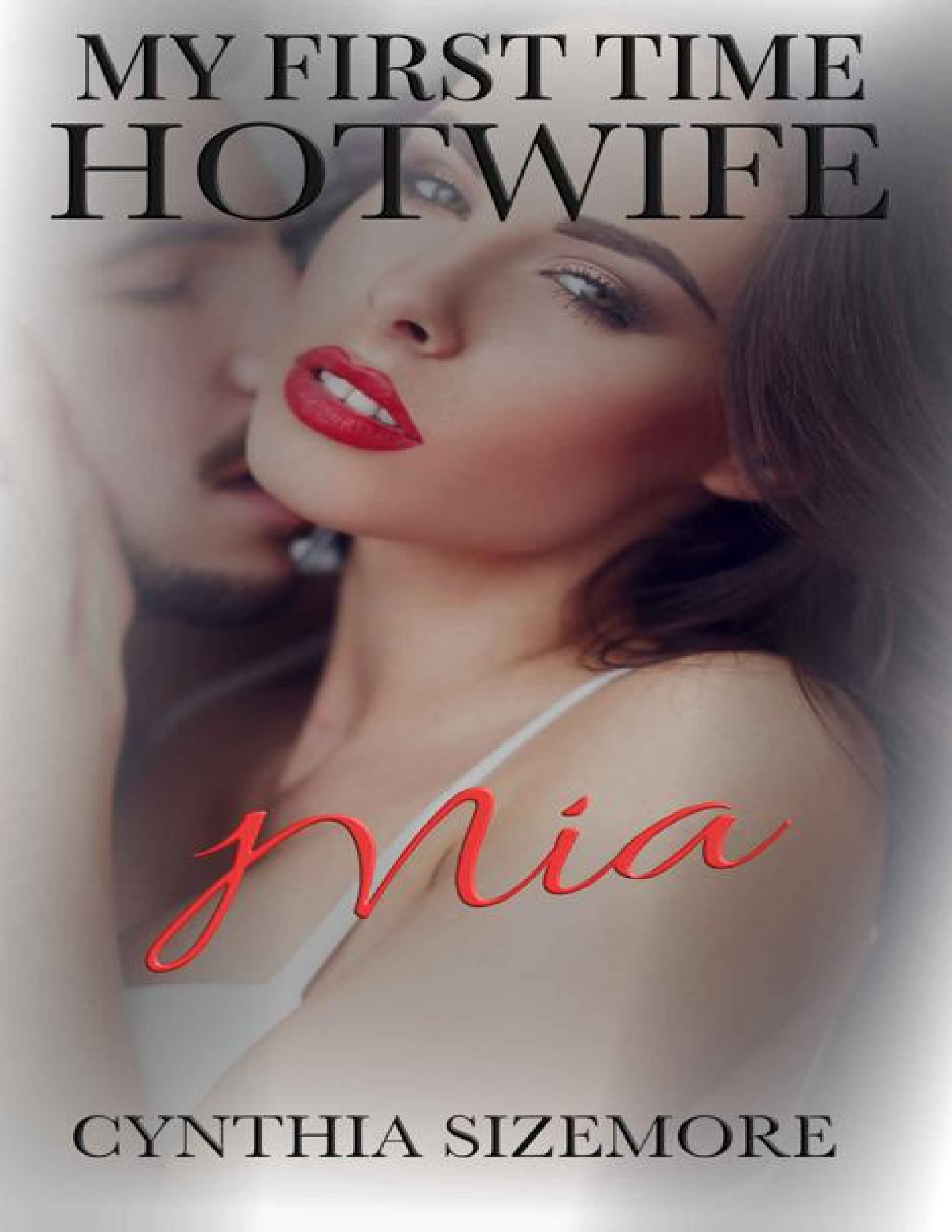
MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE



Nia

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE

BOOK 1: MIA

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

By Cynthia Sizemore

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MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: MIA

My wife Mia got a job at the mall to help buy presents for the kids and her parents - or so she said. I suspected that she really wanted an excuse to get away from the family for a few hours every night, and I really saw nothing wrong with that, given the fact that she'd been working so hard recently to take care of everyone at home since our second child was born. But now that Michael and Sarah were 10 and 6, respectively, Mia was aching to get back out into the adult world and away from the home. She needed to be called something besides "mommy" all the time.

I knew that it wasn't about me. It was about her: her own sense of independence and purpose. So when she announced that she was thinking about applying to work second shift at the mall doing inventory a few nights a week, I was completely supportive.

When Mia started spending time with some of her coworkers after her shift, too, I thought: so much the better. She'd been complaining that she felt isolated since the kids were born. And now she had friends to blow off steam with. Soon she was mentioning the names of her colleagues as if I knew them, too.

Karen, Lydia, Maureen, and Emily.

Oh yeah. There was one *guy*, too.

Jack.

Mia started mentioning Jack quite a bit, repeating jokes that he'd told her and the girls, little anecdotes that he had collected about crazy customers.

One night, she came home two hours later than usual. I know because I'm an extremely light sleeper, and even though Mia often got off work in the middle of the night, I'd always wake up when she came into bed.

This time, however, she slipped into the bathroom first and took a shower. I could still smell cigarette smoke, however, when she came through the door. She must have gone to a bar.

The next morning, she confessed as much.

"Who was there?" I asked, "at the bar I mean."

"Oh, you know...it was me and the girls. Maureen and Lydia were there."

"Sounds like fun," I said, as the sound of the kids beginning to stir filled the house.

"Oh it was," she said, "a little too much fun."

"Was Jack there?" I asked, trying to seem casual.

"Yeah, he stopped by," she said, a grin breaking out across her face.

"Why are you smiling like that?" I asked, "is something funny?"

"Jack is very funny," she said, "you know I'm always talking about the jokes he tells. He does great impressions, too. Like of Kevin, the regional manager…"

"Seems like you like him a lot," I said.

"Oh yeah," Mia blurted, her face alive in a way that seemed incongruent with her obvious hangover, "I do like him a lot."

"What does this guy look like? Do I need to be jealous?"

She turned to me, giving me a playful look.

"Sounds like you might want to be jealous," she said, "hmm?"

Mia knew that I had a bit of a cuckold fetish. It wasn't anything that we'd ever acted on, or even thought about acting on, but it was something that we'd played around with before. She'd been more experienced than me when we'd gotten together, and that led to some feelings of insecurity on my part. So I'd interrogated her about her exes. At first, this had annoyed her, but eventually, it had turned into a kind of game between the two of us. She saw how much it turned me on, and she would come out with little details about old hook-ups during sex.

What I came to enjoy the most, more than anything else, was hearing about the guys who she'd been with who had big dicks. I myself and not especially small. About average, I'd say. But I couldn't resist the light that came into Mia's face when she talked about one of the really big guys she'd been with in college. She loved revisiting those experiences with me, and it had become a fairly regular part of our foreplay and lovemaking for her to talk about getting railed by Brad in the frat house, or taking Mike's huge prick in her dorm room.

It was all playful and in good fun. Mia wasn't interested in revisiting her wild days. Not now that she was a Mom, with a stable marriage and family.

But there was a little glimmer in her eye when she relived some of her past college hookups that made me wonder if those slutty days were really behind her. The way she talked about getting filled with a nice, thick cock made it seem like it was an experience that she wanted to repeat. Again and again…

"Is there a reason for me to be jealous of Jack?" I asked.

"Maybe," she said, smirking at me.

I felt myself getting hard. She knew exactly how to appeal to the cuck in me.

Just then, a crash came from downstairs, followed by the sound of a child's scream.

"I guess we can discuss this later," I sighed, "I'll go down and take care of that."

"Thanks, babe," she said, tossing and turning in the covers, "I'm just going to sleep for another couple of minutes."

"Sounds good."



MIA WORKED AGAIN THAT AFTERNOON, and I took care of the kids at bedtime. When she slipped into bed beside me, it was at the normal time. They hadn't gone for drinks again. Part of me was a little disappointed. It was like I wanted her to flirt with Jack some more.

“Hey babe,” I whispered as I spooned her, “how was work tonight?”

“It was fine,” she said, rubbing her bottom against me seductively.

“You’re in a mood,” I said, reaching down and holding her hips as I began to get hard, “what brought this on?”

“Oh, nothing,” she said, giggling a little as she took one of my hands and moved it to her breast, “just...thoughts.”

“Thoughts? Those can’t possibly be very *clean* thoughts, now can they?”

“I suppose not.”

“Well, what kind of thoughts brought this on?”

“Don’t be jealous, babe…”

“You know I’m not the jealous type,” I said, getting even harder.

“Ok,” she said, her breathing getting a bit more ragged as she rubbed her ass against me, “Lydia told me something every interesting about Jack.”

“What?”

“They used to date,” she said, “and apparently he’s a very passionate lover.”

“Mmm,” I said, “and you started imagining…”

“Yes,” she said, “but not because he’s passionate. You’re passionate, too, babe.”

“What else did she tell you?”

I was rock-hard now, anticipating the confession that had caused my wife to become so aroused.

“She told me,” she said, her voice getting a bit higher pitched, “that he’s got a big dick.”

“And you thought…”

“I imagined it, honey. I admit it. I imagined him fucking me. Just opening me up. I haven’t felt that full since college. Sometimes I think it would be so much fun, you know?”

She reached down and pulled down her pajamas and panties, reaching behind her for my dick. I released it from my pants and slipped inside her. She was soaking wet.

“God, it would feel so good, babe. Jack’s big cock sliding inside me. Filling me up all the way.”

I began to thrust inside her, grabbing her hip with one hand as I whispered into her ear.

“Tell me, babe. Tell me all about how you want to take his big cock.”

She moaned.

“I imagined meeting up with him in the storeroom...out of the view of the security cameras. There’s this place by the back loading docks. I want to tell him to meet me there. I want to drop to my knees and take out his big dick. I want to worship it, babe. I want to show him that I appreciate big cocks and that I know exactly how to please them. I would get it nice and wet with my mouth. I’m out of practice now, after being with *you* for so long, but back in college, I could definitely deep throat a nice big cock. The bigger the cock, the more motivated I was to please the guy...From what Lydia said, Jack is extremely hung. Like at least nine inches.”

“Fuck,” I moaned, “I love it when you talk like this. Have you ever even *seen* a cock that big?”

“No,” moaned Mia, “back in college, I used to actually measure my boyfriends. Brad had the biggest, and he was *almost* eight inches. I can’t even imagine how big Jack must be, if Lydia is telling the truth.”

She was playing with her own clit as I fucked her now. I was nearing the point of no return myself.

“I want to try to deepthroat him,” she grunted, thrusting her hips back against me, “and then I want him to bend me over and slide it inside me. Stretch me out so good…”

“God, I’d love to see that,” I moaned, trying my best to hold off from coming so that the dirty talk would continue.

“I bet you would,” she panted, “you’d love to see your little wife stretched by his big thick cock. Oooh, I want to show you so bad. Do you want to see me fuck him, babe? Do you want to see your wife taking Jack’s big dick?”

“God yes.”

“Tell me,” she moaned, “tell me you want me to fuck him.”

“I want you to fuck him,” I panted, slamming into her from behind, “I want to watch you together…”

In that moment, I unloaded inside her. At the same time, she bucked back against me, her hand on her clit, pleasuring herself to a powerful orgasm as I emptied myself inside her.

“Oh babe,” she sighed, “that was incredible. Thanks for indulging my filthy little fantasy.”

“What? I thought you were indulging my fantasy,” I said, kissing her neck, “I thought I was the one with the dirty mind, and you were just going along with it.”

“That might be how it started,” she said, flipping onto her side so that she could look me in the eyes, “but don’t forget that I’m the one who had all those one-night-stands in college. I’ve been into big dick for a very long time.”

“Then why’d you settle for this average one?” I asked, hugging her close.

“Because dick size doesn’t pay the bills. Besides, I love your cooking.

“Very well put,” I said, “I love that you’re so open with me.”

“What have I got to lose? I love that you’re not threatened by me getting what I want…”

“We’re like the perfect couple…”

We fell into a long kiss.



Did I feel threatened by my wife’s desires? I guess some men would have been. But not me. I found it electrifying to see Mia’s old self reawakening. That slutty college girl who couldn’t get enough big dick was coming back. And I was going to do everything in my power to encourage it. I don’t think Mia realized, at least at first, how committed I was to making her big-dick memories a reality once more.

That changed a few nights later, after she’d come back from the bar after work once more.

“Hey babe,” she said, sitting on the side of the bed in the dark, “are you still awake?”

“Mm-hmm,” I said, rolling over to face her.

Mia was wearing a low-cut top that showed off her large breasts. It reminded me of the kind of thing she'd worn as a college girl. Had she been out trying to relive those old wild days?

"Good," she said, "I'm going to turn on the light for a sec."

She reached over and turned on the lamp. I was momentarily blinded.

"Sorry, babe," she said, "but I just couldn't wait to tell you about my night."

"Did something happen?"

We both knew what I was referring to.

"No," she said, "but I went out for drinks with everyone again. And I got more details from Lydia."

"Fuck," I said, "sounds like I need to hear those."

"I want you to," she said, "but first I need to get undressed."

I grinned. I loved watching Mia take off her clothes. She pulled her blouse over her head, exposing her large, ripe tits. They had bounced back admirably from breastfeeding our two children, even if they had a bit of sag in them that they hadn't years ago. She pulled her tight-fitting jeans down over her childbearing hips.

My wife was, as some people called it, "slim-thick." To me, it was the perfect type of body for taking a large cock. Obviously, she'd discovered this long ago…

She stretched out next to me on the bed, to my surprise, reaching for my cock and pulling it out of my pajama pants. Smiling at me, she began to tell her story.

"So Lydia told me that Jack is really dominant and demanding in bed," she said, teasing the underside of my shaft with her soft palms, "you know how much I love that. When a guy has a big dick, and really knows how to take control, it's even better. Apparently, Lydia told me that Jack really put her in her place a couple of times."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, reaching down and guiding my hand to her wet pussy, "he held her down and made her take his big dick like a good girl."

"God," I said, "that's so hot. But if he was such a good fuck, why isn't Lydia taking his dick all the time?"

“I had the same question,” said Mia, “and the answer is that she *is* taking it. Taking it like the good little slut she is. God it’s so hot. Guys like Jack just getting all the tight young pussy they deserve. I love it…”

She was right. There was something very primal, very appealing about the idea of an alpha male controlling the women around him with the power of his cock.

“I want to be next in line,” she said, stroking me faster, “I’m not kidding. It’s not just a fantasy anymore. I need that dick…”

“Fuck, babe,” I moaned, the precum leaking down my shaft and lubing it as my wife stroked it, “are you serious? You know how bad I want this.”

“I want it, too. Maybe more than you do…”

I continued to play with her clit, doing my best to match the rhythm of her hand on my cock as I did so.

“I want to see it happen.”

“I know,” she groaned, “I want you to, too, honey. I want you to see your wife take every inch of that monster cock.”

“Do you think he’ll agree to it?”

“I’m not sure,” she said, “but I have an idea. Maybe he won’t even have to know that you’re watching.”

“How?”

“Remember that loading dock I told you about? Where there are no cameras?”

“Yeah.”

“There’s a big empty parking lot out back there. Let’s get a babysitter the next time I work. You drive and meet me at the back door next to the loading dock. I’ll let you in and show you where to hide. Then I’ll tell Jack to meet me there. He’ll know exactly what I’m after. I’ve made it clear enough already. But he’ll think that I’m cheating on you. He’ll have no idea that you’re just as into it as I am. I find that idea so hot for some reason...I’ll get to be a little cheating slut. For both him *and* you.”

God, it was brilliant. My wife would cheat on me while I watched, while Jack would have the pleasure of fucking a woman who he assumed to be happily married.

I almost came right then and there.

“Do you like the idea, babe?”

Mia looked concerned for a moment.

“I love it,” I panted, “I’m so close to coming, just thinking about it.”

“It’s ok to cum, babe,” she moaned, closing her eyes, “just imagine me, your wife, bent over a stack of boxes, taking Jack’s big fat cock like a good little whore. I can’t wait for you to see it. I can’t wait for you to watch me cheat on you…”

In that moment, I erupted, shooting cum into her waiting hand. She smiled, her eyes still closed. She was imagining being dominated by Jack, no doubt.

“Don’t stop, babe,” she said, biting her lip, “I’m close, too.”

I continued to rub her clit in gentle, circular motions, exactly the way she liked it. I knew that she had an entirely different type of orgasm from a big dick than she did from clitoral stimulation, and I couldn’t wait to see her experience that type of pleasure, the kind that she hadn’t had in years.



BEFORE I KNEW IT, our plan had been put into action. It was Friday evening, and I’d gotten a babysitter for the kids. I told her (the babysitter, a cute college girl by the name of Samantha) that I’d be going to a friend’s house to play poker. The kids were almost on their way to bed by the time that I left the house. I gave them kisses on the head and hugged them goodnight.

Heart pounding, I drove to the department store, parking in the darkened lot behind the building where Mia had directed me to. I felt a little like a criminal. This had to be trespassing, didn’t it? What was I going to tell someone if they asked me why I was parking here at this time of night?

If security caught me here, they’d probably think that Mia and I were running some kind of scam. That we were going to pass stolen goods across the loading dock or something. They would have been correct that we were doing something slightly illicit, but they never would have guessed exactly how depraved.

For my part, I was beginning to wonder if this was such a good idea after all, for my marriage or otherwise. Weren't we taking this a little far? It had been dirty talk, in the bedroom. Just stuff that got us horny. A way to spice up the marriage. But crossing over into real life – were we going too far? What about Jack? What if he didn't appreciate becoming a player in our fantasy? What if he had actual feelings for Mia?

What if Mia ended up having actual feelings for him? What if she already did?

I pulled out my phone and saw that I'd gotten a text from Mia.

I talked to him, she wrote, *it's happening. I can't believe it!*

You told him what you wanted? I replied.

Not exactly, she wrote, *but I made it pretty damn obvious. I'm sure he's not going to need much convincing. Just be there in the place I told you about. I put a piece of red tape on the shelf that you have to climb. The back door is propped open already.*

Thanks, babe. I love you! I responded.

I love you, too.

Damn it. This felt a little silly. I was going to sneak in through the back and climb up onto a large shelf, where a pallet of boxes would shield me from view, while I watched my wife fool around with Jack below me. If I were caught, I'd look like a big-time perv indeed.

I approached the building slowly, then walked along the outer wall towards the dim light that illuminated the door. I was convinced that I was probably being watched by a loss prevention team on infrared cameras. Mia probably had no idea who could actually see what in a place like this. She was temporary seasonal help, after all, not someone who would have been initiated into the secrets of the store.

The door was open. I slipped into the warehouse, letting it click shut behind me. Looking straight ahead, I immediately saw the shelf that Mia had told me about. There was a pallet jack (a sort of forklift thing used to haul pallets of boxes) parked underneath the shelf, and piece of red tape was affixed to the first shelf, which was about six feet off the ground. If I stood on the seat of the pallet jack, I could hoist myself up.

I walked over and pulled myself up into the shelf, then made a little hiding place for myself between a few boxes.

Looking down on the floor of the cramped space, I found a handwritten note.

Hey babe. I love you... XX Mia.

I smiled. I was in the right place. This felt fun. Like our little secret...

I looked at my watch. It was still ten minutes until Mia and Jack's rendezvous, which was good, because I didn't want to run the risk of Jack finding me here before Mia. After all, I had no idea how he'd react to an intruder in his workplace, but at the very least he'd probably call security. It would be difficult to explain to him that I was here to see him put his gigantic cock into action on my wife.

I lay back on a cardboard box and closed my eyes. Mia's note had reassured me a little. I was at least confident now that I was in the right place, and that I hadn't been detected while getting there, even if the whole plan still seemed amazingly harebrained.

Suddenly, from somewhere below me, I heard someone clear his throat.

I started just a bit in my hiding place, but not enough to make too much of a noise – at least I hoped.

Slowly, gingerly, I shifted my body weight so that I could see out between two boxes and towards the designated meeting place for Jack and Mia's sordid tryst.

That was when I saw Jack for the first time. I noticed right away how tall he was. He was also skinny, but muscular. A little wiry, probably. I could see why Mia might like him. I was more on the stocky side, even if I was in decent shape. It was probably a fun change of pace for her.

Jack was wearing blue jeans, cowboy boots and a flannel shirt. While I wasn't much of a judge of male sex appeal, he was what I guessed you might call "ruggedly handsome."

Jack leaned against a pallet of boxes and looked at his phone for a few minutes, seemingly bored. Then, suddenly, I heard footsteps approaching.

My heart began to beat quickly. I knew who it was immediately.

It was Mia.

She looked great, too. Subtly sexy without being slutty. She had on a low-cut red top that revealed a perfect amount of cleavage, red

lipstick, and tight jeans that hugged her shapely hips.

She sauntered up to Jack, smiling at him. He lowered his phone and gave her a grin.

“So, you’ve been talking to Lydia, huh?”

“I have,” said Mia, smiling broadly, “she’s told me a lot of stories about you.”

“I bet she has,” said Jack, leering at my wife.

He was obviously undressing her with his eyes. And she loved it.

“Correct me if I’m wrong,” he said, making eyes at Mia, “but aren’t you happily married?”

“I am indeed,” she said, grinning back at him, “but I don’t see why that should stop me from doing a little...exploring.”

“Is that right? And what if your husband finds out?”

“What he doesn’t know isn’t going to hurt him. And besides, he’s not going to find out if you don’t tell him.”

“I’m not going to if you don’t,” said Jack, “now what exactly did Lydia tell you about me?”

“You know exactly what. But besides your size, she told me that you like to take charge.”

“That’s right,” he said, “how do you feel about that?”

“I love it,” said Mia, “it’s exactly what I want.”

“Well then,” said Jack, moving in closer to her, “you sound like just my kind of slut. It’s going to be fun to see how much dick you can take.”

“I can take anything that you can dish out, big guy,” she said, moving closer to him.”

“Then I guess you’d better get on your knees on the floor,” he commanded, pulling his jeans down and exposing a sizable bulge in his boxer briefs.

“Yes, Sir,” Mia said.

A jolt of adrenaline shot through my body as I watched my wife move to obey his command, falling to her knees on the concrete floor without even a hint of protest.

Nothing could have made her happier than to be told exactly how to pleasure him, and it was obvious.

“Pull them down, slut. I’ve got a treat for you inside.”

Mia looked up at him, biting her lip as she reached up under the waistband and gripped his underwear with both hands, pulling them down with all her strength.

“You have such muscular thighs,” she remarked.

“I never skip leg day,” he said, smiling, “I’m glad someone notices the time I put in.”

“I’m definitely not the *only* one who notices,” Mia said, her eyes lighting up as his cock sprang free in front of her, “oh my...that’s very…Lydia wasn’t...”

“Yes, she wasn’t lying,” said Jack casually.

“If anything, she underestimated, I’d say!” said Mia, reaching out and touching the shaft, which began to visibly harden and lengthen in her hand, “this is the biggest one I’ve ever seen!”

“That’s high praise coming from a slut like you,” he teased, “I bet you’ve seen your share of big dicks.”

She blushed.

“Maybe one or two. But none that even come *close* to this one.”

“Hmm…,” he said, running his fingers through my wife’s hair as she knelt on the floor in front of him, “I’m not sure I believe you. You were a little *too* eager to get on your knees.”

“I went to Catholic school,” teased Mia, “I can’t help it. It comes naturally.”

“Mmm…,” he said, “you don’t happen to still have the uniform, do you? You’re so small, I bet you’d still fit in it.”

“I’m sure I could still put it on,” she said, stroking his cock casually, “but it might not cover everything it’s supposed to. I’m a lot curvier and bustier now.”

“I’ve noticed that,” said Jack, looking down into my wife’s cleavage, “I want to see those knockers.”

“Mm, I bet you do. Why don’t you reach down and pull them out while I stroke this magnificent cock.”

He bent down and pulled out my wife’s magnificent tits over her bra, teasing her small, pert nipples as she leaned forward to kiss the head of his cock.

“Yes, Sir. May I suck it, too?”

“If you’re a good girl,” he said, gently pushing his shaft towards her lips, “but why don’t you go ahead and kiss it first?”

She showered it with kisses, as if trying to convince him of her enthusiasm for the task at hand. At the same time, she was, of course, putting on a little show for me.

“Oh my, Mia,” he sighed, thrusting into her mouth as he toyed with her nipples, “you really aren’t as innocent as you seem, are you?”

She smiled up at him.

“May I *please* suck your cock now, Sir?”

“I insist on it.”

She began to slurp at the head of his cock, licking the tip with her tongue as her hand began to glide on the shaft. He was so thick her fingers didn’t meet as she tried to wrap them around his girth. I wondered how it would ever fit inside her.

“No hands yet, Mia. Put them behind your back.”

Jack was such a natural dominant. It was amazing to watch.

She obeyed, crossing her arms behind her back as she bobbed up and down on his obscenely large cock. It felt so deliciously naughty to be watching my wife in this position, on her knees in front of her endowed coworker. No one who knew Mia from church or our kids’ school would ever think that she’d be capable of doing something so dirty.

Jack grabbed her head in both hands and began to thrust into her mouth with short yet decisive strokes.

He was still getting her warmed up. I could tell.

“Such a good slut,” he groaned, “on your knees like a good little cheating wife. You love this, don’t you, Mia?”

She could only moan her agreement.

“I love it when you moan on my big dick like that,” he encouraged her.

She was more than happy to oblige. For a moment, I thought she tried to cast a sidelong glance up at my hiding place in the shelf.

“Oh, Mia,” he said, his breathing quickening in pace, “you're doing such a good job sucking my cock. I want you to stroke me with one hand now. Keep the head on your tongue and look up at me.”

She did as she was told.

“That’s it. Keep eye contact with me you cheating slut. Tell me what you’re doing.”

She pulled his dick out of her mouth for a moment, looking up at him.

“I’m keeping eye contact with you while I suck your cock, Sir,” she said, her voice filled with erotic urgency.

“Tell me what you are,” he commanded.

Mia seemed unsure as I was as to what he was expecting to hear, but she took her best guess.

“I’m a cheating slut,” she mumbled.

“I didn’t hear you,” he said, reaching down and giving her a slap on the ass.

“I’m a cheating slut, Sir,” she said more clearly, a sense of longing in her voice.

“Very good,” he said, pushing her gently back onto his cock, “don’t forget it!”

“Mmm-mmm,” she murmured, once again doing her best to stroke him exactly as he’d requested, all while maintaining eye contact.

“Faster now, Mia. Be a good girl. I know that you don’t suck your husband’s cock like this, do you?”

Mia began to stroke his cock faster, doing her best to gaze up into Jack’s eyes as she did so.

“Mmm-mm,” she groaned, negating his statement.

“I know, bitch. You need a cock like this in your life, don’t you? That’s all you want.”

“Mm-hmm,” Mia’s moan was even more urgent now.

“Put it back in your mouth. Hands behind your back.”

I had my own cock out now, totally forgetting about the fact that I was laying in an awkward position between boxes on a shelf in a warehouse where I’d trespassed. The sight of seeing Mia taking her time, slobbering on a huge cock was too much for me to resist. I had to touch myself.

I love you, babe, I thought to myself, *God, I love you*.

In the meantime, Mia had reacted to Jack’s command, crossing her hands behind her back as he grabbed her hair and began to thrust into her mouth, unabashedly fucking her face.

I never would have been able to take control of her like that, even though I knew how much Mia craved it. Seeing it happen now, to my

wife, was totally overwhelming. Nothing could have prepared me for the feeling of how hot it was seeing her become Jack's plaything.

He pushed even further into her mouth, activating her gag reflex. As soon as he felt her react, he pulled out and looked down at her, concerned.

"Have you ever deepthroated a cock before, Mia?"

She looked up at him with reddened eyes and smiling.

"Sure, of course. But not one *this* size. And not for a long time."

"That's ok," he said, "I'm going to teach you how to do it the right way."

"Yes, Sir. Please teach me," she said, looking up at him in devotion.

"Of course. If you do a good job with this, you're going to earn the privilege of taking my cock in your pussy."

"But Sir!"

"But what?"

"It's just that I was hoping…"

"What were you hoping, Mia?"

"I was really hoping you were going to fuck me now. Tonight."

He smiled.

"I think you'll find that the wait will be worth it. The quality of the job you do now - that is to say, the blowjob you give me - will determine how long you have to wait for this dick in your pussy."

She blushed.

"That's so...filthy, Sir," she whispered.

He nodded.

"I know. That's exactly what I love about it. Now open up. Take a deep breath through your nose."

She did as he told her. Once again, his cock was in her mouth, filling it entirely. He pressed towards the back of her throat.

"Relax, Mia. Relax your throat for me and breathe."

I could tell that she was doing her best to comply. It was incredible to see how hard she worked to take him in.

"I'm going to try again now."

"Mm-hmm."

He pressed the cockhead to the back of her throat once more and pushed forward. Once again, she gagged.

He pulled out to let her catch her breath.

“Good girl. It’s ok. Just relax. You’ll learn how to throat this big dick in no time, I’m sure of it.”

She nodded, then opened her mouth obediently.

“Very good girl,” said Jack, pressing his cock into my wife’s mouth once more.

“Ready?”

“Hmm-mmm.”

“Here I go. Relax for me, slut. Just relax and take this big dick.”

I visualized Mia’s throat opening to accommodate Jack’s enormous prick. To my surprise, in the same moment, he slipped past the point of her gag reflex and into her throat. The bugle was visible.

“Ooh, Mia,” growled Jack, “that’s wonderful. You’re a very good slut.”

Tears came to Mia’s eyes as she struggled to take his thick meat. I was filled with a strange feeling of accomplishment by proxy. As if my wife had achieved something on my behalf as well.

Jack began to fuck her throat now, letting the full length of his glistening prick disappear with each long, slow stroke. I couldn’t believe the scene I was witnessing: the mother of my children was taking big dick like a pornstar.

“So good, yes...” Jack gasped, pushing Mia down on his dick in a steady rhythm.

The obscene sounds of slurping filled the warehouse, echoing off the walls as Jack fucked Mia’s throat. Mia seemed totally devoted to the task at hand. Completely submissive and eager to please. I’d never seen her like this before, and I knew that she’d never be capable of entering this state with me. This was all for Jack.

All for his big cock. All that my wife wanted now was to please him, and to follow every order that he gave her.

I could tell she was doing a good job of it, too, because Jack was groaning in pleasure, clearly close to climax.

“Fuck, Mia,” he panted, “if your pussy is half as good as this I’m going to be a very happy man.”

Mia’s mascara was running down her face as tears streamed down her cheeks. I knew that these were not tears of pain, they were

tears of joyous exertion. She wanted nothing more than to make him shoot the biggest load of his life. To prove herself the perfect cheating slut. And he seemed close.

“You look so pretty with your makeup smeared like that. With those big tits out,” he groaned, “I’m so close. I need you to do something though.”

He pulled out as Mia looked up at him, gasping for air and with a look of slight confusion on her face.

“Anything, Sir,” she panted in desperation.

“Look me in the eye and tell me to cum in your throat.”

“That’s so *dirty*, Sir,” teased Mia, a false innocence in her tone.

“That’s why I like it.”

“Ok,” she said, turning her head just slightly in the direction of my hiding place, letting me know that what she was about to say was as much for my benefit as it was for his, “please cum in my throat, Sir.”

This last line was said in a voice loud and clear enough for anyone in the general vicinity to hear and understand.

“Such a good cheating wife,” said Jack, pushing his long rod back into her open, eager mouth, “just what I needed to hear. Get ready…”

“Mmm-hmm,” she pleaded, trying to egg him on as much as possible as she opened her mouth as far as possible, taking him down her throat.

“Here...I...Arrgh...CUM!” he moaned, holding his cock in her throat as he pumped shot after shot of thick gooey semen directly into her.

I was shocked at the amount of cum that Jack seemed to produce. His orgasm lasted an entire minute. His cock was so large that her entire throat contracted in sympathy with each contortion of his organ.

One thing was for sure: Mia was going to be sore the next day.

“Ugh...fuck...yes,” Jack panted, stroking the side of her head as his climax slowly subsided, slowly pulling his shrinking dick out of her throat and smiling down at her.

“That was excellent work, Mia.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Don’t forget to finish cleaning up,” he said, gesturing to a dollop of semen that hung to the end of his mushroom tip.

“Of course,” Mia smiled, licking her lips and opening her mouth, savoring the final drop of his cum as if it were a tasty treat.

“Wow,” she said, looking up at him, “you taste so much better than my husband. Not that I ever eat *his* cum.”

“I follow a very special diet,” he said, “I get sucked off enough that I’ve learned what affects the flavor.”

“Oh, so I’m just another one of your bitches, am I?”

Mia gave him a mischievous smile.

“Maybe. But I don’t fuck and tell,” said Jack, reaching down and playing with her nipples, “but one thing’s for sure. There aren’t any other bitches that have tits like *this*.”

“Oh yeah?” said Mia, her voice breaking just a bit as he became more aroused, “you like those big titties?”

“Fuck yeah,” said Jack, who pulled my wife to her feet and then bent down, taking one of her nipples into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue as his other hand found her ass.

It seemed like Mia might get fucked tonight after all. Even though Jack had blown a huge load in her throat, it seemed like his libido hadn’t yet abandoned him.

“God those titties are tasty,” said Jack, moving from one to the other, “and this ass...good I’ve been staring at it for weeks.”

“I don’t believe you,” said Mia, “I’ve got the tits, but Lydia’s got a better ass than me.”

“No way,” he replied, “yeah she’s fine, but I bet you can throw it back a lot better than she can.”

“Is that right? What makes you say that?”

“I have a lot of experience with these things. I just know. Trust me.”

“I guess we’re going to have to find out, aren’t we?”

He gave her a slap on the ass, straightening up.

“Turn around for me,” he ordered, “and bend down as far as you can go.”

He whistled in approval as Mia spun around for him and grabbed her ankles, the trace of a thong sticking out of her jeans.

“You take great care of yourself,” Jack said, moving in close behind her and touching her hips, which seemed to send an electric charge through her body, “how come you can't get what you need from your husband? He too small?”

He gently pulled her ponytail, to my surprise, pointing her face in the direction of my hiding place.

Did he *know*?

No. It was impossible. Unless she’d told him?

“He’s too small” she stammered, suddenly self-conscious about the fact that she was speaking about the man who was watching her, “and he’s too big of a wimp to really take what he wants.”

Jack chuckled in a deep voice.

“That’s too bad. If he’s not going to take his wife the way she needs to be taken, I guess it’s up to guys like me. True alphas.”

“God yes,” moaned Mia, rubbing her ass against his erection, which was now back to its full length, “take what you fucking need.”

“We need a little support for what I’ve got planned,” Jack said, “how about that shelf over there?”

He pointed directly at my hiding place.

“That’s perfect,” said Mia.

She walked slowly towards me, then grabbed the shelf, bracing herself against it while Jack moved around behind her. He reached down and unbuttoned her jeans, pulling them down over her ass and giving it a hard slap that caused Mia to cry out.

“Fuck. Yes. I love being spanked!”

“I bet you *do* you little slut. Your husband can’t take care of you like this.”

Another crack rang out in the warehouse. Then Mia let out a long, slow moan.

I couldn’t see it, but I knew: he was sinking into her.

“Oh. My. God,” she gasped, laughing a little, “it's so fucking *big*.”

“Didn’t you know what you were getting into when you were sucking me off just now?”

“Yes, but...”

“Just wait and see how it feels in your ass.”

“Oh my God. I can’t even imagine…”

“We’re going to do it, bitch,” laughed Jack, “I’m going to own all of your pretty little holes. None of them are going to belong to your husband any more.”

“They never did,” moaned Mia, as the rack of shelves began to jiggle in time with Jack’s thrusts, which were getting more and more rhythmic and insistent.

My view of the couple was obstructed now, because they were basically right below me, but I could hear the sounds of their fucking all the more clearly now: every breath, every spank, every thrust of Jack’s long, thick cock as it entered my wife.

“That’s it. Throw that ass back on that big dick. I love how you move.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned.

I knew my wife. I knew she was on the edge of climax. And he seemed to know, too.

“Fuck yeah, you little cheating slut. Come for me. Come on this big cock.”

She responded to his dominant command. I knew that his dominant, alpha posture was what made this man so fucking hot for my wife.

That and his big cock, of course.

“Yes… Oh god please, Jack.”

“Oh fuck. Oh yes…a little faster. I can’t believe how deep you’re going. Oh fuck. I dreamed of this so many times. You taking me from behind like this. Rough. Anywhere you want. Just take my pussy, Jack. It’s your property now. Just take it.”

He was grunting obscenities and panting as he took my wife hard.

“Little bitch. Cheating slut. You love this...”

This encounter was not affectionate now: It was completely primal.

“Yes, yes, yes,” moaned Jack, “fuck I love this pussy. You were always my favorite. Fuck that bitch Lydia.”

“Yeah,” panted Mia, “fuck her. Her pussy isn’t as good as mine. The one that *you* own now, Jack.”

He started slapping her ass in time with his thrusts, causing her to squirm and cry out. Mia was still so close to coming but not quite

there. It was like she was trying to hold it back for him, but from the tone of her voice it was clear that holding back was so hard. Almost as hard as the throbbing thick rod that was pummeling her pussy.

“Tell me that you *love* this cock, slut. Just admit how bad you wanted this. Tell me it’s better than your husband’s.”

Mia completely let go now, yelling in wanton lust. She obviously didn’t care where she was; if the other people in the warehouse could hear her. If her coworkers or supervisors knew that she was taking a big dick on company time.

“I love your cock, Jack,” she exclaimed as he continued to fuck her within an inch of her life, “I fucking admit it. I wanted your cock from the moment I met you. I’ve been imagining you taking me like this since the very first shift we had together. You’re so much bigger than my husband and I love it.”

“Oh shit yes,” he groaned, “keep talking dirty like that you little fucking whore. I’m so close…”

I was extremely aroused myself, stroking my own dick in time to the thrusts that were vibrating through the shelving unit up towards me. I loved the fact that Mia was that object of this man’s lust. I loved the fact that she had cared enough about my fetish to allow me to be here in person while she enjoyed his dick.

“I *need* your cock. Please, don’t hold back. I need to be fucked so fucking bad. Just give it to me. Yes, spank me please! Pull my hair. Just treat me like a little cheating married slut. I’m *your* married slut, Jack. Your dirty little secret. I want you to use all of my holes and then send me back to my husband like nothing happened. Send me back to him filled with your cum, Jack!”

“God damn…,” he groaned, “that’s it, Mia. This pussy is *so* fucking good.”

“Oh Jack,” she groaned, no longer able to hold back, “I can’t wait any longer. I’m going to cum on that big dick!!”

He pulled out suddenly. I knew because the pounding stopped and Mia cried out in frustration.

“Ok, *ok*, I’ll try. I’ll do my best to be a good girl and only cum when you tell me to, Jack.”

He slapped her ass.

“Why should I believe you, slut? How bad do you really want it?”

“Fuck… *please*? *Please* Jack? I *need* to come on your big dick so bad. I *need* it…”

“If you want it so bad, keep begging for it, slut,” he said.

Mia must have been in heaven and hell at the same time. Her pussy must have felt like it was about to explode. I know my balls did.

I dribbled precum over my closed fist as I stroked my shaft slowly. I’d never been more turned on in my life. Not even close.

“I *promise* to be your dirty little cheating slut,” she blurted, “I *promise* to take your cock and your cum *whenever* and *wherever* you want. In *any* hole that you want. I *promise* to be *yours* and *yours* alone. *Please* let me come? Please, Sir?”

Jack grabbed her and thrust into her even harder than before.

“Come for me you little slut. Don’t hold back any more,” he growled.

His command was all she’d been waiting for. It was as if the floodgates had been opened and Mia was washed away in a long, strong and forceful burst of pleasure.

“Thank you…oh THANK YOU,” she moaned, “Fuck *yes*, Jack. Thank you.”

She yelped in climax for at least a full minute, her moans slowly subsiding until she was a whimpering mess. I could tell that it had been one of the hardest releases of her life. At least the hardest one that I had been anywhere near.

“Thank you, Jack,” she moaned, “that was *so* fucking good. But I need your cum now, too, Jack. I need you to shoot a nice big load in my tight little pussy.”

“God yes,” he moaned, starting to move inside her again, “your pussy feels so amazing. Keep talking dirty to me you little cheating slut.”

“Only *you* are allowed to cum inside me, Jack. I’ll never let my husband, or any other man do it again. I want you to claim my pussy with your cum.”

“Oh God, Mia,” he moaned, “fuck, I’m so close. Tell me what you want, you little fucking whore.”

He was fucking her with long, smooth and slow strokes now whose power reverberated throughout the shelving unit.

Mia was more eager than ever to please him. I could tell that all she wanted was to make him shoot the biggest load of his life into her tight married cunt.

“Please fill me, Jack? *Please*? I need your cum so fucking bad. I think I’m going to come again when you shoot it inside me. Just grab my hips and pound me. Pound me like the dirty little fucking whore I am. I need your cum. I need you to claim my tight little married pussy,” she groaned.

“Oh GOD YES!!” he roared, slamming himself to the hilt as he exploded inside her.

“Oh yes. Jack. Give it to me. Shoot that fucking cum inside me. I want it so bad. Yes, I’m coming again!”

Mia’s moans filled my ears as she climaxed for the second time in less than five minutes. She was in total ecstasy as he pumped his seed into her fertile womb.

At the same time, I ejaculated, biting my lip to keep from crying out as I shot a load all over my hand.

“Oh Mia,” groaned Jack, the tension slowly leaving the room, “that was...incredible…”

“Mmmm,” moaned Mia, “that was a *lot* of cum, Jack. Do you feel better now, Sir? Did it feel good to drain those big heavy balls into my tight married pussy?”

“You bet it did. But we’d better get back to work now.”

“Right.”

For a moment, the two of them shuffled around somewhere below me, putting their clothes back in order. The scent of Mia’s sex, and Jack’s seed mingled with the scent of my own filled my nostrils.

A few minutes later, they walked casually back in the direction they’d come from, chatting softly. I guess they weren’t overly concerned about appearances.

I waited for a long time, until all I could hear was the hum of the warehouse lights and a ventilation fan somewhere off in the distance.

Then I cleaned myself off as best I could and slowly lowered myself to the ground. I had a crook in my neck, but I was otherwise unscathed from my activities as a voyeur.

My phone buzzed. It was a text from Mia.

*God, I hope you saw that! I'm going to be **so** sore tomorrow.*

I saw most of it, I responded, *but I heard all of it. And I can't wait to relive it with you tonight.*

Me too, babe. I love you so much for letting me do this.

I love you, too. I hope it won't be the only time.

The first time can't be the last time, can it? she replied.

Not if I have anything to do with it.

I made my way out the back exit and back to the car, still parked in the pitch-black parking lot. Then I drove home to pay the babysitter and wait for Mia to get off work.

A new chapter had opened in our lives, and an entire expanse of erotic possibility was waiting for us. I knew that we were going to have a blast exploring it together.

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.



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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.

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