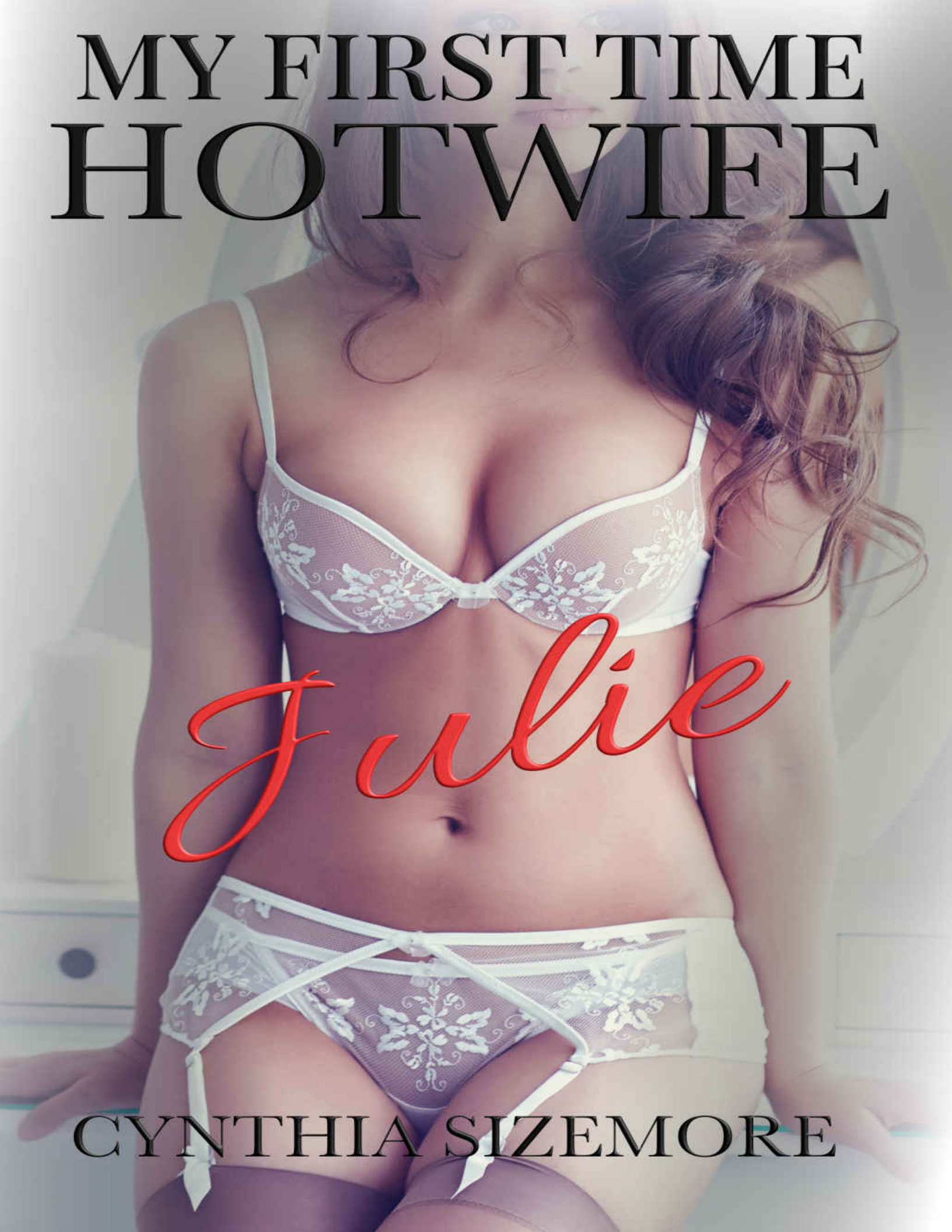
MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE



Julie

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE

JULIE

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CONTENTS

Introduction

Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Epilogue

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INTRODUCTION

Julie and I never talked about the fact that our sex life had slowly fizzled over the years since we were first married. It had happened so gradually that it would have been like discussing the fact that inflation was eating away at our savings: it was obvious, potentially dangerous to our entire way of life, but not at all something that needed to be addressed immediately.

Confronting it could always wait until tomorrow.

I think that, had I been able to talk to my friends about it, some of them would have been surprised to hear of our lack of intimacy. After all, Julie had always been considered “hot” by my friends, to the point that they lowered their voices sometimes when I joined the group after Julie had just gone out, for example, when they’d just been paying their homages to my wife’s beautiful body. I’d even overheard one of these conversations once, when my friend Mark remarked that he’d be “hitting it every night” if he were married to Julie.

I might have been “hitting it” every night, too, if I had any desire to do so. If either of us had had the desire. In the first few years of our marriage, we really did have sex frequently. If not every night, then at least three times a week, and sometimes twice on the weekend.

Mark and my other friends were right, though: Julie was one of the hottest women I’d ever met. Even if I didn’t feel much desire for her anymore. She was a slender brunette with burning brown-green eyes. Her hair was long and somewhat frizzy. She considered it “difficult” hair, but I loved the way it never quite conformed to whatever shape she tried to pull it into.

Shape. That was another area where Julie was special. She had an amazing figure. Her waist was slim and her tummy was flat, but her hips were wide, giving her the contours that reached down into the depths of the male brain, signaling one primal message: fertility.

We’d never been particularly careful with birth control. We had a vague notion of wanting to have children at some point, but had never set a particular deadline. We knew that these things eventually got much more difficult, but it always seemed like we had all the time in the world. And maybe we did. Julie had tried hormonal birth control in her college years, and had suffered from so many side effects that she’d stopped it again after

a few months. The other options just didn’t seem appealing to her. I hated condoms. I could almost never maintain an erection for very long when wearing one, and they made it difficult for me to reach climax. So, on the increasingly rarer occasions that we would do it, I would simply pull out and come on her body. Once in a great while, I’d lose control and come inside her. Julie didn’t seem to mind. There was never any talk of getting the “morning after pill” or something like that. It was as if we’d tacitly agreed to let fate take its course.

1

This is all to say that it was strange when Julie suddenly started to make more and more stray comments about sex during the twelfth year of our marriage. She was 36, I was 38. She'd lost none of her feminine beauty over the years. At the most, she had a couple of crow's feet around her eyes, but she still turned heads everywhere she went. I registered that, of course, but for some reason I still wasn't overly interested in sex.

But, increasingly, Julie was, and it was coming out in unusual ways. One evening, we were out with our friends Mark and Ava, at a small Vietnamese restaurant in the gentrifying urban neighborhood where we lived. The conversation turned to sex, somehow, specifically to racial stereotypes about penis size. It was Ava who started it. She was quite vocal about having had plenty of sexual experience before settling down with Mark, and she often shared a little "TMI" once she had a couple of drinks in her.

We'd had two rounds that night when she looked our waiter up and down lewdly, raising her eyebrows as she did so. Julie noticed this, her eyes wide with embarrassment. She slapped her friend on the arm.

"Stop it," she said, "he's going to notice you doing that!"

"Mmm, sorry, I can't help it," she giggled, "I love a fine Asian man. There are so many stereotypes about them that are just wrong…"

"Is that right?"

"Yeah. For example," she continued, glancing at Mark, her husband, who had an amused look on his face, "the biggest guy I ever slept with was

Asian, and the smallest guy was Black. How's that for combatting racial stereotypes!"

"We like to joke that Ava can have a free pass to have sex with any Asian guy she meets who is over eight inches," said Mark, patting his wife's hand.

"It's not a joke!" Ava protested, "I'm dead serious about that!"

"Ok, ok," said Mark, still smiling, "I promise that if you find out that that waiter is seriously packing, I'll go and get a hotel room for the night. Or whatever."

Ava hesitated for a moment, as if her bluff had been called.

"Ok," she said after a second, "just let me pass him a note…"

"Stop it!" Julie shrieked in shock and delight, "you can't just ask a guy that!"

"I know what I'm doing," laughed Ava, "now where is that pen…"

She fished around in her purse for a moment, then came up with empty hands and smiled at Julie, who still seemed to be in a state of shock.

"Only kidding," she said, "I'm not going to harass that poor guy at work. But I wasn't joking when I said that an Asian guy really rocked my world once, back in my old single days…"

Mark took his wife by the hand.

"Ava," he said, "I'm not sure that Ryan and Julie really want to hear any more about your sex life. Just because you're so frank with me, doesn't mean that everyone else…"

"No," said Julie, "it's ok. I have to admit that I'm a little curious. I never had as much…experience as you did."

"You mean Ryan was your first?"

"I wasn't her first," I broke in, "just the best…"

Julie laughed.

"Of course, babe. You are the best. Still."

"So what do you want to know about?"

Ava's question hung in the air for a moment. I was intrigued by the look on my wife's face. She'd had a couple of drinks, to be sure, but there was something more than that in play here, I sensed. There was a sense of curiosity that she'd never displayed before suddenly coming to the surface.

"The stuff you said about…size," she said, "you acted like it made a big difference. I always thought that size was just…I don't know…like a matter

of compatibility or something? Like you don't want a guy who is too big or too small…"

Ava giggled.

"You sound like a woman who's never been with a really big guy. That's what I used to think, too."

"Hey, I think there's a football game on tomorrow," I said, theatrically turning to Mark in an attempt to change the subject.

"Oooh," said Ava, "looks like I made Ryan uncomfortable. I didn't mean to do that, big guy. This isn't about you or Mark. This is just two ladies talking."

"So it really makes that much of a difference?"

Julie's tone was inquisitive. She was genuinely interested.

"Let me put it this way," said Ava, "have you ever had an orgasm so intense that you almost fainted? Ever cried uncontrollably after coming?"

"No…"

"That doesn't necessarily sound that great," I said, unable to keep from butting in, "I mean, fainting? Isn't there such a thing as too intense?"

"There's no such thing," said Ava decisively, her brown eyes glowing, "for a woman, the harder the better. The best kind of orgasm is when a man fucks me into oblivion. And you know what makes that a lot easier for him to do? A big cock. A nice, huge hog. A thick Italian sausage. A…"

"Ava…," Mark nudged her. The waiter was approaching our table, a tray of after-dinner drinks in hand.

"Are you saying I should…?"

"No!" He whispered. "Just stop talking like a degenerate for a few seconds."

We fell silent as the waiter distributed the libations and presented us with our check before taking his leave with a courteous bow.

"Well," I said, raising my glass once he had gone, "that was quite a… conversation. I propose a toast. To our wonderful wives."

Mark nodded.

Ava grinned, cutting in, "and to our wonderful husbands, who don't mind it when we discuss dick size at the dinner table."

"Ava!" Julie giggled, "that's so wrong!"

We clinked our glasses together and drank to each other's health.



ON THE DRIVE HOME, we both seemed to have forgotten the conversation. We chatted about Julie's job (she was a secretary at the local university) and the car repairs that I needed to arrange in the next few days.

Then, just as we pulled into a parking spot near our apartment, she turned to me and asked a question that I'd never expected to hear coming from her.

"How big are you, honey?"

I didn't understand what she was talking about at first.

"I guess like 195. Maybe 200. It's been a while since I've weighed myself."

"No," she said, blushing a little, "I mean how big are you. Like how long are you. Down there…"

"You know that very well. You've seen it what — a thousand times?"

"Well, sure. I know, but I don't really know."

"You mean you want to know a measurement?"

"Yeah," she said, "I guess…"

Now I blushed.

"I don't know. I've never measured. I —"

"I thought all guys measured. I thought that was something guys were famous for."

"Well, maybe I have in the past," I stammered, "I don't know, when I was a teenager or something."

"Well," she said, "what's average size? Would you say you're average? Or bigger?"

"I guess I'm average," I said, "at least that."

"Hmm," she said, smiling, "that's good. But it doesn't answer the question."

"Look," I said, "you know that a lot of guys are sensitive about this stuff, right? Like what if I was asking you about your chest measurements?"

"My chest measurements aren't a secret. I'm 34C. You know that already, I assume."

She had me there.

"Ok," I sighed, "last time I measured, I was…like 5 inches. Something like that."

"Really?"

I couldn't tell from the sound of her voice if she was disappointed or impressed. She remained remarkable neutral-sounding.

“Yeah,” I said, “I mean, at least I was a couple of years ago…”

“So…eight inches would be…”

Before she finished her sentence, she got out of the car and closed the door behind her, walking with purpose towards out apartment door. I got out and followed her, a bit puzzled at her behavior until we entered the apartment and she went straight into the small bedroom that we had converted into an office, where she retrieved a plastic ruler.

“Five inches is here. Yeah, I guess that seems about right…”

“Julie,” I laughed, “what are you doing? You really shouldn’t have had that last drink. I’m starting to think that Ava is a bad influence on you.”

“And eight inches is…here. Wow.”

She giggled.

“I don’t think…” She giggled a few more times before trying to once more to get the sentence out.

“I don’t think something like that would fit! Not in me, at least…”

“Well,” I sighed, “you heard what Ava said. That’s just because you’ve never had a big one, I guess.”

“Right,” she said, turning to me, a mischievous look in her eyes, “but…what if…”

“What if what?”

“I mean…Ava’s husband gave her a pass to have sex with any guy over 8 inches.”

“That was a joke!”

“No it wasn’t! Not to Ava! You’re remembering the conversation all wrong.”

“Ok, maybe it wasn’t a joke. But are you suggesting…”

“Look,” she said, looking me in the eye with the ruler still in her hand, her fingers pinching it at the 8 inch mark, “we both know that we haven’t been having a lot of sex recently.”

“Yeah,” I said, somewhat relieved that at least one of us was finally admitting to something that we’d both known about for a long time.

“Well,” she said, taking a deep breath, “I was wondering if you might at all be interested in exploring the hotwife lifestyle.”

The room was dead silent for a moment. Where the hell had Julie ever even heard that term? It didn’t make any sense! I’d never told her a thing about my hotwife fantasies.

Yes, it was true. I'd had a lot of fun imagining my wife being taken by other men. But in my fantasies, she wasn't really *my* wife. She was just a sexy woman. It was hard to explain. Most of all, to myself.

"Hotwife?" I replied, as if hearing the word for the first time, "what's that?"

She laughed, then grabbed the iPad that we both shared, unlocking it and then opening up a web browser.

"You forget to turn on private mode sometimes," she said, "and your web history from your phone gets saved here, too."

My heart jumped into my throat. Julie scrolled through multiple sites devoted to the "hotwife lifestyle." There were forums, story sites, porn videos…

"Julie," I said, "I'm sorry. I can explain. It wasn't supposed to be real. It's not really about you and me. Not really. It's more a fantasy."

"Oh, I can tell it's a fantasy. I might even go so far as to label it an *obsession*. Are you aware just how much time you spend researching this? And you just weren't ever going to tell me about it?"

"I was, I mean, I would have. It's just that you're never interested in sex. You've always got a reason why it can wait."

Julie's mouth opened in surprise. She seemed shocked. Outraged.

"Excuse me, Ryan, but *you* were the one who turned *me* down last weekend. Or have you already forgotten? You wanted to play your little game…"

This was puzzling. I remembered the incident that she must have been talking about. But for the life of me, I couldn't make it fit the spin that she was giving it.

"What? You asked me if I wanted to cuddle in bed with you. I said no thanks…"

"What do you think 'cuddle' means?"

"Sometimes, it just means 'cuddle,'" I said, truly baffled.

Julie's arched eyebrow made me feel like an idiot.

"Do you really think a woman is going to come out and say that she wants sex, the same way a man would?"

"I don't know. It would be easier sometimes if she did…"

"Well I tried," she sighed, "it's not my fault that you missed the signal. Or that you'd wasted so much energy on your…hotwife fantasies."

“Ok,” I said, “you tried to tell me that you need more sex, and I tried to tell you about the hotwife thing. Even though it’s not about you…”

“But about your other wife?”

“Very funny,” I said, “very funny indeed.”

“So who is it about, then, if not me?”

I was caught. I thought for a moment.

“The thing is,” I said, after a while, “it’s about a version of you. An aspect of you that I fantasize about it.”

She cocked her head to one side. I’d gotten Julie’s attention.

“Tell me more about this version of me.”

“She’s wild,” I said, “sensual. More than anything, enthusiastic.”

“And let me guess: her boobs are twice as big as mine, too, and she weighs ten pounds less?”

“Are you kidding me? No, of course not. It’s not like that at all.”

I was too astonished to sound angry. How could Julie think that there was anything wrong with her perfect body? I never wanted to give her that impression at all.

“Sorry,” she said, “it just sounded to me a little bit like you wanted to create some kind of perfect version of me. I don’t know many women who wouldn’t think something like that, when they hear their husband talk about some kind of idealized version of them…”

“She’s not idealized,” I said, “she’s a woman that I’ve seen before. A long time ago. Back when we first got married. She’s the woman who I fell in love with, back then.”

She looked at me for a while, as if trying to read something from my face, then she leaned in to kiss me.

“Maybe that woman isn’t as far away as you think,” she said, breaking the kiss, her breath hot against my lips, “and maybe some fantasizes can come true. If you want them to.”

“I’m not sure if I want it to,” I whispered.

But I was lying. And I knew that she knew it. I wanted it to happen. I wanted to share my wife.

2

That was the night that we decided to make it happen, Julie and I. From all my reading on the hotwife forums, I was already well-informed about the issues involved in the hotwife style and the way that we could go about finding a man to share Julie with.

“I want to have the final veto,” she said.

“Of course, babe. That goes without saying.”

We were cuddling on the couch looking through her tinder matches. We’d made an account for her, explaining exactly what we were looking for: an experienced, dominant man at least 35 years of age and 8” or longer.

A few hours after posting, Julie had matched with over 130 men. Many of them were eliminated immediately.

“I should have put a height requirement in there,” she sighed, “I don’t want anyone under 6 feet.”

“I’m 5’10”!” I exclaimed, laughing.

“I know, babe. But the idea is for me to try something *different*, remember?”

“Ok,” I said, “but that means you could also go for a short guy.”

She laughed.

“As if.”

I tried not to take it personally. I knew that I was tall enough, and wasn’t seriously insecure about that particular requirement. The 8” requirement, on the other hand…

“I’m looking for a guy who’s like, the opposite of you, babe. No offense. It’s not that I’m dissatisfied with you, it’s just that, like, if I’m

going to try something different, I want to try something *really* different. Know what I mean?"

I nodded. I did know what she meant, even if it was a hard pill to swallow. If I'd been in the position of picking another woman to sleep with (something I had absolutely no interest in), wouldn't it make sense for me to choose someone who was different from my wife? That wasn't so hard to wrap my head around.

"Alright," I said, "I guess the question is which of these guys is the opposite of me…"

"Yes," she said, swiping through her phone and whittling the selection down second by second.

"How can you do that so fast?"

"I just know. I have an intuition when I look at them. I can tell if I'm going to be attracted to them or not."

We'd already specified on Julie's profile that she was looking only for men who had previous experience with the hotwife lifestyle. In other words, no single inexperienced guys just looking to get laid. We'd both been surprised by the number of "bulls" available in our area. There were plenty of poseurs and fakes, of course (men who obviously had no experience in the lifestyle but who wanted to get laid nonetheless, or were simply out to collect pics). These men were relatively easy to spot.

There were still a surprising number of more-or-less "professional" bulls. Professional not in the sense of being paid to fuck hotwives, but in the sense that they did so on a regular basis and had well-documented records of providing satisfactory experiences to everyone involved. Many of them had posted videos to forums, where you could evaluate their performance.

"Ok," said Julie, "I've got a short list now. All of these guys have profiles and videos. And testimonials."

"Wow," I said, "that was fast."

"What can I say? I know what I like."

We pulled out my laptop and called up the forum profiles of the men that she had selected. I had to admit that I was somewhat taken aback by the kinds of guys that she had chosen. They all seemed to have a cocky, almost bossy edge to them. Usually, Julie complained about men who thought they were in charge of everything. She hated cocky guys. I decided to keep my mouth shut about this and just see where my wife's desires took her.

“Ok,” she said, “first there’s this guy. Marcus.”

Marcus was a black man with a shaved head and several tattoos on his biceps and forearms. He boasted a long, thick cock that curved slightly to the left and that several hotwives had praised as deeply satisfying.

We watched a video of him and a thick Latina hotwife filmed by a satisfied husband. He entered the woman from behind, fucking with long, smooth strokes as she moaned encouragement. He was huge in contrast to the small brown-skinned woman, whose face was buried in the pillow.

“You don’t have to be shy, babe,” he said, his voice low yet encouraging, “take that big black dick. Throw that ass back, babe.”

“Mm-hmm,” moaned the woman.

“That’s good,” Marcus said, “that’s it. Get all that cock. You deserve it.”

I looked over at Julie, trying to gauge her reaction to the video.

“He’s hot,” she said, “and I like that she’s having fun. I’m just not sure if he’s…I dunno…”

“What?”

“Well, I’m maybe interested in a guy who’s just a little bit…more dominant.”

“Dominant? He seemed pretty in control to me.”

“Yeah,” she said, “when you’re that much bigger than a woman, it’s hard not to be. But I really want a different kind of experience.”

“Wow,” I said, “I had no idea you were into that stuff. Is it because you read ‘50 Shades of Gray’?”

She laughed.

“I don’t think so. And I’m not saying that I prefer that type of sex. Just that I’d like to experience a few times in my life. It’s not like I don’t like more gentle lovemaking.”

“It’s ok,” I said, “I get it. You only live once and all that.”

But the truth was, her statement really threw me. What exactly did she mean by “dominant,” if the huge-cocked black guy we’d just watch dick down a sexy Latina didn’t count?

I decided I needed to find out.

“So is there another guy who caught your eye? Someone more to your liking?”

She giggled a little, clicking back to the forum profiles.

“There is,” she said, “this one guy. Adam. He seems like he might be perfect.”

She showed me a picture of a man in his early thirties, a fit man with a hairy chest and a full head of straight, thick brown hair. The shirtless photos proved that he was a regular gym-goer, though he wasn't as muscular as Marcus.

His cock, however, was equally as impressive as Marcus's had been. It was, in fact, bigger if anything.

My jaw fell in astonishment as we looked at the close-up picture of his equipment.

Julie giggled.

"Wild, right? Like how can a guy be that big?"

"And how do you think it's going to fit? Aren't you afraid it's going to hurt?

She smiled, as if amused.

"I'm sure he's experienced. He'll take his time. It's not like he's going to just show it in."

"If you say so. Does this guy have a hotwife audition reel or whatever like Marcus did?"

She laughed, then nodded.

"Have you already watched it?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, as if admitting something embarrassing, "I've watched it three times now."

"Is that right?"

"Mm-hmm…"

"So if he's your pick, why did you show me Marcus first?"

"Because I was afraid of what you might think."

"What I might think? Why?"

"Because his style is a little…intense."

"Well if he's too intense for you, there's not much point in us talking about this, is there?"

She was silent for a moment, almost squirming in her seat.

"It's not that he's too intense. It's that I'm afraid you're going to…"

"I'm going to what?"

"Think differently of me. If you see what I really like."

Suddenly, I felt like I didn't know my wife at all. We'd been married for a long time. Shouldn't *I* be the expert on what Julie likes? If not me, than who would be?

"What you *really* like?"

I repeated her words, the question hanging in the air.

“I didn’t mean it like that. Of course I like sex with you,” she said, suddenly realizing how her statement might have sounded to me, “this opportunity is kind of like…a vacation, you know? A chance to get away and see and do something different. It’s not a permanent change. That’s all I meant.”

“Is this a ‘vacation’ you’ve been interested in taking for a long time?”

I looked Julie in the eyes. The slight lines around them did nothing to diminish her beauty.

“No,” she said after a moment, “but we both know that our love life has been pretty routine for a long time.”

“It would be great if it were routine,” I said, unable to stop myself from contradicting her, even though I knew it wouldn’t be at all productive to point out her distortion of the facts, “‘routine’ means happening on a regular basis.”

“Alright,” she said, “poor choice of words. But you understand what I mean, right?”

“Yes.”

“So I admit that I’ve had fantasies about a little ‘vacation’ from time to time. Who hasn’t? After all, you have your cuckold websites…”

She had a point there.

“And my interest in being submissive isn’t any weirder than your wish to share me with another guy.”

“True,” I said, “I just never…”

“You never thought that I was interested in anything else because you never asked. But now our desires are out in the open, and we can communicate about them. I think that’s a good thing.”

“I think it’s a good thing too,” I said, eager to find compromise, “so are we going to watch this video, or what?”

She grinned, clicking a link that said “Adam dominates hotwife Lisa.”

“This is the one I love,” she said, the nervousness in her voice apparent, “remember, please don’t judge!”

“I promise.”

The video, which was about twenty minutes long (but had clearly been edited), turned out to be an absolute tour-de-force of raw, primal, rough and somehow still tender sex. Adam kissed Lisa passionately before bending her over a countertop and spanking her with a wooden spoon until her ass

was bright red and she was begging him to fuck her. He fingered her for a few minutes, teasing her as she gasped in pleasure, imploring him to allow her to come. He cruelly denied her, ordering her to drop to her knees and worship his cock.

The “cock worship” session took a long time. Lisa licked and kissed his shaft, wetting it with her tongue and sucking his balls one at a time. She was clearly an accomplished cocksucker, and Adam gave her lots of praise and encouragement as she worked his tool.

As I watched them, it occurred to me that Lisa’s husband must have been filming, because at certain moments a voice off-camera would comment on the action, giving Lisa little bits of encouragement or praise. I wondered if Julie wanted me to film her as well, and if I’d even enjoy that.

Finally, Adam had had enough fellatio, and led Lisa into the bedroom, where he ordered her to lay on her back and spread her legs. He worked his shaft (which, as I said before, was truly enormous) slowly between her legs, checking in with her as he forced himself deeper, a millimeter at a time. It seemed like Lisa climaxed at least twice during the initial process of penetration.

I looked over at Julie as we watched. Her lips were parted slightly and her breathing was shallow. In the past she’d told me that she didn’t like porn, that she much preferred erotica. Apparently, this was some kind of newfound interest for her, because it was obvious to me that she loved what she was seeing.

Adam began to fuck Lisa now, slowly at first, but then faster and with longer strokes as she became more used to his size. Finally, he was pounding her into the bed, and she was moaning in pleasure as she seemed to have an endless stream of orgasms. She was begging, crying and moaning, urging him to fuck her harder and faster, hopelessly devoted to his big dick. Her husband, holding the camera, encouraged her in a shaky voice. It was clear that he was aroused by the sights and sounds of his wife being penetrated by this alpha stud.

Adam, for his part, kept up his pace like a machine, but was also muttering and moaning dirty words of encouragement or commands as he pummeled the hotwife’s tight pussy.

“Take it like the dirty little slut you are,” he growled, “I know you love this cock. It’s ok to admit that size matters. I want to hear you say it. Tell your husband.”

“I love big cock,” Lisa moaned, “I love Adam’s big dick. I need it.”

Adam pulled out and turned her over, then slipped inside for a long, tender and deep session of doggy. He grabbed her hair and fucked her with long, slow strokes. It was clearly very intense for Lisa, whose face was red and eyes were shut tight as she bit her lip, experiencing one climax after another.

“Go slow…you’re so deep…it’s so big…”

This was a woman having an experience so intense that it seemed on the edge of the enjoyable. Was it pleasure or pain that she felt as she was stretched by him? It seemed to be mostly pleasure, because her body contorted in one climax after another, as Adam patiently slide his cock in and out, slapping her ass from time to time, but not nearly as hard as he’d done with the spoon.

I looked over, and Julie was touching herself, biting her lip as she watched Adam completely dominating this young wife with his big cock.

“I can’t believe you’re doing that,” I said, completely astonished.

“Aren’t you turned on, too?”

I had to admit that I was. I had a raging hard-on.

“Just imagine…,” she said breathlessly, “that will be me, soon.”

“Oh God,” I groaned, my cock leaking precum.

I reached into my pants and began to stroke myself. I couldn’t help it any more than Julie could. What we were watching was an incredibly powerful scene, one that demonstrated the superiority of huge cocks. I had no illusions: while I felt that my skill with my mouth and fingers matched pretty much any other man, there were some areas where it would be impossible for my to compete. I would be reduced to the role of the spectator.

Increasingly, I was ok with that.

Adam pulled out and Lisa immediately spun around and got on her knees, ready to accept his load on her tongue and face.

I lost control as I watched the large-cocked man ejaculate onto the eager woman’s visage. In the corner of my eye, I watched as Julie also climaxed, biting her lip so as to suppress the cry of pleasure that escaped her. Was she feeling guilty at how much the images had aroused her?

I looked over at her, exchanging a somewhat sheepish look with my wife. Her face was flushed, and I had cum all over my hand.

“Well,” she said, “should we sleep on it?”

I paused.

“I think you’ve already made up your mind,” I said, “so why don’t you just contact Adam and see what he says?”

She nodded.

“I’ve got a message ready to send…”

She pulled out her phone and swiped a bit, then sent a message. She really had had something ready to go.

“I wonder what he’ll say…”

3

We didn't have to wonder for very long. Julie received a response to her message almost right away. Adam responded enthusiastically, asking if we'd be available for a video call sometime later that day or the next.

My heart pounded in my chest as Julie showed me the message. Were we really going to do this? Were we really going to talk to a bull…a dom… and ask him to have sex with my wife?

"You look like I just told you that I totaled the car," said Julie, "are you sure you really want to do this?"

"Yeah," I said, "I'm sure. It's just…it's becoming really real really fast."

"I thought that's what you wanted. What we both wanted. If you'd rather stop and just keep this a fantasy, it's not too late."

I paused for a long time. Was that what I wanted?

"I mean, I'd be a little disappointed, of course. But I'd get over it. Sex isn't everything in life…"

I tried to unpack the implications of what she was saying. She clearly meant that she was unsatisfied with our sex life, and that sex with me, while adequate, was ultimately unfulfilling. But, at the same time, there were more important things than sex.

Were there though? Wasn't sex the one experience that we could have as humans that connected us to something greater? Something more powerful than us beyond our everyday existence? To me, sex was, in a sense "everything," and I knew that it probably was to Julie, too, no matter how depleted her libido had become over our years of marriage.

No. I wanted this experience, for her and for me. For us.

“No,” I said, trying to be honest, “I want to do it. It’s just honestly a lot for me to process — moving from fantasy to reality like this. It’s a big step. Ultimately I think it’s a good idea that will be exciting for both of us, but I need you to understand that it’s not necessarily going to be easy for me at every step. I’ll try not to let whatever emotional challenges I’m facing affect your experience, ok?”

Julie broke out in a smile.

“Babe,” she said, “that’s so sweet of you. You know that whatever happens between me and Adam, I’ll still love you. I’ll always love you.”

“Thanks. That means a lot to me.”

And it did.



OUR FACETIME SESSION with Adam went better than I could have anticipated. He was personable, charismatic even, and funny. He put us both at ease almost immediately with his self-deprecating humor and easy charm. Sure, he was a dominant alpha male with a huge cock, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t laugh at himself or tell a joke at his own expense.

Of course these qualities — along with his winning smile — made him even more attractive to Julie. She admitted as much to me as soon as the call was over.

“Now I really can’t wait to make an appointment to see him,” she said, “he was…perfect!”

The way her eye lit up told me that she was probably already imagining how the scenario might unfold. Her eyes were glazed over with a kind of lust I’d very rarely seen. Adam had not only put us both at ease, he’d actually engaged in a kind of foreplay.

“What did you think about his question,” she continued, “about making a video? Would you be interested in doing that, babe? Getting it all on camera?”

I couldn’t deny that the idea had crossed my mind.

“Yeah,” I said, “I would definitely like that.”

“Good,” she said, sighing a bit, “the idea appealed to me as well.”

Then, to my surprise, she grabbed my hand and placed it between her legs.

“Oh god, Ryan,” she moaned, “I’m so fucking turned on right now. I need you. Let’s go to the bedroom…”

Adam had definitely brought out something in Julie. She had her hands in my pants and was stroking my cock as soon as we stepped in front of the bed. I’d almost never seen her like this, and I had to admit that it turned me on.

“Touch me, Ryan. Feel how wet I am.”

I reached down between her legs and slipped her panties to the side. She let go of my dick long enough to pull her sweatpants down to her ankles and free me of the boxers that I was still wearing. (I’d kicked off my trousers as soon as we’d entered the bedroom).

Her wet, tight cunt pulled at my finger. I could almost feel her longing. Longing to be filled by something big and hard. Something bigger and harder than what I could offer her.

“Oh God, babe. Oh fuck. I can’t stop thinking about him spanking me. Taking me in hand.”

“I would like to see that,” I replied, my breath hot against her cheek.

“You want to see your wife getting her cute little butt turned red? That big man taking me in hand like you could never do?”

“Fuck,” I moaned, my cock jumping in her hand and leaking precum.

“You like it when I talk about what he can do for me that you can’t, don’t you, babe? I think you’re going to like being my little cuck.”

“Yes, honey,” I groaned, falling into my role immediately, “I’m here for your pleasure. I want to watch you get what you can’t get from me.”

“Good boy,” she said, pushing me back onto the bed and then moving up to straddle my face.

I’d never seen her this sexually voracious. She’d never once tried to take the lead in the bedroom like this. It was like the conversation with Adam had awakened something entirely new within her.

“I’m going to sit on your face, honey,” she said, “and you’re going to make me come as many times as I want. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I murmured, just before she lowered her wet hot cunt onto my mouth and inhaled her musky, slightly sour scent.

It was intoxicating.

“Yes, babe,” she groaned, “use your tongue on the clit. Just like that. Oh God. Just imagine that big cock. That huge cock. Remember how he was

giving it to Lisa? Those long, slow strokes from behind. Just filling her. That's what I want, babe. I know that he can give it to me. Imagine it."

I was imagining it, and my cock — now deprived of touch — was aching. Standing up straight in the cool air of the bedroom, completely bereft, as my wife ground her hips into my mouth and moaned.

"Imagine that he came inside me already, babe. I want you to drink his cum out of my sloppy pussy. I know that's something that cucks like you like. I found it in those stories you were reading online. At first I thought it was disgusting, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized that it's just an acknowledgement on your part that your wife has been conquered by a superior man. And it started to turn me on. I started to get turned on by the idea of humiliating you, babe. Since you seem to want it so much."

All I could do was groan. Her wet pussy muffled any attempt to respond. This response was, of course, beyond my wildest dreams, but it was, I had to admit, entirely unexpected and for that reason almost threatening in its intensity. It was all that I could have ever dreamed of and therefore seemed to be on the verge of changing who I thought I was forever.

"Do you want to watch him pump me full of his cum? You want to get a close-up with your phone as his alpha cock fills me with sperm? I'm not on birth control, babe. I don't think that I'm very fertile, but who knows? Do you think we should roll the dice? Do you think you could handle raising another man's child as your own?"

I let out a long, slow moan. I couldn't respond. What could I have possibly said? It was my ultimate fantasy — to watch my wife get knocked up by an alpha male — but at the same time, it was what scared me the most in the world. I knew that there was no way that I could ever go through with something that like in reality. That was one part of the fantasy that had to remain a fantasy. I was sure of that. And I was sure that Julie felt the same way. This was something that she was saying in the heat of the moment, not something that she really wanted. As soon as she had an orgasm — or three— she'd understand that it was totally ridiculous as a real plan, but arousing in the realm of fantasy. There were lots of things like that, after all: scenarios that were fun to talk about, but that no one would ever, ever think of putting into practice in reality.

That's all it was, I told myself, as my wife climaxed while riding my face. She didn't really want to get knocked up by an alpha male while I

watched. It was just another part of this kinky fantasy.

Julie had three more orgasms before she finally pulled back and looked down at me, smiling.

“Are you ok? Can you breath down there?”

I nodded.

“I’m fine,” I said, “that was amazing.”

“It was great for me,” she said, “but I think your little guy probably needs some attention.”

“Yeah,” I said, “I can’t believe how hard I am.”

She grinned, sliding down until she was rubbing the head of my cock into her bare ass, sliding the tip between her buttocks with the precum as lube.

“Oh, you poor deprived boy,” she said, “what if Adam tells me that I can’t fuck you anymore? What will we do then?”

I’d lost control of what was happening — both in the realm of fantasy and reality — a long time ago. That much was clear. But even though this part of the fantasy was much less intense and transgressive than my wife being impregnated by her lover, I was still taken aback. Sure, chastity enforced by the bull was a major part of lots of cuckold scenarios that I’d read about, and even jacked off to from time to time. But Julie? My own wife?

It was incredible how quickly my wife had come around to my perverse desires. She’d gone from a dead-fish in the bedroom to the perfect hotwife. But was the “perfect hotwife” too much for me? Did I really want the whole fantasy?

I might have questioned if I was emotionally prepared for what was unfolding, if I hadn’t been as close to orgasm as I was.

Julie dismounted and took my cock in her hand, looking up at me mischievously as she stroked it with just two fingers, giving it the lightest touch.

“Aww,” she said, “do you think that you’ve been a good little cuck? Do you deserve to come?”

“Yes,” I said, “please. Let me come…”

“Hmm,” she said, still stroking, “I don’t know if a cock this size really deserves to climax. Definitely not inside a woman like me. Not anymore, babe.”

Fuck. Did she really mean any of this? Or was she just imitating the things she'd read women saying in the stories that I liked? It was too much for me to take.

"Please let me come. Julie, please…"

I was thrusting my hips now, rubbing myself against her fingers, trying to prolong and increase the contact with her skin.

Finally, it was too much.

"Oh God, Julie. I'm coming…"

She sprang into action, grabbing my cock by the base and squeezing gently right in the moment I began to ejaculate. This had the effect of allowing me a small orgasm, but depriving me of a larger release. It had the cruel effect of interrupting my pleasure, and making my longing even more intense.

"Fuck, Julie. Why?"

"I need to keep you horny, babe," she said, laughing, "if I give you real orgasm, maybe you'll start thinking clearly and decide that it's not such a good idea to share your wife with a dominant alpha."

My cock continued to twitch under her cruel hands, slowly leaking cum, without giving me the release that I needed so badly.

I couldn't tell if she was being totally honest with me, or if what she said was just part of the fantasy. Either way, it worked.

"Alright," she said, her tone suddenly changing, "that took the edge off, for now. I think we need to set something up with Adam ASAP. Don't you, babe?"

"Yeah," I said, "I guess that's right…"

I was still having trouble processing what had happened to Julie and I, where the change had come from, and how it had been accomplished so rapidly. Was it really just the product of her spying on my web history?

"You know what?"

She was scrolling through her phone now.

"I think it's going to be best if I just give Adam access to our calendar," she continued, without waiting for my response, "that way we can find dates that work for all of us. Sound good, babe?"

"Sure," I said, even though I could think of a few reasons why it might not be a good idea to give a total stranger access to the details of our private life, "whatever you think."

"Great!"

She scrolled and tapped on her phone for a few seconds longer.

“Where do you think the first session should be? I’m thinking at his place. Sounds like he’s got a lot of fun equipment there.”

The *first* session? I thought we were just dipping our toes into the water, so to speak, and she’d obviously already decided that there would be more than one encounter. Any illusions that I might have had that I could control the situation at all were rapidly fading.

It was clear that from here on out, Julie was running the show. But was that so bad, really? Wasn’t that what I had always fantasized about? That my wife would take control of our relationship and make the greatest use possible of the opportunities that I gave her for sexual bliss with other men?

“Yes,” I said in reply to her question, “I agree that it would make the most sense to go to his place. Where does he live again?”

“Uptown. In one of those converted loft apartments.”

“Did he tell us that on the call?”

“No. I’ve been messaging him.”

“When?”

“Just now.”

“While we’ve been talking?”

“Yeah, babe. You’ve been over there in your own little world. Lost in your head or something. What do you think I’ve been doing on my phone for the last five minutes?”

“I guess…I thought…”

“We’ve got a date with him tomorrow night,” she announced, “he wants me in a little black dress. He doesn’t care what you wear. He just wants you to shoot video and keep your mouth shut unless you’re asked to do something. Can you handle that, babe?”

I nodded.

“Sure,” I said, “but tomorrow night is really soon. Don’t you think we should give it a little more time?”

“Why? So you can change your mind? I thought this was your fantasy, babe. You’ve been into this stuff for a long time. And finally, you’ve got your boring wife on board with it, too. Don’t give up on it now. Not when your dreams are this close.”

She was leaning in close now, and gave me a kiss on the lips.

“Of course I’m not going to change my mind,” I said, knowing that I didn’t sound so convinced, “I just thought maybe we’d have a little more

time to talk about it is all."

"We do have time," she retorted, "we've got just under 24 hours…"

4

We did talk things over during those next 23 hours or so, but not in a fundamental way that would put into question what we were about to do with Adam. And with our relationship, for that matter.

No, we discussed logistics. We knew what Adam expected Julie to wear in general terms, but we had no idea on the details. We both wanted to please him, so we had a lively conversation about the particulars: should she wear her hair up or down? It was likely that it would come down at some point in the evening, but it was equally likely that it would have to be held out of the way while she was pleasing Adam orally, as he was guaranteed to ask her to do. So should she come ready to give head? Or should she play it by ear? Her big, curly hair was difficult to tame once it was down, so we ultimately decided that she should pull it back for that initial encounter.

Then there was the question of her shoes. She normally wasn't a fan of high heels, but it seemed that the occasion called for them. She didn't have anything that would go with her little black dress as well as her black four-inch pumps, which were, admittedly, almost impossible for her to walk long distances in, or stand for an appreciable length of time.

"I'm probably not going to be standing very much, if the video with Lisa is any indication of what he has in store for me," Julie said, as we looked through her shoe closet.

"I think that's a safe assumption," I said, "plus, you look incredible in those shoes with that dress."

"Why thank you, Ryan. You're so sweet."

She turned and gave me a long, slow kiss. One thing I could say about our experimentation with the hotwife lifestyle so far: it had led to a clear increase in my wife's libido. Even though we hadn't had intercourse since we contacted Adam for the first time, we had had several sessions of cunnilingus in the brief period since. She'd also given me two more "ruined orgasms" — handjobs that stopped right as I was coming, so that I wasn't allowed to experience a complete release.

This had had the effect of keeping us both more on edge than ever before. I could tell that the orgasms that I had given Julie with my mouth were mere preludes to the "real thing" — a climax caused by Adam's considerable endowment.



FINALLY, we couldn't put it off anymore. It was time. We were set to meet Adam at a cocktail bar near his place. If things seemed good on both sides, we could proceed immediately to his apartment for a night of bliss (at least for the two of them).

"I hate places like this," said Julie, as we stood anxiously at the door, "I always feel so out of place."

"Just relax," I said, "you're dressed perfectly. I'm the one who looks like a schlub."

It was true: Julie looked marvelous in her small black cocktail dress and black stiletto heels, her frizzy hair pulled back into a ponytail. The dress hugged her curves, perfectly complimenting her feminine figure. She wore a simple silver chain with a small diamond pendant that I'd gotten her for a wedding anniversary years ago.

I, on the other hand, looked like a college professor on his day off: I was wearing a brown sport coat over a t-shirt, khaki slacks and sneakers. Totally upstaged by my elegant wife.

Of course, I wasn't trying to impress anyone.

"Oh, I think I seem him," said Julie anxiously.

I looked in the direction of her gaze. There he was, sitting at the bar. It was unmistakable. He was in a well-fitted suit with a tie that seemed just flashy enough to signal that he was still under forty, even if he had a rather "serious" job.

He flashed Julie a huge smile, and I watched her face transform from a look of anxiety to a look of pleasure and anticipation.

“God, he’s handsome,” she said, “what are we waiting for?”

We walked towards the bar, and took our seats beside him, with Julie in the middle. He offered his hand in greeting, first to me, then to Julie, who he pulled in gently for a kiss on the cheek.

“You look incredible,” he said.

“So do you,” she said, blushing.

“Thanks,” he said, smiling, then looking first at her, then at me, with a tiny trace of a question in his gaze.

Was he simply nervous? Was it possible that our large-cocked alpha male was anxious about meeting us, too?

He motioned for the bartender to come over, and we ordered drinks: a martini for me, a scotch on the rocks for Adam, and a rum and coke for Julie.

“I know I should be getting something fancier at a place like this,” she said, “but I know what I like and I’m too nervous to think of something else.”

“There’s no need to be nervous,” said Adam, taking her hand, “I’ve already decided that you’re absolutely drop-dead gorgeous, and there’s no way I’m going to pass up the chance to fuck you. Now it’s up to you if you want to go through with things. I’m the one who should be nervous.”

Julie smiled and blushed when he pronounced the word “fuck.” A shiver went down my spine as well as the situation suddenly became extremely real.

“You’re the gorgeous one,” stammered Julie, looking at Adam, then turning to shoot a guilty glance at me, “I mean…you’re very attractive.”

“Thank you,” he said, “but that’s not enough. You need to decide if you want to go through with this. Did you know that about 80 percent of the couples I talk to end up backing out? For a lot of them, sharing the wife is just a fantasy. The reality proves to be too much for the relationship. I understand that completely, which is why I wanted us to meet here first before anything happens.”

“We’re sure,” blurted Julie, “I mean, at least I’m sure. We’ve talked about it a lot.”

She turned toward me, taking my hand.

“Right, Ryan?”

“Right,” I said, my voice a bit more hesitant than hers.

Was I starting to get second thoughts? Maybe I was. I started to think about all the possible consequences of watching my wife with another man. Would I be so intimidated by his size and prowess that I’d never be able to function sexually again? It seemed like a crazy fear, but on the other hand, there was no telling what might happen once we let the genie out of the bottle, so to speak.

I decided, however, not to voice these fears. This wasn’t the time or the place. What Julie wanted, and how she felt was the most important thing now.

“We’re sure,” I said, effectively sealing the deal.

“Great,” said Adam, grinning and sliding closer to Julie.

He had his arm around her now. She snuggled in closer to him, so small and vulnerable in his embrace.

“Let me just go over a couple of rules before we really get going,” he said, his arm caressing Julie’s shoulder.

I nodded.

“First of all, I am the dom. But that doesn’t mean that I’m the one in charge, ultimately.”

Julie looked up at him.

“Sure, it means that I’m going to call the shots in the bedroom,” he continued, “but ultimately Julie is going to be in charge of everything that happens. She is the submissive, and she’s giving her submission willingly, as a gift.”

Julie nodded.

“So if there’s anything that makes you uncomfortable, Julie, just use your safeword, ‘red,’ and we’ll stop immediately.”

“I understand,” she said, “thank you. I’m sure I won’t need it, but I’m glad to have it.”

“Of course,” said Adam.

Then he leaned over to talk to me.

“Ryan,” he said, “you’re there as a spectator, not a participant. You can go anytime that you like. I’ll make sure that Julie gets home safely. You can watch, you can video, take pictures — anything you want. But you can’t get involved or object to anything that’s happening. That’s Julie’s prerogative, and hers alone. You will probably see a lot of things that arouse you. And lots of things that make you uncomfortable. It can be a lot to take for some

husbands to see their wives in the embrace of another man for the first time. Especially a dominant man with a larger cock. I need you understand that this is about Julie's pleasure and not yours. Even if we talk to or about you, you are not involved. Do you understand?"

"I understand," I stammered, taken a bit aback by the lecture I'd just received.

"Good," he said, "let's get started, then. Julie, I want you to go to the bathroom and take off your panties. Then bring them to me. Understood?"

"Yes, sir," she said, nodding obediently.

She immediately stood up and made a beeline to the bathroom.

"She's catching on really quickly," said Adam, grinning at me, "I think we're going to get along just fine."

I nodded. There was an uncomfortable silence as we both sipped our drinks. What kind of small talk do you make with the man who is about to fuck your wife? Do you talk about sports? The weather?

Luckily, Julie emerged from the restroom a few minutes later with a smirk on her face, walking right over to Adam and giving him a kiss on the mouth while she grabbed his hand and presumably slipped the panties to him. It happened so fast, I never would have known what they were doing if I hadn't already been told.

"Very good girl," said Adam, playing with her hair as he kissed her once more, "now let's get out of here."

He nodded to the bartender, who brought the bill for him to sign and Adam's credit card. He must have opened a tab and given the bartender instructions to bring the bill when he signaled. I wondered if this was his standard operating procedure, if he brought all of the wives that he fucked here along with their husbands. The bartenders must have wondered what he was doing hanging out with so many couples, especially when they saw him kissing the woman so quickly after meeting.

Adam and Julie walked out of the bar, arm in arm. I trailed behind them, already the third wheel. I could tell by my wife's body language that she was absolutely smitten by her somewhat younger lover. She was definitely going to enjoy herself tonight. The question was whether or not I could tolerate what I now knew to be inevitable.

I'd been surprised by my own reaction to watching Julie and Adam make out. I had been jealous at first, for sure, but then I had detached myself a bit from the situation, as if I were a total outsider, just another bar-

goer watching an attractive couple in their thirties who were obviously very much in love (or in lust).



ADAM'S HOUSE was remarkably cozy for the loft setting. I had expected the decor to be minimalist, in accordance with the modernist redesign of the building, but Adam was clearly a man who appreciated certain comforts in life. There were rugs on the hardwood floor and large, comfortable couches. Even several large, heavy-looking solid bookcases that appeared not to have originated in a big box Swedish furniture store.

In short, the man had style. And not a style that had come out of a catalogue. The place had a lived-in look.

"Have a seat anywhere you want," he said to me, "we're going to be in here for a while."

I nodded, making my way to one of the couches, which I sank into with a sigh. If I was going to have to deal with the psychological discomfort of watching another man with my wife, at least I would be physically comfortable doing it.

"On your knees."

Adam's voice was deep and commanding. His tone was completely different than it had been in the bar.

I understood immediately: the dom had come out.

Julie understood too, dropping to her knees in front of him right in the middle of the living room.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Good girl," came his reply.

He was undoing his belt. I could see a large bulge in his pants.

"This part is to get us both ready," he said, looking down at Julie and pressing his thumb into her mouth.

She devoured it eagerly. It was clear that she was aroused and ready to do anything required of her.

"We're going to need to make sure that you're nice and wet for me," continued Adam, "because it can be a real challenge to get inside the first time."

"Yes, sir," she said, her voice quavering just a bit.

She was obviously aroused, and perhaps a bit apprehensive. A kind of giddiness filled the air as Adam continued to open his pants and release his monster.

“Oh, wow,” said Julie, as it sprang out in front of her in all its glory, “that’s really only 8 inches?”

“It’s closer to 9 when it’s fully erect,” he said, smiling.

The cock dangling in front of my wife’s face was simply breathtaking. There was no other word for it. I could see how cocks like it inspired terms like “worship,” for what else could a woman do with a specimen so large and perfectly formed?

“You’re so thick,” she said, already grabbing his shaft and inspecting it with awe, “I have no idea how it’s going to fit inside me.”

“I’ll make it fit,” he grinned, “don’t worry about that. But it will take some work. And the first thing we need to do is to ensure that you’re wet and begging for it.”

“I’m already soaked,” she said, laughing a bit, “I have been since you had me take off my panties in the bar.”

“Good girl,” he said, coiling the belt (which he had removed completely) in his hand.

He reached down and hiked up her dress a bit, exposing her smooth white ass.

Then he drew back with the belt and brought it down with an angry crack against her pristine bottom.

Julie shrieked.

“Ouch! That hurt.”

“I know it did,” he said, grinning, “but I also know there’s no better way to get a slut like you wet than a good spanking.”

“Yes, sir,” said Julie, her breathing accelerating as he brought the belt back again and then spanked her other cheek.

Two almost symmetrical markings rose up on her beautiful bottom.

“Now get that cock in your mouth,” he growled, guiding his head to her lips, “and rub your pussy with the other hand. I’m going to show you how to suck a real man’s dick.”

I was seriously aroused watching my wife be treated like a cheap slut that Adam had picked up from the bar. I almost forgot that she was the woman I’d pledged to spend my life with, and not just some MILF out for a night on the town who had decided to go home with Adam. He continued to

belt her bottoms, causing her to cry out with each stroke. At the same time, she eagerly devoured the first third or so of his cock, her mouth stretching to its limits and her makeup running. The room was filled with the sounds of his penis obscenely penetrating her mouth and running up against her gag reflex. She choked a couple of times, but this didn't bother either one of them, he simply pulled out for a moment and then continued his assault on her face.

Once every fifteen strokes or so, he pulled out and slapped her across the face with his cock, calling her something like "good slut," or "good girl," before return his cock to her mouth and following up with a stroke of the belt across her bare ass.

"Keep rubbing that clit for me," he growled from time to time, "I need you wet and swollen for me. But don't you dare come without my permission, do you understand?"

"Mm-hmm," my wife would moan, her mouth full of cock.

The ponytail had proven to be the correct decision, because Adam made use of it as a handle, guiding her head down onto his cock with one hand as he brandished the belt with the other.

"Good girl," he said, "you came here to get roughed up by a big cock, and that's what you're getting. You're close to earning the right to take my big dick in your pussy."

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned, her tone one of supplication, almost desperation.

I had my own dick out and was stroking it. I couldn't help but abandon myself to the lust of the situation that was unfolding before my eyes, no matter the potentially fraught implications it had for my marriage.

"Yes," said Adam, "you're a good girl. I think I'm going to fuck you. Would you like that?"

"Mmm-hmm."

He pulled out and slapped the length of his cock across her face.

"Beg for it, slut."

"Please give me your dick, sir," she said, her voice desperate, on the edge of despairing, "I need it so bad."

"How bad do you need it?"

"I'll do anything for it."

"That's what I like to hear."

Adam stepped out of his trousers now and kicked off his shoes.

“It’s time to go to the bedroom,” he said.

Julie started to stand up so that she could follow him, but he pushed her back down.

“No,” he said, “sluts crawl on their hands and knees.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, accepting this humiliation immediately to my complete surprise.

I watched in fascination as my wife crawled behind her Dom into the bedroom. I heard a few more sharp slaps as I rose to follow them, hampered in my efforts momentarily by the pants around my ankles. It would have been embarrassing had there been anyone there to witness it, but as it was, the only two who might have noticed were already in a different room, and absorbed entirely in their own activities.

I could hear my wife saying something in a low voice, pleading for something. It didn’t take much imagination to tell what she was begging for. I trembled a little in anticipation of the sight that awaited me on the other side of the darkened doorway.

I had become so absorbed in my voyeuristic activities that I had entirely forgotten that I had been given the option of making a video of my wife’s first time with a large cock. Before, the immediacy of the situation had caused me to be more focused on what was happening right before my eyes, but now that I had a moment to myself, so to speak, I remembered the phone that I had in my pocket, and decided to make use of it. Maybe having a screen between myself and the action would allow me to get a little bit of distance and somehow tolerate it better.

I pulled the iPhone out of my pocket and pulled up the video function. Then I pressed the big red button and took a deep breath, stepping into the darkened bedroom, where a single lamp burned at the bedside.

I saw Julie, her dress now in a heap on the floor, on her hands and knees as Adam slowly fed his dick into her from behind. There was a look of pleasure and pain on her face as he pressed forward, one tiny bit at a time.

“It’s so big. Go slow, please,” she begged.

“Is it too much? You’re doing a great job taking it.”

“I am?”

“You’re being a very good girl.”

“I just want to be a good girl for you,” she moaned, “God, you’re hot. I love your body and I love this cock. I just can’t believe how thick you are.”

“Believe it, slut. You’re doing a great job. Just take deep breaths.”

It was only then that Julie noticed me, standing in the doorway and directing the phone at them. Adam noticed me in exactly the same moment. He had one hand on Julie's ponytail and the other on her hip. He pulled her hair back and told her to smile for the camera.

She followed his instructions.

"Where's my cock, slut?"

His voice was a low growl.

"It's in my pussy," she groaned.

"Not all the way it's not," he said, pushing a little more inside her as she winced in pain, and I assumed, pleasure.

"Oh my God," she moaned, "I can't believe how full I am. You're reaching places no one has ever gone. I'm so close. I can't…"

"You have to hold back. No coming without my permission, remember?"

"Yes, sir…"

Julie's voice was desperate. She bit her lip and closed her eyes, trying her best to fight off the wave of pleasure that was building inside her. I'd never seen her like this. I'd given her hundreds of orgasms over the course of our marriage, and I was fairly well acquainted with the signs of her impending climax. But this was like nothing else I'd ever witnessed. It seemed both much more intense and much more intimate at the same time.

Slowly, with the transition being all but imperceptible, Adam began to slide his dick not only into my wife, but out of her as well. In other words, he was fucking her. Finally.

She took the entire length with a look of joy on her face, even as her lips and eyes stayed tightly closed. She opened her mouth from time to time only to beg him to fuck her, to give her his huge cock. He spanked her ass once in a while, striking her buttocks which he had already turned an angry red with his belt.

"I can't believe how big you are," she blurted.

I got closer so I could get a better shot of my wife's sweat-covered face, glowing on the edge of climax.

"I bet you want to watch this slut come, don't you?"

Adam's remarks were addressed to me. This surprised me, given the lecture he'd delivered about me not interfering.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, she's going to have to beg," he said, slapping her ass again.

“Please,” gasped Julie, “please can I come on your big cock.”

“First I want you to do something for me,” he said.

“I’ll do anything,” came her swift reply.

“I want you to look your husband in the eyes and tell him that your pussy belongs to me now. That you want him to ask my permission before fucking you ever again.”

“Ok,” she moaned.

I blushed at the incredible humiliation that the dom was ordering her to carry out, a violation of our marriage vows, which had already been completely devalued and desecrated throughout this entire encounter.

I reached down and began to stroke myself with one hand as I continued to operate the phone with the other. It was no use resisting. I needed to come almost as badly as Julie, and I knew I was close.

“Ryan,” she moaned, looking directly into my eyes but through the camera lens, “I need his big cock so bad. My pussy belongs to Adam now. I don’t want you to fuck me ever again without his permission. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I gasped, stroking faster now.

“Good girl,” said Adam, “you may now come for me. Do it. Come for me you little slut.”

“Watch what your wife looks like when she’s having a real orgasm from a real cock,” said Adam, sneering at me as he slammed into my wife from behind.

In that moment, Julie cried out, falling forward onto the bed as her pussy convulsed around the length of Adam’s cock. It clenched down on him so hard that it became visibly difficult for him to move inside her.

“Oh my God,” she groaned, “it won’t stop. Oh fuck that’s good. I’m coming so hard.”

She thrashed a bit on the bed, then lay still, his cock buried deep inside her. He climbed onto the bed all the way, looming over her and fucking her from behind in the “prone bone” position, sliding into her sopping wet, still-quivering pussy.

“Oh my God. That pussy is yours. I’m your property,” she moaned, “just take that pussy. Do what you want with it. I need it so bad.”

“Good girl,” he moaned, “I bet your husband loved watching you come on a real man’s cock.”

“Did you like it?”

She looked up at my camera, a questioning look on her face, “did you like watching your wife be satisfied by a cock that is so clearly superior to yours?”

I didn’t reply. I didn’t really have anything to say that my throbbing cock wouldn’t already say for me. I was so close to climax at that point that it hardly mattered anyway, but I kept my phone pointed at Adam as he started fucking my wife again.

“I want you to watch, Ryan,” he said, “I want you to watch me come inside your wife’s unprotected cunt. She told me she’s not on birth control. And that the two of you like it that way. Well, it’s time to roll the dice now. What do you think is going to happen if I come inside her? Do you think your swimmers are better than mine, Ryan?”

I should have stopped him right there. A better man would have shoved him off Julie and told him that we were leaving. This wasn’t part of the agreement. We’d never discussed birth control. And what kind of a man would be irresponsible enough to ejaculate inside a woman who he’d just met? It was entirely ludicrous what he was proposing. But he showed no signs of not meaning it seriously as he continued to thrust into Julie, who built towards another orgasm.

“It’s ok to come again,” he told her, “I want you to climax right as I shoot my sperm inside you. You want my load, don’t you, babe?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

“I want to hear you say it, slut. Beg for my cum.”

“Please cum inside me,” she said, meekly at first until Adam delivered a blow to her backside.

“Please cum inside me, SIR!”

Her voice was plaintive, desperate. She climaxed as he grunted and held her down. My camera captured his balls contracting, visibly pumping her full of his seed. At almost the exact same moment, I shot my own load, all over my hand and Adam’s hardwood floor.

Almost immediately, a wave of regret washed over me.

What was I doing? Where was I? I had my pants down and my limp dick in my hand as I filmed my wife being quite possibly impregnated by a stranger.

“Julie,” I called, “are you ok?”

Julie looked back over her shoulder, into her lover’s face.

“What was that?”

Her voiced was love-drunk. Intoxicated.

“Just your small-dicked husband,” said Adam, “should I tell him to leave?”

“Mmm-hmm,” she said, nuzzling her nose against his, “get him out of here so that we can really get down to business.”

I couldn’t believe it. Not only was I being sidelined, but Julie herself was asking me to leave. I had no idea how I thought the evening would end, but this definitely wasn’t what I’d imagined.

I stopped filming and pulled up my pants, my cheeks burning with rage and humiliation.

“Fuck you,” I spat, “fuck both of you.”

Adam laughed.

“Get out of here,” he growled, a latent threat in his voice, “and shut the door on your way out.”

I did shut it. I slammed it, in fact.

EPILOGUE

That drive home wasn't easy. I sat in the car (still parked in the street near the bar where we'd met Adam), and weighed my options. I could have gone back in and confronted them. Maybe tried to punch Adam out. But I knew that was a totally futile exercise. For one thing, Adam was in much better shape than me, and a couple of inches taller, besides.

For another thing, it was clear that Julie had stayed there completely willingly. So what would it look like if I went back in there swinging? Just a cucked husband, trying to prove his manhood. And failing.

So I drove home. And as soon as I saw our bedroom — the same place where we'd shared our most intimate moments, the very place that we'd planned and executed our meeting with Adam — I broke down. Fighting back tears of rage, I packed an overnight bag and drove to a hotel.

I didn't care how long Julie stayed at Adam's place. I only cared that she would find me gone when she got back.



THAT NIGHT IN THE HOTEL, I couldn't sleep. I tossed and turned, staring at my phone. I was hoping, of course, for some kind of message or call from Julie, but I also knew that that was highly unlikely to come, especially after my unceremonious exit. How had things come to this? How had our perfectly planned encounter gone so wrong?

I thought a little more. Had it really gone wrong? Yes, in the sense that I'd stormed out in a rage. But on another level, it had gone perfectly. After all, wasn't the entire idea that Julie be allowed to try to out a larger cock? She'd gotten to do that, and it had obviously been a great success. My role, if I had one at all, was to watch, and make a video if I wanted to. I'd done that as well. And hadn't I been having a great time, right up until the moment of post-orgasmic clarity that revealed what I had done to my marriage in the harsh light of day?

That was the moment that I did something that I knew I shouldn't have: I opened the video on my phone and began to relive the moments leading up to me storming out of Adam's apartment.

There she was: my beautiful wife, caught in the throes of ecstasy as Adam pounded her with his gigantic dick. She looked incredible. It was impossible to deny it. And she was having what amounted to an out-of-body experience at the hands of this skillful dominant man. Was that something I could really judge her for?

I got hard again watching the video, so hard that I felt the need to masturbate once more. I knew it was a bad idea, but I couldn't stop myself.

Right after I ejaculated, I dropped the phone next to me on the bed and fell into a deep sleep.



I WAS AWAKENED by a phone call. It took me a moment to get my bearings, and to remember where I was. In a hotel, not at home in bed next to my wife.

"Hello?" I mumbled, grabbing my phone and sitting up in bed.

"Hey."

It was Julie.

"You're not at home," she said, "where are you?"

"I'm at a hotel," I mumbled, "I didn't want to be there when you came back."

"I understand."

Hearing her say those words changed something inside me. She was acknowledging my feelings. Admitting that things had gotten out of control. That they hadn't gone the way that we wanted them to, even if she'd gotten exactly what she wanted. And that was the start of something. The start of a new stage in our relationship.

I came home that morning, and we took a long walk together, down by the river, actually not too far away from Adam's apartment, though neither one of us remarked on this fact.

During that conversation, I somehow felt closer to Julie than ever before. At the same time, it was clear to both of us that there were issues in our relationship, in our marriage, that we would have to work on if we wanted to stay together. We agreed to no more hotwifing or cuckolding until we could work on our issues.



AND WE DID START to work on them, with the help of a couples' counselor. We started going to therapy several times a month, and it seemed like we were making a lot of progress. But I still couldn't get the images of Julie and Adam out of my head, no matter how hard I tried. Julie had made a promise not to see Adam anymore, and as far as I knew she had kept it. But I just couldn't help but think that she wasn't avoiding him because she didn't want to fuck him anymore, but out of a sense of duty to me. That was all well and good, but at the same time, I didn't want to be anyone's second option. I didn't want to be someone who she fucked out of a sense of duty, but because she wanted to.

It was difficult for me to talk about these issues with her, but eventually we were able to do it. Outside of the context of couple's therapy.

We knew that we needed a solution that worked for both of us: Julie (who had, by now, frankly confessed her need for a larger penis) and me.

In the end, the hotwife lifestyle, which had been the cause of our problem, also offered our solution. Believe it or not, armed with the hard-won knowledge that we'd gained through our encounter with Adam, we dipped our toes back into the lifestyle, but this time with better ground rules and more communication.

Julie has sex with other men about twice a month now, on average. Sometimes I'm there to watch, but most often I'm not. I've learned the kinds of things that I want to see and know about, and that kinds of things that I'd rather be ignorant of. That was something else that I learned from our encounter with Adam.

So, as hard as it may be to believe, Julie and I are deep in the hotwife lifestyle, and are closer than ever. It just goes to show that even if things start out rocky, it's no automatically a reason to give up. Sometimes it just means you need to try again and fail better this time. That's Julie and I's happy ending.

THE END

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MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: JENNA

Jenna works part-time as a waitress. When a handsome doctor gives her a large gratuity, her husband Ryan begins to think that maybe this mysterious stranger wants to give his **voluptuous wife** more than "just the tip."

At the same time, a secret about Jenna's past comes to light, and the couple find themselves in new territory. But can Ryan handle **sharing his wife** with a **dominant doctor**? Especially when it comes out that this **older man** is also extremely **well-endowed**?

This is a 12,000 word novellette in which a hot wife is **shared and used by an older man.**



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.