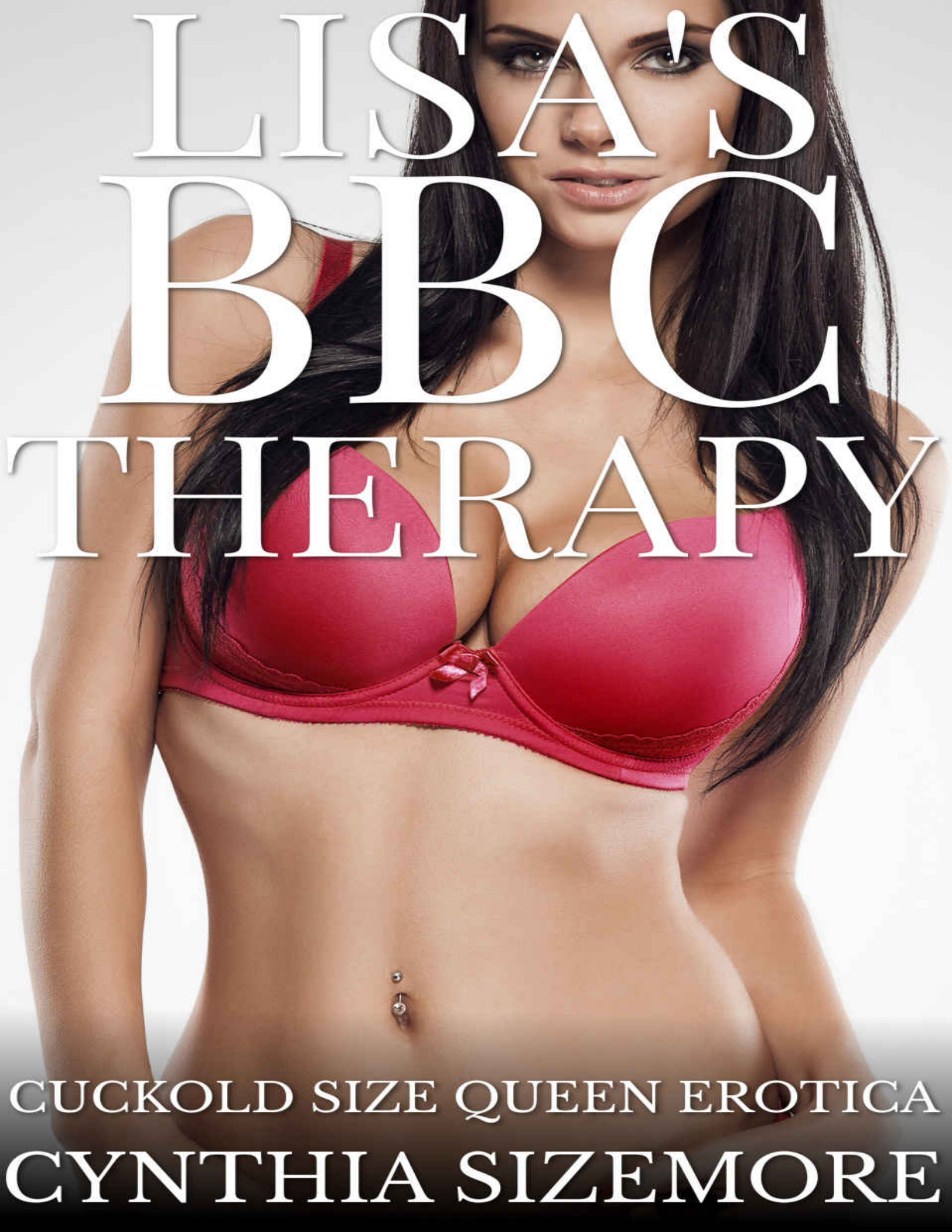

LISA'S
BBC
THERAPY
CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

LISA'S BBC THERAPY

By Cynthia Sizemore

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LISA'S BBC THERAPY

Introduction

I can pinpoint the exact moment that things changed between Lisa and me forever. It was a Sunday afternoon in late September. She'd come back from her yoga class, absolutely glowing. There was a spring in her step that I hadn't seen in a long time.

She bounced up to me, her blond ponytail bobbing up and down behind her. Her yoga pants hugged her butt so well that I couldn't help but reach down and cup her buttocks with both hands while I bent down to kiss her hello.

"Hey, rabbit," I said, using her nickname that we'd been using since we started dating several years ago, "how was yoga?"

"It was *fabulous*," she said, "and pretty amusing. Linda was teaching the class again. You know that she's always so great. Such a calming presence."

"So what's so funny about that?"

"Oh, well, it wasn't Linda who was funny, it was Karen. We were chatting about how zen Linda is all the time, and she said, 'you know what they say: the least–stressed women are always married to the guys with the biggest dicks.'"

She giggled.

"Can you believe it? As if having a husband with a big dick has anything to do with not being stressed!"

I laughed, a little nervously.

"Oh, don't worry, honey. I'm *perfectly* chill, and you're the *perfect* size."

She kissed me on the cheek.

"So is Linda married?"

"Yeah! She's married to that guy Marcus, the marriage counselor. She's actually a therapist as well when she's not teaching

yoga. I guess they practice together sometimes. That's kind of cool. Can you imagine working with me?"

"I'd get too distracted," I said, grabbing her and pulling her in for a kiss, "I'd be staring at that ass of yours all day."

"Ha, ha. As if my ass is something to write home about."

"For me it is."

"You're my husband."

"So? Who *else* are you trying to impress?"

"No one. Very funny."

"Ok," I said releasing her, "in all seriousness, though, I'm glad that these courses are helping you. You seem to be much less anxious these days."

"Yeah," she said, "I mean, I haven't had a panic attack in months. It's not like I'm totally cured, though."

"I understand that, honey."

"Actually, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. Hannah was telling me that Linda and Marcus run these great anti–anxiety sessions out of their home. They're having an information session next Saturday, and I think I'd like to go."

"Yeah, of course. That sounds great, honey," I said, barely listening.

If I'd known then what I know now, I would have pricked up my ears and read between the lines a bit. But, of course, I had no idea at that point exactly what the kind of therapy on offer would actually entail.

Chapter 1

After that first conversation, Lisa started going to Linda and Marcus's sessions on a regular basis. It seemed to make a real difference. But I still wasn't sure what to make of it all. On the one hand, she came home much relaxed after every session. On the other hand, he behavior changed in other ways. Some of them were subtle, others not so much so.

First of all, she started doing little nice things for me. Like she did the dishes in the morning when it was actually my turn. She was singing to herself a lot more. She used to be this way before the accident. The event that caused her so much pathological anxiety.

PTSD. Post–traumatic stress disorder. That was the name for what Lisa had. I had never realized that a simple car accident could cause so much upheaval in a person's life. But then again, there was nothing "simple" about this accident. It was an accident that left Lisa unscathed but completely paralyzed her sister. The worst part about it was that Lisa was driving.

It wouldn't have mattered, at all, however, which one of the two had been driving, because they were hit by a drunk driver head–on who was going the wrong way on a one–way street in broad daylight. Neither one of them, neither Lisa nor her sister Betsy, could remember the accident itself. The only trace that the event left was on Betsy's body and Lisa's psyche. The ironic thing was that Betsy — who was paralyzed — was much more mentally healthy than Lisa, who was basically unhurt except for a mild concussion.

Lisa always claimed that she was unable to live in the present. To really be centered in the **now**, and not to dwell on that terrible blind spot in the past, that accident that she could not even remember that changed her sister forever.

Hearing her sing to herself around the house, seeing these little changes in her, made me profoundly happy. I loved my wife incredibly and I hated to see her suffer. And even if some of the

comments that she let slip, and some of the changes to her behavior should have clued me in to what might have been going on, I simply suppressed those intuitions for the sake of trying to understand my wife's needs and respect her struggle for mental health.

So the little things that she started doing for me only added to my feelings of happiness for her. And they would have contributed to an overall sense of satisfaction in our relationship as well, had they not been accompanied by certain other changes that were less pleasing overall.

She began to show less and less interest in sex. Actually, that's not entirely true: she would still *accept* pleasure from me, but would subtly refuse to reciprocate. For example, during foreplay, I would usually go down on her and give her an orgasm before penetrative sex, because she had trouble climaxing from penetration alone. More and more often, however, Lisa would find a reason to cut our encounter short after her own orgasm. A couple of times, she simply rolled over and went to sleep; other times she made some kind of excuse about forgetting something in the kitchen or being suddenly worried about something at work, and she would get out of bed and spend so much time away from the bedroom that by the time she got back the mood had been entirely killed.

I tried to talk to her about this, but I was very wary of being too pushy. I didn't want to trigger her anxiety or other PTSD symptoms by getting defensive, but it was starting to hurt my feelings a little. I tried joking about it once after she left me with an aching hard–on so she could go take out the trash, saying "hey, what about this guy?" and pointing to my erection, but she simply responded with a quick reply: "why don't you take care of your little guy yourself? I have some chores to do. Thanks, honey!"

"Little guy."

I wasn't sensitive about my size (or at least, I didn't think I had any reason to be), but no man wants a woman, least of all his wife, to refer to his penis as "little." Even if it's a term of endearment.

I didn't know what it all meant, but I didn't have any reason to believe these changes in behavior were anything but coincidental. The connection to her therapy sessions didn't occur to me at all.

That is, until one day.

"Honey," she said, "I started to have this awful panic attack at work today, but I was able to stop it quickly using techniques that Marcus — I mean, Dr. Fielding — taught me!"

Her eyes were bright.

"That's wonderful!" I replied, "you mean you started to have an attack but you were able to actually *stop* it?"

"Yes! Exactly! It was like a miracle."

"How did you do it?"

"It's hard to describe," she said, "it has to do with this type of meditation that he teaches. I close my eyes and breathe in deeply through my nose for ten deep breaths. I count each breath silently in my mind while I relax my throat and jaw."

I was a little puzzled by this description.

"I get the breathing," I said, "but why the throat and jaw?"

"Dr. Fielding says it's all connected. When we're at his office he uses other...aids to help me maintain perfect form."

"What kind of aids, exactly?"

"For now, some medical devices that help me maintain the proper ambiture, but soon he's going to introduce me to some other hands–on techniques."

"Like *his* hands on *you*?" I asked, my tone a bit jokey, "I'm not sure how I feel about that."

"As a matter of fact, yes. But Marcus is a consummate professional, and his wife, Linda is always there watching. So even if he's touching me, it's for entirely therapeutic purposes."

I looked at her for a long time.

“What?” she asked, “don’t you want me to get better? Aren’t you impressed with the progress that I’ve made?”

I didn’t know what to say. I opened my mouth to speak, but she cut me off.

“Honey,” she said, “I’ve spent months seeing shrink after shrink. None of the other therapists have come close to giving me the tools that Marcus has already given me. It’s like he’s penetrated inside me and unlocked the secrets to my psyche. Seeing him has been totally transformative. I don’t want to go back to a time when I didn’t know him.”

“I’m just a little worried,” I said, “about the kinds of ‘tools’ he’s ‘penetrating’ you with. Isn’t this the guy who’s supposed to have a huge cock?”

“Yeah,” she said, “what does that have to do with it if the therapy is working?”

“So, does he or doesn’t he?”

“Does he or doesn’t he what?”

“Have a huge cock?”

She looked at me for a long time, but didn’t answer the question. Then, suddenly, she spun on her heel, exasperated, and ran for the bathroom.

“If you’re just going to make crude jokes, this conversation is over. I’m making progress, and for the first time in my life, I’m feeling satisfied. Why can’t you accept that?”

The door slammed behind her, and I was left standing in the kitchen wondering what to make of what had just happened.

I tried not to let my judgment be clouded by her defensiveness. She hadn’t answered my question, and that was highly significant.

From that moment on, I decided I was going to figure out exactly what was going on in those therapy sessions.

Chapter 2

I started by paying close attention to what Lisa was wearing when she left the house. I noticed she almost always wore her yoga pants accompanied by a loose–fitting shirt and a normal bra on underneath it (as opposed to the sports bra she often wore when she actually did yoga).

This was nothing out of the ordinary. She looked a lot like one of the many undergraduate women we saw on the nearby campus every day, except that at the age of 29, she wasn't a college girl anymore.

What was really strange, however, was the fact that she'd always come back from her therapy appointments wearing normal office attire. Her hair wasn't wet, but I had the distinct impression that she'd showered afterwards. In any case, it was indisputable that she'd changed clothes, and that wasn't normal for a therapy session. Or at least not a therapy session like *I* knew them.

Finally — it was a Thursday afternoon — I decided, rather rashly, to follow her to the Fieldings' place. I felt a bit guilty about it, because the therapy was so clearly helping her symptoms, and I knew that if she detected this breach of trust on my part, it would only trigger her again.

I didn't want to be responsible for that, so I decided under no circumstances to let her know that I was following her.

It wasn't hard to find the Fieldings' private address online, so, one day about 15 minutes after she set out for her appointment, I got in my car and drove out to their house.

It was up in the hills overlooking the city, a quite secluded, yet beautiful place. I knew that driving up their driveway would probably cause me to be detected, so I was on the lookout for someplace near their house to pull off the road so I could stash my car and walk.

According to the internet, there was a scenic lookout point about a quarter mile down the road from their house. I could stash the car there and walk on foot up through the woods, hoping that no dogs or security systems would alert them to my presence.

The first part of the plan went perfectly. I found the parking lot and jumped out of the car, already a bundle of nerves. But I paused, did some stretches, and took a deep breath before walking briskly along the side of the road up to the house. It was a warm day in early October, and we were in California, so I had no need for a jacket as I hiked up the hill towards the house. It was absolutely perfect weather — around 70 degrees — and I hoped that this meant that a window or two would be open.

I didn't really know what I would be able to do or see. I didn't have a plan.

I came up the driveway, and there, suddenly was the house: a large, structure of light wood and glass, a sort of mixture between high modernist architecture and a miner's cabin, but on a grand scale. This place must have been worth millions, especially given its location.

Pretty impressive place for a yoga teacher and a therapist, I thought, feeling suddenly very exposed as I circled around to the back of the property, hugging the tree line and keeping all of my senses on high alert for any sign of something amiss.

I came to the back of the property and saw a large wooden deck on the lower level, which was, interestingly enough, connected to another deck that connected to the upper level of the house. I could just see a glimpse of the windows on the upper level, which seemed to be cracked ever so slightly.

Bingo.

I took a deep breath, saying a silent prayer that no one was watching me from one of the windows of the house as I walked up onto the back deck and began to gingerly ascend the staircase, one creaky step at a time. From here on out, I had absolutely no

business being there, and there was absolutely no plausible excuse that would explain my presence. I was a trespasser, plain and simple, and if my wife had seen me, it might also mean the end of my marriage, due to the trust issues it would cause.

Finally, however, I was there, near the open window, and I was happy to see a large piece of lawn furniture (an Adirondack chair) that I crouched behind.

As soon as I had settled into place and my breathing had returned to normal, I was startled to hear a man's deep voice.

"That's it, Lisa. Just relax," he said, "breathe through it. The jaw is a source of tension that affects your entire body. Relax it and drop it as low as you can go. She's doing great, isn't she, Linda?"

"You're doing great," came a woman's voice.

Lisa didn't say anything at all, which made me more than a little suspicious. Surely they couldn't be doing what I *thought* they were doing?

"That was great," said Marcus, "now let Linda have a turn again. Watch how she does it. Watch how her entire jaw relaxes and her throat opens. She's completely relaxed. Completely centered. Count with me while she takes it: one...two...three..."

I heard the unmistakable sound of slurping now. Were they actually...?

I dropped to my stomach and crawled across the deck to the window. I was going to find out what was going on inside.

Chapter 3

Slowly, carefully, I propped myself up on my elbows and peered inside.

What I saw was nothing less than the fulfillment of both my deepest fears and my greatest fantasies, all at once.

There, in a large, open room filled with windows, my wife knelt next to Linda, in front of a man who must have been Marcus. Marcus's huge frame towered over both of the women, who looked absolutely tiny in comparison to his muscular body.

Now I could see what they were doing. As I suspected, Linda was deepthroating Marcus's incredibly large cock. He was standing there patiently as his wife looked up at him in devotion, her mouth stretched to the limit as ten inches of thick cock disappeared down her throat.

"See how she's totally centered? Totally in the moment?"

Lisa nodded.

"That's how you need to be. You can hold her hand this time if it helps. You can hold both of our hands. Ok?"

"Ok," said my wife, her gaze directed upward at Marcus, "I'm ready to go again."

"Very good," said Marcus, as he slowly slid his dick back out of his wife's mouth, with a light "pop."

"Come here, honey," he said, taking Lisa's head gently between his hands and guiding her to his wet shaft, "open up and relax. Breath. That's it."

Lisa reached out and took Linda's hand as Marcus began to push his cock an inch at a time into my wife's tight throat.

I was breathing heavily now, my own cock tenting my pants as I watched this absolutely obscene sight play out in front of my eyes. I

couldn’t believe it. What the hell was going on? Was this really *therapy*?

Clearly not.

Clearly it was something else.

And yet…

And yet I also remembered how happy Lisa had been the past few days. How perfectly centered.

That was the moment when I realized that I wasn’t going to tell her. No, I wasn’t going to tell her that I knew. Not only because I didn’t want to upset.

But also because I realized in that moment, watching her take her therapist’s gigantic black cock down her throat, that watching her like this was an incredible turn–on for me.

“You’re doing so well. You’ve come such a long way,” said Marcus, cradling her chin in one hand while he held her other hand with his free one.

“You’re doing great, honey,” said Linda, still holding my wife’s other hand as Marcus began to fuck her face with his full length.

“Just breath. Like that. In and out. We’re here. In the moment. Nowhere else.”

Marcus’s voice was very soothing. I could see why he was popular as a therapist.

“Oh wow,” he said, after a few more minutes, “you’re doing an excellent job. I think that it’s time to complete the session. Are you ready for that, Lisa?”

All she could do was moan eagerly.

“I thought so. Good. Let’s finish, then.”

I watched in awe as Marcus slowly pulled his cock from my wife’s throat and Linda took hold of the shaft, stroking it eagerly as it pointed at Lisa’s face.

“Let’s say our chant...”

“Please give us your masculine essence, master. Please bathe us in your sperm, your potent seed,” the two women chanted, looking up at Marcus as if in a kind of trance, “your precious seed which renews the world. We ask to taste it.”

“Oh fuck,” groaned Marcus, “she’s so good at that.”

I was too turned on to wonder if this wasn’t less a therapy session than a strange sex cult, but later on the thought did cross my mind. In any case, in that moment, I watched as Marcus ejaculated an enormous amount of sperm first onto Lisa’s tongue, and then on his wife’s, leaving a trail of sticky white goo between them.

“You have received my seed,” he said, “and may swallow it.”

They both swallowed, then looked up at him admiringly.

“Thank you, Master,” they said in unison.

“You may clean each other now,” he said, waving his hand.

Instantly the two women fell upon each other, each kissing and lapping at the other’s face, sucking in the semen that he’d deposited there as if it were some kind of elixir of life. And perhaps it was. What was it they’d said? Something about his seed renewing the world?

I didn’t think I’d be able to help myself. My cock was out now and I was masturbating furiously, looking down at my penis which looked so small compared to the gigantic one wielded by Marcus. I didn’t have anything along to clean myself off with, so I simply held out my other hand as I shot my load, hoping to capture it all.

As I coated my own hand with my warm spunk, the clarity of my situation slowly seeped into my consciousness. I was lying on my side on a stranger’s deck, my hand filled with my own cum, while I watched my wife participate in some kind of therapeutic sex ritual. I needed to get out of there, fast. But I also knew that I’d be back. I needed to see how far things were going to go with Marcus.

In that moment, I even admitted something to myself: I wanted to see my wife take Marcus's cock.

Chapter 4

I decided the best approach to leaving was to do it as fast as I could. I fastened my pants with my free hand, then waited until everyone's attention was directed away from the window before executing a roll and then pivoting to my feet for the flight down the staircase, holding my own semen cupped in my hand so as to not leave any evidence behind. When I finally got to the bottom, I plunged immediately into the woods and found some leaves to clean off my hand. There was a dry creek bed that ran down to the main road, and soon I was back at the scenic lookout where I'd parked my car.

My heart pounded as I drove home, but I saw no trace of Lisa's car when I checked the rear view mirror. There was no real reason to believe that she'd be driving back that soon. It was clear after what they'd already done, she'd probably be taking a shower at the very least.

She wasn't there when I got home. Good.

It took a long time for me to get my emotions in check. I actually jerked off twice more, thinking about my wife there on her knees, taking her therapist's cock all the way down her throat, before I climbed into the shower. I felt totally relaxed and totally on edge at the same time. A strange mixture of feelings.

I knew that what Lisa had done was to break our marital vows irrevocably. There would be no coming back from this. Trust could never be re–established.

But at the same time, what I had seen excited me to an extent I'd never thought possible, even if it was a bit puzzling. What I'd seen had had a ritual–like component. Almost cultish. Lisa didn't seem to me to be the type to get involved in something like that. But then again, after the accident all bets were off. She'd changed so much that I no longer knew if I could really predict *what* might appeal to her or not.

It was clear that taking Marcus's cock down her throat had appealed to her. The eagerness with which she'd licked his cum from Linda's face and cheeks testified to that.

I wondered if she'd actually fucked him yet, or if that was even a possible part of the therapy. It certainly seemed like it was. But who could tell with something as weird as this?

I resolved to follow her to her next appointment, which ended up being sooner than I thought.

"Dr. Fielding is really happy with my progress," Lisa announced that evening, "and he says he's ready to take my therapy to the next level. So I'm going to a session at his place tomorrow already. Linda's going to be there too, of course."

"Mmm–hmm," I replied, trying to be nonchalant even though my heart was pounding in anticipation, "what time are you going?"

"It's going to be later this time, which is why I'm mentioning it. We'll start around 7, and I might not actually be home until 11 or so."

"Wow, that *is* late," I remarked, "it's amazing that the insurance is covering all of this."

"Yeah, I know," she said, "I'm really glad we changed our plan this year."

There was a short, somewhat awkward silence.

"Well," she said, "this is a really important step in my therapy. Thanks for supporting me so much through this process. Marcus is really a miracle worker. You have no idea."

I actually did have some idea. But I felt myself getting hard already thinking of what, exactly, this latest stage would entail. I couldn't help but imagine how amazing my beautiful, curvy wife would look being penetrated by that thick black monster that Marcus had between his legs.

"I can't wait to be completely cured," she said, smiling, "because there's something else I want to tell you, too."

"Oh?"

"You know how you're always talking about wanting a family?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I went off birth control last month. I think I'm finally ready. After all the work I've done with Marcus."

"That's great!" I said, my face lighting up.

It was true. I *did* want a family. But I wasn't sure what to think about the exact circumstances under which this decision was being made. After all, she hadn't shown interest in sex in forever, and certainly not interest in being penetrated by *me*. I couldn't help but think that maybe this was part of a fantasy about being knocked up by Marcus.

Surely she wouldn't actually do it though, right? Have sex with him totally unprotected if she was talking so eagerly about starting a family with *me*?

***

I spent the entire next day in a state of aroused anticipation and nervousness. I decided that I would leave the house just after Lisa did, but would take a different route to the house. I'd park at the scenic overlook as I did before. Since it would be nighttime this time, I'd wear dark clothing as a precaution, but not so much as to arouse suspicion if the police stopped me (so no ski mask or camouflage makeup).

I was sitting in the living room, trying not to convey my state of agitation, when Lisa came down the steps. She was absolutely glowing. She wasn't dressed in the normal yoga attire that she had worn to the other sessions, but wore a short black cocktail dress with a leather choker that almost looked like a collar of sorts. In fact, it even had a small steel ring in the middle.

A pair of matching pumps rounded out the outfit. She looked more like a woman going on a date than a woman about to meet her therapist. She sensed that I found her outfit a little strange.

“Marcus and Linda told me to dress up tonight,” she said with a shy smile, “I hope this is ok. I want to look good for them. This is an important part of my therapy.”

I nodded.

“You look wonderful, rabbit,” I said, reaching out for her hand.

I pulled in her for a kiss, but she dodged, and I planted it on her cheek instead of her mouth. She laughed nervously.

“I don’t want to mess up my lipstick,” she explained quickly, clearly not convinced by her own lie.

“It’s ok,” I said, “have a good evening! I really hope that this helps you.”

“Me too.”

I waited a few minutes after I saw her taillights in the driveway, then I jumped into my own car and drove along the route that I’d planned out. I hit some traffic, but I managed to make it to the parking area just a few minutes later than planned.

With the help of the GPS on my phone, I was able to find the path up to the Fieldings’ place. A few moments later, I was on the back deck steps.

Chapter 5

To my relief, there were no motion–activated floodlights or anything else of that nature. I was able to creep up the stairs to the top floor, where I could see warm light emanating from the large room where they'd been before. I approached the large windows, unconcerned this time about being detected because of my dark clothing and the darkness that surrounded me.

Immediately, I knew that I'd made the right decision. On a bed in the middle of the room lay Linda and Lisa. Linda was dressed in a similar manner to Lisa, in a short black dress and an identical collar. However, while Lisa wore her blond hair free, Linda had her gray–streaked brown hair pulled back in a ponytail.

Linda was in excellent shape for a woman of her age, which made total sense, given the fact that she spent most of her time practicing yoga.

If I hadn't already seen Linda and Lisa kissing after the sloppy blowjob the night before what I saw now would have shocked me. However, after already being witness to my wife's lesbian tendencies, it didn't come as a surprise to see Linda and my wife locked in an embrace with their tongues playing in each other's mouths, like two long–time lovers. Marcus was nowhere to be found.

Slowly, Linda seemed to move into a more dominant position, laying on top of my wife, reaching up under her dress and stroking her between her legs. Unfortunately, all of the windows were closed this time, so I didn't get to hear any of the effects that her no–doubt skilled hands were having on Lisa.

They kissed even more intensely now. I was painfully hard. Watching these two attractive women explore each other's bodies was incredibly arousing, but I secretly yearned for what I knew would be the main event: my wife taking Marcus's big black cock.

Gradually, it became clear that Linda was probably meant to prepare Lisa for exactly that event. I watched as she removed Lisa's

panties and spread her legs, diving between them and kissing her vulva passionately as my wife threw her head back in pleasure.

It was an incredibly romantic sight: the two women tenderly making love, my wife accepting the pleasure offered to her by her older partner. It was all I could do to keep myself from taking out my cock right then and satisfying myself immediately.

A moment later, however, I was happy that I'd waited.

As Lisa seemed to reach a climax, gripping the bed sheets in each hand as she threw her beautiful head back and bit her lip. I'd seldom seen her in this state, and she was absolutely beautiful.

Slowly, I became aware that Marcus had been standing there watching the two women, off to the side, standing next to where it appeared that a staircase from the lower floor entered into the main room. He must have come up a while ago. I hadn't noticed him there for obvious reasons.

He was wearing only a towel and had a long cord in his hand, which I suddenly realized was probably a leash to match the collars that Linda and Lisa were wearing.

He dropped his towel to the floor and walked slowly over to the couple on the bed, his long, pendulous rod swinging between his legs as he went.

Lisa's orgasm finally over, Linda straightened herself and looked over at her husband, who greeted the women, coiling the leash in one hand.

Lisa smiled at him and then rolled off the bed, joining Linda on her knees in front of Marcus.

Then the two women commenced to give him the longest, most sensual blowjob I'd ever seen. To call it a blowjob was even totally misleading, because what they were doing — more than anything, the *reverence* they showed in their approach to the task at hand — made what they were doing seem like *worship*.

Worship at the church of the **big, black cock**.

Marcus was smooth and deliberate throughout the entire process. He actually got fairly rough with both of them, off and on, but in a way that was completely controlled. For example, he fucked his wife Linda's face for several minutes, causing her to gag visibly on his cock while Lisa looked on. His movements were smooth and calculated, his cock gliding in and out of her throat at a consistent, even pace. Through it all he took the time to stroke each of them tenderly, almost lovingly over the hair and face, so that this act of kinky sex almost seemed equivalent to the sweetest lovemaking.

I remembered the commands he'd issued last night while he'd been fucking Lisa's throat: "breathe. You can do this."

Throat–fucking was a kind of ritual. **Cock–worship was a type of meditation**.

Satisfying Marcus's big, black cock was therapy.

And for me, it was oddly satisfying, sitting there on the deck, my own cock out now, stroking it slowly as I watched my wife swallow the biggest, thickest prick I'd ever seen.

Finally, it seemed that the time had come. I watched as Marcus pulled out of my wife's throat and bent down, giving her a long kiss on the lips that made my heart sink with the sheer heat of emotion that radiated from the lovers. Then he reached around and fastened the end of the leash in his hand to her collar, then let it fall to the ground as he pointed to the bed.

She stood, and Lisa looked over at Linda eagerly, giving her a big smile. It was clear that this was a moment they'd all been waiting for.

I watched as Linda gestured to a spot on the bed. Lisa lay back eagerly, spreading her legs to either side. Linda helped her keep the leash out from under her body and ensure that it was in the correct position for Marcus to grasp as he positioned himself between her legs.

His cock looked even bigger from this angle. Impossibly large.

Marcus doubled over the leash in one hand as he guided his cock into place with the other. Linda made some adjustments to Lisa's legs, speaking what I imagined to be words of encouragement to her, but which I couldn't understand.

Lisa's eyes were trained on Marcus's, and I watched as she repeated something after him.

Probably something ritualistic. Associated with the cult, or the therapy, or whatever it was, exactly, that they were doing here.

She held Linda's hand, and Marcus held the leash tightly, as he pushed himself forward and sank into her. The look on Lisa's face was simply indescribable. It was a look of lust and peace all at once. Both the most complete serenity and the animal desire of a woman in her sexual prime.

It was perfect. It was the look of a woman who was free of all trauma. All anxiety. All concern except the fact that she was accepting a large phallus into her vagina.

She was sharing this moment with another man. I had to accept this, because there was nothing else to do.

In that moment, I understood the therapy. I understood why Lisa believed that Marcus could cure her, and what's more, I believed it myself.

I felt a few tears roll down my cheeks as I watched the muscular therapist pump in and out of my wife's tight young pussy as she lay on her back with her legs spread so far that her ankles almost rested on her ears. Her yoga classes really had improved her flexibility!

I wasn't sure if I was crying for my marriage, or crying out of happiness for Lisa, who I loved more than ever, even in this dark moment of betrayal.

I watched as her face changed from serenity to ecstasy as Marcus began to thrust even faster and harder. Even as he pounded my wife, his face was a mask of complete control. He was like a professional cocksman, mouthing words of encouragement and

praise which I could not hear as he methodically fucked my wife's pussy.

I watched as she closed her eyes and bit her lip, lost in her own world of pleasure as her black therapist lover pounded her.

Linda, in the meantime, played with Lisa's nipples, stroked her hair and seemed to be whispering encouraging words in her ear.

Suddenly, it was unmistakable: Lisa was coming. She wrapped her legs around Marcus, pulling him in closer to her and holding him tightly as her butt lifted off the bed. It seemed that Marcus had timed his orgasm for exactly the same moment, because I saw his face suddenly become a mask of concentration and then pure release.

I could have sworn that I saw his powerful cock contract and release several times as he pumped his potent sperm into my wife's completely unprotected womb.

But it might have been an illusion. Wishful thinking, even? I didn't dare say for sure.

The next thing I saw was my with mouthing the words "thank you," as Marcus bent down to give her a long, sensual kiss.

At the same time, Linda took her place between his legs and helped work his cock out of Lisa's tight vagina. She then took it in her mouth hungrily, cleaning it off as she did so.

I looked down at my own hand, stroking my not–quite–so–impressive erection. I realized, suddenly, that even though I hadn't climaxed, I'd better stop jerking off on these strangers' porch, or I was in danger of being arrested. Or worse.

So I packed my stiff prick back into my pants as quickly as I could and cast one more look over my shoulder at the happy threesome (Marcus was laying on the bed now, embracing one woman with each arm), as I bounded down the back deck stairs to my car.

I thanked the contractor and architect that the deck stairs were built sturdily enough as to not transfer motion into the house and give away my perverse presence to the occupants.

Epilogue

That night, Lisa surprised me. I had half–expected her to be standoffish, changed somehow. But she was beaming when she came through the door, throwing her arms around my neck in delight and giving me a long sensual kiss.

"I think Dr. Fielding might have cured me today," she whispered, "I feel more centered than I have in years."

"But," she added, playing with my shirt collar absentmindedly, "he did say that in order for the treatment to stick, he's going to need to see me at least once a week from now on. That's a small price to pay, though, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Oh," she said, "and there's one more thing. He thinks it's really important that you come along and watch next time..."

"Oh?"

"Yes," she whispered, "and I have to say, that Marcus and Linda's therapy is rather...unconventional. But judging from those videos I found on your computer, I think you might like it."

I blushed. Had she really discovered my secret?

"I knew you wanted to be cuckolded, honey. Why do you think I've been withholding sex from you? But you're in for a real surprise when you find out exactly what I've been doing with Marcus. Come upstairs and I'll tell you while you masturbate. That's the only action you're going to be getting from now on, honey. From your hand..."

She laughed, and then went to the staircase, beckoning me to follow her. My pride told me not to, but my cock led the way.

I knew I was going to love being Lisa's cuckold.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

Thank you so much for purchasing or borrowing this book! Every time someone buys my book it helps me support myself as a writer and allows me to produce even more of your favorite smutty size queen, cuckold and hotwife stories. It is truly appreciated.

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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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…

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BLACKED BY HIS BULLY

When a suggestive comment made by their new neighbor scandalizes Ian's beautiful blond wife Jenna, Ian shrugs it off. The strong–willed Jenna, however, won't let it go. She sends her husband over to confront the man.

But when the handsome, black and totally alpha Kevin opens the door, it is Ian who is suddenly confronted — with the past.

Kevin isn't just any neighbor.

Kevin is Ian’s old bully. What’s more: Ian’s never quite gotten over what happened when he caught Kevin with his girlfriend Kristine one night years ago. One night when they thought they were alone, and Ian learned that his seemingly innocent girlfriend was a secret size queen.

Now, as he watches Jenna’s original animosity towards Kevin transform into attraction, Ian is afraid that the past is about to repeat itself.

What are the chances that Ian could lose **two women**, his wife and his girlfriend, to Kevin’s **BBC**?

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