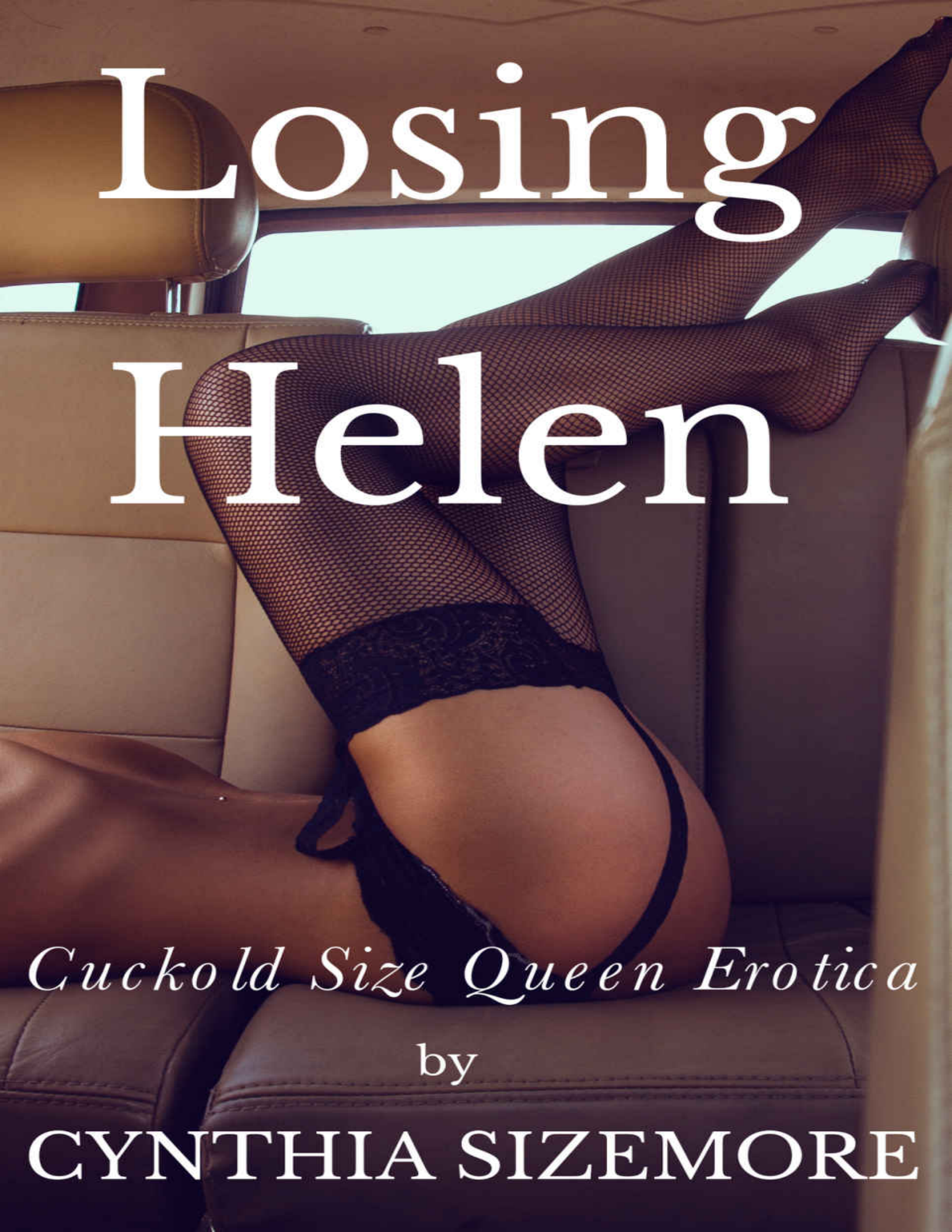


Losing Helen

Cuckold Size Queen Erotica

by

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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Chapter 1

Helen was changing. She was no longer the shy, only-with-the-lights-on woman I'd known and loved since we were seniors in high school. Now, after her second child, she was not only *looking* better than ever before, she was almost *insatiable* in bed. Our libidos had been mismatched after our first child — I wanted sex at least twice a week, and she once a month at most — and now they were mismatched again, but in the opposite direction.

I gave it to her three times a week, but I could tell it wasn't enough for her anymore.

She was reluctant to admit this, of course. There was still a lot of the same shy country girl deep down in my 32-year-old, big-city wife.

"Sorry I can't go again so soon," I said, panting next to her after one marathon session, "but I'm not 19 years old anymore."

"That's ok, honey," she said, "I understand."

"Why don't we finally get you some kind of toy?"

She'd always been resistant to using a dildo or vibrator, unable to get over her conviction —impressed on her from an early age — that masturbation was wrong.

"I think I'd prefer to get it straight from the source," she laughed, patting my crotch.

"I'm afraid the 'source' has dried up for the moment," I said.

"Let's see what we can do about that," she laughed, looking up at me with sultry eyes as she kissed a trail down my torso.

"Honey," I said, "I really just need a minute."

She rolled off me, clearly upset.

"Is it *me*?" she asked, looking at the ceiling, "I know I've changed since the kids."

"Yes, you've changed," I said, turning on my side to caress her hair and look into her eyes, "but only for the better. And you know that you look hotter than ever. You're in your sexual prime!"

"I wish I could believe that," she said.

"You don't need to take my word for it," I replied, "I know for a fact that most of your male coworkers would *love* to fuck you."

"Ha. As if. I'm 32 years old. Those guys want girls in their 20s."

"Come on, *look* at you," I said, gesturing to her full figure, "what man, of any age, *wouldn't* want to be with a woman who looked like you? You're in better shape and more confident than any of those girls in their 20s. And don't tell me that *you've* never wondered."

"Wondered what?"

"What it might be like."

"What *what* might be like?"

"Being with another guy besides me."

"Oh come on," she laughed, "that's the *furthest* thing from my mind. But oh my…"

She began to stroke my rapidly hardening erection.

"…it seems like this conversation has gotten *you* going again."

I had to admit that it had. I couldn't explain why, but suddenly I was rock-hard and ready for round two.

"Oh yes," she moaned, as I plunged into her for the second time that night, "give it to me. It's so good…"

We didn't mention it for a few days afterwards, but she seemed different. Flirtier. Even more confident than before. The makeup she wore to work became just a touch flashier, in imitation of girls 10 years younger than her. She wore noticeable eye shadow, which was something I'd only see her do at weddings. I even noticed one day that she had slipped into a pencil skirt that came well above the knee. Previously, she'd insisted that such skirt-lengths were inappropriate for women over 30, and vowed to give all of the skirts that violated that rule to charity.

"Stretching the style rules, I see?" I said, nodding towards the skirt.

"Do you like it? I thought I might try something a little sexier today. You know, for all of those horny co-workers."

She winked at me. Where was the shy girl now?!

"Well, just save some of that sexiness for home," I said, leaning in for a long kiss. It seemed like all of this dirty talk was having a positive effect on both of our libidos.

"Of course," she laughed, smiling, "who else would it be for?"

I began to wonder. But I didn't have to wonder long. That night, she waltzed into the living room, taking off her heels and collapsing onto the couch as she announced "Jacob loved the skirt."

"Oh really?" I laughed, smiling flirtatiously, "Jacob, that younger guy that I met at the Christmas party, said something about your outfit? Isn't that sexual harassment or something?"

She laughed and lifted her head to meet my kiss.

"Well, it was definitely *sexual*, but I wouldn't call it *harassment*."

"What did he say, exactly?"

"He just said that he liked my skirt. That's all."

"Interesting. *Very* interesting. I wonder what *else* he likes about you."

"Maybe the incredible speed and precision with which I write my expense reports?"

"I was thinking maybe those gorgeous tits."

"Well if he does appreciate them, I'm sure he'll keep it to himself," she laughed, "though I would be flattered of course."

Flattered? This was the first time I could remember my wife mentioning attention from other men as anything but negative. It seemed like she was actually getting into the idea of being with another guy. But it was all just a fantasy, right?

Chapter 2

At first, the text message seemed innocuous.

I'm going out for drinks with some people from work. I should be back for dinner. Love you!

Going for after-work drinks on a Friday night wasn't that strange. Helen had done it before, but not in the last two or three years. I immediately thought back to what she'd been wearing that morning, and realized it had been another one of her "sexy" days. She'd looked great in a low-cut black blouse, a black skirt and tights. Could she be planning on doing a little more flirting with her coworkers?

Sounds good, I wrote back, *who's going to be there?*

A few minutes later, her response came.

You know, she wrote, the usual suspects. *Carolyn, Emily and Carl.*

What about Jacob? I responded.

I felt like the erotic tension was palpable through the phone screen as I saw the indicator turn to "read" and then waited several agonizing minutes for Helen to respond.

Finally, the response came.

Yeah, I think he said he'd drop by. Why so interested? :)

I thought for a while before formulating my response.

I just wondered if you wore that blouse tonight for him.

This time, her response was quick.

Not really, but I'll let you know what he says :).

Fuck. My cock was rock-hard. But why? What was it about this situation that turned me on so much? Was it the mere fact that other men found my wife sexually attractive? Was it the secret that

we had between each other? Was it the fact that my wife seemed sexually interested and flirtatious for the first time in years, even if this attention wasn't directed towards me?

I had to admit it was all of the above. Flashes of my wife flirting with James passed through my mind's eye. I imagined them talking and laughing at the bar. Her touching him casually. Them moving slowly closer, a bit tipsy. Still smiling, but then suddenly serious as they closed their eyes and he moved in for a kiss.

Then they got back to his car, his hands all over her, her hands working his belt, trying to get his pants down, then sinking down to her knees as he stood next to the open door…

I snapped out of my reverie suddenly. What was I thinking? Helen was happily married. She'd said so several times herself. And so was I. So why did thinking about her putting her mouth on Jacob's cock make my own cock so hard?

I picked up my phone again and texted her back.

Just don't do anything too naughty tonight, I wrote, and followed it with a winking emoji.

Just what kind of game were we playing?

I got the kids into bed after dinner and settled down in front of the TV, waiting for Helen to come home. I checked my phone a few times, but she hadn't written anything in response to my last message. It had been over an hour and half. Just how long was she planning on staying out? I started to become a bit concerned, but then, all of a sudden, the next message came:

I flashed him my bra by accident. Whoops!

My heart pounded. But before I could think of a response, her next text came.

Sorry, honey. Was I naughty?

You showed another man your bra? I wrote, *that is in fact very naughty ;)*.

Well what are you going to do about it, big guy?

Maybe I should give you a spanking, I wrote instinctively.

Maybe you should :).

The second she came through the door, our hands were all over each other. We threw our clothes on the living room floor, completely heedless of the children asleep upstairs.

"God I want you," she moaned, her lips hot against mine, "are you going to punish me like you promised?"

I was already kneading her asscheeks in one hand, while the other rested on the small of her back. Now I drew my hand back and spanked her several times. We'd never done this kind of play before, but now it seemed like exactly what she needed.

"Ohh thank you, honey," she gasped, whispering throatily into my ear, "I need this so so bad."

I reached down into her panties and discovered that she was already extremely wet.

"I don't need too much foreplay tonight, honey," she panted, "I just need your cock. I need you to bend me over that couch and fuck me."

"Seems like those messages got you pretty excited," I teased, grabbing a nipple, "is this the bra that you showed Jacob? Did he like what he saw?"

"Yes, I think he did, honey," she sighed as I rolled a nipple between two fingers, "I think he liked it very much."

"How could you tell?" I asked, as her hands wandered down towards my cock.

"Mmm," she said, as I kissed down her neck, "he blushed a little when he saw that I'd caught him looking."

"Did he now?"

"He did."

"Maybe he'd like to see more."

"Maybe he would."

The next minute I had her bent over one of the arms of the couch, her hands grabbing a cushion as I slide my stiff cock into her from behind.

"Oh God," she groaned, "just like that, Matt. Oh please fuck me just like that."

I grabbed her hair and slapped her ass. It felt a like strange to be this rough with her. We'd never done anything quite this "kinky"

(even though that's a funny thing to call something as mild as this actually was). We'd always mostly done missionary position, except for a couple of times when we'd first gotten married. Even saying the words "fuck" and "cock" during sex was a totally new thing for Helen. It turned me on like crazy, but I'd be lying if I didn't admit that it was also a bit disconcerting to see the woman I thought I knew so well suddenly acting different.

"Oh wow, honey," she moaned, "I didn't know you had it in you. Give it to me hard. Yeah..."

"You like that?"

"I love it."

I slammed into her, using one hand to guide her hips and slap her ass from time to time as the other hand held her hair in place.

"Just do whatever you want with me," she groaned, "don't worry about what I need. Just use me."

That was enough to make me cum immediately, shooting a big load into her tight warm pussy.

"Fuck, sorry," I said, feeling embarrassed that I'd come so soon.

She looked back at me, a glow suffusing her face.

"You came at *exactly* the right time, honey."

I kissed her, filed with affection and more than a little astonishment. Something was definitely happening with Helen.

Chapter 3

In any marriage as long as ours, it's always a wonderful to discover a new fantasy or bedroom activity that appeals to both partners in equal measure, and it seemed that Helen and I had found exactly that. I loved hearing about Helen flirting with her coworkers, and she loved doing it – and telling me about it afterwards.

It didn't take long for things to escalate. It wasn't something that either one of us planned (at least I don't think it was); it just developed naturally from the already-existing dynamic.

It was Friday once again. We hadn't really discussed her post-work plans, but I think both Helen and I were hoping that she'd go to happy hour with her colleagues again. I'd even made arrangements to be home early to take care of the kids if that happened.

Sure enough, around 3pm that day, I got another text.

Hey honey, she wrote, *I'm thinking of going for drinks with Jacob tonight after work. What do you think?*

My pulse raced and I felt myself getting aroused already.

Just the two of you this time?

Yeah, I guess so, she wrote back, *we asked Nicole too, but she had to cancel*.

I waited for a moment before responding.

Are you feeling naughty today?

Maybe, she responded, *but we'll have to see how Jacob is feeling.*

Trust me, I wrote, *I don't think you'll have a hard time convincing him of anything.*

She responded with a smile emoji. Then, a few seconds later, the question that had probably been on both of our minds for the last week:

How far should I go, honey?

I paused. This was something we'd never discussed face-to-face. And to be honest, I wasn't sure how I felt about it, either. Flirting was one thing, but going beyond that would mean crossing a threshold that might change our relationship forever. I might have made a different decision if I hadn't been so incredibly turned on in that moment. But as it was, I threw caution to the winds.

As far as you want to go, honey. Anything you're comfortable with.

A few minutes later, her response appeared.

Wow. I don't know what to say. Thank you for trusting me so much, honey.

Just promise to tell me everything.

I promise to do better than that. I'll keep you updated. With pictures ;).

Dinner was torture. Of course I loved spending time with my kids, but all I could think about was what might be going on at the bar.

Finally, I tucked the last child into bed and raced downstairs to check my phone. (We have a strict "no phones at bedtime" policy).

To my disappointment, there was nothing from Helen.

Then, just when I was about to turn on Netflix for some distraction, the phone lit up. It was Helen.

So, honey…, she wrote, *how would you feel about me giving Jacob a handjob? I think it's only fair to give him a little release after all the teasing I've done.*

Of course, sweetheart, I responded, *are you still at the bar?*

My cock was rock hard.

Nope! We're at his place now. Thanks, honey! I'll let you know how it goes ;).

I can't wait to hear all about it, I wrote.

I promise to tell you everything, she responded, *just promise not to come until I get home.*

I won't :).

Sitting there on the couch in our house with the knowledge that my wife was at another man's apartment, giving him a handjob (and who knows what else) had my cock so hard I could barely take it. I briefly considered jerking myself off quickly, just to relieve some of the tension. But I reconsidered, remembering my promise to Helen.

Netflix it was.

Then, around an hour later, Helen walked through the door, a huge grin on her face.

I stood to greet her, but she gestured for me to stay sitting.

"Stay right there, honey," she said, "I'll get the lube. I want to show you exactly what I did for him."

I gulped. This was taking the game to a whole new level. While I had been the aggressive one last time, it seemed that Helen wanted a turn to dominate.

"Ok," she said, returning with her coat removed and a bottle of KY in the other hand, "let's get those pants down and I can start my story."

I eagerly dropped my pants and boxer shorts, my cock springing out and standing obscenely at attention. She slathered lube on her hands and began to work my shaft with her right hand, using her left to massage my balls.

"Don't come until I say, ok honey?"

She looked at me with mischief in her eyes.

I nodded. The sensations she was causing would make that a difficult task.

"So I think we both knew that something would happen tonight," she began, "and by 'we' I mean me and Jason. He was a little nervous, like we were on a date or something. And I guess we were sort of on a date."

I looked down at my wife's cleavage. God she was an attractive woman. I'd always thought so, but now it was all the more apparent.

"So we got to the bar, and sat together at a table. It was a very intimate setting. He told me almost right away that he liked the blouse I was wearing, honey. And I knew that this was a come-on, because, as you can plainly see, there's not much to this blouse."

"Uh-huh," I responded, running a hand up her bare leg.

"Anyway," she said, "I thanked him and told him that he looked nice, too. In fact, I told him that I liked the way his pants accentuated his bulge."

I gulped.

"What did he say?"

"Mmm…," she said, playing with the head of my cock, "he got real serious and asked me if my husband knew that I was talking about other men's bulges."

"Oh God. What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I had your permission, and he didn't need to worry about anything."

"Good," I said, "what happened next?"

"I told him that I wanted to get better acquainted with what was making that bulge in his pants. You should have seen how quickly he got up and found the waitress to settle our bill."

My cock twitched a bit. Not coming was torture.

"Honey," she said, pausing her caress for a moment, "if you come, I can't tell you the rest of the story!"

I squirmed in frustration but nodded.

"Ok," she said, taking lighter, slower strokes now, "when we got back to his apartment, he tried to kiss me, but I told him not to – I wanted to discuss it with you first. He said he understood. I asked him if he had any lube, and he went and got a bottle of hand lotion. I told him to sit on the couch just like you are right now, honey."

She paused for a moment, wiping the lube off of her hands and then unbuttoning her blouse so that her breasts were clearly visible.

"I told him to take off his pants while I took off my blouse, just like this," she said, removing her blouse fully.

"Then I put some lube on my hands and started to play with his big, hard cock."

I nodded, the scene she was describing causing me to ache with anticipation. God, I needed to come so bad…

"It was so big, honey. You have no idea. I never cared much about size before, but when I saw his dick…let's just say that it stirred something inside me."

I was too turned on at this point to be jealous. Just the idea of my formerly innocent wife on her knees stroking a huge cock was driving me absolutely insane. I started making noises I'd never thought I'd make before.

"Uh," I groaned, "you're going to make me come. I don't know how much more of this I can take."

She grinned and nodded towards her phone, which lay on the coffee table, directly in front of me and in easy reach.

"Go ahead and look at the pictures on there, honey," she said, "that should give you an idea of how the rest of the story goes."

I grabbed her phone eagerly and entered her passcode, then opened the photos app as she continued to stroke me. I couldn't believe what I was seeing: my wife, completely topless, grinning at the camera as she stroked what had to be one of the largest cocks I'd ever seen. I scrolled through the photos, which showed her playing with the man's cock. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen such a look of sheer delight on her face as what I saw in the photos. Three or four photos later, I saw Jacob's impressive erection sandwiched between my wife's ample breasts.

"I forgot to tell you," she said, giggling a bit as she ran her fingers over the tip of my cock, "it wasn't just a handjob, really. When he saw my tits, he wanted to fuck them. I haven't tried something like that since college, so I thought – what the hell? As you can see in the next picture, he came all over my neck and chest."

"Oh God," I moaned, "I didn't know you'd ever done that. Certainly not with me..."

"Well maybe there are still some things you don't know about your wife," she said, stroking me with fast, light strokes, "but let's not talk about that now. Now I want you to come for me. Come for your naughty wife, honey..."

I couldn't hold back any longer. My hips began to buck involuntarily. Helen giggled and aimed my cock directly for her breasts, which were soon coated in my cum, itself in a volume larger than I could remember having produced since I was in my twenties.

"Mmm, thank you," she said, smiling at me, "not quite as much as Jacob gave me, but still impressive."

She leaned in and gave me a long kiss, with tongue.

"All of there handjobs have made me really horny," she whispered, "but I don't suppose you're ready for round two so soon?"

I shook my head. No way.

"Mmm," she whispered, "it's ok, honey. You know what? I thought maybe I could finally do what you've been telling me to do for so long."

She slid onto the couch beside me, hiking up her skirt and pushing her hand under her underwear.

"I know it's wrong, but I can't help but touch myself," she said, "when I think about stroking that big, hard cock."

She closed her eyes and bit her lip, reaching up to play with a nipple as she rubbed her pussy.

"God, honey," she moaned, "can you imagine what it was like for Jacob? To have the older woman who's been flirting with him at work for months finally stop teasing and start pleasing?"

For *months*? I guess Helen's transformation had been in the works long before I'd been a part of it.

I loved watching her like this, seeing her explore parts of her sexuality that I had no idea existed. I clearly had a lot to learn about my wife.

"Ohhh," she moaned, "imagine what it would look like...a cock that big...pushing into me...taking control of my poor little pussy..."

I would have been shocked to hear her use such language only a few weeks before, but now these types of obscenities seemed to roll off her tongue.

"God, honey," she moaned, "he could do anything he wanted to with me. I'd even let him..."

But the end of her sentence was lost as she began to climax, rolling her hips up towards her hand as she squeaked in pleasure, no doubt suppressing the full volume of her moan to prevent the children from hearing.

“What?” I asked, when she had finally finished, and opened her eyes, fixing me with a look of lust and satisfaction, “what would you let him do?”

“Mmm,” she said, slowly withdrawing her hand from between her legs, “I think I’ll let that be my little secret for now. I wouldn’t want to give everything away so soon...”

Chapter 4

It was very clear to both of us now: out sexual relationship had undergone a fundamental shift. The fact that Helen had stroked off one of her well-hung coworkers would have an unavoidable effect on her workplace. That was also clear. The question was how to manage this new reality. Luckily, Helen was proactive.

"I had a talk with Jacob," she said on Monday evening, after the kids had gone to bed, "I let him know that this is strictly a sexual thing for me, and if it ever goes beyond that for him, he should break things off, or I will."

"That's a good idea," I said, somewhat relieved to hear her actually say that she wasn't in love with Jacob, "how did he take it?"

"He might have been a little disappointed," she replied, "but I think the prospect of having more fun with me killed that feeling rather quickly."

"So, with that in mind," she added, sitting down on the couch next to me and taking my hand, "I'd like to take things further."

"Ok," I said, "I'm open to that. What exactly do you have in mind?"

"Well," she said, cuddling in close to me, "I think I'd like to give him a blowjob."

This was truly a change for her. Throughout our relationship up to that point, oral sex had been something she was shy about. She would give me blowjobs occasionally, but never for very long, and only to completion about once a year or so, usually on my birthday.

"That sounds great, honey," I said, a note of disappointment in my voice.

"You don't sound so convinced, honey," she said, making a pouty face, "but maybe if I assure you that I'll suck your dick exactly the same way that I suck his it will change your mind. Just like with the handjob."

That was, in fact, a welcome addendum to her plans. I smiled and nodded, perking up immediately.

"Great!" she said, kissing me on the cheek, "so there's another surprise. I'm going to his house again tonight. In about 15 minutes."

"Ok," I said, a bit shocked at how quickly things were coming together, "I guess I'll just wait here."

"You do that, sweetie," she said, standing and grabbing her purse, "just be awake when I get home."

There was no chance of me going to bed anytime soon…

About half an hour after she left, I started getting messages on my phone. The first one simply said

It's Jacob. I'm supposed to send you pictures of what's going on.

I didn't reply. I couldn't. I simply waited a few more incredibly long moments.

Then the first picture arrived.

It was Helen, on her knees, smiling up at the camera. She was fully clothed, but was holding Jacob's cock, which was now familiar to me.

Thank you for lending me your wife, Jacob wrote next, followed by, *I think she's enjoying herself*.

The next photo showed Helen with her mouth completely stuffed with his cock. I knew it was coming, but I simply wasn't prepared for the feelings that erupted inside me as I saw the expression on her face. It was a look of pure lust. Like nothing I'd ever seen from her before. I almost dropped the phone, but I couldn't look away as the next photo arrived. In this one, she was licking his shaft while stroking him.

That's all for a while, he wrote, *but we'll be sure to show you the results of her efforts*.

My head spun. I had no idea if I wanted to jerk off, pound my fists in rage, or burst into tears of frustration. I threw the phone

onto the couch and paced, unsure of what to do with myself, and unable to think of anything except for my sweet wife on her hands and knees, worship a younger man's huge dick.

Finally, I collapsed into an armchair and held my head in my hands as I awaited the next message. Just a few minutes later, the phone buzzed.

I jumped up and opened the message. The photo took a frustratingly long time to load. Finally, however, it appeared. There was Helen, with her eyes closed and a gigantic grin spread across her face. She was absolutely covered in Jacob's spunk. Thick ropes of cum ran from her forehead to her chin, traversing her nose and lips.

The phone buzzed again. This time, she was licking the cum off of her mouth. She seemed to be using her fingers to feed herself.

This was entirely out of character for her. Not once in our relationship had she even pretended to enjoy the taste of semen. Quite the opposite, in fact. Sometimes on my birthday she would let me finish in her mouth, but she always spit it into a kleenex afterwards. Watching her savor this guy's cum like it was a chocolate sauce was both amazingly arousing and infuriating.

It's me again honey, the next message said, *I'll be back home soon.*

I sat there on the couch, staring at the door, my cock tenting my pants. I didn't know if I was going to attack her with passionate kisses or yell at her and threaten divorce. I did my best to control my breathing and my growing sense of dread mixed with arousal. The adrenaline coursing through me made my erection feel all the harder and angrier. I was completely beside myself. Unable to think straight. In fact, I didn't even know what I was feeling.

That's when the door opened and Helen walked in, beaming.

"Did you like the pictures, honey?" she asked innocently.

"I…," I started, unable to formulate a thought.

"You don't need to say anything," she said, dropping to her knees, "you just need to let me suck that cock."

"Helen, are you..."

But my interjection was quickly halted as she unzipped my trousers and pulled them to my knees, devouring my cock.

"Oh, Helen..."

She didn't come up for a few minutes. It was as if she were a woman possessed. She bobbed up and down on my shaft, sucking it as if she were racing against the clock to make me cum. The entire time, she moaned as if the act itself were causing her immense pleasure. In short, it was as if a sleeping beast had been awakened.

When she finally took a break, I was right on the edge. She looked up at me with lust in her eyes and said:

"Sucking that huge dick made me crave more. But I'm just not sure you're going to cut it for me anymore, honey."

I might have been humiliated if I hadn't already been so close to coming.

"I think I need to get fucked by Jacob," she said, stroking my cock furiously now, pointing it right at her face, "does that make you want to shoot your load, honey? The idea of your innocent little wife getting her pussy stretched by a real man? A man with a nice, big cock? Maybe you could even watch if you wanted..."

Although I felt humiliated at the size comparison to Jacob, I couldn't deny that her dirty talk was having an effect on me, an effect that pushed me over the edge. I let out a groan and began to dribble cum all over Helen's hands, getting a bit on her chin. These weren't the prodigious quantities that Jacob had produced, but releasing them did bring me a much-needed sense of calm.

After we had cleaned up, we cuddled on the couch.

"I wasn't kidding about what I said," she whispered, snuggling into the crook of my arm, "I think I want to see what a really big cock feels like. Jacob's seems like so much fun. But I don't want to stop there. I know that there are guys out there even bigger than Jacob. And I want to find them."

I was silent for a moment.

"I understand," I said, finally, "and to be honest, the biggest turn-on for me would be to know that you are getting the pleasure and attention you need and deserve."

She looked up at me and kissed me.

“Thank you so much, honey,” she whispered, “I was hoping you’d understand. I’ll always love you first and foremost. Even if there’s no way you can compete with hung younger guys like Jacob.”

“Thank you,” I said, “I’ll always love you too.”

“Let’s start slow,” she said, “I don’t think you should watch. At least not at first. And no more pictures for a while, either. I could tell that those upset you.”

I nodded.

“I think this is going to be a *great* new chapter in our relationship.”

“I’m sure you’re right,” I said.

But I wasn’t sure exactly how this new relationship was going to involve *me*, if at all. I would soon learn.

Chapter 5

Before either one of us knew it, it was the weekend again. Helen hadn't mentioned anything about "happy hour," or any other kind of extracurricular activities with her colleagues, not to mention with Jacob. She came home that Friday night, on time, with a huge smile on her face.

"You look like you had a good day at work," I said, "did you guys land the Henderson account or something?"

"Not exactly," she said, giving me a sly wink, "but I caught another big fish, if you catch my drift."

I did. I felt the familiar rush of adrenaline, just like the previous weekend when I'd seen photos of her sucking Jacob's dick.

"I bet you can't wait to hear all about it, can you honey?"

I nodded. The tension built all through dinner, Helen giving me meaningful looks across the table while we chatted with the children.

Not knowing exactly what had happened – or *when* it had happened – made my fantasies almost unbearable. Images flashed through my head: images of Helen in the office parking lot, on her knees next to her car, sucking that same enormous cock from the pictures. Her in her office, bent over her desk, taking his big dick from behind, her face contorted in ecstasy as he shot his load deep into her womb. Helen straddling him and riding him, looking deep into his eyes, more lovingly than she'd ever done with me.

By the time the kids were finally in bed, I was almost beside myself. But I didn't want to be the first one to bring it up. Instead, I went into the kitchen and put on the kettle for tea. Having herbal tea in the evening was a relaxing ritual we both enjoyed.

“So I guess you’re wondering what I was talking about earlier,” she said, finally broaching the subject as she slid onto the couch next to me, “but maybe you’ve guessed already.”

“You fucked him?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, matter-of-factly, “and more than once, too.”

“Where? And when?”

“Well…,” she said, setting her cup of tea on a coaster for a moment, “the where part is a little hard to answer, because there were a lot of different places. But the question of ‘when’ is much more straightforward: every day this week. And twice on Thursday.”

My jaw must have looked like it hit the floor, because she simply grinned at me and reached down to rub my cock through my pants while she continued to talk.

“After I decided to fuck him, I practically couldn’t control myself,” she said, looking me in the eye.

I’d never seen Helen “out of control” in any sense.

“It was like all I could think about was his cock. Submitting to him – to it – entirely. That’s all that mattered to me on Monday when I got to work. You know how all of the offices have windows on them?”

“Yes,” I responded breathlessly, my precum leaking into my underwear as she stroked me through my trousers.

“Well that meant we had to get a little creative,” she said, smiling at me as she unzipped my pants and took them down.

“Where did you go?”

“We have that nice big unisex toilet,” she said, “it’s the only place in the building where you can be sure to be completely alone.”

She spread the lube on her hands now, and began to stroke my erection, gently at first.

“He came by my office and whispered something dirty in my ear,” she continued.

“Oh God, Helen,” I groaned, “what did he say?”

“He asked if I was interested in finally finding out what his big fat cock felt like in my cunt.”

The Helen that *I* knew – or *thought* I knew – would have been absolutely scandalized by that language. She never would have just gone off with a man who said something like that to her.

"I told him that I was already wet," she continued, "and it was true. That's when he got really dominant with me."

She seemed turned on again just remembering it.

"He told me to take off my panties," she whispered, "and hand them to him."

"Fuck," I groaned, trying to imagine my sweet and innocent wife doing something so perverse.

"So I stood up from my chair, reached up under my skirt and took my panties slowly down my legs," she said, her voice low and sexily raspy, "and I put them in his hand. He pocketed them and then grabbed the back of my head and pulled me in for a nice long kiss."

I turned red with envy. Another man, kissing my wife like that? But I felt my cock get even harder.

"Ok," I said, "and then what?"

"And then…," she said, playfully, "he slapped my ass and told me to follow him to the bathroom. But not right away. We had to be really sneaky in case someone noticed that he went in ahead of me."

She began to play with my balls a bit as she continued to stroke my shaft. The pleasure was becoming unbearable, but I had to know exactly what happened.

"But no one did, honey. I opened the bathroom door and he grabbed me, locking it behind us and kissing me again, pinning me against it. He reached up under my dress and slipped a finger inside me. He told me that I was a dirty little slut for being so wet already, and I asked him what he planned to do about it..."

"So what did he do?"

"He flipped me around and bend me over the sink, looking me in the eye in the mirror. He pushed my skirt up and shoved his big fat cock right into my tight little pussy, honey. Even though I was completely soaked, it was still kind of hard for him to get in at first. You've seen his cock – you know how big it is. And of course that

I'm not used to something like that," she added, glancing down at my own member, which seem positively feeble by comparison.

"Don't worry, honey," she said, "his cock is so much bigger that it's not even like really a competition, you know? So just don't sweat it. There's nothing you can do."

"Fuck," I groaned.

I had no idea why, but this humiliation was driving me crazy. I loved the fact that Helen was suddenly taking control like this.

"He bent me over that sink and just pounded me. We had no time to waste and both knew it, so he wasn't gentle. He just wanted to get off inside me. To fill me. And the more he wanted that, the more I wanted it too. I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning as he pulled my hair and called me his filthy little slut. I loved it, honey. I loved it so much. I came on his cock after less than a minute of fucking. And it was quite possibly the very best orgasm I've ever had. Ever."

That was more than I could take. I shot my load, cumming more – and harder – than I had in years. I didn't think to ask in the heat of that moment where *Jacob* had come. I realized later that those were exactly the kind of questions I *should* have been asking.

Chapter 6

I never got the details about the other encounters with Jacob that week. There was too much going on in our lives. I had to work longer hours at the office, and the kids both had activities at school that we had to bring them to, or attend ourselves. That didn't mean that little details about Helen's new secret life didn't sneak out, however.

For starters, I caught her checking out our son's 6th grade math teacher. Hank (or Mr. Nelson, as he was known to the kids) was a few years older than us: mid-forties, tall, fit, and what I assumed Helen would consider handsome. Of course I had no information on whether or not he was "packing," and Helen didn't either. But I noticed her eyes dart down to his trousers more than a few times while he stood before a classroom of parents on student-teacher night explaining the year's curriculum.

Little did I know how significant to all of our lives my observation would turn out to be.

"It looked like you found Mr. Nelson's lecture interesting," I said to her, once we were back at home and both kids were in bed.

She gave me a look that seemed to conceal a secret.

"I think he's probably a great teacher," she said, "and I wonder if I'd be better at math today if I'd had a guy as skilled as him teaching me the basics."

"Sounds like you want to learn more than *math* from him," I said.

"Maybe," she said mysteriously, giving me a secretive smirk.

There were a few moments of silence.

"Something else I really appreciated was how willing he was to stay in touch with us parents. Like when he gave us his personal cell phone number."

I had an idea where she was going with this, but I had no idea how far she would actually take it.

A few days later, I found out. It was a normal day at work, when suddenly my cell phone buzzed. Nothing out of the ordinary about that. It was from Helen's number, and I saw a picture attached. I opened it to see a shot of her in garter belts and lingerie, looking seductively at the camera. Something told me this picture wasn't really intended for me…

*Do you think Mr. Nelson will like this picture, honey? r*ead the text.

Absolutely, I replied, *did you send it to him already?*

I felt my cock rapidly hardening at the thought of my loving wife acting like such a brazen slut.

Of course I did, she replied, *we've been texting since parent night at the school.*

I gulped. Helen really was insatiable! Once the floodgates had been opened, it seemed like she couldn't get enough.

So why'd you ask me if he'd like it if you already sent it, I replied.

I wanted you to see what your naughty wife was getting up to, she responded.

I see, I said, *and how did he react?*

He told me that the innocent school girl was more his style, she wrote, *and I told him that that was no problem. I can do innocent too..*

She attached another picture of herself in a school girl uniform: a white blouse, tartan skirt and pigtails. Her makeup was sluttier than ever. She pouted at the camera.

Mr. Nelson says I need an attitude adjustment, she wrote, *he's told me to report to his classroom for detention tonight. Do you think I should go?*

I definitely had second thoughts about my wife getting involved with our child's teacher. Not only because of the potential effect on

our relationship, but because of the clear breach in ethics it would entail for Mr. Nelson.

My cock, on the other hand, had second thoughts.

Yes, I wrote, *you should definitely go.*

That's good, she wrote back, *because I was going to no matter what you said.*

I had figured as much. Helen's sexuality could no longer be restricted by the confines of our marriage. She was going to do whatever she wanted, and I had no say in it.

I'll be home to put the kids to bed, she wrote, *but then I'm going to detention.*

The tension in the air that night was practically indescribable. We fed the kids dinner, then helped the youngest one get ready, while our oldest took a shower. We still had the tradition of reading a story together before bed, even if our middle-school-aged son acted like he was too old for it.

I watched my wife as she read from *The Chronicles of Narnia*. She was a great performer, and a perfect mother. Looking at the demure woman reading to her children, you would have no idea of the kind of slutty behavior she was capable of. And it was good like that. No matter what she got up to in her free time – or with who – I knew that Helen was totally committed to our family. Even if I was no longer entirely positive that this commitment extended to me as well. It seemed, more and more, that I was important to her more as a confidant and less as a husband. She certainly had no need for me sexually anymore. Or didn't seem to. The last time she'd touched me was the handjob she had given me a week before. After that, it had only been a chaste, dry kiss on the mouth in the mornings before work and when she came home – and only if the kids were around. She may have still been committed to the marriage, but it wasn't out of desire. It was out of duty to the children.

And that was ok with me, I decided, watching her read to them that night, being along for the rollercoaster ride of her sexual reawakening was more than enough compensation. I just hoped that she would continue to tell me about her activities.

I needn't have worried.

After bedtime, she disappeared into our room for a long time. I heard the shower in the master bath, so I decided to find something to do for a while. I went downstairs to the living room and read a book. It was difficult to concentrate, knowing what Helen was up to upstairs. My wife was getting herself ready to do a kinky roleplay with another man. And I was expected to stay at home and watch the kids.

Finally, she came downstairs, already wearing a long coat. All I could see of her outfit were the high heels she wore, and the fact that her legs were bare. And, of course, the fact that her hair was pulled back in two pigtails. It looked absolutely obscene on a woman her age. There was no doubt at all about why she had styled her hair in that way: to act out an obscene fantasy.

"Hi honey," she said, "I have a feeling that Mr. Nelson might have a lot of things to teach me. I don't think you should wait up too long."

"Ok," I said, knowing that there was no way that I would be able to sleep knowing what was going on – or, rather, not knowing it.

"You're the best, honey," she said, blowing me a kiss as she practically skipped out the door.

Then she turned for a moment, looking me straight in the eye.

"One more thing before I go, honey. Check your phone. I sent you a picture of what Mr. Nelson is packing. Don't look at it until my car is totally gone, ok? Promise me that?"

Fuck. She was an expert tease. And I knew that there was no guarantee that she was going to please me, perhaps ever again.

"I promise," I replied, my mouth dry with anticipation.

"Good," she said, blowing me a kiss, "remember: don't wait up!"

She closed the door behind her. I rose to lock it, then watched for several moments from the window as the taillights of her car disappeared into the night. As soon as she was gone, I raced to find my cell phone. There was the picture.

Holy. Shit.

There it was: Mr. Nelson's cock. I stared at it for a few seconds in awe. Even though I had never experienced any kind of

homosexual desire or attraction, I had to admit that this was a magnificent cock. There was no other word to describe it. Not only was he as thick as a toilet paper roll, he was also what appeared to be eight or nine inches long. He made Jacob look small, not to mention the comparatively tiny tool I was packing. I had to admit, it seemed almost natural: I had been bested by a better man. There was nothing to be done about it. No amount of complaining would change it. I had better just accept it, and try to enjoy it as much as I could. And I did enjoy it.

The next several hours were torture for me. It was a sweet torture, but it was torture none the less. I imagined all kinds of different scenarios. I knew that they would be in his classroom (which I had seen with my own eyes), but I had no idea what kind of depravity this man had in store for my wife. Jacob had been younger than her. He may have been dominant, but he was relatively inexperienced. Mr. Nelson was older than us both, and clearly very kinky. Not only that, his outsized equipment meant that he would be capable of fucking Helen in positions that would have been unimaginable for a man my size. This encounter had the potential to change her forever. After experiencing a dick like that, how could she ever be satisfied with a man like me? Would she even consider me a man again? It certainly seemed unlikely.

Then why was I so hard thinking about it? I didn't dare jerk off before she came home. I was filled with the vain hope that she would do something – anything – to relieve my tension. But she hadn't so much as hinted at the idea of any kind of sexual contact with me afterwards. It seemed like the more dick she got outside of our relationship, the less she needed my dick. If she even thought of me in that way at all anymore.

When 11pm rolled around and Helen hadn't returned, I finally headed to bed. Even if I knew it would be difficult to sleep, I knew that the kids would be up early, and that it would be best if I got whatever sleep I could. I lay there under the covers, my cock tenting the sheets as I imagined my formerly sweet wife, dressed like an innocent schoolgirl, bent over the desk in a classroom and moaning in ecstasy as she took a gigantic dick from behind. My cock began to

leak precum all over the sheets. I was about to give in and finally jerk off, in the hopes that I would at least be able to get some rest, when I finally heard the door.

"Detention" was over.

Helen was home.

Chapter 7

I pretended to be asleep for a while as Helen came up to the bedroom and began to undress in the dark. She turned on the bathroom light, and I caught a glimpse of my wife in profile. She was still wearing the skirt, which she now pulled down over her beautiful ass. I noticed, however, that she was not wearing any panties. Of course I had no idea if she'd even left the house wearing them in the first place, but it seemed equally likely that she'd given them to Mr. Nelson as a kinky keepsake, just as she'd done with Jacob at work. I wondered if I'd ever find out for sure.

A few minutes later, she was completely naked. She stepped into the bathroom and I heard the shower running. Several excruciating minutes later, the bathroom door opened again and she reappeared, drying her hair in a towel, but otherwise completely naked. She sat on the edge of the bed and opened the drawer on her nightstand, searching for something.

In the dim light of the room, it was impossible to see exactly what she'd found, but soon the mystery was solved.

"Honey," she whispered, "I know you're still awake. I can hear you breathing fast. You must be really turned on – imagining your wife being absolutely dominated and satisfied in every way by a man you can't compete with. Isn't that right?"

"Yes," I whispered breathlessly.

What else could I do?

"Good. Because I want to tell you everything."

I sat up in bed and reached for the light. The bedside lamp's illumination revealed what my wife had been looking for in the

bedside drawer. It was a large, realistic-looking dildo. A big rubber cock, in other words.

"Surprised?" she asked, seeing my face.

I nodded.

"I thought you didn't like toys."

"I thought I didn't like a lot of things," she said, "that is, until I started doing what I wanted to do for a change. I found out that there are all kinds of things out there that I enjoy."

She ran her fingers up and down the shaft of the dildo, as if admiring it.

"Do you see this, honey?"

"Yeah."

"Do you know how long it is?"

"I don't know...maybe 8 inches?"

"Nope. It's six inches exactly," she said, "I measured it earlier. Did you know that porn distorts what people think is an average cock size? It's true. I did some research. 5.1" erect is the world average."

"Size never used to matter to you. You used to tell me that only men cared about comparing cock sizes. What happened?"

"That was before I experienced the difference a few inches can make," she said, smiling at the dildo.

She pulled back the bedclothes, exposing my erection.

"I thought you'd have your pants down. You just can't wait to hear about your cute little wife getting wrecked by a big dick, can you?"

Where was she picking up all of these dirty phrases? The Helen I knew never would have used the term "wrecked." It was amazingly crude. But also a gigantic turn-on.

"Well, I'm going to tell you all about it, honey. But first of all, I want you to do something."

"What?"

"Take a hold of this dildo. Feel its thickness, its weight. Its length."

"This feels kind of gay," I said, laughing nervously.

"Ha! Don't be homophobic, honey. And don't worry. It's not a real penis. Just a toy. Unfortunately."

I extended my right hand and wrapped it around the large phallus.

"That's what six inches feels like, honey. Now feel your own cock with your other hand."

I wrapped my left hand around my own erection. Of course I already knew what mine felt like. It was significantly shorter and nowhere near as thick.

"Looks like what you've been telling me for years was six inches is actually nowhere close," she laughed, "knowing what I know now, I'd say you're probably around 4.5", maybe almost 5" right now because of how obviously turned on you are."

"I guess you're right."

"I know I'm right," she laughed, "do you know why? Because a ruler was part of Mr. Nelson and I's little game tonight. You'd like to hear more, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"Good. Then do me a favor. Stop touching your cock now, and don't do it again until I tell you it's ok. Understand?"

"Yes," I said, nodding vigorously.

I knew it was going to be hard to resist the urge to jerk off. The tension was already almost unbearable, and I'd had blue balls for hours imagining Helen in all kinds of dirty scenarios. But I did my best to comply with her request.

"When I got to the school, the lights were all out, but the front door was unlocked. He told me he'd leave it open for me. I was excited, but also extremely nervous. I had no idea what could happen if I got caught sneaking in. Were there security cameras? An alarm? Could I be arrested? In any case, it would be obvious from the way I was dressed that I was up to no good."

"It was a very risky thing to do," I conceded.

"Yes," she continued, "but I was just following Mr. Nelson's orders. I knew that he probably knew what he was doing when it came to sneaking around the school after hours. It turned out that he and all of the other teachers had codes that could disable the

security system for a few minutes at a time, and he had already arranged for me to come in undetected."

"The first thing I saw," she continued, "was a light at the end of the hallway where I knew Mr. Nelson would be waiting for me. I walked down towards the light, my high heels clacking on the concrete floor as I went. Anyone in the building would have known that a woman in heels was walking down the hall. But of course, under my coat, I wasn't dressed like a grown woman at all. More like a slutty school girl."

"I arrived at the door and paused outside of it, then knocked three times, exactly as he'd instructed me to. He called out to me from across the room, telling me to come in. I was so nervous, honey. You have no idea how hard my heart was pounding. Mr. Nelson is so authoritative. It's just effortless for him because he has to be that way all the time. And it has an effect on grown women, too. At least grown women like me."

I nodded.

"I guess I don't really project authority like that, do I?"

She shook her head.

"No, you certainly don't. And I'm beginning to understand why," she said, looking down at my erection and smiling.

"The past few weeks have taught me a lot. And one of the things that I've learned is that a man's confidence has a lot to do with what he's packing between his legs. The bigger a guy is, the more dominant he seems. And the more I want to submit to him. I know that there's a word for this too, honey."

I looked at her quizzically.

"I'm a size queen," she said, "I love big cocks. And submitting to guys with them. Thanks to Jacob and Mr. Nelson, I've come to realize that size really does matter. You're just not enough for me anymore, honey. Not that you ever were."

She seemed lost in a reverie for a moment, but then returned to her story.

"So the first thing he did was tell me to drop my coat. On the floor. So I did. I just let the coat fall, and stood there, completely exposed to him in my outfit. I felt like I was naked. I've never

dressed that way for a man before, honey. You know that. The most I've ever done was that sexy lingerie I bought for our honeymoon. But I didn't even want you to see me in that with the lights on. I was a total prude. I admit that. I hope you can forgive me, and you can understand why my upbringing just didn't allow me to express myself fully back then. Then the kids came along, and it seemed like I'd never be interested in sex again. Now I understand that it wasn't just a problem of my libido, honey. It was also a problem with me not getting what I didn't know I really wanted. What I really need."

She lifted the dildo to her lips and kissed the head.

"Big cock," she said, "and perhaps almost as important, the dominant men that have them. But I digress. I've barely even started my story!"

I squirmed uncomfortably, my erection leaking precum. It was absolutely excruciating, sitting there and listening to her story without any kind of extra touch.

"He was standing at the front of them room. His legs apart and his hands on his hips. He was wearing a dress shirt and tie, just like on parent night. He looked so rugged. So handsome and authoritative. I know that a guy like him would normally never be a threat to a guy like you, honey. After all, you have a much more important job, and probably make twice what he does. But some things, you just can't buy."

"Anyway, he told me to walk towards him. I was so nervous I couldn't look him in the eye. I felt his eyes burning into me. I wanted his approval so badly, and I was afraid that maybe I'd messed up part of the outfit he wanted me to wear."

"Finally, I was standing in front of him. He smiled and told me to turn around for him, slowly. I did exactly what he asked, and I felt his gaze all over my body. It was such a strange feeling, honey. It was humiliating and empowering all at once. Humiliating because I had dressed like a slut for a man I barely knew, but empowering because I could sense the effect I was having on him. Even though I couldn't see his cock (because I wasn't even looking at him at all), I could sense his arousal. It's a thing with men. Women are very good at telling these things. I could tell that he was incredibly horny, but

also that he was in absolutely no hurry. He wasn't desperate like a lot of guys would have been. He was a guy who knew what kind of effect he had on women, and how to maximize it. He was clearly very experienced. I probably wasn't the first horny mom he'd had in his classroom over the years, but I hoped I would be the best."

I reached down to scratch my leg, my hand so close to my aching cock.

She playfully slapped my hand away.

"Not so fast! I'll decide if you get to come, and when. Let me finish my story."

I couldn't help but moan in frustration.

"Ha," she said, "don't worry. I promise to get to the good stuff soon."

"So there I was, with his eyes all over me. Then I felt him reach down and touch the hem of my skirt. 'This is a little short, young lady,' he said, in such a deep, melodious voice that my knees almost gave out.

'I'm sorry, Sir,' I replied.

'You can't wear something like this to detention. Not only is it against the dress code, it's also highly provocative.'

'What if I want to provoke you,' I said, 'I guess I'm kind of a brat.'

'There's one solution I know of for bratty behavior,' he said, putting a hand suddenly on the small of my back and pulling me in towards him.

'What's that, Sir?' I asked.

'A spanking,' he replied, 'on your bare bottom.'"

"Honey," she said, looking me in the eye, "I've always fantasized about being taken over an older man's lap for a nice long spanking before sex, but I've never dared to tell you for a few reasons. First of all, because I know it's a very slutty thing to want, and I never wanted you to think that your sweet wife and mother of your children was kinky in any way. Second of all, because I knew that you didn't really have it in you to really spank me the way I needed it."

I thought back to the kinky, slightly rough sex that we'd had a couple of weeks ago, when all this began. Had she been testing me then? I certainly hadn't been able to be as dominant as she'd wanted me to be. I understood that now.

"Luckily for me, Mr. Nelson knew exactly what he was doing. Like I said, he was in no hurry at all. He started out by bending me over his desk and giving me some softer spanks over my skirt and panties. They were firm and authoritative, but nothing more than just gentle love taps, really. He was warming me up for more, and he knew *exactly* what he was doing. After a few minutes of that, he flipped up my skirt and told me he was going to take down my panties. After all, I'd committed a real dress code infraction and had to be punished appropriately. That was when things started to get really kinky. I loved it so much, honey. I'll tell you everything, but I have to go get a glass of water first. Stay here and don't you dare touch your cock until I get back. I'll know..."

She gave me a peck on the forehead and smiled before disappearing downstairs. I stared at the fake phallus on the bed, then looked at my real one. I understood how inadequate I was. Who could blame her?

Chapter 8

After what seemed like half an hour, but was probably more like five minutes, Helen reappeared, a glass of water in her hand and a smile on her face.

"I can tell you've been good," she said, "because you look extremely frustrated. Poor guy."

She reached down and gave my penis a couple of strokes. It twitched involuntarily, and for a moment I thought I would lose control.

"Ha!" she said, "now where was I? Oh yes. The spanking."

"So he took down my panties and flipped up my skirt. I was still bent over his desk. It felt so wrong, so nasty but so hot at the same time. I really felt like I was his student – just a naughty girl finally getting what she deserved after teasing her teacher for so long. That's when he slipped a finger inside me and told me that I was a filthy slut. Can you believe that? He called your sweet, innocent wife a *slut*! Up until a few weeks ago, I'd never been with anyone but you, honey. But I knew he was right. I *am* a slut. A slut for huge cocks."

"He said that I was a slut because a good girl wouldn't be so turned on by being bent over her teacher's desk and spanked. He started spanking me again, a lot harder this time, and I heard myself making these little yelps each time his hand connected. I absolutely *loved* the way he was treating me, and I was so *hungry* for more. He took his time, keeping me guessing about where his blows would land, giving me a few hard ones that really stung, followed by some lighter ones. He had me so wet, honey. Not only from the way each spank sent vibrations to my clit, but also from the whole situation

itself. How dominant he was and how submissive I was. Bent over his desk and totally exposed. It was incredible."

"So then after a while, he said that I obviously hadn't learned my lesson yet, and that he'd have to take me over his lap. Fuck. That turned me on even more. My ass was already burning and I was rubbing my legs together, trying to stimulate my clit. He was determined to keep punishing me. He lifted me up and took me over his lap. Immediately, I felt that monster in his pants. It was absolutely huge, and already so hard that it was poking me in the stomach as I lay across his lap like a little spoiled brat. That's when I realized he was holding a ruler."

She touched my cock now with two fingers, giggling as it twitched against her, then withdrawing her touch quickly.

"It's kind of cute," she said, "so small compared to Mr. Nelson."

"God," I groaned, "this is turning me on so much."

"You're a born cuck, aren't you? I bet you've been imagining this for years, haven't you?"

I nodded. She'd seen through me, discovered my secret fantasy.

"It's ok," she said, "I've suspected this about you for a long time. And don't forget that you're the one who put this idea in my head. I never would have done it if you hadn't encouraged me to. So it's your own fault that I find your cock inadequate now!"

"Please," I said, "let me touch it."

"Not yet, cuck," she teased, "let me finish telling you what happened with Mr. Nelson."

I nodded.

"He spanked me with that ruler, honey, until my entire ass was burning and I was pleading for him to stop and just *fuck* me already. He made me say really filthy things. I had to beg for his cock in my slutty little pussy. Finally, he had mercy on me and stopped spanking me. I loved the way my ass burned. He fingered me for a long time, telling me that I was a good little girl, and that I'd taken my punishment very well. 'Please can I have your cock, Sir?' I begged."

"But he wasn't ready to give it to me yet. At least not in my pussy. He set me on the ground in front of him and told me to unbuckle his pants and take out his cock. I couldn't wait. I pulled his

pants down as fast as I could. I was so eager to finally see it in person after seeing that picture that I showed you. Finally, it was there. It was magnificent, honey. It was big, angry, and practically begging to be worshiped. Without even being asked to, I took it in my mouth immediately and began to suck it. He grabbed my pigtails, and it became crystal clear why he'd wanted me to wear them that night – in case that wasn't obvious already."

"I felt like such a slut, but it was also so perfect. I was there on my knees in my son's classroom, taking his teacher's huge dick in my throat. Mr. Nelson looked down at me and called me a 'good girl,' as he fucked my face with his huge cock. It was so degrading, honey. He slapped me with his cock and made me beg him to do it some more. Your cute little wife on her knees, begging to be dickslapped. Can you imagine it? I bet you would have liked to see it."

"Please," I begged, "just stroke it a little more."

She laughed and continued her story.

"He face-fucked me like that for close to ten minutes, honey. My makeup was absolutely destroyed and my throat is still really sore from it. But I can still demonstrate a little for you. Would you like that?"

Finally! She was going to suck my cock again. My marital sex life was saved. I'd feel some sweet relief at last. Hope welled up inside me until I saw her pick up the dildo and slide it into her mouth, beginning to expertly deepthroat it. I'd never imagined that she would be capable of doing something so unbelievably slutty, but I had to believe my eyes. My wife, the innocent girl I'd known since high school, was choking herself with a dildo right in front of me, pretending it was a stranger's dick.

After a a minute or so, she stopped.

"Did you like watching that, honey? I'd do more, but like I said, I'm still sore. He really wrecked me."

I nodded frantically.

"I loved watching that."

"I figured you would."

"So did he fuck you then?" I whispered.

"Oh he certainly did, honey. But not just yet. When he was done making me cry and choke on his enormous dick, he grabbed the ruler that he spanked me with and told me to measure his cock."

"How...how...long...was it?" I stammered.

"See for yourself," she said, holding up her phone.

My jaw dropped to the floor as I saw my wife, exactly as she'd described, on her knees, her eyes ringed by running mascara as she looked up at the camera in devotion, holding a ruler along the edge of the teacher's long, thick prick.

"I think it's about 9.4", maybe 9.5"," she laughed, "kind of hard to say. We also weren't measuring super carefully. Suffice it to say he's *way* bigger than you, honey. He also asked me that, point blank. If he was bigger than you, that is."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say, honey? I actually laughed at the question, because the answer was so obvious. Don't feel too bad, honey. He's like in the 99th percentile in cock size. Guys that big shouldn't really even exist. But I'm *really* glad that they do."

"Oh my God," I groaned, "then what happened?"

"He finished up by cumming all over me face. He took a picture on his phone and sent it to me. He said that you could see it if I wanted to show it to you. I was kind of frustrated that he had come already, because I wanted to feel that monster inside me so bad. So I reached down and started to rub my pussy, but he slapped my hand away and gave me a hard spank on my ass, which was already totally sore. 'Suck me dry,' he ordered, and I did exactly what he said, looking up at him in devotion as I worshiped his huge dick. Before I knew it, he was hard again. I was so excited, honey. You know I love it when a guy is ready to go again so soon. He's older than you, but had no trouble getting it up again. I still had his cum on my face, because he hadn't given me permission to clean it off yet. That's when I found out how kinky Mr. Nelson really was."

Chapter 9

"He pulled me to my feet and bent me over the desk again," Helen continued, "he told me that he was going to fuck me, and I begged him to do it. I had never needed my holes to be filled like I did in that moment, honey. Your wife was ready to do absolutely anything to be crammed with this stranger's cock."

As she spoke, she spread her legs and began to work the dildo (which I now knew to be at least a full three inches smaller than her lover's prick) into her pussy as she lay next to me on the bed. The rest of what she told me was punctuated by moans as she fucked herself, reliving the encounter as she narrated it to me.

"He told me that he needed to keep me quiet. Before I could ask what he meant, I felt him stuff my own panties into my mouth. I could taste my own juices on them, honey. I have no idea where he got such an absolutely filthy idea, but I loved it. He slid his cock inside my pussy for the first time, and it felt wonderful. I absolutely loved it, honey. It was so big and thick, he filled me like no man had ever done before. Not Jacob, and certainly not you. I was immediately in love."

"Not with him, of course. I barely knew him. I was in love with his cock. I knew I would let him do or say anything he wanted to me. I was totally drunk on cock. Hypnotized, if you will. It was like his huge dick was a narcotic for me. He banged me hard from behind, slamming into me again and again as he held both of my pigtails in his hand, controlling me as he pounded my slutty pussy. He demanded to know if my husband could fuck me like this, and I screamed 'No!' through the gag. It came out like a muffled slur, but I knew he could understand me."

She reached out now and enclosed her left hand around my cock as she fucked herself faster with the dildo.

"He told me he was going to shoot his load inside me. And there was nothing I could do about it. I didn't even want to stop him, honey. I would have begged him for it if I could have talked with the gag in my mouth."

She stopped stroking me for a moment, smiling at me as she worked the large fake cock slowly in and out of her pussy.

"He told me that once he came inside me, I would belong to him. That I'd be his property and I'd have to ask permission to have any kind of contact with other guys. Including you. He asked me if I understood, and I of course nodded. It felt only natural to belong to the most dominant guy with the largest cock. The alpha male."

My cock twitched a bit as I shot a single small spurt of cum. It wasn't quite an orgasm – yet. But it was painfully close.

"Something else I've been meaning to tell you," she continued, fucking herself with fast, shallow, strokes, "I stopped taking birth control this month, honey. I wanted to be totally unprotected for Mr. Nelson. Completely vulnerable to him."

That was enough for me. I was about to come. She touched my cock once more, then withdrew her hand as soon as I started spurting come, ruining my orgasm.

"Oops! Sorry, honey," she moaned, "I forgot to tell you that since you're a cuck now, you're also not allowed to experience a real orgasm. At least not with me. Sorry, that's what Mr. Nelson wanted."

I lay there, covered in my own spunk that slowly leaked out of my cock as I watched Helen fuck herself faster and harder as she completed her story.

"I wanted it so bad, honey. I came three or four times on his dick before he even shot it inside me. I was totally worn out and sore. It still hurts now to fuck myself with this dildo, but the thought of what happened is so much more powerful than the pain. I needed his dick, honey. Do you understand? Of course you don't. How could you? You're not a woman. You'll never understand the primal need to be filled by an alpha male."

“Finally, after giving me the fucking of a life, he pinned me to the desk and bottomed out, shooting his load directly at my cervix. He just held me down and filled me. I loved every second of it, and even climaxed again as he filled me. He took a picture of me like that, honey. His cock buried deep in my pussy and his cum leaking out all over us. He told me to go home and tell you, my husband, that another man owned your wife’s pussy now. So that’s what I’m doing. I’ll never touch you again without his permission. Do you understand, honey? Do you?”

The question was rhetorical, because as she asked it, Helen was lost in the throes of an ecstatic orgasm. She quivered for several moments, her eyes closed, lost in her memories of being taken by Mr. Nelson. When she finally opened her eyes again, there were tears in them. Tears of pleasure and relief.

“I love you so much, honey. Thanks for understanding what I need.”

“I love you too,” I said, kissing her.

Chapter 10

Somewhere deep inside, I knew that I was on the path to losing Helen the moment that she started flirting with Jacob, but I had no idea how far things would go, or how quickly. In the matter of a few months, she had gone from a loving, devoted (if slightly bored) housewife, to the submissive cock-drunk size queen who couldn't get enough dick, as long as it was big enough.

She started seeing Mr. Nelson (as she insisted on calling him) several times a week, always at night, and often in his classroom (though there were a few times she fucked him in his car or at his apartment). She didn't always share the details of these encounters with me, but I sometimes got to see a pictures, or got a hint through a text message that she sent.

Once, he even had her call me while he was fucking her from behind. He made her describe the entire scene to me – my wife bent over the sofa in his living room, about to take yet another load of his virile semen in her fertile cunt – and I even heard her beg for him to knock her up.

Mr. Nelson wasn't the only guy that Helen fucked during the next few months. She continued to see Jacob (with Mr. Nelson's permission of course), and even had some hook-ups with a few of my co-workers, all instigated by Mr. Nelson. I was powerless to do anything but hope for some tiny scraps of information about all of my wife's various slutty comings and goings (or was that "cummings" and goings?). In any case, I remained the devoted father and husband, taking care of the kids and making excuses when they wondered where their mother was off to so often late at night.

I explained to them as best I could that mommy had a new job now and had to work extra long hours. What I didn't tell them was that mommy's new job involved fucking well-hung men at the behest of her "bull," Mr. Nelson.

But that wasn't the only new thing that the kids and I had to negotiate. A few months into her new life, Helen sent me a rare text while she was at work (that is to say, at her "real" job). It took me a moment to realize what I was seeing: it was a stick of white plastic with a couple of blue markings at one end. Only when she sent a text message as well did I understand what it was:

Honey, I'm so excited! We're pregnant!

"We" were pregnant. Was that the inclusive "we" – me and her – or the exclusive "we" – her and Mr. Nelson? I knew with absolute certainty that I could not be the biological father, but I hoped that I could raise Mr. Nelson's child as my own.

That's great! I responded.

What else could I do? I knew that I had lost Helen as a wife, but perhaps not as a co-parent.

You're already such a great Dad, she wrote back, *the kids are going to love having a sibling.*

Raising another man's child made me the ultimate cuck. But as long as it made Helen happy, I was ok with it.

THE END

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About the author

Cynthia Sizemore is the pseudonym of a real-life sizequeen who has been in a cuckold relationship with her husband for over five years. All of her erotic fiction is based on her real-life experiences of cuckolding her husband.

Follow her on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

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