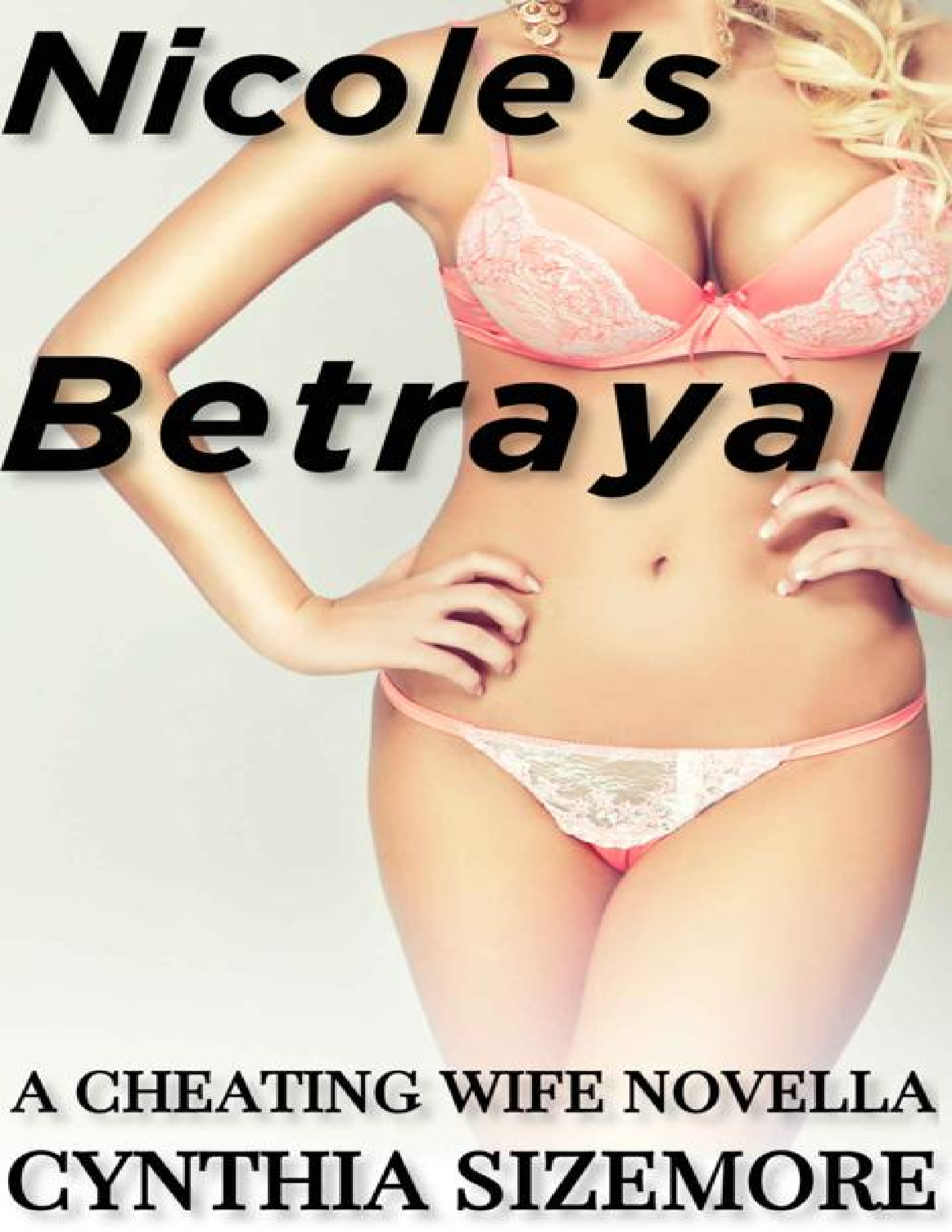

Nicole's
Betrayal
A CHEATING WIFE NOVELLA
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL

By Cynthia Sizemore

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NICOLE'S BETRAYAL

Chapter 1

The light shone through the bedroom window on Nicole's sleeping head. Throughout the time that I'd known her, I'd always been astonished at what a heavy sleeper my wife was. I myself woke up the very moment that light hit the curtains of the room in the morning, or that so much as a car horn sounded outside the window.

I took a moment to look at her.

Nicole.

The way that the light brought out the natural highlights in her dirty blond hair. The way that the tanktop she wore to bed hugged her breasts, and the boy shorts she favored when sleeping accentuated the gentle curve of her child–bearing hips.

Not that she'd actually *borne* a child. Not yet. That was something we were still working on, so far without success.

I couldn't help myself. I bent down and kissed her forehead. She opened her eyes, rubbed them and yawned, then flashed me her signature smile, the one that always melted my heart.

"Good morning, sweetie," she said, "what time is it?"

"It's 8:00," I said, "I've got to leave. I'm glad you got some sleep."

"Mmm, me too," she said, propping herself up on her elbows, "I think I'm going to go to yoga with Linda this morning."

"That sounds great."

"Have a good day at work!"

“Thanks,” I said, “have fun at yoga.”

Nicole was between jobs at the moment. She’d worked as a paralegal before we’d moved to a new city for me to take the job I worked at now. I was the head IT guy for a small financial services firm, run by a sole proprietor: Justin Hart. I mention him because despite being only one man, he was an outsized presence around the office. Outgoing and charismatic, he was both loved and feared by his fifteen employees. He was the sole decision–maker, and took this role seriously, being completely unafraid to make difficult choices for the good of the firm.

Justin could be generous, though, too, and he’d been especially good to me. He’d found me through a headhunter and had lured me away from my old gig with the promise of a salary almost twice what I had been paid, as well as a benefits package that was significantly more generous. I would have been crazy not to take the job, and Nicole understood that.

Even though she hadn’t been able to find a job yet in our new city (and I sensed that she wasn’t actually looking very hard, given the fact that we’d lived there for over eight months already), Nicole was happy with our new life. We had a large house, two cars, and were saving a nice nest egg to help us start our family.

Although she never actually said it, I think that Nicole was hoping that she would get pregnant quickly and transition to being a stay–at–home mom without ever having to go back to work. That certainly would have been ok with me, but she didn’t want to admit this to herself. At least not yet.

My hope was that, any day now, she'd become pregnant, and the whole issue of whether or not she could or should go back to work would be entirely irrelevant for the time being.

So, this was our life, for the time being: I would work forty or sometimes fifty hours a week, and Nicole would spend her time ostensibly looking for jobs, but really mainly decorating the house, doing yoga, and shopping online.

It was totally fine with me: in my eyes, Nicole could do no wrong.

Maybe this perspective on my wife was due to the fact that she was what I considered to by way out of my league. Some days, I still couldn't believe that she'd sat next to me that day in freshmen physics class, and that she'd actually accepted my offer to help her study for the first test.

While we hadn't started dating right away, we'd stayed in touch via Facebook for the next year or so, and when we ended up living down the street from each other one summer, I mustered up my courage to ask her to get coffee with me.

She'd agreed so quickly that I almost felt like she might be playing a practical joke on me. Or only see me as a friend. But after that first coffee date, we took a long walk in the park, and agreed to go to an outdoor concert that weekend, where we shared our first kiss on a blanket in the park, after the concert had ended and the sun had gone down.

A year after graduation, we were married. My friends still teased me about it, and I understood. I was not what most women would have considered a "catch." I was average height, balding, a little overweight, and wasn't particularly funny. But Nicole loved me, and I loved her, and I tried

not to think about the difference in our levels of attractiveness. Whenever I'd hinted at the subject, Nicole would tell me that women were attracted to different things than men were, and that she loved how loyal and dependable I was. Not at all like the other guys she'd dated in college.

For my part, I tried not to think about those "other guys" and the question of her past hardly ever came up. I tried not to be jealous of Nicole, and she really never gave me any reason to be. While she got plenty of male attention, she had become an expert at deflecting it. This meant that some men thought of her as an "ice queen" or a "bitch," but this was only because she'd learned to adopt a prickly exterior to keep would–be suitors at bay. She told me that one of the major benefits of getting married so young was that she had a built–in excuse not to engage with the strange men who propositioned her.

That all made sense to me, and so, for a long time, we were a perfectly happy, if somewhat mismatched couple. Me, Kevin, the schlubby IT guy, and Nicole, the curvy, busty blonde who ever guy wanted to bed.

Only *I* had that privilege now. And it was glorious. I never knew how wonderful sex could possibly be before I met Nicole. I'd had one girlfriend before her, in high school, and we'd lost our virginities to each other, but it had been an awkward, unsatisfying affair for both of us. We'd done it a few times more before she'd decided she wanted to break up before we went to college. I'd been heartbroken. Until I met Nicole.

I thought back on all of these events as I admired my wife in the early morning light for another fleeting second before heading off to work.

“Oh, and don’t forget one more thing,” she called to me, just before I shut the door, “today is probably a very good time to…try to add to the family…”

“How could I forget that?” I grinned from the doorway.

“Just hurry home so you can make love to your wife,” she said, giving me a sultry look and blowing me another kiss.

“I will.”

***

At work, Justin grabbed my arm the second I came through the door, walking next to me down the hall.

“Hey, Kev,” he said, using a nickname that I didn’t especially appreciate but was too timid to tell him not to use, “I need you to install some security cameras around the office. Can you do that?”

“Yeah,” I said, “of course I probably can. But don’t you think there’s someone who’d be better qualified for the job?”

“Sorry,” he said, “I don’t mean that you should install the actually cameras. I want you to hire the contractors and administer the system. I want decent resolution. And sound.”

“Sound, sir? That’s not typical for a security system…”

“I know,” he said, “but I have my reasons. Trust me.”

“Ok,” I said, “I can get started on the project. Just give me a budget and the locations of where you want the cameras.”

“I just e–mailed you a list of rooms,” he said, “and why don’t you get a couple of quotes, first. I’ll worry about the budget.”

We stopped in front of my office.

“I’m happy to do this, of course,” I said, a note of caution entering my voice, “but I need to know what exactly the application is going to be for this system before I hire a contractor.”

He stared at me for a moment, then lowered his voice.

“Let’s talk about this for a second behind closed doors.”

He ushered me into my own office and closed the door. I took a seat behind the desk while the boss began pacing back and forth. He was clearly upset.

“You remember Lindsay, that girl who left about a week after you started here?”

I strained to remember. The first couple of the weeks on the job had been kind of a blur.

“Sure,” I said, “I think so. Brunette? If I recall, she was quite…”

“She was hot,” he cut in, “she was a fucking knock out and she knew it. I should have *known* that she was after something. I should have sensed it. I’m good enough to smell crazy pussy. Christ!”

I almost laughed. *Crazy pussy*. Not exactly politically correct!

I kept my composure, however.

“Ok, what about her?”

“She’s saying that I sexually harassed her. That I used my position of authority to seduce her. She’s got a lawyer, and is trying to sue me.”

“Sorry to hear that,” I said, suddenly becoming uncomfortable.

Was he about to ask me to help him cover up sexual harassment?

"I didn't harass her. She pursued *me*. I have the texts and e–mails to prove it, luckily. But what I don't have is video evidence, at least of the times that we did it in the office."

I looked away uncomfortably. I couldn't help it.

"Sorry," he said, "I know this is a little awkward. I hope you understand how upset this makes me. The accusation that I would have to resort to intimidation to get laid. Please!"

"It must be difficult," I said, trying to recover the situation, "so… the cameras."

"Yes," he said, "they must be capable of recording audio as well as video."

"Are you sure this is legal? I mean, wouldn't this mean recording your employees 24–7?"

"No," he said, "you'll see on the list that the cameras are going to go in the places that *I* frequent, not only the employees. There won't be any in anyone else's office, for example. I checked with the lawyers. They signed off on everything."

"And how long do you want to keep the footage?"

"I think about three months should be sufficient. But if anything… significant happens, I want to be able to go in and save it for longer."

I nodded. He had given me a kind of smirk as he pronounced the word "significant." Was this guy planning on sleeping with more employees? Was he doing it already?

“Ok,” I said, “I’ll go ahead and get to work on this. We can set up a meeting and look at the system together once it’s installed.”

“Thanks, Kev,” he said, once again using the nickname that I hated, “I probably don’t have to mention this, but this system has to be top–secret.”

“Of course, sir,” I said, “I’ll have the contractors install it on the weekend.”

“Perfect,” he said, “and no need to ‘sir’ me.”

“Right.”

“I want to be the only one with access to the footage.”

“Of course, sir. Sorry,” I said, immediately catching my mistake.

“It’s ok, Kev,” he said, turning to leave my office, “and thanks.”

He shot me a big grin and a little salute before closing the door behind him.

***

That night when I got home, I couldn’t help but tell Nicole about this recent development — the sexual harassment suit, that is, but not the cameras I’d been asked to have installed. I kept my promise to Justin.

She chuckled and shook her head.

“I can’t say I’m entirely surprised,” she said, “a lot of these CEO types tend to be alpha–male assholes. I don’t really see the appeal, to be honest, but I guess a lot of girls are really attracted to power.”

“So you believe his story, that *she* pursued *him*?”

“Oh yeah. Definitely. Not that he probably didn’t encourage it. You can be sure of that. He’s not married, right? I don’t remember you ever mentioning it.”

“Not that I know of. But we’re going to have an opportunity to get to know him better soon. He’s hosting a barbecue at the office next week, and he wants everyone to bring their spouses. I’m sure if he has a wife, she’ll be there.”

“Really? Cool! I’ve been wanted to get to know your co–workers. Why haven’t you told me about this yet?”

“I just found out about it.”

“This will be really fun. What should I wear?”

“You’re asking the wrong guy,” I said, smiling.

I knew that Nicole would look incredible in whatever she wore. She was the kind of woman who would have to go out of her way *not* to turn heads. Her response to my announcement of what was sure to be a boring office party made me realize how socially isolated Nicole must have felt over the past few months in our new city. She’d made a few casual acquaintances, such as the woman that she did yoga with, and she’d become active in our church, but she still didn’t seem to have settled into our new life.

“Maybe I’ll be able to make some new friends,” she said.

“Yeah,” I said, “that would be great.”

“Wonderful.”

She walked up towards me, giving me a look that I found irresistible, as usual. That mischievous smile.

“I hope you didn’t forget,” she said.

“Forget about what?” I said, feigning confusion.

I liked to tease her.

“It’s time to…make that new family member.”

“Oh, is that right?”

Our lips met in a passionate kiss. The spark had never gone out of our relationship, at least as far as I was concerned. Every time we kissed, I wanted her with a desperate longing.

“Let’s go upstairs,” I whispered.

“Actually,” Nicole said, her hands already working at my belt, “I thought we could try something a little different today…”

“Is that right? Now you have my attention.”

“I thought,” she said, stopping to kiss me, “that maybe we could do it down here. Did you know that I’ve been having some dirty thoughts today?”

“Really? *My* innocent wife? Having dirty thoughts?”

“Don’t tease me,” she said, letting out a little whimper as we kissed again.

Her hand was on my shaft, now.

“I just don’t get to see this side of you that often,” I said.

“That’s what I’m trying to say,” she said, grinning, “I’m trying to give you a good look at my other side.”

She turned around, slowly pulling down her yoga pants over her tight rear.

She wasn't wearing any panties.

"You were prepared, weren't you? You planned for this…"

I don't know why I was so surprised. Of course, she'd told me that morning to expect sex that night. We were trying to conceive, after all. But it was still an exciting prospect, and I never got tired of admiring Nicole's beautiful body, no matter what angle she presented it to me.

"I was doing some reading on the internet," she said, running her hand down her own slit and gasping a bit as she teased her clit, "a lot of women say that rear entry is a good position for conception. It enables a direct line to the cervix. A perfect target for your little guys…"

Rear entry might have been a routine part of sex for many couples, but for us it was a bit fraught. You see, the incongruity between Nicole's shapely rear end and my somewhat modest endowment made entry difficult. Add to that the fact that I had more than a little padding up front (ok, let's be honest, I have a beer gut) and you can probably begin to see that it's tricky for me to stay inside from that angle.

Also, there was no way I was long enough to get anywhere close to Nicole's cervix, so the idea that this position would be better for conception somehow was also unconvincing.

Normally, I might have protested, reminding her of the other times we'd attempted similar positions with no success. But I was so hard looking at my wife (who was now bending over the arm of the couch and offering

herself up to me, her bottom like a ripe peach), that I had talked myself into trying it.

I pressed myself into her wetness from behind, letting out a long groan of satisfaction.

"Yes, Kevin," she moaned, "that's so good. I need you to give it to me as hard as you can. I want you to just do what you want. What makes you feel good."

I moved inside her, trying to get deeper but being sabotaged by my fat pad and small dick. Her pussy felt amazing to me, but I was convinced that she couldn't really feel my cock, even though she'd said otherwise.

"That's it," she urged me, as I thrust ahead harder, "just use me. Give me a baby."

I began to lose whatever self–consciousness I'd felt about our history with the position, and I thrust into her a bit harder. For a few strokes, everything was going great. Even though I was far from being hung, I was starting to feel like a porn star.

"Does it feel good to you?" I asked.

"Don't worry, babe," she answered, "just do what you want. We need *you* to come in order to make a baby…"

I set my jaw and grabbed her hips, thrusting into my beautiful wife.

"Oh God," I moaned, "you're so hot. I can't hold out much longer."

"I don't want you to. Come for me. Come inside me, now."

I felt familiar warm feeling of pleasure building inside me as I thrust into Nicole, but right at the moment that the torrent of sperm came shooting

out of me, I slipped.

That's right: the stream of semen that was supposed to score a direct hit on her cervix instead came spurting out all over Nicole's ass. She felt this and realized something was wrong.

"What…happened?"

"I slipped out," I admitted, feeling sheepish.

"Did you come inside me at all?"

"Maybe a little," I lied.

The truth was, *none* of my cum had gone inside her. It was all dripping down her buttocks.

"Damn it," she said, a note of disappointment entering her voice, "so much for that idea."

"Nicole," I said, "I'm sorry."

"It's ok," she said, sighing, "could you get me some kleenex?"

"Of course."

I walked over to a side table and grabbed a box, passing it to my wife, who wiped herself clean of the life–giving fluid that had missed its mark.

"I'm sorry, honey. I just slipped out right at the wrong moment."

"It's ok," she said, "it's really fine. You'll be ready to go again soon, and we'll just try again. Maybe lying down this time."

"Yeah," I said, "that sounds good."

But we didn't try again, at least not that night.

Chapter 2

The barbecue started at 3:00pm that Friday afternoon. It was a great excuse for everyone at the office to shirk their duties starting around noon, because we all helped set up for it. There were folding chairs to put out, tables to set up, and drinks to prepare. The only things that employees of the small firm *didn't* do were put up the tent in the parking lot and actually cook the food. Both of those things were being taken care of by a catering company that Justin had hired.

I was happy not to have to work much that day, though of course I continued to check up on network alerts and monitor the status of backups. Around 2:55, however, I was standing next to Mike and Paul, two of my co–workers, under the tent in the front parking lot, nursing a Bud Light.

As we were chatting, the other guests — mainly spouses of the employees, but a few of our clients as well — began to arrive and park in the lot.

I smiled as Nicole's RAV4 pulled into the parking lot. She was right on time.

In that moment, Justin appeared next to us, slapping Paul on the back and telling him that he had tickets for the NBA game that weekend but he couldn't go. He was on the verge of offering them to Paul — I could see the anticipation on Paul's face — when suddenly my boss did a double–take.

"Holy shit, guys. The *blonde*…"

Our heads all snapped up towards the woman he was talking about, who was, of course Nicole.

“God *damn*,” said Mike, an overweight man in his late 40s, “who is *she*? A trophy wife of one of our clients?”

Nicole was dressed in a pink and yellow sundress and sandles. Her sunglasses and wide–brimmed straw hat gave her the look of a movie starlet. These rather demure aspects of her look were countered by the dress’s plunging neckline and the bright red lipstick that adorned her full lips.

“Dunno,” said Justin, also leering, “but that’s a fine piece of ass.”

“If the boss doesn’t know her, then she’s not a client,” said Paul, before clearing his throat quickly as it became clear that she was approaching our group.

“Hey, honey!” said Nicole, walking up to me and planting a kiss on my cheek, “are you going to introduce me to everyone?”

I couldn’t help but be filled with a sense of pride. The “trophy wife,” this extremely attractive young blonde that had turned the heads of all the guys around me, was none other than my wife.

Mike and Paul seemed to be suitably mortified that they’d been making what had amounted to lewd remarks about the woman who I was married to. Only Justin — as was to be expected — kept his cool.

“What is a beautiful woman like you doing with a jerk like this?” he said, hooking his thumb in my direction after shaking her hand.

Nicole smiled. Usually, she didn’t like this kind of joking around (she knew that she was beautiful and didn’t appreciate being reminded of it every second) but it seemed like she was taking this in stride.

“Well, this ‘jerk’ happens to be the love of my life,” she said, looking at Justin and smiling as she kissed me on the cheek again.

The twinkle in her eyes told him that she took his comment in the lighthearted spirit it had been offered.

“I’m just kidding, of course,” said Justin, clapping me on the shoulder.

“Kev,” he said, leaning in closely and pretending to whisper, but doing it loud enough that Nicole would be sure to hear him, “you’re a very lucky guy.”

“I know,” I said.

***

Nicole and I mingled with the rest of the employees and their spouses for the next hour or so, and nothing else of real note happened until about an hour later.

Justin came up next to me while Nicole was talking to Stacy, Mike’s wife, and clapped me on the shoulder, pulling me in for a confidential conversation.

“You see that girl over there? The brunette with the bangs?”

“Yeah. That’s Lydia, right?”

I began to realize that this firm had an outsized number of young, attractive women working for it.

“Yeah. She’s one of the reasons I need that system installed. She’s been letting me hit it for like a week now, but I’m afraid that she’s one of the crazy ones, know what I mean?”

I laughed awkwardly.

“Well, the contractor is going to finish the installation this weekend when everyone’s gone…”

“Right. Good.”

“You’ll have the password to the system by Monday, after I inspect and test the installation.”

“Perfect,” he said, straightening up a bit, “I’m glad I can count on you. It’s good to have another guy around who knows how to appreciate good pussy.”

He nodded in Nicole’s direction.

I was too astonished at this off–color comment to be as angry as I should have been, but luckily Nicole hadn’t heard anything that he’d said. A moment later, he was gone.

I watched Lydia from across the tent for a few moments. She never talked to Justin, or made any indication that she even knew him. That was part of the game, I guess. A secret affair with the boss.

I started to wonder if he was really telling the truth. Was he *actually* fucking all these women? What did they see in him? To me, Justin just seemed like a macho asshole. A successful asshole, but an asshole nonetheless.

***

Nicole and I drove home separately, since we’d come in different cars. All the way home, I couldn’t help but revisit the scene at the beginning of the party in the parking lot. I was used to other guys wanting to fuck Nicole. Pretty much every guy did. But my boss had crossed a line that he shouldn’t

have, and I hadn't had the guts to take him to task for it. Part of that was the fact that he was my boss, of course, but part of it was also due to the fact that I was simply not that imposing of a guy to begin with. I'm not a pushover, of course, but I simply lacked the will to be dominant in social situations. I often joked that I was a "lover, not a fighter." But lately, I wasn't feeling like much of a "lover" either, especially compared to Justin.

"That was fun," said Nicole, when we'd arrived home and were changing out of our clothes in the bedroom.

We planned to watch some Netflix before bed since it was still so early.

"I'm glad you thought so," I said, "I hope you enjoyed meeting everyone."

"Oh yeah," she said, "Stacy is a blast. We need to have Mike and her over sometime. She just says whatever pops into her head. She's hilarious! Apparently, she thinks that Justin only hires women if he thinks there's a chance of sleeping with them. Can you believe that?"

"I can defintiely believe it," I said, "remember what I told you about Lindsay and the security cameras?"

"How could I forget," she laughed, "that's all I could think about. Every time I met a woman who worked at your office, I was just thinking, 'did the boss try to fuck you, too'?"

"Well," I said, "there's also Rita, of course — " (Rita was the CFO, at 67 years old, the firm's oldest employee) "— I doubt he's tried anything with her."

"Ha," said Nicole, "no, I guess he probably hasn't. Did you know that Stacy caught him banging the receptionist when she came into the office

looking for Mike once on the weekend? He had her bent over the front desk at 9 in the morning on a Saturday. Who *is* this guy? It's like he doesn't care if he gets caught or sued or me–tooed or whatever…"

To my surprise, I thought I'd caught a note of admiration in her voice. Usually, Nicole strongly disapproved of this kind of macho womanizing. Had something changed?

"Yeah," I said, "I guess he figures that since he's the boss, he can just buy his way out of whatever problems come his way. I didn't know that Stacy had caught him with Lindsay, though."

"Oh no," said Nicole, shaking her head, "this wasn't Lindsay. This was some Asian girl who worked for him a couple of years ago. Whatever it was that happened with Lindsay was an entirely different issue."

I chuckled.

"That's incredible. This guy really can't keep it in his pants."

"I guess not," said Nicole, who seemed to be on the verge of saying something else, but then stopped.

There was a look of amusement on her face, and her lips were parted about halfway. She was clearly recalling another humorous detail of her conversation with Stacy.

"What?" I said, "you look like you want to say something else…"

"It's nothing," she said, shaking her head, "just something else that Stacy mentioned about Justin is all."

"What did she mention?"

"I shouldn't tell you."

She smiled, then blushed a bit, looking away.

“Come on,” I said, “now you *have* to tell me.”

“I promised Stacy not to.”

“How big of a secret could it be,” I said, “if she told *you* after knowing you for only five minutes? Besides, I’m your husband. She knows that anything that she tells you is going to get back to me eventually.”

Nicole thought for a moment, then frowned.

“Ok,” she said, “I’ll tell you. It’s really not that big of a deal, after all. Just something else funny that she mentioned about the morning that she walked in on him and the Asian girl.”

“So what was it?”

The suspense was killing me.

“Justin is pretty big. Like, not just tall. He’s rather…impressive.”

“You mean like he’s got a big dick or something?”

“Mm–hmm,” she said, smiling and shaking her head, “Stacy said she could barely believe it fit inside that poor young woman. But it definitely *did* fit, and they seemed to be having the time of their lives until she got there.”

“What happened? Did he at least apologize?”

“Not really. He actually winked at Stacy and told her to come back later, believe it or not. She said that she turned around and shut the door behind her, but she could still hear them going at it.”

“Wow,” I said, “that is extremely brazen.”

“Well,” said Nicole, shaking her head, “he *is* the boss, after all. I guess as long as it’s consensual, he’s entitled to bang his employees on company property.”

“Yeah, but in front of other people? Isn’t that harassment or something?”

Nicole shrugged.

“I don’t think so. Stacy doesn’t work for him, her husband does. If he’d been fucking people in front of his employees, then yeah, it’s grounds for a suit. The guy is playing with fire as it is, though. And from what you already told me about that lawsuit, sounds like he’s finally getting burned.”

“Yeah,” I said, sighing, “I just hope the whole company doesn’t go down with him. I like this job.”

“And I like the money you make,” said Nicole, smiling suggestively at me, “now, don’t you think it’s time that we tried again to make a baby?”

“I think you might be right about that,” I said, “but this time, let’s do it the normal way.”

The “normal way” meant missionary position. I didn’t want to repeat my failed performance of a few nights ago, when I’d done her from behind but then slipped out and came all over her ass instead of inside her.

“Whatever you say, hubby.”

Nicole’s smile, and the touch of her breasts on my body, had me instantly erect. I was also imagining my boss bending a young attractive Asian woman across his desk and having his way with her.

Was he actually that big? Or was the girl simply petite, and in the heat of the moment it had made it seem to Stacy that he was hung. On the other hand, all of his behavior would seem to indicate that my boss was hung and he knew it. I was filled with a strange sense of jealousy and admiration. I wondered what it would be like to watch Justin fuck.

Nicole and I's lovemaking was successful this time, insofar as I managed to ejaculate inside her instead of all over her. I didn't know if she actually had an orgasm or not, but she assured me that she'd enjoyed the romp all the same. I didn't know if she was telling the truth or just trying to make me feel better. Increasingly, I had the suspicion that she was viewing sex as a means to an end (that is, to get pregnant) and not as an enjoyable activity in and of itself.

I told myself that that was ok, that sexual desire ebbs and flows in a relationship, and that it was totally normal for a woman to focus on the procreative aspects of sex, especially when she was as baby–crazy as Nicole was these days.

***

The next day I drove to the office to meet with the technician who was installing the new security cameras. These were not the boxy cameras in the corner of the room with blinking red lights. Nor were they the half–globes of tinted glass that protruded from the ceilings in department stores.

These were so small as to be practically undetectable.

"You're sure they're hard–wired?" I asked, when the technician held one unit, no larger than a credit card, up for inspection, "I don't really see a place for a wire."

“There is one,” he assured me, “right here. The camera gets both power and its network connection from a single small connector.”

“And that sends the recording…”

“Directly to the server,” he said, completing my sentence, “encrypted at the point of recording, so there’s no way to hack into it. Only authorized users can view the footage.”

“Perfect,” I said, “I’ll be in my office while you finish installation. When you’re done, we can look at the software interface together.”

“Sounds like a good plan,” said the technician good–naturedly.

I turned and went into my office, closing the door behind me. Since it was Sunday and I didn’t have any other work to do, I sat browsing the web for a few minutes, but the whole time I kept thinking about Justin. About his big cock, and how he didn’t seem to be able to keep it in his pants around the office. It was really astounding that an alpha–male type like this could still exist in the age of sensitivity training and #metoo. He seemed like a liability to his own firm.

The more I thought about it, the more worried I became that I might be personally liable for aiding his harassment by installing this camera system. What if Justin had been lying about getting the OK from his lawyers? What if all of this was illegal? What if I was some kind of accessory to a crime, or would be, the moment that he fucked a girl on film without her knowing that she was on video?

Those were the reasons I told myself for what I did next. The true reasons, of course, were darker and more perverse than I wanted to admit to myself.

I resolved to give myself access to the cameras. Justin would not be the only one with a password, and there was no way he would ever find out. I was sure of that. I'd seen his level of tech savvy, and I knew that he was not going to have the sophistication to figure out that there was a second administrator account installed on the system.

The real reason, of course, is that I wanted to watch. I wanted to see if what Nicole had heard from Stacy was true. I wanted to know if Justin really had a huge cock. And what's more, I wanted to see it in action.

Little did I know, I would have my chance much sooner than I had anticipated.

Chapter 3

The next Monday, when I returned to the office, Justin was waiting for me. I had already texted him after the installation was completed, and now he was eager for me to show him how to use the new system.

This time, I went to his office. I pulled up the web interface on his computer and had him create a user name and password that I couldn't see. Unbeknownst to him, I had, of course, already created my own administrator account on the system.

His eyes lit up as he saw the resolution on the cameras.

"And the sound? The microphones work too?"

"Yes," I said, "just turn on the speaker on your computer."

He did so, and we heard two women in the breakroom talking about their weekends in crystal–clear audio clarity.

"This is great. Great work. I don't need to remind you that this whole thing is our little secret, right?"

"Of course. I know it is," I said, trying not to sound defensive, "I'm a pro. And I do what's asked of me."

"Yeah," said Justin, "I know. But I'm going to throw a nice little bonus onto your next paycheck, just to remind you of how much I appreciate you."

I thanked him, but the truth was, this bonus made me feel a little dirty. Like I'd done something wrong. That feeling was only compounded by the

knowledge that I *had* done something wrong by not telling him about the extra account.

I didn't even consider checking the recorded video until several weeks later, when there was a rumor that the receptionist, Lydia, had quit that afternoon, supposedly after having a fight with Justin over something that sounded rather…personal.

Lydia. The brunette with the bangs and the killer body. I remembered back to the company barbecue, and I remembered what Justin had said about her.

She's been letting me hit it for like a week now, but I'm afraid that she's one of the crazy ones, know what I mean?

I wondered to myself. Surely Justin had better sense than to fuck his employee in the office, right? I mean, he *did* have an apartment or a house or something, didn't he? Then again, maybe the office was part of the fantasy for him. For both of them.

I checked to make sure that my office door was locked, then I fired up the web interface. There was a lot of footage to go through, so I wrote a quick script that would tag only footage shot after hours where there was movement. I decided that they probably weren't going to start going at it right at 5:30, so I set the time frame from 7:00pm to 7:00am just to be sure.

It didn't take long before I struck paydirt. There it was: five days ago. Action on Justin's office camera.

Just must have checked the angles of the camera, because he had positioned his chair in the middle of the room to allow the camera to get a great shot, not from the front, but from the side.

He's using this place as his personal porno studio, I thought to myself.

The reason I was so sure of this was that his pants were around his ankles, and Lydia was on her knees in front of him, fellating him eagerly.

The rumors, it seemed, were true. His size had not been a figment of Stacy's imagination, or her inability to judge the dimensions of the male member in comparison to a petite Asian female.

No. There could be do doubt: Justin really was hung. And Lydia was doing an amazing job of making his pulsating monster disappear into her mouth and throat as he guided her with a necktie that he'd wrapped around her head.

"That's a good girl," he growled, "suck that big boss dick. Show me what a good little slut you are."

Lydia's makeup was smeared, but she appeared to be having a genuinely good time being used by her boss in this obscene manner, bobbing up and down and moaning eagerly, almost theatrically, as if she'd also been aware of the camera. Maybe she was aware, after all. I had no idea what he might have told her.

She popped off his shaft and licked his balls as he stroked his cock for a moment. Then he reached down and hiked up her skirt, dropping one end of the necktie for a moment for the purpose of planting a hard spank on her thong–clad ass.

I realized now that Lydia's hands were secured behind her back by his belt, the same black leather one that he wore every day.

This guy is a real pervert I thought.

But perhaps I was, too, because I felt myself getting incredible hard as I watched my boss dominate this eager young woman.

“Is that pussy wet for me? Does sucking cock get you wet, slut?”

“Mm–hmm,” moaned Lydia, seemingly desperate to please him, “please put it in me.”

She kissed his balls a few more times, then he let go of the necktie.

“My pleasure.”

He dropped to his knees, and she turned around, bending forward onto the ground as he grabbed the end of the belt that held her hands in place. He guided himself inside her. She must have been soaking wet, because he managed entry in a single stroke, and she was a rather petite woman. His size wouldn’t have been manageable if she hadn’t already been totally aroused.

She fell forward, her face on the carpet and her ass in the air. It looked like an awkward position, but she must not have been in the state to care, because she moaned loudly and encouraged him to fuck her as hard as he could. He spanked her several times as he drilled into her, telling her in a loud voice to “take it like a good girl.”

I was shocked, to say the least, by this extremely graphic footage. But I was also aroused. I started to rub my erection, but I stopped short of actually jerking off. After all, I was still at work.

“That’s it,” he said, his hands on her hips now, “come for me like the little slut you are.”

“Yes, Sir!”

The petite woman yelped and mewed as she climaxed on command. I had to admit that this was a fairly impressive feat, provided that she hadn't been faking the orgasm, and there was no real reason to believe that she had been.

Justin grinned, then looked directly at the camera. He knew exactly what he was doing, in other words, and was winking at his future self who would be watching the video.

His look couldn't have been meant for me, though, because he didn't know that I had access to the video footage.

"Come here, slut," he said, jerking on the belt that held her hands behind her back once more.

Lydia pulled herself up and spun around. Justin was on his feet again, stroking his cock right next to her face just in time to deposit a large load of cum directly onto her lips and chin.

"Good girl," he said, "clean it off."

She slurped at the cum with her tongue, and he used his shaft to guide it into her mouth. It was an incredibly pornographic sight, and it was hard to believe that the man responsible for writing all of our paychecks was engaged in such reckless behavior.

But he was the boss.

I was leaking precum now, but I still wasn't about to just whip it out and start jerking in the office. Instead, I looked at the next section that the algorithm had flagged. It was Justin and Lydia again, a few days later.

This time, he was spanking her. Like, an old–fashioned, over the knee spanking. From the looks of it, she was loving it, though. I had to admit that it was extremely arousing to see such a beautiful woman submitting to a powerful man. I knew that I would have never had had what it takes to command that kind of authority, but it was fun to watch a man who did.

When the spanking was over, Lydia dropped to her knees in front of her boss and began to fellate him again. I watched as a look of satisfaction came across his face as the young woman was at work. Once more, he made brief eye contact with the camera. Who was he looking at?

He was probably thinking about watching himself later on. This guy was a real piece of work. I wondered if Lydia knew she was being recorded. Did I have a duty to tell her?

In that exact moment, my question was answered.

“Look over there, baby,” he said, as she bobbed on his cock, “that’s where the camera is.”

“Really?” she said, taking his shaft out of her mouth, “I can’t see anything.”

“I know,” he said, pushing her head back down towards his dick, “that’s the beauty of it.”

She seemed to redouble her efforts now, as if she were showing off for the camera. A few moments later, Justin was moaning in ecstasy as he unleashed a powerful stream of semen into her eager throat.

“You’re a great receptionist,” he said, looking down at her adoringly as she licked the last traces of cum from his member.

This guy isn't running a financial services firm, I thought to myself, *he's running a brothel. Or a porno studio.*

At least he wasn't filming these women without permission. My conscience was clear on that count, even if I did feel a little dirty watching these dirty deeds on video.

My cock was straining to get out of my pants now. I wanted so badly to jerk it, but I stopped myself, closed the browser and tried to think of something boring.

About two minutes later, there was a knock at my office door, and Justin popped his head in.

"Did you hear? Lydia just quit on me. Fuck!"

"Whoa, I'm sorry to hear that," I said, not letting on that I had already heard the news through other sources, "when's her last day?"

"It turned out to be today, apparently. She didn't even have the courtesy to give two weeks notice."

She probably thought that the fact that you were fucking her meant that you'd give her a good recommendation no matter what she did, I thought to myself, but didn't dare say.

"So what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," he said, looking genuinely distressed, "we've got clients coming in tomorrow. It's going to look weird if we don't have someone at the front desk."

"Can't someone else fill in?"

“Yeah, of course. But in the long term, we’re going to need someone else. Luckily, I can just repost the same ad we used last time.”

I wondered what Justin’s interview process was like, given the fact that he’d succeeded in fucking at least three of the last interns he’d hired. Did he screen them out somehow before he even met them?

“Good luck,” I said, “and let me know if there’s anything I can do to help.”

“Thanks,” he said, “and I don’t think there’s anything you can do, unless you happen to know someone who’s looking for a job.”

“Not that I can think of,” I said.

***

That night, I filled Nicole in on the office drama. I told her about Lydia storming off the job and about the rumors that she’d been sleeping with Justin. I didn’t, of course, tell her anything about the fact that I’d spent several minutes watching Lydia and Justin fucking and sucking in the office.

“That *jerk*,” she said, “what kind of asshole is this guy? The poor girl probably needed the job, and didn’t know how to deal with the fact that she was also sleeping with the boss. She should have gotten HR involved. Depending on what happened, I bet she at least has a lawsuit on her hands.”

“I know,” I sighed, “it’s totally reckless. It’s like he thinks with his cock, not his brain. I don’t know how he’s managed to stay in business for so long.”

Nicole smiled, her fingers lingering on the stem of her wine glass. We'd just finished dinner, and were lingering at the table before doing the dishes.

"Still," she said, after a moment of silence, "there must be something there."

"Something where?"

"I mean, there must be something about Justin that makes him attractive to all these women."

"Didn't you already find that out from Stacy?" I said, trying to joke, "I mean…about his big you–know–what?"

"Ha," she said, "that kind of thing doesn't really matter that much to women. That's more of a guy hang up. Some guys are just *so* proud of their big dicks. Like who cares if you're eight inches long if you treat your girlfriend like shit?"

A sudden suspicion filled me. I thought of the boyfriends that Nicole had had in college. The ones who I knew next to nothing about. A mixture of jealousy and curiosity welled up in me.

"You had a boyfriend who was eight inches?"

She stopped, a defensive note entering her voice.

"Probably. More or less."

"Well, was it more or was it less?"

She paused.

"I mean, I guess the answer to that question kind of depends on which guy you're talking about."

“There was more than one?”

“Honey,” she said, looking me in the eye and flashing her beautiful smile, “you knew I wasn’t a virgin when we met. I had other boyfriends, but they’re all history now. There’s only you. My husband.”

“I know,” I said, “I’m just curious. It’s not a big deal. It seems like you’re saying that you had a lot of boyfriends with really large cocks.”

“I guess that’s true,” she sighed, looking off into space as if reminiscing, “maybe I was kind of a size queen for a while.”

“Oh really?” I said, trying to conceal my growing sense of astonishment and jealousy, “but you ended up with me, so you must have gotten over it.”

She must have sensed that the conversation had gone too far, now, because she reached out and touched my hand.

“Babe,” she said, looking me in the eye again, “you know I love you. Every part of you. Penis size doesn’t matter to women as much as it does to men.”

“But you just said,” I blurted, unable to control myself, “you just said that you liked big penises. Or you went through a stage where that was the case. So it must have mattered to you at least a little bit!”

“It can be fun sometimes,” she said, “but it’s nothing to build a marriage on. That’s what I meant.”

This felt like a slap in the face, even though she clearly hadn’t meant it that way.

“So what you’re saying,” I snapped, “is that you married me even though I can’t satisfy you as fully as one of your big–dicked boyfriends.”

“Stop it,” she said, “you’re making this into a much bigger deal than it is. All I said was that it can be fun sometimes. But the most erotic thing of all for me is making love to someone who I have a deep, emotional connection with. Like someone I’m married too.”

She pushed her face into mine, fixing me with her beautiful eyes. I felt my anger and jealousy start to melt away.

“Someone like my husband,” she whispered, kissing me.

We made out furiously, almost knocking some of the dishes off the table and onto the floor, before both standing and moving into the bedroom, without either of us saying a word.

I don’t know why, but the thought of Nicole having been with larger men before me had awakened something inside me, some kind of primal lust. I was hard as a rock and needed to get inside her. It was as if I wanted to prove to her, or myself, that I really could satisfy her, that I could be enough for her, even though I wasn’t as large as her ex–boyfriends.

“I want you,” she whispered, a soft desperation entering her voice, “I want you inside me. I want you to give me a baby.”

I had her blouse unbuttoned almost immediately, and took the soft globes of her breasts into my hands as our tongues continued to connect. Her hands were on my cock now, stroking me. We broke our kiss, and she leaned in and nibbled my earlobe. A shiver ran down my spine.

“*This*, this right here, is *more* than enough for me,” she said, giggling a little, “it’s everything I could want.”

I don’t know why, but in that moment, I believed her. I allowed myself to think that her proclivity for large cocks had just been a phase, and that

she was perfectly happy with my less–than–impressive member.

“You’re more than I deserve,” I said to her.

It was the truth, and we both knew it. She was out of my league. But she absolutely hated it when I mentioned this undeniable fact.

“Stop it,” she said, “you know I don’t like it when you talk like that. You and me — we’re perfect.”

I sighed, “*you’re* perfect. I’m like the fat slob on the sitcom whose wife is inexplicably slim and pretty.”

“So what?” she laughed, “don’t those guys usually have a pretty good life?”

“I guess they do,” I said, smiling as she stroked me.

“Now, weren’t we going to make a baby? Isn’t that what we came in here to do?”

A moment later, I was inside her. We did missionary position, so I wasn’t worried about slipping out. Moving inside her felt incredible, as always.

“Fuck me,” she moaned, “God. Please just give it to me. I don’t care how long you last. I need it fast and hard.”

I was determined not to come too early, to show her that her husband, however schlubby I was, however small my dick might have been in comparison to the other men she’d been with, was still capable of absolutely rocking her world.

I opened my eyes and looked at my wife. Her eyes were closed tight, and her face was flushed. She was incredibly beautiful. I pumped into her,

responding to her body as she urged me on with small, adorable moans and yelps.

In that moment, however, I imagined her in this same position, but one of her larger boyfriends from college deep inside her, stretching her out.

Ruining her for a guy my size.

There was something so primal about the idea. So primitive and right. The man with the bigger member wins in the game of evolution. There was nothing a guy my size could do about it.

In that moment, I couldn't hold back any longer. I groaned as I spent myself into my wife.

"That was fast," she said, as I cradled her head on my chest a few moments later.

"Are you sure I shouldn't…do something for you?"

"Oh, no. It's fine," she said, "the important thing is that your little swimmers are inside me."

We lay there for a while in silence.

"Do you ever miss being with other men?"

My question hung in the air for a moment. I could tell that I'd crossed a line.

"I'm sorry…I didn't mean to…" I stuttered, before she even had a chance to answer.

She continued to stare at the ceiling for another moment. I almost seemed like she hadn't heard me. But then she began to speak.

“I don’t miss it, not really,” she said, “you know that I love you.”

“It took you a while to answer that,” I said.

She sighed.

“It’s not that I *miss* it per se,” she said, starting again, “and I’m not really sure that it’s good to discuss things like this. I shouldn’t have even made that comment about being a ‘size queen’ before. It’s not fair to you.”

“It’s ok,” I said, sensing an opening, “we’re married. We should be able to discuss anything.”

There was another short silence, while Nicole pondered this proposition.

“Ok,” she said, “I guess there are certain things that I still reminisce about. About being with other guys. But not about the guys themselves or anything. Yuck. I would never want to be married to any of the guys I used to date in college. I’m so happy I have *you* honey.”

“But there must have been something appealing about them, or you never would have dated them, right?”

“I guess,” she said, as if what I’d said hadn’t made much sense, “it’s hard for me to reconstruct the appeal now. The things that appealed to me back then were totally different from what I like now. Most of it must have been purely physical.”

I felt my cock start to harden again, even though I had ejaculated not more than a few minutes ago.

“Physical? Like, the sex was good? Or are you talking about dick size again?”

She was quiet again for a moment.

“Are you sure we should be talking about this, honey? Like, do you *really* want to hear it?”

The tone of concern in her voice convinced me that I was about to come upon some kind of secret, so I pressed on.

“Yeah,” I said, “I’m just curious is all. I wish I could have known you back then is all.”

“You *did* know me back then. We met while I was still dating some of those guys.”

“Yeah, we *met* then, but we didn’t really hang out until almost a year later. You stopped pretty quickly once we got serious.”

“It’s true that we didn’t really hang out until then,” she sighed, “but I actually didn’t stop seeing them *that* quickly.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well,” she said, laughing a little, a kind of tic she had sometimes when she was nervous, “I was still dating a couple other guys when we started going out. But as soon as we got serious, I broke things off. I don’t want you to think that I was cheating on you. I didn’t, and would never — ”

Suddenly, the suspicions and petty jealousies that had plagued me during the time that Nicole and I had dated in undergrad came flooding back to me. I had been defensive and jealous around any man that she introduced me to, any “guy friend” who “just wanted to hang out after class” and happened to be sitting in the common area of her dorm when I came by to take her to dinner.

In my mind, back then, they had *all* been fucking her. They had at least *wanted* to. How could they not have wanted to?

"Don't be mad," she added, after I was silent for a few seconds, processing what I'd just heard, "we weren't exclusive yet. Besides, *you* won. I chose *you*."

It was clear that Nicole realized as much as anyone else that her looks made her a prize to be won. I was filled with a sense of pride again. She was right after all, wasn't she? She *had* chosen me. I had won the "prize." She was my wife, and obviously desperately wanted my baby.

So what was there to be insecure about? Maybe I could just enjoy the thought of her with other men, without getting jealous all over again.

"So you were…sleeping with other guys while we were dating?"

"I wasn't *sleeping* with them. I usually kicked them out before I went to bed."

She laughed again.

"Sorry," she added, after sensing the discomfort I was trying so hard to conceal, "I was just trying to lighten the mood. We've never talked about this before, because I didn't want to hurt your feelings. There's no reason for you to be insecure. Like I said, I chose *you*, not one of those jerks I was dating."

"If they were such jerks," I said, emotion coming into my voice even though I tried to suppress it, "what were you doing dating them?"

"I don't know," she sighed, "I honestly don't. I was just immature. I think I liked the attention. And of course the sex was probably pretty good.

I honestly can't remember much of that anymore."

"I don't buy that for a minute," I said, "that you can't remember the sex, that is."

"Well, even if I could remember it, would you really want to hear about it? I mean, that's so far in the past now, honey. It has nothing to do with us today."

"Like I said," I replied, trying to strike a neutral tone once more, "I'm just curious. Like about how the sex was different."

Inside, I was not only reeling from the revelation that Nicole had been sleeping with someone else while we had started dating, but also from the fact that it hadn't just been one guy.

My wife had been sleeping around on me. Before she was my wife, but still…

Why did it turn me on so much? I was rock hard.

"It was different, that's true," she said, "much less tender. Less loving and intimate. That's what I love so much about *our* sex life, sweetie."

"I know," I said, "I love it, too. But sometimes it seems like you're not in the mood for 'loving and intimate.'"

"If I really wanted that kind of sex," she said, "I wouldn't have married you."

"But that's what I'm trying to figure out," I said, "what kind of sex were you having with those other guys?"

"Oh," she said, laughed, "do you really want to get into the details?"

"Yeah," I said, "let's get into those details."

I didn't mention the fact that she'd told me just a few moments ago that she couldn't recall any of the details.

"Well," she said, after another moment, "I guess I was more into… experimentation back then."

"Is that right?"

She giggled, blushing a little.

"Mmm–hmm. I had so many things I wanted to try out."

I had never seen this side of my wife. When we'd started dating, she'd acted sexually confident, to be sure, but never at all "kinky" or "experimental."

"What do you mean? What kinds of things."

She laughed again.

"You name it, I probably tried it back then."

"Anal?" I said, choosing something that she'd never let me do — not that I'd really pressed hard for it.

"Uh–huh."

"More than once?"

She nodded.

"What else?"

"You're the one asking the questions," she laughed, "I can't just write a list of things I did back then. It's not like I have that good of recall."

"Ok," I said, trying to think of another question that would reveal the extent of my wife's premarital activity, "what about a threesome?"

“Oh yeah.”

“With another girl?”

“Mm–hmm,” she said, smiling a little to herself.

“With two guys?”

“Yep.”

I was quiet.

“Honey,” she said, turning towards me, “you’re not angry, are…”

She cut off her question as her hand found my rock–hard prick.

“Mmm,” she said, “I never knew that talking about my past would have this kind of effect on you! Maybe we can use it to our advantage in our quest to start a family.”

She grabbed my balls, stroking them with a skillful motion.

“Maybe you’d like it if I was on top.”

I nodded.

In our years of marriage, we’d tried this position maybe two or three times, total. Like doggy style, it was difficult to sustain because of my length and girth, and so we’d eventually given up on it. But this time, there was a look of determination in Nicole’s eye, and she guided me into her wet pussy and took control, riding me as she closed her eyes and began to reminisce.

“A lot of the guys I used to see were on the football team,” she began, her hips undulating gently, “I met them through Molly. Do you remember her?”

“You hate football!” I blurted, unable to hold back my surprise.

I was feeling a weird mixture of awe, jealousy and curiosity now. We’d gone to a large, Big 10 university with a very good football team. Not only were all of the players physically imposing, many of them had gone on to have careers in the NFL. They had been treated like gods on campus. Back then, I would have been able to give anything to meet one of them in person. Sometimes I’d see them on campus, but would be afraid to approach them. It was incredible to think that my wife had known several of them back then, and had never mentioned it to me. It seemed like no big deal to her. It was as if she’d just told me that she used to hang out with Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman and Oprah Winfrey.

“I do hate football. It’s such a violent game,” she said, her eyes still closed and biting her lip as she rode me, “but I liked the football players. Or they liked me, I guess. Like I said, Molly was kind of a groupie, I guess you’d call it. She found out where the football players liked to party, and made sure that she got invited. One night, she brought me along, too.”

“And you…fucked them?”

“Not that first night,” she said, giggling, “please don’t think that your wife is a slut. I might have been experienced, but it’s not like I’d just jump into bed with any guy who talked to me.”

“Of course not,” I said.

Thankfully, the fact that I’d come once already, combined with the novelty of having Nicole on top was enabling me to hold out much longer than I usually would have been able to.

“What about Henderson?” I asked, using the last name of the star quarterback on the team, a man who now played for a major NFL team, “did you ever…”

“Henderson? I don’t think so,” she said, opening her eyes.

“Oh, wait! You mean Mark. Hmmmm,” a huge grin broke out across her face.

She looked so beautiful like this, riding me, her large breasts and slim waist on full display. Her beautiful blond hair fell back as she threw back her shoulders.

“Yeah,” she said, “we hooked up several times. He was a sweet guy. Definitely my favorite of the bunch.”

She stared into space for a moment, ceasing her efforts at intercourse.

“Oh yeah,” she said again, caught in the reverie, “Henderson. Mark Henderson. How could I forget?”

“What was it like?” I panted, still reeling from the shock of learning that my wife had fucked one of my sports idols.

“He was great,” she said, “a little shy in bed at first, if you can believe it. But once he was comfortable with me, and knew how much I could take, he lost some of his inhibition.”

She moaned a little, riding me faster again now, as if getting lost in the memory.

“I’ll never forget one night, in his room at the frat house…we fucked for hours. I couldn’t believe how much stamina he had, after working out all day. He could still lift me up and fuck me while he was standing…”

Now *that* was a position that I never could have even attempted, given my level of physical fitness.

"Was he…a pretty big guy?"

"He's 6'4". A lot of those guys are really tall. Most of them. There was the kicker who was maybe 5'9", but still fucking built…"

"I meant…did he have a large cock?"

She grinned again, her eyes still closed as she rode me.

"Yeah, he did. It was the biggest I'd ever seen up until that point. He was like eight or nine inches. I don't know…"

"Did it feel good?"

"Not at first. We really had to get used to each other. I loved playing with it, though. I remember the first night we hooked up. There was so much raw passion in the air. We were up in his room, making out for what felt like hours. I wanted him to fuck me so bad. It was like the typical roles were reversed. I was pressuring him for sex, and he was trying to slow things down. When I finally got his pants off, I understood the reason: he didn't want to hurt me."

"Oh god," I groaned, close to orgasm again now, "what was the first time with him like?"

"We used a lot of lube," she moaned, reaching down with one hand now to rub her clit as she rode me, "and went so slow. I was on top, like I am now. I didn't think it was going to fit, but I was so determined to make it happen. I wanted the quarterback inside me. It made me feel so special. Like I was some kind of chosen girl…"

In that moment, Nicole stopped speaking and began to shudder. She flushed red and let out a little yelp as she continued to rub her clit furiously.

She was climaxing at the memory of fucking the college quarterback, a man who I watched almost every Sunday on television now.

“Before I knew it, I was riding him. And coming like I’d never come before…”

Nicole was coming like *I’d* never seen her come before as she remembered this encounter. A moment later, I was, too.

“Mmm, did you give me even more of your little swimmers?” she asked, finally opening her eyes.

“Mmm–hmm,” I said, nodding, a smile spreading out across my face.

“That was really fun,” she said, bending down to kiss me as her blond locks fell into my eyes.

“I agree,” I said, “maybe we should try this again sometime.”

“Maybe we should. It really seems to get you in the mood to make babies.”

“It definitely does,” I said.

“Great.”

We lay there for several minutes, cuddling silently, until I went entirely limp and slipped out of her. She snuggled up next to me, laying her head on my chest once more.

Finally, I broke the silence. Perhaps it was some kind of post–orgasmic clarity that motivated what I said next. Maybe the fact that I had just come

twice in a short period of time had given me some kind of objectivity concerning our sex life.

"If you ever wanted to explore again," I said, "with a larger man, I mean…"

She looked up at me, her face incredibly close to mine, so much so that I couldn't accurately read her expression.

"…I wouldn't mind. I mean, I'd like it."

"You'd like it. If I slept with another guy?"

"But you're not going to *sleep* with him," I said, trying to repeat her joke from before, "I'd want you to kick him out before you go to bed."

"Ha, ha," she said, "I don't think I could go through with that now. I'm a married woman. And we're trying to get pregnant."

"Very interesting the way you phrased that," I teased, tickling her a little, "you didn't say that you didn't *want* to do it, just that you didn't think you could go through with it."

She fought me off, giggling as I continued to tickle her.

"Ok, ok," she said, "maybe I could be convinced to try it, with someone I'm attracted to. But are you sure it's a good idea? I mean, could you handle it emotionally?"

"I think so," I said, "I mean, I handled that story about you and Henderson pretty well."

"I'm not talking about whether it turns you on," she said, "it's obvious that it does. I'm talking about the long–term effects. Let's think it over for a while. I'm not sure that you're really as ready for it as you think."

“Fair enough,” I said.

“I’m going to the bathroom to clean up,” she announced, giving me a peck on the cheek, “I know it’s hot, but don’t obsess over me with all those football players. That’s in the past now.”

“I’ll try not to,” I said, returning her kiss.

But how could I *not* obsess? It was impossible. How many had there been? Had they known about each other?

Chapter 4

Several days passed, and it was as if new life had been breathed into our relationship. Nicole had a twinkle in her eye every morning when I got ready for work, a twinkle that hadn't been there before. We both started dropping suggestive hints to each other about her sexual past, both in person and sometimes via text.

I started getting obsessed with the idea of her exploring her sexuality again with another man. There was only one man who I knew for certain had a large cock, however.

It was, of course, Justin.

Nicole had already declared that she found Justin to be a jerk, so I never mentioned this possibility to her. I knew that she'd shoot it down immediately if I did.

Still, I couldn't get the idea of them being together out of my mind.

In the meantime, we still hadn't found a replacement for Lydia, and Justin didn't seem to be interested in any of the other women around the office (or was too smart to approach them), so I didn't have any new wank material while I was at work. I did, however, revisit a few of the key moments of his kinky encounters with Lydia. I wondered if Nicole had ever done some of those things with the football players.

At home, Nicole and I, having breathed new life into our married sexuality through the introduction of this new fantasy, were making love more often than ever. Often times, it would start with her telling me about some kind of encounter with one of the football players. It turned out that

she'd been with more than just Mark Henderson. *Many* more. And sometimes more than once. A couple of times, she and Molly had teamed up to give Mark or one of his teammates a good time.

It was like Nicole had become my perfect little live–in pornstar. Once the dam had been opened, the stories started pouring out. She told me about getting banged by Mark in the locker room after a game, while his teammates and even two of the coaches looked on.

Objectively speaking, my wife really would have been considered by most standards a "slut." But I didn't like that word. I preferred to think of her as a sexually confident young woman. Besides, all of that was far behind her now, as much as part of me had wished it wasn't.

Though we continued to talk about the possibility of her indulging her size queen proclivities in real life once again, Nicole continued to be resistant to the idea of actually going through with the fantasy. She was afraid of how I'd react, even if I happened when I wasn't there. She didn't want to hurt me, and I respected her for that.

That was why, despite the shock of these new revelations about her past, I trusted Nicole more than ever.

Maybe that was why I made the suggestion that I did that day. Because I wanted to test the trust that I had in her. To see how far she would go if she were put in a tempting environment.

You see, I had a hunch: I had noticed that the more Nicole had talked about how much of a jerk a guy was, the more she had denied *really* liking him, the more turned on she seemed to be. I'd observed this in the way she'd talk about the football players she'd "dated." She'd talk about so–

and–so, who was this huge jerk, who wanted a blowjob the morning of the big game, even though it was bad luck, and she'd done it of course, even though he always came on her face without permission.

Nicole seemed to *like* assholes. Or at least enjoy pleasing them sexually.

Like I said, maybe that was why I made the suggestion that I did that morning.

"We're still looking for a new receptionist," I said, "why don't you apply?"

"I thought about that," she said, looking up from her morning coffee, "but that guy Justin just seems like such an asshole. I mean, how many secretaries has he chased off since you've been there?"

"Only the ones he was sleeping with," I said, chuckling a bit, "and you wouldn't have to do that. Unless you want to, of course."

"Ha, ha," she said, "I'm not totally against the idea of trying to work there. But if we do indulge this little fantasy of yours, I don't think it should be with your boss. That would make things just a little too complicated, don't you think?"

"I'm not so sure about that," I said, "but I was half–kidding, anyway. I think you should take the job if you think the work would appeal to you."

She sighed.

"Maybe you're right. I was holding off on getting a job because I keep thinking that I'm going to get pregnant and day now. But that obviously hasn't happened yet, so maybe I should just do it. I know that you make

enough to support us both, but it would still be fun to have a little extra money."

"It definitely would. And you'd probably make some new friends."

"That's true."

And that is how Nicole decided to apply for the job at my office, where she'd be reporting directly to Justin.

***

At first it was a little strange, the fact that we both worked in the same building, at roughly the same times, but very quickly we fell into a routine. We often drove separate cars to the office, because I typically had to work later or start earlier than Nicole did. Nicole was paid hourly, and worked a regular 8–5 schedule. I, on the other hand, was salaried, and had somewhat irregular hours due to network maintenance and security. No one likes it if the e–mail server is down during business hours, so I often had to go in at 5:00am or stay until 7:00 at night to get those types of jobs done.

So even though we were both working in the same small office, we had somewhat parallel work lives. Of course we saw each other at work — it was unavoidable — and we often had lunch together, when we could.

I didn't have much chance to see Nicole and Justin interact in person, but from what I could gather, they were getting along fine. It didn't sound like they were exactly friendly, but at least Nicole wasn't talking about how much of a jerk her new boss was.

Then again, given what I knew about her proclivity for jerks, this fact was also a little disappointing. After all, I still fantasized about her taking

the place of Lydia and submitting to my boss's perverse desires, even though I knew that Nicole considered it a horrible idea.

One early morning while I was running some maintenance scripts on a server, a thought occurred to me: I could probably get an idea of Nicole and Justin's interactions from the security camera footage. I didn't have any reason to believe that anything had happened between them, but scanning the footage might give me an idea of the dynamic between them, to see if anything might potentially develop in the future.

The footage went on for hours, of course, and there was no way to know what might have been interesting. So I fast–forwarded to a few spots on the video where Nicole and Justin were talking at length without being interrupted, then I played them back at normal speed with the sound on.

The first few sequences that I watched were surprisingly mundane. Disappointingly so, in fact. He was explaining the mail system to her (why he didn't have a subordinate do this, I have no idea) and then telling her about the quirks of the office coffee machine. At a firm any bigger than ours, it would have been ridiculous for the owner and CEO to take on this kind of training, but Justin was something of a micromanager, the kind of boss who liked to be intimately involved with his employees, as his track record with the other receptionists showed.

Finally, one day, I found something that sparked my attention. Nicole was in a cream–colored blouse that was a bit loose in the front. I saw her bending over her desk to staple some sheets of paper together, just as Justin walked up.

She caught him looking.

“Did you lose something on my desk?” she snapped.

That was the feisty Nicole that I knew. The hot girl who had been forced to become adept at fighting off suitors (except, as I now knew, for football players).

“No,” said Justin quickly, “I was actually just looking down your blouse.”

Nicole almost shouted in surprise. She had obviously been as shocked as I was at Justin’s incredibly forward behavior. I had expected him to check her out, but I didn’t think he’d make such an obvious play for her attention this early on.

Then again, how long had it taken him to bed Lydia? And the girls before her?

Maybe the direct approach was exactly what worked, even if it did seem crass.

“You must be trying to get sued for sexual harassment,” said Nicole, crossing her arms over her chest as she straightened up.

“No,” he said, not missing a beat, “I was actually thinking that you’d look good in some of the outfits that I bought one of my ex–girlfriends. I think she was smaller–chested than you, though. What are you, a 34DD?”

Nicole was surprised.

“Yes,” she said, “good guess. I’m impressed. But I’m afraid I’m not interested in any of your exes dirty laundry.”

“That’s a shame,” he said, “because I know you’d look stunning in some of the dresses. You don’t like Dolce and Gabbana, do you?”

I couldn't see Nicole's face, due to the camera angle, but I could almost feel her eyes light up a the mention of one of her favorite designers.

"That depends on the year. Some years are better than others."

"I really wouldn't know about any of that," Justin shrugged, "I just know what looks hot. I could bring a few things for you to try on tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Nicole, hesitating a little, "but no thanks. I don't think I should be accepting gifts of any kind from my boss. After all, I'm married, remember?"

"Of course I remember," he said, jovially, without a trace of being disappointed at having been shot down, "Kev is one of our best guys around here. We couldn't function without him."

He turned and left.

I wonder, I thought to myself, *did he actually take 'no' for an answer?*

I looked at the date/time stamp on the video. It had been recorded several days before, in the morning. Why hadn't Nicole mentioned this flirtation to me? Was she keeping it a secret, or had it really been entirely insignificant from her perspective? I knew that, as a very attractive woman, she was used to being hit on by men, but given all of our dirty talk about Justin, and his particular history, I would have expected her to report any behavior of this sort directly to me.

After all, we were being forthright and honest about our desires now. At least that's what I had assumed.

I went home later that day to take a nap while Nicole was still at work. I'd had to get up extremely early to do the server maintenance, and I was completely knackered.

When I woke up after a short, fitful sleep, I had a strange hunch. I went over to Nicole's closet, and found, next to her other, more familiar dresses, four new acquisitions, all of them in dry cleaner's bags. I was no judge of quality, but they looked expensive.

They were all made by Dolce and Gabbana. A coincidence?

Maybe, maybe not…

***

The next morning, I noticed that Nicole was wearing one of the new dresses. I pretended not to know anything. I needed to understand what, if anything, might have been going on between her and Justin.

"You look really pretty," I said, kissing her on the mouth, and then again on the neck, "is that a new outfit?"

"Yeah," she said nonchalantly, "do you like it?"

"You look incredible in it," I said, also noticing that she was wearing a bit more makeup than normal, "is there some kind of special occasion?"

"No occasion," she said, "I just felt like dressing a little nicer today."

"Well you look wonderful," I said, kissing her again.

"Thanks."

***

That evening, I stayed late, ostensibly to run a security audit on the servers, but really because I was curious about how Justin had reacted to Nicole's outfit.

I didn't have to search long to find the footage that I wanted.

"Wow!" said Justin, walking through the front door that morning to find Nicole already there, waiting to greet him, "you look *much* better in that outfit than she ever did. I'm so glad that I saved it for you."

"Ha," said Nicole, "I bet you say that kind of thing to every employee who you gift your ex–girlfriend's old designer dresses."

"I do," he laughed, "but this time I actually mean it. I know — it's even surprising to me! I had no idea that your tits, I, uh, I mean, your *chest*, would look quite so good."

"Well you better take a good look, mister," she said, slapping him playfully with the manila folder she held in her hand, "because looking is all you're ever going to do."

"At least there's that," he said, grinning.

Were they actually flirting? For a moment, my hopes were ignited. Maybe she would be willing to cross the line with Justin after all…

"As long as I'm looking," he continued, the devilish grin still on his face, "why don't you turn around and show me how it looks from behind."

Nicole gave a little gasp, as if insulted, but a moment later was spinning around slowly so that she faced the camera and away from Justin.

The look of satisfaction in her eyes was unmistakable: she loved the attention he was giving her.

She wiggled her butt for a second. Justin gave an exaggerated wolf–whistle.

“It ought to be against the rules to look that good,” he said, “that ass is a liability to have around this office. You’re going to drive the men to distraction.”

“Very funny,” she said, rolling her eyes, but still smiling, “now don’t you have some other women employees to sexually harass? Seems like it’s your full–time job…”

He grinned, clearly not intimidated by her insinuation.

“It certainly would be, if they all looked like you.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“That’s exactly how it was intended.”

***

After watching this latest video, I raced home to Nicole. I found her cleaning up after her solo meal of leftovers. She had just finished loading the dishwasher. To my disappointment, she had changed out of the sexy dress.

“Hey, babe,” she said, as I approached her from behind, locking her in an embrace, “did the security audit go ok?”

“Yeah,” I said, kissing her neck, “I still have a couple of things to take care of early tomorrow morning, but I’m hoping all the hackers will hold off until then.”

“I hope so, too,” she laughed, as I nuzzled her neck, “you seem like you’re in the mood tonight.”

“What about you?”

“Mmm,” she said, rubbing her ass back against my crotch, “I think I might be convinced…”

“What are we waiting for, then? Let’s go to the bedroom…”

A moment later, I had removed her apron and was leading her by the hand to the bedroom, where she fell onto her back. I was on top of her at once, covering her with kisses, then pulling the t–shirt that she had put on after work, while I’d still been at the office.

My lips found her erect nipples. I took first one, then the other between them, suckling them a bit, then teasing them with my tongue as Nicole writhed below me.

“Mmm, Kev,” she moaned, “I love it when you take control like this…”

“I bet you do,” I said, “does it remind you of your football days?”

(“Football days” was our slang term for her wild days in college, of course).

“Mmm,” she said, “a little bit. Maybe it does just a little.”

I kissed down her flat stomach, towards her mound. It smelled wonderful.

“Just imagine you’re back at the football frat house,” I said, “and I’m about to get you ready. I’m going to go down on you before one of them fucks you with his big, thick cock.”

“Ooh, Kev,” she moaned, grabbing my hair and pulling my mouth up towards her lower lips, “you’re so bad. You make me do such naughty things.”

I licked her clit gently but insistently as she moaned.

“Molly really did get me ready like this, once. She went down on me in front of her boyfriend, Randy. You know, the tight end?”

I moaned. I did, indeed, remember the man she was talking about, who had gone on to be a third–round NFL draft pick and then dropped out of the sport after a serious head injury.

“He loved to watch girls together, and so we put on a show for him one night. Molly and I were in nothing but short skirts and t–shirts. She had me lay back on the bed and she went down on me, licking me until I was begging for her to make me come. But she kept pulling back, right in the crucial moment, because she wanted her boyfriend to be the one to finally bring me to climax. By the end, I was practically crying. I needed to get fucked sooo bad. Finally she moved aside, and he climbed on top of me, he shoved his thick cock inside me so slowly. It felt incredible. I came the second that he bottomed out inside me, then I begged him to keep going. He made me come again and again that night. I couldn’t count the number of times I climaxed, wrapping my legs around his muscular football–player torso as he plunged into me. I felt so helpless, so submissive, so feminine.”

She stopped her monologue for a few minutes, as I slipped a finger inside her, stimulating her g–spot as I licked her clit. She was on the edge now.

“Don’t stop. Just a little lower, babe. That’s it…”

She pushed my head down into the correct position, which I did my best to hold as she continued to relate her filthy memory.

“I loved getting fucked like that. Fucked with a *real* cock…”

She was really getting carried away now, basically admitting that she still preferred a larger male member than the one I could supply, despite her previous assurances that her “size queen” days were behind her.

“Oh God. Don’t stop. I’m so close…”

A moment later, she was climaxing, her pelvis smashing into my face as I struggled to maintain the exact same rhythm that had brought her to the edge of such an intense climax.

“Yes!!”

I loved making Nicole come. I kept my head between her legs for several seconds after her orgasm had faded, being careful not to overstimulate her.

“That’s… so good…,” she said, running her fingers gently through my hair.

We lay there like that for a few more minutes, in complete silence.

“Nicole?” I asked, “want to try to make a baby now?”

But my wife was fast asleep.

Chapter 5

I had been spying on Nicole and Justin at work through the camera system for almost a month, when Nicole surprised me one night after work.

“Justin wants me to go out of town with him next weekend,” she said, casually, “he’s going to that conference in Toledo. He needs someone to take notes on potential clients and stuff like that.”

That was odd. He hadn’t mentioned that in any of the conversations that I’d listened to over the office security system. Had he sent her an e–mail or something?

A nagging suspicion started to grow in me. Were they meeting outside the office? Entirely behind my back? And if so, why?

“Sounds romantic,” I joked, “remember, if anything happens, it’s ok with me…”

She laughed uncomfortably.

“I don’t think it’s anything like that,” she said, “I think he really does just need someone to help him out. We’re going to have a booth…”

“And you’re going to be a ‘booth girl’?”

She gave me a withering look. I remembered how she disliked being objectified by men, even if it was clear that she enjoyed it on some level.

“I’m more than just eye candy,” she said.

All of a sudden, it seemed like something was bubbling up to the surface inside of Nicole, something that had been long repressed.

“Maybe I like the fact that Justin values me for more than just my tits and ass,” she continued, getting more and more upset, “he needs a skilled personal assistant. Who cares if he’s fucked the other ones.”

She put a disdainful emphasis on the word “fucked.”

What was going on? Could she be right? Was Justin really not trying to get into her pants? Was she naive? Or was she lying to me, trying to gaslight me, even though I’d already told her that sleeping with Justin was basically ok with me?

I had seen the flirting, though. I had it on video. She couldn’t pretend like it wasn’t happening, but I also couldn’t let on that I had proof of what was going on.

“Come on,” I replied, taking a softer tone, “you’re going to tell me that he’s *never* tried to flirt with you? Not even *once*? I find that hard to believe.”

“I didn’t say that he didn’t try to flirt with me,” she said, her anger seeming to fade, “just that he actually seems to appreciate what I do at the same time.”

“Ok,” I said, “I get it. It seems like you like working for him, so that’s good, too.”

“I *do* like working with him,” she said, “I feel like we make a great team. And I also think that if you only have a little patience, something really special between me and Justin might happen. Your dirty little fantasy might come true.”

Was she just keeping him at bay for the time being in order to heighten the sexual tension between them, to make the ultimate payout even better?

Was *that* what this was all about?

Suddenly, I wasn't sure if "something really special" between Justin and my wife was really what I wanted. I knew that it would be hot to see Nicole finally enjoying a large penis again after years of being deprived of the pleasure, but I wasn't sure that I wanted her to have a serious emotional connection to another man, which is what it seemed like *she* was shooting for, or even beginning to develop.

And we hadn't even discussed the entire issue of birth control. The fact that Nicole wasn't on it, that is. She was trying to get pregnant, after all, and if she was going to fool around with Justin, he would have to wear a condom. I might have had a cuckold fetish, but I really didn't want to raise another man's child.

Nicole kissed me.

"Thanks for understanding, babe," she whispered, "I promise to text you during the conference. I'll let you know everything that happens."

This promise excited me again, and my sexual arousal at the idea of my wife experiencing another man slowly began to push the doubts I had out of my mind.

"But you just said you didn't think anything would happen…"

"I said that I didn't think that *he* had dirty intentions," she whispered, her lips teasing my earlobe, "not that *I* didn't have them…"

"Nicole," I gasped, genuinely surprised, "you're so bad! What do you have planned?!"

“What do *you* think I should do?” she asked, reaching down and feeling my erection through my pants, “I can tell you like the idea of me making a move on Justin.”

“Yeah I do,” I said, running my fingers through her hair.

Our faces were so close together I couldn’t read her expression. Just the lust radiating from her body.

“You want your wife to take your boss’s big dick?”

“Yes,” I gasped, as she unzipped my pants and reached inside.

“You want me to tell you all about it? About how much better he is than you?”

There was precum leaking down my shaft, providing lube for the handjob that she was giving me now.

“Do you want to hear about all the dirty things I do for him? How I cater to his every dirty need? I have a feeling he might be kinky, honey, and I can’t wait to see what he’s into. I haven’t had any fun like that since college…”

I realized that she was degrading our married sex life implicitly, but I was too aroused to protest. Besides, wasn’t it true? Wasn’t I an inferior lover, with my beer belly and small dick, compared to the 9–inch guys with washboard abs who played college football?

“I’d like that,” I said, feeling my orgasm quickly approaching.

For the moment, it seemed like both of us had forgotten about making a baby. Because Nicole was clearly intent on making me come.

“You won’t be there to see his big cock stretch your wife’s tight pussy,” she whispered, “but if you’re lucky, maybe I’ll have him take pictures…”

That was all I could take. The idea of my wife fulfilling my ultimate cuckold fantasy pushed me over the edge and I shot my load into Nicole’s waiting hand.

“Wow,” she said, smiling, holding up her hand, “you made a lot of little swimmers. Too bad they’re not where they belong. Oh well.”

She gave me a peck on the cheek and then head to the bathroom to wash her hands. Was she intentionally denying me “normal” sex? I remembered our recent encounter that had ended in cunnilingus while she had reminisced about her “football days.”

Suddenly, I was having a hard time remembering the last time we’d actually had “real” sex.

***

Justin didn’t say anything about the upcoming trip he was taking with my wife until the afternoon of the day before they were going to leave.

“Hey, Kev,” he said, coming into my office, “could you tell Nicole to bring something nice to wear to dinner this weekend? We’re going to go out with the guys from Schwarz and McDonagal.”

Schwarz and McDongal was a rival firm from Chicago.

“I didn’t know you were on such good terms with them,” I said, “but yeah, of course I’ll tell her.”

“Good,” said Justin, “tell her that it can be sexy, but maybe not *too* sexy. We don’t want to lose her talents to those guys, after all.”

He gave me a wink.

I must have looked confused, because in the next moment, he said, “don’t worry, Kev. I’ll take good care of Nicole for you. I’ll make sure those other guys at the conference keep their hands to themselves.”

I’m sure you will, I thought to myself.

“I’m not too worried,” I said, trying to strike a casual tone, “she’s a grown woman and can make her own decisions.”

He leaned in and clapped me on the shoulder.

“You’re not *too* worried. But you sound a *little* worried, Kev!”

He slapped me on the back and laughed.

“Ha! Only kidding.”

“Of course.”

***

That night at home, Nicole was in a packing frenzy. She had several outfits laid out on her bed, and was trying to figure out the perfect one for their dinner date.

“Do you like this blue dress? I’m afraid it’s too low–cut. I’m not 25 anymore.”

“You are *definitely* sexy enough to still pull that off,” I said, feeling suddenly less like a husband and more like a friend.

“What about this bra? Too sexy?”

Isn’t the point to seduce Justin? I thought to myself.

“No,” I said, looking at the black lace bra she had in her hands, “I’ve always liked that one. I think it’s perfect.”

“Great! But what about the dress?”

“You really can’t go wrong with the small black one.”

She looked at me, her eyes brightening.

“Thanks, babe! You’re exactly right. The little black dress is the perfect choice. Always stick with the basics.”

She gave me a kiss.

“Ok,” she said, “why don’t you let me pack, then maybe we can spend some time together…”

I nodded, then headed downstairs to watch television for a few minutes.

About half an hour later, Nicole came downstairs, dressed in her pajamas. I always found her at her most attractive like this. Without makeup, in somewhat frumpy clothes. Maybe because it seemed so intimate. I was the only man who got to see her like this, and it felt good.

Now, however, I had bittersweet feelings about the whole thing. This trip was going to be a big event in our marriage, and we both knew it.

“Hey babe,” she said, plopping down on the sofa next to me, “how are you feeling?”

“Good,” I said, in a less–than–convincing tone.

“Are you worried about the fact that your wife is about to take a trip out of town alone with your big–dicked boss?”

She smiled mischievously, then looked down at my shorts.

“Hmm,” she said, her hand on my cock, “it looks like your little guy is looking forward to the trip, even if you’re not.”

“No,” I said, “I *am* looking forward to it. I want you to have fun.”

“Mm, good. Because I wouldn’t want to do anything that you weren’t 100% on board with. I know that you’ve wanted this for me for a long time. This is more about *you* than it is about *me*, you know.”

“Really?”

This actually surprised me.

“Yeah, of course! I wouldn’t be doing this if you hadn’t constantly been talking about what a stud your boss is. If you hadn’t dredged up all those memories of me and the guys from the football team.”

Was she feeling guilty now, and trying to assuage it somehow?

“Well,” I said, “don’t just do it because I want you to. I want you to do what *you* want, too. And it seems like you’ve decided to seduce Justin.”

She gave me another mischievous smile as she took my cock out of my pants.

“I haven’t made up my mind yet,” she said, “maybe I will and maybe I won’t. Maybe I’ll just tease him and then leave him with blue balls at the end of the night. Or maybe I’ll go all the way with him. Let him do *whatever* he wants…”

My cock was at full attention now as she stroked me quickly.

“Seems like you like that idea,” she said, whispering in my ear as she continued her expert handjob, “seems like you like the idea of your boss finally claiming me with that big fucking dick between his legs. I can’t wait

to finally see it. I've heard so much about it, but I haven't had the pleasure…I want to see if he can stack up to the quarterback…"

I let out a short cry as the semen shot from my shaft and onto the floor of the livingroom.

"Good thing we got rid of the carpet," she laughed, looking down at the cum splatter on the hardwood, "I hope that will take the edge off for you this weekend."

"It will," I said, kissing her, "and thank you."

***

Nicole took an Uber to the airport the next morning, and met Justin there. They made their flight on time, and she texted me a selfie of the two of them sitting side–by–side in business class, holding up champagne flutes.

They think I'm his wife she texted, *isn't that funny?*

That makes perfect sense I thought to myself *a woman who looks like you **should** be with a guy like him*.

But I didn't write that.

LOL, I responded instead, *just be sure to fill your **real** husband in on what's happening today. And tonight, especially*

She assured me that she would.

I tried to keep busy around the house that day, but I couldn't stop checking my phone, hoping for updates from the conference.

Finally, around 4PM, I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to write to Nicole.

Hey, I wrote *anything happening over there?*

Nothing that you might be hoping, she responded immediately *we're about to pack it up for the day and go out for drinks, though.*

She sent a smiling selfie of her and Justin standing at the firm's booth. They looked like a perfect couple, and it wasn't hard to see why the flight attendants had assumed they were married.

A pang of longing shot through me as I examined the photograph.

Just tell me as soon as anything happens, I wrote back.

Don't worry, babe. I'll let you know.

I paced the bedroom nervously for several minutes. I couldn't do it forever, though, and I knew it. I had to try to find a way to calm my nerves, so I went downstairs and found the pot that I'd smuggled back from my last trip to Colorado.

I hadn't rolled a joint in years, but I found some rolling papers and busied myself with the process. It definitely took the edge off.

About fifteen minutes later, I'd finally formed a sort of sloppy cone. It wasn't perfect, but it would work. I cracked a window in the living room and sparked it up, coughing a little at the burn of the smoke. It had been a long time since I'd gotten stoned, and my nerves were calmed almost immediately.

Finally, I was able to relax.

About an hour later, I got a text from Nicole.

Heading to dinner now it read. Attached was a photo of her in her little black dress, taken in the Ladies Room.

She looked stunning.

You look amazing, I wrote back, *he's not going to be able to keep his hands off you*.

I don't know about that, she wrote, *he's been a perfect gentleman so far :(*.

I went to the kitchen to get myself something to eat. I settled on frozen pizza. About an hour later, I had eaten half of the pizza and was starting in on my second beer. Between the junk food, the beer and the joint, I was feeling pretty good. I had almost forgot about the fact that I was in all likelihood going to be cuckolded later that evening.

I watched two episodes of True Detective, the show that I always wanted to watch, but Nicole couldn't stand.

Then my phone buzzed.

He's taking me to his room.

My heart pounded. It was happening. I tried to imagine the scene. Were they making out on the elevator? Or was she trying to play coy, pretending like she didn't know what was going to happen? Had they been flirting at dinner, in front of the guys from the rival firm?

My cock began to stiffen.

How long before he was **inside** her?

Five minutes passed. Then ten.

I stood up from the couch, staring at my phone.

Come on, I thought, *tell me what's happening*.

A moment later, an incoming call lit up my phone's screen. It was Nicole.

"Hey, babe," I said, answering it immediately, "is everything ok?"

"Everything is great, Kev."

To my surprise, it was Justin, my boss.

"Uh, hi boss," I said, somewhat taken aback, "is Nicole there?"

"Oh yeah," he said, "but she's busy at the moment. Aren't you?"

I heard the sound of my wife's voice in the background somewhere. It was somewhat muffled.

Before I could say anything, I heard Justin take a deep breath, and then sigh.

"Fuck yes. That's it. You suck that dick like you mean it. Show me how good you are…"

My own cock stiffened immediately. There could be no doubt: Nicole was giving Justin a blowjob.

"Your wife really knows how to suck dick, Kev" he sighed, "I guess you — or maybe someone else — must have taught her well."

"I really can't take credit for that," I said, laughing nervously, "I think she must have learned it in college."

"Oh yeah, college! That's right. I take it she was a real firebrand back then. At least that's what she tells me. You were a lucky guy to be able to land her."

"Thank you, sir."

For some strange reason, I swelled with pride at this lewd comment that my boss had made. My reaction didn't make much sense, but then again, nothing else about this whole situation made much sense either. It was like I was living in a dream world. A fantasy had come true.

"Ha," laughed Justin, "you're welcome. Thank you for lending me your wife. I'm going to have a real good time with her tonight."

I was feeling a strange mixture of sensations. Awkward, jealous, and incredibly aroused. The hand that wasn't holding my phone was holding my cock now.

"Are… you going to fuck her?"

I immediately cringed at the stupidity of this question.

"Hmm," said Justin, "am I going to fuck the slut on her knees with my cock in her mouth? I dunno. I haven't decided yet. What do you think, Nicole? Should we fuck?"

"Yes, please."

I heard Nicole's voice clearly now as she came up for air.

"Hi, babe," she added, before the slurping sounds began again.

"That's it. Get that dick nice and hard. Play with your pussy for me, too. Yeah. Put a finger in there. Get nice and wet."

I was jerking off now in the front of the TV, which was paused on the image of Rust Cole from True Detective, as he sat in the police station crushing cans of Lonestar Beer.

"Fuck, man. I wish you could see her now. Your pretty little wife. On her knees in front of me with my dick in her mouth. You know, I didn't

actually think I was going to fuck her? Funny, I know. I told myself, *Justin, this is the first receptionist you've had who's totally off–limits*. And I was prepared to respect that. Because she's your wife, after all, Kev. But then she started flirting with me, and agreed to go on this trip alone. All day she's making suggestive comments about what was going to happen after dinner. All during dinner she's finding excuses to brush up against me. She's got her hand on my thigh under the table at the restaurant. Then she takes *my* hand and puts it between her thighs. And then I tell her to come up to my room. And now she's on her knees taking my cock halfway down her throat. That's where we are, Kev. That's how we got here."

"Yes, sir," I said, not knowing what else there was to say.

"Oh God. Oh yeah. You better take a break. That's right. I want to fuck you now."

I gulped. The time was here. My wife was about to be entered by another man. A superior man with the kind of cock that she craved. She might not ever be the same again after this experience. Once she remembered what she'd been missing all these years of being married to me.

"Babe?"

He must have passed the phone off to Nicole, now.

"Hey," I said, "how's it going?"

"It's… going… great…" she said, moaning a little.

Was he already inside her?

“I’m on my hands and knees on the bed,” she continued, “and you’re on speaker phone. The phone is on the pillow in front of me. Justin is… ooooh…”

“Oh God, Nicole. This is so hot…”

“Justin is fingering me. But he’s about to put it inside me. Are you ready, babe? Are you ready to hear your wife get fucked with a big cock?”

“How big is he?” I stammered.

I had already seen his member on video before, and knew that it was prodigious, but I was interested in hearing Nicole’s estimate of his size.

“Mmm,” she said, “I’d say he’s at least the size of the quarterback. More than enough for me…”

“Oh God,” I said, “is he inside you yet?”

“Almost…”

There was a short yelp, then a gasp.

“He’s inside me, babe. Oh God. He’s *huge*…”

For the next few minutes, no words came over the phone line, just moans from Nicole and the occasional grunt from Justin as he thrust into her. I could hear every slap of his flesh against hers, and it shot into me like an arrow.

This was not at all how I had been expecting it to be. I was turned on, sure, but this *hurt*. It was like I was being stabbed by both of them each time that he entered her.

“God yes. Give me that big dick,” she moaned.

Then he began to spank her as he fucked her. I could hear Nicole's moans become even more insistent, even needier.

"Yeah. That pussy is yours now. It belongs to you. Take it…"

"Tell me I'm bigger than your husband," growled Justin, slapping her ass for emphasis, "tell him…"

"He's so much bigger than you," she gasped into the phone.

"Tell him that I'm the only one who's allowed to fuck you now."

"Nicole," I said, "I'm not so comfortable with —"

But I couldn't finish my sentence.

"I'll never fuck anyone else without your permission," she said, and I knew that the "your" didn't mean *mine*.

"My pussy belongs to you," she panted, seeming to reach climax suddenly.

"Good girl," he said, still pounding, "good little slut. Come on this big dick. I'm almost there…"

I thought of the birth control. I remembered that we hadn't discussed it at all.

"Oh yes," moaned Nicole, "yeah. Fill me up. Just come inside me, please…"

"Nicole!" I said, trying in vain to intervene, "not inside!"

Justin cackled in glee as Nicole moaned.

"Fuck yeah. That feels so good. There's nothing quite as good as coming inside another man's wife," he said, a moment later.

“God, I wish you could have seen it, Kev.”

“Nicole,” I said, “I want to talk to you privately. Right away.”

“Sorry, babe. Not now,” she said.

A moment later, the line went dead.

I was standing there, in the middle of my living room, a little drunk and a little high, with my phone in one hand and my cock in the other. I felt an odd mixture of shame and arousal as I pumped my dick, replaying the scene that I had heard, but not directly witnessed, back in my head.

I’ll never fuck anyone else without your permission .

Her voice echoed in my mind as I reached orgasm, shooting my load all over the floor once again.

As the afterglow slowly subsided, the shame and dread of my situation began to sink in. I sighed, then headed to the kitchen for some paper towels.

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Chapter 6

Nicole's Uber pulled up to our house late that afternoon. Her face was apologetic. Sad, even. She hadn't returned my calls or answered any of my texts after our call the night before.

"Babe," she said, after she'd stepped across the threshold and put her rolling suitcase at the foot of the stairs, "I'm sorry about last night. I guess we need to talk."

I nodded in agreement.

She got a glass of water, and I got a beer, and we sat next to each other on the couch in the living room, just like we had the night before she left, when she'd given me a "goodbye handjob."

For a while, there was silence.

"So how was the flight back? Were you in business class again?"

"Yeah," she said, sighing, "it was good."

"Did you and Justin… fool around at all on the plane?"

"Are you sure you want to hear this? Because last night, it seemed like you were…"

"I'm sure."

"Ok," she said, "we did. He wanted to introduce me to the 'mile high club', but I was too chicken. Instead, he fingered me under the blanket, and then I gave him a handjob. I think the flight attendant must have known what was going on, though, because she kept giving me dirty looks."

“I guess when you’re his size, it’s kind of hard to do that with any kind of subtlety.”

“Yeah,” she said, a melancholic air in her voice, “he is pretty conspicuous that way.”

“So what else happened?” I said, turning towards her now, and looking her in the eye.

“Oh babe,” she said, falling into my arms, “it was so great. Thank you so much for letting me…for giving me the freedom to feel that way again…”

I held her close to me. The tears were running down my cheeks now. I was overwhelmed with feelings of jealously, but also love. I could sense in her voice how much this had really meant to her, and in that moment, all that I wanted was for her to be happy.

“Of course, honey. Anything for you.”

“You’re such a good man,” she said, “I’m so glad I married you. Even though I don’t deserve you.”

“You do, though,” I said.

She was crying now, too.

“I won’t ever have sex with him again,” she said, “if that’s what you want.”

“No,” I said, “I want you to do what makes *you* feel good.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

She wiped the tears from her eyes.

“You’re so good to me, babe.”

She rubbed my cock through my pants, smiling as it responded to her touch.

“Mmm, I bet this little guy loved hearing me moan while Justin fucked me…”

“Yeah,” I said, “he did.”

“Let’s give him some attention…”

She unzipped my pants and took it out, looking me in the eye as she stroked me.

“Did you like hearing your wife get *fucked* with your bosses *big dick*?”

“Yes,” I gasped, a bit surprised at the filthy emphasis she’d placed on the naughtiest words that she’d used.

“I came so hard, babe,” she said, moaning a bit as she stroked me, “much harder than I ever have with you. That’s what you want to hear, right? You want to hear that my big cock experience was as good as I remember it?”

“Yeah,” I admitted, “I’m glad you liked it.”

“Did you enjoy it too, babe? Did you enjoy it… when…”

She leaned in and whispered in my ear as she stroked faster now.

“When your boss, *our* boss, shot his load inside my warm, wet fertile pussy?”

I grunted in pleasure and humiliation as I shot my load, unable to control myself. She kept stroking, smiling at my cock as it spilled its seed all over her hand and the hardwood floor.

“My, my,” she said, smiling, “I’m happy you enjoyed that so much.”

She kissed me.

“I’m going to go wash my hands.”

A few minutes later, we were cooking dinner together. It was almost as if nothing had changed in our marriage, but I knew that it had. We both did.

Finally, after the pasta primavera was finished, and we were both draining one last glass of wine, I had the strength to bring up the nagging question that I’d been thinking about for the entire weekend.

“What if he gets you pregnant,” I said, finally.

“I was wondering when you were going to ask that,” she said, “I took the morning after pill this morning.”

A wave of relief washed over me. Thank God.

“Do you want to keep sleeping with him?”

“I don’t know,” she said, “I mean, yeah, I want to. But can you really handle it?”

“I think I can,” I said, “but only if we have some ground rules.”

“That’s fair.”

We spent the next hour or so in animated conversation. It was almost fun, really, discussing the various pros and cons of the rules we were inventing for her relationship with Justin. In the end, we came up with two

very important regulations, from my perspective: 1) that she tell me every time that they had intercourse and 2) that he never be allowed to ejaculate inside her without wearing a condom.

That night, we actually had sex again. And I came inside her. I felt like I had finally reclaimed my wife.

***

Those good feelings didn't last forever, however. Over the next few weeks, I sensed Nicole getting more distant. We went back to hardly making love, even though she was ostensibly still trying to get pregnant.

One night, when we came home from work, she was in an uncharacteristically horny mood.

"Babe," she said, while we were relaxing after dinner, "what do you think about taking me upstairs?"

I immediately agreed. It had been a long time since we'd made love. Throughout the past few weeks, she'd seen Justin twice (both times at his place) and both times, he'd worn a condom. I didn't know for sure, of course, but I took her word for it.

I had to.

That night, Nicole kissed me passionately. But it seemed like her fervor was feigned. Like she was going through the motions, trying to convince herself as much as me that she really wanted to have sex.

I kissed down her neck and began to tease her nipples with one hand. My other hand found its way between her thighs. I had hiked up her skirt and pushed her panties to the side.

She was already wet. Dripping, in fact. Her lubrication seemed oddly thick and sticky.

“Wow,” I said, “you’re already really turned on.”

“Mmm–hmm,” she said, “I want you so bad. Won’t you get inside me?”

Something seemed strange about this request. I had an odd feeling.

“Of course,” I said, “but I want to make sure you feel good, too.”

“Oh,” she said, “you know that I don’t care so much about that. I just want to make a baby.”

“Don’t be silly,” I said, kissing down her stomach, “I want to make you come.”

My mouth found her mound, my lips latching onto her labia and my tongue probing her tunnel. I caught a warm mouthful of lube.

It tasted a bit salty and a bit sour, nothing like she normally tasted.

“Honey,” I said, about to give voice to my suspicions.

But she cut me off, pressing the back of my head into her mound.

“Oh yes,” she said quickly, “keep licking me. Just like that.”

I opened my mouth and swallowed yet another gulp of what I realized must have been Justin’s semen. A rush of humiliation and anger passed through my body.

She had been fucking him without telling me. And letting him cum inside her. Hell, maybe she was *begging* for him to knock her up. Now she was fucking me so that, on the off chance she got pregnant, she could still claim the child was mine.

I lapped at her cunt angrily. Why was I letting her do this to me?

“Oh fuck. Yes. Don’t stop. A little lower…”

She pushed my head down.

“Keep it up. Your tongue feels so good.”

I had a raging erection now. I was a bit surprised at how aroused this betrayal made me feel. It really was true: Justin was simply an irresistible alpha male, and women like Nicole were powerless when confronted with the possibility of carrying his child.

It was stupid, actually, for me to be mad about any of this. It was just the way things were. I was the beta male fit only to lick his sperm out of my wife’s fertile vagina.

“Yes, babe. Oh yes!”

I choked down two more mouthfuls of the salty, sticky stuff that I was now *certain* was semen.

At almost the same moment, Nicole exploded, her thighs clenching around my ears so tightly that I could barely hear as she moaned in ecstasy.

A few moments later, she pulled my head up.

“That was *just* what I needed, honey. Now why don’t you finish inside me?”

I righted myself, positioning myself between her legs, but my erection went limp in my hands. For whatever reason, this confirmation of her betrayal, and my ultimate beta status, had rendered me impotent.

“I’m sorry,” I said, after a minute, “I don’t think I can tonight.”

“That’s ok,” she said, sighing, “I had a lot of fun anyway.”

***

Once I realized that Nicole had most likely broken our contract and was sleeping with Justin without a condom, I started watching her movements more and more carefully. I noticed if she left for work early, and I noticed how many miles her car had driven when she claimed to be going to yoga.

Then I thought to look in the most obvious place of all. The place where I should have started my search for signs of her betrayal.

I checked the office tapes.

There it was, under my nose this entire time. Almost every time that I’d either gone home early or come in late, Nicole and Justin had been making love in his office.

Not just “making love” either. Often, they were *fucking*. Fucking in that raw, animalistic, unhinged and passionate way that I knew I could never match.

He spanked her. Bent her over the desk. Had her on the floor in several different positions. He gagged her with her own panties. He slapped her ass with a ruler. He had her gag on his cock on her knees under his desk while he took business calls.

No matter what he did, he brought her to climax. Again and again.

But most of all, he came inside her.

Over and over and over.

I didn’t catalog this entire list of perversions all at once, of course. It took days for me to watch everything, for the full extent of Nicole’s

breaking of our contract to sink in.

Every afternoon after lunch, I would sit in my office and watch one video, or part of one. Some times I jerked off. Sometimes I simply watched. A couple of times, I even teared up.

I did my best to remain the same at home, in my interactions with Nicole. And to tell the truth, she was so caught up in this passionate affair of sex (and, dare I say it, love?) that she probably wouldn't have noticed anyway.

I ate at least three more of Justin's creampies over the course of as many weeks, and I even started to like the flavor. Slowly, that was becoming the only kind of sex that Nicole would offer me.

Finally, about four months later, Nicole texted me to share some news.

She was pregnant. Our dream of starting a family would, at last, come true.

She never mentioned the fact that we'd only had sex a single time during this cycle, compared to the dozens of times that she'd let Justin come inside her over the same period. It was as if she wasn't even conscious of this fact. She simply acted as if the baby was mine, and that was all there was to it.

And, over the course of her pregnancy, I slowly became convinced that the baby really *was* mine, even if the chances of that were so small as to be practically non–existent.

I was going to stay with Nicole. No matter what.

I *wanted* to be a dad. I wanted to help raise the child. Even if it was, in all likelihood, *their* child, not mine.

But most of all — if I was really being honest — I wanted to continue to watch Nicole and Justin on video. I knew that if we got a divorce, I'd lose my job, too. And my secret access to my wife's extramarital sex life.

So that was the arrangement that we reached. Or that I reached with myself, really. I never mentioned my suspicions to Nicole, and she pretended to break things off completely with Justin — for the good of the child, of course.

In reality, they continued to have sex throughout her entire pregnancy, right up until she was so big that the practicalities of the act become entirely too much to handle in an office.

***

When the baby finally arrived, I fell in love with her immediately. We called her Ruth, after Nicole's grandmother. We both cut back our hours at the firm so that we could take turns being home with her, and Justin was very generous with his maternal and paternal leave policies. It turns out, there are some serious upsides to fucking the boss.

Nicole's duties as a mother mean that she's less devoted to pleasing Justin these days. But now and then, I'll catch her giving him a blowjob on camera. She's not up to vaginal sex just yet, but I'm sure that once she is, nothing will be able to stop her from enjoying his large, thick cock as frequently as her new life will allow.

When that time does come, I'll probably be babysitting, wondering what I'm missing, and looking forward eagerly to my next opportunity to

finally plop down in front of my computer and experience my wife's secret sex life, the one that has almost completely supplanted our own.

I guess you could say that we've found our own happy ending.

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, BBC and hotwife stories. It is truly appreciated.

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

Beverly is happily married to Alvin, her spouse of 20 years. At 41 years old, she doesn't think that she's still able to turn men's heads, so she's surprised when she starts getting a lot of attention from the local geography teacher, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Robinson is tall, handsome, and Black. He's funny, intelligent and with an easy-going sense of humor that Beverly finds irresistible. When he pays her a compliment one day, she develops a crush on him.

Alvin notices this, and encourages his wife to flirt with the teacher. After all, what's the worst that could happen? At first, the results of this experiment are encouraging. But when Mr. Robinson awakens a long-slumbering desire in Beverly, will her marriage to Alvin be able to survive the explosive fall-out?

One thing's for sure: once BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE is unleashed, nothing will be the same again. This is a 16,500-word novella-length work that explores intense themes such as cuckold angst, clean-up, and marital infidelity.

SARAH'S ADVENTURE

Can a young married couple deal with their ultimate cheating fantasy becoming a reality?

Brandon and Sarah, 25, have been together for seven years. They are very open with each other about their desires and fantasies, because they are acutely aware of the danger that the “fear of missing out” can pose to couples who marry so early.

But on a trip to Berlin, when Sarah begins to flirt with the tall, handsome, dominant and extremely endowed Mark, everything the two lovers think they know about their relationship is put to the test.

Can Brandon deal with watching his beautiful, fertile young wife in the hands of a skillful alpha male? Open this book and find out...

SARAH’S ADVENTURE is a 21,000-word novella exploring the intricacies of negotiated cheating, the hotwife lifestyle and what happens when it slides into cuckold territory and a threesome becomes a twosome.

EMMA'S FLING

When a happily married wife meets her old lover again for the first time in a decade, will she be able to resist the spark that brought them together back then?

Michael's wife Emma had what she calls a "fling" with his friend Paul before finally settling down with Michael. Even if the tall, handsome and well-endowed Paul inspired raw, uncontrollable passion in Emma, he just wasn't "husband material" in the same way that Michael is.

What Emma doesn't know is that Michael witnessed her first encounter with Paul, which took place during a wild summer night that all of them have been thinking about ever since. Michael can't get over the physical chemistry that he witnessed back then. He knows that he'll never be able to please Emma the way Paul could.

A decade later, Emma and Paul meet again during a New Year's Eve party. This time, everything is different. Or is it? After another night among friends, three people's lives will never be the same again.

EMMA'S FLING is a 21,000-word novella featuring a cheating, fertile wife, netorare, cuckold angst and clean-up scenes. It explores the emotional fallout of extramarital affairs and the reality of cuckold fantasies coming to life.

HER OLD FLAME

Melinda is everything her husband Steve has ever wanted: she's smart, feisty and voluptuously curvy. The kind of woman with a healthy appetite for the finer things in life — in the kitchen and the bedroom. The fact that she's an Italian–American from Queens only makes her seem more exotic to a guy from the suburbs of Dallas.

But Steve goes digging into Melinda's past, he begins to uncover some uncomfortable secrets about an ex–boyfriend named Carlo. Carlo is the opposite of Steve in every way: he's tall, confident, dominant and very well–endowed. Luckily, Carlo is behind bars serving a sentence for a crime of passion he committed protecting Melinda's honor. So he's not a serious threat to the couple's relationship.

Or is he?

When Carlo is transferred to a prison nearby, a stunning series of events will turn Melinda's old flame into a towering inferno...

HER OLD FLAME is a 50,000–word cuckold novel the explores themes of cuckold angst, netorare, clean–up, alpha males and what happens to beta males when they accept their place in the natural hierarchy.

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA

When Alan's beautiful, voluptuous wife Jessica takes a new job with a law firm in the city she grew up in, a mysterious man from her past suddenly reenters her life.

Mark Howard isn't just the same man who wooed Jessica when she was young and innocent, he's also her new boss. Not only that, he's the consummate alpha: a ruggedly handsome, successful attorney and war veteran. The perfect dominant masculine counterpart to Jessica's fragile femininity.

Alan, who harbors a secret hotwife fetish, presses his wife for information about her past connection to Mark. Jessica is reluctant to reveal the depth of her emotional attachment to her ex, but gradually some of the naughty details of their encounters begin to trickle out.

Specifically, one particular outsized detail that makes Mark an extremely memorable lover. Soon, all Alan can think about is the possibility of Jessica rekindling her romance with Mark, but this time with him watching as they go all the way…

As Jessica grows more intimate with her new boss (and old flame), Alan helps overcome every obstacle in the way of making their shared hotwife fantasy a reality.

But will Alan be able to handle the sight of another man turning his young, fertile wife into a size queen, and him into a cuckold? Will the three characters be able to balance their individual passions, or will Alan be simply swept aside and replaced by the better man forever?

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA is a 50,000-word, explicit, raw and emotionally poignant wife-sharing cuckold novel. It is a stand-alone installment in the HER FIRST BULL series by Cynthia Sizemore.