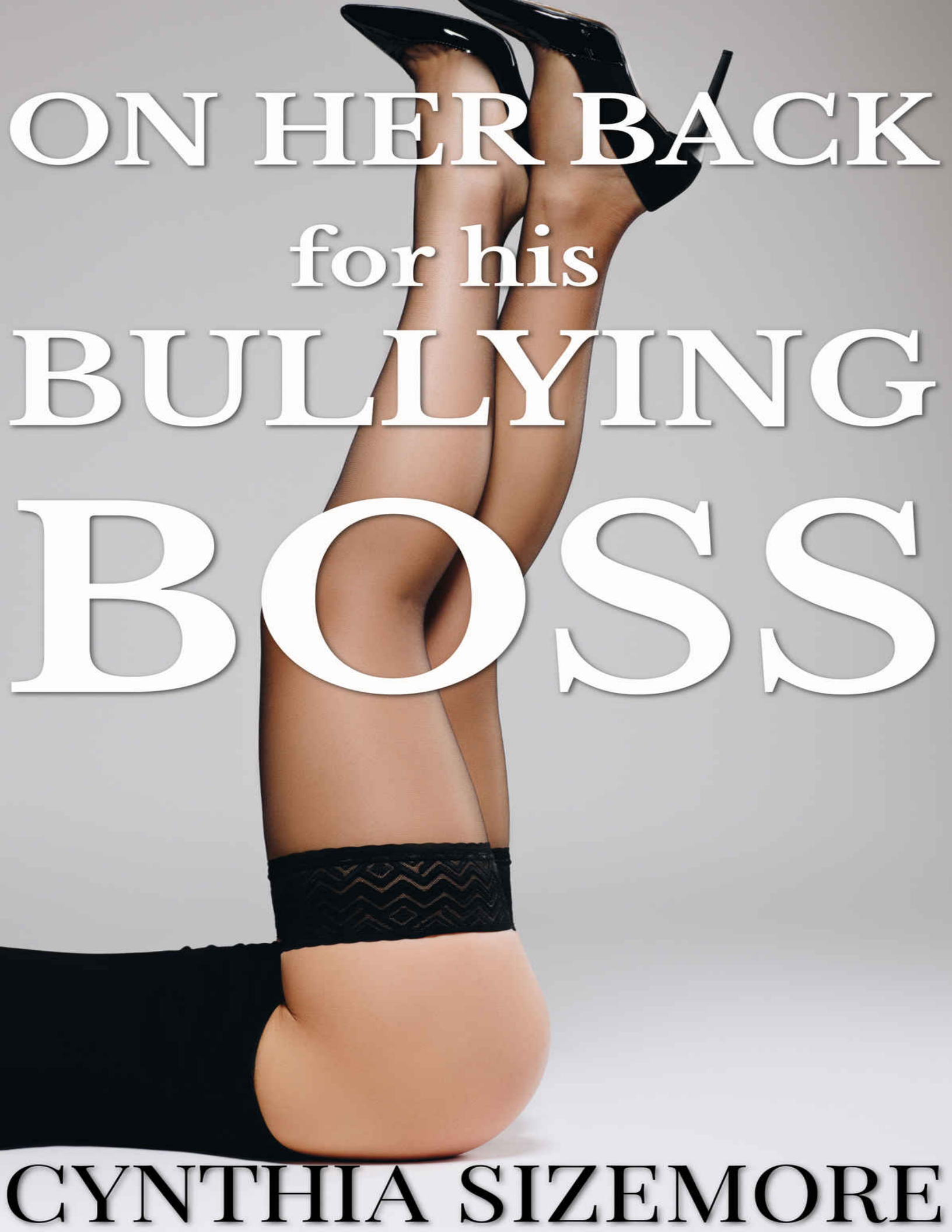

ON HER BACK
for his
BULLYING
BOSS
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

On her Back for his Bullying Boss

by

Cynthia Sizemore

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Chapter 1

From the first time they met it was clear to me that something was going on between Tony and Marisa. The flirtatious banter between the two at the office party wouldn't have bothered me if not for one simple fact: Marisa was my loving wife of more than five years, and Tony was my bullying boss who made my work life absolutely unbearable.

It had been clear that Tony was trouble from the day he'd been hired for the same managerial position that I'd also been interviewed for. Since then, he'd been riding my ass every day, trying to find something to reprimand me for. I knew that my annual review was coming up, and I feared that he was collecting reasons to fire me.

I told Marisa about all of this, of course. She was more than sympathetic. After all, she knew how much we needed my income. If I lost my job, we'd have to ask her parents for money. And neither of us wanted to do that.

So Tony was more than just an obnoxious boss, he was an existential threat to the future of our life together. That's why I just couldn't understand that Marisa, as understanding as she was, still seemed to keep a positive attitude towards Tony.

"I know it's tough," she'd say, pressing her beautiful body against me, "but he's just doing his job. He has bosses too, you know. And they're probably telling him that he's got to get tough with his employees."

I'd try to see her perspective, just to humor her, but I knew that he wasn't "just following orders" – he enjoyed seeing me squirm.

Finally, as I'd feared, things came to a head during my annual review. He'd been noting each infraction I'd made since he'd become

the manager (no matter how silly or inconsequential), and began our meeting by reading to me out of my file. When he'd finished, he set the folder down on his desk and fixed me with his steely blue eyes.

It occurred to me in that moment that Tony was also rather good-looking. He was also in very good shape. Perhaps that was a (surely unconscious) reason why Marisa was so favorably disposed to him?

"So, Will," he said, "let me just start with the bad news first: I'm going to have to lay off about half of the staff in this office, and your name is on my list."

I was shocked. I had expected the review to go badly, but I hadn't expected to be confronted immediately with the prospect of losing my job.

"Is there any good news?"

He smiled.

"That depends entirely on your wife," he said.

"My wife?"

"Yes, your wife. Marisa."

"What does she have to do with anything?"

"Let's just say that there are ways that she could convince me to change my mind."

I flushed with rage, but tried to keep my composure, knowing that getting mad was pointless.

"No," I said, "I...I don't want whatever it is you're suggesting. I'd rather lose my job."

He smirked at me.

"Why don't you talk it over with Marisa first? Don't make any rash decisions. I'll give you until tomorrow at 5 pm to decide. You'll both come to my office if you want to keep your job."

"This is illegal. I'll report you to HR."

"Please do," he laughed, "Linda in HR is already an...intimate friend of mine…and has no problem with my management style."

Simmering with rage and sorrow, I turned and left the office, slamming the door behind me.

But the next day at 5 PM, I was back, and Marisa was with me.

Chapter 2

When I'd gotten home that night, I hadn't wanted to tell her anything, but my consternation had been impossible to ignore. Finally, Marisa got the whole story out of me. She was sympathetic as usual, but didn't seem to be as upset as I was by Tony's obviously indecent suggestion.

"Look," she said, "you know I love you. Nothing is ever going to change that. So he wants a blowjob or whatever. That's not going to change our relationship!"

I was bowled over.

"Not going to change our relationship? Are you serious?!"

"Calm down honey," she said, "if all he wants is sex, this is an easy proposition. Maybe we can even negotiate a raise for you. Besides, if we do this for him, your job is going to be safe forever."

"What makes you think that? What's to stop him from demanding even more next time?"

I started to tear up.

"It's ok, baby," she said, keeping her composure, "I doubt he's going to do this again. Let's just go over there together and hear him out, ok? I want to do this. For you. For *us.*"

After more than an hour of talking, she had finally managed to convince me. No matter what he wanted her – or us – to do, it wouldn't be that bad in the grand scheme of things. Certainly not worth risking our future over.

I'd managed to make myself believe her.

Now, standing next to her in the anteroom of Tony's office, waiting for his administrative assistant to give us the go-ahead to enter inter his "inner sanctum."

I looked over at Marisa. She seemed a bit nervous, but not at all worried. As if she knew that everything was going to be alright.

"You can go inside now," said Lisa, the receptionist.

Rumor had it that she was fucking Tony. Even though she had a boyfriend. This guy had a way of convincing women to do things. That is to say, to do *him*.

I almost laughed at the little joke I'd made in my own mind, but I stopped myself. But why shouldn't I laugh, though? What other possible response was there to this situation. It was like we were in the middle ages, and the feudal lord had summoned us to him.

There he was. Sitting on his desk with his legs spread in some kind of obscene power-pose.

"So nice of you both to come," he smiled, "I'm glad you decided to consider my offer."

I looked around. There were two armchairs facing the desk.

"Have a seat," he said.

I sat in one armchair, while Marisa sat in the other, carefully smoothing down her skirt and crossing her perfectly smooth legs first.

"I'm glad you decided to accept my offer," began Tony, "so let's skip straight to the point. Here's how this is going to work. I'm going to fuck your wife, and you're going to watch. Either one of you may stop the encounter at any time. But if you do so, the offer is off the table."

"And what is the 'offer' exactly?" I managed to stammer.

"You get to keep your job. Not only that, you get a 10% raise."

"How is this different from prostitution?" asked Marisa, her voice curiously matter-of-fact.

"I suppose that's a good question, since in this scenario, you'll be playing the whore," he gave her a lewd look, "and I'm not an expert on legal matters. But I can assure you that this will remain only between the three of us."

I looked over at Marisa. She smiled at me slightly, encouragingly.

It's ok, she mouthed silently, *I love you*.

“What do you think?” ask Tony, “you can take my offer, or leave it.”

“We’ll take it,” said Marisa, flashing him a broad smile, which took me back a bit.

“Honey,” I said, “don’t you think we should...”

“What’s there to talk about?” she asked, “we already knew what we were getting into coming over here today.”

I knew she was right, I just hadn’t expected her to be so...enthusiastic.

“So,” he said, “let’s get started. As I said, anyone can stop the encounter at any time. What will happen between us will be completely consensual. Do you understand?”

We both nodded.

“Good,” he said, “so let’s not waste any more time.”

I swallowed. This was really going to happen. I was going to watch my bullying boss fuck my wife.

“Marisa,” he said, “stand up and come over here. You,” he pointed to me, “stay in that chair and don’t move unless you’re told to.”

I nodded.

Marisa stood. I watched as she smoothed down her skirt and walked over to him.

“You’re going to be my personal toy for the next few hours or so. My personal slut. Do you understand?”

She nodded.

He reached back and smacked her ass, over her short summer skirt. Hard.

“Ouch!” she protested, but I could tell from the slight giggle that escaped her lips afterwards that she was far from uncomfortable being spanked by him.

“I require verbal consent, slut,” he said, putting his arm around her waist and pulling her closer to him, “do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” she breathed, looking up at him, her lips inches from his.

“Good girl,” he said, pulling her in for a long kiss.

She slowly reciprocated, opening her mouth and allowing him to slip his tongue into hers. This hurt me much more than I would have imagined. It seemed even more intimate than sex, and what was more, there was nothing of the awkwardness that one might associate with a first kiss. It seemed totally natural. Like they had been lovers for years.

When they broke their kiss, Marisa smiled up at my boss.

"Very good girl," he said, leaning back now against his desk, "now show me just how good you can be."

"Yes, Sir," she whispered obediently, seeming to sense what he had in mind as she dropped to her knees and began to undo his belt.

He ran his fingers through her hair, looking over at me and smiling.

"Be careful," he said, sneering, "you might lose her forever once she gets a taste of my cock."

I was secretly afraid he might be right, but this scene was also incredibly erotic. I couldn't look away from the sight of my beautiful young wife on her knees, eagerly pulling my boss's rapidly hardening cock from his pants.

When she'd finally succeeded in freeing it, holding the rapidly hardening shaft in her hand, she looked up at him, awaiting his permission to begin.

"Oh my God," she said, suddenly becoming aware of the size and weight of the member in her hand and looking down at it as it swelled even further, "is that...is that as big as it gets?"

"Almost," he said, leering lewdly down at my innocent bride, "why don't you give it a little lick and see just how hard you can get it?"

She eagerly followed his instructions, licking around his bulbous head, the size of which positively dwarfed my own, even in its semi-erect state.

"Good fucking slut," he growled, grabbing a handful of her hair and pushing her mouth further down on his shaft, "now show your husband how you choke on a real cock."

He looked up and winked at me as he sank his cock into my wife's throat.

"Don't worry," he said, "this will all be worth it when you get to keep your job."

Marisa moaned and grabbed the back of his legs as if trying to pull him even further into her throat. I'd never experienced her like this before. It was like she was crazy for dick. The only time she'd done anything remotely close to this with me was the night after I proposed to her. She'd been wild that night, but ever since then, more or less a once-a-week and only-with-the-lights-off type of girl. Blowjobs were only for my birthday, and she'd certainly never tried to deepthroat me. It wouldn't have been particularly difficult for her, either, given the relative ease with which she was swallowing Tony's much larger cock.

"Fuck yes, you're such a good little slut," he groaned, closing his eyes and throwing his head back in obscene satisfaction as my wife pleasured him, "I know she doesn't suck your cock like this."

Of course he was right, but I couldn't say anything. I was too filled with a strange mixture of excitement and shame as I watched my bullying boss choke my wife on his long, thick cock.

He pulled out of her throat and she gasped for air, still looking up at him in devotion as a tear rolled down each of her cheeks, slowly. She had exerted herself to such an extent that her eyes were watering with the effort of taking his cock.

"Get those balls in your mouth, whore," he laughed, slapping her across the face with his shaft as he pressed his huge sack onto her tongue.

Marisa leaned forward, lapping at his sack with enthusiasm as he pushed her head down further and further, until she was licking his taint.

"Alright, whore," he said, "it's time for you to show your husband how far you'll go to please me. Lick my asshole. That's right – I want to feel your slutty little tongue in my ass."

I gasped as Marisa immediately did as she was asked, without seeming to give any consideration whatsoever to what he was asking.

Tony closed his eyes once more and sighed in pleasure as I watched my wife's tongue disappear between his asscheeks. This was the same mouth, the same tongue, with which I'd shared a tender loving kiss not a few minutes before. And now here it was – here *she* was – rimming the man who had made my life a living hell.

"Play with your pussy while you lick my asshole, slut," ordered Tony, "I want you nice and wet for this big cock. I'm sure your husband can't wait to see what you look like when you're getting fucked by a real dick."

She reached down between her legs and pushed her panties aside, rubbing her slit eagerly, moaning into his asshole. My own cock tented my pants angrily, desperate for relief. I was too turned on by the sight before me to think about the possible consequences this would have for our marriage, or for my future sexual function.

"Good girl," he laughed, "you're a natural-born slut. I bet you can't wait to feel this monster inside you."

"Mmm-hhm," she moaned.

He pulled her by the hair so she was looking him in the eyes again.

"Say it, slut."

He slapped her in the face with one hand and she smiled up at him. She really seemed to be enjoying the rough treatment he was giving her. I was experiencing a hidden side of Marisa I'd never known.

"I can't wait to feel your monster cock inside me," she moaned, a note of desperation in her voice, "please give it to me."

He laughed and pushed her backwards, onto her back on the carpet. Then he jumped down onto the carpet himself, reaching down under her skirt and pulling off her panties with a single stroke of his muscular arms. Then he spread her legs and pushed his throbbing prick inside her. It all happened just a few feet from where I was sitting.

I could see it all: the look of lust on his face as he slowly split my wife with his obscenely large cock. The way Marisa's face moved from a look of surprise to anguish to absolute rapture as he finally plunged his prick past her defenses.

The way the flush of pleasure slowly suffused across my wife's cheeks as he began to pound her pussy, one hand firmly around her throat and the other teasing her pert nipples through her blouse.

I almost couldn't believe it, but it was true: my innocent wife Marisa was on her back for my bullying boss. And there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

But that wasn't all. I *liked* it.

Tony plunged his cock into Marisa harder and harder now, groaning in exertion as he slammed her into the office floor.

"Tell me you love this cock, whore," he groaned.

"I love your cock," Marisa blurted.

It stung a bit that she hadn't even tried to resist him for a moment, but on the other hand I loved seeing her cut loose like this.

He placed a hand around her neck, his gigantic palm dwarfing her petite throat. He didn't choke her, just held it there to remind her who was in charge. Her response was immediate. She began to moan and pant like I'd never heard before.

"Oh God," she moaned, "don't stop. Don't fucking stop fucking me."

I had my cock out now. I couldn't help it. I had to jerk off to the sight of my dominant alpha boss taking control of my beautiful, wet, willing wife. It was like I had no choice. My own prick looked a bit pathetic next to the gorgeous, angry monster that was plumbing the depths of my wife's pussy, each stroke changing her irrevocably and taking her away from me.

"Whose pussy is this?" growled Tony, holding her arms above her head with one hand while his other remained on her neck.

"It's yours, Sir," shrieked my wife, wrapping her legs around his powerful backside as he slammed her into the office floor.

"That's right you little fucking whore," Tony growled.

I felt a wave of humiliation flood through my body. How could I be sitting there watching my wife being completely claimed by another man, much less the man who had made my own life a living hell for the past few months?

Yet here I was, about to climax.

And from the looks of it, so was Marisa.

“Please,” she panted, “please may I come, Sir?”

“Not yet you little whore,” he laughed, “first I want you to tell your husband the truth.”

“What?”

“About us.”

Oh God. What was he talking about? Did they have some kind of history together?

Before I could say anything or react in any way, Tony had flipped Marisa over onto her hands and knees and was entering her doggy-style, from behind, as he directed her gaze towards me with one powerful hand in her hair.

He slapped her ass. Hard.

Her eyes rolled back in her head and she moaned.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Tell him,” he growled, pounding into her from behind, “tell him everything.”

“Yes, Sir,” she groaned, biting her lip before looking forward directly into my eyes.

“Tony’s been...”

She stopped for a moment.

SMACK!

My boss cracked his hand down across my wife’s ass.

“Tony’s been fucking me for months,” she moaned, “I’m sorry, honey. I couldn’t help it. After the office party.”

Tony grabbed her hair and pulled a bit tighter.

“Keep going, slut. Tell him everything.”

“I…,” she continued, “I sucked his cock in his car during lunch. While you were in the office.”

“Good girl,” he laughed, winking at me cruelly, “keep going.”

“He… fucked me in his office,” she continued, “this office, here. The one that might have belonged to you. If you’d gotten his job instead of him.”

“That’s right,” laughed Tony, “you’d be surprised the slutty things a married woman will do for a powerful man with a cock like mine. You’ve already seen some of them. But there were more.”

“Yes, honey,” moaned Marisa, “I’m so sorry, I couldn’t help it. I wanted to tell you, but...”

Marisa became lost in her own pleasure, her eyes rolling back as Tony began to pound her even harder, whispering obscenities as he smacked her ass. I was witnessing my wife submitting completely to this man who was superior in every way, and to my surprise, it was turning me on incredibly.

“That’s it, whore,” growled Tony, “come on this cock.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned, her eyes closed in concentration and her back arched as she reached a shrieking climax.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, “God, I want your cum. Please fill me up, Sir. Please claim my cunt.”

The revelation that my wife had been cuckolding me with Tony should have hit me like a load of bricks, but it actually made a lot of sense. In that moment, I accepted this new reality as I reached my own climax, dribbling a spurt of come onto my hand as I watched Tony plunge himself once more into Marisa and pump several powerful spurts of cum into her tight, clenching pussy.

“Fuck,” she moaned, pushing back against his cock as if trying not to spill a drop, “that was the best orgasm yet, Sir. Was I a good whore for you?”

“Yes, slut,” said Tony, “do you think we should let your husband keep his job?”

“Well,” she said, pausing and looking at me with an expression of pity, “he did keep his end of the bargain. He let you fuck his wife, even though you were already fucking his wife.”

She laughed and kissed him as he leaned in over her shoulder, slowly withdrawing his monstrous cock from her petite pussy.

The kiss stung. Almost more than watching him creampie my wife.

“Do you want your job?”

Tony’s question was directed at me.

“Yes, Sir,” I said, meekly.

“Good,” he laughed, “then I guess you can keep working here.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I said, reaching for a box of tissues.

I cleaned myself awkwardly as Tony and Marisa kissed and exchanged soft pleasantries.

"Honey," said Marisa, "Tony and I aren't done here. Why don't you go ahead and drive home, and he'll drop me off later. You can do that, right?"

I nodded. What other choice did I have?

That night, I waited up for Marisa for a long time. When she finally tumbled through the bedroom door, her makeup a wreck and her clothes disheveled, I could practically smell Tony on her.

"He fucked my mouth," she said, giggling, "and he came on my face. He said he's going to send you a picture."

I grabbed my cell phone from the nightstand. Sure enough, there it was. Another trophy for my boss, another token of my wife's utter subservience to him. Marisa was on her knees, her eyes closed, smiling, her face covered with three absolutely enormous ropes of my boss's cum.

"I hope you like our new arrangement, honey," she laughed, grabbing my rapidly hardening cock, "from the looks of it, I think you do."

I nodded.

"Now why don't you just relax and I'll give you a handjob while I tell you about everything else that Tony and I have done."

I smiled and melted into the bed as my wife squeezed lube onto her hands, working my cock up to its full length. If I couldn't satisfy her like Tony did, at least I could hear about it.

"The first time," she began, looking off into the distance as if to retrieve a memory, "I was really nervous..."

I sat back and listened to her story. It was the end of our old marriage, and the beginning of a new one.

THE END

Losing Helen

By Cynthia Sizemore



At 32, Helen is in the best shape of her life. When her husband notices how her coworkers look at her, he encourages her to flirt with them. It's a harmless way to spice up their love life at home.

At least at first.

But when Helen begins to truly embrace her wild side, she discovers the answer to a question that will change her marriage forever:

Does size *really* matter?

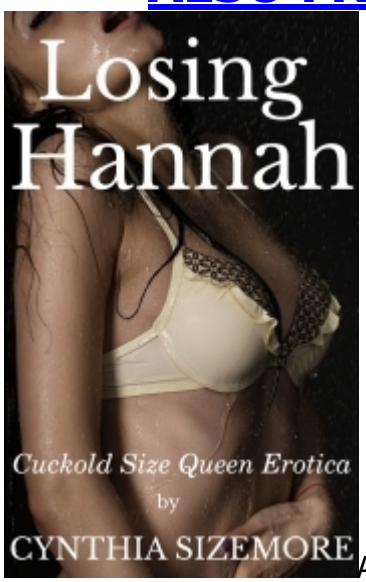
For Helen, the answer is a resounding **YES!**

Unfortunately for her husband (the narrator of this 14,000 word novelette), her journey of self-discovery involves turning him into a cuckold.

Will he be able to accept, and even *embrace* both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been engaging in kinky role

play while taking it **hard**, **rough**, and **totally unprotected** from certain well-endowed pillars of the community?

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



After a naughty conversation with a coworker at the office holiday party, Hannah begins acting strangely. Although she assures her husband Bill that "it's not the size of the boat, it's the motion of the ocean," she has clearly developed a preoccupation with the dimensions of one particular part of the male anatomy.

Soon, what starts as a casual interest becomes an obsession.

What will happen when Hannah figures out that what she's been told all her life is 6 inches is really more like 4 ½ inches?
Why is she suddenly interested in watching dirty videos on the internet? And where is she *really*going when she starts leaving the house to do "yoga" at night?

Learn the answers to these questions at the same time as Bill as he witnesses his wife's transition from **sweet, innocent young woman** to an **insatiable size queen** who loves to take it **hard, rough,** and **unprotected.**

Who thought that losing Hannah could be so arousing?

About the author

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E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

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Cynthia