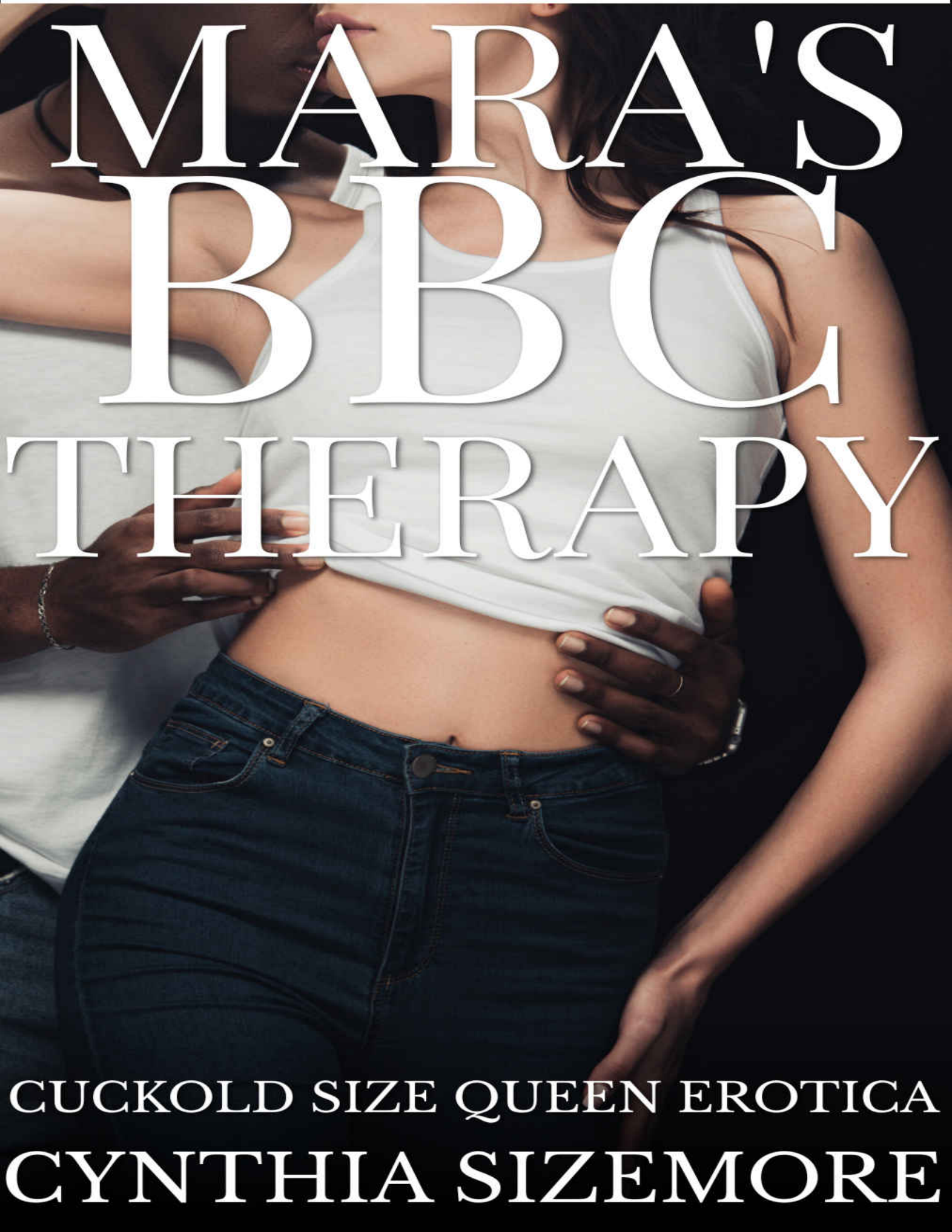

MARA'S
BBC
THERAPY
CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

MARA'S BBC THERAPY

By Cynthia Sizemore

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MARA'S BBC THERAPY

Introduction

Things had changed between my wife Mara and me ever since the fateful day when she asked to use my phone. It was such a casual request that I granted it without a second thought about what she might discover, or how it might affect our marriage.

Forever.

We'd been hiking in the mountains near our house, and the day was so beautiful and the sky so blue that I'd completely forgotten what I'd been doing right before we left for our weekend getaway.

I'd been looking at porn. A very specific *type* of porn, to be exact. The kind of pornography that my conservative wife would never in a million years have even known *existed*, let alone wanted her husband to look at.

But as I watched her face fall as she looked at the screen, I immediately realized what had happened. She tried to disguise her surprise (or was it disgust?), quickly swiping away the page I'd had open and inputting the search that she'd intended to make.

"Oh," I stammered, reaching out in vain for my wife's hand, "I didn't mean for you to see that."

"It's ok," she said, jerking the phone away, "like I said, I just want to see if that restaurant is open."

I stood there for a few moments, studying her face for any further signs of emotion, but I didn't find any.

"Great!" she said, "it opens for lunch from 11–3, so we've got plenty of time to make it if we head back soon."

"How are you feeling?" I asked, taking the phone back and pocketing it as I silently cursed myself, "do you want to head back now?"

She looked up at me with her grey–green eyes, her beautiful dark hair flapping all around her face in the warm breeze. I took her

hand in mine, trying to feel for some sign of her reaction to what she'd seen.

"No," she said, her eyes betraying only a tender sadness, "let's keep going for a while."

She turned away and continued down the trail in front of me, not saying anything for a while. I took a moment to explore her body with my eyes: her shapely, child–bearing hips, her slender waist and her sensuous ass. My mind flashed back to the videos I'd been watching on my phone. The videos that she'd discovered long enough only to see the titles and a few key images from the thumbnails:

White Wife takes her first Big Black Cock.

Husband Watches Helplessly as his Wife is Blacked.

Fuck. This was just my private, secret fetish. I'd never even so much as suggested that we try anything besides the missionary position with my wife, and I'd certainly never admitted that I used pornography.

She'd asked about my porn consumption once, obliquely, when we'd been dating, telling me that if I "looked at any of that perverted stuff on the internet" she would consider it cheating.

So had I cheated on her? In her mind, had *I* been cheating on *her* every time that I'd imagined *her* cheating on *me*? That would certainly be ironic, wouldn't it?

Mara had been a conservative, church–going woman her entire life. I'd loved the fact that she'd been so innocent when we'd met, but over the years, I'd begun to wonder if she felt like she had missed out on something by not having been with any other men. I started fantasizing more and more about her cutting loose with other men, and wondered if she'd done the same.

She told me that she never masturbated, and the only sign of any kind of "private" sex life that I'd ever found were the very tame romance novels that she liked to buy from the grocery store once in a while. None of those stories featured an attractive young white

woman on her knees on the bed, taking a gigantic black cock from behind. The images she'd seen must have been **totally** shocking to her.

Chapter 1

The rest of our weekend hiking trip passed without incident. I kept trying to find a way to bring up what Mara had seen. I made a couple halfhearted jokes about her borrowing my phone again. She didn't rise to the bait. At all. It was as if the incident had never even happened. Except I knew for a fact that it had, and that Mara was processing everything in her own way.

In her own time.

Then, the change began. I call it "the change," because (from one day to the next), Mara completely changed her habits. Instead of lazing around in bed after the alarm rang, she jumped up and began a flurry of activity. Instead of lingering over breakfast in the morning before heading into the office, she started going to the gym.

At first, "the change" didn't bother me at all. In fact, I welcomed it. Mara was always attractive to me, but it was true that she'd put on a couple pounds during the years we'd been married, but in the space of two months, those pounds melted away completely and were replaced with toned muscle. But not so much that she lost her attractive, feminine curves. She seemed happier. Bouncier. More spontaneous around the house.

The only place that "the change" was at all negative was in the bedroom. Or, I should say, *partially* negative, because she let me do a few thing that had never been on the table before. I was allowed, for example, to worship her vulva and vagina with my tongue. Before, she'd always been squeamish about oral sex, believing it to be dirty because of her upbringing. Now, it was practically all that she wanted.

And she never reciprocated, either. I was careful not to point this out, because I didn't want to do anything that might ruin her newfound openness to sexual experimentation. I imagined that she'd

eventually come around, and that she'd be sucking my dick in no time.

As it turned out, though this never happened. In fact, our sexual activity fell into more and more of a routine, just a different one from before. Where before we used to have brief, loving missionary–style sex with the lights out about once a week, I had started going down on Mara almost every day after work. At first, this would also precede a brief missionary session during which I also had the chance for satisfaction, but more and more, this fell by the wayside as well, until one day (after lavishing attention on her dripping pussy for almost an hour with my tongue), I asked if I might be satisfied as well, and Mara simply smiled at me and said "get the lotion."

I wasn't sure what she meant, then I realized that she was motioning to the bottle of hand lotion on her nightstand. I stood up from the bed and grabbed it, then handed it to her.

"Lie down," she commanded, squeezing a bit onto her hand.

I realized what was happening: she was going to give me a handjob.

To most husbands, this might have been seen as dismissive, a sign of defeat. But to me (because of Mara's otherwise conservative nature) this was actually something new and different. I imagined this was just a step on the path to getting her to be more and more experimental. Eventually she'd be giving me blowjobs, I was sure of it.

She smiled down at me, taking my shaft into her lubed hand and beginning to stroke me up and down.

"You like serving me, don't you?" she laughed, "you like getting on your knees and eating your wife's pussy."

I gasped a bit when I heard this word come out of her mouth. Even though she'd been more adventurous in terms of letting me go down on her, dirty talk (especially dirty words like "pussy") had been totally off limits. This was a new Mara.

"Yes," I stammered.

"I like it, too," she said.

She stroked me for a moment in silence and then said.

"You know, I've noticed a difference in the way that men at the gym have been looking at me over the past few weeks."

My cock must have twitched, because she looked down at it and laughed.

"You liked that, huh? You like the idea of other men at the gym checking out your wife's ass and tits?"

I blushed and nodded. How could I deny it? Mara was a beautiful woman, and I knew that the fact was not lost on other men, either. So what if I had a *minor* wife–sharing kink. It's not like I wanted her to *actually* do anything with other men. It was just a fantasy, right?

She stroked me a bit faster, looking down at my cock and smiling a bit.

"You know," she said, "my trainer, Marcus, was checking out my ass the other day. I know he was because of the mirrors in there. I don't think he was inspecting my form, either, because later on, I noticed a bulge in his shorts."

"What?" I gasped, amazed that my wife had been looking at another man's bulge, or a bulge in general. She usually seemed completely uninterested in cocks.

"Yeah," she said, "and...how do I put this delicately? His size was *quite* impressive."

"Oh God," I groaned, looking up at my wife's beautiful tits and imaging a thick black cock sliding between them, "did he know that you were checking him out?"

"Mmm–hmm," she said, "and in fact, he even asked me if I'd be interested in a more private session. At his house."

"What?" I sat bolt upright, my back as rigid as my cock.

"Is something the matter, honey? I thought that's what you wanted. After all, you were watching those things on your phone about exactly this, weren't you?"

"But…," I protested, internally conflicted.

On the one hand, there was nothing I wanted to see more than my wife take a large cock. On the other hand, I was deathly afraid of losing her to a superior man.

This was also the first time she'd directly mentioned what she'd seen on my phone, and her reaction was not at all what I'd anticipated. I fully expected her to be disgusted, repulsed and humiliated at the thought that her husband looked at that kind of "material" to get off. While her reaction was totally surprising, it was also, on another level most welcome. Especially in the moment I found myself in: with her hand on my lubed cock, bringing me closer and closer to orgasm.

"I know exactly what you're into now," she said, leaning down and whispering in my ear as her tits grazed my chest, "I've been doing a lot of reading. I'll admit it: at first I was furious and hurt. I couldn't understand what you were doing looking at pornography, or what it meant that you so obviously wanted to see me with a larger man. I never thought that size really mattered that much, but then I started watching some videos like the ones I saw on your phone, and I started to get really turned on by the sight of those women so obviously enjoying those large, thick poles. I started to wonder what it would be like to be with a *real* man, a man with a penis that says immediately that he's in charge. My fantasies started going crazy, honey."

She pumped my cock in her hands.

"All of a sudden, my husband's little prick stopped doing it for me. I can't explain it. I feel like I've been reprogrammed to desire a large, thick penis. And it's all thanks to you and your perverse fetishes, you little cuck."

She laughed.

“I don’t even know why I’m doing this, to be honest. Why I’m doing you the favor of jerking you off, when I really should be going out and leaving you here to imagine me fucking a larger, better man while you jerk your pathetic little peter off by yourself. I guess maybe it’s my Christian upbringing that’s keeping me from actually going through with it.”

“Mara,” I stammered, “don’t do this, please...”

She smiled.

“Admit it. I’ll let you come if you just tell me the truth. You secretly want me to fuck a man with a huge black cock. You want to see that big, thick, dark penis slide into your wife’s tight little pink vagina. You want to see me wrap my arms around him and give him a long kiss as he pushes himself deeper than you could ever go. And you want to see the look on his face when he fills me with his seed.”

“Yes,” I moaned, “I admit it!”

I couldn’t believe those words had come out of my mouth, but in the same moment, I erupted, shooting a fountain of sperm onto my wife’s tits and hands.

She smiled as she slowly stroked me until I was finished.

“I hope you enjoyed that,” she said, “because I think it’s the last attention you’re going to get from me for a while.”

“Mara,” I said, “let’s talk about this.”

“I thought we just did,” she said, giving me a playful yet cruel look before leaning down and giving me a kiss.

“You made quite a mess,” she said, “so you’d better clean yourself up! But I get the shower first.”

And so she left me there, my conservative wife, Mara, to sit on my bed, observing my own slowly wilting penis and covered in my own sperm. I had no idea how this had happened, or really how I even felt about it, but I was beginning to sense that I had absolutely no control over what was going to happen next. Mara was going to do what she wanted, and it was crystal clear that what she wanted

was to fuck her trainer's big black cock. It wasn't a question anymore of *if*, it was a question of *when*.

Chapter 2

The next day at work, I could barely concentrate. I knew that Mara was going to meet her trainer right after work. At his house this time. That's why I was so shocked when Mara called me.

"Hey honey," she said, "it's me. I shouldn't talk long, because I'm driving, but I wanted to tell you that Marcus wants *you* to come along to my first appointment, too. Don't ask me why."

She giggled.

"I mean, I think I know what he has in mind, but I'm not really sure why you have to be there for it."

I gulped. I could barely form words.

"Sure, honey," I stammered, "I can get off work early. Just tell me the address."

I wrote down the address that she gave me. It was somewhere up in the hills. It would take me almost an hour to get there, but I immediately jumped up as soon as I'd finished writing.

"See you soon!" she said, and hung up.

I dashed to my car, mumbling something to my secretary on the way out the door, barely able to form a coherent sentence. I knew where I was going.

I was going to watch my wife get fucked.

All of a sudden, I wasn't sure if I was ok with it anymore. It had been a hot fantasy, but I'd never really intended to live it out in real life. At the same time, however, I understood that there was absolutely nothing I could do about it now. Mara was going to do what she wanted to do, and what she wanted to do was cheat on me. Right in front of my face.

***

After being stuck in traffic for at least 20 minutes longer than I'd anticipated, I finally found the place. The building was a spacious,

modernist take on a log cabin up in the hills. What wasn't made out of light wood was made out of glass. It was three stories high, and I could tell that the walls of the third floor were made up almost entirely of windows.

Suddenly feeling very awkward, I paused for a moment on the steps before reaching out for the doorbell. But before I could ring, the door swung open, and an attractive woman in her early forties smiled at me.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I'm...looking for Marcus. And my wife...Mara. I must have the wrong house."

"John, right?" she said, extending her hand as she opened the screen door with the other.

"Yes," I stammered, "how'd you know?"

"Didn't Mara tell you?" she said, a bit amused, "I'm Linda, Marcus's wife."

I felt a wave of relief passing over me. Surely I'd misunderstood something then. It seemed impossible that Marcus would be upstairs fucking *my* wife while I was downstairs talking to *his*. At the same time, I was a bit disappointed, though it was hard to admit. If I wasn't going to see Mara have sex with Marcus, what *was* I doing here?

"I'm not sure," I stuttered, "she said to meet her here. Is she there?"

"Of course," said Linda, as if my question had been totally ridiculous, but still with a kind of sympathetic understanding that put me immediately at ease.

"Can I," I started, "I mean, should I come in?"

"Yes, please," she said, "Marcus and Mara are upstairs right now, getting ready. We've been expecting you. I hope you found the place alright!"

"I did, thanks," I said, immediately a bit more relaxed.

I stepped across the threshold as she opened the door.

“I’m not sure how much Mara has told you about what we do here,” she said, ushering me into the foyer, “but it’s very simple. First and foremost, we are therapists.”

“I thought Marcus was her trainer.”

My voice shook with uncertainty. What exactly was going on here?

“Yes, Marcus is also a personal trainer. In our practice, we don’t recognize a distinction between the physical and the psychological aspects of therapy. We incorporate meditation, breath and orgasm control into our therapy regimens. That’s why Mara started seeing Marcus.”

“I don’t understand,” I stammered, “so she’s been exercising so that she can have sex with Marcus? Are you’re ok with that?”

She smiled.

“I’m more than ok with it. I helped develop the therapy years ago when Marcus and I first met. I realized that having sex with him left me relaxed, centered and perfectly happy like no other experience before. I couldn’t keep the secret to myself; I had to share him with other women. It would be too selfish not to. I call it ‘BBC Therapy.’ We’re working on a patent for it.”

“And BBC is what I think it is?”

“Given the videos that Mara found on your phone, I’d venture to say that you know exactly what it is.”

I blushed. It was humiliating to know that other people besides Mara knew about my secret fetish.

“Come on,” she said, walking to a spiral staircase in the center of the room, “they’re wait to start!”

I trudged along beside her, my heart pounding in anticipation. I had a feeling that what I was going to see would change my marriage forever. And I wasn’t sure it would be a good thing, either, but I simply couldn’t turn around and head back home. The thought of what might be waiting for me upstairs was simply too enticing.

Chapter 3

I emerged from the staircase into the spacious, window–filled room that I'd seen from the ground floor. Mara was across the room, wearing her workout clothes: a loose–fitting tshirt and yoga pants. Except, even from several yards away, I could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. My wife's pert nipples were clearly visible. She was smiling at me peacefully.

The tall, muscular black man who greeted Linda with a kiss on the cheek must be Marcus. He walked up to me and gave me a firm handshake.

"Dr. Marcus Fielding," he said, giving me a broad grin, "I'm your wife's therapist and trainer. Pleased to meet you."

"Nice to meet you," I mumbled, "I'm John."

"Ok, John. Let's all have a seat and discuss what's going to happen here."

I nodded, following Marcus and Linda over to the bed where Mara stood.

Mara came over and gave me a kiss on the cheek, then whispered "thanks for coming, honey. This will be great for us. I promise."

I nodded. I had no idea what to think about what was happening, but I wasn't so sure it would be great for us.

We all sat down and Linda brought over a chilled bottle of seltzer water, pouring us each a small glass before Marcus cleared his throat authoritatively.

"John," he said, "let's cut to the chase. We're here because of something you did. You know what that was, don't you?"

"The videos?"

"That's right. Mara, you've already told John how those videos affected you. But why don't you tell him about the solution that

we've worked out?"

"John," she said, "according to the way that I was raised, to what I believe, using pornography is no different from cheating. In some ways, it's worse than cheating, because it feels like you're cheating on me with a different woman every time you watch a different video. And I know you watched more than one video."

"Mara," I started, wanting to explain myself but not really knowing what to say, "I..."

Marcus raised his hand.

"John, please let her speak."

"So I felt that since you had been with so many other women, I would be completely justified in seeking out other men. At first this meant doing some reading about your sick little fetish. While I couldn't understand what was attractive to you about seeing me having sex with other men, I did in fact begin to understand what made well–hung black men so appealing. I started watching video after video of well–endowed black men satisfying white women like me. I even bought a big black dildo. You didn't find that in my nightstand, did you?"

I shook my head, my cheeks burning with embarrassment even as I felt my cock become as stiff as a board. I couldn't help but imagine my wife in our bed, pleasuring herself with an oversize black dildo.

"Well, you're in luck. Marcus told me to bring it today, and I did."

She reached into a bag and pulled out a gigantic black dildo. It was curved upward slightly and formed exactly like a real cock, complete with a prominent mushroom head. The thing was absolutely intimidating, but the fact that my wife had been hiding it as a secret from me I found incredibly arousing.

"Marcus told me to practice with this to be ready for today," she said, smiling over at him, "this dildo is about ¾ his actual size, so there will still be a little bit for me to get used to."

"You can show me how you practice in a minute," he said, "but first, continue what you have to say to your husband."

"It's not just about the size," she said, "it's about trust. What you did threw my entire world upside down. You knew that I didn't like you looking at porn. And you promised me before we got married that you'd never do it. Do you know how it made me feel? Like everything that I'd ever taken for granted was thrown into question. Of course everything in our relationship, but also my basic desires, too. I'd never cared at all about a man's cock size. But since *you* seemed to be so hung up on it — no pun intended — I started thinking about it more and more. And I started to realize that (let's face it) you're just sort of lacking in that department. Once I felt how incredible it was to have my vagina stretched by the enormous black dildo, I realized that there was nothing more that I wanted than to feel the real thing."

"Mara," I said, "don't do this. We can go home now, honey. You don't have to have sex with anyone."

"I know that," she snapped, "this is my choice. And as far as who I'm going to have sex with, well, you're right that I'm not going to have sex with just anyone. I'm going to have sex with Marcus. And you're going to watch. Admit it, it's what you want."

"No, it's not," I protested, blushing intensely.

We all knew it was a lie.

"It's ok," said Marcus, "denial is a common phenomenon. It's a stage. Eventually the cuck will be overcome with his own desire to watch his wife make love to a superior man and will admit as much. I think we should get started now."

"Oh God," said Mara, giggling a bit, "I can't believe we're really going to do this. We haven't even kissed before. You're going to be the second man I've slept with in my entire life. The second man I've even kissed."

Why did this statement make my cock so hard? I wanted to stand up, to run out of there, go back home like any self–respecting

man would have done and call a lawyer and file for divorce. But something kept me rooted to the spot as Marcus reached out and pulled Mara onto his lap, his lips meeting hers.

I could see how nervous she was. Mara had never been a very adventurous person, and that was one of the things that attracted me to her. She was modest and — up to now — faithful. So the act of kissing another man, a man who was not her husband, must have been an act that had required extreme courage. It was incredibly painful, therefore, to watch her and Marcus embrace, knowing that Mara was not some woman given to casual flings and one–night–stands. No, if she was kissing a man like this, then real feelings were involved on some level, even if the man's wife was watching it all happen.

Linda *was*, in fact, sitting and watching it all happen. She put her arm on my shoulder now.

"Sometimes Marcus tells me that I should 'help out' the husband," she said, as I watch Mara's tongue begin to explore Marcus's mouth, "but in this case, he said that it's important for you not to experience a woman's touch while you watch him and Mara make love. He wants you to concentrate on what you're seeing."

"Ok," I said, not sure what to make of what she'd just told me.

"I'm glad you understand," she said, "it's kind of a shame, though. I think you're cute."

She giggled a bit, and her hand dropped from my shoulder.

"Even though we know you're a full–blown cuckold fetishist," she continued, as I watched Marcus stroke my wife's hair tenderly, "you're probably experiencing a lot of mixed feelings now that this is *actually* happening, right in front of you. It's common for husbands to walk out in rage at this point, or even to start to cry. But you're not going to do that, are you, John? I can tell by that bulge in your pants. Even if it's not a big one, it's still there."

Marcus's gigantic hand was under my wife's t–shirt now, teasing her nipples gently. Mara's hands were roaming his chest, kneading it,

feeling his muscles, the corners of her mouth curling up in delight even as it remained pressed against his.

"Marcus has a lot of experience with female pleasure," Linda remarked, "he's an extremely skilled lover. Many of our clients come back for extra sessions even after the problem they came to see us about has been solved. Of course, in most cases a single therapy session is nowhere near enough. The clients have to enter into a regular worship regimen to truly find peace."

I didn't need to ask what "worship" meant in this context. It clearly referred to the thick black idol that hung between Marcus's legs, waiting to be freed.

"I want to try part one now," said Mara, looking up at Marcus in utter devotion, "it's time to show John what he's good for."

"You sure you're ready?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm ready."

"Ok," said Marcus.

"Part one refers the first stage in the encounter roadmap that Mara worked out before you came here. It contains all of the sex acts that she wants to engage in with you and Marcus, and is an important part of her therapeutic plan. In this case, she wants you to prepare her vagina for penetration while she sucks Marcus's cock. This is a somewhat uncommon, though not unheard of practice for our clients. There are multiple ways to accomplish it, but in this case, she's going to lie on her back and spread her legs, while Marcus mounts her and feeds her his penis from the top. You'll be on your knees on the bed, burying your face in your wife's pussy. Any questions?"

Mara broke her kiss with Marcus and looked into my eyes.

"I want you to get me nice and wet for him, honey. This is all that you're good for now. Well, maybe they'll be something that I let you do when we're finished. If you're lucky. That's the *last* thing on my list."

Marcus was already stripping off her yoga pants as she lay back on the bed, giggling, while I pondered my reply.

"No questions," I whispered, dropping to my knees and burying my face in my wife's fragrant pussy as her lover put himself astride her chest.

I couldn't see much action, but I knew from their positioning and from the sounds I was hearing what was happening: Marcus was feeding my wife his gigantic cock from above while I pleasured her from below. I could hear slurping and sucking sounds, and, every once in a while, a moan of pleasure from Mara or a few words of encouragement from Marcus.

"That's right, Mara. Make my penis nice and hard and wet. The wetter it is, the more pleasurable it will be for you. Relax and enjoy this. It's very important for you to associate both your own pleasure and your husband's humiliation with my personal pleasure. This is the crucial lesson for our session today: that pleasing me, and humiliating your husband must cause you great pleasure."

"Oh fuck, it really does," she moaned as he slipped his cock out of her mouth.

I licked her vulva and kissed her clit, teasing it now and then with my tongue. My cock ached to be freed from its prison in my pants, but I knew that Mara (and Marcus) would never allow it.

"That's a good girl. You're doing such a good job getting my cock hard," said Marcus's deep baritone.

Linda began to speak again, describing the scene to me.

"You can't see it now," she said, "but your wife really seems to love my husband's cock. She's practically making love to it with her mouth. Of course, she can't take it all the way, but what she lacks in skill she's *definitely* making up for in enthusiasm."

"I love to watch her work your cock like that," she continued, addressing her comments to Marcus, "it's starting to get me so horny. Too bad all we have here is a little cuck, otherwise I'd really

be in the mood to take some dick. And I know that Mara wants it to be just the two of you for now."

"That's right, honey," said Marcus, "but you and I have all night to work out whatever residual horniness you have."

"Mmm, I can't wait," said Linda, "you've trained me so well to get horny when I see you with another woman."

"Good girl," laughed Marcus.

I could still hear Mara sucking Marcus as I continued my own efforts to please her. She was sopping wet now, and her juices ran down my chin as I lapped gently at her clit, attempting to provide her with the most pleasure I could. I knew that there was no way that my tongue could compete with the sheer masculine energy of Marcus's gigantic penis, but I thought maybe there was a chance that I could still win Mara back if I proved myself at least capable of pleasing her orally.

"Oh God," moaned Mara, "I'm so close."

"Good," said Marcus, "I want you to meditate as you climax, though. I want you to consciously associate your pleasure not with what your husband is doing, but with my cock. Can you do that?"

"Mmm–hmm," she groaned, as I continued my efforts.

I couldn't help but be humiliated by the fact that *I* was doing the work of pleasuring Mara while Marcus was encouraging her to associate her pleasure with *his* cock.

"Tell me what you want. What you desire," he commanded.

"I want you to fuck me," she moaned, "I want to feel you all the way deep inside me. Deeper than any man has ever been before. I want you to take me like I've never been taken. By a real man. I want to be made yours and your alone."

I heard these words as I flicked my tongue against her clit gently yet insistently, remaining as sensitive as possible to the small signals she was sending me: her moans, the subtle shifts in her tone of voice.

“That’s good, Mara,” Marcus said, “just let it all out. Tell us about those feelings you’ve been hiding.”

“I just want to surrender, body and soul, to a dominant man. My husband...has been such a disappointment. Not just physically. That, too, of course. But emotionally. When I found out that he wanted to see me with a larger man, his masculinity was diminished in my eyes. I can’t be with a man like that, a man who knows that he’s a beta male.”

“Good,” said Marcus, “you may climax now. Hold my hand and concentrate on my cock while you come.”

“Mm–hmm,” moaned Mara, her mouth seemingly full once more.

“You’re both doing so great,” encouraged Linda, “that’s it, John. Keep pleasuring your wife. I can tell that she’s really close now. It’s going to be so wonderful to watch her come with her bull’s cock in her mouth.”

I continued my efforts, my jaw getting sore now, still determined to prove to my wife my worthiness even though I knew now that it also meant conditioning her to find pleasure only in her bull’s penis. Marcus continued to give gentle encouragement to Mara as her breathing increased and her hips began to buck up rhythmically into my lips. Her moans were deeper now, more euphoric, and I knew she was close.

“That’s it,” said Marcus, “just relax and let go. Give in to the pleasure of having a big cock in your mouth. It’s what you crave. What you *deserve*. Your feelings and desires are valid.”

In that moment, I felt Mara’s legs close around my head and muffed my hearing. They couldn’t drown out her moan of ecstasy, though, which resounded throughout the room. Marcus must have pulled out his cock at exactly the right moment.

I couldn’t help but feel a sense of satisfaction even though I knew that she had been entirely focused on Marcus’s hard black

cock in her mouth, and not on the fact that it was her husband who was pleasuring her.

"Thank you, Marcus," was the first thing she said when she was able to speak again, "I can't wait to finally feel you inside me."

"You're very welcome," he said, "but I"m not sure if you're ready for me yet. I think you need to show me how you practice with that dildo first. I'm sure that John would like to see that too. It should really drive home the point that there's no way for him to compete."

"Of course," she said.

I pulled back finally, wiping my mouth with my hand.

"Come back over here and sit next to me," said Linda, patting the place on the couch next to her where I'd been sitting before, "you did a very good job. See how fixated Mara is on Marcus now? That's part of the training. She has to associate all of *her* pleasure with *his* cock, no matter where the pleasure is coming from."

"Oh," she said, looking down at my pants, "I'm sure that this is getting your little guy pretty hard. Like I said, I'd like to help, but Mara has said it's off–limits!"

I sighed. I looked at my wife, so young, so beautiful, on her back alone now on the bed, licking the huge black dildo while Marcus kneeled next to her, stroking his ever bigger *real* black cock.

"That's it, honey," he said, "keep looking in my eyes as you slowly work it in. Just take your time. Go slow. No need to hurt yourself. This is about your pleasure. The pleasure you deserve."

Mara let out an adorable little squeak and then bit her lip as the oversize dildo head passed her soaking wet lips.

"It feels so good, but I'm still so sensitive from the orgasm you gave me," she said, directing her comment directly to Marcus.

She was still pretending that I'd had absolutely nothing to do with getting her off before. It was humiliating, but somehow also thrilling, I had to admit. I had been reduced to nothing more than a

spectator in my own marriage. Was that what I had secretly wanted all along?

"That's it, honey. You're doing such a good job," said Marcus, "just a little further now."

"Yes," groaned Mara, "it's so big, but I love it so much. I can't wait for the real thing."

"You're going to get it soon enough," he said chuckling a bit as he stroked her hair affectionately, "you're going to have to trust me that it will be more than worth it when I finally stretch that tight white pussy."

"This is what you wanted to see, isn't it, cuck?" whispered Linda, who was playing with her own nipples now, "just admit it."

"No," I protested, "it was just a fantasy. But this..."

"You cucks are all alike," she laughed, "you have wild fantasy lives, but when your sick little fantasies become reality you suddenly can't take it anymore. The reality of watching your cute little wife taking the biggest cock she's ever seen is just too much for you. Admit it."

I didn't know how to respond. I *couldn't* respond. The situation was just too intense. I watched as Mara began to fuck herself now with the huge dildo, moaning softly every time it bottomed out inside her. The lips of her vulva grasped the shaft of the gigantic rubber toy tightly as she thrust it in and out. The entire time, her gaze never strayed from the eyes of her lover, who hovered over her, whispering words of encouragement as he stroked her cheeks and played with her nipples.

"Good girl," he whispered, "show me how much you want the real thing. How much you *need* my big black cock inside you."

"I want it so bad, Marcus," she said, her eyes tearing up a bit now, "I *need* it so bad."

Suddenly, I flashed back to a conversation that Mara and I had had the night after we had slept together for the first time, and the

importance of what she'd said to me then suddenly hit me like a load of bricks. I had just taken her virginity. It had been an experience not without a bit of the expected awkwardness, but had brought me immense satisfaction, and I'd even been able to bring her to climax with my hand afterwards. We were laying there in the afterglow, and she looked into my eyes and said "I've never understood how people can separate sex and love. For me, it's all the same. I could never be sexual with someone I don't love. And I love you so much right now."

The kiss she'd given me after she'd said that had melted my heart.

Now, watching her fuck herself with the huge dildo as her lover egged her one with tender words and caresses, I saw the same expression in her eyes. When Marcus leaned down to kiss her, and she lifted her head to meet his, I couldn't help myself but cry out.

"Mara!"

Linda pinched my arm.

"Shh, don't break the mood, cuck. They are experiencing an important, intimate connection. It's clear. Did you know that, for women especially, the emotional side of sex is even more important than the physical side?"

That was, in fact, *exactly* what I was afraid of, and what I knew deep down. But there was absolutely nothing I could do about it, and I knew it.

I watched as Mara and Marcus exchanged a long, deep kiss, and then slowly pulled apart.

"I think you're ready now. Are you ready?"

"Please," she begged.

He slowly drew the large black dildo out of her and threw it onto the bed next to them. Then he pulled her legs apart and slowly fed his thick black cock inch by inch into her quivering cunt. She accepted him easily and graciously, wrapping one hand around his

back and intertwining the fingers of the other with one of his hands. They seemed like a loving couple, one with years of experience making love, and not like two almost–strangers doing it for the first time while their spouses watched.

"Marcus," she moaned as he stroked in and out of her, "it's perfect. I can't believe how well you fill me. I think..."

"Yes, baby," he said, gripping her hand a little tighter as he began to pump slightly faster, "that's it. Don't be afraid of the pleasure. This is what you deserve. There's nothing wrong with enjoying it."

"I just can't believe it," she moaned, her voice cracking a bit, "I never knew sex could feel this good. I'm sorry. I'm just a little overwhelmed right now."

"It's ok," he said, dropping down and giving her a long kiss.

With this change of angles, I caught a glimpse of my wife's face. A tear was rolling down her cheek. He was fucking her so well that she was *crying*. I couldn't believe it. It was so incredibly painful for me to watch that I considered getting up and leaving. The only thing that stopped me was the promise of seeing just how far this would go. Just how much Mara would transform in front of my eyes into a new person.

"That's a good girl," he encouraged her, "just relax and breath. Take long, deep breaths through your mouth as you experience the power of the cock inside you. Concentrate on your breathing and on my cock."

"Ok," she stammered, "it just feels so good. I think I'm going to come again."

"That's perfect," he said, "go ahead and relax. Give into the pleasure and come on my cock."

He started pumping into her a bit faster now, keeping a nice even rhythm as his free hand — the one that wasn't gripping my wife's hand — propped him up on the bed. I watched as his

muscular buttocks flexed, powering his cock like it was a mighty piston.

"Oh yes, Marcus. It's so good. So much better than my husband's. This is what I need."

"That's it," he said, "keep going. Let all those feelings and emotions out."

"I never want him to touch me again," she blurted, "I don't even want him to see me naked. I belong to you now."

"That's it," said Marcus pumping harder, "keep going. What else do you want?"

"I want you to come inside me. I want to be filled with your seed. I need to be taken."

"Mara, no!" I exclaimed, standing up now and catching her eye for a moment as she looked at me over Marcus's shoulder.

I knew that she wasn't on birth control, but it wasn't until that moment that I'd put it all together. The whole thing had seemed unreal up to now. But now I realized that Marcus was certainly not wearing a condom, and I had no reason to believe that he'd had a vasectomy.

Linda tugged at my shirt sleeve, trying to pull me back down, but I remained standing, watching the obscene sight of the powerful, muscular Marcus dominating my wife's small frame. I couldn't help but notice how vivid and appealing the contrast between their skin tones were. It was a perfect pairing: black and white, male and female. Yin and yang.

"It's no use fighting it," she said, "this is what Mara wanted. It's part 4 of her plan. She needs this in order to feel that the encounter is complete."

"And he's just going to…?"

"I'm afraid so," said Linda, "Marcus is a very potent man. He's already fathered several children, both with our clients and otherwise. It doesn't threaten me at all. On the contrary. He makes

plenty of money, enough to support all of them. I find having such a potent, alpha husband an incredible turn–on."

"Mara," I cried, finally breaking down in tears as I realized that my dream of starting a family with her was perhaps about to be ruined forever in a matter of seconds, "think about this."

"Just admit it, cuck," laughed Marcus, fucking my wife even harder and faster, "this is exactly what you wanted all along. You wanted to watch a more powerful, dominant man take your wife in the most profound way possible right in front of your eyes."

"No..."

"Don't deny it, honey," moaned Mara, her voice breaking again, "just tell the truth. It's part of the process."

Warm tears were rolling down my cheeks now, but I held back the sobs.

The sounds of Marcus's thighs slapping against Mara's as he pinned her to the bed with deep, sensual thrusts filled the room, accompanied by my wife's high moans of pleasure.

"Please just admit it, honey. It's an important part of the therapy."

"Say it, cuck. Admit what you wanted. Time to come clean."

I stood there, my life in tatters around me, powerless to do anything but admit defeat.

"I admit it," I murmured, "this is what I wanted."

"Louder," urged Marcus, "Mara needs to hear this."

"I admit it," I said, clearing my throat and speaking more clearly, "I wanted to watch you make love to a powerful black man. I wanted to watch him come inside you. Without protection."

"That's a good cuck," laughed Linda.

"Good," growled Marcus, "this is an important breakthrough in your therapy, Mara. Are you ready?"

"Yes!" she moaned, "please do it. Please fill me!"

“Yes,” he groaned, “hold on, baby. Here it comes. There’s going to be a lot...”

“Mmm….,” she moaned, her eyes closed, her head thrown back in ecstasy as she climaxed again, wrapping her legs around him and pulling him in towards her.

I couldn’t believe it, but I could actually see his balls contract as he shot spurt after spurt of his potent hot cum into my fertile wife’s womb. It seemed like his orgasm would never end, but finally it was over.

“Thank you,” sighed Mara, her satisfaction palpable, “I needed that so much.”

“You’re very welcome,” said Marcus, slowly inching his cock out of her pussy, “would you like to move on to the final part of your therapy plan?”

Mara paused for a moment, looking over at me, a bit bemused. Then she turned back to Marcus.

“Yes,” she said, “I’d like that.”

Chapter 4

"What's the final part?" I asked, still standing there dumbfounded at what I had seen but also incredibly turned on.

"It's the clean–up phase," laughed Marcus, "you're going to clean out her vagina with your tongue while my wife and I watch."

"Mara," I said, "are you...serious?"

"Mm–hmm," she said, nodding, "I learned about this from the sick videos that *you* watch, so this shouldn't surprise you."

"I don't know..."

"Well, if you don't want to, that's fine. But if you want to remain a part of my life — our life — then you'll do exactly what I say."

"Part of your life? What do you mean?"

"Get over here and start eating me out and I'll tell you exactly what I mean," she said.

I dropped to my knees, and, for the second time that day, began to lick my wife's vulva and clitoris as I knelt on the floor in front of the bed. Marcus's cum was thick and salty, and the flavor made me gag. It was incredibly humiliating to be in the position of eating another man's ejaculate, especially while he watched.

"That's ok," said Mara, after I'd gagged for the first time, "I understand that it's hard at first. Marcus tells me that most cucks at least get used to the flavor after a while. Some of them even learn to love it. Isn't that right, Marcus?"

Marcus laughed.

"That's right," he said.

"You know," said Mara, "it's so amazing how much sperm the adult male produces. All it takes is a single swimmer to fertilize my egg, and Marcus has deposited millions into my womb. There are still plenty left for you to swallow, like the good little cuck that you are."

I groaned in pleasure and humiliation, unable to believe that I had actually found myself in this situation, the situation I'd been fantasizing about for as long as Mara and I had been dating, but which I'd never thought would actually come to pass.

"Here's how things are going to work from now on," said Mara as I continued to lick her pussy, doing my best to choke down the huge gobs of Marcus's sperm, "you're going to move into the guest bedroom for starters. I'll decide whether or not you can stay there depending on how obedient you are otherwise."

I moaned in agreement.

"Good," she said, "it sounds like you have no problem with that. Next, you'll never be allowed to see me naked again, but I may elect to wear skimpy clothing around the house if I want. Especially those outfits that I know drive you crazy."

"Mmm–hmm," I moaned, my mouth filled with salty sperm.

"I'm going to continue to see Marcus at least once a week, both here at his house and at our own. He's going to deposit his seed in my vagina after each session, and it will be your job to clean up after him. Once in a while he might choose to fuck my ass as well, and if that's the case, you'll be cleaning out my anus with your tongue, too."

I moaned in disgust, but it also turned me on, I had to admit.

"We'll be getting a divorce, which you're not going to contest, but you may remain in the house as long as you continue to please me."

Damn, this was going really far. Could she actually *mean* any of this? It seemed impossible.

"And when — not if — Marcus succeeds in getting me pregnant, you're going to be our live–in childcare," she said, seeming to be nearing a climax.

"Oh God," she moaned, "it's going to be so amazing, finally being with a real man. Even if he's married. I don't care. I'll be

devoted to him alone. I'll even help Linda train other girls for him to fuck. His cock is just too fucking good..."

She climaxed in that moment, moaning in ecstasy as she pressed her warm cunt against my face.

"Well done!" said Linda, clapping, "I think that concludes the last thing on your list, doesn't it?"

"I believe that it does," said Mara, beaming at Marcus even as I looked up at her, wiping traces of his cum from my chin and lips.

"Well," said Marcus, "I think that John can be going now then, don't you?"

"I think so, too," said Mara, licking her lips as she looked up at Marcus suggestively.

"But before he does," she said, "let's give him one last taste of what he's going to miss out on forever."

"Mmm, ok," said Marcus.

Mara stood, throwing her arms around him in a long, passionate kiss.

"It's so inspiring," said Linda, "the power of BBC therapy. It works every time. At least when Marcus and I are involved."

She took me by the hand and led me back to the staircase. The last thing that I saw before I descended the stair was Mara's hand moving down to stroke Marcus's long, rapidly hardening cock. It was clear that round two was on the horizon, but I wouldn' t be around for it.

Epilogue

That night, I waited a long time for Mara to come back. Finally, I gave up and went to sleep in the guest bedroom. A few hours later, I woke up to the sound of her key in the lock, and I listened as she went about her nightly ritual of changing into her nightclothes, washing her face, and finally getting into bed. Except this time, she came into the guest room instead of climbing into bed and turning out the light.

My heart leaped in anticipation. What did she have to tell me? That it had all been a mistake? That she still loved me?

"Are you still awake?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Do you want to know what happened after you left?"

"Ok," I said.

"Come on," she said, smiling, "I know you want to know you little perv."

"Ok," I said, slowly accepting my cuckold role, "tell me."

"Well," she said, "go ahead and jerk off while I tell you this if you want. Just know that I'm not going to touch you."

I had already expected that.

"So first we made out for a good long time. Marcus is such an amazing kisser. You already saw that of course. He's got just the right amount of passion and tenderness. He's never pushy. He just keeps me wanting more so desperately."

"Then he started playing with my pussy. I was sore after the fucking he'd already given me, so he asked if I'd like to try something else, something new. I was really excited, so I said yes. He told me that he was going to introduce me to an entirely new kind of pleasure. I told him that sounded amazing. He asked if I'd ever had anal sex, and I told him of course not — my parents always

taught me that it was filthy, and I still believed it. He told me that nothing could be further from the truth. That it could actually be quite beautiful if done correctly, and I believed him. So I said yes."

I had my cock out now, jerking it shamelessly as she continued her story, no longer caring about how it made me look in her eyes.

"First, we took a long hot shower together. There was lots of kissing and touching. He lathered up my entire body and washed it gently, his hands linger on my boobs and ass. He knows exactly how to tease me. He was whispering soft sweet thing about how much he loves my curves. I know that you love my curves too, don't you, honey? Too bad you'll never be able to see them again. Don't be sad about it, though. Be happy that another man gets to enjoy them instead!"

It was hard for me to see it that way, but I didn't want to interrupt the story. My cock was hard in my hands, even though I was listening to a story of my conservative wife falling even further into depravity.

"And after the shower we got out and he rubbed me down with lotion. It felt so good to be massaged by his big, skillful hands. They were roaming all over my body, and I was getting so turned on. That's when he showed me the buttplug. He explained to me that he was going to have to train my ass to take his cock, just like we'd trained my pussy with the dildo."

"And so, he had me bend over the counter in the bathroom," she continued, "and he lubed up the plug. Then he slowly pushed it inside. I felt so incredibly full, I could barely take it. Every time I sat down, the buttplug transmitted sensations to my pussy. It's such an amazing feeling to wear it, not just because of the physical pleasure it causes me (but, of course, also because of that) but because of the fact that I know that I'm preparing myself for him. Preparing myself for his pleasure."

"After he'd put it in place, I told him how horny it was making me, and I asked him if there was anything that I could do for him. There had been a lot of attention focused on me recently, but the

truth is that I've always been a pleaser, and all I really wanted to do was to return some of the pleasure that he'd given to me. When I love a man, all I want to do is please him."

I felt tears come to my eyes. So it was true. She *did* love him.

"So he told me that I could suck his cock if I wanted to, and I immediately said yes. I dropped to my knees and started to worship him. I'd sucked him before, of course (while you were going down on me), but this time was different. We didn't have any time restraints, and we didn't have an audience, so I just took my time. I took that big, thick head between my lips and made love to it, slicking it down with my mouth and tongue until my hands slid along it effortlessly. It was so thick. So fucking thick, honey. It's an absolutely beautiful thing. The type of thing you can't fake. You either have it or you don't. And Marcus definitely has it."

"Finally, I started to take it into my mouth, a little deeper with each stroke. Marcus was great, telling me to breath deeply through my nose and take breaks if I needed to. Finally, I managed to take his cock halfway. I was so proud of myself! You would have been proud of me too if you'd been there, honey."

"I wanted to make him come so bad, so I grabbed his shaft and stroked it while I looked up into his eyes and stroked it faster and faster. I loved the sounds he was making. You have no idea how great it was to know that I could please such a big, powerful man like that. Finally, after a few more minutes, he couldn't take it anymore, and he told me he was going to come. I pulled his cock out of my mouth and stroked him off onto my tongue, looking up into his eyes and begging for his sperm."

"Then what?" I groaned, on the edge of my own orgasm, ashamed to be asking for more but too overwhelmed by pleasure to stop myself.

"Then he shot four or five huge, thick ropes of come onto my mouth, tongue and lips. I closed my eyes and lapped it all up greedily before I swallowed as much as I could. A few seconds later, he painted my face as well. I slowly fed myself his cum, putting on a

show for him. He was very happy with my work, and gave me a kiss and a little swat on the ass and a kiss before I washed my face. Then I had tea with Linda and drove back over here."

I was jacking off forcefully now.

"Keep going you pathetic little cuck," Mara said, shaking her head as she stood up from the bed, "but that's the last dirty story you're going to get from me for a while."

She walked across the room and into the hallway. I reached a powerful orgasm just as she turned the light out in what was now her room. I knew that it was exactly as if she'd turned the light out on our marriage as well, and I was finally able to accept that, if it meant that I could stick around and collect whatever little morsels of satisfaction that she and Marcus would send my way.

THE END

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HANNAH'S BBC THERAPY

Steven Jackson cheated on his lovely wife, Hannah. Now, he'll do anything to save his marriage. So when Hannah suggests they try a rather unconventional kind of couples' therapy, Steven is eager to comply.

That is, until he meets Hannah's new therapist: Dr. Marcus Fielding, a tall, dominant, alpha male with a BBC who (in cooperation with his loving wife, Linda) offers female clients very intimate treatment in his home studio. Treatments which involve what they call "restorative justice": the affirmation of a woman's desires, no matter how hurtful these may be to her husband...

Soon, Hannah and Steven have an appointment with Dr. and Mrs. Fielding, and Steven comes face-to-face with the reality of Hannah's needs, which can no longer be denied. But what about Steven's own conflicted urges? Will he learn to accept, and perhaps even enjoy the fact that his fertile wife is now a size queen and will need many more appointments with Marcus that are more than just emotionally hard, rough and raw?

LISA'S BBC THERAPY

Even though it wasn't her fault, Lisa can't stop blaming herself for being in the driver's seat during the accident that left her sister paralyzed.

Luckily, she has a loving husband who is willing to do whatever it takes to support her in her healing process.

But when Lisa begins to try a new type of therapy administered by the tall, handsome and dominant Marcus Fielding and his wife Linda, her husband Robert starts to get suspicious. Soon, he's following Lisa secretly to her counseling sessions, and finding out that her therapist's **BBC** may be *exactly* what his marriage needs.

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…

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