
MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE
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By Cynthia Sizemore

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MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MELINA

The second I had heard the rumor that Melina Carson was breaking up with her boyfriend, I'd found an excuse to stop by her dorm room.

This was about ten years ago, when we had both been seniors at a small liberal arts college in rural Iowa. I'm not going to say the name of it, but you've definitely heard of this place. I was studying Classics, and Melina was a math major. It's one of life's supreme ironies that I ended up making so much more money than Melina did. It doesn't matter now, of course, since we're married. But back then, we had no idea the ways in which our lives would one day be entangled.

That night had been the beginning of a courtship that moved along with the two of us: from rural Iowa, to Chicago, to the outer Chicago suburbs, where we now lived as husband and wife.

In Melina's dorm room that first night, we'd talked until the early morning, about God, the Universe, and everything in between. By the time the day had dawned over the cornfields, it was clear to both of us: we were in love.

Now, around a decade later, I ran a successful financial consulting business, and Melina had become a high school math teacher.

Our lives were settled. Even a little boring. Despite the fact that we made an effort to try fun new things together, in order to keep our life as a couple fresh.

This meant going on interesting dates at least once a month, but also doing something that we called “rolling the dice” in the bedroom.

“Rolling the dice” referred to a game that we’d read about in a kind of “sex manual” early in our relationship. Each partner wrote down a numbered list of three things that he or she would like to try in bed. Then the other partner rolled a die to determine what we would try that week.

After a while, we had exhausted a lot of the tamer or more obvious possibilities, things like “doggy-style” or “blowjob.”

“I’m just not that creative,” Melina had complained after it had become clear that we were stuck in a rut, “I mean, I’ve had fun exploring, but I’m not good at coming up with new things.”

“Ok,” I had suggested, “how about we start adding some random activities from the list in the book? Things that neither one of us has come up with on our own.”

Melina had enthusiastically agreed. So each time, we’d add a new activity to the list from the book. We took turns picking out the new activity.

Melina had gone first. She’d chosen “spanking.”

After I rolled the die and it came up on number 3, which corresponded to “missionary,” we decided we’d keep the new additions on the list.

“We might need to get a die with more sides,” laughed Melina.

Luckily, we were both avid board game players, so we had a couple of other dice around. Soon, we had graduated from a 6-sided die to a 20-sided one.

We had a long list now, including one particular activity – an idea from the book – that I had added to the list: *“relate a fantasy about another person, not your partner.”*

When I’d added this one to the list, Melina had raised her eyebrows.

“What? Should I find a different one? Does it make you uncomfortable?”

“No,” she said, “not at all. I just think it’s interesting…”

“Interesting, huh?” I smirked, “why is that?”

“If I told you now without rolling the number, then the surprise would be spoiled.”

“If you say so.”

From then on, I hoped that Melina would roll a 15 on the die (the number associated with this particular activity). I couldn’t say why exactly. Maybe it had to do with the fact that our partner’s desires are always mysterious to us on some level.

Finally, one evening, it happened.

“15…,” said Melina, laughing nervously as she picked up the sheet, “let’s see…”

I, of course, didn’t have to look at the sheet to know which activity she’d rolled.

“*Relate a fantasy about another person, not your partner*.”

For a moment, she was quiet.

“Well,” she said, “are you sure that you want to hear this?”

She fixed me with a slightly concerned look. I took a moment to examine my wife.

Melina had short but curly, chestnut colored shoulder-length hair, fair skin, and freckles. Her nose was slightly turned up. She had Irish ancestry on her father’s side, and Jewish ancestry on her mother’s. She was average height (5’4” if I remembered correctly), and stayed in good shape by doing spin classes and lifting weights a couple of times a week. She had beautiful breasts that were neither too large nor too small. They were pale, like the rest of her, with tiny pink nipples that got extremely erect when she was aroused.

Her greatest asset, though, was undoubtedly her ass, which she kept looking great through the squats she did at the gym.

She knew that this was one of her best features, which is maybe one of the reasons that she enjoyed being spanked so much. She knew that I loved the chance to get up close and personal with her perfect peach-shaped derriere.

“I’m positive that I want to hear it,” I said, snapping back to the question at hand, “it turns me on to know what you fantasize about. And remember – this is a safe place. Everything here is just between us.”

This was a phrase that we’d read about in the sex manual where we’d gotten the idea for the game. It had been helpful when we’d tried a couple of somewhat “taboo” activities that Melina hadn’t been sure about doing because they’d made her feel “slutty,” even if she’d

enjoyed them. The concrete activities in question had been her wearing a butt plug, and her dressing up like a sexy maid. To many couples, these would have been tame activities. But not to us. At least, not to Melina, who was very paranoid about someone somehow finding out about what we'd been up to, even though she knew this fear was, on some level, completely ridiculous.

"Right," she said, a lustful look coming into her eye, "it's just between the two of us."

"Of course. Just between husband and wife."

She grinned at me and then pulled her blouse over her head.

"I think it might be fun if we combine this fantasy with a little...hanky panky…"

"I don't object to that at all," I said, taking her into my arms and kissing her full lips.

I reached behind her and unsnapped her bra, freeing her breasts. A few moments later she was gasping as my thumb found her left nipple.

"Well," I said, kissing down her neck, "why don't you get started? I want to know your fantasy. Every. Single. Detail."

"Oh God," she sighed, "it's kind of dirty. I'm a little ashamed…"

"Mm," I said, "shame makes it even hotter. Is it about one of my friends?"

I struggled to imagine which one of the guys that I hung out with on a regular basis might be appealing to my wife.

"No," she said, "sorry to disappoint you. I think I know those guys too well to find them attractive."

"Oh," I said, "I'm not disappointed…"

"Good," she said, gasping slightly as I bent down and took her right nipple in my mouth, "because it's not someone you know. At least not very well."

"Tell me more."

"You remember when you were out of town and I had to take the car into the dealer when it was making that noise?"

Of course I remembered. The CV boot had needed to be replaced. At 50,000 miles! Totally ridiculous. In the end, though we hadn't paid a dime for parts or repair. The dealership had honored its warranty.

I remembered that Melina had told me that the mechanic involved in the repair had been especially helpful, not only explaining to her clearly what the problem was, but also going so far as to argue with the manager, who didn't think that the shop should have to replace the defective part for free. He (the manager) had tried to convince Melina that she'd run into something and damaged the boot herself. He strongly implied that she was lying about the way that the boot had failed, and that it had actually been caused by a collision, not a slow leak.

The mechanic, however, had had an impassioned argument with the manager in the manager's office. Melina hadn't been able to hear anything they were saying, but she'd been able to see things getting heated between the two of them.

In the end, the mechanic (his name, as I found out later, was Huxton) prevailed, and the manager had to come crawling back to Melina and apologize to her.

Melina told me that the triumphant smile that Huxton had flashed her had been followed by a wink.

"That wink," she said, as I suckled a breast, "set my mind wandering. The next morning, when I was in the shower, I started to have some kind of...naughty thoughts."

"Tell me more," I said, switching to her other nipple, and, at the same time, reached down into her panties and finding them soaked.

"Well," she continued, "I imagined coming by after work to thank him. And him just seeing me and smirking. Being kind of cocky and arrogant. A little bit of a jerk, really."

"You like that?"

Melina had always complained about guys being jerks in the past. She'd never shown any signs that that kind of behavior might have been at all *attractive* to her. I knew that it was silly to read too much into that kind of thing.

Fantasies were fantasies, after all. And nothing more. Right?

"Oh God," she moaned, "slip a finger into me. Just a little. Like that…"

I began to finger my wife now, who continued her dirty story…

"I imagined him telling me that he knew what I was there for. To thank him properly for what he'd done."

“Fuck,” I gasped, my cock rock-hard, “and how did you thank him?”

“I just dropped to my knees,” she said, “and took out his cock. He smirked down at me, as if issuing a challenge. You know that I can’t resist a challenge. I had to prove to him that I could rock his world. Drive him totally crazy. So I took out his cock and I started to suck him.”

It had never occurred to me that my wife might fantasize about fellatio, too. It seemed like such a male preoccupation that I couldn’t imagine a woman being so interested in it. But, then again, it did fit the general tenor of her fantasy: *she* was still in control, *she* was the one doling out the pleasure to her chosen partner.

“And after a few minutes,” she said, “he tells me to stop, because he’s going to lose control and he still wants to fuck me. By this point, I’m soaking wet and ready for his cock. He tells me to stand up and bend over the hood of the corvette he’s working on. He hikes up my skirt and slaps my ass. Then he pushes my panties to the side and slides his rock-hard prick inside me.”

She stopped talking for a moment, because I had become more rhythmic with my fingers in the meantime, touching her in exactly the way that I knew that she loved to be touched. Melina’s body responded to my efforts, her hips thrusting up to meet my fingers.

I almost thought that that was the end of the fantasy. That she would just break it off there because of how aroused she was, or else that she had simply only thought as far as the point at which she’d broken off.

She surprised me, however, by resuming her tale in a low, husky voice, as I brought her closer and closer to climax.

“He’s rough with me,” she gasped, “but I’m so incredibly wet I can handle it. When I get aroused enough, I’m up for anything. I don’t care any more. He knows this. He takes advantage of it. He fucks me. Really hard. He’s got his hand in my hair and he’s pulling it. He’s telling me to take it. That he knew all along how bad I need it. That he could see it in my eyes on the day I came into the shop. Even before he helped me with my problem. And he tells me that he’s going to fuck me whenever he wants to, from now on, and that

there's nothing anyone – even you, my husband – can do about it. That's the moment when I –…"

Here, she broke off, "don't stop, baby. Oh don't stop. I'm so close."

I loved making my wife come. She was so beautiful when she orgasmed. It was an amazing sight to behold.

"That's the moment when you what, Mel?"

"Come!" she screamed, biting down on her lip as she climaxed under my caresses.

She positively exploded on my fingers, her vaginal muscles contracting around them as her moans subsided to a long, low cooing sound.

"That was *so* good," she said, giving a long sigh, followed by a little giggle.

Then she turned to me, her face a little flushed, a note of worry returning to it.

"That was ok for you, right? I mean, I didn't hurt your feelings?"

"Take a look and see for yourself," I said, nodding my head in the direction of my penis, which was standing at attention in my underwear.

"My, my," she said, "I guess my story had quite a positive effect. I'm glad to see that we've added another exciting element to our sexual repertoire."



At first it seemed that that's all it was: another element in our repertoire. We continued our little game with the dice, but after a while, through some kind of implicit agreement, we both realized that what really turned us on was talking about Melina fucking Huxton the mechanic. And after a while, our fantasy expanded into Melina and the manager at the car repair shop, then Melina and the mailman, and eventually Melina with both Huxton and the manager at the same time. This particular filthy fantasy – a threesome between her and the two men – seemed to turn her on more than any of the other scenarios combined.

In short, we'd discovered a whole new side of Melina. One that neither of us had even suspected that would have appealed to her before.

To my surprise, I also didn't feel jealous, despite Melina asking me several times if the fantasies bothered me.

Finally, one time when I'd gotten tired of her asking if I was jealous, I blurted something out that would change the course of our marriage forever.

We had just finished fucking so hard that the bed shook while Melina told me about being double-teamed by Huxton and his mechanic friends.

"Not only does it not make me jealous," I said, "I'd actually *love* it if you did it in real life. You know how hot I find the fantasy."

"Really?" she'd said, giving me a quizzical look, "you'd want me to sleep with another man? Even if you didn't get to sleep with another woman in exchange?"

"Yeah," I said, almost surprising myself at what I was saying, "yeah, I think I wouldn't mind at all."

"You *think* you wouldn't mind? Or you *really* wouldn't?"

"I *really* wouldn't," I said, "in fact, next time you get the oil changed, why don't you get Huxton's number?"

"I couldn't do that," she laughed, blushing, "oh my God. I couldn't do that. *Could* I?"

"I bet you could," I said, "I mean, what guy wouldn't want a hot woman coming up to him and giving him her number?"

"I think it might be time to change the oil…"

With that, we were making out again. My erection returned instantly, with a speed that astonished me. Melina was wet again (or still wet?) and mounted me as she reached down and guided me inside her tight wet tunnel.

"Oh God, babe. I think I might be able to do it. I think I might be able to set something up with him...to get him to fuck me…"

"I know you can. Just wear that sundress that you bought for Karen's party. He's not going to be able to take his eyes off of you…"

"Fuck," she moaned, closing her eyes as she rode me, "I look great in that dress, don't I?"

"Yeah you do. You know it."

“He’s going to want to tear it off me.”

“He probably will.”

“I want him to just take me. Just ravish me. Fuck me…”

“I know he’s going to want to. He’s going to fuck you so hard, babe. I bet he’s got a nice big cock…”

“He’s got that big-dick confidence. The way he argued with his manager. Only a really hung guy could do that.”

“Fuck yes. You need his big dick, don’t you?”

“I do…,” she moaned, trembling as she approached her climax.

We’d never really discussed the issue of cock size before. I was about average, and up until now, had assumed that that was all that Melina really needed or wanted. She’d never made jokes about small penises, or talked approvingly about large ones, it seemed, rather, that she was neutral and agnostic on the subject.

Up until now, that is. Now, as she edged ever closer to her second powerful orgasm of the day, she seemed more and more desirous of a large male member.

“That’s it,” I urged her, “imagine his big cock...stretching you...changing you forever.”

She let out a long, low moan as she climaxed. I watched her face as she came. As always, she was beautiful.

When her climax had ebbed a bit, she looked down into my eyes, flushed with the exertion of her orgasm.

“You didn’t come yet, babe?”

“Not yet,” I said, “I’m close.”

“Let me help,” she said, dismounting and then sitting next to me on the bed and taking hold of my shaft, cupping my balls in the other hand.

She slid her hands over my shaft, looking into my eyes as she stroked me.

“Do you want to watch? I could ask Huxton if he’s ok with that. Or maybe you could sneak in and hide somewhere. Maybe we could do it here, and I could tell him that you’re out of town on business. He’d think I was cheating on you. Would that turn you on, babe? If I put on a little show for you with him? Would it turn you on to see your cute innocent wife turn into a dirty little slut for you?”

I didn't need to answer any of these questions – which were rhetorical anyway – because in the next moment, I erupted in her hands.

Melina smiled.

"That seemed like a lot of fun for you."

"That seemed like a lot of fun for *you*," I retorted, satisfied and happy.

"*Maybe* it was fun for both of us," she sighed, flopping down on the bed next to me, "*maybe* we should try it for real."



GRADUALLY, however, we both started having second thoughts. The car wasn't actually overdue for an oil change, and both of our jobs got busier and busier.

Not only that, but some nagging thoughts started to form in my mind.

What if she can't stop herself once she starts, I thought to myself, *what if she ends up never wanting to sleep with me again?*

"You haven't said much about Huxton lately," I said, one day after we'd reverted to our old dice game without any mention of Melina cheating on me.

We'd simply had mutually satisfying, but somewhat routine missionary-style sex.

"I know," said Melina, "I'm just not sure if it's a good idea. I mean, introducing another person into our sex life is asking for trouble. Right?"

"Right," I said, "but it *was* really hot."

"Yeah, it was," she sighed, "but not every fantasy has to become a reality."

"I guess it doesn't."

I couldn't help it. I was disappointed. But I understood that it was for the best. We were adults, after all. We couldn't just live out absolutely every fantasy that made us hard or wet. Right?

Fantasies were just fantasies, after all. Totally distinct from reality.

~

THEN CAME that Thursday in May. The sun was shining, the birds were chirping, and Melina came downstairs wearing that sundress that she'd bought for Karen's party. The one we always imagined she'd wear to seduce Huxton.

"You look *incredible*," I said, rising from the breakfast table to embrace her.

"You think?"

"I know."

"Well, I woke up this morning feeling pretty sexy, I have to admit."

She gave me a long kiss.

"You seem downright horny, if I don't miss my guess," I said.

"You don't miss it," she said, "your guess, that is."

"Too bad," I said, "I have to get to work."

"That's ok," she said, "maybe I'll just go get my oil changed. I have the afternoon off because there's going to be a pep rally. And I don't have to be there."

"Oh really?"

I felt myself getting hard.

"Really."

"Maybe you should."

"Maybe I will."

"Well if you do," I said, "make sure that you give me time to get home before you bring him here."

"Oh? What are you going to do?"

"Hide in the closet, of course. I need to watch!"

"Ha ha," she said, "ok. I promise that if I get Huxton to 'change my oil,' I'll give you plenty of time to get in the closet first."

"It's a deal."

The odd and exciting thing about this exchange was that neither of us had said if we were kidding or being serious. It was entirely possible that Melina had been joking about the whole thing. That it was just another way to kickstart our fantasy. The fantasy that had brought us together and caused so many wonderful encounters over the past few months.

Of course, the other possibility was that she wasn't kidding around at all. The look in her eye as she left that morning made me think that the second possibility wasn't necessarily so far-fetched.



THAT MORNING, work was especially busy. I had two major accounts open at the moment, with two very demanding clients. Which is why, when my office phone rang around 12:30 – right before I was going to go to lunch – I almost didn't pick it up.

But then I saw the number on the caller ID. It was Melina's cell phone.

"Where have you been, babe? I texted you three times!"

"Sorry," I said, "I had a busy morning. I didn't even look at my phone. What's up? Everything ok?"

"Everything is perfect," she said, "just get home and hide in the closet. Now."

"What? Melina, what's happening? Are you being serious?"

"I think he's coming back. I've got to get off the phone."

"Who's coming back? Melina…"

In that moment, the line went dead. I decided it would be useless to try to call her back. Instead, I raced out of my office and down to the parking garage. With any luck, I could be home within half an hour. The worst possible scenario was that this was all just another elaborate fantasy for Melina, and that we'd end up fucking each other's brains out.

The *best* possible scenario? What *was* the best possible scenario? That I'd watch my wife in the throes of ecstasy at the hands of another man?

That certainly seemed to be what I'd been craving – what we'd *both* been craving – for the last several months.

And now, it might actually be happening. *Might* be.

My cock was hard as I drove, trying my best to pay attention to the fast-moving Chicago traffic. I cursed every time there was a slow-down, every time someone's unsignaled lane change caused a near miss.

Finally, I saw it: the exit to our suburb. I would be home within five minutes.

I raced down our street at 35 MPH, which was quite a bit faster than the post 20 MPH limit, even if it wasn't anything truly excessive. I was happy to see, when I pulled into the garage, that Melina's Honda Civic was not there or in the driveway.

I'd beaten them.

I raced upstairs into the master bedroom and into the walk-in closet. Admittedly, I felt a little silly hiding like a burglar in my own home, but if Melina wasn't actually kidding about what she had planned, I didn't want to miss the chance of a lifetime to watch her cheat on me as if I wasn't there.

Not three minutes after I'd gotten myself situated in a position where I could see through the slats in the door, I heard the sound of voices downstairs.

Adrenaline pumped through my veins. My mouth went dry and my heart pounded. Was I about to have a panic attack? Maybe, maybe not. My cock was also rock-hard.

Melina was talking to someone, that was for sure. That "someone" also had a low, deep and masculine voice from what I could tell.

It was Huxton. Or, if not him, another stud that she'd picked up somewhere.

I almost couldn't believe it. It was really happening. My beautiful brunette wife was going to cuck me.

A minute later, there were footsteps on the stairs. I watched the door to the bedroom as it burst open, Melina careening backwards onto the bed, a large, brute of a man tumbling after her, bending down and covering her in kisses as she lay back, her dress bunching up around her hips as it fell off her legs. Her panties, pretty and pink, were visible as she pulled her lover – who still stood next to the bed – in close as they embraced.

"God I want you," she moaned, as their kiss broke.

"You've got a tight little body," Huxton growled, his big, paw-like hands on my wife's tits, which he had skillfully popped out of the front of her dress.

“Thanks,” she gasped, as his calloused hands found her nipples, “I want you to do whatever you want with me. You hear? Anything.”

“You want me to fuck your little pussy in the bed you share with your husband?” growled the mechanic, who was hastily removing his blue work shirt to reveal an enormous hairy chest.

“Yes. Please fuck me. Oh God. I’m already so wet for you. I can’t help it. I feel so naughty cheating like this.”

“Naughty in a good way,” he said, stroking her face and neck with his big beefy paw, “naughty like a lot of bored housewives.”

“I’m not a housewife,” she corrected him, “I’m a teacher.”

“Whatever,” he said, reaching down and thrusting a finger inside her suddenly, “whatever else you are, you’re my dirty little slut now, aren’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” moaned my wife, turning her head to the side and looking at the closet for the first time since they’d started.

I had no idea if she’d seen my car in the garage or not. It was entirely possible that she didn’t even know I was home. There was no way for me to give her a secret signal to say that I was watching without alerting Huxton to my presence. And that wasn’t what either one of us wanted, at least not at the moment.

“Let’s get those panties off,” he growled, reaching down with his left hand, the right being occupied with fingering my wife’s tight cunt.

She made a motion to help him remove her undergarments, but it was clear that her lover didn’t need any help. He simply ripped the fabric of the small fragile garment, pulling it off her lower body and throwing it to the side (right in front of the closet, in fact) before reaching down to free his cock from his pants.

Given the fact that I had a side view of the action, I was able to catch a glimpse of his erection as it spilled out of his shorts.

“I want you so bad,” moaned Melina, “please just put it in me.”

Huxton laughed, taking his cock in one hand and slapping it against her clit, a move I’d only seen in porn movies before. It was a move that seemed effective, however, as Melina moaned and pushed her hips up towards him, reaching back and grabbing the sheets for leverage.

“Please. Just fuck me with that thing.”

“I bet your husband is a lot smaller, isn’t he?”

“He is. I know he is. I can’t even see it yet, but I know –”

Melina’s sentence was cut off by a sharp cry as Huxton thrust his prick inside her, about halfway. It was true. He was working with about twice the length that I had, and at least double the girth. Melina was in for the ride of her life.

“Oh my God. I can’t believe how big it is. How good it feels…”

“I’m not all the way in yet.”

“You’re kidding.”

“I’m not,” he said, smiling down at her and then bending over to give her a kiss before thrusting the rest of his length into her.

“*Now* I’m inside,” he said, grinning down at my wife as he grabbed her tits with each hand.

He started to slide in and out of her now, giving her the whole length each time.

“I can’t believe how **big** you are. You’re **huge**.”

“A little more than what you’re used to?” he asked, picking up the pace.

“Definitely. So much bigger than my husband.”

“What’s your husband’s name?”

“David,” she moaned.

It was strange to hear my wife moaning my name (which she seldom used anyway when it was just the two of us) during sex with another man.

“Tell me my dick is bigger than David’s.”

“Your dick is **so** much bigger than David’s,” she moaned, “there’s no comparison!”

“Good girl.”

He growled as he gave Melina the fuck of her life. I could tell from her moans that she was very close to orgasm already, and he hadn’t been inside her for more than a minute.

“Shit. Don’t stop fucking me. I’m going to come!”

“I’m not going to stop you little cheating slut,” he growled, slamming her so hard that the bed shook, “go ahead and do it. Come on this big fucking cock. You love it. You need it. You *know* you do.”

“God, Huxton. I need your big dick. I need it so much more than David’s little one. You’re stretching me so good I’m going to… to… oh my **GOD.**”

That was the moment that I realized the true, profound difference that a large cock could make when it came to female pleasure. That was the moment when Melina came so hard that I thought she might be about to pass out. It seemed that she had stopped breathing for moment as she braced her entire body for the waves of pleasure that passed over it. Then, suddenly, she exhaled, which was followed by a shriek of pleasure as her entire body shook.

“I’m not done with you yet, slut,” laughed Huxton, suddenly pulling out of her and standing back from the bed.

“What?”

Melina was a sex-tossed mess, her hair mused as she propped herself up on her elbows, her eyes unfocused from the immense pleasure of the orgasm.

“On your knees,” he ordered.

Melina didn’t have to be asked twice. I watched in awe as my wife fell to her knees and looked up at Huxton in admiration, taking his cock in her hand and guiding it to her lips.

“I knew you had DSLs,” he laughed, “dick-sucking lips.”

Melina took him into her mouth, casting another quick sidelong glance at the closet as if to say “see how much fun I’m having, babe?”

“Fuck yes,” moaned Huxton, his hand on the back of her head, guiding her, “I love getting head from sluts like you.”

“Does it happen a lot?” said Melina, looking up at him.

“More than you might think,” he grinned, “a lot of women need their cars fixed and don’t have the money to cover the bill. We arrive at alternate arrangements…”

“Mmm, lucky ladies,” said Melina, kissing his shaft, “getting to suck a nice big prick like this.”

Melina was certainly game to suck cock. She never acted like it was a chore when she did it for me. But this was clearly something different for her. It was like it was giving *her* pleasure, not just him. She wasn’t just sucking his cock to make him feel good, it was like the act itself was gratifying to her.

“God damn it,” he groaned, “you’re so fucking good. But I need to come in that pussy.”

“Yes, sir,” she said, immediately taking the cock out of her mouth and turning around on the floor, sticking her ass up and out to him submissively, “stick that big cock back inside me. I want you to fill me.”

She was facing the closet now, probably on purpose. She wanted to make sure that I got a good look at her face as Huxton penetrated her from behind, grabbing a handful of her hair, just like he’d done in her first fantasy. A moment later, there was a loud crack and Melina cried out.

He was spanking her as he fucked her. I knew she loved that. I knew she wouldn’t last long at this rate, and neither would he.

“Take this fucking dick. Tell me how much bigger I am than him.”

“You’re so much bigger than he is,” she moaned, “I need you to fill me. Fill me like my husband never could.”

“Yes, you naughty slut. I’m close.”

“Me too. Don’t stop spanking me. Oh God. Harder. Harder. YES!”

She exploded again as he pulled her hair back, emptying his balls into her tight cunt with a loud grunt. Then he pulled out and, without taking his hand from her hair, pulled her around towards him and made her clean him off with her mouth, a task which Melina accomplished with obvious relish.

“Thanks,” he said, smiling, “you’re an incredible piece of ass. Maybe I’ll stop by the high school next time. I’d love to fuck a teacher in her classroom.”

“Maybe you should,” she said, smiling up at him.

“I’ve got to get back to the shop now,” he said, a bit apologetically, “besides, it’s probably a bad idea for me to stick around here too long. You know – in case David comes back.”

“Don’t worry about him. He won’t be home for hours.”

“Still.”

“You’re right,” she sighed, looking over towards the closet again and giving me a wink, “you’d better get going. But you’ve got my number. Don’t lose it.”

“I wouldn’t think of it. Later, sweetheart.”

He reached down and gave her a slap on the ass and then a quick kiss on the lips. As soon as I heard the sound of his car in the driveway, I burst out of the closet and gave Melina a long kiss.

“Fuck, Mel. That was incredible. I never thought you’d actually do it.”

“I didn’t know if I could do it or not,” she admitted, reaching down and feeling my erection, “did that turn you on?”

“You have no idea. I want you so bad right now.”

“I want you, too,” she said, “but I’m so sore. I don’t think that I can have sex again. At least not penetrative sex. But maybe you could go down on me?”

“But didn’t he just…”

“Come inside me? Yeah, he did,” she giggled, “that doesn’t bother you, right?”

“I guess not,” I said, not being entirely honest.

“Then get to work, babe.”

She lay back on the floor of the bedroom and spread her legs as I dived between them eagerly, lapping at her swollen clit and lips.

“Did you see how hard he made me come?” she sighed, pushing my head down as I licked up a glob of salty semen mingled with the familiar taste of my wife’s natural lubrication, “it was **incredible**. Simply **incredible**! I had no *idea* that a big cock was capable of doing something like that.”

“Oh babe. Don’t stop. Keep eating me out. Just like that. Clean all of his cum out of me. Oh shit…”

I couldn’t believe that Melina was talking like this. I had never heard her use such a dominant tone with me. But, then again, she hadn’t ever really been in such a dominant position as this one. Even when we’d experimented once with having her tie me to the bed.

Her hips bucked up into my mouth as she pressed my head down even harder.

“Lick...it...all...up…” she groaned, “keep going…”

I choked down another mouthful of semen. Then another. It was incredibly humbling, of course, to be eating another man’s semen, but the fact that Melina was so close to having another orgasm was enough to keep me going. Besides, I was completely erect myself and feeling close to orgasm, even though Melina hadn’t touched me.

“Yes, David. God, yes!”

She reached another climax, forcing one last dribble of sperm into my mouth before her entire body relaxed.

“That was amazing,” she said, “come up here and give me a kiss.”

I moved up to her lips and kissed her.

“I can taste him on your lips,” she said, smiling at me as she reached down and stroked my erection, “it’s kind of sexy.”

“Fuck, that feels good,” I gasped, unable to say anything more articulate as she jerked me off onto her stomach.

“Did you like that, babe? Did you like watching your wife take that big, hard prick?”

“Yes…”

“Did you like it how he stretched me? Oh God. I hope I can still feel you after this…”

That was it. It was all too much for me. I moaned in delight as I spent myself all over Melina’s tight, flat stomach.

She smiled.

“Satisfied?”

“Yes,” I said, “for now…”

“I feel the same way,” she said.

We slowly pick ourselves off the floor. I called into work and told them that I wouldn’t be coming back to the office. After we got cleaned off and into a fresh change of clothes, Melina and I had a lot of talking to do, and we both knew it.

“David,” she said, once I’d come out of the shower, “I think we just took our marriage to a whole new level.”

“I think you’re right,” I said.

“I think I should text Huxton, and see if he can meet me in my classroom this weekend, after hours…”

“I think you should,” I replied, giving my wife a long kiss on her beautiful, full – what had Huxton called them? – DSLs.

And that is the story of how Melina became a hotwife.

THE END

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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.