LOSING RACHEL



CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

LOSING RACHEL

By Cynthia Sizemore

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LOSING RACHEL

Introduction

My wife Rachel had been raised in a liberal community: a Midwestern college town that prided itself on its virtues of tolerance and respect for other cultures and identities. Nevertheless, she was quite conservative at heart, at least in a sexual sense. She believed that people could only really love one person at a time, and that sex was intrinsically connected to love. At least that's what I thought when I married her.

Rachel might have been against racism and politically progressive, but she seldom ventured from her white liberal bubble, and so she didn't have much contact with people from other classes or racial backgrounds.

I met Rachel when we were both graduate students at that same big Midwestern public university that she grew up around. I was getting my MBA, and she was doing an MS in psychology. You didn't need to ask Rachel what she was "going to do" with the degree, because she always had a clear plan: she was going to go on and get a PhD and then work in a clinical setting with child victims of trauma.

Rachel was nothing if not empathetic, and that's what made what eventually happened to our relationship even more incredible.

We'd only known each other for about a year when I got the courage to pop the question. I was 26, she was 23, and she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever dated. Or maybe even ever seen. Every time I woke up next to her, I questioned how someone like her could have chosen me, a kind of (let's face it) sloppy–dressing slob who nevertheless got good grades in school and knew finance well enough to always have a good–paying job.

To be honest, I had a moment of panic right after I popped the question (down on my knees, on our favorite hiking trail near the lake in the town that we lived), because I thought I saw a moment of doubt flicker in her eyes as she realized what was happening.

A moment later, though, the doubt had been replaced by tears of joy, and my red–headed, blue–eyed beauty was embracing me while murmuring "yes, yes, yes!"

Sex that night was not just pleasurable, it was *soulful*. It was so far away from "fucking" that it almost couldn't be described in physical terms at all. As I sank into her from above and gazed at her tightly closed eyes, I understood for the first time what it meant to "make love."

I saw the look of love and devotion — pure, unspoiled passion— when she opened her eyes and finally looked at me, right at the moment of her climax.

I'll never forget that look. And that's why it hurt me so badly when I saw her look that way at another man, less than five years later.

Chapter 1: The Blowout

It all started one rainy summer evening. I was at the bar with my friends Jason and Kyle. We have been hanging out at the same place and the same time for years. We always had a few beers and played shuffleboard. It was always the same, and we loved it. My life was perfect: I had my friends and my faithful wife at home.

Until that fateful night, when it all started to unravel.

When I came home from the bar, Rachel was sitting in the kitchen, soaking wet and shivering in her raincoat. She looked so vulnerable, so frail there, and I immediately put my arms around her.

"Sweet pea!" I exclaimed, "what happened?"

"Get off me," she snapped, "I was out in the middle of nowhere. In the rain. In the dark. For hours."

"Oh my God. Was it the car?"

"Yep," she said, "and I was so far out in the goddamn country that I didn't have a cell phone signal. There was no way for me to call triple A."

"God, I'm sorry. I didn't have my phone with me of course, but it sounds like it wouldn't have mattered."

"It's over now, anyway," she said, turning away from me.

Then she looked at me, fixing me with those big blue eyes, filled with signs of crying.

"I'm sorry," she said, grabbing my shoulder, "I'm not really mad at you. I know you couldn't have known what was happening. It was just so…scary."

"It's ok," I replied, "I'm really sorry that this happened to you. Why don't you tell me what exactly happened, and how you got out of it? You're obviously safe now. Take off that coat and let's talk."

She nodded.

“Ok,” she said, “I’m just still in shock is all. But Jared. Jared was great.”

Jared.

That was the first time I heard the name of the man who would ruin my marriage. Or was I really the one responsible for ruining it?

Reader, I’ll let you decide.

“Jared?” I said, blissfully ignorant of what the next few months would bring.

“Yeah,” she said, “he’s the guy who finally stopped and helped me. He was the perfect gentleman. To think I was too scared to open the window to talk to him.”

“I want to hear what happened,” I said, helping her out of her wet jacket and bringing it to a hook in the entryway, “but let’s get you a little more comfortable first.”

I grabbed a blanket from the couch in the living room and returned to wrap her in it. Her petite body seemed so fragile.

“First there was this loud bang, and I thought at first that someone had hit me. Or that I’d hit something. But before I could figure out what was happening, the car started to pull hard to the right. I slammed the brakes but that caused me to fishtail a bit, so I let off of it again and came to a stop by the side of the highway. I was terrified!”

“It was pouring rain out, but I had my raincoat with me, so I struggled to get into it and then got out of the car. I didn’t have a flashlight, but my cellphone’s light was working fine, so I could see that the driver’s side tire had blown. I knew there was no way I was going to get those lugnuts off myself, and I’d never used a jack before in my life, so I had to call roadside assistance.”

I patted her on the back sympathetically.

“And that’s when I noticed that there was no signal. I even tried walking away from the car, like ten minutes or so down the road, but I couldn’t get the phone to work. You know what that part of the

state is like. It might as well be the middle ages out there. I couldn't even find a farmhouse or any place with the lights on. But I also didn't want to spend too much time outside the car on my own."

"That was a good instinct," I said, "you never know what kind of people are going to try to take advantage of a woman in that situation."

"Exactly," she continued, wiping her face with a paper towel, "and so I was in the car, crying, when Jared stopped. He came up to the window and knocked on it, but I was too afraid to open it for him. I cracked it just a little bit, like my mother had told me to do."

"He was so nice, though. He had me pop the trunk, and then he changed the tire while I was still in the car. Then he told me he'd follow me to the nearest gas station to make sure that it was open, and we'd check out the car in better light there to make sure there wasn't any other damage. And that's exactly what we did."

She turned to me, her face glowing now as she told the story. It was as if the memory of Jared's good deed had transfigured her, soothed her stress. The note of anger was completely gone from her voice now, replaced with a kind of serenity that I'd never heard before.

"When we got to the gas station, he passed his card to me through the window. I saw that he was a general contractor, and I decided to trust him. Besides, even though it was after dark and still stormy, there were gas station employees around."

"So is there anything else wrong with the car?"

"Jared doesn't think so. He looked it all over, from top to bottom, and didn't see anything wrong. He actually got one of the employees to open the car bay and let him put it up on the lift."

"Wow, sounds like you got the all–star treatment."

"You have *no* idea, honey. He took what was a terrible day and turned it around for me."

“So if things were so great,” I said, pausing, “why were you so angry at me when I came home?”

Her face soured again, but just for a moment.

“I know it was wrong of me,” she said, “but I couldn’t help but think about how it should have been *you* there helping me — but you were off drinking with your buddies. I know it’s not your fault, but I couldn’t keep myself from thinking that. And the more I thought about it the angrier I got. I’m sorry. I know you don’t deserve it. You had no idea what was going on.”

She pressed herself to me. My heart swelled with love, pity and anger at myself for not having been able to help my wife in her hour of need.

“I’m sorry, honey. I should have been there,” I said, fighting tears, “I’m so glad you’re ok.”

She grabbed my arm and embraced it, then looked up at me. Our eyes met, and I gave her a long, soulful kiss. The kind that we’d shared so many times during our courtship and even after our marriage.

But something was wrong. Something had changed that night. I just didn’t have the ability yet to recognize *what*.

Chapter 2: Changes

It was around that time — a couple of weeks after the accident — that Rachel began to get fed up with her birth control. Neither one of us was ready for kids yet, and I'd had trouble maintaining an erection while wearing a condom in the past, so we had decided that Rachel being on the pill was the best option.

But in the past few months she'd been complaining about mood swings, bloating, and just plain not feeling like herself. She made an appointment with the OB/GYN, and came home to tell me that evening in no uncertain terms that things were going to change.

"I'm just tired of all of the things that I have to do to my body. I don't want something else inside me, like an IUD or an implant or whatever. I talked to Dr. Pritchard about all of those things, but none of it sounded the least bit appealing. I think I'm just going to stop."

"You're just going to stop? You mean go off birth control entirely?"

"Yeah," she said, "I think it's come to that to be honest."

"Rachel," I said, "I thought we talked about this. We're not ready for a family yet. Right?"

"No, of course not. I know we're not. I'm just finished with doing things to *my* body just to increase *your* pleasure."

I was stunned.

"But you always said that you preferred doing it without a condom, too! I really thought we were in agreement on that."

"To be honest, I usually can't tell a difference. I said that because I know that it makes a big difference to you, that's all."

"Rachel, I don't know what to say. You know that I have… problems…with condoms."

"I know," she said, "but maybe it's time we try some different brands, or ones made of different materials. You know, they even

have different sizes now? Like if the ones from the store are too big…"

"What? Now you're telling me that my dick is small?"

"Oh honey," she said, looking at me with a mixture of amusement and pity, "I didn't mean that. Of course your dick is the perfect size. It's just that I know there are lots of reasons that condoms might not work, and that's one that I thought of."

"Well it sure doesn't help me with the psychological aspects of performance to hear you say things like that."

"I'm sorry," she said, "maybe there's some way to 'retrain' you to like condoms better. To get used to them. Until then, I guess I'm just going to use my hand."

Just her hand. That's right: being married to a bombshell, who was also my soulmate, came with one particular drawback. Rachel hated giving blowjobs.

She told me she'd tried it a few times in high school and college, but never really liked it. I had gotten her to try kissing my cock once, many years ago during a drunken night after a football tailgate party, but that was the one and only time in our marriage that she'd agreed to do it.

That was ok with me. We still had sex, after all! And sex with Rachel was enough to make me forget that I was missing out on what other men took for granted.

Still, the prospect of *only* getting handjobs from my voluptuous wife didn't exactly make me happy. Sure, I enjoyed a "nice old–fashioned" once in a while as much as the next guy, but I didn't feel like it could be my regular sexual contact.

I decided I was going to have to find a solution that worked.

"Ok," I said, smiling at her, then moving in for a kiss, "I guess it's not all bad. While you're jerking me off, I can be playing with those nice big tits of yours."

"Mmm," she said, "I know you like that. And maybe I can tell you some of those naughty stories that you like so much."

Naughty stories. That was one of the kinky games that Rachel and I liked to play. Even though we had both been largely sexually inexperienced when we met each other, I quickly discovered that Rachel was slightly more experienced than I was. Furthermore, nothing got me harder than hearing about the filthy thoughts that she'd had as a teenager or young college student. It was even better when she told me about her first sexual experiences: giving a guy an awkward handjob in the high school parking lot after hours, having sex with her boyfriend for the first time when she was nineteen, or the time that she'd made out with her best (girl) friend when they were drunk and high and feeling like experimenting for the entertainment of a group of guys at a frat party.

Rachel seemed to have an endless supply of these stories, which always made her seem a little slutty, but never went so far as to completely besmirch the image of the wife that I loved so much. There was a fine line that she had to tread when telling me about these fantasies, and I think we both knew it. Even though they were a source of arousal for me, she would always mention some kind of silly fact about the guy involved or some self–deprecating detail, so it wouldn't sound like she was *still* lusting after the guy.

These were stories about the *old* Rachel, and that was why it was easy for us to indulge in these fantasies from time to time without serious jeopardizing our relationship.

"I'd love to hear another naughty story sometime," I said, "maybe that would help me get over my condom problem."

"Mmm," she said, "well maybe we should have a date night on Saturday. Which reminds me: you remember that guy who helped me out with the spare tire that night? I can't believe it, but I ran into him at the public library downtown today. He's a little down on his luck. Had a big client renege on a contract and he lost his house. I was wondering if we could have him over for dinner on Friday as a way of thanking him for what he did."

“I don’t know,” I said, “I was kind of looking forward to just hanging out with you. Maybe watching a movie or something. It’s been a long week at work.”

“But what he did for me was really sweet. It was also dangerous. Don’t forget how hard it was raining that night.”

“I know,” I said, “but he sounds like he’s homeless or whatever. Like on the edges of society. I’m not sure I want a guy like that in our house. Can’t I just write him a check or something?”

“He’s not homeless! He’s just kind of down on his luck. He’s a smart guy. He was at the library to *read*, honey, not to look at porn on the computers or something. And he was reading *Moby Dick*, ok? Have *you* even read *Moby Dick*?”

I knew that *Moby Dick* was Rachel’s favorite book. She was always trying to get me to read it, but I never made it past the first few chapters. I just couldn’t see what was so interesting about a guy wandering around a New England town being sad or whatever.

“You know I haven’t,” I replied, “but why is it important what he’s reading? I just don’t know if it’s a good idea to have him over here.”

“I know what you’re thinking,” she said, “you’re thinking that he’s got bad manners. That he’s going to get drunk and embarrass you or something. You know what? Not everyone with a blue collar job is a slob. You know that my dad was a bricklayer for years before he moved the family out here.”

There she went again, reminding me of her father’s working–class background. Her mother had been a lawyer, though. So it wasn’t like she was exactly poor white trash.

“Look,” I said, “I don’t want to fight about this. If you want to have him over, let’s have him over. I guess we do owe him some kind of thanks for what he did for you.”

Her eyes lit up.

“Good,” she said, “because I already invited him. He’ll be by around 7 on Friday night.”

“What?”

I was genuinely stunned.

She gave me a sexy little pout that made it impossible to be mad at her.

“Oh, come on, honey. Don’t be mad. I promise to make it up to you.”

She pursed her lips and closed her eyes, looking up at me for a kiss. I leaned down and gave it to her, pulling her close to me.

“I guess I have to cook,” I sighed.

“I think you do.”

“Any idea what this guy likes to eat? Or drink?”

“I’m sure he’ll be grateful for whatever you come up with. You’re such a good cook,” she said, nuzzling my nose in the cute way she had that caused my heart to skip a beat.

“Ok,” I said, sighing, “you win. I’ll make dinner for you and your little book–club buddy.”

I *already* felt like the third wheel, and I hadn’t even met Jared.

Chapter 3: A Very Welcome Guest

I came home early that Friday evening to start marinating the meat. I decided that the easiest thing to do would be to grill out for our guest. Poolside.

I was proud of the house that we'd been able to buy. Once I'd finished my MBA, I'd gotten a promotion at my company (which had also paid for the degree), and was now making a salary in the mid six figures. It was more than enough to pay the mortgage on this place, fund our 401k, and fund all kinds of extras, including the pool that Rachel swam laps in every morning to stay fit.

Still, the house was far from new, and there were lots of repairs that needed to be made. To the pool house, for example. It was originally probably intended as a "mother–in–law suite," but you'd have to *really* hate your mother–in–law to put her in that place, as I often joked to Rachel. The trim on the outside was following off in places, there were holes in the screen, and the carpets were worn. There was also a kitchen inside, and a working bathroom, but neither of us trusted them enough to have ever tried them out. Renovating the place was something I certainly had the money for, but never the time or patience to find a contractor willing or able to do it.

While I was firing up the grill, Rachel called from the house.

"Honey, he's here!"

"Alright," I called back, "just let me warm this up for a second."

The sun was almost down, and I hadn't turned any of the exterior lights on yet, so I could see directly into our lit kitchen, where Rachel stood, talking to the stranger.

He was taller than I was expecting. Tanned from lots of hard work in the sun. He also didn't have the typical build that I expected from guys who do a lot of construction. He was muscular yet slim, without any trace of a beer gut. He was wearing a button–down

oxford style shirt and khaki shorts. His full hair was neatly parted. All in all, he looked like a respectable, even attractive guy.

It was clear from her body language that Rachel thought so, too. She was laughing and smiling, her attention directed totally at him. It should have been clear to me from that moment on that I'd lost her, but for some reason, I persisted in thinking that I still had a chance.

That I still had a wife.

They were lost in conversation, and I watched them there, through the glass door, as if shut out of her life already, for what felt like fifteen minutes but was probably only three. Then I turned down the grill and went inside.

"Hey you too," I said, "I don't mean to interrupt, but I'd like to introduce myself."

I approached Jared and extended my hand.

"I'm Ethan," I said, "Rachel's husband."

"You're a very lucky man, Ethan," said Jared, "to have a wife as well–read and cultured as Rachel."

"Ha," I said, "I almost thought you were going to say 'beautiful.'"

"I *was* almost going to say that, I have to admit," he said, grinning, "but I didn't want to cross any lines."

"Well," I said, "I don't think that would be the first time that she's heard that."

I walked over to Rachel and put my arm around her, giving her a peck on the cheek. She beamed at me, giggling a bit.

"Oh stop it, you two."

It took me a moment to realize how natural our interaction had been. Jared wasn't just presentable, he was actually quite charming. So charming, in fact, that I was falling for it too. My defenses were

immediately down, even though I should have realized that Rachel was very quickly falling under his spell.

"So you think this girl is cultured," I said, squeezing Rachel, "just what were you two talking about?"

"We were actually talking about the symbolism in the sermon scene in the first part of *Moby Dick*," he said.

"Oh," I replied, "that's right. Rachel loves that book, and she did mention that you were reading it too. I'm afraid that all I read these days is the financial section of the newspaper. These markets have me spooked!"

Jared smilied. He didn't seem like the kind of guy who owned a lot of stock.

Rachel looked up at me, still cradled in the crook of my arm.

"So do you want to grab one of those bottles of wine we bought in California? You know, the special ones?"

I looked at her for a moment. The only "special" bottles of wine from California that we had were from a case that we bought during our honeymoon. We had planned to open one a year, together, as a private ritual celebrating our marital union. Surely she couldn't mean *that* wine, right?

"But honey," I said, trying to make her aware of her error, "the only wine from California in the basement is that case of Pinot. You know, the *special* one?"

She smiled.

"Of course I know. It's special, and this is a special occasion. It's not every day you get to thank the man that saved your wife's life."

*Saved her **life***? Wasn't that a slight exaggeration? All he did was change a flat tire.

I merely nodded and removed my arm from around her back.

"Alright," I said, "fair enough. I'll get it."

I decided it wasn't worth fighting about. It was only wine, after all! I headed down to the cellar and grabbed two bottles from our special case. You never know when one is going to be corked.

When I came upstairs, Rachel and Jared were in the living room, examining some of the wainscoting.

"It's nice," he said, "I've restored stuff like this before. The guy who did yours really knew what he was doing."

"I bet you do good work," said Rachel.

"*Did*," he corrected her, "until my entire business went belly–up."

"You mentioned something about that," said Rachel, a note of concern in her voice, "do you mind telling me what happened?"

"Well," he began, "it's a long story, for sure, but what it basically comes down to is that my office manager stole a lot of money from the business and then left town. I was immediately sued by several clients, and some of them even threatened criminal action."

"But that's crazy!" said Rachel, incensed, "you shouldn't be responsible for something that one of your employees did! That guy should be behind bars."

"That's just it," he sighed, "that 'guy' — my office manager — was actually my wife. *Is* actually, technically still my wife, even though I haven't seen her in over a year and I have no idea where she is. After she took the money from the business, she also cleaned out our joint accounts. I even lost the house."

His voice broke a bit, and I thought he was going to cry.

"Ethan," said Rachel, noticing for the first time that I was standing there, "get this man a glass of wine."

I nodded, heading into the kitchen and searching for the corkscrew.

"You poor guy," said Rachel, "where have you been staying?"

"I'm staying with my cousin for the moment," he said, "but that's actually up in the air, cause he got a job out of state and is

going to be moving out next month. I make enough money doing odd jobs to afford rent, but none of the landlords around here will give me a shot because of my terrible credit history. It's a college town, so they have plenty of tenants to go around. It's a landlord's market."

I popped the cork on the wine and decanted it. It smelled delicious. I swirled it in the decanter, listening to Jared's story and studying Rachel's expression. She was hanging on his every word, her face filled with sympathy.

I poured two glasses and headed into the living room where they were.

"Here you go," I said.

They took the glasses without thanking me, so absorbed were they in conversation. Behind me, I heard the sound of crystal clinking together.

They had already toasted. Without me.

I grabbed my own glass and turned back towards them.

"Oh, sorry, honey. That was rude of me. We already started drinking."

"That's ok," I said, raising my own glass, "to the lovely woman of the house. And her safety. Guaranteed by you, Jared. We really can't thank you enough!"

"Yes," said Rachel, looking into his eyes, "really. *Thank* you."

"Really," he said, "I just did what anyone would have done."

"But that's just it," said Rachel, "that's not true, because no one else actually stopped and helped me. I can't explain to you how frightened I was – in that weather, late at night, in the middle of nowhere with no telephone signal."

"Well, in any case," he said, a bit sheepishly, "I just did what I thought was right. Cheers, again!"

This time, we all clinked glasses. I swirled the wine on my tongue. It was delicious.

"I guess it's time I put the meat on," I said, opening the refrigerator, "maybe you two want to take the conversation poolside and keep me company?"

"Yes," said Rachel, "that's a great idea. Then Jared can see the pool house, too. I'd love to get his opinion on the work that needs to be done there. It's not every day that we have such an experienced contractor visiting us."

Rachel's compliments were clearly having an effect on the glum demeanor that Jared had exhibited after talking about his wife. He perked up a bit and stood up, following the two of us out to the back yard.

While I cooked, the two of them made small talk, but I could tell that their conversation was more guarded, less intimate, than it had been in the house when I was present.

After dinner, Rachel volunteered to do the dishes, and Jared and I stayed outside, finishing the wine. The conversation turned to the guest house.

"It's true that you need extensive work," he said, after I'd given him an impromptu tour, "but I think if it were me, I could have it all done in about six weeks. Faster if I had help."

"Really?" I blurted, feeling the effects of the wine and not really thinking clearly, "in that case, maybe you could just fix it all for us?"

I wasn't sure in that moment if I was really being serious or not, and I don't think that Jared did either.

"I guess I *do* need a place to stay," he said, as if thinking it over, "I could pay you back with labor. You'd have to buy the materials of course."

"Yeah, of course," I said, almost slapping him on the back, "just bill me for what you need."

"Don't you want to ask Rachel if it's ok with her?"

“Trust me,” I said, “I’m sure it’s more than fine with her.”

“Hey, Rachel,” I said, calling to my wife as she finally emerged from the house, having finished with the dishes, “what do you think about Jared moving in with us?”

She wrinkled her brow as if not understanding something.

“He means,” began Jared, “what if I renovate your pool house here in return for rent. I’ll do all the work and you just have to supply the materials.”

Rachel looked over at me with astonishment.

“Is this ok with you?”

“Hell, it was my idea!” I exclaimed.

“Ok,” said Rachel, a bit hesitant at first, but then breaking into a large smile, “I think it’s a great idea. We’ve been wanting to renovate that place forever.”

“Well, I just don’t know what to say!” exclaimed Jared, beaming, “when can I move in?”

“As soon as you want,” I blurted.

“Let’s drink to that!” said Rachel, suddenly brandishing the other bottle of our special marriage wine, which she must have brought with her from the kitchen.

She poured us all large glasses, and we drank deeply of the wine on that warm summer night.

The next afternoon, Jared was hard at work on the pool house.

Chapter 4: Working at it

I couldn't help that Rachel was astonishingly frisky the week after Jared moved in. By that I don't mean that she was more sexual than usual — though she was *that* — I mainly mean that she was more flirtatious, more full of life than I could ever remember having seen her before.

Of course her rules about sex still held (I had to wear a condom if we were going to do it), but she was "in the mood" a couple of times that week. The night after Jared moved in, in fact, she told me one of her "stories" while stroking me.

We were in our bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed, facing the window that looked down on the pool house. It was dark in the backyard by the pool, but Jared's light was burning. The lights were out in our room, and the moon cast a pale glow through the window.

I watched as Rachel, dressed only in a sheer nightgown, squeezed some lube onto her hand and began to stroke my cock as she related her story.

"Mm..," she began slowly working the oil into my cock, "I know you love to hear stories about me being a 'bad girl' in college, so here's one I've never told you before."

My cock twitched, and I groaned a bit in anticipation.

"It was my freshman year," she whispered, "and I was alone in the dorm on labor day weekend. Everyone else had gone home, but I was stuck there because my family had gone on vacation without me. I was bored and a little lonely, so I was just hanging out in the dorm common area, when this guy came in. His name started with a J. Something like… Jack or Jason…"

"Maybe…Jared?" I whispered, "like the guy staying in our pool house?"

"Mmm," she said, "that would be a funny coincidence, huh? I guess they do bear a certain resemblance to one another…"

"Anyway," she continued, my shaft now well–lubed, "it wasn't hard for him to convince me to go to a party with him at this frat on the edge of campus. I'd never been to a frat party before, and before I knew it, I was a little tipsy. In a very enjoyable way. The idea that someone would take advantage of me in that state never crossed my mind. In fact, I actually *hoped* that someone would 'take advantage' of me, because I was incredibly horny."

"It didn't take long for Jared or whatever his name was to kiss me of course," she said, breathlessly, both of us looking down towards the pool house where the other Jared was staying, "and pretty soon our hands were all over each other on the dance floor. People were laughing and telling us to 'get a room,' and I decided that 'getting a room' was a very good idea. But I only knew of one room: my dorm."

"So I whispered in my ear that I wanted to go back to the dorm with him, and you can imagine how quickly we were outside. He actually called a cab — can you believe it? He couldn't wait the ten minutes it would have taken to walk home. We fell inside the back seat, and that's where I felt it, honey. I'll never forget it: his cock."

The intonation that she put on the word "cock," a mixture of lust and hushed reverence, caused my own cock to twitch once more, secreting a tiny spurt of precum.

"I just couldn't believe it. I'd never imagined that one could be so big before. I mean, I'd fooled around with a couple of guys in high school (I told you about them, too) but Jared's dick — even through his pants — was so fucking big and thick and intimidating. In a *very* good way."

"Oh God, Rachel," I moaned, "this is the best story yet."

"Mmm," she said, her hand moving faster along my glans, "just wait, honey."

My eyes moved from the hint of cleavage visible through her nightgown to Jared's light below. Why had she decided to tell this particular story tonight? I certainly had my suspicions.

But was I just being paranoid?

It was so hard to know.

"Finally, we got back to the dorm, and I just attacked him. We were making out so hard, and so clumsily, looking back on it. I wanted his cock so bad. I wanted it inside me, but I also realized that there was no way I was ready for it. So, I decided I was going to do the next best thing: I was going to give him a blowjob."

"I dropped to my knees in my dorm and had him sit on the bed. I took down his shorts and finally I saw it: his cock."

"I thought you didn't like blowjobs…"

"Mmm," said Rachel, looking over at me in the moonlit room, "I guess I haven't been totally honest with you. The fact is, I *have* given a couple of blowjobs that I absolutely loved. This was the first."

"Keep telling me," I groaned, watching her hands move along my shaft.

"I was extremely intimidated, but I was so horny that I decided I was up for the challenge. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and I took him inside. His head filled my entire mouth almost immediately, and I loved how he moaned when I took him inside. It got me so wet knowing that I was causing him that kind of pleasure."

"It became clear that he was so big that I was going to have to employ my hands as well if I wanted to maximize his pleasure, so I used one hand to stroke his shaft while I played with his balls with the other. I got a nice rhythm going, and soon, he was groaning in pleasure. I was super wet as well. I wanted to fuck him so bad, but I was also scared because he was so big."

"His shaft was so thick, honey. It was a feeling unlike any blowjob I'd ever given before or have given since. His size made me feel so small, so submissive. Every other cock I've been with has disappointed me in that regard."

I couldn't help but notice that she was looking down at my cock as she stroked it, comparing me to her old lover, no doubt.

"No offense, honey!"

"None…taken," I groaned, and in that moment, I meant it.

I was so turned on by this story of my wife being slutty in college that I was willing to overlook the humiliating aspect. If I were being honest with myself, the humiliation actually turned me on even more.

But that was something I came to terms with only much later.

"I wanted to make him come. I wanted him to come so hard for me that he wouldn't mind the fact that I wasn't going to fuck him. So, I did something really filthy, honey."

"Oh God, what?"

I was close to climaxing now.

"I took his cock out of my mouth," she said breathlessly, her eyes still focused out the window and on the pool house visible below, "and I started stroking him really fast."

She began to stroke me faster as well.

"And I looked into his eyes, and I made the cutest face I could, and I begged him for his cum. I asked him to come all over my face."

"Oh my God…"

"That's right, honey. Your innocent wife turned herself into a naughty little cumslut. But you know what? I realized later that that wasn't exactly what had happened. His *cock* had turned me into a slut. It was so fucking big that I couldn't help but submit to him. And

he shot a huge load, probably 6 or seven ropes of thick, beautiful cum, all over your young wife's cute face…"

"Fuck…"

In that moment, I also climaxed, but it wasn't nearly as impressive as the old Jared's orgasm had been. We both watched as my cock twitched several times, emitting a slow, small trickle of semen.

"Mmm," said Rachel, smiling at me, "and now you know the reason why I only like giving blowjobs to big cocks."

She kissed me on the cheek, then stood up and went to the bathroom, leaving me sitting there in a post–orgasmic state of bliss and shock.

Was my wife some kind of… "size queen"? And had she been that way the entire time I knew her? I couldn't shake the feeling that maybe her sexual hangups had nothing to do with *her,* and everything to do with *me*.

With my dick to be exact…

Chapter 5: Celebrations

A few days later, it was a Tuesday, and time for my normal night out with the boys. I was ready to cut loose. It had been a hard day at work.

Of course, I couldn't help but think about that other fateful Tuesday night, when Rachel had been stranded. I hadn't joined my friends at the bar since then, out of some kind of superstition about it all happening again.

I voiced these concerns to Rachel.

"Honey," she said that morning before I left for work, "you have to stop beating yourself up about this. I understand that it wasn't your fault. My reaction was irrational."

"No, it wasn't, sweetheart," I said, "it was totally justified. But are you sure you're going to be ok here? I mean…with Jared out there?"

I gestured over my shoulder towards the pool house.

"If anything, I'll be safer because of him," she said, "don't worry about it. Go out with your friends. I want you to."

I had a nagging, uncomfortable feeling about this, one that I should have listened to. But I realize now that I also had an equal, if completely unconscious, wish to find out what might happen between my wife and our house guest, and if it would inspire any more of Rachel's famous "stories."

At the bar, Jason and Kyle were in high spirits. Jason had recently gotten a promotion at work after several months of putting in extra hours, and was ready to party. The celebratory drinks began to flow, and after we discussed his new job prospects for the better part of an hour, the conversation turned to my home situation.

"So, what's been going on with you lately?" he asked, after our fourth round of bourbon, "and how's Rachel?"

I told them about Rachel's breakdown, the story of Jared, and that he was staying in our house.

"And you left them *alone* there together?" said Kyle, his eyes flashing with mockery and a bit of concern.

"It's not like we really even talk to him. He does his work, and we do ours. We've spoken to him maybe twice since he's moved in."

"You've spoken to him only twice," said Jason, "I bet she's 'spoken' to him quite a bit. Why else would she want him living there?"

He did air quotes with his hands around the word "spoken."

"I'm not sure what you're implying, but it was *my* idea for him to move in and renovate," I said, annoyed.

"Ah–ha," said Kyle, slapping me on the back, "haven't you learned *anything* about women yet? They are masters of planting ideas in our head and making it seem like it was all our idea. They've been doing that for millennia."

"But —," I protested, "that's not quite right. I was just talking about the old pool house and talking to Jared, and the thought popped into my mind."

"It popped into your mind because she *knew* it would. She wants to get closer to him, bro. It's totally obvious!"

"She's barely talked to him. I mean, there was that first night when they were talking about Moby Dick or whatever, but that was harmless…"

"Trust me," said Jason, "talking is *never* harmless. This guy wants to introduce your wife to his 'white whale,' and she seems like she's eager for it."

I took an uber home, weighing the bar conversation in my mind. Certainly, the guys were teasing me. But there was probably also an element of truth to what they were saying. Rachel knew that I wanted the pool house to be remodeled. And she also knew that Jared was a skilled craftsman with a failed contracting company. She

put the possibility out there and let me put two and two together. Even if her motivations were unconscious, her plan had worked perfectly.

I came home through the front door. It was quiet and dark in the house. I looked down at the pool house and the lights down there were off too.

I turned on the lights to get a glass of water before heading up to bed, and that's when I noticed two wine glasses in the sink, side by side. One of them had lipstick on it. The other did not. On the kitchen counter, near the recycling, was a bottle of a very certain type of wine.

Our wine. From the case we'd bought on our honeymoon. Yet *another* bottle down.

It was as if our marriage was being slowly drained away too, right in front of our eyes.

"Honey," I whispered, as I crept into our darkened bedroom, "did you have a friend over tonight?"

"Oh, hey," she said, turning over and looking at me, still wide awake, "you're not still drunk are you? I just remembered a great story I'd like to tell you…"

This took me aback. I *was* drunk, but also fairly horny, and definitely ready to hear another filthy story from Rachel.

"I'd like to hear it," I said, "but why did you drink the wine from California?"

"Oh, that?" she said, reaching down for my cock already, "I didn't think you'd mind. You know, after we already drank two bottles the other night."

"I know you didn't drink that whole bottle yourself. Was someone else here?"

"Why are you acting so suspicious?" she asked, "it was just Jared. I asked him to have a glass of wine with me because I had a long day at the office and wanted to unwind."

"And you drank the whole bottle?"

"It wasn't that much wine, honey. You and I have had a whole bottle before. What's the big deal?"

"Maybe the big deal is that I was gone and you were alone with another man in my house."

"WIth a *friend*," she said, looking up at me.

Even in the dim, moonlit room, I was bowled over by her big, beautiful eyes, and felt myself begin to soften.

"Honey," she said, "you know you have nothing to worry about. Now why don't I get out the lube and tell you a story? This one is from my senior year in college, and it just popped into my head…"

I wanted to protest, but her hand was already on my hard cock, and it had been so long since I came that I simply shut my mouth and listened. Soon, my pants were off and my hard shaft was in her skillful hands as she began her narration.

"It was a week before graduation, and I was just finishing my senior thesis for my English major with Professor Harvey. You know, the one I always gush about? He must have been about 40 years old at the time, and was *super* attractive — to me and probably every other girl that took his class. He was so authoritative but also friendly. Always ready to help us at any time. I had a major crush on him, and I'd caught him checking me out a few times, too. I was still dating my boyfriend at the time, Michael. You remember him? Anyway…"

"One night, I'd been at the gym for a late–night workout, and I passed Dr. Harvey coming out of his office. We stopped and chatted, and I noticed that he kept looking at my chest. It was totally obvious that he was into me, but didn't know how to go about hitting on me. He was also married, like every other professor his age. I knew that I was going to have to take the initiative. So I made up an excuse about leaving something in the English lounge, and asked him if he'd let me into the building. He must have known that I was bluffing,

but he was eager to help, and followed me upstairs to the locked lounge so that he could open it with his key."

"A minute later, we were standing there in the moonlit lounge and I turned and stared up at him. I told him there was something else that I'd asked him there to do: to fuck me."

"Oh God," I moaned, "really?"

"Mm–hmm. Do you think he needed any more encouragement?"

"I guess not…"

"Not at all. He slammed the door behind me and immediately began kissing me. A second later, he had my sports bra off and was fondling my tits. He looked like he was in heaven. That man probably hadn't handled tits like mine in decades. But God, did he remember how. He'd only gotten more skilled in those intervening decades. That's the thing about married men, honey. They always know exactly what they're doing. And young college girls know that, and so they seek them out. He had me so wet I couldn't stand it. That's when it happened."

Her tone of voice was suddenly serious.

"He put my hand on his cock. I actually laughed because I couldn't believe it. I thought he had stuffed his shorts somehow. It was unreal. Part of me was scared. I thought I couldn't go through with what I'd promised him. But another part of me remembered how turned on I'd been by Jared's — I mean Jason's or whatever his name was — huge cock. That part of me took over, and I started stroking his shaft with both hands, kissing him while I did so."

She looked down at my cock, as if to compare the two.

"And then he told me that we'd have to be fast, because he couldn't risk us being caught like this, and I knew he was right. So, he bent me over the arm of the couch in the lounge — just like that, no more foreplay — and he slowly pulled my yoga pants down over my ass and gave it a smack. I moaned and called out his name. That is to say, I moaned 'Professor Harvey.' I never would have said his

first name. That was all too familiar. Not like getting stuffed with his huge cock."

I looked down at my own much more modest endowment in my wife's skillful hands as she continued to stroke me at an almost agonizingly slow pace.

"Then I just remember him pulling my thong panties to the side and rubbing the head of his huge cock against my slit and slowly, carefully, pushing it inside. It was the perfect blend of forceful and caring. The kind of move that older men have perfected and that younger women crave. That deliciously dominant vibe that only guys with big cocks have was something that I longed for. That I needed. And still need."

In that moment, I was too turned on by her handjob to consider what she was telling me: that she needed a big–cocked guy.

"He grabbed my ponytail with one hand as he finally bottomed out. My pussy stretched to accommodate him, lubing itself much more than it ever had for another man before that. It was in that moment that I knew that I *could* take a big cock if I wanted to. It was thrilling. I grabbed onto one of the couch cushions to stabilize myself, and stuck my ass out even further as he started to fuck me really hard. I was completely passive now, but I loved it: my older, handsome and completely dominant professor was balls deep inside me, finally taking that young pussy that he'd probably dreamed about for the entire time he'd known me. I didn't care what he did with me. I wasn't on birth control, but it wouldn't have mattered to me if he'd come inside me in that moment."

I was close to coming myself now.

"And then he started fucking me really hard, and had me reach around and play with my own clit while he pounded me. It was almost too intense, but I loved doing what he told me. He slapped my ass a few times and called me a good little whore. And then he did something that I'll never forget. Something that only a few men have been able to do before: he leaned down and ordered me to come for him on the count of three. Then he counted down as he

continued to pummel my pussy with that massive member: one, two, three! You know what, honey? I had the biggest orgasm of my life in that moment, bent over that couch in the English Department lounge. It was so fucking filthy. I barely had time to recover before he pulled out and told me to get on my knees. I knew what was coming next. I dropped down to my knees and took his cock in my mouth, stroking it vigorously as he began to spurt a fountain of cum. 'That's it, Rachel,' he urged, 'swallow all the evidence. Clean me off like a good girl.' I loved being ordered around like that by him."

"Oh fuck, honey," I said, "I'm going to come…"

Rachel abruptly took her hands away from my shaft, looking at me mischievously. My cock twitched several times involuntarily, leaking tiny bits of cum all over my shaft. She had ruined my orgasm. And what's more, she'd done it on purpose.

"You know what, honey? I think I changed my mind. I'm going to take a shower now and think about Professor Harvey. You take care of yourself if you want."

I watched in disbelief as she went to her nightstand drawer and retrieved her vibrator, then blew me a kiss as she disappeared into the master bathroom.

What had gotten into Rachel?

I looked down at the pool house through the window. Jared's light was on.

Chapter 6: The Bikini

The next morning, Rachel was up early. At first, I thought she'd already gone to work, because when I went downstairs, she was nowhere to be found.

That's when I looked out the window, and saw where my wife had gone: there she was, swimming laps in the pool like she used to do every morning until she stopped unexpectedly two years ago or so. I'd asked her why back then, but she'd simply shrugged and told me that she had decided she preferred her spin class instead.

So we hadn't really even used the pool very often since then, except for the very occasional weekend dip, usually late at night in the summer. We still paid to have the pool cleaned and the chemicals balanced every week, so part of me was actually glad to see her out there, her red hair up in a swimming cap and her beautiful body on display in the skimpy bikini she'd bought for a trip we took to Mexico last summer.

That was when my brain told me there was something wrong. She'd never *ever* worn a bikini to swim laps in. She had a sleek white one–piece for that. Not that she didn't look fabulous in that as well. It was just that she'd also told me long ago that only women who weren't really serious about swimming would wear a bikini to work out in.

If she wasn't wearing it primarily to work out in, why was she wearing it?

I only had to watch for another moment to find my probable answer. I saw Jared emerge from the pool house, stretching as he sipped from a cup of coffee in the morning air.

Rachel immediately swam over to him and put her elbows out of the water on the side of the pool, smiling broadly at him.

I fumed with rage and frustration as I watched the two of them talking, smiling and laughing. I couldn't remember ever having been this jealous before. After all, I had encouraged Rachel to tell me her

"stories" about the past, when she'd experimented with other guys. But seeing this — whatever it was that was actually happening — happen right in front of my eyes was simply too much.

I decided that I was going to confront her as soon as I could.

In the meantime, I stood at the window, sipping coffee, as Rachel climbed out of the pool and then toweled herself off before removing her swim cap and shaking out her hair in a dazzling red flood.

I was still awed at her beauty, after all these years. I knew that she was probably too good for me. Sure, I made a lot of money. But that really wasn't all now, was it? After all, I wasn't the best–looking guy by far. I stayed in decent shape, but Rachel was *gorgeous*. Simply amazing.

How could I blame Jared for wanting to try his luck with her? How could I really blame any man for it?

That didn't mean I wasn't jealous, though. Even if I knew that some part of me wanted to witness one of Rachel's "stories" come true in real life, I couldn't face it. It was like I was fighting with propriety, with what I knew that I was supposed to want, and what my dark desires were telling me that I really wanted.

I waited in the kitchen. I waited a long time for her to come back inside. Finally, she did.

"What were you doing out there?" I asked, trying not to sound accusatory, but realizing that I'd failed at that almost immediately.

"I was swimming," said Rachel, "I thought that would be obvious."

"Sure," I said, "but it looked like you were only swimming for a few minutes. Most of the time, it looked like you were talking to Jared."

"Yeah? So?"

"So? You spend 20 minutes out there chatting to our live–in houseguest? A guy that we don't even know…"

"*You* don't even know," she corrected me curtly, "*I* have been getting to know him pretty well."

"Yeah," I said, my voice shaking now, "I've noticed that. I've noticed that you seem to prefer his company to mine."

"Can you really blame me, honey? Look at you. You're not even dressed for work yet. You're down here yelling at me about a guy who's renovating our pool house…"

"I'm not yelling," I insisted, beginning to lose my cool, and coming dangerously close to really yelling, "I'm just saying…"

"Saying what, exactly? That you're an insecure child? I know that already. Thank God there are at least some people," she nodded towards the pool house, "who don't feel like they need to be validated all the time. Who can accept that a woman and a man can have a platonic conversation. Who are not only *able* to read, but who do it once in a while."

I started to sputter a reply, but Rachel simply turned and left, stomping upstairs and closing the door.

About fifteen minutes later, she re–emerged on the stairs, showered and dressed, looking radiant as always.

"Time for me to go to the office," she said, "are you over your little temper tantrum?"

I was tempted to retort that she had been the one to storm off, but I swallowed my pride and simply nodded.

"Good," she said, "I'll see you tonight."

That night, neither of us mentioned the fight. We made pleasant conversation as we ate together, then we watched part of a movie on Netflix. Around 10 pm, Rachel paused the film and stood, stretching her arms above her head and yawning demonstratively.

"I think I'm heading upstairs now," she said, "if you want to join me, I have another story that I think you might like."

My heart pounded. I half–dreaded, half–anticipated what she was going to tell me tonight, after her handjob last night took that

strange turn and she ruined my orgasm. She seemed to be undergoing some kind of cruel new phase. And it didn't take a genius to understand why.

But I also knew that even if I knew exactly what was happening, I also didn't have any way to stop it. It was like a force of nature, and I was just there to witness what was happening, without being able to do anything to stop it.

So, as I ascended the steps, I was sure that I would be drawn into Rachel's own world of fantasy. One that had a smaller and smaller place for me, her husband, and a bigger and bigger place for the kind of archetypal large–cocked intelligent man that she was so obviously craving, whether he was in the guise of a big–dicked dorm mate, a professor, or our friend Jared.

"So," she said, smiling at me as she poured out some lube onto her hand once we were both ready for bed and lying next to each other, "do you want to hear my story? I can't promise that it'll be a nice one."

I nodded, taking down my pajama pants to expose my already–erect cock. At least she was being honest.

"After that jealous fit you pulled this morning," she began, stroking my prick in her well–lubed hands, "I thought a lot about how hot it would be to give you something to be jealous about. Since you already seem to like to hear stories about me fucking other guys in the past, maybe you'd actually like it if I cheated on you."

"Rachel," I started, shifting in the bed a bit.

"Shh…," she said, "don't worry. You don't have to pretend not to like it. We both know that this turns you on as much as it does me."

I gulped. I certainly couldn't deny it but explicitly admitting it would have really been too much.

"I started to get so horny imagining actually cheating on you," she sighed, "imagining finally finding my own white whale. That special big prick that's attached to an equally special man."

She reached down and put a hand in her pants as she continued the story, stroking her clit and beginning to lose herself in her narration.

"I don't want *only* a big dick," she said, "I want a guy who gets me, who understands on an intellectual level what I'm about. I don't care if he's educated or dirt poor. If he's a professor or a contractor. All I care about is having that connection to him, honey. You understand that, right?"

It was clearly a rhetorical question, so I didn't bother answering. I might have asked her what she saw in me, if the urge to fuck a huge–dicked alpha guy was really so strong. But I was too focused on the way the sensations that she was causing to my cock. After the ruined orgasm the other night, I wanted desperately to cum. Sure, I could have jerked myself off, but there was nothing like the touch of a woman, especially one as skilled as Rachel.

"How long has it been since you've been inside my pussy?" she asked suddenly, stroking me more insistently.

"I don't know," I stammered, "it's been like, what — a month? Two months?"

"What kind of husband," she continued, "doesn't know how long it's been since he's fucked his wife?"

I didn't know what to say.

"The kind of husband who is secretly a cuck, that's the kind. I know all about you. I know why you put up with this kind of treatment. Me going off the pill. Not letting you inside me. I know why you can't get it up in condoms. It's because you can't really bear the thought of fucking me. You'd rather watch someone else do it. Or if you can't do that, you'll at least listen to me talk about it. Isn't that right?"

"Rachel," I said breathlessly as she stroked my cock, almost cruelly now, "I'm not sure what to tell you. It's not true…"

"Bullshit," she laughed, "you and I both know it's true. There's no need to deny it."

Suddenly, she dropped my cock and began to focus on herself and herself alone, rubbing her nipples with one hand and her clit with the other, closing her eyes as she lost herself in a reverie.

"God, honey," she said, "soon, the guest house is going to be done. I fantasize every day about you moving out there, and Jared moving in here. Don't you think that would be wonderful, honey? The only pussy you're going to get from now on is your hand. So, you'd better get used to it. Once Jared moves in here, that spot on the bed is going to be his, and I'm never going to let him go to sleep without having his balls drained by me. I'll make sure he gets all of the attention he ever needs. And maybe we'll even start a family honey…."

She paused for a few seconds, seeming to lose herself in her own fantasy, rubbing her clit more furiously and closing her eyes as she bit her lip. She was quivering now, on the edge of orgasm.

"And you —," she stammered, "you can live in the pool house, honey. It will be so nice once Jared finishes it. You can still pay the mortgage and support me and Jared, until he builds his business up again. It's going to be great."

"When the baby comes," she moaned, "I'm going to be so happy. Finally, I'll have the family I've always wanted: Jared, my superior alpha lover and soulmate, our beautiful child, and finally you: my loving husband and provider."

She climaxed as she concluded, her beautiful mouth parting just slightly as she threw her red hair back in ecstasy.

"Oh Jared, yes!!" she moaned, long since having given up even the pretense of including me in her fantasies.

I knew that she had now completely locked me out of her sex life. It was over. I had lost Rachel.

I sat there, taking my own cock in my hand and jerking myself off as I watched her reach a second orgasm without taking any notice of me whatsoever.

Chapter 7: The Captain's Quarters

It was Tuesday again. We'd passed the week in relative peace, neither of us discussing the strange scene that had played out in our bedroom. It was the last sexual encounter that we'd had, but it seemed to have left no great mark on our weekly routine. The weekend passed relatively uneventfully, though I did watch Rachel flirt with Jared again on Saturday morning as she swam laps once again.

The evening arrived, and I had to make my choice: go to drink with the guys, and leave my wife alone with her fantasy man, or stay home and forgo our long–held ritual, which I'd missed recently anyway due to the business with Rachel's accident.

I wrestled with the decision all day. When I got home, Rachel was already there, and greeted me with a smile. She looked positively radiant. Her hair was lustrous and her make–up had been touched–up since that morning. She was wearing a white evening dress that didn't seem like something she would have worn to work. It seemed more like she was preparing for a night out. For a date.

"Hey, honey," she said, "are you going to eat before you head to the bar with the guys?"

"I'm not sure," I said, telling the truth.

"Aw, you're not sure if you're going to eat? Or you're not sure if you're going to go out with the guys?"

"Both," I said.

She sat down next to me at the kitchen bar, "I really think you should go out. You've had a long week, and you deserve a little time to enjoy yourself."

"Maybe you're right," I said.

It wasn't hard to guess her ulterior motive. She wasn't even really trying to hide it. It was as if she *wanted* me to stay behind and witness her seduction of Jared.

"Of course I'm right," she smiled, "I'm your wife."

I gave her a kiss on the cheek and then picked up my jacket.

"I'll be back around the usual time," I said.

"Alright," she said, "I think I'll stay in tonight. Probably catch up on some reading or something."

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For some reason, I actually drove to the bar, and even considered going in for a moment.

What was I *doing*? Didn't I have any pride at all? I knew for a fact (well, almost, anyway) what was happening at my house, but I was still drawn to the spectacle. Like an insect flying into a bug zapper.

Still, the thought of my beautiful young wife acting out one of her "stories" — the last she would tell me, or give me the privilege of witnessing — made me so incredibly hard.

I thought for a moment more, and then decided to throw caution to the wind. I backed out of my parking spot at the bar, and was back home less than 15 minutes later. Near my house, that is. I parked about a block away on the street, so I wouldn't be noticed, and I practically raced towards my own back yard.

My heart pounded as I noticed that the light to the pool house was on. If I had thought a little more about it, I would have realized that this in and of itself was in no way out of the ordinary. After all, Jared was entitled to stay up as late as he wanted.

I crept up to the back fence and peered through a slat in the fence, directly into the pool house. I almost gasped at the transformation of the inside. Wood trim had been completely restored, the floors were sparkling, and there as even new furniture that I'd never noticed before. The whole thing looked a little like the inside of a captain's cabin on a ship.

Like something out of one of those novels that Rachel loved and that I couldn't find the attention span to read. Jared, ever attentive

to her wants and needs, had remodeled the pool house in such a style as to be a kind of gift for her.

A gift that I could never hope to equal, no matter how much money I made, because it wasn't just material, it was *spiritual*.

That's when they suddenly walked into view. They must have been standing off to the side, in the kitchenette, but now they appeared, holding glasses of wine and laughing. The look on Rachel's face was one of utmost amusement and contentment, as if everything were right with the world.

In *her* world, I knew that everything probably was perfect. But not in mine.

Or was it?

I watched as they made small talk for another few minutes, each sipping casually from their wine. Rachel was sitting with her legs crossed under her now, her skirt sliding seductively up her thigh as she turned to face her interlocutor. Jared had cleaned up quite nicely. He was clean–shaven, wearing a linen shirt that allowed his muscular torso to show through just the right amount. I was a little bit astonished at how convincingly he'd turned his look from working–class contractor to upper–class literary sophisticate. Now he looked exactly like the kind of man that an educated, well–off woman like Rachel would be interested in.

And as the wine continued to flow — was it from the same "wedding vintage"? — it became abundantly clear that Rachel *was* interested.

Very interested.

The tension grew to an unbearable degree which was evident to me, even though I wasn't in the room. Rachel played with her hair, flicking it back and forth over her part in a way that clearly indicated that she was nervous.

Jared, however, was as cool as a cucumber. I have to admit that I never really understood what a supremely confident, alpha male he was until that night. He spoke calmly, in measured tones, but still

managed to tease and flirt with Rachel. I could tell all of this from her body language, from her eager reactions (and, in fact, overreactions) to his words.

Finally, it was clear that something had to happen. Both of them had set their glasses down on the beautiful new coffee table, and then, suddenly, Jared's arm was around her.

In one explosive, passionate move, Rachel was suddenly on her lap, straddling her lover as their tongues began to mingle in a long, slow and sensual kiss.

I could almost hear Rachel's moans of desire. Her softly whispered words of love and affection. I could almost feel the relief that must have coursed through her body as she realized that her love, lust or both was entirely reciprocated by Jared. That his desire for her might have exceeded her own.

I watched them make out for several minutes. Their petting was passionate, but entirely unhurried. Their hands were wandering now: his up along the hem of her skirt and towards her inner thighs, hers over his shoulders and chest. She was rubbing her pelvis against his, along the length of what I imagined to be a very large erection.

At that moment, I decided I needed to get a better look. I would have to use my key to sneak into the back gate. We'd had a lock installed on it a couple of years ago after our insurance company had insisted on it because of the liability associated with the swimming pool. Now I cursed it, because I couldn't for the life of me remember which of my keys fit the lock. My hands shook as I tried first one, then another, desperate not to miss a moment of the deep–dicking my wife was about to receive.

Finally, I had it. I pushed through the gate and burst into the back yard, only to forget the motion–detecting lights I'd installed there several months ago. Suddenly, I was awash in light, and stood there for a second before bolting into the shadows, just as I heard the sliding door to the pool house open.

"Oh my God, Jared," said Rachel, "the back gate is open. It's got a deadbolt on it. I don't understand…"

"You go inside," Jared ordered, "go up into your bedroom and lock the door. Don't open it up until you hear me tell you that it's safe. I'm going to find this pervert."

From my hiding spot in the bushes, my body prepared itself for a fight. My wife's lover looked around him, his eyes filled with a fierce anger, and perhaps a bit of fear. After all, I'd just completely cock–blocked him, prevented him (unintentionally, of course) from claiming his prize: my beautiful wife's fertile young body.

"Come out wherever you are," he growled, pacing the yard, only a few feet from where I stood in the bushes, but blinded by the bright lights to the extent that he couldn't see me.

Then, he paused, in front of the pool house, looking out into the yard and speaking a bit softer now, but still loud enough to hear.

"Look," he began, "I'm not stupid. I know who has the key to the back gate. No thief is going to pick a lock like that one when they could just climb the fence. It's you, isn't it, Ethan? No need to deny it. Your wife is upstairs in your bedroom now. I'm going to go inside in a moment and comfort her there."

I should have burst forth in that moment and attacked my rival, but I didn't. I stood there, unmoving, *unable* to move, and a bit afraid of giving away my position for fear of what *he* might do to *me*.

"What I can't figure out," he continued, "is what kind of man would let a guy like me get so close to his wife? Then I realized it. A cuck. Some kind of little pervert who gets off on his wife getting fucked by another man. Well, Ethan, I promise you I'm going to give you a show tonight. I'm going to fuck a baby into Rachel. She's practically begging for it. She told me all about everything — the problems with your 'little man' staying hard, her reluctance to start a family with a man as unreliable and wimpy as you, the fact that she can't tolerate birth control. I'm not an idiot, and I don't think you

are, either. The only reason that a woman tells a man details like that is if she wants to build intimacy with him. That is to say, if she wants to get **fucked** by him."

He paused for a moment, laughing to himself softly.

"Of course, maybe you're not even out here. Maybe you ran away as soon as the lights came on, and you're back at the bar with your friends, drinking away your sorrows. For your sake, I kind of hope that's true. Because I know I wouldn't want to see another man make love to Rachel the way I'm about to. But maybe that's because I'm not a cuck."

He turned, heading for the big house.

"I hope you like the renovations," he said, "because that's probably where you're going to be living when this is all over. And by the way —"

He turned back towards the yard, addressing me where I waited in the bushes.

"— I promise to leave the door to the bedroom open and the lights on, in case you want to go upstairs and watch from the hallway. I figure if I'm going to take another man's wife, the least I can do is let him watch her satisfaction. I know it's not a fair trade, but it's at least something. Isn't it, Ethan?"

With that, he slowly walked up the deck stairs and into the house, closing the sliding glass door behind him, but not locking it. It was ok. I had a key anyway.

I paused for a minute or so, breathing deeply and attempting to calm my nerves through deep breathing exercises. The adrenaline pumping through my veins made it almost impossible to control the shaking in my limbs. Finally, after what seemed like ten minutes, I was able to calmly assess the situation.

I did what I knew I was going to do all along. What I had secretly wanted from the beginning.

I walked up into the house and removed my shoes, slowly tiptoeing up the stairs towards the bedroom, where I could already hear the faint sounds of female pleasure.

Chapter 8: Rachel's White Whale

The bedroom was lit with the warm light of two wall sconces, and the lovers were already entwined on the bed, locked in a passionate embrace. I had a perfect side view of the action from my place in the hallway, where I stood, barely breathing, in shoeless feet on the carpet.

My wife's sensual mouth played with that of her lover. This was the unhurried, yet at the same time somehow urgent kissing of a couple deeply in love.

They were both naked now — the time I'd taken to catch my breath outside had afforded them plenty of their own — but they were not under the covers at all. I could see all of my wife's beautiful, slender body, so pale and vulnerable in the hands of the older man. Rachel was not one of those redheads who had freckles. Instead, she had flawless pale white skin which was now contrasted with Jared's muscular, sun–worn torso.

I watched as Jared kissed down the side of her neck, moving slowly towards her breasts, whose nipples were erect in the room's cool air. His tongue flicked one, while his fingertips played gently on the other, much to Rachel's obvious delight.

"Oh Jared," she moaned, "I'm so happy we can finally be together. We've both wanted this for so long."

He answered by taking her other nipple in his mouth and eliciting a coo of pleasure from deep within her.

"God, yes, Jared," she cried, "this is already the best. I've never felt this way with another man…"

"We're only getting started," he said, popping the nipple out of his mouth and looking up at her, "just wait."

"Fuck," she moaned, "I want you to take me. I'm yours, Jared. You can do whatever you want with me. Just please, make love to me."

I saw that Jared had a hand between her legs now, and Rachel's eyes were closed as he pumped his fingers in and out of her no–doubt sopping wet pussy.

"Oh God," she moaned, "I want your cock so bad. Please give it to me, Jared."

She reached down and touched the top of his prick, moaning in lust as she did so.

"God, I've been waiting for a dick like this for years," she whispered, breathlessly, "something that can really make me feel like a woman. Overpower me."

"That's right," he said, parting her legs and positioning herself as she stroked his head, "are you ready, Rachel? Ready for me to finally fuck you?"

"Fuck yes," she moaned, "I've been dreaming about this every night since the night we met. I always knew, from the moment that I looked into your eyes, that we were destined to be lovers. Now I understand that it's more than that. We're soulmates, too."

"God yes, Rachel," he moaned, plunging his cock into her, just up to the head because her tightness didn't allow any more movement than that at the moment.

"Fuck yes," she moaned, sucking in her breath quickly, "I love how this feels. It's incredible. Just give me a second to get used to the size. You're the biggest man I've ever been with. By far."

I looked down at my own cock, which was now in my hands. That's right. I was a trespasser in my own house, jerking off in the hallway as I watched my wife get dicked down by the largest prick I'd ever seen in real life.

He was all the way inside her now, balls deep, and I watched as their eyes locked in a moment of lust that could only remind me of my soulful, profound sexual encounters with Rachel early in our relationship. I knew that she could only have that kind of deep connection with one man at a time, and I knew that I was no longer that man.

It hurt, of course. But part of me clearly enjoyed it. It was an objectively beautiful scene that was playing out in our marriage bed. A beautiful redhead, completely naked with her legs spread, was taking a long, deep dicking from a fit older man's gigantic cock.

"Good girl," he moaned, "this feels so amazing. I can't believe we waited so long to do it, just out of respect for your husband."

The disdain with which he said "husband" told me all I needed to know about his attitude towards me.

"Fuck him," moaned Rachel, bucking her hips up to meet his increasingly rapid thrusts, "I'm going to divorce him, but still make him live with us so he can pay the bills. You can move into the house and take his place, while he moves down to the pool house. You've done such a good job on it he really doesn't deserve it, but I'm feeling nice I guess."

"Oh fuck, Rachel. You're so cruel," he laughed pumping his entire length into her tight, clenching cunt.

"I mean every word," she moaned, "I've never wanted a man as badly as I want you. Just take me. Body and soul. You own me."

"God, you're so tight. This feels incredible," moaned her lover, pushing her legs back so that her ankles rested on his shoulders, "I just want to get lost inside you."

"I need you so bad," she panted, grinding herself into him every time he bottomed out inside her with a slow yet powerful thrust, "I want you to come inside me. I want you to get me pregnant. Give me a baby, please!"

The look of incredible lust that spread across Jared's face was indescribable. At the same time, it clearly wasn't *purely* lust. It was also an incredible affection, a deep emotional connection with my wife that I had absolutely no hope of ever replicating.

"Please," she begged, "I'm so close. I want you to come inside me at the same time that I do. Understand?"

"Yes," he moaned, thrusting faster, "I'm going to fill you. Take this big fucking dick. I know you want it."

"God yes," she gasped, "I need it. Come inside me. I need your baby so bad…"

And in that moment, she wrapped her legs around him, pulling him as deep inside as he would go. At the same time, her entire body began to quake, and it was as if she were holding on to him for dear life with only her legs as her climax shuddered through her entire body, flushing every inch of it for a few moments before her original pallor returned.

She let out a high–pitched squeak and then a low, throaty moan as she convulsed on his cock. This was a performance — or, more likely, and authentic experience — the likes of which I had never seen. At the same time this was happening, Jared was pumping her full of spurt after spurt of his warm thick cum, which I had to imagine because I could not see.

Then, finally, it was over.

He collapsed on top of her, holding her face in his hands and showering her with kisses for several minutes as they lay entangled. Then, slowly, he pulled out.

"That was so wonderful," she cooed, "it was amazing. I don't want to wait any longer. When Ethan comes home, I'm going to make him sleep in the guest house. Starting tonight."

"That's a good idea," said Jared, stroking her hair, "and if he tried to resist, I'll take care of him."

I knew that I didn't stand a chance against his muscular frame. My only hope to combat their plan would have been to call the police and assert my property rights, but I didn't need anyone else involved in this situation, which was humiliating enough already.

Still, as degrading as it was to have another man fuck my wife in front of me, in my own bed, it was also incredibly arousing. I looked down at my sperm–covered hand. I'd climaxed at the exact

same time that they had: my own secret simultaneous orgasm, out in the darkness of the hallway.

"I don't think he'll resist," continued Rachel, "I think I've given him enough information for him to understand exactly where he stands."

"Won't he leave you?"

"I don't think so," she said, "he loves me too much for that. But that's too bad for him, now, isn't it?"

"It definitely is," said Jared, "because I'm not going to share. I don't even want him to see you naked anymore. Not even in your panties. Got it?"

"Yes, Sir," she said, smiling at him, "I think that's an excellent idea. But there's one thing: I *do* want him to see *you* naked, so that he can understand what a real man's cock looks like. I want to suck your dick while he watches. To worship it and you so that he understands my needs as a woman, and the incredible pleasure he would have if he were able to fulfill them."

"That's so cruel," laughed Jared, "I love it. I think we should start now."

"But he's not here," laughed Rachel.

"I think he might be," said Jared, guessing correctly, "who else has the key to that back gate? And besides, just send him a text now and tell him to come home right away and come up to the bedroom."

Rachel already had her phone out and was sending the message. A moment later, an audible buzz came from my pocket.

Rachel and Jared both looked out into the hallway.

Shit.

"Come on out, cuck," laughed Jared, "I *knew* you were out there. Did you like what you saw?"

I didn't budge for a moment.

"Come out," said Rachel, sitting up in bed and covering her nakedness with a sheet, "we can discuss this like adults."

Reluctantly, I stepped out from the shadows, my dropping dick still exposed and my hands covered with cum.

Rachel giggled.

"God," she said, "it's even smaller than I remembered when I see it so close to yours, Jared."

She was stroking him under the sheet, now.

"This cuck loves to hear stories about me fucking big cocks, and now he's finally gotten the opportunity to see it up close for real," she laughed, "as a present to him, I'm going to suck your cock naked, so he can get a nice long look at the body he loves so much but will never see again. Sound fair?"

"Sounds fair to me," laughed Jared, as she dropped to her knees in front of the bed.

"Why don't you stand so he can get a better look?" she asked, grinning up at her lover, who climbed off the bed and stood up in front of her, his cock hanging at three–quarter–mast right in front of my wife's face. He must have been at least 9 inches, and wasn't even entirely hard yet.

"Now *this* is *my* white whale, honey," she said, taking his cock and stroking it, "this is what I've been searching for all my life. Not just a cock this size, of course. But a cock this size attached to a man like this."

She opened her mouth and took the first third of his shaft all the way down on the first try. He gasped in pleasure as he hardened to his full length, thrusting gently in and out of her mouth as she gradually took him deeper and deeper, opening and relaxing her throat in a way that I'd never seen her do before.

I watched in awe as her full breasts bounced and her luscious red hair waved in time with the bobbing of her head, before she finally paused to tie it back into a thick ponytail.

“God she’s good,” moaned Jared, “I bet she’s never given you this kind of treatment, has she? But I get to look forward to it every day from now on. Isn’t that right?”

“Twice a day, if you want,” smiled Rachel, coming up for air and stroking his thick shaft as she beamed up at him, “you can do whatever you want with me. But please don’t forget to come in my pussy often. I need you to knock me up!”

“Oh baby, you know I won’t forget that,” said Jared as her mouth engulfed his shaft again.

I watched helplessly, my own cock getting hard once again.

“I know you love watching this. Look at her breasts bounce. That’s the last time you’ll see them do that. The last time you’ll see her beautiful naked body,” he taunted me.

“I’m close,” he groaned, after a few more minutes, “where do you want it?”

Rachel took his shaft out of her mouth for just a moment, “I want to swallow it all. Please give it to me, honey. I love you so much.”

In that moment, I saw the same look in her eyes that I’d seen the night I’d proposed to her once again. Even though it was an absolutely obscene act, swallowing this man’s cum, she did it with love and tenderness like I’d never experienced and now would never experience from her. I watched as she stroked his cock frantically into her mouth, cupping his balls in the other hand as he massaged her hair.

Then, he exploded. I watched as Rachel kept her eyes locked on his, showing her utmost devotion as he pumped his load into her mouth. She swallowed once.

Twice.

Three times.

Then he was finished. She sucked him clean, then opened her mouth to demonstrate to both of us that she’d succeeded in taking

his entire load. It was clearly a gesture of love and devotion, as pornographic and unexpected as it was. I had no idea that she was capable of doing something so filthy.

Then she looked at me. Her blue eyes burning.

"I hope you enjoyed the show honey. It's not the last time you're going to see me suck Jared's dick. But it will be the last time that you see me naked."

I stood there, holding my cock, feeling like I should have said something — that I needed to say something. But I couldn't.

And then it was over. Rachel was wearing a bathrobe. She stood and went towards the bathroom, then turned to me and said:

"I think you know where you'll be sleeping from now on. You can at least thank Jared for renovating it for you."

I was speechless. I didn't even try to protest. I simply looked at the chest of drawers in the room that held my clothes.

"Just get what you need for tonight. I'll make sure the rest of it gets to the pool house afterwards."

Jared looked at me almost sympathetically, his huge cock swaying between his legs.

"I almost feel sorry for you," he said, "*almost*. You had every chance to prevent this. But you didn't. You practically begged for it to happen. After all, it was your idea for me to move in in the first place!"

I had to admit that he was right, as hard as it was for me to do that.

I pulled a few things from the drawer and stuffed them into a gym bag I found in the closet. A few minutes later, I was in the pool house, admiring the new fixtures and the excellent workwork that Jared was responsible for.

Then, around 11PM, I looked up at the window of what used to be the bedroom I shared with my wife, and watched the light go

out. I remembered the first night that Rachel and I had spent together, and I knew that Jared was in for something special.

Something that I'd never have again.

Epilogue: The Pool House

Everything came to pass exactly as Rachel had said it would. I remained living in the pool house, and paying all of the bills, while Jared took my place in the main house. Jared and Rachel were clearly trying extremely hard to have a baby, because every night I would hear Rachel's moans of pleasure coming from their room. The locked me out of the house at night (they had the locks changed almost immediately, without any protest from me), but they sometimes left the window open wide enough for me to hear my wife's shouts of ecstasy as she proclaimed her pleasure.

Not infrequently, I heard her mention his size, and compare it unfavorably to my own. I knew — or strongly suspected — on those occasions, that she was taunting me on purpose, that she knew that I was standing out in the yard, my cocked at an angle, hoping to capture a few suggestive noises.

She made good in her promises in other ways, too. First of all, I witnessed her suck Jared's cock at least four more times in the first month. It wasn't an everyday occurrence (at least, what I saw), but it was common enough for me to come home and find her on her knees servicing him, always in some kind of sexy outfit that was just revealing enough to not break her promise to never show herself to me naked ever again.

It was utter agony.

But still, I never moved out. I simply couldn't leave Rachel, even though I'd already lost her long ago.

Then one day, she announced that she was pregnant. I assumed that this would be the final straw. That I'd finally be ejected from their lives forever.

I was wrong. Rachel asked me if I would be willing to stick around and be her and Jared's "Manny" — male nanny. I would be raising the child of another man. The man who had stolen my wife from me.

It killed me inside, but what could I do? I had been bested. It seemed only natural and right to say yes.

And so we wait, now. As I write this, it's a cool night in the pool house, and Rachel and Jared are at the hospital. Her contractions started yesterday morning.

It's an exciting day for all of us. For me, for Jared, and most of all, for Rachel. The love of my life, and my former wife, now gone forever thanks to being conquered by a superior man.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

HER FIRST BIG ONE

*"Trust me: in every case it's the **husband's** idea to begin with, but it's the **wife** who ends up having the time of her life."*

Evan loves hanging out with his wife Emma and her hot red-headed friend, Penny, on Friday nights after work. Even if Penny runs her mouth off a lot, she's still great to look at.

But when Penny won't stop talking about a new man in her life, a man who is blessed with a particularly **large endowment**, both Emma and Evan are intrigued.

Soon, Greg, the man who's been fulfilling all of Penny's size queen dreams, is a guest in their home, and events take a shocking, sizzling turn. Before they know it, Evan's **sweet, inexperienced and fertile wife** is coming face to face with **her first big one**, and Evan is relegated to the sidelines. In his own house, and soon, in his own marriage.

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BECCA GETS BLACKED

Mike's wife Becca is a modest country girl who has a hard time owning her own sexiness. He's very proud to be married to her and gets a thrill out of showing her off at company functions.

But when Mike's workplace bully, a rival scientist named Steve, takes a look at Becca and likes what he sees, their marriage will never be the same. The handsome, intelligent and totally alpha Steve has one asset that Mike doesn't: a BBC. And that doesn't have anything to do with British television, even if Becca is naive enough to think so.

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike's nose. Before long, he's not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet, inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

Becca, comparing the size of her two lovers, sees a clear difference: Steve is the superior man.

Now Mike must make a choice: stay with Becca and accept the humiliation that comes with watching her and her new lover, or strike out on his own, accepting that his marriage is over.

One thing is for certain: after Becca gets blacked, nothing will be the same…

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BLACKED BY HIS BULLY

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

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

Kevin isn't just any neighbor.

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

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

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

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

LOSING LENA

Mike and Lena run into some trouble on their way to the Bahamas to celebrate the completion of their graduate degrees. Trouble, in this case, in the form of Carl, a tall, handsome and hung African-American corporate mediator with an unconventional approach to conflict resolution.

When bad weather grounds their flight and confines all of them to a hotel in Washington, D.C., Carl helps Lena and two other women learn the true meaning of "BDE."

Soon, Carl is giving Lena one-on-one lessons in submission in his hotel room. What he and Lena don't know, however, is that Mike is watching them the whole time. He can't take his eyes off his innocent girlfriend who, as it turns out, is not as inexperienced as she seems.

Come along with Mike as he watches his girlfriend in the experienced, dominant arms of a well–endowed black man. Mike already knows he can't compete. But will it matter to Lena? Will he lose her for good, or will they be able to come to some kind of arrangement that grants her the freedom she so obviously needs and desires?

Find out in this 14,000–word novellete that chronicles one woman's descent into submission while her boyfriend watches.

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