

A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a black lace bra and matching black lace underwear. She is also wearing a black leather jacket that is open, revealing her midriff. Her hands are placed on her hips/waist. The background is a solid green color.

Her

Secret

Boyfriend

A CUCKOLD NOVEL
BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

HER SECRET BOYFRIEND

By Cynthia Sizemore

This is a work of fiction. Names, businesses, places, and events are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. All characters are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo is licensed from a stock photo website. All persons appearing on the cover image for this book are models and do not have any connection to the contents of this story.

© 2020, Cynthia Sizemore. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embedded in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Table of Contents

[HER SECRET BOYFRIEND](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Other books by Cynthia Sizemore](#)

HER SECRET BOYFRIEND

A Cuckold Novel

Introduction

Chloe.

Petite yet curvy in all the right places. Blond-haired and blue-eyed. Angelic. Totally pure and untouched before we met.

My wife. Did I really deserve her?

The image of Chloe exploring her sexuality with a much-larger man haunted my fantasies from the moment I met her.

I couldn't say why, exactly. Part of the appeal of this fantasy was the fact that I *knew* that Chloe would *never* agree to it. In fact, if I had mentioned it outright at the beginning of our courtship, she would have left me immediately. It was something dangerous to our relationship that I could fantasize about, without the danger that it would ever become reality.

Back then, I didn't have the psychological insight to know all of this. I simply knew I had to play the long game. By slowly introducing her to the idea of being with a larger man, I could push the limits of my own fantasy, while still maintaining control.

I was prepared for this.

I was in control.

I met Chloe my senior year in college. Even then, she seemed too good to be true. Instead of one of those girls who'd slept her way through the men's wing of the dorm freshmen year, Chloe was a sweet girl from a rural family in the countryside. She was innocent without being prude. Sexy without being overtly sexual.

Yes, Chloe was a girl with a level head on her shoulders. And what a *beautiful* head it was, too! She had natural blonde hair and the lightest blue eyes. She had Danish ancestry on her father's side, and German ancestry on her mother's, and it showed.

She was my angel. The girl who I could settle down with after years of fucking around, drinking, drugging, and failing classes. When I met Chloe, I suddenly got serious about school and started hitting the books instead of hitting the bar.

To be honest, my problem was more serious than just “hitting the bar.” I was drunk most days that I wasn’t with Chloe. I was a complete mess.

Her presence in my life convinced me that something had to change.

I didn’t join a 12-step program, I didn’t have a sponsor or any kind of support network. I just slowly reduced my alcohol intake until I just didn’t need it anymore. I didn’t need to talk to anyone about drinking, I simply didn’t drink. By the end of our first year of marriage, I had stopped completely. Secretly, I thought this made me different than other alcoholics. More in control.

I had evidence to believe this, too. After six years in college, I was finally getting my degree. I had gotten a late start on my studies, and taken longer than most traditional students, so I was 28 and Chloe was 22 when we’d gotten married.

That beautiful summer when we both graduated, I not only got a degree, I got a wife. A real partner for life: Chloe. I felt like she had been sent from heaven to help me get my life back on track. I know that sounds melodramatic, but it was true.

You can imagine how eager I was to “seal the deal” as soon as I landed my job at a local engineering firm and had enough financial stability to put up a couple of grand for a ring. Chloe insisted that she didn’t need anything fancy, but I knew that she appreciated the sacrifices that I made for her nonetheless. It was obvious. I could read it in her eyes.

Sex was another matter. Chloe was very eager, in a restrained way. She told me early on that she carried some hangups from her religious upbringing in a conservative small town. I totally understood that. Truth be told, she was so beautiful (angelic, even

— didn't I already say that a couple of times? I tend to repeat myself when it comes to her) that it really didn't matter to me exactly *what* we did in bed. Just *being* with her was enough for me.

Even if she never wanted to do anything but missionary position with the lights dim, I found it thrilling. I loved watching her blushing face, her eyes closed in a delectable mix of embarrassment and ecstasy, as I moved inside her, observing her from above as she got closer and closer.

A few times, I came *close* to making her come with only my penis inside her. Usually, however, I had to use my hand, and she began to joke about my fingers being her favorite part of me. The entire time, of course I had to wonder how she might have reacted to something bigger and thicker than either my fingers or my penis: another man's large cock. But I knew that now was not the time to mention this perverse little fantasy of mine.

Like I said before: if there was one thing that I had learned about Chloe, it was that I had to move slowly.

Chapter 1

I loved to think back to our early days of dating. When I first met her.

Chloe was the same way that a lot of girls are, I guess. Or used to be, that is.

She was raised in a fairly protected environment, without access to Internet pornography and all of the depravity that it can bring into a home. She was a romantic at heart. Very much into kissing, which I didn't mind at all, of course.

As funny as it sounds now, it actually took two months of dating before she was comfortable with my hands on her breasts. After about three more months of fondling her nipples, she finally consented to me trying to work a finger into her impossibly tight, incredibly wet young pussy.

I could tell that she still had hangups about having sex with me before we were married, but eventually, she consented. All of those years of religious upbringing ultimately couldn't compete with nature.

Of course it was a bit awkward the first time, but once I was finally inside her warm, wet tunnel, it was incredible.

Breathtaking.

So good, in fact, it was a few years before the whole thing started to get a little routine.

We tried for a baby for several years at the beginning of our marriage but had been completely unsuccessful. We'd both been tested, and it turned out that I had a low sperm count. *Very* low. There was probably no way that I'd ever impregnate Chloe, so we simply did without contraception altogether for the first few years. I loved the feeling of depositing my sperm inside her. It seemed so natural. So right. Even if medical science told me I could be fairly

confident that it wouldn't have nature's intended effect, perhaps as a result of my years partying.

But then, after we both got jobs and bought a house, we put off plans for our family into the future. Given the nature of my condition, we still didn't have to take birth control very seriously. I simply pulled out when I was close to orgasm.

Soon, we had established a new sex routine. Funnily enough, it wasn't even me who brought up the rote nature of our lovemaking.

It was Chloe.

This story begins then, about six years into our marriage, when Chloe was 28 and I was 34.

One night, after our normal ritual of intimacy (me on top, penetrating her for a few minutes before pulling out and ejaculating onto her stomach, then going to the bathroom to bring her a warm towel), she asked me if there was "anything else" I'd like to try with her.

"Anything *else*?" I asked, genuinely taken aback.

She blushed.

"I mean...like when we're...together. Is there ever anything that you'd really like to do that we don't do? I mean, I know you were with other women before me. There's no reason to deny it. It doesn't bother me. I promise."

"Chloe," I said, running a hand over her light blonde hair which was only now, in her late twenties, starting to turn light brown in places, "you know that you're more than enough for me. I never even *think* about those girls anymore. I practically can't remember their names."

"I know," she said, "but maybe there's something you did with them that you'd like to do with me? I know we're not really...adventurous or anything in bed."

"Chloe," I said, "there's really no reason to even talk about them. We're just as adventurous as I want to be, because I always

want to do what you're most comfortable with. You don't need to be jealous of my past. I don't even think about other girls."

"I'm not jealous," she said, "just...curious, I guess."

"Back then I was a different guy," I said, "I was drinking all the time. Doing drugs. I wouldn't want to go back to those days."

"You don't have to do drugs again to tell me more about what you like," she said.

"I know, but..."

My voice trailed off. I *did* in fact know exactly what I wanted to try with her, but I couldn't just come out and say it yet.

Then, Chloe said something that took me absolutely by surprise.

"If you want," she said, "you could show me. I mean, we could watch one of those...porn movies together."

"What?"

"You don't have to act surprised. I know that you watch them sometimes. All guys do."

This casual statement absolutely floored me. I had no idea that Chloe would be so casual about watching pornography. I had expected, for some reason, that her religious upbringing would be still be in force to the extent that she'd find even the mention of porn disgusting. I had expected her to treat it almost like infidelity, so it took me a few moments to understand what I was hearing.

"Ok, but...", I stammered, "I don't really know many porn movies..."

She smiled.

"It's ok, honey. I don't mind. You're my *husband*," she said, gazing into my eyes, "I just want to make you happy. Learn what turns you on."

"I know, I'm just surprised is all. I figured you wouldn't like porn. That you might be shocked by it."

"Did you watch porn with any of your other girlfriends?"

"Well, yeah, but like I said, that was a long time ago and I was a different guy then..."

"So if you were willing to do it with *them*, you should be willing to do it with *me*, right?"

She ran her finger playfully down my chest, looking up at me with those eyes that made me melt every time.

She had me there. Thinking back on it now, I wonder if my reluctance to share porn with her related in some way to my inability to see my wife as anything but an innocent, sheltered woman who would never have the slightest interest in sex outside of her marriage.

What an illusion *that* turned out to be!

"I guess you're right. It's only fair," I said, taking her hand and smiling.

"Come on," she said, snuggling up even closer, "just show me your favorite movie. I want to know what you like."

I knew that showing her what I *really* liked, that is, women sleeping with large-cocked men while their husbands watched, might be *far* too much for her to handle. Still, I knew that I had the opportunity to introduce her to the potential joys of big dicks. I would have to make my selection carefully.

"That's a good idea," I said, "but it's late now. Let's sleep on it and do it tomorrow night."

"Ok," she said, smiling up at me, "it can be a big event. Like a date!"

"Exactly," I said, "I'll cook dinner, and then we'll watch it together on the big screen downstairs."

"Oh," she said, blushing, "I was picturing watching it on your laptop in bed together. I think I'd like that better. It would be more... intimate."

I realized in that moment what a big step this was for her. I decided that I didn't want to risk ruining things by moving too fast.

"Ok, sure. Of course."

"It's just more personal that way," she said, "sorry I'm being such a prude. You know this is hard for me."

"No, you're not being a prude at all! This is just a lot for me to get used to. I mean, you've always seemed so..."

"Innocent?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Don't worry," she said, smiling, "you haven't lost the naive, small-town girl that you married. I just want to learn how to please you even better. This is about me trying to become a better wife."

She leaned in and gave me a long kiss, then pulled back and smiled at me.

"Sweet dreams," she said.

"Goodnight."

Chapter 2

The entire next day, all I could think about was our porno selection. I knew that whatever I chose couldn't be too extreme or degrading. It had to be somehow a bit romantic, but also feature the thing that I wanted her to experience most: a woman's joy at experiencing a man with a large cock for the first time.

We ate breakfast together as if the discussion the night before hadn't even happened. Chloe looked so beautiful in the morning light, dressed only in her pink bathrobe with her pink boy shorts and matching bra on underneath. Despite being as petite as she was (only 5'1" and about 105 pounds), she had ample curves and a surprisingly large chest. She wore a 34C bra. Her breasts looked absolutely amazing on her tiny frame, and still had that youthful upward push that made her small pink nipples point out at a 45 degree angle when they were erect.

She must have noticed me staring at her body as she did the crossword on her iPad during breakfast, because she looked up directly into my eyes and said: "looking forward to tonight?"

Now it was my turn to blush.

"Ha, you caught me," I said, "I have to admit that I think it's going to be fun."

"I know," she said, "I can't wait."

I had some chores to do that day, but as soon as I was done taking the dogs to the groomer, and then for a walk, I went home and locked myself in the bathroom, looking for the perfect porn video to introduce my innocent wife to the world of cuckolding.

I sat on the toilet for fifteen minutes, looking for something with enough of a story to hold her interest, but that was also explicit enough to show her the new tricks that she was looking for.

It wasn't easy. So many of the cuckold videos were too explicit too fast. Too many close-ups of fucking.

Just when I was about to give up, however, I found one that seemed promising.

Yes, this would have to do.

I sent the link to the video to my laptop so I'd be ready when the fun started that night. Then I went to make the pizza dough.

That night after we'd shared a delicious homemade pizza, Chloe and I snuggled under the covers with my laptop in front of us, as planned. Chloe had a half-finished glass of red wine on her nightstand; a glass of sparkling water stood on mine.

"I can't wait to see what you chose," she said, "I hope you didn't just choose something that you thought that *I* would like. I want to see what turns *you* on."

"Well," I said, clicking on the video link, "I hope what I found will appeal to both of us."

"I hope so, too," she said, holding my left hand in her right as I pressed play.

The movie began. The story was more complicated than most pornography, but still fairly simplistic. A woman said goodbye to her husband, who left for work. A few minutes later, a sexy pool boy was introduced.

"Ooh, this is *naughty*," said Chloe, giving me a smirk as she snuggled in closer.

After a bit of light flirtation — the woman taking the lead — the pool boy and the wife began to kiss. There was quite a bit of foreplay. This was one of the reasons that I chose this particular video.

"Mmm, I like this," said Chloe, looking up at me and giving me a kiss, "they're taking their time."

"I thought that might appeal to you," I said.

Soon, however, things on screen escalated as the housewife dropped to her knees in front of the pool boy, giving him a flirtatious look as she hooked her hands under his swim trunks.

This was it: time for the big reveal.

"Oh my GOD!" said Chloe, laughing a bit as the young man's enormous erection sprang free, coming just shy of slapping the housewife in the face.

"Ok," she said, "*that* has got to be fake. Or is this guy famous or something? How can it be that *big*?"

"It's not fake," I said, "and it's really not that big."

"What? Not *that* big? What do you mean?" she laughed incredulously as the woman on screen began to do her best to fellate the young man.

"I mean, he's maybe eight inches. That's big for sure, but not as big as it gets."

"Wait," she said, stopping the video by pressing the space bar, pausing the woman with the cock halfway in her mouth, "*you* must be at least 8 inches. That guy is probably 12."

I smiled.

"I'm more like 5 inches," I said, "not to disappoint you."

A concerned look crossed her face as she reached down to run her hand over my hard cock.

"I don't believe it. You're 8."

"Want to bet?"

"Sure," she said, flirtatiously, "what do I get if I win?"

"You can request that I do one new thing. One *sexual* new thing."

"I want to do something new," she said, "but *I* don't want to be the one to choose. That's the whole point of what we're doing here."

"Ok," I said, "how about if I'm right, you do something that I want, and if you're right, I clean the bathroom for the next week."

She smiled at me.

"For the next month."

"Deal," I said, giving her a quick kiss, "how do you want to do this?"

"Just a second," she said, rolling out of bed on her side, "I have a measuring tape for sewing in the dresser."

Was my innocent, inexperienced wife really about to measure my cock?

She was.

A moment later, Chloe was kneeling between my legs, holding the measuring tape from the base of my balls to the tip.

"Eight and a half inches!" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"No, no, no," I said, "if you measure from all the way down there, of course it's going to be huge. Try from the top. From where it hits my stomach. Just the shaft."

"No fair," she said, "you never specified that before."

"But if you measured the guy in the video," I said, "he'd probably be like 12 inches."

"See? That's exactly what I said!"

The possibility that we *both* might have been right hadn't occurred to me.

"Ok, ok," I said, "at least try it my way."

She held the tape excitedly against my erection from the other side now, reading the number from the top.

"Ok," she said, "five inches. Actually, *almost*."

"So I'm right."

"I think we were both right."

"So what do we do?"

"About what?"

"The bet?"

She was grinning ear to ear, playing with my cock absentmindedly with one hand as she stared into my eyes. God, she was beautiful. I couldn't believe this playful side of hers.

"So since we both won, I guess nothing happens. Right?"

"That's one way of looking at it, I guess," she said, smearing the precum over my head.

This was more contact than she normally had with my cock during our sexual encounters. Normally, she barely touched my penis except to guide it inside her again if it happened to slip out. Something seemed to have been awakened in her over the past 24 hours or so.

"I have another suggestion," she said, "how about since we both win, we both get what we want. You clean the bathroom for the next month, and I'll try something that you want. Something sexual."

I rolled my eyes at the prospect of cleaning the bathroom for so long, since we usually traded off, but I had to admit to myself that I saw a lot of possibilities in the "prize" that I had won.

"Alright," I said, "it's a deal."

"So what do you want me to do?" she asked suggestively, still stroking my penis.

"Let's finish watching the video first. I need some time to think about it first."

"Suit yourself," she said, finally letting my cock fall back onto my stomach, "I'm kind of curious to see how that woman is going to be able to...accommodate... that monster."

A few moments later, she was back cuddling next to me under the covers as we started the video again.

"I can't imagine what it would be like...to do that," she said as the woman began to deepthroat the man's gigantic shaft.

"I mean, she's a pro of course. You have to keep that in mind."

"Of course," said Chloe, "but...well..."

"Well what?"

"Did you... did... any girl that you used to date know how to do that?"

"Sure," I said, "of course. I mean, they must have practiced."

"And they could really do it with a guy as big as him, too?"

"I'm sure a few of them could," I said, "in fact, my last serious girlfriend before we met, Nina, used to tell me about her ex who was about as big as the pool guy."

"Really?"

Chloe seemed to be burning with curiosity now.

"Yeah. I mean, I kind of liked hearing her talk about him, to be honest."

"It didn't make you jealous?" she asked, as the couple on the screen changed position.

We both watched for a moment, absorbed, as the housewife spread her legs, welcoming the man with open arms as he pointed his impressive weapon at her poor, defenseless hole.

"Wow," said Chloe, "it went right in."

"Remember that they're probably using a lot of lube," I said, "without that it might not be so easy."

"God," said Chloe as we watched the couple began to fuck more quickly, "I know that she's acting, but she looks like she's *really* enjoying that. To tell you the truth, I don't think that I would like it as much as she does. I mean, I'm used to *your* size."

We watched the couple fuck for a few more minutes.

"Did Nina ever tell you...if it was..."

"If it was better?"

"Yeah," she said, a bit sheepishly, "I mean, I didn't really mean that. I know that you're great in bed. I just wonder if she ever told you about what it might be like."

"Don't worry," I said, "no offense taken! I actually loved talking to her about that."

"You did? Jeez, you're an even bigger perv than I thought."

She slapped my arm playfully.

We watched as the pool boy flipped the housewife over and slid into her from behind.

"So what did she tell you?"

"She told me that it was an incredible feeling," I said, "being filled like that."

"Interesting."

I couldn't read the tone of her voice. Was she bored or excited? I didn't know if she was actually intrigued, or if the fascination had perhaps passed as quickly as it had begun.

"This is kind of fun," she said, beginning to rub up and down on my leg, "have you had time to think of what you'd like me to try?"

"I think..." I said, hesitating for a moment, "I'd like you to try a toy."

She looked away from the screen and directly into my eyes.

"You mean...like a vibrator?"

"That's a good idea," I said, "but I was thinking more of something a little bigger than most vibrators. Like a dildo about the size of...that guy."

"Oh really? So you want your own naughty housewife?"

"Something like that."

"I'll think about it," she said, her face suddenly filling with concern.

"But you just said..."

"I know, honey," she said, "but you have to understand that all of this is still really new to me. And I still feel kind of funny about it. I'm sorry."

"It's ok," I said, "I understand. You can have all the time you need to think about it."

Suddenly, she closed the laptop and began to kiss me furiously.

"That really got me in the mood," she whispered as she climbed on top of me, "I can't believe how wet I am."

In the history of our entire relationship, she had never been on top. But now I watched, her face full of determination as she rubbed my erection up and down her slit, biting her lip as soft moans escaped her lips. She grabbed one of my hands and guided it to her left breast. I toyed with her sensitive nipples as she continued to slide along the length of my shaft, teasing me mercilessly.

"Oh Ben," she groaned, "I want to try it like this. Can we?"

"Of course, honey."

In exactly that moment, she pushed her panties to the side and slowly lowered herself onto my rock-hard cock.

"Oh God, Ben," she moaned, her eyes still closed and her face flushed as she moved up and down slowly, "I can't believe how turned on I am. I love you so much!"

She had always told me that sex and love were totally intertwined for her, and that she didn't think that she could have had sex with me that first time if she hadn't already loved me with all her heart. That, to her, was even more important than marriage, despite her religious upbringing.

Now I was seeing the fruits of the efforts that I'd put into getting Chloe out of her comfort zone. Here she was, riding my cock, being more outgoing and dominant than I'd ever thought she could have been. She seemed to be taking control of her own pleasure, and I loved it.

I wanted to do everything I could to help her take control of that pleasure. Even — and especially — if it meant that I could convince her to sleep with a larger man while I watched.

What had at first seemed to be an impossible fantasy was now inching ever closer to reality. I knew, however, that I had to take things slowly. I couldn't simply tell her the full extent of what I imagined for her. For *us*.

I was on dangerous territory, walking between the ultimate fulfillment of my erotic dreams and the total destruction of my marriage. But I wanted this so much.

"That feels so good, baby," I said, encouraging her softly, "just go ahead and fantasize. It's ok. Think about whatever you want."

I watched her face carefully as it took on the pallor of embarrassment.

"You don't have to tell me what you're thinking about," I said, trying to encourage her, "it can be your secret."

She opened her mouth partway in pleasure, letting out a series of short, adorable moans. It was amazing watching my petite blond wife discover her sexuality right in front of me. Even if I knew she would be too shy to tell me exactly what she was thinking about, I hoped that she was imagining lowering herself onto the cock of a well-endowed lover, not her husband's perfectly average member.

"Oh God, I'm going to...," she shrieked, slamming herself down onto me harder and harder.

She didn't complete the sentence, but she did reach climax on top of me, collapsing onto my chest as I remained inside her.

"That was amazing, honey," she cooed in my ear, "I didn't know I was capable of doing something like that."

"Of having an orgasm with just my penis?"

"Yeah, and in such a new position. We've never done that before."

"I thought that was because you liked it with me on top."

"Of course I do," she whispered, "but I thought that's how *you* preferred it."

"Not necessarily," I said, "I like some variety I guess."

"Well...", she whispered, "maybe you'll get some of that variety soon."

"I hope so."

"Did you come?"

"Not yet," I had to admit.

"Could I...help you some other way? I'm kind of sore now."

"Mmm, sure," I said, "what did you have in mind?"

"Maybe I could try using my hand?"

"That sounds like fun."

I think I've already mentioned that Chloe was not at all focused on my penis during the sex act, preferring to let me put it where it needed to go, and only gripping it once and a while to help me guide it to its target. Otherwise, she was quite "hands off." So this new suggestion was yet another sign of her sudden willingness to explore her sexuality.

She grabbed the lube that we kept in the nightstand drawer and smeared some on her hands as she took my shaft in her hand, stroking it much to hard and quickly at first.

"Slow down a bit, baby doll," I said, "a lighter touch is good."

"Sorry," she said, blushing, "I'm not too good at this, I guess."

"Practice makes perfect."

She blushed.

"Am I doing a good job?"

"Yes you are, honey," I said, reaching out and touching her beautiful face affectionately, "but you know what makes it even better for me? If you say some dirty things to me while you do it."

She blushed again.

"I don't know if I can do that. I mean, I feel really silly. Sorry."

"Just say anything that turns you on."

"I don't know what to say," she said, "you tell me."

"Well," I said, "why don't you start by telling me what you were thinking about just now."

Her face, which had finally returned to its pale pallor, flushed bright red again.

"I...I don't think I can do that..."

"Well, maybe you can just answer my yes-or-no questions?"

"That sounds ok," she said hesitantly, her fingers teasing my cock.

"Were you thinking about the video we just watched?"

She began to stroke me a little faster, closing her eyes tightly and biting her lip before she mumbled "mm-hmm."

My cock swelled up even harder in her petite hand.

"Were you pretending that you were the girl?"

"Uh-uh," she said, shaking her head.

Her stroke slowed, but got a bit tighter and smoother. I moaned involuntarily.

"God, that feels good."

I could tell that she appreciated the praise.

"Ok," I said, my breathing getting a little faster and my voice becoming somewhat hoarse with desire as she brought me ever-closer to my own orgasm, "were you imagining that you were with... a bigger guy?"

She made a moan that I couldn't decipher. Her eyes were tightly shut as she reached down and stroked my balls as if she'd been given handjobs all her life.

"Fuck, honey, I'm so close," I moaned, "please be honest...were you imagining being with a bigger guy?"

"Mm-hmm," she squeaked, clearly completely embarrassed.

Fuck. Was she really admitting to it? Was she saying what I thought she was saying?

"I can't understand you," I moaned, thrusting up into her palm.

I was right on the edge. Almost to the point of no return. But I needed to hear her say it.

"Yes," she whispered, her eyes still tightly closed, "yes!"

"Fuck!"

I moaned as a spurt of semen arched into the air, splatting down on my stomach. It was followed by several more bursts which landed nearby.

Chloe looked down at her hands, opening her eyes for the first time. She looked as if she was coming out of a trance or hypnotic state. At first she seemed confused about where she was and what was happening, and then, when she saw the mess that I'd produced, looked somewhat disgusted.

I tried to lighten the mood.

"That was...really something," I said.

"I guess *I'll* get the towel this time," she said, alluding to our normal clean-up after sex.

"Sure."

Something had changed during our encounter. I was sure of it. It took a while, however, for me to realize how fundamental the change would turn out to be.

Chapter 3

To understand what happened next, I have to backtrack a bit. I have to tell you about a friend of mine. At least I always considered him to be a friend. Our actual relationship turned out to be a little more complex.

I'd known John Carlson since we were 14 years old. We'd been on the freshmen cross-country team together. One day, we'd gotten a massive tongue lashing from coach Nelson for goofing off during practice. We'd found a shortcut that turned our seven-mile run into two. The only problem was, coach Nelson knew that the two of us were simply not capable of outpacing the entire high school senior boys' team, so when we jogged back into the locker room having been gone for forty minutes and barely breaking a sweat, he suspected the truth: we'd found a trail bypass back to the high school and had been walking most of the time.

That shared experience of being chastised by an authority figure cemented John and I's friendship. We were partners in crime. From that day on, we were practically inseparable.

Which is how I found out that John had a very long and thick penis.

It wasn't because I was staring at him in the locker room or something, although I did catch a glimpse of him in the shower on a couple of occasions. It was more that he talked about it quite a bit. At first, it wasn't about bragging. We were both teenagers, trying to figure out what was going on with our bodies.

In fact, we were relatively late bloomers. It wasn't until we were both 18, home from college for Thanksgiving break freshmen year, that he began to tell me about some of his sexual exploits.

In the beginning, he was concerned more than cocky. He told me the story of a girl who he'd hooked up with who would have been his first if she hadn't recoiled in terror at his size. He had to be satisfied with a handjob. Enjoyable, he said, but nothing like the

satisfaction of sinking into her tight freshman pussy would have been.

A few weekends later, however, he'd gotten luckier. He came into my dorm room the next morning to give me the details.

"She sucked my cock for like an hour, bro. I'm not even kidding. She told me I was the biggest guy she'd ever been with."

"And that wasn't a problem?" I asked, remembering what had happened last weekend.

"No, on the contrary," he said, "she was super eager to put it inside her. It took a while because she was really tight, but she came like six times while I fucked her. I couldn't get off while wearing a condom, so she told me that she was on the pill and I could take it off. Can you believe that, bro? I came inside her, man. It was incredible."

It wouldn't be long before I became a champion partier as well and started having my own sexual experiences. I couldn't help but notice that none of the women *I* was with ever made any comments regarding my size, either positive or negative.

In the meantime, however, John's stories keep coming. He had several girls cheat on their boyfriends with him solely because of his size.

At the same time, he started getting more and more confident. Cocky, even. Sometimes he could be kind of an asshole, even to me. Sometimes when we traded insults during typical male bonding sessions, John's were just a little more incisive and personal than was absolutely necessary.

He seemed to like cutting me down to size once in a while. I tried not to let it bother me, but I couldn't shake the feeling that, although I'd always consider him a friend (one of my best, if not *the* best, in fact) he seemed to be acting more and more like a bully.

I also couldn't help but see a connection between his experience of "growing into" his large cock and the new arrogant behavior he displayed.

At first I thought he was exaggerating about the number of women he slept with because of his large cock.

A couple years of partying and not exercising meant that the physique that he'd developed during his high school sports days was long gone. He was pudgy now. Not fat, exactly, but soft.

So his body couldn't be the reason that so many girls wanted to sleep with him. But surely there had to be some *other* reason, right?

It couldn't *really* be his cock, could it?

Then I saw it with my own eyes.

It was a typical Saturday night in the dorm. We were pre-drinking together before heading out to a keg party being thrown by some friends who rented a large 7-bedroom house nearby. "We," was me, John, and two female acquaintances: Kayla, a small, curvy, 21-year-old sophomore with olive skin and deep brown eyes, and her older friend Lana, who was a head taller than her with bleached blond hair and blue eyes. I had my eyes on Lana, while John was clearly into Kayla.

We were all playing it cool, though, ready to let the alcohol do its work. As we walked to the house party in the cool autumn air, I began to try my luck at flirting with Lana. Whether it was to due my charm or the shots of vodka we'd shared at the dorm, she reciprocated. We started getting handsy as soon as we got to the house where the party was happening, and I soon lost track of John and Kayla.

That is, until Lana and I started making out a bit more and decided we would try to sneak off to find a place that was a bit more private. I took Lana by the hand and (emboldened by the booze, no doubt) led her down a hallway and found a dark room.

I knocked gently.

Hearing no answer (even if that might not have exactly been possible given the volume of the music nearby), I opened the door.

There was John, his pants around his knees, with Kayla in front of him, doing her best to swallow his monster cock.

He looked at the two of us and gave me the thumbs-up.

"Hey," he said, "come in and join the party."

I looked at Lana, who was grinning ear to ear. This night was about to get a whole lot more wild.

"Do you think we should?" I whispered.

"Yeah," she said, "why not?"

"Come on in guys," Kayla said, coming up for air as she continued to pleasure John's enormous phallus.

I sat on the bed and pulled Lana onto my lap and continued kissing her, my hands roaming her young body. The noises that she was making made it clear that she was into it, but she kept casting sidelong glances at her friend Kayla as she pleased John's incredible endowment.

To tell the truth, I was also finding it hard not to watch this curvy fellatrix in action as she swallowed my friend's cock again and again.

Soon we had stopped kissing entirely. Lana sat on my lap and we both watched Kayla work John's cock.

That was the moment that Lana reached down and felt my cock through my pants. I knew that she wasn't doing it on purpose (or was she?) but it was clear that she was mentally gauging my size in relation to my friend's.

I could tell from the look on her face that I had been weighed and found wanting, and the next moment I had confirmation of this fact as her hand dropped from my crotch and she turned away from me completely.

In the next moment, Kayla looked up at her friend and said some words that I've never forgotten.

"Wanna join us?"

"What about him?" asked Lana, meaning me.

"He can watch," said Kayla, shrugging her shoulders, "unless he's packing something like this."

She waved John's cock in the air as he grinned at me.

It was true, then. Everything that he'd told me about women being attracted to him because of his cock seemed to be confirmed in this moment.

I was disappointed at being abandoned by Lana, and I was humiliated by Kayla's comment, but something kept me rooted to the spot.

That "something" was the spectacle of watching John's cock in action.

Lana jumped off the bed and took her place on her knees next to Kayla. The two girls took turns sucking on John's shaft and licking his balls, taking breaks to kiss each other in the meantime. How I envied him in that moment! He would later tell me that that particular encounter hadn't even been the first time that he'd received a "double blowjob."

It was something that he experienced on a semi-regular basis. Either there really was something special about having a huge cock, or he just knew how to find the right kinds of women who would indulge him in this kind of thing.

In truth, it was probably a little of both.

That night, I watched as he pleased first Kayla (it seemed only fair) by giving her a hard fuck, missionary-style on the bed, and then Lana, who had been my (unspoken) "date."

He took Lana from behind, which was particularly painful for me, because by this point I was laying on the bed myself, openly masturbating as he impaled her from behind, and I was forced to gaze directly into her eyes as she experienced a big dick for what proved to be the first time.

“Go slow, please,” she pleaded, “you’re the biggest guy I’ve even been with.”

I’ll never forget the way Lana acted as I watched John pound her out. She was making noises that I’d never before experienced with any girl I’d been with. I lost count of the number of times that John made her come before he finally pulled out and told the girls to kneel in front of him as he triumphantly coated their faces in his seed.

Somewhere doing Lana’s impressive pounding, I’d ejaculated myself, and so I was left sitting there covered in my own semen as I watched my friend shooting his own over two attractive young women.

There was simply no way that I could compete, and that was clear.

That experience stayed with me a long time. Not only because John would bring it up once in a while in a kind of joking way, without understanding what a profound effect it had had on me. For him it was just another good time.

Chapter 4

It almost seemed that Chloe had forgotten about our little cock-measuring bet, and the compromise we'd reached. She was going to try a large toy, and I was going to clean the bathrooms for a month.

The month was almost over, and I assumed that Chloe had completely forgotten about the toy. I didn't want to press the issue, because I knew that she'd been a bit apprehensive about the idea, and the easiest way to shut down a woman's libido (especially a woman like Chloe) was to push her out of her comfort zone.

So I began to forget about the whole thing as well, until one Wednesday afternoon when she came up to me and remarked that the bathrooms were looking exceptionally clean, and since I'd kept my part of the bargain, it was only fair if she kept hers.

"Go ahead and choose a toy," she said, "but don't expect for me to be super into it. Or to use it more than once. I agreed to try it. That's all."

I assured her that I understood.

"Do you want to choose it with me?"

"Nah," she said, "I trust you."

"Ok," I said, practically trembling with excitement at the prospect of watching my wife be penetrated with a gigantic dildo for the first time.

"Just let me know when it gets here, and we can have another 'date night,'" she said, giving me a peck on the cheek.

"Sounds like I have some shopping to do."

"Mm-hmm," she said, running her fingers through my hair and then yawning, "you do that. In the meantime, I'm heading up to bed."

As soon as she was gone, I fired up my laptop and began to browse Amazon's selection of vibrators, looking for the perfect

match. I wanted it to be big, of course, but not so big that it would scare Chloe off from ever trying the real thing. I also wanted it to be somewhat realistic looking, not some fake piece of plastic.

In the end, after over an hour of browsing, I settled on a large, girthy flesh-colored realistic phallus that just seemed *right* for some reason. At first I didn't realize why, exactly, this particular dildo out of the dozens of other dildos available on Amazon had appealed to me so much.

Only when the package came in the mail two days later — just in time for date night — and I lifted it up and held the artificial phallus in my hands did I realize what I'd done.

I'd ordered a fake cock that looked almost exactly like John's. During that fateful night in college when he'd fucked Kayla and Lana in front of me while I watched, I'd had ample time to imprint the image of his phallus onto my unconscious.

When I unwrapped the dildo that my wife was going to use that night, the whole scene came rushing back to me like the return of the repressed, and I realized in a moment what I'd done.

Did this mean that I wanted my friend to fuck my wife?

Of course not. At least that's what I told myself back then. It was a completely normal piece of a normal couple's sex life. Plenty of married people used sex toys, and plenty of those sex toys were larger than normal penises, just like pocket pussies were tighter than real vaginas. There was nothing inherently weird about using a toy. And the fact that this particular toy had a strong resemblance to my memory of that thick rod of flesh I'd watched pleasure two young women to a state of ecstasy was pure coincidence, or if it wasn't, it certainly didn't mean anything significant enough to think about for more than a passing moment.

Right?

That night, we retired to the bedroom immediately after the dinner dishes were done. Chloe was obviously also eager to make

good on the bet and find out what was in store for her, even if she claimed to still be apprehensive.

We lay next to each other on the bed and kissed for a few minutes, our hands wandering affectionately as was often the case during foreplay, until finally, Chloe looked me in the eyes.

"Is it time to...get out the toy?"

"That's up to you," I said, "are you feeling up to it?"

"Mm-hmm," she nodded, "I still might need some time to get used to it, so don't expect me to just start slamming it into my pussy."

"Of course not. You set the pace. You control everything," I assured her, "we've got lube here, in case you need it."

"Ok," she said, smiling at me, "let's set the mood a bit."

She dimmed the lights, then turned on the small stereo on the nightstand, selecting some relaxing down-tempo music.

"Alright," I said, reaching into my nightstand, where I'd stashed the dildo, "here we go."

Chloe had wriggled out of her panties and was now laying next to me, still on top of the covers, in only a bra. She looked so small. So cute. So vulnerable.

So innocent. The last person who you'd expect to be about to penetrate herself with a large artificial phallus.

"Oh, wow," she laughed, "I don't know what I expected. But that's just so...*big*. Kind of unrealistic, don't you think?"

"Nah," I said, "this is probably the size of the guy in the porn movie. You know, the pool guy?"

"Mmm," she said, "I remember. That was pretty naughty. But you liked watching that woman didn't you?"

"Yeah," I said.

"And you kept up your part of the bargain," Chloe said, running her hands over the phallus gently, as if it had been connected to a

real person, "so I guess, maybe, it's only fair if I at least give this a shot."

She brought the dildo to her pussy lips, spreading her legs and slowly working the first part of the thick mushroom head about half an inch inside.

"It's just so thick," she said, a look of discomfort spreading across her face, "I don't know...I don't know if I can do this."

"Take your time," I said, "it will work best if you're relaxed."

"Can you help me get in the mood?"

"Sure, babe," I said, stroking her hair, "of course. What do you need?"

"Well," she said, "maybe if you go down on me for a while, first. That might help loosen me up a little. Both mentally and, well, physically. Know what I mean?"

"Of course," I said, eager to help my wife in any way that I could.

I plunged between her legs and began to tease her clit gently with the tip of my tongue, gratified to hear her soft, feminine moans of pleasure.

"Oh, Ben," she moaned, "that feels so good."

I came up momentarily to talk to her, but continued to finger her gently as I did.

"Just imagine something that's sexy to you," I said, "imagine whatever you need to in order to relax. Maybe that you're that naughty cheating housewife from the video."

"Ooh, you're so bad, Ben!"

She didn't seem so convinced that this really was the case, however, because I watched a smile spread across her face as she kept her eyes tightly closed, lost in the theater of her mind.

I continued my efforts at cunnilingus, licking her gently, then a bit more firmly, fingering her g-spot as her moans increased in

tempo and frequency until I could tell she was on the edge of orgasm.

It was always a beautiful thing to watch Chloe come. I knew that I wouldn't be able to see her face this time, but I'd still be able to hear her voice and experience the vibrations that would course through her body, if only vicariously.

Soon she was teetering on that precipice, about to plunge down into an ocean of pleasure.

"Don't stop," she moaned, "God, don't stop."

She kicked her heels down into the bed as her hips bucked up, pressing her pussy to my face as I felt her pelvic muscles contract several times.

I felt an enormous sense of accomplishment as I slowly stopped licking her, finally lifting my head and wiping her juices from my chin.

"That was incredible," she said, "I'm so sensitive. But I really want to try *this* now."

She grabbed blindly beside her, reaching for the dildo. Finally, her tiny hand closed around the shaft. Her fingers didn't even meet.

"Of course," I said, "do you want me to help?"

"No," she said, stroking my hair with her other hand, "you're so sweet, honey, but you did a great job getting me ready. I think I want to be in control this first time."

"Sure," I said, "whatever is most comfortable for you."

"Thanks."

Her eyes were still closed, a flush covering her pale skin. She smiled in my general direction, but her face quickly turned serious again as she positioned the head of the dildo at her slit for the second time.

This time, the mushroom tip slipped easily between her outer labia. I couldn't help but be proud of myself for having prepared her

so well.

“Oh God,” she moaned.

“What are you thinking about?” I whispered, “imagining that pool boy?”

“Yes,” she gasped, “he’s... oh God.”

She pulled her legs back more, and began to work the shaft slowly back and forth about an inch or so inside her pussy, until the head was fully inside her.

Her eyes opened in surprise and delight (though they were focused somewhere off in the distance and not at me) as she began to fuck herself with the dildo.

She was very gentle at first. Gentler than I would have been able to be, I realized. Part of the appeal of seeing John fuck Lana and Kayla had been the way that he simply pounded them without holding back, but I realized now that that had been a special set of circumstances, and that Chloe was simply not the kind of girl that would respond to such immediate and coarse efforts.

As our encounter that night had already demonstrated, she was a woman who needed a lot of foreplay. But now that she’d gotten it, she seemed to be slowly building towards something more intense, something that I never could have anticipated.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “that’s so good. It’s so big. I can’t believe how good it feels.”

I hadn’t even prompted her for this verdict, but when I heard her confessing her feelings, it made my dick rock hard. As I watched that huge white (fake) cock splitting Chloe open, I couldn’t help but flash back in my mind to watching John rail Lana from behind while I watched helplessly from the bed.

Chloe needed both hands to drive the cock inside her. She was biting her lower lip as she worked now, and her eyes were closed once more as she made little mewling sounds. I could tell that she was on the brink of another powerful orgasm.

Her lips parted for a moment as her breathing accelerated. I began to stroke my own cock now, giving up on her taking any part in my pleasure, and simply watching my wife masturbate as a kind of spectacle, as if she'd been a cam girl on the internet.

A cam girl who *also* happened to be my wife, of course!

"God, you look so good, Chloe. Take his big dick. Just do what you want," I said, unable to hold back my enthusiasm as she reached orgasm.

She didn't seem to notice or care that I was even there, as lost in the world of her own enjoyment as she was.

"Oh yes. Oh yes oh yes oh yes!!" she cried as she climaxed.

In that same moment, I reached my own climax, feeling a little silly as I sat there covered in my own semen as I watched my beautiful wife slowly return to earth and open her eyes and gaze at me, filled with love.

"That was amazing, honey. I'm so glad you got me to try that. I hope you enjoyed watching me."

Then she looked down and noticed the cum on my hands and chest.

"From the looks of it, you did."

"I really did," I said, "that was hotter than I'd ever imagined it would be."

"I thought so, too," she said, "but I'm not sure that I'd want to do it a whole lot..."

"Why not?"

I noted a trace of concern — or was it guilt? — cross her face.

"Because it was just...I mean..." her voice trailed off.

"Because it was so intense?"

"Mm-hmm," she said, "it felt so good. But *you* weren't really involved. And I feel bad about that."

"That's not true," I reminded her, "I helped get you ready."

"That's true," she said, sounding a bit happier, "but all I did was lay back and relax. I want to make *you* feel good as well. It's my duty as a wife, after all!"

"But you *do* make me feel good," I insisted.

"Really?"

"Yeah," I said, "watching you with that toy was like a fantasy come true. We can do it as often as you want to. You can even use it when I'm not around if you want."

"I don't know about that," she said, a bit reluctantly, "I mean, it would feel kind of wrong if you weren't involved *somehow*. Like I was breaking my marriage vows or something."

"Look," I said seriously, "my biggest turn-on is watching you get off. That's what does it for me. And however you need to do that is ok with me, and it always will be. Do you understand?"

"Really? But..."

"Really," I said, kissing her quickly on the lips, "I'm your husband, and it's up to me to make sure that you're satisfied, even if it's not me doing it. That's how I see things, anyway."

"I never thought about it like that," she said, her face a mixture of concern and enlightenment, "I guess I really never thought of it like that."

At first I couldn't tell if she had simply been humoring me when she accepted my reassurances that she could masturbate with the large dildo as often as she wanted to, but after a couple of weeks I began to discover evidence that she'd taken me *exactly* at my word.

It started one afternoon when I came home from work early and used the bathroom upstairs. There, on the counter, drying on a towel was John's penis (as I'd started calling it in my mind).

I mentioned it to Chloe later, and she made a casual comment about how the instructions told her to wash it with mild soap and water after every use, and that she'd always taken good care of her things.

I smiled when I heard that. So she was using it, after all.

I didn't press her for more details at that time. I didn't want to do anything to reawaken the old, slightly prude (or at least more cautious) Chloe. I was really enjoying my wife's sexual exploration, and I didn't want to stand in her way in the slightest.

Chapter 5

John and I hadn't seen each other socially very often since Chloe and I had gotten married. This partially had to do with the fact that he now lived about 45 minutes away, and partially just to the normal kind of "nesting" that Chloe and I had done in our life as a couple. I hadn't seen very many of my friends at all, and Chloe hadn't really been too social either.

Now that we were finally starting to settle into married life a little more (we'd just celebrated our six-year anniversary) and were pretty sure that not only were we unable to have kids, we didn't want them anyway, we started missing the presence of other people in our social life.

We decided to start making an effort to go out more.

"You should invite some of your friends from work to go out with us sometime," Chloe encouraged me, "like a happy hour or something. I remember when we used to do that once and a while."

"That was back when I'd just stopped drinking and still thought that bars are the only places you can have fun," I said, "once I learned how great it is to be home with you, I never felt the need to be inside a bar again."

"I didn't think it bothered you that much," she replied.

The concerned look on her face irritated me. Like a lot of recovering alcoholics, I actually prided myself on being able to go to a bar and just drink sparkling water all night. It did get old being around all of the people who were losing their inhibitions in front of me, however. I had to admit that.

Though Chloe had never been much of a drinker, she obviously enjoyed the social aspect of these occasions, and I could tell that I was going to have to humor her sooner or later.

"It doesn't bother me," I said, trying not to snap at her, "if you want, we can do it this Friday. But forget about the people from

work. I'm not sure how much longer I'm going to stay at my job anyway. How about this: I'll invite two people — guys — and you invite two girls."

"Like a...quadruple date?"

"Triple date," I corrected her, "I guess that's why I'm the engineer in this marriage.

"Ha ha," said Chloe, who was a little sensitive about the fact that she'd studied English, and the last math class she'd taken had been in high school.

We were used to this kind of good-natured joshing, however, and she smiled at me after sticking out her tongue.

"I think I'll invite John and Steve," I said, changing the subject, "they're both single — at least as far as I know. Not that it matters."

"John?" she said, "you mean *the* John, your old buddy from high school? I've heard so much about him. I can't believe I haven't ever met him personally after all these years."

"Don't get your hopes up," I said, "you haven't met him because he lives almost an hour away now. I have no idea if he'll be up for driving down here or not, but it won't hurt to ask."

"Well, if he does want to come, he could always crash in our guest room," said Chloe eagerly.

She was so hospitable. Another part of her upbringing. I'd almost forgotten about it.

"That's a really great idea," I said, "I'll mention it to him if it comes up."

"Good," said Chloe, "I'm going to call Rachel and Becca. This is going to be fun."

I contacted John through Facebook because the number I had for him didn't work. He seemed a little surprised to hear from me, but told me that he'd just gotten out of a relationship a couple of

months ago and was now finally ready to go out and try to start meeting people.

I caught him up on my life. He knew that I was sober now, and that I'd gotten married, but he didn't know anything about Chloe.

While we were chatting, however, he must have checked out her profile, because he made a comment that stuck with me for a while.

*Damn, son. I didn't think a guy your size could get chicks that look like that. I know you don't make **that** much money. Let's be honest.*

The message stayed there for a moment unanswered. His words stung. It was obvious in what sense he meant "a guy your size." He wasn't talking about any other part of my physical appearance (I'm not short at 5'10" — maybe not everyone's definition of tall, either, and I'm not overweight). He had to mean my cock. Even that was simply average. Nothing special.

I tried to remember that John could sometimes come across as a bully when he was joking around, and that I was now expected to make some kind of comment that showed that I could take a joke. There was no use in getting upset about it. He'd just stated a fact.

That is, of course he wrote, before I was able to formulate a reply unless she doesn't know what she's missing.

That was true. Or at least it had been true before I'd gotten her the toy that reminded me so much of his dick, or my own memory of it in any case.

That's right, I wrote back, I normally keep her in a burka and don't let her leave the house unaccompanied. That's how I make sure she doesn't find out about guys like you.

He responded with a laughing emoji. We were just some guys giving each other shit. I'd passed the test.

I told him the time and the place: 7:00 at an upscale retro-style "speak-easy" that had just opened down the street from our house.

He promised to be there.

I was looking forward to seeing John again. We'd been through a lot together, after all. But I kept coming back to his belittling remark about my size (pun completely intended), and his remarks about Chloe.

Why did I feel a kind of thrill when he acknowledged her desirability? Did I want him to be attracted to her?

Did I want *her* to be attracted to *him*? That seemed a likely scenario, given the fact that I'd (unconsciously, of course) picked out a dildo that looked just like him.

I tried to push these thoughts down, back into my unconscious where they belonged.

Soon, we had confirmations from Steve, Becca and Rachel as well. Chloe's attempt to save my social life seemed to be going as planned.

Chloe and I got to the bar early. I couldn't help but be a little nervous. I hadn't seen John in a long time. In fact, I couldn't remember the last time we'd hung out. Funny how adulthood works. At first, you and your friends are totally inseparable, but then after a while, it's like you don't know each other anymore.

I was just thinking about this stuff when I spotted a familiar face across the room. A man sat on a bar stool that seemed to be designed for someone half his size.

It was John. But John had undergone a transformation since I'd last seen him. Notwithstanding his success with women, John had never been especially physically prepossessing when I'd known him. He was tall and had a huge dick, sure, but he was also chubby and prone to wearing ill-fitting, unstylish clothing.

Well, as it turned out, those were things that he had been able to change, and the man in front of me now was dressed in a well-

fitting navy blue sport coat, pink button-down oxford shirt, neatly pressed slacks and dress shoes.

Not only that, the clearly visible cheekbones in his face and the masculine V-shape of his torso told me that his body fat percentage was now lower than it ever had been in the past.

His thick brown hair was trimmed neatly, and a five o'clock shadow rounded out his new, masculine look.

I felt even more intimidated by him now, dressed as I was in my oversize sweatshirt and cargo shorts.

I tried to make a joke about it.

"Hey," I said, walking up to him, "I didn't know we were dressing up for this or I would have rented a tux! How are you, John. You look great."

He grinned, extending his hand and giving me a firm shake.

"I know I'm overdressed for the dive you picked," he said, gesturing to the bar I'd selected, "but this place is so far away I had to leave straight from work in order to make it here on time."

I nodded, noticing that John's eyes were locked on Chloe now.

She looked great, of course. She'd chosen a bright blue blouse that was cut just low enough at the front to preserve her modesty while also hinting at the presence of her bosom, combined with a lightweight floral-print skirt that hung below her knees and billowed out when she turned quickly or walked. She wore sandals with golden straps and a slightly elevated heel.

She was the picture of femininity and vulnerability, the perfect counterpart to John's handsome, rugged masculinity.

"This must be Chloe," said John, smiling at my wife without moving from his seat.

"Hi John," said Chloe, sensing his eyes on her and blushing a bit, "it's nice to meet you."

She extended her hand, and he took it in his own. His massive palm absolutely dwarfed hers. I couldn't help but imagine the other parts of her anatomy that would also contrast pleasantly with my wife's petite, curvy body.

"Very nice to meet you, too," said John, holding her hand for what I perceived to be about 10 milliseconds too long for a merely friendly shake.

But maybe I was imagining things. Or trying to wish them into existence?

"What are you drinking?" he asked us, "I mean, I know you're not *drinking* per se, Ben. But this first round is on me."

"I'll have a seltzer water with lime," I said.

Chloe looked at me, then John, a little uncertain about what to order.

"Just get me something sweet — not too strong," she said, "I don't really drink a lot, so I'm not really sure what I like."

"That's ok," said John, "I love introducing women to new things. I *guarantee* that you'll like what I pick out for you."

He winked at her, then turned to me and patted my arm.

"Don't worry, buddy," he whispered in a voice loud enough for her to hear, "I know she's taken."

Then he rose, turned and headed to the bar.

"I'm sorry," I said, turning to Chloe, "I didn't know he was going to be such a jerk. I haven't seen him in so long, and..."

"Jerk? What are you talking about? He seems really nice. And funny."

"But the way he was flirting with you. You saw how he was looking at you..."

"Oh, come on. It's all just harmless fun, and I'm sure he knows it, too. After all, he even told you that he knew that I was taken."

I nodded, trying to mentally accept what she was saying.

"Besides," she said, "don't you think that it's a little but exciting that other men still find your old lady attractive enough to buy her a drink?"

I smiled.

"I guess."

To tell the truth, I found it more exciting than I wanted to admit, either to Chloe or to myself. I found myself trying to think of ways to encourage the flirtation that had started between Chloe and John, even though I told Chloe otherwise.

"See? There's no need to be jealous. It's just a fun night on the town. Becca and Rachel will probably be here soon, and then there will be other women for him to flirt with, too. I know Rachel is married, but I'm sure she'd love the attention, and Becca, well, Becca and Sam just broke up, and I think she's on the prowl again..."

"Of course," I said, watching John as he chatted with a very pretty college-age bartender.

Christ, I thought, this guy has turned into a regular pick-up artist.

Before the hot brunette behind the bar could hand over our drinks to John while flashing him a sultry look, Becca and Rachel burst into the scene behind me, drawing my gaze away from my suave friend.

"Hey, Ben," said Becca, bounding up to me and grabbing my arm playfully, "long time, no see."

Becca was taller than my wife by a head, dark-haired and brown-eyed. She was a bit chubby, but had curves in all the right places. I had to admit that I found her personality charming, and was always happy to hang out with her.

Rachel, on the other hand, was another story. She was attractive, to be sure, but had a sort of distant, cold demeanor and liked to cut people down to size. I was a little scared of her, and it was hard for me to understand what Chloe saw in her. She probably

felt the same way about me, to be honest. I tried my best just to stay out of her way.

John returned to the group, carrying the three drinks gingerly but skillfully between the fingers of both hands.

"Here you go, big guy," he said, winking at me as he set the glass of sparkling water on the table in front of me.

He handed Chloe's drink to the woman herself.

"I asked them to make you a whiskey sour," he said, "let me know if it's too strong for you."

"Ooh, I don't think I've had that before," said Chloe, taking the drink from his hand excitedly, "I can't wait to try it. It's not too strong is it?"

"It's strong, sweet and a little sour," he said, "cheers."

He held out his glass to her and her alone.

"Cheers," she said, clinking hers against his and then taking her first, timid sip.

"Mmm," she said, scrunching up her nose, "it's...different."

"I promise you'll develop a taste for it," said John, smiling, "the best things in life are that way."

"Are they now?"

For a moment, Chloe and John locked eyes, and seemed to be in their own world, somewhere away from the rest of us.

Then, awkwardly, I butted in.

"I feel weird toasting with just water," I said, raising my glass towards John's, "but here's to an overdue reunion."

"Cheers, buddy," said John, clinking his glass against mine.

"Oh my gosh," said Chloe, "where are my manners? I forgot that the rest of you don't know each other yet, and, what's worse, you don't even have drinks!"

"No problem," said Steve, who seemed extremely happy to be out on the town, "I'll take these two ladies over the bar and get them whatever they want. If they buy me the next two rounds, of course!"

"Of course!" said Becca, her normal, ebullient self.

Rachel merely shrugged her shoulders and followed the other two off to the bar, leaving Chloe, John and I together again.

"So what do you do these days?" I asked him, "it must be something that requires you to dress up."

"Yeah," he laughed, "and believe it or not, this is the most casual I get now. I'm an attorney. I thought you knew that."

"What? A lawyer? The last I checked, you'd flunked out of grad school in chemistry."

"Ha," he said, "that's right. I did fail. I found out that I'm worthless in a lab. But I did fine in my theoretical courses, so I took that knowledge and went to law school, where I specialized in pharmaceutical litigation."

"Wow," said Chloe, "that sounds really interesting. My father was a pharmacist. He always wanted me to follow in his footsteps, but I really wanted to study English, so that's what I did..."

"And now you're a professional housewife?"

"Something like that," she laughed, "I actually do work full-time, for a non-profit. But I don't make a lot of money. It's a pursuit of passion."

"The things we're passionate about are the things that are truly worth living for," he said.

I thought the line was kind of cheesy, myself, and decided to try to call him on it. I was getting a little afraid of losing face in front of my wife.

"So that must mean you're really passionate about what... litigation? Pharmaceuticals?"

"Nope," he said, "but my job gives me plenty of money to pursue what really interests me."

"And what would that be?" asked Chloe.

"Climbing," he said.

"You mean like rock climbing?"

"Yeah," he said.

My heart sank. It just so happened that Chloe had had a strong interest in rock climbing ever since she started working for her nonprofit, a company that organized transformative outdoor adventures for disadvantaged youth. She'd gone a couple of times with her colleagues, and had asked me to go with her, but after having had a couple of bad experiences in my youth, I was terrified of heights, and told her so. There was no way that I was going to go climb a rock.

"It just so happens," Chloe said, "that I love to climb as well. This guy over here though —," she grabbed my arm playfully, "won't ever take me. How unfair is that?"

"What?" said John, feigning outrage with his raised eyebrows, "who wouldn't want to be alone in the woods with a girl like you?"

He was really coming on pretty strong. Usually when guys were like this, Chloe was completely turned off. Being an attractive woman, she got plenty of attention and was used to rebuffing guys who hit on her. This didn't seem to be her attitude towards John, though.

"It's true," I said, trying to include myself in the conversation once more, "I'd love it if it were just the two of us, alone in the woods, but she's usually with her co-workers."

"This is at the non-profit?" asked John, suddenly interested, "it's not Outward Adventures, is it?"

"It is!" said Chloe excitedly.

"Well I know a lot of those guys," said John, "met them a couple of years ago out west. Does Jason Kravitz still work there?"

"Jason? No. He was gone before I started. But maybe you know Travis?"

"Travis Larkin. Sure do," said John, a smile breaking out across his face, "funny guy and a hell of a climber. Actually ran into him last week at my climbing gym..."

Just then, Steve and the other women joined us. I hated to admit it, but I was happy that Chloe and John were interrupted. I could feel some kind of chemistry building between the two of them, a connection that went beyond the one that Chloe and I had as husband and wife.

Of course, I couldn't keep them apart all evening, and at one point I found myself talking to Becca for about half an hour. It was not at all unpleasant — like I said, I really liked her personality, and didn't mind having a chance to catch up with her life at the moment which was complicated, as always — but I kept casting sidelong glances over at Chloe, who was once more in deep conversation with John.

At the end of the night, I asked John if he was going to be able to drive home, and offered, pro forma, our guest room if he wanted to crash.

"No thanks, big man," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, "I actually only had one drink. I think I'm good to go. But you're going to have to keep an eye on your little lady here. She had three whiskey sours, and ended up asking me to take her climbing some day. I told her that I couldn't do that with another man's wife without his permission."

"So what do you say?" laughed Chloe, a little too loud.

Maybe she really *had* had three drinks. It didn't seem possible. I'd hardly ever even seen her finish *one*. It was something that had attracted me to her to begin with.

I realized in the back of my mind that what they were suggesting here was nothing less than a date: a one-on-one trip out into the country. Just the two of them. Alone.

I had a decision to make. I could approve of this outing, and just act like it was no big deal, and give my wife a chance to get closer to another man.

A man who she seemed to be interested in, or at least somewhat attracted to. A man with a much larger cock than mine, who also had taken women from me in the past.

Or, I could say no, and come across as the humorless, defensive and insecure husband, therefore diminishing my attractiveness in my wife's eyes.

Come to think of it, it wasn't much of a choice, was it? Seemed like a lose-lose situation for me.

In that split second, however, I flashed back to John's cock penetrating Lana and Kayla, only my mind substituted Chloe instead.

It was a silly thought. The idea of somehow getting my conservative, sheltered wife interested in having sex with my friend while I watched? It seemed too outlandish a notion to even entertain.

So that was why I not only said yes, I said yes enthusiastically.

"Hey," I said, "not only do you have my permission, you have my blessing. Like I said before, she's always trying to get me to go, but I'm just not into it. I would love it if you'd take her off my hands some weekend. I'll go a baseball game or something."

"Really?" Chloe slurred, "you're so sweet, honey."

"I think people need space for their own hobbies in a marriage," I said, giving her a peck on the cheek.

"I agree," she laughed.

"Well then," said John, "here's my card. Ben's got me on Facebook already. Friend me there and let me know a day that would work for you. And if Ben changes his mind, he's welcome to come too, of course."

"Trust me," she laughed, "he won't. You should see this guy on the side of a cliff."

"I can imagine," he said, smiling, "I've seen him in gym class."

"Oh yeah," she said, "of course you have."

We said our goodbyes to the others, then headed back home.

I was exhausted, but the three drinks coursing through the petite Chloe's veins had given her a second wind. She sat up on our bed in a cute lace teddy, giving me a "come hither" look.

"Feel like spending some time with our friend?" she asked.

I knew which "friend" she meant. The flesh-colored, girthy one.

"Why don't you just do it yourself?" I asked, "I'm kind of tired."

"Ah, honey, you know how much I love it when *you* get me ready."

She cocked her head to one side, pouting.

"Ok," I said, "we can do that. It's true that I love making you feel good."

"Perfect," she said, gesturing for me to embrace her.

I fell into her arms and we kissed. I could still smell the liquor on her breath, even though she'd brushed her teeth.

"I really liked meeting your friends tonight, honey," she said, breaking our kiss for a moment, "it's nice to meet people that you've known for such a long time."

"I'm glad you had so much fun," I whispered, feeling the soft fabric of her teddy, "but you've already met Steve before, so the only new person tonight was John."

"Well, it was great meeting John, then," she said, "he seems nothing like you described him."

"That's because he *is* nothing like the man I knew. Back in college, he was just a slob with a big dick and a drinking problem. I never thought he'd be a lawyer..."

"Ha ha ha," she giggled, "you've seen his penis? I mean, I guess all you guys like...change in front of each other in locker rooms or whatever."

"I've seen it a lot closer up than that," I said, then realized how this remark might be misinterpreted by my conservative wife, "I mean, not like you're thinking. No gay stuff."

"Ha," she teased, "just checking out your friend's penis. Nothing 'gay' about that."

"No, really," I insisted, trying to keep the conversation light, "I mean, I saw him hook up with a girl, once. Two girls, actually."

"Two? So you saw it twice?"

"No," I confessed, "two girls at the same time."

"Really."

Her tone was less a question and more a statement. It seemed like the wheels in her head were spinning, and for a moment it seemed like the mood had passed and she wouldn't be interested in sex anymore.

But then she ran her fingers through my hair and looked me in the eye.

"Weren't you going to go down on me?"

To say that I wasn't used to such a direct command from my wife would have been an understatement. It didn't sound like a suggestion, however — more like a demand.

I slid down between her legs as she pulled her skimpy pink panties off, casting them to the side. I plunged my tongue between her folds and began licking her.

"Oh God," she groaned, "now a little bit to the right."

I obeyed her directions.

"Yes. Just like that. A little faster now."

Suddenly, my wife seemed to be directing me and taking charge of her sexuality in a way that she'd never done before. It was

strange, to be sure, but in that moment I didn't even think about this fact. I simply did what she instructed to the best of my ability.

"Put your finger inside now. Just one. Slowly."

I slipped a finger inside her, gently, noticing that she was wetter and slightly looser than normal. Had her body began to adjust to the size of the toy?

"Oh fuck, Ben. Yes. That's perfect."

As funny as it sounds, it was weird for me every time I heard Chloe say "fuck." That was how careful and guarded she normally was in her speech. But it seemed like ever since we introduced the toy, she'd gotten more and more vocal and explicit during sex. I can't say that it bothered me — quite the opposite, really — it was just an adjustment.

"Smaller licks on my clit now. Yes. Like that."

I flicked her clit lightly with my tongue, then slowly closed in until I had established a rhythm that her body responded to.

Then I stopped abruptly.

She moaned in dismay.

"You're curious, admit it," I said, teasing her g-spot.

"Fuck, honey. About what?"

She was so aroused, I hoped she'd tell me the truth.

"About John's cock."

"No, honey!" her protest was a bit too fierce, "I don't want to know anything about anyone else's cock but yours."

I licked her clit a few more times, then looked up again.

"It's ok to admit it," I said, "I love the idea of you thinking about other men."

"What?" she moaned still keeping her eyes closed, "I'd never... I never think about other men. Now go back to what you were doing."

"It's ok," I said, teasing her with my finger, "I'll tell you more. You don't have to ask."

There was silence, except for her ragged breathing. It was clear that she wanted me to continue, but didn't want to admit it to herself or me.

"His cock," I said, "happens to look a lot like your toy. To the extent that I think I might have picked out the dildo because it reminded me of him."

"Oh God," she moaned, "you think of him... when I'm using it?"

"Not always," I said, "but I think of the time I saw him with the two girls."

"Fuck, honey," she groaned, "this makes me feel kind of weird."

"Weird in a good way, or weird in a bad way?"

"Dirty."

"Dirty can be good," I said, trying to salvage the mood.

Had I taken things too far? Had I been *too* honest with her?

"Ok," she said, probably too aroused to be angry, "maybe dirty in a good way, then."

Then she said something that I'd never expected her to say, but which was in keeping with this new, confident sexual persona she'd adopted.

"Go get the dildo, honey. You want to see me fuck John, don't you?"

She gave a drunken giggle, biting her lip now, her eyes tightly closed.

"Yes, ma'am."

I grabbed the dildo from the nightstand and squirted some lube on it. Even though Chloe was as wet as I'd ever seen her, she was still a tiny little thing that would need some help taking such a big cock.

"Go slow," she urged me, as the tip of the fake phallus touched her lips.

"Of course."

I watched her angelic face flush as she gripped the sheets, tensing up a bit as I pushed the dildo about an inch inside her.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "that feels amazing. A little more now."

She slowly regained her dominant tone.

I pushed more inside her.

"Fuck...I love how he fills me."

I noticed the shift in pronoun from "it" to "him," and felt a jolt of blood move to my cock. This was turning me on in a way that I didn't totally understand, and was a little ashamed to admit.

"That's it, honey," I said, "just relax."

I pushed the dildo in further, all the way to the hilt now, and Chloe began to shake.

"God, that's so good," she groaned, bucking her hips up, "I'm going to...I'm going to come. Fuck me with it. Now."

"Ok," I said, moving the phallus in and out of her now in a slow, steady rhythm, "how's this?"

"Harder," she squeaked, her eyes still pinched shut in concentration, "give me that big cock. Oh my God, I'm so close!!"

I obeyed her command as best I could, fucking her harder and harder with the artificial phallus that reminded me so much of my friend.

"Relax and let it come," I said soothingly, "just let him fuck you. Admit it, that's what you want, isn't it?"

"What? No...I don't..."

She started to protest, but then her face flushed even harder.

"Fuck, I'm coming so hard...I can't believe it..."

Then she was suddenly such a writhing mess on the sheets that I almost lost hold of the dildo. It took all of my strength to keep it in place during her climax, which seemed to last a full two minutes. Maybe she actually had two orgasms. How was I to know?

When it was finally over, a smile spread across her face. I released the dildo and it popped out of her vagina and onto the bed.

"That felt so good, honey," she said, "thank you."

Then she nuzzled against my leg and fell promptly asleep.

I squirted some of the lube onto my cock and almost immediately coated my hand in semen, my mind running wild with thoughts of her and John locked in an embrace.

When it was over, I felt immense shame, but also a sense of overwhelming inevitability, like there was an event approaching in our marriage, in our lives, that was completely out of my control now.

Chapter 6

Chloe was her normal, chipper self the next morning, though she did sleep about half an hour longer than normal. There was no sign that she was hungover.

Only when she sat down across the table from me at breakfast did a guilty look come over her face.

"Ben, honey," she said, "it's hard for me to talk about this, but I know that I got... a little..."

"Drunk?"

"Yeah," she said, "I was going to say 'out of control' last night, and probably said some things that I shouldn't have."

"Not really," I said, "I mean, I told you some things that I shouldn't have, too."

"Sure," she said, "but I mean, I just wanted to say, that anything that happened last night in our bedroom was *just* a fantasy. It's just the two of us — a married couple — having fun. It's *nothing* more than that."

"Of course not, honey," I said, taking her hand, "I honestly thought it was really fun. I don't feel bad about it at all."

"It's nice to hear you say that," said Chloe, "because I felt bad about how good it made me feel. And I felt bad about falling asleep before I got a chance to make you feel good, too."

"That's ok," I said, "it really didn't bother me."

"Well," she said, "let me make it up to you later today."

"Ok," I said, "I guess I can't say no to that."

"Good."

She grinned, her conscience seemingly assuaged.

A few hours later, however, when she looked at a text message on her phone, her worried expression came back.

"What is it, honey?" I asked, sitting across from her in the living room.

"It's John," she said, "he wants to go climbing this weekend, like we talked about."

"So soon? That's great," I said, "I mean, you want to go, don't you?"

"I don't think it's a good idea," she said, "after last night."

I thought that she might have a point, but for some reason, I found myself urging her to ignore her conscience. Why did I find the idea of the two being alone together so arousing?

"Honey," I said, "you said yourself that what happened was just a fantasy. Just between the two of us, a loving married couple, in the confines of our bedroom. It has nothing to do with real life."

"Sure," she said, "I did say that. But I just don't think it's a good idea, ok?"

I was disappointed at her insistence, for reasons that I didn't totally understand.

"Ok," I said, "suit yourself."

"Ok."

She fired a message back at him.

A few minutes went by. I read my book, while she read hers. Then, suddenly, she let it fall to her lap, a look of concern on her face.

"Now I still feel guilty, but for a different reason," she said, "I promised him that I'd go climbing with him. He was probably looking forward to it."

"I'm sure he was," I said.

She hesitated for another moment.

"No," she said, decisively, "I've made the right decision. I can't do something that would undermine our marriage. My first priority is to my husband."

"If you're so concerned," I said, "how about I come along, too?"

"Really?" she was suddenly eager, "but you hate climbing!"

"I don't have to climb," I said, "just come along. Keep the two of you company. Hold your ropes or something."

"That's a great idea!" said Chloe, perhaps a little too eager to accept my solution, "I'll tell John."

She grabbed her phone and starting texting.

"See? I knew there was a solution that would work for all of us."

"Thanks, honey," she said, "you know just how to make me feel better."

Chloe and I arranged to meet up with John at a gorge about a two-hour drive from our house. It was a beautiful day, and the drive was pleasant. During the trip, Chloe talked excitedly about her last trip climbing with her colleagues and how much fun it had been.

I did my best to share her enthusiasm, but it was difficult. Not only was I not physically cut out for rock climbing, I was also absolutely terrified of heights.

Chloe knew, this, but seemed to have forgotten it because she was talking to me as if I shared her passion for climbing without reservations. It was as if she'd forgotten who I was and was speaking to someone else who wasn't even in the car.

Maybe someone like John?

I shrugged off the thought for the time being. I decided that I was going to try to enjoy just being out in nature. A day with my beautiful wife and my former best friend who I hadn't spent time with in years.

That was all, and that was enough.

When we finally pulled into the parking lot at the state park, John was there waiting for us.

"Ben!" he said, flashing me a bright smile, "so glad you decided to join us after all. You'll see. You'll love the feeling of being up on the rock. I've climbed this route a couple of times and I know it like the back of my hand so I can coach you through it."

"That's so great to hear!" said Chloe, practically giddy.

"That is good to hear," I said, my tone more reserved, "but I don't think I'm going to be getting on the 'rock' at all. I'm just here to hang out and enjoy the nice weather. I can carry the gear, too."

John gave me a look for a moment, but didn't seem overly concerned.

"That's great," he said, "the more the merrier. We might need someone else on the ground if Chloe and I both want to go to the top at the same time."

"Sure," I said, "just tell me what to do, and I'll be glad to assist."

From the beginning, I had cast myself as the third wheel, and that role only became more obvious as the day went on.

It was a mile-long hike from the parking lot to the cliff that John had staked out, so we had to carry the ropes and harnesses in large packs. John and I each took one, and Chloe carried a rope across her shoulder. It was more than enough weight for her diminutive frame.

By the time we got to the cliff, I was completely winded. Chloe, though there were beads of sweat on her face, was positively glowing with excitement.

"Oh my Gosh," she said, "it's beautiful. I can't wait to get up there."

"Easy," said John, "it's not a super difficult climb, but we do need to take our time and make sure we do it safely."

"Of course," she said.

She looked over at me, her eyes brimming with enthusiasm.

"I just can't wait. Are you sure that you don't want to go up with me, honey?"

"I'm really sure," I said, "I'm going to stay down here and mix up Gatorade or whatever."

"Ok," she said, a look of concern on her face for a moment before turning towards John with enthusiasm.

"We've got to set some things up first, of course," he said, "I'm going to go up on my own and set up anchors on the wall. Then it will be safe for Chloe to go."

"Ok," she said.

"Ben," he said, "I'm going to need for you to stand down here and hold this rope. Just pull on it if I fall. You'll wear this harness so it can't get away from you."

I nodded. This was as close as I was going to get to participating, and that was more than fine with me.

About ten minutes later, John was on the rock while I belayed from below. He crept up a few feet at a time and place anchors in the wall, testing each one for effectiveness before going higher.

Finally, at the top of the cliff, there was a permanent hook-up spot that had been drilled into the side of the rock that he hooked a carabiner through.

He had an extra rope with him, and secured the safety system for Chloe's ascent to this same hook, then he repelled down the side of the cliff.

"Wow," said Chloe, when he reached the bottom, "you did that so *fast*."

"I've been out here a couple of times already," said John, smiling, "trust me: my first ascent was nowhere near as quick as just now. But it's a thrill every time."

Chloe just beamed at him. I couldn't help but feel a surge of jealousy.

"Well," said Chloe, "what are we waiting for? I want to go up with you."

A few minutes later, Chloe was in a harness, rubbing chalk on her hands as she gazed up at the wall nervously.

"Don't worry," said John, "I'll be here to guide you. I know the rock well, and I'll be with you the whole time to give advice."

"But you're so much *bigger* than me," said Chloe.

I couldn't help but detect a note of admiration in her voice.

"Yes, that definitely makes a difference," he said, "but actually, smaller climbers like yourself can actually be at an advantage in certain situations. When we get up there, I can show you what I mean."

"What do you want me to do?" I said.

"You stay down here and belay for Chloe. If she falls, you tug on the rope. I'll be hooked in to the anchors that I put in already, so if I fall I won't go more than a few feet. You just keep your eyes on your wife."

I nodded.

And that is exactly how it went, more or less. As Chloe ascended the cliff, slowly but surely, I kept my eyes on her.

Her eyes, however, were fixed on John. I couldn't see them, of course, but I could tell that her attention was completely focused on him as he climbed next to her, pointing out holds and suggesting movements for her legs. A couple of times, he was so close to her that their bodies touched as he loomed in behind her.

I wondered if she had any erotic thoughts in those moments: this tall, powerful man who was completely in control of the situation coming up behind her, protecting her, demonstrating to her his worth as a mate.

My mind certainly began to wander, and I started thinking about what an amazing sight it would be to see John behind her like that in another situation, showing her the ropes in a whole *new* context.

After they had been on the rock for about 20 minutes, they were far enough away that I couldn't make out exactly what they were saying. I could only hear fragments, the tone of each of their voices.

Mostly, they were serious. This was a stressful situation, after all. Once in a while, however, a high peel of Chloe's laughter echoed off the surrounding gorge and reached my ears.

My wife was obviously having the time of her life.

About an hour after they had begun, I saw first John, then Chloe climb off the edge of the cliff and stand on the top of the rock.

"We made it!!" called Chloe down to me.

"Great job!" I called back.

John raised his hand to give Chloe a high-five, but she moved in immediately for a hug instead.

For some reason, this spontaneous show of affection landed like a punch to the gut. Chloe wasn't the kind of girl to hug every guy that she knew. In fact, she'd told me how it would creep her out when guys that she didn't know very well acted like they were entitled to a hug.

John apparently didn't fall into the category of "creepy guys" anymore. But was he moving into an even more intimate category?

The two stayed on the top of the rock for a few minutes, eventually sitting down side-by-side and chatting as they admired the view.

"Sorry, honey," called Chloe, "we're just going to take a little break."

"You deserve it!" I yelled, "go ahead and take your time!"

"You can take a break, too!" called John, "we're safe up here!"

I decided to take his advice. I wasn't doing anything useful at the moment by staring up at the two specks on the edge of the cliff, one of them large and brown-haired, the other petite and blond.

I went back to the car and got a sandwich from the cooler. Then I really *did* mix up some Gatorade. As I sat there eating my sandwich, I heard high peels of Chloe's laughter echoing off the gorge around me.

The entire drive home, Chloe was ecstatic. She kept going over the climb again and again, describing the holds she'd used, the close calls, and the advice that John had given her along the way.

"It's such an amazing feeling, being on top of something so big. Something that you've conquered yourself."

In my mind, this was a double entendre. She might not have been aware of it consciously, but I was sure that her unconscious longed to "conquer" (and by conquered by) John's cock.

"I bet it is," I said, doing my best to be supportive about an activity that absolutely terrified me.

"I really wish you'd try it, honey," she said, "when was the last time that you actually tried to climb?"

I sighed.

"I guess...maybe ten years ago?"

"So before you were sober? You're in better shape now."

"Yeah," I said, "I mean, I wasn't drunk while climbing. That might have actually helped me."

She laughed.

"So you might have gotten over your fear of heights by now," she said, "there's really nothing to be afraid of. Modern mountaineering technology is very safe if it's set up by someone knowledgeable. And John is *very* knowledgeable. He knows so much about everything..."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I'm just not into it. I mean, I was happy to be there with you two, but I'm not getting on the wall. Period."

She was quiet for a moment. Almost sulking.

"It's just...", she said.

"What?"

"John already asked me to come with him again next weekend, and you're acting like you don't even want to come along."

"He asked *you* to go, not me, right? So why do I even have to be there?"

"Because," she said, "because I'm a married woman. Being alone with a man like that...it's just not done."

"What if you weren't alone with just one man, but two? Would that make it better?"

"What do you mean?"

"How about Travis from work? Haven't you climbed with him before? John even knows him."

Chloe's entire face lit up. Any consternation that had been there before disappeared entirely now.

"Travis! Yes. That's perfect. I'll text him now."

A few minutes later, she received a positive answer. Her face was absolutely joyful.

"Honey, I love you so much! You came up with the perfect solution. Thank you!"

I couldn't help but think that what I had "come up with" was simply providing her the excuse she was looking for to get closer to John.

That week, it seemed that all Chloe could think about was her upcoming weekend outing with Travis and John. If she had any kind of compunction about leaving her husband for the day, it seemed to have disappeared.

She talked about the upcoming trip as if it were a date, asking me my opinion about what she should wear.

I have to admit that I got swept up in the excitement myself, advising her on the best clothing for the full range of weather that they might expect.

Then, the morning finally came. Chloe was going to drive out to a state park, and she'd meet Travis and John there.

I kissed her goodbye.

"Have fun," I said.

"I'll miss you," she said, a look of concern entering her face again, "are you sure you don't want to come along? You could just watch like last time."

"I'm sure. You know that you don't really want me there. Last time, I just brought the mood down. You need other enthusiasts. Have fun with Travis and John."

*But not **too** much fun,* I wanted to add, but stopped myself.

"Thanks!"

And then she was gone.

It wasn't until about three weeks after that second outing (and one more in the intervening time, also with Travis), that I started to get suspicious about Chloe's relationship with John.

It started with small things. I noticed that whenever her phone buzzed, she immediately went to pick it up. She stopped leaving it around where I might see it.

This wasn't done in an obvious way, to be sure, but I noticed it nevertheless.

Often, after she read one of these new, mysterious messages, her face would light up.

I also noticed that she was now "friends" with John on Facebook. This, in and of itself, didn't mean anything at all of course. It had a perfectly innocent explanation. They were climbing buddies, after all!

But it did make my mind start to wander. What might she be discussing with him?

I remembered how happy she'd seemed with him that day on the rock. They must have shared many such moments during that last couple of trips with Travis as well. It seemed highly likely, anyway.

Around this same time, Chloe and I's sex life seemed to dry up. She just wasn't in the mood anymore, even though I found evidence that she continued to use our little (or, rather, big) "friend," John. John the dildo, that is, not John our *actual* friend.

Or was she fooling around with *him* as well?

One day, when I noticed that she'd left her Facebook account logged in, I couldn't help but do some snooping.

I didn't want to. I felt bad about it. But something propelled me to open up Chloe's messages and see who she'd been corresponding with.

It didn't take long for me to realize that she had exchanged dozens of messages with John over the past few weeks.

My heart raced as I scrolled through them, the newest ones first. I didn't stop to parse them. I wanted to know how everything began.

I went back to the beginning, right after the first outing they'd gone on together.

To my surprise, it had been Chloe who had initiated the exchange. She simply thanked John for inviting her, and told him that she'd had a great time.

She also made a small joke about him belaying for her and jerking kind of hard when she fell.

He apologized for being such a "jerk" and she sent an emoji smile.

It took a few more days before any more messages were exchanged. This time, it was John, sharing some photos that he'd

taken of them during the outing.

"I especially like this one," wrote, sending a picture that showed Chloe from behind as she attempted to scale a rock face.

"Are you saying that I have a nice ass?" she wrote.

"Would you be mad if I was?" asked John.

"No," wrote Chloe, "just surprised. And I'd remind you that I'm married."

"I know that," he answered, "I've known your husband for longer than you have, remember?"

"That's right," she replied, "I forgot. You guys go all the way back to the high school locker room."

"See?" he wrote, and I could almost hear the flirtatious tone through the screen, "I of all people should have the right to tell you that you have a great ass, because I've known your husband for so long."

"Hmm," she wrote, "I don't understand the logic behind that statement, but I'll just take it as a compliment and let it go."

"That's how it was meant," he wrote, "a compliment and nothing more."

"I'm not so sure about that," she replied, "I've heard from Ben that you used to have kind of a... reputation."

"A reputation? What kind of reputation? Why would my old buddy say something like that about me?"

"Well," she wrote, "he mentioned that he'd seen you...I don't know how I should put this..."

"Just tell me."

"He said you were kind of a player."

"Ok, I know where this is going," wrote John, "He told you how awesome I am at basketball, right? Well, unfortunately it's completely untrue."

I could almost hear Chloe giggle at this remark. She loved witty guys.

"No," she wrote, "not *that* kind of player. He told me that he'd... watched you."

"Yeah, watched me play basketball, right? Well if he really had, he'd know that my three-point game is terrible."

"Watched you with a woman, ok? With two women, to be precise."

"Oh, that," he wrote, "yeah, I remember that night."

"So it's true?"

"Sure," he said, "it's all true."

"Very interesting," she wrote.

Then she found a way to change the topic. The next few days of messages were just focused on climbing: equipment, techniques and locations. The tone was friendly, and not flirtatious on either side.

I began to grow a bit bored, and, frankly disappointed. What if my wife *wasn't* really about to start a secret affair with my well-hung friend?

Why did I feel let down by the non-sexual nature of these messages?

I scrolled quickly. Soon, however, everything changed.

There was a picture, a selfie sent by Chloe. It showed her in the mirror, wearing a new spandex workout outfit I'd seen her buy a couple of weeks ago.

"What do you think about this for climbing tomorrow?" she asked, referencing their second planned outing.

"I think I need to see the back, too," he wrote.

"You're so bad," she responded.

But then, there it was: another selfie, taken in the mirror, showing a close-up of my wife's ass.

She may have still been fully clothed, but there was not doubt about it: Chloe was sexting with John. There was simply no other way to put it.

I felt myself immediately getting hard. How far would this go? What was Chloe capable of? I'd already seen such an incredible change in her over the past few months that it suddenly seemed like anything might have been possible.

John responded with a pic of his own, showing him in the mirror in a simple t-shirt, through which his muscular chest was clearly visible.

"This is what I'm going to wear," he wrote.

"Very nice," she replied.

"The shirt or what's under it?"

"I haven't seen what's under it, yet."

Fuck. My mouth went dry and my heart started pounding. There could *really* be no doubt about it, now. My wife, my innocent sheltered wife, was *sexting* with my friend.

"I can arrange for that," he replied, sending a shirtless picture that proved, once and for all, that he was no longer the pudgy guy that he used to be.

"Very nice," she replied.

"Want to see more?" he asked.

"I'm good for now," she wrote.

There must have been some part of her that still felt bad about what she was doing, some part that realized she had already crossed a line in her relationship.

The conversation switched to non-sexual things again, and ended the day before I was reading it, with plans for another outing, this time just the two of them, to a climbing gym.

I realized that Chloe was with him right in that moment. Right as I was sitting there, reading her Facebook messages.

What's more, she hadn't been honest with me about where she was going and what she was doing. She'd only told me that she was heading off to the gym, not *which* gym (not her usual one) or *what* she was doing there.

She wasn't being honest with me because she knew this was something that she shouldn't be doing.

I felt jealous, but also incredibly aroused at the knowledge that my wife was obviously considering being unfaithful to me.

I shut down the computer (but left her logged into Facebook so that I would be able to read her messages later if I wanted to) and then sat in the living room, waiting in an agitated state for Chloe to come back from the gym.

An hour passed. Then another hour. If she had really been working out, it would have been quite the session.

Then, my phone buzzed.

"Sorry, honey," she wrote, "I got caught up talking to people at the gym. I'll be home soon. Would you mind starting dinner?"

"No worries," I wrote, "I'll get it started."

"Good."

I threw myself into the preparation, trying to distract myself from the thoughts and images that were racing through my mind.

What had they done? How far had they gone? Had they even gone to the gym at all, or skipped the workout and gone straight to his place — or even a hotel?

What was Chloe really prepared to do?

When she finally came through the door, she was in a very happy, almost giddy mood.

The mood of a woman in love? I wondered.

All through dinner, she gushed about her day, without mentioning John — or the gym — even once. She acted like it never happened.

That night, we made love for the first time in a long time. There was no dirty talk, and we didn't bring up John — either the dildo or the actual man — even once.

It was a simple act like the ones that we'd enjoyed from the very beginning of our marriage. Me on top, Chloe underneath me, her angelic face contorted in the throes of passion as I entered her from above.

It was as if none of it — our sexual experimentation, her friendship and flirtation with John — had never happened.

And for a while, I believed it, too.

Chapter 7

For the next few weeks, things were quiet. Too quiet, maybe. I didn't read Chloe's Facebook messages again, and Chloe didn't go on any outings with John. For a while, I thought that maybe she had gotten cold feet. Or else John had moved on to other, less complicated conquests.

But then one Friday, Chloe asked me if we could invite some people over for a barbecue a week later. It was part of her efforts to revitalize our social life, she claimed.

"Sure," I said, "who are you thinking about inviting?"

"Oh, you know," she said, "Rachel, Becca, some other people from work. Maybe some climbing friends."

"John?"

"Yeah, him too, probably."

"Sounds good," I said, noting how nonchalant she'd obviously been trying to be when she mentioned him and reading it as a sign of her emotional investment, "just let me know if I can get anything at the store this week. I'll be working from home."

"Really?"

"Yeah," I said, "they're doing some renovation at the office, and I don't need to be there anyway."

"Ok, that's great," she said, "you can do a lot of the preparation, then. If you don't mind, of course."

I didn't mind at all. In fact, I had a plan and needed a lot of time alone at the house in order to carry it out.

The next Monday, once Chloe was at work, I went to the hardware store. I bought several small, almost invisible security cameras and a drywall saw.

I was lucky to have done construction for a while after high school, so I knew a little about home renovation.

After a couple of hours of frustration, I had hard-wired cameras in strategic locations around our house: the living room, kitchen, dining room, and, of course, the bedroom. I even put a camera in our bathroom, but resolved to only look at the footage it took if I suspected something.

The reader should know by now what, exactly, I suspected.

What I feared, and simultaneously welcomed.

I had chosen cameras that were wired into our home network and could be accessed through an app on my phone. Most of them even had tiny microphones, so that I would have audio, too.

Part of me felt dirty about taking these steps. This was an invasion of privacy even worse than reading my wife's Facebook messages. I knew that on an intellectual level, but I also felt justified by the fact that Chloe was clearly cheating on me, or thinking about it.

Arguably, the flirtation and sexy pictures she'd sent to John already constituted cheating. I didn't want to split hairs, however.

I knew that I wasn't just gathering evidence for a divorce, if it came to that. I knew that the installation of these cameras had to do with my desire to catch a glimpse of my own deepest, most impossible fantasy: my wife Chloe making love to her secret boyfriend.

I just had time to clean up, work out all the bugs in the system and make sure that everything was working properly when Chloe came home.

"I heard from some people about the barbecue," she said, "Rachel and Becca will be there. Rachel's bringing Hank, but Becca will be solo."

"Great," I said, chopping onions for dinner.

"Oh, and John also texted me. He's going to come too."

Once again, her mention of John had been almost off-handed, nonchalant. Too casual.

"That's great. You've seen quite a bit of him since that happy hour, but I haven't talked to him at all," I said.

Chloe blushed.

"I wouldn't say I've seen 'quite a bit' of him. Just gone climbing a couple of times with him and Travis. And hung out for a while afterwards."

"Oh, really? You did things afterwards? I didn't know that."

"I didn't tell you? Oh, it was nothing, really. Both times we went out for a quick snack. Climbing makes you really hungry."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Me and John and Travis of course," she said, clearly a little annoyed, "and the second time, I guess it was just me and John."

"I see," I said, scooping up the diced onions on the blade of my chef's knife and dropping them into the hot oil on the stove, "and did you like spending time with John alone?"

"Why would you ask me that?"

Chloe seemed hurt.

"Why are you so offended that I asked?"

"Because it sounds like you're interrogating me," she snapped, "don't forget that you were the one who pushed me to go climbing with him in the first place. You didn't even want to come that first time, and you haven't since. It's like you *wanted* me to spend time alone with John. So don't act jealous now."

I didn't have a good retort to this. I had to admit to myself that she was right.

This exchange was unique in our marriage, which had been so harmonious up to this point. We'd never so much as raised our voices at each other, and now we were on the verge of what seemed like a major fight. I'd never seen Chloe this upset.

I knew the reason, of course, even if she hadn't yet admitted it to herself. I had no idea at that point how far things might have

gone with John. If they'd actually consummated their mutual attraction, or if everything had remained at that level of virtual flirting and innuendo.

Chloe stormed out of the kitchen, and didn't come back until the food I'd prepared was cold.

"I'm sorry for the way I acted before," she said, slumping into her normal chair at the kitchen table, "I don't want my friendship with John to get in the way of our marriage."

"I'm the one who should apologize," I said, "I didn't mean to upset you. I actually love the fact that you and John are getting along so well. You're the two most important people in my life. I mean, *you're* the most important person now. But back when I was single, John was my best friend."

"That's so sweet, honey," she said, her mood suddenly changing, "I guess we both need to get better at communicating. I can't wait to see John again this weekend, now that I know that you won't be jealous anymore."

"I can't promise not to be jealous," I said, "but I can promise to give the two of you the space you need to explore your friendship."

It was a strange choice of words: me assuring my wife that she was free to "explore" her "friendship" with another man? What I was saying could have easily been construed as giving her permission to cheat.

And as a matter of fact, I was.

I just hoped that Chloe would pick up on the subtext of my message.

"That's really nice of you, honey. I think it takes a lot of maturity to be able to say something like that."

I nodded.

The night of the barbecue was finally here. I felt nervous — extremely so — for reasons that I fully understood. I had reason to

believe that John would try to get Chloe alone, and that my cameras would capture some kind of intimate moment between them.

I didn't expect them to actually go "all the way" in our own home. That seemed too daring for Chloe. But I hoped that I was catch some sort of tender exchange between my wife and John that would prove my suspicions correct once and for all: that she was in love, or at least in lust with him.

Rachel and Hank were the first ones there. Rachel was her usual elegant, slightly distanced self, in high heels and a cocktail dress (for some reason), while her husband Hank, a struggling artist who worked construction to help them make ends meet, was wearing a flannel shirt stained with plaster.

"Once again, we're shown up by our elegant wives, huh?" he laughed, gesturing to Chloe and Rachel, who talked excitedly out on the deck while Hank and I drank beer in the kitchen.

He drank a Coors, I drank an O'Douls, of course.

Like him, I was dressed much more casually than either one of the women.

"Yep, it sure looks that way," I laughed, noticing how great Chloe looked in her low-cut blue cotton blouse and loose-fitting skirt that stopped just above the knee.

She was wearing sandals with slight heels that accentuated her beautiful legs. It wasn't hard to see why she would have been attractive to a man like John.

Speaking of John, where was he? It was already 15 minutes past the time that our invitation had indicated, and he hadn't shown up yet.

No matter.

I watched Chloe to see if she was as concerned as I was. I saw her go over to the table outside next to the grill and check her phone.

Her face was worried, but then she broke out in a smile after reading something from the phone screen.

It must have been John, assuring her that everything was all right.

In the meantime, Becca arrived and joined Hank and I in the kitchen. She was always a little frumpier than the other two girls, and so in some ways she fit in better with us, anyway.

A few minutes after Becca, John finally arrived, letting himself in the back gate and completely avoiding the house. I watched from the kitchen as he nodded to Rachel and then set the package he was carrying down on the table before embracing Chloe and kissing her on the cheek.

I noticed Chloe looking around guiltily after returning his embrace, as if worried that someone had seen them. Someone had, of course, besides me: Rachel.

She, however, simply looked on with a mild smile, as if she approved of her friend's new match. She'd never cared much for me, of that I was sure, so she must have been happy to see Chloe show attraction to someone else. Someone much more worthy of her charms, at least in Rachel's eyes.

I watched as John opened the package he'd brought and produced some lemons and a bottle of whiskey.

Of course. He was going to make her "their" drink: a whiskey sour.

My heart twisted in knots as I watched him prepare the drinks, with her looking on with interest. Too much interest.

He had brought everything he needed to make the drinks with him, and we had even already stocked a small cooler with ice.

Soon, they were both holding a pale-yellow drink in their hands, raising them in a toast that I couldn't hear, before drinking deep, gazing into each other's eyes.

At least that's what I thought was going on. I had a limited perspective from my place inside the kitchen.

Hank must have noticed me staring, because he clapped me on the shoulder in a seeming attempt to pull me out of my reverie.

"Those two seem to get along well," he said, "is that John?"

"Yeah," I said, "an old friend of mine, and one of Chloe's climbing buddies."

"That's what I thought," said Hank, "Rachel told me she saw them at Gino's the other day."

"Gino's? The coffee shop?"

"Yeah," he said, "she said she ran into them there just after lunch."

"What day was this?"

"Wednesday, I think."

Chloe had definitely not told me about this particular rendezvous. It certainly sounded like a date to me.

I glanced out the window again as John's hand moved briefly to Chloe's lower back, resting there for just a moment.

He was either escalating things with her physically, or else reminding her of encounters that they'd already had. It was probably thrilling for both of them to be pushing the limits in Chloe's home, right under my nose, both of them assuming that I was none the wiser.

"I'm sure you knew about that, already, though," said Hank, "the trip to the coffee shop, I mean."

"Oh yeah," I said, trying to be casual, "of course. They go out sometimes after they climb together."

"That's what I figured," said Hank.

I looked at my watch. It was time for me to start cooking the food, which meant that I was going to have to go out on the deck and see John.

He grinned amicably as I opened the sliding door, then extending his free hand. The one that had been on my wife's back a few moments before.

"Ben," he said, "great to see you. I came around the back since I was running late and thought you'd all be out here already."

"Sure," I said, "looks like you've already got something to drink, too."

"John brought everything with him to make us whiskey sours," said Chloe, stepping over towards me and giving me a hug and quick kiss on the cheek, "wasn't that sweet?"

"It was," I said, "and this time, you know your limit."

"I certainly do," she laughed, standing with her arm around me now, but looking right at John, "no more than two, or I might do something really crazy."

The innuendo was not lost on either one of us.

"Well," I said, "I think I'm going to get started on the cooking. John, if you want to, you can help Chloe get the salad ready."

Once again, I had found an excuse for the two of them to be alone together, out of my sight, and the two were eager to take it.

"Sound's great," said John, "just tell me what you need me to do."

"I can do that," she said.

Chloe and John disappeared into the house just as Becca and Hank came out on the deck to join Rachel and I.

Chloe and John were alone inside the house now as the rest of us chatted. I made an effort to keep the conversation going for as long as possible, hoping to give the two potential lovers enough time to do whatever it was they were going to do.

Whatever it was, which was going to be picked up by my cameras, if I had guessed correctly.

Before anyone realized it, twenty-five or thirty minutes had passed. Then, suddenly, Chloe emerged from the house, a salad bowl in hand.

"Where's our other guest?" I asked, giving her a peck on the cheek as she set the bowl down, "didn't you have a sous chef helping you?"

"Oh, John? I think he went to the bathroom or something."

Her casual tone seemed forced. Like she was trying to deflect my suspicion. This, of course, only had the effect of heightening it.

As we made preparations to eat, John finally emerged from the house, showing no outward signs of any untoward behavior. I'm not sure what I was expecting: lipstick stains on his collar? A hickey on his neck?

In any case, I couldn't see any reason to suspect the two of having an illicit liaison inside the house while the rest of us had been outside. Except, of course, given what I already knew.

Chloe and John didn't spend much time talking during dinner or the rest of the party. John and I chatted a little about his work, and he spoke to Hank and Rachel at length about investment strategies for their retirement accounts.

Chloe and Becca and I spent most of the night talking. When it came time to say goodbye, I watched carefully as Chloe and John exchanged a quick hug.

There was no sign of anything inappropriate. That, in and of itself, especially given what I now knew, was highly suspect.

I couldn't wait to be alone and be able to check the recordings of the cameras. I had a feeling something had gone on between John and Chloe while they were preparing the salad inside.

I had a feeling in my stomach that was a little bit giddy, a little bit sick. Like I was both terrified of what I might find out about my wife, and also afraid that there would be no secret at all, just footage of them chopping vegetables together.

That would have been the ultimate disappointment, I had to admit. The idea of Chloe *not* cheating on me.

As soon as everyone had departed, Chloe complained of a headache.

"Why don't you just go upstairs to bed," I said, "I'll clean up down here. Most of it's done, anyways. Becca was so nice to do the dishes."

"Are you sure?" she asked, "that's so sweet of you."

"I'm sure," I said, "just go and relax. I'll probably be up in about 20 minutes."

As soon as she was gone, I went into the downstairs bathroom and called up the video app on my phone. I rewound the kitchen reel several hours, until I found what I was looking for.

There they were, Chloe and John, sitting side-by-side at the table, their heads pressed together, talking silently.

Chloe's hands were on John's back, and she was whispering something in his ear.

My pulse raced. This was clear evidence that *something* was going on between them, as if I needed any more.

A moment later, I had more information about what that "something" really was. John laced his fingers gently yet decisively through Chloe's hair and brought her lips to his. Instead of reacting with shock, she returned his kiss passionately, opening her mouth and letting their tongues play.

I hadn't been *at all* emotionally prepared for seeing Chloe kiss John with such desire, such passion. I remembered the first times that we'd kissed. It had been awkward, but also passionate. I thought back to the last few times I'd kissed her. Not much passion there. More routine.

Just like that, as if on cue, I heard Chloe whisper something that pierced my heart.

"I want you so bad," she said, "I can't stop thinking about you."

They kissed again, for several moments, then John quickly stole a glance out the front door.

"Not here," he said, "it's too risky. We can get together later."

"I can't wait," my wife said, her voice full of a yearning that absolutely destroyed me.

She hadn't had sex with him *yet*, but it was only a matter of time.

I quickly finished cleaning up, then went upstairs to the bedroom, where, to my surprise, Chloe was still awake.

"Hey, honey," she said, "I was just texting with Becca and Rachel. They had a great time tonight and were just thanking us."

"Oh, that's sweet," I said, getting dressed for bed.

"They also invited us to go to another bar next weekend. What do you think?"

"Sounds like fun," I said.

"You won't feel left out, with everyone else drinking?"

Was she trying to get me to say I'd stay home? I was torn for a moment: I wanted to give her a chance to get closer to John, but some weird, masochistic side of me also wanted to be there to see their relationship unfold. The sexual tension that I'd already seen on the video was absolutely exhilarating, and I knew that watching them in person would be even better.

"Honey, we've been over this. I know that as an addict, if I'm going to live in society and not go join a monastery, I'm going to have to be around people who drink and use drug sometimes. It's not a big deal."

"Ok," she said, "I just wanted to check."

"It's ok," I said, "I appreciate the fact that you care."

"I think John's coming too," she said, casually.

Her words felt like a punch.

"Oh," I said, my voice wavering, "that's nice. It seemed like the two of you had a good time tonight."

"Yeah," she said, "we always enjoy talking about climbing."

Then, sensing the emotion in my voice, she added, "is something wrong, honey?"

"No," I said, "I think it's great that you're making friends."

"Good," she said, after a pregnant pause, "me too."

Chapter 8

That weekend, the second time we'd gone to happy hour as a group, was a key turning point in my relationship with Chloe. It was also a key turning point in Chloe's relationship with John.

This time, like before, John was already at the bar when we arrived, sitting in a booth.

To my surprise, Chloe went right up to him and gave him a big hug, then took a seat right next to him and across from me.

"Uh, don't you want to sit over here?" I asked, gesturing to the empty seat near me.

"Yeah," said John, who obviously also found Chloe's behavior a little surprising, "don't you want to cuddle up to your husband?"

"I get to do that enough at home," she said, "and besides, from this side, not only can I watch for Becca and Rachel, I can also look right into my husband's eyes."

She winked at me, then turned to John.

"Don't worry," she said, "I promise to keep my hands to myself."

"I'm not worried," he said.

He was playing it all extremely cool, I had to hand it to him for that.

Suddenly, Hank was next to our table.

"Rachel and Becca are right behind me," he said, "I'm just a fast walker I guess. Can I get some drinks?"

"I'll come with you," I said, spontaneously deciding to give the two lovebirds a chance at being alone at the table.

While Hank and I stood at the bar, chatting, I tried not to steal too many glances to the side, trying to catch Chloe and John in another tender moment.

I don't know what I expected to be able to see, but as far as I could tell, they remained sitting side-by-side at the table, as Becca and Rachel finally joined them, sliding in across from them.

What were their hands doing under the table?

The bartender brought our drinks.

"I'll get this round," said Hank, smiling happily.

"Say," he said, as the bartender brought his card to the cash register, "it really looks like John and Chloe are getting along well."

"Yes," I said, "they've been doing a little climbing together. I can't stand it. I'm scared to death of it."

"Well," said Hank, "you're a much less jealous man than I am. I wouldn't let Rachel near a guy like John. I mean, he's handsome and rich..."

"I've been friends with John for years," I reminded him.

"Of course," he said, "I'm just kidding around. That's all."

We stayed for a couple of hours this time. Chloe managed to keep her hands above the table (at least when I was watching), but I started to wonder if John's hands hadn't done a little wandering of their own. And were the two playing footsie?

All of these thoughts were swimming in my head when we got home that night. I was so absorbed by wondering what Chloe had been doing at the bar that I wasn't keeping track of what she was doing at our house.

It had already been late when we'd gotten home, and now over an hour had passed. I'd been upstairs in the bedroom surfing on my laptop, but Chloe had been downstairs.

I looked at her nightstand. There was her phone. It was strange that she left it out like that, so unguarded. It also meant, however, that she couldn't have been messaging John. Unless, of course, she was using her computer.

A few minutes later, however, I discovered another possibility that hadn't even occurred to me.

Chloe emerged in the doorway, holding my kindle.

"Honey," she said, "did you know that you left this downstairs?"

"Yeah," I said, "I guess I did. Why?"

"Well," she said, grinning at me, "I got kind of curious to see what you were reading, and so I opened it. I hope you're not mad at me."

My heart sank, but I also immediately became erect.

"I went back a few pages in the library and found something that you downloaded last year. It was called something like 'My wife and her boyfriend.' Do you remember that story, honey?"

"Um," I said, squirming a bit on the bed, "I...uh, sort of."

"According to your kindle you read it all the way through," she said, "you were 100% finished."

"Then I guess I forgot the details," I stammered.

I was lying, and I think she knew it.

"Well, let me refresh your memory," she said, lying next to me on the bed and eyeing the bulge in my boxer shorts, "it's about a wife who starts dating another man behind her husband's back. He finds out about it and is mad at first, but soon he starts to enjoy the idea of her being with another man."

"Chloe," I said, "I don't remember this story, but I'm sure I just downloaded it by accident."

"Did you download it *and* read it to the end?"

She had me there.

"Look," I said, "I don't know. It was a year ago, right? Sometimes I just download things for fun."

"You know what *I* think," she said, touching my bulge now, "I think you like that story. I think you'd like it if I was like the wife in

that story. Wouldn't you, honey?"

"I don't know, Chloe..."

She began to stroke me now through my boxers.

"Don't lie. You weren't into the housewife and the pool boy in that porn video you showed me. Or if you were, you were pretending that you were the husband watching his wife cheating. Weren't you?"

"No, Chloe. I mean, I read that story. I remember it now."

"Did you like the part about how the wife started denying her husband sex? How her new boyfriend didn't even allow him to kiss her?"

I didn't respond. I didn't have to. She knew the truth.

"Did you like the part," she said, still stroking me through my underwear, getting me amazingly close to orgasm with just her hand, "when she would parade around the house in only her bra and panties, teasing him because he knew that he was never allowed to touch her pussy again, except with his tongue? So he could get her ready for her boyfriend's big cock?"

"Chloe, it's just a story..."

"You're really erect right now. This really turns you on, doesn't it, you little pervert?"

She laughed, then withdrew her hand for a moment to take off her blouse.

"This is what you want, isn't it, honey?"

She stood there in her bra, flipping her hair back and smiling.

"Go ahead and jerk off, honey. Watch what you're never going to have again."

"Chloe, are you serious? I don't think this is a good idea for our marriage."

"But this is what you want, right honey? You want me to have a boyfriend, don't you?"

She unbuttoned her jeans and slipped out of them, pulling them over her curves with some effort.

I couldn't help it. I let out a small groan and reached into my boxers. My cock was already slick with precum and my hand glided easily.

"Stroke that little cock, honey. Just like that guy in the story. What was it they called him? Oh yeah. A 'beta cuck.' I'd never heard that term before, but I guess it's something that perverts like you like."

"You like seeing your wife in her bra and panties?" she teased, "knowing that you're never going to have sex with her or even kiss her again?"

"Yes," I admitted, whispering, afraid to say it out loud.

"Hmm...," she said, "I need a boyfriend, don't I? There are a lot of cute guys at the office. Travis is pretty cute..."

"Chloe," I muttered, "it's just a story."

"A story that makes your little dick really hard," she giggled, moving just a little bit closer to me, so that I could almost smell her hair.

"I think that maybe you want John to be my boyfriend," she said finally, "after all, you got me a dildo that reminds you of him. I think you want me to fuck him and for him to be my boyfriend."

"No, Chloe," I protested, "I don't think that's good for our marriage."

"But of course it is, honey. This is what you wanted after all. I'm just doing it for you. I'll do everything in that story for you."

"Oh God," I groaned, approaching orgasm.

"Except for one thing," she said, wrinkling her nose, "I didn't really like it when the wife spits in the husband's mouth. That was a little too extreme for me. But I can do everything else."

She sat down next to me on the bed, tantalizingly close. Then she leaned in and whispered in my ear, her breath tickling me as she enunciated the words.

"Imagine it, honey. Imagine me cuckolding you with your best friend from high school. My secret boyfriend. Withholding sex from you because he told me that my pussy is his property now. That's all you want and you know it. Don't be afraid to admit it..."

In that moment I shot a huge load of cum all over my hand.

Chloe giggled and cast a quick glance down at my withering member before standing and heading to the bathroom.

"I'm going to take a shower before bed," she said, "that was really fun!"

Given the fact that I'd just had a huge orgasm, I wasn't in the position to argue with her.

"By the way," she said, "I'm going to go to the climbing gym with John tomorrow. Do you think I should flirt with him?"

"Chloe," I said, looking at my hands sticky with cum, "this is a really bad idea. You said so yourself, remember? You didn't want to go climbing alone with him. You said that whatever happened in our bedroom was just fantasy. Just some dirty talk between a husband and wife. Nothing to take seriously."

"Well," she called from the bathroom, "that was before I knew how much this all turned you on. I mean, you just jerked off to the idea of getting cucked. I think that means you'd be completely ok with me flirting with John while we're at the gym. Don't you?"

Before I could answer, she turned on the bathroom fan and then the water, slowly shutting the door.

I cleaned myself off with some tissue and then fell into a surprisingly deep sleep. In my dreams, Chloe and John were making love, laughing at me the entire time.

The next morning, Chloe mentioned nothing about the night before. I did notice, however, that she wore a sheer negligee, the one that she'd worn on our honeymoon, to the breakfast table. This was slightly odd behavior for a normal weekday morning. Was she going through with her intention to tease me?

When I came downstairs, I moved in to kiss her on the lips, but she dodged and offered me her cheek instead, giggling a little.

"Don't forget," she said, "I only kiss my *boyfriend* now."

I took a seat next to her, looking her in the eye.

"Chloe," I said, "that was just dirty talk in the bedroom."

"I know, honey," she said, grinning at me, "it was dirty talk that really got you off."

"So what? That doesn't mean that I want to hear about it at the breakfast table."

"Come on, Ben. Have a sense of humor. I'm just trying to be a good wife to you. My little cuckold hubby."

She stood up from the table and did a little twirl in front of me, allowing me to see the way that the sheer lace teddy barely covered her breasts and the curve of her hip.

Thoughts of our wedding night, when she'd worn the same thing, flared up in my mind.

"See you tonight, honey. Have a good day at work!"

She turned and walked up the stairs.

All day at work, I could think of nothing but Chloe's date with John at the climbing gym. I tried to imagine what they were doing: laughing, giggling, flirting together. Trying not to be too handsy in front of the other gym-goers, some of whom might have known Chloe and known that she was married, or at least noticed the fact that she wore a large diamond engagement ring and a wedding band, while John's fingers were bare.

I imagined them going back to John's place after making the long drive, and making out furiously, their hands all over each other.

Falling back onto his bed, Chloe's eyes lit up with lust as she reached down to feel his cock for the first time. Him attacking her with his kisses, covering her neck and chest as he undressed her with his big hands, trying to resist the temptation to simply tear them off her.

Then (in my mind's eye) they were both naked. It was time. Chloe's eyes were aflame with desire, begging him to take her.

But he had to go slow because of his size. I imagined my wife's face as he slowly penetrated her, taking his time and letting her open to him slowly, carefully. Soon her face was awash in pleasure as she approached orgasm, begging for his seed to fill her.

I sat at my desk with a raging hard-on, staring into space as these images filled my mind.

I was suddenly extremely grateful that I hadn't scheduled any meetings for today. If our office hadn't been open-floor-plan, I probably would have been masturbating.

I hated the fact that I loved this so much. I hated the fact that I seemed destined to lose Chloe to the better man, but that I was also suddenly even more in love with her than before, enjoying my own degradation as she leaned into the cuckold fantasy.

Chapter 9

When I got home from work, Chloe was waiting for me, a huge smile on her face.

"Hey, Ben!" she said, practically skipping up to me as I came through the door.

I moved in for a kiss, but she dodged, wagging her finger at me.

"Don't forget," she laughed, "rules are rules, and these are for your own good."

"Chloe," I protested, "you know that was just dirty talk. You know I don't really want you to have a boyfriend."

"Ha!" she said, "the husband in the story was reluctant, too. But the wife did what she wanted anyway, and he loved it. So I think we'll stick to the plan."

Before I could reply, she turned and headed to the kitchen.

"I had a great time with John at the gym, by the way. He showed me several new grips on this one wall. It was really difficult, but he's such a good teacher."

"That...sounds kind of like a date," I said, feeling defeated, but also strangely aroused, "I mean, it was just the two of you. Why couldn't Travis have been there at least?"

"No," she said, "I think of a date as a romantic evening somewhere. This was more like a friendly outing. Why can't I be alone with a man? I'm married, but I'm not your prisoner."

I noted the hypocrisy in her statement, but didn't say anything. This was the woman who was afraid to go climbing alone with John just a few weeks before because of the impact it might have on her marriage. Now, she'd been proven exactly right, but was unable (or unwilling) to see that.

Strange, how quickly our roles had been reversed.

I studied Chloe's face for some hint that she recognized the irony, but if she did, she was great at hiding it. She was twirling her hair coquettishly, either due to some memory of being with John, or in an attempt to manipulate me.

"Well," she said finally, "I'll admit that maybe there was *some* flirtation. I mean, John had to put his hands on me to show me some things..."

"Chloe," I protested, rapidly getting erect.

"I could tell you more if you want..."

I was powerless to resist, and she knew it.

The next thing I knew, we were upstairs in the bedroom, and my face was buried between her legs.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "a little higher. That's perfect."

I buried my tongue inside her pussy and grabbed my cock with one hand as I listened to her moans.

"You're getting really good at this, honey. Lick my clit a little. Lightly."

I obeyed immediately.

"Did you... like being touched by him?" I asked, after pleasuring her for a minute or two.

"I...did...," she moaned, "don't stop. Do what you were doing before."

I continued to pleasure her with my tongue, flicking her clit gently as I'd been instructed. I loved the moans that she was making, and I had to stop stroking myself for a moment to prevent premature ejaculation. What, exactly, I was waiting for I wasn't sure, since it never occurred to me that Chloe would actually let me fuck her.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "I'm so close. Please don't stop."

But I did stop. I needed to know something.

"Did you kiss him?" I asked.

"What? Keep going, Ben!"

"No," I said decisively, "did you kiss John?"

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Yes," she whispered, "we went to his car... and he kissed me in the parking lot."

A pang of jealousy shot through me, but my cock got even harder.

"I didn't ask if *he* kissed *you*, I wanted know if *you* kissed *him*."

"What's the difference?" she moaned, her breathing a bit ragged as I teased her with a single finger.

"Did you take an active role? Did you reciprocate?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Of course, honey," she gasped, "I wanted him to kiss me. So I kissed him back, if that's what you're asking."

I plunged back down into her wetness, licking her again for a while before coming back up for air. I simply *had* to know.

"Did you do anything else?"

"No," she said, "but..."

"But what?"

"But nothing..."

I teased her clit with my tongue, listening to her moans until I knew she was right on the edge of a powerful orgasm. Then I pulled back, much to her frustration.

"But *what*, Chloe?"

"He wanted to do more," she stammered, "but I was afraid that we'd see someone that we knew."

"What did he want to do?"

"He wanted to make love to me...right there in his car..."

"Did you want to?"

"No. I'm not that kind of girl..."

Her protest was quiet, desperate. As if her words had been something that she wanted to believe, but couldn't.

"Please," she moaned softly, "please..."

I licked her a few more times, then stopped. I had to know the truth. I was rock hard and pumping my erection in my hand, right on the edge as I looked up and asked her:

"Are you going to sleep with him if you get the chance? If you're somewhere more private? Where you feel more comfortable?"

She didn't hesitate. At all. In fact, my question seemed to trigger Chloe's orgasm which had been building inside her for so long.

"YES!" she moaned, bucking her hips up towards my mouth, which was only an inch or so away.

I buried my face and licked her through her orgasm while furiously jerking myself off. A moment after Chloe climaxed, I had as well.

Feelings of panic and self-loathing began to fill me almost immediately after my orgasm subsided.

Chloe was my *wife*. Shouldn't I be fighting to keep her instead of fantasizing about her being taken by another man? Shouldn't I be trying to reassert my masculine dominance in the marriage instead of slowly falling into a more and more passive role?

I was quickly moving from the position of an active member of our household to some kind of bystander, and to make matters worse, Chloe seemed to be completely fine with it. Not only that, she *liked* it.

"Mmm, Ben," she cooed, still basking in the afterglow, "that was fun. By the way: I forgot to tell you that I'm going to the gym with John in a couple of days..."

I was too exhausted and ashamed of what had just happened to even try to argue with her. I only meekly nodded.

A few minutes later, I fell asleep on the bed, then woke up about an hour later, confused from the early-evening nap.

Chloe was downstairs, talking to someone on the phone.

I looked down at my lower body in disgust. I was still covered in my own semen, which had become sticky in the intervening time.

I wanted to clean myself off, but I also wanted to hear Chloe's conversation if possible.

I crept to the head of the stairs and remained as quiet as possible.

Chloe's tone was hushed. Serious. I couldn't make out any of the words that she was saying because she was speaking at such a low volume, but I somehow convinced myself that she was talking to one of her friends about what had just happened.

I became convinced that she was making plans to leave me. It certainly sounded like she was weighing an important, life-changing decision.

To my surprise, the idea that Chloe might be discussing a divorce with her friend caused my erection to return with a vengeance. I was standing in the hallway, naked from the waist down, with a hard-on while I imagined my wife leaving me.

How had it come to this?

I at least had the presence of mind to walk into the bathroom before I started jerking off.

I grabbed my phone from the nightstand first and called up the video of John and Chloe's shared kisses in the kitchen.

Tears formed in my eyes as I relived this exchange of intimacies while I pleased myself. Why did it arouse me so much? What was happening in my marriage? In my *life*?

Images from our wedding, my wedding to Chloe, flashed before my mind's eye as I watched her making out with John again. I remembered her saying "till death do us part." I remembered the

look in her eyes, how deeply she felt those words. How deeply I felt them, too. How much I believed them.

How little those words must have meant to her. Or how powerful her attraction to John must be for her to have thrown out her marriage vows so easily.

I had another powerful orgasm, just as I heard Chloe come back up the stairs and into the bedroom.

I wiped myself off with tissues as best I could, then opened the door a crack.

"I can't believe I fell asleep!" I said, "what time is it anyway?"

"It's 8:30," she said, yawning.

"Were you talking to someone down there?"

"Huh?"

"On the phone. I thought I heard you talking to someone."

"Oh...that. Yeah, I was talking to Rachel."

"Everything ok with her?"

"Yeah," she said, quickly and with a hint that she was trying to conceal something, "you know — just girl stuff. Nothing too interesting."

"Ok," I said.

I took a shower and then curled up in bed with my kindle. I was still too disoriented from the nap to be able to function in any other capacity for the rest of the evening. Chloe came up around 10:00PM and smirked as she saw the device in my hand.

"Reading something interesting?"

I knew exactly what she was trying to imply. For a moment, I was angry. Then I felt the familiar feelings of arousal returning to my body.

"Not what you think," I said, "I'm reading about 18th-century whaling practices."

"Sure," she said, smiling as she removed her clothing, exposing her bra and panties.

She stood for a long time in front of the mirror, then walked back and forth a few times in my field of vision in only her underwear. Was she intentionally imitating the wife from the story?

I could only conclude that she was.

A moment later, I had another raging erection.

Finally, she went into the bathroom. When she emerged a few minutes later, I had turned out the light, lying there in darkness, my erection tormenting me as the beautiful woman who I was married to, but not allowed to touch, slipped under the covers beside me.

The next day was relatively uneventful, but the fact of Chloe's upcoming "gym date" hung in the air the entire time.

Chloe didn't mention it, but I could tell that it was on her mind.

Then, finally, the night before, she mentioned it again.

"Don't forget, I'm seeing my boyfriend tomorrow," she said.

Her tone was playful, but her words stung.

"Chloe," I said, "I don't think it's so great that you're calling him that."

"You don't? You're the one who gave me the idea. With that story you read. I know how hard it makes your little guy when I talk about being with him. You probably jerk off imagining the two of us together, don't you?"

I didn't have a response to this for the simple reason that Chloe was exactly right. She might have been a hypocrite, but that didn't mean that she lacked insight into my psyche. Her finding that story on my kindle had played exactly into her hands. Now she could enjoy having a romantic fling with my friend and pretend like it was all my idea. That she was doing it in some kind of warped attempt to save our marriage.

"Well," she said, noticing my consternation, "if you're lucky, I might even tell you what happened tomorrow night when you get home."

"Chloe," I said, finally regaining my ability to speak, "this really isn't ok. Don't you remember our marriage vows? How we promised to be faithful to each other?"

"Sure I remember that," she said, smiling, "but I *also* remember how hard your little penis has gotten every time that I've talked about cheating on you. That's got to count for more, doesn't it?"

"More than our *marriage vows*? Really?"

She was quiet for a moment. Had I gotten through to her? Did I even *want* to get through to her?

"What if the shoe was on the other foot, Chloe?"

I was trying to ram the point home now. To make her see how I felt.

"What if it was *me* who was getting close to one of *your* friends? How would you feel then?"

She frowned playfully.

"Benny," she said, using that childish nickname for me for the first time in as long as I could remember (since we'd been first married, probably), "Benny, I don't want you to do that. I need you for myself. You do so many important things for me. I'd never want to share you with another woman."

"Yet you won't sleep with me. And you keep flirting with my friend and joking about it. Who knows what else you're doing with him."

This wasn't true of course. Thanks to the cameras, I knew *some* things for sure, and I was also sure that I didn't know the half of it.

As it turned out, the cameras ended up providing me with even more information that afternoon, information that I could have lived

without. What I saw that day was both a confirmation of my darkest suspicions and a fulfillment of my wildest fantasies.

Sitting at my desk in the office, I turned on the live view of all the cameras that I'd installed in the house. I wasn't sure if Chloe would be back from her "date" yet, or if she'd even be there, but my heart jumped as I checked the living room camera to find my wife pacing back and forth in an agitated state.

She looked beautiful. She was dressed in a lightweight black skirt and loose summer blouse. Her hair was damp, as if she'd just gotten out of the shower.

She was looking out the front window, through the blinds. She was waiting for someone.

John.

Suddenly, she ran for the door. In the same moment, I remembered that there were also microphones on the cameras. I dropped my phone on my desk and scrambled to get my earbuds, which I'd left in a bag under the desk.

I wanted to hear everything that the two lovers might say to one another.

Once I had plugged in the headphones and looked guiltily around the office, I started the video once more.

John burst through the door, and Chloe fell into his arms.

"We shouldn't be doing this," she murmured, "not here. He might come home early."

"He doesn't matter anymore," said John, almost as if amused by her concern, "I told you that. He's just a small-dicked wimp who doesn't deserve you. I almost *want* him to catch us. Then he'd have to face up to the truth."

"I wish you wouldn't say that," she said, between kisses.

"You know it's true, though," laughed John, his hand pawing at her ass, "just admit it."

"Ok, I admit it," said Chloe, "I just feel bad about it."

"There's no need to feel bad about finding a superior man," he assured her, "women have done it for millennia."

"We shouldn't be doing this," she repeated, "but I want you so bad. I think about you constantly."

The motions of her hands expressed anything but reluctance: she reached down to his fly and began fiddling desperately with the button and zipper.

A moment later, she was stroking his already—enormous, rapidly hardening erection.

"This is so wrong, but God, I want you inside me," she murmured, covering his lips with kisses as she stroked him.

He had his hand up her skirt, too, but my gaze was drawn to their faces as their tongues interlocked in passion. I was rock-hard myself, watching what was unfolding at my house in real time.

I worked only ten minutes away from home. I could make some excuse and then jump in the car, rush home and catch them in the act.

But then what? What would I do? Was I prepared to fight John for the honor of my wife? For my own honor? I knew it was the right thing to do as a man. The action that society wanted me to take. I was supposed to be upset by the sight of my wife about to make love to a better, superior man. Hell, I *was* upset. But I was also so aroused I was on the verge of getting out my cock and wanking at my desk.

I knew that was a horrible idea, however.

I had always thought it would be hot to see Chloe play with a large cock, and I had to admit that I loved the contrast between his thick shaft and her small hands as she smeared the precum down his mushroom head and began to stroke him in earnest. Was this the farthest they'd gone? Or were they merely traversing old territory?

I hoped and prayed that they'd go further than they'd ever gone before. That somehow I'd be able to view the very first time they made love, the very first time his superior penis penetrated her willing vagina.

I was so aroused that I couldn't take it anymore. I glanced around the office, and didn't see anyone watching me. It was only about 20 feet or so to the only bathroom that had a lock on it. I stood up and shuffled awkwardly towards the door, elated to find it unlocked. If anyone saw me, they'd hopefully think that I was walking strangely because I needed to relieve myself, not because of my incredible arousal.

When I got into the bathroom and locked the door, I pulled out my cock just in time to see Chloe and John one moment away from consummating their relationship.

She was bent forward, over the couch, her skirt up over her ass and her panties halfway down her legs.

She pushed her ass out and presented herself to him as he rubbed his cock up and down against her slit, slowly easing himself inside her.

"Oh my God," she moaned.

"Fuck," he whispered, gathering her hair into one hand while he stroked her cheek with the other, "you're so tight. This is amazing."

"God," she moaned, as he pushed inside her all the way, stretching her to the limit, "I already feel like I'm going to come. I can't believe how well you're filling me."

He pressed his thumb to her mouth and she sucked in on it as he began to pound her quickly from behind. What had begun as a passionate, loving encounter now took on an animalistic quality as he thrust into my petite wife from behind with his big cock.

My own penis was in my hands and I was stroking it furiously even though I was on the verge of tears. I couldn't see Chloe's face in the video, but I could sense on it the height of pleasure that she

was about to reach from the pace and volume of her breathing and moans.

"God you feel so good," groaned John, fucking her faster and deeper now, "I'm so close."

Chloe stopped sucking on his thumb for a moment.

"Come inside me, please," she squeaked, her own orgasm obviously approaching, "I don't want to make a mess."

He grunted his approval of the plan as he sank himself into her with one last powerful thrust, holding himself against her cervix as he pumped load after load of cum into her pussy, which clenched down upon his cock as Chloe reached her own climax, her tight muscles milking his shaft for every last drop of semen in his balls.

It only occurred to me in retrospect that Chloe might have been fertile during this encounter. We could afford to be extremely casual about birth control as a couple because of my low sperm count. But I had no idea if John had had a vasectomy, or what his sperm count was.

In that moment, watching him pump my wife full, I had a weird mix of feelings. I had to admit that the idea that he might be able to do what I couldn't, that he might be able to impregnate Chloe, aroused me for some inexplicable reason. Maybe for the same reason it aroused me to watch his clearly superior cock in action, even though I wasn't gay.

Chloe began sucking on his thumb again as she slowly fell from the heights of her orgasm. Then she slowly stood up, his cock popping out from inside her. He guided her skirt down, holding it away from his phallus so as to make sure that no sperm stained it.

Chloe spun around and gave him a long, passionate kiss.

"Just one more thing," she whispered, "before you go home."

John looked at her expectantly.

"I have to clean you off."

She dropped to her knees and took the tip of his cock into her mouth sucking at the head greedily, working the last of his cum onto her tongue and swallowing it.

I had never imagined that my churchgoing, conservative wife would be capable of doing something so naughty. From the looks of it, John hadn't either.

"Oh God," he moaned, "you're so good to me, Chloe."

So good to him. It was true. It was evident from that encounter that she would do anything to please him. She was completely under his spell.

After watching my wife lick the last drops of semen from her lovers thick penis, I went completely limp, a small dribble of ejaculate dripping from my shaft onto my hand. I was psychologically shattered, ashamed at what I had done to spy on my wife, and at how aroused the action had made me feel.

I feared that it would be a while before I was able to get hard again. Watching your wife cheat on you, both emotionally and physically will have that effect, even if it's something you've been pining for for a long time.

But I was still driven to encourage her. It was as if some part of me wanted more, as painful as it was.

Chapter 10

When I got home that night, Chloe greeted me at the door. She was wearing a different outfit than she had that afternoon after the gym, an opaque white blouse with a plunging neckline, which allowed me to catch a brief glimpse of her black lace bra.

A pang of longing shot through me.

"Did you have a good time at the gym?" was the first thing out of my mouth.

"What?" she asked, as if she'd forgotten about the whole encounter.

My eyes darted to the spot in the living room where she'd bent over the couch, offering herself to John. I didn't see any trace of their lovemaking.

I looked back at Chloe. If she felt guilty, she didn't show it.

"Oh! That," she replied, "yeah, it was fun."

"How's John doing?" I asked.

"He's fine," she said, "we mainly talked about climbing stuff. Nothing too personal."

"I see," I said.

"I mean," she said, a playful look entering her eyes, "maaaybe there was a *little* light flirtation. But that turns you on, doesn't it, honey?"

I blushed, ashamed and aroused at the same time.

"You said you would tell me what happened," I said.

"Did I?" she said innocently, "I don't remember that. Well, maybe I will. If you're lucky."

She winked at me.

Of course, I didn't actually need to hear it from her own mouth. I knew enough about what had happened. Hell, I had it on video. But for some reason I wanted to relive that traumatic event, experience it through my wife's eyes. Understand her emotion.

That night, I tried initiating sex.

"No, honey," she said, giggling a little as she pushed me away, "don't you remember the story? The wife denies her husband sex."

"But don't you have needs, too? Can I at least take care of you?"

"I don't think that's a good idea," she said.

Perhaps she realized that John's sperm was still inside her and that I would know if I began to go down on her. She evidently wasn't ready for that possibility — yet. Soon, however, that bridge would be crossed as well.

"Maybe you want to play with John?" I said.

She looked confused for a moment.

"Oh," she said, "you mean the dildo. Hmmm... I might be convinced that that's a good idea."

I jumped up eagerly and found the hiding place, grabbing a bottle of lube at the same time. Chloe lay back on the bed in her bra and panties now, closing her eyes and reaching up under her bra and pinching a nipple.

Her other hand went down between her legs and pushed her panties aside, playing with her clit. I strained to see if there was a trace of John's cum still visible there, but I couldn't see for sure.

"Mmm," she moaned, "is this what you wanted to see, honey? Does this turn you on? Knowing that I'll fuck a dildo before I'll fuck you again?"

She opened her eyes and reached for the fake cock in my hand.

As she took it, and the lube from me, I reached down and started jerking off, relieved by the fact that I was able to attain

erection again after the emotionally draining experience of that afternoon.

She saw what I was doing and smirked.

"It's funny," she said, "I never thought that size mattered at all. I was one of those girls who thought that you just had to accept the size of the man that you were with and that that would always be enough. That the emotional connection would make the difference."

She lubed up the dildo, stroking it almost lovingly, as if it had really been John's penis.

"I guess I was right in a way. Emotional connection *is* more important than size, even though a large cock can give me more powerful orgasms, it can't create an emotional connection. Only another person can do that."

She spread her legs and began to push "John's" head into her vagina, letting out soft moans as she did so.

"Do you have an 'emotional connection' with John?" I asked.

She laughed a bit, then pushed the dildo further into her vagina. Slowly, she began to fuck herself. I thought for a moment that she might have been ignoring me, but then she answered.

"Benny," she moaned, "don't ask questions that you don't want to know the answer too."

I felt a wave of humiliation hit me as I realized that my wife had fallen in love with another man, and not only that, was thinking about him while masturbating right in front of me. For some reason, however, this turned me on even more than ever before. The more she revealed her emotional entanglement with my friend, the more that I felt myself reaching new heights of arousal.

She was fucking herself harder now, pumping the huge dildo in and out of her pussy. I could smell not only her arousal, but also — so I imagined — John's cum.

"I *do* want to know," I stammered, "I want to know how you feel about him. You want him to be your boyfriend for real, don't

you?"

"No, Benny," she groaned, "that's what *you* want, you little perv."

So that was her game. Cheating on me but acting like this was all my idea, even after she'd fucked him. She could have her cake and eat it too. Be the good girl on the outside while having a clandestine relationship.

"I bet you'd like to watch him fuck me, wouldn't you?" she groaned, pushing the cock in and out of her pussy which was now dripping, either with her own lubrication or John's cum (probably a combination of both).

"I bet you'd like to watch your cute little wife be made love to by a better man. A man with a real cock, not that little thing you've got between your legs."

"Chloe," I said, trying to muster up the ability to contradict her, even though I knew it was pointless to mount a defense of my own masculinity while I was holding my dick and jerking it.

"I have to admit that I think about it, too," she moaned, "being taken by him while you watch. So you can see how a girl like me really needs it. So you can see..."

She broke off there, squealing in pleasure for a moment as she plunged the toy into her vagina faster and faster.

"So you can see what a cock this size — his size — can do when it's attached to a real man. A real man who I have an emotional connection with."

"Chloe," I said, "what's happened to you? Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because you love it," she said, her voice squeaking as she approached climax, "you've finally taught me the lesson that you've known yourself all along."

She was panting now, barely able to get the words out.

“Size matters. Not as much as an emotional connection. But if I can get a big cock *and* a real emotional connection with a man, why would I settle for the little guy?”

In that moment, she climaxed. I did, too. Afterwards, looking at my own cum-covered hand and the look of bliss on my beautiful wife’s face, I was overcome with a feeling of dread and shame. I felt bad that this encounter had turned me on so much.

Things were confusing now, I thought as I washed my hands in the bathroom. I knew that some of what I had done had been manipulative. I’d gotten Chloe to try a huge dildo, for example. I’d also sent mixed messages about her extramarital dalliances.

At the same time, however, Chloe was much less than blameless. She’d had sex with another man, after all. In our house!

Of course, I only knew that because I’d invaded her privacy. That wasn’t so good of me, either. At the same time, *she* had invaded *my* privacy as well when she snooped on my kindle and used the erotic stories that I like to read as a pretext to cheat on me.

It seemed like a self-reinforcing dynamic that wasn’t going to end anytime soon. Not until our *marriage* was over, that is.

When I emerged from the bathroom, Chloe had changed into her pajamas and was sitting on the edge of the bed, reading something on her phone.

“Oh,” she said, looking up at me, “I think we’re all going to the bar next weekend — you know, Becca, Rachel and Hank.”

“And John?”

She smiled, tiny beads of sweat still visible on her face after the exertion of her orgasm.

“Yeah,” she said, “he’ll probably be there, too.”

“I don’t know,” I said, “if you’re going to just flirt with him the whole time, I don’t think I even want to be there.”

She pouted with her lips.

"Oh, come on, honey! It's not that bad, is it? Being around me and my friends?"

"John is *my* friend, remember? Or at least he used to be."

She dropped her phone on the bed and then stood, walking towards me. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, and for a moment, it seemed like she might kiss me.

Instead, she just looked up at me with her big, puppy-dog eyes, sticking her lower lip out just a bit.

"Don't you want me to be friends with your friends, honey?"

I didn't know why, but I was having trouble resisting again.

"Yeah, but..."

"Well just come with us. I promise that I'll be on my best behavior."

Her lips were really close to mine, now. I drank in her familiar scent, that distinct aroma that had been an aphrodisiac for me for years but was now nothing more than a reminder of the intimacy we'd once enjoyed.

"Ok," I sighed, "ok. I'll come."

"Thank you, honey!!"

Chapter 11

Chloe and I were the first ones at the bar this time. It was an upscale Belgian–style brewpub in a rapidly gentrifying neighborhood.

“Who chose this place?” I asked, examining the old–world décor.

“Oh, it was John,” she said, “it’s one of his favorite pubs. He says they have good food, too.”

This wasn’t the kind of place that I was used to hanging out. Something about it intimidated me. But maybe that was all psychological. After all, John intimidated me too.

We walked into the dimly lit space and found a booth to sit in. It was high on both ends, with a wooden lattice that made it partially transparent on both sides. This would be important later.

I sat across from my wife, who had her eyes on the entrance, no doubt anxiously awaiting John’s appearance.

I looked around. The bar had a distinctly upscale clientele. Probably the kind of place that lawyers like John would hang out.

“Should I go to the bar and get us some drinks?” I asked.

“No,” she said, “let’s wait until John gets here.”

“Other people are coming too, right?”

She looked at me.

“Yeah, of course. Rachel, Hank and Becca — your favorite.”

“You only mentioned John,” I said.

She grinned, then leaned in and whispered to me.

“Of course, honey. He’s my boyfriend, remember? Just like in the story.”

In almost that same moment, Chloe glanced over my shoulder and her face lit up.

I knew what she had seen.

A moment later, John had slid into the booth next to her.

"Hey Ben," he said, "how are you?"

"I'm good," I said.

I couldn't see what their hands were doing under the large oak table, and it bothered me.

"Hey," I said, mustering up my courage, "do you two really have to sit so close together?"

"Ha, ha" said John, "she can do whatever she wants. She's not your property."

His tone was light and humorous but his words themselves seemed to have a threatening undertone.

I sank back in my seat, shocked and humiliated at how open his affection for my wife was becoming.

"Hey," he said, "could you get us some drinks?"

I sighed and nodded.

"I'll have a Blonde Ale, honey" said Chloe, her right hand under the table.

"That seems appropriate for you," chuckled John.

He reached up and took a hold of a couple of strands of Chloe's light-blond hair, then let them fall. It was such an intimate gesture that it seemed to have been calculated to rub salt in my wounds.

"Get her the Blond, and I'll take a Trippel," commanded John, turning to me.

He was calling the shots. There was no question about that.

I nodded and stood, walking to the bar as I tried not to look behind me and see what the two lovers were doing.

Why were they suddenly being so open about things? Did I not matter at all?

How did Chloe know what to order? She wasn't a beer drinker, and she certainly never saw *me* drink beer. Something felt strange.

It was like I was suddenly on the outside looking in, and Chloe was a person that I'd never met before.

It took me a while to catch someone's eye at the bar. Finally, however, I was able to put in our drink order: beers for Chloe and John, and sparkling water for me.

While I waited, I looked to my left and saw the booth from the back. Through the lattice, I could see Chloe's small blond head lean into John's tall upper torso, a gesture of easy intimacy that caused a pang to shoot through my body.

"Everything ok?" asked the young bartender, an attractive college-age woman, as she set the drinks in front of me.

"Huh?" I said, snapping out of my daydream.

"Oh, sorry," I said, "yeah, everything's fine."

"Your two friends are really cute," she said, "you can tell they're really in love."

We hadn't been in the bar long enough for her to observe Chloe and John from where she was working currently. My quizzical look must have communicated my confusion about this remark.

"They were in here the other day, during my last shift. We were all talking about how perfect they are for each other."

*Fuck. So **that** was why Chloe knew exactly what to order.*

I felt my knees getting weak as this latest detail fell into place.

She grabbed my credit card from the bar where I had placed it.

"Keep the tab open?"

I nodded. I swallowed hard and took a deep breath, trying to keep it together, even if I didn't know how I was going to be able to do it.

"Ok," she said, taking the card and putting it behind the counter.

"I just hope I can meet someone like that someday," she said, looking wistfully off towards the booth.

"Yeah," I said, quickly, "me too."

I carried the beers gingerly, slowly approaching the booth from behind. When I was about ten feet away, Chloe and John both turned towards each other and shared a short but soulful kiss.

Then Chloe glanced back and saw me approaching and nudged John, urging him to stop.

I stood at the table, placing the beers in front of the couple and the glass of sparkling water in front of my place.

"Thanks," said John, his left hand under the table and clearly placed on Chloe's thigh.

"Thank you, honey," said Chloe, her right hand hidden from view as well.

"You're welcome," I said, sliding into the bench across from them.

"Cheers, big guy," said John, lifting his glass.

I raised my glass of sparkling water.

"Cheers."

We all took a sip.

There was an awkward silence as Chloe and John continued to not-so-subtly play with each other's hands under the table.

It was both turning me on and making me incredibly uncomfortable to see this open display of affection in public between my wife and her new boyfriend. I decided that I had to say something.

"Hey," I said, looking at John, "the two of you can do whatever when you go climbing or go out together, but I'd appreciate it if you'd sit a little further apart when I'm around."

John grinned.

"You've got *part* of that right, big guy," he said, "we *can* do whatever we want. And *will* do whatever we want, whether you're around or not."

"What?" I said, strangely aroused by his sudden aggressiveness, "I'm Chloe's husband. You've got to respect that. Doesn't he, honey?"

Chloe looked at me, then at John, as if she was conflicted.

"Benny," she said, "just relax. There's no need to get so upset."

Tears of rage and humiliation came to my eyes. I didn't think I was going to be able to hold back. I stood up from the booth, just as Becca approached it.

"Hey!" she said, "how is everyone?"

"We're fine," said John, "I don't know about Ben, though. He seems to be having a hard time."

"No," I said, quickly trying to save face, "I'm ok."

"If you three need to be alone, that's ok with me...", said Becca, sensing (correctly) that something was amiss.

"It's ok," I said, "Something just came up at work and I need to leave. Right now. You have fun without me."

"Ok," said Becca, chipper as always.

I walked back to the bar to close out the tab, tears netting my eyelids. When I looked back towards the booth, I saw that Rachel and Hank had arrived and taken my place across from the happy couple, while Becca slid in beside them.

There was no more room for me.

Back at home, I was incredibly restless. I thought about packing all of Chloe's things and throwing them outside on the front lawn. That's probably what *she* would have done to *me* if the roles had been reversed.

I was racked by doubts, however. What if Chloe was right? That this was all my idea, that this was what I'd wanted from the very beginning? It was true in a certain sense, wasn't it?

I read stories and fantasized about being cuckolded. Isn't this what I deserved?

Could I be at fault for introducing my wife to the idea of cheating on me?

By the time Chloe's key turned in the lock, I was ready to beg her forgiveness, to try to make things work between us, one way or another.

"Hey, honey," said Chloe, coming through the door, "I'm sorry if John upset you tonight. He just gets so possessive sometimes."

"So you're just coming out and admitting it now? That he's your *boyfriend*? Did you...did you kiss him or hold his hand in front of our friends?"

"Benny," she said, looking at me with concern, "I thought I had your permission. I mean, after all the encouragement you've given me to explore my sexuality. I just feel so...complete when I'm with him."

She had evaded my question concerning their public displays of affection, but delivered another knife to my side through her use of the adjective, "complete." I had to admit it to myself: they were perfect for each other.

"Our friends all love him!"

Did they know about this, too? Were they all secretly laughing at me?

"Chloe," I said, "you can't do this. This isn't fair."

"Sometimes life isn't fair, honey. You encouraged me to experiment, and this is what happened. Do you think *I* planned this? Do you think I *planned* to fall in love with John?"

"So you're in *love* with him?"

"Yes. I think I am."

"You *think* you are, or you *know* you are?"

There was a pause.

"For me, sex and love have *always* gone together. You know that."

I did know that. But I'd tried not to think about it. It was easier to suppress this fact about my wife's sexuality than to deal with its reality.

"So you're saying you've slept with him?"

I already knew the answer, of course. As I looked into Chloe's eyes, I remembered the sounds of ecstasy I'd heard on the video as she'd climaxed as John filled her from behind.

"Yes," she said, "again, that was *your* idea."

"It was my idea for you to play with a toy that happened to look like his cock. Not to actually sleep with him!"

"That's not what you admitted to me."

Now it was my turn to stew for a moment in silence.

"That was just fantasy. Fooling around in the bedroom. I didn't mean it any more seriously than I meant for you to fuck the pool boy like that woman in the video."

"I don't believe you, honey. I think it turns you on."

"So what if it does?" I snapped back, "does that give you the right to flaunt it in front of our friends?"

She smiled at me.

"It may not give me the right, but it does give me a good reason to do it. A reason that we *both* enjoy."

I was silent. She reached out and put her arms around my neck, looking up at me with those angelic eyes, the eyes that I had once considered to be so innocent.

"Admit it, honey. This is the perfect arrangement for us. Me being with John makes both of us happy."

She leaned in as if she was about to kiss me, then went for my cheek.

"Sorry, honey. I have to be faithful to my boyfriend. I can't kiss anyone except for him."

I breathed in the scent of her hair. So soft. So feminine. I felt myself getting aroused.

"How many times..." I whispered.

I didn't even need to finish my question. She understood.

"I don't know," she whispered, "maybe a dozen?"

That number seemed impossibly high for a relationship that had only been going on for around a month or so, and in secret. They must have been meeting up quite often. More often than I'd ever suspected.

"It's late," she said finally, "let's go to bed."

The prospect of sleeping next to my wife after she'd been with her lover aroused me to no end. I followed her up to the bedroom and watched as she slowly undressed, stripping off her skirt and blouse to reveal her skimpy black lingerie, just a hint of fabric that hugged her womanly curves.

"You look so good," I said, unable to help myself.

"Thanks," she replied, smiling at me, "John really likes this set. I think I'll get some more underwear like it — just for him."

In that moment, I think I realized for the first time how lucky I was to be married to such a beautiful woman. Even if it didn't seem like I'd ever be allowed to sleep with her again, she was still a joy to behold.

"Benny," said Chloe, looking over at me as if she'd read my thoughts, "it looks like watching your wife get undressed is making your little guy hard."

She glanced down at my crotch.

"It's ok," she said, "you can't kiss me or have sex with me anymore, but that doesn't mean we can't do...other things."

My heart leaped for joy. Before I had a chance to ask for clarification, Chloe continued.

"John says that I can let you get me ready for him if I want and, of course, clean up as well."

"Clean up?"

"Yeah. You can go down on me after he's come inside me. Would you like that?"

"I don't know," I hesitated.

"Well," she said, "that's as close as you're going to get to my pussy from now on. Until John says otherwise. And I don't think he's going to change his mind. He's *very* possessive."

"Come on, Chloe. He's not even here right now. You're my wife. Don't you remember how wonderful it is when we make love? You've always told me so. Don't tell me you were lying this entire time."

"I wasn't lying," she said, a note of emotion coming into her voice, "it was always wonderful with you. Spectacular."

"So? It can be that way again," I said, sitting next to her on the bed and putting my arm around her, drawing her close, "we can reconnect. Maybe we can take a trip somewhere, just the two of us. A second honeymoon."

She melted into my arms, looking up at me with her big blue eyes. My cock was rock-hard as I felt her breathing and looked down her front, admiring her breasts through her sheer negligee.

"That would be really nice," she said, nuzzling my chest, "a trip somewhere would be great. But I'm still not going to have sex with you."

It felt like my whole world was crashing down, all over again. I couldn't breath for a moment.

"Honey," she said, "it's true that sex with you was great. But I didn't understand back then how good sex could *really* be. You were the only guy that I'd ever been with. I didn't have the experience to know what I really wanted. But you know what?"

I couldn't even respond to her rhetorical question.

"I'm so grateful to you for introducing me to new things. If you hadn't gotten me to try that toy, if we'd never watched that movie together, I would have been too intimidated by John's size to *ever* have sex with him. And of course you introduced John to me in the first place, and I'll be forever grateful to you for that. I understand now how much better sex can be with a man who has a long, thick penis. After getting so used to John, I'm not even sure if I could feel you inside me anymore. He's *changed* me, honey. For the better."

She ran her hand through my hair.

"Now go ahead and clean me up, Ben. I know that you want to. John left a nice big load in there for you. I'll tell you all about how he fucked me..."

The next thing I knew, she was on her back on the bed, and my face was between her legs. I was so overwhelmed with emotions, I couldn't even process what was happening. My sweet, innocent wife, the one who had only ever been with me, had not only betrayed me, she was clearly deeply in love with another man. A man who I used to call my friend.

Not only that, she was subjecting me to the humiliation of going down on her after he'd defiled her beautiful young vagina with his seed.

"After you had your little temper tantrum and left the bar," she began, closing her eyes and smiling as I licked her slit, starting to taste the salty, slightly tangy secretion inside her that I knew to be my friend's sperm, "I was so turned on by the way that John handled you that I was practically dripping wet. I don't know why, but I love seeing him intimidate you and order you around. It's just so hot to have a reminder that I'm with a truly alpha male, who could beat you into submission any time he wants. It makes me feel so special."

She was silent for a few moments, groaning as my tongue scooped more of his seed into my mouth. I forced myself to choke it

down.

"I know it's hard, but you'll get used to the taste," said Chloe, "I mean, if you're lucky. Don't forget that this is a privilege."

I moaned in affirmation, pushing my face even further into her messy pussy.

"I wanted him so bad, honey. I was pawing at his cock under the table while we all laughed about how mad you were. Hank, Rachel and Becca all know about me and John, and they think we're a great couple. I mean, we haven't told them directly, yet, but they all know. And I can tell that they approve."

I stopped, looking up at her.

"I'm thinking of leaving you and marrying John," she said, in a tone as if she was talking about going to the grocery store later.

"You're not serious, Chloe. After all we've been through together?"

"I haven't decided yet, honey. I still love you. I'm just not *in* love with you anymore. Keep doing your job."

She pushed my head back to her crotch gently as she continued her story. I struggled not to retch as another glob of John's thick, gooey sperm hit my tongue.

"John whispered to me to meet him in the handicapped stall and take my panties off. I nodded and excused myself to the bathroom. I think that all of our friends probably knew what was going on, but I didn't care. I just needed to be with him right then, in that moment."

"I got into the bathroom and bent over the sink, slipping my panties down over my ass just as John barged into the room behind me, locking the door and grabbing a handful of my hair. He pulled my head back and gave me a deep kiss and told me how much he wanted me. We didn't have much time, so he just got right down to it, taking out his cock and pushing it inside me. Even though I was incredibly wet, it's always a struggle to take it at first, but after a few

seconds he managed to put it inside me and started to fuck me while our eyes met in the mirror.”

I continued to choke down John’s load as she continued the story. I couldn’t help but remember the video I’d seen of a similar encounter between her and John in our own house. I wondered what kind of sex they’d had outside of such rushed and inconvenient circumstances. Would it be slow, gentle lovemaking?

“He put a finger in my mouth and I sucked him as he pounded me from behind. The whole time he growled in my ear, telling me all kinds of dirty things. I loved it, honey. I never knew how much I loved dirty talk until I met John. I don’t remember everything that he said but I remember a few things that he said just before came. Do you want to know, honey? Do you want to know what made your wife climax in the bathroom of the Belgian pub?”

I groaned in reply, lapping up the remaining sperm with abandon. I was slowly getting used to the taste, or at least I thought I was.

“He told me that he owned my pussy and that he was going to beat the shit out of you if you tried to put your tiny limp dick anywhere near it,” she moaned, clearly on the verge of another climax.

“By the way,” she moaned, her hips pushed up towards my face as she neared her peak, “we’ve been talking a lot. I think John is ready to settle down and start a family. What do you think, honey? Would you like it if he knocked me up?”

She yelped adorably as she imagined her lover impregnating her, flooding her fertile womb with his potent seed as he had just done.

“Yes,” she moaned, slowly coming down from her peak.

I looked up into her eyes. Her entire face was glowing.

“That was so great, honey. I’ll tell John that you did a good job. Maybe he’ll let you get me ready next time before we have sex.”

I fell onto my back on the bed next to her, too emotionally exhausted to respond.

“By the way,” she added casually, “he’s coming over tomorrow night. We’re going to cook him dinner. He’ll probably sleep over. You don’t mind being in the guest room, do you, honey?”

I simply shook my head “no,” before closing my eyes and falling asleep.

Chapter 12

The next morning, Chloe was the first one downstairs. She seemed refreshed and rejuvenated, while I was still groggy after a night of restless sleep and dreams.

"Hey," she said, "get dressed. We've got to go shopping."

"What's the occasion?" I said.

"Don't be silly," she said, grinning at me, "I already told you. Did you forget? My boyfriend is coming over tonight! We need everything to be perfect."

"Chloe," I said, "I don't know about this. I don't think he should come over."

"That's not your choice," she said, "he's coming over no matter what. But you can choose one thing. If you want to make *me* happy by helping me get ready. You can't do anything about the fact that John's coming over."

I sighed. I had to admit that she was right. All I could do was go along with it now.

The first stop was the department store. The lingerie section, to be precise.

"I need to choose the perfect outfit. John told me he wants to see me in something pink. He loves that," she told the sales girl.

"And you must be John?" she said, looking at me, "what a lucky guy to have such a beautiful wife."

"Actually, no. John's my boyfriend," said Chloe, looking at me conspiratorially, as if I'd been just a friend along to give advice.

"Well, you're a nice friend to come along on a shopping trip like this!" said the salesgirl, smiling at me.

I opened my mouth to object, but then I decided that it wasn't important what the salesperson thought about our relationship. Still,

I couldn't help but feel a little humiliated by how quickly I'd been removed from my role as husband, even in the eyes of those who were complete outsiders to our relationship.

The saleswoman had obviously decided that I was my wife's gay friend. She returned with several outfits and then said in a whisper.

"Normally, we don't let *men* into the dressing rooms, but since I know there's not going to be any funny business between the two of you, I think it's ok."

She smiled and led us to the dressing rooms, handing Chloe the underwear that she'd selected for her approval, and then winking at me before she turned away.

"Take your time," she said, "I know that she's going to look *great* for John."

The room was large, with mirrors on several sides and a bench along one wall.

"Take a seat," said Chloe, "get ready to tell me what you think."

She slipped off the sundress she'd been wearing, then her bra and panties.

"Don't look," she laughed, holding one arm across her chest and one across her crotch as she prepared to put on a black nightie, "I don't think John wants anyone but him to see me naked."

A moment later, she had the nightie on, then the matching panties as well. My heart ached as I saw her small, erect nipples through the sheer fabric. How I'd love to touch her breasts again...

"Remember," she said, walking towards me where I sat on the bench, "you can look, but don't touch."

She drew closer to me, then spun around in a circle, looking at herself in the large mirrors while I was afforded the chance to check out her ass.

I reached out instinctively towards her pert young flesh. To just feel it for a moment...

She slapped my hand away.

"Keep your hands to yourself, mister. I don't want to have to scream. Security will drag you out of here. They won't care if you're my husband or my gay friend or whoever."

"Chloe," I said, "why are you doing this to me?"

She looked at me in the mirror, smiling.

"Oh come on, Ben. You know that you love this. You were practically begging for me to cuckold you, and now you've got what you wanted and you can't even enjoy it."

I dropped my hand to my lap. My cock was rock-hard.

"Oh, is your little guy getting excited? Well he doesn't matter anymore. All that matters is what John thinks," she said, quickly putting on the next outfit, the pink lace version of the first one.

Combined with my wife's blond hair, blue eyes, pale skin and youthful appearance, this garment made her appear completely innocent and angelic. Just like I'd imagined her when we'd first gotten married, and just as I knew her now not to be in the slightest.

To think she had me fooled. This seemingly sheltered, innocent woman who only wanted to be with one man, this angel sent from heaven who married me despite my sins, harbored a sinful side all her own.

These last few days had caused me to revisit the conversations we'd had about sex in the past. To rethink all of our encounters. Had this whole thing really been my idea, or had Chloe also been subtly steering us towards more and more experimentation? Had cuckolding me been her endgame the entire time, one that I willingly played along with, having no idea how far things would actually go.

"You look...amazing," I said.

"Thanks," she said, spinning in a circle, "I definitely think this is going on the 'keep' pile. It's not like I have to settle on just *one*,

right, honey? I mean, you'll buy me any of these that I want, right?"

"Chloe," I said, trying to muster my last bit of will to protest, "if you think that I'm going to pay for the lingerie you wear for your boyfriend, I'm afraid you have another thing coming."

She gave me a playful, pouty look.

"Oh Ben," she said, walking over to me, "you know, I was thinking that I could give you a special treat when we got home...but only if you earn it."

She stooped down towards me, her lips tantalizingly close to my face. I breathed in her scent.

"Chloe...", I said, almost groaning, "I..."

"Just buy me this lingerie," she whispered, "all of it."

I nodded, powerless before her charms. It wasn't just that, of course. I was also tired of fighting her for the time being. Maybe there was still a way that I could stay in her life if I continued to be a reliable provider.

This thing with John won't last, I told myself, standing in line with the underwear while Chloe went off to shop at another part of the store, he's too much of a player. He'll break up with her at some point, and I'll be there, ready to wait for her with open arms.

Even then, I knew that this was probably wishful thinking, but it was the kind of wishful thinking I needed to keep myself going.

What was I doing? I was helping my wife get ready to host her boyfriend in our own home. I was helping another man replace me.

A better man.

Why did this idea turn me on so much?

There were only three people in front of me, but for whatever reason, the transactions seemed to be taking forever. I realized that several women were making returns, and one of them didn't have a receipt, which of course meant that the manager had to get involved.

At least the salesgirl from before was nowhere in sight, having gone on break or to work in another part of the store, so my final transaction wouldn't have any of the humiliating small-talk that had occurred before.

The line was taking so long that I thought about simply abandoning the lingerie and leaving. Let Chloe buy her own damn underwear to impress her boyfriend, and leave me out of it! But then I remembered her hint at a "reward" that might await me at home. As stupid as it sounded, I ached for some kind of attention from her.

When I finally got to the front of the line, the same salesgirl as before swooped in and switched places with the other woman who'd been working the register up to that point.

Damn it.

"Oh, looks like she found something," she said, "do you approve?"

"I think so," I said, overcome by the awkwardness of the situation again, an awkwardness that was completely one-sided, of course.

"I guess the big question is whether *John* approves, too," she said slyly, "she must want him to marry her if she's going all out like this."

She packed the purchases in pink tissue paper and then a large pink paper bag with carrying handles.

I didn't know how to explain that she *was* married already. To me.

So I just nodded.

"But you must know about that," she said, looking down at my ring, "marriage, I mean."

"Oh," I said, "yeah."

"I bet *he's* a lucky guy, too."

I blushed, handing over my credit card as she totaled the purchases. It was over \$400 in total. Chloe had expensive taste in underwear.

"And you're certainly a great friend, paying for all of this. Is it her birthday or something? I need a friend like you!"

"I do what I can."

"Well," she said, handing over the receipt, "tell your friend that I hope things go well with John!"

"Thanks," I mumbled, grabbing the bag and scurrying away as fast as I could.

I found Chloe with tow more bags under her arms.

"I found the perfect dress, and a great pair of shoes," she said, "thanks so much for waiting in line so I could get them."

"Of course," I said.

She handed off the packages to me. What was I, her servant?

"Thanks, honey. Now let's go to the grocery store. I want you to cook us a great meal tonight. John's a manly man, so I'm thinking steaks. Let's go with filet mignon and new potatoes sauteed in butter and garlic. We'll pair it with a nice red wine."

She looked at me.

"Of course, you'll have to leave that to me. I don't guess that you were much of a connoisseur back in your drinking days."

She'd never held my past as an addict against me before. But this remark seemed somehow sarcastic, meant to hurt me. Why was I putting up with this.

"Look, Chloe," I said, "you've always been very understanding about my drinking and drugging in the past. What's with the tone now?"

"I didn't mean it like that, honey," she said, "it's just that... well... being with John, a guy who appreciates alcohol without going overboard, has made me realize how much I've been missing out in

life by being with a guy like you. I mean, he's taught me so much about appreciating wine, just in the past couple of weeks. I can't wait to try to use my knowledge to impress him tonight."

"I still don't appreciate it," I said, standing my ground, "I don't think people who aren't addicts can ever understand what it's like for us."

"I know that, honey," she said, drawing closer to me and looking up into my eyes with concern.

I had the feeling she was manipulating me again, and it was working.

"I just want to impress my boyfriend, honey," she said, resting her hand on my chest, "you want to help me do that, don't you?"

She drew even closer to me, secure in the conviction that I couldn't touch her because of the bags in my hands.

"Don't you?"

Once again, her lips were so close to mine. I bent down slightly, trying to kiss her.

She pulled away abruptly.

"Come on," she said, "we've got a lot more to do."

And so, a few hours later, I found myself behind the stove, wearing an apron as I prepared a gourmet meal for my wife and her boyfriend.

Chloe had let me know in no uncertain terms that they would dine together by candlelight in the dining room while I would stay in the kitchen. I could eat the same thing, of course, but just not with them.

We'd gone to the butcher and found several choice cuts of meat, bought vegetables and potatoes at the best organic market in town, and spent over \$200 on a bottle of Burgundy wine that Chloe decided would pair perfectly with the meal.

All on *my* credit card, of course.

I was sauteeing the shallots in herbed butter when the doorbell rang. I walked into the living room holding my spatula and wearing my apron in time to see the look on Chloe's face as she opened the door and saw John standing there, holding a bouquet of flowers.

"Oh my Gosh, these are so beautiful!" she said, taking them in one hand while she drew him in for an embrace with the other.

"No," he said, "you're beautiful. Those were just expensive."

He looked over her shoulder, winking at me as he put another hand on her ass, pulling her close for a long kiss after she'd released the embrace.

This was torture.

"Hi Ben," he said, once their kiss had been broken, "looks like you're serving us, tonight, huh? Finally found your calling, I guess."

"Hi John," I said.

Chloe turned to me.

"Ben, get back in the kitchen."

"But first open up that wine that Chloe told me about and decant it. It needs time to breath."

I turned on my heel and stormed back into the kitchen.

"Aww," I heard John say in a taunting tone, "it looks like we hurt his feelings."

I stirred the shallots, making sure that they hadn't burned in the meantime. It was true. I was angry at how they were treating me, but also still extremely turned on by the fact that my wife was going to have sex with this dominant alpha male under our own roof.

I wasn't able to reconcile these two conflicting feelings, so I decided that there was nothing to do but go with the flow. Besides, Chloe still hadn't given me that reward that she'd hinted at in the store earlier in the day. I knew it was stupid to think that she had

actually been serious about this, but that didn't stop me from hoping.

I opened the bottle of wine and poured it into a decanter, just as instructed. I caught a whiff of the aroma, catching hints of plums and cherries, intimations of warm, dark delights.

I thought of my old experiences with wine. I drank bottles of the stuff, usually in one sitting. I'd never appreciated it like Chloe and John were about to.

I was wistful for a moment, standing there in the kitchen about to cook steaks for my wife and her boyfriend. I couldn't help but see a connection between my (voluntary) abstinence from alcohol and my (involuntary) abstinence from sex.

I was just going to have to learn to do without Chloe, just like I'd learned to do without booze. That had been hard, it had taken all of my strength, but I'd gotten through it. But doing without Chloe while still *living* with her, still *seeing* her walking around in her bra and panties all the time was an entirely different matter. It was like an alcoholic not just working in a bar, but living in one, too.

A few minutes later, as I was preparing the first (salad) course, I heard John call from the living room.

"Hey, can we get some drinks before dinner?"

"Sure," I said, "right away."

I mixed a whiskey sour and an old fashioned, John's drink. Chloe had passed this information on to me that afternoon.

"He sometimes drinks the same thing as me to be nice," she said, "but I know what he really likes."

When I brought the two drinks in to them on a small serving tray (which I'd found among our dishes without having any recollection of having bought it, or why), the two lovers were sitting almost side-by-side.

Chloe's hand was in his lap, and there was a smile on her face.

John was running his fingers affectionately through her hair and whispering something.

The room was lit by candles, and the light was low. It felt like I was a waiter. A willing pawn in my own cuckolding.

And that was exactly what I was.

I set the drinks in front of each of them on the table.

"Thanks little guy," he said, sneering at me.

I noticed that the ironic "big guy" was now gone from his vocabulary, and what was left was naked contempt.

"Hey," I said, "I don't appreciate being talked to like that in my own home."

He smiled, then slowly took his hands off my wife and stood, towering over me.

His face darkened.

"Listen, you little cuck," he growled, "we both know that you get off on thinking about your wife getting fucked by a superior man. So just accept your place and don't make any trouble, or I'll make sure that you're sleeping on the street tonight. I'm the man of the house now. Do you understand?"

He shoved me a little with a single large palm, causing me to almost fall backwards. It was a reminder of how much of an advantage he had on me in strength. I raised my hand to defend myself, but realized at the last moment how silly this action was.

"Just get back in the kitchen and cook us dinner," he said, laughing, "little man."

Burning with impotent rage, I turned and went back into the kitchen.

I had a choice now. Stand up to John and throw him out of my house, or cook dinner for him and my wife and allow them both to walk all over me.

If I tried to throw John out, one of two things might happen. First of all, he might refuse to leave and beat me up or even possibly throw me out of my own house.

Or, he might actually leave and take Chloe with him, which would mean I'd be all alone.

I thought of the cameras I had planted all over the house, and I thought about the prospect that one of them might catch the two making love. Despite everything that had happened, I wanted to see that again. My mind kept returning to the image of John's huge, perfect cock disappearing into my petite, wet and desperate young wife.

I started to get erect in the kitchen just thinking about it, and realized that I'd made up my mind after all.

I spent several minutes putting the final touches on the salads: Belgian endive, blue cheese and walnuts, dressed with a light vinaigrette and sprinkled with freshly ground pepper. Then I brought the salad plates and asked John and Chloe if they wanted refills on their drinks.

"No thanks," said John, "just don't forget the wine when you serve dinner."

I turned on the flame of the stove and put a mixture of butter and oil into the cast-iron skillet, heating it.

I was going to make John the best steak he'd ever had, and then I was going to watch him fuck my wife, whether or not he actually knew I'd be watching.

I heard a high peel of Chloe's laughter as I prepared to sear the steaks. I knew that she loved funny guys. She used to think that *I* was funny.

Not anymore, I guess.

A few minutes later, I served the steaks with a flourish, clearing the salad plates away.

"Anything else?" I asked a bit more meekly than I'd intended.

"Yeah," said John, "you forgot the wine."

"Yes, of course."

"He's doing a good job," laughed John as I turned to leave, "maybe he's good enough for us to keep around for a while."

As much as these words hurt me, they also gave me a weird sense of hope. I would be included in my wife's life with John. When she was finished with him and came to her senses, I would be there for her and we could pick up the pieces in our marriage. And if she never came to her senses? I would stick around and watch her experience incredible sexual pleasure at his hands, participating in any way that they would allow me to.

The dinner was long and leisurely. John loved the wine, and complimented Chloe on having selected such an excellent bottle. I couldn't hear absolutely everything that they were saying, since I was exiled to the kitchen, where I ate a plate of salad in solitude before starting on the dishes.

What tugged at my heart even more than the occasional peel of Chloe's laughter were the frequent long silences. In those moments, I closed my eyes and saw them kissing, their hands roaming all over each other. It killed me to think about, but it also meant they would be getting closer and closer to the bedroom.

And once they were in the bedroom, I would be ready with my phone, where I could watch them in real time.

Finally, after all the dishes had been cleared away and the carafe of wine had been drained, I heard John call me back into the dining room.

"Thanks," he said, "that was a pretty good steak, and an excellent wine choice. Thanks to Chloe."

"You're welcome," I muttered.

"We've decided that since you've been so good at serving us tonight, that we're going to give you a treat."

"Ok," I said, perking up a little as I remembered Chloe's promise to me earlier in the day.

"You and Chloe are going to go upstairs together and you're going to get her ready for me."

"That's right, honey," said Chloe, "I'm not allowed to let your little guy anywhere near my vagina from now on, but that doesn't mean you can't go down on me."

"Just remember that's as close as you're ever getting again," John said, raising his finger in admonition, "just be glad you're even allowed to do that."

I nodded.

"Alright," he said, "pour me a scotch and then let's go upstairs."

I nodded.

"How do you take it, sir?"

"Sir? You're getting the hang of it," he laughed, "I like that. And I like that you asked. I'll have it neat, with just a couple of drops of water. Distilled of course."

"Of course."

I prepared the drink as I heard the two of them go up the stairs, laughing and flirting. I looked at the bottle of scotch. The GlenDronach 33-year-old. It was one that I'd bought for myself as a present before I stopped drinking. It had been expensive. Too expensive.

Back then, I'd had a couple of drams and then put it back on the shelf, saving it for another special occasion. When I'd gone sober, I'd thrown out all of the booze I had except for this bottle. I'd never been tempted to take a drink from it until now.

I looked down at the golden brown liquid swirling in the glass, and that if there was ever a time during with I would be completely justified in relapsing, it would be now, right before what was about to happen, what I was about to participate in.

I raised the glass to my lips, breathing in the scent as memories came flooding back to me. Not memories of drinking, but memories of my courtship with Chloe.

Seeing her on the college quad for the first time. Going up and making awkward small-talk with her. Getting her number and then staring at it for hours in my apartment, trying to get up the courage to ask her out on a date.

Finally calling her and being so surprised, almost paralyzed by the sweet voice at the end of the line.

Holding hands with her as we walked on campus. Sharing our first kisses, one summer night at the student union. Our first time making love...

"Ben!"

John's call from the top of the stairs snapped me out of my daydream.

"Get up here and do your job."

Stiffened, placing the glass of scotch onto the serving tray where it belonged.

"Yes, sir," I called, walking to the stairs.

I came into the room and found Chloe reclining on the bed, dressed in her pink negligee, the one we'd bought this afternoon. She looked amazing. Her pert young nipples were just barely visible under the sheer fabric. The traces of the curves of her torso and hips caused me to ache with desire.

As I stood staring at my wife, John walked up to me and grabbed the glass of scotch, raising it to his nose and inhaling slowly.

"Wonderful. This is really good stuff."

He took a drink as I continued to gaze at Chloe. She, however, had her eyes glued on John.

"Excellent," he said, "you really had good taste back then, didn't you? I mean, not when we were partying. You just drank Captain Morgan and coke. But this...this is really something."

I couldn't help but be proud of John praising my taste in scotch, even though he was about to fuck my wife.

"Glad you like it," I muttered.

"Now get to work," he said, giving me a slap on the back that was a little too hard to be friendly.

I circled around to the foot of the bed and then climbed onto it, putting my face between Chloe's legs.

"Go ahead and take off her panties," said John, "remember that this is as close as you're going to get to her pussy."

I nodded, reaching up and slowly removing her small pink panties, pulling them down over her shapely legs.

"Bring those to me," said John, sitting back in the armchair near the bed, his glass of scotch in one hand.

I got up and walked over to him, depositing the small pair of panties into his large hand. It felt like an act of humiliating submission, bringing my wife's panties to another man and placing them in his possession.

"Good," he said, "now get back to work."

He gave me a sharp shove towards the bed.

"Get her nice and wet for my big cock."

"Yes, sir."

I fell forward, licking Chloe's cunt tenderly, drinking in her scent, the scent of a place that I would never be able to experience again in any way except this one.

"That's it, honey," said Chloe, "get me ready to take my boyfriend's cock. I can't wait. I know you can't, either. You're the one who wanted this so bad that you picked out a dildo that looks like his cock."

I moaned, teasing her clit with the tip of my tongue.

"Good cuck," said John, "your job from now on is going to be getting Chloe ready and cleaning her up after we're finished making love. But only if you fulfill your other duties around the house. This is a privilege, not a right."

I moaned "yes" into my wife's cunt as I kissed her lips with my own.

"Mmm, honey, I can't wait to feel him stretch me. He's so big that every time feels like the very first time. In the best way possible. It's like he's introducing me to a new world of pleasure every time he slides inside me. Maybe someday you can even watch."

"Not tonight, though," said John forcefully from his place in the arm chair, "I want you all to myself."

"Oh, that's so hot," said Chloe, "of course, John. You own my pussy now."

"That's right," he said.

I started to see the task of cunnilingus as a way to prove to Chloe that I was still capable of pleasing her, that I was worth keeping around even if I couldn't compete with John's amazing cock.

I loved the sounds that Chloe was making now, little moans and squeals of delight. I could feel her opening as I did my work, and I hoped that I would be able to bring her to climax before I'd be ordered to stop.

"Oh Ben," she moaned, "that feels so good."

I started licking her a bit harder now, more rhythmically, trying desperately to push her pleasure further without becoming so insistent that I ruined it. It was always a tricky balance.

"I'm close, Ben," she moaned.

I lapped at her clit quickly, greedily.

"You need to stop, now," she said, gently pulling me away, "I'm ready for John, now. And I don't come for anyone but him, now."

I don't know why, but this last revelation was especially crushing. I wouldn't even be allowed to provide Chloe with an orgasm, just warm her up so that John could finish with his dick what I'd started with my mouth.

But I didn't have a choice. I pulled back and stood. I looked to the side and saw that John had stripped out of his clothes, his impressive cock standing at full attention between his legs, like a club that he could use to beat me into submission.

"Out of the way, cuck," he said, "I'll take it from here."

I stepped back.

"Don't think of trying to watch. Or even listening from the other side of the door. Go downstairs, and take the scotch glass with you. Be ready if either of us needs anything."

I nodded meekly, walking past him as I grabbed the empty glass from the night stand. As I descended the staircase, I heard Chloe moan.

"Yes, John. Oh God. It's so fucking big. I love it."

I raced down the second half of the staircase and pulled out my cellphone and earbuds.

I collapsed onto the couch and opened up the video app. To my surprise, instead of seeing John buried to the hilt in Chloe's pussy, I saw Chloe on her knees on the floor, worshiping John's huge cock with her mouth as he sat on the edge of the bed.

"Good girl, that feels amazing," he said, running his fingers through her hair, "you've gotten really good at this."

"I love doing this for you," she said, coming up for air, "I never really liked giving head before. But with you it's so different."

I watched as my petite wife struggled to take the first third into her throat, gagging a bit as she did.

"Easy, Chloe," he said, "you don't need to choke on it. Just stop if it's too much."

"No," she said, pausing to take another deep breath, "I just want to make you happy. You've been such a great boyfriend to me..."

She bent her head down again, this time managing half of his shaft. He groaned as her beautiful blonde head bobbed up and down on his mighty phallus, paying it the homage that it clearly deserved.

I had my pants around my knees now as I lay on the couch, working my own cock with one hand as I watch how it compared to one on the screen. The one that my petite wife was doing her best to please.

"You're so good to me," moaned John as Chloe came off his shaft for a moment and began to lick his balls, still stroking his shaft with two hands as she did so.

I noted how her petite hands barely fit around his thick shaft.

"I think you've spoiled me," she laughed after kissing and licking his scrotum for about a full minute.

"How do you mean?"

"I think that after being with you, any smaller cock isn't even going to look like a cock to me. I won't be able to take it seriously at all."

"Good thing you're only going to need mine from now on."

"Yeah," she said.

"Get up here."

He pulled her into his lap and reached under her negligee, teasing her nipples as their tongues intertwined. She was playing with his shaft with one hand, stroking it and feeling the head.

"I just love it," she said, smiling at him, "it's so perfect. I need it inside me."

He nodded, helping her to get into position on his lap, straddling him. Then he lifted her, slowly lowering her with his powerful arms a centimeter at a time onto his huge shaft.

Chloe's eyes were closed now, in rapt concentration as he penetrated her. She bit her lip and emitted small yelps as he brought her down on top of him.

When he was finally inside her all the way, Chloe threw her arms around him and kissed him passionately as she began to move up and down on his shaft. He helped her, lifting her up and down his entire length as they both moaned passionately.

"This is so perfect," she murmured, her lips inches from his, "it just feels so right."

He moaned and began to move her more quickly now, up and down on his dick.

"I want you to come inside me," she moaned, "I want to make a baby with you."

"Yes," he moaned.

"Please," she moaned, "give it to me. I want your baby, John."

"I'm going to give you what Ben never could," he moaned, slamming his cock into her now as they both approached the final stage of ecstasy.

"Yes, please. Fill me, John. Give me all of that cum."

She reached back and began to massage his testicles as if she were attempting to coax his fertile load from him.

"Yes," he groaned, "you're so tight and wet. I'm going to fill you..."

In that very moment, Chloe threw her head back in ecstasy, her lips parting slightly as she climaxed at the same time that John seemed to.

"Oh my God," she moaned, a tremor moving through her young body as her lover pumped her full of his seed, "that's amazing."

He held her close as he deposited his masculine essence into her wet, willing tunnel. At the same time, I climaxed as well, dribbling what I was sure was a much less impressive load all over my hand.

The two held each other close for a long time. I knew that I should have stopped watching at this point, should have counted myself lucky for having had the chance to see as much as I had already, but I couldn't tear myself away from the spectacle of my wife and former best friend exchanging soft and tender kisses as the fire of their desire was slowly stoked once more.

He slipped out of her and she collapsed onto her back on the bed.

"I want you again," she sighed, "I need more."

He positioned himself between her legs now, bending down to kiss her. The camera was directly in front of his face now, but I didn't think about this fact at the time. Besides, he was too focused on Chloe.

I couldn't see much of her, but I saw John's muscular back and I could hear the noises that Chloe was making of course.

"Yes, John," she sighed, "I love it when you do that."

I didn't know what "that" was, but I felt myself getting harder again.

"I don't want anyone but you," she sighed, "I want us to be together. Forever."

"I'd love that," he said.

I heard their lips smack together again a few more times, sensuous sounds coming to me through my earbuds.

This was true love.

I was tearing up now, partially out of self-pity, and partially because of the fact that I knew that I was witnessing a couple that was truly happy together. Their love was true and authentic. It went beyond Chloe's lust for John's huge cock.

It was real.

"Yes," he moaned, looking directly into the camera now, as if he were looking into my eyes, "I love it when you suck me. You're so good at it."

I realized that he was on top of her, his balls and shaft resting on my wife's face. This was without a doubt a move that I couldn't have imagined my innocent wife ever allowing before she met John, but now here she was, indulging in it eagerly, willingly pleasuring the cock that had just been inside her with her tongue and lips.

"Fuck, yes. That's amazing," he said, closing his eyes.

All that I saw was a close-up of John's face as he luxuriated in the efforts of my wife's eager young mouth.

As I said before, I should have stopped watching. I would have been better prepared for what was coming, and I might have been able to avoid it in some way. Still, hindsight is 20/20, as they say, and in some ways, what happened next was inevitable and probably would have happened sooner or later. The relationship that we'd set up was completely unsustainable in its current configuration. I *knew* that on some level.

But I just couldn't stop myself from watching. I had to see.

In that moment, as Chloe worked her magic on his shaft with her mouth and tongue, John's eyes opened and, for the first time, he realized what he was seeing built into the wall directly in front of him.

Maybe he noticed how the color of the paint on the drywall patch that I'd been forced to install in order to put in the camera was slightly brighter than the paint on the rest of the wall. Despite the care I'd taken to match the original paint, I couldn't duplicate exactly the way the sun had faded the rest of the room's tint.

Maybe he saw the small black eye looking back at him and realized that it wasn't an insect or a spot in the paint, but rather a camera.

Or maybe he noticed the tiny microphone, also a small black speck, right next to it.

Whatever it was that tipped him off, his reaction was fast and brutal.

I saw him jump up from the bed and run for the hallway. I saw Chloe sit up in bed and call after him, confused at his sudden departure.

I heard him call down the hallway.

"You little fucking pervert!"

Somehow, I didn't realize that he was talking about me, that I'd been discovered, until he was already on the stairs and running down them at high speed.

I stood up from the couch and tried to pull up my pants.

"John," I said, "what are you doing?"

"You know what I'm doing. Look at you. You've been jerking off."

We stood across from each other, me naked from the waist down, him completely nude.

For a moment, the difference in our respective endowments was juxtaposed in a completely striking way.

My penis, shrunk and shrinking further, and his mighty cock, fully erect from the efforts of my wife, jutting out from between his legs like a club.

"It's not what you think, John."

"Fuck you, pervert," he said, "get out."

"What?"

"Get the fuck out of this house."

"No," I protested, "this is *my* house."

"Don't make me do this, Ben. I don't want to kick your ass."

I became dimly aware of the fact that Chloe was watching from the top of the stairs as her lover confronted her husband. Her arm was positioned protectively across her naked breasts and her other hand was covering her sex. She looked radiantly beautiful in her frail vulnerability.

Despite this defensive posture, she had a look of satisfaction on her face.

She didn't just approve of what was happening to me.

She *loved* it.

"John," I said, "please. I'm sorry for watching, but it's the least that the two of you owe me after what you've put me through."

"Get out of here, cuck."

"I can't," I said, "I live here."

That's the last thing I remember before his hand connected with my jaw and knocked me out cold. I was quite lucky, in retrospect, that my head hadn't hit the coffee table.

When I woke up, it felt like I had been asleep for a long time. I felt almost at peace, until the pain in my head came roaring back.

I was on my back on the living room carpet. Slowly, the events of the past few hours began to trickle back into my consciousness. At the same time, I became aware of some noises close to me.

Very close.

I opened my eyes. My vision was blurry for a few moments, but once it came into focus, I saw the source of the sounds.

It was my wife, Chloe. She was moaning in ecstasy as she rode on her lover's cock, just a few feet from me.

"Oh God, John," she moaned, "I got so wet watching you beat him..."

The "him" in question was, without a doubt, me. I felt a surge of blood rush to my cock even though my head still ached terribly.

"I think he's waking up," said John.

I realized that he was looking down at me over Chloe's shoulder as she rode him. I looked up and made brief eye contact with him before looking away, my eyes resting on his phallus, which looked even more massive from my position on the floor. Chloe continued to bounce on his lap, her petite pussy clenching the entire way as she traveled up and down his entire length.

It was an amazing sight, and I couldn't help but reach down and begin to stroke my cock.

"Are you going to punch him again?" moaned Chloe, "that would be so fucking hot. Give that little beta boy what he deserves."

I should have been shocked to hear my formerly sheltered wife saying such humiliating things about her husband, but I was too caught up in the moment to think about it. I was transfixed by the sight of John's gigantic prick disappearing into my wife over and over again.

"I've got a better idea," said John, pulling Chloe down close to him to whisper something in her ear.

"Oh God," she moaned, "that's so filthy. I don't think I can do it."

"Go ahead," urged John, "you told me that he likes it. You're actually doing him a favor if you think about it."

Chloe nodded.

What were they talking about?"

"Benny," she moaned, "stand up and come over here. I want to give you something."

I slowly propped myself up on my elbows, a bit confused. What was going on?

"Come on," she coaxed, the rhythm of their fucking slowing for a moment, "come close. I want to give you a special kiss."

Hope filled my heart for an instant. She was going to kiss me? Why now? My lips hadn't been on hers in what felt like months. I ached for this particular sign of affection, the sign of affection that we'd exchanged in public on our wedding day, so many years ago.

I struggled to my feet and approached Chloe, who gestured for me to bend down towards her where she was straddling John on the couch, astride atop his enormous prick.

"Come here, little Benny."

I leaned down, parting my lips a bit as I neared hers.

"Open up."

I didn't think about what she was asking, I simply opened my mouth.

Just in time for Chloe to spit in it.

"There you go, honey," she groaned, "a special kiss from me to you. We can't kiss on the lips any more, but you can still enjoy my saliva."

She laughed, then started to ride John even harder.

"Good girl," he said, "show your little cuck husband how hard you come on an actual cock."

"Oh John," she moaned, "that was so filthy."

"It turned you on, though, didn't it?"

"Mmm-hmm," she admitted, closing her eyes.

Her saliva sloshed around in my mouth for a moment longer before I swallowed it down. For some reason, I was still incredibly hard. This latest humiliation had only turned me on more.

"Do it again," growled John.

"Ok," she moaned softly.

She opened her eyes again and looked up at me. John was taking the initiative now, raising and lowering her on his cock in short, shallow strokes while she prepared to give me another "kiss."

"Get down here, Benny," she said, "and open your mouth."

Stroking my cock, I closed my eyes and obeyed my wife, almost unable to believe what kind of humiliation I was exposing myself to. It was so wrong, letting myself be debased like this in my own home. It was against everything that I'd been taught to be as a man, yet I couldn't help it. I was on the edge of coming as my wife prepared to deliver yet another wad of spit to my mouth.

"Do it," urged John, "show him the only thing he's good for."

Chloe gathered the spit in her mouth with a slurping sound, then deposited a huge wad of spit into my open mouth.

"Swallow it," she ordered, "this is my special kiss for you, honey. Right out of that story that you loved so much."

Her voice was quivering, it was evident that she was on the edge of orgasm.

"Oh God," she moaned, looking back at John now, "that was so amazing. I feel so filthy for doing that, but it turned me on so much."

"Good girl," he said, "go ahead and come for me now. Come on this big cock."

"Yes," she moaned, "I love it. I love your cock and I love you, John."

She quivered as she climaxed. At the same time, I swallowed her spit, choking it down as I stroked myself furiously.

"Fill me please," she moaned, "fill me up and give me your baby, John."

He groaned, slamming himself upwards and into her for a few more seconds before shooting a powerful load into her pussy. I had moved behind them again, watching as his magnificent cock did its work. His testicles propelled what I imagined to be a voluminous load of potent sperm into my fertile young wife.

In that moment, I groaned, dribbling cum all over my hand.

The look of satisfaction slowly drained from John's face. It was replaced with anger.

"Your little cuck husband just jerked off all over himself," he said to Chloe.

"Oh, I guess you'll have to take care of him again," she said, a spiteful tone entering her voice.

"I guess so," he said, pulling himself out of her and gently lifting her to the floor.

He stood, towering over me.

"Get out."

"But this is *my* house," I protested, reaching for my pants, which were still around my ankles.

He moved forward and grabbed my shirt, lifting me easily and bringing me to the front door as the fabric ripped.

"John, stop!" I cried.

Before I knew what was happening, John had pushed me out onto the front steps.

I struggled to keep my balance, raising my arms to deflect the blow that I knew was coming.

His fist connected with the side of my face and sent me reeling onto my back. My head hit the ground, on the grass instead of the concrete. I heard the sound of something being smashed against the pavement.

Then John growled at me from just inside the house.

"If you come back, we're going to call the cops and tell them everything. There are laws against filming people having sex without their consent. Even if they're in a house you own."

I groaned a response, slowly propping myself up on my elbows as I heard the door slam. In front of me, I saw my cell phone. Its screen was smashed, but it was still functional.

And that is how I was kicked out of my own house.

Chapter 13

The next few weeks were some of the most difficult in my life. I stayed at a hotel for two weeks, but realized that I was going to have to find a more permanent solution.

Chloe wouldn't return any of my texts, or the messages that I sent her through other social media services. At first, the fact that she hadn't simply blocked me outright gave me some kind of weird hope.

But I soon realized that simply being ignored was actually even worse than being blocked.

I was lucky in a way. Sure, I'd lost my home and my wife, but I still had my job.

I found a new place to stay, an apartment not too far from work. People at the office of course noticed that something had changed, and I made the best excuses I could. I told them that Chloe and I were having some problems, but that we were working through them with the help of a counselor and that I was sure that I'd be moving back in soon.

That was a lie, of course, on both counts, but I wasn't quite ready to share my misery with my colleagues.

About a month after having been forcible ejected from my own domicile, I had the first shred of contact from Chloe. I had texted her my new address, in case she wanted to get in touch with me. I'd also asked her for permission to get some of my things — mainly clothes — from our house.

As usual, there was no reply.

But a few days later when I returned from work one evening, I found three large cardboard boxes waiting for me right outside my apartment door. Inside, were all manner of things. My clothes, some of my keepsakes, and some photos.

Photos of the two of us together.

After I'd gotten all of the things inside, I sat on the sofa and stared at one of the photos of Chloe and me.

It showed us on our wedding day. Chloe looked so radiant in her white dress. I remembered that wedding dresses were white to signal innocence. She truly *had* been innocent back then. Not a virgin, of course, but innocent in certain ways.

Innocent of the charms of a well-endowed, alpha male.

That had all changed.

As I sat there, staring at the picture, I had a sudden urge that I hadn't had in almost a decade.

I needed a drink.

Without thinking too hard about what I was doing, I went out the front door and down to the liquor store. I grabbed a fifth of cheap whiskey and a bottle of wine.

An hour later, I was staggering drunk, leaving voicemails on Chloe's phone, begging her in tears to take me back.

The next morning, I had the first hangover I'd experienced in forever, and a tremendous sense of shame. I'd failed myself. I'd relapsed.

The only antidote for me in that moment was to continue drinking. And that's exactly what I did.

Every day, after work, I drank myself to sleep. Sometimes I called Chloe and talked to her voicemail, sometimes I didn't.

Finally, my boss called me into his office one Friday afternoon.

"Ben," he said, "we've all noticed some changes with you recently. You told us that you've been having marital problems. But is there something else going on, too?"

At first I denied it. Then he gently informed me that my performance had been so poor recently that he'd be forced to fire me if I didn't improve significantly over the next month.

I assured him that everything was fine and that I would immediately begin to improve.

He nodded as if he understood, but then told me something that quite possibly saved my job.

"You know," he said, "if what's going on is related to substance abuse, you should be aware of the fact that the company's lawyers consider this a disability, and they'll pay for your rehab. You'll be able to keep your position."

I broke down in tears in his office. Four days later, I was at a rehab clinic in central Minnesota, miles away from my problems, miles away from Chloe and John.

I dedicated myself to that program. I did what the therapists and doctors said. I *wanted* to get better. I *wanted* to get over Chloe.

But every night in my room, I stared at the ceiling and imagined her and John making love. Him taking her in every possible position. Filling her with his seed over and over again.

Her begging him to give her a baby, as she'd done before. The two of them, in our bed, making love.

Though my cravings for alcohol diminished and then completely disappeared at the end of the program, my cravings for Chloe never did.

While I still thought about Chloe a lot, during my time in rehab, another woman slowly became the center of my affections.

Her name was Katelyn, but she went by Kate. She happened to be from the same city where Chloe and I lived. She also happened to be a recovering alcoholic who had relapsed during a particularly bad break-up. Her boyfriend had been cheating on her with her best friend.

Now *that* was a story that I could relate to, and one day after small group, I told her so.

"It just felt so unfair," she said, "here was this woman, younger and prettier than me, who was supposed to be my friend, and suddenly my boyfriend just can't stop talking about her. He's spending all this time with her. Then I found messages from her on his phone. They'd been sexting for months."

"Something similar happened to me," I said, "my wife ran off with my best friend from high school."

This was only partially true, but I didn't have the time or the desire to fill her in on the whole story. What would she think about a man who had actually been aroused by the fact that his wife left him? Who was *still* aroused by that idea?

"That's so awful," she said, her brown eyes flecked with anger, "I hope they're *miserable* together."

"But that's the problem," I told her, as we walked down the hall of the rehab facility side-by-side, "they are actually perfect for each other, and I'm sure that they're going to have an incredible life together. That just makes it hurt so much more. Knowing that I was the obstacle the whole time."

"Yeah," said Kate, gazing off into the distance, "that's right. I bet he doesn't even think about me anymore. Not that he has his little *whore* now."

She glanced at me for a moment, her face filled with guilt.

"Sorry," she said, "I know I shouldn't use words like that. I just feel so many strong feelings when I think about the two of them together."

"Me too," I said, not mentioning that my own strong feelings were probably quite different from hers.

Somehow I doubted that Kate was up at night masturbating to the thought of her boyfriend fucking her best friend. The same couldn't be said for me.

During the next few weeks, I found myself talking to Kate almost every day. We started sitting next to each other during every meal, and spending a lot of our free time together as well.

Amorous relationships between patients were strongly discouraged at the rehab center, and to be honest, I was still so hung up on Chloe that it took me a long time to even realize what was happening between Kate and I.

That is, until the final day of my program came, and it was time to say goodbye. Kate had another week before she'd be able to leave. My own emotions at the prospect of not seeing her for at least that long surprised me.

They must have surprised her, too, because she insisted on seeing me off that morning.

"Can I give you a hug, Ben?" she asked.

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

She pulled me in for a long hug that was warm, comforting, and somehow a bit more than merely "friendly."

"Hey," I said, turning towards the door, where the car was waiting that would take me back to the airport, "when you're done here too, would you like to get together back home?"

Kate grinned.

"I would *love* that," she gushed, "this is my business card. That cell number is still current. Just give me a call. It would be great to hang out with someone like you. I know that you're not going to pressure me to drink."

"Ha, of course not."

She leaned in again and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

All the way to the airport, I could smell her scent on me. I closed my eyes and thought of Kate. She was a little younger than me, brunette, curvy, with brown eyes and full lips.

Was I falling in love again?

Chapter 14

That week without Kate was difficult, but rehab had given me the psychological resources to understand how to keep myself on an even keel. I used the time to clean up my apartment and to be my most productive at work.

Everyone at the office welcomed me back. They even had an impromptu party for me in the break room the day I returned.

I felt like a new man. I didn't even think about Chloe at all. I didn't even think about the fact that I wasn't thinking about Chloe.

When Kate was finally released, I met her at the airport and took her out to a fancy dinner. We talked all night, as if we had been old friends.

In a sense, we were. Rehab is like that. You can make friends fast. Friends for life. It can be like summer camp, but more intense.

Because of the intense environment in which our friendship had been forged, both of us were cautious about jumping into a full-blown romantic relationship.

That's why, after our romantic dinner, I dropped off Kate at her house and didn't even try to be invited in.

We did, however, exchange a long, smoldering kiss on her front doorstep.

"Oh Ben," she whispered, "I want more. I bet we both do. But we shouldn't move too quickly."

"I know," I said, "we've got all the time in the world. There's nothing to worry about."

"Thanks for understanding," she said, "you're the best."

"Goodnight," I said, squeezing her hand.

"Goodnight."

The next few weeks flew by. Despite our pledge not to move too fast, Kate and I saw each other almost every day. When we didn't see each other in person, we talked on the phone. When we couldn't talk on the phone, we texted.

Finally, neither of us could deny it: we were in love, and we both wanted to consummate our relationship.

Friday night after work, two weeks after Kate had been released from rehab, she sent me a text with three words:

I want you.

My heart pounded.

Where? I wrote back.

My place.

I raced out of the office and jumped into my car, speeding as quickly as the rush hour traffic would allow, until I was on the other side of town where Kate lived.

When I finally stood in her doorway, almost an hour later, she opened it dressed in nothing but a sheer black negligee, grinning at me.

"What took you so long, Benny?"

I was so in lust with her in that moment that I didn't even realize that she was using Chloe's old nickname for me.

I wanted her. She wanted me.

It was electric.

Attacking each other with kisses, we were in the bedroom in no time.

"Oh Ben," she moaned, as my fingers found her wetness, "I can't wait to feel you inside me."

Our lips locked again in a long, hungry kiss.

I was hard, aching with desire for her. It would be the first time I'd actually been inside a woman for longer than I could remember.

Somehow, in that moment, I managed not to think about Chloe at all and what had happened with her. If I had, I probably wouldn't have been able to perform.

Instead, though a few minutes later, I was on top of Kate, looking into her eyes as she guided my shaft towards her warm, moist slit.

"Oh Ben," she moaned, "that's so wonderful..."

I pushed myself inside her, unconcerned about my size, unconcerned about anything except the two of us, in that particular moment.

It was wonderful. It would have reminded me of Chloe and I in the early days of our marriage, if I had been thinking of that at all.

Instead, I only had eyes for Kate.

"Ben, yes...", she moaned, as I thrust inside her, "you're so perfect. We fit together so well..."

She yelped and bit her lip as I began to thrust faster, spurred on by my own desire.

"Yes," she panted, "give it to me. However you want, Ben. That's how I need it. Just do what you want with me..."

A moment later, I was climaxing inside her. I was unsure if Kate had experienced an orgasm as well, but she assured me that my performance had been incredible.

I could have cried for joy and a contentment as I fell asleep on her chest on that, our first night together, as she cradled me.

Over the next month, I felt so safe in my relationship with Kate. It wasn't as if we were having the most incredible sex I could imagine, but it all felt somehow healthier than my relationship with Chloe had been.

Finally, I was beginning to see the light at the end of the tunnel. I was beginning to understand what my life could be like after my marriage with Chloe.

I was starting to respect myself more, and I'd found a woman who I hoped would be my new partner.

For a long time — if not for life.

Everything seemed perfect.

Which is why it was so hard when I found a thick envelope from an attorney's office shoved under my front door when I returned home from work one day.

I didn't have to open it to know what was inside.

I didn't contest the divorce. John had enough money that it didn't really matter how much of my money that Chloe got. They kept the house (which only made sense, because I'd already moved out), but I got all of our investments and back accounts. It was a fairly equal trade.

One day, I received a key to a storage locker in the mail. The rest of my things were in there. I just stared at it for a long time. I had everything that I needed at my apartment already. Anything in that locker would just remind me of Chloe and our time together.

There was no reason to open up that part of my life again. It would only disturb the new equilibrium I'd discovered with Kate.

There was one final thing that had to be accomplished, however. Something that I couldn't avoid. Chloe and I had to sign the papers in the presence of our two attorneys.

I would have to see her at least one last time.

Chloe was dressed in a modest but form-fitting white blouse and a black skirt. She wore her hair up in a bun. Her high heels clacked on the floor as she approached the conference table from across the room in my attorney's office.

"Hi, Ben," she said.

Her sweet, almost sympathetic smile caught me off guard.

"Hi, Chloe."

Those were the only words we exchanged during the formal part of the meeting. But after we'd signed the papers and the divorce had been finalized, Chloe surprised me by approaching me in the parking lot and placing her hand on my arm.

"I just wanted to say... I'm sorry for the way that John treated you that night."

"It was my fault," I said, "I shouldn't have installed those cameras. I just wanted to see what you two were doing. The jealousy was eating me up inside."

"I know," she said, "you really shouldn't have. It was a gross violation of privacy. And yet..."

I watched her as a few strands of her blond hair blew in the light breeze.

"And yet I can understand, in a way. I know how much you liked to watch us together. And it was unfair of me to do what I did with John under our own roof."

I nodded.

"I want to make it up to you somehow."

"Chloe," I said, "that's not necessary."

"I want you to be in our lives. Especially now."

I was astonished.

"Why *now*, especially?" I asked.

She looked at me now, glowing.

"I'm pregnant!"

Without thinking about what I was doing, I reached out and embraced her in delight. She was surprised at first, but then returned my embrace.

"Sorry," I said, "I'm just so happy for you."

"It's ok," she said, tears coming to her eyes, "I'm so glad that you're happy! Now that the divorce is finalized, John and I are getting married right away. Next month."

"That's great, Chloe."

"I was wondering...if you'd like to be invited," she said, hesitating for a moment, "don't feel any pressure to say yes if you think it's going to open old wounds. If you do go, I promise that John will be on his best behavior."

"I'll think about it," I said.

"Good," she said, giving me a quick peck on the cheek before turning towards her car.

"If I go," I called after her, "I'll have to bring a date."

She turned around in astonishment, walking back to me.

"What?"

"I said, if I go to the wedding, I'm going to have to bring a date with me," I repeated, "I'm seeing someone now."

"Well, well, well," she said, "are you now? What's her name?"

"Kate," I said, "I met her at rehab."

Chloe seemed genuinely surprised.

"Benny," she said, her voice taking on the affectionate tone I'd known during our marriage, "I don't know how I feel about the idea of you being with another girl. Aren't I enough for you?"

"But we're not married anymore," I said, finding it ironic that I had to remind her of this only minutes after we'd just signed divorce papers.

"Not *now* we're not," she said, "but you started seeing this... Kate...while we were still technically together. In the eyes of the law."

"Yeah, but you and John..."

She put a finger to my lips.

"That was different, honey. I wanted you to be true to me, even if I was cheating on you with your friend. That's how it was in that story I found. Remember?"

My cock sprang to attention. How could it not have? Old feelings started to come flooding back. I tried to fight them, but seeing Chloe standing there right in front of me, looking as beautiful as ever, made it almost impossible.

"You know that you don't need to be with her," she said, "you promised to be faithful to me. Forever. I expect you to abide by that promise."

"Chloe," I said, "it's over now, though. Don't you understand that?"

She leaned in close to me and whispered into my ear.

"Fine. Bring your date to the wedding. We'll see if she can compete with me."

Then she turned and walked away, not looking back until she was almost to her car. Then she turned, blowing a kiss in my direction.

"Goodbye, Ben."

"Goodbye, Chloe."

Chapter 15

That night I went over to Kate's apartment, as usual.

As usual, we headed first to the bedroom to make love. I kissed her passionately, and she rubbed her curvy body against me, causing me to become erect.

"I've been thinking about you all day," she said, "I can't wait to feel you inside me again."

"Me too," I murmured, reaching down and grabbing her bottom, pulling her towards me and grinding my hardness against her crotch.

My other hand was busy undoing her bra strap.

"I'm so glad that's over," she said, referring to the final signing of the divorce, "you must feel so much better now."

"I do," I lied, "but I don't want to talk about that now."

"Of course not," she said, smiling at me, "now let's celebrate."

She lay back on the bed and undid her jeans, pulling them off as I struggled to get out of my own clothes as quickly as possible.

"Come here, Ben," she said, "make love to me."

I jumped onto the bed and kissed her, first on the lips and then down her neck. I enjoyed the gasps that she made.

"I'm going to make you forget all about her. Forget everything that terrible woman did to hurt you," she whispered.

If she was really trying to make me forget, she'd chosen a strange way to do it. But I decided that she meant well, and there was nothing to be gained by drawing her attention to that fact.

I reached down and found her wetness, slipping a finger inside her.

"Oh God," she said, "that feels so wonderful, Ben."

I smiled at her. I loved pleasing women, and I decided now that it was time to introduce her to my favorite way of doing so: with my

mouth.

I slowly kissed my way down her chest, stopping at her nipples to tease each one with my tongue, before I kissed a trail down to her vagina, which was already wet and waiting for me.

"Oh, my, Ben," she said, "are you about to do what I think you're going to do?"

"Mmm-hmm," I said, kissing her clit gently.

Her response was immediate.

"Oh my God," she moaned, "no one's ever done it like *that* before."

I loved being compared to other men in this capacity, and recommitted myself to pleasing her in the best way that I could.

I slipped a finger inside her and began to massage her g-spot as my tongue played against her clit.

"Fuck," she moaned, "this is incredible. It's so good. Don't stop, Ben. Oh Ben. Please don't stop!"

I knew that when a woman said that, it was best to take her seriously. So I didn't stop. I concentrated on doing exactly what I was doing, no faster and no slower, no harder and no lighter. After several minutes of effort, I could tell that Kate was nearing her climax.

"Yes, Ben. Yes! Fuck, I'm coming!!"

Her cries filled the room as she reached a powerful climax. A moment later, she guided my head back up towards her lips, pulling me on the hair.

After we'd shared a long, soulful kiss, she looked me in the eyes.

"No man has ever gone down on me so well before," she said, "that was amazing. I haven't come like that in...maybe years."

"I aim to please," I said.

"I don't know why that silly ex-wife of yours would ever let you go, if you're capable of doing things like *that*," she said, sighing as she cradled me against her bosom.

"She found something better, I guess," I said.

"I don't know what that would be," she said, her hand wandering between my legs and closing around my shaft.

"I do," I said, sighing a bit as she began to stroke my shaft.

"Well, whatever it was," she said, "it couldn't have really been that special."

"She found a guy with a cock about twice the size of mine," I blurted, without pausing to consider the consequences of disclosing this to her.

"Hmm," she said, "well, cock size doesn't really count for that much."

"Sure," I said, "I know that. I guess."

"I mean, it counts for a little," she said, as if remembering something.

"Have you...," I said, starting to fall back into my old pattern of arousal, "ever been with a really big guy?"

She was quiet for a long time, stroking me as if lost in thought. My breathing was getting faster and faster as my arousal grew.

Finally, she spoke.

"Are you sure you want to know that?" she said.

"You saying that tells me everything I need to know," I said.

"You've got me there," she said, "but do you really want to talk about this now? Don't you want to make love?"

"Tell me about him," I panted, "while we make love."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," I said.

"Ok," she said, spreading her legs as I got into position, "that's kind of kinky, but I'll do it if you want me to."

"I do," I said, pushing into her letting her warm walls enfold my hard cock.

It felt amazing.

"Hmm," she said, as I began to thrust, "his name was Oscar. He was an exchange student from Portugal. He wasn't really tall, maybe 5'7"? But it turned out, he was hiding something large..."

"Fuck," I said, thrusting a bit harder, "that's so hot."

"Mm," she said, getting into her role, "I thought so, too. I saw it the first time when we were making out after a party. I'd invited him back to my place, and we both knew what that meant. He put his hand down my pants, and when I tried to return the favor, I couldn't believe what I found there."

"How big was he?" I panted, stroking into her warm, wet pussy as I imagined her exploring Oscar's thick penis.

"He was about...four inches longer than you, maybe, and about twice as thick."

"Oh my God, that's amazing... how was he in bed?"

"Incredible," she moaned, and I began to realize that she was approaching her own orgasm while she related the fantasy to me, "it was hard to get it inside at first, but he filled me so good. Oh my God, Ben."

"Tell me more," I urged, "I'm so close..."

"The first time he fucked me," she squeaked, her voice raising in tone as she returned my thrusts with her own, "I came almost the very second he was inside me."

"Because of his size?"

"Maybe," she yelped, "oh, God, Ben. Yes! Yes!"

I didn't know if the "yes" was a correction to her previous answer, or if she was simply losing control as she approached

climax. In any case, a moment later I was spilling my seed into her warm tunnel as she climaxed beneath me.

Feelings of shame and dread washed over me again. What was going on? Was I trying to sabotage this relationship too with my fixation on size?

"Kate," I said, "I'm really sorry if that was...weird."

"Oh," she said, pulling me in close, "don't worry about that. I've had guys ask me to do weirder things before."

"You really didn't mind?"

She laughed.

"No," she said, "I really didn't mind. As long as you know that your cock is perfect the way it is. You made me come really hard just now, after all. You don't need to be hung like Oscar to impress me. In fact, I hadn't even thought about Oscar for years until you brought up the idea of size."

"Really?"

"Really," she said, "if you think your wife left you because of the size of your dick, I'm afraid you're probably wrong."

I wasn't sure if that made the fact better or worse.

"How was the appointment today?" she asked, after we'd laid there in silence for half a minute or so, "I mean, obviously we don't have to talk about it if you don't want to, but we can."

"Well," I began, "the formal part went really well. I mean, that makes it sound positive or something. It wasn't, of course. But it went as smoothly as could have been expected."

"Good," she said, "you know, I understand that it's a huge process and takes an incredible amount of time and money, but I kind of envy the fact that you had that kind of closure with your relationship. Steven and I weren't even married, so he's out there somewhere, maybe still fucking Meg..."

Meg was the friend her ex-boyfriend, Steve, had left her for.

"I guess you're right," I said, "I never thought of it that way before."

"See? It's good that you have me around," she said, propping herself up on her elbow and giving me a kiss on the cheek.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I may be getting another chance for even more closure soon."

"Oh?"

"She said she was going to invite me to the wedding."

She seemed intrigued.

"Us, of course," I said.

"You told her about me?"

"Yeah," I said.

"It must be serious, then."

She grinned at me and began to massage my balls with one hand.

"If you're taking me to the wedding as your date," she whispered, "you're going to get me to do all kinds of kinky things with you. Anything you want..."

"Kate," I said, smiling, "I don't deserve this..."

"Oh yes you do," she said, "now, what if I told you about the time that I hooked up with Oscar during my European vacation my sophomore year?"

We made love twice more that night. My life seemed to finally be making sense. I seemed to have met a woman who was willing to indulge my fantasies and fetishes, and the insecurities that they sprung from, without actually cheating on me.

Was it too good to be true?

Around a week later, the invitation came in the mail.

It was a small, thick white envelope on fancy paper. I recognized Chloe's handwriting on the front immediately, of course.

Ben.

The way that she wrote her capital Bs with a large girlish flourish sent a pang of longing through me. I would never admit it to Kate, but I was far from over Chloe.

I sat for a long time, turning the envelope over in my hands before opening it. I knew that it probably wasn't a good idea for me to attend the wedding, much less for me to bring Kate along.

It occurred to me that perhaps Chloe had invited me *pro forma*, not because she actually expected me to attend, but because she expected that I *wouldn't*.

But, on the other hand, her invitation after the signing of the divorce papers had seemed somehow genuine, just as genuine as my joy at her pregnancy, as much as it had hurt to know that she'd be carrying John's child and not mine.

I decided to talk it over with Kate.

That night, it was her turn to come to my place. As it turned out, I didn't have to bring it up at all. After we shared some pizza and watched a movie together, she came into the room with the envelope.

"Is this what I think it is?"

"Yeah," I sighed, "it's an invitation to their wedding."

"You don't really want to go, do you?"

"No," I admitted, "not really. I don't know what good it would do."

"Do you remember a few days ago, when we were talking about closure?"

"Sure," I sighed, "but I'm not sure if seeing Chloe tie the knot with John would be closing anything, or just re-opening old wounds."

"I see that perspective," she said, staring at the RSVP slip that had come with the invitation, "but if I'm there with you, won't that put things in more balance? You'll have your past and your future, right there."

I looked at her.

"I don't mean to be presumptuous about me being part of the 'future'," she said, "but I do think there's a benefit. Do you remember what we used to talk about all the time in small group back in rehab? How avoiding difficult things is one of the reasons that people drink?"

"Yeah," I said, "you've got a point."

"I'm not trying to lecture you here," she said, stroking my hair sympathetically, "I'm really not. But hiding from your past isn't going to make it go away. You need to see Chloe get married to John so that you can finally put them both behind you."

I was silent for a few seconds. I understood where she was coming from, but I didn't think that she had any idea about the depth of the feelings that I still harbored for Chloe.

"You're right," I said, "you'll be there with me. That's all that matters."

She gave me a big smile.

"I'm proud of you for doing this," she said, "I really respect how much you're going out of your way to make yourself emotionally vulnerable. It's really going to help with your recovery."

"I think you're right," I said.

That night, we had a long, tender lovemaking session. No one mentioned Chloe or John, or even Oscar. It was just the two of us together. Everything was perfect.

Chapter 16

The big day had finally come. It was only a couple of weeks from the time that we'd received the invitation. I had wondered what the rush was, but Kate immediately understood that it was due to Chloe's pregnancy and impending weight gain.

"If she wants to look good in her pictures, she's going to have to hurry," she said.

I had to admit that she was probably right.

We got to the church at the appointed time. I was in a rented tuxedo, and Kate was in an evening dress that accentuated her curves and bust. She was much more voluptuous than Chloe, even if Chloe's face was arguably more beautiful. I looked at her as we stood in the foyer of the church, waiting to be shown our seats with the other guests.

Once again, I had had amazing luck. I was with a beautiful woman. A woman who I didn't deserve. Could I imagine coming back to this church someday with Kate? For our own wedding?

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a tall man approaching us.

"It's him," I whispered to Kate.

"John?"

"Uh-huh."

"Ben," said John, somewhat seriously, extending his hand, "I'm so glad you could make it. And you must be Kate."

"Nice to meet you," said Kate, extending her hand as well.

"Ben," said John, his tone still serious, "I wanted to apologize for what happened that night."

I waved my hand.

"It's water under the bridge."

"I know," he said, "but I feel bad about it."

"It's ok," I assured him.

I had no desire to talk about any of this in front of Kate. I hadn't given her all of the dirty details of Chloe and I's break-up, and I didn't really want to tell her that I had been watching the happy couple have sex on camera. Or that I had gotten off on having Chloe spit in my mouth.

"I'm glad to hear that," he said, "because I have a favor to ask of you. It's kind of a big one, and it's on short notice."

"Oh?"

"It's not for me, exactly," he said, "more for Chloe."

My heart began to beat.

"What is it?" asked Kate.

"Well," said John, "you know how Chloe's dad, Gene, died several years ago."

"Yeah, of course," I said, "it was a couple years after we were married."

"That's right," said John, "well, she just really misses him. And she's sad that he can't be here on the most special day of her life."

I cringed inside a bit at that description. What about her *first* wedding? Her wedding to *me*?

"Totally understandable," I said, remembering how Gene had walked Chloe down the aisle on that day so many years ago.

"Chloe doesn't have any other male relatives who she's really close to," continued John, "and so..."

Suddenly a lump formed in my throat as I realized what he was about to suggest.

"You want me to...?"

"That's right," he said, "I'm hoping — Chloe's hoping — that you would be willing to walk her down the aisle in a few minutes."

"I don't know about that," I said, my head spinning with this unexpected request, "won't people think it's strange?"

"People will think it's sweet," said Kate, "that you're so over Chloe that you're able to give her away to another man. Without any jealousy."

I wouldn't have put it that way myself. I felt jealousy and all kinds of other emotions start to come seething back in that moment, undoing the months of mourning, rehabilitation, and new beginnings that I had behind me since the night that John threw me out of my own house.

But I found myself nodding "yes" to John, and assuring him that I would do it.

"Good," he said, "you'll have to tell Chloe yourself. She's over there in the dressing room. I can't go in there. Bad luck for me to see the bride before the wedding and all that. Thanks so much."

I nodded, gulping.

"I'll have an usher take you to your seat after you walk her up. You'll sit next to Kate in the reserved section."

"See, Ben?" said Kate, "it'll be fine. It's just a few minutes, and I bet it would mean so much to Chloe."

"Yeah," I said, "you're right."

"Thanks again," said John, clapping me on the shoulder and then turning away, "I'll see you up there!"

I knocked softly on the door that John had directed me to. My heart leaped as I heard Chloe's voice call out from the other side.

"Who is it?"

"It's me," I said.

"Benny?"

The door opened, and there stood Chloe, looking perhaps even more beautiful than on the day of our wedding. She had her hair

done up in a bun with some curls on the side, and her makeup accentuated her beautiful cheekbones and blue eyes. Her white dress accentuated her womanly curves. She still wasn't showing, but I'd heard that was common for first pregnancies.

"Hi, Chloe," I said.

"Come in," she said, "it's so great to see you!"

"It's good to see you, too," I stammered.

"Isn't this exciting?" she said, closing the door behind me, her eyes glowing, "just like on our wedding day."

"Yeah," I said, "except this time, you're not marrying me."

"Oh, Benny," she said, putting her hand on my shoulder, "does that bother you? You know you're still a *very* important person in my life."

"Really?"

I don't know why, but that admission made my heart leap for a moment.

"Of course! Why else would I ask you to be the one to give me away? John told you about that, didn't he? It would mean *so* much to me."

"Yeah," I said, "I just don't know. Isn't it kind of humiliating for me to walk you down the aisle? Like I'm admitting that John is the better man, and I'm just handing you over to him, without a fight?"

"Sure, I can see that," said Chloe, smiling at me, "but I thought that humiliation was what got you off? Besides, if past experience is any guide, you aren't really *able* to put up much of a fight. John is too strong for that."

She giggled, obviously remembering the night that John beat me up and threw me out of the house.

I couldn't help it. My cock immediately began to get hard. Was I falling into my old dynamic with Chloe?

I thought of Kate, who was probably sitting in the church by herself now, completely innocent of the depths of my perverse dynamic with Chloe.

"Look," she said, lifting the hem of her dress up her leg far enough to give me a glimpse of the black lace stockings and garter belt she was wearing underneath, "do you think John will like it? I wish you could have gone shopping with me to pick it out."

"Chloe," I said, "why are you doing this? I have a girlfriend now."

The glimpse that she had given me of her lingerie caused a veritable explosion of emotions inside me. I had a raging erection now, and I shifted uncomfortably in my tight dress trousers.

"Oh yeah," she said, "her. You know, I don't really like the fact that you've forgotten your promise to me. To be only with me forever. And now you're dating that *cow*..."

"Chloe," I said, "that's not nice at all. Kate is a very attractive woman and we're very happy together."

"Well," she said, "I guess beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

"I thought you wanted me to walk you down the aisle. You're going to have to be a little nicer to me if that's going to happen."

I was bluffing, of course, and she probably knew it. In reality, I was so aroused that I would have done almost anything she wanted me to.

"You're right," she said, "I'm sorry."

"It's ok," I said.

She glanced down at my slacks, smiling a bit.

"Looks like your little guy is a little excited," she said.

She turned back towards the mirror and checked her makeup.

"Ok," she said, "all you have to do is take my arm and walk me down the aisle while the opening processional plays. When we get to

the front, you just peel off to the left and take your seat next to Kate. Easy, right?"

"Sure," I said, "sounds pretty straightforward."

"It is," she said, turning back to me and fixing me with one of her incredibly sexy looks.

"Benny," she said, "I really appreciate you doing this for me. And I want to show you how much I appreciate you."

"That's ok, Chloe," I said, "I don't need anything from you."

"No," she said, "I insist on it. Come here."

She beckoned me a bit closer. I bent down towards her.

"Open your mouth, Benny. Do you remember our special kisses? I want you to think of this while you watch me kiss John during the ceremony."

I knew what was coming. My cheeks burned in humiliation, but my cock was leaking so much precum I was afraid that I would stain my pants. I didn't care. I was filled with masochistic lust for Chloe.

I opened my mouth. Chloe smiled, then spat into it twice.

"Maybe if you're lucky, John will let you come over some time and clean up. I'll talk to him about it."

I nodded, closing my mouth slowly and then swallowing her saliva.

"Thank you," I said, without knowing why.

"You're very welcome," she said, "now let's get out there."

She took my arm and I opened the door. We joined the minister at the back of the church. All of the other guests had taken their seats; there was a tense silence everywhere.

Then the organ began to intone the opening processional.

Chloe, leaning on my arm, stood on her tiptoes to whisper in my ear.

"Are you ready to give me away to the better man?"

A shiver ran down my spine. My entire body felt like it was on fire. Even more than watching Chloe bounce on John's cock as she gloated about him beating me, *this* moment seemed to be the culmination of my cuckold existence.

I was about to walk my wife down the aisle and present her to her former lover, my alpha bully and former friend. This was going to be a public act of submission for me, more than anything else.

I took a deep breath as the ushers opened the doors for us, and we began to walk down the aisle.

Ahead of us stood John. He looked great in his tux, his climbing physique evident even in such formal attire. I thought of the spectacle of his enormous cock penetrating Chloe again and again, eliciting ever more intense noises from her as he claimed her.

I thought of the taste of his sperm as I had eaten it from her vagina, so long ago.

Had Chloe been serious? Might I get a chance to do it again?

All of a sudden, I had forgotten my relationship with Kate. I had forgotten all of the progress I had made emotionally since the break from Chloe. I was back in the middle of this strange dynamic, with only my cock to blame.

Finally, we were at the front of the church, and I was standing face to face with John.

"Thanks, big guy," he whispered, winking at me.

I nodded, already feeling tears forming at the corners of my eyes. This was it. My time to hand Chloe off forever.

"Thank you, Benny," whispered Chloe, squeezing my arm one last time before I turned to my left, as instructed, and saw a vacant place next to Kate in a pew in the second row.

I sat down next to her, trying to hold my tears back. She put a hand on my shoulder, leaning in to comfort me.

"It's ok," she said, "I always cry at weddings, too."

I nodded.

As the minister spoke, it was as if I were in a trance. All I could do was stare at Chloe, who, in turn, was staring into John's eyes. I watched as her lips — the lips that I would never kiss again — mouthed the words "I do."

"You may now kiss the bride."

The crowd erupted in applause as John and Chloe locked lips in front of everyone. It was the sound of my own world shattering around me.

At the same time, I was incredibly turned on as I remembered Chloe's words to me just a few minutes before, when she had spat in my mouth.

"I want you to think of this while you watch me kiss John during the ceremony."

Kate pulled me in closer as the happy couple walked back down the aisle to the closing song. There were sounds of jubilation all around us.

"That must have been hard for you to watch," she said, as we walked in procession behind the others, "I'm so glad you got through it. I hope it helps you put all this behind you. You have me now."

"Thanks," I said, "you've been very understanding. More than I deserve."

We arrived back in the foyer, ready to see the bride and groom go off to the reception.

"I mean," I said, "not a lot of women would want to go to the wedding of their boyfriend's ex-wife."

"I know how much she still means to you," said Kate, "as a friend, I mean."

If she only knew.

The reception was at a country club where John was a member. As I walked into the foyer, I saw Rachel, Hank and Becca. At first, it was a little awkward seeing our old friends there, knowing that they might well know all of the intimate details of how Chloe and my marriage had ended. Now, however, I had Kate at my side, and I knew that she would go a long way in helping me feel normal again.

It was true: Kate chatted happily with Becca and Rachel, while Hank and I easily fell into small-talk about our jobs and the weather.

I started to relax, and it was almost like old times again.

Almost.

I sat between Becca and Kate during dinner. I couldn't keep myself from looking at Chloe, examining her dress. I remembered the glimpse of her lingerie that she'd given me in the dressing room before the ceremony. I felt my cock beginning to stir at the thought of her black lace garters.

"They're such a perfect couple," Becca said, sighing, "I hope some day I can meet a man like that."

"Honey," said Rachel, sitting on the other end of the table next to Hank, "men like *that* are one in a million. From what Chloe tells me, he's got the whole package. Pun *completely* intended."

It seemed that I couldn't escape reminders of John's superior cock size even after having lost the love of my life to him. Rachel's joke, and the laughter followed by awkward stares in my direction hurt.

I briefly looked at the glass of champagne placed in front of me for the upcoming toast by a waiter who had no way of knowing that I was a recovering alcoholic. As my cheeks burned in humiliation about the joke Rachel had just made about size of my cock, I took the stem of the glass in my hand and examined the bubbles as they rose to the top.

Kate saw what I was doing, but didn't move to stop me. She hadn't touched her own glass.

I looked at her for a moment, then turned and placed the glass in front of Becca.

"Here," I said, "you drink for both of us."

"For the three of us," said Kate, pushing her own glass towards Becca as well.

"But we have to wait for the toast!" she said.

"Of course."

A few minutes later, the best man called for silence. He took the microphone and talked about John, and how long he had known him and what a great guy he was. It took me a moment to realize that this was Travis, Chloe's co-worker and the man that had gone climbing with them a few times when they'd first started dating.

Travis talked about how he witnessed the sparks of affection grow into a passionate fire during those first few weeks of courtship. I found it odd that he didn't mention the fact that Chloe had been married at the time at all.

It was as if I didn't exist, as if my marriage to Chloe had never even happened.

Rachel and Becca were moved to tears at Travis' words. I looked over, and even Kate was tearing up.

"It's just so sweet," said Becca, "they're perfect for each other."

"I know," Rachel cooed, shedding her cool exterior for the moment.

Becca turned to me, her mascara smeared. She must have realized that this scene wouldn't necessarily have the same effect on me as it did on her, and quickly apologized.

"I'm sorry, Ben," she said, "I just can't get over how happy they seem together."

"It's ok," I sighed, "they *are* happy together. I'm sure of it."

Kate squeezed my leg under the table.

Then it was the groom's turn. He took the microphone and thanked Travis, thanked the rest of the guests, then turned to Chloe, his bride.

He praised everything that I loved about her, too. Her gentle nature that nevertheless concealed a fierce perseverance, her care for the less fortunate that expressed itself in her work with the nonprofit, and, of course, her beauty.

"And I have to say," he continued, "that after all my years, despite what I've accomplished in my career, it all seemed like meaningless wandering before I met you."

He looked into her eyes.

"Chloe," he said, "you're my soulmate."

The entire table around me burst into a chorus of sighs, punctuated with a few sobs. A hush fell over the crowd and Chloe and John shared a long, passionate, soulful kiss.

I felt my heart break in two all over again, but I knew that there had been nothing I could have done at any point to stop what I was seeing in front of my eyes. It was true. The two had been meant for each other. Destined to be together.

I had been merely an obstacle to be overcome for them to reach their happy ending.

I thought about telling Kate that I was ready to leave, but then, the dancing started.

Chloe and John started things off, of course, and that was difficult to watch: her in his arms, looking up at him, staring into his eyes as she had the day that we'd been married, but in a way that I knew must have been more intense than the feelings she'd brought to our wedding.

After this first dance was over, the rest of the guests took the floor. Becca, Kate and I stayed back at the table, watching the merriment and chatting calmly about our respective jobs.

In the meantime, Chloe and John were making the rounds, talking to each table of guests. Finally, they arrived at our table.

"Ben," said John, extending his hand in friendship as he towered over where I sat, "great to see you again. So glad you could make it. And thank you *so much* for walking Chloe down the aisle. I know it meant so much to her."

Chloe nodded.

"This must be Kate!" she said, smiling.

I remembered her disparaging words about Kate earlier. There was no trace at all of that sentiment in her angelic face as she leaned over and took Kate's hand.

"So great to meet you."

"Thanks for the invitation," she said, "So nice to meet you, too."

Chloe bent down and kissed me on the cheek.

"Honey," she said, "so glad you're here, too."

"Honey?" said John, looking at her.

"Whoops," she giggled, "I guess old habits die hard. I don't know what I was thinking. I can't even blame it on the whiskey sours this time because I'm not drinking!"

She turned back to Kate.

"Don't worry. You have *nothing* to worry about."

Then she stood and turned towards John, nuzzling him affectionately with her nose before kissing him again.

"Ben," said John, "I guess Chloe has already told you our good news. The reason why she's not drinking."

"Yes, of course!" I said, "I'm very happy for you both."

"Thanks," he said, "I really appreciate it. We've actually got something we wanted to ask you."

"Ok," I said, "go ahead."

"Well, once the baby comes, we're both going to be very busy, and we might need some help around the house. We were wondering if you'd be able to come by a couple of times a week and help out with some meal prep and light housework."

"Sure," I said, "I'd be glad to."

Kate smiled. As far as she was concerned, I was simply agreeing to do what any good friend would do.

"Great!" said John, clapping me on the shoulder, "we already know that you cook a great steak."

Chloe smiled.

"That's really sweet of you. We'd appreciate it."

"Yeah," said Kate, not understanding the subtext of what was happening, "that's really nice."

"Yes," said John, "we really would appreciate it. And as a token of our gratitude."

He leaned down and whispered so that Becca and Kate couldn't hear.

"We *might* even give you some *other* clean-up duties. And some of Chloe's special kisses. But only if you're a good little cuck. "

I nodded.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

Chloe leaned down and whispered in my other ear.

"You just have to break up with your girlfriend, first. I want you all to myself."

"Let me think about it," I replied.

She pulled back and smiled at me, then said, loud enough for everyone to hear:

"Go ahead and think it over. But don't leave us waiting for too long!"

"I won't," I stammered, taken aback by how forward she was being.

"What was that about?" asked Kate, looking a little concerned after Chloe and John had turned and gone back to the dance floor.

"Nothing," I said, trying to think of a quick lie, "she wanted to know if I could look after their place while they were on their honeymoon. Water plants and stuff like that."

"Oh," said Kate.

Clearly, she wasn't buying it. Not completely.

"Do you want to dance?"

I nodded. Maybe being with the woman who I knew was right for me *intellectually* would help me detach from the woman who was right for me *sexually*.

But once we were on the dance floor things didn't get better.

As Kate and I held each other close during a slow song, I kept catching Chloe's eye. She was watching me as she clung tight to John.

At least, that was the impression that I got.

Then, as that particular slow song ended, I watched as she slowly detached herself from John.

"I'm going to get another coke," said Kate, eyeing me a bit warily, "do you want to come with me?"

"No," I said, a bit too quickly, perhaps, "I'll stay here."

"Alright," she said, before turning away.

As soon as the coast was clear, so to speak, Chloe came up to me and looked me in the eyes.

"Can I have this dance?"

"Chloe...", I said, almost trembling with desire, "I don't think that's a good idea..."

Instead of answering, she simply grabbed my hands and placed them around her waist, while she put her own arms around my neck, gazing up into my eyes and moving with the music. It was like our first dance at our own wedding.

"Benny," she said, "don't you want to come with me and John? I didn't tell you this, but we were actually hoping that you could come on our honeymoon with us. We booked another room."

"What?" I said, beside myself with emotion, "Chloe, this must be a joke. If it is, it isn't funny. I don't know why you think you can toy with me like this."

"I think we both know why I can toy with you like this," she whispered, her hot breath tickling my earlobe.

I held her close, hot tears falling down my cheeks. I knew the choice that she was putting in front of me, and it was tearing me apart inside.

On the one hand, there was Kate: the woman who loved me and accepted me for who I was. The woman who might even indulge my fantasies about losing her to a larger man while staying faithful to me.

I *knew* that Kate would be better for me in the long term. Not only because she wasn't now officially married to my best friend (though of course that helped), but also because she understood me on a level that practically no one else did.

Chloe, however, understood me on an even deeper level than that.

A sexual level.

My sex life with Kate could be good. It could even be satisfying. But it could never deliver on the masochistic thrill that accompanied Chloe's spit in my mouth, her degrading words as she rode John's cock as I lay beaten on the floor.

That experience had been traumatic, sure. But it had also been arousing beyond my wildest dreams. Even now, my cock was hard,

pressing up against the zipper in my dress trousers.

I pulled Chloe close, letting my tears spill from my cheeks onto hers.

"There's nothing to cry about," she said, giggling a little, "either you want to come on our honeymoon and be with me forever, or you want to break your vows and be with Kate."

Just then, the song ended.

"I think I know who you'll choose, Benny," she said, slowly pulling away from me as she faded back into the crowd.

She blew me a kiss, leaving me alone with my tears as the next song started. I was grateful for the fact that Kate was still gone, for the time being.

I sobbed for a brief moment into the sleeve of my rented tuxedo.

Then I wiped my eyes and looked into the future bravely.

I knew the truth now. I knew what I would have to do. When the reception was over, I was going to have to have a talk with Kate. As painful as it was, my eyes were open now.

I was tied to Chloe forever. Destined to be hers, no matter what she wanted of me.

Kate would be hurt, but she would get over it. It was better to break it to her this way, now, and not prolong things any more than necessary.

I would go along with Chloe and John on their honeymoon. I would do whatever they asked of me.

This, I realized, was *my* happy ending.

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me [here](#).

— XX

Cynthia

Follow me on [amazon here](#).

Follow me on twitter [here](#).

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

[HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA](#)

When Alan's beautiful, voluptuous wife Jessica takes a new job with a law firm in the city she grew up in, a mysterious man from her past suddenly reenters her life.

Mark Howard isn't just the same man who wooed Jessica when she was young and innocent, he's also her new boss. Not only that, he's the consummate alpha: a ruggedly handsome, successful attorney and war veteran. The perfect dominant masculine counterpart to Jessica's fragile femininity.

Alan, who harbors a secret hotwife fetish, presses his wife for information about her past connection to Mark. Jessica is reluctant to reveal the depth of her emotional attachment to her ex, but gradually some of the naughty details of their encounters begin to trickle out.

Specifically, one particular outsized detail that makes Mark an extremely memorable lover. Soon, all Alan can think about is the possibility of Jessica rekindling her romance with Mark, but this time with him watching as they go all the way...

As Jessica grows more intimate with her new boss (and old flame), Alan helps overcome every obstacle in the way of making their shared hotwife fantasy a reality.

But will Alan be able to handle the sight of another man turning his young, fertile wife into a size queen, and him into a cuckold? Will the three characters be able to balance their individual passions, or will Alan be simply swept aside and replaced by the better man forever?

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA is a 50,000-word, explicit, raw and emotionally poignant wife-sharing cuckold novel. It is a stand-alone installment in the HER FIRST BULL series by Cynthia Sizemore.

[HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA](#)

After his seemingly innocent wife Rebecca relates an uncharacteristically hot hook-up story from her college days, Louis can't stop thinking about watching her with a well-endowed lover.

Rebecca is reluctant to entertain her husband's desires at first, but when her old flame Chris comes into the picture, she suddenly becomes much more open to exploring a cuckold relationship. It doesn't hurt that Chris is tall, handsome, dominant, and, most of all, incredibly hung. Before she knows it, Rebecca is a confirmed size queen.

After several hot encounters between Chris and Rebecca, the couple's marriage is put to the test. Louis finds himself torn between the pleasure he gets from watching his wife and her lover and the incredible jealousy he feels as the two slowly grow more and more emotionally intimate. To make matters worse, Chris and Louis strike up a friendship of their own. How can Lou resent Chris for taking his wife when he can see for himself what a nice guy Chris is?

HER FIRST BULL: Book 1 – Rebecca is an explicit, raw, and emotionally poignant 22,000-word novella. It is an exploration of the pleasures and pitfalls of cuckolding, the merits of large men and the emotional minefield that awaits couples who venture into unknown territory.

It is also a love story. A tale of two people who find their soulmates in the last place they expect...

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

[HANNAH'S BBC THERAPY](#)

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

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

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

BECCA GETS BLACKED

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

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

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

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

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

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

Table of Contents

[HER SECRET BOYFRIEND](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Other books by Cynthia Sizemore
amazon here.](#)

