
MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE
OLIVIA
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By Cynthia Sizemore

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MY FIRST TIME HOTWIFE: OLIVIA

Olivia, or Liv as she was called by her friends, was my second wife (technically speaking) but by far my favorite.

That was the joke we had developed together, right after we got married. On our honeymoon, standing in the moonlight out on the balcony of our hotel room in Cancun, I told her that she was my "favorite" – by which I meant favorite human being – and she interpreted it to mean that I preferred her over my first wife, Jessica, who had left me for another man three weeks after our marriage certificate had been signed.

We were lucky. The diocese had granted Jessica and me an annulment, which paved the way for my wedding to Liv two years later.

Jessica had quit her job as soon as we'd gotten married. Quit her job so as to have more time to cheat on me, as I later learned.

By contrast, my "favorite wife," Liv, was a lawyer. She was the youngest to ever make partner at her firm, but it had come at a cost to our relationship, namely long nights away from home. I myself had a carpentry workshop where I kept a strict 7am-4pm schedule. I was good at what I did and I didn't work cheap, but I would never make as much as Liv did, because there was no way *I* could bill a client $500/hour for talking on the phone to them like Liv did.

The funny thing was, I had no idea what she actually *did* all day. I mean, she told me, and tried to explain it, but I just couldn't figure out what she was talking about half the time. The best I could tell, her

firm was involved in writing contracts for companies that made deals with subsidiary versions of themselves in other countries, all so that they could shift around profits in one place to another place with lower taxes, and, by the same token, use the losses they'd suffered in one market to reduce the taxes they owed in another. Simple enough, really, but the details themselves were completely opaque to me.

That's ok, though. She thought that cutting dovetails was some kind of magic, even when I showed her that it involved precise measurement, if also a little artistic feeling.

We were a perfect match. We didn't have to understand each other's trades.

One more thing about Liv: she was hot. That's what made me approach her the first time I'd seen her, at a bar near a worksite that I'd just happened to step into. She didn't look like a lawyer in that environment, just like a hot girl out for a night on the town. She was 26 at the time, but could have passed for 18 with the way she was dressed, in a white tank top and short jean shorts. She wore her dirty blond hair loose around her shoulders and also had on a necklace that drew the eye to her ample cleavage. Lots of guys were checking her out, but I was the only one who went over and bought her a drink.

I've never been afraid of shooting my shot with women. What's the worst thing that can happen? They say no? They throw a drink in your face?

As it turned out, *this* hot blonde said *yes*, and just like that, the bad memory of Jessica was gone. Soon we'd moved in together and were making plans for the furniture I was going to build for the new house we were going to buy once Liv made partner.

Well, Liv had now made partner, and we now had our house. I'd even finished our bed frame, and was starting to draft plans for the dining room table. Everything seemed perfect.

Except for one thing: Liv's long hours started getting even longer. I asked her about this, and she explained it away by saying that the junior partners needed mentoring, and that it was her responsibility as a senior partner to do what was necessary to help them.

That made sense to me, even if I was disappointed about not seeing her more often. But then she dropped another hint about what these mentoring sessions involved that made me a little jealous.

“Sometimes I have to so some informal mentoring,” she said, “like take them to bars or clubs.”

Bars or *clubs*? Bars I could understand. Lawyers probably had to hang out in bars and restaurants sometimes with big-time clients. But clubs? What possible relevance could that have to the job?

“Liv, babe,” I said, “if you want to go dancing with your girlfriends, don’t let me stop you. But don’t try to pass it off as *work*.”

“It’s definitely work,” she laughed, “you have no idea how much corporate culture has changed over the past 20 years or so. It’s no longer just cigar smoking guys cutting deals for their clients in the country club locker room. We work with a lot of girlboss types who want to go out with us and scope out the hot bartenders around town.”

“Oh? And you’re an expert on that?”

“On what?”

“Scoping out hot bartenders,” I said, smiling at her smugly as if I’d caught her doing something naughty.

“I know a couple of them,” she said, fluttering her eyelashes in a mockery of innocence.

“Oh, really?”

“Really,” she said, “why, are you jealous?”

“You *know* I am,” I growled, pulling her towards me and giving her a playful slap on the bottom, “I don’t want my wife flirting with any *bartenders*.”

“Well then,” she said, “maybe next time you should come out with us to supervise.”

“Maybe I will.”

I gave her a long, slow and passionate kiss, running my hands along the small of her back and then down to her ass. She gave a yelp as I picked her up while still kissing her and backed her into the bedroom, throwing her down on our bed.

“Are you sure this thing can tolerate this?” she said, trying to provoke me.

“I used white oak and walnut for this baby,” I said, “and the finest time-tested joining methods. She could handle you and two more hot blondes at the same time, and there’d still be room for more.”

“Oh, so you want to have a threesome? With me and two hot blondes?”

“I think that would actually be a foursome,” I said, “three blondes and me…”

“I guess you carpenters have to be good at math,” she said, pulling at my trousers, “but for now, there’s only *one* blonde in this bed, so if you want to get lucky, that’s *all* you’re going to get.”

“I think I’d count myself pretty lucky with just one,” I said, reaching up under her shirt and feeling for her bra clasp, “not as lucky as the bartenders who get to flirt with you while I sit at home, but *pretty* lucky, still.”

“Those bartenders don’t get to do *this*,” she said, bringing my hand to her breast and closing her eyes in pleasure as I teased her nipple.

“I certainly *hope* they don’t,” I said, covering her with kisses as I pawed at my own zipper, “I bet none of them could ever fuck you like I do, either.”

“Oh?” she said, “how would you know that?”

“I’ll have to prove it to you,” I said, pushing her playfully onto her back and pinning her hands above her head with one of my own while I used the other to undo her jeans.

“But how will I know if I don’t have the chance to compare?” she asked provocatively.

Liv loved to tease. And she knew just how to get me going.

“Oh, you’d like that, huh?”

“What’s the matter? You get to fuck two – no, *three* – blondes in this bed, and I don’t get to fool around with a single bartender? That doesn’t seem fair.”

“Alright,” I said, leaning down and grabbing her jeans with both hands as I pulled them over her curvy hips, “it’s a deal. You get to fool around with a bartender, and I get to have sex with three girls in this bed.”

“Hey,” she said, “not just any three girls. One of them has to be me, remember?”

“Mm-hmm,” I said, just before I buried my face in her fragrant mound, drinking in her juices as I licked her wet slit.

“Fuck,” she moaned, “that feels great.”

“See? I’m going to make you forget all about that bartender. Whatever his name is.”

She groaned, then put her hand on the back of my head, guiding me as I pleasured her warm, tight hole.

“Thomas,” she gasped.

“What?”

My name is Robert.

“That’s his name…”

“All of a sudden, this bartender is starting to sound less like a fantasy and more like a real guy…”

“He is real,” she moaned, pushing my head back down, “and he’s a fantasy all at the same time.”

“How is that possible?”

“Because,” she said, “he’s sooo hot. But I’m positive he’s gay.”

“You’re positive?”

“Um-hm. Like 90% sure.”

“Why only 90%?”

“Because I haven’t seen him make out with any guys,” she said, “he’s just...too good looking to be straight. He spends too much time at the gym or something. Trust me. I know the type. I work with tons of gay guys at the firm. They make the best lawyers.”

“I trust your judgment. Gay guys make great carpenters, too. But I’m not sure that working out a lot makes you gay…”

“Forget it. He’s not gay. Not while you’re going down on me.”

“My goodness!” I said, feigning outrage, “you’re not going to think about fucking Thomas while I go down on you, are you?”

“Mm-hmm,” she moaned, “I know you love it when I’m a bad girl.”

It was true. From the beginning of our relationship, I’d loved the fact that Liv was so open about her sexuality. Despite the fact that my first wife had cheated, it didn’t bother me at all that my “favorite” wife shared her fantasies about other men. I was secure in our relationship. After all: Liv had plenty of money. She could have left me anytime she wanted if that was her desire. But she didn’t. She stayed with me, because she loved me. The talk about other guys

was just that: talk. Besides, I loved to tease her about the other blondes that I was going to bed.

“Then you’d better close your eyes and think about him,” I said, “but only if you share every dirty detail afterwards while I fuck you within an inch of your life.”

“I promise to tell you all about it,” she moaned as my tongue teased her clitoris, “but only if you really *do* fuck me within an inch of my life.”

“You can bet on it,” I growled, burying my face in her muff once again, drinking in my wife’s delicious fragrance.

I had a huge hard-on imaging her getting fucked by a hot bartender. I had no idea what this “Thomas” even looked like, but I imagined him with a six-pack and a shaven chest, holding my hot blonde wife down while he forced a huge cock into her tight cunt. I didn’t have a gay bone in my body, but like lots of guys, I enjoyed the fantasy of seeing my wife encounter a truly large penis, the kind that would present a challenge. Liv was far from sexually inexperienced, as her “party girl” background made obvious, but she also never talked about size preference very much. I’m pretty average down there myself, neither really big nor small, so I don’t give it too much thought. Like most guys, I wouldn’t complain if I had an extra two inches or so, but I’m pretty happy with what the good Lord gave me.

“Just like that,” moaned Liv, continuing to control where I put my tongue by guiding me gently with her hand.

“What’s he doing to you now?”

“Later…” she gasped, “after…”

So she wanted me to make her come first, before she told me all the dirty details of her fantasy, did she? Alright, I guess that was what I was going to have to do.

I knew how to drive Liv crazy. She wasn’t into anal, but she loved having her butt played with while I went down on her. Today, I decided to take things a step further, and do something that I’d never done before: I slipped a finger inside her sopping wet pussy to stimulate her g-spot, then I began to tongue her asshole.

The response was immediate.

“Oh my fucking God! You fucking *bastard*! I’m going to…”

Other people might find it weird that my wife called me a “bastard” when I was about to make her climax, but you have to remember that Liv is a lawyer, and is used to being in control. Even in the bedroom. That doesn’t mean that she tries to dominate me or anything like that, but it does mean that she likes to be able to determine when she’s going to climax on her own. She loves to have a man take control and fuck her like he wants to, but it always happens on her own terms, and she’s always the one who has the final say over when she comes.

So this new move – my tongue teasing her asshole – had caught her by surprise and pushed her ever closer to climax, totally against her will.

“Fuck you, Rob. God damn it, I’m coming!”

Her back arched and she let out a tiny moan, a whimper, really. Unlike a lot of girls I’d been with in the past, and unlike my first wife, Liv didn’t make a lot of noise in bed. Maybe that was all tied to her love of maintaining control. But that didn’t mean that she wasn’t enjoying herself. Over the years, I’d learned to read her signs, to understand when she was having a powerful orgasm and when she wasn’t. And the thing about Liv was that she was multi-orgasmic. A lot of women are, of course, but for Liv, it could just go on and on. I loved the idea of seeing just how far things could go, just how many orgasms she could have…

This particular orgasm, however, was now over, and I pulled my mouth away from her pussy and wiped it on the back of my hand before crawling up to give her a kiss.

“That was so fucking hot,” she said, “you bastard. Did you really lick my *asshole*?”

“It’s called ‘eating ass’ and all the cool kids do it these days.”

She wrinkled her nose.

“I hate that term. But I love how it feels.”

“Duly noted.”

She reached down and stroked my erection, guiding it between her legs.

“Are you ready to fuck me hard?”

“Are you ready to tell me about you and Thomas?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, “hold me down while you rail me.”

I had to smile. She always wanted to be in control. Even when she was asking to be held down and used words like “rail” to describe how she wanted to be fucked, it was all on her terms.

“Yes, ma’am.”

I pinned her hands above her head and thrust deep into her pussy, savoring the warm, wet sensation of the initial penetration.

“He comes up behind me on the dance floor,” she began, her eyes tightly closed and her breath hot on my ear, “and he grinds into me from behind. He whispers in my ear. Tells me he thinks I’m beautiful, and that he has to have me. Now.”

I was concentrating so hard on not climaxing prematurely while my wife told me this incredibly hot and taboo fantasy that I wasn’t able to respond in words. I merely grunted “mm-hmmm.”

“And then his hands are on my hips, and we’re moving to the music, and I feel his bulge. It’s huge and hard, and I don’t know how he’s going to fit inside me. But I want him to. My panties are already soaked through after only a minute or so of dancing with him. Then he spins me around and gives me a kiss. I ask him where we can go. He takes me by the hand and leads me off to the back of the bar. Everyone sees us leave the dance floor. Everyone knows that he’s taking me off to get fucked. I feel like such a slut. A married woman about to get taken like a cheap barroom whore in the back room somewhere, but Thomas is impossible to resist.”

“Fuck,” I grunted, “you… are… so… hot…”

“Mm,” she said, smiling a bit, “don’t get too excited yet, honey. I want you to hold out until I finish my story.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

She pushed me back a bit and reached down, holding the base of my cock. I twitched a couple of times, and then the immediate pressure of impending orgasm subsided. It was a trick that Liv had used on me a couple of times, when I was on the edge of premature ejaculation, and it worked.

Once again, I was rock hard, but felt like I could go forever.

“Fuck me, honey.”

I started my assault on my wife’s pussy once again. I’m happy to say that my joinery was solid: the solid walnut bed didn’t creak in the slightest, but it did begin to slam into the wall with each thrust. That

wasn't something that I could avoid, even with the best carpentry skills, unless I bolted the bed to the floor. But who the hell would do something like that to vintage red oak floors?

"He takes me to the back room, to a dark hallway, and he grabs my hands and puts them on his bulge. At the same time, he kisses me and presses me against the wall while I undo his belt. His hands are on my nipples and he's driving me crazy. He knows just how to touch me, babe."

"Tell me about his cock," I said.

"He's big. And so hard. He points up at the perfect angle to hit my g-spot."

"How big?"

"Bigger… than… you."

"Fuck, Liv. That's so hot. Would you like that?"

Liv knew that I was secure enough to hear a fantasy like this one without losing all my confidence as a man. At least I thought I was…I was pretty sure, anyway.

"I think...I'd like to try it once...with him."

"God that gets me so hard. I need to see that."

"You're kidding."

"I'm not."

"God, Rob. Just *fuck* me."

I drilled into her, fucking her as hard as I could as she gasped out the rest of her filthy fantasy.

"He tells me to turn around and bend over. I brace myself against the wall and he hikes up my skirt and pushes my panties to the side. He slides into me. It feels so good to be stretched by him. I start to come almost immediately. You know how I get. I just can't help it. He grabs my hips. I tell him to get rough. That he can do whatever he wants with me. When I get in that state, I can't control myself."

In that moment, she had one of her small, yelping orgasms. I paused my thrusting out of necessity, because she was so tight that I couldn't move inside her while she came. She looked up at me, her face flushed, then gave me a huge smile.

"Did you mean what you said," she said, her breathing ragged, "when you said that you *needed* to see him fuck me?"

My cock was hard and buried in my wife's tight wet warm pussy. I wasn't exactly doing my best thinking, as they say. But I also wasn't in a position to lie. Any kind of self-censoring or second-guessing that I might have normally done was out of the question.

"Yes," I gasped, "I… I want to see him fuck you. To see you fuck him. To see you fuck each other."

"Mm," she said, "I love that. I love that this fantasy is making you lose your mind."

"Who said it has to be a fantasy?" I said, starting to move inside her again, "I mean, if you really want to do it, I see no reason to deny yourself the pleasure. Unless you don't really want to…"

She gasped as I started slamming her into the mattress again, unable to control myself any longer.

"Are you serious…"

"Yes. Let's go to the bar some night and you can seduce him while I watch…."

"Oh my God. I can't do that…he's too gorgeous. And he's gay…"

"If he's really gay, then we forget about it. We have a fun night out and stop at that. But if he's not, you invite him back to our hotel suite. I'll be in the adjoining room watching…"

"That's so...diabolically...perfect," she moaned, approaching another orgasm, "I love it. We have to do this. Thomas is… working...*tomorrow*!"

She yelped this final word in the same tone of voice that signaled her orgasm, and in the same moment, I unload inside her, emptying myself into her in the most intense orgasm that I could remember having.

Something had happened between us. It was a new stage in our relationship. Or a new fantasy.

Something.



WE BOTH FELL asleep after that, and, the next morning, Liv was in the shower when I opened my eyes. I had a lot of work to do that morning in the shop, so I was anxious to get there as well.

Consequently, we didn't talk a lot once she got out, but there was a gleam in her eyes as she kissed me good morning.

"That was...pretty amazing last night," she said, "I really had fun with you."

"Me too," I said, taking her in my arms, "I'm going to be thinking about it all day."

"Just watch yourself around the table saw, big guy. Those fingers are too skilled for you to lose a single one."

"Ha ha. You know safety in the shop is always my number one priority."

"Good."

Right before she went out the door, Liv gave me a huge grin.

"What?"

"*What*, what?"

"Why are you smiling like that?"

"It's just...I was remembering our date tonight."

"Oh," I said, "I wasn't sure if that was just...horny talk."

"It definitely was *that*," she said, "but I also really want to do it...unless…"

"No unless," I said, "I'll take you to dinner, then we'll go to the bar. I'll pick you up at work. So you better bring something to change into."

"I already have the perfect outfit at the office. For when I go out with clients, you know."

"Oh. I should have known."

"Don't worry," she added hastily, "I'm always a good girl. Unless my husband wants me to be naughty…"



I WORKED UNTIL 4PM, my normal day in the shop, then immediately booked a hotel suite close to Liv's office. Thankfully, Liv's job means that I don't have to care too much about dropping $400 on a single night's stay, unlike what I used to be able to afford in my life as a single carpenter, or for the three weeks I was married to Jessica.

I went and got the key cards, and made sure that everything was set up perfectly. There was a front suite area with a couch and a kitchenette, and one bed. There was another room adjoining it, without a door, but it was far enough away that if they didn't enter it for any reason, I'd be able to use it as a hiding place to watch the lovers undisturbed.

It seemed like a crazy plan. What was I doing? Was I really ready for this?

I shrugged my shoulders there in the empty room, as if to reassure myself.

This is something we both want, I thought to myself, *so who cares if it's crazy or taboo. And I don't think that Thomas is going to mind getting some pussy. Unless, of course, he really is gay and Liv is right about everything.*

Yes, that was the big "what if" factor: what if Thomas didn't like girls at all, even leggy blondes like my wife with huge racks.



We went to a Japanese place for dinner. I had a cold soba noodle salad, and Liv went for a small plate of sashimi and a miso soup. She didn't want to be too full for the long night that we both hoped would be ahead of us.

"If he's down to fuck," she said casually, "it probably won't be until after his shift. And the bars close here...when? Like 2:00AM?"

"Yep," I said, drawing on my experiences as a younger man who used to go bar hopping, "there's a lot of time between then and now."

We decided to take our time at the restaurant, ordering a few sakes and a cocktail each. We held hands under the table, staring into each other's eyes.

"I love that you're wearing that big engagement ring and wedding band," I said, "think he'll notice?"

"I don't know," she said, "maybe, maybe not. I love it too, though. It makes everything so much naughtier. So wrong and yet so right…"

People watching us might have thought we had just started dating and were madly in love. And in a sense, it was true. We'd only

just discovered an entirely new aspect of sexuality to explore together, and that felt like a new beginning. An entirely new relationship.

Finally, around 9:30, we could feel the eyes of our waiter on us. We'd been there for a long time, and even though we'd ordered a lot, it was time to clear the table for other guests. We paid our bill – I tipped well – and headed out into the night. We were going to walk to the bar, which was only a few blocks away.

"God, I'm nervous," said Liv, "I mean, how am I going to do this?"

"How do you usually pick up guys?"

"I don't. *They* pick *me* up. And the last guy to do that was *you*, silly!"

"We'll have some more drinks when we get there," I said, "and you'll figure things out. But I don't want you getting sloppy drunk."

"I won't. I *can't*. I've got to FaceTime with the Hong Kong office tomorrow afternoon."

"Perfect."

The bar itself was nothing special. It was one of those exposed brick and Edison-blub joints that has taken over the entire country in the past decade or so. The woodwork, I noted, was totally uninspired and cheap. I wondered if I knew any of the guys who had put in the bar. Probably not, I guessed, artisans they weren't. Probably just subcontractors looking to get the job done as quickly and cheaply as possible. Not that I blamed them. After all, the lights were low and the deep stain hid any mistakes they might have made.

While I was staring at the woodwork of the bar counter itself, Liv was staring at a bartender. He was shorter than I'd imagined, and he definitely didn't have a six pack. His hair was thinning, and he seemed tired of life.

"That's Thomas?"

"No," she said, a look of dismay crossing her face, "he's not…"

Just then, a man stepped up behind us. He was tall, handsome and wearing a skin-tight t-shirt that accentuated his trained pecs. He was in his early thirties, like us. He had sharp blue eyes and a square jaw.

"Hi, folks," he said with a grin, "would you like a table tonight, or are you fine sitting at the bar?"

He had two menus in his hand, which he offered to us.

“Oh,” said Liv, blushing visibly, “I think...we’re fine with the bar, right?”

“Yeah,” I said, “we already ate, thanks.”

“Well,” said the man, “if you change your mind, just let me know. But for now, what can I get you to drink? My name’s Thomas, by the way.”

“I know,” blurted Liv, “I want a gin and tonic.”

“I thought I’d seen you here before,” said Thomas, smiling, “last week, right? With that girl from out of town. Beth?”

“That’s her,” Liv said, recovering a bit, “she can get a little...forward when she drinks. I hope we didn’t scare you off…”

“Oh, that? No. Don’t worry about it. I don’t really like to take advantage of drunk customers, but I found it flattering all the same.”

“Beth came up and stuck her phone number in his shirt pocket,” said Liv, turning to me, “she had a couple of shots before that.”

Thomas smiled, then turned to me.

“And what can I get you, sir?”

“I’ll have a Miller, from the tap,” I said.

“Very good.”

He turned away to get our drinks.

“Oh my God,” said Liv, “he remembered me and Beth. I’m kind of embarrassed. She was sloppy drunk.”

“But it sounds like he wasn’t against it. Just that he didn’t want to date rape her.”

“You’re right…,” she said, thinking, “he could have said that he didn’t like girls. But he didn’t…”

“He probably gets propositioned a lot, looking like he does.”

“Maybe.”

“He saw us together, though,” I said, “doesn’t that ruin our plan a bit? Like, didn’t you want him to think you were alone?”

“It doesn’t have to,” she said, “you can have a drink and then leave. Wait in the hotel room. I’ll text you if it works out, and if it doesn’t, we’ll just have our own little party in the room.”

“Perfect.”

A few minutes later, Thomas returned with the drinks. I drank my beer quickly, then gave Liv a kiss on the cheek, slipping her the key

card for the hotel suite.

“See you in a while,” I said, “just text me if you need anything.”

“I love you, babe,” she said, giving me a kiss.

She had a positively giddy look on her face. This was going to be fun. For the both of us. Even if it didn’t end up working out for some reason, we’d have a lot to chat about when we were finally together again.

Whatever happened that night, the next time we had sex, it was going to be *amazing*.



In the hotel suite, I grabbed a bourbon from the minibar and sat in the dark in the adjoining room, experimenting with angles to make sure that I could see most of the main room with the kitchenette while simultaneously not being seen.

Finally, I had things worked out perfectly. I could see about ¾ of the room, but not absolutely every part of the area with the sofa. If they decided to make out while watching TV, I might be out of luck. But, then again, I might be out of luck anyway. It had been over an hour, and I hadn’t heard anything from Liv.

Then, around midnight, I got a text.

We’re on our way, she wrote, *tell you more later.*

My heart pounded in my chest. It seemed like it was really going to happen. I almost couldn’t believe it.

I responded with a short message: *I’m ready*.

I took a quick trip to the bathroom and washed my hands and face, then I took my seat in the darkened room and stared at the door, waiting.

About a quarter of an hour later, the door opened, and I heard Liv’s giggle as she walked into the room.

“I must have left the light on,” she said, quickly covering for my mistake, “whoops!”

“Where did you husband go?” asked Thomas, looking around the room a bit nervously.

Fuck. Did he suspect what was going on?”

“Do you mean that guy at the bar with me? He’s a contractor doing some work on my house. My husband is back in Boston.”

So she was pretending to be from out of town. A dangerous game, but it at least explained why she had a huge hotel suite.

“Cool, cool,” said Thomas, grabbing her by the hips and pulling her in for a long kiss on the lips.

Not so gay after all, I thought.

I watched his hands explore my wife’s ass, grinding her crotch on his. I wondered if he really had a huge cock, like in Liv’s fantasy. I guess I’d find out soon enough.

I was already completely hard, sitting in that chair. For a moment, I felt strange. What was I supposed to do in a situation like this? Jerk off? What if he came into the room on a whim? I would look like a pervert. He’d probably recognize me from the bar and put two and two together. The whole thing would be ruined.

We were taking a risk, that was clear. But it was one worth taking.

I watched his hands wander under Liv’s skirt. She was wearing a tight black leather miniskirt, a form-fitting red blouse and black pumps. It was a classic look. Under her skirt, as Thomas quickly discovered, she had a red thong that matched her shirt.

He gave her a playful slap on the ass.

“Ooh,” cooed Liz, “you can do that harder if you want. I love a nice spanking. I’m a very bad girl, after all. Cheating like this.”

“You are, aren’t you? Well maybe I should take you in hand, since your husband isn’t here to do it.”

Liv loved rough sex, when she was in the mood for it, and it was clear that she was in the mood for it now.

“Then I guess you’d better start punishing me,” she said, “nothing gets me wetter.”

He smiled.

“Bend over the couch,” he ordered, directing her to the sofa.

Liv complied, glancing into the darkened room where I was sitting as she did so, and, for a brief moment, locking eyes with me. Of course, what she saw was probably just a dark room. But I saw her eyes, burning with desire and the taboo secret that we shared.

He hiked up her skirt all the way to her back and then slowly lowered her thong, taking his time. I knew that Liv loved this kind of

treatment: submitting to a guy on her own terms. He thought that he was in control, but *she* was the one directing the show.

He slapped her ass a couple of times, hard. She cried out in delight.

“Oh, fuck yes. Punish me. I’m a naughty little cheating slut.”

“This isn’t a punishment, though, is it?” he said, smacking her ass again, then sliding a finger slowly into her tight, wet slit, “you’re soaking wet.”

“So maybe I am,” she said, “maybe I like being a bad girl. But I can also show you what a good girl I can be.”

“Why don’t you do that, then,” he said, reaching down and undoing his belt.

It was clear what she meant, and a moment later, she’d spun around and was on her knees, helping him with his pants.

I had a front-row seat for my wife giving another man a blow job. I swallowed in anticipation as his belt was finally unfastened and his jeans were unbuttoned. Liv paused for a moment, smiling up at him.

“Time to see what you’re packing. It certainly *felt* really big…”

“I guess it’s pretty big,” he said, suddenly self-conscious, “I mean, I hope you’re not disappointed. If you’re some kind of size queen or something…”

“I might be a bit of a size queen,” she said, “but don’t worry. My husband is totally normal and I’m very satistifed with him.”

“If that’s the case, why were you so eager to get me into bed?”

“Because variety is the spice of life, silly…”

She tugged at his pants and they came down his legs, along with his underwear, freeing a large, thick cock that was already at half mast and was growing before our eyes.

“Oh, wow,” said Liv.

Her astonishment was genuine. She wasn’t putting on a show for his benefit.

“You… like it?”

It was funny that a guy with a cock the size of Thomas’s could seem so insecure.

“It’s magnificent,” said Liv, pulling it towards her face and giving it several kisses along the shaft, “more than enough. Trust me.”

“You’re not just saying that? I mean, a lot of girls tell me that I’m the biggest they’ve ever been with, but I thought that was just something that everyone says.”

“Trust me,” she said again, “it’s big enough for any girl. Probably too big for some. How long is it, anyway?”

“I don’t know,” he said, running his fingers through her hair as she began to fellate him, “like maybe 9 and a half inches?”

Yep. There was no doubt about it. Thomas was packing. It remained to be seen if he knew how to use it, though.

Liv, for her part, certainly knew how to suck a cock. She was worshiping him, moaning in satisfaction as she slobbered on his shaft, the spit dripping off of it as she took him as deeply as she could. She had overcome her gag reflex long ago, but that didn’t mean it was easy to take something that thick into her throat, and I could tell that she was struggling, yet determined.

“God,” he moaned, “you’re so good at that. Better than any other girl I’ve been with.”

“I doubt that,” said Liv, taking a short breather, “I bet there are some little bar sluts who can suck cock better than I can.”

“I haven’t met them yet if there are,” said Thomas, and then bent down to give my wife a long kiss.

“You’re going to have to stop doing that,” he said, breaking the kiss, “or I’m going to come. I need a break.”

“Don’t you dare come yet,” said Liv, looking up at him, “I need to feel that monster inside me.”

He nodded, and she stood up, taking a few moments to wriggle quickly out of her clothes.

“Should I wear a condom?” he asked, looking at her hesitantly.

“No,” she said, “I need to feel you raw.”

Damn. She was feeling risky! The note of lust in her voice made my cock even harder. I started stroking myself through my pants. I felt a little self conscious about jerking off to the sight of the two people in the other room, even if they couldn’t see me.

“I want to ride you,” said Liv, “sit down there.”

She pushed him onto the sofa and climbed on top of him. Unfortunately, because of the angle, I could only see Thomas’s legs and the back half of my wife’s body. I couldn’t see his long, thick pole

slide into her tight wet cunt, but I could imagine it very well, especially because I heard Liv cry out for him to slow down.

“Sorry,” he said, a bit sheepish.

“It’s ok,” she said, “it’s just that you’re so big. It’s better if I control things.”

“Ok,” he said.

She lowered herself a bit more, and then threw back her head and gave a long, low moan.

“Oh God. You’re stretching me so good. I’ve never felt this full.”

“Fuck you’re tight. You feel so fucking good.”

“Yeah,” she moaned, almost unable to talk from the sound of it, “you’re big. This is a huge fucking cock.”

“Bigger than your husband?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, and, to my surprise, followed this admission with the small yelp that signaled her orgasm.

“Oh God,” he groaned, “you just got really tight. Did you just….?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, bouncing on him a little faster now, “I just came. I just came on your big fucking dick, and I’m about to do it again…”

She bit her lip bouncing up and down on him again, then cried out with another telltale yelp.

“Oh fuck. I can’t believe it. I’m coming again. I can’t...stop… coming…”

I watched as Liv orgasmed four or five times in a row. It was a site that I’d seen maybe once or twice in my life, when we’d experimented with a powerful vibrator. Afterwards, Liv had told me that the experience had been too intense, and left her sore for days. I wondered if that was what was about to happen here, as well.

“OH GOD,” she moaned, holding on to him now.

She was still on top, but he was doing the work now, slamming into her from below, holding her close as his cock went all the way up inside her.

“You’re so deep. You’re hitting places… I never…. Oh shit!”

And, just like that, another wave of orgasms washed over her. Liv’s face flushed red, then her eyes took on a glassy, pale look. She was somewhere else entirely. On another planet of lust.

“Shit,” she said, “I need… God damn...that was so intense.”

He slowed down, holding her there on his lap, still buried inside her from what I could tell. Even in that totally stationary position, Liv experienced *another* orgasm.

“It’s almost too much,” she said, “but I want you to come inside me. Oh God, I need you to come inside me.”

“Talk...dirty to me,” panted Thomas, starting to assault her cunt again from below.

“What do you want to hear, big guy? That you’re bigger than my husband? That you’ve got the best cock I’ve even been with? That I’m going to be ruined for other men after this? That you’ve convinced me that I’m a size queen, and that I can never go back to an average dick?”

It was hard to tell exactly what had made the difference, but it was clear that she’d hit on the exact combination of words that drove Thomas crazy, because a moment later, he was groaning, and Liv had a huge smile of satisfaction on her face.

“Good boy,” she said, “I’m really wet down there all of a sudden. You must have really filled me.”

“It was a lot,” he said, chuckling.

The two exchanged some affectionate words that I couldn’t hear, kissing each other tenderly like old lovers as they basked in the afterglow.

If anything made me jealous, it was this: seeing the two of them share this private moment, whispering words that I couldn’t hear.

After a while, though, Liv slowly dismounted and wrapped herself in a robe, but not before returning to her knees quickly and sucking the last bit of cum from the tip of Thomas’s prick.

“I always clean up my messes,” she said, smiling mischievously.

“Fuck,” he said, “you’re amazing. I hope you’ll call me again the next time you’re in town.”

“I’ve got your number,” she said, “but right now, you should go. I’ve got a call with Hong Kong tomorrow, and I need my sleep.”

“Ok,” said Thomas, the regret as palpable in his voice as it was legible on his face, “but if you feel like doing something tomorrow morning maybe…”

“I’ll think about it.”

A moment later he had his clothes on, and was standing next to the door.

“Bye,” she said, giving him a kiss.

“Bye,” he said, giving her a slap on the butt, “until next time.”

“Yeah,” she said, “until next time.”



As soon as the door was closed and bolted, Liv walked straight into the room where I was sitting and turned on the light. She untied the robe and threw it onto the floor as she walked straight over to me and straddled me, giving me a long kiss.

“God, that was hot, babe,” she said, “I can’t believe how hard he made me come.”

“I know,” I said, “I saw.”

“I want you so bad, babe.”

“Are you sure? Aren’t you...you know...sore?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, “but I’m also drunk, so I think you should take advantage of that fact and use me for your pleasure.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I said, teasing her nipples.

I stood up from the chair, carrying her in my arms, and threw her backwards onto the bed. I stripped off my pants and was about to enter her, but she stopped me.

“Why don’t you do what you did the other night?”

“Go down on you?”

“Yeah.”

“But he just came inside you.”

“So?”

“So...won’t it be weird?”

“I think it’s kind of hot,” she said, “and you can also do...that other thing.”

“You mean...eat your ass?”

“Do you have to call it that? But yeah, that’s exactly what I mean.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

I dove down between her legs. I’d had enough beer and bourbon that night to not think too hard about the fact that I was about to eat

another man's sperm out of my wife's cunt. I just started lapping at her swollen, wet slit and enjoyed the sounds that she made.

"That's so good, babe," she said, "a little lower…"

The first glob of sperm that hit my tongue almost made me retch, but I got used to the taste quickly. Like I said, the alcohol helped. That and the fact that I've never been the type of guy to really get grossed out by sex stuff. I just do what feels good in the moment and roll with things.

After a few minutes, I could feel Liz getting closer.

"Do that thing, babe," she moaned.

I went down even further, pushing my tongue into her tight rosebud as she yelped in orgasm. It felt great to be able to give her another orgasm even after the string of climaxes she'd already experienced with Thomas.

"I want you...inside me now," she said.

I pulled myself up between her legs and sank into her, the slickness of her cunt swallowing my member. It could have been my imagination, but she felt looser than before. Then again, how could she *not* be loose, after taking that gigantic cock inside her?

I realized that that slickness of her cunt was due to the fact that Thomas's cum was acting as lubricant.

This is why they call it "sloppy seconds," I thought.

"God yes. I love you, babe. That was incredible, wasn't it? I mean, he made me come so hard…"

"I love you too," I sighed, slamming into her now with my full force.

I hoped the hotel bed was as solid as the bed at home that I'd made.

"Yes, I'm so close. Oh God. I feel so close to you, babe!"

That last line made me lose control. Despite everything else, despite the size of Thomas's dick and his six-pack abs, she still loved me.

And I loved Liv.

In that moment, a minor miracle occurred. It's a miracle that happens all the time, all over the world, but every time it does, it's special nonetheless.

Liv and I climaxed together. I spent myself inside her, reclaiming her again.

“Rob,” she said, as we lay together in the afterglow, “that was so incredible. Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me,” I said, “I had a great time, too. But you know you have to do something for me, now, don’t you?”

“What?”

She looked up at me from the crook of my arm with tired eyes. It had been an exhausting night.

“You have to find two more blondes so we can really test out the bed at home.”

“Oh, stop it!” she said, “you don’t get two blondes if I only got one Thomas.”

“Maybe next time we can get you another Thomas,” I said, tickling her, “I think you might like that.”

“I don’t know if my pussy could handle it, to be honest. But the fantasy does excite me. Let’s talk more about this. Tomorrow...after my call with Hong Kong…”

And we drifted off to sleep in each other’s arms.

It was the beginning of something big, something new. For me and my *favorite* wife, Olivia.

THE END

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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.