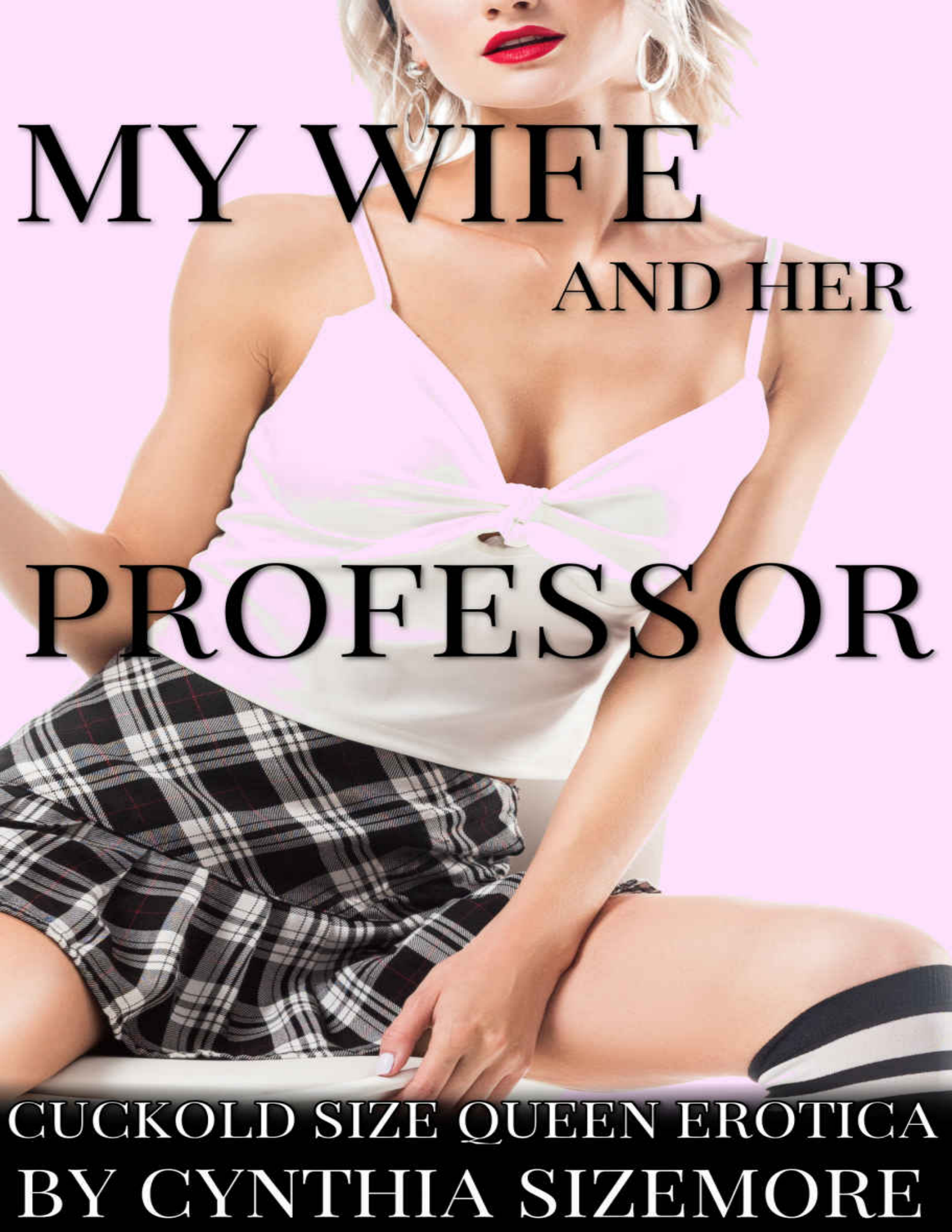

MY WIFE
AND HER
PROFESSOR
CUCKOLD SIZE QUEEN EROTICA
BY CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

MY WIFE AND HER PROFESSOR

By Cynthia Sizemore

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MY WIFE AND HER PROFESSOR

Chapter 1: Prof. Martin

I was immediately supportive when my wife Jessica decided she wanted to go back to school for her master's degree. I have to admit that I was a little bit skeptical when she told me that the specific degree she wanted to do was an MFA in Creative Writing, and not an MBA (which would have earned our family more money), but I nevertheless immediately agreed.

I wanted the best for her. For our relationship.

I never anticipated that this would eventually entail the *end* of our marriage. At least our marriage as I knew it.

The first day of classes, Jessica came home gushing about her advisor, Prof. Martin. I should have been suspicious right then, but it didn't occur to me that her feelings might have gone beyond the normal academic admiration.

But as the semester wore on, I eventually began to think that something else was going on. I noticed that she was spending more and more time at the university, especially in the evening. At first she'd go to events or lectures after dinner, about once a week, and then eventually she started staying late to work on her projects at the library.

Increasingly, I found myself home alone in the evenings until 9:00PM or longer. I started to joke that I'd lost my wife to the school. That Prof. Martin saw more of her than I did.

Finally, I had to confront her about it.

"Jessica," I said, one night after she had been late at the university, as usual, "why can't you ever do your work here at home? We've got the home office. You know I'd promise to leave you alone."

"I know," she said good naturedly, smiling as she let her luscious red hair down.

I looked at her. She was a beautiful young woman, and I was very lucky to be married to her. She was 26 years old, with an incredible body. Her breasts were milky white with small, light–pink nipples. They were a C–cup, the perfect size for her petite frame.

And her ass. Don't get me started on her ass. I am an ass man, to be sure, but her perfectly shaped rear would have been enough to convert even the most convinced boob–man.

In short, Jessica was a perfect 10. And everyone knew it.

The thing that I liked about her, however, (that is to say, the thing that I *loved*) was that she never seemed to notice how attractive she was. On some level, she must have understood that all those guys going out of their way to help her weren't just doing it out of the kindness of their hearts, but somewhere deep inside she must have known that she held a certain power over men. Even over her professors.

I mentioned all of this because it plays a role in what happened next.

"Jessica," I said, "is Prof. Martin ever around when you're working late?"

She gave me a frown.

"Sometimes, sure. Why do you ask?"

"Is he the one asking you to stay late?"

"Well sometimes he suggests the lectures that I go to, yeah…"

"Does he ask the other students to go too?"

"Of course, honey. What's gotten into you? What exactly are you worried about?"

"I don't know," I confessed, flopping down onto the bed and running my fingers through my hair, "I just thought that maybe he was taking a little more than just an…academic interest in you."

"What? Why would he do that? He's *very* professional."

"Why, indeed. I wonder why any man would *possibly* be interested in a super–hot red–head with a beautiful face and an incredible ass."

She stared at me for a long time, then her face darkened.

"So that's all I am to you? Is that right?"

"No, honey, I didn't mean it like that…"

"You think that the only reason a professor would take an interest in me is because he wants to fuck me. Not on the merits of my work."

She was tearing up now.

"No, Jess, honey, I just…"

I reached out for her, but she swatted my hands away.

"I just get so sick of people like you, *men* like *you* thinking that just because a woman is attractive that means she can't be intelligent."

"Look, Jessica, that's not what I said."

My voice was raised, but Jessica wasn't backing down.

"You know what? Prof. Martin asked me to go to a conference with him this weekend — tomorrow, to be exact. I told him I couldn't because I wanted to spend time with you instead. But now I think I'm going to go. I certainly don't want to spend any more time with a guy who just thinks that I'm a sex object."

I was livid. But I also hated conflict.

"Alright," I said, "you know what? Go ahead. I think I'd enjoy a weekend to myself. But I'm going to go sleep on the couch tonight."

"I think that's a great idea."

I grabbed a pillow and a blanket from the hall closet and stomped down the stairs. The next morning, I heard Jessica shuffling around upstairs. Then she came into the living room, her suitcase packed.

“Look,” she said, “I’m sorry for last night. But I hope you realize that you have a few things to apologize for as well.”

“Yes,” I said, “I’m sorry.”

“I’m going to meet Prof. Martin,” she said, “I’m going to park at his house. He’s going to drive us. It’s only about an hour away. I’m going to be back on Sunday morning.”

“Jessica,” I said, “I’m not sure if I like this.”

“Relax,” she said, heading for the door, “we’re sleeping in separate rooms.”

She didn’t even kiss me goodbye.

***

I passed the weekend in a state of agitation, a million tawdry scenarios crossing my mind. Jessica and her professor flirting at the conference. Having a couple of drinks and getting a little handsy with each other.

Then a strange thing happened: **the more I imagined the scenarios that involved my wife cheating on me, the more turned on I got**. I started painting more and more explicit scenes in my mind: Jessica on her knees fellating her professor, taking him from behind, taking him without a condom.

I actually jerked off on Saturday night, imagining this older academic bringing out the slutty side of my young, sweet wife.

When I finally came, I felt a little embarrassed and ashamed of myself, but a few minutes later, I was hard again.

What had come over me? Did I really think it would be hot for my wife to cheat on me with her professor?

I had to admit that I did.

But this realization did nothing to prepare me for what would happen in the next few days.

***

Jessica came home late on Sunday morning, just as she said she would. Her mood was the mirror opposite of when she'd left. She came straight through the front door and gave me a big hug and a kiss on the lips. She was absolutely glowing.

"Hi, honey," she said, "sorry for the way I acted when I left."

"It's ok," I said, a bit ashamed of my own conduct while she'd been gone, "how was the conference?"

"The conference was great," she said, "I even might have found my first publisher."

"And Prof. Martin?"

"How do you mean?"

"How was it…spending so much time with him?"

"He was the perfect gentleman," she said, "he was great."

"I guess I won't ask any questions I don't want to know the answers to," I said, unable to stop myself.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Her defensive tone was back.

"Nothing. I'm sorry. I'm glad that you're back."

She smiled at me, the storm clouds gone from her face.

"Want to go out for lunch?"

"Sure," I said.

***

Over the next few days, Jessica was uncharacteristically nice to me. We made love three times, which was virtually unheard of in our relationship recently. She even asked me to do a few new things in bed that were completely unlike her. She wanted me to spank her and pull her hair, for example. She even tried talking dirty with me, which was even stranger. Before, she had always been rather quiet in bed. Unwilling to experiment. Now I had a wife who seemed like she was auditioning to be a porn star.

That might have been exciting to other men, but all it did was make me suspicious. What had caused this sudden change?

I knew it was a breach of trust and I shouldn't have done it, but I couldn't stop myself from beginning to snoop around in her things.

That's when I found it.

The "manuscript."

I use quotation marks, because even though it was labeled a work of fiction, it was written a lot like a diary entry, from a first–person point of view. She hadn't even changed the names of anyone involved.

It was on the desktop of our shared computer, in a folder labeled "latest writing."

Just waiting to be discovered.

I am not going to relate the entire build up of the story (my eyes ran over these parts rather quickly) but rather the "dirty details" that told me in no uncertain terms that my wife had been cheating on me.

Chapter 2: Jessica's Manuscript

I'd been dropping hints all evening, but somehow Dr. Martin wasn't getting it. Finally, I stood up from the group we were eating dinner with and simply announced that I was heading to my room, hoping that he would understand my signal. The way Dr. Martin jumped up to accompany me indicated that he was either extremely bored with the conversation, or he was on my wavelength.The next thing I knew, we were walking to the elevators side–by–side.

"Could you press 10 for me?" he asked, after we'd boarded the elevator.

"I already pressed it," I said, smiling, "that's where my room is too."

"I think I knew that," he grinned

I gave him a flirtatious smile.

The elevator ride passed in silence, with an extreme tension in the air. Clearly of a sexual nature.

"Professor," I said, as we walked down the hall, "I can't figure out how to get the wireless internet to work on my laptop. Do you think you might be able to help me?"

"Did you ask someone at the hotel?" he asked, looking at me as if gauging my intentions.

"Well, no," I said, "but I thought it would be more *fun* if we could try to figure it out together. I mean, you are a professor, after all."

He smiled.

"My PhD is in English Literature, not computer science. Or engineering. But I guess I could give it a shot. Just don't tell anyone we were alone in a hotel room together. It's not ethical — even though you're far from an innocent co–ed."

"Not *that* far," I said flirtatiously, "but of course my lips are sealed."

In that moment, my panties were absolutely soaked. I had him where I wanted him. Where he clearly wanted to be as well.

"Oops, sorry about that!" I said, noticing one of my sexy thongs on the bed and quickly snatching it up.

He merely raised an eyebrow, not moving his mouth at all. He was still playing it cool. I wonder if he suspected that I'd planted it there myself.

"Well," he said, turning to me, "let's see that laptop."

"It's right here," I said, holding the small computer close to my chest and batting my eyes at him, "why don't you come and sit next to me on the bed?"

I was feeling bold, flirtatious. Like nothing could stop me.

"I see," he said, gauging the situation, "do you understand what you're suggesting?"

I loved the authoritative tone in his voice.

"I'm not sure what you mean, Professor. All I want to do is watch Netflix on my laptop."

He smiled.

"I've had a lot of girls over the years try 'Netflix and chill' with me — or whatever the equivalent used to be," he said, moving closer.

My heart began to pound.

"And I've never *actually* considered it until this moment," he said, raising his hand toward my cheek, "but I think you have to understand that given the current political climate, it's completely impossible. Besides, aren't you married?"

His gaze rested on my diamond engagement ring.

"Yes, I am. But what if we just keep it our little secret? My husband never has to find out."

"This kind of thing never remains a secret. It always gets out in the end."

"Come on, Professor," I pouted, "I really just want to watch something fun on Netflix with you. That's all. It's hard for me to fall asleep on my own in a hotel room so far away from home. My husband will never find out that I was here with you. It's not like I'm going to write all of this down."

His hand was on my cheek, and the touch was absolutely *electric*.

God, I'd wanted this moment every day since the day I met him. Since the first time I even read his *name*. He'd always exuded this erotic energy that my husband could never hope to match.

"Ok, young lady," he whispered hoarsely, "Let's stop playing games. We both know why we're here, in your room. I love to fuck hard and rough, and I'd love to fuck you. Does that sound like fun?"

Fuck. Yes. Professor.

My panties somehow felt even wetter than before now.

"Yes," I squeaked, surprised that I'd totally lost my flirtatious tone, "that's *exactly* what I want."

"Perfect," he said, pulling me in for a long and hard, yet sensual, kiss.

"My husband has never kissed me like that," I whispered.

"Too bad," he replied, "a woman like you deserves to experience pleasure at the hands of a skilled man."

God. I couldn't believe how much hearing him talk like that was turning me on. But his voice had always been a major source of attraction to me. That was why I would

always start to drift off during the graduate seminar, just imagining all the filthy things I'd like to do with him…

I embraced him and pulled myself up towards him. He was so tall I had to crane my neck a bit. He smelled so good. So musky and

masculine and strong as he pulled me in towards him with his arms, rubbing his rapidly–stiffening bulge against my crotch. I couldn't be sure yet, but it seemed *much* bigger than my husband's.

He reached back and cupped my ass in his hands and then, suddenly, lifted me up and threw me onto the bed. It was just rough enough to excite me without scaring or hurting me. I *loved* the kind of effect I was having on him. It was as if I'd awakened some long–dormant masculine essence that had been slumbering beneath his staid academic exterior.

"Jessica," he whispered, "I've wanted this for a long time. There were so many times during my office hours that I dreamed about taking you…"

"I've imagined it so often, Professor!" I sighed as he kissed down the side of my neck.

"Are you going to be a good girl for me?"

"Mm–hmm. Pleasing you turns me on *so* much," I whispered.

"Very good," he said, smiling before kissing me on the lips once more, "the most pleasing thing in this moment for me would be to taste you."

Fuck. He was going to go down on me.

I hoped he wouldn't be as clumsy at it as my husband. But if he could eat pussy as well as he could kiss, I knew I was in for an incredible time.

"Did I mention you look absolutely stunning in this dress?" he asked, pushing the hem of the dress up my thighs as he slowly slid himself down towards my crotch.

"Thank you, Sir," I stammered, delighted by the compliment.

"Did you wear it just for me?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I bought it with my husband when we went shopping a few weeks ago, but I was thinking of *you* and of this conference when I bought it."

"I love it," he said breathlessly, parting my legs gently as his head moved between them, "almost as much as I love these cute pink panties."

I blushed again.

"I bought those for you, too," I admitted, "while my husband was waiting for me."

"You have excellent taste," he smiled, putting his fingers under the waistband and pulling them down my thighs, "but as much as I like them on you, I think I'd like them even better off of you."

"Yes, Professor," I moaned, aching for the sensation of his tongue on my nether regions.

He slowly rubbed the lips of my pussy with a finger. Unlike my husband, he clearly knew what he was doing because he started with a very soft, smooth and sensual stroke.

He was in absolutely no hurry to get me off, like my husband would have been. Somehow, he was bringing out feelings in me that I'd never explored before. Filthy urges that I wasn't sure that I could control.

"Fuck, that feels so good, Professor," I moaned.

"Tsk, tsk," he teased, "such language from such a good girl. What would your husband think?"

"Fuck him," I groaned.

"No," he corrected me, "*don't* fuck him. At least you won't want to anymore when I'm done with you."

"Oh God, Sir," I said, surprised at how much it turned me on to hear him denigrate my husband.

"Mmm," he said, "I think you like it when I talk about your husband. Don't worry, you don't have to admit it to me."

*Oh God. He was right. It was **such** a turn on. If he only knew.*

Then his tongue was all over me.

He was gentle at first, so gentle that I wasn't sure if he was even touching me, but then, slowly but surely, more and more urgently, he began to give my mound a tongue massage.

My husband had never come *nearly* this close to turning me on so much, and I knew that Prof. Martin was going to give me multiple orgasms before the night was over.

I wanted nothing more than to return the favor. To be his perfect student and make *him* feel as good as he was making *me* feel in this moment.

"Oh Professor," I moaned, "I'm going to…"

He stopped abruptly, much to my frustration, and looked up at me with mischievous eyes.

"You're going to *what*, sweetheart?"

Sweetheart. Even if that word was a little cheesy, it sounded *so* perfect coming from him.

"I'm going to…I was going to come," I moaned.

"I'm not sure if you've earned that privilege yet," he said, flashing me a devilish grin.

My husband had never treated me like this before. Teasing me. Flirting with me even during the act. Trying to extend our pleasure. He'd always just wanted to get it over with.

This kind of flirtatious push–and–pull was exactly what I wanted. What I *needed*.

I moaned in protest.

"Please, Professor Martin? I want to come so bad. I *need* it."

"I think you *need* to taste something else first," he grinned, laying next to the bed and undoing his pants.

I licked my lips in anticipation. I'd given head to my husband plenty of times before, but always out of duty, not desire. Now there was **nothing I wanted more in this world** then to pleasure Dr.

Martin's cock with my mouth. I was literally salivating for it, I wanted to taste him so bad.

That had *never* happened with my husband. Not even close.

When he took my hand and gently guided it to his cock, I couldn't believe how big it was. Not scary–big, but definitely big enough to be the largest I'd ever held in my hand by a wide margin. Probably about one and a half times my husband's length, and twice his girth.

It was intimidating. Deliciously so.

I have never thought of myself as a "size queen," but I've always been curious about being with a guy on the larger side, and Dr. Martin was **definitely** that. I knew he was going to reach places that my husband could never hope to.

"That feels so good, Jessica," he sighed as I stroked his shaft as we lay side–by–side on the bed. I loved to hear him to tell me how good of a job I was doing.

"Does it feel good, Professor?" I asked him in an innocent voice,

"do you like watching your cute grad student play with your big cock?"

I *knew* he liked what I was doing because his cock twitched a bit in my hand and he let out an involuntary moan. It was so hot to know that I was pleasing my professor not only intellectually, but also physically.

"Fuck, Jess," he said, using a nickname that usually only my husband did, "you really know how to tease me. I can't wait for you to please me, too."

"I'm sorry if I'm teasing too much, Professor," I said coquettishly, "I'm really a good girl. I promise."

"If that's the case," he panted as I stroked him faster, "what are you doing half naked on the bed in a hotel room stroking a cock that doesn't belong to your husband?"

I smiled.

"I guess you've got me there, Professor. Maybe I *am* a kind of bad girl."

I bit my lip a bit and gave him a flirtatious look.

He smiled back.

"I'd really like to taste it now. Would you like that? Would you like your favorite grad student to suck your cock?"

"Oh *fuck* yes," he said.

"Tsk, tsk. I never thought I'd hear you swear like that, professor!" I said as I slid down the bed towards his dick.

I was so looking forward to pleasuring his thick, hard rod. I was a little concerned that I wouldn't perform up to his standards. I couldn't help but feel like I was being graded.

And I wanted an "A."

As it turned out, I needn't have worried. After a few minutes of lubing him up with my tongue, I was bobbing away and he was absolutely groaning in pleasure, whispering soft obscenities in encouragement.

I continued to stroke his cock with one hand while I moved down towards his balls with my mouth, tonguing them as he kicked his legs in pleasure. I loved seeing him like this, in such incredible pleasure while I took control.

I came back up and smiled at him.

"Will you *please* fuck me now, Professor? I've been a very patient student. I've been imagining nothing but this moment since the day I walked into your office for our meeting about registration."

"Yes I will," he said, the edge of masculine aggressiveness returning to his voice, "lay back on the bed and spread those pretty little legs for me."

I *loved* it when he spoke with that kind of authority. It reminded me of how he acted in the classroom.

"Yes, Sir," I said, immediately obeying him.

He jumped down off the bed and pulled my hips down to the edge of the bed so that he had a perfect angle to enter.

I looked down and saw his big cock getting ready disappear inside me. It didn't look like there was any way that it would fit, but I didn't care at all. I was way too fucking horny. So what if it hurt a little? I could take it. I *wanted* him to hurt me, in fact, if it meant that he felt good.

I'd never been this submissive with my husband. Not even close.

I bit my lower lip as he pushed his cock against my lower pussylips.

Gripping my hips, he thrust forward into my wetness.

"Ok?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Please put it inside me all the way, Professor. I need it *so* bad."

He repositioned himself, pushing my legs back a bit more, then entered me completely. I gasped at his size. It felt amazing to be filled like that, completely dominated by his

male essence and size. Nothing my husband had ever done had even come close.

"Fuck yes," he moaned, "your pussy is so tight. It's been so long since I've been inside a pussy this good."

"Mmm…," I groaned, "me too. You're you much bigger than my husband. I love it…"

He began to thrust into me, each stroke sending first a tingle, then a jolt of pleasure through my body.

"Fuck yes, Professor!" I moaned, unconcerned about being heard by the adjoining rooms, "give me that fucking cock."

"You have a dirty mouth," he groaned, slamming into me ever harder, "but I have to admit I love to hear you compare me to your husband."

"Oh yes," I moaned, "you're so much bigger than him. You fuck so much better. I just want you to take my pussy, Professor. Just own it. It's all I want. Punish me with your big fucking dick."

"You know I will," he growled, pistoning his thick cock into me.

I looked down, admiring the obscene sight of his gigantic member stretching my tight young hole. I knew that I was made for this. It was all so perfect.

"You're never going to want to fuck your husband again, are you?"

"No, Professor," I groaned, "I think I'm going to… I'm going to come…"

"Yes," he growled, leaning in and kissing my neck while he grabbed a handful of my hair and began to absolutely slam me into the bed, "I own this pussy now…"

It was *exactly* what I needed in that moment. To be treated like his sexual plaything. Like a woman who existed just to be dominated, tamed and claimed. I loved his gentle yet assertive dominance, and my body was responding. My husband could never compete.

"Fuck," I moaned, "oh God, Professor, I'm coming!!!"

I bucked my hips up towards him as my pussy began to clench around his cock. He kept up his pace and angle, giving me the time I needed to explode around his dick. I dug my fingernails into his back as my toes curled and I reached an amazing climax that seemed to originate deep inside my body.

Not only was it the most powerful orgasm I'd even had, it was also the *only* orgasm I'd ever had from intercourse. Ever.

Fuck. If we kept doing this, I was going to be *addicted* to Professor Martin's cock.

"Did that feel good, Jess? Has your husband ever made you feel like that?" he asked, slowly pulling out of me.

“Good? That was AMAZING,” I sighed, stroking his head, “he can’t….he’s never come anywhere close to making me feel like that. Did you come yet? I want your cum inside me so bad.”

“No,” he said, “I’m not anywhere near done with you yet.”

“Mmm…,” I purred, “I was hoping you would say that.”

Instead of answering, he simply grabbed me and flipped me onto my stomach and positioned me with my torso down and ass in the air on the bed. I felt so exposed. So vulnerable and feminine. I was in a headspace that I’d never experienced with my husband.

“You look so good like that,” said Prof.Martin, standing behind me.

I could feel his gaze on my bare skin, and I loved it.

“Thank you, Professor,” I sighed, “please fuck me again. I want to feel that big dick inside me.”

“Of course,” he growled, climbing up behind me on the bed and mounting me.

I let out a long groan as he slowly slid his big dick into me from a whole new angle. I could feel every micrometer of his magnificent cock as he penetrated me. It was such an animalistic, primitive position for such a distinguished scholar and author. But that only made it that much hotter that we were sharing this intimate, completely filthy moment.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

I gasped in surprise as his hand landed hard across my backside.

“I told you I liked it rough,” he said, “and I also said I was going to punish you.”

I’d always fantasized about being spanked during sex, but I’d never had the nerve to tell my husband about it. Nothing gets me wetter when I masturbate than when I imagine being spanked, especially by an authority figure. It was like my professor had been reading my secret fantasy diary.

"Yes," I moaned lustily, "*please* punish me, Professor. I need it so bad."

He grabbed my hip with one hand and began to pummel my bottom with his other hand, turning it bright red. I absolutely loved the entire situation: my submissive position, the way he was "punishing" me for being such a naughty girl. I'd waited all my life to find a guy who could take me in hand like this. Who wouldn't put up with my teasing. My husband certainly wasn't that man.

"Take this big fucking dick you little grad student tease," he grunted, pulling me by the hips back onto his cock as the sounds of our fornication filled the room, "I know you love getting fucked by your professor. Tell me you love my cock more than your husband's."

"Yes, Professor," I groaned, "I fucking need it so bad. I love your cock so much more than my husband's."

"You're going to be ruined for him now," he growled, pulling my hair, "you're never going to want to let him near your pussy."

I *loved* the combination of pleasure and pain, and how forceful and dirty he was being.

"Are you going to come for me again, Jess?" he panted, absolutely pummeling my cunt from behind, "are you going to come like a good girl for your professor?"

The naughtiness of his words and the sensation of being **absolutely filled** with his dick was too much for me. I felt myself on the edge one and I knew I was going to lose control soon.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered, "just give in to your lust for your professor's big cock. Go ahead and come for me, Jess. I'm going to count down for you. Ready?"

"Yes, professor," I moaned, loving his dominance.

"Five," he panted, his thighs slapping mine.

"Four," he groaned, pushing my head down into the bedsheets as he asserted his total control over my body and my pleasure.

"Three," he gasped, showing signs that his own orgasm was near.

"Fuck," I moaned, "I don't know if I can hold back, Sir. I'm so close!"

SLAP! SLAP! He spanked my ass two more times, hard. It hurt but it felt so good being put back into line and reminded who I belonged to.

"Don't you dare come without my permission," he ordered, pausing for a moment.

"Please, Professor. I need it *so* bad."

"Alright, Jess," he said, beginning to accelerate the pace of his thrusts again, "we're almost there. You're going to come right at the same time that I fill you up. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir."

I'd never been so desperate for a man in my life. Never once did I think that I would end up in a hotel room with my ass in the air, about to be filled with cum by my favorite professor, my husband at home none the wiser.

It was so primitive, so primal. And the fact that he wasn't wearing a condom made it all the better. He was going to take me, **completely without protection**, completely **vulnerable** to his potent seed. All rationality had flown out the window, and all I could think about was how bad I wanted his seed inside my womb.

"Yes, professor," I moaned, "I want your cum so bad. Just fill me up. Fill your favorite student with your fucking cum. Take possession of my pussy. It's yours now."

"Two," he grunted, clearly losing control over himself as he reached his own orgasm.

"Oh fuck," I squealed, "I can't hold back!"

"You don't have to, Jess," he sputtered, thrusting into me and holding himself deep inside.

I felt a warm wetness spread as he pulsed deep inside me, his contractions pumping the seed that had collected in his large balls directly against my cervix.

"One. Come for me now, princess."

Oh. My. God. The name "princess" absolutely sent me over the edge. I came so hard I thought I was going to pass out, my body wracked with pleasure that seemed to originate in another dimension. It was absolutely nothing like sex with my husband.

"It's so good, Professor," I whispered, almost unable to speak as my pussy milked the last of his potent seed out of his still–stiff cock, "I love your cock so much."

"That was amazing," he sighed, slowly disengaging and falling back onto the bed, "That was the best sex I've had in years."

"You don't fuck all of your grad students like this, do you?"

"No," he said, gradually catching his breath, "you're actually the first, in fact. I know could lose my job for this, but it was *totally* worth it."

"You're not going to lose your job, silly," I said, rolling over next to him and smiling, "I'm married, so I have a good reason to keep this quiet. Even though I kind of want to tell my husband how much better you were than him."

He pulled me to him and gave me a long, sensual kiss.

"I'm glad I can count on you to keep this a secret."

"But professor, it's so tempting to brag to the other grad students about how I fucked the hottest professor in school. But of course I won't say a word to anyone. My lips are sealed."

"Excellent, Jessica," he said, drawing me closer to him, "now while I rest up for round two, how about we figure out the wifi so we can watch Netflix? After all, that's the whole reason I came to your room, wasn't it?"

I giggled, snuggling up to him.

"That's right, Professor. That's all I wanted, of course. I'm just an innocent, married grad student…"

"Keep teasing me like that and you're definitely going to get another spanking," he said, "this time over my knee."

"Mmm," I said, kissing him again, "I think I might like that."

"Then I guess we'll have to do it…"

[Jessica's manuscript ends here]

Chapter 3: The Reckoning

I read the story with a strange mixture of shock and arousal.

On one hand, I was emotionally devastated by this story, written by the love of my life, explicitly chronicling a kinky sexual encounter between her and another man.

But it went even further than that. Not only was she cheating on me, but she clearly had feelings for Prof. Martin.

Real feelings. This wasn't a purely physical affair.

But it was also not *only* an emotional affair. The physicality of what she had described leaped off the page at every turn: his huge cock, her orgasms, her enjoyment of being taken completely without protection. Then, of course, there was the dialogue that she had recorded that included me. Many, many humiliating things that she had either said or thought about me, my sexual prowess (or lack thereof) and our sexual history together.

And did she really write that she'd *never* had an orgasm from penetration before being with Prof. Martin?

That would mean that she'd faked **every single orgasm** that she pretended to have with me.

On the other hand, I was completely turned on. I was so aroused I only made it partway through the story before I had to take a break and run to the bathroom, bringing myself to a powerful orgasm within only a few seconds as I imagined my beautiful, loving wife disparaging me in front of her professor and lover.

I came again, this time not even bothering to go to the bathroom, as I read the description of Dr. Martin depositing his potent seed in my wife's unprotected womb. I looked down at my own semen–covered hands in disgust, wondering what had become of me.

But no matter what I did, I couldn't shake the images in Jessica's story from my mind. How much of it was real? How much

was fantasy? I knew that she was studying creative writing, but why would she write something so close to reality, without even bothering to change her or Prof. Martin's name?

She wouldn't. I concluded that it had to be real. All of it.

This thought both tormented and aroused me for the next few days. In the meantime, Jessica went about her life as usual, once again beginning to spend more and more time at the university in the evenings.

Finally, I had the guts to confront her. I couldn't stand it anymore.

"You know," I said, one evening while we were lying in bed, "I wouldn't really be against it if you wanted to…experiment a little more."

"Experiment, how?" she said, looking up from her book.

"Like in bed," I said.

"Mm," she said, "you know that I like the new things we've been trying."

"Yeah," I said, "I know. But I was kind of thinking about, you know, doing other stuff. Like with other people."

"You want to fuck other women?"

She lowered her book and looked at me in surprise.

"No," I said, "not at all. I thought that *you* might be interested in experimenting with other men."

She gave me a long look of disbelief.

"So you actually want me to sleep with other men? Like to cuckold you?"

"I just thought you might be interested…"

"And what exactly would give you that idea?"

I decided it was time to come clean. To lay my cards on the table. I looked my gorgeous red–headed wife in the eye and told her

everything I knew.

"I found a manuscript on the computer downstairs," I said, "it seemed to be about your trip with Prof. Martin."

Her face turned livid.

"That is a major breach of trust," she said, "my work is sacred to me. You have to understand the artistic process."

"That's just the thing," I said, "it didn't seem very 'artistic' to me. I mean, I thought it was well written, but it just seemed like it was describing something very plausible. Like it was based on actual events."

She continued to stare at me, her mouth open in disgust and outrage.

"Just tell me," I said, "is it true?"

"That's none of your fucking business," she said, slamming her book down and climbing out of bed, "I can't tolerate you snooping into my things like this. I think I'm going to go now. I don't need to be treated like this."

"Jessica," I called, "I'm sorry. But you have to understand how I felt when I read that story. Just tell me what parts are true and which parts are made up! I'm not mad if you sleep with him. It turns me on a little to be honest."

"I can't believe you," she said, quickly stripping off her nightgown and changing into a pair of jeans, "I'm getting out of here."

"Where are you going?" I asked, already sensing the answer.

"To Dr. Martin's house," she said, "I'll call you from there if I feel like talking. You disgust me. Goodbye."

She grabbed her gym bag from the closet before storming out of the bedroom and down the steps, taking two at a time. A few minutes later, I heard the screech of her car tires as she pulled out of the driveway.

Once again, I was overcome with powerful emotions, but once again I didn't know how to deal with them except for taking out my laptop and reading a copy of the story she had written for what must have been the twentieth time. I simply couldn't get enough of the images that my wife had put into my head, and I was beginning to think that truth and fiction were more intimately connected than she ever would have admitted.

I made myself come twice before falling into a deep sleep, images of my wife and her professor racing entangled in all my dreams.

Chapter 4: Soulmates

The next morning, Jessica still wasn't back.

I lay in my bed, despondent, but also incredibly aroused wondering about what she and her professor might be up to now.

Then, suddenly, my phone rang. It was Jessica's number.

I picked it up, but was startled to hear a male voice.

"Hello," he said, "this is Dr. Martin, Jessica's graduate advisor."

"I know who you are," I said, "this is her husband."

"Yes," he said, "I know who *you* are, too."

"Where is she? Can I talk to her?"

"She's fine. She's with me. And of course you can talk to her. But first, I think *we* both need to talk to *you*. Please come over here as soon as you can. Jessica will text you my address."

"Ok," I said, my hands trembling with a strong emotion that I couldn't necessarily identify, "I'll be right there."

I hung up the phone and raced to get dressed. A few minutes later, I was in my car, driving towards the address that Jessica had sent me.

I found the house easily. It was a beautifully maintained three–story Victorian with a large flower garden in the front.

No wonder she prefers him to me, I thought.

I parked in front of the house and walked up the walk, my heart pounding. I couldn't believe my relationship with my wife, my marriage, had come to this point, but here I was. About to confront her at her lover's house.

A man opened the door and extended his hand.

"I'm Professor Martin," he said, shaking my hand vigorously.

He was younger than I imagined — maybe in his mid–thirties, so only around a decade older than Jessica and I — but even as a

man, I could tell that he was quite handsome. Not to mention a head taller than I was, and in much better shape. I had no trouble believing that the details from Jessica's story concerning his superior endowment.

"Nice to meet you too," I said, entering the foyer and looking around.

"Please, no need to remove your shoes," he said, "this won't take long."

I didn't know if that was good or bad news.

I followed him into the living room, where Jessica was sitting on the couch. She was wearing a miniskirt that I'd always liked, and her legs were folded underneath her. I don't think I'd ever seen her look more beautiful. Or more serious.

"Hi," she said, her tone completely flat.

"Hi," I said.

"Please, have a seat," said Prof. Martin.

"Steve," he said, "Jessica's told me that you read her short story. And that you had a lot of questions about it. Specifically about its relationship to the true events of our conference."

"Yes," I said, squirming uncomfortably.

"She told me that you said that it turned you on to think about the two of us (me and Jessica) sleeping together. Is that right?"

"Yeah," I said, unsure of where this conversation was supposed to be leading.

"So you're probably wondering if it's all true."

I nodded, unable to make eye contact with either one of them.

"Well," said Dr. Martin, "like any artistic creation, there is some invention involved. For one thing, reality is not a linguistic construct. It is made of flesh and blood."

"Oh, cut the academic crap for a second," said Jessica, in an uncharacteristically cold tone, "let's just come clean."

“Steve,” she said, looking directly into my eyes, “everything in the story happened. The only way that my story wasn’t true is in the sense that it omitted a lot. Specifically, the two times after that initial encounter that Prof. Martins filled my pussy.”

I was speechless. I sat there, my mouth half–open, trying to formulate a thought. At the same time, I was getting hard.

“That’s right,” she said, “I hate to tell you this way. I was careless. I never wanted you to find that story. You shouldn’t have read it. I just wanted to spare your feelings.”

I nodded. I understood. I really did.

“And you have to admit that you were snooping where you shouldn’t have been.”

“Yes, but you were acting so strange. It was obvious you were cheating…”

“Technically, yes,” said Jessica, “I did cheat on you. But you have to understand: Prof. Martin is my soulmate. It just so happens that I’m still married to you. You can’t really cheat with your soulmate, can you? That would make no sense.”

I didn’t know how to respond to that. It didn’t seem to make logical or legal sense, but it made an emotional sense that I couldn’t dispute.

“I suppose not.”

“So I didn’t *actually* cheat on you. In a way, I was cheating on him with all that pity sex when I came back from the conference.”

“Yeah,” I said, “why did you suddenly want to try all that new stuff?”

“Because I was feeling guilty,” she said, “and I thought maybe there was a chance — if you could make me feel like Professor Martin made me feel — that I could be happy with you. But now I understand that you simply can’t measure up to him. In any way at all.”

I knew which "way" she was mainly referring to, but I also knew that this had to do with more than simply cock size. They were made for each other. Perfect fits, both physically and emotionally.

"However," she said, "I could tell how much the idea of me cheating turns me on, since you even suggested yourself that I cuckold you. So I'm making you an offer."

This was intriguing.

"You can stay in my life. We can stay married. But from now on, Professor Martin and I make the rules. And the first rule is that you're no longer allowed anywhere near my pussy. In fact, the only time you're going to be allowed to see any part of me is when I'm making love to him, on the rare occasions that we might allow you to watch us together. The next rule is that you agree to help us take care of any children that we might have, should he succeed in getting me pregnant."

"Lord knows I've been trying," said Dr. Martin, sliding over next to Jessica on the couch and squeezing her hand with a smile.

"And the third condition is that you accept my control over your orgasms," said Jessica, "I get to decide when and how you come. I'm never going to fuck you again, but if you're lucky, I might give you a handjob, either before or after Professor Martin and I make love."

"Well," she said, looking at me as Dr. Martin wrapped his arm around her from the side, "what do you think? Take it or leave it. If you decide to leave it, the door is there, and my lawyer will contact you next week sometime."

I didn't need long to decide.

"I'll take it," I said, feeling as if an arrow had pierced my heart.

My thoughts flashed back to our wedding and honeymoon. To all of the wonderful times in our marriage. I could have cursed her decision to go back to college, but I knew deep down that she'd always been out of my league and probably would have eventually

found someone better than me even if she hadn't returned to school for her degree.

Tears began to stream down my face.

"Aw, poor guy," said Dr. Martin, "I feel sorry for him. But I think that he should have the chance to watch us make love, so that he can see how happy I make you."

"That's probably a good idea," grinned Jessica, "come on, Steve. Don't you want to watch?"

"I don't know…," I said, standing up, but realizing at the same time that my erection was clearly visible through my slacks.

"Ha ha," laughed Jessica, "it looks like we got your little guy pretty excited. I told you, honey: he's a total cuck. I know he must have jerked off to my story several times."

"I'm sure you're right, Jess," he said, squeezing her hand as they both rose to their feet, "let's give him a show then, shall we?"

"Mmm I think we should just do what comes naturally," she said, craning her neck to kiss him, "and let my pathetic husband see how a real man pleases me."

My heart melted in pain and sorrow as I witnessed their passion for one another. It was true. It had to be: Jessica, *my* Jessica, had found her soulmate.

I followed them up to the bedroom and watched as Dr. Martin slowly helped her out of her clothes. This wasn't the raw, slightly kinky sex that she'd described in the story. This was more gentle and loving. Soulful, even.

Their hands were all over: caressing, groping. I watched as he skilfully freed my wife's luscious breasts, gently teasing her nipple with his thumb and forefinger.

"Oh God," she moaned, "you see that, Steve? *That's* how you get a woman in the mood."

He leaned down and took one of her nipples in his mouth, and I watched as Jessica closed her eyes and moaned softly, running her

fingers through his hair.

"Oh, Professor Martin," she moaned.

I noticed now that she used his title even when they were making love. It was obviously part of their kink.

She was reaching down and rubbing his cock now as he suckled on her nipple. I swallowed hard as I saw his package.

He looked over and let the nipple fall out of his mouth for a moment.

"Go ahead and make yourself comfortable," he said, "there's a chair over there."

I took a seat at the large writing desk in the corner, turning the wooden chair towards the happy couple. I wanted so badly to take out my cock and masturbate while I watched, but I knew, based on the "conditions" that Jessica had laid out, that I wouldn't be allowed to do that without her permission.

From this angle, I saw Jessica's rear. Her dress was already unzipped and peeled down in the front to grant access to her breasts. Now, I watched as her lover peeled the dress down over her ass so that she stood before him, naked from the waist up.

"Do you like that view, honey? I don't know how many other opportunities you're going to get to see me naked, or nearly so," she taunted.

I thought back to how incredible it had been the first time I saw Jessica naked, and another pang went through my body, even as I felt my cock harden even more.

She shook her ass a bit in her black thong panties. It was torture.

Torture that made my cock even harder.

Finally, he had taken those off as well, and was massaging her full buttocks, giving them a few playful little slaps, which caused her to giggle with glee.

"After you're finished making love to me, maybe you can *really* fuck me," she said, "and you know you'll have to give me a good, hard spanking then, professor."

She nuzzled her nose into his. Hearing her talk like this made me realize that there was a kinky, animalistic side to my wife that I had never succeeded in bringing out. It was overwhelming to see the woman that I thought I knew so well suddenly taking such an interest in rough sex.

But the sex was anything but rough now.

"I'll spank you later," he said, smiling, "but for now I'm going to make love to you like you're the woman who I want to spend the rest of my life with. Because you are."

"Oh, Professor," she sighed, "that's so sweet."

They exchanged another long kiss.

"God," said my wife, "I want you to make love to me so bad. But first I'm going to *worship* this dick."

"Oh my," said Dr. Martin, "I suppose I can't argue with that."

He winked at me over her shoulder. It was as if he'd hit me. I watched my wife drop to her knees and unfasten his pants, then unzip his fly and take out his gigantic cock.

Wow. The description in the story had done nothing to prepare me for the clear superiority of his male member. Jessica moved to the side as she stroked him, using the ample precum dripping down the shaft as lubricant.

"See, Steve? Now you understand one of the reasons you can't compete. But not the only one."

My mouth was dry as I watched my wife kiss the tip, looking over at me with a taunting smile.

"Watch how well I suck my *soulmate's* cock," she said, clearly meaning to contrast this term with "husband."

She swallowed the head of his dick and began to suck on it with her full lips, making little moaning sounds as if experiencing incredible pleasure from the act itself. At the same time, she grabbed his shaft in one had and his balls in the other, taking him as deeply as she could in her mouth while swirling her hand around his shaft.

She clearly **loved** it, and let both of us know with her moans, which became deep and throaty now.

"Such a good student," moaned her professor, "I can't wait to feel your pussy again. I know it's going to be even better than the last time."

She pulled off.

"The last time — you mean an hour before he came over?"

Prof. Martin chuckled.

"Yeah," he said, "exactly."

"Please, Jessica," I pleaded, "can I touch my cock?"

Jessica popped off his cock again and looked up at him, chuckling.

"Listen to that cuck," she said, "this turns him on so much. Watching his wife with her soulmate."

"I love you so much, Jess," he said, leaning down to kiss her while she continued to stroke his cock, "forget about that cuck. Just ignore him if you feel like it. Don't feel any need to talk to him. He's lucky to be watching us."

"I know," she said, kissing his cock for a few more seconds, "and I think it's time for you to fuck me."

I didn't know what to do. She'd acknowledged my request, but hadn't answered my question. Oh well. I'd better follow the rules, I reasoned.

She lay back on the bed and embraced her lover. The two of them kicked off their remaining clothes and continued to kiss

passionately. From the angle I was at I couldn't see much more than Prof. Martin's toned ass.

"Come over here, Steve," said Jess, "I want you right next to the bed. I need you to see exactly what it's like for me to take a real man's cock. The cock of a man who I truly care about."

I stood up and brought the chair around to the side of the bed, where I saw that Prof. Martin was rubbing his cock against my wife's wet hole, as if waiting for my presence to penetrate her.

"Here's what I want you to do," she said, "I want you to take out your cock and stroke it with one hand while you watch his big prick go inside me. Can you do that for me, Steve?"

I nodded, then quickly unzipped my pants as Prof. Martin slowly entered my wife.

"Oh God," he groaned, "fucking you is like entering a temple. It's so incredible, it's a spiritual experience every time."

"For me, too, baby," she sighed, her eyes tearing up, "I love having you inside me. I can't wait to have your babies."

I mourned silently for the family I knew I would never have with Jessica, but at the same time, I was so turned on by watching his girthy prick stretch my wife's tight young slit that I didn't cry. I merely stroked my cock in time with their fucking, attentive to every small sound and sigh of satisfaction that my wife made, every sweet word that she whispered to him.

"Oh, yes, Professor," she cooed, "I love you so much. You're hitting so many places that he never could. Sex is so much better when you really care about the person."

Hearing that hurt me, badly. But at the same time, the humiliation was starting to arouse me incredibly.

He pressed her legs together a bit and began to penetrate her a little more deeply.

"That's it, oh my God, it's so good. I'm going to come," she moaned.

“Yes,” he urged her, “I want to come at the same time.”

“I want you to give me a baby,” my wife moaned, looking up into his eyes with tears in her own.

“Oh God, that would be so wonderful,” he said, leaning down and kissing her as they both reached climax.

I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks as well, even as I reached my own climax. I didn’t even know in that moment if they were tears of joy or tears of pain. Probably both at once. I stood up awkwardly and walked to the nearby bathroom while the two lovers basked in the afterglow. When I came back out a few minutes later, they were spooning.

“I guess I’ll go now,” I muttered, heading for the door.

“I think that’s best,” said Prof. Martin, “Jessica or I will call you when we want to see you again.”

And so I returned home to my house, which felt so empty now. I was despondent, of course, but also unable to stop myself from revisiting the scene that I’d just witnessed, as well as the one that I’d read about.

I kept getting hard and jerking off to the image of Jessica entwined in the arms of her professor. But I didn’t come because I hadn’t gotten her permission. I just brought myself close, right to the edge.

Ever the faithful husband.

Epilogue

Jessica ended up finishing her degree, but she wasn't allowed to have Prof. Martin as her advisor any more, because it was against university policy for students to be amorously involved with faculty members who are directly supervising them.

She did end up getting pregnant incredibly quickly, and part of me always wondered if it had happened either during the conference or shortly thereafter, perhaps during the same time that I watched them make love for the first time.

Prof. Martin was overjoyed by the news, and immediately threw a big party at his house to make his big announcement. I was there, of course. Jessica said she wouldn't have *dreamed* about not inviting me.

Much to my humiliation, it turned out that the party doubled as an engagement party. Some of Jessica and I's former friends were there as well, and it made for awkward conversation when I tried to explain what had happened, and why I was no longer together with Jessica but still hanging around her and her new soon-to-be husband.

Jessica continued to use my attraction to her to twist the knife that she'd already rammed through my heart, so I wasn't *completely* surprised when, during the engagement party, she raised a glass to toast to me.

"Here's to Steve," she said, "my understanding, soon–to–be–ex husband. He understood that it was impossible to get in the way of true love. To attempt to keep two soulmates apart."

The crowd applauded, raising their glasses.

"Wait," she said, "there's more."

Silence came over the room.

"As you all know," she continued, "my father passed away several years ago, so although he *did* get to see me get married

once, he never got to witness his daughter embrace *true* love."

There was a murmur in the crowd.

"So," she said, "it's particularly difficult for me not to have anyone to walk me down the aisle. Which is why I was so happy…"

She looked me in the eye.

"When Steve said that he'd be happy to give me away at the altar."

I had agreed to no such thing, in fact. But what could I do? I knew it was useless to protest.

I smiled as best I could even though I was dying inside. Still, I knew I'd do it. I knew I'd do anything to see Jessica happy.

"Come on, Steve," she said, taking me by the arm after the toasts were over, "we have a wedding to plan. And *you've* got some divorce papers to sign. My lawyer is here at the party, it won't take but a minute…"

"Of course, Jessica," I said, feeling what was left of my heart become irrevocably broken, "there's nothing I won't do for you."

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

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

HER FIRST BIG ONE

*"Trust me: in every case it's the **husband's** idea to begin with, but it's the **wife** who ends up having the time of her life."*

Evan loves hanging out with his wife Emma and her hot red-headed friend, Penny, on Friday nights after work. Even if Penny runs her mouth off a lot, she's still great to look at.

But when Penny won't stop talking about a new man in her life, a man who is blessed with a particularly **large endowment**, both Emma and Evan are intrigued.

Soon, Greg, the man who's been fulfilling all of Penny's size queen dreams, is a guest in their home, and events take a shocking, sizzling turn. Before they know it, Evan's **sweet, inexperienced and fertile wife** is coming face to face with **her first big one**, and Evan is relegated to the sidelines. In his own house, and soon, in his own marriage.

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

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…

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

ON HER BACK FOR HIS BULYING BOSS

Will's wife Marisa is intelligent, vivacious, and extremely attractive. She supports him in every aspect of his life. Which is why it stings so badly when he notices her flirting with his boss, Tony, the man who has made his life at work unbearable for the past few months.

Tony is everything that Will is not: confident, dominant and hung. The ultimate alpha male. Soon, he makes an indecent

proposal to Marisa and Will that will change their marriage forever.

Before they know it, Will's beautiful and innocent wife Marisa is on her back for his bullying boss. Right before his very eyes. Both of them are about to get a lesson that they'll never forget about how much size matters.

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