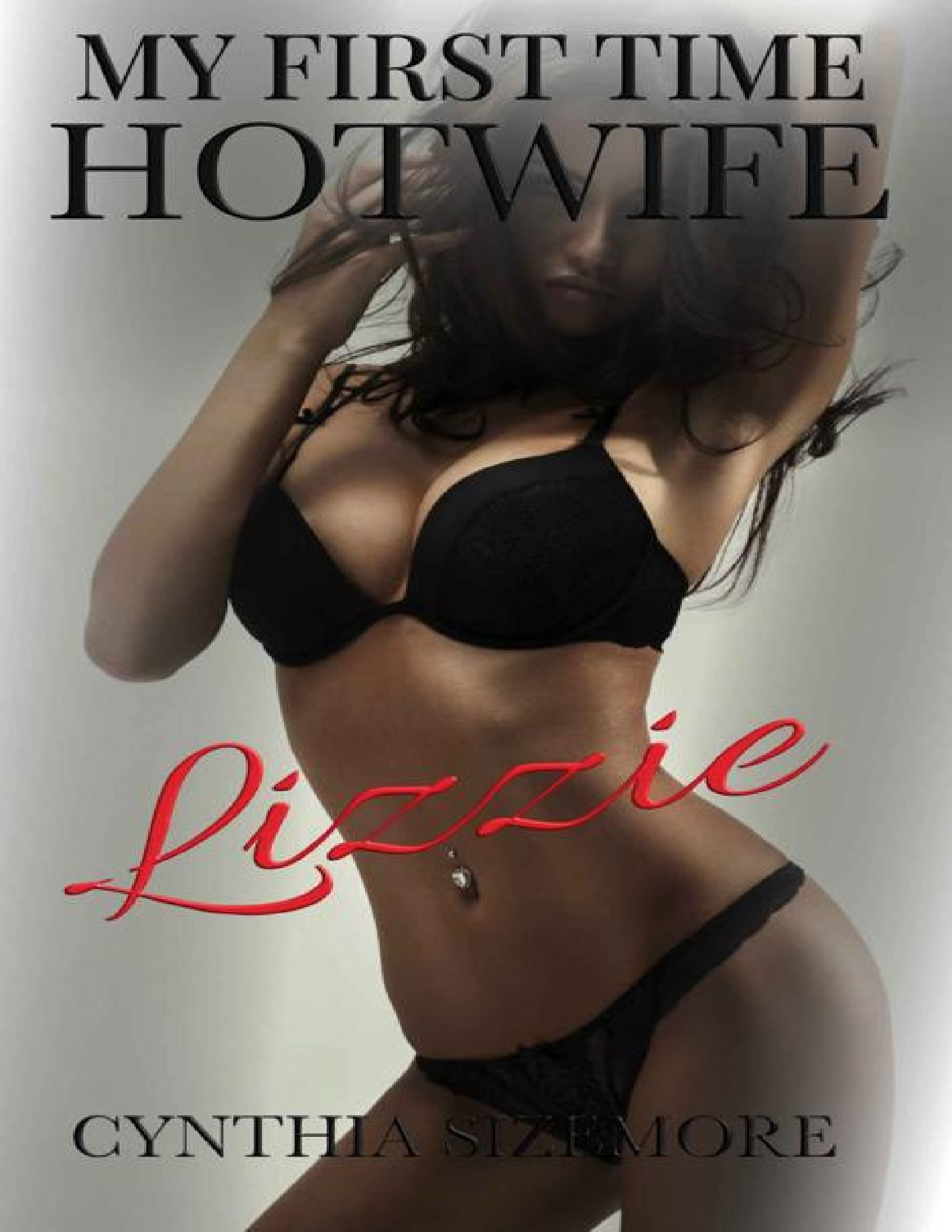
MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE



Lizzie

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

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By Cynthia Sizemore

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INTRODUCTION

Elizabeth, or Lizzie as everyone called her, had always been a “good girl.” It was one of the things that attracted me to her to begin with. While her friends were into one-night-stands, she was saving herself for marriage. When they were going to clubs, she was going to bed early so that she would be fresh for the church bake sale in the morning.

She looked amazing at those bake sales, too: petite, busty and in great shape, her fair hair pulled back in a pony tail and a broad smile on her full red lips.

At first, it seemed like a miracle that she would ever even take a second look at a guy like me. After all, I was ten years older than her when we met – she was 22 – and I had just gotten out of a complicated, messy divorce. I’d caught my wife, Rebecca, cheating with one of my friends from the country club. They’d come out of the women’s bathroom, of all places. She’d denied it, but I’d hired a private investigator who had caught the two of them in the act. He’d also managed to hack her phone somehow – I never got any details concerning his methods – and turned over close to a thousand text messages and photos exchanged by Rebecca and Tom.

To say that these messages damaged my self-esteem would have been an understatement. They had fucked all over my house while I was out earning the money to pay for it. Neither one of them had shown even a trace of guilt about the betrayal.

Friends had advised me not to read these messages, but how could I not? It was like being trapped in a bad dream, experiencing my wife's infidelity as it slowly unfolded over months.

The worst part? Reading Rebecca telling Tom how much better he was in bed than me. And how much **more endowed** he was**.**

I knew that I wasn't huge. I also knew that I probably wasn't the world's best lover, but I was definitely "good enough" for Rebecca, or had been, up until the moment she met Tom. I'd always given her orgasms. At least I thought I had. And she'd never given any indication that my penis wasn't good enough for her.

But when I read her words to her lover, I realized how inadequate I'd been. Or at least how boring. It was like I was encountering an entirely new woman through her words. She was much more sexually adventurous with Tom than she'd ever been with me. What's more, she and Tom discussed their encounters in such explicit detail that I could imagine the scenes precisely.

I knew I shouldn't be torturing myself this way. There was no need for me to know the intimate details of their affair. My lawyers – and I had many – would use them as evidence during the divorce case, but there was no reason I had to have any knowledge of them at all.

Something happened to me, however, in my grief. As I read the filthy details of my soon-to-be ex-wife and her lover, I became aroused.

I imagined Rebecca, her long dark hair falling in waves over her naked shoulders as she rode Tom's large, thick erect penis on our bed.

I imagined her screaming in ecstasy as she climaxed on top of him, and when he climaxed inside her, as he had done on several occasions.

I started to masturbate as I read the messages on my computer. A couple of times, I even made myself come.

I felt horrible afterwards, of course. The fact that I had enjoyed my wife's betrayal made me feel like it had somehow been my fault, like I had somehow *wanted* her to cheat on me.

But I kept coming back to those illicit texts, even after the divorce had been finalized, and Rebecca had moved out.

I had a lot of money. My family had money, and I had made even more money through my job as a hedge fund manager.

Rebecca, on the other hand, didn't come from money. Sure, she hired a prominent attorney, but in the end she came away with a tiny part of my fortune. A settlement hardly worth mentioning. She had tried to tangle with the big dogs, and been taught a lesson. And all of the incriminating texts and photos hadn't helped her case at all.

So when I met Lizzie at my new club one morning, about a year after the divorce had been finalized (and two years, almost to the day since I'd caught Tom and Rebecca together), it was like a dream come true…

1

Lizzie was a petite, blond, blue-eyed blushing college girl who was working as a waitress. Actually, it wasn't technically accurate to call her a college girl. She'd recently *graduated* college with a degree in Communications, but was still looking for work. It was a little surprising, actually, that she hadn't been immediately scooped up by one of the local news channels, who were always trolling for pretty girls just out of college to groom for reporter positions. Lizzie might have been a little shy, but she could certainly become outgoing in the right context, as I was soon to learn, even if it seemed unlikely the first time you met her.

Dating the waitstaff was frowned on by the other club members, even if they might not say it directly. There wasn't a policy against it, exactly, but it was widely considered to be in bad taste. Of course, some of the guys fucked waitresses on the side, but what I had with Lizzie was different.

I didn't want to be Lizzie's "sugar daddy." I knew after our second date that I wanted to *marry* this girl. I didn't care what the wives of the other club members thought. Lizzie was going to be my wife.

Younger, inexperienced and sweet: Lizzie was a total contrast to Rebecca, who was a year older than me, and, as it had turned out, *definitely* not sweet.

Our courtship was swift – too swift for Lizzie's parents, who were rightfully skeptical of my intentions as an older, wealthy man. But I

succeeded to winning them over, and proving to them that I had nothing but the purest of intentions with their pure daughter.

For her part, Lizzie was smitten with me from the beginning, at least that's what she told me. And I believed her.

I knew that as a wealthy man, I had to be on my guard around many of the young women who crossed my path. Time had taught me the bitter lesson that there were plenty of gold diggers out there, women who were in it just for the money and who would never be able to love me for who I was. I started to think that maybe Rebecca had been something of a gold digger, despite the fact that I had been certain that she wasn't when I married her. Live and learn, I guess!

Maybe I'm a hopeless romantic, but when I met Lizzie, the fact that she might have been after my money never even crossed my mind. She was such a sweet and genuine person that I could never have imagined her cheating on me, or getting married just for the increase in social status it would bring.

My friends at the club, when they found out that I'd been dating a waitress, tried their best to dissuade me from getting married. They told me cautionary tales of other men who'd had their fortunes stripped from them by women of the lower classes. They'd talked about mistresses who turned on their benefactors once the money spigot was turned off.

No woman can love you just for who you are, they told me. All women want something more from you. You've got to accept that, and play the game. No matter how painful it is.

I shrugged off this advice. I didn't need these kinds of warnings. I'd been through it all before with Rebecca. Didn't I have more reason than any of them to doubt the sincerity of any woman that I met? And yet I was willing to give love another chance. It might have been my undoing, to be sure, but it was preferable to adopting the kind of cynical demeanor that says that love is impossible.

So I proposed to Lizzie, and I didn't waste my time about it, either. After dating for three months, I invited her on a skiing vacation to Colorado, where, in a private room at the lodge, over hot cocoa, I dropped to one knee and produced the diamond ring that I'd been carrying in the pocket of my ski pants all day, waiting for the correct moment on the slopes that had never come.

Tears in her beautiful blue eyes, the young woman accepted my proposal graciously.

That night, we were intimate for the first time. I mean truly intimate, in a physical and spiritual. Yes, we had intercourse for the very first time. We had been planning to do that even before Lizzie knew that I was also going to propose. But the fact that we'd now sealed our union with a promise made our lovemaking that night all the more magical.

Lizzie was inexperienced, but not totally. She'd fooled around with guys in high school, but by the time she had the opportunity to go to a couple of years of college (she never finished) she had been working too hard to go on dates, not that she wouldn't have if she'd me the right guy.

It just so happened, she told me, that she'd never met the right guy.

That is, until I'd asked her for her number after she'd waited on me that fateful morning at the club.

And now, here we were, at 10,000 feet of elevation, in a spacious hotel suite. Close to heaven in more ways than one.

I'll never forget the black lace bra and panty set that she wore that night. The panties had a small pink bow at the waistband. She looked so innocent, and so sexual at the same time.

Lizzie lay on her back and looked up at me expectantly as I lowered my lips to hers. I could feel her tremble, and she could tell that I could feel her.

“Sorry,” she whispered, her voice breaking, “I know I shouldn't be so nervous. But I can't help it.”

“It's normal,” I said, “we're going to take our time tonight. No pressure. If it doesn't work tonight, it's ok. We'll save it for some other time. There's no rush at all. We've got the rest of our lives.”

This remark seemed to reassure her, because her trembling ceased, and she kissed me with a ferocious intensity that I hadn't experienced up to that point. It was a hint of the smoldering sexuality that was still just below the surface.

Slowly, carefully, I undressed Lizzie. The moon shone through the lodge window, onto her pale and petite young body.

Lizzie broke our kiss and looked up at me, biting her lip for a moment, then saying, in a barely audible voice, “let’s get started, big guy.”

Big guy. I loved it when she called me that. It was her little nickname for me. Not original by any means, but endearing. She had called me that the first day we’d met, and I’d called her “little lady,” in response. Those names had stuck throughout our courtship, though I seldom used her nickname now. I found “Lizzie” cute enough on its own.

“Get started” indeed.

I slowly pulled Lizzie’s panties down, and she arched her back and lifted her bottom off the bed to help me. I have always loved the act of removing a woman’s panties, and Lizzie later told me that she loved it when I took her panties off. She loved having her beauty appreciated. By me, and (though she never would have admitted it) by other men as well. As shy as she was, Lizzie was secretly proud of her body, and enjoyed being the center of attention. I understood that even back then, on the first night we slept together.

Rebecca had convinced me to get a vasectomy long ago. Perhaps she’d been afraid of having to share my estate with some troublesome offspring. In any case, she’d told me, in no uncertain circumstances, that kids were not in the cards for us. I’d been a bit ambivalent about the prospect of being a father, so I’d agreed without giving the decision the thought and consideration it had deserved. Instead, I’d made an appointment and had the procedure done rather quickly.

Being sterile did have the advantage, however, of allowing me the pleasure of not wearing a condom on that first time, when I took my future bride’s virginity.

However, I had promised to go slowly, and I intended to keep my promise.

Once Lizzie’s panties were off, I reached behind her and unhooked her bra, allowing her breasts to spring free. Lizzie had a truly remarkable chest. As a small woman, she didn’t have any business at all having the breasts that she did: two large, round creamy double-d knockers with small pink nipples in the middle.

Nipples that were, at the moment, nicely erect.

Lizzie was blushing now, knowing that I appreciated her nakedness, basking in my gaze and the light of the moon as it spilled through the window. The reflection from the snow made the whole room much brighter than it would have been in the summertime, making it even easier to take in the scene before me: a beautiful, young, busty blonde woman, her nipples erect and a tuft of wispy blond pubic hair peeking out from between her legs lay on her back on the king-size hotel mattress, waiting for me to deflower her.

Almost any straight man out there would have begged to switch places with me in that moment. But for me, there was no other place I would rather have been. I wouldn't have switched with anyone else for the world.

2

The wedding took place at her parent's small wooden country church that Lizzie had also been baptized in. In fact, the man who'd baptized her even officiated the ceremony. At first he'd been a bit stand-offish when he realized that I had been raised Catholic and wasn't about to convert just to please him or Lizzie's parents, but after he asked me a couple of questions about my personal relationship with Jesus, he finally agreed that I had enough faith to be married by him. It helped that Lizzie had coached me on the answers ahead of time, of course! When he asked if we had had sexual relations before marriage, Lizzie blushed, and he quickly moved on to a different topic.

Pastor Pete knew better than to probe too deeply into a woman's virtue. Even a good girl like Lizzie. You might get an answer you don't expect.

I might have done well to learn this lesson myself. But it's all water under the bridge now.

The church was small, but the wedding was big. Lizzie's friends and family were so packed into it that we had to violate that venerable rule of seating and have many of them sit on my side of the aisle, behind the dozen or so friends and relatives that I had convinced to come out to the country to attend my second wedding.

At the ceremony, and especially at the reception, it was a clash of cultures between my wealthy Irish Catholic family from the East Coast (we do exist!) and Lizzie's poor evangelical relatives from the

hill country. Still, it wasn't all bad. I enjoyed the look on my uncle's face as one of Lizzie's cousins explained that demolition derbys really do exist, and, what's more, that he himself had taken part in one only a few weeks previously, and lived to tell the tale.

In the end, my people and Lizzie's bonded over their love of one thing: booze. It was funny, because Pastor Pete hadn't seemed especially keen on the fact that there would be alcohol served at the reception, and sneaked out the back door after giving a hasty benediction over the meal. But Lizzie's relatives, even the relatively pious ones, hadn't been nearly so averse to a little of the strong stuff. According to her aunt, one of Lizzie's great great uncles had been a bootlegger in Kentucky, and his bloodline was still strong.

So my people drank gin and single malts, while Lizzie's family drank blended bourbons and Bud Light, even though the bar was, of course, open (and therefore completely paid for). I guess you can't force people to have good taste. And really, what is so much better about paying more money for the same effects? In the end, whether we had drunk single malt or the blended stuff, we were all dancing together in a kind of ecstatic, primal celebration that went on until the sun literally came up.

I tipped the waitstaff and the bartenders well, both before and after the guests arrived, promising another bonus if they stuck around until the very end. They did.

I couldn't really tell you what happened on our actual wedding night, which was, as it turned out, more like a “wedding morning” given the fact that we turned in at around 7:00AM. As far as I can recollect, we drew the blackout curtains in the hotel I'd booked in the mid-sized city where we'd had the reception, and then fell onto the bed still in our clothes. Or at least I had been. Lizzie, I think, had changed out of her dress and washed off her makeup before cuddling up next to me.

When we woke up, it was 3:00PM. I was groggy and disoriented. I stumbled to the bathroom and took a long drink from the faucet, then splashed water on my face before returning to the bedroom, where ?Lizzie still lay sleeping.

She looked so small and fragile there, huddling up against the place that I had been. She seemed conscious of my absence, even

in sleep.

“Babe,” she said, “are you there?”

I climbed back onto the bed and cuddled her, spooning her from behind.

“We're married, big guy,” she whispered, “it feels good, doesn't it?”

“It's the best feeling in the world,” I sighed, breathing in the scent of her hair.

“Let's never forget this feeling.”

“I know I never will.”

“I won't either,” she cooed, turning her head to kiss me before falling back to sleep in my arms.

Lizzie and I had planned a long honeymoon to Europe. She'd never been, and I'd only been on business (except for a semester at Trinity College Dublin as an undergrad), so we were both eager to see the sights in London, Paris, Rome, Barcelona and Berlin.

Of course we could have stayed in the most expensive hotels, but I quickly learned that the kind of ostentatious luxury that some people were used to made Lizzie deeply uncomfortable. It wasn't that she didn't like nice things or comfortable rooms and furniture. It was that she always seemed unsure how to behave around the help in those situations. How to act and what to say. How to give orders properly. It was something that she'd have to get used to someday, but for the moment, I was happy to indulge her by booking our trip in three- instead five-start hotels.

This meant that we were staying in what most middle-class people would consider very expensive places, which was the most that Lizzie was comfortable with. And what was good enough for Lizzie was good enough for me.

I have a lot of great memories from that trip, even if I don't remember a lot of the specifics of what we saw. Certain scenes remain. Like when we made love by moonlight in a room from which the Eiffel tower was visible. The time we ran for a train in Barcelona, and Lizzie lost her shoe. I grabbed it, and my wife, carrying her onto the train just before the doors shut, garnering the applause of the passengers, especially after my wife kissed me in thanks. It had been like a scene from a movie.

Not everything went exactly as planned on the trip, of course. Lizzie had terrible jet lag for the first few days, and ended up sleeping in the hotel during the prime sightseeing times while we were in Rome. Then, when she was feeling good and ready to see the city, it was dark and all of the museums were closed. Luckily, there were still good places to eat and drink, and so we ended up seeing most of Rome by night, promising each other that we'd come back someday when she had more time to adjust to the time change.

After all, why couldn't we? We were young (even though I was ten years older) and we had plenty of money. The world, as they say, was our oyster.

3

I think it was in Berlin, or maybe Paris, where Lizzie first said something to me that would resonate throughout our marriage.

We'd just finished making love on the bed in our small but swanky hotel room. She was positively glowing as she looked up at me from where she cuddled in the crook of my arm.

“Honey,” she said, her eyes filling with concern, “I know that I'm not as...experienced as some of the other women you've probably been with...”

“Lizzie,” I said, “that doesn't matter to me. Not at all.”

“It matters to me though,” she said, looking at me insistently, “it matters, because I want to be the best wife to you that I possibly can be.”

“You're already the best wife in the world,” I said, pulling her close and kissing her forehead.

“You're sweet,” she said, “but I really want to know what you like. What turns you on.”

“*You*. You're what turns me on,” I said, “you're so beautiful. You drive me crazy.”

“Thanks,” she said, blushing as I squeezed her tight.

A few moments passed in silence as we held each other.

“It's just that...I don't really know what I'm doing. I just kind of lay there...”

“You don't need to know what you're doing,” I said, “I mean, you just need to know what feels good to you. And what feels good to

you feels good to me, too."

"I know what you mean," she said, "and you do a great job of making me feel good. But I wonder if there's something I could do that would make you feel good, too."

"Like what?"

I was a little surprised by this line of questioning. Lizzie had always seemed eager in bed, but at the same time, totally innocent and submissive. Ready to follow my lead. I had never pushed her into more experimental territory, probably because I was telling the truth: she actually was more than adequate as a sexual partner, even just "being herself," that is to say, letting me do most of the work. It didn't bother me in the least. Quite the contrary, in fact. I'd already seen what it was like to have an active sex partner who was interested in experimentation during my marriage to Rebecca. One thing that I appreciated about Lizzie was that it was impossible for me to imagine her cheating on me the way Rebecca had.

"Like what?" Lizzie repeated my question before she answered, "like...I dunno...a blowjob or something? I know that guys like them."

I laughed.

"Did I say something wrong?"

Her big blue eyes looked hurt.

"No, babe. Not at all."

I backpedaled.

"Why did you laugh?"

"Because you're so innocent," I said, nuzzling her neck with my nose, "I mean, it's amazing that you made it through high school and college without giving a blowjob."

"I'm sure there were plenty of guys who would have liked it," she said, "but I'm a good girl."

"Yes," I said, "you certainly are."

"But now I'm married," she said, "and I think it's ok for me to be a little bad. You're my husband, after all!"

"That's true," I said.

"Besides," she said, "you really answer my question."

"Was there a question? I missed it."

"Yeah," she said, "I asked if you like blowjobs."

"Oh," I said, "I guess in that case, the answer is yes."

She smiled.

“Ok,” she said, “that's good to know. I want to try giving you one. Next time we're both...in the mood.”

“That sounds like a wonderful plan,” I said.

Where had I found this girl? It was like she'd been raised in a convent.

I thought maybe it had been a passing mood brought on by the drinks we'd had in the Biergarten a few hours before. But when Lizzie brought it up again a few days later after lunch, I knew it hadn't been the alcohol talking after all, since all we'd had to drink at the cafe that morning had been mineral water.

“What should we do this afternoon?” I asked, looking over a brochure that we'd gotten from the concierge, “there's the concentration camp to the north. Though that's not a very fun sight...”

Lizzie pouted, giving a little frown.

“I think I'd rather 'concentrate' on something else,” she said.

I must have looked surprised.

“You know what I'm talking about, big guy,” she continued, her voice lowering to a whisper, “I want to give you a blow job.”

The last two words she mouthed so that they were totally inaudible to whoever might have been listening, but it was impossible to misunderstand what she had said. The flush that quickly spread over her cheeks showed that she hadn't lost all of her innate shyness, which made the whole situation all the more erotic.

“I think...that could be arranged,” I said, looking around for the waiter, who approached our table much too slowly for my liking after he'd seen my raised hand.

“We'd like to pay, please.”

“Of course, sir.”

Usually I liked to take public transit when I was in a foreign city, but this was one time when I wasn't feeling like waiting. I asked the waiter for the number of a cab service, and about ten minutes later, we were in the backseat speeding back to our hotel.

Lizzie was cuddled up against me, whispering excitedly in my ear.

“This is going to be so much fun,” she said, “I've been want to try it for a while.”

“You're really much naughtier than you let on, aren't you?” I teased.

“Oh,” said Lizzie, “if you only knew the kinds of dirty things I think about doing with my husband…”

I had to smile. I couldn't imagine that Lizzie was very “dirty” at all. What she took for filthy fantasies were probably the stuff of Hallmark Channel movies.

“Well I wouldn't want to prevent you from doing any of those things,” I said, as we pulled up to the hotel.

I paid the fare quickly and gave the driver a generous tip, then I took Lizzie by the hand and pulled her into the tiny elevator, giving her a passionate kiss as we rode it up to the fifth floor of the small hotel.

Once we were in our room again, we were kissing furiously. My hands were all over Lizzie's body, and I might have tried to make love to her right then and there, had she not reminded me of her self-appointed “mission.”

“How should we do it?” she asked, “do you want to lie down or something?”

“It's probably most comfortable if I'm sitting or standing, and you're on your knees,” I said.

“Ok,” she said, “why don't you sit on the bed?”

I unbuckled my belt and sat on the edge of the bed, my cock springing to attention as Lizzie reached up and helped me pull down my underwear.

“Wow,” she said, giggling a little as she knelt in front of me, “I guess I never get a chance to see it up close like this. I usually just lay back and let you do the work. I wasn't expecting it to be so...*big*!”

I laughed.

“What's the matter? Did I say something wrong, babe?”

“No, honey,” I said, “it's just that...well, I love hearing you tell me how big I am. But I'm not, really.”

“Come on,” she said, smiling at me, “I don't believe that for a second. This thing is huge. I mean, I wouldn't want it to be any bigger.”

“Lots of guys are bigger,” I said, as she held my shaft in her hand, looking at it with a mixture of awe and confusion.

“Yeah, right. If they are, they can't be *that* much bigger.”

“How big would you say that I am, if you had to guess?”

Lizzie scrunched up her face as if thinking hard.

“If I had to guess? I'd say maybe eight inches.”

I grinned.

“God bless you. I knew there was a reason why I married you.”

She smiled.

“Why? Am I right? Are you eight inches?”

For a moment, I considered lying and telling her that she'd guessed correctly. But for some reason, a part of me wanted to set the record straight.

“No,” I said, “unfortunately I'm not. I'm about five inches – give or take. That's about average. But there are some guys out there who really are eight inches...”

“Five? Come on. You're lying.”

“I don't think there are very many men who would lie to say that they're *smaller* than they really are,” I said.

“Maybe not,” she said, looking down at my shaft, “but what's the big deal, anyway? Why are guys so hung up on size? I can't imagine a bigger penis feeling any better than a smaller one. It's all about the emotion, anyway.”

All about the *emotion*? This girl really was in love with me. It felt great, even if it was hard to believe.

I thought back to Rebecca. She certainly thought that a large penis made a difference.

I didn't mention this to Lizzie. Why would I?

“I guess that's right,” I said, “but there are some women out there who probably prefer a big one to a small one.”

“Well,” she said, looking up at me with a gleam in her eye, “it looks like I'm a lucky girl, because my husband's penis is *certainly* big enough for me.”

Then, without another word, she bent down and took the entire top third of my penis in her mouth, sucking on it gently, as she placed her hand around the base of my shaft.

“God, Lizzie,” I groaned, “I thought you'd never done this before.”

“I read an article about it on my phone last night,” she said, coming up for air, “I was nervous about not knowing what to do.”

“You area very good student,” I said, as her head went down once more into my lap, “I can't believe how good that feels...”

It seemed that maybe I wouldn't have to teach her very much after all.

I did end up giving her a few pointers in the end – when to go faster or slower, when to use more or less pressure – but as it turned out, Lizzie was a natural. She had the ingredient that is most important in a blowjob: enthusiasm. It seemed to spring from a natural love of exploration, and a natural love for me, her husband.

When I finally reached the point of no return, I warned her, but she kept her mouth on my cock, pumping the shaft with her hand until I filled her mouth. She tried swallowing a bit, but then gagged, pulling her mouth off my member and turning her head to the side, coughing a bit.

“I'm so sorry,” she said, “I didn't mean to ruin the mood.”

“Don't be crazy,” I said, “you did great. You don't have to swallow that stuff if you don't want to.”

“Ok,” she said, smiling up at me, “thanks for understanding.”

“Of course I understand,” I said, “thanks for the wonderful blowjob.”

She blushed.

“Was it really that good? I mean, you must have had better ones before...”

“It was incredible,” I said, “what was it you said before? It's the emotion that counts? That part of it was definitely on point.”

“Thanks,” she said, wiping her mouth off on the back of her hand, “I really love pleasing you like that. The next time you need me to do that, I want you to just ask. Really. I mean it. I want to keep my husband happy...”

4

After the honeymoon, we spent about half a year in post-marital bliss. Lizzie, who had moved to the town where we'd met for college, wanted to be closer to her family in Virginia. Who was I to argue? The only place I really needed to be on a regular basis was New York City, and I'd had an apartment there since my days as an MBA student. It was a one-bedroom on the Lower East Side that I'd bought for a song back in the day but was now worth well over a million dollars, and rising every day. I was fond of it, though, and I didn't need the money. Besides, it was a great investment.

What's more, I actually used the place. I stayed there at least twice a month, and once in a while I even got Lizzie to accompany me there. She was a good sport: she went shopping on Fifth Avenue, got her nails done at a place nearby, and even took the subway herself out to Brighton Beach one afternoon when she'd gotten bored with everything else.

Finally, though, she'd had enough. She was a small-town girl at heart, and I loved her for it.

So instead of coming with me to New York, Lizzie stayed at home.

If Lizzie was doing her best to keep me happy, I knew that I had a duty as a husband to keep her happy as well. So I did my best to accommodate her preferences, hopes and dreams. When she found a little place that she liked near her parents, I immediately agreed to buy it, even though I found it rather gauche.

“Little place” was absolutely an understatement, of course. The piece of property in question was a ten-bedroom mansion (I would have called it a “McMansion” if Lizzie hadn’t been around) that was just off a golf course. It was the type of place that Lizzie's father might have chosen, and I sometimes wondered if he might have actually been involved in helping her pick it out. In any case, I'd been in NY while she was looking for a house, so I had no idea what had gone into her thought process, except for what she told me during our frequent FaceTime calls.

Although I agreed to buy the property for Lizzie, and let her set it up as our primary home, I still insisted that it be inspected by an architect and structural engineer who I trusted. I was happy I did, too, because the issues that these inspections uncovered allowed me to negotiate several thousand dollars from the asking price. It wasn't that I needed the money, per se, but even though I'm rich I still hate to overpay for things!

During the inspection and negotiations, I could tell that Lizzie was apprehensive. She even got slightly distant. She was obviously afraid that something that the inspectors uncovered would cause the sale to fall through, and that she'd lose her chance at her dream home.

In the end, however, we had a contract and a closing date for mid-October. As it happened, this was the exact time that I was to spend a month at our subsidiary in Hong Kong to put together a huge new investment package for one of our clients. We'd known about this trip for months. Before the wedding, Lizzie had been eager to accompany me, but after we'd gotten back from our honeymoon trip to Europe, I sensed her enthusiasm for further travel waning.

Finally, one day, she told me straight up that she didn't want to go to Hong Kong with me, and that she'd rather stay in the US so that she could direct the movers on the very first day after closing.

Frankly, I was a bit relieved. I loved Hong Kong and I loved Lizzie. I even wanted to show Lizzie Hong Kong. But I didn't relish the idea of spending a lot of time babysitting Lizzie and seeing to her emotional needs (and, let's face it, there would be plenty of those)

while I was also trying to put a billion-dollar deal together. So, when she gave me an out, I gratefully took it.

That didn't mean it was easy to say goodbye, of course. This trip would be the first time that we'd been separated from each other for more than a week since we'd first gotten married.

The night before I left, I had the cook prepare Lizzie's favorite dinner: sweet-potato gnocchi with saffron cream sauce and spinach. I loved seeing the way her face brightened when she realized what I'd done for her. We opened a bottle of wine that we'd bought in Italy on our honeymoon and enjoyed our last night together.

Once the dishes had been cleared, however, Lizzie's face turned sad.

“I'm really going to miss you, big guy. How am I going to make all these decisions about the house on my own?”

“I'm only going to be gone for a month,” I reminded her, “and we've still got FaceTime and even the old-fashioned telephone. We'll be in touch.”

“But there's the time difference,” she said, “and I know that you're going to be busy.”

“It's true,” I sighed, “but I'll make time for you, babe. I promise. Some things are more important than money.”

“Like your wife?”

“For example.”

She smiled softly, with a hint of melancholy that tore at my heart.

“Come on, babe,” she said, “let's go to bed. I think it would be wrong of me to send off my husband without giving him exactly what he needs first.”

“Is that right?”

“That's right,” she said, “in fact, I have a surprise for you...”

The surprise turned out to be a sheer negligee that hung on her petite body in a way causing it to appear even more fragile and feminine than it actually was. She approached me across the room, a bit insecure in her choice of garment, as I later discovered.

“Oh Lizzie,” I said, “you look amazing.”

She smiled shyly at me. It was hard to believe that even after sleeping together for so long, she still had the capacity to feel

embarrassed around me. I wasn't that I enjoyed this, exactly, rather that it gave the entire situation an extra erotic charge.

My wife. So innocent.

She looked up at me and my lips met hers.

"I'm going to miss you so much," she whispered, "are you sure that you have to go?"

I knew that I didn't necessarily *have* to go on this trip. I *could* simply quit my job. But I also knew that I'd go crazy without something to do. Not only that, Lizzie might lose her respect for me if I was just at home all the time doing nothing. I needed a job, and we needed at least a little bit of distance in our marriage in order to keep things fresh. I actually wasn't worried about losing interest in her – that seemed completely unlikely – but I was concerned about her interest in me waning if there wasn't at least a little mystery in my comings and goings. So this trip to Hong Kong was partially designed to accomplish exactly that, even if I didn't think of it exactly that way myself.

"When I see you like this, I wonder if I really have to," I said, taking her in my arms and pulling her close.

We kissed each other hungrily, the urgency of the impending farewell lending our activities an extra charge. My hands were already under her nightie, exploring her soft flesh, eager to feel it against my own but at the same time enjoying the novelty of the sheer, soft fabric between us.

"Frank, honey," she began (it was jarring when she used my given name instead of some other nickname), "I want you to know that I will do anything necessary to keep you happy while you're on this trip. Anything at all..."

"Liz, babe…," I said, reaching for one of her nipples and teasing it erect, "all you have to do is be yourself. Just be my wonderful wife."

"I know," she said, "and you're sweet. It's just that...I don't want you looking at any other girls while you're over there. Or any other girls on the internet or whatever."

"Lizzie, babe. I would never..."

"It's ok," she said, "I'm not as naive as you think. I know that guys get horny, and that guys like to look at naked girls. There's nothing wrong with that per se."

“But?”

“But,” she said, “I’d still rather it be *me* that you’re looking at, and not some other girl.”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying,” she said, blushing a little, “that if you wanted to do something…like take some pictures…for later use…”

“Lizzie,” I said, “are you being serious right now?”

“Yes,” she said, a note of hesitation in her voice, “unless of course you think it’s silly.”

“No,” I said, “quite the opposite. I think it’s a wonderful idea.”

Her eyes lit up. They burned with a desire that I’d never seen before. It suddenly occurred to me that Lizzie might be interested in taking sexy pictures not solely to please me, but also to feed her own ego. If that was the case, it was a “win-win” situation: I could think of few things more fun than having a sexy photo shoot with my beautiful young wife.

I took out my phone, and snapped a couple of pictures of Lizzie in her nightie. It soon became apparent that she wanted to be directed. She wanted to know what I thought would be sexy, and to strike the poses that I told her to. I didn’t push things too far in terms of how explicit the poses were: I had her pose topless, but I didn’t try any penthouse-style spread beaver shots or things of that nature. I didn’t want to scare Lizzie out of the idea that she’d had, and besides, she was a little too “classy” for that kind of thing, or so I thought.

After I’d taken a few dozen pictures, Lizzie and I sat on the bed looking at them.

“I have to admit something to you,” she said, “the idea of you looking at these pictures and…getting hard…has me pretty turned on.”

“Is that right?”

“Yep. It makes me feel like I can be a good wife for you even when I can’t be there in person.”

“Very nice,” I said, feeling my cock harden rapidly, “but I’m here now, so don’t you think we should take advantage of the situation?”

“Definitely,” she said, dropping to her knees in front of me on the bed and proceeding to take my cock in her mouth.

She'd quickly gotten used to pleasing me with her mouth, ever since that evening during our honeymoon. In a few minutes, I was on the edge, but I didn't want to finish just yet.

Not on our last night together. That is to say, the last night together for the immediate future.



WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, I'd brought Lizzie to a shuddering orgasm with my tongue, before burying myself inside her for a few incredible minutes. That was all I could manage, but all that either of us needed. I fell asleep next to her, completely satisfied, and I like to think that Lizzie was as well.

She was still asleep when I woke up to go to the airport the next day, but she woke up, rubbing her eyes and then throwing herself suddenly around my neck, pulling me close.

"I don't want you to go," she said, "but I know that you have to."

"Yeah," I said, "I have to. Unfortunately."

We held each other there, for a few moments, until finally my phone began to buzz. The driver was downstairs.

5

I'd been in Hong Kong for several days before our first video call. We'd been in touch via text message of course, and had even spoken on the phone once, right after I landed.

During that first video call, however, was the first time it became clear what kind of toll my absence was taking on Lizzie.

"I just miss you so much," she said, "I just get so lonely without you. The house is so big."

"There's a security system," I reminded her, "and you know you can always call me if you get lonely."

"That's the problem, though. I can't. I know you've got work to do, and the time difference makes it tricky."

"You can go visit your mother," I suggested, "I know your parents would be happy to see you. They probably wouldn't care if you stayed for a month."

"I can't do that," she said, "they're actually going through a tough time at the moment with my Dad's brother. He's off his meds again."

"I'm sorry to hear that…"

There was a long pause in the conversation.

"What about going out with one of your friends? What about Steffi?"

There was a long pause. Steffi was one of Lizzie's new friends, from our new club. She was the daughter of one of my colleagues, and was around Lizzie's age or a couple years younger. She had a reputation of being something of a "party girl," which wasn't

necessarily Lizzie's cup of tea. I have to admit that I might have had an unconscious motive in suggesting Steffi, specifically. Perhaps I wanted to see if there was a wild side to Lizzie that was just waiting to emerge?

In any case, Lizzie's reply was non-committal.

"I'll think about it," she said, "that's not a terrible idea…"



A FEW DAYS LATER, however, she sent me a text and announced that she was going to go clubbing with Lizzie later that evening. I have to admit that my imagination immediately began to run wild, thinking of the two young women hitting the clubs by themselves, attracting the attention of a lot of men. Lizzie, of course, was gorgeous, and Steffi herself was quite a knock-out. She was taller than Lizzie, with a slightly smaller chest, but was blond and slender, and loved wearing tight, low-cut dresses and heels.

I wrote Lizzie back, and told her to message me when she got back from the club if she felt like it. She promised to do exactly that.

I was thirteen hours ahead of her in Hong Kong, so it would probably be mid-afternoon my time when she returned from the club.

It turned out to be even later than that when I saw her FaceTime call appear on my iPad.

"Hey big guy," she said, smiling at me, bags under her eyes, "I had a great time tonight."

"That's wonderful to hear, babe! I know that you needed it. You've seemed so down, lately."

"I did need it. I was down," she said, "but Steffi and I had so much fun. And I've been kind of a bad girl. Steffi got me to have a few more drinks than I really intended. We didn't buy them, though — all of these guys kept coming up and buying them for us."

"Sounds like you got a lot of attention!"

"I guess you could say that!" she said, "but I felt kind of bad for the guys. I mean, I'm married, and Steffi has a boyfriend, so they were really wasting their time."

“I’m not sure sure they were wasting their time if they got to talk to two pretty girls like you. That would be worth more than the price of a drink to me,” I said, grinning at her image on the iPad.

“Oh, you’re so sweet,” she said, blowing a strand of hair out of her face, “I really miss you.”

“I miss you, too.”

There was a moment of silence. Lizzie seemed ready to say something, but also unsure of how I would react. Finally, she opened her mouth again.

“Do you remember the night before you left? When we took those pictures?”

“Of course,” I said, “how could I forget? That was so wonderful.”

“I know,” she said, “I thought so, too.”

“Why do you mention it?”

“Because,” she said, hesitating again, “I bought something else to surprise you that night, something besides the nightie that I thought you’d maybe like, but I was too scared to show it to you.”

I swallowed quickly, my pulse speeding up. What was Lizzie hiding from me? It seemed like an exciting secret, whatever it was.

“And you’re going to show me now?”

“I’d like to,” she said, “I mean, if you want to see it. I figured you would, though. I don’t really know what guys like, but I know that you said one time that you like to think about me pleasuring myself when you can’t do it. So I thought that maybe I’d get something to help me do that. And that you could watch if you wanted to?”

“Lizzie,” I said, “did my innocent wife buy herself a *vibrator*?”

“Not exactly,” she said, blushing, “it doesn’t vibrate. It’s more like a dildo. I thought a vibrator might be too intense. You know how sensitive I get! I also don’t like the idea of having any electronics… down there. What if the batteries leak?”

I didn’t want to tell her that the chances of that happening were quite slim. Instead, I simply nodded.

“Alright,” she said, flashing me a huge grin, “don’t go anywhere. I’m going to be right back…”

She walked out of the frame and went into the walk-in closet in our bedroom. A few seconds later, she emerged with a long, narrow box. Gently opening it, she produced a long, thick artificial phallus. It

was hard to tell exactly how big it was, but it looked huge! What had possessed her to get such an outsized dildo? Did she secretly wish that I was bigger?

"Wow, Lizzie," I said, "that's…gigantic!"

"Really? I didn't even think about it," she said, "I figured it was about the same size as you are. I didn't got for the smallest one that they had, because I thought it might be harder for you to see on video."

"We need to sit you down and show you a ruler sometime," I joked, "that thing has to be about three inches longer than me, and about twice as thick."

Lizzie made a face.

"Oh no," she said, "do you think it's too big? I can't send it back now, but I could always order another one. I don't want to hurt myself or something."

"No, no," I said quickly, "I think it's perfect."

She beamed at me.

"I can't believe I'm about to do this," she said, "but you're my husband. And you like this, right?"

"I love it. It's the best gift you could have given me, babe."

"I'm so happy," she said, holding the fake cock up and inspecting it.

It appeared to be made out of glass, or some kind of hard plastic substance. It had a thick head and the suggestion of balls at its flared base.

"I guess I should just lay back on the bed and do it," she said, "but I need to make sure you can see it…"

In the end, she lay back on the carpet, propping her phone against a book that she placed on the floor. Slowly, gently, and with the help of lots of lube, Lizzie guided the gigantic phallus between her lips.

"I'm so turned on right now," she said, "otherwise this would never work. Drinking always gets me horny. And dancing with those guys didn't hurt, either. Not that I would ever do anything with them, but to be totally honest, I like the attention."

"So you *danced* with some guys, too?"

“Mm-hmm,” she squeaked, pushing the head about an inch inside her, “don’t be jealous babe. Oh, I hope I don’t regret telling you all this stuff in the morning…”

“Relax, Lizzie,” I said, “I’m your husband. You can tell me all your secrets. I don’t mind that you danced with those other guys. I wouldn’t even mind if you fantasized about being with one of them.”

She gasped as she slid the dildo a few more inches inside her. Her pussy seemed to slowly get used to the width of the fake cock, and her breaths became longer and slower as she worked it even further inside.

“I did think about one of them, babe. But only because you weren’t there. It feels great to be able to tell you things like this. I love you so much, and I know that you won’t judge me for having thoughts like that. Especially because I’d never act on them. I’m a good girl. A loyal wife.”

“I know, babe. That’s why I love you,” I said, “I know that you’d never cheat on me.”

“I feel so close to you right now,” she moaned, pushing the phallus in down to the balls, then pulling it out slowly and beginning to fuck herself with it, “if I close my eyes, I can almost imagine you here with me now.”

“Except I’m not that thick,” I said, touching myself now as I watched my beautiful young wife fuck herself on FaceTime for my pleasure.

“Tell me more about him,” I said.

“Who?”

“The guy you danced with,” I said, “I know you said ‘guys,’ but there must have been one guy who you thought about the most.”

“I don’t know,” she said, fucking herself a bit harder and faster, “it’s kind of hard to remember.”

“Really, Lizzie? You’re sure about that?”

“Mmmm,” she said, moaning, “you’re going to make me talk about this, aren’t you?”

“You brought it up,” I reminded her, “so it’s not like I’m making you do something you don’t want to do.”

“Oh God, honey,” she moaned, “this thing is so big, it feels kind of funny…”

She giggled for a moment, but then began making soft, low moaning sounds again as she fucked herself with the dildo.

I was rock hard, my cock in my hands, stroking as I watched the spectacle unfolding on my iPad.

“What guy are you thinking about, Lizzie?”

“I’m thinking about…my husband,” she moaned, rubbing the head of the dildo across her clit now.

Even over the internet, I could tell that she was soaking wet. She might not have even needed that lube.

“I’m talking about the guy you danced with at the club. The special one.”

“You mean Martin? I wouldn’t call him that special…”

“Oh, so you got his name? It must have been more than just dancing…”

“Stop teasing me, honey,” she said, flushing bright red as she pushed the dildo back inside her, “I’m in a very excited state right now…”

“Excited enough to tell me more about Martin?”

“There’s not much to tell. He’s tall. He’s handsome. He’s a good dancer. It was driving me crazy, the way he was rubbing up against me. I couldn’t stand it. Steffi told me that I should just fuck him in the bathroom. She told me that you would never find out, and that she wouldn’t tell on me…”

“Did she, now? I had no idea that Steffi was such a slut.”

Normally I wouldn’t have used a word like that to describe a woman, especially not in front of my wife, but it seemed entirely appropriate in this context, and I was too turned on to think about it too hard.

“Are you touching yourself, big guy?” she asked.

As I watched the thick fake cock part my young wife’s pussy lips, I couldn’t help but find the nickname she used for me sillier than ever.

“Yes, hon,” I said, “I’m stroking my cock for you.”

“Mmm,” she said, “that’s great. I want to think about you inside me now…”

“Not Martin? He’s going to be disappointed.”

“Ha. Ha,” she said, then let out a long, low moan.

She reached down and began to rub her clit as she fucked herself even faster.

“I…wanted him to take me into a dark hallway somewhere…and just have his way with me. I wanted him to bend me over and tear off my thong. I was wearing sexy underwear. I don’t know why. I didn’t set out to flirt with anyone. I’m a married woman…”

“Yes,” I groaned, “I want to hear more about what you wanted him to do to you. This is turning me on so much.”

“I’m so glad,” she sighed, “I’m so glad you like this as much as I do. It’s just a fantasy, and what spouses for if we can’t share our most intimate thoughts with each other, right, big guy?”

“Yeah,” I said, “you’ve got me so close to coming. This is so incredibly hot.”

“Just hold out for a bit more, babe.”

“Tell me about your fantasy…”

“Martin tears my thong off and he sticks a finger inside me from behind. I’m soaking wet, and I can’t hide it. He knows how worked up he’s gotten me, and he’s teasing me. He gives my ass a slap, and let out a cry. I love being held here like this, bent over with my hands against the wall. He kick my legs apart a little, putting me in the exact right position to take his cock…”

“Is he big?”

“He’s *huge*,” she blurted.

I let out a gasp. Flashbacks of Rebecca’s treachery swept over me. I also remembered Lizzie’s words to me. That it was the *emotion* in sex that counted. Not the size of the man’s organ.

I felt an odd mix of elation and dread as I heard another woman profess what I took to be a preference for a larger member. But did she really mean it, or was she simply saying it because she was so aroused? It wouldn’t be the first time that someone said something crazy because they were horny. Or did being horny make a woman speak the truth, the truth that she didn’t dare to admit to in an unaroused state?

I wasn’t going to be able to know for sure, at least not in that moment. My only hope was to keep her talking.

“How did you know? How did you know how big he was, babe?”

“I…he…was grinding into me when we were dancing,” blurted, then let out a little yelp that told me she was close to orgasm.

“Are you mad, honey?”

The arousal in her voice made this question seem more like an afterthought, something that she’d thrown out there just to save face in front of an invisible judge. It was a weird way for Lizzie to be acting, but then again, hadn’t I done my best to push her in this direction? I’d gone out of town unnecessarily. I’d encouraged her to experiment with her sexuality, even if a lot of what she’d done had been her idea.

Had I secretly wished for this because of what Rebecca had done to me? Was I trying to revisit that previous trauma, but in a way that I could control?

All I knew for certain was that I was finding it difficult to hold back. I was going to explode any second. The right word, the right sound from Lizzie might set me off.

“I’m not mad, Lizzie,” I gasped, “I’m so fucking turned on. I’m going to come any second.”

“Then come with *me*,” she insisted, her fingers circling her clit.

A moment later, I exploded into a well-placed Kleenex as I watched my wife climax, small smooth gyrations traveling throughout her body as she let out the adorable high-pitched yelp that I was used to hearing during her climaxes.

“Oh God,” she said, breathing deeply, “that felt so naughty. I can’t believe I actually did that for you. I hope you liked it too!”

“I loved it,” I said, “that was seriously one of the hottest things that’s ever happened to me in my life.”

“You mean it? You’re not mad that I danced with him?”

“I’m not mad at all,” I said, “I promise. I only wish you’d gotten his number so you could see him again.”

“Stop it,” she said, blushing, “it was just a fantasy. That’s all.”

She sighed, picking up her phone once more so that I got a better look at her face. The strain and excitement of the night were starting to show, now. She had dark circles under her eyes and her makeup was smeared.

She was still beautiful, of course. She was always beautiful, my Lizzie. And she even still seemed innocent, like the kind of girl who’d

only given a blow job to her husband. But how innocent was she, really? What she'd done tonight had been pretty out of character. Even if there were signs there all along that pointed towards some kind of proclivity towards experimentation, this was still another level.

"Babe," she said, sighing, "I have to go to bed now. Let's talk again tomorrow when I'm sober. Hopefully I'm not going to be too embarrassed to call you!"

"If you are, let's text instead," I said, "but you have no reason at all to be embarrassed. I loved it!"

"Aww," she said, "I love *you*. I hope you know that."

"I do. I love you, too."

"Good night, big guy," she said.

"Good night, Lizzie."

Her finger moved to hang up the call, but then she stopped.

"Maybe just one more thing, honey."

"Oh?"

"I do have his number. Martin's, I mean. He wrote it on a piece of paper and gave it to me. I threw it in the trash, but Steffi fished it out and said that if I didn't want it, she would use it."

"Very interesting," I said.

I didn't know myself if I wanted things to go further between Lizzie and Martin. Maybe yes, and maybe no. Maybe I thought that I could handle something that I really couldn't. Maybe I was just horny, and nothing more. The reality of my wife actually cheating on me might be more than I could ever possibly handle.

"Interesting? Is that all you've got to say?"

There was a noticeable slur in her voice now. Maybe the last drink was just now catching up to her.

"That's all I've got to say for now," I said, "I think you should sleep on it, and we should talk again tomorrow. That is, today where I am."

"Today? Very funny, big guy. Talk to you then. I love you!"

6

About 12 hours later, I got a sheepish text from Lizzie.

That was a wild night. I still have a headache.

You should drink some water, I responded, *I'm about to go to bed now.*

I think I had a little too much fun.

You had just the right amount of fun.

You're not mad at me are you?

Stop asking me that!

Good. I love you, babe. I'm so lucky to have you.

I'm the lucky one.



I went to bed that night with an almost painful erection, imagining my formerly innocent wife dancing at the club with strange men like she was some kind of college girl. The events of that day seemed like they had been some kind of dream. It *couldn't* have happened, yet it had!

Unfortunately, the next morning, I woke up to a voice message from Lizzie. That was strange. She almost never did that.

"Hey babe," she said, "I have been thinking a lot about what happened the other night. I know you say that you had fun, and I had fun, too. But I just don't think that what I did was good for our marriage. I lost control, and I'm really sorry about that. I hope you'll be able to forgive me. I don't want to be that kind of girl. I want to be boring old Lizzie. The girl you married. I promise never to drink again…"

My heart sank as I listened to the message, both because of its contents and because of her plaintive tone. She seemed to be genuinely tormented by what she'd done. Years of conservative schooling had taken her toll. The same thing that had made her such an appealing young woman also ensured that she was now plagued with guilt after losing control on a single night.

I cursed silently. What was I going to do? Not only did I want to encourage Lizzie to live out her sexuality and explore with other men, I also wanted her to be able to live with herself if she did. I knew that I couldn't take away her guilt entirely. But as her husband, couldn't I at least do something?

I realized that I had a duty to try to ease her mind, even if there was no way I was going to be able to undo what years of shame and guilt surrounding sexuality had done.

I called her, the old-fashioned way, that is to say, a voice call, not a video call. She picked up on the third ring.

“Hey,” she said.

Her voice was hesitant. I thought that she might have even been crying.

“Hi, Lizzie. I got your message. First of all, let me just say that I’m so glad that I married you. I really am. I thank God for you every day.”

“Ahh,” she said, “you’re so sweet. I don’t deserve you.”

“I don't’ deserve you,” I said, “and hearing that message, how upset you were, just about broke my heart.”

“It broke my heart to think about what I’d done. Those things I said. The things I *did*! Ugh. I don’t know if I’m ever going to be able to look Steffi in the face again after that night.”

“You didn’t do anything wrong,” I said, “I know that I keep saying that, and you don’t believe me, but it’s true. You really didn’t.”

“Thank you for telling me that again,” she sighed, “even if I’m finding it hard to believe you.”

“You need to forgive yourself,” I said.

There was a pause.

“No,” I said, “you don’t need to forgive yourself, because you didn’t do anything wrong. I have to be totally honest with you now, Lizzie.”

“Ok.”

Her voice suddenly took on a slightly worried tone.

“I have had fantasies about you being with other men. Before this even happened.”

“Frank, what are you saying?”

“Exactly what you think I’m saying. I get off on the idea of watching you have sex with other men.”

There was a long pause on the other end of the line.

“I guess that doesn’t come as a surprise,” she said, finally, “given how enthusiastic you were the other night.”

I didn’t reply. I didn’t think it was prudent to interrupt her as she processed what I’d said.

“I can’t bear the thought of you being with another woman.”

“I can’t bear it either!” I said, “I’m not interested in anyone else. I only have eyes for you, babe. You’re my ideal woman. Nothing could ever change that.”

“Thanks for saying that, babe,” she said, and I thought she was choking back tears now, “I really needed to hear you say that. But I still don’t totally understand. If you don’t want to be with other women, why do you like the idea of me sleeping with other men?”

“It’s a long story,” I said, “and the truth is, that I don’t really know for sure. But it has something to do with my ex wife. Rebecca.”

“You never talk about her,” she said, “and I’ve never asked. I figured it was too painful for you to talk about.”

“You’d be right,” I said, “it’s very difficult for me to talk about. She cheated on me. With an acquaintance of mine. But there’s even more to it than that.”

“If you want to tell me, I’m listening,” she said, a note of caution in her voice.

So, for the first time in our relationship, I told Lizzie everything that had happened between me, Rebecca and Tom. The sneaking around. The text messages. And the hurtful comments about my size. By the end of the story, Lizzie sighed deeply. I thought maybe she was crying.

“I am so angry,” she said, “that anyone would treat my sweet husband that way.”

“I’m still mad, too,” I admitted, “but I also tell myself that if she hadn’t cheated, I never would have meet you. And what kind of life would that have been?”

“That’s a good way to think about it, I guess,” she said, “but I still hate that bitch.”

“It’s ok,” I said, “I hate her, too. At least some days I do. Some days, though, I try to think about it from an outside perspective. She deserved sexual fulfillment as much as anyone else. And she had no idea that anyone was going to see that stuff that she wrote about me.”

“That still doesn’t make it ok,” said Lizzie, “she broke her marriage vows.”

“I know,” I said, “but it at least makes it understandable. And it’s important to me that I understand. On some level.”

“So by imagining me cheating on you…”

“I think that I’m trying to deal with the feelings that I had when I imagined Rebecca and Tom together. There was such an incredible sexual energy in their texts. It was like erotica written especially for me. Except they were making fun of me at the same time. It made me horny, embarrassed and ashamed all at once. I’m not proud of getting off on that stuff.”

“You probably think — subconsciously — that if I cheat while you watch, or that you imagine me cheating, that will somehow prevent me from cheating in real life.”

“That’s exactly it,” I said, “I couldn’t have put it better myself. I think that I was burned so badly, that now I expect to be cheated on.

“Now I feel terrible,” she sighed, “you have this fear of cheating, and here I was teasing you about flirting with Martin. I feel like such a terrible wife.”

“No,” I interjected quickly, “you shouldn’t feel bad. You’re a great wife. You’re helping me overcome the past in the only way I can: by repeating it in a controlled way. In fact, I think we should keep exploring your fantasies along these lines.”

“I’m glad to hear you say that, but I’m not sure that’s such a good idea.”

“Maybe it’s not,” I said, “but right now, I feel closer to you than I ever have to anyone else in the past. I feel like I can confide in you about anything now.”

“You always could.”

“I always knew that from an intellectual perspective, but not emotionally. I really feel like I can believe it now.”

“Let’s never let each other forget that,” she said.

“No,” I said, “let’s not.”



AND THAT’S how we left it for a while, until it was *my* turn to have a few too many drinks. I came home in the middle of the night Hong Kong time, and called Lizzie, who was just coming back from lunch

with Steffi. I couldn't help but bring up her wild night, since it was the last time that she'd seen Steffi before that day.

"I CAN'T STOP THINKING about you, babe," I said, when she answered my FaceTime call with a huge grin on her face.

SHE WAS WEARING a low-cut top that showed off her amazing chest. I thought I could catch a glimpse of her bra as well. It seemed to be pink lace, one that I'd never seen before. She had told me in the past that she favored darker colors because they contrasted will with her pale skin. That made sense to me — what did I know about fashion? All I knew is that she looked great.

AND I TOLD HER SO, of course.

"MM," she said, "since you're about to go to bed there, maybe I should give you a little show? After all, I don't have anywhere to be for a few hours."

"I'D LOVE A LITTLE SHOW," I said, "you know I can't resist watching my beautiful wife. Even if it's through a screen. I wish you were here. What are you doing later, anyway?"

"I'M GOING to go to that charity fundraiser I was telling you about. At the club. Steffi is taking me."

"THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN," I said, "it's some kind of banquet, right?"

“Yeah. For organ donation. Raising awareness.”

“That makes sense,” I said, “I know Steffi’s father is big into that stuff. She’s involved somehow, isn’t she?”

“Yeah, she’s organizing the thing. She’s kind of stressed out about it, and wants to go out afterwards to blow off steam. She invited me to go, but I told her that I”d probably be too tired to go. After what happened last time, I just don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“What do you mean?” I blurted, my drunken state emboldening me, “I think it’s a great idea! You should go out with her and flirt with as many guys as you want. I mean, if you even took a guy home, that would be ok with me…”

She scrunched up her face in the cute way she did when she thought I was being silly, but she didn’t seem to take offense at my hastily offered indecent suggestion.

“How much did you have to drink tonight, big guy? I thought that we agreed last time that this whole fetish for watching me cheat is some kind of way for you to deal with deep issues of trauma.”

“It is! And I thought we agreed that that was ok. That we had nothing but trust for each other, so if we wanted to work out my trauma — that is, if you wanted to help me do that — it would be ok.”

THERE WAS a long silence as she toyed with her hair, looking off into the distance.

"I MIGHT BE OPEN TO THAT," she said, finally, "but I don't think it's something that we can jump into. Besides, I'm not sure that tonight would be the right night for something like that. I can't just do it with any guy that I meet. I need to have chemistry."

"YOU COULD CALL MARTIN," I said, emboldened by the booze, "you certainly seemed to have chemistry with him."

SHE BLUSHED.

"I WAS DRUNK THAT NIGHT. I can't be sure if that was really *chemistry*, or just *chemical*-fueled lust."

"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I mean, really?"

SHE THOUGHT for a moment as I admired her fair complexion through the screen. Lizzie really could have been a model if she'd wanted to be. She might not have been tall enough for the runway, but she had an incredible body and a beautiful face.

"IT'S NOT GOING to happen, anyway," she said, finally, "I'm just going to dinner, and that's all."

“If you change your mind about that,” I said, “you know you have my full support.”

“You’re sweet, big guy. I promise to let you know if I change my mind.”

“Now about that show you promised,” I said, “I’d love to watch you get changed for the evening. What are you going to wear?”

“You perv,” she said, sticking out her tongue at me.

“Hey, you’re my wife! And you’re the one who offered to take off your clothes for me.”

“Is that what you think I was offering?” she teased, “maybe I was going to sing one of the songs I did in my high school’s production of Oklahoma!”

“Maybe you were,” I said, “but I don’t really believe that.”

“Maybe you’re right,” she said, smiling.

She stood and let her hair down, then she slowly stripped out of the tight jeans she was wearing, her bubble butt shaking as she pulled them down her legs. Underneath, she wore a pink lace thong that matched her bra.

"Do you like it, big guy?"

"I love it. You look so sexy. I hope one of the guys from the club gets to see you in it."

"Very funny. We already established that I"m not going out tonight."

"But if you do…"

"If I do, that guy would be very lucky…"

Was she really thinking about it? Or just teasing me?

She took off her blouse next, and finally her breasts were exposed in their full glory. Well, not quite full glory: her bra still held them up and in place.

"Just a sec, babe," she said, "I'm going to get the dress that I planned to wear."

She disappeared from the screen for a moment, then came back with a sleek black dress on a hanger. It was one that I didn't remember seeing before. There wasn't much to it, either. It was hard to tell what it was going to look like before she put it on. I knew one thing for certain, though: it was going to look great.

Lizzie slipped it over her head with alacrity and then looked over her shoulder at me.

"Damn," she said, "I forgot that I need someone to zip this up. Too bad you're so far away, babe. I guess I can wear a long coat over it and then have Steffi help me when I get there."

"That sounds good," I said, "and I'm sure you can find someone at the club who'd be happy to help you take it off again."

She glared into the camera and shook her finger at me.

"You're so bad! I told you that's not going to happen tonight."

"Whatever you say," I said, "just don't be afraid to change your mind."



We chatted for a few more minutes, then it became apparent that the alcohol was really catching up with me, and that I needed to head to bed. I fell into a hard sleep, waking up only once to get a drink of water, until it was early the next morning.

Early the next morning my time was still late evening back in the Eastern US, and so Lizzie's evening would be drawing to an end. These charity events went until 10:30 pm at the very latest. The service staff at the club needed time to clean and set things up for lunch the next day.

I looked at my phone, ready to send Lizzie a good morning text. To my surprise, however, she'd already texted me during the night.

I decided to change my mind, babe. I'm going clubbing with Steffi, followed by an emoji of clinking champagne glasses.

That's great, I responded, *you should feel free to do **anything** you want to. I mean that.*

Don't get your hopes up, she responded, *I promise to call you if anything happens*.

I jumped into the shower, the anticipation coursing through my body like a drug. I knew that it might be hours until Lizzie found a guy and brought him back to our place. Or went to his place. Or whatever. I have to admit I strongly preferred them to go back to our place. It seemed safer for some reason.

IMAGES of my wife kissing some tall, muscular man flitted through my mind as I rinsed myself off under the shower. These fantasies raised an assertive erection, but I wasn't about to jerk off. Not yet. I didn't want to ruin the fun for myself, should Lizzie be successful later on.

I HAD a meeting that morning that I couldn't reschedule. It was just as well, because I couldn't just sit around my apartment with a hard on wondering what was going on at a club halfway around the world. I also knew that I couldn't text Lizzie constantly while she was at the club. That would be too distracting. She needed time to work her magic on the dance floor.

SO I WALKED to my office instead of taking a car service or a taxi like I often did. It only took half an hour, but I was able to distract myself from the fantasies of Lizzie at the club as I left myself be absorbed by the sights and sounds of the city that was still foreign to me, despite all of the time that I'd spent there.

MY CLIENT WAS ten minutes late. Herr Rittenbacher — the director of a Swiss investment firm — was a tall man in his late 60s, balding, with small glasses and a finely pointed nose. I had grown to like him over the past few years that we'd been working together. I'd gotten to know him fairly well, in fact — as well as you can get to know someone in the high stakes game of international finance, where so much money is on the line — and one thing that seemed totally out of character for him was tardiness.

When he finally burst through the door of the conference room, exactly ten minutes after the hour, he was more flustered than I'd ever seen him.

"Frank," he said, as I rose to greet him, "that's never happened to me before. I have no excuse. My driver was caught up in a traffic jam, but we should have anticipated it and adjusted our departure time accordingly. I hope you understand."

"Relax, Karl," I said — he'd told me to use his first name a few months ago, which I could see had been a sign of trust, even if it had been difficult for me to get used to — "it's only ten minutes."

A sense of relief crossed his face. Maybe his wife was also about to sleep with another man? That was a silly thought, of course, one that I dismissed immediately.

We went over the reports prepared by my assistant concerning three very interesting hedge funds based in Europe. About forty-five minutes into our meeting — which had been scheduled for an hour and a half — my phenomenal buzzed.

It was the special tone that I'd assigned to Lizzie's number

"I'm very sorry," I said to Karl, "I need to check this message. It could be my wife. She's been having a hard time with me spending so much time over here."

“Of course,” he said, “I understand.”

As he said this, I was already reading the message.

I have a very promising prospect, she wrote, *he’s super tall. Very cute. Named Marco*.

That’s incredible, I said, *is he also big down there?*

You’re so bad. Why are you so obsessed with that?

I just want you to get a chance to experience something like that dildo in real life.

She responded with a blushing face emoji.

“Is everything alright?” asked Herr Rittenbacher.

“Karl,” I said, “I’m sorry. Everything isn’t alright. I’m afraid I’d going to have to break things off for now. We can meet again tomorrow, or do a video conference…”

“Tomorrow is bad,” he said, standing and packing his briefcase, “but I don’t see any reason why we can’t move ahead with this. We

can discuss the details on the phone on Monday."

To my relief, he didn't seem upset that I was ending the meeting prematurely.

"The most important thing is that your wife is happy. I remember you showing me a picture of the two of you together. She's a beautiful young woman. I'm not an expert on marriage, by any means, but I advise you to do everything in your power to keep her happy. If I had followed my own advice, I might still be married myself."

"Thanks for understanding," I said, shaking his hand before he turned to leave.

"Of course," he said, "don't think about it anymore. Go and talk to your wife. Comfort her as best you can."

7

I decided to take a cab back to the apartment, because I was afraid that Lizzie and Marco might start without me if I walked. That turned out not to be a real concern, because when I got back home, I spent almost forty minutes pacing, staring at my phone and waiting for a message from Lizzie.

Finally, just when I was beginning to think that something had gone wrong and that Marco wasn't as interesting to Lizzie as she'd first thought, I got a message from her.

Marco and I are back home, now. We'll call you in a second if you're ready.

Ready!

I responded immediately, the adrenaline pumping through my veins as I plopped down onto the bed, grabbing my tablet to answer the incoming video call.

Lizzie appeared on the screen before me, a huge grin on her face.

"Hey, big guy. There you are…"

She giggled a little, adjusting her hair. I could see that her makeup was a little smeared. Had she already been making out with him?

She stepped back from the spot on the dresser where she'd placed her iPad, revealing our bedroom. Across from her stood a tall, broad-shouldered man who had to be Marco. He was already naked

except for his briefs, and he looked into the camera with a large friendly grin.

“Marco, this is my husband, Frank,” said Lizzie, “Frank, this is Marco.”

“You’re a lucky guy, Sir,” said Marco, “your wife is a beautiful woman.”

“I know,” I said, “but you’re the one who’s about to get lucky tonight, right?”

“I guess that’s right.”

“Not quite,” said Lizzie, approaching Marco and throwing one arm around him while she reached toward his bulge with the other, “I think I’m the one that’s going to get lucky. That is, if you weren’t lying about your size…”

Marco grinned.

“Damn, you really are a size queen, huh? I’ve heard about women like you existing, but I haven’t met too many.”

“If you’re really packing what I think you are, I might be introducing you to my friends, too,” said Lizzie, cackling drunkenly.

I had never imagined that Lizzie would be describing herself as a “size queen” less than a year after having given the first blowjob of her life.

Clearly, my wife was still full of surprises.

Lizzie reached down into his pants with both hands now, taking down his briefs as she stood on her tiptoes to kiss him.

Marco might have been as tall as 6’4”. He absolutely towered over my petite wife, craning his neck over all the way to bring his lips to hers.

The fact that his cock looked not only huge relative to Lizzie’s body but also to his own made both me and Lizzie gasp at almost the same moment.

“Big enough for you?”

Marco was grinning at my shocked wife, who stroked the cock with both hands, admiring its length and thickness with an open mouth.

“It’s quite something,” she said, “I guess you weren’t lying.”

“I’d never lie about something like that,” he said, “I knew that you’d probably be in the condition to see if I was telling the truth

soon."

"You're pretty sure of yourself," she said, spreading the precum from the head down his shaft so that she could stroke it more easily.

"I could see what you were after the second we made eye contact at the club," said Marco, reaching down and giving my wife's ass a playful slap, "you gave me sex eyes right away."

"I did not! I'm a very good girl," she said, slapping him on the arm, "my husband will tell you that."

"She's a *very* good girl," I said, chuckling, "but you have my permission to spank her if you think she needs it."

"I think I'd probably like that too much for it to really be a punishment," said Lizzie, looking him in the eye.

He reached back and gave her another spank, this time a little harder.

"Does that feel good?"

"Mm-hmm," Lizzie nodded, biting her lip a bit as she looked up at him.

She had suddenly taken on an extremely submissive tone and posture. It was clear that this entire encounter was immensely arousing to her, and that she was exploring another side of her sexuality that she never had with me.

"You can do whatever you want with me," she said, loud enough for me to hear her but in a hushed tone of voice, "just put this cock inside me, please!"

All of a sudden, she didn't sound at all like a "good girl." But I loved this new side of Lizzie, and it was clear that Marco loved it, too. Even if it was the only side of Lizzie that he knew.

"Then get on your knees and get that dick in your mouth," he commanded, a huge grin on his face.

His words might have sounded harsh, but his countenance radiated warmth and affection. He was obviously a kind Dom, even if he was capable of taking control.

"Yes, Sir," she murmured, dropping to her knees and pulling his underwear the rest of the way off.

She stroked him for a while, admiring the heft of his organ in her hands.

“It’s just so big,” she said, smiling like she’d just opened a box with a huge diamond ring, “I just can’t believe it.”

“Believe it,” said Marco, stroking my wife’s hair, “now see how deep you can take that monster.”

“Yes, Sir.”

A moment later, my wife’s mouth was stretched to its absolute limit as Marco’s thick rod invaded it. She moaned as he pressed himself even deeper, taking her up to the very limit of her gag reflex. He then pulled out, leaving a trail of spit behind his shaft as Lizzie gasped for air. For a moment, I was concerned about her well-being, but she dispelled my concern when she looked up at him and told him that she loved choking on his cock.

She ***loved***. ***Choking***. On his ***cock***.

Those were her exact words.

“I love choking on your cock.”

Maybe it was the alcohol, maybe it was my absence, maybe it was too much time spent with Steffi, but this hardly seemed to qualify as the same person that I’d married, the Lizzie who had been apprehensive about asking me if I wanted a blow job. I guess she was a fast learner, or had finally gotten the permission that she’d been craving to explore her sexuality. Either way, I loved this new version of my wife, and I was going to do everything I could to encourage this type of behavior in the future.

“Good,” said Marco, gathering up the loose strains of hair in his hand and pulling it back out of her eyes as she took him deep again.

It was a heroic effort on Lizzie’s part, but there was no way that she was going to take Marco all the way down her throat. He was just too long and thick. This time, he began to fuck her face, using her throat like a pussy. But not a pussy that he fucked fast and hard. No, he was making love to my wife’s throat with his cock, sliding in slowly and passionately in and out of her throat, looking down at her and telling her what a good girl she was.

This, in turn, seemed to inflame Lizzie’s passion, because she began to moan in time with each thrust, reaching down and playing with her clit as she experienced what I imagined was a new sensation for her. I’d certainly never been nearly this aggressive when it came to a blow job.

And aggressive it was, even if he was being gentle. There was no other word for taking an erection and shoving down a woman's throat. There was no ambiguities about who was calling the shots here: it was Marco.

But Lizzie obviously loved it.

"Is that pussy wet for me?"

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned, pulling his cock out of her mouth and stroking the spit-covered shaft with her hand, "I've been soaked ever since the club."

"That's what I love to hear," he said, "I want to fuck you. Stretch out that tight little hole."

"I want you to, too."

She got up on the bed and lay on her back, perhaps expecting him to mount her missionary-style.

But Marco had other ideas. He climbed onto the bed next to her and pulled her dress off over her head. The he pulled her panties down over her legs. I loved watch Lizzie take off her underwear, and watching another man do it was even more arousing than watching her undress herself.

There she was: totally naked except for her bra, which Marco now removed as well with a quick movement of his fingers across the clasp.

Lizzie was totally naked now, spread out in front of this gigantic man for his pleasure.

He leaned down and took a nipple in his mouth, toying with the other breast with his hand, while his other hand wandered down between her legs.

He clearly knew exactly what he was doing, and how to please a woman. This wasn't one of those guys with a big dick who expects it to do all the heavy lifting for him in bed. He was the type of big-dicked guy who understood that a woman needs more than just a long, hard piping. She needs affectionate foreplay first.

I could read Lizzie's signs. I'd been with her long enough to know when she was close to climax, and there could be no doubt now that Marco had her on the edge. She whimpered and panted as his hands and lips worked their magic. He moved from sucking one

nipple to the other, then began to kiss a trail down her chest and torso towards her lower lips.

I couldn't see exactly what he was doing with his mouth, but I could read the results of his efforts on my wife's face as she reached a powerful climax a matter of seconds after he'd begun cunnilingus.

"That was great," she moaned, "so good."

"So good that you don't want my cock now?"

"I never said that," she said, a desperate tone in her voice, "I need it more than ever now. I feel so empty without it."

I began to stroke myself now, imagining that I was in the room with them as Marco prepared to penetrate my wife. He'd gone a bit limp during the time that he'd been pleasuring her, but Lizzie was quick and eager to take him into her mouth again as he straddled her body where she lay on the bed. A few moments later, he was at full attention again and ready to split her open with his enormous phallus, which he now positioned between my wife's two slender, beautiful legs.

"Are you ready?"

"Mm-hmm," she said, both hands grasping at the silk sheets we'd received as a wedding present, as this strange man (not her husband) prepared to take her on her marriage bed.

He pressed forward, entering her, pushing her legs so far back that I was finally able to witness the actual act of penetration. It was amazing to see how easily she took his full length and girth, despite the initial difficulty that such an oversized member presented. She must have been practicing with her dildo. Even so, it was no easy task.

It was, however, a *pleasant* task for Lizzie. Taking Marco's cock.

She moaned and writhed beneath him, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and pain as he began to thrust into her a bit harder.

There was an aggressive edge to his voice now. It was clear that he was still the nice guy he'd proven himself to be before, but the dominant alpha was coming out even more strongly.

"Take that fucking dick," he growled, slamming her into the soft bed, "tell me how much you love that big cock."

“I love it,” gasped Lizzie, her blond hair stuck to her forehead with sweat, “I love your big cock.”

“This is the biggest you’ve ever had before, isn’t it? I can tell…”

“Yes,” she yelped, “you’re the biggest…”

Marco was ramming into my young wife like a piston now, but Lizzie was taking him all the way, each time, even though his length made it seem like he should have been somewhere up in her guts.

“Damn,” he said, “for such a small girl, you really can take a dick.”

The signs were there once more: Lizzie was about to climax. And this one looked to be bigger than the last one. She had her eyes pressed closed now, and her legs were wrapped around Marco’s back as he plunged into her again and again, testing her depths each time as his enormous prick bottomed out in her well-stretched cunt.

“Oh my God. I can’t believe it. I’m going to come so hard. Don’t stop fucking me. Just like that. Don’t you *dare* change a thing about how you’re fucking me.”

Lizzie’s voice was serious and insistent. She wasn’t making a request. She was *demanding* that Marco fuck her exactly the way she needed it.

He was doing his best to comply, too. I had to admit that I was impressed by his ability to hold out for so long inside this unfamiliar tight wet pussy. She must have had a death grip on his cock, and the sight of her large luscious tits bouncing right below him must have been well-nigh impossible to resist. But Marco didn’t even have his eyes closed. He was staring at my wife’s knockers as they bounced in time with his strokes, a huge grin on his face.

He did his job well. He maintained his rhythm perfectly, and a few moments later, Lizzie was trembling all over as her petite body succumbed to wave after wave of pleasure. She let out the kind of moan that I’d heard only once before: from Rebecca, during one of our first nights together. It brought me out of the moment for a split second, and my thoughts flashed back to that failed relationship, to Rebecca’s tryst with a bigger cock.

Did it threaten me *now*? Did I feel bad about watching Lizzie get what she needed?

To my surprise, I didn't feel bad about it at all. In fact, I felt *happy* for her. To be sure, my dick was still hard and I was still stroking myself as I watched Marco holding himself inside my wife, letting the contractions subside before he started again, but I was fairly certain that, even if I'd climaxed, I wouldn't have suddenly had second thoughts about Lizzie taking his dick.

Lizzie's eyes opened now, and she looked up at him in awe.

"That was…amazing. Frank, he's incredible! He kept going at just the right speed and tempo. Just like I asked. I hope you got to see that."

Marco's grin somehow got even broader. He was clearly very pleased with his own performance, and had every right to be. He was laying pipe like a master plumber.

"I saw it, babe," I said, "that looked amazing. The two of you should just have fun. Forget that I'm even here."

"Um, I'm not sure if that would really be nice," said Marco, still holding himself deep inside my wife as he took a much-needed break, "to totally forget about the man who made this all possible."

"Marco, you really don't have to go out of your way…"

"I think we need to give him a different view," he said, pulling slowly out of Lizzie now, "let me fuck you from behind so that you can look *directly* into the camera while you take my cock."

"Marco," said Lizzie, laughing a little, "I'm starting to get the feeling that this isn't the first time that you've done something like this."

"Actually," said Marco excitedly, "I used to fuck this woman…total MILF…whose husband liked to watch. Sometimes we'd meet up alone and make a video for him. She had the most amazing tits. Really firm and bouncy for her age…"

"Stop talking about *other* girls," said Lizzie, a pouty tone coming into her voice, "and keep fucking *me*."

"I guess I can't say no to that," he said, guiding her into position.

He parted her legs very slightly from behind as she stood there on all fours on the bed, looking directly into the camera lens now, which had the effect of making her gaze appear to meet my own. All of a sudden, it felt extremely intimate.

I watched Lizzie's expression slowly change as he penetrated her from this entirely new angle.

"I can't believe how deep he goes," she said, almost whispering the words to me as if I'd been in the room with her.

The next words out of Lizzie's mouth were a stream of expletives as he started slapping her ass and fucking her hard now. If the previous session in the missionary position had been devoted to Lizzie's pleasure, it was clear that now Marco was getting what he needed. Taking it, in fact.

"Tell him how much you love this big dick," he groaned between slaps to my wife's perky young bottom, which must have been turning quite a wonderful shade of pink at this point.

"I love his big dick," moaned Lizzie, biting her lip as he pounded her from behind.

Her breasts looked impossibly large now as they bounced below her with each thrust.

"I love how he's spanking me and fucking me with that big cock. He's so deep. He's hitting places I never knew that were there. Steffi was right. Once you try a big dick, it's like nothing else in the world…"

I flinched internally for a moment. The fact that Lizzie had been talking about cock size with Steffi made me feel inadequate for some reason. But only for a moment. When I stopped to think about it a little more, I realized that I didn't really care if the two of them were talking about dick size. I found it a turn on that my wife was beginning to live out her sexuality so freely. I wasn't threatened by it at all. After all, I'd been the one to suggest that Lizzie start spending more time with Steffi, so it would have been pretty strange if I'd all of a sudden told her that Steffi was a bad influence.

I had secretly wanted Steffi to rub off on Lizzie, and now it was clear that she had. Either that, or Lizzie had always had this proclivity somewhere deep inside her, and the circumstances had brought it out only now. I had known her too well before hand to think that she would have ever behaved like this in the past.

Lizzie wasn't Rebecca. But that didn't mean she was a pure virginal, perfect girl with sexual desire only for her husband. I had

always understood this on an intellectual level, but now I was starting to truly accept it on an emotional level as well.

“I’m so glad,” I said, unsure if Lizzie could even hear me given the pounding she was receiving, “I’m so glad that you’re getting what you need.”

“Yes,” moaned Lizzie, “I need it so bad. I’m going to come again. Oh God. I need that dick just like that.”

He growled and pushed her forward on the bed. She collapsed onto her stomach, and her face was no longer pointed directly into the camera. Instead, I could now see Marco’s rippling muscles as he pounded into my wife from behind. Her ass framed his thick rod perfectly as it penetrated her over and over again.

As I had suspected, it was a beautiful shade of red. There was the clear outline of a handprint on one cheek.

Marco had a handful of her hair in one hand as he continued to pound her, and was holding himself up with the other hand. Unfortunately, that meant there was no way for him to continue to spank my beautiful young wife while he slid inside her.

Oh, well. Maybe he’d stick around for more later. He certainly didn’t seem to be anywhere near finished fucking her, and Lizzie herself came across as insatiable.

She reached orgasm again, burying her face and screaming into the sheets as he pounded her down into the mattress.

“That’s it. I knew all you needed was to get dicked down,” he said, smiling as he showed me exactly what this figure of speech referred to.

“I needed it,” she cooed, collapsing into a motionless pile below him, “I needed it so bad…”

“Good girl,” he said, “you did a great job taking it.”

“I can’t believe…you don’t need to come?”

“Oh, I need to. And I want to. But I also know that a woman’s pleasure comes first. And I don’t ever come until my partner is completely satisfied.”

“What would make me completely satisfied now,” said Lizzie, looking up at him, “is if you’d come for me.”

“Where do you want it?”

“Where do you like best?”

“With a married woman like you? I like to fill her up. Lay my claim.”

Oh God. When I heard those words, my cock started to twitch. I shot a small load of cum from my tip, but I pinched myself off at the base of my shaft to stop my climax in its tracks. This was too good to waste now. I *needed* to know what was going to happen next.

The thing was, Lizzie wasn’t on birth control. With my vasectomy, there was no real need for it. It was nice never having to worry about condoms, but I also have to admit that the fact that I’d never be able to knock her up made me a little sad as well. I knew there were things that could be done for it — in vitro fertilization and vasectomy reversals — but those things didn’t seem especially sexy. Not as sexy as simply coming inside my young, sexy wife.

And so, even though I’d come inside her myself several times before, it never seemed like it really “counted,” because my little swimmers were blocked from leaving my body.

I had no idea what Marco’s status was, however. Or if Lizzie might be at an especially fertile time of the month.

All I knew is that he wanted to come inside my wife, and my wife seemed to want nothing more than to indulge him.

“Is is alright, babe?”

I realized that she was talking to me. Asking me if it was ok with me if another man came inside her without protection.

There were things that you could do afterwards, I knew. Plan B. The so-called “morning after” pill. I had no idea how effective or safe either of those things were. And in that moment, I’m not sure if I cared.

Rebecca had never asked before she took Tom’s load in her unprotected pussy, probably while mocking me the entire time. Lizzie’s question seemed to be offering me a chance, a chance to repeat the traumatic past, but this time, with a good outcome.

I was in control for once. Lizzie’s face when she asked the question told me everything that I needed to know.

She would respect my answer. If I said no, she wouldn’t let him come inside her.

But I could tell she wanted it.

I wanted it too.

So did Marco.

So what could I do? It might sound silly to someone else, but I don't care. That moment, just before my wife Lizzie took Marco's sperm in her unprotected cunt, was the closest that I'd ever felt to her. I don't need to explain why. Maybe I *can't* even explain it. If you get it, you get it. That's all there is to it!

"Go ahead," I said, "I want you to come inside my wife."

"Thank you so much, babe. That's so hot…"

I could hear the need in Lizzie's voice. Her need to be bred by this alpha male, even if it wouldn't necessarily result in a pregnancy. It was primal.

"How do you want it?" asked Marco, the grin back on his face and his huge erect shaft in his hand.

"I like it with you on top. So I can look into your eyes."

Lizzie took ahold of the phone or tablet and pointed it at her face, smiling at me.

"I think you need a front row seat to witness the first man to come inside your wife who isn't you…"

"Oh God, Lizzie," I said, "this is so amazing. Thank you so much for doing this for me."

"It's my pleasure," she said, "literally. I love being able to do this for you."

Lizzie flipped the camera around, and pointed it down towards her pussy, where I watched Marco's cock disappear between her legs.

"Oh God. That's it. Go deep. I love it. Just take what you need."

I watched Marco's abdominal muscles contract as he pounded my wife.

Then, all of a sudden, the view changed as he too the camera out of Lizzie's hands.

"I figured you'd rather see this beautiful lady than my own sexy body," he said, chuckling a little, "not that I don't think it's worth seeing. Just that there are better sights right about now…"

He was right. Lizzie looked up into the camera, directly into my eyes.

"Hey, honey," she said, "are you ready to watch this guy come inside me?"

The fact that she had referred to him as “this guy” and not by his name brought the reality of the situation home for me once again. Lizzie was about to be inseminated by a man who she’d only met that night. The fact that she had called him “this guy” was both thrilling and comforting. Thrilling, because it showed what a crazy change this was for Lizzie. The girl who’d never even given a blowjob before we got together had turned into a club-hopping size queen in a short amount of time. Her words were comforting, however, because they showed me that she wasn’t developing an emotional bond with Marco. At least not a very strong one, at least not yet.

He was some guy with a big dick. No more, no less. This wasn’t a repetition of Tom and Rebecca. This was Lizzie, Marco and me. That’s all.

And in that moment, watching Lizzie get absolutely railed by Marco, I looked into her eyes and felt closer to her than anyone else in the world.

I came at the same time Marco did, and at the same time as Lizzie as well. It was a transcontinental triple-orgasm, even if there was probably a delay of a few milliseconds because of the internet connection. These things have to be rare.

I looked into Lizzie’s eyes as she mouth me a “thank you.”

“Give us a minute,” she said.

At first I thought she was talking to me, but then I realized she was talking to Marco. He handed off the phone to her and she held it up, a huge grin on her blushing face.

“No problem. I’ll just be in the bathroom,” said Marco.

“Hey, big guy,” she said, “I just wanted to check in with you. That must have been pretty intense to watch.”

“To *watch*? What are you talking about? I wasn’t the one getting fucked with that monster.”

“Oh God. Tell me about it. I’m going to be so sore tomorrow. I can already feel it. But it was so worth it. It felt amazing. I’d never thought that size could make a difference before, but I really do think Marco might have turned me into one of those ‘size queens.’”

She gave an adorable little giggle.

“Of course,” she added, “only with your permission.”

“You *definitely* have my permission,” I said, “I can’t wait to explore this more with you.”

“Good,” she said, “because I’m thinking about giving Marco a nice long blowjob when he’s ready to go again.”

“You should definitely do that,” I said, “but I’ve got dinner with a client in an hour or so.”

“That’s ok,” she said yawning, “I think you should go to the dinner. If anything else happens with Marco, maybe I’ll make you a video…”

“I would love that,” I said, getting hard again at the thought of Lizzie being my own private porn star.

“Is that right? Well, maybe you’ll get lucky. I guess you’ll just have to wait and see.”

“You little tease!”

“I love to tease you, big guy. But I really do miss you so much. Would you do me a favor?”

“Anything, babe. Anything you want I’ll do.”

“I want you to come home early.”

“I’ll get on a flight tomorrow night,” I said, “I don’t see why I can’t conduct my business long-distance if I’ve been doing my marriage that way for these past few weeks.”

A huge grin broke out across her face.

“You mean it?”

“I mean it,” I said, “I’ll book the tickets tonight. I think we need to be together. We’ve got a lot to talk about.”

“Definitely. And a lot of things to explore. Together.”

She blew me a kiss and hung up the call. How was I going to be able to concentrate on anything else during my dinner meeting that evening?

I was already wondering if she’d follow through on making a video of her and Marco. It certainly seemed like she would.

I wondered if I should cancel the dinner. But I knew that if I was going to skip town early, I’d better do this one last thing.

8

The next morning, I woke up to a text from Lizzie.

Had a great time with Marco after we hung up. Let me know when you're at the airport and ready to come home.

She knew how to tease me. That was for sure. And I loved being teased. Especially because I knew that she wasn't going to leave me for Marco.

My flight's not until tonight, I wrote back, *but I can't wait to hear all about it*.

I'll send you something then, she wrote, *I can't wait to see you!*

I was on the phone almost the entire day before my flight that evening at 8:00. I had to arrive at the airport two hours early, so there wasn't a lot of time for packing. Or for thinking about what Lizzie might be planning to send me when I finally got to the airport.

In fact, I managed to forget all about it.

Almost.

It would have been impossible to totally forget my wife on her back, looking into my "eyes" (as represented by the camera lens) as her well-endowed lover ejaculated inside her. She had looked so innocent. So beautiful. So perfect.

My angel. Lizzie.

When I finally made it back to the apartment after finishing up the business with the office, Karl Rittenbacher's name popped up on my cellphone screen.

I had to answer it. I had no choice.

“Hey, Frank,” he said, his voice sounding even raspier and more Swiss than usual, “I hope that issue with your wife gets worked out. I’m going to miss working with you in person!”

“Thanks,” I said, “it’s not so much an issue, as something that I promised to do, and should have done a long time ago.”

“Say no more,” he said, “family has to be your first priority. Even in this business. It doesn’t matter if you make a fund billions if you can’t come home to a happy wife.”

“Exactly,” I said, “thanks for understanding.”

“I understand more than you know,” he said.

Of course, there was no way he could really understand. He never in a million years would have imagined that I’d spent over an hour the night before watching my wife make love to another man. But I appreciated the sentiment.

“I’m calling about a somewhat personal matter that might actually interest your wife,” he said, “my wife and I have a chalet in the French alps that we haven’t been able to use in about a year. The thing is, it’s empty now, and I don’t like it. We can’t go there any time this year because my mother in law is in poor health and my wife needs to remain close by. It’s in a very remote village, reachable only by foot. You can’t even get a helicopter up there! At least you can’t land one. Anyway, I was wondering if you and your wife would do us a favor by spending a week or so there sometime in the next few months.”

“Herr Rittenbacher, I don’t know what to say! That’s a great offer. I’m not sure that Lizzie can ski, but I think we’ll find plenty to do to amuse ourselves.”

“The chalet is very cozy in the wintertime. It would make a perfect escape even without skiing. And please — didn’t I tell you to call me Karl?”

“Yes, of course. Karl, that sounds wonderful. As a matter of fact, it reminds me of our honeymoon. We were in Colorado.”

“Is that right? I think Colorado is very beautiful. But at a much higher elevation even than our Alps.”

“I love the Alps,” I said, “but I’ve only ever seen them from a train or plane.”

“You won’t be disappointed,” he said, “I can guarantee you that.”

Then, something occurred to me.

“I wonder if there would be room for another person,” I said, “we’ve got a dear friend who we’d love to bring with us.”

“She’d be more than welcome,” said Herr Rittenbacher, “my wife and I have entertained up to ten guests there! But that was a little cramped. As far as I’m concerned, you can do whatever you want up there, as long as it’s properly cleaned afterwards! And of course we can arrange for that, too…”

I smiled as I heard the word “she,” because of course I was already planning a getaway with Lizzie and Marco.

Perhaps I was jumping the gun. I hadn’t even met the guy yet, and perhaps Lizzie would be tired of him by the time I made it back to the States in a few hours.



I ALMOST FORGET to tell Lizzie that I was at the airport, but once I made it through the security line, I texted her.

Oh good, she wrote back immediately, *here’s some in-flight entertainment for you. Just make sure no one is around when you watch it. I love you!*

I can’t wait, I wrote, *I love you, too!*

My heart pounded as I opened the video. I couldn’t help myself. I saw the image of Lizzie on the screen, on her knees in the master bathroom of our house. She was completely naked except for a gold necklace that I’d bought for her on our honeymoon. In her hands was a huge phallus.

It belonged, of course, to Marco. I could tell that even only in the split second that I had the video open before I closed it hastily and put the phone in my pocket, self-conscious about watching pornography in public. Especially pornography made by my wife.

I’d never been more grateful for the fact that I was flying first class. Not only did I have a cot that would allow me to get some sleep during the flight, there was also a barrier between me and the man laying in the seat next to mine, so I would be able to lie on my back while watching the video.

But not just yet. First came the champagne, and then dinner. Finally, about two hours into the flight, it was time to turn the cabin lights off for a snooze.

I pulled out my phone — the tablet would have been just a little to conspicuous — and put in my headphones.

There she was, my wife. On her knees on the bathroom floor, looking up into the camera.

“This is for you, big guy,” she said, as she took the head of Marco’s cock into her mouth.

I was impressed at how much she managed to take on the first try, but then I remembered that she’d had some practice earlier in the night.

“Mm,” she moaned, taking him deeper and starting to stroke his shaft with her hands, “I love… sucking…this…big…dick…”

I still couldn’t believe that my wife had become my own personal pornstar. I might have felt a bit guilty about this, as if I’d been using her to act out my own personal fantasy, if it hadn’t been incredibly obvious that she was enjoying herself immensely.

My heart pumped as I watched her lips run up and down the sides of Marco’s shaft as he moaned words of encouragement. I looked around myself nervously. The lights were dim in the cabin, but I could still see the dim outline of a flight attendant sitting nearby.

She had no idea what I was watching. I knew that. But I was still uncomfortable, so I got up and went into the bathroom, where I brought myself to a powerful orgasm as I watched Marco blow a load all over my formerly innocent wife’s smiling face.

Lizzie had really come a long way in the time since we’d gotten married.



LIZZIE PICKED me up from the airport herself. When I came down the escalator into the baggage claim area, I spotted her standing there in the crowd, wearing the large pair of sunglasses that she wore when she was trying to be “incognito.”

The sundress she was wearing screamed for attention, however. As sweet and retiring as Lizzie was in public (there wasn't really an extroverted bone in her body except, of course, as I'd recently discovered, when she was drinking) she had a hard time *really* blending in due to her luscious, ample curves.

I watched her mouth move from worry to joy when she spotted me on the escalator. A moment later, I was in her arms. It felt great to be home, and this time, it felt like we truly belonged together.

EPILOGUE

I stopped spending so much time away from Lizzie. I still have my apartment in NYC, but I never spend more than four days at a time there, and I never pressure Lizzie to go there with me. I stick close to home most of the time, now, and we have her parents over for dinner almost every Sunday night.

Oh yeah: Marco comes by every Friday night as well. Sometimes on Saturday night, too. It's sort of a ritual for us: I cook a nice meal for all three of us, then Marco and Lizzie fuck. Sometimes Lizzie puts on a little show for the two of us before she and Marco make love. As it turns out, Marco had a vasectomy as a very young man, as I did, so he can come wherever he wants. Or where Lizzie wants.

She's really come out of her shell over these past few years. When I watch her shaking her hips for us as she dances in the living room, it's hard to remember her as my blushing bride from back then.

But it really is her. I know it is. And on nights when Marco is here, he goes and sleeps in the guest room when he and Lizzie are finished. He's good at getting out of the way, and he never overstays his welcome. I think he understands what an incredible deal he lucked into that one night at the club.

When Marco is gone, Lizzie and I take the time to reconnect. Often, she's quite tired. Even though he's considerate, he's a very dominant lover, and like to put Lizzie through her paces. He typically gives her a dozen orgasms and has two or three himself before the

night is over. So it's not unusual for Lizzie to be uninterested in sex with me afterwards. On those days, she might give me a hand job while we recount our favorite parts of her most recent encounter with Marco.

Other times, we do have sex. But this isn't the sort of sport fucking that she does with her big-cocked lover.

This is true lovemaking, between husband and wife. Just the two of us.

But it is nice knowing that Marco is there, if we want him to join us. On our terms.

In fact, he's going to be joining us for a longer period, soon: a two-week vacation to the French Alps. We're going to take the Rittenbachers up on their offer.

Even if we don't ski, I know the three of us are going to have a *great* time in that lodge.

THE END

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE…

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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