big goofy grin on his face and was running his fingers through my hair so sweetly. He called me his "good girl" and told me that it had been incredible. The best blowjob he'd ever had. I got jealous for a minute, wondering just how many other blowjobs he'd had and how many other girls he'd been with, but then I remembered that he had just said that he loved me, and none of those other girls seemed to matter anymore. When he pulled me up for a kiss, I felt myself just melt into the universe. I was one with everything. With the power of love."

I was both crushed and fascinated by this mixture of pornography, romance and teenage schmaltz that my wife's diary had revealed. I was strangely aroused by the idea that my wife had done such filthy things — and described them in such detail — with the man she was so obviously falling for in the present. He really had made an impression on her, and she had "imprinted" on him back then in some profound way. It definitely seemed to me now, after reading about her telling Mark that she loved him, that she had been hiding the seriousness of their past relationship.

I remained extremely conflicted about my course of action, however. Part of me wanted to confront her and tell her that I knew that she was in love with Mark, and that she needed to stop seeing him immediately and go to relationship counseling with me if she wanted to save the marriage. That was my rational brain, the part of my brain that knew the consequences that infidelity had on a marriage. The other part of me, however, the part that she had correctly identified as obsessed with Mark's "big, beautiful penis," and its effects on my wife, wanted to see exactly how far things would go. Not only that, I began to think of ways that I could facilitate her continuing relationship with my rival. Even though he was dating Sarah, I couldn't accept the idea that Mark's feelings for Jessica could really be totally gone. He must have remembered those long summer nights in the lifeguard house. He must have remembered this young, beautiful blond lovestruck girl slowly

learning how to pleasure his penis in various ways over the course of several weeks.

Jessica wasn't the type of girl you forgot. Even in Afghanistan.

Speaking of Jessica, it was almost time for her to come home. I put the diary back in its hiding place, and sneaked off to the bathroom, where I jerked off to the image of my 18-year-old wife telling Mark that she loved him.

Now it was Monday again, and time for another mundane workweek. When we said goodbye after breakfast, everything was totally normal, but when Jessica returned home that night (much later than usual, in fact), something was clearly bothering her.

"What's wrong, honey?" I asked, "you seem preoccupied."

"It's nothing," she snapped, "I'm just tired from the weekend, I think. How was your day?"

"Ok," I said, "I had a lot to catch up on around the office. The guys at the Singapore office somehow got locked out of their server and I spent all day trying to retrace the problem and figure out what had gone wrong."

"That sounds complicated," she said flatly, as if she hadn't even heard what I had said.

It was clear that her mind was elsewhere.

"Honey," I said, trying to cheer her up, "you know that your birthday is on Wednesday. I thought we could do something special to celebrate. What would you like to do?"

"I don't know. 29 isn't a birthday that seems worth celebrating. It's like my youth is slipping by. It's the beginning of the end."

"Don't say that, honey. Look at you. You're in the prime of your life. You're young, beautiful. You've got a great job that you love. What's there to be upset about?"

"You wouldn't understand," she said, "you're not a woman. For us, with each passing year, we know that the clock is ticking."

"Honey," I said, "I know that it's been frustrating, but we haven't even been trying for a year yet. You know that we have to be unsuccessful for an entire year before we're technically infertile."

"I know," she said, a bit glumly.

"And you haven't even had a chance to be impregnated this cycle, now, have you? At least not by me?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

From her expression, I could see that she wasn't in the mood to joke around.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Are you trying to make me feel guilty for letting Mark give me a little kiss? Christ, Alan! That's all it was, I told you!"

Tears came to her eyes.

"It was an attempt at humor. A bad one. I'm sorry, Jessica."

She glared at me, the tears still rising.

"My sister and her husband took ten months to get pregnant," I said, trying to reassure her, "and you know that if there's a problem with one of us, it's much more likely to be with me than with you. You have no reason to feel bad about turning 29."

"I guess not," she said, still glum.

"Yeah, exactly," I said, excitedly, "it's going to work sooner or later. And if it doesn't we can get fertility treatments. They're covered on your insurance, right? Didn't you say that you checked the policy for that?"

"Yeah..."

"Just think how much fun it will be to have a little kid running around this place. We've got an extra bedroom. I know you said you wanted to get a bigger house if we start a family, but there's not rush on that, either. We've got plenty of space here. And you don't need to worry about the school district for several years."

"I know. I know," she sighed, "thanks for trying to cheer me up, honey. I'm probably just feeling emotionally fragile because of the birthday coming up."

I walked over and put my arms around her.

"I understand, sweetheart," I said, "but you should know that I am here beside you no matter what happens. That's what husbands are for."

"Thanks," she said, leaning her head into my arms, "that means a lot."

I held her there for a moment.

"Should we...," I paused for a moment, running a hand through her hair, "try for that baby right now?"

She didn't respond for a few seconds.

"You're sweet, honey. But I think I'm just too tired. I'm going to bed."

"Ok," I said, "of course."

I remained downstairs, trying to read a book, but my mind kept wandering to what might *really* have been bothering Jessica, and how I could cheer her up with the **perfect** birthday date.

I knew I didn't have a lot of time, so I wouldn't be able to come up with something incredibly elaborate, but I did want to figure out a date that would lift Jessica's spirits, even if she wouldn't tell me what was bothering her. I spent the next few days researching and considering different options, hoping that I would think about something as perfect as the date Mark had taken her on to the Italian restaurant. In the back of my mind was the possibility that the excellence of Mark's choice might have had less to do with how amazing the date location was and more to do with the draw of Mark himself.

I couldn't yet admit defeat, however, so I resolved to go all out for Jessica's birthday. I read the local independent weekly, searching for something that might appeal to my wife. Then, I hit on it: an up-and-coming Ethiopian place that had just opened a few weeks ago but was already getting incredible reviews, including in the New Yorker Magazine — something very rare for a restaurant in our city. Jessica, I remembered, had read the review of the restaurant and expressed her interest in trying it out sometime, but noted that the waiting times often exceeded two hours, and reservations usually had to be made in advance.

We weren't going to be going there on a weekend, however, so I thought there might be a chance that I might get lucky and score a table. I gave the restaurant a call.

No luck.

Shit. If only I had the kind of pull it took to get a table at a restaurant like that. I'm sure if I'd been able to namedrop some important community member or politician, I might have had a chance at a reservation.

That's when I thought of Mark. I knew that he was a beloved figure on the local charity scene, and was well-known among the business owners of the area. I didn't exactly *want* to ask for help from the man who I now considered to be my romantic rival, but I decided that if it made Jessica happy, it was worth a shot.

I called his secretary and, to my surprise, she patched me through to him and he picked up the phone immediately.

"Hey, Alan!" he said, "thanks for letting me borrow Jessica the other night. We had a great time."

"Of course," I said, "you outbid me. What choice did I have?"

"Ha! I guess you're right. In any case, it was a great opportunity to catch up. How's she doing?"

"That's what I called to talk to you about," I said, "her 29th birthday is actually coming up on Wednesday, and I think she's kind of bummed out about it."

"Bummed out about *what*? Turning 29? You've gotta be kidding!"

"I know. I tell her that all the time. She's a beautiful woman in the prime of her life."

Mark paused for a moment.

"She certainly is. So how can I help?"

"Well, I want to make her birthday super special so that maybe she'll cheer up a bit. There's this new Ethiopian restaurant in town that she's been talking about wanting to try. The problem is, they won't give me a reservation for Thursday for her birthday. I was hoping you might know someone who could help make this happen for us. For Jessica. I know it's short notice, but I figure with all of your connections..."

"Are you kidding me?" said Mark, "I love that place! And I happen to know the owner. I play tennis with him once and a while at the club. I bet if I can explain the situation to him, you'll get the VIP treatment."

This was working out better than I ever could have hoped.

"Really? That's amazing," I said, "I know that Jessica would be really grateful."

"I'm sure she would," said Mark, "but look — if I do pull this off, there's no reason why you have to tell Jessica that it was me who made it happen, ok? I don't want her to feel weird about it at work."

"Sure," I said, "I understand."

"Let me make a phone call, and I'll text you from my cell if we can make it happen."

"Mark, thank you so much!" I exclaimed.

"Don't mention it. Come on," he said, "we'd be lost at this firm without Jessica, and I'm happy to be able to do her — and you — this favor."

A few minutes after I hung up with Mark, he sent me a text message.

Thursday at 7pm. A private booth under your name. Have a great night.

You're a lifesaver, I wrote back, I can't thank you enough.

It was finally Thursday night, and I told Jessica we were going somewhere special. I had to come clean about the exact place, however, when she saw the exit that I used on the freeway.

"What? How did you get a reservation at this place? It's only been open for a month and everyone says it's impossible to get into!"

Her face lit up for the first time in days. My plan seemed to be working.

"I've still got a couple of connections," I said, giving her a sly grin.

"I guess you do," she said, "my husband is still surprising me after all these years."

"You act like we're in our 60s," I laughed, "but you're only turning 29. You're still very young."

"And you're still an old man compared to me."

"An old man of 31," I laughed.

That strange part of me that I didn't know what to do with wanted to tell her that this was only possible not because of her wonderful husband, but because of Mark, the man that she'd (probably) been pining for for years. Why did I have the urge to build up Mark in her eyes? He'd even told me not to. That he didn't want things to get "weird" around the office. So I didn't — at least not for now.

We found parking easily and soon found ourselves in the restaurant.

Once we were seated and drinking two elaborate fruity cocktails, Jessica reached across under the table and took my hand.

"I want to thank you again for doing this. And to apologize for the way I've been acting over the past couple of days."

"There's no need to apologize," I said, "I remember what it was like when I turned 30. I had to confront my own mortality in a way that I never had before."

"I wasn't actually upset about my birthday, or our inability to get pregnant," she said, then paused.

"Well, maybe a *little*. It's mainly something else."

"Really?" I asked, "why don't you tell me about it?"

"Well, it's kind of silly that I'm getting so worked up about this, but something happened at work on Monday that really brought me down. It was around lunchtime, and Sarah was about to leave to go out to lunch with a few of us, when all of a sudden Mark comes around the corner and drops to one knee, while at the same time, this string quartet appears out of nowhere and plays a romantic serenade while he proposes to her in front of everyone. It was such a grand, romantic gesture. Of course she said yes."

"Well that's great, right? I mean...good for them."

Jessica rolled her eyes.

"It's great for *Sarah*," she said, "but not so much for Mark. I can't stand that woman. I'm convinced that she's only after his money. Mark just means so much to me — as a friend of course — that I can't bear the thought of him being with a woman who doesn't truly love him. I've just been thinking about this for the past few days, you know? Dwelling on how much happier he'd be with the right girl. I know he would be."

The melancholy slowly crept back into Jessica's face.

"I just wish there was some way I could get him to reconsider."

She stared off into space for a few moments, and I saw a tear come to her eye. I was fairly certain I knew exactly what woman she wanted for Mark to consider instead of Sarah: herself.

I paused for a moment, thinking about the night of the auction, and how brazenly Sarah had announced her intention to cheat on Mark. She had even been browsing Tinder before he showed up. I knew that if I passed this information on to Jessica, she would use it to get to Mark somehow. If Mark and Sarah broke up, then Mark would be a threat again to Jessica and I's marriage.

Did I *want* that somehow? How else could I explain what happened next.

"Jessica," I said, squeezing her hand, "I have some very interesting information about Sarah. Something that she told me during the charity auction."

"Oh?"

She looked at me with tear-stained eyes that slowly filled with hope once more. I don't know what I hoped to accomplish with my revelation, but I decided nonetheless that now was the time to come clean and tell Jessica what I knew.

"She told me that she was only with Mark for his money," I started.

"That's obvious," sneered Jessica.

"But it wasn't just that," I continued, "she also told me that she was on Tinder, chatting with different guys."

"What — really?"

Suddenly, Jessica was *very* interested in what I had to say. And her bad mood seemed to be on its way out.

"Yeah," I said, enjoying the sudden power that I had in the conversation, "she was really blatant about it. She was sitting right there at the table and swiping her phone."

"Is it possible that she and Mark...have some kind of 'open relationship'? I mean, I don't think Mark is the type for that, but it might be one possible explanation."

"Doubtful. She seemed to want to keep it a secret from Mark. She made some comments about how she couldn't wait to get married to him so she could get his money or something along those lines. It seems like she's just using him."

"Oh my God! This so great, honey! If we can find her Tinder account and prove to Mark that she's still on the prowl, we might be

able to break them up forever!"

I noticed that she was saying "we" — that *I* was going to be pulled into her plot. I sensed now the inevitable outcome of breaking up Mark and Sarah — Mark running into Jessica's arms. I knew that if I were smart, I would do absolutely nothing to aid Jessica in pursuing this path. However, I had also been the one to give her the information she needed in the first place.

It was as if there were some internal, unconscious force that was causing me to work against my own conscious desire. Some part of me wanted to see Jessica reunited with her first love.

"You could make a fake account I guess. See if you can find Sarah on there and then show Mark her pictures."

"That's a good idea," she said, thinking for a moment, "but I don't know if I'm technically savvy enough to do it. You're the one who knows so much about computers. What if you make the account and then find Sarah's profile. Then you can set up an anonymous e-mail address to send pictures of her account to Mark!"

"I don't know," I said, still a bit unsure, "it's really none of our business. Like you said, maybe they have some kind of arrangement. Maybe he's into the idea of her being with other people."

She smiled.

"Oh, come on, Alan. He's not *you* with your little cuckold fantasies. He's not going home at night and asking Sarah about the biggest cock she's ever seen. Mainly because he already knows the answer to that question. There can't be more than one or two other men in the world with a cock the size of his. And certainly not one as beautiful."

My face fell. I couldn't help it. At the same time, for some reason I felt incredibly aroused by my wife's degrading comments.

"Besides," she continued, "you yourself said how unlikely that was. I think she's a cheater. Plain and simple. This is our chance to expose her and save Mark for a woman who will treat him better."

"I guess you're right," I said, "it wouldn't be very fair of us to just sit on the knowledge that he's cheating."

"No, not fair at all."

She was practically giddy at the idea of getting Sarah to break up with Mark, and it didn't take a genius to understand why. I knew that we were headed towards the end of our marriage, but I still couldn't bring myself to call her out on her behavior. Even worse: I knew that I was going to help her. Indeed, I already had.

"Ok," I said, "let's try to forget about all of that stuff for now and focus on what really matters: your birthday! Congratulations."

She beamed back at me, but it was clear that her mind was still on Mark and Sarah.

"Thanks so much, honey. I really appreciate the effort you went to to get this table. I mean, I have no idea how you did it, but it was obviously not easy. I want you to know that I appreciate it."

She reached down and squeezed my hand under the table.

"This is the happiest I've felt in years."

"That's all I want," I responded, squeezing her hand as I gazed into her eyes, "to make you happy."

The meal was delicious. The restaurant had proven well worth the hype. I had never expected vegetarian (and even vegan) food to be that amazing, but Ethiopian cuisine was full of the most delectable textures and flavors. Our meal and cocktails were so delicious that I almost forgot about the fact that my rival, Mark, had made all of this possible for us through his connections. I didn't mention this fact to Jessica, of course, but the part of me that wanted to help her win Mark's heart almost caused me to blurt it out at a couple points during the night.

Finally, however, the magical night was over, and it was time to go home. We paid the bill and went home.

Normally, on a birthday night like this, we would make love. Jessica (being the birthday "girl") would choose exactly what kind of activity she was interested in.

"So," I said, sitting next to her on the bed, "what are you thinking? It's your birthday night, after all..."

"Hmm," she said, "I loved it the last time that you went down on me. Want to try that again?"

"Sure," I said, remembering how she had left me unsatisfied the last few times that we'd been together, "it's your birthday. Just relax and enjoy."

"I intend to do just that," she said, smiling at me and reaching out to stroke my head affectionately.

She slipped her panties down and unhooked her bra before laying back on the bed, propped up by pillows.

I kissed down her chest, toward her thighs. She was already quivering by the time I reached them, tracing a path with my lips from her inner thighs to her lips, I reached up and slipped just the tip of a finger into her tight, wet pussy at the same time.

"Oh, yes. Alan, that feels so good."

I could see that she was playing with her nipples with one hand out of the corner of my eye. I imagined that her eyes were closed and that she was lost in her own fantasy world. I didn't have to wonder too much what that world consisted of.

A moment later, as my tongue hit her clit, I had my suspicions confirmed in explicit detail.

"Oh, God, honey. That feels so good...keep going, just like that for a while. I really want to thank you for tonight. I really felt great after you told me that about Sarah. I feel like I've been reborn. It was such a nice thing that you did."

She reached down with one hand and stroked it through my hair.

"You're a good husband," she sighed, "keep pleasuring me. Do you know what I'm thinking about? Something that you're very interested in as well."

"What?" I said, coming up for air for a moment.

She giggled, a little drunk from dinner still.

"I'm imagining Mark's big, beautiful penis. His cock," she said, her breathing quickening a bit, "I know that you can't get it off your mind because you ask me about it so much, and now I can't stop thinking about it, either. I know you don't mind, though, because you seem to love to hear stories about me and Mark. I haven't even told you the sluttiest ones. All the different ways that I learned to please him without ever putting him in my pussy. I was a good girl, honey. All I did was live to please his cock that summer. All I did was take his cum all over my body. But I never let him inside me. Because I was a good little Catholic school girl."

She pushed her hips forward a bit so that my tongue had more contact with her clit.

"He taught me to *worship* him, honey. I explored every inch of that beautiful rod that summer. But I never got to put it inside me."

I pushed a finger a little further into her, up to her g-spot.

"That's one reason I'm so jealous of Sarah. She gets to enjoy him every night. Every inch of him."

I couldn't believe she was talking so openly about her feelings for Mark now. Was she just drunk and horny? Would she really feel the same way in the morning?

"I really want to try it. You might like that, honey. You might like to watch me finally try it out. You already told me that you fantasize about it. What do you think?"

I didn't know what to say to this. Was she actually suggesting that she sleep with Mark — while I watched? I didn't know why, but the thought excited me incredibly. It was the culmination of the secret fantasy that I'd had ever since the charity auction. But was I actually ready for the reality?

All I could do in the moment, though, was moan.

"It's ok, honey. I know what you want. But I'm not going to give it to you."

What was this? Was she teasing me? I knew that *she* wanted it, too. Wanted it bad. It was obvious!

"You want to see me and him together. You want to watch me take a cock that's bigger than yours, don't you?"

Again, I couldn't reply. It was as if she had seen my darkest desires and my greatest fears at once, and was using my weakness to manipulate me to her own ends. I began to finger her a little more urgently as I licked her clit. She pushed my head down a little lower.

"I want to feel your tongue on my rosebud," she said.

I knew that she meant her asshole. *My previously innocent wife was asking me to lick her ass.*

I immediately obeyed, my tongue traveling down, licking the space between her ass and her pussy, then slowly, gingerly probing her asshole for the very first time.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "that feels so good. God, I knew that idea would make you crazy. Willing to do anything. I know all you want is

to see your sweet wife make love to that huge, beautiful cock. To finally feel the penis inside her that she's been imagining for years. That's right, honey. I haven't ever been able to forget him. All I can think about — even when I'm with you — is how good he would be in bed. It wouldn't just be his size. It would also be our history together..."

Then she was quiet for a long time, just moaning as I continued to bore even further into her ass with my tongue.

"I'm so close, honey. Imagining his cock. Mine after all these years. Finally taking what belongs to him. I know you love it. I know you love the idea of giving me to him. Passing your wife off to the better man..."

And with that, she reached a shuddering climax. When I was finished, I pulled away from her ass, looking up at her in expectation.

"If you think I'm going to kiss you, you're crazy," she laughed, "not after where that tongue has been."

I must have frowned, because she reached out and patted my cheek as if I were a little kid.

"It's ok," she said, "I know that you probably feel deprived. But I don't want to deprive you, honey."

My heart leaped. Did she mean it?

"I know that probably made your little dickie really hard. So I'm going to give you a treat," she continued, "I'm going to let you jerk off while you watch me get ready for bed."

My heart fell. *This* was what our marriage had been reduced to?

I might have cried in frustration if I hadn't been so incredibly horny. Instead of objecting, I took my cock in my hand and began to stroke its precum-soaked shaft.

Jessica smiled at me, standing and then bending down to pull on her pajama pants.

"If you need help coming, just imagine me bending over for Mark's big dick," she said, "if you're a good boy, you'll see it soon enough..."

Fuck. This was torture. I was so close to climax.

"That's it, honey. Stroke that cock while you imagine a real man making love to me. I can't wait to feel him inside me for the very first time. It's going to be like losing my virginity. You want to watch that, don't you? Just say yes..."

"Yes," I gasped, knowing that it was the truth.

"Good," she said, laughing a bit as she turned to go into the bathroom, "first we have to get him to break up with Sarah."

I shot my load into my outstretched palm the moment she disappeared, imagining her on our marriage bed, her legs spread apart, taking Mark as deeply as she could while she moaned in pleasure.

What had become of our marriage? What had become of me?

The next day I found myself signing up first for a fake Facebook account, and then for Tinder. I did this without Jessica saying anything. It was as if that self-destructive, masochistic side of me had taken over and was propelling my actions. Everything was heading towards the eventual union of Jessica and Mark, but I still thought — hope against hope — that something would surely intervene at the last minute and save my marriage.

But was that what I really wanted? As I scrolled through stock photos, looking for a suitable profile picture for the fake profile I was building, I had my doubts.

When Jessica came home that night, she simply smiled at me and said, “it’s got to be believable. Make him rich and successful, but not too outrageously so. Make sure he’s got some flaws as well.”

She didn’t even have to tell me what she was referring to. I pulled out my phone and opened the app.

“Good,” she said, scrolling through what I’d written.

Then she frowned.

“No,” she said, “he looks a little too polished in that one. Is there another model we can use? It’s got to be perfect.”

“I’ll check,” I said, opening my laptop and going to the stock photo website.

She looked over my shoulder as I scrolled through the photo sets of male models until we found the perfect one.

"Yes," she said, "that's it! That guy is perfect. Ruggedly handsome but with a bit of a dad bod, wealthy-looking but not insanely so. This is exactly the kind of guy Sarah would want to cheat with."

"Ok," I said, clicking on the photos and downloading them and updating my Facebook profile.

"The problem is, he's not going to have a lot of friends. That might look suspicious," she said, frowning, "if she's going to take the bait, everything has to be perfect."

"Does it really, though? All we actually need is to show Mark evidence that she has a profile, right?"

"No," said Jessica flatly, "I've been thinking about this a lot. A profile alone is not enough. She can explain it away too easily. She'll say it's an old one and she hasn't logged in in months, or that someone stole her pictures. But if we have evidence of her messaging with a guy, that will be totally undeniable. Mark will have to break up with her then."

She sat back in a chair, her face in her hands. She was silent for a few moments, then a sob escaped her lips.

"Honey, what's wrong?"

"I'm afraid this just isn't going to work. If his Facebook account isn't perfect, she'll just think it's a cheap scam. She'll never get caught, and Mark will marry her."

She gulped in a couple of breaths of air, then sobbed a bit more.

"I know that you want it as much as I do, honey," she said, "you know that you want to see us finally come together. Please."

I couldn't believe this. My wife was talking openly about cuckolding me, and didn't even have the modicum of respect it would take to pretend like it wasn't a crime against our marriage vows. Instead, she was telling me that I *wanted* it.

And maybe I did want it. What if she was right?

All I knew is that for the next several hours, I researched ways of getting more friends on Facebook quickly.

Finally, I figured it out. There was a service in Thailand that promised immediate large numbers of fake Facebook friends upon payment of Bitcoin. I researched how to buy the cryptocurrency and

sent the requested amount via the Bitcoin network to the address listed.

I crossed my fingers that this wasn't all a scam. Surely it couldn't be this easy?

It was.

Over the next several hours, my fake profile received hundreds of friend requests, from around the world. All I had to do was accept them.

I ran up to the bedroom to find Jessica and tell her the news. She was laying in the bed, staring out the window with a melancholy expression on her face. She had clearly been crying.

"Honey!" I cried, "I figured it out!"

"What?" Jessica said, snapping at me, "what are you talking about?"

"I found a way to make the profile perfect."

She sat up and her face soften a bit.

"Show me," she murmured.

I sat on the bed next to her, opening the laptop I had on my lap.

"See?"

I explained the procedure that had allowed me to suddenly acquire an acceptable number of friends.

"I don't know," she said, "there still aren't that many pictures of him. But it is better."

"It's as good as we're going to do," I said.

She smiled. I loved seeing that smile so much.

"Ok, babe," she said, laying a hand on my leg as she looked up at me, "let's give it a shot. Let's try to send this slut packing."

I activated the profile on my phone.

A few minutes later, we had several profiles to click through.

Including Sarah's.

"There she is! You were right!!"

Jessica practically jumped out of her seat and embraced me, giving me a kiss on the cheek. It was the most authentic display of affection I'd experienced from her in a long time.

"There's going to be a bit of luck involved in this," I reminded her, "she has to take the bait."

I swiped right, silently crossing my fingers that Sarah would do the same.

I had already taken a screenshot of Sarah's profile page so that at least we had that piece of evidence. Now we just had to wait and hope that she would be stupid (or horny) enough to message me.

"I know we still need to get lucky," sighed Jessica, "but just the fact that she's really got a profile on here makes me optimistic. Don't you feel the same way?"

I nodded. I wasn't sure how she had succeeded so thoroughly in getting me on her side in what would amount to the deathblow to our marriage, even if we were (justifiably) exposing a cheater in the process.

I put my phone on the table, turning the ringer on so that we would be able to easily hear any alerts that I got on Tinder. We passed the evening in uneasy conversation, each of us casting glances over towards the phone as we went about our normal routine.

After we'd eaten dinner and finished the dishes, we were at loose ends. I knew that both of us wanted to do nothing but stare at my phone, but I also knew that it wouldn't do any good. The trap had been set, and there was nothing that could speed up the process. We couldn't exactly call Sarah on the phone and ask her if she'd seen any hot guys on Tinder lately.

Jessica turned on the TV, idly scrolling through the shows available on Netflix.

Then she dropped her hand holding the remote into her lap and sighed.

"I just want this to work out so badly, honey. For Mark. He doesn't deserve to be with a tramp like her."

"I know."

"No," she said, turning to me with tears in her eyes, "I don't think you do know. I don't think you *can* know."

Suddenly, my phone buzzed. We both jumped up.

"I think I should talk to her," said Jessica.

"What? But I'm a man. Don't you think she'll be able to tell that you're a woman?"

She smirked at me.

"No offense, honey," she said, "but I'm not sure if you're really the kind of guy who knows exactly what to say to a woman."

I wasn't sure if I should take offense to that remark or not, but I decided to let it slide.

"Alright," I said, going over to the phone and then tossing it to her, "have at it. Do your worst. I mean your best."

She grinned, her fingers already flying over the touchscreen.

"I can't wait to make this bitch dig her own grave," she laughed.

I sighed, watching as my wife put another nail in the coffin holding our marriage. I had to admit that she was glowing all over in a way that I hadn't seen in a long time.

It didn't take long for our plan to bear fruit. I was astonished how quickly things started happening, to be honest. Of course it wasn't instant. But a few days after we (that is to say, *I*) had created the profile, Sarah came home from work beaming.

"Mark and Sarah had a big fight today at the office. They were trying to cover it up, but it was obvious. She was in his office for a long time with the door closed. I found a reason to walk past the door a couple of times but the walls make it relatively soundproof, so I couldn't really catch what exactly they were saying, and I also couldn't just press my ear to the door. But I did hear him raise his voice a couple of times. I actually hate that he has to feel this way. I wish I could take those terrible feelings away from him. But we didn't make her cheat. She *chose* to betray him. Who knows how many guys she's actually already slept with behind his back."

I suddenly began to have second thoughts, both about what we were doing to Mark and Sarah's relationship, and to our own.

"Jessica," I said, "what if Sarah wasn't cheating at all? What if she was just looking for attention, and this is the only way she knows how to do it? I admit that it's a little fucked up, but it wouldn't be unheard of. I just worry that we're messing with something we have no business doing. I mean, what if they're really meant for each other. They might be able to work this all out. How do we know how their relationship works? Every couple is different."

She stared at me, stunned.

I wanted to add: "after all, *you* and *I* are still together even though you obviously want to fuck your old flame," but I thought better of it.

Then the tears came to her eyes again.

"You obviously don't care about me at all, do you?" she snapped through tears, "otherwise you'd see how much I need Mark to be happy."

What did that sentence mean, exactly? That she "needed" Mark in order for her herself to be happy, or that she really wanted Mark to be happy?

Perhaps it could be understood both ways.

I couldn't stand to see her cry. She knew that. I couldn't tell if she was trying to manipulate me on purpose, or if her emotion was authentic. In the end, it didn't matter. It worked on me almost immediately.

"Jessica," I said, "please...that's not what I meant. I want you to be happy."

"Really?" she said angrily, "you think that telling me that he might be able to fix his relationship with Sarah will make me happy? Get lost."

She pushed passed me and stormed up the stairs, slamming the door to the bedroom.

I waited a few minutes before going to the foot of the stairs. I could hear her sobbing softly. My heart felt like it was being pierced. I sighed, shook my head, and climbed the stairs.

I knocked softly at the door.

"Honey? Jessica?"

"Go away. I don't want to talk to you anymore."

"Please open up. Let's talk about this. Please. I'll do anything..."

"Anything?"

"Yes. Anything."

There was a long silence, then the door opened a crack.

"Come on in..."

I sat on the bed, and Jessica sat across from me at the desk, turning the chair to face me. It was like she was some sort of boss.

Her face was still red and swollen from crying, but she was no longer desperate, rather decisive.

"If you're serious about doing anything you can to help me, I want you to ask Mark to sleep with me."

I had been prepared for a lot of things, but for some reason, I hadn't been prepared to hear this. We'd discussed the possibility, of course, but I had always taken it for dirty talk in the heat of the moment, not something that she'd actually insist on in an extra-sexual context.

Also, the idea that I myself was going to have to approach Mark and ask him to sleep with my wife was completely humiliating. So why did I immediately start to get hard when she suggested it?

"You mean you want me to walk into his office and say 'please fuck my wife'? Why would I do that?"

"No, you've got to be a little smoother than that. A bit more indirect. I was thinking you could go out for drinks with him. Try to help him get over his breakup. And as for what you get out of it...I was thinking that if you can make this happen for me, you should be able to watch."

A smile spread across my face. She had me and she knew it.

"Come on, Alan. I know you've imagined it. We've talked about it so many times before. Me right here on that bed where you're sitting, my legs spread, moaning in ecstasy as a real man takes me for the first time in my life. Think how good his huge cock will look as it slowly stretches me. Introducing my vagina to the type of thing it's made for."

She glanced down at my pants.

"Look at that," she said, "I can see your little willie getting hard. I know you want it. It's so cute how obvious it is that you want me to cuck you. It's like you can't even pretend otherwise."

"Jessica," I said, trying to adjust my pants to hide the bulge, "I don't know Mark that well. I can't just blurt out that I want him to fuck you. What if he's still too broken up about Sarah?"

"'Broken up' about Sarah?" she laughed, "was that pun intentional? In any case, I hope he *is* broken up, because I know for

a man like Mark the best way to get over a breakup is to get laid. That's where we come in. Me and your little cuckold fantasy."

"I'm still not sure about this," I said.

"Aw, come on, honey. Don't just do it for me. Do it for yourself. Think how amazing it's going to be when you're sitting where I am now, playing with yourself as you watch Mark bringing me to climax after climax. I might even let you hold my hand the first time he fucks me. Would you like that?"

I was rock hard now, leaking precum into my underwear, but still conflicted. What man wouldn't be? This was my wife we were talking about, and even if I'd had fantasies about seeing her with another man, it was one thing to fantasize and entirely another to actually go through with it.

"I don't know..."

"It's ok to admit it. I know that you would if I had your cock in your hand right now," she giggled, looking down at the tent in my pants, "but I've decided I'm not going to touch you again until you succeed in getting Mark to touch *me*. Understand?"

"Jessica, this isn't fair..."

"Who said it was supposed to be? You know that I'm going to make love to Mark one way or another. I'm just giving you the chance to enjoy it with me. I know that you want it just as much as I do."

I could see that she had a point.

"Then why include me at all? Why not just go and try to seduce him yourself. You certainly have enough of a past with him."

"This way, I have *you* do the risky part. You put yourself out there instead of me. You risk rejection on my behalf."

"I never thought of it that way."

"It's the ultimate way of proving your love."

These words echoed in my head over the next few days as I mulled over what course of action I would take. Even though I knew it was ridiculous, I began to see Jessica's point.

It seemed to me that even if Jessica was manipulating me, this was the only opportunity that she was giving me to be intimate with her: to watch her with another man.

Another man who had to be convinced first.

Slowly, a plan began to formulate itself in my mind. It started with a call to Mark's secretary.

"Hi," I said, somewhat nervously, "I was hoping to see if Mark had time this week for an impromptu lunch meeting."

"What is this regarding?"

The secretary's question was posed in an unexpectedly sharp tone.

"It's...a proposition," I stuttered, "a business proposition..."

"I'm sorry, but Mark doesn't want to be solicited on his lunch break. Even by someone who he knows. If you drop off a brochure about the product that you're selling..."

"Sorry," I said, "I sort of misspoke. It's not a proposition for the firm. It's for the Children's Hospital. Of course it's without charge of any sort."

"In that case," she said, her tone changing immediately, "he does have a lunch opening for Wednesday."

"Great!" I said, "I'm buying of course. Tell him to meet me at Lucciano's at 12:00."

"I think 12:30 will work better for him."

"Sure, 12:30 then."

I hung up, a feeling of fear and exhilaration shooting through my veins.

What if it didn't work?

What if it did?

Both possibilities seemed unthinkable to me in that moment, yet I knew that those were the only two possible outcomes.

I arrived at the restaurant 15 minutes early. I was sweating even though the air-conditioning was uncomfortably high, and I was seated directly underneath a vent. I had been so distracted as to not notice, however. I was as nervous as if I'd been meeting a blind date. Mark had always been friendly with me. Still, I was afraid that I'd come across as some kind of pervert if I told him straight out that I wanted to watch him fuck my wife. I was more afraid, however, of not taking the shot at making Jessica happy.

Finally, about five minutes after 12:30, Mark walked through the door of the restaurant, stopping briefly to talk to the hostess before spotting me and flashing a big smile.

"Alan!" he said, grinning broadly as I rose to greet him, "thanks for suggesting this place. You know I've been looking for as many excuses as possible to get out of the office these days."

"Yeah," I said, "I heard you've had some...personal problems."

"Ha," said Mark, sitting down across from me and smoothing his napkin across his lap, "personal problems that turned into *personnel* problems, I'm afraid. Sarah wasn't just my girlfriend. She was also my employee. So when I found out that she was cheating on me, I didn't just break up with her, I fired her. And now she's got her own lawyer..."

He laughed.

"It's not really funny," he said, "I've just been a bundle of nerves since this whole thing started. I mean, did Jessica tell you about this? Sarah had a profile on Tinder the whole time we were together, and was messaging guys constantly. Someone sent me screenshots of this conversation she'd had with some young stud. She was ready to go meet him while I was out of town for the weekend. Absolutely shameless."

"I'm really sorry to hear that," I started, "I mean, Jessica said it had something to do with infidelity, but I had no idea it was that extreme."

Of course I knew exactly how extreme it had been, because I'd been instrumental in setting up the fake date with Sarah's dream man.

"I know I'm chuckling about it," said Mark, "but to tell you the truth, this has really shaken me. Like, profoundly. I'm not sure if I can believe in love anymore. At least not with someone who I haven't known for a really long time. I don't think I can meet someone new now. Not if I'm going to trust her."

I nodded in sympathy.

"I get that, Mark. I really do."

I was beginning to see an angle of attack.

"It seems like what you need is someone familiar. Someone you've known for a long time."

"Yeah," he said, "I know. I've been so tempted to call up one of my ex-girlfriends, but I know that she's long since moved on. I'm not the kind of guy to try to spoil a relationship. Especially not after my own has been so thoroughly destroyed by infidelity."

"What if there was a way for you to be with a woman who you had a long history with," I said, "but without infidelity? That is, without a sort of negotiated infidelity?"

"Negotiated infidelity?" he said, raising his eyebrows, "I'm a lawyer, but I've never been involved in that kind of negotiation."

I laughed. Mark had a way with words. I could understand one of the reasons that Jessica liked him. It wasn't all about his huge cock. Though I'm sure that helped of course.

"Well, have you heard of 'hotwifing'?" I asked, using the term that Jessica and I had agreed on to refer to our proposed naughty bedroom activity.

Mark frowned.

"I guess maybe I have some kind of idea about it," he said, "it's like being a swinger, right?"

"Sort of. It's like when a guy gets off on watching his wife have sex with other men. Negotiated infidelity."

He smiled and shook his head slowly.

"Why are you bringing this up now? Are you suggesting that I've got some kind of old girlfriend who is married to someone willing to share..."

Just then, it was as if a light bulb went off in his head.

"Jessica," he whispered, looking at me in shock, "that's what this is about, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Alan," he said, "I'm not sure I'm comfortable..."

"Wait!" I said, putting my hand on his as he seemed to be poised to stand, "just...hear me out."

"Ok," he said.

Just then, the waitress interrupted us to hand us menus and take our drink orders. And uncomfortable silence ensued until she was gone.

"Alright," said Mark, a wary look having overtaken his face since he had discovered the drift of our conversation, "I'll hear you out."

"I know about you and Jessica," I started, "about how much fun you had on your date. About how much you used to have in common, and probably still do. About the lifeguard house..."

His face softened.

"Look, Alan, that was all a long time ago."

"I know it was. But here's the thing: Jessica's never forgotten it. And I know that she'd do anything to get a shot to finally..."

"Go all the way?"

"That's it," I said, grateful that he was taking some of the awkwardness away.

The waitress returned to fill our water glasses.

"I mean...it's not like I've never thought about it before," said Mark, when she had gone, "I just didn't think that you would be so ok with it."

"I am," I said, "this is something that both of us have wanted for a long time."

"And you want to...watch?"

"That's right," I said, "unless you're uncomfortable with that."

"No," he said, "I don't really get performance anxiety. And I guess it's only fair, really."

He paused for a moment, taking a long sip of his beer.

"It is really weird though. I mean, it would be if it were anyone but Jessica. Was this her idea, or yours?"

"It was both of ours," I lied, "it's kind of something that we've been discussing for a long time."

"Well," he said, "I am certainly surprised, but I also have to say that this is the best surprise I've gotten lately, with all of the terrible stuff that happened between Sarah and me. Maybe this really is what I need."

"That's what we think," I said.

"Do you imagine this being a one-time thing, or something more long term?"

I paused. Jessica and I hadn't discussed this, but I had little doubt as to what her answer would have been.

"More of a long-term thing, if we all end up liking it," I said.

He broke out into a grin.

"Something about that sounds really great right about now," he said, "what the hell — let's do it. When were you thinking?"

"I guess — this weekend, maybe? I haven't really talked about a concrete date..."

"This weekend sounds great," he said, "your place or mine?"

"Our place," I said, remembering my conversation with Jessica in our bedroom.

"I'm getting excited now," he said, smiling like a little boy on Christmas as the waitress approached to take our orders.

Throughout the course of the meal the conversation turned to other things. I had to admit to him that my initial reason for wanting

to meet with him had been a ruse: there was no business or charity proposal for the hospital. He took the news well, concentrated as he was on his upcoming encounter with my wife. Eventually we were able to discuss sports, and found that we were both big Chiefs fans.

"Should I bring anything?" he asked, when we'd finished with the meal and the waitress had brought the bill, "I mean... like..."

He lowered his voice.

"Condoms or something? Because, I don't know if Jessica mentioned this, but the regular ones don't really fit me. And it's been a while since I've needed one, so I don't have any around the house. Sarah was on the pill. At least that's what she told me."

"No," I said quickly, suddenly uncomfortable again, "I mean, I'll discuss it with Jessica, but I really don't think so. She's protected."

I was lying to him. I was lying to him in order that he might actually impregnate my wife. What the hell kind of game was I playing?

I knew that I wanted it, though. What's more, I knew that Jessica wanted it, too. I was already secretly convinced that our problems with fertility were due completely to my own inadequate sperm, not to any fault on the part of Jessica. Her body absolutely oozed sex. Every inch of her was nature's way of saying "impregnate me."

I knew it was irrational, but this is exactly what I thought. I had had a chance at impregnating this beautiful woman. It was only fair for a more fit male to take my place.

"Well if you decide that I should bring some condoms after all, maybe I can figure something out," he said, looking at his watch, "damn. I've gotta go. But I'm really looking forward to Friday. You've got my number. No need to go through my secretary in the future — just call or text if anything comes up."

I shook his hand.

"Thanks," I said.

"You shouldn't be thanking me," he said, "you just offered to let me fuck your beautiful wife and then bought me lunch! I should be thanking you!"

"Yeah, maybe so," was all I could say as I suddenly became conscious of my situation again.

He smiled again before turning and striding out of the restaurant. I looked at my phone. There was a message from Jessica.

Well?

It's on, I wrote back, Friday night.

I love you so much, honey!! Thank you.

My heart practically melted when I saw this expression of my wife's affection for me. What had I gotten myself into?

When Jessica got home from work that evening, she leaped into my arms, giving me the warmest embrace that I'd received from her in months.

"Oh my God, honey!! You did it! I can't believe it!!"

"Uh-huh," I said, "he seems like he's really into it, too."

She gazed into my eyes, beaming at me.

"Oh God, Alan! That's amazing. I can't believe you did it. It's all happening..."

"I know...I'm excited too."

"Honey," she said, "let's go upstairs. I think there's something that we need to do..."

This, I had to admit, caught me completely off guard. For some reason, I thought that she was no longer interested in sex with me. But maybe this was my reward for talking to Mark. In any case, I was in no mood to argue as my beautiful young wife took me by the hand and led me upstairs to the bedroom.

Our hands were all over each other. It was like we were newlyweds again, although even our wedding night had had none of the explosive energy that seemed to course through the room as she reached for my belt, grabbing my cock and stroking it through my underwear as I struggled with the buttons on her blouse.

"Oh God, Alan," she moaned, "I want to feel you inside me."

A few seconds later, I finally had her blouse unbuttoned, but she pushed me away for a moment and pulled it off, throwing it to the floor, then reaching down to unzip her skirt in the back.

"What are you waiting for? Get out of those clothes."

I sprang into action, realizing that I hadn't seen my wife this horny for actual sex with me in almost longer than I could remember. My desire for her was suddenly unstoppable. I kissed her all over as she wrapped her arms around me, pulling me close to her now-naked body.

"Oh Jessica," I moaned, "I want you so bad."

"Then take me," she said, laying back on the bed and giving me a seductive look.

I fell onto the bed on top of her, my erection extending hungrily from my body. I pushed her legs back as she grabbed my shaft and guided me towards her wet tunnel. I looked into her eyes as I penetrated her for the first time in what seemed like forever.

"Yes, Alan," she murmured, her eyes slowly closing as I began to move inside her.

It was bliss. There was no sign at all that she had anyone else on her mind but me.

At least at first.

As I continued to enter her with smooth, slow strokes, she moaned in contentment. Then she began to talk, in such a low voice at first that I almost couldn't be sure what was actually happening.

"Imagine it, honey. He's going to be right where you are. And you're going to be sitting over there. You're going to watch me finally..."

She moaned a bit as if experiencing what she was imagining in reality.

"Finally," she continued breathlessly, "being filled, *really* filled, for the first time. It's going to be a magical sight. Profound. Holy, even. Watching your woman be completely satisfied, totally pleased in a way that you can never hope to equal. I know that's what you want. Fuck me faster if that's what you want, honey."

I began to fuck her faster. I was close to orgasm now.

"Keep going, honey. Just let go. Fill me up. This will be the last opportunity you have to do it before another man claims me. Give me a baby..."

I fell forward, propping myself up on my elbows as I pounded her furiously.

"Yes, honey. Let it all out..."

"Oh God, Jessica."

"Tell me you want me to take his big dick. Tell me you want to see it," she urged, grabbing my ass and pulling me further into her with each thrust.

"I want to see it. I want to see you finally take his big, beautiful dick."

"That's right, honey. I knew it. So good. You're going to love watching his dick so much. Just let it go..."

"I want to see your face when he finally enters you. I want to understand that lust you had for him back then..."

"God yes, honey. Keep going. Let it out..."

"I want to... I want to..."

I was on the edge of orgasm now, gasping as I prepared to climax inside my wife.

"Yes, honey. Tell me. What do you want to do?"

"I want to watch him own you. Take you completely. Give you a baby..."

"Yes!" she moaned, as if overcome by the image that I was painting with my words.

In that moment, my wife and I had what was perhaps our first simultaneous orgasm. I spent myself into her tight pussy, releasing all of the pent up frustration and uncertainty of the last few months.

She was mine again, and I was hers. At least that's how it felt in that moment. But the irony that what had brought us both to this explosive, emotional climax was caused by our shared fantasy of seeing her make love to another man was also not lost on me.

"That was wonderful," she sighed, running her fingers through my hair, "but there's something else I need for you to do."

"Anything," I said, looking up into her eyes from where I lay on her chest.

"Go down on me."

"But I just..."

"I know. Clean me out."

Her assertive, dominant tone — the one I'd come to know in the past few weeks — was back. A few moments later, I was on my stomach with my head between her legs as she moaned in contentment, my tongue licking her slit.

"Mmm get used to the taste, honey. Because you're going to be tasting Mark's cum soon. Once he fills me. And I think he's going to fill me with a lot more than you did. Judging from his big heavy balls..."

"Alan," she groaned, "don't forget what else you have to do..."

I knew what she meant, but I still wasn't used to, or totally comfortable with anilingus, even though I'd already performed it on her several times.

She noticed my hesitation.

"Alan, I'm waiting."

The tone in her voice was uncharacteristically assertive. She wasn't asking.

I pushed my tongue down into her tight rosebud as she moaned in pleasure, once again overcoming my aversion at licking her asshole.

"I can't wait..." she moaned, "it's all going to be so perfect. Me and Mark...together at last."

I paused for a moment, looking up at her.

"Why are you stopping? Alan, what's wrong?"

"Did you really not have sex with Mark back then?"

"No," she said, an edge of frustration in her voice, "I really didn't!"

"Ok," I said, fingering her tight pussy thoughtfully, keeping her right on the edge in an effort to get her to tell me the truth, "but you loved him, didn't you?"

"Yes," she moaned, reaching down and playing with her own nipples, "I loved him."

I took a deep breath. I wasn't sure if I was ready for the truth, but I knew that I needed to hear it. On some level.

"And you never stopped loving him, did you?"

"Oh, Alan," she moaned, as I rubbed her g-spot with my finger, "I admit it. I never stopped loving him. I... I took the job. Because..."

I licked her for a few seconds more, then lifted my head up again.

"Because why?"

I began to lick her again after posing this question, listening to her answer as my tongue teased her clit and then her asshole once more.

"Because I knew it was him. I knew it was him all along. I never forgot about him, honey. I knew that Mark Howard was really the Mark Holland that I knew so many years ago. I'm married to you, but he's always been the better man in my eyes. My soulmate."

And in that moment, right when she shattered all the illusions I had had about our previous encounter — about our marriage in general, in fact — she reached another powerful climax.

I felt a delicious mixture of pride and humiliation. Pride in the fact that I'd brought this beautiful woman to such a tremendous orgasm, but humiliation about the fact that she'd been lying to me this whole time. Of course she knew who Mark was. It had all been a ruse. She'd been targeting his firm forever. She must have been dreaming about working for him. And more.

And now I'd given up everything to move across the country with her. All so that she could reconnect with her old boyfriend. What was more, I'd gone so far as to arrange a date of sorts for both of them. First indirectly by not bidding the full amount that I could have during the charity auction, and then directly, by going out to lunch with Mark and asking him point blank to fuck my wife.

I should have left Jessica right then and there, as soon as she'd made that revelation to me. But I didn't.

I wanted it too badly. I wanted to see her and Mark make love.

Soon enough, the day would be here.

Before the big day came, however, there were lots of preparations to be made. Jessica was nervous, and leaned on me like never before for reassurance and emotional support.

"What should I wear?" she asked me several times.

"Whatever makes you feel comfortable."

I was trying to evade the question.

"I don't want to feel *comfortable*, I want to feel *sexy*," she insisted, pouting a bit.

"Ok, what makes you feel the most *sexy*?"

"When Mark looks at me just the right way."

I wanted to roll my eyes, but I kept my mouth shut instead. What kind of answer was that?

"I think I'm going to try that little pink dress. You said yourself it goes well with my hair."

"I guess I did say that," I said.

"I'm really tempted to see if I fit into my old cheerleader outfit or maybe my school uniform," she said mischievously, "that's what Mark wanted to see me in all those years ago."

"That would be kind of kinky..."

"I know. I guess we should start with something a bit more vanilla. Sexy, but vanilla. We don't want to scare him, after all."

"Good point," I said, chuckling a bit to myself.

How had I gotten myself into this situation? Was I really having a conversation with my wife about what outfit she should wear for her lover?

I was. And not only that, we even went shopping for underwear together.

She tried on several different negligees for me, spinning around in the mirror of the dressing room before we finally settled on a sheer lace black number.

I paid, of course. The sales girl probably thought it was a treat for our anniversary. What would she have thought if she'd known the truth?

Then, the day was finally here. The day that I was going to officially become a cuckold. I was strangely nervous, as if *I* were the one about to be stretched by and incredibly large cock, not Jessica.

Of course I knew that Jessica's attraction to Mark was about more than just his large penis, but I also knew that it *was* about that as well. She wouldn't have been pining for Mark after all these years if he'd been average like me. I couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement, therefore, at the prospect of finally seeing his famous tool in action. It was humiliating to think about, but also incredibly arousing.

I sat in the living room, pretending to watch ESPN. Then, the doorbell rang.

"It's him! Honey, would you let him in!"

Jessica called to me from the downstairs bathroom. She was putting some last-minute finishing touches on her makeup.

"Ok," I replied, taking a deep breath and then heading for the door.

When I pulled it open, there was Mark, standing with a bouquet of flowers that looked like it had come from a grocery store. Not exactly what I would have expected from a high-powered attorney, but it was endearing in a way. He looked awkward as a high school kid picking up his prom date, and in a sense he probably did feel like a kid again. He'd been just a few years out of high school back when Jessica was sucking his cock every night in the lifeguard house at summer camp...

"Alan!" he said, that familiar, confident grin spreading across his face.

"Mark," I said, "welcome!"

He stepped across the threshold.

"I assume those are for the lady of the house," I said, looking at the flowers.

"Oh yes," said Mark, a bit sheepishly, "I wanted to bring a gift, but I wasn't sure what the appropriate one would be."

"I'm sure she'll be thrilled," I said, taking the flowers and walking into the kitchen to find a vase.

"Make yourself comfortable," I called after myself, "Jessica will be out in a second."

"Thanks!" he said.

When I returned, he was sitting in an armchair, fidgeting nervously. I never thought I'd see a guy as handsome and put-together as Mark reduced to a state like this. But then again, I also had to remember that Jessica was an extremely attractive woman, and could be intimidating even for a guy who was used to being with beautiful women.

"I guess I should have brought *you* something, too," he laughed, "after all, you're the one giving me...ha...permission to... you know."

"Fuck my wife?"

It was strange feeling like I was the one with the upper hand in the conversation, when it was so clear that I was going to be the loser in this love triangle.

"Ha, I was going to say 'make love,' but that's what I meant."

Before I could think of what to reply, Jessica mercifully stepped into the room from the kitchen. She was behind me, so I didn't see her entrance directly, I merely saw the look of awe that spread across Mark's face as he rose to greet her.

"Jessica," he said, taking both of her hands in his own, "you look incredible."

"So do you," she said, moving in close to him and then standing on her tiptoes for a kiss.

It sounds strange to say this, but this was a moment that I'd been completely unprepared for. Of course I'd pictured my wife

going down on Mark hundreds of times. I'd tried to imagine how his cock would look splitting her petite pussy in two. I'd thought about him pounding her in every possible position.

But *kissing* her? Just like this? Right away and with absolutely no awkwardness, as if they'd been lovers for years?

This was too much.

I felt my knees give out. Luckily, I was standing right in front of the couch, so it must have seemed to them that I'd merely sat down abruptly.

In any case, they took no notice of my dramatic transition to a sitting position as they continued to explore each other's mouths with their tongues, holding hands and interlocking their fingers. After about a full minute of this, Jessica finally broke the kiss, looking up at Mark adoringly.

"I've missed this so much," she whispered, "I've missed this for *years*."

"Me too," said Mark, "but I didn't realize exactly how much until just now."

"There are other things that I bet you missed too," said Jessica suggestively.

"Indeed," said Mark, having quickly regained his suave demeanor, seemingly as an effect of the obvious chemistry that had been reestablished by the reunion of the two lovers, "and there are some things that I never got a chance to miss. But that I think about all the time."

"Is that so?"

They seemed to have forgotten all about me, even though I was seated on the couch just a few feet away.

"Maybe we should head upstairs and explore those things," said Jessica, pulling him in the direction of the staircase.

"I think that sounds like a very good idea," said Mark, placing his hand on the small of her back as they walked towards the stairs.

I followed them at a respectful distance, noticing how Mark's hand wandered from my wife's back to her pert bottom during the journey. He was exploring familiar territory that he hadn't touched in years.

They walked into the bedroom, still hand-in-hand, and I followed behind them, taking a seat at the chair, just as my wife had predicted I would a few days before. I turned on a lamp, and the lovers (who were already kissing) were illuminated in soft yellow light.

"Oh Mark," moaned Jessica, grabbing his hand and guiding it down towards her upper thigh, "will you help me remember something you did for me for the first time?"

"Do you mean finger you?"

He took on a teasing tone.

"Mmm-hmmm," she moaned, kissing his chin and neck.

He slipped his hand up and pushed her panties to the side. I couldn't see it clearly, but he must have pushed a finger along her slit because Jessica let out a lengthy moan filled with longing.

"Oh God, Mark. I've been craving your touch. Craving it for all these years..."

He moved the finger a little further inside her, teasing her. He already had her in an incredible state of arousal that I rarely saw, and he hadn't even made use of the famous tool he had at his disposal.

She moaned a bit more softly now, her lips finding his once more as they exchanged a series of tender kisses that rent my heart.

"You feel incredible," he whispered, "so tight and wet for me."

"Oh yes," moaned my wife, her breath ragged as his fingers continued to work their magic, "I want to make you feel so good when you're finally inside me."

"It's going to be like heaven," he sighed.

He looked over his shoulder at me guiltily.

"It's great that you're cool with all of this, Alan," he said.

Jessica grabbed his chin and guided his gaze back to her.

"Forget about him. Pretend like he's not here. He's even more eager to see that big cock of yours than I am."

I opened my mouth to say something, but I wasn't really sure what kind of response would have been appropriate. After all, she was basically correct.

"Ha," laughed Mark, "this is starting to seem like a lot of pressure."

"Aww, baby," said Jessica, looking into his eyes as he continued to finger her, "just keep giving me what I need and I'll make sure that all the pressure's off."

"Ok," he said, "you got it."

Then he closed his eyes and kissed my wife more forcefully. She responded by bucking her hips up towards him. He took his finger out for a moment, then suddenly reached down with both hands and pulled down her panties over her ass.

"I need better access," he laughed.

She was now wearing only her cute dress and her bra. I realized that she hadn't put on the negligee that we'd purchased together. Perhaps she was saving that for a special occasion? But what could be more special than right now?

I didn't have a chance to ask these questions, of course, because the two lovers were completely intertwined, lost in their own world.

Keeping his lips locked firmly on hers, Mark picked Jessica up in his powerful arms and lowered her gently to the bed. Jessica let out a yelp of surprise and delight as he broke their kiss and returned his attention to fingering her tight, wet opening.

"Yes," she moaned, "oh God, Mark. I'm so close. Don't stop what you're doing. It's just like old times. Like the first time. My first orgasm...oh God..."

My own cock was rock hard, and I wondered about the etiquette of the encounter. Would I be out of line if I started masturbating while I watched them? Wouldn't that just be an admission that I was getting off on being cuckolded as much as Jessica was on making love to her old boyfriend?

Of course, there was no denying the position I was already in, so appearances didn't really matter. I started rubbing my cock through my pants. I simply couldn't hold back anymore.

"I'm so close, Mark. Don't stop. Oh please don't stop!"

Jessica's entire body trembled as she experienced her first release of the evening. I watched as a glow spread across my wife's entire body as she visibly relaxed.

Her pale skin had turned almost the color of her bright red hair as the orgasm built, but now that it had peaked she took on a beautiful, almost golden pallor.

She was, I reminded myself again, an absolutely stunning woman. She must have been, otherwise a man like Mark never would have wasted his time with her. It was clear what a guy like me was doing with her, however: thanking God every day that she'd settled for someone like me.

But now she didn't have to settle anymore. She could have us both. And that's exactly what she was doing. She was using Mark for sex, and me for...

What exactly *was* she using me for? I wondered. It was no longer clear to me how I fit into our marriage, which was to say, it was beginning to be clear to me that our marriage didn't seem to have a bright future.

"Oh Mark," she groaned, "that was so incredible. As good as the first time. I need to return the favor. I need to see it again, Mark."

"What do you want to see?" Mark said, seeming to tease her a bit.

"I want to see *you*," she said, clawing at his belt as they lay side-by-side on the bed.

"You're looking at me," he laughed.

Jessica's face contorted in frustration mixed with amusement.

"I want to see your *cock*, ok? You just wanted to hear me say it, didn't you? I want to see your big, beautiful cock."

This was it. The moment of revelation. I was finally going to see the Mark's large, gigantic penis that I'd read and heard so much about. It didn't seem possible that his member would live up to the reputation that had already accrued to it in my fantasy life, so when Jessica finally managed to take down his pants and exposed his admittedly impressive bulge, I was fully prepared for disappointment.

But as she slowly pulled his boxer briefs down his legs, I let out an audible gasp. I never thought I'd have that kind of reaction to another man's cock, but it was truly awe-inspiring.

"Ha," laughed Jessica, noticing my response, "is it everything you hoped it would be?"

I simply shook my head in awe. I didn't know what to say.

Mark was smiling, his face a mixture of shyness and satisfaction. He was clearly proud of his endowment.

Jessica looked up at him playfully, taking a long lick up the length of his shaft without breaking eye contact with him.

"Oh Jessica," he groaned, "looks like you haven't forgotten what I taught you."

"How could I?" she said, "you were my first. And the best teacher I've ever had."

"Then show me what else you remember."

She gave him a huge grin and slid down the bed so that she was kneeling on the ground between his legs, his massive erection sticking up straight in front of her. She started out by taking the head between her lips, slobbering on it until it was covered in her saliva, before taking her right hand and spreading the saliva down his shaft. The entire time, she used her left hand to play with his huge testicles.

I looked up at Mark's face, noticing the look of contentment and pleasure that had spread across it.

"Oh Jessica," he groaned, "you're such a good girl. It's like we're back at summer camp. But you're even better now."

"Just wait," she said, a string of saliva stretching from his cockhead to her lips as she spoke.

Then she plunged forward and downwards, taking the first third of his shaft into her mouth.

"Oh God, Jessica, yes..."

I had my cock out now and was smearing the precum down the shaft as I began to stroke myself.

I watched as my wife bobbed up and down on her lover's gigantic prick, slowly and sensually. She was in no hurry to make him come. She was enjoying herself too much for that.

"Jessica, I missed this so much. I thought about you doing this almost every night in Afghanistan..."

Jessica moaned her approval, then began to take him even deeper.

It seemed impossible that she would be able to fit any part of this monster into her throat, but I watched in awe as she made more than half of the shaft disappear. Of course this required quite an effort on her part: there were sounds of gagging and slurping as she struggled valiantly and enthusiastically with this monster.

Then, she pulled off of his shaft for a moment and slid down a bit lower, beginning to pleasure his testicles and scrotum as well with her eager tongue.

"God, Jessica, that's amazing. You remember exactly what I like," Mark moaned.

My wife continued to stroke the shaft of Mark's big beautiful penis, but then looked up at me for a moment, making eye contact for the first time since their encounter had begun.

"Honey," she said, "would you do me a favor and get my phone? I want you to take a picture of me with my favorite toy."

"Sure," I muttered, standing up awkwardly and almost stumbling due to the fact that my hands were around my ankles.

Embarrassed, I managed to kick off my trousers before heading downstairs to the kitchen, where I knew that Jessica kept her phone.

My mind raced as I walked down the stairs, imagining what I might have been missing while I was out of the room. The last thing I heard was Mark's deep, encouraging voice as Jessica continued her cocksucking efforts.

I found the phone and headed back upstairs. I had to admit that the idea of taking pictures of Jessica and her lover turned me on quite a bit. I hadn't expected that she would want them, but was excited that she did.

I only hoped that she'd allow me to look at them afterwards.

Would I really want to relive this moment, though? Would I really want to re-experience the humiliation of seeing my wife so sincerely enthusiastic about pleasuring another man?

I knew that the answer was "yes."

When I came back into the room, things had changed. Instead of lying back on the bed like before, Mark was now standing up,

towering over my petite wife, who knelt on the floor in front of him, her hands behind her back as he guided her head up and down on his long shaft. Her eyes were watering, and her cheeks and chin were covered in spit.

It became immediately clear, however, that Jessica was not in pain. This was not an aggressive, pornographic face-fucking. Mark stroked his thick penis between her lips as if he were pleasuring her, and that is, in fact, what appeared to be happening.

"The lips are an erogenous zone," said Mark, smiling at me as he saw the look on my face, "and many years ago, when your wife and I were together and trying to do everything we could without 'really' doing it, we discovered that Jessica gets incredibly wet from me making love to her face."

"I see..."

Jessica moaned as if in confirmation of this obscene fact. How were there so many things about Jessica that Mark knew that I didn't know?

"I remember this one time," Mark said, lost in thought as he continued to stroke gently into my wife's mouth, "I fucked her mouth like this for about fifteen minutes, then all I had to do was tell her to touch her clit and she just exploded. It's so amazing to watch her come. But you know that..."

His face grew serious for a moment.

"Sorry if you don't want to hear this stuff," he said, "I just thought that maybe, since you're watching us..."

"It's ok," I stammered, standing there with the phone, unsure of what to do next.

Jessica pulled off his cock and gasped for breath.

"Thanks, honey," she said, "please get a shot of the two of us together."

I unlocked her phone with the code that I knew (because I had set it for her), and then snapped a photo of Jessica grinning at the camera as she held Mark's shaft with one hand. His penis was longer than her entire face.

"Thanks, honey!" she said, "now I want one of the two of you together."

This was very unexpected.

"How do you mean?" I asked, exchanging an awkward glance with Mark.

"I want to compare your two cocks," she said.

I blushed. It was obvious what the result of this "comparison" would be.

"Stroke yours, honey. I want you as big as you can be."

I reached down and stroked myself, suddenly very self conscious.

"You, too," she said to Mark.

Jessica stood and directed us.

We exchanged a quick glance before following her directions to stand closer together.

The contrast between our two organs couldn't have been greater. Mine was, of course, not what you'd call "small" (probably about average or even a little above), but Mark's was absolutely huge. He was possibly twice my length and girth. And the shape — as I've already described — really was incredibly aesthetically pleasing.

Jessica took a few close-up pictures, then stepped back a few feet for a full-body shot.

"Say cheese!" she grinned as she snapped a few more.

"Those came out great," she said, flipping through the photos before putting the phone on the dresser.

"Ok," she said, "thanks for playing along, boys. But I'm through with the games for now. I need to feel this thing inside me..."

Here it was. The main event. What we'd all been waiting for: the consummation of Jessica and Mark's relationship. It felt funny to say that about two people who had already engaged in almost every other sex act imaginable, but this particular act of vaginal penetration felt like it would make their relationship "official" at last.

And not only that, it would mean that she was crossing a threshold in our relationship, too. She would be fucking a man besides me for the very first time in our marriage.

Again, I realize how ridiculous it seems to say this given the fact that she'd spent the last half-hour or so slobbering on his knob while I watched, but this was the moment when things suddenly got serious.

"I always get so wet when I suck your cock, Mark."

Jessica had taken off her dress and bra, and was lying back on the bed.

"I need you so bad. I hope it will fit!"

"We'll take our time," Mark assured her.

Jessica lay back and played with her pussy as Mark stripped off the rest of his clothes. I turned to sit down again, but Jessica stopped me.

"Wait, honey," she said, "I want you to stand next to me. I might need you for something."

"Ok," I said, moving warily to the edge of the bed.

"Plus, don't you want a front-row seat for the first time your wife cuckolds you?"

The *first* time. It was clear from her choice of words that the first time would not be the last. If everything went according to plan. And I saw absolutely no reason to assume that it wouldn't.

"Yeah," I said, "what do you want me to do?"

"Well," she said, "we talked about you holding my hand. And I think you've been cooperative enough for me to allow that..."

I gulped. Hold my wife's hand while she took the first cock that wasn't mine?

How could I refuse?

I slipped my hand into hers and she smiled at me, then looked at Mark, who had his gigantic, throbbing prick positioned right at her tight, wet entrance.

"Be gentle," she said, "at least at first..."

"Trust me," said Mark, "there's no way to force this."

"Go ahead," she said, her face suddenly turning very serious, "I'm ready."

Mark nodded, his expression mirroring her sudden seriousness.

"Here goes," he said, "God you feel wonderful already."

He pushed forward a bit, his bulbous cockhead disappearing into her tight tunnel in a single movement. Jessica let out a shriek.

"I'm sorry!" said Mark, "should I stop?"

"Don't you *dare*," she said, her voice trembling a bit even as she took on a note of authority, "it hurts. But it also feels wonderful."

"Ok," said Mark, a look of concentration on his face as he pressed forward a few inches more.

"Oh God," she moaned, "oh fuck, Mark. I can't believe how big it feels. It's so good."

"Good," said Mark, obviously relieved, "I'm going to keep going. Are you ready?"

"Yes..."

She gripped my hand as Mark pushed forward even further. The entire first half of his prick was now inside my wife. This corresponded to approximately my own length, but of course Mark was much thicker than I was, and I had never seen my wife make the kind of face that she was now, poised between pain and ecstasy, her mouth half-open and her eyes seeming to begin to glaze over.

"Mark, Mark..." she moaned, rolling her head to the side and closing her eyes for a moment, "keep going, please. I love it..."

Mark smiled, then push forward an inch or so more. Jessica began panting, her bosom heaving.

"I'm going to come, Mark. Oh my God, I'm going to come!"

He pushed himself another inch or so inside, smiling as Jessica began to writhe in the throes of a massive orgasm. Her right hand clamped down on mine and her left hand reached down and closed around the bedsheets as her eyes pinched closed and she bit her lip, her back arching off the bed as her beautiful breasts, their small pink nipples erect, pointed towards the ceiling.

Her shrieks were high and clear, adoringly feminine.

"Oh Mark, oh Mark, oh Mark!"

Her eyes burst open as her back hit the sheets again and she began to gasp for breath.

"It just keeps going," she said, tears forming at the corners of her eyes, "I can't stop coming..."

She tore her hand forcefully away from mine and reached up towards Mark, pulling him down for a kiss. I realized that he wasn't even completely inside her yet. The "real" fucking hadn't even begun, and he had already given her a massive orgasm.

A massive orgasm that seemed to be continuing.

"Go away," she muttered.

"What?"

Mark broke their kiss, momentarily stunned.

"Not you, silly," she said, "*him*."

She pointed to me.

"But I thought you wanted him to watch," said Mark.

"I changed my mind," she panted, "I want to be alone with you."

She reached up and cupped his cheek in her hand, tenderly. There were tears streaming down her face now. Instead of the playfulness she had exhibited when she'd compared our cocks and taken pictures, Jessica was now dead serious.

Suddenly, the gravity of the situation hit me like a punch to the stomach. My knees started to feel weak. My wife was kicking me out of my own bedroom because she wanted to be alone with a man whose cock she'd been dreaming about for years.

I nodded silently and grabbed my pants and underwear from the floor before walking out of the bedroom. I purposefully left the door open just a crack so that I could at least hear something of what was happening in the pleasure nest from which I had now been exiled.

I tiptoed down the stairs as the sound of Jessica's pleasure began to fill the entire house. Her cries of affirmation and moans of ecstasy were like nothing I'd ever heard before.

Once in a while I could make out words. Usually just Mark's name.

At first, Jessica's voice was all I heard. Then, after about ten minutes, there were other sounds as well. It started with just a dull thud. I thought maybe someone was at the door. But a few seconds later, the first thud was followed by a more rhythmical thumping.

I slowly realized what was happening. Our bed frame was making contact with the wall.

Mark was fucking my wife.

Really fucking her now. Fucking her like I'd never done before.

Now I could hear Jessica's cries of pleasure accompanying each powerful thrust of the bed frame against the wall.

I decided to tiptoe back upstairs to get closer to the action. Like a moth to a flame, I thought.

I was both afraid of and intrigued by what I knew I'd witness if I caught a glimpse of what was happening.

I took my time going up the stairs, afraid that every creak of the wood would give away my intentions and cause Jessica to throw me out again. However, judging from the sounds coming from the room, the two lovers were much too wrapped up in their own private world to pay attention to the movements of the cuckolded husband who they'd banished from their midst.

I finally approached the open door, kneeling down and peering through the crack that I'd intentionally left. I saw Jessica, her beautiful red hair slung over her back, on her knees on the bed with her face on the pillow, holding on to it for dear life as she extended her voluptuous ass into the air, offering herself to Mark. Mark knelt on the bed as well, pushing the full length of his rock-hard prick into Jessica's tight, wet hole from behind, reassuring her with every powerful thrust that she was doing an excellent job.

"That's it. You're taking it like such a good girl," he reassured her, each time his ball sack slapped into her clit, "take that big dick. You love it, don't you?"

"I love it," she moaned, "and — I love *you* Mark."

I felt like an arrow had pierced my heart when I heard Jessica utter the "L-word."

Love. It was one thing to hear her describe her love for Mark's enormous member, but it was another thing to hear her proclaim her love for Mark himself.

I watched as Jessica reached yet another trembling orgasm before my very eyes.

When it had passed, she turned her head a bit, addressing Mark.

"Fill me," she begged, "I need your cum inside me. I need it now."

Suddenly, I remembered the tracking we'd been doing of her period and her days of probable fertility. She'd been using an app on her phone, but we'd also marked the most promising days on the calendar downstairs. I realized that this weekend — today — corresponded with Jessica's peak fertility during her monthly cycle. My wife, who was about to take another man's massive load straight

onto her cervix, was ripe for impregnation. In fact, she seemed to be begging for it with every cell in her body.

By telling Mark it was ok to not wear a condom, had I just guaranteed that he would cuckold me in the most profound way possible, that is to say, that he would impregnate my wife?

Why did the idea of watching Mark knock up Jessica right in front of my eyes appeal so much to me? I couldn't deny that it did, because as I thought more about the fact that Jessica wasn't protected on her most fertile day, I suddenly couldn't hold back anymore. I shot my load all over my hand, then watched (the post-orgasmic regret already filling me) as Mark slammed his rod home and pumped shot after shot into Jessica's unprotected vagina.

Jessica writhed in another bed-shaking orgasm as Mark deposited his payload of warm, thick cum, directly into her hungry womb.

A few moments later, he pulled out, and she collapsed sideways onto the bed, a glow suffusing her face.

"That was...I have no words for it...," she said.

Jessica must have felt exactly as I did, that Thursday afternoon back when we still lived in Chicago, which felt so long ago now. The act of conception of a child was sacred. Special.

The profundity of the moment seemed to hang in the air for a while.

Then Jessica glanced over in my direction for a split-second, and I realized that she had noticed me watching through the door.

She looked up at Mark, and nodded to him with a sneer of disgust on her face.

"Hey!" he said, his voice suddenly taking on an aggressive tone, "I thought she told you that this was *private*! Have you been watching this whole time?"

The irony of him telling me that I was not permitted to peer into my own bedroom was not lost on me, but at the same time, the forcefulness of his speech had an immediate effect. I began to stammer an apology, but then simply stood and walked down the hall awkwardly, my hands covered in my own spunk.

I looked back over my shoulder for a moment, catching a glimpse of Mark leaning down and giving my wife a long, soulful kiss.

Then he looked up at me, noticing that I was still standing there, and stood up from the bed and paced over towards the door, his huge dick swinging between his legs as he closed me out of my own bedroom.

For the next hour or so, I sat on the couch in the living room, catching bursts of sound every now and then from the bedroom upstairs. First, Jessica began to moan again. Then she was shrieking. Finally, the bed frame pounded against the wall for another ten minutes or so, as steady and rhythmic as a heartbeat.

Mark was a machine. A machine built for fucking. And I knew that the fucking he was giving Jessica would change her forever.

I listened as Jessica climaxed once, twice, three and then *four* times in rapid succession. Then everything was silent for a moment.

In fact, it was so quiet, that I began to drift off to sleep on the couch, exhausted from the emotional ordeal of watching my wife make love to her old flame.



WHEN I WOKE up I didn't know where I was, or how much time had passed. As I finally got my bearings, I saw Mark, fully dressed and recently showered, coming down the stairs, the sheepish grin back on his face.

"Hey," he said, offering me his hand at first, before noticing that I hadn't yet washed my own, "I'm sorry for my tone up there. I know that I had no right to speak to you like that in your own home. I was just trying to respect Jessica's wishes."

"Oh yeah, of course, no problem," I mumbled.

"I'm getting out of here now," he said, "I've got a long day at the office tomorrow. There's a big case coming up. Jessica says that she wants to see you upstairs."

"Ok," I said.

"Take care," he said, walking to the door.

"Thank you, Mark," I said, impulsively.

"You're welcome," he said, a note of amusement entering his voice, "but shouldn't *I* be thanking *you*? After all, you just let me make love to your wife."

I knew that this description didn't quite fit what had just happened. Instead of "letting" Mark make love to Jessica, Jessica had "let" me be cuckolded in my own home. And I had tolerated it.

I nodded.

"Have a good night," he said, walking out the door and then shutting it behind him.

I walked up the stairs slowly, my heart beating fast. I had a feeling I knew what Jessica expected of me now, and the funny thing was, I was kind of looking forward to it.

"Hey Alan," she said, her beautiful, sex-tossed red hair gleaming in the lamplight, "I'm still a little...just...*wow*."

"So it was everything you expected?"

"Ha. Everything I expected and a whole lot more. It was positively incredible. The bad news though is that I'm probably going to be sore for days, so I won't be able to let him inside me again for a while, even though I know I'll be craving it. I already am, to be honest."

She beckoned me to the bed.

"You know what to do. What you live for."

I nodded.

"Clean me out, Alan. Eat as much of his cum as you can. The rest of it has already done its job."

A shudder went through my body.

"It's job?"

She smiled.

"Oh don't be silly, Alan. You know all about my fertility chart. Don't act like this surprises you."

"But you told me last time we talked about this that it would be terrible for our marriage. I didn't think you'd actual let him come inside you without a condom."

I was lying.

"You're lying," she said, "that's exactly what you wanted, and we both know it. But in case you're not don't worry, according to my calculations, there's still a small chance that one of your sperm could be the one to fertilize the egg inside me. I guess we'll see which man is the most potent."

I was speechless. Why did this knowledge arouse me so much?

"He pumped three loads into me, Alan. They were nice and thick, too. A lot of it is probably already gone, but I think there's some left down there for you."

She spread her legs, revealing her swollen red vulva, which was, in fact, dripping with Mark's viscous white fluid.

"What are you waiting for, Alan? You love this. Admit it."

I dropped onto my stomach onto the bed and lowered my face to her cunt, licking her clitoris and pussy lips as she moaned in pleasure.

"You're much more enthusiastic than I thought you would be," she moaned, "of course, maybe you're trying to make up for what you lack in terms of size."

She laughed a little, running her fingers through my hair.

"That was such a special moment between us," she sighed, "I didn't want to kick you out, but when I looked into Mark's eyes once he was finally inside me, I realized that what we were sharing was so intimate that I didn't want another person to come between us."

I lapped up a few strings of warm, sticky cum, retching a bit as I did so.

"Oh come, on, Alan. You'll get used to the taste. You know that we women all have to."

I continued to lick her vulva, and even stuck my tongue partway into her swollen vagina, eager to prove myself worthy by eating all of Mark's creampie.

I'm not sure what I hoped to accomplish, except of course add to my own degradation.

"You've got more work to do, honey," she moaned, "there's another spot that needs polishing."

I reluctantly moved down towards the her tight rosebud, licking more strands of Mark's gooey load from its surface.

"Yes," she groaned, "this is all you're good for now. Cleaning me up...oh God...don't stop...I'm so sore, but I think I'm going to come again!"

I took this as an opportunity to get more information out of her.

"How long had you been planning this?" I said, abruptly withdrawing my affections.

"What? What do you mean? Shit, I told you not to stop!"

She slapped me playfully in the face.

"How long had you been planning to sleep with Mark?"

"Ummm, concretely?"

"Whatever."

"Well, I've been *planning* on sleeping with him ever since we drifted apart after summer camp."

"So the whole time you've been with me, you've been thinking about him?"

She giggled.

"You don't forget a man like Mark," she said, echoing the words that Sarah had told me at the auction fundraiser.

But then a concerned tone entered her voice.

"Of course," she said, "I'd never do anything to put our marriage in real danger. Even if he knocks me up. This is just some kinky fun. Right? I read about it. It's called 'hotwifing.' It's all just a game..."

She sighed in satisfaction as my tongue returned to her pussy.

As I lapped at her clit I was shocked, trying to make sense of her words. What did she mean that it was "just a game"? It certainly hadn't seemed that way when she kicked me out of our bedroom earlier. Was this really just some harmless experimentation? The fulfillment of a fantasy, but not the destruction of our marriage? How could her being impregnated by another man be "just a game"?

Or was that what she wanted me, what she *needed* me to believe?

"Oh God, honey. Yes, Alan, yes!!"

Her hips bucked up into my mouth as she reached a climax, not nearly as powerful as the ones that she'd experienced with Mark, but nevertheless a wonderful thing to be a part of. I knew I would never get sick of helping a beautiful woman like Jessica come. There was something so incredible about it, like it was a brief glimpse into another world. The only taste of transcendence that we'd get in this one.

When she'd finally recovered, she pulled me up towards her, guiding me into the spoon position so that I was behind her. My erection pushed up against her asscheeks.

"Oh," she said, yawning, "I guess that made your little guy hard, didn't it? Well maybe if you're lucky, I might help you take care of yourself somehow tomorrow."

She wriggled away from me and stood lazily, stretching her beautiful young body.

"I need to go to the bathroom," she said, "then I should shower. Even though I don't want to wash Mark's scent off of me."

I nodded, admiring her figure in the dim light of the room. She disappeared into the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

Exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep.

I woke up late; the late-morning light bathed the bedroom, exposing Jessica's absence. I could hear her downstairs, however, singing along with the radio. She was clearly in a great mood.

I took a shower, images of the night before flooding my mind as I closed my eyes under the stream of hot water.

Had any of it been real? It seemed now like an impossible fever dream: my wife being penetrated by her former lover's enormous penis while I watched, until their intimacy became so precious that I was expelled from my own bedroom.

The multiple orgasms. The pounding of the bed frame against the wall.

And then what seemed to be Jessica's post-coital second thoughts.

Did she really want Mark to impregnate her? Mark, instead of me, her devoted husband of many years? Or was that somehow also part of the game?

My cock was hard, remembering the scene that I'd witnessed. My wife with her face down and ass up on the bed, perfectly submissive to her lover's enormous endowment, which deposited its load inside her not once, not twice, not three times...

I almost brought myself to climax right then and there, but remembered that Jessica had hinted about the possibility of allowing

me some kind of pleasure, and I didn't want to spoil this with a quick wank.

So I put on my clothes and went downstairs to the smell of fresh coffee.

Jessica was still in a great mood. She was working the crossword puzzle.

"Many parts of the world have banned combat with *this* animal," she said.

"Roosters? I mean 'cocks'?" I laughed a little.

"Well, cockfighting is illegal in a lot of places," she said, "but I've got to fit the letter 'l' in the third space."

The answer was immediately obvious. Was this another coincidence, or was she playing with me again?

"Bull," I said, "bullfighting is also outlawed in a lot of places."

"Cocks and bulls!" she laughed, penciling in the answer before coming over to give me a kiss.

"I guess we know what's been on your mind since last night," she said, drawing in close to me, "and on mine, too. In fact, he texted this morning."

"Oh yeah?"

I felt a little slighted that they had apparently decided to "cut out the middleman" (me) and were texting each other directly now. It was totally logical, of course.

"Yeah. He wants to see me tonight again. But I don't know. I'm so sore..."

"I can understand that," I said, "plus I've got a lot of stuff to do for work tomorrow..."

"Oh no," she said, "he's not coming over here. He wants me to go to his place for dinner."

We hadn't actually discussed whether or not she would be allowed to see him on her own or not. Suddenly this idea didn't appeal to me so much. But it didn't seem like Jessica was going to go through with it anyway, so I didn't bother saying anything.

"Well," I said, "I guess that if you don't want to go, you shouldn't."

"Yeah," said Jessica, thinking, "I mean, I want to see him, but I am pretty sore. And I also don't want to seem too easy. You've gotta preserve a little mystery to keep a man interested."

So this wasn't so much a case of reluctance, but of playing hard to get?

Then her face shifted.

"Plus, I'm not really sure if I need to see him again. I mean, I got to fulfill my big fantasy. And *your* big fantasy too, right?"

She winked at me.

"Emphasis on *big* of course."

Was she trying to play this off as all *my* idea?

At first, I thought it was ridiculous. Then I realized that it might have been more true than she actually knew. After all, hadn't I lost the auction on purpose, without even realizing what I was doing, or why?

"Well, yeah. Maybe you shouldn't go," I said hesitantly, "maybe we should just spend the evening here together and watch a movie."

"That sounds nice," she said, giving me a peck on the cheek, "some time alone with my husband for once."

I didn't know what to make of this latest series of events, but I had a lot of time to think about it as I worked around the house that day. Was she really vacillating in her intention to leave me? Or had my fears been entirely unfounded, the figment of an overactive erotic imagination that took the comments that she made during sex and simply ran with them. There was no reason to believe everything that she told me when she was aroused, right? Plenty of couples exchanged fantasies, even scandalous ones, in the bedroom without ever meaning to leave each other. And if ours had gone beyond an *exchange* of fantasies, and moved into a "living out" of fantasies, well, that wasn't so remarkable either.

After all, I had read online about plenty of couples who manage to live a "hotwife" or "cuckold" lifestyle and still have an intact marriage. It was also true that I had, in fact, enjoyed watching my wife and Mark together, even if that enjoyment had been intermixed with sharp emotional pain. I knew that, with time, I could learn to

enjoy even that pain, and derive most of my satisfaction through watching the two of them together.

I shuddered a bit at the thought that I might actually *prefer* this arrangement to my marriage up to now.

Since we'd gotten up so late, it was actually mid-afternoon by the time I finished my chores. I relaxed in an armchair and decided to watch a baseball game. After about two innings, I heard the shower go on upstairs. Jessica was taking a shower. Nothing strange about that.

I closed my eyes for a moment and thought about my wife. Her wonderful, curvaceous body, in the absolute bloom of femininity and fertility, despite the fact that she considered herself "old" at 29. Didn't she deserve the masculine counterpart to her feminine perfection? While I wasn't in bad shape, I simply couldn't compete with Mark's sheer virility, and not just because his cock was twice the size of mine.

I sighed, suddenly overcome with desire for my wife. Perhaps she was feeling generous? After all, it seemed like she might have been having second thoughts about destroying our marriage, so maybe — just maybe — she'd be in the mood for renewing our physical relationship after her shower.

I turned off the TV and walked up the stairs, pausing just outside the door to our bedroom. Jessica was standing in front of the mirror, wearing the lingerie that we'd chosen for her first encounter with Mark (but which she'd never actually worn).

Now I understood. She was saving it for me!

My heart swelled in tandem with my cock as I opened the door.

"Alan!" she exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"What do you mean? You're obviously...getting ready for something..."

I gave her a suggestive smile, which she responded with complete incomprehension in her gaze. What's more, she suddenly grabbed her bathrobe and wrapped herself in it protectively.

"Oh, wait..." she said, "you think..."

My heart fell. What was going on?

"Honey," she said, a look of sympathy entering her face, "I'm getting ready to go meet Mark. He managed to convince me that I should go over to his place tonight after all. He understands that I'm still sore, and has told me that he's not expecting anything."

"Jessica, what? I thought you said, I mean, I thought we agreed, that you weren't going to see him again so soon..." my voice was cracking with emotion.

"I might have said that," she said, "but I've changed my mind now."

"But what about keeping the mystery in the relationship? You seemed in favor of creating distance just a few hours ago."

"Well," said Jessica, "that was a few hours ago. And as for the mystery, I think this new negligee will help out with that."

She winked at me.

"But I'm afraid you're not going to be able to see me in it anymore," she said, "you see, Mark told me that he wants me all to himself. I asked him what he meant. He told me that he doesn't want anyone else to see my body. Not even you."

"Jessica, come on. That's ridiculous, and not at all what we discussed. Let me call him and talk this over. We have a good rapport."

"No," she said, "I think he's right. I told him that it would be impractical for you to never see me undressed, so he did stipulate that you can see me in my underwear, but just never when I'm completely naked, and never in anything too sexy. I'm afraid my lingerie falls into that last category. You understand, don't you, Alan?"

"No, Jessica. I don't understand," I said, folding my arms defensively, "just this morning it seemed like you were having second thoughts about the whole thing, and now you're taking orders from him? I just don't get it."

"Honey," she said, "I'm not taking *orders*. I want this just as much as he does. I think it's the best for us. All of us: you, me and Mark. Don't you know that every relationship goes through its rough patches? Shaking things up a little is probably exactly what we need."

"I don't recall anything in our relationship being 'rough' until your date with Mark," I said.

"Well, maybe that's what *you* thought," she said, "but things seemed very different on my end."

I threw up my arms in frustration.

"Why didn't you ever tell me about this before?"

She sighed, folding her arms across her chest, completely blocking my view of her incredible body as she pressed her robe even more tightly closed.

"I don't want to talk about this now," she said, "I'm going to be late to visit Mark. He needs me now. The breakup with Sarah really messed him up."

"I don't want you going over there," I said, "I want you to slow down and think about this. Please."

"I *have* thought about it," she sighed, "and I'm going over there, tonight. Now please go back downstairs and let me get dressed."

I could see that I wasn't getting anywhere with this course of action, so I went downstairs and poured myself a drink. I didn't know what else to do at this point.

About half an hour later, I heard Jessica come down the stairs. On her way to the garage, she came through the kitchen, where I was sitting with my second drink.

"I'll probably be back late," she said.

She was wearing a short black dress with a plunging neckline. The negligee from before peaked out tantalizingly from her cleavage. She certainly didn't look like a woman who was planning on avoiding sex because she was too sore.

"I wish you wouldn't..." I said.

"I know," she said, "but it's not your choice, is it? Try to look on the bright side. Maybe if you're lucky, I'll tell you all about it during clean-up duty."

She winked, and then spun around, her high heels clacking on the kitchen tile. She looked amazing from the back, as well.

I was already in bed by the time I heard Jessica stumbling up the stairs later that night. Was she drunk on alcohol, or on her love from Mark? As she tumbled into bed next to me, still fully clothed, the smell of her breath and the goofy smile on her face told me that it was probably a little of both.

"Oh my God, Alan," she giggled, "Mark is so much fun. He's so funny. I don't know if you ever get to see that side of him. Most people don't. They just think he's this stern lawyer who was in the war and assume that he doesn't have a sense of humor. Nothing could be further from the truth."

"Sounds like you at least had a good time."

She sighed.

"It was incredible!"

"So...how did things work out...with your soreness?"

"Oh, that!" she laughed, kicking off her shoes, "well, let's just say that Mark was a total gentleman. He understood that I was still sensitive down there."

A wave of relief washed over me. I don't know why, but the knowledge that he hadn't been inside her again let me believe that my marriage was somehow still salvageable.

"So what did you do?"

"Why don't you go down on me and I'll tell you all about it."

My heart sank a bit, but at the same time, I started getting hard. It was as if she'd conditioned me to be like this.

I slid down the bed and reached up under her skirt, realizing that she was completely bare. The negligee must have stayed at Mark's house. As my mouth neared her bare pussy, I detected a familiar odor: Mark's sperm.

So he'd come inside her again, soreness and all.

Sighing in resignation, I opened my mouth and began to lick her clit as she told me her story.

"First we had this amazing dinner," she began, "Mark learned how to cook Afghani food while he was over there. That's really rare, you know. It shows how much he cared about actually learning the culture, not just occupying the country. So he'd made this amazing bread, and these yogurt sauces and chicken with pomegranate. That's good, Alan. A little lower..."

I moved down her vulva and began to taste her lover's cum on my lips.

"And so after dinner, we spent a long time making out on his couch. It was really nice. Like old times at summer camp. He also played with my nipples for what seemed like forever. He had me practically begging for it, but I was still sore, like I said, so I told him that I wanted to please him for a while instead. He was totally fine with that, of course."

I gulped down a few globs of Mark's sperm as she continued.

"You're doing a great job, Alan. That feels nice."

I mumbled a "thank you" into her soaking pussy.

"So I got some lube from his bedroom, and I spent about half an hour giving him a nice, long handjob. Just getting reacquainted with his beautiful cock, reminiscing with him about our time at summer camp, how I used to stroke him for what seemed like hours, making him come multiple times a night with my hands and mouth. It can be so intimate to stroke a man's cock like that. I got to know every inch of it as I lay on his chest and he whispered romantic little things into my ear. It made me feel so special. Finally, I looked up into his eyes and asked him if he would please come for me. I wanted his cum so bad in that moment, honey. More than I've ever wanted

anything before. I know it sounds silly, but it's true. I felt like if I didn't feel his warm spunk all over my hands in the next few seconds that my life might be over. I was completely submissive, completely devoted to him. That's why I was so happy when he finally erupted all over my hands, giving me the best possible reward I could have asked for for my efforts. I smiled and kissed him, melting into his embrace, so happy for him and proud of myself for being able to please him like that after all these years."

I moaned, my cock aching at her description.

"Making him come like that brought out my animal side," she said, "I dropped to my knees and licked his cock clean, looking up at him in devotion as I slowly made his erection rise once more. He reached down and ran his fingers through my hair, massaging my scalp and pulling my hair just a bit in a way that drove me absolutely crazy. He called me his good little Catholic school girl, which put me back in the mindset of being just out of high school again and exploring my sexuality. It was so incredible."

I lapped up a large gob of his cum, which told me the most important detail about how her story was going to end.

"I sucked him until he was rock-hard again, but I took my time. He told me afterwards that it wasn't just a blowjob. It was *worship*. I was at it for probably 45 minutes or so before I took a break for water. My lips were swollen and my makeup was totally ruined, but I was dripping wet, aching for his thick penis to fill me despite my soreness. He seemed to be thinking the same thing, because he suggested that we try something a little different. He knew that I wasn't up for a really hard fuck, so he had me lay on my side on his bed. He lay behind me, in the spoon position, and slowly fed his prick inside me. Even though I was sore, I was so turned on that he had almost no trouble pushing that thick, beautiful penis into my eager vagina. But he didn't start to thrust in and out. He knew I was too sore for that. Instead, he just held himself there, his cock right against my cervix, and rocked gently back and forth. Almost immediately, I exploded on him. I'd never felt so full before. The orgasm he gave me was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. It

was what I imagine being fisted must feel like. Except it wasn't a fist inside me: it was Mark's enormous penis."

I moaned, licking up more of his cum.

"Don't forget my asshole, Alan," she said, pushing my head down a little further.

Reluctantly, I began to tongue her tight anus, working my tongue in as deep as I could go. If I was down there anyway, I might as well do a good job, I reasoned.

"That's good, honey. You're a good little ass-licker. I think this is all I'm going to use you for in the future. What do you think?"

I groaned, but my protest was muffled by her clenching asscheeks.

"So there he was inside me. He held me so tight from behind after I came. I was in a really emotional state. I was actually *crying*, if you can believe it! Yes, he fucked me so good I was sobbing. Bawling. But he just held me there until the feelings subsided, then he started fucking me nice and slow. He was barely moving. But because his penis is so big, each little tiny movement was like an earthquake through my already-aroused body. I was so sensitive that I felt like my entire body was just one big erogenous zone. I felt like we were melting together, becoming one person. And so I begged him to please, please, please fill me again. To come inside me and stake his claim to my wet, fertile pussy."

Judging from the way she was bucking her hips into my face, it seemed as if she might be on the verge of yet another powerful orgasm. Of course I knew that there was no way that I'd be able to compete with Mark's penis, but part of me wanted to prove to her that I was able to pleasure her, if not as much as he could, at least enough to keep around.

"And he told me...he told me...," she gasped, clearly reaching climax, "that..."

I almost stopped to ask her what he told her, but I didn't want to break the flow of the encounter and thereby disrupt her orgasm.

She shrieked in pleasure and writhed on the bed, her legs deafening me for a moment as they crushed down over my ears.

"...that he wanted me to have his baby," she sighed, crumpling onto the bed, satisfied.

I couldn't believe my ears.

"Excuse me," I said, "what did you say?"

"I said," she cooed, running her fingers through my head, "that he said that he wants me to have his baby. That he wants to get me pregnant, no matter what. We're both getting older. There's no use in waiting."

After this revelation, I couldn't speak. I simply crawled up into my place on the bed and stared at the ceiling for a few moments.

"Oh, Alan?"

"Yeah."

"Mark has a couple of new rules for you and me."

"What? What the hell are you talking about?"

I couldn't help but be a bit indignant.

"When he visits, he's going to sleep over sometimes. It's just easier that way."

"Sure," I said, feeling my stomach drop.

This didn't sound like a temporary hotwifing arrangement.

"You don't mind sleeping in the guest room when he's here, right?"

"What? What business is it of his where I sleep?"

"Those are his rules. He needs to have me to himself when he visits. Especially on days when I'm fertile."

Fertile. That word stung. It almost hurt my ears, physically. This is where we were. This was my marriage now. Another man was calling the shots in my house. Another man who wasn't even there.

Another man who I happened to like and get along with fairly well.

Another man who was planning on impregnating my wife in my own bedroom.

"What if I don't want to sleep in the guest room?"

"I'm not giving you that option," she said, suddenly serious.

"What are you going to do about it?" I said, feeling equally defiant.

“Don’t test me, Alan. There are lots of things that I — or Mark — can do to make your life miserable. Don’t test us.”

I shuddered. Was she threatening me with violence? Was this some kind of blackmail?”

Her eyes were cold as ice as they bored into my soul.

I held her gaze for a moment, before turning away, feeling hot tears on my cheeks.

“Oh, come on, Alan,” she said, “don’t be such a wimp. I’m only teasing you.”

I wiped away the tears, ashamed that she’d seen me in such a moment of weakness.

It didn't take long for me to spend my first night in the guest room. But it was like nothing I could have anticipated.

"Mark's coming over for dinner tonight," Jessica announced one day, her arms full of groceries as she came through the door a full hour earlier than normal.

"He just got another important German client, so I want to cook him something special to celebrate. I thought you could help. You're such a good cook. I know he'd appreciate it."

I cringed inside. It was true that I loved to cook. But I loved to cook for *Jessica*. The thought of helping her woo another man with *my* culinary ability was just too much for me.

"Honey," she said, seeing my face, "is something wrong?"

"No," I stammered, "of course not. What did you have in mind?"

"You know how much I love your coq-au-vin," she said, "I know that Mark will like it too."

"But that's so much work!"

"That's why I came home early, honey. I'll help you. I can be your sous-chef, ok?"

"I don't know..."

She gazed into my eyes.

"Maybe, if you do a good job on dinner, Mark will leave the bedroom door open after dinner..."

"Jessica," I said, "about that..."

"About what?"

"Don't you think this whole thing has gone a little too far? You used to be concerned about our marriage."

"What 'thing,' Alan? And of course I'm concerned about our marriage. I'm doing what we both want."

"I'm not sure I want it anymore."

She stared at me, her disbelief legible in her expression. Did she really feel this way, or was this another attempt at manipulation?

She placed the bottle of wine that she'd been holding in her hand gently on the marble counter top next to me, then carefully placed her arms around my waist, looking up at me with her big eyes. She must have known that I found her direct gaze extremely difficult to resist.

"Alan," she said, "this was all your idea, remember? You were the one who thought I should go up for auction. You were the one who lost the auction and let Mark take me on a date. You were the one who told me how you fantasized about him impregnating me."

She paused, holding my gaze.

"Impregnating your *wife*, Alan. And you're the one who gets off on watching us together. You want to see us make love again. You want the privilege of eating a load of his hot, thick cum out of my pussy."

She phrased all of these things like commands. They were assertions of fact, and I knew it.

"I just thought that... I mean..."

"Shh," she said, smiling and putting a finger on my lips, "just enjoy the ride. You're lucky enough to be able to enjoy your ultimate fantasy coming true. How many other guys could say the same?"

She had me there. This was my ultimate fantasy. But I couldn't help but feel like my ultimate fantasy was slowly turning into my ultimate nightmare. Or were they actually the same thing? Two sides of the same coin?

I set about preparing the coq-au-vin. True to her promise, Jessica helped me with the preparation. It was fun working side-by-side her on a common project. We started joking around as we worked, and even flirted a little. Was it possible that having Mark in

our life really was giving our relationship a much-needed breath of fresh air?

Perhaps this all really was just a way to spice up our sex life. To shake things up.

It only took me a moment, however, to realize that this thought was patently ridiculous, given the fact that Mark had repeatedly ejaculated inside my fertile wife, and was probably going to do it again tonight.

There was nothing casual about that. He was close to fathering the child that Jessica had always wanted with me. In fact, there was a good chance that he already had.

Finally, the chicken was in the oven and the kitchen was clean. I had a moment to sit at the table, staring at a half-completed crossword puzzle that Jessica had started. Then, the doorbell rang.

It was Mark, of course.

He was no longer shy or ambivalent about coming into our house. He was in charge and he knew it. He wasn't angry or domineering like he had been when he'd kicked me out of my own bedroom. No, he was calm, cool, collected and totally in charge.

"It smells great in here," he said, removing his coat and throwing it confidently over the back of the couch as if he owned the place.

"I'd like to take the credit," said Jessica, walking up to him, standing on her tiptoes and giving him a long kiss that made my heart split in two.

They kissed for so long that she forgot the second part of her sentence and had to start again.

"Hmm?" he asked, brushing a stray strand of her thick red hair away from her eyes.

"I said, I'd like to take the credit, but Alan did all the cooking. I'm just the sous-chef."

She smiled, turning and looping her arm through his, leading him towards the living room couch. Mark looked over at me and raised his eyebrows.

"Great work, Alan," he said, "I'm really hungry."

"You've had a hard day, haven't you?" said Jessica, sympathetically.

"I really have," he said, falling backwards into the couch.

"Let us take care of you," she said, straddling him and loosening his tie.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"You know what would really hit the spot right now? A gin and tonic," he said, "I hope that doesn't clash with what you're serving."

"Not at all," insisted Jessica.

She turned to me, who was standing by and watching silently.

"Honey," she said, "can you make it for him? I'm going to help Mark relax."

Relax. I had an idea what that meant.

"Sure," I said, "I'm pretty sure I have tonic water and gin, but we might be out of limes."

"Oh, you know, that's no problem. I don't want to be any trouble..."

Jessica leaned forward, tugging on his necktie as she covered his mouth with kisses. Mark's hands were now placed squarely on her buttocks. I imagined that he was probably getting rock hard.

"It's no trouble, really!" she said, breathless after breaking their kiss.

Then she turned to me, her lipstick already a bit smeared.

"You don't mind going out to get some, do you, Alan?"

"No, of course not..." I stammered.

"Thanks, honey. That's really sweet of you."

As I turned to leave, I noticed that Mark's hand was now intertwined with my wife's as they continued to kiss passionately.



IN THE CAR on the way to the store, I tried to imagine the scene at home. Would he take her up to the bedroom for a pre-dinner fuck? Was he giving my wife a baby right now? He seemed rather tired when he came in. Maybe he wasn't up for a long lovemaking session tonight. Maybe she would just give him a blowjob.

I cringed as the image of Jessica riding Mark's cock on the couch floated involuntarily into my mind, not because of the image itself, but because of the incredibly strong erection this image gave me. What was happening to me?

I couldn't shake the feeling that they had been looking for an excuse to get rid of me. But Mark had no way of knowing that his drink order was going to be impossible. He'd simply asked for what he wanted. Just like he had no real reason to get rid of me, either, given the fact that I'd voluntarily allowed him into my house to eat my food, drink my gin and impregnate my wife.

No, Mark wasn't the problem here. I was.

I drove to a small local market and picked out a couple of limes, then headed home, whistling to the radio in an attempt to quell the plague of erotic fantasies that was being visited upon me by my imagination.

When I got back, I entered the kitchen through the garage, so I couldn't see what was happening in the living room. The house was oddly silent. I thought for a moment that the happy couple might have already retired to the bedroom, but right after I'd sliced the lime and was about to fill a highball glass with ice, I heard the unmistakable sound of Jessica moaning.

Moaning with something in her mouth.

It was all-too obvious what was happening in the other room. Jessica was doing something that she truly loved, for the pleasure of someone that she truly loved.

I measured and poured the gin, topped it off with tonic, and garnished the glass with one of the lime wedges I'd just cut. I put the glass on a small tray, shaking my head at the fact that this action made me seem like a waiter, and I brought the drink in to the bull who was currently being fucked by my wife.

"Oh wow," groaned Mark, as he saw me carrying the tray, "now *that's* what I call service. A blowjob and a drink. I should start every weekend off like this."

He reached out to take the gin and tonic from the tray as Jessica bobbed up and down in his lap.

"Aren't you going to have anything?" he asked me, his eyes momentarily closing in pleasure as Jessica continued her efforts eagerly.

"I might have a glass of wine," I said, standing there as I watched my wife's beautiful red head move up and down.

She had her hair down, forming a protective wall around his phallus, so I couldn't really see what was happening, just infer it from their movements. Every once and a while, she came up for air. Frequently, she let out small moans of pleasure. Whether these were to heighten Mark's experience, to signal to both of us how much she enjoyed the act of serving her bull, or simply naive expressions of her own joy at partaking in this act, I couldn't know.

I stepped back and walked into the kitchen, pouring myself a glass from the bottle of wine we'd used to cook the chicken. The food would be done soon.

And, judging from the sounds that now reached me from the living room, so, too, would Mark.

"Oh yes," he groaned, "God, that's amazing, Jessica. I can't believe you're so good at this. You're going to make me come. Yes. That's it. I'm so close..."

I heard Jessica groan in pleasure, as if she herself were on the edge of orgasm instead of Mark, or, as if going down on Mark gave her the same kind of pleasure that she gained when *I* went down on her.

How was I supposed to compete with a man who could bring a woman that close to a state of ecstasy merely by allowing her to put his cock in her mouth? It was unfathomable.

Suddenly, Mark let out a sharp, surprisingly high, sharp cry that startled me, followed by a low groan of satisfaction.

That must have been one hell of an orgasm, I thought.

I took a long sip from my glass of wine and walked back into the living room, just in time to see Jessica licking off the last traces of cum from Mark's incredibly long, thick prick.

"That was great," said Mark.

"I'm so happy you liked it," said Jessica, wiping some of his spunk from her lower lip and feeding it to herself, "*I* certainly did."

She giggled, then stood up, holding her hands awkwardly out in front of her.

"I'm going upstairs to wash up before dinner," she said, "you can use the bathroom down here if you want to do the same, Mark."

"Thanks," said Mark, standing and trying to put his trouser snake back into its home, "I think I'll do that."

He picked up his glass and drained the last of his drink.

"Would you like another one?" asked Jessica, "I'm sure Alan would be more than happy to get it for you."

"Sure, but I don't want to be a nuisance," said Mark, "I'm more than capable of making it myself if you'll point me the way to the bar."

Jessica took the glass out of Mark's hand.

"It's no trouble. Is it, honey?" said Jessica, looking at me as she extended the glass.

Was she playing some kind of game, getting me to serve Mark like this? Or was this simply her trying to be the perfect hostess?

"Of course, not," I said, taking the glass from Jessica.

"Thanks, Alan!" called Mark.

I mixed the drink and set the table as the two lovers went off to freshen up for dinner.

Around ten minutes later, dinner was served.

"This is amazing," said Mark after his first bite, "I really have to thank you."

I couldn't help but swell with pride at his compliment. It seemed completely genuine.

"Thanks," I said.

I was sitting across the table from Jessica and Mark, who were pressed together side-by-side like the lovesick teenagers they used to be. During the meal, I kept seeing Jessica's hand wander down under the table at the same time as Mark's.

They were holding hands, but trying to keep it from me for some reason. As if I hadn't just witnessed my wife sucking Mark's cock.

The very fact that they were trying to keep this little flirtation their own little secret told me everything I needed to know. They obviously didn't feel guilty about *fucking* in front of me.

They felt guilty about falling in love.

This realization hit me like a bullet to the chest as we ate. I was so taken aback that I could barely respond when Mark asked me a question.

"So...what does 'coq-au-vin' mean anyway?"

I exhaled, trying to get my bearings again.

"It means 'cock-in-wine' as far as I understand it," I said, "but nowadays you can't really buy roosters at the store, most people use chicken instead."

"That's fine with me," laughed Jessica, covering her mouth to suppress a laugh, "I already had some cock today. And I'm hoping to get more after dinner. If you're up for it, big guy..."

She turned to him and nuzzled his nose with her own before giving him a long, soulful kiss. Watching Mark and Jessica make love turned me on, but seeing them express affection like this was simply too much.

I stood up took my plate to the counter, trying to gain control over my emotions.

"Alan, we haven't had dessert yet!" protested Jessica.

"You two go ahead," I said, "I think I'm going to go lie down. I'm not feeling so great all of a sudden."

"Oh, that's terrible," said Mark, "look, I can get out of here if the two of you..."

"No," said Jessica, cutting him off, "you're not going *anywhere*. I'm sure Alan will be just fine."

"Well at least let me help with the dishes," said Mark.

"You're so sweet," she said, giving him another peck on the mouth before turning to me once more, "Alan, honey, why don't you go lay down in the guest room? We'll be fine down here on our own. We'll take care of the dishes."

I nodded, a lump forming in my throat as I struggled to accept the inevitability what was happening to my marriage and my life.

A few minutes later, I was lying on the bed in the guest room, listening to the clanking of dishes and the giggles of my wife as she and Mark chatted and flirted in the kitchen below. It was ultimately a good thing that I'd removed myself from that situation.

Even though I hated to see them holding hands and kissing, I still couldn't stop thinking about Mark sliding his long, perfect cock into Jessica's fertile young body. She was crying out to be impregnated, and I found it incredibly erotic to imagine him do the deed in my bedroom while I listened from the other side of the wall.

I must have dozed off for a moment, because I woke with a start about half-an-hour later, confused by my surroundings.

Almost as soon as I realized where I was, I heard the unmistakable sounds of lovemaking through the wall.

Jessica was moaning in pleasure.

My cock stiffened immediately. I couldn't help it. Even though I knew that my marriage and chance at a family legacy was being irrevocably destroyed just a few feet away, I was so aroused that I simply couldn't help myself. I took off my pants and began to stroke my erect cock, imagining Mark's big beautiful penis entering my wife again and again in the room next door.

"Oh Mark...", she moaned, loudly enough for me to make out the words, "I need this so bad."

I couldn't help it. I *had* to find out if I could see what was going on.

I tiptoed to the door of the guestroom and looked out into the darkened hallway.

A sliver of light from the other bedroom cut into the hallway. It was as if they'd left the door open for me on purpose.

I crept towards the crack in the door, my heart pounding almost out of my chest, my hard cock in one hand. I must have looked quite ridiculous, but I was honestly too aroused to care as

approached the scene that I knew was the culmination of both my erotic dreams and my romantic nightmares.

Mark was on his back on the bed. Jessica straddled him, her thick red hair hanging down as she kissed him passionately, her lips lingering on his for a moment each time. She was a woman in love, completely lost in his embrace. Lost to the world.

"I love you so much," she murmured, her hands reaching up and cupping his face, smoothing over his stubble with her thumbs as she planted more kisses on his cheeks, mouth and chin.

My eyes scanned her lithe, womanly curves, following the slope of her back down to her shapely ass, which she raised and lowered in a slow but steady rhythm, proving that the yoga classes she'd been taking had been extremely beneficial in this part of her life.

Then, almost by accident, my eyes fell on the mirror on the opposite wall, which afforded me a view of Jessica's rear.

There it was: Mark's cock. Jessica was stretched to her limit, but she was clearly loving every millimeter of every stroke as she rode him, sliding up and down his thick pole as her nether lips stretched around him. His shaft glistened in the light, moistened with her nectar and a testament to my wife's incredible arousal.

Despite the immense length and girth of his member, Jessica didn't need any of the lubrication that we sometimes used. This was all natural. One hundred percent pure passion.

There was something so awe-inspiring, so *right* about seeing a cock like that entering a beautiful woman like her. It was as if everything was right with the world. I almost couldn't be mad, because it was an absolutely perfect and wonderful sight to see her glide smoothly up and down his shaft, cooing in pleasure with each stroke, her tone of voice signaling that her arousal was growing greater and greater by the moment.

There was no way I could compete. No kind of logic that would convince Jessica that I was in some way preferable to this man and his enormous endowment. No way of talking her out of the pleasure that she was experiencing in this moment, with this man.

The most I could hope for was to be a spectator to this absolutely perfect, almost *sacred* encounter between a man and a

woman.

I understand how silly it might seem to say this now. And maybe my arousal *did* cloud my view of things in that moment. But nevertheless, I couldn't help but feel like I was witness to something that only a few people would ever get to experience during their lifetimes. I felt like I should be *thanking* Mark for allowing me to experience the sight of this curvaceous, exceptionally beautiful redhead ride his perfect cock to her own soul-trembling orgasm.

After this orgasm, which caused Jessica to pause for a moment as her entire body shook, I watched in awe as Mark began to thrust his massive piston up into her, not giving her long to recover.

It seemed that she had no need of a break, however, because Jessica began to moan her encouragement as he pumped himself up into her, a determined look on his face.

My gaze switched from the side view (in front of me) to the back view (in the mirror), leaving me completely overwhelmed by the power of each of his strokes.

"You're going to do it..." moaned Jessica, "I can feel it. I know I'm fertile. Tonight's going to be the night."

Mark's face was immovable, determined as he gripped her hips, raising and lowering her on his long, thick pole again and again.

"Yes, Mark," moaned Jessica, "keep going. It's all yours. My pussy belongs to you. My womb is ready. Give me a baby, please!"

"Oh God, Jessica," he groaned, "you're so beautiful..."

"I know we're going to make a *beautiful* baby together," cooed Jessica, abandoning herself completely to Mark's efforts as he lifted her effortlessly up and down with his strong arms.

"Here it comes," he groaned.

She collapsed down onto his chest, covering him with kisses as I watched his testicles pull in closer to his body, then contract suddenly send several powerful spurts of semen down the length of his rod, into my wife's vagina and onto her cervix.

His sperm was, even now, traveling into her womb, seeking out the egg that it would penetrate to create new life.

In that very moment, I climaxed as well, letting out a small moan of pleasure which I immediately stifled. The noise had been loud

enough to hear inside the bedroom, but the happy couple was too enraptured by the intimacy of their encounter to notice anything around them.

I was immediately filled with shame at what I'd done, and tiptoed back to the guest room, holding my own ejaculate in my left hand.

A few minutes after I'd cleaned up, I heard a faint knock on the guestroom door.

"Alan?"

It was Mark. His voice was a bit hesitant.

"Yes?"

"Jessica wants to see you," he said, "I'll be in the shower."

"Ok," I murmured, sensing what was coming.

Would she really reward me with "clean-up duty" while Mark was still here? Why did the idea turn me on so much?

Jessica was on her back with her legs up, in a position that I imagined was meant to ensure conception. I had a visceral reaction to seeing her like this, even though I knew, of course, that she was trying extremely hard to have a baby.

Mark's baby, that is.

"There you are, honey," she said cheerfully, turning her head towards me but otherwise not moving.

"Hi," I said.

She picked up her watch from the nightstand and looked at it.

"It's been about 20 minutes," she said, "Mark's sperm is doing its work, so whatever's left in there is all *yours*, honey."

She acted as if she were giving me a special treat. And, in a way, I'd come to see it that way.

"You did such a good job with dinner, I thought that you'd appreciate getting a chance to clean up as well."

"Jessica," I said, "I'm not sure about this..."

"Aw, really? You loved it before. I promise to tell you some dirty stories while you work," she said.

"I just don't know," I said, embarrassed by the fact that my hard cock was betraying me.

I had put on briefs since the incident in the hallway, and the outline of my hard cock (though of course much less prominent than Mark's) was clearly visible.

"Alan," she said, "your little guy is really excited. I can see that. How about this: you can jerk yourself off while you eat Mark's load out of my pussy. Does that sound good?"

The sight of my wife's naked body stretched out across the bed caused me to ache with desire. It was clear to me now that this would be the closest I was going to get to Jessica's incredible body for the time being. No matter how humiliating it was.

"I guess so," I said, approaching the bed.

"That's it," she said, "go ahead and take out your cock and stroke it while you clean me up."

I obeyed, plunging my face into my wife's swollen cunt.

"His cum really doesn't taste that bad," she said, "I already ate one of his loads before dinner, you know. I've really acquired a taste for it, and I think you will, too. I know that I've had a lot more experience eating it, but maybe you'll catch up to me eventually."

She laughed.

I plunged my tongue deeper, and her laugh turned into a sigh.

"There's something so magical about feeling a man like Mark come inside you, honey. It makes a woman feel so vulnerable and so powerful at the same time. I don't think there's anything that I can do to get you to understand. Every time he fills me, I feel like everything is right in the universe. That I've found my true role in life. That my life has a real *meaning*. A purpose. I don't think there's any way for you to know what that really means to me."

I kept working my stiff cock in my hand while I licked around her clit now, teasing it with the tip of my tongue.

"Oh shit, Alan. I'm so sensitive. And that feels so good..."

I lapped at her clit now. She let out a series of low groans. I wondered if she was thinking about Alan's cock, even though I was the one pleasuring her now.

"We're so close to each other now, Alan," she moaned, "Mark and I, I mean. I know you understand that..."

I moaned, coming close to orgasm myself now.

"I'm almost certain that he got me pregnant tonight," she said, "and if he did, I know that he's going to ask me to marry him."

"Jessica," I said, pulling away from her cunt and looking up at her, "this whole thing has gone *way* too far. This was supposed to be a fun, kinky thing that would spice up our marriage. Not be the end of it!"

She sat up on her elbows, looking at me quizzically.

"But I thought this was part of your fantasy, honey! You said you *wanted* him to impregnate me!"

"That was just a fantasy," I insisted, "I wasn't ready for the reality. I'm not ready to lose you."

"What did you think was going to happen after I let another man give me a baby, honey? That I would want to raise the kid with *you*? How, exactly, would we explain that?"

"So — what? You're going to divorce me now?"

"I thought we could do it amicably. Just divide everything down the middle. You know that Mark's a lawyer. I don't think that you want to tangle with him."

I shook my head.

"Come on, honey. Relax. He hasn't even asked me to marry him yet. There's a lot of cum left for you to eat," she said, giving me her irresistible smile.

"How did things get this far out of control? Before this move, everything seemed perfect."

"Things seemed perfect to *you*, honey. Not to me."

"If only you'd said something to me back then."

"There was nothing you could have done, honey. This was inevitable. It's fate."

"I know," I said angrily, "our entire marriage, the entire time I thought we were together, you were really living in your mind up in that lifeguard house with Mark, right?"

I wiped some of the cum from my chin in anger as I stood up.

"What? What did you say?" she asked, sounding genuinely astonished.

"I said for our entire marriage, you've been married to Mark in your mind."

"No," she said, her voice quivering with real emotion, "that's *not* what you said. You said 'up in the lifeguard house.'"

"So?"

"So? That was our secret place. *No one* knew where we went back then. No one but Mark and me. I know that *he* didn't tell you. So how did you find out?"

"What are you talking about?" I said, "you must have told me at some point."

"No," she said, sitting up in bed now, her arms crossed across her chest, "I never would have told you that. That place was secret to Mark and I."

"Maybe I just assumed. I knew that he was a lifeguard, and so..."

Anger filled her eyes. A righteous, scorching anger.

"Oh my *God*, Alan! My diary! You read my diary!"

"No," I stammered, "look, Jessica..."

"Don't even try to deny it," she said, raising her finger and wagging it at me, "you must have found it somewhere. I know I haven't unpacked it yet. It's in one of the boxes around here..."

"Ok," I said, "it's out in the garage. I admit I got curious about you and Mark and so..."

"So you decided to invade my privacy? God, Alan. It was locked. I know that for a fact. What did you do, break off the lock?"

"What? No. Of course not," I said, trying to keep the rapidly deteriorating situation from spiraling completely out of control, "the key was in the lock."

"So you thought it was ok for you to read it?"

"You wouldn't tell me what you did with Mark back then. You kept hinting at things. I just wanted to know the truth."

"Well now you know, I guess," she said, her tone suddenly mocking, "did you stroke your little cock thinking about me and Mark? Thinking about your young wife pleasing Mark's big beautiful penis? You pervert. You disgust me."

She shook her head and then burst into tears.

"I never thought it would end like this," she sobbed, "I wanted us to stay friends."

"Jessica," I said...

"I'm going home with Mark," she said, "get out and wait in the guestroom while I pack a suitcase."

"Come on, Jessica," I said, raising my voice.

Just then, Mark emerged from the bathroom wrapped in a towel. There was a serious look on his face.

"Mark, babe," said Jessica sobbing, "get this piece of shit out of here. I'm packing a suitcase and I don't want him to bother me."

Mark gave me a firm but slightly sympathetic look. There was no doubt that he would back up whatever he was about to say to me with physical violence if necessary, but also that he hoped it didn't come to that.

"Alan," he said, "I think you should go in the other room and cool off for a while. Things seem to have gotten really out of control in the last few minutes. Just give Jessica some space."

"Mark," I said, "she's *my* wife. Just let us settle this ourselves."

"That wasn't a request," said Mark, striding towards me, "it was an order. Get out. I don't want to have to make you."

I flinched involuntarily. I knew that I was no match for Mark physically. I had no choice but to back out the door and then walk slowly down the hall to the guestroom.

I listened as Jessica's sobs slowly slowed, then faded completely. About half an hour later, the front door slammed closed.

Jessica and Mark were gone.

That first night I was numbed with shock, but somehow also incredibly aroused. It was like I was a teenager again. Maybe I knew deep down that I'd lost everything, and that there was nothing to do now but enjoy whatever small pleasures I could in the wake of the collapse of my marriage.

In concrete terms, this meant that I collapsed onto the very spot that Mark had laid when he had quite possibly impregnated my wife a few hours before. I could still smell the sweat of the couple, and there was a wet spot on the sheets, probably where Mark's cum had leaked out of Jessica.

I lay down, pulling out my cock and jerking off furiously as I replayed the scene that I'd witnessed before: the probable conception of Jessica and Mark's child.

My distress at Jessica's departure did not reach that animal part of my brain that controlled sexual desire. I remained completely obsessed with the image of Mark's long, thick penis penetrating her in every position I could imagine, bringing her to orgasm multiple times, depositing its seed into her fertile womb again and again and again...

Though I masturbated in what used to be our marriage bed, I began to sleep in the guest room, obeying Jessica and Mark's command, as if the two of them were still there. I must have had

some kind of unconscious conviction that if I just followed the rules carefully enough, Jessica would come back into my life.

But of course that wasn't the case.

I tried to call her, of course. I left her a couple of voice messages explaining myself and apologizing for reading the diary when I'd stumbled upon it. I still wasn't entirely sure that she was right to be so upset at me for violating her privacy, when she was the one who had repeatedly violated our marriage vows, but of course I had to admit that her particular violation had, at times, been encouraged and facilitated by me. I wasn't an attorney, but I didn't think that this variant of "alienation of affection" would hold up in court.

Court. *Divorce* court. That's where all of this was heading, wasn't it?

Even if Mark wasn't a divorce attorney (he probably wouldn't have been able to represent his lover even if he was), he undoubtedly knew some of the best divorce lawyers in the city, and was probably, even now, contacting all of them on behalf of Jessica.

It wouldn't be long before I'd lose everything.

For several days, I simply wallowed in my misery. I took a few days off of work and simply sat around the house, getting fatter and dirtier. I tried to contact Jessica on Facebook. On Twitter. On Instagram. I called her at work and was told that I was never to contact her there again.

Finally, drunk and desperate one night three weeks after she'd left, I called Mark's cell phone. To my surprise, he answered.

"Alan," he said, his voice grave, "Alan, I understand that you're upset..."

"Mark," I said, trying not to slur my speech despite the amount of whiskey I'd imbibed, "is Jessica there?"

"She doesn't want to talk to you, Mark. I think you know that."

"Mark, she's my wife. You've *got* to let me talk to her. It's not fair. Me reading her diary from when she was a teenager might have been wrong, but it's nothing compared to destroying a marriage. You know that."

"Alan," he began, his voice seeming to waver, "it's not about what's fair and not fair anymore. It's about what Jessica wants. I

hate to say this. I'm not a guy who likes to have to say things like this. But you know that I have plenty of experience dealing with people that pose a threat to me or the safety of people I love."

I remembered his wartime experiences. I was simply no match for Mark, professionally or physically. There was nothing to do but surrender. I realized that now.

"Mark," I said, choking back tears, "I'm sorry. I just...isn't there some way... Isn't there some way...?"

"There's not," he said seriously, "I'm really sorry, Alan. But there's just not."

There was a pregnant pause.

"Goodbye, Alan," he said, "Jessica will contact you herself if she wants to talk to you."

Click. The line went dead.

I grabbed the bottle of whiskey next to me on the coffee table and took a long swig, welcoming the rush of oblivion that came when I lay back on the couch.

It was hell those first few weeks, but then, about a month after Jessica left, something strange happened.

It began to feel normal.

I managed to force myself to log back into the servers at work and do a few of the tasks that I'd been neglecting. Sure, there were a lot of questions about where I'd been and what I'd been doing, but after I swallowed my pride and told my boss that Jessica had left me, he was remarkably understanding.

Of course I didn't give him any details about the circumstances of how and why she'd left.

I didn't tell him anything about the dangerous game that we'd been playing in our marriage. That *I'd* been playing in our marriage.

I stopped drinking and eating so much, and I even started going to the gym again.

Of course I still couldn't get the images of Jessica and Mark out of my mind. I slept in the guest bedroom every night, imagining them making love in the room next to me, her lithe young body bouncing in ecstasy on his long hard prick.

I spilled my seed countless times to this image. I even began to crave the "clean-up sessions" that she'd subjected me to. I started to miss the taste of Mark's semen as I licked it out of her swollen vagina.

Finally, I realized that three whole months had gone by without my hearing from Jessica at all.

Then, one evening, she came through the front door. Just like she had back in the good old days.

She was wearing a simple sundress. Was it my imagination, or did her hips and bust look even fuller, her curves more pronounced, than three months ago when I'd last saw her.

I immediately thought of how fertile she must have been, and all of the sex that she'd been having with Mark. I was convinced for some entirely intuitive reason that our problems conceiving were due entirely to my low sperm count, and that Mark would impregnate her effortlessly.

I was a bit ashamed that this was all I could think about as Jessica walked through the front door of our house for the first time in more than 90 days.

"Alan," she said, "you look good. Better than I thought you might, after that phone call to Mark. He said you sounded like you'd been drinking."

"Jessica," I said, reaching out to her, unsure if I should kiss her or shake her hand.

She looked down at my hand, not extending her own, keeping her distance.

"Alan," she said, "we need to talk."

"Of course," I said, "I know. It's about divorce, right? You're divorcing me."

"Let's sit down," she said, "is the kitchen table ok?"

She was already acting like a guest in her own home. What used to be *our* home.

I followed her into the kitchen.

"You've kept the place looking good," she said, surveying the room and approving of its cleanliness.

"It didn't look so pretty the first week or so," I said.

"Look, Alan," she said, "I'm not here to make up. Or to forgive you."

I listened, my heart sinking.

"I'm here because Mark asked me to come. You owe this visit to *him*."

"Ok," I said.

"You guessed correctly: I want a divorce. But... I don't want things to be ugly between us, and neither does Alan. He's drawn up a simple division of our assets. I think you'll see that it treats you more than fairly. You'll keep all of the money in our shared accounts (even though a lot of that is mine) and you'll also get 50% of the proceeds when we sell the house. I get the family heirlooms from my family, and all of my personal effects and belongings."

"Sure," I said, "that sounds only fair. But I don't want to have to sell this place. That's going to be a huge pain, and we're never going to get the money out of it that we've put it."

"Yes," she said, "about that. This is the part that Mark suggested. I've slowly come around to seeing his point of view. His solution is this: we sell our house, but you move in with Mark and me."

"What? You'd want me there?"

Her wary gaze showed just a hint of her former affection as she regarded me from across the same table we'd often sat at together in happier times.

"I'm not mad at you anymore," she said, "I recognize that I might have overreacted. And I know how hard it was to see your little fetish explode in your face like this."

I noticed how she still referred to it as *my* fetish, even though she had been in love with Mark and planning to leave me for years, it seemed.

"Ok, but won't it be weird for me to live with the two of you? Plus, I'll need to find something more permanent soon. I need some kind of stability in my home life in order for me to do my job."

"That's just it," she continued, her beautiful eyes flashing, "this *would* be permanent. Mark has a huge house — way too big for just the two of us — and he'd let you stay in part of it for free. All you'd have to do is help out with the baby sometimes, and..."

She must have seen the look on my face.

"The...baby?"

"Oh," she said, standing briskly, "I guess we haven't told you yet. I'm 12 weeks pregnant. I'm not really showing yet, though."

She pressed her dress down to her flat stomach, which only served to accentuate the curve of her bust.

"They say the first time it takes you a long time to really show anything. Especially if you work out your abs as much as I do."

My cock ached as it arched against my pants. It had been so long since I'd had any kind of female attention, and ever since those first few days of despair and masturbation, I'd hardly touched myself at all. Seeing Jessica stretch like this and show her fertile body to me awakened my primal urges once more.

Jessica looked at me with a mixture of amusement and pity, as if she'd read my mind.

"Oh, Alan," she said, "I hope you're not mad. I think you'll do a great job taking care of our baby while Mark and I are at work. There's so much to do at the firm these days. Mark is in the middle of that big new case, and my due date is just a month before the next charity auction! Mark wants Jenna to take over most of the duties, but I know that I'm the only one who can really coordinate things."

"That might be hard right after giving birth."

"I know," she said, "and that's why having you around would make things easier."

I thought for a moment. Living with Mark for free while keeping half of the money that we got for the house would mitigate the otherwise devastating financial effects of a divorce. And it would allow me to stay a part of Jessica's life.

She must have known that I was mulling things over, because that was when she decided she needed to sweeten the deal.

"You know," she said, "Mark and I still have an *amazing* sex life. We do it three times a day sometimes. He's so turned on by the fact that I'm carrying his child."

My cock flexed against my pants.

"He's so great in bed. I mean, you know. You've seen it all with your own eyes. You know what he can do to me just with a kiss."

I cringed internally as she mentioned kissing him, but was absolutely electrified with desire at the prospect of witnessing his thick penis slide into her just one more time.

She sensed my arousal and giggled, looking down towards my bulge, which was, thankfully, obscured by the table.

"I bet if I talk to him, he might let you stand outside the door and listen sometime," she continued, "even if neither one of us wants you to *watch* ever again."

My disappointment must have been legible on my face, because her lips turned down in a sympathetic expression.

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey," she said, using her old term of endearment, "I know that must be disappointing for you. But I know that Mark did tell me that you can still perform clean-up duties once in a while if you want..."

"Ok," I said, before I was even consciously aware that the words had left my mouth, "ok, I'll do it."

"You'll do it? Great! Mark will be so happy."

She beamed at me and then walked around the table, bending down towards me. I caught a glimpse of her cleavage as the front of her dress billowed down a bit.

"I can't wait to feel your tongue on my asshole again, honey," she whispered, leaning in to my ear, before giving me a quick peck on the cheek and standing up again.

"Mark's waiting for me outside," she announced, "he insisted on being here in case something went wrong. Even though I told him not to worry, because I've still got you wrapped around my finger. Don't I, honey?"

She blew me a kiss and then walked to the door, only turning back when her hand was on the handle.

"Mark will send over the paperwork later this afternoon," she said, "he's even got an agent lined up who will help us stage and sell the house. And he's hired movers. All you have to do is pack a suitcase and head over to his place. He'll give you the address."

"Thanks, Jessica," I said, standing awkwardly due to the stiffness of the erection I was attempting to conceal, "I'll see you soon, I guess?"

"That's right," she said, opening the door, "until then, Alan."

"Until then."

The door closed behind her, and I raced to the garage, rifling through the boxes until I found the diary, the key still in the lock where I'd left it. I no longer felt conflicted about reading it. Not after Jessica had forgiven me.

I opened the diary to the page that I was looking for and read the final entry that Jessica had written about Mark in her flowery, girlish hand.

Mark and I saw each other for the last time tonight. I can barely write because my hands are shaking. I don't know whether to laugh with joy because of how he makes me feel, or cry in despair because he's going so far away. The last hour we spent together was so incredible that I almost let him go all the way. We both wanted to so bad. But, in the end, I just couldn't. Not only because of my religious hang-ups. That was part of it of course. There was also my overwhelming fear of pregnancy. But mostly it was because no matter how badly I wanted him to be my first, I just couldn't understand how he was supposed to fit inside me. Even though I've spent the summer worshipping his penis. Making love to it in every way I could without letting it in my vagina. He's taught me ways of pleasing him that I think would make the sluttiest girls in my class blush. But I simply couldn't imagine opening up enough for him to get it inside me. Not now, at least. I imagine in a few years (or even a few months), when I'm finally able to see him again, it might be different. But tonight I just gave him a nice, long blowjob, trying to give him something to remember me by. He was very gentle with me, very appreciative. I took his come all over my face and chin, which made me feel extremely slutty. Or it would have, if I hadn't been doing it for him. The man I love. The man I'm going to marry one day, no matter how long it takes. I'll devote my life to pleasing him. To having his babies. To taking care of his home and caring for him in every way I can. Til death do us part."

I slammed the diary shut as a wave of emotion hit me. Why was I doing this to myself?

As I stood there in the garage like and idiot, my cock pressed against my trousers, begging for its freedom.

I took out my cock and closed my eyes, ashamed at what I was doing and where I was doing it, but safe in the knowledge that at least this part of my perversion was my own little secret. As my hands slide over my slick shaft a tear came to my eye. I envisioned the happy couple, together at last. And suddenly, I was incredibly thankful that they had deigned to include me in their happiness, even if it was in a subservient role.

Yes, the offer of a guest room in his house, for the rest of the foreseeable future, had been a grand gesture on Mark's part. I understood that now.

A few days later, when I'd signed the divorce papers and taken a cab to the address that Mark had texted me, I even had the feeling that, even though my marriage was over, this was ultimately a happy ending for all of us.

For me, Mark, and, most of all, for Jessica.

THE END

ALSO BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Thanks for reading!

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— XX

Cynthia

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HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA

After his seemingly innocent wife Rebecca relates an uncharacteristically hot hook-up story from her college days, Louis can't stop thinking about watching her with a well-endowed lover.

Rebecca is reluctant to entertain her husband's desires at first, but when her old flame Chris comes into the picture, she suddenly becomes much more open to exploring a cuckold relationship. It doesn't hurt that Chris is tall, handsome, dominant, and, most of all, incredibly hung. Before she knows it, Rebecca is a confirmed size queen.

After several hot encounters between Chris and Rebecca, the couple's marriage is put to the test. Louis finds himself torn between the pleasure he gets from watching his wife and her lover and the incredible jealousy he feels as the two slowly grow more and more emotionally intimate. To make matters worse, Chris and Louis strike up a friendship of their own. How can Lou resent Chris for taking his wife when he can see for himself what a nice guy Chris is?

HER FIRST BULL: Book 1 – Rebecca is an explicit, raw, and emotionally poignant 22,000–word novella. It is an exploration of the pleasures and pitfalls of cuckolding, the merits of large men and the emotional minefield that awaits couples who venture into unknown territory.

It is also a love story. A tale of two people who find their soulmates in the last place they expect...



HER SECRET BOYFRIEND

Chloe is an amazing woman: young, intelligent, beautiful, fertile and totally inexperienced.

So when Ben meets her, he knows he has to clean up his life. He stops drinking, finishes his degree, gets a good job as an engineer, and asks her to marry him.

To his surprise, she says yes! Ben is overjoyed: the woman that he loves loves him back.

There's only one thing standing between this couple and a perfect life together: Ben's fantasy of watching his innocent wife, totally unprotected, making love to a well-endowed, dominant man.

Even though he knows it's wrong, Ben can't help but encourage Chloe to indulge his cuckold fantasies. When Ben's old friend John enters the picture, Ben's wildest dreams come one step closer to becoming a reality. Soon, John and Chloe are seeing a lot of each other. But how far does their relationship really go?

Can Ben and Chloe's marriage survive HER SECRET BOYFRIEND?

HER SECRET BOYFRIEND (ca. 52,000 words) is an explicit novel for adults only, exploring the emotional and physical pitfalls of cuckolding and the hotwife lifestyle.



HER OLD FLAME

Melinda is everything her husband Steve has ever wanted: she's smart, feisty and voluptuously curvy. The kind of woman with a healthy appetite for the finer things in life — in the kitchen and the bedroom. The fact that she's an Italian–American from Queens only makes her seem more exotic to a guy from the suburbs of Dallas.

But Steve goes digging into Melinda's past, he begins to uncover some uncomfortable secrets about an ex-boyfriend named Carlo. Carlo is the opposite of Steve in every way: he's tall, confident, dominant and very well-endowed. Luckily, Carlo is behind bars serving a sentence for a crime of passion he committed protecting Melinda's honor. So he's not a serious threat to the couple's relationship.

Or is he?

When Carlo is transferred to a prison nearby, a stunning series of events will turn Melinda's old flame into a towering inferno...

HER OLD FLAME is a 50,000-word cuckold novel that explores themes of cuckold angst, netorare, clean-up, alpha males and what happens to beta males when they accept their place in the natural hierarchy.



BECCA GETS BLACKED

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

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

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

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

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

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