

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair and blue eyes is looking directly at the camera. She is wearing a light-colored, lace-trimmed bodysuit with thin straps. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

LOSING HER

A CUCKOLD SIZEQUEEN BUNDLE
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

LOSING HER: A CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN BUNDLE

By Cynthia Sizemore

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MY WIFE AND HER PROFESSOR

Chapter 1: Prof. Martin

I was immediately supportive when my wife Jessica decided she wanted to go back to school for her master's degree. I have to admit that I was a little bit skeptical when she told me that the specific degree she wanted to do was an MFA in Creative Writing, and not an MBA (which would have earned our family more money), but I nevertheless immediately agreed.

I wanted the best for her. For our relationship.

I never anticipated that this would eventually entail the *end* of our marriage. At least our marriage as I knew it.

The first day of classes, Jessica came home gushing about her advisor, Prof. Martin. I should have been suspicious right then, but it didn't occur to me that her feelings might have gone beyond the normal academic admiration.

But as the semester wore on, I eventually began to think that something else was going on. I noticed that she was spending more and more time at the university, especially in the evening. At first she'd go to events or lectures after dinner, about once a week, and then eventually she started staying late to work on her projects at the library.

Increasingly, I found myself home alone in the evenings until 9:00PM or longer. I started to joke that I'd lost my wife to the school. That Prof. Martin saw more of her than I did.

Finally, I had to confront her about it.

"Jessica," I said, one night after she had been late at the university, as usual, "why can't you ever do your work here at home? We've got the home office. You know I'd promise to leave you alone."

"I know," she said good naturedly, smiling as she let her luscious red hair down.

I looked at her. She was a beautiful young woman, and I was very lucky to be married to her. She was 26 years old, with an

incredible body. Her breasts were milky white with small, light-pink nipples. They were a C-cup, the perfect size for her petite frame.

And her ass. Don't get me started on her ass. I am an ass man, to be sure, but her perfectly shaped rear would have been enough to convert even the most convinced boob-man.

In short, Jessica was a perfect 10. And everyone knew it.

The thing that I liked about her, however, (that is to say, the thing that I *loved*) was that she never seemed to notice how attractive she was. On some level, she must have understood that all those guys going out of their way to help her weren't just doing it out of the kindness of their hearts, but somewhere deep inside she must have known that she held a certain power over men. Even over her professors.

I mentioned all of this because it plays a role in what happened next.

"Jessica," I said, "is Prof. Martin ever around when you're working late?"

She gave me a frown.

"Sometimes, sure. Why do you ask?"

"Is he the one asking you to stay late?"

"Well sometimes he suggests the lectures that I go to, yeah..."

"Does he ask the other students to go too?"

"Of course, honey. What's gotten into you? What exactly are you worried about?"

"I don't know," I confessed, flopping down onto the bed and running my fingers through my hair, "I just thought that maybe he was taking a little more than just an...academic interest in you."

"What? Why would he do that? He's *very* professional."

"Why, indeed. I wonder why any man would *possibly* be interested in a super-hot red-head with a beautiful face and an incredible ass."

She stared at me for a long time, then her face darkened.

“So that’s all I am to you? Is that right?”

“No, honey, I didn’t mean it like that...”

“You think that the only reason a professor would take an interest in me is because he wants to fuck me. Not on the merits of my work.”

She was tearing up now.

“No, Jess, honey, I just...”

I reached out for her, but she swatted my hands away.

“I just get so sick of people like you, *men* like *you* thinking that just because a woman is attractive that means she can’t be intelligent.”

“Look, Jessica, that’s not what I said.”

My voice was raised, but Jessica wasn’t backing down.

“You know what? Prof. Martin asked me to go to a conference with him this weekend — tomorrow, to be exact. I told him I couldn’t because I wanted to spend time with you instead. But now I think I’m going to go. I certainly don’t want to spend any more time with a guy who just thinks that I’m a sex object.”

I was livid. But I also hated conflict.

“Alright,” I said, “you know what? Go ahead. I think I’d enjoy a weekend to myself. But I’m going to go sleep on the couch tonight.”

“I think that’s a great idea.”

I grabbed a pillow and a blanket from the hall closet and stomped down the stairs. The next morning, I heard Jessica shuffling around upstairs. Then she came into the living room, her suitcase packed.

“Look,” she said, “I’m sorry for last night. But I hope you realize that you have a few things to apologize for as well.”

“Yes,” I said, “I’m sorry.”

“I’m going to meet Prof. Martin,” she said, “I’m going to park at his house. He’s going to drive us. It’s only about an hour away. I’m going to be back on Sunday morning.”

“Jessica,” I said, “I’m not sure if I like this.”

“Relax,” she said, heading for the door, “we’re sleeping in separate rooms.”

She didn’t even kiss me goodbye.

I passed the weekend in a state of agitation, a million tawdry scenarios crossing my mind. Jessica and her professor flirting at the conference. Having a couple of drinks and getting a little handsy with each other.

Then a strange thing happened: **the more I imagined the scenarios that involved my wife cheating on me, the more turned on I got.** I started painting more and more explicit scenes in my mind: Jessica on her knees fellating her professor, taking him from behind, taking him without a condom.

I actually jerked off on Saturday night, imagining this older academic bringing out the slutty side of my young, sweet wife.

When I finally came, I felt a little embarrassed and ashamed of myself, but a few minutes later, I was hard again.

What had come over me? Did I really think it would be hot for my wife to cheat on me with her professor?

I had to admit that I did.

But this realization did nothing to prepare me for what would happen in the next few days.

Jessica came home late on Sunday morning, just as she said she would. Her mood was the mirror opposite of when she’d left. She came straight through the front door and gave me a big hug and a kiss on the lips. She was absolutely glowing.

“Hi, honey,” she said, “sorry for the way I acted when I left.”

“It’s ok,” I said, a bit ashamed of my own conduct while she’d been gone, “how was the conference?”

"The conference was great," she said, "I even might have found my first publisher."

"And Prof. Martin?"

"How do you mean?"

"How was it...spending so much time with him?"

"He was the perfect gentleman," she said, "he was great."

"I guess I won't ask any questions I don't want to know the answers to," I said, unable to stop myself.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Her defensive tone was back.

"Nothing. I'm sorry. I'm glad that you're back."

She smiled at me, the storm clouds gone from her face.

"Want to go out for lunch?"

"Sure," I said.

Over the next few days, Jessica was uncharacteristically nice to me. We made love three times, which was virtually unheard of in our relationship recently. She even asked me to do a few new things in bed that were completely unlike her. She wanted me to spank her and pull her hair, for example. She even tried talking dirty with me, which was even stranger. Before, she had always been rather quiet in bed. Unwilling to experiment. Now I had a wife who seemed like she was auditioning to be a porn star.

That might have been exciting to other men, but all it did was make me suspicious. What had caused this sudden change?

I knew it was a breach of trust and I shouldn't have done it, but I couldn't stop myself from beginning to snoop around in her things.

That's when I found it.

The "manuscript."

I use quotation marks, because even though it was labeled a work of fiction, it was written a lot like a diary entry, from a first-

person point of view. She hadn't even changed the names of anyone involved.

It was on the desktop of our shared computer, in a folder labeled "latest writing."

Just waiting to be discovered.

I am not going to relate the entire build up of the story (my eyes ran over these parts rather quickly) but rather the "dirty details" that told me in no uncertain terms that my wife had been cheating on me.

Chapter 2: Jessica's Manuscript

I'd been dropping hints all evening, but somehow Dr. Martin wasn't getting it. Finally, I stood up from the group we were eating dinner with and simply announced that I was heading to my room, hoping that he would understand my signal. The way Dr. Martin jumped up to accompany me indicated that he was either extremely bored with the conversation, or he was on my wavelength. The next thing I knew, we were walking to the elevators side-by-side.

"Could you press 10 for me?" he asked, after we'd boarded the elevator.

"I already pressed it," I said, smiling, "that's where my room is too."

"I think I knew that," he grinned

I gave him a flirtatious smile.

The elevator ride passed in silence, with an extreme tension in the air. Clearly of a sexual nature.

"Professor," I said, as we walked down the hall, "I can't figure out how to get the wireless internet to work on my laptop. Do you think you might be able to help me?"

"Did you ask someone at the hotel?" he asked, looking at me as if gauging my intentions.

"Well, no," I said, "but I thought it would be more *fun* if we could try to figure it out together. I mean, you are a professor, after all."

He smiled.

"My PhD is in English Literature, not computer science. Or engineering. But I guess I could give it a shot. Just don't tell anyone we were alone in a hotel room together. It's not ethical — even though you're far from an innocent co-ed."

"Not *that* far," I said flirtatiously, "but of course my lips are sealed."

In that moment, my panties were absolutely soaked. I had him where I wanted him. Where he clearly wanted to be as well.

“Oops, sorry about that!” I said, noticing one of my sexy thongs on the bed and quickly snatching it up.

He merely raised an eyebrow, not moving his mouth at all. He was still playing it cool. I wonder if he suspected that I’d planted it there myself.

“Well,” he said, turning to me, “let’s see that laptop.”

“It’s right here,” I said, holding the small computer close to my chest and batting my eyes at him, “why don’t you come and sit next to me on the bed?”

I was feeling bold, flirtatious. Like nothing could stop me.

“I see,” he said, gauging the situation, “do you understand what you’re suggesting?”

I loved the authoritative tone in his voice.

“I’m not sure what you mean, Professor. All I want to do is watch Netflix on my laptop.”

He smiled.

“I’ve had a lot of girls over the years try ‘Netflix and chill’ with me — or whatever the equivalent used to be,” he said, moving closer.

My heart began to pound.

“And I’ve never *actually* considered it until this moment,” he said, raising his hand toward my cheek, “but I think you have to understand that given the current political climate, it’s completely impossible. Besides, aren’t you married?”

His gaze rested on my diamond engagement ring.

“Yes, I am. But what if we just keep it our little secret? My husband never has to find out.”

“This kind of thing never remains a secret. It always gets out in the end.”

“Come on, Professor,” I pouted, “I really just want to watch something fun on Netflix with you. That’s all. It’s hard for me to fall

asleep on my own in a hotel room so far away from home. My husband will never find out that I was here with you. It's not like I'm going to write all of this down."

His hand was on my cheek, and the touch was absolutely *electric*.

God, I'd wanted this moment every day since the day I met him. Since the first time I even read his *name*. He'd always exuded this erotic energy that my husband could never hope to match.

"Ok, young lady," he whispered hoarsely, "Let's stop playing games. We both know why we're here, in your room. I love to fuck hard and rough, and I'd love to fuck you. Does that sound like fun?"

Fuck. Yes. Professor.

My panties somehow felt even wetter than before now.

"Yes," I squeaked, surprised that I'd totally lost my flirtatious tone, "that's *exactly* what I want."

"Perfect," he said, pulling me in for a long and hard, yet sensual, kiss.

"My husband has never kissed me like that," I whispered.

"Too bad," he replied, "a woman like you deserves to experience pleasure at the hands of a skilled man."

God. I couldn't believe how much hearing him talk like that was turning me on. But his voice had always been a major source of attraction to me. That was why I would

always start to drift off during the graduate seminar, just imagining all the filthy things I'd like to do with him...

I embraced him and pulled myself up towards him. He was so tall I had to crane my neck a bit. He smelled so good. So musky and masculine and strong as he pulled me in towards him with his arms, rubbing his rapidly-stiffening bulge against my crotch. I couldn't be sure yet, but it seemed *much* bigger than my husband's.

He reached back and cupped my ass in his hands and then, suddenly, lifted me up and threw me onto the bed. It was just rough enough to excite me without scaring or hurting me. I *loved* the kind of

effect I was having on him. It was as if I'd awakened some long-dormant masculine essence that had been slumbering beneath his staid academic exterior.

"Jessica," he whispered, "I've wanted this for a long time. There were so many times during my office hours that I dreamed about taking you..."

"I've imagined it so often, Professor!" I sighed as he kissed down the side of my neck.

"Are you going to be a good girl for me?"

"Mm-hmm. Pleasing you turns me on so much," I whispered.

"Very good," he said, smiling before kissing me on the lips once more, "the most pleasing thing in this moment for me would be to taste you."

Fuck. He was going to go down on me.

I hoped he wouldn't be as clumsy at it as my husband. But if he could eat pussy as well as he could kiss, I knew I was in for an incredible time.

"Did I mention you look absolutely stunning in this dress?" he asked, pushing the hem of the dress up my thighs as he slowly slid himself down towards my crotch.

"Thank you, Sir," I stammered, delighted by the compliment.

"Did you wear it just for me?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I bought it with my husband when we went shopping a few weeks ago, but I was thinking of *you* and of this conference when I bought it."

"I love it," he said breathlessly, parting my legs gently as his head moved between them, "almost as much as I love these cute pink panties."

I blushed again.

"I bought those for you, too," I admitted, "while my husband was waiting for me."

“You have excellent taste,” he smiled, putting his fingers under the waistband and pulling them down my thighs, “but as much as I like them on you, I think I’d like them even better off of you.”

“Yes, Professor,” I moaned, aching for the sensation of his tongue on my nether regions.

He slowly rubbed the lips of my pussy with a finger. Unlike my husband, he clearly knew what he was doing because he started with a very soft, smooth and sensual stroke.

He was in absolutely no hurry to get me off, like my husband would have been. Somehow, he was bringing out feelings in me that I’d never explored before. Filthy urges that I wasn’t sure that I could control.

“Fuck, that feels so good, Professor,” I moaned.

“Tsk, ts,” he teased, “such language from such a good girl. What would your husband think?”

“Fuck him,” I groaned.

“No,” he corrected me, “*don’t* fuck him. At least you won’t want to anymore when I’m done with you.”

“Oh God, Sir,” I said, surprised at how much it turned me on to hear him denigrate my husband.

“Mmm,” he said, “I think you like it when I talk about your husband. Don’t worry, you don’t have to admit it to me.”

*Oh God. He was right. It was **such** a turn on. If he only knew.*

Then his tongue was all over me.

He was gentle at first, so gentle that I wasn’t sure if he was even touching me, but then, slowly but surely, more and more urgently, he began to give my mound a tongue massage.

My husband had never come *nearly* this close to turning me on so much, and I knew that Prof. Martin was going to give me multiple orgasms before the night was over.

I wanted nothing more than to return the favor. To be his perfect student and make *him* feel as good as he was making *me* feel in this

moment.

“Oh Professor,” I moaned, “I’m going to...”

He stopped abruptly, much to my frustration, and looked up at me with mischievous eyes.

“You’re going to *what*, sweetheart?”

Sweetheart. Even if that word was a little cheesy, it sounded so perfect coming from him.

“I’m going to...I was going to come,” I moaned.

“I’m not sure if you’ve earned that privilege yet,” he said, flashing me a devilish grin.

My husband had never treated me like this before. Teasing me. Flirting with me even during the act. Trying to extend our pleasure. He’d always just wanted to get it over with.

This kind of flirtatious push-and-pull was exactly what I wanted. What I *needed*.

I moaned in protest.

“Please, Professor Martin? I want to come so bad. I *need* it.”

“I think you *need* to taste something else first,” he grinned, laying next to the bed and undoing his pants.

I licked my lips in anticipation. I’d given head to my husband plenty of times before, but always out of duty, not desire. Now there was **nothing I wanted more in this world** than to pleasure Dr. Martin’s cock with my mouth. I was literally salivating for it, I wanted to taste him so bad.

That had *never* happened with my husband. Not even close.

When he took my hand and gently guided it to his cock, I couldn’t believe how big it was. Not scary-big, but definitely big enough to be the largest I’d ever held in my hand by a wide margin. Probably about one and a half times my husband’s length, and twice his girth.

It was intimidating. Deliciously so.

I have never thought of myself as a “size queen,” but I’ve always been curious about being with a guy on the larger side, and Dr. Martin was **definitely** that. I knew he was going to reach places that my husband could never hope to.

“That feels so good, Jessica,” he sighed as I stroked his shaft as we lay side-by-side on the bed. I loved to hear him to tell me how good of a job I was doing.

“Does it feel good, Professor?” I asked him in an innocent voice, “do you like watching your cute grad student play with your big cock?”

I *knew* he liked what I was doing because his cock twitched a bit in my hand and he let out an involuntary moan. It was so hot to know that I was pleasing my professor not only intellectually, but also physically.

“Fuck, Jess,” he said, using a nickname that usually only my husband did, “you really know how to tease me. I can’t wait for you to please me, too.”

“I’m sorry if I’m teasing too much, Professor,” I said coquettishly, “I’m really a good girl. I promise.”

“If that’s the case,” he panted as I stroked him faster, “what are you doing half naked on the bed in a hotel room stroking a cock that doesn’t belong to your husband?”

I smiled.

“I guess you’ve got me there, Professor. Maybe I *am* a kind of bad girl.”

I bit my lip a bit and gave him a flirtatious look.

He smiled back.

“I’d really like to taste it now. Would you like that? Would you like your favorite grad student to suck your cock?”

“Oh *fuck* yes,” he said.

“Tsk, ts. I never thought I’d hear you swear like that, professor!” I said as I slid down the bed towards his dick.

I was so looking forward to pleasuring his thick, hard rod. I was a little concerned that I wouldn't perform up to his standards. I couldn't help but feel like I was being graded.

And I wanted an "A."

As it turned out, I needn't have worried. After a few minutes of lubing him up with my tongue, I was bobbing away and he was absolutely groaning in pleasure, whispering soft obscenities in encouragement.

I continued to stroke his cock with one hand while I moved down towards his balls with my mouth, tonguing them as he kicked his legs in pleasure. I loved seeing him like this, in such incredible pleasure while I took control.

I came back up and smiled at him.

"Will you *please* fuck me now, Professor? I've been a very patient student. I've been imagining nothing but this moment since the day I walked into your office for our meeting about registration."

"Yes I will," he said, the edge of masculine aggressiveness returning to his voice, "lay back on the bed and spread those pretty little legs for me."

I *loved* it when he spoke with that kind of authority. It reminded me of how he acted in the classroom.

"Yes, Sir," I said, immediately obeying him.

He jumped down off the bed and pulled my hips down to the edge of the bed so that he had a perfect angle to enter.

I looked down and saw his big cock getting ready disappear inside me. It didn't look like there was any way that it would fit, but I didn't care at all. I was way too fucking horny. So what if it hurt a little? I could take it. I *wanted* him to hurt me, in fact, if it meant that he felt good.

I'd never been this submissive with my husband. Not even close.

I bit my lower lip as he pushed his cock against my lower pussylips.

Gripping my hips, he thrust forward into my wetness.

"Ok?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Please put it inside me all the way, Professor. I need it so bad."

He repositioned himself, pushing my legs back a bit more, then entered me completely. I gasped at his size. It felt amazing to be filled like that, completely dominated by his

male essence and size. Nothing my husband had ever done had even come close.

"Fuck yes," he moaned, "your pussy is so tight. It's been so long since I've been inside a pussy this good."

"Mmm...", I groaned, "me too. You're you much bigger than my husband. I love it..."

He began to thrust into me, each stroke sending first a tingle, then a jolt of pleasure through my body.

"Fuck yes, Professor!" I moaned, unconcerned about being heard by the adjoining rooms, "give me that fucking cock."

"You have a dirty mouth," he groaned, slamming into me ever harder, "but I have to admit I love to hear you compare me to your husband."

"Oh yes," I moaned, "you're so much bigger than him. You fuck so much better. I just want you to take my pussy, Professor. Just own it. It's all I want. Punish me with your big fucking dick."

"You know I will," he growled, pistoning his thick cock into me.

I looked down, admiring the obscene sight of his gigantic member stretching my tight young hole. I knew that I was made for this. It was all so perfect.

"You're never going to want to fuck your husband again, are you?"

"No, Professor," I groaned, "I think I'm going to... I'm going to come..."

“Yes,” he growled, leaning in and kissing my neck while he grabbed a handful of my hair and began to absolutely slam me into the bed, “I own this pussy now...”

It was *exactly* what I needed in that moment. To be treated like his sexual plaything. Like a woman who existed just to be dominated, tamed and claimed. I loved his gentle yet assertive dominance, and my body was responding. My husband could never compete.

“Fuck,” I moaned, “oh God, Professor, I’m coming!!!”

I bucked my hips up towards him as my pussy began to clench around his cock. He kept up his pace and angle, giving me the time I needed to explode around his dick. I dug my fingernails into his back as my toes curled and I reached an amazing climax that seemed to originate deep inside my body.

Not only was it the most powerful orgasm I’d even had, it was also the *only* orgasm I’d ever had from intercourse. Ever.

Fuck. If we kept doing this, I was going to be *addicted* to Professor Martin’s cock.

“Did that feel good, Jess? Has your husband ever made you feel like that?” he asked, slowly pulling out of me.

“Good? That was AMAZING,” I sighed, stroking his head, “he can’t....he’s never come anywhere close to making me feel like that. Did you come yet? I want your cum inside me so bad.”

“No,” he said, “I’m not anywhere near done with you yet.”

“Mmm...,” I purred, “I was hoping you would say that.”

Instead of answering, he simply grabbed me and flipped me onto my stomach and positioned me with my torso down and ass in the air on the bed. I felt so exposed. So vulnerable and feminine. I was in a headspace that I’d never experienced with my husband.

“You look so good like that,” said Prof.Martin, standing behind me.

I could feel his gaze on my bare skin, and I loved it.

“Thank you, Professor,” I sighed, “please fuck me again. I want to feel that big dick inside me.”

“Of course,” he growled, climbing up behind me on the bed and mounting me.

I let out a long groan as he slowly slid his big dick into me from a whole new angle. I could feel every micrometer of his magnificent cock as he penetrated me. It was such an animalistic, primitive position for such a distinguished scholar and author. But that only made it that much hotter that we were sharing this intimate, completely filthy moment.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

I gasped in surprise as his hand landed hard across my backside.

“I told you I liked it rough,” he said, “and I also said I was going to punish you.”

I’d always fantasized about being spanked during sex, but I’d never had the nerve to tell my husband about it. Nothing gets me wetter when I masturbate than when I imagine being spanked, especially by an authority figure. It was like my professor had been reading my secret fantasy diary.

“Yes,” I moaned lustily, “*please* punish me, Professor. I need it so bad.”

He grabbed my hip with one hand and began to pummel my bottom with his other hand, turning it bright red. I absolutely loved the entire situation: my submissive position, the way he was “punishing” me for being such a naughty girl. I’d waited all my life to find a guy who could take me in hand like this. Who wouldn’t put up with my teasing. My husband certainly wasn’t that man.

“Take this big fucking dick you little grad student tease,” he grunted, pulling me by the hips back onto his cock as the sounds of our fornication filled the room, “I know you love getting fucked by your professor. Tell me you love my cock more than your husband’s.”

“Yes, Professor,” I groaned, “I fucking need it so bad. I love your cock so much more than my husband’s.”

“You’re going to be ruined for him now,” he growled, pulling my hair, “you’re never going to want to let him near your pussy.”

I *loved* the combination of pleasure and pain, and how forceful and dirty he was being.

“Are you going to come for me again, Jess?” he panted, absolutely pummeling my cunt from behind, “are you going to come like a good girl for your professor?”

The naughtiness of his words and the sensation of being **absolutely filled** with his dick was too much for me. I felt myself on the edge one and I knew I was going to lose control soon.

“Don’t be afraid,” he whispered, “just give in to your lust for your professor’s big cock. Go ahead and come for me, Jess. I’m going to count down for you. Ready?”

“Yes, professor,” I moaned, loving his dominance.

“Five,” he panted, his thighs slapping mine.

“Four,” he groaned, pushing my head down into the bedsheets as he asserted his total control over my body and my pleasure.

“Three,” he gasped, showing signs that his own orgasm was near.

“Fuck,” I moaned, “I don’t know if I can hold back, Sir. I’m so close!”

SLAP! SLAP! He spanked my ass two more times, hard. It hurt but it felt so good being put back into line and reminded who I belonged to.

“Don’t you dare come without my permission,” he ordered, pausing for a moment.

“Please, Professor. I need it so bad.”

“Alright, Jess,” he said, beginning to accelerate the pace of his thrusts again, “we’re almost there. You’re going to come right at the same time that I fill you up. Are you ready?”

“Yes, sir. Please, sir.”

I'd never been so desperate for a man in my life. Never once did I think that I would end up in a hotel room with my ass in the air, about to be filled with cum by my favorite professor, my husband at home none the wiser.

It was so primitive, so primal. And the fact that he wasn't wearing a condom made it all the better. He was going to take me, **completely without protection**, completely **vulnerable** to his potent seed. All rationality had flown out the window, and all I could think about was how bad I wanted his seed inside my womb.

"Yes, professor," I moaned, "I want your cum so bad. Just fill me up. Fill your favorite student with your fucking cum. Take possession of my pussy. It's yours now."

"Two," he grunted, clearly losing control over himself as he reached his own orgasm.

"Oh fuck," I squealed, "I can't hold back!"

"You don't have to, Jess," he sputtered, thrusting into me and holding himself deep inside.

I felt a warm wetness spread as he pulsed deep inside me, his contractions pumping the seed that had collected in his large balls directly against my cervix.

"One. Come for me now, princess."

Oh. My. God. The name "princess" absolutely sent me over the edge. I came so hard I thought I was going to pass out, my body wracked with pleasure that seemed to originate in another dimension. It was absolutely nothing like sex with my husband.

"It's so good, Professor," I whispered, almost unable to speak as my pussy milked the last of his potent seed out of his still-stiff cock, "I love your cock so much."

"That was amazing," he sighed, slowly disengaging and falling back onto the bed, "That was the best sex I've had in years."

"You don't fuck all of your grad students like this, do you?"

"No," he said, gradually catching his breath, "you're actually the first, in fact. I know could lose my job for this, but it was *totally* worth

it.”

“You’re not going to lose your job, silly,” I said, rolling over next to him and smiling, “I’m married, so I have a good reason to keep this quiet. Even though I kind of want to tell my husband how much better you were than him.”

He pulled me to him and gave me a long, sensual kiss.

“I’m glad I can count on you to keep this a secret.”

“But professor, it’s so tempting to brag to the other grad students about how I fucked the hottest professor in school. But of course I won’t say a word to anyone. My lips are sealed.”

“Excellent, Jessica,” he said, drawing me closer to him, “now while I rest up for round two, how about we figure out the wifi so we can watch Netflix? After all, that’s the whole reason I came to your room, wasn’t it?”

I giggled, snuggling up to him.

“That’s right, Professor. That’s all I wanted, of course. I’m just an innocent, married grad student...”

“Keep teasing me like that and you’re definitely going to get another spanking,” he said, “this time over my knee.”

“Mmm,” I said, kissing him again, “I think I might like that.”

“Then I guess we’ll have to do it...”

[Jessica’s manuscript ends here]

Chapter 3: The Reckoning

I read the story with a strange mixture of shock and arousal.

On one hand, I was emotionally devastated by this story, written by the love of my life, explicitly chronicling a kinky sexual encounter between her and another man.

But it went even further than that. Not only was she cheating on me, but she clearly had feelings for Prof. Martin.

Real feelings. This wasn't a purely physical affair.

But it was also not *only* an emotional affair. The physicality of what she had described leaped off the page at every turn: his huge cock, her orgasms, her enjoyment of being taken completely without protection. Then, of course, there was the dialogue that she had recorded that included me. Many, many humiliating things that she had either said or thought about me, my sexual prowess (or lack thereof) and our sexual history together.

And did she really write that she'd *never* had an orgasm from penetration before being with Prof. Martin?

That would mean that she'd faked **every single orgasm** that she pretended to have with me.

On the other hand, I was completely turned on. I was so aroused I only made it partway through the story before I had to take a break and run to the bathroom, bringing myself to a powerful orgasm within only a few seconds as I imagined my beautiful, loving wife disparaging me in front of her professor and lover.

I came again, this time not even bothering to go to the bathroom, as I read the description of Dr. Martin depositing his potent seed in my wife's unprotected womb. I looked down at my own semen-covered hands in disgust, wondering what had become of me.

But no matter what I did, I couldn't shake the images in Jessica's story from my mind. How much of it was real? How much was fantasy? I knew that she was studying creative writing, but why

would she write something so close to reality, without even bothering to change her or Prof. Martin's name?

She wouldn't. I concluded that it had to be real. All of it.

This thought both tormented and aroused me for the next few days. In the meantime, Jessica went about her life as usual, once again beginning to spend more and more time at the university in the evenings.

Finally, I had the guts to confront her. I couldn't stand it anymore.

"You know," I said, one evening while we were lying in bed, "I wouldn't really be against it if you wanted to...experiment a little more."

"Experiment, how?" she said, looking up from her book.

"Like in bed," I said.

"Mm," she said, "you know that I like the new things we've been trying."

"Yeah," I said, "I know. But I was kind of thinking about, you know, doing other stuff. Like with other people."

"You want to fuck other women?"

She lowered her book and looked at me in surprise.

"No," I said, "not at all. I thought that *you* might be interested in experimenting with other men."

She gave me a long look of disbelief.

"So you actually want me to sleep with other men? Like to cuckold you?"

"I just thought you might be interested..."

"And what exactly would give you that idea?"

I decided it was time to come clean. To lay my cards on the table. I looked my gorgeous red-headed wife in the eye and told her everything I knew.

"I found a manuscript on the computer downstairs," I said, "it seemed to be about your trip with Prof. Martin."

Her face turned livid.

"That is a major breach of trust," she said, "my work is sacred to me. You have to understand the artistic process."

"That's just the thing," I said, "it didn't seem very 'artistic' to me. I mean, I thought it was well written, but it just seemed like it was describing something very plausible. Like it was based on actual events."

She continued to stare at me, her mouth open in disgust and outrage.

"Just tell me," I said, "is it true?"

"That's none of your fucking business," she said, slamming her book down and climbing out of bed, "I can't tolerate you snooping into my things like this. I think I'm going to go now. I don't need to be treated like this."

"Jessica," I called, "I'm sorry. But you have to understand how I felt when I read that story. Just tell me what parts are true and which parts are made up! I'm not mad if you sleep with him. It turns me on a little to be honest."

"I can't believe you," she said, quickly stripping off her nightgown and changing into a pair of jeans, "I'm getting out of here."

"Where are you going?" I asked, already sensing the answer.

"To Dr. Martin's house," she said, "I'll call you from there if I feel like talking. You disgust me. Goodbye."

She grabbed her gym bag from the closet before storming out of the bedroom and down the steps, taking two at a time. A few minutes later, I heard the screech of her car tires as she pulled out of the driveway.

Once again, I was overcome with powerful emotions, but once again I didn't know how to deal with them except for taking out my laptop and reading a copy of the story she had written for what must have been the twentieth time. I simply couldn't get enough of the

images that my wife had put into my head, and I was beginning to think that truth and fiction were more intimately connected than she ever would have admitted.

I made myself come twice before falling into a deep sleep, images of my wife and her professor racing entangled in all my dreams.

Chapter 4: Soulmates

The next morning, Jessica still wasn't back.

I lay in my bed, despondent, but also incredibly aroused wondering about what she and her professor might be up to now.

Then, suddenly, my phone rang. It was Jessica's number.

I picked it up, but was startled to hear a male voice.

"Hello," he said, "this is Dr. Martin, Jessica's graduate advisor."

"I know who you are," I said, "this is her husband."

"Yes," he said, "I know who *you* are, too."

"Where is she? Can I talk to her?"

"She's fine. She's with me. And of course you can talk to her. But first, I think *we* both need to talk to *you*. Please come over here as soon as you can. Jessica will text you my address."

"Ok," I said, my hands trembling with a strong emotion that I couldn't necessarily identify, "I'll be right there."

I hung up the phone and raced to get dressed. A few minutes later, I was in my car, driving towards the address that Jessica had sent me.

I found the house easily. It was a beautifully maintained three-story Victorian with a large flower garden in the front.

No wonder she prefers him to me, I thought.

I parked in front of the house and walked up the walk, my heart pounding. I couldn't believe my relationship with my wife, my marriage, had come to this point, but here I was. About to confront her at her lover's house.

A man opened the door and extended his hand.

"I'm Professor Martin," he said, shaking my hand vigorously.

He was younger than I imagined — maybe in his mid-thirties, so only around a decade older than Jessica and I — but even as a man, I could tell that he was quite handsome. Not to mention a head taller

than I was, and in much better shape. I had no trouble believing that the details from Jessica's story concerning his superior endowment.

"Nice to meet you too," I said, entering the foyer and looking around.

"Please, no need to remove your shoes," he said, "this won't take long."

I didn't know if that was good or bad news.

I followed him into the living room, where Jessica was sitting on the couch. She was wearing a miniskirt that I'd always liked, and her legs were folded underneath her. I don't think I'd ever seen her look more beautiful. Or more serious.

"Hi," she said, her tone completely flat.

"Hi," I said.

"Please, have a seat," said Prof. Martin.

"Steve," he said, "Jessica's told me that you read her short story. And that you had a lot of questions about it. Specifically about its relationship to the true events of our conference."

"Yes," I said, squirming uncomfortably.

"She told me that you said that it turned you on to think about the two of us (me and Jessica) sleeping together. Is that right?"

"Yeah," I said, unsure of where this conversation was supposed to be leading.

"So you're probably wondering if it's all true."

I nodded, unable to make eye contact with either one of them.

"Well," said Dr. Martin, "like any artistic creation, there is some invention involved. For one thing, reality is not a linguistic construct. It is made of flesh and blood."

"Oh, cut the academic crap for a second," said Jessica, in an uncharacteristically cold tone, "let's just come clean."

"Steve," she said, looking directly into my eyes, "everything in the story happened. The only way that my story wasn't true is in the

sense that it omitted a lot. Specifically, the two times after that initial encounter that Prof. Martins filled my pussy.”

I was speechless. I sat there, my mouth half-open, trying to formulate a thought. At the same time, I was getting hard.

“That’s right,” she said, “I hate to tell you this way. I was careless. I never wanted you to find that story. You shouldn’t have read it. I just wanted to spare your feelings.”

I nodded. I understood. I really did.

“And you have to admit that you were snooping where you shouldn’t have been.”

“Yes, but you were acting so strange. It was obvious you were cheating...”

“Technically, yes,” said Jessica, “I did cheat on you. But you have to understand: Prof. Martin is my soulmate. It just so happens that I’m still married to you. You can’t really cheat with your soulmate, can you? That would make no sense.”

I didn’t know how to respond to that. It didn’t seem to make logical or legal sense, but it made an emotional sense that I couldn’t dispute.

“I suppose not.”

“So I didn’t *actually* cheat on you. In a way, I was cheating on him with all that pity sex when I came back from the conference.”

“Yeah,” I said, “why did you suddenly want to try all that new stuff?”

“Because I was feeling guilty,” she said, “and I thought maybe there was a chance — if you could make me feel like Professor Martin made me feel — that I could be happy with you. But now I understand that you simply can’t measure up to him. In any way at all.”

I knew which “way” she was mainly referring to, but I also knew that this had to do with more than simply cock size. They were made for each other. Perfect fits, both physically and emotionally.

“However,” she said, “I could tell how much the idea of me cheating turns me on, since you even suggested yourself that I cuckold you. So I’m making you an offer.”

This was intriguing.

“You can stay in my life. We can stay married. But from now on, Professor Martin and I make the rules. And the first rule is that you’re no longer allowed anywhere near my pussy. In fact, the only time you’re going to be allowed to see any part of me is when I’m making love to him, on the rare occasions that we might allow you to watch us together. The next rule is that you agree to help us take care of any children that we might have, should he succeed in getting me pregnant.”

“Lord knows I’ve been trying,” said Dr. Martin, sliding over next to Jessica on the couch and squeezing her hand with a smile.

“And the third condition is that you accept my control over your orgasms,” said Jessica, “I get to decide when and how you come. I’m never going to fuck you again, but if you’re lucky, I might give you a handjob, either before or after Professor Martin and I make love.”

“Well,” she said, looking at me as Dr. Martin wrapped his arm around her from the side, “what do you think? Take it or leave it. If you decide to leave it, the door is there, and my lawyer will contact you next week sometime.”

I didn’t need long to decide.

“I’ll take it,” I said, feeling as if an arrow had pierced my heart.

My thoughts flashed back to our wedding and honeymoon. To all of the wonderful times in our marriage. I could have cursed her decision to go back to college, but I knew deep down that she’d always been out of my league and probably would have eventually found someone better than me even if she hadn’t returned to school for her degree.

Tears began to stream down my face.

“Aw, poor guy,” said Dr. Martin, “I feel sorry for him. But I think that he should have the chance to watch us make love, so that he can see how happy I make you.”

“That’s probably a good idea,” grinned Jessica, “come on, Steve. Don’t you want to watch?”

“I don’t know...,” I said, standing up, but realizing at the same time that my erection was clearly visible through my slacks.

“Ha ha,” laughed Jessica, “it looks like we got your little guy pretty excited. I told you, honey: he’s a total cuck. I know he must have jerked off to my story several times.”

“I’m sure you’re right, Jess,” he said, squeezing her hand as they both rose to their feet, “let’s give him a show then, shall we?”

“Mmm I think we should just do what comes naturally,” she said, craning her neck to kiss him, “and let my pathetic husband see how a real man pleases me.”

My heart melted in pain and sorrow as I witnessed their passion for one another. It was true. It had to be: Jessica, *my* Jessica, had found her soulmate.

I followed them up to the bedroom and watched as Dr. Martin slowly helped her out of her clothes. This wasn’t the raw, slightly kinky sex that she’d described in the story. This was more gentle and loving. Soulful, even.

Their hands were all over: caressing, groping. I watched as he skilfully freed my wife’s luscious breasts, gently teasing her nipple with his thumb and forefinger.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “you see that, Steve? *That’s* how you get a woman in the mood.”

He leaned down and took one of her nipples in his mouth, and I watched as Jessica closed her eyes and moaned softly, running her fingers through his hair.

“Oh, Professor Martin,” she moaned.

I noticed now that she used his title even when they were making love. It was obviously part of their kink.

She was reaching down and rubbing his cock now as he suckled on her nipple. I swallowed hard as I saw his package.

He looked over and let the nipple fall out of his mouth for a moment.

“Go ahead and make yourself comfortable,” he said, “there’s a chair over there.”

I took a seat at the large writing desk in the corner, turning the wooden chair towards the happy couple. I wanted so badly to take out my cock and masturbate while I watched, but I knew, based on the “conditions” that Jessica had laid out, that I wouldn’t be allowed to do that without her permission.

From this angle, I saw Jessica’s rear. Her dress was already unzipped and peeled down in the front to grant access to her breasts. Now, I watched as her lover peeled the dress down over her ass so that she stood before him, naked from the waist up.

“Do you like that view, honey? I don’t know how many other opportunities you’re going to get to see me naked, or nearly so,” she taunted.

I thought back to how incredible it had been the first time I saw Jessica naked, and another pang went through my body, even as I felt my cock harden even more.

She shook her ass a bit in her black thong panties. It was torture.

Torture that made my cock even harder.

Finally, he had taken those off as well, and was massaging her full buttocks, giving them a few playful little slaps, which caused her to giggle with glee.

“After you’re finished making love to me, maybe you can *really* fuck me,” she said, “and you know you’ll have to give me a good, hard spanking then, professor.”

She nuzzled her nose into his. Hearing her talk like this made me realize that there was a kinky, animalistic side to my wife that I had never succeeded in bringing out. It was overwhelming to see the woman that I thought I knew so well suddenly taking such an interest in rough sex.

But the sex was anything but rough now.

"I'll spank you later," he said, smiling, "but for now I'm going to make love to you like you're the woman who I want to spend the rest of my life with. Because you are."

"Oh, Professor," she sighed, "that's so sweet."

They exchanged another long kiss.

"God," said my wife, "I want you to make love to me so bad. But first I'm going to *worship* this dick."

"Oh my," said Dr. Martin, "I suppose I can't argue with that."

He winked at me over her shoulder. It was as if he'd hit me. I watched my wife drop to her knees and unfasten his pants, then unzip his fly and take out his gigantic cock.

Wow. The description in the story had done nothing to prepare me for the clear superiority of his male member. Jessica moved to the side as she stroked him, using the ample precum dripping down the shaft as lubricant.

"See, Steve? Now you understand one of the reasons you can't compete. But not the only one."

My mouth was dry as I watched my wife kiss the tip, looking over at me with a taunting smile.

"Watch how well I suck my *soulmate's* cock," she said, clearly meaning to contrast this term with "husband."

She swallowed the head of his dick and began to suck on it with her full lips, making little moaning sounds as if experiencing incredible pleasure from the act itself. At the same time, she grabbed his shaft in one hand and his balls in the other, taking him as deeply as she could in her mouth while swirling her hand around his shaft.

She clearly **loved** it, and let both of us know with her moans, which became deep and throaty now.

"Such a good student," moaned her professor, "I can't wait to feel your pussy again. I know it's going to be even better than the last time."

She pulled off.

“The last time — you mean an hour before he came over?”

Prof. Martin chuckled.

“Yeah,” he said, “exactly.”

“Please, Jessica,” I pleaded, “can I touch my cock?”

Jessica popped off his cock again and looked up at him, chuckling.

“Listen to that cuck,” she said, “this turns him on so much. Watching his wife with her soulmate.”

“I love you so much, Jess,” he said, leaning down to kiss her while she continued to stroke his cock, “forget about that cuck. Just ignore him if you feel like it. Don’t feel any need to talk to him. He’s lucky to be watching us.”

“I know,” she said, kissing his cock for a few more seconds, “and I think it’s time for you to fuck me.”

I didn’t know what to do. She’d acknowledged my request, but hadn’t answered my question. Oh well. I’d better follow the rules, I reasoned.

She lay back on the bed and embraced her lover. The two of them kicked off their remaining clothes and continued to kiss passionately. From the angle I was at I couldn’t see much more than Prof. Martin’s toned ass.

“Come over here, Steve,” said Jess, “I want you right next to the bed. I need you to see exactly what it’s like for me to take a real man’s cock. The cock of a man who I truly care about.”

I stood up and brought the chair around to the side of the bed, where I saw that Prof. Martin was rubbing his cock against my wife’s wet hole, as if waiting for my presence to penetrate her.

“Here’s what I want you to do,” she said, “I want you to take out your cock and stroke it with one hand while you watch his big prick go inside me. Can you do that for me, Steve?”

I nodded, then quickly unzipped my pants as Prof. Martin slowly entered my wife.

“Oh God,” he groaned, “fucking you is like entering a temple. It’s so incredible, it’s a spiritual experience every time.”

“For me, too, baby,” she sighed, her eyes tearing up, “I love having you inside me. I can’t wait to have your babies.”

I mourned silently for the family I knew I would never have with Jessica, but at the same time, I was so turned on by watching his girthy prick stretch my wife’s tight young slit that I didn’t cry. I merely stroked my cock in time with their fucking, attentive to every small sound and sigh of satisfaction that my wife made, every sweet word that she whispered to him.

“Oh, yes, Professor,” she cooed, “I love you so much. You’re hitting so many places that he never could. Sex is so much better when you really care about the person.”

Hearing that hurt me, badly. But at the same time, the humiliation was starting to arouse me incredibly.

He pressed her legs together a bit and began to penetrate her a little more deeply.

“That’s it, oh my God, it’s so good. I’m going to come,” she moaned.

“Yes,” he urged her, “I want to come at the same time.”

“I want you to give me a baby,” my wife moaned, looking up into his eyes with tears in her own.

“Oh God, that would be so wonderful,” he said, leaning down and kissing her as they both reached climax.

I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks as well, even as I reached my own climax. I didn’t even know in that moment if they were tears of joy or tears of pain. Probably both at once. I stood up awkwardly and walked to the nearby bathroom while the two lovers basked in the afterglow. When I came back out a few minutes later, they were spooning.

“I guess I’ll go now,” I muttered, heading for the door.

“I think that’s best,” said Prof. Martin, “Jessica or I will call you when we want to see you again.”

And so I returned home to my house, which felt so empty now. I was despondent, of course, but also unable to stop myself from revisiting the scene that I’d just witnessed, as well as the one that I’d read about.

I kept getting hard and jerking off to the image of Jessica entwined in the arms of her professor. But I didn’t come because I hadn’t gotten her permission. I just brought myself close, right to the edge.

Ever the faithful husband.

Epilogue

Jessica ended up finishing her degree, but she wasn't allowed to have Prof. Martin as her advisor any more, because it was against university policy for students to be amorously involved with faculty members who are directly supervising them.

She did end up getting pregnant incredibly quickly, and part of me always wondered if it had happened either during the conference or shortly thereafter, perhaps during the same time that I watched them make love for the first time.

Prof. Martin was overjoyed by the news, and immediately threw a big party at his house to make his big announcement. I was there, of course. Jessica said she wouldn't have *dreamed* about not inviting me.

Much to my humiliation, it turned out that the party doubled as an engagement party. Some of Jessica and I's former friends were there as well, and it made for awkward conversation when I tried to explain what had happened, and why I was no longer together with Jessica but still hanging around her and her new soon-to-be husband.

Jessica continued to use my attraction to her to twist the knife that she'd already rammed through my heart, so I wasn't *completely* surprised when, during the engagement party, she raised a glass to toast to me.

"Here's to Steve," she said, "my understanding, soon-to-be-ex husband. He understood that it was impossible to get in the way of true love. To attempt to keep two soulmates apart."

The crowd applauded, raising their glasses.

"Wait," she said, "there's more."

Silence came over the room.

"As you all know," she continued, "my father passed away several years ago, so although he *did* get to see me get married once, he never got to witness his daughter embrace *true* love."

There was a murmur in the crowd.

“So,” she said, “it’s particularly difficult for me not to have anyone to walk me down the aisle. Which is why I was so happy...”

She looked me in the eye.

“When Steve said that he’d be happy to give me away at the altar.”

I had agreed to no such thing, in fact. But what could I do? I knew it was useless to protest.

I smiled as best I could even though I was dying inside. Still, I knew I’d do it. I knew I’d do anything to see Jessica happy.

“Come on, Steve,” she said, taking me by the arm after the toasts were over, “we have a wedding to plan. And *you’ve* got some divorce papers to sign. My lawyer is here at the party, it won’t take but a minute...”

“Of course, Jessica,” I said, feeling what was left of my heart become irrevocably broken, “there’s nothing I won’t do for you.”

THE END

BECCA GETS BLACKED

Introduction

One of the things that I'd always appreciated about my wife Becca was her modesty. It came from her strict rural upbringing. She wasn't a "farm girl," exactly, but she'd grown up in a small town in the Midwest that did have a lot of dairy farms around it, and she'd internalized a lot of the virtues of the people around her. And some of the vices, too.

The virtues included working hard, not complaining, being loyal, and dressing modestly. Among the vices were being suspicious of people from other races. She wasn't exactly prejudiced, just ignorant and inexperienced.

These two aspects of Becca's personality — her modesty and her inexperience with other races — would combine to upend our relationship and change our marriage forever.

This is our story.

Becca has always been shy about her looks. She told me it all went back to the unwanted male attention she'd gotten in high school whenever she'd work something the least bit revealing. And so she was used to hiding her incredible body under baggy, loose-fitting clothes. Even around me.

I tried to be understanding about this. In truth, the fact that she was so modest appealed to me on some level. But as her husband, I also wanted her to let her hair down once in a while around me. Literally as well as figuratively.

So I encouraged her to dress sexy, and to try to explore her own sexual desires. She played along with me a bit, but I could always tell that she was happiest with traditional missionary-style sex with the lights out. No matter how much I encouraged her to experiment, to share her fantasies with me, she inevitably assured me that everything was great the way it was, and that she would feel comfortable telling me if she ever wanted to experiment.

I always accepted this answer, assuring her that her happiness was what was paramount in our relationship. My role as husband was to make sure she was completely satisfied.

And so the first six years of our marriage passed, in relative bliss. Until just after our seventh anniversary...

Chapter 1

The firm that I worked for was hosting a gala dinner in honor of the launch of our new product line. Everyone in the company was going to be there: from the secretaries right up to the CEO. And as the lead scientist in one of two R & D teams, I was expected to put in an appearance.

With my lovely wife, of course.

Becca was both excited for and extremely nervous about the dinner. This didn't make my own nerves any better. I was *also* extremely nervous, because the results of the annual research and sales contest would be announced.

Either I and R & D team 200 would be the winners, or my rival Steve Jones would win along with his crew.

Steve Jones.

I hated to admit it, but he intimidated me. In every way. He was smart, funny, handsome and hardworking. Not only that, he knew it. He never missed an opportunity to tell me about it. To rub my nose in his team's success and my team's mistakes. Some of his behavior was downright bullying.

That's right. My biggest rival was also my workplace bully.

Not only that, he was in great shape. There didn't seem to be an ounce of fat on his body. Not that it mattered for a research scientist, but it did bother me that he always made fun of my weight.

Sometimes even in front of my wife. Not that I worried about that — at least not at first. Becca had always supported me at work, and it was crystal clear that she stood by me, no matter what bullies like Steve said.

Oh yeah: there was one more important thing about Steve. He's black. It has nothing to do with the story, except for the fact that there were rumors that he lived up to at least one stereotype in a major way. That's right: Steve was hung.

I was able to confirm the veracity of this rumor in the locker room once with a quick sideways glance. I didn't do it on purpose. Did I?

Holy **fuck**. Some guys had all the luck.

Well, at least I didn't have anything to worry about. I was happily married, and thanks to my wife Becca's conservative rural upbringing, I didn't have to worry about her being around a guy like Steve.

How wrong I was.

Chapter 2

The night of the gala, Becca was tense.

"I've never worn a dress like this. I'm not sure if I like it," she complained from the bathroom.

We had to leave in ten minutes if we were going to get there in time. I really hoped that she could get over whatever fear it was that was holding her back.

"I'm sure you look great," I said, tying my bowtie, "just get out here so we can go."

"Stop being such a jerk," she said, "I'm not *like* you, remember? I didn't grow up going to stuff like this all the time because my parents were rich."

"I'm sorry," I said, "just come out here and —"

Just then, she stepped out of the bathroom and into the light of the master bedroom.

"Holy shit, Becca," I said, my jaw dropping on the floor in marvel, "you look incredible."

She blushed, but I could tell she was pleased to hear it.

"I mean you look *seriously* sexy. I'm going to have to make sure that you stay away from other guys tonight."

She blushed again.

"As if you have *anything* to worry about," she said, giving me a kiss.

I looked down into her cleavage.

"You look amazing. I'm sure every guy in the place is going to want to get a glimpse of those breasts."

"Stop it! You know I'm self-conscious about them."

"Why, because they're so big? Guys love that. They even still have that spring to them."

She gave me a playful slap.

“Ok, please *stop* now! Let’s just go.”

The first part of the dinner was the cocktail hour. After we had dropped our coats at the coat check, we staked out an empty table and began looking around the room nervously. In some ways, we were the worst–matched couple: both introverts.

“I’ll go find us some drinks,” I said, “you stay here and hold down the fort.”

It was a corny thing to say, but I often fell back on corny humor when I was uncomfortable.

I went to the bar, hoping to see someone that I recognized from my team. Standing in line was Tim!

“Hey boss,” he said, “do you think we’ll get the prize tonight?”

“I’m optimistic,” I said.

“How optimistic?”

“I’d bet on it.”

“Oh really? That’s great!”

A big smile broke out across Tim’s face. I was happy to see one of my team members so optimistic.

“Yeah,” I said, “I don’t see how any other team could possibly have put up the numbers that we did.”

“What about 347?”

*347. That was the number that **Steve’s** team went by.*

“I don’t think we have to worry about them,” I said, “in fact, if Steve wants to make a bet tonight, I’m totally open to it.”

I wasn’t sure where this overconfidence was coming from. I hadn’t even started drinking yet!

“Ha, that would be awesome. I’d love to see that asshole get taken down a peg or two. I mean, just because he went to a good school doesn’t make him...”

It was our turn at the bar. I grabbed two glasses of champagne and turned around to find Tim gone.

I shrugged my shoulders.

Not like I won't see him again soon, I thought.

It took me a moment to get oriented once more due to the crowd. Where was Becca? I could have sworn I'd left her at the table near the edge of the crowd.

That's when I saw it: Becca *was* at the table, but she wasn't alone.

My bully and rival, Steve, was standing across from her, looking perfect as usual.

I walked up to the table slowly, taking care not to spill the drink in my hand.

"Good evening, Steve," I said, putting the drink down in front of my wife and then extending my hand.

His handshake was firm and confident as usual.

"Good evening, Mike," he said, in a tone that seemed to be mocking my own.

"I hear you're feeling pretty cocky about tonight," he said, flashing me an arrogant grin.

You're definitely the cocky one I thought, but didn't dare verbalize it.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," I said, trying to sound confident.

I caught Becca's eye. She looked worried. I knew that she hated conflict of any kind, especially anything that seemed at all "macho."

"Let's talk about something else," she interjected, "Steve here was just telling me that he used to be a competitive ballroom dancer. That's pretty unique, don't you think?"

"You mean unique for a *black guy*," he said, winking at Becca.

I flushed in embarrassment. Was my bully really flirting with my wife this flagrantly?

“No,” she stammered, “that’s not what I meant at all. I think it’s great. I would love to take ballroom dancing lessons.”

“Ok, then,” said Steve, “I have an idea. What if we make a little wager? I heard that you were in the betting mood.”

I knew it was a bad idea, but my pride wouldn’t let me back down. Not now, now that my status as a husband was on the line in front of my wife.

“I’m listening,” I said.

“How about this: if my team wins the big R & D prize this year, I get to take your wife here to a dance lesson at the studio where I used to practice. It’s a win–win. She gets to explore her love for dance, and I get to enjoy the company of a beautiful woman for the night.”

Becca blushed.

“And if I win?”

“Well, maybe you’d like to take me somewhere where you like to go. Like the all–you–can–eat buffet?”

He broke out in laughter. This guy really was an asshole!

“If you’re serious,” I said, “I think I have a better idea. If I win, I get your parking space for the rest of the year.”

“Until December? That’s like five months from now.”

“Until December.”

“Alright,” he said, shaking my hand again, “it’s a deal. I’ll see you at the ceremony after dinner.”

He flashed me a sarcastic salute with his forefingers and then grinned at Becca before strutting off through the crowd.

“You’re betting me against a parking space?!” she asked, a little upset.

“Relax,” I said, “he’s not going to win anyway, and I knew that the parking space thing would get to him. He’s very status–conscious.”

“Well,” retorted Becca, “he didn’t seem too concerned. And besides, I wouldn’t mind if he won. I’d actually like to take dancing lessons.”

“Really?” I said, “by all means, take lessons. But not with him. He’s nothing but a big bully.”

I didn’t like the look I saw come into Becca’s face in that moment.

“That might be true,” she said, “but maybe he’s a bully who can dance. And that sounds like fun right about now.”

“Oh, come on,” I said, taking her by the hand, “you’ve had too much to drink already, and you’ve barely touched your champagne.”

She grabbed the glass defiantly and drained it in one gulp. What had gotten into my mild-mannered wife? I’d only left her alone for a few minutes.

Little did I know how definitive those few minutes alone with my bully would influence the course of my marriage forever.

Chapter 3

For dinner, Becca and I were seated next to Tim and his wife, plus some people from accounting and H & R who I didn't know very well. The wine and conversation were flowing, and I had almost forgotten about the bet I'd made with Steve, and the upcoming awards ceremony.

But just then, the CEO climbed up to the podium and people started banging on their glasses. The room fell silent.

"Thank you all," he began, "for another great fiscal year. This was the best year since 2014. We've had some of the best sales growth in the sector. But our most important progress this year has, of course, been in research and development. And that's why I'm very happy to award this year's top prize to..."

Becca looked over at me, a look of excitement on her face. She reached out and took my hand. I couldn't help but wonder if she wasn't hoping that I would lose and Steve would win.

"...R & D group 347, headed by Dr. Steven Jones! Dr. Jones, come on up!"

My heart sank as the room erupted in applause. Tim looked over at me, with an expression of palpable disappointment as he clapped half-heartedly.

Steven took the podium, accepting the award on behalf of his team.

"I'd also like to take a moment to acknowledge my competition," he said, looking in my direction, "your team made a good showing, but, as always, the best man won! And now it's time for me to enjoy the sweet fruits of victory. Don't forget about our bet!"

The room erupted in laughter. I tried my best to be a "good sport," and not betray how humiliated I felt.

The "sweet fruits of victory"? How could I not feel like he was talking about my *wife*? I looked over to see Becca participating in the laughter.

How could she be on his side?

When we got home, I was despondent. Becca did her best to cheer me up.

“Why can’t you just see it as a friendly competition? We both know that some years you win, some years Steve’s team wins. This was just one of his years. It doesn’t have to be a big tragedy.”

“I know,” I said, “but actually he’s won four out of the five past years. And there’s this thing about the bet. Do you think he’s going to hold us to it?”

“Oh that? Come on. That’s going to be fun. You don’t need to take it so seriously.”

“He’s going to take you on a date, and I’m not supposed to take that seriously as your husband?”

“Hey,” she said, “no one said it was going to be a date. It’s just a dance lesson. One night at a studio. With other people around. There’s no reason to be jealous. Even if he tries to flirt with me or something, I promise that I’m not interested.”

“I know,” I said, “but you have to understand how much this guy gets to me. He seems to be better than me at everything.”

“Well,” she said, giving me a kiss, “he’s not better at being my husband. That’s for sure. Now would it make you feel better to make love to your wife?”

“Yeah,” I had to admit, “it would.”

We began to kiss passionately. A moment later, we were on the bed, entangled in each other’s arms.

But something was wrong. It wasn’t working. I couldn’t stay hard.

“It’s ok,” said Becca, her blue eyes radiant, “it happens sometimes. It’s probably the wine.”

But I knew it wasn’t the wine. I knew that I had been emasculated by my bully. I just didn’t know how much further it was

going to go.

Chapter 4

The next few weeks went by quickly. I didn't have to see Steve on a regular basis, so I had almost forgotten about the bet when he showed up in my lab one morning, wearing the same shit-eating grin as usual.

"Hey, chubbs," he said, "mind if I have your wife's phone number? I need to text her about the dance lesson next week."

"I'd rather you didn't," I said, "you can just give me the details and I'll make sure she's there."

"Well well," he laughed, "look at you, Mr. Protective Husband. It sounds like you don't think you can trust her around a guy like me. That's pretty sad."

I knew he was manipulating me, but I couldn't help but fall into his trap.

"Ok," I said, pulling out a pad of notepaper, "here it is. See if I care. I have total trust in her. It's just a dance lesson. What's the big deal?"

He took the paper and folded it, slipping it into his shirt pocket.

"Sounds like you're making this into a pretty big deal yourself," he said, "I wasn't going to try to fuck your wife, but I'm thinking now that maybe I should."

"What? I can't believe you just said that!" I fumed, "now get out of here before I tell HR."

He smiled.

"Do you really think this company is in any position to hire the head of their number one R & D lab?"

He clicked with his tongue.

"I'm going to text your wife now."

He turned on his heel before I could respond and disappeared down the hall. I was so angry that I could have punched the wall.

But at the same time, his comments began to awaken something else inside me. Something that I'd been trying to resist but couldn't. I began to wonder what it would be like if he **really did** fuck Becca.

Becca was beautiful. She had been relatively inexperienced before we met. What would it be like for her to experience sex with another lover?

What would it be like to *watch* her with another lover?

I felt myself getting hard, but then I quickly stood and paced for a few seconds, trying to rid myself of both the erection and the obscene thoughts.

No. It was too much to bear. The thought of my bully conquering me not only in the workplace, but also in the bedroom. Of him conquering my wife. What were the odds?

When I got home that night, Becca was smiling as she read a text from her phone.

"You always made Steve seem like such a jerk," she laughed, "but he's really funny. Listen to this —"

"I don't want to hear it," I said, wearily, "I wish you'd just go to that lesson with him so we can get this whole thing over with. He practically forced me to give him your number."

"Hey, take it easy, honey! What do you think is going to happen? We're just going dancing."

"He told me he was going to try to fuck you."

"What? Now what possible reason would he have to say that? That's totally arrogant. And disgusting."

"That's what he said."

"I don't believe you," she said, "I think you're just trying to prevent me from going through with this. Well too bad. I'm going to. And you're going to see that you're worried for no reason. It's all no big deal!"

“That’s what he said. He told me he was going to fuck you.”

She stood there staring at me, stunned.

“He *really* said that?”

I nodded.

“I’m going to ask him,” she said, pulling out her phone and drafting a text.

What was happening? My wife was second-guessing what I’d told her? She was going to take a *stranger’s* word over my own? The word of my workplace *bully*?

It was that moment when I realized it was too late. I’d already lost her. Whether she herself knew it or not.

A few moments later, her phone buzzed. Her eyes studied the screen for a few seconds.

“See? I knew it. He said that he said *he* was going to fuck with *you*. Not me. He also says he’s sorry for the misunderstanding.”

“I bet he is.”

“Don’t be so jealous. It’s unattractive.”

I turned on my heel and stormed out of the room and into the garage, where I began to work furiously on my latest woodworking project.

About an hour later, I tiptoed back inside. Becca was still in the kitchen, staring at her phone and giggling. I knew instinctively who she was messaging with.

How could I have been so stupid as to give him her phone number? Did I actually *want* something to happen between them?

I was forced to admit that part of me did.

“Ok,” said Becca, talking to me as if I’d never even left the room, “it looks like it’s all set up. He’s picking me up tomorrow night. I’m supposed to wear light, comfortable clothing.”

I nodded. She didn’t even look up from her phone.

Chapter 5

I paced the living room, looking at my phone for the third time in less than a minute. It was 10:37 PM, and Becca had yet to respond to a single one of my texts. She'd been at the "dance lesson" since 8:00 PM. It was only supposed to last an hour. So where was she now?

Finally, fifteen minutes later, I heard her key in the door. She sprang into the house, positively glowing.

"Hey honey, you're still up?" she asked, a bit concerned all of a sudden, "I thought you'd have gone to bed."

"Did you get my texts?"

"What? Oh no, I'm sorry! My phone ran out of juice and I left my car adapter here. Steve drove, remember?"

"Sure," I said, "I remember."

"Well is everything alright?"

"It's fine," I said, "I just — I was just wondering when you were coming home is all. The lesson was supposed to be for an hour and now you've been gone for about three..."

"Really?" she said, looking at the clock on the wall, "time really flies, doesn't it? I'm sorry that I didn't tell you. I went over to Steve's place with a few other people from the class afterwards and we had a couple of drinks. I didn't think it was going to be a big deal or I would have told you."

"Drinks weren't part of the bet," I said, glumly.

I was comforted by the fact that there had at least been other people there with her.

"I didn't know that I had to obey the rules of the bet and be treated like some kind of piece of property," she said curtly, "don't I get a say in what I do or don't do?"

"Of course you do," I said, "I didn't mean it like that. I was just concerned."

“Well you needn’t have been,” she said, yawning, “Steve was a perfect gentleman. And an excellent dancer. So good, in fact, that I think we’re going again next week. That’s ok with you, right, honey?”

“What? Why would it be ok with me if you go on another date with the guy who bullies me at work and who told me he’s going to try to fuck you? You can’t understand why I might be upset by that?”

I was breathing quickly now, genuinely angry, with my fight—or-flight response activated.

“I can’t believe you’d suggest that.”

“Get over it, honey,” she said, giving me a kiss on the cheek, “it’s just dance lessons.”

And there it was. My bully was now dating my wife, once a week, and I was completely powerless to stop him.

Over the next few weeks at work, I sensed that something was amiss. I heard some of my employees in the lab whispering when I approached, and they stopped suddenly when I’d get without earshot. I began to get the feeling that they were gossiping about me. I could have just been feeling paranoid, of course, but it was hard not to think that there was something more to it.

Finally, I overheard a snippet of what they were talking about.

“...they were here last night...in the lab...he has no idea...”

It wasn’t hard for me to imagine who “he” and “they” might be. And Becca had been working late every night this week — except, of course, for the night when she went to the dance studio with Steve.

I had to figure out what was going on. I had no idea if the feeling I felt was fear of losing my wife, or arousal at the thought that she really had been cheating on me this entire time with my bully.

In truth, it was a mixture of both.

Chapter 6

That night, Becca went to her dance lesson with Steve, as usual. This time, however, instead of waiting at home, I decided to stake out Steve's house. I knew where he lived from the company directory, so I found a parking place a block away with a good view of his driveway, and I sat in my darkened car, waiting.

It was 9:15. The dance lesson had been over for fifteen minutes. Just then, a white sedan pulled into the driveway. The garage door went up, and the car disappeared inside.

It *had* to be Steve. Steve and Becca.

I jumped out of my car and slammed the door, unsure of what I was going to do. Would I confront them? Yell at them? Try to fight Steve?

I knew that would be completely futile given our differences in size and physical fitness, but at least I would have my honor.

Did I really *want* my honor anymore?

I wasn't so sure.

At this point, I was equally taken with the idea of discovering the truth behind what my wife was doing with my bully. No matter what the consequences of that discovery might be.

I crept down the walk towards Steve's house, and walked up to the front steps. I lifted my fist to bang on the door in rage, but then lowered it after what I saw through the front curtains.

It was Becca, looking up at Steve adoringly as he cradled her in his strong arms. The two of them moved closer together.

Was I about to witness their first kiss?

The first time my wife had kissed another man besides me?

Certainly it would have been the first time my wife had kissed a *black* man. That was an absolute certainty.

I stood there, rooted to the spot. They seemed to be in slow motion. Becca craned her neck upwards towards Steve, her eyes

closed. He pulled her towards him, his hand at the small of her back, drawing her closer.

Their lips met. I felt a wave of humiliation course through my body, but I also felt my cock getting hard.

I couldn't just stand there on the porch watching them, however. I had to do something.

Without understanding what I was doing, I knocked at the door.

I watched as Steve broke the kiss, then slowly sauntered over towards the door, flinging it open with a single gesture of his powerful arm.

"Mike!" he said, beaming at me, "what a pleasant surprise! Becca and I were just talking about you."

"It looks like you were doing a little more than *talking*," I said, unable to hide the sarcasm in my voice.

It was the opposite way I wanted to sound. I wanted to be firm. Resolute. Manly. But that was precisely what I could not be. What it was too late to do.

"Hi honey," said Becca, as if she hadn't just been making out with another man, "I guess it's good that you came by."

Their unexpected reaction to being caught in act surprised me. I felt thrown off my game, and I wasn't sure what to do. I decided to wait and see what was going to happen.

"Becca has something she wants to tell you, I think," said Steve, "why don't you come on in and have a seat."

I felt a lump forming in my throat. Wordlessly, I walked over to an armchair and sat in it, folding my arms in front of me.

"You remember, honey," she began, "how you always told me that my happiness was the most important thing in the world to you?"

I nodded.

"So you should be happy to hear that over the past few weeks I've come to a realization about something that I think will make me very happy."

My heart was sinking fast.

"Ok," I murmured.

I could barely speak.

"I've decided that I want to make love to Steve," she said, "and I'm going to. Whether you want to or not."

"You're — you're just going to sit there and act like this is no big deal?"

Becca walked over and took my hand.

"Listen, honey. You knew when we got married that I wasn't very experienced. That I hadn't seen much of the world. And you always encouraged me to experiment sexually. You admit that much, right?"

"I guess..."

"And I was never that interested in experimentation before. But I think I've met the right man now."

"Why him?" was all I managed to croak out as she crossed the room and put her arm around his torso.

"I've never been around a guy who can move like he does," she said, looking up at him adoringly, "and he's so funny, too. He makes my knees weak. Like no one I've ever met before. Not even you."

"And so you're going to —," I stammered, overcome with rage, sorrow and also arousal.

"I'm going to let him make love to me," she said, "this isn't up to you. But I am going to give you a choice."

I waited, listening breathlessly.

"You can either watch, and maybe even help out with a few things, or you can just go home. It really doesn't matter to me."

Hearing her talk like this was torture! Of course I wanted to watch them together with every fiber of my being, but I also knew that it would be the ultimate humiliation.

"Either way, he's taking me upstairs in a few minutes," she said, looking at me with pity, "what will it be?"

I sat there for a long time, just staring at the floor. Finally, I got up the courage to speak. To confess what I'd wanted all along, but couldn't bring myself to admit.

"I'll stay," I whispered, "I want to watch."

"That's my man!" yelled Steve, holding out his hand for a high-five, but then clapping me on the back instead when I didn't respond, "I knew you'd come around. It's not every day that a man gets to see his wife be introduced to a BBC."

"What — like the British TV channel?"

Becca was confused.

"You really *are* sheltered, aren't you?" laughed Steve, putting his arm around her waist and leading her to the staircase, "well, no matter. I'll enlighten you soon enough. Come on, my bedroom awaits!"

Chapter 7

Steve and Becca went up first, hand in hand, she gazing up into his eyes so intensely that she almost tripped on the stairs, not once but *twice*. It was as if he had some kind of weird power over her. She was like a teenage girl in love for the first time. It would have been awe-inspiring if it wasn't so humiliating to me at the same time.

Still, here I was: about to do *what*, exactly?

I walked awkwardly into the room behind them. They already had their hands all over each other, standing next to the bed making out like teenagers.

"Fuck, chubbs," laughed Steve, "she's giving me a chubby now."

"Am I now?" laughed Becca, reaching down and feeling Steve's bulge.

"Oh wow!"

She giggled like a schoolgirl.

"Honey," she said, "he's like as big as my arm!"

"We can compare it to your arm in a second, sweet thing," said Steve, giving me a wink.

What the fuck was happening? How was I just standing there watching this? And how could I possibly be *enjoying* this?

I watched as Becca dropped to her knees in front of my bully.

She'd never been into oral sex. She'd only given me head a handful of times – usually on my birthday or our anniversary. So it was shocking for me to see her in this position now.

"I'm broadening my horizons, honey. Experimenting!"

I couldn't tell now if she was being needlessly cruel or if she genuinely thought that I'd be happy that she was on her knees about to suck a huge black cock in front of me. I decided it didn't matter, ultimately, that either way she was going to do it and I was going to watch.

Watch and enjoy it.

“Oh wow, look!” said Steve, laughing at me as he pointed to my slacks, “I think Miley’s got a little hard on.”

“Little is right, at least compared to this monster,” giggled Becca, still rubbing his crotch with her hand as she knelt before him.

“Why don’t you take it out and we can see exactly how much bigger we’re talking?”

“Mm, I think I’d like that,” said Becca, undoing the button on his slacks and then unzipping them, pulling them slowly down over his muscular legs as if she were unveiling a valuable piece of artwork.

“Oh. My. God!”

She giggled and covered her mouth in glee when she had finally unleashed the beast.

“I can’t believe this thing is real. Honey, look at it!”

I couldn’t take my eyes off of it, of course. There it was: the final proof of my bully’s superiority to me. His huge slab of cockmeat that was rapidly growing even harder and larger than its already impressive size.

“Why don’t you get that little thing out and we can do an objective comparison, chubs.”

I felt myself obeying him almost instinctively.

“Yes, Sir,” I said, dropping my slacks and then my underwear to expose my raging hard-on.

“Well look at that,” said Becca, “you were right: his little thing is nice and hard.”

“We can’t really compare until I’m hard as well,” laughed Steve, “it wouldn’t be fair to me!”

“I think I can help with that,” said Becca, looking up at him tenderly as she teased the tip of his cock with her tongue, lapping up the small bead of precum on his engorged head.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, running his fingers through her hair, “use a lot of spit and then spread it down the shaft. Get it nice and wet.”

I stood there, stroking my cock, waiting to be defeated by Steve in yet *another* contest.

“Mmm,” said Becca, popping off his shaft for a moment and licking her lips, “he tastes so good. I never thought giving head could be like this.”

The look in her eyes made me die a little inside. It was like she was making love to his cock, worshipping this huge organ that appeared to be a little more than twice the size of my own — in width and in length.

“Almost ready to compare?” asked Steve.

“Oooh, but then I have to stop sucking it!” she pouted.

“Don’t worry,” he said, “you’ll have plenty of time for that later. I promise.”

“If you say so,” she said, looking up at me.

“Steve’s such a generous guy,” she continued, “one of the reasons I fell for him. But you know, you’re generous too, honey. After all, you’re letting me explore my sexuality.”

She fell for him? I thought.

It was like a dagger had gone through my heart. But my cock pulsed in anticipation of the humiliation to come. What was *wrong* with me?

“I think you’re hard enough now. What do you think?”

Steve nodded.

“Ok, chubs,” he laughed, “get that little dicky over here so your wife can see which one she prefers.”

I walked a few steps towards them and Becca, my cock protruding from under my considerable fat pad. I knew that I was totally average in terms of size, but it still seemed tiny in comparison to the huge black monster that extended from Steve’s sculpted torso.

“So what do you think?” sneered my bully, “which one do you prefer?”

Becca's hand closed around my shaft. It was a familiar touch, but this time it felt different.

"Stand next to each other," she said, "so I can get a good look."

I shifted so that I was standing shoulder-to-shoulder with my rival, looking down at my smiling wife who had my cock in her right hand and Steve's in her left. The difference was immediately evident.

"Well," she said, pausing for a moment, as if to draw out my torment, "let me see..."

She dropped my cock for a moment and compared Steve's monster to her forearm, giggling in delight as she realized that he extended easily to her elbow.

Then she tried the same thing with my cock, making a pouty face as she realized that it reached barely past her wrist.

"I guess it's not much of a contest," she said, "kind of like that R & D prize."

That hurt. I felt myself go a bit limp in her grasp.

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. I thought you didn't mind a little competition."

"Alright, that's enough of that," said Steve, "I think it's time that the cuck goes and sits in the corner there until he's called on again."

Cuck. There was the word that described my role in the relationship from then on. It was so humiliating, but it also seemed so perfect. So natural.

It was completely understandable, and completely natural that Becca would prefer a man like Steve over a loser like me. But at least I would be allowed to stay and watch Steve claim his prize.

Steve leaned down and gave Becca a long kiss, then pulled her to her feet gently.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it, Becca?"

"From the moment I saw you at that awards banquet."

He looked down at her and grinned.

"Then I guess that makes two of us."

He took his sweet time kissing her bosom, moving tantalizingly close to her nipples, then pulling away just before he reached them.

Was he doing it on purpose? Toying with her? Trying to show *me* that he could take his sweet time pleasing my wife while I was powerless to intervene?

I had to assume that a man like Steve knew what he was doing.

Finally, when it seemed that Becca almost couldn't take it anymore, he reached behind her with both hands and undid the knot at tied at the back of her dress, letting Becca's breasts tumble free.

"They're beautiful," he exclaimed.

"Oh, stop it. You say that to all the wives you seduce."

"No, I mean it," he half whispered, half moaned as he took a nipple into his mouth.

Then it was Becca's turn to moan. She looked at the ceiling as she gave herself over to his efforts.

Her expression said it all: this stranger, this man she hadn't known even a month before, was now pleasuring her more expertly than her husband of seven years.

It's funny how things turn out, I thought, slumping down into the recliner in the corner and then slowly stroking my cock as I watched the action unfold.

She clearly wanted him. She wanted all of him. Badly.

The feeling was obviously mutual. He grabbed her dress with both hands and pulled it down, exposing her pale, naked body.

"No fair," she said, tugging at his shirt, "*you're* still wearing *your* shirt."

Steve pulled his entire shirt over his head in a single, fluid manly motion that exposed his chiseled chest and abs, then he stepped out of his pants and underwear, standing completely nude in front of her with his enormous cock jutting out like a weapon.

"Wow, you must spend a lot of time in the gym...", she giggled.

“Let me put it this way: a hell of a lot more time than your chubby husband,” he laughed, returning his attention to my wife’s young, lithe body.

Becca grabbed his hips, pulling them in towards hers, then gripped his shaft with one hand and stroked him as she leaned in to kiss him again.

She stood on her tiptoes and whispered something in his ear that I couldn’t understand.

This was a terrible, awful torment. The worst thing that a husband could possibly experience. So why was I so close to shooting a load all over my own hand?

Steve let out a long, low chuckle.

“You have a freak inside you just waiting to get out, don’t you? You just needed the right man to awaken it.”

“Maybe so,” said Becca slyly.

A moment later, they were both fully naked on the bed.

Placing a hand at the small of her neck, he pulled her lips up to meet hers once more. At the same time, she reached down to grab his manhood.

“Have I told you before that this is a really big cock?” she laughed, looking down at how her hand failed to close completely around the shaft.

The thought of him inside her must have had her soaked.

“Ha ha, I think you might have mentioned it,” Steve laughed.

“Fuck...I can’t wait for you to stretch me out with this big fucking dick,” she exclaimed, her voice hoarse with desire.

Steve had a devilish look in his eye.

“You’re talking like a dirty whore, young lady.”

“Well maybe I want you to fuck me like one,” whispered Becca, loud enough for me to hear, returning his mischievous stare with one of her own.

This remark clearly fired on my bully's passion, because he grabbed her wrists now, placing them above her head and holding them there with one powerful hand as he used the other to part her thighs.

"My little whore is wet," he smiled.

Becca gasped, nodding compliantly. I'd never seen her display this kind of raw, primal need with me before.

He slid a finger into her, ever so slowly, while his tongue flicked across her nipples, first one, then the other. She was moaning softly now, her eyes closed in pleasure..

"Oh Steve," she groaned, as his mouth slowly moved down her torso, then to her inner thighs.

Steve slowly relinquished his grip on her wrists as his hands moved down her arms and to her breasts, flicking her nipples urgently.

He was taking his time. Teasing her.

Teasing *me*.

Demonstrating to me his ownership of my wife's body and mind.

But I knew from the sounds she was making that Becca didn't need any more teasing.

She was probably already soaked. Completely open for him and ready to be taken.

But he wasn't going to have his way with her yet.

He pushed her panties to the side to gain access to her pussy.

I stood and crept closer to the bed, not wanting to miss a moment of the action despite the incredible pain it caused me.

She gasped as his tongue flicked her clitoris, extremely gently at first, but then more and more hungrily, though gradually, as if savoring her flavor. Deep, guttural sounds came from his throat as he pleased her.

Becca reached back and grabbed the sheet as the pace of her breathing quickened.

I could tell she was nearing climax.

I'd never been able to make her cum so fast. It was like she was totally out of control.

"Oh God, Steve," she groaned, her knuckles white on the sheets as he began to tickle her g-spot with his index finger, "I'm so close. I'm going...to..."

Steve stopped for a moment, lifting his lips from her vulva and slapping her pussy playfully.

"What are you going to do, Becca?"

"Fuck, Steve, please!!" she begged.

"Fuck you? I thought you'd never ask."

The next thing I knew, he had mounted her and parted her legs. But suddenly he looked up at me.

"Hey chubs," he said, "Becca is still wearing her panties. What do you think — could you help us out with those?"

Exactly what was he proposing? That I be the one to take down my wife's panties so that another man could fuck her? How could something so cruel and debasing have occurred to him? Would she go along with it?

"You know, honey," said Becca, turning her entire lower body so that it was pointed at me, "I think he's right. Why don't you be on 'panty duty' from now on? I think you should be the one to take off my panties every time that Steve wants to fuck me. It's a nice reminder of your new place in our relationship."

I stood there, completely stunned. Almost unable to speak.

"Of course, if you don't want to, you can just go home and jack off," she said, "but something tells me that you want nothing more than to watch your wife get fucked by a superior man."

I couldn't speak. I flushed red and stood there, like a deer in the headlights. This was a new level of humiliation, and it turned me on so much I almost couldn't handle it.

"Isn't that right, honey?"

She snapped her fingers in my line of vision and then laughed.

“What are you waiting for, chubs?”

I reached up to the waistband of my wife’s panties and slowly drew them down over her long, silky–smooth alabaster legs, exposing her wet swollen pussy that looked like it was aching to be fucked.

I stood there, speechless, my wife’s panties in my hand.

“Hand them to Steve, honey. He’s in charge now.”

I turned, in the ultimate act of humiliation, and handed my wife’s panties to the bully who was about to fuck her while I watched.

Steve flashed me a wide, cruel smile.

“Thanks, chubs. Now why don’t you go sit down again.”

I nodded.

“That was the closest you’re going to get to my pussy ever again, honey!” said Becca, “I’m the kind of girl that can only really love one man. And that man is Steve.”

God. Damn.

My entire emotional world collapsed around me as I sat back in the armchair. At the same time, I knew that I’d never been more aroused in my life. It was such a strange feeling, but I wouldn’t have left in that moment even if I could have.

Steve grabbed Becca’s legs and repositioned her, climbing between them and dipping a finger inside her pussy before stroking his cock and looking for the right angle.

“Are you ready, sweetheart?”

Hearing him call my wife “sweetheart” sent a jolt of sweet humiliation through my body.

“Mmm–hmm.”

Becca was biting her lip in desire, her hands up on his forearms, pulling him towards her.

After a moment of adjustment, the head of his cock was inside her and he strained to penetrate her fully.

I knew that Becca was completely aroused – close to coming, even! – but Steve’s girth was almost too much for her to accommodate.

She bit her lip even harder and closed her eyes, as if willing him to enter her.

“Almost in...,” he groaned, pushing her legs back further to give himself a better angle.

Then, with a final push, he was finally inside her. His cock was long enough that he was able to grab both of her legs while kneeling between her legs, penetrating her shallowly, just enough to tease her g-spot with his cockhead.

“Oh God, Steve. Oh God...I’m almost there...”

Becca was completely beside herself now. The break in stimulation while he worked to get inside of her must have only increased the power of her arousal.

“Go ahead, sweetheart,” he smiled, thrusting harder now.

He began to tease her clit with his thumb as Becca began to climax.

“FUCK YES!!” she screamed, “FUCK ME Steve!!!”

Steve was growling animally, still rubbing her clit as he pounded her with his full length.

Becca couldn’t take it anymore. She arched her back and came the hardest I’d ever seen her.

Tears rolled down her cheeks as she shrieked in pleasure.

She seemed to have lost all sense of inhibition. The sweet farm girl was gone now, banished by the power of Steve’s Big Black Cock.

Becca had been blacked.

“GOD YES Steve!!”

Her hips bucked uncontrollably, up towards him, but he held her in place with his powerful arms as he continued to fuck her with

short, powerful strokes.

As her first orgasm slowly faded, she began to catch her breath. But Steve didn't have any intention of letting her relax. He pushed her legs back even farther and so that he was able to give her his entire length now.

The bedframe shook as the muscular man claimed her young, tight, wet pussy. Becca was completely in his power, and so much under the spell of pleasure that all she could do was look up and admire the way the light played on the beads of sweat on his muscular, unshaven chest.

Steve let out a series of guttural moans as he slammed his full length into her. The room was filled with the sounds of flesh against flesh as their thighs slapped together.

"Oh Becca," he groaned, pausing for a moment and fixing her with a playful smile, "this is the most fun I've had all week."

"All *week*?" she exclaimed, finally having a moment to catch her breath, "just what do you mean by *that*?"

"Relax, baby. I'm just teasing you," said Steve, still pumping into her pussy.

Becca had been provoked. Now that her inhibitions were gone, it seemed that she wanted a chance to take control. She shoved Steve forward, onto his back on the bed and mounted him, sliding herself down on his length. She had never in our seven years of marriage ridden me like this. In fact, I'd suggested it but she'd refused. Of course, I wasn't well-endowed enough to make it as easy as Steve.

"Grab my hips," she ordered.

Steve, bathed in sweat as he looked up at her, nodded and grasped her soft flesh with his powerful hands, thrusting up to meet her as she rode him.

Becca took her time at first, circling her hips as she bobbed up and down slowly.

"Do you like this, Steve? Is this what you like?"

Steve was clearly trying to hold back his own orgasm now, because all he could do was gasp.

“Yes... Becca, I...”

“Are you going to cum?”

He nodded vigorously.

“I want you to do it inside me. Please fill me up.”

A chill went down my spine. I knew that Becca was probably fertile. We'd been using condoms because she had had bad reactions to the pill in the past, and she'd always assured me that she wasn't ready for kids. I had never felt the inside of my wife's pussy without protection, much less actually come inside. And now this man was going to ejaculate inside my wife, not only because *he* wanted to — which he surely did — but because *she* was demanding it!

“Do it,” she moaned as she rode him, “fill up that pussy. Give me your cum. I want it so bad. I'm not using protection...”

“I knew you were a freaky bitch,” groaned Steve.

Becca smiled.

“That's right,” she said, riding him even faster.

“Oh shit,” groaned Steve, thrusting up to meet her each time, “here it comes. I'm going to...I'm going to fill that tight little cunt...”

She smiled in triumph as he spent himself inside her, his face a mask of pleasure and relief as his shaft twitched visibly.

“God *damn* that was good. Did she ever fuck you that well, chubs?”

I didn't answer. It seemed like a rhetorical question, to be honest.

“Mm,” she said, “I love being filled with your cum. But I'm not done with you yet. I need to taste it so bad.”

She slowly dismounted and then kneeled next to him on the bed. He sat so that she had full access to his cock and balls. I stood up once more, straining to get a full view of the action.

She gripped his shaft with one hand and put the other on his balls. They were so enormous she could barely cup them in her hands.

“Let’s see how you like this,” she said, smiling up at him before taking the tip of his prick into her mouth.

Becca might have sucked off one or two guys before me, but even if they had been bigger than I was, it was unlikely that they could have prepared her for this challenge.

Steve wasn’t just long, he was *thick*. In all the right ways.

“Oh Becca... what are you?... No one has ever been able to take me that deep...” Steve moaned as she bobbed up and down on his rigid shaft.

She took him as deep as she could, holding his balls against her chin for a moment before gagging and then coming up for air.

“My God, Becca. Where did a nice young lady like you...”

“I’m your little whore, remember?” she smiled up at him before taking his cock back into her throat.

He reached down now, and grabbed her hair as if by instinct. She popped off his dick once more and looked up with a twinkle in her eye.

“It’s ok,” she said, “grab my hair and fuck my face. I want you to use me to make yourself cum.”

This seemed to be exactly the permission he was hoping for.

He grabbed Becca’s head now and began to thrust up to meet her warm, wet mouth, fucking it as if it were her pussy.

His groans mingled with the sounds of sucking as he thrust faster and faster, nearing the point of no return. Becca grabbed his balls and stroked his shaft with her hands, moaning her own encouragement.

“Oh Becca, YES YES!!” he cried, pushing his shaft into her throat and finally releasing shot after shot of hot, warm seed into her.

She moaned eagerly, happy to finally have earned her salty warm reward.

After swallowing dutifully, she looked up at him.

“Was I a good little whore?”

“The best,” he said, his cock slowly slackening, “I take everything back. That was the most fun I’ve had all month.”

“All *month*?!!? How many other girls are you fucking?!”

Becca reached up and punched his arm in playful indignation. He grabbed her and pulled her onto his lap, holding her close.

“I’m just kidding, sweetheart. There’s only you. There could only ever be you.”

Hearing this kind of romantic nicety directed at my wife coming from my bully was simply heartrending. I thought about leaving. It seemed like they were finished having sex, so what was the point of me even being there? They’d clearly all but forgotten my existence entirely.

“Though I might ask *you* how such an innocent young woman with a small-cocked husband became so proficient in the art of big-dick fellatio,” he said.

“Well I could tell you all about it,” she said, “it all started in college. See, there was this party freshmen year where I met this guy with a huge cock. Not as big as yours, of course, but maybe like...eight inches? He was black, too...”

Oh my God. The picture I had formed over years of marriage to my wife suddenly crumbled before my eyes. Was the sweet, innocent country girl a size queen this entire time? What else didn’t I know about my wife’s past?

She seemed to have forgotten that I was in the room, or else she had no shame about having lied to me for all of these years.

“So it’s true what they say about college,” he tut-tutted, “they are the ruin of well-bred young women.”

“If you think learning to suck cock like that ruined me,” she laughed.

“Well, / don’t think so. But I bet that your limp–dicked husband doesn’t appreciate it.”

“This is the first he’s heard of it,” she laughed, “I had to play the sweet innocent girl while I was with him. That’s over now.”

I noted how she was talking about our relationship as if it were in the past. In a sense it was, and I knew it.

“I guess I’ll just have to disappoint him if he expects me to be his sweet little wife,” she said, looking up at him and kissing him once more, “now do you have another fuck in you or what?”

“I think,” he said, breaking their kiss for a moment, “I have more than that.”

He pushed her back onto the bed, positioning her now on all fours and parting her legs slightly as he began to tongue her aching slit.

Suddenly, he spanked her asscheek shortly before slipping a finger inside her sore pussy.

“Stevie!” she cried, “I didn’t know you had it in you. I’ve always wanted to be with a man who has the balls to get a little rough with me. My husband certainly never could.”

“Don’t call me Stevie!!” he growled, kissing her vulva and then spanking her hard on the other cheek, “That’s what my mom always called me. I hate that nickname!”

“Is ‘Steve–o’ better?” she sighed, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as he lapped at her clit rhythmically from behind.

“NO!” he exclaimed, spanking her twice more.

I saw the outlines of several red handprints arise across her backside.

“If you keep spanking me like that, I think I’m going to keep saying it,” she teased.

“And if you do, you’re going to earn a trip across my lap.”

“Mmm,” she sighed, “I think I might like that. I love being taken in hand by a big, burly guy like you. Even if your name is ‘Stevie.’”

“That’s it,” he snapped, sitting on the edge of the bed now and pulling her across his lap, “you’ve earned this.”

In the next few minutes, Becca experienced her first spanking as an adult woman — at least as far as I knew. Sure, I’d given her a few slaps on the ass during sex, but she’d always told me it didn’t do much for her.

This was different. She clearly wanted it. Had practically *begged* for it.

Steve took his time with her, giving her two or three hard slaps on the buttocks and following them up with a brief massage or a softer smack. He knew exactly how to spank her just close enough to her pussylips that she felt the blow in all the right places, but not so directly as to actually stimulate her.

By the end of it, her ass was absolutely on fire, and her pussy as well.

It was clear that she needed to be taken again. Right away.

“Have you learned your lesson?” asked Steve, sensing her incredible arousal.

“Yes, sir,” she said playfully.

“Sir? I quite like that change in tone, young lady.”

“Please stop talking and fuck me,” she gasped.

“I always do what a lady requires of me.”

He grabbed her and positioned her so that she was bent over the bed, then he stood on the floor behind her and guided his cock into her sopping wet cunt.

I dropped back into the seat so I could get a good vantage point as his huge prick attacked her swollen cunt.

“Fuck...,” she moaned, “it’s so goddamn...*big!*”

“Yes it is, sweetheart,” said Steve, grabbing her hair and pulling her gaze up so that she looked into a large full-length mirror on the opposite wall, “and you’re going to take it all.”

“Please make me, Sir,” said Becca, sounding absolutely defeated — in the best possible way — by the spanking he’d meted out.

Steve began to thrust into her hard, driving the entire length of his formidable prick inside her every time.

With each stroke, Becca seemed to open like she never had before. Her buttocks blazed from the spanking as his thighs slapped against them.

“Cum for me like a good cheating wife,” groaned Steve, slapping her ass again, “Come on this big black cock. Show your limp-dicked husband how much you love it. I know you’re close.”

It was true. Becca grabbed the sheets and bit her lip as if she felt about to explode all over his big cock.

That was the moment she locked eyes with me through the mirror. There was nothing in her gaze that reminded me of my familiar wife. Her face was a mask of wanton lust.

Becca was gone. I’d lost her forever.

“Mmm...yes...,” she moaned.

“Go ahead and cum, just let go Becca,” he growled, smacking her butt as he continued to fuck her tight young pussy.

She opened her mouth in pleasure.

“Oh yes, Steve, give me that big fucking dick,” she groaned, “I’m...I’m...”

“COMING!!” she screamed, arching her back and slapping the bed as he plowed her perfect pussy.

Steve let out a throaty, primal groan and reached his own climax, holding his cock inside her as he claimed her fertile womb with his seed.

Becca felt him slowly pull out, his cum leaking from her battered, satisfied cunt.

“Oh, Becca,” he panted, flopping down on the bed next to her, “that was the best fuck I’ve had in a year.”

Becca laughed, running her fingers over his bald head.

“You’re pretty experienced, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, maybe so. But I think I’m ready to be exclusive for a while...”

He dived for one of her nipples, taking it into his mouth and sucking it playfully.

“Ohh,” moaned Becca, “ready to go again so soon?”

“I’m always ready to please a beautiful woman like you,” he said, slipping a finger inside her as he teased her pert nipples with his lips.

“Oh, in that case...,” sighed Becca, losing herself once more in the pleasurable sensations of his skillful mouth and fingers.

She looked up at the decorated ceiling as Steve skillfully brought her to the edge of orgasm once more. His tongue flicked her clit as he massaged her g-spot with expertise that only long nights of pleasure can bring.

I looked on, watching him please my wife. I couldn’t help but admire a man that capable of pleasing a woman.

“Mmmm that’s so good. God, you’re so much better than my husband, it’s not even a competition. Lick me right there, Steve. Now suck it just a bit. Oh yes. Don’t stop. Don’t stop. DON’T STOP. YES Steve!!!”

And with that, Becca reached another stunning climax. This one was enough to render her completely exhausted.

She flopped into Steve’s arms and closed her eyes, completely lost to the world. And to her husband too, of course: me.

I stood, my throbbing erection still jutting out in front of my body.

Steve, spooning Becca tenderly as she drifted off to sleep with a huge smile on her face, sneered at me and I struggled back into my pants.

“You can jerk off in the bathroom downstairs, cuck,” he said, “just make sure to clean up after yourself. I think Becca’s staying

here tonight.”

I’m ashamed to say that I did exactly that: I stumbled downstairs and relieved myself with my own hand while my wife slumbered in the arms of her lover and my bully, somewhere above me.

I made sure not to leave a single trace of my activities, then I washed my hands and went home.

Chapter 8

Becca didn't come home that night. Or the next night, either. Finally, the next afternoon, I heard her key in the lock.

"Hi, honey," she said, "I'm just here to get a few things."

She went upstairs to the bedroom. I followed her.

"So this is it? Our marriage is over?"

"Yes, in a sense," she said, "you always said that you wanted me to be happy, didn't you?"

I nodded.

"Well, what makes me really happy...", she said, taking my hand and looking me in the eye, "is being with Steve. He's an amazing guy."

I could see the love in her eyes. *Feel* it.

"That's right...", I said, fighting back tears, "I just want you to be happy."

"Honey," she said, "that's not all. Let me finish."

I looked at her in surprise. There was more? So this *wasn't* the end?

"Steve and I had a long talk, and I told him about my feelings towards you. All of my feelings. The thing is, I love this house, and I love the security that you've provided for us over the past few years. And I don't want to actually move in with Steve. I thought maybe he could come to live with us."

"I'm not sure I understand..."

"Steve's got it all worked out. You see, you'll remain in the house, and we can stay married. At least on paper."

"Ok...", I said, my mouth going dry.

"And we both noticed how much you liked being there when we were making love."

I tried to avoid her gaze. I simply couldn't admit that I'd enjoyed watching my wife get fucked by another man.

"So...", she continued, touching my arm tenderly, "...we thought that you could be on panty duty for the foreseeable future. That is, if you want to."

"I guess," I mumbled, actually feeling a surge of joy at the notion that I would still be included in my wife's sex life, if only nominally.

"Great!" she said.

I'd never seen her so bubbly before. She was positively effervescent. It hurt so much to see her transformed like this for another man, but at the same time it was also one of the most arousing things I'd ever experienced.

"I'm so glad you want to stay in our life," she said, moving in to kiss my cheek but then drawing back at the last minute.

"Oh, sorry, I can't. Steve said I'm not allowed to kiss you anymore. At least not without his permission."

"It's ok," I said, trying to hide my disappointment, "I understand."

What was I saying?! That I "understood" the fact that my workplace bully had simply swooped in and seduced my wife to the extent that she would agree to never kiss me again? How could that possibly be something that *anyone* would "understand"?

But why did what would have felt so *wrong* just a few weeks ago now feel so *right*? Like I'd finally found my proper station in life?

I didn't have all the answers. But I did know one thing: I would remain Becca's cuckold for as long as she'd let me.

A few months later, Steve was totally moved into our house. He took my place in the master bedroom with Becca, of course, but I was quite comfortable sleeping in the guest room on the ground floor.

Sometimes at night I'd wake up to hear Becca moaning for Steve to fuck her faster and harder. Sometimes I'd catch them fucking during the day, if I came home from work early. I wasn't

always called on to perform “panty duty” — it actually became a special treat. I started looking forward to the days when Steve would call me into the bedroom to have me remove Becca’s panties before he filled her fertile womb with one or more loads of his potent sperm.

People at the office knew about the change in my life. How could they not? Especially after Steve and I being rivals for so long. I overheard plenty of snide remarks in the breakroom, but after a while, everything settled into a familiar routine. I would go home every night as if it was a normal home, as if we were a normal family.

That is, until what would have been my eighth wedding anniversary with Becca. That morning, before I left the house, Becca stopped me.

“Make sure you’re on time tonight, honey. I have a surprise for you...”

I nodded vigorously. My heart leaped. What could she mean? A surprise? For me? Was she going to make love with me again? Would I even enjoy it if she did? Was she going to confess her love for me once and for all and send Steve packing?

I hadn’t seen any signs recently that her feelings for Steve had changed a bit. They were still on a very regular schedule of having sex most times of the week, and on two recent occasions, they had even requested me to perform “panty duty.”

So there was no real reason to believe that she was going to leave him. But then what was the big surprise?

That day I work I could barely stand the excitement. If I had been paying attention, I might have noticed that some of my lab team members were treating me slightly differently, because they all had an idea of what was in store for me when I got home.

But the idea — the *hope* — that I would have my wife back (even if it meant I’d never have the thrill of watching her with another man) had me so on edge that I noticed nothing.

Finally, it was time to head home for the night. When I pulled up to the house, I noticed that there were several cars parked nearby. Was someone having a party? One of the neighbors?

I walked up to the front door and burst through it. There was Becca, holding a glass of champagne and wearing the same ball gown she had on that fateful night that Steve and I had made our bet. She looked positively radiant.

“This is for you, honey,” she said, putting the glass in my hand and leading me into the living room.

It was teaming with people — my co-workers, members of Steve’s team, even some of the neighbors.

“What’s going on here? Is this some kind of party?”

“That’s exactly what it is,” said Steve, coming up behind Becca and rubbing his hands over her belly, “we’ve got a very special announcement, and we wanted everyone to be here to hear it.”

Becca raised her hand and called for silence.

“Now that Mike is here, it’s time we tell you the news that we have to share.”

She paused, beaming at the crowd, then turning back towards Steve with a look of love.

“Steve and I —,” she began, “are pregnant!”

A roar of applause went up from the crowd. I felt like I was going to sink into the floor.

“I mean,” laughed Becca, “I hate it when people say that. *I’m* the one carrying the baby of course.”

Another gale of laughter, then a gasp. What was this?

Steve was down on one knee. He was pulling a box out of his pocket.

He was opening it.

What the **fuck**?

He *couldn’t* be. Not in front of all these people. We weren’t divorced. Not even legally separated!

But he was.

“Becca,” he said, looking up at her with soulful eyes while her current husband (me) watched not more than a meter away, “will you marry me?”

Tears were in her eyes. I loved seeing her happy, even if it meant my own pain and misery.

“Yes, yes, a thousand times, yes!”

Cheers went up from the crowd, until Steve raised his hand, calling for silence.

“Don’t worry, chubs,” he said, addressing me, “there’s something in it for you, too: after panty duty tonight, you might be allowed to clean up. After all, I’ve already done my job!”

He laughed, patting Becca’s belly. The crowd roared in laughter.

“Here’s to Mike!” said my bully, “here’s to the cuck!”

The crowd raised their glasses and drank. What could I do? I drank with them.

It was going to be a very interesting next few months. I didn’t know what the future would bring. But I had to admit I was looking forward to “clean-up duty” that evening.

THE END

HER FIRST BIG ONE

Introduction

"It's true," said my wife's friend Penny, "and I'm standing by it. Even if I have had three drinks tonight."

She guffawed loudly, almost spilling her *fourth* drink, which was perched precariously on the small table next to the couch.

It was Friday night, after work, and we were all drinking. Probably a little too much.

Penny was a very attractive woman, but a sloppy drunk. I'd always enjoyed it when we socialized with her, because it gave me a chance to steal a glance at her ample cleavage and shapely ass. The fact that she had fire-red hair and dark green eyes only added to her charms. Of course, as my wife's best friend, she was off limits. And I wasn't interested in cheating anyway. I loved Emma.

"No, I swear," Penny continued, nudging my wife, who was covering her mouth in amusement or disbelief, I couldn't be sure, "it's way better than it's ever been. And it's all because of his size."

My wife shook her head and then let out a shriek of laughter. You have to remember that we'd *all* had three or more drinks.

Penny held her cellphone up to my wife's face, practically smacking her with it.

"Take a look," she said.

"Oh my God," said my wife, looking at the phone screen through her fingers, "I didn't need to see that!"

She pushed the phone away and scooted across the couch away from Penny.

"You can spare us the dirty details of your next hook-up," she said, covering her face in her hands, "and I'm sure that...Greg, or whatever you said his name was, wouldn't appreciate you showing strangers pictures of his dick!"

“That’s where you’re wrong,” laughed Penny, “he *loves* showing off, and he loves it when I tell people about how great he is in bed. I’m not kidding. He’d drop his pants and show all of us right now if he were here.”

“Wow,” I said, finally sensing a place where I could break in, “this conversation has taken quite the turn. I think I’m going to go see if we have enough ingredients for another round of Negronis.”

I stood and walked into the kitchen, shaking my head demonstratively at the silliness exhibited by the two women.

Emma and Penny had been friends for years. Since childhood, in fact. In many ways, they were complete polar opposites. Emma was quiet, diligent, elegant and largely conservative. Penny was wild, impulsive, liberal and promiscuous. Emma and I had been married since we graduated from college (almost seven years now). Penny had bounced from one boyfriend to another for as long as I’d known her. I knew that this guy, Greg, was going to be out of her life in a matter of months — regardless of how impressive his cock was.

Besides, Emma had always told me that she couldn’t imagine being with anyone bigger than I was. Mine was almost too much to handle as it was!

At least, that’s what she told me. And I never had a reason to doubt her.

Not until a week from that fateful night.

Chapter 1

“So I told Penny that she could bring Greg with her when she comes over tonight,” said Emma that morning (a week after the inciting incident), rolling over and looking at me in the light of the sunrise.

“Who could forget about Greg?” I asked sarcastically, “should we get an extra chair for his extra-big dick?”

She hit me with a pillow playfully.

“Are you jealous or something? Penny was drunk and running her mouth a little more than she should have. Can’t you cut her a little slack?”

“I’m happy to cut her some slack,” I said, “but you have to at least let me make fun of her if she’s going to be bragging about her boyfriend’s cock. And showing my wife pictures of it!”

“I have to admit,” said Emma, “that was very inappropriate. I kind of can’t believe that she even did that. But she did say that he likes to show off. That still doesn’t mean that other people need or want to see it.”

“So what did you think?” I asked, stroking her head.

“About what?”

“About his dick of course.”

“Oh come on! You men are just obsessed with size. Don’t you know that that’s like the fourth or fifth most important thing about a man? If that...”

“Oh really? Interesting that you’ve ranked it so precisely.”

“It’s not precise,” she retorted, “I said fourth or fifth!”

“Ok,” I said, “but it does matter a little.”

“It matters a lot. Like if it’s too big,” she said, “then it’s going to be uncomfortable. There’s no way that it’s going to feel good. So a guy like Greg probably has more disadvantages than advantages over a smaller guy like you.”

“So now you’re saying that mine’s small? I’ll try not to be offended, I guess.”

I was pretending to be upset, but the truth was, her words also stung a bit. I knew that I wasn’t huge, but I was at least around average. Or at least I’d always thought so.

“Of course not, honey. You’re not small at all.”

“But you’ve never been with another guy. So how do you know if you wouldn’t actually like a larger one.”

She was quiet for a long time. Too long, I later realized.

“I think...” she said, finally breaking her silence, “I think that I don’t need to try a huge cock to understand that I wouldn’t like it. After all, I don’t need to be hit in the face by a professional boxer to know that that’s bad, either!”

“Ok,” I said, “fair point. But tell me the truth. If I gave you a ‘free pass,’ that is to say, if I gave you my blessing to be with a larger man — in a purely hypothetical situation with no actual consequences — would you do it?”

She was quiet for a long time again.

“In a purely hypothetical situation with no consequences? Would I do it?”

“That’s the question,” I said, stroking her cheek as she stared out the window over my shoulder at the morning sky.

“I think that yes, I would.”

“So you must not be so scared of big ones after all,” I countered, “in fact, I bet you’re a little curious.”

“It sounds like *you’re* the curious one, buster,” she said, pulling me in for a kiss and then reaching down and groping my morning wood through my boxers, “and I think that the problem here is that your little guy needs some attention. Am I right?”

“I think,” I said, kissing her earlobe and down her neck as I whispered my response, “that there isn’t a single man out there who *likes* having his cock referred to that way, but I will give you the benefit of the doubt because of how good that feels right now.”

“Mm..,” she said, closing her eyes as she grabbed my balls gently in the other hand while she continued to work my shaft, “thank you for that.”

A few moments later, I had her panties off, and was buried inside her, looking down at her beautiful blonde hair as it spilled onto the pillow as her head was thrown back in ecstasy. Emma was a stunning woman, a picture of innocent nordic beauty. And she was all mine.

At least for the next few hours.

“God, Evan,” she moaned, “just give it to me as hard as you can. Fuck I’m so horny for you right now.”

I thrust into her harder and harder, pinning her to the bed with the weight of my body and sending the bedframe hurtling into the wall with each stroke. I knew from experience that Emma loved the theatrics of this kind of fucking almost as much as the pure physical aspect. She liked the sound effects caused by the crashing bedframe and the exertion on my face as I plunged into her.

I reached down and fondled her pert pink nipples over her sheet lace nightie. She cooed in pleasure as my fingers toyed with her young body.

“Evan,” she moaned, “I think...I think I want you to come inside. I want to...make... a baby...”

This last admission, unexpected but not entirely unsurprising, sent me over the edge. I groaned in pleasure as I emptied myself into her. She seemed to reach her own modest yet detectable climax in the same moment, or at the least I felt a shudder move through her delicate limbs as I deposited my seed inside her.

It was the first time I’d done so since she went off the pill more than three months ago. It had been in preparation for starting a family, but she’d been having second thoughts almost continuously since the day she’d quit the pill, and so we’d been using condoms, or, at the very least, I’d been pulling out.

Not this time, though. And this fact only served to strengthen my orgasm. It felt like an earthquake as I plumbed her depths and

planted my seed there.

I rolled off of her feeling like a man in full. A consummate alpha male.

That feeling wouldn't last very long, however.

Chapter 2

I'd almost forgotten about Penny and her guest when I arrived home from work that night. The clarity that I always experienced post-orgasm no doubt helped this, but I suspect now that there was also a measure of what psychoanalysts refer to as "repression" involved. That's right: despite my wife's frequent assurances to the contrary, I couldn't shake the idea that there was something inadequate about my endowment, especially after the conversation this morning.

It hadn't been what she'd *said*. It had been about what she *hadn't* said. About the gaps and pauses in her speech which seemed to conceal a secret desire.

A desire for huge cock.

To make matters worse, I had willingly invited into my home a man who was purported to be in possession of such a monster, if "possession" was the proper verb to use, here, as if a cock were nothing but a piece of clothing that one could take on or off, or exchange at will.

No, it seemed to me that a cock was more than a mere position: it was part of a man's character and personality, and more than that, tied to his fate in a peculiar way that wasn't true of any other part of a man, except, perhaps, his mind.

These thoughts might seem strangely intellectual, but that is how I have come to deal with being completely outmanned by Greg from the moment he crossed my threshold.

"Mr. Stuart," he said, shaking my hand firmly as he and Penny stood in the entryway.

"It's Schmitt, actually," I corrected him, "but please, call me Evan."

"Ok, Evan," he said, still smiling broadly.

It was funny. I knew from what Penny had told Emma that Greg was actually two years younger than I was, but his sun-baked skin

made him appear to be at least a couple of years my senior. He was an unskilled day laborer by trade, but was training to be a bricklayer. My smooth hands must have felt positively feminine in comparison to his weather-beaten palms.

“Great place you got here,” he said, looking around the room, “I was just working on a house like it over across town. Would you call this a colonial?”

“That’s right,” I said, unable to conceal the surprise in my voice that he’d correctly identified the architectural style of my house.”

“Greg used to be an architecture student, actually,” exclaimed Penny, “but he couldn’t stand being in a classroom or an office all day. He just loves working with his hands too much.”

She gave this last remark a bit of a lewd undertone, and punctuated it with a giggle. I wondered if the two of them had already been drinking, but then I remembered that she’d told us that Greg had given up alcohol years ago.

I knew it wasn’t polite to ask about decisions like that. More for us! I thought to myself.

Emma came down the stairs behind me and greeted Penny warmly with an embrace and kiss on each cheek. As she shook Greg’s hand, I examined her face for any trace of curiosity or even lust.

I didn’t see anything. Just her usual friendliness.

“Leave your coats right there,” she said, gesturing to the hall closet, “and let’s stoke the fire. I can’t believe how unseasonably cool it’s been — and it’s barely even October!”

Greg walked to the fireplace and began to examine the brick around it.

“Nice work,” he said, staring at the mortar joints, “the guy who did this knew what he was doing.”

“I suppose he probably did,” I said, standing beside him, “this place was built in about 1940, and back then...”

Just then, Penny appeared with a drink and shoved it in my hand.

"That was fast," I said, "you really make yourself at home, don't you?"

"Relax," she said, "Emma told me I could do whatever I wanted to. I mixed up a couple of gin and tonics for us. Emphasis on the gin. It looks like only the two of us are drinking tonight. What's the matter? Is Emma sick or something?"

I remembered that morning and how Emma had finally decided that we should try for a baby. I had to smile to myself.

"No, I guess she's just not in the mood," I said, clinking my glass against hers.

"Cheers."

"Cheers," laughed Penny, then winked at Greg.

"This guy doesn't need booze to get crazy, now do you, big boy?"

"Ha," said Greg, "I love it when you call me that. No, I don't suppose I do. But I would appreciate a sparkling water if you've got it on hand."

I nodded.

"I'll get it," said Penny, disappearing into the kitchen.

She appeared a moment later with Emma, who was carrying two glasses of sparkling water, each garnished with a lime.

She handed one to Greg.

"Cheers," she said, clinking her glass against his, "to abstention."

"To abstention," he replied.

"Though not from *everything* I hope!" laughed Penny.

"You're so bad," giggled Emma, slapping her friend playfully on the shoulder, "let's sit by the fire."

We all did.

“Greg,” said Emma, “tell me more about yourself. Penny told me that you’re a...pipe-layer?”

Penny giggled.

“Actually,” she said, “he’s a bricklayer. But he really *could* be a professional at laying pipe. If you know what I mean.”

I watched my wife’s face as she slowly processed the innuendo.

“Penny!” she exclaimed, “such a dirty mind!”

I sipped my drink, hoping the awkward moment would pass, but the conversation seemed not to have perturbed Greg in the slightest.

“No,” insisted Penny, “it’s totally true. In fact, he used to do it for money. In college.”

“Oh now,” said Greg, “we don’t need to talk about that, do we? Not in mixed company...”

“Talk about what?” asked Emma, clearly (and to my dismay) intrigued.

I had to admit that I was a little curious myself, and I said as much.

“You mean you were some kind of...jiggalo? Is that what they call it?”

Greg looked at us, a little sheepishly.

“It’s kind of embarrassing for me to be talking about this with people I just met,” he said, “but yeah. What Penny said is basically right.”

“People *paid* you to have sex with them? *Women?*” Emma’s voice was incredulous.

“Sort of. The women weren’t the ones paying.”

“So you were sleeping with men?” I asked.

He shot me a withering glance.

“I’ve got no problem with people being gay, or with whatever a guy wants to do in his spare time,” he said, a trace of menace in his

voice, “but I’ve never touched another man’s junk, or let another man anywhere near mine.”

“Of course,” I said, “I didn’t mean to imply that. I’m just trying to understand what you’re talking about.”

“Then just give me a chance to finish, all of you,” he said, raising his hand.

“Ok,” said Emma, “tell us.”

“It started back when I was waiting tables at this country club,” said Greg, “word got out with some of the members that I was... well... I guess I might as well say it.”

“Hung,” laughed Penny, “he’s hung like a freaking *horse*!”

“That’s right,” said Greg, “they found out that I was on the larger side.”

I took a large gulp of my drink as I looked at my wife’s face. She was completely enraptured by the story. I was hoping that I’d see a trace of mockery or disdain, but she was clearly hanging on his every word.

“And it turns out that there were a couple of them married to these women who were a lot younger than them. Trophy wives, I guess you’d say. And they couldn’t...how shall I put this?”

“We’re all adults here,” interjected Emma, “you can put it however you want!”

“They couldn’t fuck their wives like they used to. But their wives liked to fuck, and they liked to watch their wives get fucked. That’s why they hired me.”

“But why did they pay you?” I asked, unable to resist, “were the women ugly or something? I can’t imagine a young guy who wouldn’t fuck a beautiful woman for free!”

“It’s a fair question,” said Greg, “and one that I’ve thought a lot about. I think it was for two reasons: first of all, if they pay me, it’s easier to make sure that I keep my mouth shut. Second of all, they put a kind of psychological layer between me and their wives, making it less likely that we’d actually fall in love. Third of all, it’s the

fact that all those guys were filthy rich and used to being able to buy whatever they wanted.”

I was dumbfounded at the intellectual clarity of these remarks. This guy was no idiot. Not only did he have a horse cock, he had a brain to match.

I drained my drink, tasting much more gin than tonic. That Penny!

“Want another one?” I asked, walking into the kitchen.

“I do!” yelled Penny.

I came out with the entire bottle of gin and bottles of tonic and seltzer water on a tray. When I sat back down on the couch next to Emma, I could tell that the topic hadn’t changed very much.

“It was actually surprising how much they liked it,” said Greg, “even though it was obviously also a sort of strange set-up. I learned later on that there’s this whole fetish scene built around this kind of thing. It’s called ‘cuckolding.’ And I was playing the role of the ‘bull,’ that is to say, the guy who fucks another guy’s wife.”

“And the wives really enjoyed this? It wasn’t just for the husband’s benefit?”

Emma’s question was clearly serious.

“Trust me,” said Greg, looking her square in the eyes, “in *every* case it’s the husband’s idea to begin with, but in *every* case, it’s the **wife** who ends up having the time of her life.”

I sensed something change in Emma in that moment, and I thought I could feel her quiver ever so slightly. Looking back on it now, I think that might have been the exact instant when she decided to go through with what happened next.

“So,” she said, “it all comes down to your cock size, huh? That’s why these guys hired you, and that’s why you were able to please their wives so well?”

“Well, not the only reason...,” he began, glancing at me for a moment in an attempt to gauge my reaction to my wife’s suddenly rather forward behavior.

“But they wouldn’t be interested in an average-sized guy being the ‘bull’, right? Neither the husbands nor the wives.”

“I guess not.”

“So it must be the primary factor.”

“Yes,” he said, “the primary factor, certainly. I guess you could say that.”

Penny had been uncharacteristically quiet during this exchange, but now she sat up and said with a devilish smile:

“Enough about the ‘primary factor.’ Why don’t you just show it to them? She’s practically begging for it anyway.”

She gestured towards Emma.

“I am not!” protested Emma, “we’re just having a conversation here about adult topics. As adults.”

“Come on, hon,” said Penny, tugging at his shorts, “let’s just show her, please?”

Greg looked at me.

“I never take my pants off in another man’s house without his permission,” he said.

“I’m not sure...,” I began, but then Emma flashed me a look, as if reminding me to be a polite host.

“...ok, why not,” I concluded, having been corrected by my wife.

What choice did I have? If I told him no, I’d seem like a prude. Or, worse, like someone who was insecure about his cock size, which I clearly —

Holy shit.

Emma gasp as Penny helped Greg out of his shorts and his trouser snake flopped out between his legs. He must have been six inches already, totally flaccid.

“Just wait,” said Penny, “he gets even bigger. We just have to get him a little turned on...”

“I don’t know about this...” I said, raising my hand, “Greg, are you sure...”

“Come on, honey,” said Emma, fixing me with her big blue eyes, “what’s the big deal? Can’t you indulge my curiosity?”

I backed down.

“Ok,” I said, “but I’m going to go into the kitchen for a while.”

If they were going to ogle this man’s cock, that didn’t mean that I had to be around to watch it.

“Suit yourself,” laughed Penny.

I grabbed the bottle of gin and took it with me into the kitchen, topping off my drink as the sound of female laughter filled my ears. These were not laughs of ridicule, but delight.

“Go ahead and touch it, it won’t bite!” urged Penny.

Touch it? What? Was my chaste-looking, innocent wife Emma about to *touch* a gigantic cock?

I dashed out of the kitchen just in time to see my wife trying to wrap her thumb and forefinger around Greg’s girthy shaft.

“My fingers don’t even touch!” she exclaimed.

“I know. It amazes me every time,” Penny said, “and if you think touching it is fun, you should experience what it’s like when it’s inside you...”

“Emma,” I said, “I’d like a word with you please.”

“Ooh,” laughed Penny drunkenly, turning to Greg and smiling, “sounds like someone’s in trouble!”

Emma and I walked into the study adjacent the livingroom and I closed the door behind us.

“What the hell are you doing in there? Touching another guy’s cock? Are you out of your mind?”

“Look,” she said, “remember our conversation earlier today? I guess...I guess I’d like that ‘free pass’ that you mentioned.”

“That was hypothetical.”

"It didn't really seem like it then, and it doesn't now."

"It was entirely hypothetical," I protested, "if you think that I'm going to give you permission to touch another man's cock again..."

"Look, honey," she said, fixing me with her beautiful eyes, "we're serious about starting a family, right?"

"Of course."

"So once we start a family we're going to have to have a stable home life."

"Yes. What are you getting at?"

"What I'm getting at," she continued, "is that I think you should loosen up a little. Give me some room to experiment. Once the baby's here, there won't be any more nights like this, or if there are, they'll be few and far between. You know how it is. Remember how your sister's life changed after her little ones?"

"Yes, but..."

I could feel my defenses starting to crumble.

"I know for a fact that you're turned on by the idea of me fooling around with a huge cock like that."

There it was. She had me pinned. It was impossible to deny.

"Uhh," I began.

"Don't even try to lie," she said, "you're terrible at it."

The other room was strangely silent. Had they gone outside?

"Just sit back, relax, and let your wife experiment a little. You can always go upstairs if things get too intense."

"Ok," I said, "but what do you actually have planned? How far are you going to go?"

"Planned? I don't have anything planned. I'm just trying to live in the moment. But how about this: I'll ask your permission before I do anything with him. You can veto every step. Sound fair?"

"And if I tell you to stop, you'll stop?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I?"

“I don’t know...”

“Don’t you trust me? Think how hot it will be. I know you’ll love it.”

She definitely had me there. I knew that I would love it. But that didn’t mean that I wasn’t conflicted.

“Ok,” I said, finally, “let’s do it.”

“Great!” she said, her eyes lighting up like a child who had been told they could get a new puppy.

She threw her arms around me and gave me a kiss on the cheek, then we walked side-by-side back into the living room.

Chapter 3

The reason for the sudden silence was immediately apparent. Penny, unable to help herself, was on her knees between Greg and the coffee table, fellating the monster between his legs which seemed to have almost doubled in size.

Greg, making eye contact with me as I came into the room, simply shrugged.

"She insisted," he sighed, running his fingers through her hair as she moaned in pleasure.

"Oh wow," said Emma, moving closer to them to get a better look, "it really does get a lot bigger."

This comment got Penny's attention, who now looked up from her task and grinned at Emma.

"I told you," she said, "what are you waiting for? Are you going to help me or what?"

Emma looked over at me with silently pleading eyes.

I nodded. I couldn't believe it, but I was giving my wife permission to help her friend suck this man's gigantic cock.

Did this make me a cuckold?

I wasn't sure, and in that moment, I also didn't care to parse distinctions or definitions. All I knew is that my own cock was already hard, and was getting even harder at the thought that my wife would soon be joining her friend on her knees in front of this alpha male.

Emma dropped to her knees and Greg spread his legs a bit to make room for her.

"You take the balls," said Penny, "and I'll work the shaft. Then we switch off."

"Oh fuck, you ladies are spoiling me," groaned Greg as my wife's tongue began to eagerly lap at his ballsack.

I'd never seen her like this. She gave me head once in a while of course, but never with the passion that she was now displaying.

Was she putting on a show for Greg? For Penny? For *me*, even?

Maybe for all of us. Maybe for herself. Maybe the line that she'd given me in the kitchen, that now was the time for us to experiment before the baby came, was the truth.

Maybe there was a cock-hungry wild woman underneath my wife's staid exterior. I was certainly seeing evidence of that now.

"My turn for the shaft," said Emma after a few minutes, "it's no fair hogging it."

"Mmm," said Penny, popping off of it for a moment, "I wouldn't dream of hogging this hog. There's plenty to go around after all."

"There certainly is," said Greg, looking up and winking at me.

"Why don't you have a seat and make yourself comfortable," he said, "this is going to take a while. Some guys like to jerk off. Or take pictures."

Wait — did he think...that *I* was one of *those guys*? Like the old rich guys who had paid him to fuck their wives back when he worked at the country club?

What really separated me from those guys, though, anyway?

I wasn't paying him, that was probably the main difference, if I were honest with myself. But I didn't want to get into all of that now anyway. I realized that the main issue is that I looked like an idiot just standing there while my wife and her friend were sucking his cock, so I sat down.

I noticed that Emma was really going to town now. There was saliva all over her chin, and her eyes were reddened with the exertion. At least that was all I could see from the side. The other thing that I noticed about her eyes, besides their redness, was that they were clearly focused on Greg's.

She was maintaining eye contact with the man she was fellating, as if under some kind of submissive spell.

She was in the zone. A cock-drunk zone.

"Fuck," said Penny, coming up for air again, "watching you do that is making me so wet. Would you like to kiss me?"

Emma popped off his shaft for a moment and looked over at her in surprise.

This was going to be the dealbreaker. I was sure of it. Emma had often told me that, while she appreciated the physical attractiveness of other women, she had no interest in actually experimenting with them.

That conviction was also shattered a moment later, though, to my utmost surprise, as she grabbed her attractive friend and planted a kiss directly on her lips.

A few seconds later, the two women were making out, completely consumed with passion. Once again, Greg looked over at me, slowly stroking the massive erection that had been forgotten temporarily.

“Big dicks tend to bring out the slutty side of a lot of women,” he said, “it’s totally normal.”

I was too turned on to be shocked, however, looking down at my pants and seeing the precum leaking through my work trousers. It was finally time to take Greg’s advice and unbutton them.

Once I had freed my cock, I felt much better. At least physically. It was now impossible to ignore that this man who I’d only met an hour or so before and whose dick my wife had just been enthusiastically sucking was close to twice my size when erect.

I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t seen it with my own two eyes.

The two women had cast their tops off now, and were working on the bras. To my surprise, it seemed that Emma was taking the lead here, pawing at her friend’s large chest, while Penny worked on taking down Emma’s panties from under the skirt she was wearing.

I’d never seen my wife like this, and it seemed for a moment that she’d forgotten all about the star of the show, Greg, and his gigantic tool.

But then, after a few more minutes of frantic kissing during which both women were rendered naked from the waist up and, in

Emma's case, without panties, I saw my wife lean in and whisper something in her friend's ear.

"Good idea," said Penny, "I think he's certainly ready."

"Can we go to the bedroom, honey?" said Emma, looking at me with a wild expression of lust, "pretty please?"

She pouted a bit. It was very cute, but also uncharacteristically coquette. What had gotten into her?

I nodded. What else could I do? I wasn't thinking of the possible consequences of allowing my wife this kind of freedom. I was thinking only of — and with — my own cock. And all that I could see in my aroused state were two very attractive females and a man with an absolutely gigantic cock who was eager to take them both.

"Up to the marriage bed," laughed Penny, "very brave of you, Evan."

I didn't have time to think about why she would use that particular word. Brave. As if I had something to lose by indulging my wife's desire like this.

I knew somewhere deep down that I did, indeed, have a lot to lose. But my own desire wouldn't let me think about that now.

I watched as Greg, who quickly stripped off the rest of his clothes, took each woman by one hand and led them up the stairs to our bedroom. I was the last one to enter the room, and by the time I entered, Penny and Emma had both managed to shed the remainder of their clothes, and were entangled on the bed with Greg in a massive pile of flesh.

Emma's mouth was on his cock once more, rapidly restoring his full erection as Penny kissed her lover full on the lips.

"God this is hot, honey," panted Emma, looking up at me, "you don't have to watch, though, if it's making you uncomfortable. Just tell me, remember?"

As if she would have actually stopped at this point if I'd asked her, I thought. The look in her eyes told me everything I needed to know. It was a look of pure, animal lust. Anything that she told me

now was merely a ploy to make herself feel better about what she'd already decided to do.

I shook my head.

"Well, you can at least get some pictures!" said Emma.

This made Penny giggle.

"Wow," she said, "I never thought my sweet little friend had it in her. She wants to commemorate her first time with a huge cock! I can't say I blame her."

"I'll just..." I stuttered.

"My phone is on the counter downstairs," she said, ducking down and kissing his mushroom tip lovingly, "you know the code."

I did indeed. It was hard for me to shake the feeling that she wanted to get rid of me, but then again, she had asked me to take pictures, so I did have *some* kind of a role after all.

When I came back into the room, having retrieved the phone, I found that the scene had shifted a bit.

Penny was on her hands and knees on the bed, and Emma was behind her, licking her pussy from behind while Greg fingered *her* pussy with one hand while fisting his cock with the other.

"That's it," he said, encouraging Emma, "get her pussy nice and wet for this big cock."

"I love the way you eat pussy," moaned Penny, "you're a natural. Is this really your first time?"

"I guess I just know what girls like," laughed my wife, before diving back into her friend's muff.

I snapped a picture of my wife with her face buried in her hot friend's pussy, then I walked around the bed and viewed the scene from a different angle, eventually sitting down on a small loveseat in the corner.

"That pussy looks so nice and wet," said Greg, when Emma came up for air, "will you help me get inside?"

Emma seemed to know exactly what he meant, and she leaned down and gave his cock a few short sucks and then a kiss before guiding it into her friend from behind.

“Ohh, God. I’ve fucked you so many times, but I never get tired of how much you stretch me.”

“Lick my balls,” ordered Greg, talking to my wife.

She didn’t need to be told twice. She shifted herself onto her back and then slid down between his legs, licking his balls as he slid in and out of her friend.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned, “that’s so fucking amazing. Hey, John, get over here and take a picture of your wife being a slut. I know cucks like you love this.”

There it was. He’d called me a “cuck.” And could I really deny it?

He’d also gotten my name wrong – was it on purpose?

I looked down at my small dick, still standing up at attention, and wondered if my wife would let me join them by fucking her while she pleased Greg’s sack. I stood up and walked closer to the bed, snapping a few pictures as I went.

“Good, get some pictures,” she cooed, “this is so hot. Don’t you think so?”

She looked up at me, her head just below Greg’s ass as he plowed into Penny. Her eyes were just as affectionate as ever, but they registered a concern. Probably as a response to my own unconscious reaction.

“Oh, baby,” she said, “don’t be sad. I’ll take care of your little guy later, I promise. Just let us have our fun.”

I nodded, doing my best to smile, before going back to my place on the loveseat.

“*Little guy*”? Was she *trying* to humiliate me? If so, she was doing an excellent job of it. But why was it turning me on so much?

I looked to my side, and caught Penny’s eye in the mirror as Greg fucked her.

“Mmm,” she said, directly to me, “I bet you always wanted to see me naked, didn’t you, Evan? You probably wanted to fuck me, too. You probably imagined yourself in this threesome, didn’t you?”

Why was she taunting me all of a sudden?

“Well sorry,” she said, looking down at my cock, “guys hung like that only get threesomes in their dreams.”

Greg grabbed her hair and began slapping her ass in that moment, causing her to roll back her eyes in pleasure as she bit her lip.

“Don’t stop, baby,” she moaned, “I’m going to come on your big fucking cock...”

I couldn’t help but reach down and stroke my cock in time with the rhythm of his fucking. It was so amazing to see my wife’s hot, slutty friend getting plowed by such a well-hung man. Completely apart from the fact that my wife was also involved (and all the emotional complications that entailed), it was simply an incredible pornographic spectacle.

“Come on this big dick like the slut you are,” he urged her, a primal growl entering his voice.

“Yes, Daddy!” she moaned, and this final dirty name — even though she herself had intoned it — seemed to push Penny over the edge.

She fell forward onto the bed as her backside quivered. I lost sight of Emma in that moment, because Greg also fell forward at the same time, almost (but not entirely) losing his balance. He recovered quickly however, thrusting into Penny’s pussy even during her climax.

“Oh God,” she sighed, “that was so good. I still can’t believe what a difference that huge cock makes. Did you come?”

“No,” said Greg, “I wanted to save it for the lady of the house. After all, that’s what he wants, isn’t it?”

I felt his gaze bore into mine as an obscene smile passed his lips.

“You want to see me come inside your wife, don’t you?”

It was like time stood still in that moment as his question hung in the air, and both women looked up at me, multiplying his gaze.

“That’s ok, cuck,” he said, “I understand the psychology of guys like you. And so does your wife. You don’t have to answer. Like I said, it’s always the guy’s idea to start something like this, but it’s always his wife who gets the most pleasure from it.”

I opened my mouth to respond, but my reply was stuck in my throat. All I could do was nod faintly. It was like I was in a dream: a combination of my wildest fantasy and my deepest nightmare all at once. This evening had taken a turn that I’d never (consciously) intended, but probably secretly longed for.

Greg was right. He *did* understand the psychology of guys like me. And I was beginning to suspect that Emma did too.

“Get over here and fuck me then,” said Emma, her voice hoarse with desire.

She lay on her back behind him, her legs spread, playing with her clit. It was the same position I’d fucked her in last night. The same place on the bed, even.

Our bed. Our marriage bed.

Chapter 4

“Yes, ma’am,” laughed Greg, pivoting around to get in the correct position to impale my wife, “I never refuse a request like that.”

She looked over at me as she spread her legs for him, giving me a look that seemed full of pity.

“Honey,” she said, “would you come here for a minute?”

What did she have in mind?

I stood and walked over towards her, my gait hampered a bit by the fact that my pants were partway down my legs and my cock was swinging free.

“I just wanted to compare you with Greg for a second,” she said, almost mischievously.

Why was she doing this? What had gotten into her? Didn’t she understand that such a comparison was bound to hurt my feelings?

“Oh, great idea,” said Greg, chuckling a little bit, “I’m extra hard now after fucking Penny. But I bet that got this little guy excited too! Betas like him love watching real men fuck.”

I’ll never forget Emma’s squawk of laughter at this cruel remark. But he was right. I was hard as a rock from seeing my wife’s hot friend take a long, deep–dicking from his monster cock, and I was almost beside myself with excitement at witnessing my loving wife do the same.

“Come closer,” she urged, beckoning me to the edge of the bed, “let me get you two side by side.”

I shuffled up to the edge of the bed, and Emma took my cock in her right hand and Greg’s in her left. The difference was immediately apparent. They weren’t even close in size. While her hand easily encompassed my entire erection, her thumb and forefinger didn’t even close around his massive member. This, of course, had already been demonstrated in the livingroom, but seeing the comparison in the flesh made the contrast all the more apparent.

There was truly no way I could compete with this huge-cocked alpha male who had positively invaded my home, and was about to invade my wife.

All I could do was watch.

“Wow,” laughed Emma in delight, “honey, it’s not even close! He’s so big I can’t believe it! Thank you so much for giving me permission to fuck him.”

I wanted to reply that I hadn’t actually ever granted my permission — at least not explicitly. But I knew that it didn’t matter. All her remark served to do was humiliate me further.

Penny was standing by, somewhere off to my side, her big beautiful breasts swaying in my peripheral vision. Normally, I would have welcomed the chance to ogle her, but not in this particular moment.

Not in the moment that my wife was about to be penetrated for the first time by a man besides me. By a man with a cock the size and girth of her arm.

A cock that she was lusting after with her eyes and her mouth, which was visibly watering. I remembered watching her blow him down in the living room, how I’d never seen such utter enthusiasm or sexual submission from her before. And I knew that I had no reason to expect said devotion in the future.

“Honey,” she said, as Greg got into position, rubbing his cock against her swollen slit to ensure that there was proper lubrication, “I know this is going to feel great, but I’m a little scared it’s going to hurt at first. Would you hold my hand?”

Hold my wife’s hand? While she was getting fucked by another guy? Was she *serious*? Was I really going to see myself relegated to some kind of auxiliary role in the relationship? A kind of best friend?

At the same time, I knew that something about this gesture turned me on incredibly. Maybe because it was an admission that I was submitting to Greg as well. To his superior masculinity. I was admitting the overwhelming power of his cock, and my own inferiority before it.

“Thank you, honey,” she moaned, her hand clenching mine as he began to sink his oversized head between her folds.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I can’t believe how big it is...yes...just like that...”

I couldn’t tell if the little whimpers she let out were of pain, pleasure, or both, but I felt her clamp down on my hand, even as she looked up, making eye contact with Greg.

“That feels...,” she panted, as he slowly stretched her wider with every inch, “so... fucking...”

“...**GOOD!**”

Even though she was still grasping my hand, she had now totally forgotten me. That was clear by the look in her eyes, which was one of pure devotion, focused on Greg and Greg alone.

Greg began to slowly move in and out, taking his time to get her used to his considerable girth.

“That’s it, baby,” he said soothingly, “you’re doing such a good job taking this big dick. I know it’s not easy. There are plenty of women who don’t even want to try. But you’re clearly up to the challenge. A real size queen.”

“Yes,” moaned Emma, wrapping her legs around him, “that’s what I am. A size queen!”

“I knew it,” he said, slowly making his strokes deeper and more regular, “Penny told me she could read it from the look on your face when you saw my picture. I love it when she finds me girls to break in.”

I looked over at Penny in astonishment. She smiled at me, then shrugged her shoulders.

“Sorry, Evan,” she said, “I could tell that you weren’t packing enough to really satisfy Emma, so I did what any friend would do.”

“So this was all...”

“Yep,” said Penny, “it was a set-up. We all knew that this was going to happen. Everyone, that is, except you...”

“Emma,” I said, turning back to my wife with tears in my eyes, “is this...”

But before I could finish my sentence, she’d dropped my hand and was completely focused on the act of being fucked by Greg. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was partway open. I’d never seen her like this before. There were beads of sweat on her face and her brow was furrowed as if she were concentrating on an important, insoluble problem.

She was about to come. I could tell.

“Yes, Greg...,” she moaned, “oh my God... I love this cock...I love your cock...I love...”

He growled in exertion, thrusting into her harder and harder, his cock a well-lubed piston in their co-created engine of desire.

I grabbed my own cock and started stroking it. If I couldn’t join them, at least I could satisfy myself a bit. Even if it wasn’t comparable to actually being inside Emma.

It never crossed my mind for a moment to try to fuck Penny. It was crystal clear to me now that she, like Emma, was a “size queen,” and would never be satisfied by what I was packing.

“I love it,” continued Emma, clearly on the edge of orgasm now, “Greg, I love...”

“YOU!” she exclaimed, her hips bucking up towards him as the orgasm wracked her body.

It would be superfluous to say that this admission, even if it had been uttered in the heat of passion, was absolutely devastating to me emotionally. To hear my devoted wife declare her love for this stranger, whose only redeeming feature that I could identify was his huge cock was heartrending to say the least.

But it was also the hottest thing that anyone had ever said in my presence.

The moment that my wife came, I came two, spluttering a small stream of cum out all over my hand.

Penny noticed and gave a little giggle.

“Looks like someone likes watching his wife take a real cock,” she laughed.

I was immediately embarrassed, but also too transfixed by the wife’s face of post-orgasmic bliss to move from my spot.

“Greg,” she moaned, her face transformed by what I assumed to be feelings of love and pleasure, “please come inside me. Please claim me with your big cock.”

Greg’s only reply was to begin fucking her even harder and faster, with even more abandon.

“Yes, Greg,” cheered Penny, “give it to her. She wants your cum so bad...”

“But Emma,” I managed to croak in a weak voice, “you’re fertile...”

“Mmm—hmm,” she groaned, biting her lip as he slammed her to the bed.

“I think that’s kinda the point,” said Penny, chuckling to herself again, “I’m guessing she wants a son with a big dick, not one that’s hung like a pencil lead.”

She looked down at my member demonstratively. I had to admit that I could understand where she was coming from.

“Please...claim me...,” panted Emma.

It was clear that she was close to yet another orgasm now as Greg came closer and closer to emptying his balls into her fertile womb.

“Yes! I need this so bad...,” she begged.

“Here it comes, baby,” moaned Greg, “get ready for a really big load.”

He moaned in pleasure once more and held himself deep in my wife’s pussy. He was so big, and Emma was so skinny, that I could actually see the contours of his gigantic cockhead as he pumped her full of spurt after spurt of come. I tried to count the number of spasms that I witnessed in his cock, but I lost track after seven.

At least seven spurts of potent cum, shot directly into my wife's fertile womb.

Emma was looking down, witnessing the exact same scene that I had, and the sight of his throbbing cock inside her caused her to moan once more in ecstasy, biting her lip and pressing her eyes closed as she climaxed on his stiff rod for the second time.

"Wow," she said, a few minutes later, "I don't think I've ever been so satisfied. Thank you so much for giving me your sperm."

She smiled up at him, and he bent down to kiss her. The sight of their passion made my own heart practically rip in two, but at the same time I could understand the feelings involved.

It was only logical, after all. Emma had always told me that for her, sex was linked with emotion, so why should I be at all surprised to discover that the mind-blowing sex that she'd just enjoyed with Greg would be accompanied by intense emotions.

I stood there for a few moments, watching them kiss and whisper in each other's ears things that I couldn't quite make out. I must have been expecting Emma to acknowledge me in some way, but after a minute or so, the awkwardness of the situation began to overwhelm me, and I retreated to the bathroom to clean myself off, passing Penny along the way, who gave me a smirk.

I decided that this was the perfect moment to take a shower. To give the lovers (all three of them, but especially, perhaps, Emma) some time.

When I emerged from the bathroom about ten minutes later, wrapped in a towel, I found the three of them locked in an embrace, with Emma on Greg's left side and Penny on his right. He was trading kisses with each of them in succession, turning first to one woman, then the other.

Each woman had a hand on his cock, which stood proudly erect once more, unvanquished even after its impressive performance fucking both of them.

"Hey," said Penny, "it looks like the cuck is back. Maybe he'd like to film us this time? I know that Greg loves watching himself fuck."

“That’s a great idea,” said Emma, nuzzling Greg affectionately with her nose, “this time I want to try riding this monster. Would you be a good husband and record me?”

Husband. At least she was still calling me that.

I didn’t respond, but she didn’t seem like she was really expecting a response, either. She was completely lost in his eyes, still stroking the top of his shaft with one hand while Penny worked the other.

“This time I want to watch you fuck her first,” said Penny, giving Greg a lustful look, “you have such a nice cock for riding.”

“Mmm, ok,” said Greg, “but I think that our cuck over there should be allowed to get some pussy too.”

My heart leaped. Did he mean that I was going to fuck my wife?

“Hmm,” said Emma, “to be honest, I’m not really into the idea of him fucking me right now. Or ever again. Sorry honey!”

I barely had time to register the seriousness of this comment before Greg interjected.

“Don’t be silly,” he said, “I’m not letting his little dick anywhere near your pussy. That’s strictly for me now. But I did think he could help clean you up a little.”

“Oh, that sounds nice,” she said, “my cunt is pretty sore from the fucking you gave me earlier, and my husband’s tongue might be just the thing I need to cure me.”

I couldn’t believe what they were suggesting: that I go down on my wife right after she’d let another man come inside her.

I felt my legs moving my body towards the bed. Almost without thinking.

“This cuck seems pretty eager if you ask me,” laughed Greg, “Penny, why don’t you help him?”

He rolled off the bed as Emma spread her legs, pointing her pussy towards me. At the same time, I felt Penny grab the back of my head and push it roughly up to Emma’s cunt.

“Start licking, cuck. If you do a good job, you can stay in the room while he fucks us again.”

I immediately obeyed, opening my mouth wide and drinking in my wife’s juices which were intermingled with a salty flavor that I knew to be Greg’s cum. It was completely humiliating to be brought to this point in my own home, in my own bed, with my own wife, but it was also making my cock stand at attention once more. I knew that this was the only kind of sexual satisfaction I was going to get from my wife for a while — or ever again, perhaps — and so I was determined to make it count.

I began to lap at Emma’s clit with long, slow strokes, eliciting a moan of pleasure.

“*He’s* licking me,” she panted, “but I’m imagining *your* cock, Greg. Oh fuck. I can’t wait to ride it...”

This admission only caused me to redouble my efforts, licking and sucking my wife’s pussy until she was kicking her legs, Greg’s cum totally intermixed with her fluids.

Finally, she stopped me.

“That’s enough,” she said, “I can’t come with him. I only want to come with Greg’s dick inside me.”

Penny grabbed my hair at the nape and pulled my head back, practically throwing me off the bed in the process. I realized that it was my cue to get out of the way, so I stepped back and wiped a trace of Greg’s cum off my face.

“Get the phone,” directed my wife, gesturing for Greg to rejoin her on the bed.

The two of them exchanged a long, slow kiss, and then Greg lay on his back, helping Emma adjust the angle as she lowered herself onto his enormous member, skewering herself one delicious inch at a time.

Her sounds were soft and feminine now as she rode him slowly, almost romantically, determining the pace herself and savoring every moment of her ride. She looked down at him adoringly, running her

fingers through the hair on his chest and biting her lip from time to time as the tide of pleasure ebbed and flowed.

Penny stood to the side, sometimes kissing Emma on the lips and sometimes fondling her breasts as she rode her well-endowed lover. A couple of times, she even bent down and licked Greg's balls as Emma moved slowly up and down on top of him, eliciting from him a low moan.

"Oh God, girls," he groaned, "you're spoiling me. This feels so great. I'm so lucky..."

"No," said Emma, with an insistence that cut me to my core, "we're the lucky ones. Thank you for sharing this big beautiful cock with us. All I want to do is worship it. Ride it all day and all night."

"Fuck...", he groaned, as Penny continued to massage his ballsack with her tongue, "I don't know how much more of this I can take..."

"I'm totally cock-drunk," laughed Emma, "I've never had this feeling before. It's like a state of permanent bliss..."

"That's what we call a big-dick orgasm," laughed Penny, "and you'll have a lot more of those if you keep hanging around Greg."

"Mmm," she moaned, "I hope so...I want to feel like this forever...I... I..."

She squealed and then reached yet another climax, but not before exclaiming, "I love you, Greg!!"

"Oh God," moaned Greg, "girls, I'm going to come. I want...I want you to share it."

I wasn't sure exactly what he meant, but Emma must have understood instinctively, because she popped off of his member and dropped down next to Penny, stroking his prick with one hand while Penny continued to lick his balls.

A moment later, he sprayed a geyser of cum into the air, several spurts of which flopped down onto my wife and her hot friend's faces. The two women immediately began a pornographic display of devotion, sucking up his man-essence from each other's face and

lips, and ending with a long French kiss accompanied by deep moans of satisfaction.

I caught it all on video.

"I love you girls," sighed Greg, "you've made me so happy."

They looked at him and smiled, then crawled back up next to him in bed, closing their eyes and resting their heads on his barrel chest.

I decided it was time to stop filming.

"Hey," he said, looking over at me, "would you mind leaving us alone for now? I think the ladies are tired. They'll probably be asleep for the night. You must have a guest room or something, right?"

I couldn't believe it. I was being asked to sleep in the guest room of my own house. But what choice did I have?

"Yeah," I replied, "it's no problem."

"One thing," he said, "leave the phone here with me. The girls and I might want to relive that moment soon. And I certainly don't think that you should be allowed to keep that footage."

I looked down at my wife's phone in my hand, then silently walked over to Greg, depositing it in his outstretched palm.

"Thanks," he said, "if you're lucky, you'll be allowed to jerk off to this video or one like it. But you're going to have to earn that privilege. And Emma's going to have to say if it's ok. Understand?"

I nodded. I understood.

Chapter 5

It's hard for me to believe it looking back on it now, but that first night that Penny told Emma about Greg, and, more importantly, showed her his photo, changed my life forever.

Not only did Greg move into our house a few days after the first time he fucked Emma and Penny in front of me, he also made me move into the guest room. Permanently.

This was a difficult blow to take, but it was even more difficult when Emma approached me and laid down the rules for our future together in no uncertain terms: 1) we would stay married. 2) Greg was going to continue to use her pussy however he saw fit. 3) I was no longer allowed to touch her sexually, or even see her in her panties. This was on Greg's orders. I wouldn't even be allowed "clean-up duty" again, except on special occasions.

As the weeks drew on, those occasions grew increasingly rare.

Still, almost every night, I crept to the door of the bedroom I used to share with Emma, hoping to hear a bit of their lovemaking.

Almost every night, I was rewarded with the sounds of female ecstasy, as Greg used his prodigious gifts to ejaculate inside both women again and again.

About three months later, they called a "family meeting" in the living room after work.

"We're pregnant," announced both women at once, beaming at me and Greg.

"Greg's the father, of course," said Penny, "but Emma and I have been discussing this quite a bit, and we've decided that we want you to be involved too."

"That's right, honey," said Emma, smiling at me, "you can be our live-in nanny, and help us take care of the kids. Our very own 'Manny!'"

I flushed in humiliation, but I of course immediately agreed. Anything for the chance to remain close to my wife.

“Thanks, honey. I knew you’d understand,” said Emma, drawing in to give me a kiss on the cheek, but then backing away when she caught herself.

“You know that we’re going to have to devote most of our attention to pleasing Greg,” she added, “it takes both of us to keep his balls drained, and if we don’t do that, he’s going to just go out and find two other hot bitches to fuck. Aren’t you, sir?”

Greg looked at me and smiled, shrugging his shoulders.

“Guilty as charged, I guess.”

“Good,” said Penny, “then it’s all settled. To celebrate the good news, I suggest that we give Greg a nice sloppy blowjob. And this time, you can not only watch, but also jack off if you want. What do you say?”

“Congratulations,” I said, unzipping my pants as I watched my wife and her friend drop to their knees in front of where Greg was sitting.

If this was my life now, I might as well enjoy it!

THE END

WIFE GONE WILD

Chapter 1

The sequence of events that changed my life forever started with a common enough occurrence: my wife Abby was taking too long to finish getting dressed for dinner, so I went downstairs to the hotel bar by myself and took a seat. How could I control the fact that two attractive college girls immediately sat down next to me? Was I supposed to *ignore* them?

Kyla and Marissa were young enough to be my daughters — if I'd had kids at the age of 20. It was a very harmless conversation. Even though I bought us a round of tequila shots.

Of course it didn't help that Kyla was sticking out her bikini-clad chest toward me and saying "maybe we should do body shots next" when Abby finally arrived at the bar.

"Sorry," she said, "am I disturbing something?"

"Abby!" I said, "this is Kyla, and this is Marissa. Kyla and Marissa, this is my wife, Abby."

"Pleased to meet you young ladies," said Abby, a trace of disdain in her voice, "thank you for taking good care of my husband."

"Oh," said Kyla, "I saw the ring but...we thought he was alone."

"Uh-huh," said Abby, grabbing me by the hand, "say goodbye to your girlfriends. Let's go have dinner."

While we waited for the waitress, the mood was tense.

"Did you enjoy reliving your youth with those two little college sluts?"

"Since when do *you* call other women that name?"

"Since I catch my husband flirting with them."

"Come on," I said, taking her hand under the table, "it was just a harmless conversation. What exactly did you think was going to happen?"

“If I hadn’t shown up? I have no idea.”

She slapped my hand away.

“Come on,” I said, “look at me. I’m 40 years old with a beer gut. Do you really think those girls would be interested in fucking me?”

“Who said anything about fucking?” she said, her mood quickly changing as she flashed me a big smile, “I was worried that you’d spend all our money on buying them tequila shots.”

“Well, you don’t have to worry about that now.”

“I guess not,” she said, slipping her hand back into mine, “but don’t be surprised if you see me flirting with two guys later on. Turn about is fair play, after all.”

“It’s a good thing you’ve always been such a good girl,” I said, “otherwise I might have something to worry about. After all, you look great in that bikini after all the weight you’ve lost.”

She blushed. I knew that she was proud of the way that she’d taken off the extra weight she’d gained in her early 20s. In fact, we were on this vacation — the first ever since we’d gotten married — as a way to celebrate. We hadn’t been able to afford a honeymoon back then, but we were both determined to make up for lost time now.

“Well I might have always been a good girl,” she said, smiling, “but since I shed those extra pounds, I think I’ve found a new me. And maybe the new me is tired of being so good all the time.”

I liked this flirtatious side of my wife.

“Hmm,” I said, “would you like to be naughty with me tonight?”

“I think I would,” she said, “let’s eat quickly.”

After dinner we were back in the hotel room quickly, practically tearing the clothes off one another.

Abby was totally transformed. Different than I’d ever seen her. After a few moments of furious kissing, she pushed me back onto

the bed and ripped my shorts off, taking my erect cock in her mouth almost completely.

“Abby,” I groaned, “what’s gotten into you?”

Her only reply was a series of moans as she fellated me more passionately than she had ever before.

She popped off my cock and looked up at me.

“Maybe this is your new wife. Your naughty wife. How do you like the new me?”

“I *love* the new you.”

“Good,” she said, quickly slipping out of her bikini bottom and then grabbing a condom from the nightstand, sliding it down over my dick.

I was a bit disappointed. I had been hoping that this vacation would be the time that she finally agreed to start trying for a baby. We both wanted a family, but she keep telling me that she wasn’t ready. So, until then, we used condoms. Every time.

That’s right: I’d never felt my wife’s pussy without one. It made me feel a little bit like we’d never actually had sex before, but I’d also learned to accept it over the years.

I felt her pussy’s warmth, if not its wetness, as she mounted me from above.

This was a very uncharacteristic move for her. I could count on my hand the number of times that she’d ridden me like this. Usually she wanted me to be the one in control, but this new transformation seemed to be awakening some kind of slumbering sexually aggressive woman.

“Would you like to see how naughty your wife can be this vacation?” she moaned, clawing at my chest as she rode me.

“Oh yes,” I groaned, “show me what a bad girl you can be...”

“Do I have permission to do *anything* I want?”

“Fuck yes,” I moaned, “just keep riding me...”

She closed her eyes, lost in her own thoughts for a few moments. She looked positively angelic, the picture of feminine innocence. But the way she was acting, it was clear that she was feeling anything but.

“Do you want your wife to go wild, honey?”

“Yes...,” I moaned, about to lose control, “I want you to do whatever you want this weekend...”

With that, I thrust up into her and shot my load, groaning in delight.

“I love the new you,” I sighed, as she snuggled next to me.

“Mm,” she said, “I’m so glad. But you might regret saying that.”

She stood up and excused herself. When she came out of the bathroom, I was startled to see that she was wearing the evening dress that we’d bought specifically for this occasion.

“Going somewhere?”

“Out,” she said, “I came here to party, and that’s what I’m going to do. I’m going to go check out the disco. I thought you just gave me permission to go wild?”

“What?” I said, taken aback by this announcement, “you’re really going to go out by yourself? I don’t think so.”

She sneered, her mood suddenly souring.

“What happened to ‘I want you to do whatever you want this weekend’?”

“Come on, honey. That was just dirty talk,” I said, “I’ll take you dancing, of course I will, but right now, I’m kind of tired. Mind if we do it tomorrow night?”

“Not at all,” she said, checking her makeup in the mirror over the sink, “we can go out tomorrow night together. But tonight *I’m* going out. With or without you.”

I was shocked. I’d never seen Abby like this. Her transformation really had changed her. But what exactly did she have in mind? How

far was she really willing to go? Was she actually talking about *cheating* on me? Or just flirting with some other guys?

As shocking as the idea was to me, I also found it totally arousing. I decided I wanted to find out exactly how far my wife would go without me.

“Alright, honey,” I said, “go ahead and go. I think I’ll turn in early.”

“Great!” she said, blowing me a kiss, “don’t wait up for me.”

“And by the way,” she added as she stepped out the door, “next time don’t think you can get away with lying to me. I found your on-line dating profile. And you have the nerve to tell me that your flirtation is ‘no big deal.’ Disgusting.”

“But —,” I stammered, just as she slammed the door in my face.

I immediately rose to my feet and threw open the hotel door, calling after her down the hall, but at the same time self-conscious about yelling so loud that the other guests would hear me.

“That was from two years ago! Back when we were having problems!!”

She didn’t even turn around.

Fuck. I knew that I’d messed up. Big time.

Yes, I *had* made an on-line dating profile a couple of years ago when Abby and I had been going through a rough patch and it looked like things were over. And after we’d made up, I’d still checked it a few times. But I hadn’t so much as messaged a woman. Ever.

Somehow, she’d found out about it, and was out to get revenge on me.

I was filled with conflicting emotions, but part of me was incredibly aroused at the idea of her sleeping with another man in order to get back at me.

I waited about fifteen minutes, then I showered and put on a pair of jeans and a dark shirt. I had decided I was going to spy on my wife. To see just how far she was going to go.

Chapter 2

The resort disco was relatively small, but it still attracted quite a few guests. Mainly middle-aged vacationers like us, but some college students as well (like Kyla and Marissa from before, who, to my disappointment, were nowhere to be found when I entered the darkened space).

It took me a moment to spot Abby, but then I saw her in the most conspicuous place possible: the dance floor.

I ordered a sparkling water from the bar, then took a seat in a darkened booth in the corner so I could spy on my wife. I watched as several men tried to approach her, moving up to her quite obviously and trying to grind with her.

I smiled as she rebuffed them. Maybe it was all just harmless teasing. Maybe she wanted to cut loose a little bit. To go out by herself and leave me at home worrying about what she was going to do when there really was nothing to worry about.

However, that thought gave rise to another one: part of me really *did* want there to be something to worry about. But what exactly? Did I really want to see my wife actively flirt with other men? Or more?

As these thoughts were drifting through my head, I noticed another man enter the dance floor. He was tall, probably well over six feet, and had an impressive physique. He wasn't dressed in a flashy way (a black button-down shirt and khaki shorts) and carried himself with confidence.

He walked straight up to Abby. He didn't try to dance with her like the other guys had, but instead cupped his hand and whispered something in her ear.

A huge smile broke out across my wife's face. She gave him her hand and he led her off the dance floor.

My heart sank and I felt adrenaline course through my veins as I saw my wife's reaction. Where was he taking her exactly?

A few seconds later, when they stopped at the bar, I could have kicked myself.

Of course. Was I really dumb enough to think that my wife would just go to his room with him after talking to him for 10 seconds?

Part of me wanted *exactly* that to happen, however.

I watched with growing jealousy, but also arousal, as she sat next to the stranger at the bar, leaning in close and touching his arm as she listened attentively.

I squirmed in my seat a little as I watched my wife's facial expressions changed. I was too far away to see much, but I knew her well enough to be able to guess the meaning behind the gestures and body language she was displaying.

I knew one thing.

She liked this guy. Like, *really* liked him.

So it didn't surprise me, on an intellectual level, when I saw him take her by the hand and lead her out of the bar. But on an emotional level, it was like a punch to the gut.

Where were they going?

I jumped up and dashed for the door as quickly as I could go without appearing too conspicuous. I opened the door to the hotel hallway just in time to see the door at the far end close behind my wife, who was now *holding hands* with the stranger.

Like they were two teenagers in love. Or lust.

What the hell was going on?

I scampered down the hall and out the door after them. It was a moonlit night. The path from the hotel led down to the beach. I waited a few moments for my eyes to adjust to the dim light, but when it did, I saw two figures descending the path at the water's edge: it was my wife and her recent conquest. Or was she his conquest?

My heart was racing and my palms were sweating as I rushed down the path towards them, unconcerned now about being seen.

Even if I was having strange, ambivalent feelings about seeing my wife with another man, I still couldn't just let this happen.

Not without a fight.

I stopped at the end of the path and took a moment to catch my breath. I'd been running fairly hard, and I wasn't in the kind of shape I used to be in. There was a pain in my side as I stood with my hands on my knees, looking at the figures in the distance locked in an embrace under a grove of palm trees.

My wife. Making out with a stranger. While she assumed I was asleep in bed.

I was simmering with rage and a strange lust now as I crept closer to the couple, approaching from the tree side so as not to alert them to my presence. If I was going to fight this guy, I needed the element of surprise on my side. He was much younger than me, and, from what I could tell in the bar, in much better shape as well.

I finally emerged from the trees a few yards away from where they were standing. I saw them clearly now. Even if I couldn't make out details, I was positive: it was Abby, and she had her arms slung around the stranger's neck as she kissed him passionately.

I felt a wave of confusion. On the one hand, I was incredibly jealous. But on the other hand, I wanted nothing more than to find out what my wife would be like in bed with another man. I felt myself getting erect.

At the same time, Abby and the man began to escalate the encounter. He was kneading her buttocks with one hand, and I watched as Abby grabbed his other hand and placed it on her chest.

Great. She's really into this, I thought.

She was into it. But was I into it to? I was starting to think so.

"You look even better than in your profile. What was your name again?" she asked the man, breaking the kiss for a moment.

"Lars," he said, "you're Abby, right?"

"Mm-hmm," she said, then took a long look at him, gazing up at his chiseled face in the moonlight.

My heart sank. I couldn't believe it! She must have gone online and made her own dating profile for the island, knowing that we'd be here on vacation soon. And being an attractive, curvy brunette she probably had her pick of at least a hundred men, even on an island this small.

Lars hadn't just been a random stranger she'd picked up at the disco. He'd been her date. And who knows how long they'd been talking.

"Lars," she said, "would you like to fuck me?"

"I thought you'd never ask," he said, slipping his hand under her bikini bottom and across her bare flesh.

So she was planning on *fucking* him? Just like that? No hand-holding under the moonlight, none of the courtship rituals that she and I had gone through?

Something in me broke in that moment. I suddenly couldn't take it anymore, and my lust was overcome by anger. Without thinking about what I was doing, I rushed out of the bush and dove at Lars, pushing him hard in the side and knocking Abby out of his arms.

She cried in surprise and shock as I landed on top of Lars and raised my fist to punch him. Unfortunately, Lars had recovered quickly from the shock, and did something that I didn't anticipate, but what I probably would have done in his situation as well: he reached back and grabbed a handful of sand and threw it in my eyes and then wasted no time in punching me in the jaw with his left hand, sending me reeling backwards, clutching my jaw and eye in pain as I rolled on my back.

That was when Abby must have stood up and kicked me in the balls. I yelped in pain and then lay there, clutching my wounded testicles for a moment as Lars collected himself.

"Oh my God," said Abby, "*Jason!*?"

"You know this fucking freak?" sneered Lars, standing over me now and clearly pissed off.

My eyes were filled with tears from the sand and the pain of being beaten.

“He’s my husband,” said Abby, a note of disdain in her voice, “I had no idea he’d be out here.”

“So do you want to go with *him*, or *me*?” asked Lars defiantly, “a second ago you were begging me to fuck you.”

There was a short pause.

“I still want that,” she said, looking down at me, “this limp–dicked wimp tried to fuck me earlier tonight, but he couldn’t even get me off. He’s too busy chasing college girls half his age who would never fuck him unless he paid them to. I even found his dating profile.”

“Alright,” said Lars, laughing, “I guess he’s going to find out that turnabout is fair play. Now come over here and let’s get started.”

Oh my God, I thought, he’s just going to fuck her right here in front of me while I lie beaten on the ground. I can’t believe this!

I watched, laying on my back now, as my wife embraced Lars hungrily, looking up at him in what I took to be admiration as he clawed at her bikini bottom.

It seemed that the fight had boosted his testosterone level, because he was twice as animalistic as before, but my wife was also twice as eager. She had her hands directly on his crotch, rubbing the large package that was rapidly appearing there.

“Oh my God,” she moaned, looking up at him with total lust, “I can’t believe how big it is. I need this monster inside me. NOW!”

“Then get on your knees and suck it,” he commanded, “it gets even bigger once it’s wet.”

Abby dropped to her knees and pulled down his pants, letting the enormous member flop free. I watched in awe as the moonlight allowed me to catch clear glimpses on my wife attempting to swallow the biggest cock I’d ever seen.

“I got so fucking wet when you punched my husband,” she said, looking up at him in admiration, “I can’t wait for you to claim my pussy.”

“Then keep sucking on that dick,” he said, running his fingers through her hair, “and I’ll be claiming you in no time.”

He looked over at me. It was too dark to know for sure, but I thought he was smiling.

Here I was, laying in the sand, my eyes burning and my jaw and balls smarting. The pain was leaving my testicles however, and slowly being replaced with something else: arousal.

Yes, I was getting turned on by watching my wife with a total stranger who was about to claim her in front of my eyes.

Chapter 3

I couldn't believe what was happening. I watched as Abby slicked down his rod with both hands; her lips and tongue working it eagerly. She popped the shaft out of her mouth for a moment and then moved lower, licking his balls submissively as she looked up at him in lust, working his shaft with one hand.

"Such a good girl," sighed Lars, "reach down and play with your pussy while you suck me. Get that cunt nice and wet for me."

"Yes, Sir," she panted, returning her mouth to his shaft.

"Fuck," moaned Lars, "your husband must be a total cuck to just lay there and watch while you suck another man's cock. Of course if he tries anything I'll really break his jaw this time. That last punch was just a warning."

He laughed.

It hurt to hear the truth. I should have never suggested that Abby go wild. I should have known that I wouldn't be able to deal with the consequences. On the other hand, how could I have possibly known what this would *actually* mean?

She had one hand between her legs now, rubbing her pussy obediently for her dominant lover. I knew that she was probably already soaked, so he needn't have worried. Of course his request was more about demonstrating his dominance over her — and me.

"Take off your panties and hand them to me," he ordered.

She sat back in the sand for a moment, then kicked up her legs and discarded her panties, picking them up and handing them to the tall, powerful Lars.

"Good girl," he said, "now turn around and stick out your ass. I'm going to fuck you like you clearly need to be fucked."

"Oh God," she moaned, "yes, give me that fucking dick. My husband fucked me earlier tonight, but he couldn't make me come with his little cock. I've been going crazy ever since then."

The truth stung. So that was why she was acting this way. Why hadn't she ever told me? And why did she choose this moment, when she knew it would be most hurtful to me, to disclose this intimate detail? We could have worked through our sexual incompatibility together. I would have gone to therapy. Anything!

But now it was clear that there would be no way our relationship would ever recover from this night.

I watched from my position in the sand as Lars mounted my wife from behind. It was like watching two animals in heat.

He paused for a moment, rubbing the length of his cock along her slit as she moaned in encouragement.

"Fuck yes. I need that dick so bad."

Some clouds that had been partially obscuring the moonlight suddenly passed aside, illuminating my wife's face in the exact moment that she was penetrated by her lover. It was a mix of lust, awe, and pain as she opened herself to the largest cock she'd ever taken (at least to my knowledge. I was beginning to think that there were *lots* of things that I didn't know about Abby, but on the other hand, it was difficult for me to imagine more than a handful of men in the entire world as well-endowed as Lars).

"Oh my God," she moaned, almost hyperventilating for a moment until he instinctively paused, giving her a moment to get used to his girth.

"I can't believe that...all these years I thought..." she stammered.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and planted one foot firmly in the sand behind her, positioning himself to fuck her hard and deep.

"You thought what?" he asked, raising his hand and slapping her ass.

The crack was instantly dampened by the lull of the waves.

"I thought that size...didn't...matter," she said, groaning after each word as he began to piston his oversize rod into her tight tunnel.

“Mmm,” he groaned, “now you know that it does. It doesn’t matter how well your husband eats pussy. All that counts is if he can dick you down the way that you need. And not many men can do that.”

“I’ll never let him near this pussy again if you keep giving me dick like this,” Abby said breathlessly, pushing back against him as his thighs slapped into hers.

The full moon, still completely unobstructed by clouds, cast its pale yet surprisingly bright light on this totally obscene scene: a tall, blond, fit man taking a slightly older yet no-less-attractive woman from behind, the slickness of his cock shining in the moonlight each time he unsheathed it.

“Fuck,” moaned Abby, “so this is how a woman is supposed to feel. This is what it feels like to be really *fucked*. I’ve wasted so much time letting myself get fucked by my limp-dicked husband, and not enough time experiencing the difference that size makes.”

“I’ll help you make up for that lost time,” laughed Lars, slapping her ass again and again as he accelerated his fuck-tempo, “I’ll give you this dick whenever you need it. In fact, I think it would probably be best if you just moved into my room tonight.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned, “I’ll do anything to keep getting fucked by this wonderful dick.”

“That’s what I thought,” said Lars, “you’re a good little slut, after all.”

Almost without realizing what I was doing, or how it had come to this, I looked down and saw my own cock in my hand. I had been jacking off the entire time the two had been fucking, completely heedless of the absolute depravity of the situation or the dull ache in my balls that came from being kicked by my own wife.

“Sir,” she moaned, “I’m going to come. Don’t stop, please...”

Lars grinned, redoubling his efforts as he pounded my wife with abandon, I admired the way in which her tits, still concealed within the evening dress that she’d worn without a bra when she left the room that night, bobbed freely with each stroke.

“Oh God,” she moaned, closing her eyes and biting her lip as she arched her back and pushed back against the stranger who was so skillfully claiming her womb.

“Come on this cock,” he growled, “I want you to scream loud enough for your husband — wherever he is — to hear it.”

Could they really not see me where I was lying?

I suppose I must be shadowed, or else they’ve somehow been blinded by the sand, I thought.

It was humiliating to be so literally invisible on the one hand, but on the other hand it was liberating, because I didn’t have to worry about what either of them would think about seeing me jack off to this utterly depraved encounter.

“Just a little more,” she moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as he pulled her hair and drew her in towards him, “I’m so close...so...”

And then it happened. Abby came. I watched as her entire body trembled as it contracted over and over. It was a truly beautiful sight to see: a woman brought so quickly and relatively effortlessly to a shuddering climax, all via the means that nature had clearly intended: a large, masculine cock.

It was clear that *this* was how she was meant to experience pleasure, and that I had been depriving her of it all these years, simply by virtue of being married to her. I think all three of us understood this in the moment that she climaxed.

After she had taken a moment to collect herself — while Lars was still buried to the hilt in her throbbing cunt, of course — she confirmed as much.

“Oh fuck. I can’t believe that the first time I come from penetration is with a man I hardly know,” she panted.

*The **first time**?* The painful insight hit me like a flash of lightening, or the smack of a powerful wave on the beach. It was a powerful, irresistible truth.

I had never pleased her. Not with my pathetic cock.

“That was so much better than my husband going down on me,” she laughed, rolling her hips a bit, clearly ready for Lars to continue his efforts.

“That cuck of a husband will never come near this pussy again as long as I’m around,” said Lars, slowly beginning to fuck her again, “I’ll make sure of that.”

“Yes,” she moaned, already showing signs of reaching another climax, “if he shows his face again while you’re here I want you to beat the shit out of him. It got me so wet watching you punch him. As if a fucking wimp like that could ever best a man like you.”

“Fuck no,” laughed Lars, grabbing my wife’s hips in both hands now and using her like his personal fucktoy, “I’m getting ready to claim this pussy. And I don’t like pulling out.”

“I don’t want you to pull out,” groaned Abby, “please be the first man to come inside me. I make my husband use condoms. I told him I’m not ready. But I am...”

Hearing this final admission, this final betrayal, pushed me over the edge. I groaned as I shot my load into the air, feeling the first few splurts land on my stomach with a “splat.”

Lars must have heard the noise, because he quickly pulled out of my wife and walked forward to investigate.

Abby let out a frustrated whimper when he withdrew.

“Sir? Please fuck me. I’m so close...,” she begged.

Suddenly, Lars was towering over me, blocking out the moon.

“Well look at this perverted little faggot,” he said, dragging me up by my hair, “he was here the whole time watching us.”

“What?” said Abby, “just punch him again and tell him to get out of here. Please, I need that cock inside me.”

Lars laughed, then slapped me across the face.

“I don’t think he’s going to give us any trouble,” he said, “look at him — I think he was jerking off to the sound of his own wife being fucked. Now what kind of man does something like that?”

“Not a real one, that’s for sure,” said Abby, clearly disgusted, “stop wasting time with him. He’s not even worth the attention. Get over here and fuck me again. *Please.*”

It was impossible to miss her desire for Lars and her absolute disdain for me.

Lars slapped me in the face, not so hard that it hurt, but in a gesture clearly meant to humiliate me.

“If you’re going to be here watching us, you should sit up and get a clear view of what’s happening,” he said, gesturing to a rock nearby, “I know you’ll want to see the moment that your wife gets knocked up by another man.”

My heart was racing. As if the other humiliations hadn’t been enough, now came this: I was going to witness a total stranger claim my wife’s fertile womb, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

Absolutely nothing.

I may as well enjoy it, I thought to myself.

And enjoy it I did. I tried to simply accept that fact that I had lost Abby forever, and so I viewed it as a spectacle of sorts, simply a live sex show on the beach. An attractive young woman was being taken by an extremely well-endowed lover on all fours, like a bitch in heat.

Chapter 4

Instinctively, I knew that I was about to witness a scene as old as the human race: an alpha male impregnating a submissive female, who was more than willing to offer her body to him. I was about to watch the creation of life.

I reclined there, my body aching and my pride in tatters as Lars thrust himself into my wife. Abby looked at me with utter disdain for a few seconds, but then quickly became so lost in the sensations pulsing through her body with every stroke that she completely forgot about my presence and became wrapped up in her own pleasure.

“Fuck me,” she grunted, “come inside me. Fill me with your cum. I need you so, so bad. I’ve never wanted a man like this before...”

Lars smiled grimly as he concentrated himself on the sacred task at hand: emptying himself into this warm, wet, willing hole.

She wanted it. Bad. And he was going to give it to her.

“Tell your husband you’ll never fuck him again,” he ordered suddenly.

This clearly surprised Abby as much as it did me.

“What?” she said, craning her head back for a moment.

“I said for you to tell your husband that you’ll never fuck him again,” he repeated.

“I’ll never. Ever. Fuck you. Again,” she said deliberately, looking directly at me, “in fact, I never want to see you again. Except in court when I divorce your limp–dicked ass and take all your money.”

That hurt. I’d worked hard to provide for the two of us, but none of that mattered anymore in light of the cold, hard biological facts.

Well, actually, those facts were warm and hard. And incredibly thick.

“Here it comes you little slut,” moaned Lars, “take my cum...”

“Yes!” exclaimed Abby, arching her back and pushing her ass against him as he pushed forward and groaned as he shot spurt

after spurt into her eager cunt.

She held him there for several minutes, milking him with her kegel muscles. It was an incredible sight. Like nothing I'd ever seen her do before.

Then it was over. The moon was setting, and the beach was suddenly darker and much cooler.

Abby stood and folded her arms.

"I think you should go," she said, "you can stay in the room tonight. Just pack your things and be out tomorrow morning by 9AM. Leave all of my stuff where it is, or you know what'll happen."

She gestured over her shoulder at Lars, whose obscenely large cock hung between his legs, a bead of cum dripping from its tip.

I nodded, pulling myself to my feet. I trudged down the path back to the hotel, weakened, exhausted and humiliated. I returned to the room and threw myself onto the bed, falling into a deep sleep.

I woke up a few hours later, bleary-eyed. I rubbed my face and found several kernels of sand near my eyes, and the events of the previous night came suddenly flooding back.

So it had all been real. It hadn't been a drunken dream or a drug-fueled fantasy. My wife really had told me to get out. She'd really cucked me with a guy with a cock as long as her arm.

I packed up my things quickly, jumped in the shower, and headed downstairs to the checkout. The lobby was empty. I was hoping to catch another glimpse of Abby, one last sign from her before our life together was over forever.

But there was no one but the bellhop, who took my bags and loaded them into the cab I'd requested.

"Do you need to check out, Sir?" he asked.

"My wife will be staying with you for a while longer," I said, "she'll handle that. I was..."

My voice broke, I was overcome by emotion in the same moment that I tried to formulate a believable lie.

“...I was called away on business last night,” I continued, “and I have to leave before her. She and her friend will settle everything up. She has my credit card information.”

“Very good, Sir,” he said, holding the door of the cab for me, “have a great flight!”

It's been three years now since Abby left, and two since the divorce was finalized. When the judge found out that there was a pregnancy in play, he asked if I wished to pursue paternal rights to the child.

I declined. Even though I knew that there was some kind of minuscule chance that we had had a condom fail before she slept with Lars, I didn't think it was worth disturbing the happy life of the child that Abby had just brought into the world.

I have no contact with Abby anymore, but I follow her on social media under a false name, where I see pictures of her, Lars, and their son. I still masturbate sometimes to the memory of that night on the beach, even though it only brings the feelings of shame and humiliation back.

I know that I'm not over Abby, and I don't know if I ever will be. All I know is that I lost out to the larger, better man, and that I can completely understand her contempt for me.

It's the way of things. Still, I can't help but be aroused by the fact that I'll always be her cuckold, even if she never talks to me again.

Forever.

LOSING ASHLEY

Chapter 1

It happened so fast I didn't have time to react. Not even to think! Ashley and I were coming out of the subway station a block away from our favorite restaurant. It was a warm summer evening, about 10 pm.

There were people around us.

There were cars on the street.

There didn't seem to be any reason whatsoever for concern.

Then a man stepped out from the shadows and pointed a knife right at Ashley's stomach.

"Give me your purse, bitch. And you," he said, looking at me, "give me your fucking wallet."

I froze in the moment. I was completely paralyzed, as if time itself had stood still.

But time wasn't standing still for the mugger, who noticed my hesitation.

"I said give me your wallet, you fucking wimp," he said, "or I'll knife your girlfriend here."

He lowered his knife at Ashley.

"Do something, Derek!"

My wife's voice rang in my ears. But I simply couldn't react. I was rooted to the spot, staring at the knife he was holding, watching as the streetlight reflected off the blade. I pondered the fact that there were still ambient noises going on all around us: the whoosh of cars on side streets, the hum of air conditioners, even the shouts of children, in a park somewhere far off to the west. They were out past their bedtime, I thought.

"Time's up, bitch," he growled, drawing the knife back.

"No!" I finally managed to yell, just as the knife arched through the air, slashing towards Ashley.

But instead of protecting my wife, I cowered and covered my own face with my hands.

That's when it happened.

Out of nowhere, a powerful blow struck the mugger to the pavement, his head making a sickening thud. A shape appeared next to me: a man who caught Ashley just before she hit the pavement herself.

This stranger cradled my wife in his arms, laying her gently on the pavement before turning back to me and barking an order:

"Call an ambulance!"

I suddenly came back to myself. I nodded quickly and then fumbled through my pockets for my cell phone. I struggled with the passcode because my hands were shaking so hard, then I scrolled through the screens, looking for the phone icon.

"Do it now!" the rescuer bellowed.

"Yes, sir," I mumbled, not sure why I was deferring to his authority so easily, "I'm trying."

"Well try harder," he growled, tearing open my wife's blouse.

I couldn't tell if she had been stabbed; if she was even breathing. Ashley's eyes were closed and she wasn't responding to his questions.

I somehow managed to call 911. My voice shook as I spoke with the dispatcher.

"It's my wife," I stammered, "she's been attacked. I don't know if she's breathing."

I watched as the man attending to Ashley felt for a pulse. He was holding his hand against her chest now.

Oh God. There was blood on his hand.

I turned to the side and threw up, coating the sidewalk in vomit.

When I'd recovered, I saw the rescuer performing mouth-to-mouth on my beautiful wife.

Suddenly, her eyes flashed open.

She was ok!

"What happened?" she asked, as if awakening from a dream.

"You were mugged," said the rescuer, still cradling her, "I punched the guy out, but not before he cut you. It doesn't look bad, though. They should be able to fix you up with a couple of butterfly bandages and send you on your way.

The sound of distant sirens filled the air.

"Honey," I murmured.

"Oh, hi sweetheart," Ashley said, looking up at me, "I must have passed out for a while. I feel strange. I'd glad to see that you're alright!"

"I'm glad that you're alright, too," I said, kneeling next to her and taking her hand, "and thank God for this man, who stepped in just at the right minute."

"I'm David," he said, still holding my wife, "and I'm actually a firefighter and EMT, so I deal with this stuff all the time. Trust me, you got off easy. You're going to be totally fine."

"Thank you, David," murmured Ashley, "I don't know how we can repay you."

"There's no need," he said, "I just can't help but step in when I see something like this happening. It's my nature."

The smile that Ashley gave David in that moment should have told me all that I needed to know. But it would be a long time before any of us understood the emotional fallout of what had happened there that night. It was the beginning of the end of our marriage as we knew it.

Chapter 2

Ashley was taken to the hospital in an ambulance, but discharged only a few hours later with a couple of butterfly bandages on the slash wound, just like David had predicted. She was more than a little shaken when we finally arrived home, at around 5 AM, but she couldn't sleep. Neither of us could.

"I can't stop thinking about that man who stepped in and saved us," she said, "what would we have done without him?"

"I know," I said, "he was just in the right place and the right time. And luckily he was even a paramedic."

"Yeah," she said, "I'd really like to thank him somehow. Maybe we could have him over for dinner or something."

"That's a great idea," I said, "he actually gave me his card. Let's wait a while for the shock to wear off, then I'll give him a call."

"I suppose that's a good idea," she said, "but I don't know if the shock is ever going to wear off. I feel so nervous and jumpy. Like I'm still standing on that street corner, and that guy's still holding the knife on me."

"You know that the cops got him," I said, "David punched him so hard that he was out cold on the pavement. He probably had a concussion. And in any case, you don't need to worry about him because he's in jail."

"I know," she said, "it's just that I don't know if I'm ever going to feel safe anywhere ever again, you know?"

"I understand," I said, "but we're home now."

"But how do we know this place is really safe?"

"I guess we don't."

"Maybe we could install a security system or something."

"I'll look into it."

"Thank you." She placed her head on my shoulder and began to sob softly.

“I just can’t believe this happened to us.”

“I know,” I said, patting her hand, “I know.”

A few days later, I watched as employees from a security company installed alarms on all of our doors and windows, accompanied by cameras in every room of the house and on the front porch. The technician showed me how access each camera from my smartphone, no matter where I was in the world.

Our home would now be much safer. But little did I know, it was precisely this same security system that would ultimately undermine our marriage.

“I’ve been thinking about David,” said Ashley that night at dinner, “I think you should get in contact with him.”

“Ok,” I said, “I’ll do that. But how much do we really know about this guy? What if dinner with him is totally awkward? What if we have nothing in common?”

“I somehow don’t think that’s going to be the case,” said Ashley, “but even if it were, we’d still owe it to him. He saved my life. Our lives.”

I had to admit she was right. Even if there was no way either one of us would normally hang out in the same circles as a firefighter, we still owed it to David to thank him for what he’d done for us, even if the differences in class and education might make things awkward.

“I’ll call him,” I said, pulling out my phone, “I’ll do it right now.”

If I had know the consequences that this phone call would have for my marriage, I would have trembled as much as I did when I’d dialed 911 after the mugging.

David answered on the second ring. He seemed enthusiastic — eager, even — about seeing us again, and immediately agreed to our dinner invitation for the following weekend. He inquired after Ashley’s health, and I told him that he’d been exactly correct in his prognosis: the wound had only been superficial, and probably

wouldn't even leave a scar. Ashley would be back to normal in no time.

"That's great to hear," he said, "I'd hate for a beautiful young woman like your wife to have any lasting damage from being attacked by a scumbag."

I found it a little funny that he'd referred to Ashley as a "young woman." He couldn't have been much older than us. Maybe 35 or 40 at the most. Ashley was 29.

Still, I was touched by his concern, and assured him that he'd be able to see for himself how far Ashley had come only in the past few days. It wouldn't be long before the bandages would be totally gone and she'd be healed. Physically, at least.

David mentioned that he didn't drink, so we decided not to that night either.

I had to admit that part of me wondered if Ashley was at all attracted to David. After all, he was a perfect masculine specimen, and a firefighter to boot. All women liked firefighters, didn't they? But of course it was still unclear whether we would be able to get along with him at all. It might be the case that he was totally intolerable as a conversation partner.

We would soon find out.

Chapter 3

The night had finally arrived: David was coming to dinner. Ashley seemed more nervous than usual, but it was a kind of giddy, nervous energy, not the sort of free-floating anxiety that she'd been exhibiting since the crime.

We'd prepared the grill and set the table. Now we were just milling around the living room, waiting for our guest.

I looked at Ashley. She was a beautiful woman. Certainly out of my league in the looks department. I'd been very lucky to have married her. I couldn't help but feel that I'd let her down in some fundamental way when I had failed to protect her from the mugger.

She hadn't given me any reason to doubt her love for me, however. Sure, we hadn't been intimate at all since the "incident," but who could really blame her for that? I knew that she needed time to recover from the trauma, and I was willing to give it to her.

Ashley had also mentioned that she wanted to see a therapist. She'd already made an appointment. I of course encouraged her. What else could I do? I was probably in need of a therapist myself, if I were being completely honest.

Ashley was wearing a low-cut sundress that accentuated her curves and exposed the wound that the attacker's knife had left, now almost completely healed. It was right above her breasts, and anyone who looked at it would inevitably have their gaze drawn to her cleavage. As she'd gotten dressed that morning, I'd asked her if she didn't feel self-conscious wearing something so revealing, especially in front of a stranger. She'd replied matter-of-factly that David would probably ask about the progress of her healing, and so she might as well show him. I could only nod in agreement.

The sound of the doorbell tore me away from these thoughts.

"I'll get it!" said Ashley, who was suddenly almost giddy.

She skipped to the door with a vigor that I hadn't seen her exhibit since the mugging. She threw open the door and exclaimed,

“David!,” throwing herself into his arms in a highly uncharacteristic gesture of affection for someone she barely knew.

He squeezed her and smiled.

“Ashley,” he said, “so great to see you. And it looks like you’re healing up nicely.”

I watched as his gaze traveled downwards to my wife’s cleavage. For some reason, the idea of this stranger checking out my wife aroused me.

I tried to shrug the feeling off, but as the night wore on and the subtle flirtation between Ashley and David grew more apparent, I could no longer ignore the fact that I was enjoying how much attention my wife was paying to her rescuer.

As it turned out, all of our fears had been misplaced. Not only was David an EMT, firefighter, and incredible conversationalist, he also had a side job and an olive oil importer, which meant he took frequent trips to the Mediterranean, and was even multilingual. I felt outclassed not only physically but intellectually as well.

As we sat there that night at the table, and noticed how I slowly became part of the background. Ashley’s face lit up every time David launched into another anecdote. She was laughing and twirling her hair, giggling at times like a college girl.

It was like the weight of the “incident” had been lifted from her.

David was saving her a second time.

When we’d finished with dinner, I quickly offered to clear the dishes. Neither one of them objected. Soon, I heard peals of feminine laughter echoing from the living room as I loaded the dishwasher. I wasn’t sure exactly what I was trying to accomplish by withdrawing.

To give them a chance to talk? Or something more?

When David left that evening, Ashley was absolutely glowing.

“That was so much fun. I feel so alive,” she said, beaming at me as she removed her earrings, “I’m so happy that things went well.”

“Me too,” I said, “it seemed like you and David had a lot of fun talking.”

“Why just me and David? You talked to him too!”

“Sure,” I said, “but most of the time I felt like the third wheel.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, honey,” she said, unconvincingly, “we didn’t mean to exclude you.”

“No,” I said, “I didn’t mean that at all. I’m happy that the two of you got along so well. We should do it again sometime.”

“Well,” she said, “I’m glad you said that, because as it happens, David invited me to go work out with him next week at the taekwan-do studio he goes to. I feel like learning some self-defense moves would really help me feel secure again.”

“Of course,” I said, “that’s totally fine.”

“I’d invite you to come too,” she added quickly, “but he goes while you’re at work.”

“That’s ok,” I said, “I think it’s a great idea.”

I moved in for a kiss, hoping that Ashley’s good mood would translate into our first sexual encounter since the attempted robbery.

She gave me a quick, chaste kiss on the lips, then pulled away.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I’m tired, and... I’m just not ready for that yet. Besides, it’s time for bed.”

I retreated into the bathroom and brought myself to orgasm, thoughts of Ashley and David making love flitting past my mind’s eye as I did so.

I was ashamed of myself when I finished, but I could no longer deny the fact that I wanted very badly what now seemed like an inevitability: for David and Ashley to sleep together.

Chapter 4

Ashley began to work out regularly with David. I knew in every bone of my body that this was an inappropriate friendship for a married woman. She must have known it too, but the sheer happiness that she exuded after every workout probably overpowered any feelings of guilt that she might have harbored.

It didn't take long for me to find signs that Ashley and David's relationship was veering towards non-platonic territory, if it wasn't there already. Besides Ashley's rapid change in mood and demeanor, some other things were different.

Once, for example, I came home from work and found not one, but two towels in the dryer on a day that Ashley had worked out. It could have been a complete coincidence of course. It might have meant nothing at all. But I knew in my gut that the other towel had been David's. That he'd been there, in my home, with my wife, while I was at work.

That was around the time that I remembered the app that the security company had showed me. I could access any of the cameras in my house at anytime through my smartphone, and could even rewind the video up to 48 hours.

I decided I had to see for myself what was going on between David and Ashley. That Wednesday, right around the time that Ashley should have been coming back from taekwon-do, I sat in my office with my smartphone out, watching the camera that was trained on the front driveway.

I was filled with a strange mixture of elation and dread. I was possibly going to see something that would shatter my marriage. At the same time, I sensed that my marriage was already over, that it had ended the night that Ashley and I were attacked.

My masculinity and desirability as a lover had been permanently compromised when I'd failed to step in to protect my wife, and now there was nothing more I could do. I couldn't rewind the past like I could rewind the video.

But I could explore this new desire welling up within me. The desire to witness my wife fucking — and, perhaps, falling in love with — a superior man.

My heart pounded and my palms started to sweat as I saw Ashley's car pull into the driveway. Behind her — as I'd both hoped and feared — came David's SUV.

Ashley parked in the garage and David in the driveway. David went in through the garage as well. I switched to the garage camera, and saw them smiling and laughing as they entered the house. I remembered that the cameras also had microphones, and scrambled around the office looking for a pair of earbuds.

By the time I'd pulled them out of my bag and plugged them in, Ashley and David were no longer on the garage camera.

I flipped through all of the cameras in the house, but didn't see them anywhere.

Finally, I found them. They were in both the last place and the first place I would have looked for them: the bedroom.

The audio took a moment to cut in.

"Should we take a shower first?"

"No," came David's deep, authoritative voice, "I want you now."

He moved in and kissed her. Ashley seemed to melt in his arms as she craned her neck to return the kiss. I could almost feel her hunger, her desire through the video. My wife was acting like an animal in heat as she clawed at David's shirt, pulling it over his head to reveal a sculpted chest.

"Are you sure," he said, through the rain of their kisses, "that you want to do it here? In the bed you share with him?"

"He didn't have the balls to protect me then, so he won't have the balls to stop us now. I don't care at all what he thinks," laughed Ashley.

The cruelty of her words cut me like a knife. Everything that I'd been afraid of, all of the feelings that her actions had only hinted

were simmering beneath the surface, now came bubbling out in this burst of ridicule mixed with lust.

I watched as Ashley ran her hands over David's chest, cooing in pleasure as he reached under her tanktop to feel a nipple.

"God I've wanted this forever," she whispered, "I can't wait to feel you inside me. It's been so long."

"I've wanted you since the first moment I saw you," he answered, pulling her top over her head.

"Get those shorts off," Ashley commanded.

David untied the drawstring of his athletic shorts and his boxers, and letting them drop to the floor at the same time, and in doing so, revealing one of the largest, thickest cocks I had ever seen.

I gasped in surprise at the exact same time that Ashley did.

"I know it's big," he said, "I'm sorry if that scares you. I know how to get women used to it, and I promise to go slow."

"There is NO reason to apologize," Ashley gushed, reaching down and touching the shaft gingerly with one hand, "this thing is incredible! I had no idea you were packing something like this."

"Size isn't everything..."

"But it certainly doesn't hurt. Especially given what I'm used to..."

Her words stung, but also, simultaneously, produced a huge erection that tented my pants. This was one of the times that I was grateful for the lock on my office door.

"Why don't you get acquainted with it?"

"I intend to do just that."

I watched as my lovely wife dropped to her knees in our bedroom, preparing to take another man's cock in her mouth. And what a cock it was.

She began by gripping the shaft gently, then kissing the tip and swirling her tongue against it, all the while looking up at David in utter devotion, as if worshiping him.

“Does that feel good?”

“It’s great!” he said, closing his eyes and running his fingers affectionately through her hair as she began to take the tip into her mouth.

“Just like that. As deep as you can,” he encouraged, “this is so fucking good. You’re doing such a good job sucking my cock.”

Ashley came up for air.

“Mmm, thank you,” she said, “I owe you so much. This is the least I can do. I hope I get to do it a whole lot more often.”

“I hope so, too.”

I watched as she bobbed on his cock for a few minutes, using her hands only to guide herself as she knelt before him. Her lips, tongue, and, to my surprise, eventually even her throat became the central instruments in this act of adulterous cock-worship.

“You’re doing such a good job,” David groaned, “I love it...”

She looked up at him and pulled off his cock, smiling.

“I think I’m in love with your cock,” she laughed, kissing it, “I’ve never enjoyed sucking a dick this much. I guess it’s because of who it’s attached to.”

That comment stung as well. Ashley had only ever given me head reluctantly. And never with the same wanton abandon with which she was approaching David.

“God, David, I love it,” she moaned, just before moving down to take his large, pendulous balls into her mouth while she stroked his shaft with one hand, “I’ve never tasted something so good. I want to start every day by tasting your cock.”

“We might be able to arrange that,” he groaned, appearing to grip her hair a bit tight as she traveled back up his shaft to take it in her mouth again.

“Oh fuck yes,” he said, as she began to establish a steady rhythm, positively fucking her face into his cock.

She pushed herself to the hilt, her nose buried in his puffs of pubic hair and seemed to choke for a moment before pulling herself off the shaft entirely, gasping for air as the glistening shaft bobbed in front of her.

“Holy shit,” he stammered, “that’s incredible. Your husband is a very lucky man.”

“Please,” she said, “do you think I do this for *him*? Never in a million years.”

Again it was as if she had slashed me with a knife, but I also groaned in pleasure as I felt my cock twitch in my pants.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I had to touch myself.

David had Ashley on the bed now, and was looming over her, his cock swaying like a threatening club over her petite body.

He peeled off her shirt and took down her yoga pants, tossing them urgently to the side as he prepared to enter my wife for the first time.

She helped him, kicking off the cute pink thong that she was wearing underneath, before embracing him and pulling him down towards him as she spread her legs invitingly.

“Ready, Ashley?”

“Mmm—hmm.”

The camera angle unfortunately didn’t give me a good look at my wife’s face as she was slowly penetrated by David’s gigantic member, but I could hear her meek whimpers and moans of encouragement as he slowly slid inside.

“Oh fuck, please don’t stop,” she moaned, “it feels so great. Is it all the way in?”

“About halfway,” answered David, who was propping himself up on muscular arms as he pushed ever deeper into my wife.

“Oh God, really? I can’t believe how fucking big you are.”

“I can’t believe how wet and tight you are,” he groaned, clearly enjoying this initial penetration as much or more than she was.

“Take me, please,” she moaned, gripping his hips with both hands and trying to pull him even further inside, “I need your big cock so bad. I want you to do whatever you want with me. Fuck me hard. Cum inside me. Claim me.”

“Oh God,” he groaned, finally bottoming out and then slowly withdrawing as her cunt began to adjust to his size, “I love to hear you talk like that.”

He bent down and gave her a long kiss on the lips.

“Fuck yes, I love your cock,” moaned Ashley, “I’m so close to coming. I almost can’t believe it. Please, please just fuck me!”

“Yes, ma’am,” he grunted, beginning to thrust into her ever more urgently, his long thick cock glistening on the screen with each thrust.

It seemed impossible, like I was watching a porn movie. And it was a porn movie, in a certain sense. A movie for me and me alone, starring my wife.

It was the culmination of my ultimate fantasy and my worst nightmare, all condensed into a single image: the image of my wife, naked on our marriage bed, her legs spread and wrapped around another man as he pumped his enormous cock into her over and over again.

The sound of the bedframe slamming into the wall filled the room as David’s thrusts moved from tender and loving to more urgent and forceful.

“Yes,” moaned Ashley, “I need this so fucking bad. I need to be made to feel like a woman again. To be taken. Just fucking take this pussy it’s all yours. I’ll never let my husband near it again...”

This seemed to please him, because he smiled almost evilly as he began to fuck her even harder.

“You don’t need him anymore. Not now that I’m in your life.”

“No, baby. I just need you. And your dick.”

“That’s right,” he growled, slamming into her even harder now as she urged him on to do it even faster and harder, “you know your

husband could never fuck you like this.”

“No, he never could,” she gasped, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him in even closer, “his dick is so fucking small compared to yours. I love this. I had no idea how much I needed a big cock until you came into my life.”

“Fuck yes,” groaned David, his face reddening a bit, “I’m getting so close. Are you ready to come? Are you going to come when I tell you to? Like a good girl?”

“Oh yes. I love it when you talk like that!”

“God this pussy is tight. I’m going to come so hard inside you,” he moaned.

“I’ll come when you tell me to,” moaned Ashley, her fingers digging into David’s back as he thrust into her.

I couldn’t see much of anything at this point except for David’s muscular buttocks as he pounded my wife.

“Please fill me,” she whimpered, “please give me all of that cum. I need to be filled by you so badly.”

“Yes,” he moaned, “here it comes. Are you ready to come for me? Be my good girl...”

“Yes!”

“4...3...2...,” he increased the rate of his thrusts as he counted down, pressing Ashley further and further into the bedclothes until finally...

“Now!” he commanded.

Ashley’s legs began to contract visibly, tensing up for a moment and then releasing as she let out a high-pitched shriek of delight. The signs of pleasure that she displayed were nothing at all like anything else I’d ever seen from her.

Her face appeared on the screen again, from behind David’s shoulder as he filled her with his cum. Her eyes were tightly closed and she was biting her lip as she moaned in ecstasy. Then she opened her mouth and spoke the words that ended our marriage forever, for all intents and purposes:

“Oh David...I think I... I love you!”

“Fuck,” he moaned, keeping himself buried inside her, “I love you too, Ashley. God it felt good to come inside you like that.”

He pulled himself up and smiled down at her adoringly.

“Are you even on birth control? I really filled you up.”

“Would you be mad if I said no?”

“Not at all.”

“Well I’m not,” she giggled, “my husband had a vasectomy years ago, so we’ve never had to worry about it.”

“Well now you’ve got a reason to.”

“I’m not worried, though.”

“Neither am I.”

I couldn’t take it anymore. This ultimate humiliation, the knowledge that another man had potentially knocked up my fertile wife, was too much to take. It was, for me, also my ultimate fantasy. I lost control of myself completely, shooting a wad of cum into the air and watching in horror as it splashed down across my desk, covering a few papers and office supplies in the evidence of my depravity.

“Fuck,” I mumbled, “god damn it.”

I stopped the livestream and began the clean-up process. Part of me wanted to hear more of their pillow talk, but the part of me that was humiliated by the prospect of my wife cheating was too ashamed to keep watching right away.

About 20 minutes later, I had brought everything in my office back in order. I’d even managed to get the stain out of the front of my trousers to the extent that no one would be able to notice it if they weren’t looking very carefully. Of course it was just the kind of thing that Ashley herself would have noticed, but I had a feeling she wouldn’t be paying much attention to me in the future.

When I’d finally collected myself once again, I decided to find out what was happening at home. I opened the app, and was surprised to see that the bedroom was now empty. I cycled through

the cameras, looking for the two lovers, and finally found them downstairs in the living room, of all places.

This time, their lovemaking was fierce, almost primal. David had bent Ashley over the arm of the couch and was thrusting into her from behind, his face a look of grim determination.

I had a good look at her face as well from this angle, and I saw that it was almost a mixture of excitement and pure lust.

“Yes,” she moaned, “I love it when you fuck me like this. I need this so bad. I love your dick so much.”

He gasped in pleasure and slapped her ass, the sound of his blow echoing through the house.

“Oh yes,” she moaned, “spank my ass. Show me who’s in charge.”

“Tell me who this pussy belongs to,” he growled, slapping her other ass cheek.

“It’s yours, David,” she groaned, “I belong to you.”

“What do you want?”

“I want you to cum inside me,” she moaned, “I want you to fill me with your cum. Please, David. Please. I need it so bad.”

“Are you ever,” he stammered, a bit out of breath, “going to let your husband near this pussy again?”

“No, David,” she groaned, “it’s only for you from now on. He’s never going to fuck me again.”

“Good girl,” he groaned, “are you ready to come for me again?”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned, closing her eyes now as the pleasure seemed to wash over her like a warm bath, “I’m really, really close...”

“Now,” he growled, grabbing her hips and pushing himself inside her to the hilt, holding himself there as he injected spurt after hot spurt of cum into her eager cunt.

Ashley trembled as she climaxed once more, simultaneously with her new lover.

“Oh David,” she said, her flushed face a testament to the pleasure she’d just experienced, “I’ve never come so hard in my life. I had no idea sex could ever be like that.”

“You haven’t experienced anything yet,” he grinned, “but don’t worry — you will. We have a lot of work to do together if you’re serious about me knocking you up.”

“I’m serious,” she said, turning her head to meet his kiss as he pulled her back and up towards her, “I’ve never been more serious about anything in my life.”

They shared a long, romantic kiss.

“I thought I didn’t like kids,” she said, finally, “but I think I just didn’t know the right man.”

This line hit me like a bolt of lightning from the blue sky, causing me to cry out in almost physical pain at the sheer weight of Ashley’s betrayal.

But it also made my cock so erect I had to pull it out of my pants once more. This time, though, I had tissues ready.

The thing was, I thought, as I tugged on my cock to the image of my wife and her lover making out, I had been the one to betray her. I was the one who had failed to protect her when she needed me most, and so Ashley’s cheating had only been the consequence of my own impotence.

Now she had a protector — and a lover — who was far from being impotent. He deserved to have her. No wonder she wanted him to knock her up.

Chapter 5

That night at dinner, I sensed that Ashley was different. She was still glowing from the sex earlier in the day — that much was apparent — but she was also clearly preoccupied.

“Derek,” she said finally, “are those cameras on all the time?”

“Which ones?”

“The ones in the bedroom, for example.”

“Yes,” I said.

“And they record everything?”

“Yeah,” I said, sensing that she knew that she’d been caught on camera, “why do you ask?”

“Because I think you need to see something,” she said, “let’s go into the other room.”

My heart pounded. So this was it. This was how she chose to tell me that our marriage was over.

“Have a seat,” she said, patting the couch, “and let’s watch together. Can you pull up the video from the bathroom from around 4:45 PM?”

“Sure,” I said, unsure of where this was all going. That was several hours after the encounter that I’d witnessed.

I shared my smartphone’s screen with the large TV in front of us, and awkwardly navigated through the app until I found the video clip in question.

An image of her and David filled the screen.

“That’s — what’s he doing here?” I said, trying to be convincingly surprised.

She reached for my phone and stopped the video.

“Stop the act,” she laughed, “don’t pretend like you weren’t watching. David checked the camera logs, and we know that you saw everything that happened from your office network. So we

decided to do a special performance, just for you, since you like to watch so much.”

She reached down and started stroking my cock through my pants.

“I want you to watch and I’ll jerk you off at the same time. Sound good?”

I nodded.

She grinned, then reached into her purse and squeezed a bottle of hand lotion onto her open palm, then began to massage it onto my throbbing cock while the images on the screen started to move once more.

“Hi, Derek,” she said, looking directly into the camera, “we know that you’re a cucky little pervert who loves to watch. We checked the logs and saw your office ip address. So by now you know the truth.”

“Oh God,” I said, looking over at Ashley, whose eyes were fixed on the screen as her hands slid up and down on my cock.

“You know now how much I resent the fact that you weren’t able to protect me that night,” she said, one hand playing almost absentmindedly with David’s large, semi-erect cock.

“Ashley,” I murmured, “I’m sorry...”

“Shh,” she said, “it’s too late for that now. Just watch...”

“And so,” the Ashley on the screen continued, “we’re going to tell you how things will change around here.”

She began to stroke David’s large cock with one hand. I watched in awe as it got harder and longer. Seeing it from this close up drove home just how much bigger and thicker he was than me.

“First of all,” she continued, “David doesn’t want you coming anywhere near my pussy. Do you understand? If you’re lucky, you might get a handjob from me once in a while — if both David and I agree to it, though.”

I groaned as Ashley continued to stroke my cock while we watched her stroke David’s on screen. The contrast between the two couldn’t have been more apparent.

“The next thing that’s going to happen is that I’m going to be spending some nights at David’s, and he’s going to be spending some nights here. When he’s here,” she continued, stroking him at full mast now, reaching down to play with his balls as she did so, “you’re allowed to listen outside the door if you want, but you’re never going to watch us do it again. You’ll be sleeping on the couch, of course. He’s going to be on your side of the bed.”

“Oh fuck,” I moaned, watching as she leaned over and kissed the head of David’s cock, smearing spit and precum across it as she stroked it.

“You’re going to keep paying the mortgage. We’re going to remain married on paper,” she continued, “but for all intents and purposes, our marriage is over. Your role will be to provide a safe, comfortable environment for David and I to make love. Do you understand?”

I nodded vigorously.

“I knew you would,” said the real Ashley, turning and grinning at me as she stroked my cock.

“Your job — besides continuing to work to support me — will be to keep the sheets and other bed linens clean when David comes over. You’ll also be expected to serve us food and drinks while we’re hear.”

She stopped talking to the camera and devoted all of her attention to the large cock in her hands, stroking it, admiring it, almost worshiping it as she’d done before.

She began to stroke it faster and faster.

“See how much bigger he is, honey? You never had a chance of measuring up. And maybe it wouldn’t have even mattered if you’d only stepped up during my hour of need. But you couldn’t do that, could you? And it’s not just because of your small cock. It’s because you’re not man enough to protect a woman like me, and if you can’t protect a woman like me, what incentive do I have to let me fuck you? I’d rather get fucked — and knocked up — by a *real* man. I

think you understand in your heart of hearts that this is the best possible arrangement for all of us. Don't you?"

"Please don't stop," I moaned, turning towards the real Ashley, who was still vigorously stroking my cock.

"Look at it," she whispered, "look how much bigger he is. Look how I need both hands to stroke him. You look pathetic by comparison."

"Fuck..."

"And what's more, you love it."

"Yes," I admitted, "keep going."

"You love watching your wife take another man's cock in all of her holes. You love watching him claim me. Like you never could. Like I never wanted you to. Because you couldn't live up to it."

"Fuck," I moaned, "I'm going to come."

"Go ahead," she laughed, nodding at the screen, "so is he. Look at how superior his cock is. How much cum he produces, even after he's already shot two other loads."

"Oh God!"

I bucked my hips upwards into her hands, releasing my own third load of the day in a faint trickle over my wife's hand.

She looked down and smiled.

"Very cute you little cuck," she said, laughing, "now watch what a real man can produce."

I looked at the screen in awe, watching my wife as she jerked David's cock onto her face, unleashing a massive torrent of ejaculate onto her waiting smile.

"I love it so much," she moaned onscreen, "I love being coated in his cum. It feels so right. So natural."

She looked into the camera once again, then slowly fed herself the cum, savoring each bite as if it had been a tasty morsel of her favorite delicacy.

In the meantime, Ashley had gone into the kitchen to clean off, and she emerged with a towel for me.

“See what a woman is capable of doing for a *real* man?”

I hung my head in shame, unable to meet her gaze.

“Well, what do you think? Do you accept our arrangement, or do you want a divorce.”

I nodded my head slowly. I already knew what my answer would be.

“I accept it,” I said, “I’ll stay here.”

“Wonderful,” she said, “it’s not that I don’t love you. I’ll always love you. I’ll just never be able to respect you again. And for me, making love to a man who I don’t respect is simply impossible.”

“I understand,” I said, “I love you, too.”

“Good,” she said, “you’ll see that just being friends won’t be so bad. And if you’re lucky, that might just be the first of many handjobs. But of course we’ll have to see what David has to say about it.”

I nodded.

“Well then,” she said, “why don’t you wash the sheets? I think David will be staying here tonight.”

I stood and headed to the bedroom. It was the first day of my new life.

My new life as a cuckold.

THE END

LOSING LENA

Chapter 1: Departure

Lena and I had finally done it: we'd finished our master's degrees, and were ready to move on with the rest of our lives. Almost, that is. Lena had finished all the requirements for her MBA, but I still had some revisions to make on my master's thesis in English as a Second Language before I would be officially allowed to graduate, but I would have plenty of time to put the finishing touches on my thesis while we were relaxing at a beachside bungalow in the Bahamas.

We'd packed up our apartment and put all of our belongings in storage in preparation for our new life together in the big city. We hadn't worked out all the details yet (including the most crucial one of all — where we would work), but the fact that we both had degrees that were in relatively high demand and some money in the bank meant that we were less worried than we might have been otherwise. We had worked hard for years, and now it was time to play hard — at least for a couple of weeks. Lena and I had met as freshmen in college, and had been dating for three years now, so it was high time to take things to the next level. Lena had been dropping hints about wanting me to propose to her, and I was ready to do exactly that. A beach in the Bahamas at sunset would be the perfect place to finally pop the question that I was sure I knew the answer to.

First we had to get to that beach, however, and (pardon the pun) that's precisely where things started to go south for us. In more ways than one.

It started when we were late to the airport. The Uber driver was confused about the pickup location we'd specified, and spent almost ten minutes in a traffic jam as he attempted to circle the block to pick us up. This heightened the tension that we were already feeling because we'd woken up late, and were concerned about the fact that our tickets were non-refundable.

“This wouldn’t be a problem if we’d bought the travel insurance,” said Lena, looking concerned, “I was so stupid to talk you out of it.”

“Don’t worry about that now,” I replied, looking into her soft gray-blue eyes, “there’s no reason to believe that we’re going to miss the plane.”

In the end, we didn’t miss our flight, but it was close. The driver finally picked us up. Then, after about 40 minutes of being stuck in traffic, we arrived at the airport and were faced with a long security line. By the time we’d gotten to the end of it, we were both completely flustered, and our names were being called over the intercom for boarding.

When we finally made it to the gate, the flight attendant was just about to close the cabin door.

“Thank goodness you made it,” she said, “give me those bags because the overhead bins are full, and please just take the first seats you find.”

It was the airline without assigned seating. We knew going into this that there would be a chance that we wouldn’t be able to sit together on the long flight to Miami, but it still hurt a little. I loved spending time with Lena so much. As we dashed down the aisle, I let Lena take the first seat we encountered, in the exit row near the front of the economy class section. She gave me a quick kiss and whispered.

“I love you, honey. I’ll text you as soon as I get settled.”

I nodded, squeezing her hand one last time before I moved towards the back of the plane. Little did I know, that was the beginning of losing her.

When I finally sat down in a seat in the very last row of the plane, I pulled out my phone and found a text from Lena.

Love you, it said, let’s buy the free wifi so we can talk after take-off.

Love you too, I wrote, I guess that won’t break the budget.

Turning my phone off for takeoff, she wrote, talk to you again in a few minutes!

Can't wait! I wrote.

Then I also switched off my phone. Lena and I always followed the rules. In both our public and our private lives. At least that's what I thought until that trip.

Chapter 2: The Plane

There was a hint of trouble on the plane, and with our trip, just a few minutes after the captain turned off the fasten seat belts sign. I turned on my phone and logged on to the in-flight wi-fi, where I was greeted by a message from Lena.

Miss you, honey!

I miss you too.

This guy next to me is really flirting with the college girl in the window seat.

Wow, he didn't waste any time, I wrote.

I know! wrote Lena, and I think she's really into it, too. Maybe they'll get married.

Lol, I responded, either that or join the mile high club!

You're so bad!

I glanced over at the woman sitting next to me, noting her cleavage. She was a MILF type, incredibly made up, clearly wealthy, and not at all unattractive despite her age. She didn't seem to be paying any attention to me.

A few minutes later, another text from Lena arrived.

What's 'BDE'? She just told him that he has it.

Ha, I wrote, you're so innocent. It stands for 'big dick energy.'

What? OMG! She is totally hitting on him.

Well, I responded, what did he say?

He said she's right, and asked her if she wanted to find out if he was telling the truth.

I thought for a while about how to respond, but then the MILF next to me asked me to get up so that she could use the restroom. By the time I was settled again, there was another text from Lena.

OMG this is so embarrassing. They think they're being really subtle, cuddling under a blanket and watching something on her

phone together, but she's totally stroking his cock under the blanket.

She sent me a pic. Yes, it was unmistakable what was happening: a cute white brunette college girl was giving an attractive black man in his late 30s a handjob under a blanket. And what's more, he'd clearly been telling the truth. It was impossible to miss the fact that he was hung like a horse.

Whoa, I wrote, that crosses a line. Maybe you should tell someone.

What? And mess up their chance at a future together?

I kinda don't think this is going to lead to marriage, I wrote, call the flight attendant and they'll stop.

I kind of don't want to, she wrote, I'm curious to see how far they're going to take this.

Just then, the MILF came back, giving me a smile as I jumped up to let her back into her seat.

"Did you hear about the storm?" she asked with concern as we both settled back into our seats.

"Yeah, I know there was one forming out in the Atlantic, but it's not even hurricane season, right?"

"It's not," she said, "but apparently there's still a huge storm out there that just changed course and is going to hit Miami in a few hours."

"But that's when we're getting to Miami."

"I know," she said, "my husband just messaged me and told me that flights all over the country are getting diverted. I bet we're not going to land in Miami and they just haven't told us yet."

Before I had a chance to reply, one of the pilots came on over the intercom.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking..."

He told us that due to the storm, we'd be landing about an hour later than planned because we'd been diverted to Washington-Reagan airport.

“D.C.?!” said my neighbor, “shit. I hate that place.”

“Really?” I asked, “I’ve never been. How bad can it be?”

She sighed.

“I was just looking forward to the beach.”

“We’ll get there,” I said, trying to placate her as if I’d been her husband, “just maybe not right away.”

“You’re probably right,” she said, giving me a resigned look, “I’m Monica, by the way.”

“Hi Monica,” I said, “I’m Michael.”

“Nice to meet you.”

We shook hands and started to make small talk. I told her about Lena, how we’d gotten separated because of getting to the airport late, and how long we’d planned our trip.

“Shit,” she said, “I hope this weather delay doesn’t totally capsize your plans.”

“No,” I said, “we’ve got plenty of time before we have to be anywhere. At the worst we’ll have to pay for a few extra nights in the Bahamas.”

“That’s good,” she said, looking out the window, “it would be terribly to miss out on this vacation the two of you have planned for so long.”

Just then, I decided to check my phone. I found a series of texts from Lena.

Oh my God, she wrote, he’s leaving for the bathroom, and I think she’s going to follow him. They think they’re being so sneaky, but it’s obvious.

You were totally right. They’re going to join the mile–high club.

I don’t know whether to be grossed out or impressed that they just fucked after only knowing each other for like 40 minutes.

Maybe there’s something to this whole ‘big dick energy thing.’ What do you think?

How did she expect me to respond to that? She knew that I wasn't exactly well-endowed. That never seemed to be a problem before. But now I started to worry.

But before I could say anything, she texted me regarding the delay.

What are we going to do about this weather?

There's nothing we can do, I replied, we'll just get a hotel room and wait it out. Like everyone else.

Yeah, she responded, it really sucks, but there's nothing else we can do. It will at least give you some time to finish the revisions to your thesis before we get to the beach, which is a good thing.

That's true, I wrote, I can work from the hotel room.

See, she responded, we've just got to make the best of things.

BTW, she wrote, apparently because this is a weather-related delay, the airline isn't going to pay for anything. I just talked to Carl, though, and he hooked me up with a hotel that still has some vacancies. I booked us a room, so don't worry about it.

Carl? I wrote, who's Carl?

Oh, Lena responded, sorry, I forgot to mention it. Carl is the guy sitting next to me and Ashley.

A shot of adrenaline coursed through my body. How had she moved to a first-name basis with him so quickly? Especially after everything else that she'd told me? Was my beautiful young soon-to-be-fiance about to succumb to Carl's "BDE"?

Chapter 3: The Hotel

A few hours later, we finally landed. The flight to D.C. ended up being even longer than the flight to Miami would have been, because air traffic control forced us to circle the airport for an hour due to the airborne traffic jam caused by the incoming storm. When we finally got off the plane, it was 9:00PM and we were all exhausted.

Luckily, we had already made the room reservations, so all we had to do was stumble through the airport to the waiting area for the hotel shuttle. Unfortunately, since there were so many delayed or canceled flights, the shuttles were also running late. The waiting area was crowded and there was nowhere to sit. People were sitting on their roller suitcases, or even on the ground, staring into their phones dejectedly.

Lena leaned against me. I had my arm around her, cradling her head.

"I still can't believe that girl hooked up with Carl so quickly," she muttered, "he talked to her for like ten minutes, and then she was suddenly stroking him off under the blanket. What a slut."

"Yeah," I laughed, "either that or he's got some incredible game."

Looking back on this conversation now, I hate to say it, but I was completely right. The fact that she was using the first name of a total stranger as if he were a close friend should have tipped me off to her mindset. I was already losing her to Carl's "BDE."

"There they are now!" she said, looking up and gesturing a few feet away.

Sure enough, there was Carl: tall, black, and handsome, standing next to the "slut" who Lena had told me was named Ashley.

Strangely enough, they were both talking to my former seatmate, who I had secretly dubbed "Monica the MILF."

Carl seemed to be charming both of them, because all three of them were laughing and smiling, even though the situation we found ourselves in had nothing at all funny about it.

“Well, they look like they’re having fun,” I yawned, “I guess it’s good that someone’s enjoying this whole mess.”

“If Ashley’s in the same hotel as us and Carl, I’m sure she’s going to be having another kind of fun entirely,” laughed Lena.

I wasn’t used to all this innuendo from my normally somewhat prudish and reserved girlfriend.

“What’s gotten into you?” I asked, “it’s like you want to watch them or something.”

“Haha,” she said, “I basically did already. I mean, how could either of them think I wouldn’t notice a handjob happening in the seat right next to me? I’m surprised they didn’t get kicked off the plane, to be honest.”

“Well, at least they can finally ‘get a room,’ and keep that stuff private,” I laughed.

Finally, the shuttle arrived. I noticed that Monica, Carl and Ashley all got on together. We were all going to the same hotel. At the time, I didn’t think anything of it. It all made perfect sense. It wasn’t until after we’d waited for another thirty minutes in a check-in line at the overcrowded hotel, then gone upstairs and found our room, that I slowly began to grasp the gravity of this coincidence.

It’s funny how chance events can affect your life profoundly. Things that you have no control over, which could have just as well been totally different, turn out to have lasting consequences.

The event I’m referring to is that for some reason, our room was directly adjacent to Carl’s and was joined with his by two locking doors on either side.

We didn’t discover this fact right away, of course. But it also didn’t take long. I took a nice, long shower after we got into the room, and when I came out, I found Lena sitting in a chair next to the wall, listening intently.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Shh,” she giggled, “someone’s having some fun.”

It took me a moment to realize what she was talking about, but then I could hear it: long, slow moans of female pleasure.

“Oh my God,” I whispered, “I can’t believe you’re just sitting there listening to that.”

“What am I supposed to do?” she asked, standing up and coming over to me, “it’s not like I can ignore it. Besides, I’m kind of in the mood now.”

She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. The towel I was wearing fell to the floor, and I began to get hard. Lena reached down and pumped my cock a few times with her hand.

“Lena,” I said, “I could get used to this new side of you.”

“Is that right?” she asked, breaking our kiss and smiling at me seductively.

She dropped to her knees and took my cock in her mouth, looking up at me intently.

“I really don’t know what’s gotten into you,” I sighed, “but I like it.”

As she bobbed up and down on my erection, I saw her reach a hand between her legs and begin to play with her clit. This was nothing like anything she’d done before in the past. Normally she let me take the lead. And she’d certainly never masturbated in front of me. I was frankly a little shocked to discover that she even masturbated at all.

She began to let out little moans as she took me deeper and deeper. On the other side of the wall, the woman’s moans were also increasing in length and volume. Then, suddenly, they were accompanied by the unmistakable sound of the bed frame hitting the wall adjoining our room in a firm, steady rhythm.

“Fuck yes, Daddy,” moaned the woman, “I love your dick so much.”

Then, for the first time, I could make out a male voice. It was deep and authoritative. Its accent was also unmistakably African-American. I thought immediately of Carl.

It couldn't be. This was a huge hotel. It simply couldn't be.

Lena looked up at me as she pleased my cock. Did she hear it, too?

"I'm so wet," she whispered, popping off of my cock for a moment, "I need you right now."

She stripped off her panties and lay back on the bed, still wearing the same blouse she had been all day. I pushed forward, plunging into her as I worked on her buttons with one hand. God I loved her tits, and I wanted nothing more than to free them.

While I worked on this project, Lena, pulled me in deeper, her eyes closed as if concentrating on something else. I had to admit that I was distracted myself as the sounds of our neighbors began to increase in volume.

"Fuck yes. It's so fucking big," moaned the woman next door.

Lena began to thrust her hips up towards mine. I finally managed to unbutton her shirt and unhook her bra, freeing her beautiful breasts.

"Fuck me like he's fucking her," she whispered, more desperate than I'd ever seen her.

I grabbed one of her breasts and began to tease her nipple.

"Please, Mike," she moaned, "just fuck me hard. I don't care how long you last. I just need it."

I pushed her legs back and began to thrust, giving her the full length of my cock. The excitement of the moment had me on the edge already. I knew I wasn't going to last long, and in that instant, I didn't care.

I groaned in pleasure as I began to pound her harder and harder, slamming our bed into the adjacent wall as well. If anyone had been in the room on the other side of us (not where Carl and his lady friend were having their fun) they would have heard us fucking just as hard as our other neighbors.

Lena looked so beautiful lying under me, her face flushed as she bit her lip in ecstasy.

“Just fuck me,” she murmured, parting her full lips for an instant and panting in exertion.

I could tell she was close, and I was too, and it was clear to me that I wouldn’t be able to last long enough to make her come. That was a fairly rare occurrence in our relationship anyway. Usually, I would come first, then she’d finish herself off with her hands or a toy. Once in a great while — usually on the rare occasion that we smoked pot together — she would be able to reach orgasm through penetration alone. This didn’t seem to bother her that much, however. She assured me that it had nothing to do with me, and that she just wasn’t built that way.

I emptied myself inside her, unable to hold back any longer.

“Lena,” I moaned.

Her eyes remained closed, but she smiled, then reached down and gently pushed me off her. I watched as she lay back on the bed, her face a look of total bliss as she played with her own clit while the couple next door began to make even more noise.

“Oh yes, Daddy!” moaned the woman, “give me that big cock. It’s so much bigger than my boyfriend’s!”

I cringed when I heard that phrase, which so succinctly condensed all of my insecurities and fears, but also my hidden desires. I watched in dismay as Lena registered the words that the other woman said and began to climax, as if on cue.

What had set her off? Was it the reference to cheating, or the reference to cock size? Either way, it wasn’t good for me.

Watching my beautiful girlfriend lost in her own self-pleasure as she climaxed, another possibility occurred to me: what if it was both?

That was the first moment when I sensed I might be losing Lena.

Chapter 4: It's not technically cheating...

We both slept soundly that night — the long day of travelling and the unexpected delays had really drained us. When I finally opened my eyes the next morning, I was shocked to see that it was already 9:00AM and that Lena was gone.

I threw on some clothes and decided to go looking for her. She'd probably gone to breakfast, or maybe to work out. I decided to check the breakfast room first.

There, sitting at a table with Carl, Ashley and (for some reason) my former seat partner Monica, was Lena.

I watched them from afar for a few seconds. All of the women's body language showed that they were attracted to Carl. It was unmistakable. He held their attention with his deep bass voice and twinkling eyes. I wasn't close enough to hear what he was saying, but I could sense the magnetism that his presence held for these three women.

Slowly, I approached the table. The conversation slowly died down.

"Oh, hi," said Lena, "hey everyone, this is Mike."

"Hi," I said, "nice to meet all of you."

"Mike," said Carl, extending his hand, "it's nice to finally meet you. We've all heard so much about you."

I cringed a bit. What had she been telling them about me? I couldn't help but feel suspicious and inadequate, even though I had no solid evidence that Carl had really been the large-cocked guy in the room next or ours, or that Lena would have even cared if he had been. She was probably just getting off on the naughtiness of the whole situation last night, I told myself, there was no reason to think that she was considering straying.

"Don't worry, all good things," laughed Monica, "but I hear that you still have a lot of work to do."

“Unfortunately, it’s true,” I said, regaining my composure, “I’ve got about 20 pages of revisions to do.”

“Well, I don’t think anyone’s going anywhere today,” said Carl, “that storm is parked right over us. I just talked to a bellhop and he said that there’s so much rain out there right now that it’s even hard to get a car to go into the city. It looks like we’re stuck in this hotel for today — for better or worse.”

“It might be fun,” said Ashley, “we could all hang out together.”

“And you’ll have lots of time to work on your thesis, before we get to the island, honey!” said Lena, looking up at me with her bright eyes.

“Yeah,” said Monica, “don’t worry about your girlfriend. We’ll take good care of her.”

That’s what I was afraid of. That they’d take too good care of her. But what could I say?

“Why don’t you pull up a chair and join us?” asked Carl.

The table only sat four, and all of the seats were taken.

“That’s ok,” I said, “it looks like you’re done anyway. I think I’m going to go workout first, then I’ll get something to eat. I just wanted to say ‘hi’ honey.”

I leaned down and kissed Lena.

“Just text me when you’re done working,” she said, “I’m going to go check out the spa with the girls, and maybe the pool.”

I was relieved to hear her say “with the girls.” It meant that there was a good chance she wasn’t going to just hang around with the handsome, big-dicked alpha male at the table.

I was wrong, of course. But I didn’t know it then.

“Sounds good,” I said, “I’ll see if I can get some work done, then I’ll touch base with you.”

“I love you,” she whispered, giving me a peck on the lips.

“I love you too,” I said.

“Ahh,” said Monica and Ashley.

“Young love...,” mused Monica, stirring her coffee absentmindedly.

“It’s a beautiful thing,” said Carl, winking at me.

I turned and went back to the room. What had he meant with that wink? Did he mean that Lena was beautiful? She certainly was. That was indisputable. But why did he feel the need to say it? Was it some kind of game? Was he just trying to express his dominance over me?

I got back to the room after working out and then decided to take my laptop with me to the café to start work while I ate. Somehow, against all odds, I was able to concentrate and finish working through five pages of revisions suggested by my thesis advisor. I looked at the clock and realized I’d been in the café for almost two hours. I texted Lena to see what was going on with her.

When I didn’t receive an answer after ten minutes, I decided to go to the spa to find the group. I packed up my things and headed off. The hotel wasn’t that big, so if she wasn’t in the spa or back at our room resting, she’d surely be in the restaurant or at the pool.

When I got to the spa, the receptionist at the desk told me that due to privacy issues I couldn’t simply walk around inside looking for someone, but that she’d be happy to give one of their guests a message from me. I asked her if Lena was there, and she said that Lena had left around an hour ago with three friends.

Three friends.

“Two women and a man? A tall black man?”

“That’s right,” she said, “I think they were planning to go back to one of the girl’s rooms.”

“Thanks,” I said, a lump rising in my throat.

Why would they all be going back to a room together? There was no innocent reason for that. My head started to spin with wild theories. I turned around and started to walk back to our room, but then my rational side got the better of me.

It's a hotel, I told myself, there are only so many places they can go. And even if Carl managed to talk Ashley into bed, that doesn't mean they're all off having an orgy or something. That would be absurd.

I had succeeded in talking myself down by the time I arrived back at our room. Then I got a text from Lena.

Hey, sorry, it read, just hanging out in Monica's room. I'll be back soon.

Ok, I replied.

Just "hanging out" in Monica's room? With who? At least the receptionist at the spa had been correct, and Lena hadn't lied about it.

But why was I even thinking about the possibility of her deceiving me at that point? I had no real reason to think that there was anything amiss — just a barely conscious, nagging suspicion. I tried to shrug it off and tell myself I was imagining everything.

"Hey, did you get any work done?" said Lena cheerfully, closing the door to the hotel room behind her.

She seemed to be positively glowing.

"Why are you so happy?" I asked her a bit suspiciously.

"I dunno," she said, "maybe because I just got an awesome facial."

I tried to ignore the pornographic use of the term "facial." She was talking about the spa. She had to be.

"Oh yeah," I said, "I went to look for you at the spa. The receptionist told me you left with Carl and the girls to go to Monica's room."

"Yeah," she giggled, "it was so funny that he wanted to go to the spa with us, but he turned out to be very entertaining. Especially for Monica and Ashley."

There was a clear note of innuendo in her voice.

"What do you mean by that?"

“Well...,” she said, hesitantly, “I did something a little naughty. Promise you won’t be mad?”

A shot of adrenaline pulsed through me.

“I can’t promise that until I know what you’re talking about, Lena. Did you cheat on me? Did you sleep with Carl?”

“No!” she said, giggling, “calm down. It was nothing like that. We all just had a little fun, that’s all. And there was some cheating, but not by me. You have nothing to worry about.”

I was beginning to think I actually had a great deal to be worried about.

“Why don’t you tell me what happened,” I said, “and then I’ll be the judge as to whether or not I should worry.”

“Ok,” she said, pressing herself against me, “but first you need to relax. I’ll tell you everything, but you need to just take it easy. You might enjoy hearing about it.”

“Like I said — I’ll be the judge of that.”

“Of course you will,” she said, patting the bed and indicating that I should have a seat, “but I think I know a way to make this more fun for both of us.”

She began to unzip my pants.

“What are you doing, Lena? I just want to know what happened in that hotel room.”

“Trust me,” she said, with a mischievous look in her eye, “this will make it better.”

“It all started after the spa,” she began, running her hands over my rapidly hardening shaft, “Monica and Ashley were giggling about something, and Carl asked them what the big deal was. They told him that the ‘big deal’ was in his pants.”

“Lena,” I said disapprovingly, “I don’t like how this story is going.”

“Don’t worry,” she said, “I didn’t cheat on you. I told you.”

I felt a confusing mixture of anger, jealousy and arousal. If she hadn't been doing an incredible job of smearing my precum across the head of my cock so that her hands were perfectly lubricated, I would have told her to get out.

"Monica basically didn't believe Ashley when she told her how big it was. And she also didn't believe that size really made a difference. Ashley told her that she'd thought the same thing up until yesterday on the plane and last night in Carl's room. She offered to prove it to us."

"And you went along with it? Lena!"

"Shh..." she said, placing a finger over my mouth as she worked my shaft expertly with her other hand, "just listen and enjoy."

I closed my mouth, my arousal taking over. I was upset and jealous, but I also needed to come, and Lena looked absolutely stunning as she stroked my cock while she narrated her filthy tale.

"We all went back to Monica's room. I sat in one of the armchairs, Monica sat on the bed nearest the bathroom, and Ashley and Carl took a seat on the other bed. She jumped into his lap and they started making out."

"And you were just watching this happen?"

"I know it was a little naughty," she continued, "but it's not that bad. I mean, you wouldn't be mad if I was watching a porn video, right? It's just the live version of that."

She bent down and licked the tip of my cock, just teasing it a bit and lubricating it some more so that she could continue her handjob.

"Ah," was all I could say, "I guess it's not so bad..."

"See?" she said, looking up at me again, "so let me tell you the rest. It didn't take long for them to get really excited. Ashley was rubbing herself against him, grinding into his bulge so enthusiastically it seemed like she was going to come just from the friction alone. But Monica kept pressing for Carl to finally reveal the package."

I didn't like where this was going at all. My fiancée Lena (who, up to now, I considered to be somewhat prudish and innocent), was about to watch what amounted to a live sex show?

"So both of them dropped to their knees in front of him while he sat on the bed, and he finally unbuttoned his pants. They each grabbed one side of his boxer briefs and pulled them down all the way, finally revealing the biggest fucking cock any of us had ever seen."

"Except for Ashely," she added, giggling, "it had already been inside her a few times."

"Lena," I groaned, "I'm not sure I want to hear this. I think you crossed a line just by being there."

She looked up at me innocently as she teased the head of my prick with her fingers.

"Don't be mad, honey. I haven't even finished the story yet. I think when I do, you'll understand that I'm really a good girl. Besides, you don't really want me to stop stroking your dick, do you?"

I had to admit that she was right. I shook my head.

"Good," she said, "so where was I? Oh yeah...the girls just stared at his prick for a while. Monica was pretty gobsmacked, but Ashley (who had more experience with it) started to play with it, stroking it a bit while encouraging Monica not to be afraid. As it turns out, Monica didn't need much encouragement, because after a few minutes, they were taking turns sucking it. One of them would lick Carl's huge balls while the other one tried to take his shaft as deep as it would go. They ran their mouths all along the length of his shaft, trying to take it all in. They got it nice and slick, but neither one of them succeeded in taking the whole thing inside her mouth. Carl, for his part, loved it. He kept looking down at them and telling them how good they looked. You probably noticed that Monica has those huge fake-looking boobs. Well, they actually look really good wrapped around a giant cock. It was quite an amazing show, and I couldn't hide the fact that I was extremely turned on. While he was tit-fucking Monica, he looked up at me and asked me if I was sure I didn't want to join in."

“Did you want to?” I asked, unsure if I really wanted to know the answer.

Quite frankly, I was astonished that my wife even knew the word “tit-fucking,” much less would use it so casually. I was seeing a new side of her, one that scared me as much as it aroused me if I was perfectly honest with myself.

She laughed, then paused for a moment.

“I wasn’t sure then,” she said, “but we can talk about that later.”

I felt a pang of jealousy. I knew that there was no way I could compete with a guy this size, but I still wasn’t 100% sure that was what counted for Lena. Besides, my overall horniness and need to come overrode any consideration I had for my dignity or pride in that moment.

“I told him ‘no,’” she continued, “but he just laughed and said he didn’t believe me, but that I should suit myself. I watched them for a few more minutes as they passed his shaft between their lips, taking turns swirling their tongues around his tip while the other one stroked him. It looked both completely obscene and like the most beautiful thing in the world: two attractive women on their knees, submitting to the powerful cock of an alpha male. I was so turned on in that moment, that I reached into my panties and started rubbing my clit, honey. I couldn’t help it. I know it’s kind of naughty, but it’s not really that much worse than watching porn, is it? I mean, I know there were three other people there, but I never touched them, and it’s not like it was just me and Carl alone. I could understand why that might bother you, but there were other girls there as well.”

I didn’t understand exactly how the other girls made any kind of difference at all, but the feeling of Lena stroking my cock was so pleasurable I didn’t want to risk breaking the mood with unnecessary questions. Plus, I found that the scene she was describing was, objectively, a turn-on, if I forgot about the fact that it involved my girlfriend lusting after a stranger’s gigantic cock.

“It was so amazing to watch,” she continued, “these two women just doing whatever they could to please Carl’s gigantic slab of man-meat.”

She giggled at the silly turn of phrase.

“I mean,” she said, “they were so hot for it. It was like they really were in heat or something. Ashley wanted him inside of her, but Monica said that wasn’t fair because she’d already had sex with him twice. Carl interrupted her and assured them that he had enough cock to go around, and the stamina to do it, but that he’d like to fuck Monica first because he hadn’t had the pleasure yet.”

“So he did,” she continued, “he had her take off her clothes and lay back on the bed, spreading her legs back as far as she could so he could take her as deeply as possible. I couldn’t believe it, but after she was in position, Ashley grabbed Carl’s cock and guided the shaft into her tight pussy. Then she kissed him while she played with his balls as he fucked Monica. It was such an amazing sight to see this muscular, fit black guy stretching a white suburban trophy wife’s pussy.”

Lena was almost moaning now as she recounted the story. I wondered if she was wet again (or still wet from before), and decided that I probably already knew the answer to my own question.

“It was so wrong, yet so right at the same time. I could see the huge diamond engagement ring that she was wearing as she grabbed onto Carl’s back for dear life as he rode her. I never thought porn was sexy, but seeing sex in person — hearing the groans, the sighs, the dirty talk — that drove me crazy, honey! I came while they fucked, and Ashley noticed. She asked me if I was sure that I didn’t want a turn, too. And I wasn’t sure, to be totally honest. But I stayed faithful to you, Michael.”

“Lena,” I groaned, so close to my own orgasm I was unable to say anything else.

“So then,” she continued, playing with my balls gently as she continued to stroke my shaft, “he pulled out of Monica’s pussy and had Ashley lick him off for a while, then he’d fuck Monica for a few minutes more. He was driving her absolutely crazy, but Ashley was so hungry for his cock that she kept begging to suck him. It was the hottest thing I’d ever seen, honey. Two women absolutely crazy for a huge dick.”

“Finally, Ashley got her turn, but not before Monica had a huge orgasm. Her whole body was shaking, but Carl was steady — and hard — as a rock. He stayed inside her and encouraged her to come on his big black dick like the cheating slut she was. I loved the fact that he called her a slut, and I have to admit that I thought it was true. We were all acting like sluts, honey. Even me, despite the fact that I was being a “good girl” and only watching.”

“He made Ashley get on her hands and knees on the bed facing me, then he entered her from behind. Even though she was used to his length and girth, it still took a while for him to get it all the way inside her. She’s a petite girl, you know, and even if she’s been stretched a couple of times, it’s still not exactly easy to fit something as thick as your arm inside your pussy. But he finally got it in. He was very patient and gentle with that process, but once he was inside her and warmed up, he was anything but tender. He grabbed her by the hair and told her that sluts like her needed a good spanking. He slapped her ass as he slammed into her. He kept looking me in the eye and asking if I liked what I saw. If I wanted to be next. I shook my head no, but I kept getting wetter and wetter. I’m so sorry, honey. I don’t know what came over me. I simply couldn’t help it. Watching him dominate these two other women in front of me set something off inside me, something that seems so silly now, so irrational, but so profound at the same time. I felt like I had no choice but to submit to him as well, to surrender to him, to let him take me and use me in any way he saw fit.”

“Fuck, Lena,” I gasped, thrusting up into her hand as I felt my own orgasm approach.

She withdrew her hand and I practically cried in frustration.

“Not so fast,” she said, “you’re going to come before I finish my story. I’m getting to the best part. I don’t want you to come until I say. Understand?”

“Yes,” I moaned, “I understand. Please keep going. I need to come so bad.”

“Alright,” she said, “so here he was, fucking Ashley hard and degrading her like the dirty cheating slut she is (did I mention she

has a boyfriend at home?), and he's asking me if I want to be next. I'm nodding my head 'no', but he's laughing and nodding 'yes' back to me. Finally, he told Ashley he was going to come, and told her to beg for it. Monica, who was next to the bed on her knees, masturbating as she watched, begged to be allowed to have some of his cum as well. He told her not to worry, that he had enough cum to go around. Ashley started calling him 'daddy,' which drove me crazy for some reason."

"Oh, sorry," she said, reaching down for a moment, "I have to touch myself while I tell you this. I can't help it."

The rest of her story she related through gasps and moans as she pleased both of us to orgasm.

"He slammed into her, and I looked into her eyes as she climaxed again," she moaned, "he held his cock deep inside her, and he let out the sexiest moan imaginable as he pumped her tight little pussy full of cum. I came at the same time she did. I couldn't help it, honey. I couldn't help but imagine that he was filling my pussy, too. All I wanted in that moment was a taste of that huge cock. But I didn't do it, honey. I didn't do it for you..."

She started stroking me even harder.

"After that," she groaned, "he made Monica clean him off and then when he was hard again, he bent her over the bed and fucked her until he came inside her, too. I had an incredible view, and I have to admit that I came again while I watched them, honey. I'm going to come again, right now...do you want to come with me, honey? Just imagine Carl filling those two cheating sluts with his powerful alpha cum..."

As Lena, who I had long considered to be my future wife, brought herself to a powerful orgasm, I lost control as well, shooting my load all over her hand and my own stomach. The physical release felt good, but with my ejaculation came increased mental clarity. What had I done? More accurately, what had Lena done? Even if what she'd participated in hadn't technically been cheating, it was certainly evidence of her lack of respect for me and our

relationship. Even if I'd found the fantasy arousing, this was still a poor basis to build a future together.

"Lena," I said, after cleaning myself off with the washcloth she got for me, "I'm not sure what just happened."

She leaned in for a kiss, but I turned away.

"Michael," she said, "I know you're angry. But come on. Let's talk about it."

"I think you've already told me everything. We've done all the talking I care to do for the moment."

She looked down, as if ashamed.

"I shouldn't have said anything, I guess. I just wanted to be totally honest with you. And it seems like you didn't mind..."

"Lena," I said, "I'm sorry. But this isn't easy for me. You just told me you gave yourself several orgasms watching a guy with a huge cock help two other taken women cheat on their partners. How am I supposed to feel about that?"

"But you had an orgasm," she said, smiling, "it seemed like you enjoyed it as much as I did."

"I know," I said, "but that doesn't mean it doesn't upset me. I think I need to be alone for a while."

I started putting on my pants and shoes.

"I'm going to go for a walk," I said, "I need to do some thinking."

"Ok," she said, concerned, "take all the time you need. I'll be here."

I nodded, then pulled the door closed behind me, a thousand different conflicting emotions coursing through my body.

Chapter 5: Losing Lena

Outside the room, I could see the storm raging against the large glass windows of the hotel courtyard. I couldn't help but see the storm as a reflection of my own tumultuous inner state. I had been aroused by Lena's story. It had turned me on. I had wondered what it might have been like to watch Lena try a huge cock for the first time. To see her angelic face contort with pleasure and pain as it entered her for the first time...

I paced the hotel grounds several times. Most of the guests here were stranded travelers like the five of us. I saw people milling around in the pool area, near the café, and in the lobby. They stood in small groups with worried looks on their faces. Some of them talked on cell phones or stared blankly at the TV screens that had all been turned to the Weather Channel. It was like the whole place was in a state of limbo, not just Lena and I's relationship.

Finally, after more than an hour, I decided to turn back. I looked at my cell phone and I saw several messages.

Hey, the first one read, I'm really sorry. Can we talk about it?

Feeling really shitty now, read the second, but I don't think I deserve the silent treatment. Why can't we talk about our feelings?

Forget it, read the third, I'm going to hang out next door. You know where to find me if you feel like growing up.

Next door.

A chill ran down my spine as I remembered that our room adjoined with Carl's. Next door meant that she was going to his hotel room.

I walked briskly back to the room, both afraid of what I might find and also incredibly titillated. I slipped the keycard inside the door and then slowly opened it.

The room was completely dark, which meant she was already (or still) next door in Carl's room. I let the door fall shut slowly behind

me, making sure not to make too much noise. Then I tiptoed to the door that connected our two rooms.

I pressed my ear to the door. I could hear Lena on the other side, speaking in low tones. She sounded concerned.

I also heard a man's voice, comforting her.

It was Carl. It had to be.

I threw the deadbolt on the door separating the two rooms open, and then gripped the handle gently, gingerly opening the door on our side so that I could hear them better.

To my surprise, the door on the other side was open as well. I could see directly into the kitchenette of Carl's suite. Like in our room, there was a counter and small stove on one wall, and a small alcove with a loveseat on the other. I realized that Carl and Lena must have been in the main part of the room — the part with the beds — and did not know that I had opened the door.

I also realized that the light in the kitchenette was out, and that if I was quiet, I would be able to sneak into that part of Carl's room and watch them undetected.

It was an absolutely crazy idea, and I never should have done it.

But I did.

And what I saw changed my relationship forever.

After a split-second moment of hesitation, I stepped into Carl's room, leaving the door open behind me so as to facilitate a hasty escape if worse came to worst. My heart was pounding and I was practically hyperventilating as I lowered myself slowly into the loveseat in the darkened part of the room, just around the corner from where Carl and Lena sat.

Carl was sitting on the bed furthest from me, while Lena sat on the other bed, facing him.

"And so I don't know what to do," she said, "I just feel so guilty. Like I've done him this irreparable harm. But the terrible thing is, I don't even really feel that bad about it if I'm honest. I feel more guilty about my lack of guilt, because I know what I did was terrible. I'm

just incapable of feeling terrible about it, because of how incredible it made me feel.”

“I think I understand,” said Carl, “and in situations like this, I find it’s best if you’re able to forgive yourself first.”

“I don’t think I can forgive myself until Michael forgives me,” she said, choking up a bit.

She was discussing her feelings with this total stranger? That was almost worse than rubbing her pussy in front of him.

Almost.

“What I find works in situations like this is roleplay,” he said.

“Roleplay? You can’t be serious.”

“No, I am,” he said, “a lot of my clients find that it helps. I even have a method of helping women like you work through their feelings of remorse — or lack thereof.”

“Ha,” she said, “what do you mean?”

“Spanking,” he said, “I give them a spanking. It’s an easy and effective way to handle guilt. And it’s relatively painless, too.”

“So you spank them, then they feel better?”

“It’s practically a guarantee,” he laughed.

“And it doesn’t turn you on?”

“I didn’t say that,” he smiled, “but lots of the women who find that spanking helps them are also...shall we say, amenable...to my other unconventional forms of treatment.”

There was a long pause.

“So you want to, like, take me over your lap and spank me, and you think that will make me feel less guilty for hurting Mike?”

“It will certainly allow you to feel your feelings, to focus them in a new way. And it will be incredibly cathartic. I guarantee that,” he laughed, “especially if I also use my belt.”

“Oh,” laughed Lena, “your belt, huh? Sounds like it might hurt. In the best way possible.”

“I’m an expert on these things,” he said, “you can trust me.”

“I guess that’s right,” said Lena, “after all, you’re a professional mediator.”

“One of the best,” grinned Carl, “that’s why I make the big bucks. Trust me, I’ve spanked plenty of women CEOs and CFOs, believe it or not. Only with the permission of HR of course. But you’d be surprised how effective the therapy is. Everyone talks about sexual harassment in the workplace, but no one except for me and a few other corporate mediators has harnessed the power of BDSM to solve problems.”

Lena laughed.

“I know it sounds silly,” said Carl, “but it really works. We can work through your problem with your little friend. All it takes is a little trust.”

I cringed at his use of the term “little friend” and the implications it carried with it. I’d never had any reason to be insecure about my size, and I knew that it was around average. But hearing how much Lena and the other girls had lusted after Carl’s monster cock made me reconsider everything I thought I knew.

“So how does this work?”

Lena was clearly nervous.

“Well, you have to come over here and lay across my lap and let me spank you. But before we do that, let’s establish a safe word. I always play safe.”

“A safe word?”

“Yeah,” explained Carl, “it’s a cornerstone of BDSM play. Basically, if you want to slow down, say ‘yellow.’ If you want me to stop, say ‘red.’ Some of this kind of therapy can get pretty intense because it involves you acknowledging your true feelings about your partner, and that can be difficult. I’m not going to force you to say or do anything, but the way you have to stop me is by saying one of those words. If you say ‘no,’ I’m just going to think of it as part of the game. Got it?”

Lena nodded.

"I have to be honest," she blurted, blushing, "I've wanted to do this for a long time, but my boyfriend just isn't what you'd call the take-charge type."

"I know exactly what you mean," grinned Carl, "now get over here and bend over my lap like a good little slut."

Lena gasped, but she stood immediately and then slowly bent herself over his lap, her long blond hair hanging almost to the floor. Her ass, always one of her best features, was on full display.

"This is an amazing-looking booty," laughed Carl, running his hands over it, "you're what we call a PAWG."

"I don't know what that means," laughed Lena, "but I'll take it as a compliment."

"That's exactly what it is," he said, "and I'll show you exactly why it's such a compliment in a moment. But first I need to punish you for being such a dirty little slut."

God, it was so hot and so humiliating at the same time to hear another man talk about Lena that way. She'd always been such a sweet girl — nothing like the slut he was making her out to be, or the slut that she seemed to have become in Monica's hotel room.

"Take off those panties for me, baby girl," he said, lifting the waistband of the thong that she wore underneath her sundress.

"Do I have to, Sir?"

"Yes you do," he said, his tone authoritative.

"Ok."

From my position on the couch in the darkened alcove, I watched as Lena slowly removed her panties, wiggling her ass as she did so.

She's putting on a show for him, I thought, the shock of my insight hitting me like a ton of bricks.

Was she actually a slut? Could it be?

“Good girl,” said Carl, taking her panties from her hand and placing them on the bed.

“Now I understand this punishment is related to some slutty behavior recently. Behavior that you’re not even sorry about. Is that right?”

“Yes, Sir,” she said, squirming on his lap.

“Good,” he said, “now before we get started, why don’t you tell me what happened.”

“I watched...,” she began, “I watched a threesome between some people I barely know. And I got so turned on that I masturbated in front of them.”

“I see,” he said, “that’s quite slutty indeed. Tell me, though. And be honest. What was it about that threesome that caused you to become so aroused that you couldn’t help yourself?”

There was a long pause.

“I guess it was a lot of things,” she stammered, clearly a bit out of her comfort zone, “it was how turned on the women were. And...”

“Yes?”

“And the size of your dick,” she blurted, giggling.

“Let’s keep things objective,” he said, staying in his role, “the size of the dick that you saw — how would you compare it to others that you’ve seen?”

“It was definitely the biggest I’ve ever seen.”

“Just how many have you seen? Have you even experienced enough cocks to be able to make a definitive statement on its relative size?”

The question hung in the air for what seemed like an eternity. It was a question that I also wondered the answer to.

“I guess not...just two,” she said finally, “my boyfriend’s and yours.”

“Now Lena,” he said, “I can tell by your tone that you’re lying to me. And there’s only one way to get a slut like you to tell the truth. I

think the spanking can begin now.”

“What? But I...”

Her protest was cut off by a shriek as he began to slap her cheeks vigorously. He didn't give her much time to warm up, and from the sound of her cries it seemed like she must have been in at least a little pain. But she didn't say either of her safe words, and she also didn't ask him to stop.

“Fuck,” she moaned, “it stings.”

The sound of his hand cracking down on her backside filled the room.

“Ok,” she said, gasping, “ok, I'll tell you.”

“How many cocks have you seen?”

“Eight or nine...,” she said.

“Don't give me that. You know the exact number, don't you?”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

He began to spank her again. My cock was rock hard, watching my girlfriend's tight ass bounce under each blow from his hand.

“I don't...,” she gasped.

“You do!” he insisted, slipping a finger into her tight cunt with one hand as he continued to punish her with the other.

“Fifteen!” she moaned, finally, “fifteen, ok?”

“Fifteen cocks? That's quite a different number than what you said before now, isn't it?”

“Yes,” she blurted, a note of arousal clearly detectable in her voice, “I admit it.”

“How many of those cocks,” Carl continued, rubbing her burning backside with one hand while he fingered her with the other, “have been in your mouth?”

“What?”

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Ouch!” she squeaked.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

He reached down and unbuckled his belt, then pulled it out of the loops, coiling it in his hands.

“What are you doing?”

“Getting ready to take things to the next level you disobedient little whore,” he laughed, “are you ready to answer the question? How many cocks have been in that cute little mouth of yours?”

“Ten,” she moaned, “I’ve sucked ten cocks.”

“Good girl,” he said, “and since you’ve been such a dirty little slut, I’m going to spank you with the belt one time for each cock that you’ve sucked. Understand?”

“But...that’s going to hurt!”

“Yes it will,” he said, “but you know the safe word if you really want me to stop. Most women find this part to be a very cathartic experience, and they also find the reward at the end of it more than worth it.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl,” he said, “I want you to count each stroke with the belt and thank me for it each time. Can you do that?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Lena’s voice was quivering now. She was on the verge of tears, or some kind of other emotional breakdown. Still, I knew that everything she was doing was consensual, and she could stop the scene at any time. I was burning with curiosity to find out what would happen next — how far this kinky roleplay would go.

Before he started spanking her again, he fingered her for a while, expertly bringing her right up to the edge of orgasm before leaving her frustrated.

“Please,” she moaned, “please let me come.”

“Not until you’ve completed your punishment, you little slut,” he said.

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned, clearly on the edge of completely losing it.

For the next several minutes I watched in rapt attention as Carl whipped my girlfriend’s ass, turning it from a bright pink to a mixture of dark red stripes. He was clearly an expert at what he did. Although he hit her hard, he gave her plenty of rest between strokes, and even stopped to massage her sore flesh — and rub her pussy — so that she was just on the edge of orgasm the entire time. Lena obediently called out the number of each spank after he gave it to her, and thanked him in a voice that oscillated between pleasure and pain.

From where I was sitting, I could see how she bite her bottom lip and tried to choke back tears after every blow, pulling herself together before bravely thanking him. She could have stopped this treatment at any time. All of us knew that, so there was no question that this was what she desperately wanted in that moment. What she needed.

The spanking seemed to be helping her work through her guilt at not being guilty about hurting my feelings. At the same time, she was clearly on the edge of a tremendous orgasm, and after each time Carl hit her, she wiggled her ass back towards him, hoping that he would finger her to the sweet release she craved.

“Not yet, slut,” he’d laugh, raising his belt again.

Finally, the tenth blow fell.

“Ten,” panted Lena, “please, now, Sir? Please may I come?”

“That depends on if you’ve learned your lesson. Do you realize now that you’re a dirty slut? That you’ve been a naughty girl?”

“Yes,” she blurted, “I understand it.”

“Tell me that you’re a dirty slut.”

“I’m a dirty slut, Sir,” she moaned.

“Do you want to be a good girl again?”

“Yes, please,” she gasped, rubbing her thighs together in an attempt to bring herself to climax, “just please let me come.”

“Why don’t you pretend Mike is here, listening to you. Why don’t you tell him the truth. Tell him that you’re sorry, but you’re a dirty slut.”

A shiver went down my spine. She’d told me that she was going next door. And one of them had left the door joining our two rooms ajar. Had they planned on me watching? What kind of crazy game was this?

“I’m sorry Mike,” stammered Lena, “but I’m a dirty slut. And I think I want to try a really big cock.”

Carl let out a wolf-whistle.

“Well, well, well! You’re a fast learner. I didn’t even make you admit to that last part. You must have done some soul-searching during that spanking.”

“I did,” she said, slowly lowering herself from his lap and onto her feet.

Her knees were visibly wobbly from spending such a long time bent over his lap.

“Whoa there,” Carl said, “I think you’d better get on your knees. It’ll be easier to balance. Plus you want to show me what a good girl you can be, don’t you? Pretend like Mike is here to watch. It’s time to show him the truth, too.”

“I want...,” she stammered, then turned her head down in embarrassment, “I want him to know the truth about me. I want to show him what I really am.”

“That’s a perfectly normal impulse for size-queen sluts such as yourself,” grinned Carl, “and I happen to be prepared with the necessary implements.”

“What do you mean?”

“A black marker and a camera. We’re going to label you as a slut and then send the pictures to your boyfriend. Trust me, he’s going to love it.”

I wasn’t so sure about that. I knew that it would turn me on, but I didn’t know how I was going to feel about it after I ejaculated.

"I feels so fucking dirty," she said, "I want to think about it first."

"Of course, babygirl. Whatever you say. You can do whatever you want. But speaking of that, didn't you want a chance to finally try out this big black cock?"

"Yes, Sir," she said, looking up at him submissively, "may I please finally have my turn to play with it?"

"Of course!" he said, "just reach up and take it out. Giving you that spanking has me awful hard."

She reached up eagerly, unbuttoning his slacks and pulling them down with his help. His gigantic cock sprang free.

She hadn't been exaggerating when she'd said it was huge. I had to repress a cry of surprise myself as I saw the weapon of my relationship's undoing. It was probably about 9 inches long, about as thick as a beer bottle, and beautifully curved upwards.

"It's beautiful," my girlfriend murmured.

I was inclined to agree with her. I forgot my jealousy for the moment. All I could think about was how wonderful this black phallus would look penetrating my formerly innocent young girlfriend. I myself became swept away in the spectacle, and wouldn't have stopped it if I could. A moment later, I had my own cock out, marveling at its size in comparison to Lena's new lover. I wasn't what you'd call small. If statistics were to be believed, I was even on the larger side. But what I saw before me was truly massive in a way that seemed impossible.

Lena obviously thought so too.

"I can't believe it," she giggled, "what is it...12 inches long?"

Carl chuckled.

"Not quite. Maybe 12 girl inches. It's actually about nine and a half, when I get really excited. Do you think you can get me really excited, baby girl?"

"I think so," said Lena, grabbing his shaft with her right hand.

Her fingers didn't even meet when she gripped it. He was that thick.

“Good girl,” he said, running his fingers through her hair gently.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Mmm–hmm.”

“What do you like to be called? In bed, I mean.”

“Now why would you ask that?”

“Just because I heard Ashley call you...Daddy.”

Lena was clearly a little embarrassed. Carl found it cute.

“Well, I make girls earn the right to call me ‘Daddy,’” he said, smiling down at her as she stroked his cock.

“How do they earn it?”

“Well, they usually have to make me come. Then I give them a spanking. But in your case, since I’ve already given you the spanking, I guess all you have to do is make me come.”

“I’d love to try it,” said Lena.

Even though I couldn’t see the look on her face directly from my current position, I could hear the admiration and arousal in her voice.

“I guess you better get to work,” said Carl, pushing her head down towards his cock.

I watched as he sighed in pleasure as Lena’s mouth stretched to accommodate his gigantic member.

“Your friend Ashley has a really tight pussy,” he mused as my girlfriend pleased him, “after I whipped it out on the plane, she couldn’t wait to get her mouth around it. That bathroom was too small, unfortunately, so I had to put it straight in her pussy instead.”

Lena moaned as she sucked him. She was clearly enjoying this story.

“I had to cover her mouth while I fucked her. She was so shocked by my size that she screamed into my hand. Usually I like to take my time with girls the first time, but on a plane like that it’s too risky. I had to fill her up as fast as possible, which meant pounding her hard from behind until these big black balls emptied inside her,” he laughed.

“And I still managed to get a picture of her taking my dick for the first time,” he added.

Lena moaned in approval as she licked down one side of his shaft, working her way down to his balls.

“So, I guess what I’m saying is that she didn’t really have to earn the privilege of calling me “Daddy” quite as much as you are now.”

“Mmm–hmm,” Lena’s mouth was full of one of his large balls at the moment.

I loved the look of her well–spanked ass as it swayed while she sucked. He was certainly going to have his fun with her. And I wasn’t at all sorry that I was there to watch it.

“That’s enough, honey,” he said, pulling her up, “I want to finally fuck that tight little white cunt. Are you ready to try to take this monster?”

“Yes!” she exclaimed, “I mean, I think so. I know it’s going to hurt. But I want it so fucking bad.”

“Good girl,” he said, “I think we should start from behind. Why don’t you bend over the bed?”

I was a bit disappointed that I wouldn’t be able to see my girlfriend’s face from this position. But then, as if reading my mind, Carl thought of something.

“What if I take a video of you in the mirror while I penetrate you for the first time? That could be a good way on introducing the ‘new you’ to your boyfriend.”

“That’s a great idea,” said Lena, “use your phone and send me a copy.”

“Definitely,” said Carl, grabbing his phone with one hand while he guided his dick into position with the other.

“Ready, honey?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she groaned.

SLAP!

He gave her a spank across her already well–punished ass.

“What did I say? You don’t get to call me that until after you’ve made me come for the first time. I have to claim your pussy before you have the privilege of calling me ‘Daddy.’”

“Ouch! I’m sorry,” she moaned, “just please, please put it inside me. I’ve been dreaming about this since I sat next to you on the plane. Just imagining what it would be like to finally get fucked like I really need to be.”

“Good girl,” he said, “keep talking like that and I’ll get my nut very soon.”

“Ok,” she said, smiling back at him, “I’m glad you like it when I talk dirty.”

“I love it,” he said, “now stick that ass out a little more. I’m almost inside...”

A few seconds passed as Carl began to work his cockhead between the folds of Lena’s tight, wet cunt. I had to imagine most of what was happening, because my position in the alcove didn’t afford much visibility on the scene. Still, I could tell that an undertaking of great effort was underway as both partners made sounds associated with exertion.

Then, finally, he was inside. I could tell because Lena reached a sudden and powerful climax.

“Oh God, oh God, OH GOD!!” she shrieked, her legs clenching together and then releasing as he began to fuck her.

“Damn,” she exclaimed, “I don’t believe it... I came already... and I’m going to... OH GOD!”

She reached her second orgasm in approximately two minutes as Carl began to establish a rhythm.

“It’s so fucking big,” she moaned, “I knew it would be good, but I didn’t realize exactly how good.”

“You white bitches never do,” laughed Carl, reaching forward and grabbing her hair with his free hand.

He continued to film her face in the mirror as he fucked her. I was looking forward to seeing the footage of my girlfriend climaxing

on this man's cock two times in the space of as many minutes. It was an incredible feat that I could never hope to match, and I knew deep down that her incredible pleasure was due at least as much to Carl's powerful demeanor and commanding presence as it was to his gigantic dick.

Though that didn't hurt, of course.

"Fuck, it's so much bigger than any guy I've ever been with," she groaned.

"That's it, slut," he muttered, "keep talking like that."

He reached down and spanked her a few more times, further tenderizing her already well-spanked ass.

"It's so much bigger than my boyfriend's," she groaned, "I'm never letting him near this pussy again."

"That's what I like to hear," he chuckled, throwing the phone to the side so that he could use both hands to control Lena's lithe body.

"This pussy is my property now."

"Yes, Sir. I want to call you 'Daddy' so bad..."

SMACK! SMACK!

"Not until I get that nut, you little whore," he growled, "you know the rules."

"I'm sorry," she moaned, "oh my GOD. I think I'm going to come AGAIN..."

I watched in disbelief as Lena reached yet another orgasm.

"Shit," moaned Carl, "you're squeezing my dick so good. I'm going to fill your tight little white pussy. Are you ready for my come?"

"Yes!" gasped Lena, "I need you to fill me so fucking bad."

"Good girl," he moaned, "here it comes. I'm going to claim that tight little cunt..."

The next few seconds were a whirr of animalistic grunts and moans as I watched Carl empty himself into my young, innocent-looking future wife. From where I sat, I had a perfect view of his

gigantic balls as the contracted several times in what I could tell was a powerful ejaculatory motion.

"It's...oh my God," moaned Lena, "there's so much. Oh fuck. There's so fucking much. I can tell even though it's all inside me..."

Carl gave a long sigh and then a hearty belly laugh.

"It's true," he said, "you coaxed quite a load out of me. Maybe even more than Monica and Ashley did the first time. I guess that makes you the winner out of all the women I've fucked at this hotel so far."

"You mean there will be more?"

"Quite possibly," he said, slowly pulling his entire length out of her.

There was a soft but audible "pop" noise when he had finally withdrawn himself completely. That's how tight the fit had been.

"The weather doesn't look like it'll be clearing up until tomorrow. Maybe then we can rebook your flights and you can all come and visit me in my beach house in Florida."

"Who?"

"Well," said Carl, "you and Monica and Ashley, for starters. But you can also bring your boyfriend if you want. He might get to watch if he's lucky, but I don't think I'll be letting him anywhere near your pussy."

"Whatever you say, Daddy," she said, looking up at him adoringly, "you know that you own my pussy now. I don't care who knows it."

"That's right you little slut," he said, "and speaking of that, didn't we want to show Mike once and for all whose property you are?"

"We do indeed," said Lena, "why don't you get that marker that you were talking about?"

"I thought you'd never ask," laughed Carl, standing and grabbing it from his briefcase.

He bent down and wrote something on Lena's chest, and they both laughed. From my position, I couldn't make out the words, but I did see him slap his cock across Lena's pretty face as he took a few more pictures of her.

"Clean off my cock with your tongue," he ordered, "then let's get some more pictures."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned.

Soon, she had him hard again. Because the couple had turned slightly, I now had an incredible view of my girlfriend on her knees, looking up in rapture as she pleasured Carl's humongous black cock. He took control for a while, slapping her in the face with the length of his erection, fucking her throat for a while, then finally announcing his intentions to coat her pretty face in his cum.

I'd never imagined that Lena would consent to such a degrading act. It was the kind of thing I'd only seen in porn, and the kind of thing I thought my sweet girlfriend would be disgusted by. Yet there she was, on her knees in front of him, begging him to cum all over her face.

"Do it, Daddy," she moaned, playing with her nipples, "mark me like the slut I am. Cum all over me then take pictures so my boyfriend knows what a whore he's dealing with."

"Oh yes, you little snowbunny slut," he groaned, "here I cum!"

I watched in awe as rope upon rope spurted from his cockhead and landed on my sweet girlfriend's forehead and face with a "plop." She giggled in delight as she was hosed down with his sperm. It seemed like she was genuinely enjoying her shower.

"Oh wow, Daddy," she moaned, "you still had a lot of cum left for me. I love how it feels to be coated by you."

"You look so good like that," he said, taking out his phone and snapping several pictures, "now I think it's time we finally showed some of these to Mike."

I was so aroused that I barely registered what was happening. I heard Lena tell Carl my phone number, then I heard my phone buzz. It was in my pocket, and it was still set to vibrate!

Carl looked up in my direction.

"I think Mike might already know quite a bit more than we realize," he chuckled, "it looks like he probably saw everything."

I looked down at my phone and opened the picture before I responded. There was Lena, smiling up at the camera with her face covered in cum. Finally, I could read what Carl had written on her chest.

"SLUT FOR BBC," it read, in large black letters.

"Mike's here?" asked Lena with concern.

"Just like we thought he would be when we left the door open," said Carl, "but I'm still surprised neither of us heard him come in. You can come out now, Mike!"

I walked sheepishly into the lighted part of the room.

Lena opened her eyes gingerly, the cum still coating her face.

"I guess we have some talking to do, don't we?" she asked, a bit sheepishly.

"I guess," I said, "but I think I've already heard everything I need to know."

There was a silence. Carl walked towards the bathroom.

"As an experienced corporate mediator, I think it's best if you two work this out on your own," he said, closing the door behind him.

Lena began to scoop Carl's cum from her face, slowly, thoughtfully pushing it onto her tongue and swallowing it. It was without a doubt the sluttiest thing I could have ever imagined her doing, and she didn't seem to be doing it for my benefit.

"So, I found the ring," she started, "and I guess things just got a little too real."

"What?"

I was shocked.

"It was an accident," she said, "stuff was so crazy after we got delayed. It just fell out of your suitcase when you were in the shower. I didn't mean to spoil the surprise."

“It doesn’t matter anyway,” I said, “I think a lot of other things have been spoiled in the meantime.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I guess I just started thinking about getting married to you. To only being with you and you alone for the rest of my life, and I got cold feet. So this is how I handled it. I’m really sorry, and I would understand if you never wanted to see me again. You’d be completely justified.”

Now it was my turn to think for a while.

“So you don’t want to get married?”

“I didn’t say that,” she said, taking my hand, “I just didn’t want to get married as your perfect, innocent girlfriend. That’s not me, as you now know very well. I wasn’t as inexperienced as I let on when we met, and I don’t think I can be with just you ever again. I need a man like Carl in my life. It’s just who I am. I need to be true to myself.”

“So you do want to get married?” I was a little puzzled now.

“Yes!” she said, “on one condition. That we have a cuckolding relationship. I want the ability to have multiple lovers whenever I want. I need to be dominated by a large-cocked, alpha male. And it seems like you’re ok with that. If you can live with those conditions, of course I’ll marry you!”

I thought for a while, then a huge smile broke out across my face.

“Of course I can,” I said, “I’d love nothing more than to become your cuckold officially. Let’s make it official down in Florida.”

“Florida? But what about the Bahamas?”

“I thought Carl invited us all down to his place. I’m looking forward to watching him keep you three ladies in line for a couple of weeks.”

She smiled.

“That’s right. I just didn’t know if you’d actually be up for that or not. But I think it’s a great idea.”

“I just can’t wait for the wedding night,” I said, “I’ll make sure to give you and Carl your privacy.”

“If you’re lucky, he might let you watch,” she teased, leaning in for a kiss, “I think this is going to be the start of a wonderful new stage in our relationship.”

“I think so, too,” I said, kissing her tenderly, “I think so too.”

THE END

LOSING NATALYA

Chapter 1: The Video

Natalya was too good for me. I always knew it somehow.

We'd met in college. I still remember the day that I saw her, walking across the quad, her blond hair shining in the sun like a beacon. Imagine my delight on that day when she stopped and asked me the way to the student center, the same place I happened to be going. I often wonder if she had picked another guy to ask that day, and not me, if she would be married to him instead.

Those first few months together were intoxicating. I'll never forget the first time we made love, in a sun-filled dorm room on a tiny mattress. It was an awkward location, but our bodies fit together perfectly. She was so beautiful as she looked me in the eye as I penetrated her for the first time, her face a perfect mixture of innocence, lust and devotion. Afterwards, she told me it had been her first time, and then I was free to admit that it had been my first time, too.

I'd never had any reason to look back on our college days of bliss with anything except for sweet nostalgia.

Unless one rainy day in November, about ten years after I graduated, when I received an e-mail with the subject line "Your Wife's Past," which contained nothing but a single link.

My first impulse was to erase it. I remember wondering how it had even gotten past my spam filter. The sender's name was "Vladimir Sichrowsky." I thought at first, of course, of some kind of scam involving my wife's relatives back in Ukraine. I knew that some of them were into some unsavory business. Natalya had hinted as much to me, but I had always been careful not to ask too many questions.

I was about to erase the email entirely until I saw the name of the link: "Her First Time with a Big One: Natalya."

At least the spammer/scammer had gotten her name right. And I have to admit that something about the obscene title also caught my fancy. I have to admit that I'd often wondered if my wife would have

preferred something a little bigger than my own meager endowment. Not that she'd ever complained about it. The few times that I'd brought it up with her, she'd always assured me that my size was perfect. And that was enough for me.

So I made sure my browser was in private mode, and I copy and pasted the link, which led to a porn site. At least I'd get to see a cute young woman introduced to a huge cock, even if it was a case of mistaken identity. At that point, I was positive it couldn't really be the same Natalya. She was simply too shy and wholesome for something like that. That was true even ten years after we met, but definitely would have been true when she was in college.

What I saw next changed my life forever. There, sitting on a black leather "casting couch," and wearing a cute white button-down shirt and tartan skirt, was my wife. She was ten years younger than she was now, but it was unmistakably her.

She smiled and looked directly into the camera as a man asked her questions from behind it.

"So," he said, "I'm here with Natalya. It's April 24," he paused for a moment, then said the year as well. I was shocked to realize the date was four months after we'd started dating. Right when we'd been in the throes of total bliss. Everything had seemed perfect back then. Why hadn't she told me about this?

A strange mixture of humiliation, lust and curiosity rose in my chest. I'd seen porn videos like this before, and I knew what was probably going to happen next: they'd conduct an interview with her, asking her all kinds of questions about her sex life. Then she'd probably get a very thorough and slightly humiliating fucking.

It was very difficult for me to imagine my sweet wife in this situation, especially as I'd known her so many years ago. I had a million questions: why had she done it? Had it been for the money, or had she enjoyed it, too? Why hadn't she ever told me about it?

It's funny, but my first reaction wasn't to be angry about her cheating, even if this video was the clearest evidence I could have gotten that she had betrayed me during our relationship, even if we weren't married yet.

I paused the video to think. What were the pros and cons of watching a video like this? It was so old at this point that I knew it would be easy to forgive her if she came clean with me and told me it had been a simple youthful mistake. It seemed so unlike her that it was improbable that she'd continued making videos like this up to the present day.

At the same time, the fact that it was so out of character made me all the more curious. What if the Natalya in the video was more real than the Natalya I was married to? And didn't I have a right and even a duty to know what kinds of videos of my wife were out there on the web for anyone to see?

I took a deep breath and stood up to lock my office door. I didn't want any interruptions for the next forty minutes.

"So, let's start with the basics. How old are you, and where are you from?" asked the interviewer in a friendly tone.

"Certainly. I'm 20 years old, and I'm originally from Ukraine, but I've been living in the United States since I was 15."

"So that's why you have that cute accent."

Natalya blushed. That was the shy girl I was used to.

"So, Natalya, you've seen the kinds of videos we make on this website, and you understand what you're getting yourself into, right?"

She nodded. I thought I could detect a hint of excitement in her eyes.

"Great. So normally we start with some questions about your sexual history. Let's start. How many guys have you slept with, not counting what's about to happen today?"

"Just one," she said, smiling.

I felt a weird sense of relief combined with a pervy interest in my wife's sexual past. I was relieved that she'd really only been with me, but I was also intrigued by what other facts this interview might dredge up. Of course, I considered the (very likely) possibility that the entire interview had been scripted by the producers of the video as a way to titillate their audience, but the fact that she had

answered truthfully (as far as I knew) to the first question made me think that there was a chance that she was answering honestly.

“Ok,” continued the interviewer, “just one guy. Is he your boyfriend?”

“Yes,” she giggled.

The giggle hurt me. I’m not going to lie. But at least she had admitted she was in a relationship with me.

“Would you say your boyfriend is big?”

She gave a look of confusion.

“Like, does he have a big cock?”

She blushed and smiled.

“It’s not so big,” she whispered.

I felt a wave of humiliation, but also arousal. What was happening to me? I considered stopping the video there, but I couldn’t tear myself away from the computer screen, and I had a huge erection (ok, according to Natalya, not so huge) tenting my pants.

“That’s too bad,” teased the interviewer, “is his the biggest you’ve ever seen? Ever fooled around with a bigger dick?”

My wife’s cute, innocent face filled the frame.

To my utter surprise, she slowly nodded.

The interviewer laughed.

“I knew it. We always get the slutty ones. Please tell us about the other, bigger cocks you’ve played around with. Were they before your boyfriend?”

She nodded.

At least there was that.

“The first was a guy I met in freshman biology,” she said, “we were study partners. He invited me to his place one night and we started fooling around, grinding on each other...”

It was very strange to hear my wife talk about making out with another guy what must have been just a few months before we met and fell madly in love. Even though the events she was describing were more than a decade in the past, this was still the first I'd heard of them.

"And I was very curious about what was in his pants," she said, "because it felt so big. And so we went into his bedroom, and he took it out, and asked if I wanted to play with it."

"Wow," said the interviewer, "you're a great storyteller. Please keep going."

Natalya blushed again and then smiled.

"I was just staring at it, thinking that it was like impossible to be this big," she continued in her slightly incorrect but adorable English, "and he told me to stroke it. So there I was, sitting next to him on his bed and stroking this huge cock for the first time."

"What did it feel like?"

"It was exciting and scary all at once."

"Did you fuck him?"

"No," she giggled, "I wanted to, but I was too scared. I was really wet. He ended up eating me out. I loved it, but I was still too afraid to let him anywhere near my pussy with that monster."

"How big would you say he was?"

"I think maybe 8"?" she said, "he was about as long and thick as my arm."

"Well, we've got one for you around that size today," he chuckled.

Natalya's face flushed and she giggled with delight.

"So did you make that big dick come?" asked the interviewer.

Part of me couldn't even believe that Natalya was letting a guy use this kind of language around her. She normally acted scandalized when she heard someone swear.

Acted.

I was beginning to realize that a lot of what I thought I knew about Natalya was probably acting. But who was the real Natalya? My sweet wife of nine years, or the slut on the video? Could they both be the real her?

Which one of them had I married?

"Mmm—hmm," she answered, giggling again, "he came a lot. Much more than I expected."

"How did it make you feel to see that much cum, and know that you caused it?"

"Surprised," she answered, "and proud as well. It was fun to know that I could have that kind of power."

"So was that the only time you fooled around with that guy?"

"No," she admitted sheepishly, "about a week later he invited me over again and I gave him a blowjob."

I paused the video, my emotions overwhelming me. My adrenaline was pumping. I needed a distraction. I needed to walk around for a while. I needed to do anything but face the reality that my marriage might have been a lie.

I started to think back to our conversations after we met. She had definitely told me that I was the first guy she'd fucked. But had she ever said that she'd never given a blowjob before? I couldn't say for certain that she had. I also hadn't exactly quizzed her on how many dicks she'd seen before mine. The fact that she'd been a virgin had been enough for me.

I pressed play again.

"How was the blowjob," asked the interviewer.

My wife's face lit up.

"Really fun," she said, "I love a challenge. My lips were swollen and my throat was sore the next day."

"So you deepthroated him?"

"Mmm—hmm. I didn't even really know what that meant. He just kept asking me to take it deeper. And he said he didn't mind if I

choked on it. So I did. And eventually I was able to take the whole thing.”

“It’s hard to believe that a little thing like you could ever take a big cock that deep. But you’re going to do it for us in a moment, aren’t you?”

She nodded.

“I’ve got one more question before we get started. How did you get over your fear of big cocks and agree to do this video? If your boyfriend is so small, what makes you think you can take my monster?”

She giggled.

“Because I’ve been practicing a lot. With a toy.”

“That’s very naughty, young lady. You look like such a sweet, innocent girl.”

“Sometimes appearances can be deceiving,” she said, reaching into a bag next to the couch.

Indeed. Deceiving even to those closest to you, I thought.

I watched as my wife, giggling, produced a large, anatomically correct hot-pink cock. It was gigantic. It seemed to be half the size of my own.

“Wow,” said the interviewer, echoing my own thoughts, “that actually fits inside a girl your size?”

“Mm hmm,” grinned Natalya, “but like I said, it took a lot of practice.”

“I bet. Are you going to demonstrate for us?”

“Mmhmm.”

Natalya licked the dildo, looking into the camera suggestively.

I closed the video window. I couldn’t take it anymore. I felt incredibly aroused, humiliated and betrayed, and even more humiliated at the fact of my arousal.

To make matters worse, I had a raging hardon, and I knew I wasn’t going to be able to think straight until I took care of myself.

Unzipped my pants and did something I'd never done before: I masturbated in my office, thinking of my cute innocent wife, ten years younger than she was now, taking a gigantic cock. I couldn't help it. I knew I wanted to see her do it, even if the unbearable weight of the revelation and its significance for our relationship oppressed me.

As I stroked myself, I imagined her on her knees, deepthroating first the huge pink dildo, then the cameraman's large, veiny prick.

Reaching my own climax, I imagined her smiling up at the cameraman with her eyes tightly shut, begging for him to coat her face with his warm, sticky come. It was such an unbelievably slutty and humiliating prospect, it didn't seem possible. But it most likely was, and it was so arousing that I had a tremendous orgasm, which I caught with a handful of kleenex.

My mind cleared, I knew what I had to do. I had to confront Natalya and let her know that I knew the truth, no matter what the consequences might be.

I briefly considered erasing the e-mail with the link, then I thought better of it and downloaded the video to my computer. I didn't know if I'd ever have the heart to watch the whole thing, but I wanted the option anyway.

Chapter 2: Surprises

Natalya wasn't home when I came through the door from the garage into the kitchen. The entire familiar environment had been rendered strange by what I had seen on the video. I felt as if I were in an alternate universe, a kind of fever dream of my real life.

I raced up into our bedroom and into Natalya's walk-in closet, looking for something that would confirm or deny what I already knew to be true.

I'd never been one to snoop in my wife's private things. I let her have her life and I had mine. But I'd also never had a reason to be suspicious of her.

I reached up into the top of her closet and pulled down a shoebox. I opened it up, and, much to my surprise, there was the large, hot-pink, anatomically correct dildo that I'd seen in the video.

I held the box in my hands for a moment, then took the dildo out, tossing the shoebox on the closet floor.

What did it mean that she had kept it for so long, if it even was the same one? It seemed to be in perfect condition.

I was turning it over in my hand, examining it, when I heard the door to our bedroom open and Natalya walk in.

I was busted.

"Find something interesting?" she asked me with a smirk, folding her hands across her chest like an elementary school teacher who had caught a naughty student.

"Natalya," I started, "I think you're the one who owes me an explanation."

"Oh really?"

Her bright blue eyes were piercing.

"I...someone sent me a link today."

"Ok, what does your e-mail or whatever have to do with me?"

"To a video..."

She smiled broadly.

“Tell me what was on the video, honey.”

“You were.”

“What was I doing?”

I’d never seen her like this before. Her sweet exterior had melted away, but there was somehow still a solid, icy core behind it. Icy but beautiful.

“You were using this,” I said, my hands trembling as I brandished the dildo.

“How did you feel about that, honey? Tell me the truth. Did it make your little dick hard?”

I cringed internally when she called my dick “little,” but I knew it was the truth.

“Natalya, I...,” I stuttered, “I couldn’t even finish it...”

“You couldn’t? That’s too bad,” she said, grabbing my hand and pulling me out of the closet, “I know you’d love it if you did. I know you’d love nothing more than watching your sweet petite wife taking a cock the size of her arm. Wouldn’t you?”

She was holding my arm now, standing beside our bed.

I was dumbstruck. I’d never experienced her acting this way.

“Don’t act so surprised, honey. I’ve watched a few videos of my own recently.”

“What are you talking about? Natalya...”

She patted the bed and then picked up the remote control for the big TV mounted on the wall.

“Let’s take a look at your internet history, honey.”

Fuck. Somehow throughout all of this, I had failed to even consider that she’d somehow discovered my porn habits. I was so used to compartmentalizing this side of my life that it had never occurred to me that it had any kind of connection to what I’d seen on the video.

But of course it did.

“Let’s see,” she said, navigating to the built-in browser, “cuckold size queens, Russian size queens, cheating Ukrainian wives.”

I was silent. I had no defense.

“You search for those things, and then you get upset when you discover that your Russian-speaking Ukrainian wife is secretly a size queen?”

“It’s not that I’m upset...”

“Bullshit,” she said in her adorable accent, “you’re upset that I know your secret now. But you know what? I’m tired of secrets. I’m tired of you keeping them from me, and I’m tired of keeping them from you, too. It’s time we put the cards on a table.”

Normally I would have smiled at her slightly incorrect version of that idiom, but this was too serious.

“Ok,” I said, “what’s your secret.”

“You know part of it already.”

“What else is there to know?”

“Let’s finish the video and find out. Take out your cock, honey.”

I gulped, my heart pounding as I took down my pants and underwear. Natalya remained fully clothed.

My cock hardened as Natalya’s smiling image appeared on our television in high definition.

“Where did you stop?”

“I think right after you were about to use the dildo,” I muttered.

She smiled.

“Oh, you’re going to learn a lot about your wife today,” she said, fast-forwarding a few minutes.

“Don’t you dare touch your dick without my permission,” she said, glaring at me.

I couldn’t believe this. Her dominant behavior was like a dream come true for me.

She smiled as she watched her younger image on screen as she lay back on the couch, flipping up her tartan skirt and pushing her panties to the side to expose her already-wet pussy. It was so small and tight-looking it seemed impossible that she'd ever be able to fit the dildo inside it.

"You've got a very cute pussy," said the cameraman.

"Don't you agree, honey?" asked Natalya, "don't you want to see your young wife get her tight little pussy destroyed with that dildo? Or do you want to skip straight to the fucking?"

My cock stood fully erect now, pathetically small compared to the fake pink phallus on the screen. I watched as she forced the tip between her tight pink pussy lips.

Natalya, (the real one, not the one on screen) reached out and touched my cock, smearing the precum over my head and slowly jerking me.

"Fuck," I panted, "that feels so good."

"You like that, you little cuck? You like watching videos of women cheating on their boyfriends, huh? What if that woman was me and the boyfriend was you?"

I groaned in response.

"You love watching your young girlfriend fucking herself for a strange man with a big fat dildo, don't you, honey? You don't need to answer. The fact that your cock is so hard gives me the only answer I need."

My eyes were glued to the screen as the younger version of my wife slowly began to fuck herself with the dildo, her eyes closed in concentration and her bottom lip under her top front teeth. She made the most adorable sounds as she penetrated herself with the first fourth of the cock.

"You look like a total slut doing that," remarked the cameraman, "do you feel like a slut?"

"Yes, Sir," she moaned.

“Do you want to taste a real big cock while you fuck yourself with that fake one?”

“Yes, please, Sir. Please let me suck on your big cock,” she moaned, pushing the dildo a bit deeper with each stroke.

It was an incredible sight to see.

Suddenly, the cameraman’s cock entered the frame. Even half-hard, it clearly dwarfed mine.

“Fuck,” said the real Natalya, “I never get tired of seeing a real prick.”

I didn’t have the nerve to ask her then how many “real” pricks she’d already seen in the course of our relationship.

I watched as the Natalya onscreen smiled in pleasant surprise at the size of the rapidly hardening cock that had been presented her.

“Is this about the size of that guy you jerked off?”

She reached up and compared the cock to her forearm with her free hand.

“Maybe a little bigger? It’s so nice and thick.”

“Do you like it that way?”

“I think I do,” she smirked.

“Why don’t you put down that dildo for now.”

Natalya on the video put the dildo to the side and then, to my surprise, dropped her hands to her side submissively and opened her mouth wide.

“You’re with the program, aren’t you?”

“I’ve watched your videos before. I know that you like to face-fuck girls. So here I am.”

“You’ve never been facefucked before, have you?”

“Ha, no.”

God the tension was unbearable. Natalya’s hand was poised on my prick, slowly stroking it. I would have begged for relief in that

moment, if I hadn't been so captivated by the moving image of my wife doing her best to accommodate the cameraman's gigantic cock as he pushed into her throat. The sounds of slurping filled the room.

"God, I love a guy who really makes me work for it," said Natalya, watching the screen with interest, "I'd love to find a guy like that again. And I bet you'd like me to find that too, wouldn't you?"

I couldn't answer. I watched as the girl who I thought had been the picture of sexual innocence and purity took the largest cock I'd ever seen so deep in her throat that her eyes watered. Throughout it all, she maintained perfect eye contact with the camera, as if she'd been a born porn star.

Who had I married? I couldn't believe my good fortune. I'd always fantasized about being cuckolded, and here it was, really happening!

Well, sort of...

After a few more minutes of face-fucking, Natalya looked up at the camera and said something that surprised me even after everything else I'd already heard:

"Please break in my pussy with that huge cock, Sir."

The man handed off the camera to someone else and then gestured for Natalya to turn around.

"Let's see that cute little ass, slut," he growled, flipping up her skirt.

She wiggled her ass, looking back over her shoulder at him.

He smacked her backside hard, and Natalya shrieked playfully.

"I love to be spanked by a real man," sighed my wife, staring at her image on the screen, "not that you'd know that. You've never wanted to do anything remotely rough."

I wanted to tell her that I'd spank her if she wanted, but I knew she was right: I wasn't the kind of guy who could really spank a girl in the bedroom. At least not convincingly.

I watched as she squealed in delight as the guy in the video turned her young ass bright red.

“You’re a naughty little slut, aren’t you?” he laughed.

Natalya, still stroking my cock in a painfully gentle manner, laughed as well.

“God I’d love to find a man who could do that to me well. I bet you would too, wouldn’t you, cuck?”

I didn’t answer, I only nodded. I was so close to orgasm I could barely stand it, and the man on the video hadn’t even penetrated my wife yet.

“I don’t know if you deserve to see the rest of the video,” she taunted me, “maybe if you beg me. Do you really want to see it?”

I nodded vigorously.

“Then say it.”

“I want to see it.”

“Tell me you want to see your cute young wife fucked by a real man.”

I blushed in shame. She knew exactly what I wanted, and that made this feeling amazing.

“I want to watch my cute young wife get fucked by a real man,” I murmured.

In exactly that moment, I groaned and shot my load all over her hand. I simply couldn’t take it anymore.

“Bad boy!” she scolded, “you don’t get to see the rest of the video now.”

Of course, I knew that I had the video saved on my computer and could watch it anytime I wanted to, but her admonishment stung nonetheless.

“Let’s be clear about something,” she said, throwing me a box of tissues with a laugh, “I’m the one who sent you that video, ok?”

For some reason, it had never occurred to me that my sweet wife herself could have been the one to disrupt my life so completely, but it made total sense.

“But why?” was all I managed to get out, dabbing at my stomach and cock with the tissues.

“Because I’m sick of it, honey. I’m sick of our boring sex life. I’m sick of the same routine, and most of all,” her eyes came to rest on my rapidly shrinking member, “I’m sick of that thing. It’s so small. All I can think about is how good it felt to be filled with a real cock for once. I made that video years ago, but I’ve been faithful to you ever since. And I can’t take it anymore.”

I was speechless. What could I say to a revelation like this one?

“So let’s get something straight. I’m going to do whatever I want, sexually speaking, from now on. And if you’re lucky, you’ll get to watch sometimes. Understand?”

“Yes,” I murmured.

“Good,” she said, “I have a date.”

She threw the remote control on my lap.

“Go ahead and watch the rest if you want. You’ll have an idea about what’s going to happen to me while I’m gone tonight...”

I’m ashamed to say that that’s exactly what I did. As soon as I heard her car leave the garage, I didn’t stop to think about what my wife might have been doing or where she might have been going, I just started the video again.

I watched as the man began to work his huge prick into my tiny wife. I listened to her moan in delight as he slowly slid it inside her, a little further each time. She was wet — you could see that clearly on the video — but he was so girthy that it seemed an impossible task to fit him inside her. It was clear that she loved the challenge, however.

Soon, he was buried balls-deep in my college-aged wife, and grabbed her hands with both hips as he started pounding. I had never been able to stay inside her during doggystyle, and now I understood why. He was at least twice as long as I was, so there was no danger of him slipping out like I tended to when fucking me wife.

“Take this huge cock you little whore,” he growled, “you love this dick, don’t you? Just admit it. Go ahead.”

“I love your cock,” she groaned.

I knew my wife. Even if she’d lied to me about a few things, I was still sure of that. And based on what I knew of my wife, this was no lie. She really did love his cock. So much so, in fact, that ten years after being fucked with it she was out on the prowl looking for more.

After fifteen minutes of vigorous fucking in several positions that had never occurred to me as possibilities, the man on the screen deposited a huge load of sperm into my young wife’s pussy, letting it slowly leak out on camera.

It was only after I shot my own load as well that I remembered that she hadn’t gone on the pill until more than two years after the video had been shot. I had just watched my wife take a huge load in her unprotected pussy.

I had another mess to clean up now, and a lot of thinking to do.

Chapter 3: Watching and Waiting

That night Natayla appeared in the bedroom around midnight, her hair mused and her makeup ruined. She quickly slipped off her dress and flopped onto the bed beside me, sighing in satisfaction.

“His name is Mike. He’s tall, dark, handsome and hung. I think I’m in love with his cock, honey.”

I made a sort of groan. After all, she’d just woken me up.

“I still love you of course, honey. Nothing will change that, no matter how many other dicks I suck and fuck. You’re my husband. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Uh–huh.”

“Good,” she said, reaching down and grabbing my rock–hard dick, “now let me tell you exactly what he did to me...”

Over the next few minutes as she stroked me, I realized what a remarkable woman my wife was. Seething with hidden passions and desires, she had led the repressed life of a boring housewife, all the while longing to live out her wild fantasies with a big–cocked man. Then, a few weeks ago, when she could barely stand it anymore, she had happened upon the web history in my browser and discovered that I was watching cuckold porn.

I didn’t deny it. She had discovered exactly what I liked.

She told me how that night she had met up with a man she’d been talking to on tinder, a younger guy who was still in college, but who had an enormous endowment. She’d met him at a bar downtown and demanded that he fuck her silly in the restroom. He’d taken her into a handicapped stall and bent her over the toilet, giving her three orgasms in the space of as many minutes as he pulled her hair and spanked her ass. He finished inside her and she cleaned him off with her mouth before coming back home to me.

“It was great, honey. But it wasn’t enough. I need your permission — your blessing, actually — to be with as many big–

cocked guys as I need to be with. You'll say it's ok, won't you? You'll give me permission to fuck real men?"

She began to stroke my cock harder and faster.

"Tell me I can fuck real men, and I'll let you come," she teased.

"You... can..." I panted, imagining the horsecocked college guy railing my wife in the bathroom, "fuck..."

She pulled her hand away.

"Say it, honey."

"You can fuck real men," I blurted, ready to say anything just to come.

"Good cuck," she laughed, "now come for me. You're never going to come inside this pussy ever again, so get used to handjobs when you're lucky."

Those words pushed me over the edge. My cuckold dreams had come true. I shot a huge load all over my chest and stomach as she aimed my shaft downwards.

"Good cuck," she said, "now go clean up."

A few days passed and we lived our normal routines as if nothing had happened between us. Of course, we didn't have sex, but that wasn't so unusual either. Then came Wednesday night, which was typically designated as "date night." Usually, we'd trade off picking a restaurant or an activity. This week, it was Natalya's turn.

"So where do you want to go tonight?" I asked her innocently that morning.

"Hmm, I think Marc wants to try this new Asian fusion place downtown."

"Who's Marc?"

"My new boss! I thought I told you about him."

"What does he have to do with our date night?"

She smiled at me, patting my shoulder condescendingly.

"It's not our date night anymore," she laughed, "it's my night to do whatever I want. And fucking Marc might even help my career. But I'm not doing it for that reason. I'm doing it for us, honey."

"For us?"

"Yeah. I know this is your biggest fantasy. Just admit it already. And I'm going to take it even farther tonight."

"What does that mean?"

"I guess you'll have to wait and find out. If my guess is correct, Marc and I should be back here by 10:30 to give you the show you've been craving. You're only going to be allowed to watch, of course."

My mind was reeling with dozens of questions, but I could tell that my ice-cold Ukrainian wife was in no mood to answer them. She simply smiled at me and patted me on the cheek.

"Be a good little cuck and wait in the armchair in the living room tonight and you might get to see exactly how I need to be treated. You might see a real man use your wife in a way that you'll never be allowed to again. And wouldn't be physically capable of even if you were allowed."

She punctuated her final remark with a laugh and a quick glance down at my crotch. It was so humiliating, and I loved it.

"Thank you," I mumbled, "I'll wait up after work."

The day seemed to drag on. I didn't hear anything from Natalya while I was at work, which wasn't totally out of the ordinary. But of course I had thousands of scenarios playing in my mind. It was impossible to concentrate at the office because my cock was constantly hard at the thought of my wife being pleased by well-endowed men.

The fact that Marc was her boss made it all so much more deliciously humiliating. I remembered meeting him at one of her work parties. He was 6'3" or 6'4", an absolute giant of an ex-army officer

who'd started a successful business and still found time to work out four days a week. A few years older than me, in his mid-40s, he had remained unmarried and was a legendary womanizer. He was superior to me in every way, and now he was going to fuck my wife.

While I watched.

It was a huge struggle not to masturbate at the office, but luckily there was enough to do that I stayed sufficiently busy for the urgency not to become unbearable.

As soon as 5:00 rolled around, I went straight to the gym and did a full cardio workout, followed by weights. Normally I would have divided this workout into two days, but I had so much nervous energy I had to get it all out of my system before I headed home. Besides, it was a long time until Marc and Natalya would be done with their date and the show would begin. Just as I was leaving the gym and walking to my car, I got a text message.

Hi, this is Marc, your wife's boss and new Bull.

My heart pounded. This was an unexpected twist.

I want you to know that everything that you're going to see tonight is something that Natalya wants desperately. She's been telling me about her needs, and how you can't fulfill them, for months now. We've worked out the ground rules and established safewords. She is in complete control of everything that happens, and can stop me anytime. Do you understand?

Yes, I wrote back.

Yes, Sir, he responded, you're going to refer to me as "Sir" from now on, and she will call me "Daddy." This is her choice. Understand?

Yes Sir, I responded quickly, I understand.

Good cuck, he wrote back, see you around 10:30.

I don't know how I managed to pass the time. I cleaned and vacuumed the living room and bedroom, a weird sense of humiliation filling me as I realized that I was tidying up so that another man

could fuck my wife in my house. Still, I had a sense of pride, and I wanted Marc to see our home at its best, even if he was going to invade it in the most spectacular way. I scrubbed down the fixtures in both bathrooms and I even mopped the kitchen and bathroom floors. The place was sparkling. I was thinking about whether or not to put out refreshments when suddenly I heard my phone buzz. It was Marc.

A preview of coming attractions, he wrote.

A photo was attached. My heart pounded as I waited for the file to open.

It was Natalya, smiling at the camera as she held the largest cock I had ever seen up to her face. She was wearing the black dress that she'd put on when she went to work this morning, so the picture appeared to be recent. She was kneeling on the floor of what seemed to be a restroom, and one not nearly as clean as the floors in our house were now, thanks to my hours of manic cleaning.

Did you get the picture that Daddy sent? See you in a few minutes, honey!, Natalya wrote.

I looked at my watch. It was only 9:00pm. They were ahead of schedule. But at least the waiting was over.

Chapter 4: Long, hard truths

I was sitting in the living room armchair five minutes later with the lights out, just as instructed, when I heard voices on the doorstep. It was clearly Natalya's giggle that rang out in the night air as her lower-voiced male companion said something that I couldn't understand.

Then I heard a key turn in the lock.

They walked into the foyer, and I caught a glimpse of Natalya's purse as she swung it towards a hook on the wall. Then I saw her start to slip out of her pumps, but then stop as Marc grabbed her wrist.

"No," he said authoritatively, "I want you to keep them on."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned submissively.

I had never heard that tone in her voice. Well, almost never. The last time I'd heard it was on the video that she'd made as a coed.

"Let's see if your sorry excuse for a husband is where he's supposed to be," laughed Marc, stepping into my living room as if he owned the place.

"There he is," said Natalya, "ready to see his wife get the fucking she's been craving for a long long time."

"Good," he said, "now forget about him. This is all about you. About us."

"Yes, Daddy," she whispered breathlessly.

In that moment, I would have given anything to have been able to get her to say that same thing in that same tone of voice to me. But I knew that was never going to happen.

I was losing Natalya right before my eyes. Perhaps I'd already lost her.

The two of them shared a series of long, hungry kisses. I couldn't see everything from where I sat, but I could hear the interplay of their lips and the low, soft moans that Natalya made.

Then he was leading her by the hand into the living room, where he sat on the couch and then pulled her unceremoniously over his lap, hiking up her dress in the process and exposing the lacy white thong she was wearing underneath.

“Time for me to show you what a spanking can really feel like,” he said as she kicked her legs in surprise, “you do want to be spanked, don’t you, slut?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, clearly trying to rub her pussy into his leg.

She was like a bitch in heat. So horny for him already, and they’d barely kissed.

For the next twenty or thirty minutes, I witnessed an absolutely amazingly erotic sight. Marc started to spank my wife, slowly at first, just giving her small pats on the ass followed by kisses and caresses, then building in intensity as he began to give her a sharper slap here and there. Then he would back off again, massaging her buttocks and slipping a finger into her dripping slit.

After the first ten minutes, he finally took down her panties, placing them on the table nearby.

“You look so good like this, Natalya,” he said, smiling, “like such a perfect little cheating slut. You love being spanked like this, don’t you?”

“Fuck,” she moaned, “I had no idea I’d love it this much. You’re driving me crazy.”

He began to spank her a bit harder now, never establishing a rhythm, letting her guess where each blow would fall. I watched her face, flushed in pleasure and anticipation. She bit her lip as she awaited the next sweet blow of his open hand.

Finally, almost unnoticeably, he transitioned from the softer, arrhythmic spans to a series of sharp, harder and rhythmic blows. The slapping echoed through the house, as did Natalya’s shrieks of pleasure.

“You love this, don’t you, slut?” he growled, “you love being spanked by a real man.”

“Yes, please put me in my place, Daddy!” she moaned, whimpering in pleasure with each smack.

Her sexual arousal was unmistakable. It was clear she was going to reach climax soon, merely from being spanked by her alpha male boss.

Marc clearly understood this as well as I did.

“If I let you come,” he teased, “are you going to be a good girl?”

“Yes,” she moaned, “I promise to do anything you want. Anything.”

“Do you promise to look your husband in the eyes while I fuck you?”

“Yes. I want to. I want you to show him how a real man fucks a woman, and I want him to see it.”

I was rock hard now, and I simply had to unzip my pants. I couldn't help it.

“It looks like he's taking out his little dick now,” she said.

I winced a bit at the humiliation, but I was too excited to say anything. I couldn't wait to see my wife get the fucking of her life from her dominant boss.

Marc merely looked over at me and smiled as he saw my cock.

“It's no wonder you're looking for something better,” he said to Natalya, massaging her sore ass, “there's no way you can feel that little thing.”

“I know,” she moaned, still on the edge of orgasm, wiggling her ass and trying to push it back against his hand, “I just can't wait to feel you inside me. I need to be fucked by a real cock so, so bad!”

He slapped her ass twice more.

“First come for me, slut. Show your husband how a real man doesn't even have to fuck a woman to make her come.”

“Yes, Daddy!” she moaned, her ass arching in the air as his dexterous fingers coaxed an orgasm from her sopping wet pussy.

“FUUUUCK!”

I couldn't help it. Watching my wife reach such a tremendous orgasm caused me to climax myself. I shot several spurts of come onto my hands and the carpet, a bit embarrassed that I hadn't lasted longer. Not that I was really included in what was happening anyway. It certainly wouldn't have mattered how long it took me to shoot my load.

Still, I hoped they wouldn't notice. Unfortunately, Marc certainly did.

"Looks like the cuck couldn't control himself," he laughed, "can't say I'm surprised. Small-dicked guys often have problems with staying power."

Natalya was coming down a bit from her orgasmic bliss enough to smile at him and nod her head slightly. She was still ignoring me almost completely. She looked back at him over her shoulder and asked submissively if she could please feel his cock inside her now?

"Not in your pussy. Not just yet," he grinned, "I want you to show your husband how a woman sucks a cock that she truly loves."

Love. That word hurt, I have to admit, even if he had been the one to use it, not her. I had to grapple with the fact that it might be true, and that even if she loved me as a husband, she might love this man's cock just as intensely. There was nothing I could do about it. No way to compete. All there was to do was watch him have his way with my all-too-willing wife.

"Yes, Daddy," she panted, climbing off his lap and onto the floor, "I just want to make you feel good."

I watched as my wife of over a decade began to make love to another man's cock with her mouth. "Love" really was the word for it, too. She seemed to devote herself completely to pleasing every inch of his manhood. She started by looking up at him in devotion while licking a single drop of precum from his circumcised head. Then she began to swirl her tongue around the tip, slowly taking him deeper and deeper, until finally she was swallowing the first third of his massive dick. The entire time she did this, she maintained her gaze pointed upward in devotion to her lover. She was completely absorbed, completely his.

He held handfuls of her hair in his hands, running his fingers through it affectionately as she pleased him.

I was getting hard again, but I was also covered in my own semen, so I decided to take a break and clean myself off.

“He’s gone now,” I heard Marc say as I went into the bathroom.

I waited a while before I came out. I wanted to give the two lovers a little more time alone. When I finally emerged about ten minutes later, I was surprised to find the living room empty. It didn’t take a genius, however, to figure out that my wife and her lover were still in the house, and where they were.

The first thing I heard was Natalya, moaning “Daddy,” softly, clearly in the throes of sexual pleasure. The next thing I heard was the creaking of a bed upstairs. Our marriage bed, to be precise.

It only made sense. He wanted to fuck my wife in the bed we shared. It was the ultimate humiliation, but also the ultimate turn-on. I slowly crept up the staircase, hoping that I would be able to see them in the act.

I was pleased to discover that they had left the door to the bedroom open several inches, so it was easy for me to see directly inside.

What I saw was nothing short of awe-inspiring. I knew in that moment viscerally what I had previously understood only intellectually: there was absolutely no way for me to compete with a man as hung as this. Not when it came to the affections of a woman like Natalya. The fact that she was my wife almost didn’t make a difference. She was first and foremost a woman. And not just any kind of woman. She was a particular kind of woman.

A size queen.

I realized this when I saw them on the bed. She was riding his cock slowly, sensually. Her eyes were closed and she was biting her lip as she propelled herself up and down on his shaft. He held her hips in place, guiding her as she rode him. Her ass was still a burning red color from the spanking he’d given her before, but it was clear that she was the one in control now, even if he reached up and

spanked her every once and a while, encouraging her to be “a good little slut” as she rode his cock.

“Tell me how much you love this dick,” he growled.

“I love it,” she moaned, grabbing onto his torso as she began to ride him faster, “I’ve been waiting years to feel a cock like this again. It’s so much better than my husband’s.”

I cringed when I heard that, because her enjoyment of my rival’s over-sized member was manifestly obvious. This wasn’t some kind of show she was putting on. She really believed it.

And it wasn’t hard to see why. From where I was standing in the doorway, I had a perfect view of the way his massive member split her pussy with each stroke. There was no doubt that she felt every single millimeter of his thick cock in a way that I could never match.

“I’ve been waiting so long to feel this again,” she groaned, “to feel completely filled. To feel like a real woman again...”

“I know, you little slut,” he laughed, slapping her ass, “how long has it been since you’ve had a real cock?”

“About ten years,” she moaned.

At least there was that. She hadn’t cheated on me since the time that was captured on video. That was little comfort, of course. But it was something.

“We’ve got to make up for lost time,” he said, slapping her ass, “so you better ride that cock until you come for me.”

“Yes,” she moaned, “I’m so close. Keep spanking me. I’m going to come on your big fucking cock.”

I had my own, completely unimpressive cock out now. I was a bit ashamed to be jerking it again while my wife was proving that I was totally unable to satisfy her, but the sight before me was so erotic that I simply couldn’t help it.

“Yes, Daddy...” she moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head as she concentrated on the sensation of his prick filling her so totally that she moaned each time he bottomed out again.

“I’m so close...”

I was close again, too, standing out in the hallway with my dick in my hands, watching my wife (if I could even call her that anymore) being pleased in a completely profound way.

“Yes!”

I watched as Natalya’s hips bucked uncontrollably as her mouth opened in ecstasy as she climaxed on her lover’s superior cock.

“Good girl,” he said, encouraging her, “You look so good when you come. I bet your husband’s never seen you like this before.”

It took her several seconds before she was able to answer.

“No,” she gasped, “he’s never made me feel like that. He couldn’t...”

“Aw,” said Marc, “why not?”

“I think that’s obvious,” she laughed, “I mean, just look at him.”

She gestured in my direction. They had known I was there the whole time! I blushed instinctively as I felt her lover’s gaze on my diminutive member. I realized that they could see me clearly by looking in the large bedroom mirror on the wall opposite to the door.

“Yeah,” said Marc, as if a bit bored, “I see him. Maybe it’s time I showed him how a real man fucks a woman. What do you think?”

“I think my little cuck husband would love it,” she smiled.

He rolled off the bed and walked around behind her, turning her so she faced the mirror. I could now see both ends of my wife: her pussy and ass, which she presented for her lover’s pleasure, and her eyes, which connected with my own through the mirror as he penetrated her form behind, grabbing her hair in one hand as he guided himself with the other.

“Oh fuck,” she moaned, “I’ll never get tired of feeling that big fucking prick slide into me like that.”

“You never have to settled for a small dick again,” he growled, beginning to fuck her hard.

“Oh...yes...,” she moaned, breathless already from the pace of his strokes, “I never want to let him near my pussy again, Daddy.”

"It's my property now, isn't it, you little slut?"

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned.

Then, looking me in the eye, she added, "I'm sorry, honey. You can't compete with this dick. My pussy belongs to him now."

I nodded slowly, resigned to the situation. What else could I do.

"There's something else," she moaned, "something I have to tell both of you."

"You'd better tell us, then," growled Marc, slapping her ass.

"I stopped my birth control," she gasped, "I had my IUD removed last month."

I did a mental calculation in my head. When had we last had sex? And, more importantly, when had I last come inside her?

I decided it had been more than a month. Much more.

"I want Marc to knock me up," she moaned, "I want him to claim me totally. Do you understand, honey? You're such a fucking loser that your wife is going to let herself get knocked up by another man while you sit there and watch it. And you love it, too, don't you? You wouldn't stop this if you could."

I had to admit it to myself, even if I was too embarrassed to say it aloud: she was right. I wouldn't have stopped it for anything. I loved watching my sweet, formerly innocent wife take a big cock, and I was suddenly very grateful that she'd done that porn video as a young woman. Now her enjoyment of big dicks would be available for me to watch at any time, regardless of what happened in our relationship. While I would have been happy to stay on as her cuck and watch her take big cocks for the rest of our lives, it was clear that that particular situation wasn't mine to make.

"Fuck yes, you little slut," moaned Marc, "I can't wait to claim this tight little pussy with my seed. You know that I love fucking married sluts like you. You're going to be the third pussy that I've broken in this month, and it's only the 4th."

It was somehow even more humiliating, knowing that he fucked so many married women he had a different one practically every

night. My wife was just another conquest for this alpha male.

If this fact bothered Natalya, she didn't show it. On the contrary, her moans and cries got even more intense as he pummeled her tight pussy from behind.

"God, fuck yes," she groaned, "take that pussy like a real man. I want you to conquer me. Destroy my pussy and fill me with your sperm. Ruin me for my husband — or any other man."

I'd never heard her wax so poetic about anything. Certainly not about sex.

"God yes, Marc," she panted, "I've wanted this so bad, for so long. I've wanted nothing more than to submit to you totally. You and your big fucking cock. I'm a size queen, and I always have been. It just took you to make me remember it."

He slapped her ass hard with his open hand.

"Marc?" he laughed, "what are you supposed to call me?"

"Daddy!" she corrected herself.

"Good girl," he said, "now I'm going to shoot my load inside you and hopefully earn that nickname by knocking you up."

"Yes, please," she groaned, "knock me up. Shoot a baby inside me. I need your cum so fucking bad."

He grabbed her hips with both hands as he emitted a primal yell, holding himself inside her as he pumped her full of his seed.

The look of absolute contentment on my wife's face as I stared at her in the mirror told me everything I needed to know. It was over. I'd lost Natalya forever.

The next few months bore out this premonition. Almost, that is. That night after Marc had left, Natalya and I had a long talk and were completely honest with each other. More honest than we'd ever been before over the years that we'd known each other. I was honest with her about my wish to stay married to her and watch her fuck well-hung men. She was honest with me about her need for cocks (and especially cum) from large-dicked studs. It was her biological

imperative, she explained, to seek out and reproduce with the most well-endowed guys. And she wasn't going to let me get in her way.

I wouldn't have dreamed of it.

Now, she's three months pregnant. We're not sure who the father is — it could be Marc, or Jason, or Christopher — but one thing's for sure. It's definitely not mine.

And I'm ok with that. I'm ok with a lot of things I never thought I would be. I love being married to Natalya, and I know I'm going to love raising her child with her. She says that if I keep following the rules, I'll be allowed to watch her get fucked again sometime. But until then, I have the video that she sent me that day several months ago to remind me. Remind me of how much my life has changed, and how much I've enjoyed the process of losing her and becoming a cuck.

THE END

LOSING EMMA

Chapter 1

Emma wasn't exactly a prude, but she certainly wasn't very sexually adventurous when we first met. She'd had a strict religious upbringing, so it was hard to even get her to try anything but the missionary position with the lights out right after we were married. After a couple of years, though, she was willing to experiment a little more. She would sometimes give me a blowjob, and once in a great while she would agree to be on top. She didn't like being the one in control. She wouldn't necessarily have described herself as "submissive" back then, but that's exactly what she was. And I was perfectly ok with it. Even though I'm far from the stereotypical "alpha male" myself, I still didn't mind being the dominant partner in our sex life.

Besides, I had to count myself lucky: Emma was a stunning woman who took great care of herself. What more could a husband ask for?

Still, I longed to see just how submissive Emma could become with the right partner. I could sense that there was some part of her that was still holding back. Maybe because she didn't want her loving husband to think of her as a "slut," or maybe there was some other reason.

If you'd told me six months ago just how much my wife would change in such a short period of time, I would have laughed in your face.

This is the story of how it all happened. How my innocent, loving wife Emma went from inexperienced to anything but. And how I became a cuckold.

It started with a perfectly innocent conversation between friends. Carol, a woman we knew from church, was telling us about her son Jason. He was a college basketball player, and apparently the girls at school were all over him.

“I don’t know what they see in him,” laughed Carol, “he’s never been able to keep his room clean, and he can never find his stuff. He’d drive any woman absolutely crazy as a husband.”

“Well,” I said, “maybe the kinds of girls that he’s hanging around with aren’t really looking for a husband, exactly.”

“Oh Matt, stop it! You’re so bad!” scolded Emma.

“I think you’re probably right, unfortunately,” laughed Carol, “I’ve heard some noises coming from his bedroom that I wish I could unhear. I suppose that he’s technically an adult and can do what he wants. It’s just kind of awkward when he’s living at home for the summer. And the same rules from high school still apply as far as girls spending the night: absolutely not allowed.”

We all had a good laugh about that. Boys will be boys, I guess!

A few days later we received an invitation to have dinner with Carol and her husband at their house that Friday night. They were going to have a barbecue. By that time, I’d forgotten all about Carol’s son Jason. That is, until he opened the door and immediately took my wife’s hand, dipping his head in an exaggerated gesture of courtly etiquette.

“Mrs. Carlson, I presume?”

Emma laughed, but I could tell she was flattered.

“Please,” she giggled, “call me Emma. And you must be Jason?”

“That is correct,” he said, smirking as he turned to me, “and this must be Mr. Carlson? My mother has told me all about you. You’ve been a huge help to her.”

“Glad to hear it,” I said, shaking his hand.

I thought his hand was going to crush mine. Was this a calculated “alpha” move on his part, or was he just naturally this way?

Little did I know at that time, but both Emma and I were about to find out how naturally alpha Jason really was.

“So,” said Jason, “my mom is on the back deck. My friends and I are going to be hanging out and playing video games. Let me know if I can help with anything.”

That’s when I could have sworn that he winked at Emma. But that might be my memory playing tricks on me, given what I later discovered.

Emma giggled again, almost girlishly.

“Jason is quite the charmer,” I said, “wasn’t Carol telling us that he’s a ladies man?”

“I think I’m beginning to see why,” laughed Emma as we walked through the kitchen and out to the back deck.

“He’s too young for you,” I joked.

“What? Come on!”

She punched me in the arm.

“I’m married, remember?”

“Well,” I said, in what would turn out to be a fateful statement, “if you wanted to fool around with a guy like that I don’t think anyone could blame you.”

She stopped and gave me a withering look.

“Just stop, honey. What’s gotten into you? Are you jealous?”

“Should I be?”

The mood had suddenly pivoted from playful to somewhat tense. Luckily, Emma knew how to break the mood. A huge smile spread across her face.

“I dunno,” she said, “maybe it turns you on to see your wife flirt with a hot college athlete.”

“Oh, so you actually were flirting?” I laughed, “maybe I should punish you.”

I swatted her on the ass.

“Mmm,” she said, “I think I might like that.”

“I bet you would...”

Just then, Carol burst through the sliding door from the deck and interrupted our flirtation.

“Hey guys!” she said, hugging both of us, “so glad you could make it. I was just going to check on Jason and his friends. He’s got two girls down there and even though he’s 20 years old, I just don’t want things to get...out of hand.”

“Wow,” I said to my wife, after Carol had disappeared down the steps, “that guy is really a player.”

“Ok,” said Emma, “that’s enough!”

The barbecue was nothing special. There were several people we knew from church, and other friends of Carol who lived in the neighborhood. I drank two or three beers rather slowly, but Emma was absolutely pounding wine. She usually wasn’t much of a drinker, so it seemed like something had gotten to her.

At some point that evening, she needed to use the bathroom. The one upstairs (off the kitchen) was occupied, so Carol directed her to the one in the basement. At the time, I didn’t think anything of it. But that night when we got home, a tipsy Emma recounted an adventure.

“So, Jason really is a stud I guess,” she laughed drunkenly, struggling into her nightie, “when I went to the bathroom I heard some of those ‘noises’ that Carol told us about. Ha ha.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” she laughed, swaying towards me drunkenly, “he was fucking them. Both of them.”

“Unless he has two dicks, that’s not really possible,” I laughed.

“Ha ha,” she said, “good one. He doesn’t have two dicks, just one that’s about the size of two put together.”

“You saw his penis?!”

I was stunned.

“I couldn’t help it,” she slurred, “when I came out of the bathroom I looked down the hall towards what must have been his bedroom. The door was wide open and the light was on.”

“And you saw him...fucking?”

“Not on purpose, honey,” she said, “but it was impossible to ignore the 20-year-old stud railing his cute classmate just a few feet away.”

“Did he see you?”

“Yeah,” she laughed, a bit sheepishly.

“Aren’t you embarrassed?”

“Shouldn’t he be the one who’s embarrassed?”

“It sounds like he doesn’t have anything to be embarrassed about,” I said, a little bitterly.

She reflected for a moment, then added with a smile.

“If you’re talking about ‘down there,’ that’s a huge understatement. Ha ha...”

“I’m not sure I like the fact that you’re thinking about a huge 20-year-old dick. What would Carol think? He’s her son.”

“Carol understands that he’s got some kind of appeal. She probably even has an idea what that appeal is. After all, she raised him.”

“So that makes it ok to watch him have sex?”

“You’re jealous, aren’t you?”

“A little, yes!”

She sauntered up to me, smirking, then whispered in my year.

“Then you’ll be really jealous when I tell you what he did when he noticed me watching.”

I waited in suspense for the answer.

“He winked at me,” she whispered loudly, then tumbled back onto the bed in a fit of giggles.

What had gotten into my wife? I flushed with jealousy and humiliation, but I didn't want to let her know that she'd gotten to me.

"You're drunk, honey. You probably won't remember this in the morning. Time to sleep it off."

Chapter 2

Emma seemed contrite the next morning. But maybe it was the hangover.

“Fuck,” she said, “I shouldn’t have had so much to drink. Sorry if I was acting like an idiot.”

“It’s ok, honey,” I said, rubbing her shoulders, “it happens to everyone. Remember me after your cousin’s wedding reception?”

She grinned.

“Yeah,” she said.

I decided I wouldn’t bring up Jason fucking the girls in his bedroom, or the wink. If she remembered, she remembered, if not, well, so much the better. At least as far as my ego was concerned. Maybe alcohol would wipe the image of Jason’s obscenely huge cock from her memory.

As it turned out, Jason himself was definitely not gone from Emma’s memory.

“Carol told me about this new hot yoga place across town,” she said, a few weeks later, “and so I went to try it out today. Guess who’s working there as an instructor for the summer?”

“Carol?”

“No,” she said, “close, though. Jason! Isn’t that funny? A college basketball player working as a yoga instructor?”

“I guess it’s a little unusual,” I said, “but I’ve heard of football players doing yoga. Did he recognize you?”

“Oh yeah,” she said, “he even gave me some great tips. I think I’m going to start going to the class he teaches on Wednesday nights.”

“Sure,” I said, trying to conceal the creeping suspicion I had about my wife’s possible feelings for the young man, “it sounds like a great idea.”

“I thought you’d agree,” she said, giving me a kiss before heading upstairs, “come and join me in the bedroom if you want.”

She winked at me. I couldn’t help but be reminded of the winks that Jason had given her, first when they were introduced and later on the night that she saw his huge cock in action.

I tried to shrug it off. A few minutes later, we were in bed making love. Emma was definitely more active than usual.

“Oh honey,” she whispered in my ear as I moved back and forth inside her, “you feel so big. That feels so good inside me.”

Even though this particular line was extremely tame by anyone else’s standards, for Emma, it was positively filthy. She almost never talked during sex, and the few times she did she used only the most flowery possible euphemisms, and would never have made any kind of direct reference to being penetrated.

“You like being fucked like that?” I asked, testing the waters.

Usually she didn’t like it when I used such direct language, but tonight was different.

“Yes,” she moaned, closing her eyes and biting her lip.

I couldn’t help but wonder if she was imagining I was someone else. Jason, perhaps? But I didn’t voice my concerns.

A few moments later, she was climaxing beneath me. I couldn’t hold myself back any further and emptied myself inside her. Emma always looked so beautiful when she came.

Chapter 3

The next few weeks, Emma stopped mentioning Jason, but she started attending the Wednesday night yoga class religiously. In fact, the class seemed to be going longer and longer, because she would arrive home later and later, her hair always wet from the shower afterwards.

Finally, I asked her what was going on. Why the classes were running so long.

“I stay afterwards and chat with some of the other people there. Or Jason,” she said, shrugging, “sometimes we go out for a drink or something.”

“And you shower afterwards?” I asked.

“I guess so, yeah,” she said, avoiding my gaze.

I knew that she was up to something. The excuse made no sense.

For a while, she started coming back right after yoga was over, as if she had a guilty conscience. Then, a few months later, the old pattern returned: she would come back at 9:30, 10:00, once even 11:00pm from a one-hour class that began at 7:00 in the evening!

I knew if I asked her about it I wouldn't get a straight answer. Plus, I had to admit, I was insanely curious about what was happening. Was my wife really having an affair with a guy 15 years younger than her? It didn't seem possible! Then again, Emma had been surprising me a lot recently.

I found myself getting really turned on, imagining what they might be doing together. I even started thinking about them while I jerked off: Emma bent over a bench in the locker room while Jason railed her from behind.

Little did I know, the reality was even more lewd.

Finally, I couldn't help it anymore. One Wednesday, when she hadn't returned home by 9:00, I logged into the “find my phone” app

on our computer and traced her phone to a house in a neighborhood near the university. On the opposite side of town as the yoga studio. I put the address into my phone and jumped into the car. A few minutes later, I was parked outside the last known location of my wife's phone: a frathouse bustling with loud music and scantily clad guests.

My wife was at a college party.

I immediately suspected Jason, of course. But I had to see what was going on for myself. I put on a baseball cap for the university team, but cringed when I realized what I was wearing. I was going to stick out like a sore thumb, baseball cap or no. I might as well own it.

"Hey Dad," said the young man guarding the door, "are you on the guest list?"

"No," I said, "but I think my wife is in there, so I'm going to go in anyway. I promise not to drink any of the beer. Ok?"

The man was so stunned at my tone that he completely relinquished his role as a security guard and simply shrugged.

"Go ahead," he said, "but if your wife is partying with the basketball team, you might not like what you're going to see in there."

A jolt of adrenaline shot through me. I knew that he was probably exactly right.

I burst into the darkened room, thankful that the dim lighting and the cap I was wearing did a lot to conceal my age. I scanned the crowd. Luckily, basketball players are extremely tall, so it didn't take me long to spot a couple of Jason's teammates. I sauntered over to them, as casually as possible.

"Hey," I said, "you guys seen Jason around?"

"Yeah," said the man closest to me, without missing a beat, "he and a couple of the other guys went upstairs with some older chick. A real MILF."

He laughed, then took a drink of his beer. A shudder went down my spine.

“I think they were going to run a train on her. She seemed pretty thirsty. Practically riding his jock...”

Run a train? Did that mean what I thought it meant? It couldn't be true...

I felt the room spinning around me. It was as if my entire world was imploding. But at the same time, it was as if a dream were coming true. Was I ready to fulfill my cuckold fantasies in such a dramatic fashion?

I climbed the long staircase, slowly becoming aware of low female moans ringing out above the bass of the music being played on the dance floor downstairs. I could have been wrong, of course, but I would swear that the voice was familiar to me.

I entered the second floor and found myself in a darkened hallway. A light at the end guided my way. I walked as quickly and silently as I could towards the open door and tried to prepare myself for what I was about to see.

Chapter 4

The past is not a static place, I came to realize in that moment, memories are actually quite malleable and are being constantly reinterpreted based on events in the present. What I saw in that room caused me to reevaluate the entire history of my relationship with Emma. What I had imagined as prudery was recontextualized in my mind as repressed erotic desire.

But why had it been repressed in her for so long?

Was it due to the routine of marriage?

The lack of or deficit in sexual attraction from the very beginning of our relationship?

All in a single moment, another answer presented itself with overwhelming cogency and explanatory power: it was due to the size of my member.

“Fuck,” Emma moaned, on her hands and knees on a mattress in the middle of the floor, “it’s so fucking BIG! I love it.”

As I had long suspected, Jason was fucking my wife. But it wasn’t only that. The other members of what had been referred to as a “train” by the man downstairs stood around them, cheering them on as they stroked their enormous erections.

Not only was my wife cheating on me, she was letting herself — more than willingly, that much was obvious — be gangbanged by half of a basketball team.

In the heat of the moment, I didn’t stop to count the number of large, athletic men that surrounded her, but there were probably at least five, possibly six.

I stood there, fixed to a spot on the carpet outside the door while I watched the spectacle that had clearly been underway for some time.

Jason towered over Emma, holding a handful of her hair in one hand as he guided her hips with the other, fucking her with long, slow strokes from behind, her ass beating out a rhythm as it hit his thighs.

“Yeah, fuck that slut,” yelled one of the on-lookers, “stretch her out good!”

The other men laughed.

“Oh God yes,” moaned Emma, almost breathless, “I can’t believe how good that feels. God damn, why did I wait so long to do this?”

So it hadn’t been going on for very long after all?

“You sure didn’t waste any time sucking my cock,” laughed Jason, “after you saw it in action that night at my mom’s place you couldn’t forget it, could you?”

He slapped her ass and yanked her head back by the hair, emphasizing his easy control of my wife’s body.

“I needed it so bad,” she moaned, “sucking you off that first night at the yoga studio made me so wet...”

Another basketball player standing near the door hooted in excitement.

“Damn, this bitch is hot.”

“Sure is,” said Jason, “this is so much better than fucking some sorority ho who make you do all the work. This MILF is fucking cock-hungry. Wait until you get a blowjob from her.”

“Fuck yes I am,” moaned Emma, her face reddening in a way that presaged her imminent orgasm, “I want to come on your cock so bad. May I please have permission?”

Jason laughed and slapped her ass a few times.

“Not until I get my nut, slut.”

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I need that so bad. Please come for me. Please.”

She began to thrust her ass back towards him, against his cock, heightening the stimulation on his dick.

“This bitch does kegels,” he groaned, letting her hair go and then grabbing both of her hips so that he could slam into her even harder.

He let out a huge groan, slamming her prone onto the mattress while still impaling her from behind with his obscenely large cock.

Emma moaned in pleasure as she began to climax. It was immensely arousing to watch, but at the same time of course completely humiliating to know that it was a man half my age (with double my cock size) who was the one responsible for causing my wife this kind of outsized pleasure.

“God yes,” she squealed, “I needed that so bad. Did you come in the condom?”

At least there was that. They were using condoms. We’d stopped using them years ago after my vasectomy, and Emma wasn’t on birth control, despite still being in her fertile years.

Maybe that was somehow what this was all about, I mused, my face burning with humiliation even as my cock tented my pants, maybe she was simply following the dictates of her own biology, that is to say, the instinct to mate with the fittest man who came along. Of course that couldn’t be me, because I’d already forfeited my ability to mate by getting the vasectomy. She’d never said that she wanted kids, but perhaps her body felt otherwise?

In any case, it was pretty clear that her libido was insatiable, because now two guys had taken Jason’s place: a black guy slowly working his massive prick into her pussy, while an only somewhat lesser-endowed white guy enjoyed her oral attentions.

Jason had dropped the used condom onto the hardwood floor next to the mattress. I looked at the milky white fluid collected in its tip. At least that hadn’t found its way into my wife’s fertile womb.

Thank heavens for small favors, right?

The black guy began to establish a rhythm while he fucked my wife. I had to admit that his dark skin contrasted beautifully with her paleness. It was very aesthetically pleasing to watch, even if the entire situation was so surreal that I still hadn’t totally wrapped my mind around what was happening.

“You love that big black cock, don’t you, bitch?” the guy behind her was saying, as his long thick shaft stretched her lips.

“Mmm–hmm,” she moaned, still fellating the white man in front of her.

The guy getting his dick sucked pulled it out and slapped her face with it.

“Answer him, slut. Tell him how much you love his big black dick!”

“I love your big black cock,” she moaned enthusiastically, “it’s so much bigger and nicer than my husband’s.”

This line got a huge cheer from all the guys standing there.

“This bitch’s husband must be a real limp–dicked loser,” laughed one of the bystanders, who was filming everything with his phone.

I cringed in humiliation, but didn’t move from the spot. I was too turned on to miss anything that was going to happen.

“Fuck, I love getting fucked like this,” moaned my wife, “this is the kind of treatment I’ve been craving for so long.”

“Fuck,” moaned the black guy, “I’m going to come.”

“This bitch is going to make me nut,” moaned the white guy getting his dick sucked.

“Let’s cover this slut’s face,” said the black guy, pulling out and peeling off his condom as Emma instinctively moved up to a kneeling position to accept their loads.

She knelt there, looking up at them.

“Please give me your cum,” she moaned, “I need it so bad. Just go ahead and paint my face. Treat me like one of your little sorority sluts.”

“Fuck yes, bitch,” moaned, the black guy, directing several ropes of cum directly at Emma’s cheeks and lips.

“Take this you fucking MILF slut,” growled the white guy, plastering her forehead and nose.

By some miracle, they’d both missed her eyes, and she opened them again, giving them a mischievous glance as she pushed their cum into her open mouth with the index finger of her right hand,

licking her finger after each time as if their cum had been a delicious treat.

“Thank you, boys,” she said, “who’s next? My cunt feels so empty.”

Chapter 5

The basketball player closest to the door flipped my wife over onto her back on the mattress and parted her legs, pushing them back and up onto her shoulders as he thrust himself into her tight greedy cunt.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, “it’s so deep.”

“Your husband can’t do this for you, can he?” he laughed.

“No,” she groaned, “his cock is too small. That’s why I’m here, getting fucked by the whole fucking basketball team.”

“Not quite,” laughed Jason, “there are still some guys who aren’t here yet. Their fucking loss.”

“That’s right,” moaned Emma, “teach my little cunt a lesson. Fuck me with that big fucking dick.”

“Oh my God,” groaned the young man jackhammering her into the mattress, “I’m going to come.”

“Ha!” laughed one of the other guys, “Mike can’t last more than a minute.”

“Fuck yes,” moaned Emma, about to climax again, “who cares. Just fill me up. I need it so fucking bad.”

“Yes. Take it. You little bitch...” he groaned, unloading his balls into the condom, then slowly pulling out.

“God that was good,” moaned Emma, “who’s next? I need more.”

“I want another turn,” said Jason, “but we’re out of condoms that will fit me. I have to order specially sized ones, and I just used my last one on you.”

“Fuck it,” said Emma, to my surprise, “I’m so fucking horny I’ll take you without one. Just fucking put it inside me.”

My eyes widened. I was about to have a front-row seat as my wife took a younger, big-dicked man without any kind of protection.

She was so aroused that she was entirely heedless of the potential consequence of her actions.

None of that mattered now, not to Emma, not to Jason. And not to me, as I watched the show in front of me. It was an expression of pure nature. Pure natural law was at work: a big-dicked, athletically superior alpha male was claiming his rightful prize: the fertile womb of a willing female.

Maybe there was still hope, I thought, maybe he'd pull out.

But some part of me knew that he wouldn't. Some part of me hoped that he wouldn't. Some part of me wanted to watch this huge-cocked brute impregnate my innocent young wife. Even if she wasn't that innocent anymore.

"Do it," shouted someone in the crowd, "come inside that bitch."

"Yeah!" cheered someone else.

"Please," she moaned, "I need your cum so bad. Just fill my pussy."

Her legs were wrapped around him now, pulling him deeper into her as he fucked her hard and fast.

"Yes," she moaned, "come inside me. Don't pull out. Don't you fucking dare pull out."

As she said this, she reached another orgasm, closing her eyes and bucking her hips uncontrollably as her entire body flushed. The crowd went wild.

"Fuck yes this bitch is horny," laughed someone, "she's seriously going to let Jason nut inside her without a condom."

Jason began to hammer into Emma even harder, his face a mask of concentration.

"Take this cum you fucking slut," he groaned, holding himself deep inside her.

I could practically see each contraction as he pumped his load deep into my wife. Fuck. Why did this sight turn me on so much? I pulled out my cock and started stroking it, heedless of the fact that

any one of the gangbang participants could have exited the room and caught me at any time.

Emma's face swept the crowd. She was cock-drunk. Her eyes were glazed.

"I want more cum," she moaned, "shoot it all over my face. On my tits. Just empty those balls."

"Fuck yes, bitch," groaned one man, who had been stroking his cock nearby.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and managed to guide her face into position to take seven thick ropes of cum, before another of his teammates took his place.

"Yeah, you know you love it," laughed Jason from the sidelines as a third player deposited a huge load onto my wife's eager tongue.

All told, everyone in the room except Jason ejaculated onto Emma's face at least once. By the time they were finished, about ten minutes later, her eyes were plastered closed with cum. She smiled despite this, and she made a show of slowly feeding herself the thick cream while the basketball players whooped and hollered in delight, calling her names and degrading her as they snapped pictures and took video.

"God DAMN she's a horny slut," laughed the owner of the BBC.

"And married," laughed the guy next to him.

"Of course," he responded, "how could I forget? Why is it that the white women from the suburbs are always the freakiest. This bitch is going to be at church again next Sunday acting like nothing happened.

And she was. Of course she was. After Emma had cleaned off her face, the mood seemed to calm a bit, and some of the guys started gathering their clothes. I dashed off down the hall and hid in a bathroom while people filed out of the gangbang room. All of them, that is, except for Emma and Jason.

Once it was relatively quiet, I crept back to the room and looked inside. Emma was laying on her side facing the door, while Jason

spooned her from behind, slowly feeding his enormous dick into her still-swollen pussy.

This time, he wasn't fucking her as crudely as he had before. They were making love.

"Oh yes," she moaned, rubbing back against him as he penetrated her with long, smooth strokes, "yes, Jason. You feel so good."

"I told you you wouldn't regret letting me put it in," he laughed.

"Fuck no," she said, "the only regret I have is that we didn't do it sooner. Though of course I loved giving you all of those blowjobs and handjobs."

I cringed. Just how many had there been? Probably more than I could possibly imagine. She'd been going to his studio for months, after all.

"Your pussy is so good," moaned Jason, "I'm going to fill you up again."

"Do it, please," she moaned, "my pussy is your property now. It belongs to you. I'll never fuck my husband again if you tell me not to..."

I watched him shoot his second load of the night into my wife's fertile womb, then I turned on my heels and fled, running down the stairs and past a group of party-goers at the bottom of the stairs who were wondering, no doubt, where the old guy was off to so quickly.

That Sunday at church, Carol's son Jason was there with his mom. Afterwards, we met up for refreshments. Carol of course couldn't help but introduce us again.

"Oh hi," she said, "Matt and Emma — you remember my son Jason, right? I think Emma went to a few classes of his last summer."

I watched Emma's face for any hint of recognition. She was completely stone-faced. Her poker face was incredible.

“Oh yeah,” she said, smiling and extending her hand, “nice to see you again.”

“Jason really helped me with my flexibility,” she said, turning to me and Carol, “he’s a great guy. He’s going to make some young woman very happy some day.”

I wanted to say something. To make a snide remark. But what would that have changed? Nothing at all. I had to face it: I had lost Emma.

Not entirely, of course. Everything in our lives proceeded more or less normally. She even kept going to her “yoga” sessions. I didn’t follow her again, however.

Until about three weeks later, when she came to me, beaming.

“I guess your vasectomy wasn’t so successful after all,” she said, “because I’m going to be a mom!”

I embraced her, tears of joy falling down my face. Despite of it all, I was happy for her. Happy for us. And I couldn’t spoil that now. All I could do was accept my new life as a cuckold.

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Tony is everything that Will is not: confident, dominant and hung. The ultimate alpha male. Soon, he makes an indecent proposal to Marisa and Will that will change their marriage forever.

Before they know it, Will's beautiful and innocent wife Marisa is on her back for his bullying boss. Right before his very eyes. Both of them are about to get a lesson that they'll never forget about how much size matters.

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At 32, Helen is in the best shape of her life. When her husband notices how her coworkers look at her, he encourages her to flirt with them. It's a harmless way to spice up their love life at home.

At least at first.

But when Helen begins to truly embrace her wild side, she discovers the answer to a question that will change her marriage forever:

Does size *really* matter?

For Helen, the answer is a resounding **YES!**

Unfortunately for her husband (the narrator of this 14,000 word novelette), her journey of self-discovery involves turning him into a cuckold.

Will he be able to accept, and even embrace both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been engaging in kinky role play while taking it **hard, rough, and totally unprotected** from certain well-endowed pillars of the community?

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[WATCHING EMILY](#)

Emily has always been out of her husband David's league. It never seemed to bother her before, but now David notices that his wife of over a decade has become more secretive. She's changed her routine and even put an elaborate password on her phone. Emily has also been wearing more makeup and dressing in sexy, revealing clothing. This is not the woman he used to know. When Emily evades his questions, David decides to find out what's going on once and for all.

Soon, he discovers a truth about Emily that both shocks and arouses him: she's been entertaining their tall, handsome and hung black neighbor at home, under her husband's nose. In their own bedroom. What's more, he finds a way to watch their very first time together.

David has to face an uncomfortable fact: his **sweet, innocent, fertile young wife** has been turned into a sexually voracious size queen. And he is now a cuckold.

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