HER FIRST BULL



Karen

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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By Cynthia Sizemore

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INTRODUCTION

Karen hadn’t taken an active interest in sex for years — not since we’d given up on the idea of ever having children. Once that option seemed off the table, she just wasn’t interested anymore.

We’d been to doctors, and they had determined that Karen had an irregular cycle, and I had a low sperm count. It was the worst of both worlds, in other words. We’d discussed in vitro fertilization — maybe even with the help of a donor — but Karen had eventually decided she was totally against the idea, for ethical and personal reasons. That was fine with me, because it also would have cost thousands of dollars that we didn’t exactly have! We made good money, but we lived in one of the most expensive cities in the world (Los Angeles) and had a mortgage and student loans to pay off. Forking over an extra 20 or 40 grand for a procedure that wasn’t even guaranteed to work didn’t exactly strike me as appealing.

So I was shocked one Friday afternoon when Karen announced that she wanted to make love.

Those actually aren’t the exact words she used. The *exact* words were:

“Murray, I want to fuck.”

She’s almost never that crass, and she almost never calls me by my first name, either. I sniffed the wine on her breath, and I immediately understood what had happened.

Happy hour.

Karen never drank, not after what she liked to refer to as the “dark years” of her early twenties when she blacked out almost every weekend. She wasn’t an alcoholic in the “classical” sense — she could have a drink or two if she wanted to — but she was definitely a “danger drinker” which meant that she had problems stopping once she passed that limit. So she didn’t go to a group or a 12-step program, but she also hadn’t “gotten started” in a long time. Because I knew about this history, I never pressured her to drink, and she’d always said that she appreciated this about our relationship. Over the years, it had become such a habit that I’d never even thought about the possibility that my wife’s libido might come roaring back after a cocktail or two.

But I was confronted with the non-so-unpleasant truth that this seemed to be exactly what was happening.

“Come on,” she complained, tugging at my tie, “just take me upstairs. I’m so fucking horny.”

“What’s gotten into you?” I asked.

“Don’t ruin it,” she said, “I know you want to sleep with me, and now I’m giving you that chance again.”

“Ok, ok,” I said, grabbing her ass and pulling her in close to me, “I guess I won’t question it.”

“Good.”

A few moments later, we were up in the bedroom, and Karen was tearing off my clothes like she hadn’t done in years. Actually, I don’t think I’d ever seen her like this. She didn’t even want foreplay. Just penetration. Something must have gotten her very worked up. Could it be that alcohol had *always* had this effect on her? I hadn’t know her back in the days that she’d been such a problem drinker, so for all I knew, those back-out drunk nights might

have also been accompanied by one-night stands. We'd never talked much about her sexual past, except that she'd had a long-term boyfriend in college who she broke up with a year after graduation.

By the time we'd met, she'd been completely sober - as far as I knew, of course.

That night, however, I didn't look a gift horse in the mouth. I just fucked Karen as hard as I could, trying my best to satisfy her, knowing that I might not get another chance to do it for another six months. She came to orgasm quickly, almost too quickly. It was like she'd been touching herself before she got home. In the back of my mind, I even wondered if she might have been making out with another man. I couldn't explain her lack of need for foreplay any other way.

She was wet, too. Normally, on the rare occasions that we made love, she required extra lubrication before I went inside. Not this time. I slid in and out of her easily, looking down at her reddened face as I tried my best to hold off the climax that I knew was rapidly approaching. I'd never been much of a hero when it came to lasting a long time in bed, but this time, I was determined to go for more than just a thirty seconds.

I lasted a full minute. Or almost a full minute. Time always gets weird when you're inside a beautiful woman.

And Karen was *that*: beautiful, that is. Naturally blond, slender, with a pair of nice big tits which, unlike a lot of the ones you often see in California, were not surgically enhanced. She had green-blue eyes and a big smile. Her teeth weren't perfect, but I liked them that way. The white caps that everyone had out here seemed downright uncanny to me sometimes. A sexy woman like Karen was only made sexier through a couple of minor imperfections.

"God," she sighed, after I'd finally given up the fight and cum inside her, "I really needed that."

“Me too,” I said, feeling strangely vulnerable at having admitted this.

We hardly ever talked about the fact that we didn’t fuck anymore. I knew that she probably just didn’t want it as often as I did, but admitting that I needed it more than she did made me feel bad about myself. She must have known this already, of course.

“I thought maybe you did,” she said.

“So why today? Did something happen at work?”

“What?”

She looked dreamily up at the ceiling, her eyes glazed over, whether in post-orgasmic bliss or due to the alcohol, I couldn’t be sure.

“I mean,” I said clearing my throat, “did something get you…worked up?”

“No,” she sighed, “not really. I don’t know.”

She yawned and closed her eyes.

I gave her a kiss on the forehead, then closed my eyes as well, basking in the afterglow of the first sexual encounter with my wife for almost as long as I could remember.



Next Friday, this scene repeated itself almost exactly. The alcohol on Karen’s breath, her insistent arousal, my rapid climax - all of it.

But this time, the information started to trickle out of her. Slowly. Maybe she’d had one more drink than she had the first time. I’m still not sure why she told me what she did.

There we were: lying side by side on the bed, Karen still in the green sundress she’d worn to work (sans panties of course), and me dressed only in my dirty white t-shirt that I wore under the shirt I wore on the video calls that I sometimes had to make from my home office.

“So,” I said, “you still don’t want to tell me what’s going on? I’m just curious.”

“Nothing’s ‘going on’,” she said, laughing a little.

“I just mean, we haven’t done it for months, and then two Fridays in a row?”

She sighed.

“I guess…I kind of get horny when I drink.”

“That’s the other thing,” I said, “I thought you didn’t like to drink…”

“I *love* to drink,” she said, “I just used to have a problem with it is all. So I usually say no when the gang is going to happy hour, but there’s something about Steven that makes it impossible to say no to him…”

There it was. I felt a lump form in my throat as my stomach churned.

“Who’s…”

I could barely get the words out. I was hurt. I couldn’t hide it. I was bad at showing my emotions.

“Who’s Steven?” she asked quickly, “he’s our new boss. And he’s fucking *hot*.”

She let out a drunken guffaw.

“Sorry, babe,” she said, “I guess I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Karen,” I said, trying to get my emotions under control, “I can’t believe you’re just coming out and saying it.”

“Saying what?”

“That you want to fuck your boss.”

“What? That’s not at all what I said.”

She was sitting up on the bed now, propped up on her elbows. She seemed genuinely surprised that I would interpret her words in that way.

“It certainly sounded that way to me,” I said, “to me, it sounded like I asked you why you’re so horny all of a sudden, and you said that it’s because you’ve been spending time with your hot boss.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Ok,” she said, “I guess it sort of sounds that way, doesn’t it. But I didn’t mean it like that. I just meant…well, I’m sure that you get some ‘inspiration’ from the ladies you follow in Instagram, or girls on porn sites or whatever. I mean, don’t you? I know that you must jack off all the time when I’m out of the house.”

Suddenly, I was on the defensive. I felt a deep sense of shame.

“I don’t…that’s different.”

“Why is it so different? You’re jerking your dick to pictures of cute girls in swimsuits and I’m looking at my hot boss and imagining him bending me over his desk.”

“Karen!”

I choked back the emotion in my voice.

“Come on, Murray. It’s only fantasy. We all have them. I thought it was obvious to both of us that our chemistry hasn’t been what it once was. It’s fine with me if you use your girls to help you out sometimes, and I expected that you wouldn’t mind it if I had my own ways of getting my juices flowing. I mean, as long as we both bring it home to the bedroom, what’s the problem? You’re not fucking some instagram thot, and I’m not going to Steve’s house after work. No harm, no foul. Right?”

“Right,” I said, surprised to hear myself agreeing, “but not the same thing at all. I don’t work with any of the girls that I jack off to.”

“Are you sure about that, babe? Are you sure you’ve never closed your eyes and thought about that girl…what’s her name…Valerie? The little Latina? She’s very cute. I think she’d be just your type.”

I blushed. Karen was right, of course. I *did* like Valerie. I *had* thought about her before in a sexual context.

“That’s still not the same. I work remotely. I never see Valerie…”

“Not even when you go into the Chicago office twice a month? You’ve never flirted with her when you see her

there? Not even a little bit?”

“No,” I said, telling a pretty unconvincing lie, “never.”

She smiled. It was clear to both of us that what I’d said hadn’t been true, but she wasn’t going to say it directly.

“Why not? I’m sure she’d appreciate it.”

“Because I’m married, that’s why,” I snapped, “the same reason why you shouldn’t be talking about your boss this way.”

“Look at you,” she said, “so possessive. It’s kind of hot. I’m not going to lie. Maybe I should talk about Steve more often. Maybe we can get the passion back in this marriage.”

My cheeks burned. My passion hadn’t gone anywhere. *I* still wanted Karen as much as ever before. *She* was the one who wasn’t into it anymore!

It seemed like she knew that. That she was manipulating me on purpose. If I’d only been able to think with my head and not with my dick…

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1

“Oh my God, really!?”

My wife Karen and her friend, Bridget, were giggling about something. Something that they clearly didn’t want to talk about directly with me, because they kept stealing glances in my direction to see if I’d been listening as they sat at our kitchen table, huddled over their phones.

“I’m not kidding. I saw it with my own eyes. I wouldn’t have believed it either if I hadn’t.”

Bridget was whispering, but loud enough that I could still hear her clearly. I pretended to be absorbed in my iPad as I lounged on the couch in the next room, scrolling mindlessly while I tried to pick up fragments of their conversation.

“I mean, does anyone really *like* that? Isn’t there such a thing as it being *too* big?”

Bridget giggled at my wife’s question. The two women had shared one bottle of wine, and were starting on another. I started to wonder if I should perhaps be concerned about my wife’s newfound love for alcohol. She hadn’t gotten really out of control yet, but all of the stories she told me about her wild days caused me to be more than

a little concerned, every time I saw her reaching for another glass.

The alcohol also meant that Bridget and Karen weren't being as discreet as they thought they were being, and I soon gathered more threads of the conversation and was able to weave a picture of what they'd been discussing.

"I still can't believe they were both there. I mean, all three of them together?"

"I guess Steve had more than enough to go around," laughed Bridget, "I sometimes wonder what it would be like to be with a guy was packing something like Steve is…"

"Shh," said Karen drunkenly, jerking her head in my general direction.

I could see them in the mirror on the living room wall, even though they were in the kitchen.

"So what? I'm not really going to cheat just for a big dick. I do care a little about what's attached to the penis."

Bridget let out a loud, drunken guffaw.

I stood up from the couch and turned off the iPad. It was getting more and more difficult to ignore the raucous conversation from the other room.

"Sounds like the two of you are amusing yourselves," I said, walking into the kitchen.

"What can I say? I never thought that work would be this much fun," said Bridget, looking at me with glassy eyes.

How long had they been drinking before this? It didn't seem healthy, especially for someone like Karen.

"Me neither," laughed Karen.

Her tone of voice reassured me a little. She sounded drunk, but not black-out drunk. At least there was that.

"So what's so funny?"

My question hung in the air for a moment.

"It's not exactly something for… polite company," said Bridget, looking at Karen guiltily.

“You two sound like Victorian gentlemen who are afraid to discuss the legs of furniture in front of women,” I said, chuckling.

“Very funny,” said Karen, “you know what those Victorian gentlemen were doing when they weren’t at home protecting the ears of their post innocent wives and daughters?”

“Drinking at the pub?”

“Fucking prostitutes,” she said, laughing, “there were more whores in Victorian England than almost any other place on earth.”

Bridget’s drunken laugh chimed in a moment too late and a little too loudly.

“Ok, does your secret have to do with fucking prostitutes?” I asked, playing along.

“Close,” said Bridget, “it’s about fucking, that’s for sure. I’m not sure that Lily and Vanessa are whores though. I mean, in a sense they definitely are. I just don’t know if Steve was paying them.”

“Of course he was *paying* them,” said Karen, “he’s the boss.”

“When you put it that way, maybe we’re *all* whores,” laughed Bridget, the tears coming to her eyes.

“So your boss Steve fucks his employees? Sounds like he’s one lawsuit away from bankruptcy.”

I tried not to let on how hard the adrenaline was pumping through my veins in that moment. After all, Karen and I had just had what I would term a fight about her obvious attraction to her boss. And now here she was giggling about him having sex with other women who worked for him?

“From what I saw, those girls were very happy with the arrangement,” said Bridget.

“Wait,” I said, “you saw it? I mean, *them*? What exactly did you see?”

Bridget looked across the table at Karen, tacitly asking permission to relate the obscene story.

My wife nodded.

“Well,” said Bridget, “I came into the office on Saturday afternoon to get my laptop, and I caught Steve fucking Lily and Vanessa in his office.”

“Both of them?”

“Technically he had his cock in Vanessa, but Lily had her mouth on his balls, so I’m sure that he was also inside her at some point.”

“Oh my God,” I said, “that’s horrible. I can’t imagine seeing your boss in a situation like that. What did you do?”

Bridget’s laugh echoed sharply off the walls of the kitchen.”

“I stopped and watched for a few minutes, after I realized that they couldn’t see me due to the glare on the windows.”

“Bridget, you’re so *bad*!” exclaimed Karen.

“As if you wouldn’t have watched.”

“I would have been so shocked I would have simply turned around and left.”

“Yeah, right.”

“Anyway,” said Bridget, “that’s the big secret.”

“Interesting choice of words,” said Karen, laughing again.

“What? Because I said ‘big’?”

Karen laughed again.

“I get the feeling that you’re not telling me the entire story,” I said.

“I guess there is one detail that I left out,” said Bridget, looking down at the table, suddenly seeming to play coy, “do you want to tell him, Karen?”

Karen shook her head.

“Steve’s….blessed.”

“You mean…?”

“He’s got a huge cock,” said Karen, “not that that matters. Don’t worry, honey!”

“Ok,” I said, trying to sound casual, “I’ll try not to worry, then.”

“Honestly, don’t,” said Bridget quickly, “it’s really not that big of a deal to most women. I’m sure whatever you’re equipped with is just fine.”

My cheeks burned. It was obvious what she was implying: that there was no way that I could possibly be as large as Steve.

“I can’t believe we’re talking about this. I can’t believe you’ve seen your boss’s dick. In most companies, this would mean a trip straight to HR. He’d be fired immediately.”

“It’s kind of hard to fire the CEO of a privately held company.”

“You could contact the board of directors. There’s no way they should tolerate something like this in this post #metoo era.”

Bridget laughed.

“Steve’s the chairman of the board and the largest shareholder. The other shareholders are companies that he owns, too. So there’s nothing preventing him from putting that monster in anything that moves. And consents, of course.”

Karen giggled at Bridget’s wit.

“Of course. I’m sure it’s always *highly* consensual when you’re fucking your boss at work.”

“Maybe we should all just agree to disagree on this issue,” laughed Bridget.

I nodded, then returned to the couch and picked up my iPad again, unable to get the image of Steve fucking those two lovely young women out of my mind.

I had meet Lily and Vanessa at a company party a few months ago. I remembered them because they were both gorgeous young women in their early 20s. Vanessa was a slender redhead and Lily was a taller brunette with large

tits. At the time, I'd made a sarcastic remark to myself about how these two girls had probably not been hired on the strength of their resumes, but then immediately reprimanded myself for my sexist assumption. Now, it seemed that my sexist assumption had been exactly correct. And I'd also learned some new information about the man who I was increasingly coming to see as my rival.

I tried to forget about these details. For my own sanity more than anything else. After all, if I'd been able to admit the truth about my situation then, what would that mean for my marriage? If I'd looked at the facts objectively, I would have noted the following:

1. My wife, who had a history of dangerous drinking, was now back on the sauce
2. She clearly had a physical, if not emotional attraction to her boss, who she spent a lot of time with alone
3. Her boss was "blessed" in terms of his endowment, which seemed to make quite a difference to some of the young women he worked with.

In other words, everything seemed like a warning sign. If I'd been a little smarter, I might have been able to stop things right then and there.

Or maybe that's a fantasy in and of itself.

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2

I knew that something was up the first time that Karen mentioned the trip to me. It was true that we both traveled for work. That wasn't so weird on its own. It was that this trip was going to be just her and Steven, and it was going to last for several days. And she'd be leaving the country. Just going to Mexico, which wasn't so far away after all, *but still*. The two of us hadn't been on a trip abroad since our honeymoon in Croatia, where we'd stayed with some of my distant relatives in a beautiful, beachside paradise.

Now Karen was going to Cancun with her boss for three days. But not if I had anything to say about it.

I didn't want to get into another big confrontation with Karen. She'd expertly turned the tables on me the last time I'd tried to confront her about her obvious infatuation with Steven. So I had to take a more indirect approach.

The night that she announced her upcoming business trip, I tried my best not to react defensively. I knew I'd have to do something, but I needed to stall for time. So that first night, I merely mumbled a short reply and looked back at my iPad.

I couldn't control the redness spreading to my cheeks, however. Did she think she could just do whatever she

wanted?

I knew that losing my temper wouldn't be attractive. She had really painted me into a corner. Either I consented to her trip to Cancun and tacitly gave her permission to fuck her boss, or I looked like a hothead who couldn't control himself. It was a lose-lose situation.

"That sounds great, honey," I said, "hopefully you'll also have some down time while you're there. You could use some relaxation."

She looked at me, the shock clearly visible on her face. She hadn't expected this response. She'd probably been preparing for a fight.

"Yeah, I could…" she said, her voice trailing off, "of course, Steve has promised that we're there to work, not to play, but he probably won't notice if I don't go to *every* single conference panel."

"That's the spirit," I said, "you should spend at least a few hours a day hanging out by the pool. Just…maybe lay off the booze."

She looked at me. For a moment, I thought she might be angry. Why had I said it like that? It made it seem like everything I'd said had been sarcastic.

But then she smiled.

"I've been thinking about that," she said, "and after the couple of hangovers I've had recently, I think I might just quit drinking again."

I tried not to betray my incredible relief. Maybe I'd read the situation all wrong. Maybe she wasn't planning on using a relapse as an excuse to cheat on me. Who knows?

Then I remembered all the comments about having a crush on Steven. About Steven's big dick. All of it.

I felt the crushing weight of humiliation come down on me. Even though I didn't have proof that anything had happened. Or ever would.

But there was another feeling that was mixed with the memory of my wife's humiliating comments. It was slight

disappointment. Disappointment that she might not get out of control and really cheat with me in reality, and not just in her imagination.

How could I be thinking this?

“I think that’s probably a good idea,” I said, “not that I was worried.”

She smiled at me and then stepped forward to embrace, then kiss me.

“Murray,” she said, “it’s ok. I know I’ve been acting like an ass recently. I never should have thought that I could have a couple of drinks, casually, with the girls…”

“No, babe,” I said, “it’s ok. I wasn’t really worried about it.”

“I don’t believe you,” she sighed, “but if you weren’t worried, maybe you should have been. I’ve been out of line these past few weeks. I don’t know what’s gotten into me.”

“Out of line? How?”

“Not only the drinking,” she sighed, “I also shouldn’t have said that stuff about Steven. About him being cute or whatever. And then there was the thing that Bridget and I were talking about, too…”

My heart leaped for joy. Was it true? Did she really regret the pain that she’d caused me by talking about Steven’s huge cock?

“The truth is,” she said, “every woman knows that size is something that men are hung up on, so that’s why we talk about it. To get a rise out of you. For our own pleasure, there are much more important things.”

“Like what?”

“Like affection,” she said, “commitment. Warmth…”

She pushed herself in closer towards me.

“I’ve got a crazy idea.”

“What?”

“Why don’t you come along?”

“Huh?”

“To Cancun. Come along with Steven and me. We can get a room together. You can go and do tourist stuff when Steven and I are at the conference.”

“Babe,” I said, “I’m not sure that would work…”

“Can’t you move some stuff around? Are you really that busy this time of year?”

I thought for a second. She was totally correct. My work was quite seasonal, and I knew that missing a couple of days wasn’t going to set me behind in the least. On the contrary, it might be good for me.

“I guess,” I stammered, “I guess I can talk to some people. And look at some tickets…”

She was overjoyed.

“That’s great, hon! I’m so happy. Steven will be thrilled that you’re coming with us. He’s always talking about how we should feel free to bring our spouses along when we travel for the company.”

“He is?”

“Yeah,” she said, “Vanessa’s boyfriend said they had a great time when they went to Colorado with Steve last year.”

I thought of Vanessa, the skinny, pale ginger beauty who had been caught sucking the boss’s cock. Could her boyfriend possibly have *known*?

“Vanessa has a boyfriend? Was he around when she and Lily were double-teaming Steven in the office?”

Karen giggled.

“I guess maybe they broke up or something? None of my business!”

“Anyways,” she continued, “let’s both of us plan on having a really good time in Cancun in a couple of weeks. I can’t wait!”

The more I thought about it, the more I felt the same way.

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3

It was almost impossible for me to believe, but I'd gotten what I wanted. That is, almost. I hadn't wanted Karen to go to Cancun alone with Steven, and now she wasn't. We were going together.

I would be traveling separately from the two of them, as it turned out, which made sense, since they'd already booked their tickets through the firm. I bought my own ticket on a flight that arrived a little later, but we agreed that they'd wait for me outside of the customs area, and we'd all go to the hotel together.

Steven had called the hotel and arranged for us to have adjoining rooms. They weren't connected by a door, but rather shared a balcony. This, at least, was what he'd reported to Karen.

That seemed fine. It made sense, after all, that they might need to communicate quickly when they were at the hotel, or even do a little work outside of normal business hours in preparation for the conference. They weren't going to be running a booth there, but they had arranged for a couple of meetings with promising potential clients, and were still working on honing the finer points of their sales pitch.

Karen and I drove to the airport together. Even though my flight was two hours after hers, it would have made no sense to fight LA traffic in two separate cars, or pay for an additional parking spot.

We went though security together, and I walked her to her gate, where Steven was already waiting for her.

Maybe it was because of everything I already knew about him, but I was intimidated the moment I saw Steven. He wasn't at all what I'd expected, which somehow made it even worse. I'd been expecting a body-building, shaved-head douchebag with poor style, but the man in front of me looked like he'd stepped out of the pages of a men's health magazine. If anything, he was too put together. He was wearing a light colored Oxford shirt with a sport coat slung over his shoulder. His chiseled pecs were just barely visible under the fabric. He had a square jaw and a frat boy-like grin.

He was tall. Really tall. Almost freakishly so. I'm 5'10", so not what you'd call short, but he might have been as tall as 6'4", so he towered over me.

Tall. Muscular. Handsome. Hung. The boss.

No wonder Karen had a crush on this guy.

I was glad that I'd be around to supervise. Make sure that things didn't get out of hand.

I could sense a change in Karen the second she saw Steven. She broke out into a huge grin and ran up to him, giving him a hug. He smiled, genuinely happy to see her.

He turned to me, flashing me a big, toothy smile and extending a hand.

"Hi, Murray. Thanks for letting me borrow her for the flight. I promise to treat her well."

He winked at me.

"Ha," I said, "nice to finally meet you."

"You, too," he said, taking ahold of Karen's rolling suitcase.

“Well,” said Karen, turning to me, “I guess…we’ll see you in Cancun?”

I was a bit taken aback. Boarding for their flight hadn’t even started. Karen could read the concern in my eyes.

“I’m kind of on the clock right now, honey. Technically for the whole vacation. Steve might need me at any time.”

“That’s right,” he said, flashing his grin at me, “but I’ll try to keep her duties restricted to…business hours. But it’s true that we’ve got a little work to do before boarding. So I’ll give you two a second to say your goodbyes…”

He turned around, rolling Karen’s suitcase away as if her were her husband, and not me.

“Well,” said Karen, wrapping her arms around my neck, “I hope you have a good flight.”

“You, too. We’ll see each other soon…”

She leaned in and kissed me. It was a passionate kiss, the kind that I was coming to associate with what I thought of as the “new” Karen. I wasn’t sure if I should find it reassuring or not.

I walked towards my own gate, even though my plane wouldn’t be departing for quite a while. When I looked back over my shoulder, I saw Karen and Steven off in the distance, sitting next to each other at a charging station table.

His arm was draped around her casually as they spoke. It was an uncomfortably intimate gesture.

I felt my jealousy rising. Where did he get off doing something like that? If he was doing something so brazen right after meeting me, what would he have been doing if I hadn’t even been there? After all, that had been the original plan.

Would he have been kissing her?

Then another thought occurred to me. Karen would have most certainly not allowed him to touch her so casually if she hadn’t, on some level, liked it. She wasn’t the type of woman to keep her mouth shut about sexual harassment,

even if it was coming from a superior. I remembered that she'd once told a particularly handsy boss off in front of four of her coworkers at a restaurant where she'd waited tables in college.

So there was no way that this kind of touching was totally unwanted.

I tried to shrug it off for the moment and think of something else. I was about to go on a vacation with my wife. It was going to be fun!



I DOZED off for a good part of the flight, and almost managed to forget the fact that my wife was, perhaps, cuddled up to her boss at that very moment. I started to run through different scenarios in my head. I thought about them sneaking off to the bathroom to join the "mile high" club, then I realized how ridiculous the thought of Steven trying to fit into one of those small bathrooms was, even without my wife in the mix. The guy was huge.

Finally, I touched down. I received two texts from Karen, the first one telling me that they had arrived, and the second one informing me that they were going to have a couple of drinks at a cafe while they waited for my flight to touch down.

Drinks? I suddenly remembered Karen's promise to me. She couldn't really mean…

I texted back, telling her that I had landed safely. She responded with a photo of her and Steven at a cafe table, a cocktail in from of him and a bottle of sparkling water next to a glass in front of her.

Just in case you think I forgot my promise, she wrote.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

I went through passport control, then picked up my bag for customs. It was fun trying out my college Spanish with

the border guards and airport workers. The whole process put me in a surprisingly good mood.

Then I caught sight of Steven and Karen, as they stood close together, scanning the crowd of people coming out of the customs exit. They hadn't seen me yet.

It looked to me like Steven might have had his arm around Karen again, but I couldn't be sure. They certainly looked like a couple.

Steve spotted me first, craning his huge neck up over the other travelers easily. He flashed me a big smile and waved.

"Hey, babe," said Karen, wrapping her arms around me and giving me a kiss, "I hope the flight was ok."

"It was fine. Looks like the two of you had a good time waiting for me."

"Oh, it was fine," said Steven, "the drinks were a little watered down. But I'm never bored when I hang out with Karen. Your wife is very funny, did you know that?"

It was true that Karen could be witty. But for some reason, I didn't think that her sense of humor was the sole reason that Steven enjoyed spending so much time with Karen.

I glanced at my wife's low-cut sundress, the way her breasts were practically spilling out of it, and I knew Steven couldn't have failed to take notice, especially given the fact that he was always looking down at her.



We took a cab to the hotel and found our rooms, which were just as described: on the eighth floor of the hotel, with adjoining balconies overlooking the pool. Beyond the pool was the gulf, its clear blue waters stretching off towards the horizon.

Karen took a nap on the bed, while I showered. We were both fatigued from the flight, even though it hadn't been a particularly long one. Steven had invited us to have dinner with him in the hotel restaurant, so after I was done in the shower, Karen took her turn.

I walked out onto the balcony and looked down on the pool. There were tourists of all shapes and sizes lounging around it, including a tall man talking to a woman in a bikini. The man certainly looked a lot like Steven.

Was he down there hitting on women, only an hour after arriving? If so, at least he was leaving Karen alone for the time being.

I felt a strange sense of disappointment seeing Steven's interest in another woman (if that was what this was).

The woman he was talking to, from the looks of it a busty blonde, was laughing. Maybe Steven was going to get lucky tonight.

I turned and went back inside the room, where Karen was emerging from the shower, her hair up and wrapped in a towel while another towel hung down just above her knees.

"You look beautiful," I said, stepping closer to her, "I'm going to have to keep a close eye on you. I bet there are a lot of guys down there who would love to try to pick you up."

"You're sweet," she said, "but I don't think you're going to have to worry about that. Steven is going to keep me pretty busy, after all."

"Seems like he's keeping pretty busy himself," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm pretty sure I just saw him down by the pool, chatting up some milfy-looking tourist."

Her face fell. She immediately walked out onto the balcony, squinting down at the pool as she held the towel around her midsection.

She was clearly concerned!

“Come on,” I said, “what’s the big deal? He’s a single guy. He can hit on women if he wants to.”

“I know,” she said, trying to smile, “I was just curious, that’s all. I mean, everyone loves knowing the gossip about their boss, right?”

“Right,” I said.

For some reason, I had a hard time believing her.

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We had some margaritas before dinner (at least Steven and I did, Karen stuck to her promise not to drink) and then ate surf ‘n’ turf at the hotel restaurant. It certainly wasn’t the most spectacular meal I’d even had, but it wasn’t bad, either. The meal gave me the opportunity to closely watch how Karen and Steven interacted.

They weren’t openly flirting. Not really. But I felt a pang of jealousy every time that Karen’s eyes lingered on Steven for a moment longer than really necessary, or when she erupted in laughter at one of his jokes.

She was wearing a blue and pink sundress and a straw hat. Her cleavage was clearly visible, her breasts held up, front and center, by a strapless bra. She had applied the tiniest bit of makeup after the shower, which brought out her eyes and lips.

What man wouldn’t want to fuck my wife? I was lucky it was only Steven who she seemed to be interested in.

After dinner was over, Steven asked if we’d like to get another drink at the poolside bar. To my surprise, Karen said no.

“Suit yourselves,” said Steven, “I’ll just have to find someone else to drink with.”

“That shouldn’t be too hard,” said Karen, grinning at him in a way that I found lascivious, “there are lots of people hanging out. Probably some of them looking for a date…”

“I’m not sure that’s what I’m looking for, exactly…”

Steven flashed his big smile, leaving his statement ambiguous. Did he mean he wasn’t looking for a woman at all, or did he mean he was looking for a girl to fuck, not date?

Karen smirked at him, then turned to me.

“Ok, babe,” she said, “let’s get to bed. I’m exhausted, and we’ve got work tomorrow.”

“That’s right,” said Steven, turning back to us as he headed for the bar, “don’t forget! I’ll knock on your door at 7:00am!”

“Sounds good, boss,” said Karen, calling back to him.



Back at the room, I tried to initiate lovemaking with Karen. At first, she seemed likely to comply, but after a few kisses, she yawned loudly and told me that she just wasn’t in the mood at the moment.

“Let’s try it later,” she said, “I’m exhausted now.”

I had to admit that I was exhausted, too. And the margaritas were sort of going to my head. I brushed my teeth and changed my clothes, then climbed into bed, where I fell into a deep sleep.



I awoke to sensation of Karen poking me.

“Murray,” she said, “are you awake?”

“I am now,” I said groggily, “what time is it?”

“It’s only 11,” she said, “you fell asleep at like 9.”

“Ok,” I said, “why’d you wake me up?”

“Listen,” she said, her face visible in the dim glow of the lamp on the nightstand.

She had a giddy look on her face, as if she could burst out laughing at any time.

It took me a moment to realize what I was hearing. There were sounds of female pleasure coming from the next room.

“Fuck me…,” moaned the woman, “yes…”

“Steven?” I asked.

“Mm-hmm,” she said, “I wonder if it’s that woman you saw him talking to.”

The sounds were so close that it was almost like the couple was in the room with us. I remembered the shared balcony, and saw that the door leading to it had been left ajar.

“Fuck yes,” moaned the woman, as the sound of a spank filled the air.

Two more slaps followed, followed by more moaning.

“They’ve already been at it for a long time,” Karen giggled, whispering in my ear, “I think she’s had at least two orgasms.”

“Lucky her,” I said, a tiny bit annoyed by how impressed my wife seemed to be with the theatrical fucking taking place next door.

“God yes,” shrieked the woman, “I’m so close. Don’t stop what you’re doing.”

Karen’s hand was suddenly on my cock, which was stiffening rapidly. Despite my misgivings about the situation, I couldn’t help but get aroused by the pornographic sounds that were impossible to shut out.

She stroked me as the woman next door moaned for Steven not to stop, then announced that she was coming.

Karen sat up in bed and straddled me, pulling her panties aside and impaling herself on my stiff rod. This was uncharacteristically direct for her.

“I don’t think they’re done yet,” she whispered, bouncing up and down on my penis.

The woman’s moans had subsided for a moment, and the couple seemed to be talking in normal tones of voice. It seemed like they might have been taking a breather or switching positions.

“Yes,” moaned Karen, riding me, “I’m so fucking horny, babe.”

As Karen ground into me, moving her hips in a way that was completely unfamiliar, the unmistakeable sounds of a blowjob filled the room. This wasn’t some kind of gentle stroking, either, but a woman who almost seemed to be choking on Steven’s penis.

“You’re so fucking big,” she gasped, coming up for air, as if to remove all mystery from what was happening next door.

In that exact same moment — when the mysterious woman next door mentioned Steven’s size — Karen let out a little yelp as she continued to ride me.

The feeling of my wife’s tight and wet pussy, combined with the undeniably arousing sounds of the couple next door were bringing me closer and closer to my own climax, which I endeavored to postpone as long as possible.

“Fuck yes,” moaned Steven, confirming for the first time that it was really him, and not some stranger, who had been responsible for the noises the woman had been making, “tell me you love that big cock.”

“I love your big cock,” the woman moaned, following his instructions immediately.

Karen gasped again and bit her lip, riding me a little harder and faster as the bed began to creak. If the couple next door had been listening, they probably would have been able to hear us, too. But as it was, they were too wrapped up in their own activities to notice.

The glugging sound continued for a few more seconds.

“Tell me it’s bigger than your husband’s,” growled Steven.

“You’re so much bigger than my husband,” moaned the woman.

I could barely process the significance of what I was hearing, because in that moment, Karen exploded on my cock, her head pitched back as she tried to suppress a cry of delight. The sight of my wife in ecstasy finally pushed me over the edge as well, and I flooded her womb with my sperm.

Next door, we heard Steven order the woman to beg for his cum.

“Please come in my mouth,” she moaned.

Steven grunted a few times, announcing his climax, no doubt.

Karen collapsed on top of me, her heart beating quickly. We lay together in silence, listening to Steven and the woman talking quietly in words that we could no longer understand.

“That was amazing,” Karen whispered, “I felt so naughty making love while we were listening to them. Seems like you liked it, too.”

“I came really hard,” I admitted.

It had been fun. The type of spontaneous experience that we hadn’t had in a long time. I decided to try not to think about the fact that Karen had seemed to be concentrating at least as much on what was happening next door as she was on what she was doing with me. Still, I had to admit that this was just the kind of little erotic thrill I’d hoped for on our vacation.



THE NEXT MORNING CAME QUICKLY, but more quickly for Karen than for me. I opened my eyes to find her showered and

fully dressed, ready for a day at the conference.

She bent down and gave me a kiss as I lay in bed, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes.

“Don’t forget to be careful about the water if you go out. We don’t want you getting Montezuma’s revenge.”

“I will be,” I said.

I didn’t really think that was too much of a concern. I’d drunk the water in Tijuana before and been just fine. Why should Cancun be any different?

“Have a good day,” I said, stroking her hair as we shared another kiss, “that was really fun last night, wasn’t it?”

“It really was,” she said, “it felt so naughty. Who knows. Maybe she’ll come over again tonight. Whoever she was…”

I suddenly remembered the one thing that we knew for sure about the woman: that she had a husband, and, barring some kind of “arrangement,” had probably been cheating.

“She’s probably hanging out with her husband and kids at the pool,” I said.

Karen blushed, as if she were only now remembering the minor detail of the woman being married, too.

“You’re so bad,” she said.

“She’s the bad one,” I laughed, “getting railed by Steven behind her husband’s back…”

“We don’t know that it was behind his back.”

“Well if he was over there, he sure was being quiet about it.”

“Look,” said Karen, “I found out a few things about Vanessa last week before we left town. Some very interesting things.”

I sat up in bed, suddenly alert and completely awake and staring at her. I remembered the anecdote about Vanessa and her boyfriend having a great time with Steven on their trip last year. Then, of course, I remembered the story about Vanessa and Lily pleasuring Steven together in the office.

“What kind of things?”

She smiled at me.

“I’ve got to get to the conference,” she said, “maybe we can discuss it tonight.”

“Karen,” I said, trying to stop her.

But she was already at the door, blowing me a kiss just before closing it.



I DECIDED to go to Chichén Itzá while my wife and her boss were at the conference. I had read about the pyramids for years, and seen pictures, but was excited to see them in person. It was a hot day, so I grabbed a bottle of water and took the hotel shuttle into town.

The place was packed with tourists, but the pyramids really did not disappoint. I was so absorbed in the stories of Mayan civilization spun by the tour guide I had hired that I almost forgot about the fact that my wife was spending the day alone with her well-endowed boss. And that she’d gotten off on hearing him with another woman the night before, even if she’d been sleeping with me at the time.

I didn’t know how to feel about it anymore. Increasingly, I was coming to realize that I found the thought of her exploring her sexuality with Steven to be somewhat arousing. I mean, she was a beautiful woman in the prime of her life, and he was a handsome man. Sure, I was intimidated by his size (in every department), but I also loved Karen, and wanted her to be satisfied. I had heard of other couples who opened up their relationships to a third person, and I wondered what it was like. How did it work? There must be some amount of jealousy involved. It seemed unavoidable. Something that one party would just have to handle.

Maybe, I fantasized, in the shuttle back to the hotel in the late afternoon, I'd even get a shot at seducing Valerie, the little Latina from my firm's Chicago office. She certainly looked like she'd be fun in bed…

I was snapped back to reality by a text from Karen.

Where are you? We're back already. In Steven's room. Just knock, or come in through the balcony.

My heart pounded as I read the message. What if they'd simply spent the whole day in bed, never leaving the hotel room?

The thought was ridiculous, but the possibility intrigued me.

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When I arrived at the hotel, I went up to our room first. I needed to change clothes after being out in the sun all day. I decided that a cold shower wouldn't hurt.

Just before I stepped into the shower, I heard Karen's laugh from next door. She was obviously amusing herself with Steven but at least wasn't in the throes of passion.

I finished with the shower quickly, then threw on a linen shirt and shorts and headed to the balcony.

I paused for a moment, realizing that if they weren't expecting me, this might be a good opportunity to see them together in an unguarded moment.

Of course, they *were* expecting me — they'd invited me to meet them there, after all — but they had no idea when I'd actually arrive.

I crept out onto the balcony so that I could see into the room. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the difference in light between the sunlit balcony and the room.

I saw Karen, standing at the small table, a radiant smile on her face and playing with her bracelets absent-mindedly as she listened to Steven, who was sitting in a chair nearby, reading to her aloud from his laptop screen. The two seemed to be sharing in some kind of inside joke. Their

chemistry was evident, but there was no sign of any kind of hanky-panky.

I decided it was time to stop lurking and make my presence known.

“Hey guys,” I said, stepping out into full view, “can I come in?”

Karen immediately strode over to me.

“Of course! Did you have a good time?”

She gave me a kiss, her perfume mingling with a somewhat muskier smell I couldn’t identify. Could it have come from Steven?

“It was incredible. I could go back sometime with you if you’re interested. I wouldn’t mind it.”

“That’s so sweet, honey. But I don’t know if we have time to do that this trip.”

“Those pyramids are amazing, aren’t they? Vanessa and I checked them out last year,” said Steven, standing up to shake my hand.

And what was Vanessa’s boyfriend doing when you were at the pyramids with his girlfriend? I wanted to ask, but thought better of it.

Steven’s handshake was, as usual, firm. He was wearing shorts and a button-down Hawaiian shirt that might have looked silly on a man without his developed physique.

“So,” he said, “shall we meet up for dinner again?”

“That sounds great,” said Karen, answering for us both, then quickly realizing that she should have asked me first.

“I mean, what do you think, honey?”

“It’s fine with me,” I said, then looked at Steven, “I mean, Steven is also welcome to bring someone along too, like a date, in case he gets sick of being the third wheel.”

Steven smiled.

“Thanks,” he replied, “I don’t feel like the third wheel at all. In fact, I feel right at home when I’m with you two. It’s very gracious of you to include me like that.”

I wanted to say that he didn't feel like the third wheel because *I* was obviously the odd one out, but I didn't say anything.

"I bet you'd have no problem convincing one of those girls by the pool to come have dinner with us if you wanted to," said Karen, holding my hand but looking her boss in the eye, "at least one of them must be looking for a vacation fling."

"No doubt," said Steven, "but I'm a little tired tonight. Not in the mood to go out roaming. See you at the bar at seven?"

"Seven it is," said Karen, leading me by the hand to the balcony.

"Great, see you then," said Steven.



Back at our room, Karen took a shower while I sat on the bed flipping through the television channels. There were a lot of soccer games on, as well as old movies and reruns of shows from the 1960s. They must have had the room set up for foreign guests, because I couldn't find more than a handful of Spanish channels.

Finally, Karen emerged, already fully dressed in her evening attire, which was a stunning white dress that buttoned in the front and had a slit up one leg.

"Wow," I said, "you look fantastic. I feel like I should change, too."

She blushed.

"I'm glad you like it," she said, "I bought it just for this trip."

Before or after you knew I was coming? I thought to myself.

"So," she said, "I promised that I was going to tell you something. Something I learned about from Vanessa…"

“Oh yeah,” I said, “I remember.”

“Ok,” she said, climbing onto the bed next to me.

I turned off the TV.

“It’s a little crazy,” she said, smiling at me, “like, totally weird. But it’s so nuts that I felt like I had to tell you. So, you known that Vanessa and Mike went to this conference with Steven last year, right?”

I nodded. That was pretty much all I knew about either one of them.

“Well, they had a great time the first night and ended up getting a little drunk in the hot tub. At some point, Mike confesses to Vanessa that he’s had a fantasy about seeing her…together…with another man.”

“Like…watch her have sex?”

“Yeah! Weird, right?”

“Totally.”

“So he confesses this to her, and then she just blurts it out in front of Steven.”

“That must have been pretty embarrassing. How could she do something like that? Betray her boyfriend’s trust right in front of him like that?”

“She was drunk, I guess,” said Karen, “but anyway, Steven asked if they’d like to try it. Right there.”

“You mean he wanted to be the one to fuck her?”

“Mmm-hmm,” said Karen, “I mean, that’s crazy, right?”

“How do you know this?” I asked, “did you ask Steven about it?”

“Don’t be crazy,” she said, slapping my arm, “I could never… Bridget told me. She got it first-hand from Vanessa herself.”

“I guess it seems plausible…,” I said, studying my wife’s face, “why did you want me to know about it?”

She shrugged her shoulders, “I just thought it was kind of wild. Like, who would want that? I mean, who would want to watch their spouse with another person?”

There was a pregnant pause in the air.

“I mean,” I began, “it’s a fairly common fantasy. I don’t know how often people actually do it…”

She put her hand on my leg.

“You make it sound like you understand Mike,” she said, laughing a little, “like you might be turned on by watching me with another guy.”

“I might be,” I said, surprising myself by admitting out loud to Karen what I’d scarcely been able to admit in my own thoughts.

She grinned at me, moving her hand towards my bulge and then rubbing it a bit casually.

“Let’s do a test,” she said, “to see how much the idea turns you on.”

“Come on, Karen,” I said, “it’s just a fantasy.”

“Exactly,” she said, “just a fantasy. A fantasy about me taking Vanessa’s place. Last night, we both heard what Steven is capable. What would you think if it was me over there, begging for Steven’s big cock? What if it was your wife over in the next room, bent over the bed, taking his dick from behind like a good girl…”

I was rock hard. I couldn’t help it or deny it. She quickly and quietly unbuckled my pants and pulled out my cock, spreading my precum down the shaft as she continued to talk.

“It’s ok to admit it, babe. Admit that you want to see me absolutely pounded into submission like that girl last night. She sounded like she was having sooo much fun, didn’t she? Don’t you think your wife deserves to have fun, too?”

“God, Karen,” I groaned, “I can’t believe we’re even talking about this. I mean, we’re married.”

“Let’s see what your other brain has to say about that,” she giggled, stroking me harder.

I couldn’t deny it. I was right on the edge of orgasm.

She leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“Aren’t you just a little curious, babe? I know I am. I want to see what it feels like to ride on that nice, thick

cock…”

I erupted in that moment, shooting a powerful load all over her hand and my own stomach.

She smiled.

“Looks like you like that idea,” she whispered, nuzzling my ear.

“It was a hot fantasy…” I admitted, feelings of guilt starting to well up inside me as my sexual excitement faded.

“We don’t have to keep it that way,” she said, still whispering, as if Steven would be able to hear her from the adjoining room, “all I have to do is slip into a negligee and go over to his room after dinner. You can stand out on the balcony and watch. I’ll make sure he leaves the light on. He doesn’t even need to know you’re there.”

“Karen,” I said, “that’s crazy. You said so yourself. It’s all just a fantasy…”

“It wasn’t for Vanessa and Mike…”

“You’re not serious.”

I sat up in bed.

“I wouldn’t even suggest it if I didn’t know how hard it makes you,” she said, “you’ve wanted this all along. You’ve thought about it. Admit it.”

“And what, you’re doing this because of me? It has absolutely *nothing* to do with you wanting to try out a larger man?”

“Of course I’m curious,” she said, “I think it’s only natural to wonder what a guy his size is like. Can you blame me? But if you want it, too, I don’t see what the harm in it is. Vanessa and Mike are still together, and relatively happy from what I can tell. Maybe happier than average couples.”

“Yeah, but…”

I could feel my resistance crumbling. I didn’t know what to think about it. I was filled with conflicting emotions.

Karen looked deep into my eyes. There was a longing there. How could I resist it?

“It’s just a fun thing to do on vacation. We’ll come back and laugh about it. No one at home needs to know anything. It’s our little secret.”

“Well, he *is* your boss…”

“Yeah, but think about it. This is a perfect way to secure my place at the company. I mean, he’s not going to fire me. Not after something like this.”

“You act like you’ve already done it.”

“I just mean that having a secret like this with someone bonds you to them in a way that simply working together can’t.”

“I guess you’re right.”

“You know I’m right.”



We both cleaned up for dinner. Karen looked amazing - she was wearing a sleeveless blue and green sundress with a plunging neckline. She’d put on more eyeshadow than usual, and given herself bright red lips. I couldn’t help but imagine her fellating Steven’s large penis, leaving traces of the lipstick on his shaft.

I started getting hard just thinking about it. What was wrong with me? Were we really going to do this? In real life?

The dinner seemed like a dream as I contemplated the “plan” that we’d discussed in the hotel room. Every move that Karen made, every comment of Steve’s was charged now with incredible energy. He had no idea what we were planning, at least as far as I knew, and maybe he didn’t notice anything different about Karen. But I did.

All through the dinner, I examined her every move. Every tiny gesture, every little laugh or half-smile. It all

seemed focused on Steven now. I could almost feel her sexual arousal emanating from her entire being like an aura.

If ever it had been apparent that I (and not Steve) was the “third wheel,” it was now. I could have just as easily been seated an an entirely different table for the amount of attention that my wife was paying me.

For some reason, it didn’t bother me. I began to feel the same excitement as Karen did. The build-up of sexual tension that was becoming evident wasn’t just between the two of them. It was as if I was part of it as well, even though I knew that, whatever happened, I’d be on the outside watching.

After dinner was over and the dishes had been cleared away, Steven yawned, then slapped his palms on the table abruptly as if we was going to make an announcement.

“Well,” he said, “thank you so much for the company of your lovely wife, Murray. I think I’m going to head upstairs. Like I said, I don’t want to make a late night of it.”

“Are you sure? It’s not even 9:00 yet,” said Karen, pouting.

“I’m sure,” said Steven, signing the bill and charging our dinners to his room, “but if either of you want to have a nightcap in my room, just come over across the balcony. I’ll probably be awake for at least the next hour. If the light is on, it’s ok. I’ll leave the door unlocked.”

He winked at me, then leaned down and gave Karen a hug and a peck on both cheeks.

Did he *know* what we were planning? Or had she and him been planning it all along, and was I the one who was being duped?

I still couldn’t believe that we were planning this at all. Was it something in the tropical seaside air that made it seem like it would be worth testing our marriage like this, simply for a one-time thrill?

The whole scene seemed unreal. Or realer than real. Like there was some kind of hidden part of reality as I had known it up to that point that was about to be revealed.

Finally, Steven turned and walked away.

After a long silence, Karen sighed.

“Well,” she said, “should we head up to the room?”

I nodded.

She took my hand, holding it like we were a young couple in love. It was an intimate gesture, a tender one that moved me a bit. In this moment, when we were so close to testing our relationship in the most profound way, I felt closer to my wife than I had in years. She interlaced her fingers with mine and pressed her body close to me as we maneuvered through the restaurant and towards the elevators.

Steven, who had a couple of minutes’ head start, had already disappeared from the lobby and was probably even now unlocking the door to his room.

We were the only ones on the elevator. Karen, still standing pressed closely against me, turned to me and looked up at me with smoky eyes.

“Murray,” she said, “I love you so much. Thank you for letting me do this.”

I bent down and kissed her.

“Are you sure you want this?” I whispered, “I mean, are you sure you think it’s a good idea?”

I felt her hand on my crotch, stroking my hardness.

“It’s easy to tell that you think it’s a good idea,” she whispered, “I can tell that you’re getting horny thinking about your young wife taking a nice, thick cock. Aren’t you, babe?”

“What if it changes everything?”

She paused, looking away for a moment.

“We’ve been stuck in a rut for a long time, Murray. I hope it *does* change at least something.”

I knew she was right. There was no denying it. We'd been caught in our familiar patterns of behavior for a long time. This disruption could be the best thing to happen to us. Or it could destroy our marriage forever.

There was only one way to find out.

I took a deep breath.

"You're right," I said, "I'm just scared of losing you."

"You're not going to lose me," she said, giving my cock a little pat as the elevator doors opened, "you're never going to lose me, babe."

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Back at the room, Karen slipped into the same pink nightie that she'd worn on our honeymoon years ago. The memories of seeing her in it for the first time came flooding back to me. Her large breasts pressed forward, her erect nipples visible through the sheer fabric. The babydoll cut barely covered her ass in the back, and the matching pink thong left her buttocks completely bare.

This was not an outfit that sent an ambiguous message. If you came to a hotel room in this outfit, it was clear that only one thing could possibly be on the agenda: fucking.

"Are you ready?"

She was standing, facing me, a huge smile on her face.

"Yeah," I said, "I mean, I think."

I noticed that she'd freshened up her makeup in the meantime.

"Just wait a few minutes before you sneak over," she said, "I'm going to tell him that you're asleep."

"You're not going to tell him that we talked about it?"

I was taken aback.

"Nah," she said, "I think it will feel more natural this way. More spontaneous. Just don't let him catch you out on the balcony."

"Ok," I said, my heart suddenly beating out of my chest.

It was really going to happen. If I wanted to stop it, this would be my last chance.

Karen pressed herself to my chest, her nipples hard points against me. She craned her neck up and gave me a kiss. A short one, with her mouth closed.

“This is going to be so much fun. You’ll see…”

I sighed.

“I hope you’re right.”

She reached down and gave my cock a squeeze. I was, as before, rock-hard.

“He knows that I’m right,” she giggled, then squeezed it again in case there had been any doubt whatsoever about which “he” she had meant.

“Wait about five minutes,” she whispered.

“I will.”

She turned away and stepped out onto the balcony, gliding silently between the open doors and out into the moonlit night before turning right towards Steven’s room.

This was it. It was really happening. There was no reason to believe that Steven wouldn’t be enthusiastic about seeing my wife come into his room like this. After all, he’d invited us over.

I looked at my watch, my ears straining to pick up some sound from the adjoining room. There was nothing but the faint sound of laughter and conversation from the guests frolicking around the pool below, mingled with the sounds of music coming over the sound system.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I didn’t know if it had been five minutes, or only five seconds. I had to see what was happening.

I walked out onto the balcony, then crouched on my hands and knees, approaching the entrance to Steven’s room slowly, every sense alert.

The light in his room was on, but it took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the difference in light between inside and outside.

What I saw immediately sent a jolt of adrenaline through my body. Steven and Karen were sharing a long, passionate kiss.

For some reason, I had been mentally prepared for seeing my wife pleasuring another man's penis. But I had not at all anticipated the flood of emotions that came from watching her making out with her boss. The passion that flowed between them was immediately evident in the way that he caressed her hair with one hand, while his other hand found her bare buttock, pulling her in close.

He was dressed only in his briefs, his bulge pressed against my wife's body. I couldn't see anything yet of his famous cock, but with any luck, that would come.

There was a chair on the balcony, and I slowly turned it to face the room, confident that Steven was too absorbed in exploring my wife's body to notice what was going one. The glare from the light would also prevent him from noticing too much movement outside the room.

The door was, however, slightly ajar, so I had to be careful not to make any sudden loud noises.

"I want you so bad," said Karen, breaking their kiss.

"You can have me," said Steven, his voice low, "but what about him?"

"He's asleep," said Karen, "totally passed out. He took a pill."

It was a good lie. No need to worry about making noise if I was in a pharmaceutically induced slumber.

"Well well," said Steven, "you're a tricky one, aren't you? I wish you'd use some of that kind of thinking to help us get the Santos account."

"I might have some other ideas about that," said Karen, "but we can save those for later. Right now, I'm going to do something that I should have done a long time ago."

She dropped down to her knees in front of him. He towered over her to such an extent that her chin was level with his kneecaps.

She reached up under the waistband of his briefs and pulled them down his thighs, letting out a gasp as his erection sprang free.

I had to suppress a gasp myself. His cock — even though it had been hyped to high heaven — did not disappoint in the least.

It was long, probably at least 8 inches, but it was thick, too. And it was still getting harder. That was evident from the way it started to twitch and grow as Karen stroked it, a look of awe on her face as she started at the hunk of man meat in her hand.

“I can’t believe this is real,” she said, laughing a bit, “I don’t know if it’s even going to go in.”

“Oh, it’ll go in,” he said, “it always does. Sometimes it just takes a little more time and preparation. But where there’s a will, there’s a way.”

“Mm,” said Karen, “I like the sound of that.”

“Why don’t you get a little better acquainted with it?”

He pushed her head gently towards his shaft, and sighed as she took the head of his prick between her lips.

“Just a second,” he said, “let me sit down. That way you don’t have to strain your neck as much.”

He sat in one of the wooden chairs in the room, spreading his legs apart to give Karen full access to his erection. To my delight, he was sitting at a 90-degree-angle to my line of sight, which meant that I had a perfect view of the entire scene from the side.

I watched as my wife worshiped his manhood with her tongue and lips, kissing the tip and spreading her saliva down the length of his shaft as she worked him with both hands. Her hands couldn’t close around his thickness. She seemed to be completely overwhelmed, but also completely in the moment, focusing only on him and the task at hand. If she remembered me on the balcony, she made no sign of it. She acted as if it was just the two of them. And as if she was making love to his *cock* and not only him.

She cradled his shaft in her hands, licking it, stroking it, kissing it. Looking up at him in adoration and affection. She teased his tip with her tongue, licking the slit and then taking him as deep as she could (about halfway down the shaft) before starting to gag.

“We can work on that,” he said, grinning down at her, “I guess you’re not used to something this big.”

“Are you kidding?” she laughed, “Murray is like half your size.”

I cringed. For some reason, I hadn’t thought of her talking dirty about me like that. It both hurt my feelings, and aroused me in some strange way. Part of me hoped that she’d say more. Tell him more about how inadequate I obviously was.

“Oh wow,” he groaned, as she took him deep again, “you’re very good at that. How did you know that I love that kind of thing?”

“That you love getting your dick sucked? Call it a wild guess.”

She repeated the motion again, then once more, the tears coming to her eyes and starting to make her makeup run as she strained to accommodate his entire length, but failed despite her best efforts.

“You’re a very good girl. That feels incredible.”

She sighed deeply, moaning on his shaft as he complimented her.

He reached down and grabbed a handful of her hair in one hand while slapping her bottom with the other. He was getting more forceful now, more dominant. Slowly. Not all at once.

He gave her a spank now and then as he guided her mouth along his shaft. He was turning my wife into his perfect little slut, I thought. He was showing her exactly how he liked to be pleasured. In our sexual encounters, it was usually Karen who took the lead. This time, however, it was almost as if she were being shown her place.

What's more, she clearly loved it.

"I'm so wet," she moaned, coming up for air, "are you going to fuck me?"

"I think you're going to have to ask a little nicer than that," he teased.

"Please fuck me," she said, a tone of desperation entering her voice.

My own cock was straining against the shorts that I had put on to wear to bed. I was already leaking precum. I thought I might cream my own pants just watching them, without even touching myself.

"That's better," he said, smiling down at her, "now why don't you get up on the bed and let's take those panties off."

Karen was on her back on the bed a moment later, her legs up in the air as Steven pulled her thong up over them. She looked so submissive in that position, so receptive to him. There was something about the contrast in size that was so arousing to me: it wasn't just the fact that Steven's cock was huge, it was that every single part of him was so much bigger than my wife, who looked incredibly delicate next to this brute of a man (who was, nevertheless, being mostly quite gentle with her, with the exception of the face-fucking).

Karen smiled up at him nervously. He sensed her hesitation.

"Don't worry," he said, "we're going to make sure that you're nice and wet first."

She nodded, biting her lip and closing her eyes as he bent down and pulled her negligee up to her neck, exposing her large breasts with their pert, erect nipples. He teased them with the tip of his tongue, while his hands ran down across the length of her hips and legs. He was so tall and his arms were so long that he could touch any part of her that he wished without moving his body very much.

She gasped as he parted her folds with a finger, slipping it inside her just an inch or so.

“You’re tight,” he remarked.

“Mmm-hmm,” she said, moaning softly as he worked his finger in a bit deeper.

“It’s ok,” he said, “I’m used to it. We’re going to go nice and slow.”

“Ok,” she said, her voice a bit shaky.

He kissed one of her nipples again a few times, then began to trace a line down her chest and stomach towards her clit, kissing her soft skin.

“Oh my God, Steven,” she moaned, “you’re driving me crazy.”

“You drove me crazy just now,” he replied, “and it’s only fair that I return the favor.”

His head plunged between her legs, his tongue working her clit in a soft but furious motion that had her crying out in pleasure after just a few seconds.

“Oh God. You’re so good at that. I can’t believe it. You’re going to make me come. I’m so close already.”

For some reason, seeing her in such ecstasy over his tongue stung me more than watching her suck his cock. When we’d discussed her encounter with Steven, it had been clear (to me at least) that the big appeal to her was based on Steven’s size, not on any other kind of prowess he might have as a lover. As it happened, I prided myself on my cunnilingus skills, and to see Steven equal (or, perhaps, surpass) me so quickly and easily was a blow to my ego. I must have secretly thought that, even if Steven’s large penis might prove too much to resist, that I would be able to equal him in other ways, and thus prove my “usefulness” to my wife. Now that Steven had shown himself to be as good or better at oral sex, I felt that I was quickly losing my place of honor in my wife’s life.

If she didn’t need me for my skilled tongue, what good was I, anyway?

These thoughts might have driven me completely to despair if they hadn't been accompanied by the state of incredible, uncontrollable arousal that I was feeling as I watched Karen climax under Steven's tongue.

She bit her lips and bucked her hips up into his face as his hands teased her nipples. As her climax slowly faded, she opened her eyes and looked at him.

"I want you inside me. Now."

It sounded like an order, and Steven treated it like one. He stood up and pulled her to the edge of the bed, putting one of her legs on each of his shoulders.

"Gentle," she said, as he poked the head of his cock at the entrance to her swollen lips, "I'm so sensitive…"

"Good girl," he said, "I promise to go slow."

She nodded, looking up at him, her face aglow in the aftermath of her first orgasm.

She seemed hypnotized, in a trance, completely unaware of my presence, like she'd forgotten our entire arrangement.

This didn't bother me that much. After all, we'd already agreed that she wasn't going to tell him what was going on. But part of me was bothered that she hadn't cast even a single glance toward the balcony. It was as if she really was just cheating on me, and it has nothing to do with fulfilling a fantasy for either of us.

The more I thought about it, the more it seemed like she really *was* just cheating, and using my cuckold fetish as an excuse for her own behavior. If I hadn't come on the trip at all, would this night really have played out any differently? I failed to see how it could.

Meanwhile, Steven was working his cock into my wife, slowly, one centimeter at a time. Karen's face was a mixture of agony and pleasure as she assured him each time that she was doing fine. He hadn't been kidding: he wasn't in any hurry, and Karen seemed to need all of the time he was giving her.

The entire time that he was pushing into her, she was getting more and more aroused, building quickly to another climax. I could read it on her face. She was flushed, her eyes pressed closed. She responded to his questions only with short moans.

Finally, he was there. He had bottomed out inside my wife. It was hard to believe that she could take it all, but she had.

“How does that feel?”

“Good…” she gasped, “really good. Like I’m going to come again if you even move inside me.”

“Good,” he said, bracing himself against the bed, “because I’m going to move now.”

He pulled out, then pushed back into her, a little faster this time, but still incredibly slowly. It was obvious, however, that Karen had grown accustomed to his size in the meantime and was able to accommodate his size more easily.

It was equally obvious that she had been entirely serious about the urgency of her next orgasm, which was now coming on quickly.

“Oh my God, Steven. I’m going to come…”

She wrapped her legs around him and climaxed once more. He grinned down at her, stopping his strokes until her contractions finished.

“That was incredible,” she said, “I can’t believe how good that was. I’m never going to believe someone who says that size doesn’t matter ever again…”

“I’m not finished yet,” he said, leaning down to kiss her.

The sight was like a knife to my heart. My wife looked so soft, so compliant under his caresses. Taking his dick.

“I hope not,” she sighed, as he righted himself again and began to thrust into her, more forcefully and more quickly this time.

Her orgasm must have loosened her up a bit, making his entry easier now, because he was entering her with long,

steady strokes, provoking a short tiny moan each time he bottomed out against her cervix.

“You’re so deep. I can’t believe how deep you are,” she moaned, “I can’t believe how fucking deep you are…”

“I knew you’d be able to take a big dick,” he grunted, beginning to show signs of exertion, “I knew the moment that I met you that you were made for taking a nice, thick cock. I’m so glad I hired you.”

“You can have me whenever you want,” moaned Karen, on the brink of yet another climax.

Her breasts bounced with every thrust as her alpha boss slammed into her tight hole.

“Just take it. It’s yours…”

“That’s right, Karen. Your pussy is mine now. I don’t want you giving your little hubby sex without my permission. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned.

Still perched on the edge of the chair out on the balcony, I lost my balance and fell forward, catching myself before crashing into the glass, but making a small noise in the process. It was enough to get Steven’s attention, and he looked out into the night as he continued to rail my wife.

For a moment, our eyes seemed to meet. But of course he couldn’t see anything due to the glare of the lights in the room. At least that’s what I told myself. I had no way of knowing for sure.

He smiled, a victorious, gloating smile (at least in my imagination), then returned to the business of fucking Karen.

Karen climaxed again, pushing him away now because the feeling was so intense. She gripped the bedsheets as her hips vibrated and contracted, her ass raised off the bed.

“It’s…so…good…”

Steven stood there, his cock in hand, watching her in satisfaction.

After the climax had passed, she looked up at him from the bed, her face completely flushed, her eye makeup running down her face.

“That was amazing, Mr. Boss. But you haven’t come yet…”

“I don’t intend to. Not yet, at least.”

She looked at him questioningly but also submissively as reached down and flipped her onto her stomach on the bed, then pulled her bottom up to put her on all fours. He wasn’t asking permission, he was just taking what he wanted, which was clearly exactly what Karen wanted, too.

I watched as he entered my wife from behind. He held onto her hips with both hands, pulling her tight towards him, letting her feel his entire length on each powerful stroke. It seemed now that he was finished being gentle. And it was apparent that Karen was so aroused now that she’d passed the point of needing him to be considerate of her, and had entered into a state of complete submission.

“God yes,” she moaned, “fuck me with that big dick. Just fucking give it to me. I need it so bad.”

Steven grinned as he slammed into my wife from behind, as if taking a sort of sadistic glee in showing her the superiority of big cock.

“Say it again, Karen. Tell me again that you’re not going to fuck that husband of yours without my permission.”

“I promise,” she moaned.

He grabbed her hair in one hand and used the other to slap her bottom as he bottomed out inside her.

“Promise what?”

His voice was a growl.

“I promise not to fuck my husband without your permission,” she gasped.

“That’s a good girl.”

For a few more minutes, the sounds of flesh hitting flesh filled the hotel room. Karen’s moans went from high-pitched and feminine to lower-pitched and primal, then

back again. I'd lost count of the the number of times that she'd climaxed, now. She seemed, in fact, to be in a perpetual state of orgasm, completely intoxicated by Steven's member as he fucked her again and again.

Finally, he pulled out of my wife and erupted, sending several powerful spurts of semen onto her back and ass. It was a fitting tribute to her beautiful, well-fucked body.

I watched as his cock continued to shot sperm all over my wife's bottom. Finally, he was finished.

"That… was…I have no words," panted Karen.

"You don't need to say anything."

Steven stood, his massive cock still erect, and looked at the balcony.

"I'm going to let in a little fresh air," he said.

I realized that hew as coming straight for me, and that it was high time to get lost. I backtracked quickly, somehow managing not to knock over the chair or make any loud noises as I disappeared back into our room and collapsed onto the bed as Karen's laughter drifted over towards me.

I lay on my back in bed, my stiff cock in my hands as the images of what I had seen replayed before my mind's eye.

I couldn't help it. I was filled with burning jealousy at the injustice of it all. What made Steven so much better than me? That he was a couple of inches taller? That he had such a massive cock? Was that really all it took for a woman to turn her back on a marriage, a partnership forged over years?

It all seemed so primitive. So primal. And, at the same time, completely natural.

Why did it all make me so fucking hard?

I stroked myself, on the edge of orgasm, when I heard Karen start to moan again. They were back at it.

A few minutes later, when Steven's bed frame began to strike the wall against my bed lay, I was close to coming.

"God, yes, Steven."

Karen's voice was muffled, but her words were clearly understandable.

"Fill me with that big prick. I'll never go back…never…"

In that moment, an incredible longing overtook me. I shot my own load into the air and it plopped down onto my stomach as I listened to my wife reach another shuddering climax.

I fell almost immediately into a deep sleep.



When I awoke, there was a short knock at the door, followed by a turn of the latch. It was Karen. She was fully dressed and ready for another day of work.

"Hey, babe," she said, "I didn't want to wake you last night. I came over to grab some clothes and then I slept over at Steven's."

I nodded, blearily rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. My sticky stomach told me that I was still covered in my own cum. Great.

"Did you get a chance to go out on the balcony yesterday?"

I nodded.

"That must have been quite a show, huh? Steven really gave it to me. I'm totally sore today."

"I can see why…," was all I could manage to say.

"So you did see it? That's great!"

"Yeah…"

I felt like I was talking to an entirely different person. It was still Karen, of course, but she was no longer my wife. It was like she was an intimate acquaintance now, someone who I knew up and down, but who I would never think of entering into a sexual relationship with. Someone totally out of my league.

“Well,” she said, sitting on the edge of the bed, “I’ve got to get going now. We’ve got a major pitch this afternoon. Wish us luck!”

“Right,” I said, sitting up completely in bed, “good luck, then!”

“Thanks, babe! Can’t wait to see you tonight!”

She walked over and kissed me on the forehead.

“Right,” I said, “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

And then she was gone.

I stared at the door for a few seconds, unblinking, as the events of the night before replayed themselves before my eyes.

Had it been real?

Had it been a dream? A nightmare? Had my wife really been so utterly conquered by her boss’s huge prick that she’d vowed never to fuck me again without his permission? How was such a thing possible?

Suddenly, there was a rumbling in my stomach. I was overtaken with an incredible, irresistible urge, accompanied by a burning sensation.

I jumped up and made it to the bathroom just in time.

Diarrhea. Just what I needed.

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7

I spent all day in the room, trying to drink as much water as possible while staying as close to the toilet as possible. I hadn't been this sick in years. What could have caused it?

I remembered, then, a lemonade that I'd bought from a street vendor during my excursion to the pyramid.

Had that been my undoing?

In any case, I was in no shape to go anywhere or do anything.

I texted Karen and told her what was happening. She called me right away, a note of worry in her voice.

"Do you want me to come back and take care of you?"

"No," I said, "I can handle it. It's just traveller's diarrhea. Montezuma's revenge."

"That can still be very serious," she said, "if you won't let me come back, I am going to at least call the hotel and have them send a doctor up to your room."

I reluctantly agreed. About an hour later, there was a knock at the door. A beautiful young Black woman, a stethoscope around her neck, walked into the room.

"Hello, I am Doctor Thomas," she said, in an island accent, "I hear that you are not feeling well."

I explained my symptoms to the young woman, who took my vital signs and then made some notes.

“I think you have a case of traveller’s diarrhea,” she said, “unfamiliar food, unfamiliar water. Maybe too much sun. Your body is reacting to it all.”

I nodded.

“I am going to prescribe a rehydration solution. You should use it in every bottle of water that you drink for the next 12 hours. If your symptoms don’t improve by tomorrow, call me back. I’ll give the prescription to the hotel porter, and he’ll bring up the solution within the hour. Any questions?”

I shook my head.

“Very good, sir,” she said, smiling, “now try to get some rest.”

I thanked her again, and she left. A few minutes later, I had a case of bottled water, some salty snacks, and the rehydration solution, courtesy of the front desk. I turned on the television and tried to focus on relaxing. But of course all I could think about was Karen’s face as she had orgasm after orgasm, all due to Steven’s huge cock.

What had I done? What had we done to our marriage?



Around 4 pm, Karen was back in the room, a lot of concern on her face. I must have been sleeping, because I didn’t remember hearing her come in.

I felt confused. Feverish.

“Hey, babe,” she said, “can I get you something to eat? I talked to the doctor.”

“Not hungry,” I managed to stammer.

“My poor Murray,” she said, sitting on the edge of the bed, “I feel so bad for you.”

“How was the conference?”

She burst into a big grin.

“We got the account. We got the Santos account!”

She jumped for glee.

“That means a $10,000 bonus for me, on top of the commission I would have gotten anyway!”

“That’s great,” I managed to stammer, doing my best to share in my wife’s joy.

“You poor guy,” she said, patting my forehead, “you should stay in bed. I’m going to tell Steven I can’t go to dinner tonight so I can stay here with you.”

“No,” I said, “you should go. This is a big deal, and you both need to celebrate it.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure,” I said, “all I’m going to do here is fall asleep again. And sit on the toilet.”

She gave me a sympathetic look.

“Ok,” she said, “but if you need anything, or if you start to feel worse, I want you to text me right away.”

“I will,” I said, “but really, you should go. You should celebrate. You’ve earned it.”

Even as feverish as I was, I realized that I was giving her my tacit permission to fuck Steven again. Not that she needed that, of course. After all, she would do what she wanted anyway, and it seemed like Steven’s cock exerted such a strong magnetic force that there would have been nothing that I could do to stop them from coming together again anyway.

I wasn’t prepared, however, for waking from one fever dream and entering into another a few hours later, when I opened my eyes to a darkened room, filled with Karen’s moans as the bed frame slammed into the wall in the next room.

“Yes…yes…just like that…oh God…I love your cock Steve. I’m going to come again!”

I lay there on the bed, totally exhausted from my illness as I listened to my wife climax again and again for more than an hour. Steven seemed to be insatiable. Just when I thought it was all over, they’d start up again.

I drifted in and out of consciousness to the sounds of my wife's cries of ecstasy as she orgasmed on her lover's cock.



FINALLY, it was morning again. The day of our departure. I stood up. To my surprise, I was feeling better. I still didn't have much of an appetite, but the immediate urge to run to the toilet had vanished. I was going to be able to make the flight home.

Karen had slept over at Steven's again. She came into the room through the balcony this time, wrapped in a bathrobe.

"Hey, babe," she said, "how are you feeling? You certainly look better."

Her entire face was glowing. It was clear that *she* certainly felt great.

"I'm doing a lot better, thanks," I said.

"So you're going to be able to travel today?"

"Yeah," I said.

"That's good," she said, "because…I wanted to tell you this sooner, but I couldn't because you were sick…"

"Tell me what?"

She had a guilty look on her face.

"Steven asked me if we could extend the trip by a few days. Since we got the account, we were able to set up a couple of meetings with the Santos people, to get the ball rolling…"

"You want to stay here with Steven while I go home?"

She nodded sheepishly.

"How long have you known about this?"

She sighed.

"Like I said," she replied, "just since we got the account. The day you got sick…"

"Are you going to keep fucking him?"

A silence hung in the air.

“Did you…hear us last night?”

“It would have been impossible not to. Even in the state I was in…”

“Sorry,” she said, her voice close to a whisper, “I didn’t mean to…it just kind of happened.”

“Seems like a guy like that is pretty difficult to resist,” I said.

“Mm-hmm,” she said, avoiding my gaze.

I didn’t know what to say. What was there *to* say? Who was at fault for this situation? Hadn’t *I* told her that it was ok to sleep with Steven? We’d never discussed how many times it was going to happen, or when.

“Did you at least…enjoy hearing it?”

“Yeah,” I finally admitted, after another long silence, “I loved hearing the noises you were making.”

“Oh, great! I’m so happy, honey,” she said, leaning in and giving me a kiss, “so you won’t mind if I stay here. I promise to give you a full report.”

“So you *are* going to keep fucking him?”

“Like you said,” she replied, “it’s kind of hard not to. He’s difficult to resist.”

“I see.”

I sighed involuntarily. I felt nothing but resignation at this point. Whatever was going to happen to my marriage had clearly already happened. I didn’t know if our relationship was over or not, but at this point, it would be impossible to change anything. Even if I’d thrown a fit, it was clear that Karen’s mind was made up. Even if I’d somehow been able to force her to go to the airport with me, it was clear that Steven’s pull over her was so strong that it ultimately wouldn’t have made a difference.

I could choose to give my blessing to her affair or to curse it. But it ultimately didn’t matter at all what I thought.

“You’re not mad, are you babe? I mean, you liked it, didn’t you?”

She pressed herself to my chest, playing absently with my hair. I breathed in her scent. I felt myself getting aroused, despite the fact that I wasn’t back at my full strength.

“Karen,” I said, finally, “I didn’t think that things were going to go that far. I mean, I didn’t think that things were going to go that far that fast.”

“What do you mean? You knew that we were going to have sex when I went over there. That was the plan all along.”

“I know that was the plan,” I said, “but it wasn’t planned that you were going…”

“Going to what?”

“Say all those things. About *me*. To *him*.”

She blushed a little.

Good. At least she was ashamed of it.

“Try to understand, Murray. It was the heat of the moment. I was turned on. People say all kinds of things when they’re aroused. Tell me that you’ve never said or done something when you were turned on that you’d never have done otherwise.”

Like let my wife get fucked by another man? I thought.

“I understand that,” I said, “it just caught me by surprise, is all. You promising not to fuck me without his permission. I just wasn’t expecting to be so…humiliated.”

“I totally hear you,” she said, “that was out of line. I promise I won’t do it again.”

“I mean, you can do it or don’t do it. I won’t be there to know either way. Just promise me one thing, ok?”

“Of course.”

“*Please* use a condom. Or, at the very least, don’t let him cum inside you. Alright?”

“Steven says they don’t sell condoms his size down here…”

“Karen,” I said, “be serious. This is a tourist town. I’m sure they’ve got condoms of every size if you just look around for them hard enough. Just do this one thing for me, ok?”

“Ok,” she said, “I promise.”

“And if something should happen anyway…you’ll get the morning after pill, won’t you?”

“Murray,” she said, “what’s gotten into you? Do you really think I’m going to get pregnant all of a sudden, right out of the blue? After all the trouble we’ve had conceiving?”

“That could be *my* problem, not yours. For all we know.”

“Oh, babe,” she sighed, pulling my head down to her chest and holding it there, “you have nothing to worry about.”

“Ok,” I said, “ok. I’m going to trust you on this.”

“Good.”



I PACKED up my things and gave Karen another kiss goodbye, promising to pick her up from the airport when she came back into town three days later.

In the cab on the way to the Cancun airport, I was already being tormented and teased by visions of her and Steven off somewhere on the beach, sipping on cocktails, flirting, holding hands, happy to finally be rid of me, the pesky husband, the third wheel, the cuck.

Was she sucking his cock right now? Had they even waited until I was in the cab before they started ripping each other’s clothes off? Hadn’t the whole story with the Santos account seemed a little fishy? Why the sudden need to stay on for so long, without a plan in place? And why hadn’t she invited me to stay along with them?

At the same time, every time my mind returned to what I had witnessed out on that balcony, I got aroused. Part of me had to admit that I'd been bested, and that there was a kind of pleasure to be had in accepting my place. I was never going to be as tall, strong, successful or well-hung as Steven, and that wasn't necessarily a bad thing. It was just the way of the world.



I TEXTED Karen when I landed at LAX, and she responded immediately, telling me that she was glad I was safe.

Good. At least there was that.

We're going to miss you though, she wrote.

We? Why exactly were "we" going to miss me? Did they need me there as an audience, a kind of obstacle to be overcome, to create the tension that they needed for their relationship to work?

Or did they get off on the idea that I was watching them? That I was hearing every humiliating thing they said about me?

When I finally made it back home, I was exhausted. I took a quick shower, unpacked the most essential items, then collapsed on our bed.

I could still smell Karen on the sheets. I couldn't help but wonder what they were doing right then. In that moment.

I picked up my phone and stared at the screen.

Then I did something crazy.

I called Karen on FaceTime, thinking that the likelihood of her picking up would be next to zero. After all, she was probably at dinner with Steven right now.

To my surprise, however, Karen answered my call. With full video.

There she was. Looking beautiful as ever. And she appeared to be naked. At least from what I could tell.

“Murray, babe!”

Her tone was quite enthusiastic. I was taken aback. I hadn’t expected her to answer at all, but when she did answer, I had expected her to be annoyed at me interrupting her little romp with Steven.

“Everything ok at home?”

“It’s great,” I said, “I just missed you. What are you up to?”

“We’re still in bed,” she laughed, a little too loudly, “we had some drinks sent up to the room…”

“Some drinks?”

“Yeah, babe. Just a couple of margaritas.”

“I thought you weren’t drinking anymore. You promised, Karen!”

“Well, I’m not *drinking* drinking,” she said, “I just…you know… we wanted to celebrate the Santos account and everything…”

“Karen,” I said, “I don’t like this at all. You know that you…have a little problem. Does Steven know what you used to be like?”

“Why does he need to know?”

Her tone was jovial, not angry.

I heard Steven in the background.

“Need to know what?”

“Nothing, boss,” she said, giggling a little.

“Do you want to see what Steven’s doing?”

Before I could reply, she pointed the camera at Steven, who was sitting at a hotel room table, wrapped in a towel, typing on his laptop.

“Hi,” he said, waving quickly to the camera.

“Tell him to stop working and come fuck me again,” she said, pouting into the camera, “I’m sore, but I still need it. He’s only made me come like five or six times today. I know he can do better than that…”

“You’ve gotta give me a little break,” said Steven, somewhere off camera, “I’m not a machine, damn it!”

Karen suddenly stood up, taking the phone with her into the bathroom.

“Uh, what are you doing?” I asked.

“Shh,” she said, giggling, “I wanted to tell you what we’ve been up to here since you left. I thought it might get you hard. You can stroke your little cock while I tell you.”

I cringed. Had she really just called my cock “little”?

“Karen…”

“Do you want to hear or not?”

I nodded reluctantly. The truth was, I was completely stiff and I did want to hear. I wanted to hear quite badly. My hand found my cock, almost unconsciously, as she began to speak in a soft voice.

“Well,” she said, “we worked all day after you left, but at a certain point we took a break for lunch. I was feeling playful, so I decided I was going to give Steve a blowjob.”

She giggled like an excited sorority girl.

“It’s so fun to talk to you about these things, honey. It’s like you’re a good friend or something. I can’t really tell Bridget about this. She might get jealous.”

The fact that she was basically comparing me to one of her girlfriends was not lost on me. I had clearly fallen in her estimation as a romantic partner.

“So I told him to lay down on the bed,” she continued, her eyes lighting up, “and I did a little striptease for him. I rubbed my breasts up and down his body, but told him that he couldn’t touch me until I said it was ok. You should have seen him, honey. He was so incredibly hard. I think he might have gotten like a full inch bigger than usual. Finally, I had enough teasing. I had to taste that big, delicious prick. It’s impossible now for me to separate his smell from the feeling of pleasure I get from him. So when I took him in my mouth, I started to get wetter than ever before. I teased him and stroked him, getting him so hard. I played

with his balls with my hand, then I started to lick them. That drove him crazy. The whole time he was telling me what a good girl I was, and what a good job I was doing sucking his cock. You know me, honey - I'm a total slut for approval, and that was exactly what he was giving me. The fact that he was my boss made it even better."

I knew that the fact that she was talking a mile a minute now must have been due to the alcohol. I was upset that she'd broken her promise to me, of course, but I was also too aroused at her description of the blowjob to consider this a significant betrayal.

"So, then, I decided to really surprise him, honey. I looked up at him, in his eyes, and told him that I wanted to taste his cum. He seemed to like that, because a few seconds later, he was shooting off in my mouth as I tried to swallow all of his seed. You know I'm not crazy about swallowing, but something about Steven made me feel like his sperm was a delicious drink. I kept drinking and drinking it down until it was all gone. It just kept coming. There was so much of it!"

She giggled again.

"But I was a good girl and I swallowed it all."

"Karen," came a voice outside the door, "what are you doing in there? Are you ready?"

"Almost," she said, "I'm just talking to Murray. You can come in if you want."

The door swung open, and there was Steven, dressed in a white linen shirt and matching shorts. He looked both dapper and casual.

"Hi Murray," he said, "I hope you're feeling better. Karen told me about your illness. Sounds like some nasty food poisoning! One more reminder to both of us to be careful about what we eat and drink around here."

He looked at Karen, who nodded back.

"I can't get sick from margaritas, right?" she said, giggling drunkenly.

“I’m not so sure that’s true,” said Steven, furrowing his brow.

“Well,” he said, looking at the camera, “Murray must have called you because he wants to see a little show. Is that right, Murray?”

“No,” I said quickly, “I was just calling to say hi to Karen.”

“It’s ok,” said Steven, “I’ve been a bull for a lot of couples before. I know what the husbands like. Would you prefer it if I sent you some pictures instead? Of course we can do that, too!”

I’d encountered the term “bull” before from pornography searches about the cuckold lifestyle. But I’d never considered applying it to this situation in particular. I’d pictured a hotwife/cuckold situation as something more negotiated, more planned. The three of us sitting down and discussing the situation like adults.

But this whole thing — the vacation, the extended stay — had unfolded in such a strange and seemingly random way. It didn’t seem planned or premeditated. At least not the “cuckolding” aspect.

I guess real life is a lot more complicated and messy than the fantasies we imagine for ourselves. I was about to get a good lesson in that.

“Babe,” said Karen, pointing the phone back at her own face, “I have a crazy idea. Why don’t Stevie and I put on a little show for you? You can sit back and jerk off while you watch your wife get railed like she really needs…”

The fact that she used the word “railed” would have been all the evidence that I needed that she had been drinking — if it hadn’t already been so obvious.

“I don’t know, Karen,” I said, “I’m kind of tired right now…”

“Come on,” she said, “it’ll be fun. It will make me feel like a porn star. That’s something I’ve always wanted to be.

But I could never do it with just anyone. I need a real connection. Luckily I have one with this guy right here…”

She cuddled up to Steven’s massive, muscular chest, one hand reaching down towards his cock.

“Karen,” I said, “I’m not sure about this…”

“Don’t be silly,” she said, “I know you love it. There’s no point in denying it. It’s our little secret. Just between the three of us.”

I knew that I had the choice of hanging up at any moment. I could turn off the phone and go to bed. Hell, I could empty the bank accounts, change the locks and call my lawyer while she was out of the country. The thought did cross my mind.

But an even more powerful urge was welling up inside me now. The urge to watch Karen — who was, after all, a beautiful and sexy woman — get fucked by Steven. Yes, if I couldn’t have her, I wanted to watch a man that could.

So I didn’t say anything, and I didn’t hang up. I watched.

I watched as Karen handed the phone off to Steven, who pointed it at her as she dropped to her knees on the bathroom floor, massaging the rapidly growing bulge in his briefs, then pulling them down, all of a sudden, in a theatrical flourish.

“Wow,” she said, looking into the camera, “I can’t get over how big he is. Look, he covers practically my entire face!”

She placed Steven’s huge, veiny cock across her face, obscuring one eye as she smiled up at the camera.

Then she began to lick his balls, still making eye contact with the camera. I realized that she was looking at me, but also at Steven the entire time. It was almost as if I was able to experience what Steven did, completely vicariously.

“Good job,” said Steven, “that feels great. I love it when you suck my balls.”

“Look at how hard he’s getting,” said Karen, “I’m learning so much about him. How to please him in every

way.”

She licked slowly along the underside of his shaft, up to the head, pausing and taking her time, making love to his phallus with her mouth. It was clear that she was showing off for the camera. Living out her porn star dream.

“Sucking dick gets me so wet,” she said, giggling a little, “it makes me feel like such a bad little slut.”

“But you’re so good at it,” said Steven, letting out a small sigh as my wife’s lips closed around his cockhead.

She placed her left hand on his shaft, her wedding and engagement rings clearly visible as she stroked along its length.

I felt a twinge of emotion as I remembered sliding the rings onto her fingers, many years ago. Those days were over. Those vows forgotten.

But we were still married, weren’t we? Wasn’t something of that previous relationship left, even if Karen had cheated? Hadn’t she gotten my permission to cheat? That must count for something. That was still a connection. It wasn’t as if she was totally deceitful.

She continued to fellate his cock, moaning theatrically as she looked up into the camera.

“God, babe. He tastes so good. Remember when I was telling you that I associate his smell with orgasm? You should feel how wet I am right now. It’s amazing. I never get that wet with you. But that’s ok, because I don’t need to. With Steven, I need lots of lubrication.”

Her monologue was cut off by Steven’s cock as she took his shaft impressively deep, almost to the root. Her eyes reddened a bit and her makeup was running.

Just like a real porn star, I thought.

She continued to deepthroat his cock, coming up for air every few seconds and spreading her saliva along his shaft. Steven gave her small words of encouragement as she serviced him. It was truly incredible how skilled at fellatio my wife had suddenly become. It was like Steven had

awakened something inside her that may have been there all along — just invisible to a man who didn't know how to activate it.

It was as if Karen could read my thoughts, because in the next moment, when she paused to take a breath, she looked into the camera and addressed me directly again.

"I bet you had no idea that your cute little wife could swallow a cock like this, did you, Murray? Well I didn't either. But being with a guy as large as Steven awakened… feelings in me that I didn't know I had. All of a sudden I had this desire to do anything possible to please him. All of a sudden I just wanted to take his big, beautiful prick in all of my holes."

She closed her mouth down over him again and redoubled her efforts, taking him a full inch deeper than before, closing in on the bottom of his impressively thick shaft, but still not quite making it.

"Fuck," she said, "I can't take it anymore. Sucking this huge fucking dick is making me so horny. I need you to fuck me, Steven. Now. Bend me over the counter…"

She stood up and wiggled her ass at him. She was wearing a red thong.

She reached back and pulled the thong to the side, exposing her glistening pussylips.

She hadn't been kidding. She really was wet.

Steven pressed his swollen cock to her tight entrance, ready to claim her once more, but then stopped, suddenly.

"Wait a second," said Karen, "Murray wants you to wear something."

I smiled. She'd remembered! She wasn't going to break her promise to me after all.

"Right," said Steven, reaching down and setting the phone on the counter for a moment, "be right back."

I caught a glimpse of the ceiling of the bathroom for a few seconds before Karen came back into the frame, looking down at the phone's camera.

“We found some extra large condoms in a store earlier today when we were out and about. The salesgirl blushed when she looked at Steven. She was really cute. Maybe he should fuck her, too. I think I’d like to watch that, and I bet you would, too…”

Before I could respond, Steven was back. He had the condom package open already, and enlisted my wife’s aid in rolling it down his shaft. Despite the fact that it was, apparently, extra large, it was still a very tight fit.

Finally, however, the condom had been rolled into place, and the fucking could begin. I watched as Karen bent over the counter once more, guiding Steven into the correct position with one hand and bracing herself with the other.

Steven pressed forward into her, taking a moment to get her accustomed to his thickness once again. She didn’t need as much time this time as she had the night I was out on the balcony. It was apparent that she’d had plenty of practice in the meantime. Even though she was tight, she wasn’t as tight as she had been that first night.

She was, however, just as enraptured, just as thrilled at being penetrated by him. I remembered how she had orgasmed the moment he’d first bottomed out in her, and half-expected it to happen again, given the sounds that she made as he penetrated her for the first time.

As it turned out, however, I was incorrect: she didn’t orgasm on the first stroke, but rather on the third or fourth.

This time, Steven pointed the camera at the mirror, giving me a close-up of my wife’s face as she climaxed on his prick.

“That’s good girl,” he said, “just breath. The pleasure can be overwhelming sometimes.”

“I…know…,” she squeaked, her body convulsing as the pleasure washed over her.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “that was incredible. Now I need you to do what you do best, Stevie. I need you to fuck me…”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, pointing the camera back down to his cock, which was now sliding easily in and out of my wife, its entire length disappearing into her tight tunnel.

“Time to witness what a big cock can do,” he said, clearly addressing me.

He slapped my wife’s ass with one hand as he plowed into her, leaving a bright red handprint. She yelped in delight.

“Oh Stevie, I’m so close. I’m going to come again. Please don’t stop. Don’t stop, Stevie!”

“Stevie” had no intention of stopping. He slammed into my wife again and again, giving her his full length with each stroke. He must have been pummeling her cervix, which I’d heard a lot of women didn’t like. Clearly, Karen wasn’t one of them.

“You’re…so…deep,” she moaned, ‘you’re…so…*big*…”

“Tell him how much better big dick is,” he growled, suddenly taking on a very dominant tone, “tell him that you can’t go back to small cocks like his.”

Where was he getting this stuff? Was this part of being a “bull,” I wondered.

Wherever he was getting it, it didn’t matter. I found his words having their desired effect. I was harder than ever, desperate to stroke my cock.

I pulled it out awkwardly with my left hand while my right hand held the phone. My wife was getting fucked harder now, really “railed” as she had put it. She was also yelling things about Steven’s cock, and how much better he was than me. I barely heard it in the rush of pleasure that was building in my own body.

“I’ll never go back, Murray,” she moaned, “I can’t go back to a small dick…”

In that moment, I ejaculated. At almost the same time. I witnessed my wife reach yet another orgasm at the hands of Steven.

For a few brief seconds, it was almost as if we'd shared something, an intimate moment of pleasure, even though we were separated over a distance of many miles.

The moment of intimacy that I felt with my wife passed quickly, and it was replaced with a strong sense of shame. I'd just jerked off to images of my wife cheating on me. Cheating on me with enthusiasm, gusto, and not the trace of a sense of guilt.

My thumb hovered over the red "x" that would disconnect the call and salvage what little was left of my self-esteem. But I couldn't press it.

For whatever reason, I wanted to see what would happen next. Even though the immediate need to ejaculate had passed, my interest in watching my wife with her lover had not.

Steven chose that exact moment to announce his own orgasm.

I wondered for a moment what Karen would do. But then she did exactly what a pornstar would have, just like she said she'd always fantasized about.

She dropped to her knees and looked up into the camera, begging for Steven to come all over her face.

"Mark me, Stevie. Prove to Murray that you own me now…"

Steven stripped off the condom and pointed the head of his cock at my wife's smiling face, painting it with rope after rope of thick, white, viscous semen.

He produced an impressive amount, just like Karen had said. It was even more impressive considering the fact that he'd already had at least one orgasm at my wife's hands in the last couple of hours, if not more. He spread it around her lips and chin with his shaft, groaning in satisfaction as she lapped at his cock with her tongue.

"Did you like that, Murray?"

She was looking into the camera with one eye, the other having been plastered shut with her lover's seed.

I grunted something in response, unable to formulate a reply. I didn’t even know what the answer was, anymore. Had I liked it? I’d certainly been aroused by it, that was true. But had I actually liked having the evidence of my own sexual inadequacy smeared in my face like Steven had done to Karen with his semen?

I couldn’t say for sure. Luckily, I had some time to think about it. Steven and Karen wouldn’t be back for a while.

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8

By the time Karen did come back, I had had enough time to recover from the shock of seeing her on the FaceTime call with Steven. In fact, I'd begun to eroticize the encounter once again, wishing that I'd somehow been able to record it so that I could replay it again and again.

Instead, it replayed in my head. The slap of Steven's hand across her bottom. The smile on Karen's face as she looked up into the camera, marked with his spunk.

Every time I thought about it, I'd get hard again. I'd jerk off, hearing her words echo in my mind: "I'll never go back, Murray. I can't go back to a small dick…"

I ejaculated half a dozen times during the two days after the video call, wild for more each time. It was like I'd discovered a new aspect of my own sexuality, and it was working on me like a drug.

Had I been conditioned the way that Karen talked about when she'd said that she got wet from tasting Steven's cock?

I was now getting hard just thinking about his shaft going into her. It was better than any pornography that I'd ever seen, than any erotic story I'd ever read.

What was happening to me?

When Karen and I got up to the bedroom on her first night back, I attacked her with kisses. She must have had some kind of pent-up erotic energy as well, because she reciprocated just as fiercely. We fell onto the bed and began to paw at each other's clothing.

"I missed you so much, babe," she sighed.

"I missed you, too…"

"I want to tell you everything."

"I want to hear it."

Her dress was on the floor a moment later, her panties came off and my shorts and briefs soon followed. Poised at her entrance, I was about to slip inside her, but she suddenly smiled at me and shook her finger.

"Uh-uh," she said, "Steven hasn't given his permission."

I groaned, my cock pulsing in desire.

"You can go down on me, though."

Without thinking, I immediately plunged my face between her legs, lapping at her warm, wet slit.

"Oh God, Murray. Just like that. Yes. You're so good at this. You can pleasure me like this whenever you want. Steven didn't make any rules about it…"

My tongue reached as deeply as it could go, I lapped at her with abandon. She was incredibly wet, almost wetter than I'd ever experienced before.

There was a different smell about her, though, and a different taste. I lapped up a large glob of lubricant from inside her. It was salty and viscous.

She moaned, pushing my head down and positioning it just how she wanted it.

"Keep licking. Keep going. Good boy."

A few more mouthfuls of the salty stuff.

Then, a moment of clarity.

This wasn't her natural lubrication. There was no *way* it was.

I was eating Steven's cum. And it was probably fresh cum, too, I imagined.

Instead of being revolted, I was more aroused than ever before. I pressed on, mad for her. The scent and taste of my rival's ejaculate spurring me on to bring my wife to the most powerful orgasm that I could.

"Yes, Murray! Your tongue is magic!"

My heart swelled with pride as my wife's hips bucked and her legs kicked. She was close.

"Get inside there. Yes."

I scooped up another mouthful of sperm and choked it down. It wasn't easy, but my lust was overcoming my disgust in the midst of this brilliant glimmer of a new sexual world.

"I'm coming!!"

Karen kicked downwards and pushed off the sheets, away from me, as if the pleasure was too intense to bear. She convulsed for a moment, then fell back onto the sheets, satisfied.

I lay next to her, my erection throbbing.

"Let me take care of you," she said, grabbing my cock as we both lay back looking at the ceiling, "I have a confession to make. A confession that I hope will turn you on."

I could already guess the general contours of what she was going to tell me.

Her hand moved up and down my shaft, which was already slick with precum.

"On our last night… Steven and I went to a club. It was really dark and loud and crowded, and he was grinding up against me. We made out like teenagers. It was great. Anyway…"

She adjusted herself for a moment, breaking the rhythm of her strokes, "I got pretty drunk. I didn't mean to, it just happened. And the drunker I got, the hornier I got, until I was just begging him to take me somewhere and fuck me. He told me that he didn't have a condom with him, but I told him I didn't care."

What would have been seemed like a major betrayal a few days ago now only served to heighten my arousal. She'd broken two promises to me at once: she'd promised not to drink, and she'd promised not to fuck her boss without protection.

I should have been furious. Any other man would have been. But I wasn't. The change that had come over me in the days since our FaceTime call was apparently permanent.

I was conditioned to be aroused by my wife's betrayal. I'm not sure how it had happened, but it worked.

"And so he took me into the bathroom and bent me over and slipped inside me. I was so wet that I came as soon as he bottomed out in me, just like that first night. He played within my asshole with his thumb and called me his dirty little slut. He asked me if he should pull out, but can you guess what I told him, honey?"

"Oh God, Karen," I moaned, "I think I can guess…"

"I told him no. I told him that I needed his sperm inside my fertile pussy. I needed him inside me."

"And he didn't stop?"

"He didn't stop. He fucked me like an animal. Slammed me into the sink like some kind of cheap slut he'd met at a club and then filled me with his sperm. Then, this morning, he did it again. In our bed. That time, it was loving. In the missionary position. With deep eye contact as he shot off inside me…"

Her voice trailed off because I'd just covered her hand with my own sperm.

She smiled.

"It seems like you liked my story, honey."

"I did," I admitted, cuddling in close to her.

We both slept well that night.



WHEN THE MORNING FINALLY DAWNED, it was a new day. Figuratively and literally. Karen and I looked at each other across the breakfast table, grinning at each other like newlyweds. We both sensed it: her new relationship with Steven had breathed new life into our relationship to each other. Even if what had come into being in the meantime couldn't be called a "marriage" in the traditional sense, it was still a partnership. And even without discussing it at great length in that very moment, it became clear to both of us that it was a partnership that we wanted to continue.

In those first few weeks of cuckold bliss, we relived her encounters with Steven over and over again, her narrating the events of the vacation as I went down on her or as she stroked me off. The one thing we didn't do, of course, was actually have vaginal sex. She'd kept her word to Steven: her pussy belonged to him now, and I had become so conditioned in my cuckoldedness that I accepted it.

There were some serious matters to discuss, however. As turned on as I'd been by my wife throwing away protection in the heat of a drunken moment, we both agreed that she had a problem with alcohol, and she began to go to a 12-step class. We also agreed that Steven should be expected to support her in her journey towards sobriety, and that that should be the condition for their ongoing relationship.

Steven readily agreed, and soon she began to sleep with him again, both at the office and outside of work as well. They used condoms every time — another condition of their continuing relationship, even as arousing as it had been for me to eat his cream pie out of Karen's vagina.

Things were going great. Wonderfully, even. Over the next two months, Steven and Karen went on several dates a week. Sometimes they would have sex at his place, other times they would come back to ours. Steven didn't like having me in the same room, but he was more than ok with

me watching them silently from the hallway while they fucked in our master bedroom with the door slightly ajar.

Once they fucked in Karen's car as it was parked on the street late at night. I felt like a pervert, watching from the bushes as the car rocked, my wife's cries faintly audible through the doors.

Yes, everything was perfect.

Until one day.

"I don't know what's wrong with me," said Karen, when she woke up for work, "every time I stand up, I get dizzy."

"Maybe you're dehydrated."

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

She managed to make it to work, but Steven sent her home and told her to rest.

"I think I must have some kind of virus," she told me that night, "because I have these waves of fatigue and nausea."

"Any other symptoms? Do you have a fever?"

"I don't think so," she said, "just this dizziness…"

After another few days of the same symptoms, plus even greater fatigue, I started to get worried. When she fainted one morning, falling back onto the couch, I demanded that she go to the doctor. My mother had died suddenly of a brain tumor when she was only 41, and it had started with dizziness and fainting spells.

Karen, still insisting that it was nothing but a virus, reluctantly agreed. I drove her to the appointment. I was concerned that she would faint again behind the wheel.

In the waiting room, I felt a rush of anxiety coming on.

Just when our lives had reached a new normal.

Just when I'd accepted my place as a cuckold.

Just when everything seemed to be making sense again, *this* was happening.

I didn't know what to do with myself. For some reason, I wanted to call Steven. To tell him what was going on. What

I was worried about. I knew that he had feelings for Karen, too, even if he was “just” our bull.

Would it be weird? Would he think it was strange that I was calling?

I didn’t think about it very long, I just dialed his number. When he answered, he had a note of concern in his voice. He told me that he’d also been worried about Karen since she’d gone home early that day at work.

I knew that I’d called the right person. I immediately felt better, and I think he did, too.

We’d only been talking for a few minutes, exchanging our concerns and our worries, when suddenly the door to the examination area swung open, and Karen came out, a dazed smile on her face.

“Well,” she said, “I know what’s wrong with me.”

“What?”

“Who are you talking to?”

“Oh,” I said, lowering the phone, “it’s Steven. Sorry. I’ll hang up.”

“No, no,” she said, “keep him on the line.”

Her smile broadened. It seemed almost like she was drunk again. Drunk with joy.

“This has to do with him, too.”

“Ok,” I said, a realization slowly dawning in my consciousness, “he’s here.”

“Can you hear me, Steven?”

She spoke into the phone as I held it up to her mouth.

“I’m pregnant!”

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EPILOGUE

It surprised me how quickly I got used to being a father. It certainly helped that our son, Esteban, was the most adorable little guy I'd ever seen. I call him "our" son, because, after a lot of discussion, we decided that I should claim him on his birth certificate so that he could grow up in a home with two parents. Steven promised to look after us financially, but he couldn't see himself settling down and being a fatherly type.

That was ok with me. I had more than enough love to give to the little creature that had come into our lives.

I cut back my hours at work. Stopped going to the Chicago office. I stopped even being tempted by the cute little Latina there. Ironically, being a cuckold had turned me into more of a family man than ever before.

Esteban. It might be funny to give a kid a name from a culture that you don't even share, but it made perfect sense in our case: the Spanish form of "Steven," it reflected both the child's biological father's name, and the place he'd been conceived: in a club bathroom in Cancun. It was perfect. No one had to know the dirty details of why we'd chosen the name.

It was our little secret. A secret just for the three of us. Me, my wife, and our bull.

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At the same time, a secret about Jenna’s past comes to light, and the couple find themselves in new territory. But can Ryan handle **sharing his wife** with a **dominant doctor**? Especially when it comes out that this **older man** is also extremely **well-endowed**?

This is a 12,000 word novellette in which a hot wife is **shared and used by an older man.**



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: OLIVIA

Olivia, a former party girl, is now a successful lawyer. She's left her wild days behind her after marrying Robert – or has she?

When Robert and Olivia exchange fantasies one night, Olivia confesses her desire for a **tall handsome waiter** from her favorite bar. But when Rob and Olivia make their hotwife fantasies a reality, will Rob be able to deal with sharing his wife with another man who is more **dominant and hung** than he is?

Find out what happens when Olivia and Robert confirm her status as a **sizequeen hotwife**!



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MELINA

Melina and David have a sexy game they play to keep their marriage exciting. They write down fantasies on a list, then roll a die to see which one they will act out that evening. But when Melina describes her fantasy about a handsome alpha-male mechanic who is also **rough, dominant and hung**, their little game edges closer to becoming a reality.

But will Melina really cross the line from fantasy into reality? Will she really be able to go through with cheating on David while he watches?

Find out in this second, stand-alone installment of **My First Time Hotwife**!



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MIA

When Mia, a married MILF, takes a seasonal job at a warehouse, she really hits it off with her new co-workers. *Especially* Jack, who, rumor has it, is not only a **take-charge** kind of guy in more places than the workplace, he's also **much bigger** than 99% of men, including Mia's husband.

When Mia confesses her lust for her **dominant, hung alpha co-worker**, her husband is more than eager to indulge her hotwife fantasies. Soon, the couple hatch a plan for Mia to seduce Jack while her husband watches…



SOFIA'S STORY

Sofia has been acting different lately. She's taking a night class at a community college in creative writing, and is spending more time with her classmates than she is at home with her husband Trent.

When Trent finds an erotic short story penned by Sofia that describes an affair between her and one of her fellow students, he is, in his own words, “split between jealous rage and savage arousal.” Sofia's mystery lover is everything Trent is not: handsome, dominant, and most of all, **much, much bigger where it counts**.

He starts to concoct a plan for dealing with his cheating wife. But has Sofia really already cheated? Or is it all just fiction. And does Trent really want *revenge*, or does he want to *watch*?

What Trent discovers about the woman he thought he knew will push his marriage into a maelstrom of emotion and erotic exploration.

SOFIA’S STORY is a 24,000-word cheating wife novella that explores themes of cuckold angst, denial, size and clean-up.



TANYA TAKES A LOVER

Tanya was head over heels in love with Adam, her first and only boyfriend, when she married him a decade ago.

Now, a successful businesswoman, Tanya has started to wonder if she’s missed out on something by never **sowing her wild oats**. What’s more, her husband Adam has confessed his fantasy of **watching her with a larger man**. With their love life becoming a bit stale, the couple begins to weave fantasies of Tanya stepping out for a little extramarital fun.

When Tanya begins to develop a crush on her friend Sean, a man from church who has a reputation for being **larger** than life (and than Adam) both in and out of the bedroom, she sees an opportunity to both make up for lost time *and* indulge Adam’s dirty desires simultaneously.

But when emotions start to intervene, will Tanya go too far? Or will she respect Adam’s wishes – and her own marriage vows?

TANYA TAKES A LOVER is a 20,000-word emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity, voyeurism and the thin lines between fantasy and reality.



NICOLE’S BETRAYAL

Nicole is everything that Kevin (her husband of almost seven years) could have wanted in a wife: she is loyal, intelligent and beautiful. Oh yeah: she’s also hot. A perfect ten. Way out of his league.

When the secretary at Kevin’s office quits unexpectedly, Nicole steps in to help out. Of course she catches the eye of a lot of guys around the office – how couldn’t she? – but Kevin’s dominant alpha boss, Justin, takes a special interest.

Even if he is something of a bully and a womanizer, Justin is a good boss. He also has something that Nicole hasn’t had in a long time, not since her wild college days: a large endowment.

Soon, both Kevin’s cuckold fantasies and Nicole’s size queen proclivities are out in the open, and Nicole and Justin are headed out of town for a conference, alone. Will Nicole stick to the rules for her marriage that she and Kevin have so carefully worked out? Or will her desire for Justin make her throw their agreement out the window?

NICOLE’S BETRAYAL is a 21,000-word, emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity and voyeurism.



BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

Beverly is happily married to Alvin, her spouse of 20 years. At 41 years old, she doesn’t think that she’s still able to turn men’s heads, so she’s surprised when she starts getting a lot of attention from the local geography teacher, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson is tall, handsome, and Black. He’s funny, intelligent and with an easy-going sense of humor that Beverly finds irresistible. When he pays her a compliment one day, she develops a crush on him.

Alvin notices this, and encourages his wife to flirt with the teacher. After all, what’s the worst that could happen? At first, the results of this experiment are encouraging. But when Mr. Robinson awakens a long-slumbering desire in Beverly, will her marriage to Alvin be able to survive the explosive fall-out?

One thing’s for sure: once BEVERLY’S DARK DESIRE is unleashed, nothing will be the same again. This is a 16,500-word novella-length work that explores intense themes such as cuckold angst, clean-up, and marital infidelity.



SARAH'S ADVENTURE

Can a young married couple deal with their ultimate cheating fantasy becoming a reality?

Brandon and Sarah, 25, have been together for seven years. They are very open with each other about their desires and fantasies, because they are acutely

aware of the danger that the “fear of missing out” can pose to couples who marry so early.

But on a trip to Berlin, when Sarah begins to flirt with the tall, handsome, dominant and extremely endowed Mark, everything the two lovers think they know about their relationship is put to the test.

Can Brandon deal with watching his beautiful, fertile young wife in the hands of a skillful alpha male? Open this book and find out...

SARAH’S ADVENTURE is a 21,000-word novella exploring the intricacies of negotiated cheating, the hotwife lifestyle and what happens when it slides into cuckold territory and a threesome becomes a twosome.

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