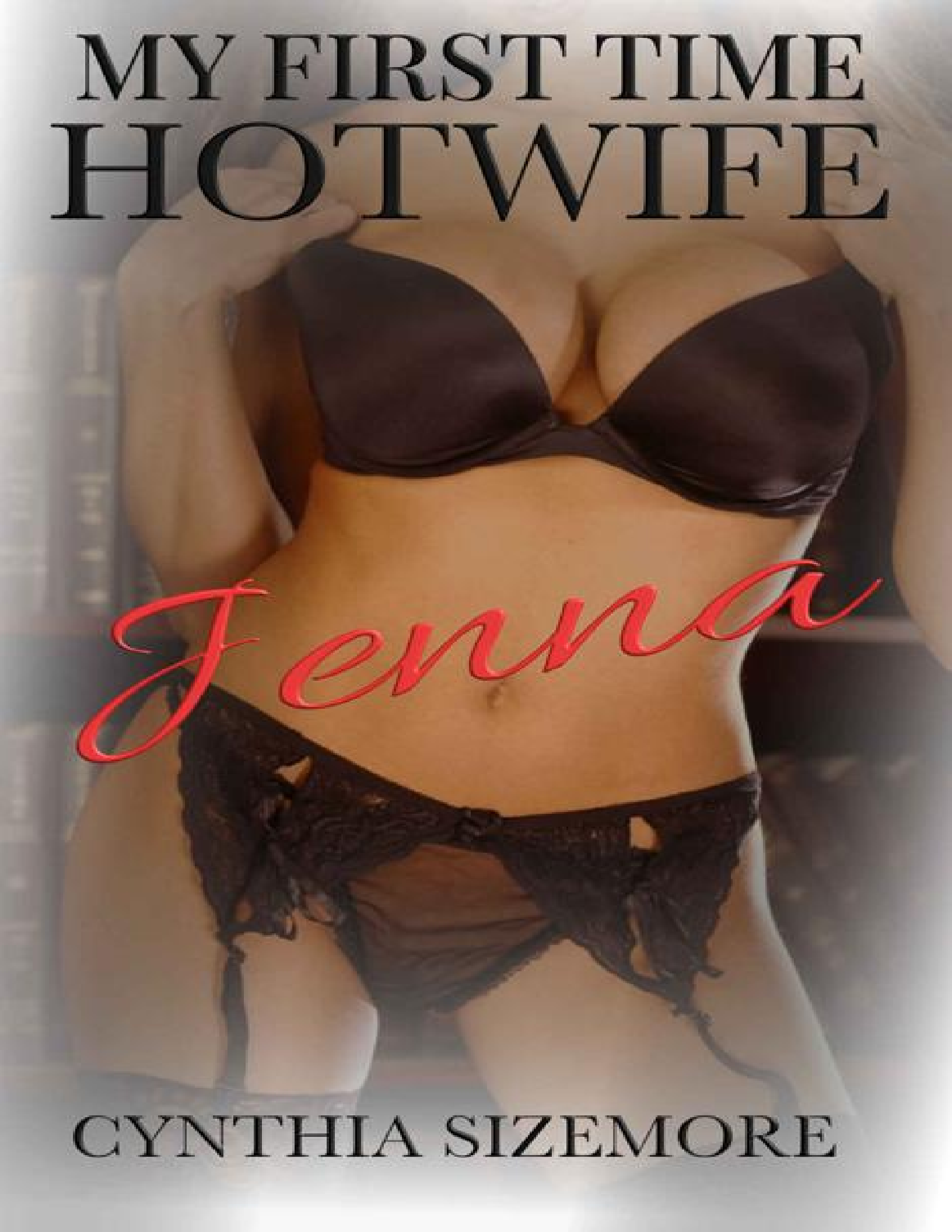
MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE



Jenna

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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By Cynthia Sizemore

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INTRODUCTION

Jenna had always been a little weird about sex. Not prude, exactly, just a little guarded about her relationship history. As if she had led some kind of **secret life** before meeting me.

My wife of 10 years and the mother of my daughter had been with more men than only me, but she wouldn't tell me the exact number – just that there had been less than a dozen. When I balked at the fact that she could have slept with a *dozen* men between the time that she started being sexually active and the time that she met me, she admitted that the real number was lower.

"Ok," I said, "but *how* much lower? Come on. *You* know everything about *my* sexual history."

"It really doesn't matter," she assured me, "at least not to me. To *you*, maybe. God, why does every man want to know this stuff?"

"*Every* man wants to know? Really? How many is 'every' in this case."

"Ha," she said, tossing her jet-black hair over her shoulder, "nice try."

Jenna was 35 years old and had about 8 extra pounds that she'd gained and never lost after her pregnancy. She might not have been in the shape she was when we'd married, but she still had her big beautiful boobs and blue-gray eyes. I was just as smitten with her then as I had been when we'd first met, and I had every reason to be: Jenna turned heads wherever she went, and we both enjoyed this fact.

Jenna worked part-time as a waitress at a small cafe in town, just a couple of evenings a week, so that she could be home with our daughter, Maddie, during the day. She was a great mom, and a great waitress. She brought home a lot of tips the nights that she worked, and I knew it was due as much to her pleasant disposition as it was to her cleavage. Jenna claimed that she didn't dress sexy on purpose on the nights she was working, but she had noticed a correlation between the amount of cleavage she showed and the tips that she brought home.

I would sometimes tease her about this when I'd see the outfit that she wore to work.

"Looks like it's going to be a good tip night," I'd tell her, when she'd wear one of her low-cut blouses.

This would usually make her blush. It wasn't hard to do that. She had a dark complexion, due to her Hispanic heritage on her mother's side, but her light brown skin turned even darker when someone paid her a compliment or otherwise drew attention to her.

This is the story of how one night at the cafe changed our marriage forever...

1

That night, Jenna had worn what I would consider an especially sexy outfit: a deep v-neck blouse with a black lace bra that was partially visible underneath, combined with tight, hip-hugging jeans.

She burst through the front door after her shift with a huge smile on her face.

“What are you so happy about?” I asked, putting down my phone.

“I’ve gotta get out of these clothes,” she said, “come up to the bedroom with me and I’ll tell you.”

I stood up form the couch and gave her a kiss. She smelled like she always did after work: a combination of the deep fryer and her favorite perfume.

When we got into the bedroom, she turned to me, her eyes sparkling.

“I made $1000 tonight.”

She peeled off five crisp $100 bills from a roll that she pulled out of her pocket, and threw them on the bed.

I nodded in approval.

On a normal “good” night, she made around $300. Making $1000 in a single night was unheard of. It was also very welcome news for our family. Especially since a lot of the cash income was tax-free.

“Wow, you must be exhausted. How many tables were there?”

“It was busy,” she said, glowing, “but not *that* busy. Most of that came from a single table.”

“Some kind of high roller?”

“I guess…”

“It was a man, though, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah,” she said, a bit wary, “it was. Why?”

“I just figured, that’s all.”

I flopped down on the bed, watching as she let her hair down.

“You figured that he tipped me $500 because he wanted to fuck me?”

She looked at me as if the possibility amused her.

“Something like that. I mean, he clearly must have been at least *interested* in you.”

“Hmm,” she said, “maybe he was. But that doesn’t seem to bother you, now, does it?”

“It doesn’t bother me,” I said, “to be honest, I think it’s great that there are so many guys still attracted to you.”

“Still? What’s that supposed to mean, exactly?”

“I didn’t mean anything,” I said, realizing how my remark might have been interpreted, “I just meant…”

“You meant that I’m getting older…”

She was still smiling, but there was a bit of sadness in her eyes.

“Look, Jenna,” I said, “it’s not that. We’re *all* getting older. If anything, I meant the opposite: that you still get a lot of male attention. Just like back in your single days.”

“Hmm,” she said, “nice job trying to weasel your way out of that one.”

“I’m not weaseling,” I said, “I’m being truthful.”

“I’m not sure if I believe you.”

Her tone was still playful.

“You should,” I said, relieved that she didn’t seem to be taking offense at this conversation, “but you must not have thought this guy was cute, right? The guy who gave you $500?”

“I didn’t say that.”

There was a moment of silence, a delicious tension in the air.

“So you do think he’s cute?”

“Not cute,” she said, “more like handsome. He’s an older gentleman. Maybe in his late fifties. He’s in good shape, and has that great salt-and-pepper hair that I love. He seemed like he’d probably know how to wine and dine a lady.”

“Sounds like you were thinking about more than ‘wining and dining,’” I said, putting a hand on my wife’s hip as she stood next to the bed where I was sitting.

“Stop it,” she giggled, “I’m a good girl. I wasn’t thinking naughty thoughts about him at all. Though I have to admit I *was* kind of impressed that he left me a tip like that as if it was no big deal.”

“He didn’t even try to flirt?”

“No. Not really. I mean, he left me his business card, but…”

“He left you his business card? That’s an *obvious* attempt to pick you up.”

“Maybe,” she laughed, “but it’s not as forward as he could have been. He could have just…”

“Grabbed your ass?”

“Something like that. It wouldn’t be the first time.”

“I know.”

“But you know how much I hate being groped at worked. The last guy that did that got thrown out on his ass by the assistant manager.”

“I remember,” I said, “so if a guy is going to seduce you, he’s got to be more subtle, is that it?”

“Of course,” she said, smiling, “I’ve never gone home with a guy who’s just come up and *groped* me. Or been at all rude.”

“Ah-ha,” I said, a bit afraid to broach the subject again but overwhelmed by my own curiosity, “there we have it again: you being seduced by guys. I just don’t understand the timeline. How did you have time to get seduced by all these guys, if you were dating...what’s his name...the whole time.”

“Jason,” she said, “Jason was his name.”

“Right,” I said, “so did Jason…”

“...like it when I slept with other men? He sure did.”

Wow. My heart skipped a beat. I had figured that Jenna’s sexual secret had been a brief “slutty period” in her early twenties, not that she’d been involved in some kind of kinky relationship with her previous boyfriend.

“So wait,” I said, “you’re telling me that the other guys you slept with – the number doesn’t matter to me right now – were all when you were still dating Jason?”

“Yep.”

“Did he watch you?”

“Sometimes.”

“Did he join in?”

“A few times.”

“This is…”

“Shocking?”

She smiled at me, pulling her blouse over her head.

“Yeah,” I said, staring at my wife’s tits and wondering how many other men had seen them in the past, and in what context.

“And you liked it?”

“I sure did,” she said, “otherwise I wouldn’t have done it, now, would I?”

“I guess not…”

“I get the feeling,” she said, sitting down next to me on the bed, “that you want to know more. I also get the feeling that this is turning you on.”

“I mean,” I said, “it’s a lot to process right now. The idea that you were in some kind of…”

“It’s called hotwifing,” she said.

“Right,” I said, “I’ve heard of that. But you weren’t married to Jason, so it was more like ‘hot girlfriending’ or something, right?”

“Ha,” she said, “good point.”

“So technically,” I said, kissing her, “you’ve never been a hot*wife* before. Even though you are a hot wife. I mean, you’re sexy.”

“Thank you, babe,” she said, as I pulled her towards me, then reached behind her.

“Let me help you with this,” I said, unhooking her bra and letting her breasts fall free.

“Thank you,” she said, sighing a bit as my finger found her nipple, which was already hard.

“Did you think about...being shared...with that guy tonight? The guy who gave you his card?”

“No,” she said, her breathing getting a little faster, “those days are behind me. I’m a married woman, now. I’m a mom…”

“So what? You might be a mom, but to him you’re probably a MILF.”

“Ha ha,” she said, reaching down and feeling the bulge in my pants.

“That feels good,” I said.

“Mm you’re nice and hard. Are you thinking about me and the mystery man?”

“Maybe,” I admitted, “what was his name, anyway?”

“Uh, I think he was a doctor of some sort…a neurologist.”

“Ok,” I said, “that explains why he’s throwing around hundred dollar bills like it’s no big deal.”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, teasing me a little more as her fingertips traced the outline of my cock in my pants, “think I should get in contact with him?”

“Yeah,” I said, “why not?”

“What if I just texted him? Right now.”

“Jenna,” I said, “you’re really horny, aren’t you?”

“Maybe I am.”

“A minute ago you said that your sharing days are behind you.”

“I’m talking about texting him,” she said, “not fucking him.”

“Sure,” I said.

“Well,” she said, “you’re the one who got me all hot and bothered by talking about my time with Jason. And calling me a MILF. I think I like that.”

That wasn’t exactly my recollection of our conversation, but I liked where things were heading, so I didn’t argue.

“You like the idea of being some old guy’s hot younger MILF?”

“Yeah,” she said, moaning a little as I continued to teas her breast, “and he’s not old. He’s just *older*.”

“Anything else interesting about him?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, “he was so confident. So poised and in control. I loved it.”

“You could tell that just from serving him dinner?”

“Oh yeah. He oozed dominance and intelligence. So fucking hot.”

“Now we’re getting somewhere,” I said, “weren’t you going to text him, though?”

“Oh yeah,” she said, “that’s a good idea.”

She stood and went over to her purse, which she’d left on the dresser. She pulled out her cell phone, and the business card that

the mystery man had given her. I watched as she typed in his number.

"Dr. Krieger," she said, "M.D. *and* PhD. Impressive."

"Indeed."

"Well, let's see if the Dr. is in…"

She fired off a text. It was 11 PM. It was a bit rude to text someone at this hour and expect a response, but, then again, he'd given her a $500 tip, so it might not be that surprising.

"What are you going to say to him?"

"I'm going to thank him for the tip. Tell him that I hope to see him again soon."

"That's a good opening line," I said.

"I thought so, too."

She pressed send, then came over and flopped down on the bed, wearing only her panties and holding the phone in her hand.

I crawled up and kissed her, reaching down and pulling her panties off.

"What do you have planned?"

"You text him, and tell me what he's saying, while I do this…"

I began to kiss down her body, moving slowly to her mound. I knew that she loved it when I touched her this way.

"You don't even know if he's going to …"

He thought was interrupted by a buzz from her phone.

"Never mind," she said, "looks like he's there, and he wants to chat."

"What did he say?"

"He just said that I'm very welcome, and that he hopes that I'm having a good night…"

"What are you going to say?"

"I'm going to tell him that I'm laying back on my bed and relaxing after work."

"Mm," I said, "perfect. If he wants to flirt, that's his opening."

"Exactly. Oh. He already responded. He said he hoped that I'm able to relax after such a long day."

"You should tell him something like...you're wearing something a lot more comfortable now."

“Perfect,” she said, her fingers working at her smartphone keyboard while I plunged my face between her legs, drinking in her fragrance.

I loved going down on my wife. Maybe even more than fucking her.

Maybe.

“Mm, that feels really good, Ryan.”

A moment later, Dr. Krieger responded.

“He’s such a gentleman,” she said, “he’s being very indirect, but I can still tell exactly what he wants.”

“What exactly did he write?”

“He said that he knows that I look beautiful now, whatever I’m wearing.”

“You’re not wearing anything.”

“I know. Should I tell him?”

“I think you should do more than tell him.”

“Ryan,” she said, “you’re so *bad*. That’s not very ladylike. It’s so direct!”

“Well,” I said, “it’s pretty obvious that he’d like it. So why not give him what he wants?”

“Are you sure you want your wife’s nudes circulating out there?”

“You mean you didn’t send any to any of those guys that you fucked with your ex?”

“I mean...I don’t really remember…”

“Uh-huh. Sure you don’t.”

“I guess...maybe there are. But they’re probably all low-quality files. They’d look terrible by today’s standards. And I never showed my face.”

“You don’t need to show your face to this doctor guy, either.”

“Good point,” she said, holding the phone out in selfie range, “I guess one or two shots of my… best assets… wouldn’t hurt.”

“Definitely not,” I said, “and if you’re feeling generous, you could send me a copy, too.”

“We’ll see how good of a job you do down there,” she said, sending the photo on her phone and then grabbing my hair and pushing me playfully back down towards her cunt.

“Oh yes. That’s it.”

For the next few minutes, I concentrated on listening to Jenna's body, kissing and caressing her nether regions, responding to the rhythm of her breathing and the sounds that she made.

"I love what you're doing down there…," she moaned, "please don't stop."

Just then, her phone buzzed again.

"It's my mother," she said.

"What?"

"Just kidding," she said, "it's Dr. Krieger. He tells me that I have a very beautiful chest. I guess he should know. He probably sees women's bodies all the time."

"Sure, but that's all in a medical context. That's not very sexy."

"True," she said, "but it does suggest that he knows what he's talking about."

"Of course he does," I said, continuing to finger her gently, "we all know your tits are gorgeous."

"He's telling me that my photo got him excited," she said, "and he's asking me if my husband knows what I'm up to."

"Tell him no," I blurted, "tell him that it's your little secret with him. There's no need to complicate things."

"Ok," she said, "he's going to think that I'm a total slut."

"That might be a good thing."

"God, I can't believe we're doing this," she said, her face aglow as she typed on her phone.

"I can't believe *I'm* doing this," I said, "I can believe that *you're* doing it, because you've already done it so many times before."

"That was a long time ago," she said.

"Sure," I said, "but it doesn't seem like you've forgotten much."

"What is there to forget? Get back to work!"

She pushed my head back down between her legs, and I continued my efforts at pleasuring her with my tongue and lips.

"Fuck," she gasped, "he said that I was naughty. You know I love being scolded in bed."

It was true. Jenna had a longstanding fetish for being "punished" by older men in a sexual way. I knew this because, early on in our relationship, I'd discovered the fact that she downloaded a lot of ebooks on her kindle that had to do with young women taken in hand

by older men. I'd spanked her a couple of times in bed as part of roleplay, but she hadn't found it convincing enough. She needed a real spanking from a real older man. So the fact that this doctor was suggesting that she was "naughty" seemed to be a very good thing indeed.

For my part, I was too turned on to feel much trepidation at the prospect of my wife cheating on me. The image of Jenna finally getting dominated the way she wanted by another man was too exciting for that.

"I asked him what he was going to do about it," she said, moaning a bit between her words as I continued to lick her clit in rhythm, "and he said...he...wants to spank me…"

"Perfect," I said, "that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yeah," she gasped, biting her lip a bit, "he says that he's good at dealing with unruly women like me. He's so old and distinguished and authoritative. I'm so turned on…"

I dove back between her legs, determined to bring her to climax now. I loved making Jenna come, and I knew exactly how to do it. I reached up and began to toy with one of her nipples as I heard the sound of her phone clicking away.

"I told him that I need a man to keep me in line," she said, "and I asked him if the picture I sent had any...effect on him."

I pushed another finger inside her as I began to flick my tongue quickly across her clit. She was close now.

"Oh my God," she gasped, "he's asking me if I want him to send a dick pic."

Normally, anytime the term "dick pic" came up, Jenna would laugh. She claimed that there was nothing hot about seeing a man's penis. That it was all about the man who was attached to it, not the organ itself. Had she changed her mind about this? Or was she simply so horny that things that normally wouldn't have appealed to her all of a sudden were driving her crazy?

"I want to see it," she blurted.

"Mm-hmm," I moaned.

Could this really be happening? It all seemed both totally out of character, and kind of logical. I'd always known that Jenna was more

sexually experienced and interested than she let on, and now I was finally seeing that hidden side of her. It was electrifying.

“Oh my goodness! *That* belongs to a 50-year-old man?!”

I couldn’t help it. I came up for air for a moment and looked up at her. She flipped her phone screen towards me, showing me one of the larger pricks I’d seen before, in real life or anywhere else.

“Jesus,” I said, laughing, “I guess that’s where he gets his confidence.”

“That and the fact that he’s a rich doctor,” she said.

“Fuck, Ryan. I want him. I miss being shared…”

“We can take care of that problem,” I said before returning to her muff, “I mean, we can talk about it later…”

A few seconds later, Jenna exploded, covering my face in her juices. She’d always produced a lot of natural lubrication, but this time it was especially notable. Not only that, I thought I was going to suffocate between her thighs. When it was finally over, my face was burning from the temporary lack of oxygen.

“That was incredible, Ryan,” she said, “I can’t believe how hard you made me cum. But now I need you to fuck me.”

I was hard and ready to go. I pulled myself up, and was about to slide between her legs in the missionary position, but Jenna stopped me.

“No,” she said, “I can’t text him that way.”

She had me lay back on the bed and she began to ride me. We’d done this a couple of times over the years, but generally Jenna preferred the missionary position. Something had been (re-)awakened in her that night.

She moved her hips up and down as she texted with one hand. It was like I was being used as a sex toy, and I loved it. She smiled at the phone and fired off another message.

“Oh, God,” she said, “he’s very good with words. He’s got me so worked up…”

“You sure… that has nothing to do with your husband eating you out or putting his cock inside you?”

“Oh, of course, honey,” she said, moaning, “it’s just...wow. He’s so authoritative. So dominant even through a screen. I can’t wait to really fuck him.”

“Are you really going to do it?”

She dropped the phone on the bed next to me, a serious look entering her face. I had both hands on her tits now, one on each of them as she rode me.

“I want to,” she said, “but do you want me to? Do you think you’d be able to handle it?”

“I think so,” I said.

“You’re not thinking straight,” she said, laughing as she bounced on my cock.

“And you are?”

“I guess… not…,” she gasped, reaching another climax as she threw her head back and bit her lip.

I couldn’t hold out any longer. The sight and sensation of my big-breasted beautiful wife climaxing on top of me made me lose control. I erupted inside her.

For several minutes, we were silent. Then Jenna’s phone buzzed again.

“He wants to see me. The next time I work.”

“When’s that going to be?”

“Tuesday night.”

“Fuck, that long from now?”

It was Saturday.

“You’re really into this idea, huh?” she said, rolling off me and propping herself up on her elbow and smiling.

“I’m into it because you’re into it,” I said, “but I have to admit that even if you weren’t my wife, the idea of seeing you get fucked hard by an older man is still extremely arousing.”

“Could you really handle it, though? I mean, the reality might be very different from the fantasy.”

“I’m sure the reality will be different,” I said, “but that doesn’t mean we shouldn’t try it.”

“Ok,” she said, eyeing me warily, “it’s worth discussing, I guess.”

“Worth discussing? A second ago, it was practically a done deal. You were basically begging him to take you off to a hotel and fuck you with his big cock.”

“I know,” she said, “but that was when I was horny. Ha ha. I think we need to make these decisions a little more carefully. Soberly.”

“Alright,” I said, a bit confused.

I realized that I didn’t have much say in what happened from this point out. What Jenna wanted was what was going to happen. It was her choice.

2

I went to work the next Monday with visions of Jenna and Dr. Krieger dancing through my brain. It must have been obvious to my employees that something was wrong, because I kept forgetting basic tasks that they depended on me for, like filling out the work schedules for next week. Those were always done on Monday morning, first thing, then posted in the break room. By me. The boss.

But this Monday morning the boss had his mind on other things. The boss was imagining his wife (who had formerly been a “hot girlfriend”) about to have her first experience as a hot wife.

Or was she? Was she really going to do it? We’d barely mentioned it that Sunday, and her next shift wasn’t until Tuesday. It didn’t seem like she’d reached a definitive decision, and I wasn’t sure if there was anything I could do to tilt the scales in my (and Dr. Krieger’s) favor.

It was obvious that she’d been attracted to him. She’d said things about his dick pic that I’d never heard her say about any other portrayal of a penis. And the way she’d come when I’d gone down on her…

“I’m sorry to mention this, Mr. Larson,” said Jake, my latest hire, “but you haven’t approved the plans for the Huntington project, and I’ve got a video call with the city manager in an hour. I know you said you thought everything was ok, but you also said to make sure to run it by you first before the meeting.”

“Oh,” I said, sitting bolt upright in my chair, “no need to apologize. Thank you for reminding me, in fact. I saw your e-mail on Friday, but...other things came up. I’ll send you a message on Slack if there are any changes needed.”

“Thanks, boss!”

The younger man flashed me a smile and then turned to leave the office.

I’m the head engineer at a firm that does a lot of municipal infrastructure projects. It’s not glamorous work, but it more than pays the bills, and it’s not too hectic, either. The downside, of course, is that if anything goes wrong, you get called before a City Council somewhere and chewed out for two hours. That was my job, too.

Luckily, this new guy Jake knew his stuff, so I could tell right away that everything was probably in order as I looked through the AutoCad drawings on my computer.

I was so absorbed in the details of the project that, when the phone rang, I felt like I was being jolted out of a deep sleep.

“Hello?”

“It’s your wife, sir,” said Carol, my secretary, “she’s on line one.”

Jenna got a kick out of calling me on the phone at work, even though she could have easily texted me. She said that it made her feel special when the secretaries immediately patched her through to me. And she was special: she was the boss’s wife!

“Hey Jen-Jen,” I said, pressing line 1, “what’s going on?”

She sighed.

“Oh, nothing. I just put Maddie down for her morning nap. She’s so fussy these days. I keep thinking that someday she’s just going to stop sleeping like this altogether. But she needs it. You know how early she gets up.”

Maddie, our daughter, was three years old, and quite a handful already.

“I know,” I said, “once she gives up the nap, you’re never going to have peace again, until she goes to school. Or you’re at work.”

“Oh yeah,” said Jenna, “about work. I was thinking...would it be ok with you if I went out for a drink with Dr. Krieger after my shift tomorrow night?”

I sat upright in my chair, completely involuntarily. The blood instantly began to rush to my prick, and my face flushed. I didn't like being in this state at work. Because I had an "open door" policy, any one of my employees might walk in at any time and see me like this. Still, the prospect of my wife going on a date after work was too much for me to take.

"Hell yes it's ok," I said, "I'll even pick you up afterwards if you want."

"He doesn't know that you're into this, remember? Unless you think it's better to tell him."

"Actually," I said, "I find it kind of hot to let him think you're cheating."

"Sure," she said, "that's fine with me."

There was a moment of silence. A lull in the conversation.

"So, that's taken care of, I guess," said Jenna, as if we'd just been checking off an item in our list of things to do, "and now maybe I can pay some of these bills while Maddie's still sleeping…"

"We've got to talk more about this later," I said, unable to conceal my excitement.

"Of course we will, Ry-ry," she said, "but you know, nothing's even happened yet. It's all just a crazy fantasy still."

"I know," I said, "but it's a crazy fantasy that's one step closer to reality. Where does he want to take you? What does he want to do?"

"He's going to take me to a piano bar," she said, "one of those swanky cocktail places where they play live jazz. Isn't that extremely grown up?"

Being relatively new parents, we were in the habit of categorizing activities according to whether or not they were "grown up" or not.

"Well," I said, "I should hope he's taking you somewhere grown up. I think most of the places that are open that late are made for grown-ups, not kids. But maybe the library downtown is still open…"

"Very funny," she said, "in any case, he's not taking me to the library. I told him that I'd bring a sleek little cocktail dress with me in my bag to work. I'm going to slip into it after my shift, and he's going to pick me up on a corner near the cafe, so that none of my coworkers see me go off with a strange man. Oooh, Ryan, this is so exciting!"

“See? Now you understand how I feel?”

“Not really,” she said, “I know that *I’m* looking forward to a lovely evening with a sophisticated older gentleman, while *you* wait at home with Maddie. So I don’t really understand how you feel.”

“I feel great about this,” I said, “I really do. But I’ve got to go now.”

“I get it,” she said, “no problem. Talk to you tonight, honey!”

“Ciao, Jen-Jen.”

She blew me a kiss (I could hear her lips smacking through the phone), and then hung up.

3

Tuesday evening came quickly. I came home at 5:30, as usual (at least when we don't have a huge deadline looming), and made dinner for Jenna and Maddie. Jenna hadn't changed into her work clothes yet, and it looked like she might have not even had a chance to take a shower yet that day.

I thought it better that I not mention this. In my experience, Jenna – or most other women, for that matter – didn't enjoy it when you pointed out that she was looking less than her best.

To me, naturally, she still looked sexy as ever.

I needn't have worried, of course, because as soon as dinner was over, Jenna disappeared into the upstairs bathroom for a whirlwind shower and makeup session.

When she came downstairs afterwards, even Maddie noticed the change.

"You look beautiful, mama!"

"You sure do," I said, moving in for a kiss.

"Don't," she said, turning her cheek, "I'm afraid you're going to ruin my lipstick."

"Ok," I said, kissing her lightly on the side of her face, "but I hope that someone at least gets to ruin it by the end of the night."

She gave me a look.

"Behave yourself, Ryan," she said, "there are children present!"

"I'm a child," said Maddie.

"We know," I said.

Lucky for us, Maddie was much too young to understand what was going on, or we might have had to have an awkward conversation about why her mother was getting ready to go on a date with a man who wasn't me, her daddy.

"Well," I said, "you look great. I hope you get a chance to freshen up again after work."

"Thanks, Ry-ry," she said, "it shouldn't be too bad tonight. It's a Tuesday, after all. We're probably going to get some high school kids coming in after basketball practice or whatever, but they're usually out by 8 or 9. I might even be able to leave early if it's ok with Roslyn."

"Just don't tell Ros why you need to leave early," I said, smiling, "or you'll shock her to death."

"Don't worry," said Jenna, "I wouldn't dream of it."

We said our goodbyes and Jenna walked out the door. The cafe was so close to the house that she usually walked there on her own when it was light out. After her shift, she often got a ride with one of her coworkers.

I wondered how she'd be getting home tonight – or tomorrow morning, for that matter, though I doubted that Jenna would spend the night and not be around when Maddie woke up in the morning. That would be odd behavior. She was a very devoted and reliable mom.



I SPENT the early evening taking care of Maddie, but once she was in bed, I was deliciously tormented by imagined images of Jenna on her date with Dr. Krieger. I imagined him pulling out the chair for her at their table at the piano bar. I saw her in my mind's eye, in her low-cut black cocktail dress, laughing at his jokes, playing with the ice in her drink, flashing him her sultry, dark-shaded eyes.

I saw him put his hand across the table, on top of hers. His was large and powerful, hers was small and delicate. So feminine.

I imagined him leaning across the table and whispering something into her ear. I knew that he was telling her that he had a

hotel room nearby, that they could go there at once.

I saw them in the hotel elevator, already pawing at each other, his hands hiking up her skirt, her desire evident in the way that she pressed her curvy body against him.

I saw them spill into the hotel room and fall straight onto the bed, so absorbed in exploring each other's bodies that they failed to notice that the door was ajar.

In my fantasy, he got up and shut the door behind him, then stood there, slowly rolling up his sleeves before telling her to undress.

His voice was commanding. Dominant…

I began to touch myself almost without thinking about it, stroking my bulge through my pants, imagining them fucking furiously, first on the bed, in missionary position, him holding Jenna down with both hands, her boobs bouncing in time with each thrust. I had no idea what Dr. Krieger even looked like, beyond Jenna's description of him, but I imagined a kind of super fit silver fox who spent as much time in the gym as he did in the office. It was kind of funny to imagine a man his age being that virile, but then again, why couldn't he be?

Of course I knew one more thing about Dr. Krieger: that he had a huge cock. *That*, at least, I had seen with my own eyes. If only in a photo.

But how would it look "in action," that is to say, buried inside my wife? It struck me as odd, when I thought about it a little more, that this was the main question that occurred to me as I sat in the living room, flipping through the Netflix menu in search of something to watch. I knew that I was too distracted to settle on anything, but I couldn't just sit there doing nothing while my wife was out on her date.

The minutes ticked by. I watched some episodes of my favorite show, one I'd seen a million times before. But even Andy Griffith couldn't quell the aching doubts that now began to plague me as I waited for Jenna to return.

What if I really couldn't handle the reality of Jenna being with another guy? What if I broke down and was unable to perform when she came back? What if I was disgusted by her? I couldn't be sure

that my actual response to being cuckolded (albeit voluntarily) would correspond with my imagination.

Still, I couldn't help but continue to imagine all the details of their encounter.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore.

How's it going? I texted.

He's already given me at least seven orgasms, she wrote back, almost immediately.

A shiver went down my spine. *Seven?* Jesus Christ. I mean, once she got started, she didn't stop, but we usually both lost interest after number three.

And you're texting me about it?

Totally kidding, she wrote back, *we're still at the restaurant*. *He's in the bathroom.*

Oh, I wrote back, *how are things going?*

Great, she wrote, *he's such a flirt. I love it. He's soo dominant.*

Keep me posted, I answered, *I can barely stand the suspense.*

I will. Love you, babe!

But that was the last I heard from Jenna until she walked through the door about four hours later. It was 2:00AM, but I hadn't been able to sleep for more than a few minutes. I'd been anxious to hear from her, and a little worried, to be totally honest, but I also hadn't wanted to appear desperate, or to ruin the mood by texting her.

But now, here she was. I heard her go into Maddie's room to check on the sleeping child, before she came into our bedroom, walking softly in an attempt not to wake me.

I was, of course, quite awake.

"Jenna!" I whispered loudly, "you're back! You promised you'd text me!"

"I know," she said, unzipping her dress and letting it fall to the floor.

She unhooked her bra and threw it into the hamper as she stepped out of her heels as well.

"I am sorry for that," she continued, "things just got a little...busy...after we last texted. Dr. Krieger took me to an apartment that he has in the city."

"He's got an apartment? Just for fucking?"

“It kind of seemed that way,” she said, sliding into bed next to me and cuddling me close.

I could smell the alcohol on her breath. She wasn’t drunk, but was definitely a bit tipsy. She also smelled a bit like cigar smoke.

“It’s a nice place,” she continued, “a one-bedroom. The kitchen is a little small. I doubt he does much cooking there…”

“I don’t really care about the apartment,” I said, pressing my cock to her soft buttocks as we spooned in bed, “I want to know if you fucked him. Are you a hotwife now?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, “but really, what else do you think we’d have been doing for the past four hours?”

“I guess I didn’t think about that,” I said, “you’ve got to tell me everything.”

“Well,” said Jenna, pushing her ass out a little and rubbing it up against my erection, “at the piano bar, I had a margarita. Then a daiquiri. Then…”

“Jen-jen,” I whispered, “I don’t care what you drank. I want to know what you...you know. How was it?”

“It was incredible, babe,” she said, sighing.

My shaft was aching by this point. I was completely hard. I wanted to get inside her.

“Jen,” I said, “could we...could I just slip it inside you…”

“Ry-ry,” she said, “I’m a little sore. Could we skip it for now? I could give you a quick handjob.”

She yawned loudly.

I felt bad all of a sudden. Here it was, the middle of the night, and I was pressuring her for sex. I didn’t want to pressure her. But my cock was so hard, and she’d just gotten back from a night that might change our marriage forever. I could barely stand it. I needed to get inside her so bad.

But I relented, of course. It was the only considerate thing to do, given the hour.

“You don’t have to,” I said, “I mean, if you don’t want to.”

“Maybe we can make it really fast,” she said, yawning again as she reached for the nightstand where we kept the lube.

She squirted some on her hand and put it behind her back, holding it out so that I could thrust into it. This was a new take on the

idea of a handjob. It definitely felt different. Not bad, just different.

I began to fuck her hand, and she tensed and relaxed it lazily as she began her story in a hoarse whisper. The night of the bedroom surrounded us. It was both highly intimate and very strange at the same time, this sexual congress with my wife that wasn't quite sex. Or, that is to say, it was sex, and it was highly intimate, but the intimacy was emotional and not physical.

"His apartment...wait, you don't want to hear about that. Well, we started making out in uber on the way there, and by the time we actually got through the door, I was already soaked. I had butterflies in my stomach like I haven't had since, well, since the first time I was shared..."

I have to admit, it stung a bit that she didn't say "since the first time I met *you*, babe." But it I was too turned on to dwell on this for very long.

"Almost immediately he took control. He had me pressed against the wall, in the foyer, and his hands were under my dress. He asked me if I was going to be a 'good girl' for him, and I practically melted. You know how much I love a dominant older man."

"I know," I whispered, hoping that I'd be able to hold off my orgasm long enough to hear the end of the story, because I knew that Jenna was exhausted.

"So he had one hand on my cheek and he teased my lips with his thumb, then he slowly pressed it into my mouth. I sucked on it like it was his dick while he pulled down my panties with his other hand and started rubbing my clit. I love being with older guys because they absolutely know how to touch a woman without being told. I mean, so do you, honey, but there's nothing like being touched down there by a stranger for the first time."

"He stopped rubbing me for a moment in order to free his cock, and before I knew it, he was rubbing his thick head along my moist slit, whispering in my ear and asking if I wanted to get fucked. I moaned something that I hoped he would accept as a 'yes,' but he told me I had to say it out loud. That's right, Ry. I was begging for Dr. Krieger's cock like some kind of cheap little whore, and I loved every second of it."

“When he was satisfied with my begging, he slowly pushed forward into me, stretching me with every centimeter of that incredibly thick shaft. You saw the picture, babe, so you know what I mean. Even though I couldn’t see it going into me, I could feel it, and what I felt was incredible. He took his time getting inside me, but once he was in, he started to give it to me nice and hard, slamming me into the wall of the apartment with hard, powerful thrusts. I was so turned on that I climaxed almost immediately. This seemed to please him, because he called me his ‘good girl,’ a gave me a long, slow kiss. This got me going again. After I came off the high of that first orgasm, I couldn’t control what was coming out of my mouth. I was begging him to please fuck me as hard as he could. I was talking about how big his dick was. I think I even told him that I loved his cock.”

“God, Jen. That’s so filthy. I love it,” I moaned, thrusting myself into her hand even faster now.

“I’m glad you do, babe. I did it for you, too, you know.”

“I know,” I said, “I think it’s so hot that you did this. It’s...fucking incredible...please tell me...more...”

I was so close to coming in that moment that I stopped thrusting in an attempt to stave it off. But Jenna started to move her hand, as if sensing what I was doing and trying to end things prematurely. She stroked me expertly, and even if I’d tried to pull away from her, it still would have resulted in a loss of control because my cock was on an absolute hair trigger.

“God, Jen, I’m coming!”

In the last moment, she lifted her nightie and guided my cock to a bare asscheek not covered by the thong she was still wearing. I blasted my cum all over her ass with a groan.

“Mmm,” she said, “I guess we’ll have to save the rest of the story for tomorrow. Why don’t you wipe me down and let us both get some sleep...”

I was a little disappointed that I hadn’t been able to last long enough to hear the story of the whole encounter, but on the other hand, it was late, and my immediate need for release had been quelled for the moment. I stood up, went to the bathroom and got a washcloth.

Jenna was right. The rest of the story could wait for the morning.

4

The next morning, however, there was no time to continue our encounter. Jenna had to take care of Maddie (who woke up about four hours after we'd fallen asleep the night before) and I had to get to work. We had a couple of important meetings that afternoon, and there was no time to waste.

All day at work, even though I was busy, I kept looking at my phone, expecting some kind of naughty text from Jenna. Nothing.

I could have texted her of course. But for some reason I didn't. Maybe I enjoyed the tension, the uncertainty about how her encounter with Dr. Krieger had ended.

Then, around 4pm, right after we finished a long Zoom call with a City Council member from a small town in Iowa, I got a message from my wife.

At first, I wasn't sure what I was looking at. When I realized what it was that she'd sent me, I blushed bright red and put the phone back into my pocket. I was still in the conference room, after all.

"Everything alright?" asked Carol, who had been taking the minutes of the meeting.

"Yeah, perfectly fine," I said, "something came up and I think I need to call home."

"Oh," she said, "I hope everything's ok! You have such a great family. Say hi to Jenna and Maddie for me when you get home tonight."

"Thanks," I said, blushing again, "I will."

As soon as I got to my office, I opened the message and looked at the photo again. It was my wife, standing against a wall, her bare ass exposed. There was a bright red handprint on one cheek.

Just thought you'd like to see a preview of the rest of the story, she'd written, *Dr. Krieger took a couple of pictures, and was nice enough to share them with me.*

I want to see everything, I wrote, *I can't wait to hear more about what happened.*

And I can't wait to tell you, she responded, *but we've got to wait until Maddie is in bed tonight.*



WHEN I GOT HOME that evening, Jenna greeted me at the door with a kiss.

"Did you like that picture, babe?"

"You know I did," I said, pulling her close, "thinking about it is getting me hard right now. But we can't..."

"I know," she said, "but I like teasing you. What can I say? I guess I've got a bit of a dominant side after all..."

"I guess you do."

"Well, I've also got a very submissive side that Dr. Krieger knew exactly how to bring out."

"That was apparent from his handprints on your ass."

"Just wait until you get the whole story, babe."

She flashed me a smile, then walked back into the kitchen, where Maddie was making a colossal mess as she ate dinner.

I paused for a moment in the foyer, waiting for my arousal to subside before I joined my wife and daughter in the kitchen. It was a long time until Maddie's bedtime, but I had no choice but to wait until then to hear the rest of what had happened with Dr. Krieger.

All throughout dinner, Jenna sat across the table from me, throwing me suggestive looks and even winking at some point. Her cheating had reinvigorated the erotic spark in our marriage. It was incredible – like we were dating again. Why hadn't we thought of this years ago?

Jenna obviously had. Or her ex had, anyway. I wasn't sure whose idea it had been for her to be “shared” in the first place, and I guess it didn't matter that much. The most important thing was that we'd figured out something that worked well for us.

Finally, Maddie had taken a bath and was in her jammies, ready for bed. As Jenna read a story, I watched my wife in her role as a mother. So nurturing and calm. Nothing like the sex-crazed woman that I imagined her to be with Dr. Krieger. I guess that was one thing that made her so fascinating to me.

“Goodnight, honey,” she said, giving Maddie a kiss.

I leaned down and kissed her as well, stroking her forehead.

“I love you, mad dog,” I said, using my nickname for her.

“I love you, daddy,” she said, yawning.

A moment later, the light was out, and Jenna walked quietly but swiftly into the bedroom, closing the door behind her. This confused me. Was she upset with me? Was she having second thoughts? Was she texting with Dr. Krieger?

I didn't know what to think. Suddenly, I was filled with angst. I decided it would be dumb to follow her into the bedroom, especially after she'd closed the door so demonstratively. I elected instead to go downstairs and watch TV.

No sooner had I taken a seat on the couch, then I heard the door open upstairs. Jenna was coming out of the bedroom and seemed to be coming down the stairs.

My eyes were fixed on the landing as her steps approached. They were calm. Measured. Slowly, my wife appeared on the landing. I took a deep breath in as I saw her.

She looked wonderful.

She was wearing a white lace neglige that I'd never seen before. Where had it come from? It held her breasts together in the front, accentuating her cleavage.

Jenna looked at from the stairs, her hands on the railing.

“I think it's time we continued my story, don't you?”

All I could do was nod, my cock painful hard and pressing against my pants.

Jenna took her time walking down the stairs and then sauntered over to me, a smile on her face.

“Ah, poor baby. It looks like you've got a problem there. Has thinking about your wife getting fucked made you all hard?”

“Yes,” I said, barely able to get out a word.

I reached out for her, but she shook a finger at me, playfully.

“Uh-uh,” she said, “let me do the work.”

She dropped to her knees and began to undo my belt.

“After he fucked me to orgasm against the wall, he pulled out of me and then told me to get on my knees.”

“Oh shit,” I said, as she freed my cock from my pants and began to stroke it gently, looking up at me as she did so.

“I thought he was going to have me lick his juices off his dick. I would have loved to do that for him. That's something nasty that I used to love to do for guys when they'd ask me to. How come you've never asked me to do that, Ry-ry?”

“I don't know...I just...”

“It wasn't really a question, babe,” she said, suddenly taking the head of my cock into her mouth and giving it a few long, slow sucks before coming back up for air.

As she continued her story, she stroked my shaft, which was now lubed with her spit.

“So I started to take his cock in my mouth,” she continued, “but then he told me to crawl for him. Into the bedroom. This kind of commanding, dominant tone gets me so wet. I immediately obeyed, crawling for the dark doorway that I knew led to the only bedroom in the place. He followed behind me, telling me what a cute ass I had. I could feel his eyes on me, and I loved it. I loved being an object of his attention. His lust. I know that you lust after me, too, babe. But a girl like me just loves male attention in general. The more the better. Especially from older guys.”

I groaned something like a response as she continued to stroke my cock with one hand, as the other one travelled down to her panties and she began to touch her clit. I reached down and began to tease her nipples, just like she liked.

“Yes, Ry,” she moaned, “that feels great.”

“What happened next? Don't stop the story...”

“Mmm,” she moaned, “well, next, he had me bend over the side of his bed. He positioned me exactly the way he wanted me. He took

his sweet time. I thought maybe he was going to fuck me that way, but it turned out he was getting me ready for something else entirely. He was going to spank me."

"You love that," I said, then immediately felt silly for stating the obvious.

"You know I do," she moaned, "and he knew it, too. He started out gently, just giving me some love taps on the fleshy part of my ass, but slowly, over time, he built up the speed and the tempo until before I knew it, he was really hitting my butt hard, cracking his hand down on it and leaving prints. I felt the burn on my ass and it got me so fucking wet. He spanked me hard enough that I can still feel it a little today, even."

She gave a little moan, closing her eyes for a moment and concentrating on herself. She looked so great touching her clit as she stroked my dick.

"Ok," she said, standing up, "I need you inside me. I want to tell you the rest while I ride you."

"Yes," I gasped.

She straddled me, slowly lowering herself onto my cock. It felt amazing to be inside her like this. So intimate. So close. Her mouth was right next to my ear, now, and so it was enough for her to whisper. I would be able to hear everything perfectly.

"I was begging him to fuck me," she whispered, her pussy clenching my cock as she rode me at a pace that was so slow that I almost couldn't stand it.

"He made me promise to be his 'good girl,' and I loved that. I practically melted right there. I moaned that I would do anything for him. That I would be his slut and fuck only him if he told me to. He called me his good girl, and the next thing I knew he was inside me, grabbing my hair and fucking me hard as I bent over his bed. He wasn't gentle before, and he wasn't gentle now. He was just taking what he wanted, conquering my pussy and showing me my place. I knew he was going to come inside me, and I wanted him to. He wasn't wearing a condom of course."

"God, that's hot. It's incredible."

"Don't come yet, babe..."

"I'm trying not to..."

She reached behind her and grabbed my shaft, pinching it off to prevent the urgency of my orgasm.

“He asked if I was close to coming, and I told him I was. He made me hold off, which was incredibly difficult. I loved that he was being so dominant, though. Using me exactly how he wanted to. So I tried my best to keep from coming until he told me it was ok, but it was a challenge because he was pounding me so good with his big cock. He was also pulling my hair, hurting me just a little bit in jut the right way. My ass still burned from the spanking. Finally, he said that he was close, and that he was going to come inside me. I started begging for him to do it. To fill me. He didn't even have to ask. I just needed it so bad. The words were just spilling out of me.”

“That's so hot...”

She was bouncing on me a little faster, now, and seemed to be on the edge of orgasm herself. I wondered how long I was going to be able to last, with my beautiful busty cheating wife riding me like this. It was almost irresistible…

“Keep talking Jenna. I want to know everything...”

“He started counting down. He wanted me to come on command. Be his good girl. But I couldn't help it. I jumped the gun and had a powerful orgasm on the count of 2, not the count of one like he'd wanted. He exploded inside me and I felt incredibly wet all of a sudden. It must have been a lot. He has really big balls, and I imagine that he had been saving a really big load for me. After a few moments, when my orgasm had faded, I apologized to him for not being able to hold off my orgasm until the right moment. He said I needed more 'training,' which I, of course, loved to hear. I'd love to be 'trained' by a handsome, dominant guy like him.”

“Was that it? When did he take that picture?”

“Mm, I'm getting to that,” she said, “but first, he took my by surprise by telling me to clean his cock with my mouth. I loved that he was telling me what he wanted, so I immediately dropped to my knees next to the bed and took his shaft into my mouth, licking the last drops of cum out of his dick as he ran his fingers through my hair. He was still totally hard – he might have taken viagra for all I know – and seemed ready to go again. I wasn't prepared for that, but I loved it of course. He had me suck him for a while, then he went

back into the living room to get his phone. He snapped some pics of me looking up at him with his cock in my mouth. With my permission and encouragement of course."

"I need to see those."

"Maybe later, if you're lucky," she teased, grinding herself on me as I moved inside her.

The tension in my balls was unbelievable.

5

“Did he fuck you again?”

“Oh yeah,” she said, “but first he led me back into the living room for even more photos. That's where he took the pic of me with the red ass. I love the way I look in that picture, which is why I sent it to you first.”

“Your butt does look great,” I sighed, “but you know that I love your body. I'm sure you look great in *all* of the pictures that he took, no matter what. I *need* to see *all* of them.”

“I was hoping you would say that, Ry,” she said, moaning a bit.

It seemed like she was getting closer to orgasm.

“But I want to show them to you a couple at a time. Keep the fun in our relationship.”

“We have fun already. Isn't this fun?”

“You know what I mean,” she said, “it will be more exciting the longer you have to wait.”

“You're right,” I said, “but tell me the rest. Did he fuck you again in the living room?”

“Mm hmm,” she said, “first I rode him on the couch, a lot like we're doing now. The difference was that he was long enough that I could really bounce on him. It was so great being able to just ride him the way I want without being afraid of slipping out. He played with my tits and sucked on my nipples while I rode him, the whole time telling me what a good girl I was. He seemed to have forgotten the fact that I'd come before he'd given me permission to, before in

the bedroom. Or so I thought. I had another orgasm riding him, then he had me follow him into the kitchen. He made me get a wooden spatula and bring it to him. At first I was confused. What the hell did he want with that? It wasn't a very sexy thing to ask me to get. But when he told me to bend over and stick my ass out while I grabbed the counter, I realized what he was going to do."

"Spank you again?"

"Mm-hmm. And this time, he didn't go easy on me. He turned my butt bright red, and had me on the edge of tears before he stopped. I was begging him to please fuck me, telling him that I would be his good girl and do anything that he wanted. I loved the way he was pushing my limits. I needed him inside me so badly, but before he'd allow it, I had to get on my knees again and take his cock in my throat. He really pushed me this time, making me take it all the way. I was so determined to please him that I overcame my natural urge to gag on his thick rod. He took his time at first, until I'd gotten used to him, then he started thrusting into my throat, using it like a pussy. I was so wet for him. I loved being put in that position, completely submissive to him, on my knees in the middle of his kitchen like some kind of cheap whore. Do you like that image, babe? Do you like the idea of your wife choking on a stranger's big, thick dick?"

"It's so fucking hot, and you know it," I said, breathlessly, as she began to ride me faster again.

I looked down at her breasts, which heaved up and down as she bounced on me. I thought about how Dr. Krieger must have loved how they looked as well.

"He pulled out, and I thought he was going to reward me with a load on my face, but instead, he had me get on all fours on the kitchen floor while he mounted me from behind. I felt like such a whore as he pounded me. He started spanking me again with the spatula, calling me his 'good little slut' and other filthy names like that. Then he started telling me to come. My body obeyed his voice, instinctively this time. I had no control over it whatsoever. I climaxed again and again while he pounded me, and when he finally pulled out of me, I was trembling all over in pleasure. I barely understood what he was doing as he grabbed ahold of my hair and brought his cock to my face. It was only when I felt his spunk shoot out all over

my nose, cheek and lips that I realized he was marking his territory. Covering me in his sunk. He shot a lot, and hard, especially for a guy his age. But he's a doctor, after all, and knows how to stay fit and healthy."

"That's so filthy," I moaned, on the edge of my orgasm and usure if I'd be able to hold back at all this time.

"I know," she yelped, "it turns me on to remember it. He took a picture, too, of course."

"Oh God. I want to see it."

"Imagine it now, honey. Imagine your cute wife covered with the doctor's cum. On her knees, looking up at him as she licks it off her face like a dirty little slut. Come now, Ry. Come inside me. I need it."

I let out a groan of pleasure as I began to spend myself inside her. She threw her head back, her beautiful dark hair flowing back over her shoulders.

"I'm coming…," she moaned, "oh God."

She trembled for a few moments of bliss as she climaxed. I pulsed a few more times, emptying my balls into her womb, where my sperm perhaps mingled with Dr. Krieger's.

"Wow," she said, still on top of me, once it was all over, "that was intense."

"As intense as it was with Dr. Krieger?"

"Different intense," she said, "there's no need to compare. You're my husband. He's my lover."

"Oh is he, now? Does that mean you're going to see him again?"

"It means that I certainly want to see him again," she said, giving me an incredibly sweet smile.

She looked beautiful. She was positively glowing with a soft, warm sexual energy. Her face was covered in sweat, and parts of her hair were stuck together in thick strands from the exertion of her ride.

"I want you to, too," I said, "and maybe the next time, I can watch."

"Maybe," she said, "if Dr. Krieger says it's ok. And he doesn't even know that you know about what's happening! He just thinks I'm some kind of cheating whore. And I think I like it that way."

“Of course,” I said, “it's up to both of you. If you think telling him the truth would ruin things, then let's skip it. It doesn't matter to me.”

“Mm, thanks hon. I'm so glad that I met Dr. Krieger. And that you agreed to share me,” she said, “I need that kind of authority in my life.”

“I know you do,” I said, “and I'm glad that you've found it.”

“Me too,” she said, “but I also have to say that I'm very lucky to have a husband who is secure enough to share me like this. A lot of guys would be crazy with jealousy.”

“Who says I'm not? I was practically falling apart while you were over there with him. My imagination was running completely wild.”

“Just wait until you see the other pictures he took,” she said, draping her hands around my neck and pulling me in close, “your imagination will *really* run wild then.”

“I can't wait,” I said.

“I think you're going to love having a hotwife,” she whispered.

“I think I am, too.”



THAT WAS the beginning of big changes in our marriage. Jenna started seeing Dr. Krieger on a regular basis, at his same apartment, usually on Friday nights after her shift at the cafe. She'd come home late and exhausted, so I'd take over childcare duties in the morning. It became a routine: Dr. Krieger would have her on Friday nights, she'd sleep late, then she'd tell me all about it on Saturday while we made love. Sometimes, she'd even show me photos or video. Dr. Krieger, as smart as he was, never figured out the fact that I knew what was going on. That made it hotter for Jenna and I, though, since we had our own little secret together, something he had no idea about, despite the fact that he and Jenna were on such intimate terms.

It was exciting. It was intoxicating. It was a new way of life, and neither one of us ever wanted to quit. On the contrary – we began tentative discussions about Jenna sleeping with other men as well. We even talked about setting up some kind of gang bang. But for

now, that's just fantasy. I can't say for sure that it will never become a reality, though. And I don't think Jenna could, either.

I feel closer to my wife than ever before, now that I know the secret about her past, and have helped her continue her secret life in the present. There are lots more stories in our future, I'm sure of it.

THE END

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE…

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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, BBC and hotwife stories. It is truly appreciated.

E-mail me here (cynthiasizematters@gmail.com).

— XX

Cynthia

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Check out all the books in the My First Time Hotwife series here.



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: OLIVIA

Olivia, a former party girl, is now a successful lawyer. She's left her wild days behind her after marrying Robert – or has she?

When Robert and Olivia exchange fantasies one night, Olivia confesses her desire for a **tall handsome waiter** from her favorite bar. But when Rob and Olivia make their hotwife fantasies a reality, will Rob be able to deal with sharing his wife with another man who is more **dominant and hung** than he is?

Find out what happens when Olivia and Robert confirm her status as a **sizequeen hotwife**!



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MELINA

Melina and David have a sexy game they play to keep their marriage exciting. They write down fantasies on a list, then roll a die to see which one they will act out that evening. But when Melina describes her fantasy about a handsome alpha-male mechanic who is also **rough, dominant and hung**, their little game edges closer to becoming a reality.

But will Melina really cross the line from fantasy into reality? Will she really be able to go through with cheating on David while he watches?

Find out in this second, stand-alone installment of **My First Time Hotwife**!



MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MIA

When Mia, a married MILF, takes a seasonal job at a warehouse, she really hits it off with her new co-workers. *Especially* Jack, who, rumor has it, is not only a **take-charge** kind of guy in more places than the workplace, he's also **much bigger** than 99% of men, including Mia's husband.

When Mia confesses her lust for her **dominant, hung alpha co-worker**, her husband is more than eager to indulge her hotwife fantasies. Soon, the couple hatch a plan for Mia to seduce Jack while her husband watches…



SOFIA'S STORY

Sofia has been acting different lately. She's taking a night class at a community college in creative writing, and is spending more time with her classmates than she is at home with her husband Trent.

When Trent finds an erotic short story penned by Sofia that describes an affair between her and one of her fellow students, he is, in his own words, "split between jealous rage and savage arousal." Sofia's mystery lover is everything Trent is not: handsome, dominant, and most of all, **much, much bigger where it counts**.

He starts to concoct a plan for dealing with his cheating wife. But has Sofia really already cheated? Or is it all just fiction. And does Trent really want *revenge*, or does he want to *watch*?

What Trent discovers about the woman he thought he knew will push his marriage into a maelstrom of emotion and erotic exploration.

SOFIA'S STORY is a 24,000-word cheating wife novella that explores themes of cuckold angst, denial, size and clean-up.



TANYA TAKES A LOVER

Tanya was head over heels in love with Adam, her first and only boyfriend, when she married him a decade ago.

Now, a successful businesswoman, Tanya has started to wonder if she's missed out on something by never **sowing her wild oats**. What's more, her husband Adam has confessed his fantasy of **watching her with a larger man**. With their love life becoming a bit stale, the couple begins to weave fantasies of Tanya stepping out for a little extramarital fun.

When Tanya begins to develop a crush on her friend Sean, a man from church who has a reputation for being **larger** than life (and than Adam) both in and out of the bedroom, she sees an opportunity to both make up for lost time *and* indulge Adam's dirty desires simultaneously.

But when emotions start to intervene, will Tanya go too far? Or will she respect Adam's wishes – and her own marriage vows?

TANYA TAKES A LOVER is a 20,000-word emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity, voyeurism and the thin lines between fantasy and reality.



NICOLE'S BETRAYAL

Nicole is everything that Kevin (her husband of almost seven years) could have wanted in a wife: she is loyal, intelligent and beautiful. Oh yeah: she's also hot. A perfect ten. Way out of his league.

When the secretary at Kevin's office quits unexpectedly, Nicole steps in to help out. Of course she catches the eye of a lot of guys around the office – how couldn't she? – but Kevin's dominant alpha boss, Justin, takes a special interest.

Even if he is something of a bully and a womanizer, Justin is a good boss. He also has something that Nicole hasn't had in a long time, not since her wild college days: a large endowment.

Soon, both Kevin's cuckold fantasies and Nicole's size queen proclivities are out in the open, and Nicole and Justin are headed out of town for a conference, alone. Will Nicole stick to the rules for her marriage that she and Kevin have so carefully worked out? Or will her desire for Justin make her throw their agreement out the window?

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL is a 21,000-word, emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity and voyeurism.



BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

Beverly is happily married to Alvin, her spouse of 20 years. At 41 years old, she doesn't think that she's still able to turn men's heads, so she's surprised when she starts getting a lot of attention from the local geography teacher, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson is tall, handsome, and Black. He's funny, intelligent and with an easy-going sense of humor that Beverly finds irresistible. When he pays her a compliment one day, she develops a crush on him.

Alvin notices this, and encourages his wife to flirt with the teacher. After all, what's the worst that could happen? At first, the results of this experiment are encouraging. But when Mr. Robinson awakens a long-slumbering desire in Beverly, will her marriage to Alvin be able to survive the explosive fall-out?

One thing's for sure: once BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE is unleashed, nothing will be the same again. This is a 16,500-word novella-length work that explores intense themes such as cuckold angst, clean-up, and marital infidelity.



SARAH'S ADVENTURE

Can a young married couple deal with their ultimate cheating fantasy becoming a reality?

Brandon and Sarah, 25, have been together for seven years. They are very open with each other about their desires and fantasies, because they are acutely aware of the danger that the "fear of missing out" can pose to couples who marry so early.

But on a trip to Berlin, when Sarah begins to flirt with the tall, handsome, dominant and extremely endowed Mark, everything the two lovers think they know about their relationship is put to the test.

Can Brandon deal with watching his beautiful, fertile young wife in the hands of a skillful alpha male? Open this book and find out...

SARAH'S ADVENTURE is a 21,000-word novella exploring the intricacies of negotiated cheating, the hotwife lifestyle and what happens when it slides into cuckold territory and a threesome becomes a twosome.