

MY GIRLFRIEND goes WILD

(while I watch)

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

MY GIRLFRIEND GOES WILD (WHILE I WATCH)

By Cynthia Sizemore

This is a work of fiction. Names, businesses, places, and events are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. All characters are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo is licensed from a stock photo website. All persons appearing on the cover image for this book are models and do not have any connection to the contents of this story.

© 2020, Cynthia Sizemore. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embedded in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Table of Contents

MY GIRLFRIEND GOES (WILD WHILE I WATCH)

Other books by Cynthia Sizemore

MY GIRLFRIEND GOES (WILD WHILE I WATCH)

It was the first day back from winter break junior year that Madison sent that fateful text.

Alex, we need to talk, she wrote.

Every boyfriend knows exactly what *that* means.

Only in this case, it turned out to be a bit different than I thought. Different in a way that was good. And then bad. And then ultimately good again. In a bad way.

Instead of trying to explain the ambivalent feelings I have about what happened between Madison and I, I should just tell the story.

I couldn't deny that Madison was the one with the upper hand in our relationship. The reason was simple. She was an extremely attractive blonde in her early 20s, probably at the peak of her sexual appeal, and I was a… well, what was I? I sometimes wondered why she was even dating me. I guess it had to do with my potential. I was an engineering student at a top university, so my future salary was all but guaranteed to be sky high compared to all the psychology and even business majors she usually hung out with.

Other than that, I was pretty normal.

That winter break, Madison had been home visiting her family near the university we both attended, and I'd traveled to the opposite coast to visit my own. We'd stayed in constant touch via text, and also talked almost once a day via FaceTime.

Almost.

There was one night — the night that turned out to be particularly important — that we didn't talk.

New Year's Eve. We both went to parties with separate groups of friends, and never got a chance to speak with each other on the big night. Madison had been sort of vague about what she'd done

that night, but I hadn't given her all of the details of what I'd done, either, mainly because it involved smoking pot with my friends, and I knew that she disapproved of marijuana use.

So it didn't bother me *that* much that Madison also hadn't been extremely forthcoming about her New Year's Eve experience.

Until now.

Fuck, I thought, on my way to her dorm to "talk," *she's* ***definitely*** *going to break up with me*.

As it turned out, I was both very right and very wrong about that particular intuition.

"Come here," Madison said, when I'd finally made it up to her dorm room, my heart pounding in anticipation, "sit next to me."

She put her hand on my thigh. I hadn't been expecting this kind of affection from someone who I assumed was going to break up with me.

I leaned in for a kiss, and she reciprocated, but without a huge amount of passion.

"I need to talk to you about something," she whispered, "I… did something kind of bad on New Year's."

"Ok," I said, already fearing the worst, "what do you mean, exactly?"

"First you have to promise not to be mad at me."

"I can't promise that until I know what you're talking about," I said, starting to feel a bit defensive.

What kind of push–over did she take me for?

"Well," she continued, "you know that guy from my high school. The guy I told you about who used to tease me?"

"Sure… Jared? That was his name, right?"

"Good memory! Yeah, Jared! He invited me to hang out with him and his friends at this house party they were having. I went with Emily. You remember her? The cute redhead? I suspected that

Jared was trying to use me to get to her but it turned out that she was just as into him as he was into her…"

"Madison," I said, "what exactly do you have to tell me? This is killing me…"

I didn't want to come out and ask her if she cheated, because I was afraid she'd resent the accusation if she actually hadn't and this was all somehow just a big misunderstanding.

"I'll get to that. I'm just trying to set the stage for you so you'll understand," she said, still with her leg on my thigh.

"Anyway," Madison continued, "turns out that Jared and Emily kind of like each other, and the only other people at the party were all couples, so I was left feeling like the third wheel. I hate that!"

I nodded in sympathy.

"So Jared and Emily and I were watching a movie in one room, and the next thing I know, they're full–on making out and she's actually straddling him, grinding against him on his lap. Even though we were all a little tipsy, it was too much to ignore, and I was like, 'guys, do you need to get a room or something?' And Emily was all like, 'why bother? I know that Jared likes to show off.'"

"Show off…how?"

"That was my question, too," said Madison, licking her lips a bit, "and Emily just said, 'let us show you.'"

"So you sat there watching them make out?"

"Mmm–hmm. I even muted the TV so I could hear better. It didn't take long for Jared to have Emily's shirt totally off. He did a great job of playing with her tits."

She slid her hand over towards my cock, which was starting to get quite hard due to the vivid picture she was painting.

"Are you imagining Emily's nice, big ripe tits? She's so pale, and her nipples are so small and pink. Much smaller than you might expect. Jared had them totally erect and was teasing them so good…"

I had to admit, it *was* a very erotic image. I still wasn't sure, however, where all of this was leading. Was she going to let the other shoe drop and admit to cheating, or was this really about some kind of voyeuristic thing that turned her on so much she had to talk about it? I was in a state of suspense and it was killing me.

"Jared was licking Emily's nipples, and she was making these cute little sounds. I have to admit that I was a little jealous. We were all drinking, and you *know* how horny I get when I drink."

I did know, and that knowledge only contributed to my apprehension about what she was going to tell me.

"So…," she continued, "Emily had told me a little secret about Jared. A secret that she'd heard from Ashley, his ex. You see…"

She was stroking my cock now through my pants.

"Jared has a big cock. Like a *really* big one."

"Ok," I said, not sure why she was telling me this.

"Oh, don't be mad, honey. I still like your little guy."

She smiled, looking down at the bulge in my pants affectionately.

"But I have to admit that I was as curious as Emily to find out if the rumors were true."

"And so after making out for a while, Jared asked Emily if they should go somewhere else a little more private. That's where I decided to do something a little naughty. I told them that they should do whatever they were going to do right there in front of me."

"So…you watched them…have sex?"

My breathing was ragged with arousal.

"I'll get to that," she smiled, "but first, let's get these pants off."

She unbuttoned my pants and pulled them down, taking my underwear with them, then smiled as my erection sprang up. I

couldn't help but read a note of condescension into her smile, and I wondered if she might have been comparing me to Jared.

"So," she said, grabbing my cock and playing with it as the precum began to coat my shaft, "at first, Jared was shocked, but Emily explained to him that we were both just curious about whether or not the rumors were true. He smiled at her and said that in that case, he was more than happy to show us."

Madison reached into her tights now and started playing with her clit as she continued the story.

"He stood up and dropped his pants, and I actually gasped in surprise when I saw it. It was like one of those porno dicks. Except it was real."

"Did…you do something…with them?"

"No, honey. I would never cheat. Not without your permission, that is."

I would ponder that line for a long time afterwards, but for now she had me on the edge of orgasm and extremely curious about what had happened next.

"And so we asked him to stroke it for us. It looked so amazing. I couldn't help myself, Alex. I put my hand in my pants and started playing with myself. Then Emily asked if she could touch his cock, and Jared guided her hand to it. It looked so huge and nice and thick compared to her petite little hand. Then she looked up into his eyes and asked him so sweetly if she could suck it. I just about lost it right there, Alex. I loved how submissive she was being for him. How this big, thick penis just exerted this pressure on her and on me, if I'm being honest. I almost came right there."

She continued to stroke me with one hand, which fit easily around my average–sized penis, as she played with her clit, lost in the fantasy that she was relating to me.

"So then she started trying her best to pleasure him with her mouth. Getting his big fat cock nice and slick with her tongue, kissing it with her lips and cooing and moaning for him to show him

what a good girl she wanted to be. She lubed it so well with her tongue that I could see it glisten in the light cast by the lamps in the room. I knew that she wanted it in her pussy so fucking bad. And I was so turned on by the idea of watching them fuck."

It sounded to me like *she* wanted to fuck him, too, but I didn't interject.

"I had my hand in my panties and was playing with my clit like I said. That's not cheating, right? I mean, I didn't actually touch either one of them. I was only touching myself. You don't think I cheated, do you?"

I had a feeling that I was being manipulated due to the fact that Madison's hand was on my cock as she asked this question, but I had to admit that the manipulation worked nonetheless.

"No, babe," I groaned, "it's a hot story. Please keep telling it."

"I watched Emily licking his big, thick, heavy balls, too. Trying to fit one in her mouth. It didn't work. All she could do was just massage it with her tongue. He was groaning in pleasure so I knew that he loved it. Would it be naughty of me to say that I wanted to get in there next to her and help her out? That thing was like, magnetic. You should have seen it, honey. I mean, you would have loved seeing how she stroked that big shaft with her tiny hands as she tried her best to fit him in her mouth. It was awe–inspiring."

"He told her to reach down into her panties and tell him if she was wet. If she was 'ready for him'," Madison continued, looking down at my cock with amusement as she continued to stroke me, "and she did it immediately, too, looking up at him and giving him a little moan to tell him that she was soaked and ready to go. So then he pulled out of her mouth and asked her if she wanted to be on top or bottom. She thought for a minute, then he said, 'a lot of times it's easier if you're on top for the first time, so you can control how deep I go'."

"Oh God," I blurted, "this is so hot. So you actually watched them fuck?"

"You're not mad at me, honey?"

I knew that I couldn't claim to be mad when the story was turning me on so much.

"He got her to straddle him in just the right position. I watched as he lowered her slowly, carefully, onto his big thick cock. He was so strong, it barely looked like it bothered him at all to support her weight like that. Of course, Emily is a pretty skinny girl, even if she does have a nice thick ass. Sometimes I'm jealous of her."

I pictured Emily beginning to bounce on a long, thick prick, and had to admit that I probably would have been as turned on as Madison had been. She closed her eyes for a moment now, playing with her clit as her hand squeezed my shaft a little more forcefully.

"Oh God," she moaned, "it was so amazing watching her slowly get used to his size. She looked like she was in pain at first, but he was so gentle. He encouraged her, telling her what a good job she was doing at taking it, and pretty soon she was bouncing up and down on his dick. She was so wet, and his shaft was completely soaked. I was completely soaked, too, honey, and so close to coming. I just wanted to hold off until I saw Emily climax, and I knew that she would soon, too."

I moaned, thrusting my shaft up into her palm.

"Keep going," I urged, "I want to hear how it ended."

"I finally couldn't hold it back anymore," she moaned, "and I bit my lip and came really hard. I tried not to make too much noise, because I didn't want to distract them, but Jared must have heard, because when I came down and opened my eyes, he was looking past Emily and making direct eye contact with me."

"Oh fuck, Madison," I said, "he saw what you were doing?"

"Of course he did," she said, her voice hoarse with desire, "how could he have missed it?"

"And he looked at you?"

I was close to climax myself.

"Mmm–hmm," she moaned, "he winked at me…"

"He *winked* at you?"

"Yeah honey…," she moaned, closing her eyes as a series of moans escaped her lips, "and he… he…"

"What?"

"He mouthed some words," she gasped, "right before he thrust his big beautiful cock up into Emily's tight pussy and shot his load inside my friend."

"Oh God," I groaned, unable to hold back much longer, "what did he say?"

"He said…" she groaned, her fingers thrusting deep into her cunt now as her eyes closed in concentration, "he said…"

"What?"

My balls tensed under the pressure from her hand on my shaft. She was barely moving her hand anymore, so concentrated was she on her own pleasure, but I was thrusting up into her palm, fucking her hand practically, as she delayed this final revelation.

"He said 'you're next,'" she groaned, shrieking in ecstasy as she finally reached her climax.

In the same moment, I spent my load as well, shooting a spurt of cum into the air and onto Madison's thigh. The rest coated her hand.

"Wow," I said, a few minutes later when we had cleaned up and were laying next to each other on her dorm room bed, "that was… amazing."

"I'm glad you thought so," she said, "I felt a little guilty telling you that. Like I'd done something wrong. I mean, I know I was close to the line…"

"No," I said, "it was harmless fun. It was a hot story."

"I'm so happy to hear you say that," she said, cuddling me from behind as she whispered into my ear, "and don't worry. I'm not

going to be 'next,' no matter what Jared says."

"I'm not worried," I said.

***

Over the next few weeks, however, I kept returning to the scenario in my mind. This time, I imagined that Madison had been the one riding Jared, and Emily had been the one watching. I imagined the two of them giving Jared's huge penis the attention it deserved with their mouths, lips and tongue, and then him bringing both of them to orgasm after orgasm as he pounded one after the other, finally finishing on both of their eager, smiling faces.

It became something like an obsession for me. Even though I didn't feel jealous (or at least I told myself as much) I still couldn't help but kick myself for having these thoughts.

Was I really getting turned on by imagining my girlfriend cheating on me?

I finally had to admit that I was.

It slowly started to dawn on me that Madison had been thinking the same thing that I had. After all, she had been the one to bring it up in the first place, so it was clearly more than a harmless little fantasy. And if I were being honest with myself, wasn't masturbating while two other people had sex awfully close to cheating to begin with, even if she'd told me about it immediately?

Was Madison simply getting off on the voyeurism, or was she thinking about fucking Jared herself? Was it something about Jared as a person that appealed to her, or was it simply his large endowment?

I found ways to bring it up while we were together over the next few weeks. We'd be having sex, and I'd ask her something about what she'd seen. I'd ask her to imagine it.

She'd close her eyes when she was riding me, and say something like "I'm imagining Emily right now, riding Jared's big cock. Oh my God…"

Slowly, she also got more and more bold about integrating it into our lovemaking.

Finally, one day she asked me outright — mid blowjob — if I'd like to see her with a larger guy.

"Would you like to see your sweet innocent girlfriend do this with a really big cock?" she asked, batting her eyelashes seductively as she looked up at me.

"Yes," I gasped.

She licked my cock for a few seconds more, as if lost in thought.

"Are you really sure about that?" she said, stroking my shaft onto her tongue as she looked up at me expectantly.

"God yes," I groaned, on the edge of orgasm.

She stopped stroking abruptly.

"Tell me you want to see me suck a big dick. Then I'll let you come," she teased.

"I want to see you suck *and* fuck a big dick," I blurted, thrusting my hips up toward her hand in desperation, "please keep going."

She smiled in triumph, then closed her mouth around my cockhead and continued stroking my shaft, bringing me to a knee–shaking climax in her mouth.

She swallowed it all, then wiped her mouth off on the back of her hand and gave me a grin.

"I'm glad you feel that way," she said, "because I think I can make it happen this Friday."

"What?"

"I can make your wish come true this Friday," she said, "Jared and his roommates are having a big party. Emily is still with Jared, so he's off limits, but he's got this roommate, Brad, who is really cute, and supposedly has a cock even bigger than Jared's."

A feeling of dread entered the pit of my stomach even as I felt my cock begin to harden again. I felt an immediate fight–or–flight

response as the adrenaline pumped through my veins, even in my relaxed post–orgasmic state.

"Have… have you mentioned this to Brad?"

"No," she said, smiling, "I haven't even really met him, just seen a few pictures. But I've been hinting about Brad to Emily. She doesn't know that I want to sleep with him. She thinks I want to set him up with a friend. Emily said that Jared said he was pretty sure that Brad would be down to fuck."

"Fuck, sure. But what about fucking someone else's girlfriend while that someone else is also watching?"

"Well, here's what I think: what he doesn't know can't hurt him. It will make the whole thing more natural anyway."

"What do you mean? How's he not going to know?"

"Here's the genius part," she said, smiling excitedly at me, "I know from Emily that Jared and Brad's rooms are connected by a huge walk–in closet. You can enter it through Jared's room and watch through a crack in the closet door. I'll make sure that Brad leaves the lights on so you get a good show."

"I don't know," I said, my heart already pumping, "what if he finds me?"

"Then I guess you better run," she laughed, "Jared said Brad is also tall and really fucking ripped. He'd probably beat the shit out of you."

I must have winced, because she immediately punched my arm playfully.

"Aw, honey, don't be mad. I'm only teasing. It's up to you if you want to watch or not."

I noticed her choice of words. It wasn't up to me whether or not *she* was going to fuck Brad. She'd clearly already decided on that. The only thing that was my decision was whether or not I wanted to watch.

"I don't know…" I said.

“Oh come on,” she laughed, “we’re in college. This is our chance to experiment sexually, right? I know how much the idea of watching me ride a big, thick cock turns you on…”

“Yeah, but I’m not sure if the reality of it is going to be as great as either of us think,” I said, “and what if you like it so much…”

“That I have really great sex?”

“Yes.”

“And then what? Leave you?”

“Yeah,” I said.

“Oh, Alex,” she said, “this isn’t about our relationship. I need you to understand that. You do, right?”

“Well,” I said, trying to hold back my emotion, “what *is* it about, then?”

“It’s about having some fun. Being young. Being in college. Don’t forget: this is something we both want to try.”

“I know…”

“I’m not with you just because of your cock. I won’t leave you just because of your cock. You understand that, right?”

This reassured me. I’m not sure why, but it did.

“Yeah,” I said, my mood brightening a bit, “ok, I guess we should do it.”

“Great!” said Madison, her whole face lighting up, “we’re on the same team! This is going to be fun. What do you think I should wear?”

“Well,” I said, “I know that I love seeing you in yoga pants and a sweater.”

“Hmm,” she said, “this is going to be a party. I was thinking about something that shows a little more skin. And provides slightly easier access.”

“Ok,” I said, seeing her point.

"Well," she said, "we've got a couple of days to figure this out."

We. Somehow I had found myself in the position of helping my girlfriend decide what outfit she would wear in order to get a well–hung stranger to fuck her.

Of course I realized that a girl as beautiful and sexy as Madison could have worn her Dad's worn–out flannel shirt and her older brother's bluejeans and would still have no probably pulling any man that she wanted. She must have realized it to. But there was still something fun about imagining her getting completely dolled up and as pretty as possible for her first encounter with Brad.

Pretty and ready to be ruined by Brad and his big cock.

***

Finally, it was Friday night.

I visited Madison at her dorm, where she was getting ready for the party.

"What do you think?" she asked, greeting me at the door in what I could only describe as the sluttiest outfit I'd ever seen her wear.

"It's very…different," I said, looking her up and down, "I had no idea that you owned any of this stuff. I mean, you look kind of…"

"You can just say 'slutty,'" she laughed, grabbing me by the hand and pulling me into the room, "that's the point of tonight, you know."

"I was going to say 'goth,' actually," I said, taking a seat on her bed while she spun around, displaying her outfit and her body for me.

She was wearing a low–cut white crop–top that barely covered her black lace bra, which pushed her C–cup breasts together in a delicious display of cleavage.

Further down, she was wearing a pleated tartan skirt that stopped a few inches above her knees. She had on ripped fishnet stockings and black high–heels.

Topping it all off was the leather choker with a steel ring that adorned her neck.

"Is that…a dog collar?"

"Ha," she said, "I thought it looked good with the outfit. I bought it at Hot Topic when I was in high school, but I've never had the nerve to actually wear it."

She giggled.

"I guess you're feeling bold tonight."

"I guess I am."

She began to run a comb through her thick, natural–blond hair, turning towards the mirror so that I was afforded the sight of her shapely backside.

Brad was really in for a treat. I didn't see any way he would be able to resist this, unless he was passed out drunk, stoned out of his mind, or not really into women.

"How should I do my hair?" she asked, catching my eye in the mirror.

"Well," I said, "you've sort of got that good–girl–gone–bad look going now, so how about some braided pigtails?"

She smiled.

"I like the way you think. Plus, if things go the way we plan, those are great handles for certain things…"

The lust in her eyes as she said this last line was like a dagger to my heart. At the same time, it was also like a shot of viagra directly to my cock, because I felt my member immediately swell in arousal at the image of a well–hung muscular man pounding my girlfriend into submission with the aid of her pigtails as hand grips.

I watched for the next several minutes as Madison formed her thick hair into two long braided plaits.

Finally, she turned to look at me.

"You look amazing," I said.

She looked down at my pants.

"And you look horny," she said, smiling, "does it turn you on to watch your girlfriend get slutted up to meet another man?"

"Yes," I had to admit.

"Mmm good. Because it turns me on, too. I'm going to be so wet. I probably shouldn't even wear these," she said, reaching up and slipping off her panties, "I'll just soak through them immediately."

She tossed the panties to me, and I caught them, bringing them briefly to my nose.

"Perv," she laughed, turning back toward the mirror.

"Now there's just one last touch," she continued, opening a box on her dresser, "my makeup. I'm going to go all–out. Total slut."

"I guess that fits with the outfit," I said, fidgeting on the bed as I gripped my girlfriend's panties in one hand and tried to adjust my uncomfortable erection with the other.

A few minutes later, she turned around again. The transformation was incredible.

She had applied a thin layer of foundation, heavy eye shadow, mascara and topped it all off with cherry–red lipstick.

She didn't look at all like the cute, all–American girl–next–door that I loved.

She looked like a porn star or a stripper. And I knew that she wanted to be treated like one.

"I think that should get his attention," I stammered, "his and every other guy's at the party."

She gave me a satisfied smirk.

"I guess you're going to see a whole new side of me tonight."

She slowly strode over to where I sat on the bed and bent down, displaying her cleavage. She pursed her lips, and I craned my

neck towards her for a kiss, but she pulled back at the last minute, giving me only the tiniest peck.

"I don't want to ruin my make–up," she said, "at least, not yet."

She winked.

What had gotten into my girlfriend?

"So how are we going to do this?" I said, "are you going to sneak me into the party? That seems kind of complicated."

"No," she said, "just come to the party with me. We can even introduce you to Brad. But then, at some point, you can slip off into the closet, and I'll tell Brad that you got tired and went home. He's not going to ask too many questions."

I nodded.

"Sounds good."

I didn't even think to ask how I was going to get *out* of the closet, but this wasn't exactly an airtight plan. I knew that there were lots of things that we'd have to end up improvising.

***

By the time Madison and I (accompanied by Emily), arrived at the large house where Jared and Brad lived with five other college men, the party was in full swing.

I had expected Madison to stick out as one of the sluttiest–dressed girls at the party, but as it turned out, she had plenty of competition.

"Wow," said Emily, quite scantily dressed herself, "some of these ladies are out to get **laid**."

She and Madison giggled, exchanging excited looks. I realized that I had no idea if Emily knew about our little scheme. Suddenly I felt very self–conscious. What would she think about me if she knew that I wanted to watch my girlfriend have sex with a man with a very big penis? She'd probably never respect me again. To the extent that she even respected me now, of course.

"Oh, there's Jared," she said, pointing across the room, "and good — Brad's with him. You said that you wanted to meet him, right Madison?"

"Mm–hmm," nodded Madison, "let's go. Come on, Alex!"

I was clearly going to be the fifth wheel. No matter; I'd disappear soon enough.

As we approached the corner of the room where Emily had pointed, two large men turned around.

"Oh, wow," said Madison, expressing my sentiments exactly, "I knew that Brad was a big guy, but what is he, like 6'5"?"

"Not quite," laughed the tall, tree–trunk of a man standing in front of us, "I'm 6'3" on a good day."

"Are you like…some kind of athlete?"

"You don't pay any attention to sports, do you?" laughed Jared, "Brad's the starting quarterback for the college team."

A jolt of adrenaline rushed through me. I was handing my girlfriend over to the quarterback to be fucked? How did I ever expect our relationship to recover from this — despite all of her assurances to the contrary.

Brad extended his hand, first to Madison, then to me.

"Hi," he said, "I'm Brad. Nice to meet you."

He seemed really friendly. Not at all the kind of arrogance I might have expected from a quarterback.

"I still can't believe how big you are," giggled Madison, "I mean…it's nice to meet you as well."

"If you think he's big, you should see some of the guys out there trying to tackle him every play."

"I can only imagine," said Madison, toying with one of her braids.

"Hey…," I said, feeling awkward already and ready to make my exit, "I'm getting kind of tired."

"Awww, really baby?" said Madison, putting her hand on my arm and pouting, "I don't want to go home yet. We just met Brad!"

"I know, I know," I said, "why don't you stay a little longer. Just text me when you're on your way back and then when you're home so that I know you're safe."

Jared looked at me incredulously.

"You're really going to leave your girl with this guy?" he laughed, slapping Brad on the back, "the guy who won pussy slayer of the year his freshmen year?"

I smiled confidently.

"I trust him, and I trust you, honey," I said, turning to Madison and winking.

"Of course, honey. I promise not to let this guy 'slay' me."

I gave her a peck on the cheek and turned towards the hallway.

Third door on the right, I said to myself, repeating the directions I'd gotten from Madison.

I ascended the steps quickly, glad that I didn't meet anyone during my ascent. From here the sounds of the party were largely muted, expect for the distant thumping bass of the speakers.

I quickly found Jared's room, and knocked softly before I gripped the knob. Luckily, all was quiet.

I opened the door and stepped into the darkened room quickly, my heart pounding as I let the door fall shut behind me as quietly as possible.

I pulled out my phone and activated the flashlight, shining it around the room until I saw the closet door.

I opened it and was greeted with a wall of clothes.

Shit. This didn't seem to be a walk–in closet!

Confused for a moment, I paused before taking a deep breath and sighing as I stepped passed the shirts and pants on the

hangers, and into the inky blackness beyond, my phone extending in front of me.

It was a walk–in after all, but one maintained by someone who seemed to want to forget that fact. Or else there was some kind of arrangement giving Brad most of the space. In any case, I had now pushed past the strangely situated clothing and was now in the spacious closet itself.

The ceiling was high enough that I would have been able to stand up straight, but somehow I felt uncomfortable doing that, so I remained hunched close to the ground.

The floor was littered with sports equipment and clothing along the edges near the wall, but there was a pathway clear on the floor towards the door on the opposite end.

Brad's room.

I spent the next two minutes or so attempt to build an "observation nest" of sorts out of discarded clothing and football pads. Then I opened the closet door just a crack so that the bed, barely visible in the dim moonlight, was directly in my line of vision. Luckily, the closet doors were accordion–style with louvers, so there were actually a couple of cracks that I could see through, and I could see even more from certain angles if I craned my neck.

Having surveyed the situation, I sat back to wait for a text from Madison notifying me that the seduction was in progress.

I didn't have to wait very long at all. Almost as soon as I had begun to wonder exactly how long they would take, my phone buzzed.

Coming up, it read.

That was fast, I wrote back, not expecting a response.

She responded with an emoji that winked and blew a kiss.

The excitement began to build in the pit of my stomach. My girlfriend was about to have sex with another man. Another man with a very large endowment.

***

I didn't have long to ruminate, however, because about two minutes later, I heard the door burst open, followed by Madison's familiar giggle.

Suddenly, the light in the room came on. Then, Madison bounced onto the bed and into my field of vision, having been thrown there by Brad, no doubt.

"Brad!" she exclaimed, "you like it rough, huh?"

"Maybe," said Brad, "the question is, how rough can you take it?"

"That really depends on what I'm dealing with…down here," she laughed, patting his crotch as he lowered himself onto the bed, his mouth aimed at her lips.

"Why don't you take off my belt and find out," he said.

"Aren't we even going to kiss a little first?"

"I thought you had enough of that downstairs! That's got to be some new kind of record for the length of time it took a girl to stick her tongue in my mouth after her boyfriend disappeared."

"Well, I'm glad to be exceptional at something in your book," said Madison, kissing him again, deeply.

"There's that kiss I wanted," he said, after a moment, "you can take out my dick now, though."

"Aren't you a gentleman," laughed Madison, grabbing his belt buckle eagerly and fighting with the mechanism.

"And you're quite the lady, coming to a party dressed like that," he said, "you might as well be wearing a sign that says 'slut'."

"I thought about that, actually," said Madison, unfastening his belt and now working on the button on his pants, "but I thought it might be a little too forward. I'm the kind of girl who likes to be a little hard to get."

"You weren't particularly difficult tonight," said Brad, helping her pull down his pants, leaving only his boxers between her and his rapidly swelling cock.

Madison guided his hips, turning him a little to the side.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I like it more if you stand like this," she said.

I realized that she had re–positioned him for the benefit of my gaze.

"Whatever you want," he said, smiling down at her.

I now had a perfect side–on view as Madison smiled up at him, ready for the big reveal. She rubbed and massaged the length of his monster in his boxers.

"How many other co–eds have you introduced to this monster recently?"

"None since last week," he laughed, "I haven't jerked off, either."

"Mmm," said Madison, "thank you for saving it all for me."

"I'm glad I did," he said, smiling down at her, "cheating girls are my favorite. They're always ready to go full slut–mode as soon as their boyfriends are gone."

"Oh," said Madison, "so you think I'm a slut?"

"I think every woman is a slut if you know how to bring it out."

"And how do *you* bring it out?"

"My cock usually does the trick."

"Is that right? Well, I guess we'd better see how well it works on me," said Madison.

My own cock was stiff at this point. I tried not to move a muscle for fear of giving away my position. I was far enough away from the couple, and they were sufficiently absorbed in each other that I felt that they probably wouldn't notice any slight noises coming from the closet, but at the same time, I didn't want to push it.

This train of thought was brought to a screeching halt, however, in the next moment, when Madison grabbing his boxer briefs from either side with both hands and pulled them down his thighs, letting his long, thick shaft spring free.

"Oh my God!" she laughed, covering her mouth in surprise, "I heard you were big, but this is…"

She ran her hand along the shaft, spreading the precum from the head along its length.

"…incredible," she continued.

"Like I said," he laughed, "it brings out the submissive slut in pretty much every woman. Especially women with boyfriends."

"Well, I have to say it's working," said Madison, looking up at him in devotion, "may I please suck it?"

"You can certainly try," he said.

She opened her mouth as wide as possible, and I watched in awe from the closet as his oversize head disappeared between her lips. She sucked with enthusiasm that I'd never seen before, her cheeks caving in as she attempted to provide the maximum amount of pressure on his glans.

"You're pretty good," he said, sighing a bit, "you definitely suck cock like a girl who's cheating on her boyfriend."

"*Pretty* good?" she said incredulously, withdrawing her affections for a moment, "I'll show you how good I can be…"

"I like that you're a girl who doesn't back down from a challenge."

"If I weren't, do you think I'd be here trying to fit this monster in my throat?"

He grinned.

"Time to stop talking and start sucking again."

She opened wide and took his cock into her mouth again, this time stroking the shaft with both hands, drool forming at the corners

of her mouth and starting to spread down her cheeks.

"Oh God, that's a good girl. You're a good little cheating slut, aren't you?"

"Mmm–hmm," she moaned.

"I'm going to see how deep you can take it," he announced, grabbing her pigtails like they were handles and pulling her slowly down farther on his shaft.

I watched as her eyes began to water, smearing the mascara that she'd so carefully applied.

She was breathing faster and rough through her nose, but was putting up an admirable effort at deepthroating his monster. Not that she had much choice, of course. He began to fuck her mouth in earnest now, sliding his prick as far as he could into her throat with thrust after thrust. The room was filled with Madison's gurgles as she submissively accepted the throat–fucking that Brad was meting out.

The entire time, he whispered obscenities, calling her a "good girl," and talking about how hard he was going to fuck her with his big dick.

I had a perfect side view of the entire scene, thanks to the subtle adjustment Madison had made for my viewing pleasure.

After a few minutes of this rough treatment, Madison had black tears running down her face, and her lipstick was completely smeared.

"God," moaned Brad, "you really are good at this. But I know that you didn't come up here just to suck my cock. I think it's time to see if we can fit this in that tight little pussy of yours."

"Fuck yes," panted Madison as he finally pulled his rock–hard shaft from her mouth, leaving a long trail of slobber behind it, "I want it so bad."

Brad reached down and flipped up her skirt.

"No panties? You really did come here to cheat, didn't you?"

"Of course," she said, her voice hoarse, "are you finally going to help me do it, or not?"

He smiled, working a finger into her from behind with one hand while he slapped her ass with the other.

"Oooh, I like it when you spank me," she cooed, "but I like feeling your big thick finger in there even more."

"I've got something else thick for you."

"Yes, please!"

He directed her to turn around on the bed so that she was on all fours, facing away from him. He was going to go straight to doggy style. No pretending this was at all romantic: it was just about him using my girlfriend's hot young body for his pleasure.

While I watched.

I was so excited at what was happening that the emotional impact was only now beginning to hit me.

Now, as I saw him lining up his enormous prick and rubbing it back and forth across Madison's swollen labia.

I realized, in that moment, that there would be no going back from what was about to happen. This event might change our relationship for ever.

It might change Madison forever.

What I wasn't prepared for (and what I would only realize later) was how thoroughly it would change *me* forever.

I thought briefly about calling out. About coming out of the closet and disrupting the encounter, even though I knew it would mean a beating at the hands of Brad and probably half the football team. It would be worth it if it meant preventing Madison from being broken in by his huge cock and therefore ruined forever for guys like me.

In that moment, I also thought about how much I valued my relationship to Madison, about how lucky I was to have scored a girl

like her, and how stupid I had been to go along with and even encourage the idea of her sleeping with another man, especially a consummate alpha male like Brad.

How could I be so stupid? I had a good thing going. All I had to do was keep her happy until we both finished school, then find a good job (not hard with the degree I was getting) and ask her to marry me. I might not have been her absolute first choice, but I knew that she valued stability, so in the long run, I would win.

But in that moment, as I saw the look on Madison's face as Brad slowly pushed his thick penis inside her, I knew that she was gone forever. I'd lost her.

I watched in what seemed to be slow motion as her expression showed several discreet stages of reaction to the act of penetration.

First, there was anticipation. Then there was surprise, accompanied by pain or perhaps shock. Then, swiftly, these two phases passed as well and a look of absolute pleasure came over her face. A look of contentment or peace for a few moments.

"I can't believe it…" she moaned, "I've never felt this full…"

"Yes," he said, beginning to fuck her now, "I fucking love introducing little bitches like you to big cock."

"Keep introducing me," she moaned, biting her lip and closing her eyes as he started slamming into her harder and harder.

"How do I compare to him?" he groaned.

"To who?" she moaned.

I knew exactly who he meant.

He slapped her ass. Hard. She yelped in delight and lust.

"To your boyfriend. To the guy who's at home jacking off, never suspecting that his girl is getting railed by the biggest cock on the football team."

"You're so much fucking bigger," she moaned, "he doesn't come even close."

“That’s it,” he laughed, slapping her ass again, “just let it all out. Tell me all about him.”

“I don’t know if I’ll be able to feel him after this,” she moaned, “he’s… oh my God…”

“That’s it you little cheating slut,” he laughed, “just go ahead and come on my big cock. Beg me for it.”

“Please,” she yelped, her voice high and submissive, “please can I come for you? Please can I come on your big fact cock?”

“Yes,” he growled, a commanding tone in his voice, “come for me.”

“Oh thank you,” she groaned, “thank you so much.”

I watched in horror and fascination as Madison reached a powerful climax, a matter of a minute or less after having been penetrated by Brad for the first time.

“I can’t believe how good that felt,” she gasped when she was finally able to talk again.

“Mmm, well, lucky for you, I’m just getting started,” he said, grabbing her hips with both hands and slamming into her with vigor.

I watched in horror as his entire length disappeared again and again into my petite girlfriend, eliciting from her primal, animalistic cries, the likes of which had never passed her lips. At least not to my knowledge.

She threw back her head again and he reached up with one hand, pushing a thick finger between her lips which she licked off eagerly.

“Your finger is thicker than my boyfriend’s cock,” she moaned, “oh God. Don’t stop. Please keep fucking me with that big, beautiful cock.”

As I watched her climax yet again, I felt like something had broken inside me. No longer was I enjoying the spectacle of my girlfriend being pleasured by another man, I was facing up to my own incredible inferiority as a lover.

Instead of being rock–hard, I went limp. I tried to stroke myself back to attention, but it simply didn't want to work any more. Brad's big dick had broken my psyche as much as it had broken Madison's pussy. I had been proven inferior forever, and there was no way I would ever recover from this.

Still, I continued watching. I watched as Madison came for a third time in doggy position, and then I watched as he flipped her over onto her back, her skirt up around her waist as he pressed her legs up next to her ears and slammed her into the bed.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, taking the full length of his cock.

I knew that I could never make her feel like this.

I knew that this had all been a mistake.

But I couldn't tear my eyes away as this musclebound stud brought my girlfriend to two more intense climaxes on his bed.

"Oh," she moaned, after her latest climax, "I want you to come now."

"Alright," he said, "I guess I'm about ready."

"Inside me?" she begged, a needy tone in her voice.

"Of course," he said, without hesitation.

He didn't even bother to ask if she was on birth control. It was possible they'd already discussed it downstairs, but not likely. Madison was on the pill, but she always made me wear a condom.

"Beg me for it, slut."

"Please come inside me," she pleaded as he began to stroke into her long and slow, "please fill me."

"That's it," he encouraged her.

"I've never let my boyfriend do it. I've never let any man do it. You'll be the first one to shoot your load inside me. The first one to claim me."

"Yes," he moaned, "this pussy is my property now. Say it."

“My pussy is your property,” she moaned, “I’ll never let my boyfriend fuck me again if you say the word.”

“Your limp–dicked boyfriend isn’t coming near this beautiful, tight pussy,” he growled, slamming into her harder now.

It was as if he knew that I was only a few feet away in the closet, a mute witness to my own sexual humiliation.

“I promise not to let him,” she groaned, pushing her butt back against him as he plowed into her tight tunnel.

“Here it comes,” he groaned, “fuck yes!”

Grabbing her hips and holding her in place, I watched as the entire length of his cock contracted several times, pumping my beautiful young girlfriend full of his sperm. It was like watching some kind of primitive mating ritual. I had been outclassed and out–bred. There was nothing I could do.

To my surprise, Madison climaxed once *again* as this gigantic brute filled her. She bit down on the pillow and let out a long, guttural moan.

He slowly withdrew his still–dripping penis and gave her a cocky slap on the ass.

“Hope you got what you wanted tonight.”

“Mmm–hmm,” she moaned, nodded into the pillow, her ass still trembling in pleasure.

I saw the sperm glistening on her swollen pink lips.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. I froze. What the hell?

“Who is it?” called Brad.

“It’s me,” called a familiar male voice.

“Let us in!” called a familiar female voice.

“It’s unlocked,” called Brad, turning towards the door, his long dick dangling down between his legs.

Emily was the first through the door, giggling in delight as she looked first at Madison, who was still lying cock–drunk on the bed, and then at Brad, her eyes resting on the length of flesh that swung between his legs as he walked over to greet them.

"So you decided to join us after all!" he said.

"Mmm, how could we stay away from *that*?" laughed Emily, pointing to his cock.

He swung it back and forth playfully.

"Watch out, you're going to hurt someone with that thing," laughed Jared, who was taking off his own gym shorts.

"I would actually love that," said Emily.

Then she turned to Madison, who was looking up at the group with a dazed, satisfied look in her eye.

"Did you convert her to a size queen?"

"What do you think, babe?" asked Brad, looking over at her, "are you converted?"

"Mmm–hmm," she replied lazily.

"She just told me that she's never going to fuck that boyfriend of hers again," laughed Brad, "so I'd say that counts."

"I'm going to be so sore," moaned Madison.

"Well, we better give her a chance to recover before you go at her again," said Emily, dropping to her knees between the two men, "in the meantime, maybe I can be of service?"

Once again, I had the perfect view as these two college studs stood on either side of my girlfriend's hot redheaded, large–breasted friend.

Jared's cock was out now, and it was equally as awe–inspiring as Brads. Not quite as long, but with a mushroom tip that was even thicker. Emily turned to him first and kissed the head before taking him as deeply as possible into her mouth. She was petite like Madison, but still capable of taking an incredible amount of dick. Her

other hand reached out behind her, pawing for Brad's now–hardening cock.

Brad took her hand and guided it to his shaft.

For several minutes, she went back and forth between their two shafts, polishing them with her lips and tongue until each was glistening in the light of the room.

"That's a good girl," Brad said, "you've got us so nice and hard now. It's time to give that little pussy a workout."

"Yes, please," moaned Emily, popping off of Jared's cock for a moment, "I feel so empty right now…"

The threesome in front of me completely obscured my view of the bed, where my girlfriend still lay, recovering from the revelatory fuck she'd just received.

Jared reached down and slapped Emily's ass hard, as Brad reached up under the short dress she was wearing and pulled down her panties.

"Mm, I've never had a chance to fuck this tight little pussy that Jared's told me so much about," he said, bending her over the bed so that her pussy was facing me.

"Please," she moaned, wiggling her ass at him as he got into position.

This angle afforded me an unfortunate view of Brad's butt, but luckily also allowed me to see the extent to which he stretched Emily's pussy as he speared it from behind.

Emily was clearly used to taking big dicks (probably because Jared had broken her in so well), so Brad's prick (which had been well–lubed by her oral efforts already) slid easily into her pussy from behind.

My girlfriend's beautiful friend let out a satisfied moan.

"Oh God," she groaned, looking at Madison, "you lucky little bitch. How many times did he make you come tonight already?"

"Mmmmgorgmmgg," answered Madison.

I realized that Jared had moved to the side of the bed and must have been feeding his cock to my hungry girlfriend, but I couldn't see exactly what was happening because of Brad's gigantic body, pumping into Emily's pussy directly in my field of vision.

After a few minutes of being fucked in this position, Emily came hard. I was actually starting to be able to enjoy the spectacle of watching Brad's huge cock in action, because I wasn't being so directly humiliated. I felt my own dick getting hard, and I briefly considered taking it out of my pants and jerking off, but I finally decided against it.

Brad began spanking her from behind. Laughing as she moaned each time that his hand made contact with her ass. Around the same time, I began to hear Madison moaning again, and I realized that Jared must have moved on to the next phase of their encounter.

A moment later, when Brad pulled out of Emily and rolled her over onto her back to resume pounding her from a different position (and in the process moving her a few feet to the side), I finally saw what my girlfriend had been up to.

She lay on her back on the bed, her legs wrapped around Jared's back, pulling his entire torso into her greedily with each stroke of his large, powerful cock that split her vagina in two. Her face was covered by a look of determination. Determination and sheer lust as she took the entire length of his monster with each stroke.

My own cock immediately wilted. Seeing the woman I love experiencing such ecstasy at the hands of yet another lover was too much for me to take. Plus there was the added wrinkle that we'd talked about (and planned, even) her encounter with Brad, but this seemed more like cheating.

Real cheating.

I wasn't in any condition to confront her about this, however, so I just sat there in the closet, steaming silently, while I watched the

two beautiful young women with their lovers.

After fucking their girls in the missionary position for a few minutes, both men flipped them over and took them doggystyle on the bed, with Madison on the left and Emily on the right. The two women's faces were very close together in this position, and it didn't take long for the two men to insist that they kiss.

My position gave me the perfect view as Madison closed her eyes, pursed her lips, and planted a kiss directly on the lips of her friend.

The two men cheered. The women seemed to be more than a little taken with their action, whether due to the pleasure of the act itself or to the effect it clearly had on their male lovers, I couldn't be sure. In any case, they continued to make out, slipping each other their tongues now as the men reached out and exchanged high–fives.

"That little fucking wimp had no idea what we had in mind for his girl, did he?" laughed Brad, chatting with Jeremy as he plowed Emily from behind.

"I don't think so," said Jared, "of course, he looked like a total cuck, so maybe he knew more than we think."

"Yeah," said Brad, "he did kind of seem like that, didn't he? Maybe I should come on his girl's face and send him a picture."

"That's not a bad idea," laughed Jared, "but I've got another one. Let's coat both of these bitches' faces while they're making out."

"Excellent idea, good sir," said Brad in a terrible imitation of an English accent.

Brad obviously had some talents, but he wasn't the best actor, nor was he the brightest guy around.

In a sudden, coordinated effort, Jared and Brad both pulled out of the two girls they were fucking and began to pump their

tremendous erections, aiming at the locked lips of the two young coeds.

"Don't open your eyes if you know what's good for you," moaned Brad, his voice hoarse with desire.

Then there was a groan, and a burst of semen arched through the air, landing across Madison's nose with a plop. The next salvo hit her cheeks, chin and lips. Several more bursts covered Emily's lips and chin as well.

The girls began to lick each other clean as they continued to make out. Jared elbowed Brad out of the way now and leveled his own massive prick at the adorable target presented by the two kissing women, unleashing shot after shot of sticky white liquid across both of their faces. Then he stepped back in awe, admiring his handiwork patting his buddy on the shoulder with the flat of his wrist, after ascertaining that his hand was coated in spunk.

In the space left by their two massive bodies, I could see Madison and Emily beginning to kiss each other harder, their caresses progressively becoming more intimate. Madison began playing with Emily's nipples, which elicited some cooing from the young woman, who, in turn, reached out for Madison's own breasts.

"I love watching girls make out," said Jared, absently playing with his prick which hung, soft but still long, between his legs.

"Me too," said Brad.

Then he turned casually to Jared, saying:

"Man, I think I'm going to hit the showers. I've had it for tonight. That girl in the collar really took it out of me. Mind if I cut through your room?"

"Not at all, brother," said Jared.

It took me a moment to realize what he meant, and by the time I did, it was too late. His hand was already on the closet door, and he was opening it, ready to take a shortcut through his roommate's room on his way to the hall.

"What the FUCK!" he exclaimed.

I stood, catching my feet on some football pads as I attempted to turn and run.

"You fucking perv!" yelled Emily.

"Get him!" yelled Jared.

"Take care of him, guys!" urged Madison.

And it was her voice that hurt me the most. Almost as much as the fist that connected with my face and caused me to lose consciousness.

***

I awoke early the next morning on the couch downstairs, my head reeling from the punch and my mouth dry. I looked down at my body. I was covered in debris from the party and my clothes were filthy. Whether this was a deliberate act of humiliation by Brad and Jared, or an inevitable effect of passing out on the couch in what might as well have been a frat house, I never knew.

It didn't much matter, anyway.

I made it home after a half–hour walk, and was not at all surprised to find that Madison would not answer my texts. I tried messaging her on a couple of other social media platforms, and was astonished to discover that she had blocked me already during the short amount of time that I'd been unconscious.

So she hadn't meant anything that she'd said after all. All the stuff about how we were just having fun, and this was just some good, old–fashioned college sex experimentation. I knew that wasn't true, but I somehow managed to convince myself that she believed it herself.

In the end, it didn't matter, of course. Nothing did. I had been thoroughly cucked, sexually humiliated, dumped and bullied. I didn't know if I'd ever see Madison again. It didn't seem likely. I didn't know if I'd ever be able to please a woman sexually again, so thoroughly had my confidence in my own equipment been shaken.

That night, however, I lay awake in my dorm for several hours, stroking my rock–hard cock. Even if it didn't make any sense, I couldn't get the image of Madison on her knees, taking Brad's huge cock as far down her throat as she could. Tears in my eyes, I brought myself to a powerful orgasm.

Imagining my girlfriend (that is to say, my *ex*–girlfriend) going wild.

Going wild while I watched.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

Follow me on amazon here.

Follow me on twitter here.

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA

After his seemingly innocent wife Rebecca relates an uncharacteristically hot hook–up story from her college days, Louis can't stop thinking about watching her with a well–endowed lover.

Rebecca is reluctant to entertain her husband's desires at first, but when her old flame Chris comes into the picture, she suddenly becomes much more open to exploring a cuckold relationship. It doesn't hurt that Chris is tall, handsome, dominant, and, most of all, incredibly hung. Before she knows it, Rebecca is a confirmed size queen.

After several hot encounters between Chris and Rebecca, the couple's marriage is put to the test. Louis finds himself torn between the pleasure he gets from watching his wife and her lover and the incredible jealousy he feels as the two slowly grow more and more emotionally intimate. To make matters worse, Chris and Louis strike up a friendship of their own. How can Lou resent Chris for taking his wife when he can see for himself what a nice guy Chris is?

HER FIRST BULL: Book 1 – Rebecca is an explicit, raw, and emotionally poignant 22,000–word novella. It is an exploration of the pleasures and pitfalls of cuckolding, the merits of large men and the emotional minefield that awaits couples who venture into unknown territory.

It is also a love story. A tale of two people who find their soulmates in the last place they expect…

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

HANNAH'S BBC THERAPY

Steven Jackson cheated on his lovely wife, Hannah. Now, he'll do anything to save his marriage. So when Hannah suggests they try a rather unconventional kind of couples' therapy, Steven is eager to comply.

That is, until he meets Hannah's new therapist: Dr. Marcus Fielding, a tall, dominant, alpha male with a BBC who (in cooperation with his loving wife, Linda) offers female clients very intimate treatment in his home studio. Treatments which involve what they call "restorative justice": the affirmation of a woman's desires, no matter how hurtful these may be to her husband...

Soon, Hannah and Steven have an appointment with Dr. and Mrs. Fielding, and Steven comes face-to-face with the reality of Hannah's needs, which can no longer be denied. But what about Steven's own conflicted urges? Will he learn to accept, and perhaps even enjoy the fact that his fertile wife is now a size queen and will need many more appointments with Marcus that are more than just emotionally hard, rough and raw?

LISA'S BBC THERAPY

Even though it wasn't her fault, Lisa can't stop blaming herself for being in the driver's seat during the accident that left her sister paralyzed.

Luckily, she has a loving husband who is willing to do whatever it takes to support her in her healing process.

But when Lisa begins to try a new type of therapy administered by the tall, handsome and dominant Marcus Fielding and his wife Linda, her husband Robert starts to get suspicious. Soon, he's following Lisa secretly to her counseling sessions, and finding out that her therapist's **BBC** may be *exactly* what his marriage needs.

BECCA GETS BLACKED

Mike's wife Becca is a modest country girl who has a hard time owning her own sexiness. He's very proud to be married to her and gets a thrill out of showing her off at company functions.

But when Mike's workplace bully, a rival scientist named Steve, takes a look at Becca and likes what he sees, their marriage will never be the same. The handsome, intelligent and totally alpha Steve has one asset that Mike doesn't: a BBC. And that doesn't have anything to do with British television, even if Becca is naive enough to think so.

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike's nose. Before long, he's not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet, inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

Becca, comparing the size of her two lovers, sees a clear difference: Steve is the superior man.

Now Mike must make a choice: stay with Becca and accept the humiliation that comes with watching her and her new lover, or

strike out on his own, accepting that his marriage is over.

One thing is for certain: after Becca gets blacked, nothing will be the same…

Table of Contents

MY GIRLFRIEND GOES (WILD WHILE I WATCH)
Other books by Cynthia Sizemore