



# Sarah's Adventure

**A Cheating Wife Novella**  
**CYNTHIA SIZEMORE**

# **SARAH'S ADVENTURE**

By Cynthia Sizemore

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## SARAH'S ADVENTURE

## Chapter 1: The Museum

Berlin's "Museum Island" was the kind of thing I'd never have sought out if it hadn't been for Sarah. *She* was the Art History PhD student, *I* was her husband who worked in IT. Even if I'd learned to appreciate certain things about art over the course of our relationship, I could never spend as much time staring at a painting as she could. Video games were *my* preferred art form, even if I had a hard time convincing Sarah that my interests had as much merit as her own.

We'd spent the first two days of our week in Berlin visiting historical sites, the kinds of places that *I* was interested in: Checkpoint Charlie, The Jewish Museum, and the Brandenburg Gate. We even took a train all the way to the other side of the city to check out the Soviet War Memorial in Treptower Park, an absolutely stunning piece of art in its own right, even beyond its historical import.

So how could I tell her that I didn't care about any of the museums on the "Island"? It would have been downright unfair. I had no choice but to go, and amuse myself as best I could. She'd been a good sport about everything else.

That morning, we woke up in our small room at the hostel and took showers in the communal shower area down the hall. Things like that (having to walk down the hallway to find the showers and toilet) had taken some getting used to at first, but after our first week in Europe (we'd landed in Paris), we were embracing such cultural differences with gusto.

It was our first time in continental Europe, even though Sarah had spent a semester studying abroad in Scotland when we had been undergraduates. Those three months apart had been the most difficult time in our relationship, but we'd weathered them with the help of Skype calls, texts and e-mails.

Sarah and I had been dating since we were in high school, and we'd been married for a year when we went on the trip to Europe

together. We were both 25, and still in love as much as we had been the first time we kissed at age 18.

Because we'd married so young, and because we had each been the other's first sexual partner (if heavy petting doesn't count), we were both aware of the possibility that one of us would feel that they'd "missed out" on something: that fabled wild, experimental phase of sexuality in college.

For that reason, we were very open with each other. Sometimes painfully so. We confessed crushes, no matter how harmless. We pointed out members of the opposite sex who we found attractive, and we pointed out members of the *same* sex who we thought the *other* person might find attractive. It wasn't uncommon for Sarah to point out a girl with a nice ass, or for me to tell her when I had read something about one of her celebrity crushes.

She had a special thing for older guys with gray hair. Bad boys who also had an intellectual side to them. Think Anthony Bourdain. That kind of guy.

Up to this point, all of this talk had been a great way to enliven our bedroom life. A way to make sure that neither one of us felt like we'd missed something by not sleeping around in college. We'd made a pact that everything that included both of us was on the table, as long as we both consented to it.

This had already resulted in one threesome. I'd confessed to Sarah that I found her friend Ashley attractive, and Sarah – to my surprise – had arranged for Ashley to join us one night in bed. Unfortunately, the encounter hadn't been nearly as satisfying as I'd imagined it. I had had problems getting hard. Last-minute performance anxiety in front of Ashley, who was a very beautiful woman.

Sometimes having a fantasy come true can be the worst thing that happens to someone.

So, I knew that I "owed" Sarah a threesome – since she'd been so generous in convincing Ashley to sleep with me, even if it didn't

work out well at all – and to be honest, the idea of sharing her with another man was actually quite appealing.

I had to admit I was very curious about how my inexperienced wife might react to another man's touch. Would the sounds she made be the same? Would the expression on her face when she climaxed be similar? Would she experience more pleasure than she did with me?

There was so much to think about. I know it sounds naive, but I wasn't worried about losing her. I wasn't insecure in my own sexuality, despite my inability to perform during the threesome with Ashley. I knew I had an average-sized cock, but it had always served me well. Sarah had regular orgasms (even if she didn't orgasm during intercourse), and we'd been together for so long that it seemed impossible to me for her to want to be with anyone else on a regular basis.

For whatever reason, we'd been talking about the possibility of a threesome "for her" a lot on vacation. While we were in Paris, but *especially* in Berlin. In Paris, because of the fun of making jokes about "menages-a-tois." In Berlin, because the city was known for its sex clubs. Even if those were mostly for the queer community, the topic of public sex was on our minds.

We walked through the streets of the city like we were on the prowl, checking out the beautiful young people who had come from all over the world to frolic in the party capital of Europe. We felt a little like predators. On the prowl for the perfect guy for Sarah to seduce.

In reality, I didn't think that we'd actually go through with it. Not here, not when we were on the road. When it came right down to it, Sarah was actually pretty conservative, sexually speaking. She had a wild fantasy life, but when it came to sex with me, we usually did it with the lights out in missionary position. If she was going to have sex with another guy, even with me involved, it was going to be someone that she trusted and someone that we both knew. Well.

This crazy stuff was all just talk. Even the idea of a threesome “for her” was more *my* obsession than her own. She’d told me many times before that she didn’t find the idea of sex with two guys as appealing as *I* obviously found the idea of sex with two *girls*.

But that didn’t stop us from talking about it.

I write all of these things to illustrate the kind of mood we were in that morning, when we got to the Museum Island.

The entire visit wasn’t sexually charged, of course. Sarah was there as a serious student of art, too. She’d started her PhD program a year ago, and was preparing for her master’s exam that fall. She was taking it a semester early, but her professors had assured her that she’d be ready.

So she was also there to see as much art as possible, and had a black moleskine notebook with her for the purpose of taking notes on the works she saw.

Sarah looked like the archetypal “sexy librarian”: she had her wavy black hair back in a messy bun and a pair of dark-rimmed glasses perched on her nose. She wore a tight-fitting skirt and a white button-down blouse with a black bra on underneath that was visible through the almost sheer fabric. Luckily, she was also wrapped demurely in a striking blue sweater, so that she didn’t look like *too* much of what she herself had referred to as a “slut.”

It had been our private joke. Of course, Sarah, who had only ever had sex with one man (who also happened to be her husband) was the very opposite of a “slut.” Despite her conservatism, however, she did enjoy it when she got attention from men. She actually enjoyed it when men (especially those older, Anthony Bourdain types) tried flirting with her. She’d draw it out for as long as she could, enjoying their overtures, testing their seduction skills, until finally pulling the rug out from under them at the last minute, right after they asked for her number.

She’d tried this stunt a couple of times when I was present. We would laugh about it later, but then, when we were together with the lights out, one of us would say something about it, and the tone

would get serious. Our lovemaking – though never especially experimental, as I’ve already mentioned – would take on another kind of intensity in the aftermath of one of these flirtation sessions, as if our sexual passion fed itself on danger.

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In fact, she’d had one such little flirtation quite recently. In the hostel we’d been staying at in Berlin, with an older solo traveler from Croatia. He was tall and slim, his eyes heavy, his face wrinkled but his hair dyed blond. He was probably around forty, but his manner was of someone even older. World-weary. I guess that wasn’t so uncommon in the part of the world he was from.

Ignoring me, he’d gone straight up to Sarah and introduced himself as Dino, and asked her for a cigarette.

Sarah, as it happened, had decided to take up smoking during our trip to Europe. That is, she’d already picked it up the habit briefly back when she was studying abroad in Scotland, but then put it down just as quickly when she’d returned to the States. Now that we were back in Europe, she couldn’t resist smoking for what she promised would be only the duration of our trip.

I personally didn’t smoke – never saw the appeal – but I did love the way that Sarah looked holding a cigarette, and the smell never really bothered me that much. I had no reason to believe that she was going to become a regular smoker once we returned home, so I hadn’t complained.

So when the tall, sad-looking stranger (much too old for a youth hostel) approached her at the bar and asked for a cigarette, Sarah looked over at me – I was looking at a pamphlet for a tour called “Berlin Underground” – and winked, before pulling a pack out of her purse and heading to the door with the older man.

I had watched the two of them through the glass of the hostel windows as they smoked. First one cigarette, then another. Sarah began the conversation looking serious. Concerned. But every once in a while, flashes of mirth crossed her face. She was turned towards

Dino, who looked straight ahead as her pulled on his cigarette, and so I was unable to read the expression on his face, only hers.

She was silent for much of the first cigarette, listening to him intently. But about ten minutes later, after they'd sparked up the second, I began to watch her lips move.

Her beautiful, red lips. She was in what I called "professor mode," now, I could tell. It was when the serious student in her came out and she seemed wise beyond her years. I loved it when she got that way, telling me carefully and calmly about some important work of art. Sarah didn't gush when she was passionate about something.

She got quiet.

Serious.

Receptive. You might even say *submissive* in the face of beauty.

I was convinced that she was talking to Dino right then about some piece of art that was important to her. Either something that she'd seen already on the trip, or something that she planned to see. Maybe she had been interrogating him about some piece she wanted to see in Zagreb or Splt, two places that we wouldn't be able to visit on this particular trip but which stood on our agenda for the (probably distant) future.

During this conversation, I pretended to study the pamphlets for the various museums, and I watched them. So intently, in fact, that one of the hostel employees, who probably didn't realize that I was married to the young woman I was staring at through the glass, came over to me and asked me if she could help me with anything.

"I'm just waiting for my wife to finish her cigarette," I said, watching her face as the German woman registered the fact that I'd just said "wife" and not "girlfriend."

"Germans don't get married until 40 or so," someone had told us, "and only after they've already had at least one child together."

The cigarette (or, more properly speaking, *cigarettes*) had now drawn out for at least twenty-five minutes when Sarah came back

into the hostel, a smirk on her face as she walked towards me.

Dino remained outside, looking out into the street as he had been before.

"And?" I asked, "what took so long? Were you telling him about the Louvre?"

"Yes," said Sarah, surprised, "how could you tell?"

"I was watching your face," I said, "I can tell when things get serious."

"I see," she said, smiling, "so could you tell when he asked me to go up to his room with him?"

I laughed.

"I'm not surprised," I said, "but I have to hand it to him. He wasn't beating around the bush, was he? He didn't even try something less direct first, like asking you for a coffee?"

"I guess the cigarette *was* the indirect approach," she replied, "you're just lucky that I wasn't in the mood for a roll in the hay with a man from the Balkans."

"Well," I said, "I guess that's right. Are you in the mood for a roll in the hay with a man from Cleveland?"

She stared into my eyes for a few seconds.

"I guess we have about an hour before we've got to be on that train to Potsdam," she said, "why don't you take me upstairs. But make it quick..."

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That had all happened the night before. Now, here we were, on the Museum Island, with an entire day of art appreciation in front of us. Sarah was pumped. I – as I said before – was less enthusiastic. At least at first.

Sarah led the way into the first building, the Pergamon Museum. We had planned to spend only a couple of hours in each museum on the island, but as soon as we realized just how big the museum actually was, we re-conferred and changed our plans.

This was the museum that Sarah had looked forward to the most, so we would spend the day here. Or at least as long as we could before we got tired.

After the first hour at the museum, my skepticism had vanished entirely. I walked with awe through the Ishtar gate, marveling at the ancient Babylonian architecture that had been brought so far across the world.

Sarah wanted to go to another part of the museum – she was interested in Greek and Roman art – so we agreed to meet up in an hour in a different gallery.

I lost myself for forty–five minutes or so in the world of ancient Islamic art. I suddenly wished that I’d been able to score drugs, because I realized how amazing some of the mosaics and abstract designs would look if I’d been under the influence. Alas, I had to go through the museum completely sober.

Finally, my growling stomach reminded me of what time it was, and I went off in search of Sarah.

That’s when I saw Mark for the first time. Towering over my wife as the two of them examined the bronze cast of a Greek statue.

In writing this, I was almost tempted to call Mark “Anthony,” because Mark reminded me of no one else quite as much as Anthony Bourdain, my wife’s (deceased) celebrity crush. That is, he reminded me of Bourdain, if Bourdain had been an Art History Professor from Germany.

As it turned out, Mark wasn’t from Germany at all. He was a Canadian who was living in Berlin. At the time, though, I didn’t know that.

What I saw was a tall, gray-haired handsome man of about forty–five in a well–fitted black sport–jacked that he wore over a tight designer t–shirt. He was wearing the dark–rimmed frames of an intellectual (he and Sarah almost could have been from the same university) and artfully ripped jeans that looked like they’d probably cost him \$500.

There are lots of guys that dress like that in Berlin, and many of them are around Mark's age. Lots of them try to pick up women the age of my wife, I'm sure.

There was something different about Mark, though. It wasn't just his height (though he was at least 6'3" tall), it was more in the way he carried himself. While other professorial types seem to have a kind of awkwardness about them, a sense of not quite belonging where they are, Mark was an absolutely commanding presence.

Even that first time I glimpsed the two of them, from a distance, I could tell: Mark had Sarah's complete attention. She was absolutely captivated by him. And not in the way she had been when talking to Dino.

This was something different.

I walked slowly towards the couple, only to see Mark wave to Sarah, cast a quick glance in my direction, then turn and walk away at a leisurely pace.

Sarah was literally staring after him.

"Hey, babe," I said, coming up behind her and embracing her, "who was that?"

"Him? He's like...an art history professor or something. A docent at Humboldt University."

"A docent? That sounds fancy."

"Yeah. It *sounds* fancy. It's actually the lowest rank of professor there is. He must not be doing it for the money."

"I don't think anyone in Art History is."

"You'd be surprised," she said, pulling out of my embrace, "there are historians who make good money spotting fakes and doing provenance research."

"I'm sure," I said.

"Are you hungry? We can go to the museum cafe."

"I'm starving," I admitted.

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As we sat down to lunch (I had a Currywurst, the most overpriced one I could imagine, and Sarah had a rocket salad with goat cheese), the topic of the mysterious stranger came up again.

"So did that guy try to give you his hotel room key, like Dino?" I asked.

"What guy?" said Sarah, absently.

"That 'docent,'" I said, "the guy who was hitting on you."

"He was not *hitting* on me. We were having a conversation. There's a difference. And he has a name."

"Oh, so you know his *name*? Just how long were you talking to him before I came in?"

"Like five minutes. Tops. And yeah. What's so wrong with that?"

"Does he know *your* name?"

"That's the first thing he asked," she said, "what's the big deal?"

"Nothing," I said, enjoying our familiar game of flirtation, "it's just that it sounds like something a pick-up artist would do. Try to establish rapport with you right off the bat."

"You think Mark is a pick-up artist?"

She rolled her eyes at me. She looked so cute when she was annoyed.

"Ok, so his name is Mark," I said, "got it."

"You have nothing to worry about," she said, "Mark isn't going to be our Berlin threesome. We probably won't even see him again."

"You sound a little disappointed," I teased, "and I didn't know that we were *actually* going to have a Berlin threesome. I thought if you were interested in that, you would have made a move on Dino."

She sighed.

"We're not," she said, "I'm tired. I feel like I might still be jet-lagged. I have no energy for a threesome. Trust me."

"So that's the only reason you're not interested? I mean, if you had the energy, and Mark was up for it..."

"What's going on," she said, suddenly suspicious, "are you actually jealous of a guy I talked to for ten minutes in an art gallery?"

"Oh, it's *ten* minutes now? A minute ago it was five."

"Whatever," she said, folding her arms.

Had I gone too far?

"Hey, babe," I said, touching her arm, "I was only teasing. We always talk like this. I thought you liked it, too."

She looked thoughtful for a moment, staring down at the table, lost in thought. Then, slowly, a smile spread across her face.

"I *do* like it," she said, "and you have nothing at all to worry about. Even if we do get to have a 'Berlin threesome.'"

She leaned across the table and kissed me. I could smell her perfume. It was a scent that I loved.

"Let's keep going," she said, "these shoes are killing my feet, but I want to see the Pergamon Altar before we have to go!"

"Alright, then," I said, standing and gathering our dishes, "but this time, we stick together. I need to fend off all the pervy docents who want to 'teach' my wife."

She stuck out her tongue playfully at me. I loved it when we flirted like this. It got both of us going. I knew that we were going to have great sex when we got back to our hostel room that night.

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About an hour later, after we'd meandered through another gallery of ancient masterpieces, we finally came to the *piece de resistance* of the entire museum. (I learned that term from Sarah – could you tell?).

The Pergamon Altar.

In a large, spacious hall, an entire ancient temple had been painstakingly reconstructed by German archaeologists. Along the wall, there was a long series of sculptures, animals and humans, locked in various poses.

"Wow," I said, upon entering the hall for the first time.

"I know, right?" said Sarah, "I've read so much about this place. It's kind of crazy to be seeing it in person."

"I'm going up there," I said, pointing to the top of the steps, "this is so wild..."

"Ok, honey," she said, "I'm going to start down here, on that side of the frieze. It should be easy to keep track of each other."

I nodded, then gave her a peck on the cheek.

"Watch yourself around the docents," I whispered.

"Oh, stop!" she said, giggling slightly.

I loved this flirtatious energy between us.

I walked up the staircase. The steps were surprisingly large. They had clearly not been made with modern visitors in mind, but rather with the purpose of awing the spectator.

The effect worked. When I reached the top, I turned around to look below me. I could still see Sarah, but she was just one figure in a throng of visitors now. Of course she stood out to *me*, however. She was my wife.

And what a beautiful wife she was. Even from this distance, I noted how gracefully she moved on her own two legs, how she shifted her weight on her feet as she stared in awed contemplation of the art, sticking her hip out first to one side, then another.

Damn, she had a great ass. And the skirt really brought it out in a major way. No wonder guys were taking their best shot with her.

Part of me hoped that someone else would try something, with her all alone like that. I liked knowing that my wife was so desirable to other guys.

I guess I had something of a cuckold fetish, but just a minor one. I liked the idea of seeing her with another guy, but I wanted it to be in a threesome, not necessarily in a situation where I wasn't involved at all.

I turned back to the top of the ancient temple and began to immerse myself in the exhibition and the information on the displays.

The time passed quickly, and before I knew it, I realized I'd been up there for over half an hour. I decided it was time to check on Sarah.

I walked back to the top of the stairs and looked down into the hall, along the wall where the frieze ran.

It took a long time to spot her again. At first I thought she might have come up the stairs herself, and might actually be standing behind me somewhere. My eyes scanned the row of visitors once. Twice. Three times.

No Sarah.

I turned around and scanned the groups of people at the top of the stairs. I didn't see her there, either.

Then I looked at the staircase itself, where groups of people gathered here or there, sitting close and chatting.

No Sarah.

I was about to pull out my phone to text her, when suddenly my eyes landed on a tall man whose stance looked very familiar. He was explaining something to a woman, and had his hand on the small of her back.

It was Sarah's new "friend," Mark the docent.

And the woman whose back he held his large hand against was none other than Sarah.

I immediately felt a thrilling mixture of jealousy and arousal. Even Dino hadn't been bold enough to actually *touch* her, but here

this guy was acting as if it were the most natural thing in the world to put his hand on my wife.

What's more, Sarah didn't exactly seem to be resisting. In fact, she was leaning in, listening intently as he pointed out a feature of the relief that they were standing in front of.

Any doubt in my mind that Mark was a pick-up artist left instantly in that moment.

This guy wasn't just flirting. He was trying to bang her.

In my younger, stupider days, I'd read stuff in internet seduction forms about ways to rapidly escalate encounters with women. One of the most tried-and-true methods that everyone swore by was the idea of finding an innocent reason to touch her in a non-sexual way. This shows your intentions, and it gets her comfortable with the idea of being physically intimate with you. It's also a way for the man to gauge the woman's interest. If she pulls back or resists, it's a no-go, but if she allows it or even escalates, she's sending you a signal loud and clear.

Sarah was definitely allowing it. Anyone who saw them would have thought that they were a couple. He absolutely towered over her. I wasn't so short myself (5'10"), and neither was Sarah (she stood around 5'6") but this guy was a giant by comparison.

I had to wonder, in that moment, if *everything* about him was giant. I'm not gay, but I do have to admit that I love the sight of a huge cock in action, and the brief image of him thrusting into Sarah from behind sent a rush of blood flowing to my member. Of course, there was always the possibility that he was the same size as me. Or smaller.

*Whatever. It'll never happen, I thought.*

*Even if Sarah and I joke about it all the time. Even though we did that thing with Ashley, we're never **really** going to invite another guy into our bedroom. We you get right down to it, Sarah's too timid for that. It was easier with Ashley .*

*And if we do actually ever have "her" threesome, I ruminated, I have to make sure the other guy isn't some kind of alpha pick-up artist. It would be better to choose some sweet chubby guy from one of her grad school courses.*

I had no intention of being shown up during a threesome. I wanted Sarah to feel pleasure of course. But I also didn't want her to have such an incredible time during a threesome that being with me would pale in comparison for the rest of her life.

Given how inexperienced the two of us really were, this seemed to me like an actual possibility. While I didn't have any reason to be insecure about the way in which I pleased Sarah, I also didn't have anything else to compare it to. And neither did she.

So seeing another guy touching the small of her back the way this docent was doing was just a sort of harmless voyeuristic thrill. It wasn't a serious threat to our relationship.

I could already anticipate the frenzied (for us) lovemaking that would ensue when we finally made it back to the hotel room. It would be even more intense than after Dino hit on her.

With this in mind, I began to slowly descend the staircase, a single step at a time, due to the fact that the steps themselves were so tall.

At one moment, I almost lost my footing because my eyes were fixed like a laser beam on Mark's hand, as he pressed it further into the small of my wife's back. At the same time, he continued to emote and to gesture with his free hand, pointing out this and that feature of the sculpture on the wall in front of them.

Finally, I was at the bottom of the staircase. I walked briskly straight towards them. As much as I enjoyed having witnessed this intimate moment on some level, I also loved the fact that I could now swoop in and dash all of Mark's hopes.

Sarah belonged to me, and I was about to show him that.

As luck would have it, in the instant before I appeared on the other side of Sarah, Mark happened to withdraw his hand from her

back and let it fall to the side.

"That's the theory, anyway," he said.

I extended not my hand (as Mark had done), but my entire *arm* around my wife and pulled her close to me.

"Hey, babe," I said, "who's this guy?"

I looked Mark up and down, trying my best to show him that I was in control of the situation.

To my surprise, he didn't even acknowledge my presence. It was like he was looking right through me.

This, I had not anticipated.

"And so," he continued, "I'm of the opinion, like a lot of other scholars, that the grave robbers made short work of this as well."

"Mm," said Sarah, "but why would they want to hack off just *part* of a sculpture? Why not go all the way?"

"Antiquities dealers can still sell pieces and fragments. It's done all the time."

"Hey babe," said Sarah finally, turning to me, "I want you to meet Mark."

For the first time, Mark acknowledged my presence with a glare, like a professor who had been interrupted by a student coming to class late.

"Hi," he said shortly, "nice to meet you."

"This is Brandon," said Sarah, "my husband."

I noticed that Mark hadn't even asked my name. He simply wasn't interested.

"Hi, Brandon," he said, as if he was a child being forced to be polite for the sake of the relatives.

"Well," said Sarah, looking at me with hesitation in her eyes, "I guess we should get going now..."

"Oh know," I said, my Midwestern politeness taking over, "I didn't mean to interrupt. I mean, you can keep talking or whatever. I

was just checking in to make sure that I didn't lose track of where you are."

"Don't worry," said Mark, "I've been taking good care of her."

Sarah laughed.

"He does know what he's talking about, that's for sure."

"I've been coming to this museum at least once a week for the past fifteen years," he said, "ever since I quit finance."

"You were in finance?"

I watched Sarah's eyes light up. This only made Mark more interesting.

"Sure," he said, "I worked on Wall Street for about a decade. But eventually I got sick of that world. The lies. The money-grubbing. I started to long for meaning in my life. For beauty."

His eyes flickered mischievously as he made a point of looking Sarah up and down.

"Sometimes I find it embodied in a work of art," he continued, "and sometimes I find it embodied in a person."

Sarah blushed. It was completely clear to all of us that this was a come-on. But how could this guy be so ballsy as to try something like this right in front of me, her husband? Did he just not care, or was he so sure of himself that he didn't even consider me to be a threat?

I opened my mouth to try to reply, but I couldn't formulate an appropriate response to his flirtatious remark without coming across as defensive or insecure myself.

Sarah was the first to get a word in edgewise.

"Well," she said, "Berlin is a great place to be if you're interested in beautiful single women. Especially tourists. There are plenty of girls that come here looking for a fling."

Mark smiled.

"That's true," he said, "but you know that for a man like me, *single* women don't really present much of a challenge."

The innuendo was clear.

My head was spinning. This guy really *was* so cocky that he was not only bragging about his seduction ability, he was also declaring that he was going to seduce my wife *right* in front of me.

I grabbed Sarah's elbow.

"Ow," she said, "what are you doing?"

"I need to talk to you," I whispered, "alone."

"Ok."

As she turned away from Mark, I saw a smug smile spread across his face.

"What the hell are you doing?" I said, more irritably than I had intended.

"What do you mean?"

"He's *flirting* with you. He basically said he was going to fuck you."

She rolled her eyes.

"You're exaggerating."

"Come on, Sarah. Don't be naive. Why do you think he wanted to talk to you in the first place. Because he could see that you were a grad student just by looking at you?"

"Well," she said, "why were *you* interested in me in the first place? Because I'm such a good conversationalist?"

"That *was* one of the reasons," I snapped.

"So my tits had nothing to do with it?"

She smiled at me, giving me a suggestive look. Suddenly, the tension evaporated.

"I'm sorry if he made you feel insecure, honey," she said, "and I'm sorry if I played a role in that, too. But you have *nothing* to worry about, you know."

I was always very insecure about being called out for being insecure, so I immediately did my best to cover up for it. It could be that Sarah understood this, but I didn't actually think that she was being *deliberately* manipulative.

"I'm not insecure," I said, "in fact, why don't you go back and keep talking to him? I'm sorry I interrupted you."

"You're sure?"

She cocked an eyebrow.

"I'm sure," I said, "besides, I kind of *like* the fact that there are so many guys interested in my hot young wife..."

"Mmm," she said, smiling at me, then leaning in and whispering in my ear, "maybe if you're lucky we can talk about this later tonight..."

I knew exactly what she meant.

She was still the same old Sarah. This was all a flirtation, nothing more.

"Ok," she said, pulling back, "I'm going to go chat with Mark again, but we should go in about 15 minutes."

"Perfect," I said, "I promise to leave you alone."

"I like the fact that you're keeping an eye on me," she said, "you're my husband, after all."

We kissed quickly, then she squeezed my hand as she turned back and walked up to Mark, who was standing contemplatively in front of part of the frieze about thirty feet away.

## Chapter 2: The Bar

Sarah ended up talking to Mark for thirty more minutes. I know, because I was timing it. I wasn't jealous or insecure (at least that's what I told myself) but I *was* starting to get bored. I was already thinking about the dinner that I wanted to have tonight: something hearty and "traditionally" German. We'd had a lot of ethnic food in Berlin already, but what was the point of eating Vietnamese take-out every night when we could get that any time at home?

Still, there was the problem faced by all tourists: how to find the perfect "authentic" restaurant that wasn't also overrun by the *other* tourists trying to do exactly the same thing?

Finally, we were back on the train to our hostel. I decided it was time to discuss dinner options with Sarah, and described our dilemma as I saw it.

"Hmm," she said, "I agree with you. We need to find a place that's good, but not so well-known that it will be impossible to get a table."

"Precisely," I said, "maybe we can ask one of the hostel employees."

Sarah frowned.

"That seems like the exact *opposite* of what we should do," she said, "that's what *everyone* is going to do. They'll just steer us to some tourist trap that they probably make a commission for sending people to."

"True."

We rode silently for a few moments, listening the the clacking of the wheels on the train as we pulled into the station.

"Hey," she said, "I've got an idea."

"Yeah?"

"Let's ask Mark."

"What? But how?"

"He gave me his card."

"He *what?*"

"Relax," she said, "he's a professional contact. He teaches at the university, remember? He told me to send him an e-mail if I had any questions about the art in the museum. He even offered to take pictures for me."

"Sounds to me like he gave you his number."

"Yeah, his card does have his cell number on it," she said, "I think we should text him."

"Then he'd have *your* number, too," I said.

"He can look me up on the university website anyway," she said, "what are you so concerned about? We're going to be an ocean away by next week."

There it was again: she was playing into my insecurity about being seen as insecure.

"Ok," I said, "you're right. Let's see if he has a recommendation. It's not like we're inviting him to dinner with us."

"Right," she said, squeezing my arm, "I'll text him when we're back at the hostel. We've got to get out now."

We disembarked from the train and walked two blocks to our hostel.

As soon as we'd closed the doors behind us, our hands were all over each other.

"God," said Sarah, "I want you so bad."

"I couldn't stop thinking about reclaiming you when I saw you talking to him," I said, not needing to specify who 'he' was.

"Mmm fuck. I need that," she moaned, running her hand over my crotch, something that she normally almost never did.

Sarah had always been shy about touching my cock until she was completely warmed up. Hell, she didn't even like to *say* the

word "cock." The fact that she was already touching me so directly meant that she must be incredibly aroused.

She fell back onto the small wooden bed and pulled me down after her. I covered her with kisses as I hiked up her skirt.

"Yes, Brandon," she moaned, "take me. Reclaim your wife."

It was funny to use that word "reclaim" even though all she'd done was speak with a stranger. But somehow it made everything more charged.

"You're mine," I growled, pulling down her tights and pushing her panties to the side, "and you're soaking wet."

"Yes, honey," she gasped.

I kissed her cheek then nibbled on her ear as I began to finger her. Years of practice had taught me exactly how she liked to be touched.

"Oh Brandon," she gasped.

"Did you like getting attention from Mark?" I whispered in her ear.

"Mm-hmm," she moaned, her lips closed.

"Did you think he was handsome?" I asked, circling her clit slowly.

"Yes," she gasped, "I admit it. I thought he was...attractive."

"Mm," I said, slowly pushing two fingers inside her now, "just attractive? Or sexy?"

She didn't respond to this question, at least, not verbally. Instead, she pushed her hips up towards my fingers.

I looked at her face as I continued to finger her. Her eyes were closed tightly and her cheeks were flushed. I knew this look. This was the look of a woman about to orgasm.

I wondered if she was thinking about him.

"Are you thinking about him? Are you thinking about making love to a tall, handsome stranger?"

Again, she didn't answer, but her moans escalated.

"I want you to imagine our Berlin threesome," I whispered, "even if we probably won't do it, I want you to think about it while I make you come."

She whimpered in response.

"Mm-hmm..."

I continued my efforts with my fingers, teasing her clit and g-spot. Her eyes were tightly closed, and I would have given anything to know what was going on behind them. I watched as her lips trembled, then parted slightly as she let out the long, low moan that I knew heralded her climax.

"Yeah, baby," I whispered, "just let it go. Come for me. Come for *him*."

Her first moan had been low, but the next two were high-pitched and rapid, a tone that I'd never heard her produce before. She suddenly sounded so feminine. So vulnerable. So submissive.

When the contractions in her lower body finally stopped, she opened her eyes and beamed at me, the familiar post-coital flush spreading across her cheeks.

"Oh my God," she said, "that was incredible. You better get inside me now, Mr. I want to make *you* feel as good as you did me."

I blushed, happy for her praise. I loved knowing that I satisfied my wife, and I always made sure to make her come before we moved on to the actual "act," because it was never certain if she was going to climax during our actual intercourse. In fact, as far as I knew, she never had.

She assured me, however, that this wasn't a problem. Not only that, statistics showed – she was quick to point out – that most women couldn't come from a penis alone. They needed help from some friendly fingers or a tongue.

In other words, I didn't see it as a problem at all that I had to aid Sarah's climax with my fingers. On the contrary, I saw it as proof

that I was a devoted lover.

I pulled Sarah's tights off, but she was still in her skirt and panties.

Sarah had her hand on my cock once more (she'd understandably lost her grasp while I had fingered her) and guided to her pussy. She slid her panties to the side, and I was about to push forward into her, when her eyes suddenly got big.

"Shit," she said, "do you have a condom?"

"Yeah," I said, a bit hesitantly.

She heard the hesitation in my voice.

"Brandon, babe," she said, "please don't make a big deal about this. I just don't want to get pregnant during grad school. At least not while I'm still taking classes. *Maybe* when I'm writing my dissertation."

"I know," I said, trying to hide my disappointment, "I mean, I *could* pull out..."

The subtext for this entire conversation was a fight that we'd had a few months ago. It had been one of the very few fights we'd had in the course of our relatively harmonious relationship. Sarah had wanted to go off hormonal birth control because she'd been experiencing increasingly unpleasant mood swings. She'd tried a couple of different prescriptions, but none of them had worked.

I had problems with condoms. Sometimes I couldn't stay hard while I was wearing them. Sometimes I'd go soft before putting one on. Sometimes I'd be hard, but couldn't come because the sensation of sex had been deadened. Sarah knew this about me, but had insisted that we use condoms or else not have sex at all. Hormonal birth control caused too many side effects for her, and she was not about to get an IUD.

"It's my body," she said, "I'm the one who's putting stuff into it. Would *you* want a little piece of copper inside you?"

In the end, we'd both relented a bit. I had agreed to try harder to get used to condoms. With time, I did manage to stay hard during intercourse, and even retrained myself to come while wearing one. For her part, Sarah began to allow me to go without a condom once in a while, when it was the part of her cycle when the chances of conception were the lowest, and only on the condition that I pull out.

We both knew that the couple of weeks we'd be in Europe did not, unfortunately, correspond with the time that the danger of a pregnancy was at its lowest, but rather at its *highest*, meaning that I was unlikely to enjoy and condomless sex during the trip.

Oh well. Sex with a condom was better than no sex at all. And I wanted sex.

I went over to my suitcase and pulled out a pack, opening it as I walked back to the bed. To my dismay, I felt my erection drooping.

"Come here," said Sarah, sitting up partway in bed, "let me take care of you a bit."

I felt her mouth close around my cock and I shut my eyes, imagining Mark thrusting into her from behind. A moment later, I was hard again.

Sarah moaned on my shaft, then removed it from her mouth.

"Seems like you're ready to get inside, big boy..."

I slipped the condom on quickly. This was the only way it worked for me these days.

Placed myself between my wife's legs and thrust forward into her. Her wall enclosed me and I sighed with lust.

"God, you feel so good, babe."

"Even with the condom?"

There was a note of triumph in her voice. Even though I didn't like wearing it, even though I had problems keeping it up, she knew that if the choice was between sex with a condom or no sex at all, I was always going to choose to endure the condom.

"Mmm-hmm," I answered, thrusting inside her.

"Do you want to watch me with him?" she whispered.

"Huh?"

"Do you want to watch me fuck Mark."

"Yeah," I panted, my voice hoarse, "I do."

I slammed into her a few more times, establishing a rhythm now.

"What did you..." I stammered, struggling to regain my composure, "what did you imagine him doing..."

"Anything he wanted," she sighed, a smile spreading across her face, "I want him to make me his good little girl..."

Her eyes were closed again and she was still flushed from the orgasm. But she turned an even deeper shade of red as these words – for her, extremely filthy – came out of her mouth.

"Oh God," I groaned, unable to hold back, "that's so hot..."

I exploded into the condom as Sarah gave a little moan of triumph.

"Was that good?"

"That was great," I said, collapsing onto the bed next to her, "that's such a hot fantasy."

"Glad you like it," she said, "I'm really getting off on it too, lately."

"Vacation is fun," I said, looking into her eyes before giving her a kiss.

"Yeah, it is," she said.

Sarah patted my arm, then stood up from the bed.

"I'm going to take a shower before we go out," she said.

"Don't you want to figure out *where* we're going first?"

She paused for a moment.

"Yeah, I guess we should."

"So do you still want to..."

There was a pause. A glance between us.

"Ask Mark? Sure. Let me get my phone."

She found her bag and pulled out her iPhone, then held up the card that Mark had given her, inputting the number into her contacts.

"I'm surprised you didn't put it in your phone right away," I teased.

She gave me a look.

"You're so *bad*," she said, "don't make me regret all of that dirty talk!"

"You have nothing to regret," I said, reaching out and stroking her leg, "and it wasn't *that* dirty."

*God, she was gorgeous!*

"Don't compare me to what you've seen in porn," she scolded, "my upbringing was pretty conservative. The stuff we've already done together would be considered absolutely scandalous by everyone I grew up with. If my youth pastor knew about what we did with Ashley!!"

She grinned. Part of the fun for her (I knew) was defying her conservative religious upbringing, which had been one of the reasons that we'd gotten married at a relatively young age. Besides, she was right: even *talking* about the idea of breaking her marriage vows was equivalent to actually committing the sin itself in the church that she'd grown up in.

"Ok," she said, her thumbs tapping on the screen, "I'm texting him."

A few seconds later, she threw the phone on the bed and began to gather her clothes, towel and sandals for the shower.

To my surprise, the phone buzzed almost immediately after she'd thrown it down.

"He's probably been staring at the phone all afternoon, waiting for you to text."

She picked it up and squinted at the screen.

"It's just a word. In German."

She passed the phone to me.

*Grünauer*

"Huh," I said, "maybe it's the name of a restaurant."

I searched for it on my phone. Sure enough, there it was: a restaurant called "Gasthof zum Grünauer," in a sidestreet in Kreuzberg, not too far from a subway station.

"Their website is basically non-existent," I said, "it's just a Facebook page that someone must have made for them in 2005. The pictures are ancient."

"You *wanted* off the beaten path," she said.

"Yeah," I said, "at least it's not going to be overrun with tourists, right?"

"Exactly."

She grinned at me and then turned around and headed for the shower. I sat there in the room, ruminating on the events of the day, and the encounter that we'd just had.

Why had it turned me on so much to hear Sarah confess her desire to let Mark do "anything he wanted" with her? What *exactly* had she meant when she'd confessed to wanting to be his "good little girl."

I knew that she had fantasies about being submissive to an older, dominant man. Why couldn't it be to me?

That was the moment, in that hostel in Berlin, when I understood it for the first time: she couldn't submit to me in the bedroom because she was so invested in being on an equal footing in our marriage. She was a strong believer in women's rights, and she didn't like the fact that the women in her church growing up pledged to "submit" to their husbands.

But she still *wanted* to submit.

In *bed*, that is. And *not* to me, her husband.

To an older lover.

A thrilling shiver ran down my spine.

It was as if I'd cracked a code. I wasn't sure what to do with this new information, however. The fact remained that even if this scenario turned both of us on, there was still no chance of it actually happening. Sarah was much too shy for that.

When Sarah got back from her shower, it was my turn.

"Don't go sexting with Mark while I'm gone," I said, grinning at her.

She blushed. She looked so pretty with her thick black hair up in the towel wrapped over her head.

"You have nothing to worry about."

About thirty minutes later, we were on our way to the subway station to catch the train to Kreuzberg.

Sarah looked absolutely gorgeous in a short gray wool skirt (different from the one she'd had on earlier in the day insofar as it was several inches shorter) that was perfect for the warm summer night and the probable cool breeze we might face later. She also wore a plain white blouse that bulged where her chest pushed against the buttons.

She had an amazing rack. And she'd been absolutely correct before: her tits *were* one of the things that had attracted me to her, way back when.

"Did you thank Mark?" I asked, "for the recommendation, I mean?"

"Yes," she said, "he said he goes there all the time."

"He's not going to be waiting for us there, is he?"

"I don't think so. It would be weird of him not to mention it if he was planning on doing something like that."

"He seems like kind of a weird guy."

"He is *not*," she said, "he's just passionate about art."

"I don't think art is the *only* thing he's passionate about," I teased.

"Alright," she said, "here's the subway."

It was clear that my insinuation had hit close to home for her.

We climbed down the steps.

Twenty-five minutes later, we walked up to the unassuming front door of the restaurant. Here it was: *Gasthof zum Grünauer*.

I opened the door and ushered Sarah inside.

"Ladies first," I said.

"Thank you."

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The waiter spoke no English, and seemed impatient and angry with us the entire time, but the food was incredible. I washed down my *Bouletten* with two large pilsners, but Sarah stuck with mineral water.

"I have to admit," I said, after our plates had been cleared, "that was a great recommendation."

"It really was," said Sarah, beaming at me, "are you happy?"

"Very."

She pulled out her phone and looked at it.

"Mark is asking if we liked the restaurant."

"We did," I said, the beer making me feel happily drowsy, ready to go with the flow.

She tapped on the phone and sent the message. A few seconds later, her eyes lit up.

"He says he's at a bar around the corner from here, and wants to know if we want to join him."

I leaned forward.

"Did he really say that? Or did he ask if *you* wanted to join him?"

"He wrote 'the two of you'," she said, extending the phone across the table, "see?"

I nodded, satisfied.

"Just because *we've* had all those dirty fantasies about him doesn't mean that *he's* thinking the same way about *us*."

"You're so naive, Sarah," I said, shaking my head.

"Oh," she retorted, "and you're more experienced, huh?"

"Experienced enough to know what a man who texts you is thinking about."

"Hmpf."

She crossed her arms, pretending to be upset.

"So should we go?" I said, after a moment.

"I dunno," she said, an edge of concern entering her voice, "maybe it's not such a good idea."

"Come on," I said, "it's Berlin. We were going to have an adventure, remember? It's just a drink. One drink, and we go back to the hostel."

She grinned.

"Ok," she said, "one drink."

"Perfect."

I gestured for the waiter to come over, and I managed to pay our bill, including a generous (for Germany) tip.

The older, paunchy bald man (who might have been the owner himself for all I knew) suddenly smiled at us.

"Have a good night," he said, in heavily accented English.

"Gute Nacht," said Sarah, beaming at him.

She'd been learning a few phrases here and there in anticipation of our trip, but this was the first time she'd felt comfortable enough

to try one out “in the wild.”

We stepped out into the night. I took a deep breath.

It smelled like adventure.

Had I really just suggested that we go and meet up with a man who was, more than likely, an experienced pick-up artist with his sights set on my wife?

Yes, I really had. It sounds insane. I can't really explain it myself. At least not rationally. I think that the fact we were in a foreign country gave everything that happened a light sense of unreality, as if when we got back on the plane whatever we did would be erased from the record of our relationship.

I looked at Sarah. Her eyes were bright. She couldn't conceal the fact that she was excited, too.

“It's just a couple of doors down,” she said, “I think its...can that really be it?”

She pointed to a bar with a single window, illuminated by the light of a television monitor from the inside.

“He did say it was very ‘authentic,’” she said.

“It certainly looks that way,” I replied, suddenly feeling bold, “come on. What's the worst that can happen – they give us a dirty look?”

I took Sarah by the arm and led her up to the unassuming door.

Looking back, that was the last moment of the night where I felt like I had any kind of control over events.

\*\*\*

The air inside stunk of cigarettes, in clear defiance of the city-wide ban on smoking in restaurants.

“They're smoking in here,” I remarked, as my eyes adjusted to the dim space, “you should be happy about that.”

“Ha, ha,” said Sarah, her voice taking on a note of worry, “do you see him anywhere?”

I squinted.

There was an exceptionally tall man sitting in a booth along the left-hand side of the room. I immediately recognized him. It was Mark.

He was looking down at the table, concentrated intently on something.

At first I thought it was his phone. Then, as we approached, I realized he was putting the finishing touches on a pen and ink drawing, the contours of which were just barely visible in the dim light cast from the lights affixed to the wall.

"Sarah," he said, looking up, "and..."

"Brandon," I said.

"Right," he said, "of course. Sarah's already told me so much about you."

I looked at Sarah, who avoided my gaze shyly.

*So much about me? I thought, I thought they'd been talking about art!*

"Well," he said, gesturing to the booth in front of him, "have a seat. Karl will be by in a minute to take your order. Though I have to warn you, there are really only two choices here: schnapps and beer."

"No wine?" said Sarah, her eyes wide, after we'd slid into the booth, me against the wall and her directly across from Mark.

"I'm sure they've got a bottle around here somewhere," he assured her, "red or white?"

"White," she said.

"I somehow knew that's what you would say," he said, smiling at her.

"And for you, Brayden?"

"It's Brandon."

"What?"

"My name. It's Brandon."

"Right," he said, "sorry. That should be easy for me to remember, if I put my mind to it. Let me see: Brandon. Like the Brandenburg Gate."

He snapped his fingers as if experiencing a "eureka" moment.

"That's it!"

Sarah giggled.

"Ok, Mr. Brandenburg Gate," he said, looking at me, "what'll it be?"

"I'll have a beer, I guess."

"Good man."

"Karl" appeared a moment later, standing next to the table without greeting us. He fixed us with a glare and flipped his notepad open.

Sarah and I were immediately uncomfortable. Had we done something wrong? Did he know we were tourists?

Luckily, Mark took care of everything, saying a few words to Karl in German in a friendly but firm tone, finishing it off with the only bit of German that had managed to stick for me: "bitte schön" – something like "pretty please."

"So," said Mark, smiling at the two of us, "you liked the food?"

"Loved it," said Sarah, "it was very hearty, but oh so delicious. And there were plenty of vegetables, too."

"I never knew that a glorified hamburger without a bun could be so good," I said.

"Ah," said Mark, "you must have had the Bouletten."

"I think that's what they were called," I nodded.

A second later, Karl slammed the drinks on the table in front of us.

"Kassieren," he said, which I correctly interpreted to mean "pay up."

Mark pulled out his wallet.

"I've got this one," he said, holding up his hand when I reached for my own wallet.

"Ok, thanks," I said.

"You don't have to, you know," said Sarah, beaming at him, "I know that docents don't earn a lot of money."

Mark smiled, handing Karl a bill and indicating that he should keep the change.

"I don't earn any money, in fact," he said, "I don't need it."

"Wow," said Sarah, "you must have done *really* well on Wall Street."

"Can't complain," he said.

We raised our glasses.

"I've learned this," said Sarah, pausing to think, "don't tell me..."

Mark cocked an eyebrow, waiting.

"I've got it," she said, smiling, "Prost."

"That's exactly it. Prost."

We clinked our glasses together and each took a drink.

"You're obviously a very attentive student," said Mark, fixing Sarah with his gaze, "just the kind I like to have in class."

"Well," she said, "too bad we're going home in a few days. I'd love to take your class on the Pergamon Altar."

"I bet you would," I muttered, under my breath, suddenly feeling jealous.

I knew that Sarah loved sexy professors. Her ideal man would have been Anthony Bourdain in a tweed jacket, and that was almost exactly who this guy was.

"What?" asked Sarah, turning sharply towards me.

"Nothing," I muttered.

"Good," she whispered, "don't ruin our evening."

"Everything ok?" asked Mark, seemingly amused, "do you two need to be alone? Like at the museum today?"

He obviously knew *exactly* what was going on. He had to.

"It's fine," Sarah said, "I know that Brandon wouldn't mind if I took your class. If it were possible."

"That's right," I said.

"Too bad it won't be," Mark said.

"You know what?" said Sarah, "even if I can't take your class, you can at least show me what you were drawing. It looked like maybe part of the Altar?"

"Almost," he said, "but not quite. Minus two points."

Her face fell. I could tell that she longed for his approval, even though he was clearly joking.

"Well then, can I see it?"

"Certainly," he said, turning the sketchbook around so that it face us.

It was a drawing of a satyr, the Greek god of the forest, sporting an impressive erection as he chased down a beautiful young woman with flowing hair.

"Oh my," said Sarah, who was more than a bit embarrassed, despite the fact that what he showed us had undoubtedly been very skillfully drawn and was not some kind of modern pornography, but rather the drawing of a painting from the gallery.

"It's a satyr, sometimes called silenus," explained Mark.

"He seems to be very...excited," I said, trying to mask my discomfort with a joke.

"He is a deity closely associated with the Bacchic rites," said Mark, raising an eyebrow, "named for Bacchus, or Dionysus, the god of wine. I'm sure Sarah is well acquainted with him, given her choice of beverage."

He raised an eyebrow. Sarah had just put her glass to her lips, and practically choked on the wine when he looked at her. She was clearly nervous.

"As you said," Mark continued, sounding now very much like the professor that he was, "he's in a perpetual state of arousal, with his long, thick phallus continuously at the ready."

"His endowment does seem rather...prodigious," giggled Sarah, blushing.

"Something other than you're used to?"

Sarah blushed again.

"I didn't say that..."

"You didn't have to."

My own cheeks were burning now. Just what, exactly was he insinuating? And where did he get the nerve?

Mark seemed to have noticed my consternation, because he looked over at me and smiled slightly, the wrinkles around his eyes moving more than his mouth did.

"Actually, to the ancient Greeks, a large erection was anything but arousing. It was seen as a sign of barbarism. A lack of proportion. It was considered much better to have a small penis. Like the one you see on Michelangelo's David, for example."

"But that's not an ancient sculpture," I said, trying not to sound defensive.

"Oh, so you're into art history, too?"

His remark was clearly sarcastic.

"I guess I've picked up a few things, having been married to an aspiring art historian for so long."

"Has it really been *that* long?"

He smiled.

"What would *you* say, Sarah? Has it been a long time?"

"Sometimes it feels that way," she said with a giggle, slapping me on the arm.

"Well, I hope neither of you have the proverbial seven-year-itch, because Berlin is a place that's filled with temptations..."

"I don't think we need to worry about that," said Sarah, "we've been married long enough to be very...open with our feelings."

"Is that right?"

His smile was wry.

"What, you don't believe us?"

Sarah sounded incredulous. Like he'd challenged her, which I guess he had, even if I felt that the challenge had been directly more precisely at *me*.

"Let's just say that if you *have* solved the problem of...sexual jealousy, you will have solved a problem that has existed for as long as there have been men and women."

"Well," said Sarah, "maybe we have."

She placed her hand on my hand, glancing over to me as if to reassure me.

"Perhaps every couple solves that age-old problem in their own way. And maybe we've found a way that suits us."

"Maybe you have," said Mark, taking a drink out of his glass, "what do I know about anyone else's marriage?"

Sarah smiled. She seemed to feel that she had been the victor in this exchange. I wasn't so sure.

"Anyway," he said, "if you're really interested in this drawing..."

He pointed to the sketchbook still open on the table in front of him.

"...I'd invite you to come over to my apartment sometime to see the original sculpture. It's actually right around the corner."

Sarah's eyes lit up.

"Maybe next time you're in Berlin," he said, "I'm sure that you're both very tired now..."

"Not at all," blurted Sarah.

"What are you talking about?" I whispered.

"What about our Berlin adventure?" she whispered, poking me in the side, "it's way too early to go back now."

"Can I talk to you alone?" I whispered.

"You know what?" said Mark, rising, "I was just about to go around the corner for some cigarettes. I'll stop back in here in five minutes and see if you two have made a decision. No pressure. Either way, I hope you enjoy the rest of your time in Berlin."

He took Sarah's hand, bowing gallantly, and then he shot me a salute, like you would to a little boy.

*He's blatantly disrespecting me in front of her, I thought, he's doing it on purpose. He knows it. He's getting off on it.*

When Mark had left, Sarah turned to me, smiling.

I could see the excitement in her eyes.

"So what do you think?"

"We said just one drink," I reminded her.

"Yeah," she said, "one drink at the bar. And now we're done with that one drink. What about our Berlin adventure?"

"Yeah, I know," I said, "but come on. Why do you think that guy is asking us to come up to his apartment? He's been flirting with you all night."

"And what if he has? Doesn't that turn you on even a little?"

She grinned at me, poking my ribs. It was hard to resist her when she got in this kind of flirtatious mood. The soft light of the bar made her hair look radiant, the dark red highlights shining.

God, she was hot. Incredibly attractive. Her big eyes, her soft lips, her slightly cleft chin. All of it adorable, right down to the mole

on the side of her neck. I felt the same way about her now as I did all those years ago when we'd first started dating.

"What about back at the hostel, hmm? *That* didn't turn you on?"

"*That* was fantasy," I said, pointing back in the general direction of the hostel, "*this, this* here..."

I pointed to the table.

"...is reality. Something totally different."

"Is it though? We're on vacation. It's kind of like another reality. Just look at this place. I mean, we never would have gone to a place like this back home. I would have hated it. But now...I kind of like it!"

She put her hand on my arm and her head on my shoulder, then tipped her head up to gaze into my eyes from close range.

"Come on, Brandon. Where's your sense of adventure? We're only in Berlin for a little while. Whatever happens here, stays here."

"Like what happens in Vegas?"

"Exactly."

And that is why, when Mark reappeared in the bar a few minutes later, he found the two of us waiting for him to lead the way to his apartment.

## Chapter 3: The Apartment

Mark's building, like a lot of them in this part of the city, looked completely unassuming on the outside. Even at night, you could see the graffiti all over the outer door.

We followed Mark through a darkened courtyard, then another. If we hadn't already seen a couple of apartment blocks from the air, we might have wondered exactly where he was taking us.

Finally, in the third building, he turned back to look at the two of us, who were following him like children following a teacher.

"There's no elevator, unfortunately. It's about six flights up. But I guarantee you, the climb is worth it."

Sarah smiled.

"That's ok, I think we're up for it."

"Perfect."

Mark took the stairs surprisingly quickly. I suppose the fact that he probably did it several times a day helped. It also helped that he was extremely tall, and had long legs to match.

By the time we rounded the final turn and emerged onto the top floor, both Sarah and I were out of breath, but Mark had already unlocked the door to his apartment and was standing at the threshold with a grin on his face.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to remove your shoes," he said, "but I have house shoes next to the door."

While we stood in the entryway, removing our shoes, Mark went further into the apartment and turned on some lights in adjoining rooms, but left the lights in the main room off.

"I have a funny feeling that he's going to try to get you to take off more than your shoes," I said, speaking softly.

"You're so funny," said Sarah.

"Just wait and see," I said.

Was I secretly hoping that he was going to make a move? Was I just continuing our ongoing flirtation? Was I nervous about the possibility of a threesome with this man who was so clearly appealing to my wife?

We emerged from the hallway into a startlingly spacious main room. One wall was made up completely of windows.

Mark walked over and opened the curtains, revealing a large veranda covered in plants, looking out onto an incredible view of the city. It was clear now why he'd left the lights in this room off: so we could enjoy the view.

And what a view it was. The Berlin *Fernsehturm*, the television tower and the city's most iconic landmark, jutted out into the black sky.

"See that over there?" said Mark, pointing to a dome of lights, "that's Potsdamer Platz. It's supposed to look like Mt. Fiji."

"Whoa," said Sarah, "I think I read about that place. The Sony Center? Something like that?"

"Precisely."

Sarah and I stared out into the night for a few moments, taking it all in. The view certainly did add to the "adventurous" mood of the entire evening.

Sarah turned to look at me, giving me a smile as if it say, "see, I *told* you it would be worth it!"

Mark came in with a bottle of wine and three glasses.

"Shall we have a toast?"

Sarah smiled.

"Sure."

He popped the cork on the white wine, which was well chilled, and we raised our glasses.

"Remember what to say in German?"

Sarah nodded.

"Prost!" they both said, and clinked their glasses together.

I did my best to imitate the words, mumbling them without confidence.

"Tsk, ts," said Mark, shaking his head at me, "you forgot one of the most important parts."

I gave him a quizzical look.

"Eye contact. When you *Prost* another person in Germany, you must make eye contact. Sarah seems to have grasped this intuitively. Did you notice how she gazed into my eyes?"

I laughed.

"Ok," I said, "and what's supposed to happen if I don't make eye contact?"

"That's a funny story," he said, putting his glass down on the coffee table and taking a seat in an armchair, "a lot of Germans say it's supposed to bring a very specific type of bad luck."

"What kind?" asked Sarah, a note of mirth in her voice.

"Bad sex," said Mark, a mocking look on his face, "seven years of it, in fact."

"Poor baby," said Sarah, running her fingers through my hair, "good thing you've got me to make sure that's not going to happen."

"Yes," said Mark, "with a wife like you, I'm sure that's a complete impossibility."

"Very funny," I said, taking another drink of the wine, "did you make that up yourself?"

"The thing about bad sex? No, I assure you, it's completely true! Perhaps it's a bit juvenile, but it is a widespread legend, even if it's not something that people actually *believe*."

"I wonder if it's ever been studied," giggled Sarah, sipping her wine, "I mean scientifically."

"A double-blind experiment and all that?" mused Mark, "seems like a difficult proposition."

Sarah and I were still standing, awkwardly, while Mark relaxed in the armchair.

"Have a seat, you two! The couch behind you is very comfortable."

We both lowered ourselves on the couch, sitting at opposite ends and facing Mark.

"Now then," he said, "look at the two of you. Here in a new city, having an adventure. I hope I'm proving an exciting enough host!"

"Of course," said Sarah, laughing a bit as she adjusted her legs on the couch, trying to make sure her skirt didn't go too far up her legs.

"What was it you came up here to see? Oh yes, the sculpture!"

"That's right," I said, "the goat-man with a hard-on."

Mark smiled.

"I guess that's one way to describe it."

He put his glass on the table.

"I'll go and get it," he said.

"You can just get it?"

He nodded.

And left the room for a moment, returning with a small bronze sculpture showing the same scene that we'd seen in the sketchbook: a satyr with a large erection pursuing a beautiful young woman with flowing hair.

"Wow, that's amazing! Is it really an original?"

"It is indeed."

"I didn't think the ancient Greeks could cast bronze," I said, "and if it's that old, doesn't it belong in a museum?"

Mark chuckled softly.

"It *is* an original," he said, "but not an original Greek statue. It was made by a sculptor in France right around 1895, when things like this were all the rage."

"So it's like...art nouveau?" asked Sarah.

"Yes, in a way. Note the woman's flowing locks. They reach down past her knees. The art nouveau artists were fascinated with women's hair..."

I couldn't help but notice how Mark's gaze drifted over Sarah's hair.

"You know," he said, "you probably look great with your hair down, too."

"Ha," said Sarah, clearly loving the compliment, "maybe, but it's not as long as hers."

"Perhaps not," said Mark, "but I'm willing to be that you're every bit as beautiful as her."

Because the figure was naked, it wasn't hard to understand exactly what he meant.

I felt the need to defend my wife's honor. And my own.

"Yeah," I said, trying to effect a jocular (and not defensive) tone, "and I'm willing to bet you're every bit as ugly as *he* is."

"I don't have cloven hooves," he said, smirking, "but I do resemble him in another significant way."

He looked at Sarah and winked.

"What was that?" I said.

"Come on," said Mark, "don't be so uptight. You're here for an adventure, aren't you?"

Sarah gave me a look as if to say "don't spoil our fun."

"I guess he's referring to his big nose," I said, trying to salvage the situation.

"I *do* have a big nose," he laughed, "but that's not what I was talking about."

Sarah smirked.

"You guys. Always so concerned with size. You know it doesn't really matter to women, right? It's something that's more of a male

hang-up."

"You know that every woman I've been with says that?"

He laughed.

"Especially the ones that don't know any better."

"You're awfully cocky," countered Sarah, "if all it took to please a woman in bed was a big dick, then there would be a lot more satisfied women in the world. Like I said: it's a *male* obsession."

"You seem pretty sure of yourself," countered Mark.

"Well," said Sarah, "did a *woman* make that sculpture?"

"No," said Mark, "I have to admit that you've got me there. But that does nothing to prove your point about size being irrelevant."

"Maybe not," she said, "but it does prove that size is a male obsession."

"Perhaps you're right," said Mark, smiling.

"So Mark," I said, "how long have you lived in this apartment?"

I was desperate to change the subject. It was obvious.

To my surprise, he simply ignored me. Instead, he stood up and came over to the couch.

"Why are you sitting so far away from Sarah?" he asked me, "are you scared of her?"

He pushed Sarah gently over towards me and took a seat on the other side of her. Then, to my surprise, he grabbed my hand and put it on her thigh.

"Go ahead and give her a kiss," he said.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

"An experiment," he said.

Sarah smiled at me and leaned in for a kiss. Her mouth was eager, hungry. I closed my eyes and kissed her back as I rubbed her inner thigh. She moaned softly.

"What are we doing?" I whispered to her, when our kiss finally broke.

"I think this is the start of our Berlin threesome," she whispered back, excitedly.

All I could do was nod.

A shiver of delight and terror traveled down my spine as I looked over at Mark, and saw that his hand was now on Sarah's other thigh. She turned her head towards him, and he met her with a kiss on the mouth.

It was long and slow, hesitant at first (at least on Sarah's end), then more insistent as the older man began to employ his tongue. At the same time, his right hand was on her inner thigh, while his left hand was on her shoulder.

I reached up and played with Sarah's breast with my right hand, while I continued to play with her leg with my left, which was still where Mark had placed it.

Sarah moaned, still pointed towards Mark.

Finally, they broke their kiss.

"Tell me something, Sarah," said Mark, stroking her hair as his hand inched further up her thigh, "are you a good girl or a bad girl?"

"I'm a *very* good girl," said Sarah immediately, gasped a bit as if the question had touched on some important secret.

"That's what I thought," he said, "now why don't you kiss your husband?"

Sarah turned back to me, her expression filled with yearning. I kissed her passionately, melting into her as she moaned.

I could feel that Mark was reaching his hand up her skirt, all the way now. Her moans were more due to his touch than to my kiss, I imagined.

I broke our kiss again, still massaging Sarah's breast.

Mark's hand had disappeared entirely up Sarah's skirt, and from the look on her face – her eyes were pressed firmly closed, and she

was biting her lip – he was fingering her.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “that feels so good.”

“Just wait,” said Mark, looking over at me and winking.

I continued to massage Sarah’s breast. Mark reached around and detached the clasp on her bra.

“I’ve been wondering what these look like since this morning,” said Mark, “why don’t you show us, Sarah?”

Sarah’s eyes were glazed over, the pleasure of being fingered by Mark must have been overwhelming.

She nodded her head in agreement, then reached down and pulled her blouse over her head, letting her bra slip down her arms and throwing both pieces of clothing lazily on the floor.

“Beautiful,” said Mark, toying with one of her nipples as he held her full breast in one hand.

He bent forward and kissed her neck now, effectively blocking me out. I slid to the side and began to touch myself. The sight of my wife being kissed and fondled by this older man was incredibly arousing.

It was also scary. On a profound level. I was watching my wife, who had only ever been with me, experience the touch of another man for the first time. I wondered if she had felt the same way I did during our failed threesome with Ashley.

Probably not. She probably hadn’t been nearly as aroused as I was now.

Mark and Sarah were concentrating on each other now. It was as if they’d forgotten about me completely. Mark had also positioned himself in such a way as to make sure that my access to Sarah’s body would be limited. Sarah didn’t seem to mind it. In fact, it seemed like she was having an incredible time.

And wasn’t that the point of this whole “Berlin threesome,” after all? Wasn’t it about *her* pleasure, just as the threesome with Ashley had been about *my* pleasure, even if it hadn’t ended up that way?

I decided the best thing to do would be to sit back, relax and participate as much as Sarah wanted me to, and no more.

Perhaps this was a rationalization, I thought later, a rationalization for the fact that Sarah had already very clearly focused on Mark, and excluded me by default. Now all I could do was pretend that that was ok with me, and that I had been fine with the arrangement from the beginning.

The couple broke their kiss. Sarah's arms were around Mark's neck now, and she was staring up at him, as if awaiting for him to issue an order. Her lips were slightly parted, and her cheeks were flushed.

I knew from experience: Sarah was extremely aroused. In fact, she might already be on the edge of orgasm. I noted how her shallow breaths were coming faster and faster.

Mark reached down under her skirt. Sarah knew what to do. She pushed the bottoms of her feet up against the floor and raised her hips, allowing Mark to slip her panties over her ass and then all the way down her legs.

He turned to me, grinning, and pitched the panties in my direction.

"Keep track of these for your wife, will you?"

I grabbed the small piece of fabric and noticed how wet it was. Sarah must be out of her mind with desire.

Mark dropped to his knees in front of the couch and Sarah (who was now only wearing her skirt and nothing else), slouched forward, guessing correctly what he had in mind.

A moment later, her head was thrown back in ecstasy as the older man practiced his superior cunnilingus techniques on her young, inexperienced pussy.

While I was proud of my own ability to make her come with my tongue and lips, I realized in the span of the next few minutes that what I did to Sarah was like comparing the performance of a talented high school violin player to that of Itzhak Perlman. Both might be

able to play the same piece of music, but there was such a clear and incredible difference that it was hardly worth comparing them.

Sarah's hair was still pulled back and up in a bun which was showing signs of fraying. Her lower lip was trembling as Mark's mouth worked its magic on her pussy.

She looked over at me as I stroked myself, and made a gesture for me to get closer. I scooted over on the couch next to her. She reached out towards my crotch, pawing at my cock through my trousers.

I recognized this for what it was: an attempt to include me in the action, somehow.

I looked down at Mark's head working between her thighs. She had one hand on my cock, but the other hand was doing something that I'd never seen her do before.

She was masturbating. Playing with her nipples, to be exact.

My wife was playing with her nipples. While another man was going down on her. This was a whole lot to take in at once.

I'd never once seen her play with herself. I knew that she must do it from time to time (didn't everyone?) but despite how open we were about our fantasies, I'd never seen her do anything at all like this.

"Kiss me," she moaned, as Mark continued licking her.

She pulled me towards her, kissing me hungrily, moaning into my mouth as Mark brought her close to the edge again and again, teasing her expertly.

"Thank you for letting this happen," she whispered to me.

"Of course, babe," I said softly, "what happens in Berlin stays in Berlin, right?"

She looked at me and smiled, blushing, then closing her eyes again as a wave of pleasure shot through her body.

"Oh yes. Oh God. I'm going to come. Oh my God. Don't stop!"

She always squeaked adorably when she was close to orgasm, and now she was making those tell-tale sounds.

That was the moment that Mark chose to do exactly what she didn't want him to do: he stopped.

"Hey," she moaned breathlessly as he pulled his head up and grinned at her, "what did you do that for?"

"I think it would be best if your first orgasm of the night was with one of us inside you."

I liked the fact that he'd included me in this statement. Part of me thought that this night had the chance of turning into a threesome that would be enjoyable to all of us, not just to Mark and Sarah.

"What? Why can't you just keep doing what you were doing. Then you can fuck me."

"Now, now," said Mark, "you told me you were a good girl. Remember, Sarah? And good girls do what they're told..."

"Ok," said Sarah, breathing hard, "then one of you better get over here and fuck me."

I watched as the familiar expression of complete submission filled her face. He was pushing her buttons in ways that I couldn't even begin to understand intellectually, but I sure felt them emotionally. It was impossible not to see his effect on my wife.

Mark stood, quickly unbuttoning his shirt to reveal a surprisingly muscular torso.

Did this guy spend all of the time that he wasn't in the museum at the gym? How the hell could a 45-year-old guy (for he certainly seemed at least that old) look like that?

*Must be something about the Berlin lifestyle, I mused to myself, lots of walking and fucking young tourists.*

His shirt unbuttoned, he went to work on his pants next. Looking over at Sarah (who now, much to my surprise, had her hand between her legs), I began to remove my own clothes.

I took off my shirt and pants quickly and was working on my underwear when I looked over at Mark, who was standing there completely naked except for his unbuttoned shirt and his socks.

What I saw must have caused all the blood to drain from my face, because Sarah, who was still looking at me, gave me a concerned look.

"Honey," she said, "are you ok?"

"Yeah..." I said, my face transfixed on the sight in front of me, "I'm...fine..."

Sarah's gaze followed my own, coming to rest on the largest cock that I'd ever seen hanging from between Mark's legs, slowly becoming more erect as we watched. It had to be close to nine inches long and bigger than the diameter of a toilet paper tube at the base.

"Weren't we going to do an experiment tonight?" said Mark, grinning at Sarah, "didn't you tell me that size doesn't matter? That it's just a male obsession?"

While he said this, my eyes – and, I now noticed, Sarah's as well – were fixed on his erection.

Sarah bit her lip, looking down at the monster jutting up from between his legs.

"It's ok," he said, moving closer to her.

She was still slouched on the couch, her legs spread out in the same position they had been for the long session of cunnilingus that had just ended.

Now she sat up slightly, propping herself up on her elbows as if to get a better look at his cock.

There was sweat on her brow and she was clearly still incredibly aroused. He had, after all, just left her on the edge of orgasm.

"I have to admit," she said, suddenly grinning and still breathless, "there is a certain resemblance to the statue."

"And why did you think I bought it?" said Mark, leaning down and stroking my wife's hair before giving her a long kiss on the lips.

I watched him take her by the hand and guide her to his shaft as he continued to kiss her deeply.

My own erection, to my utter dismay and surprise, wilted like a flower. I tried to stroke it. To think about the inherent erotics of this situation: a beautiful woman (Sarah) was about to take an extremely girthy cock for the first time. It was a sight that any heterosexual man would have loved.

I had convinced myself that I did love it. That I would be able to. But some part of me clearly wasn't so convinced, because I was completely flaccid.

Sarah and Mark broke their kiss. Sarah looked over at me, her eyes glazed over in pleasure. She gave a small, sympathetic frown as she saw me stroking my limp dick, the kind of look you might give a small child who has hurt himself.

In other words, pity.

Mark glanced down for a moment, then back up at me.

"Hey buddy," he said, in a completely casual tone, "would you do us a favor and go into the bed room and get the condoms that are on the nightstand? We'll probably need the lube, too. It's right next to them."

I couldn't believe it. He was sending me into the bedroom to get a condom so that he could fuck my wife.

Sarah looked at me, her expression seemed to say, "what happens in Berlin stays in Berlin."

I turned and saw the darkened doorway behind me. Was I really going to do it? Was I really going to help Mark fuck my wife?

*At least he's going to use a condom,* I thought, laughing to myself at my own grim humor.

This was what we'd both been fantasizing about for a long time. Sarah getting to experience another man. I'd already had a shot at a

threesome, hadn't I? Wasn't it only fair?

Hadn't Sarah and I communicated about this a lot already? How could I possibly back out now, even though the reality of this situation had left me, well, bascially castrated, at least in a metaphorical sense.

I heard Sarah moaning somewhere behind me as I entered the darkened room. The light coming through the doorway was enough to illuminate a nightstand which, when I approached it, did indeed have a package of condoms on top. There was a bottle of lube next to it.

I grabbed both items and walked slowly back into the living room, where Sarah and Mark were making out furiously. Her hands were both wrapped around his shaft, stroking him slowly. She could barely close her fingers around it – that's how thick it was. It was like she was holding a small baseball bat.

I began to wonder if there was any way it was even going to fit inside her. Which brought me to another consideration.

I looked down at the package of condoms. Most of the writing was in German, but one particular thing stuck out like a sore thumb: the letters **XXL**.

I had a feeling that these condoms weren't going to fit me. It was looking increasingly like I wasn't going to be fucking my wife tonight, even if I *had* been able to get hard.

But Sarah was going to get her threesome just the same, even if I was reduced to a spectator.

"What do you think, Sarah? Do you want this big cock inside you?"

"Mmm-hmm," moaned Sarah, glancing over at me and blushing.

Despite the dirty talk that had been flowing between us recently, I knew that Sarah was still quite embarrassed at the use of such direct language in bed. But I had the feeling now that she was more embarrassed at the fact that I was there to see how turned on she really was when Mark talked like that.

"I didn't hear you, honey," said Mark.

He cradled the back of her head in his hand as he bent over her, her hands around his cock.

He was really going to make her beg for it.

"I want you inside me," she said, softly, gazing up into his eyes.

"Tell your husband what you want," he said, pushing a thumb into her mouth, which she sucked on eagerly, "tell him what you need."

She looked over at me, her eyes filled with desire.

"I want him to fuck me, babe," she said.

I nodded.

"I know."

She reached out her hand towards me. I walked over towards her and took it, sitting down on the couch next to her.

Mark took the package of condoms out of my hand, and Sarah and I watched in awe as he slowly unrolled one over his long, thick cock.

Sarah gripped my hand tightly, as if in anticipation of what was going to happen. I turned towards her and gave her a long kiss.

Then we pressed our foreheads together, not speaking, simply breathing hard. Sharing the intimacy, the tenderness of this moment. It was as if we knew that what was about to happen might change our relationship forever.

"I love you," she whispered, "thank you for letting me do this."

"I love you, too," I said.

I turned away from her, still holding her hand as I sat on the sofa next to her. Mark, his huge cock jutting out in front of him, grabbed her hips and pulled her towards him so that she was slouching on the sofa. He bent over her, putting his cock in position at the wet entrance to her hole.

Then he grabbed the bottle of lube, which I had almost forgotten about, and squeezed some onto the tip of his cock.

"She's soaked," he said, turning to me, "but it really can't hurt. A lot of girls need it the first time."

"Ready, honey?" he said, turning back towards Sarah.

She nodded.

He pressed forward and she let out a gasp, grabbing my hand as we both watched the way that his cock parted her tight pink lips.

"Ok so far?" he asked.

"Mm-hmm," she said, "you can keep going."

He pushed himself in a little further, about half way now.

"Oh God," she panted, "I can't believe how big you are."

She was pressing hard on my hand now. With my other hand, I began to stroke my own cock, which was slowly getting harder now as I watched my wife be penetrated.

A few moments later, he was sliding easily in and out of her, giving her his entire length in long, slow strokes.

"Does that feel good?" he asked Sarah, putting a finger in her mouth again and watching with pleasure as she eagerly sucked it.

"Mm-hmm," she moaned.

Gradually, she let go of my hand, her full attention becoming more and more focused on Mark. Finally, I was simply sitting next to her and watching as Mark went about his work.

And a skilled worker he was. Just like when he was going down on her, he was completely in tune with her body, answering her moans with harder or softer thrusts, slowing down and speeding up with the tempo of her breaths. He was keeping her on edge on purpose, making sure that she didn't have a chance to relax, that she paid close attention to each one of his thrusts.

At this point, I was rock hard, stroking my cock in time with the thrusts that my wife was receiving.

"Are you going to come for me?" he asked her, thrusting a bit harder now.

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned.

"Good girl," he said.

Sarah moaned at this. I remembered her submissive fantasies, and knew that she was experiencing something of an erotic dream come true.

"Now," he growled, thrusting into her harder, "come for me *now*."

She closed her eyes as her hips began to twitch, her already-impossibly tight pussy gripping him even harder as she spasmed on his dick.

"Such a good girl," he said, slowing his thrusts as her orgasm began to subside, "did that feel good?"

"Mm-hmm," she said, her eyes still closed.

"You looked so good coming on that big dick," he said.

Sarah blushed. I knew that she was self-conscious about how she looked during sex, even if she liked hearing that she looked good.

"Didn't she, Brandon?"

Mark turned to me, grinning and glancing down at my cock.

"Looks like you enjoyed watching your wife finally get what she's been missing out on."

I nodded. I didn't like being humiliated like this, but the whole situation was such an incredible turn-on that I was about to come anyway.

"I need more," murmured Sarah, opening her eyes wide now and looking at Mark needily.

Mark thrust back into her. This time, it was not about Sarah's pleasure as it had been before. He grabbed her and pushed her legs

back as far as they would go (and they went *quite* far back, due to the amount of yoga that she did).

Then he began to pound her. There was no other word for it.

I was sitting there watching an older man using my young, formerly innocent wife as a fucktoy. It was hard to believe that this was happening, but it was. What's more, Sarah was obviously loving it. It took her about a minute and a half to reach orgasm for a second time.

He bent over and kissed her as she came this time, once again calling her a "good girl" and whispering something in her ear that I didn't hear.

I couldn't take it anymore. A pang of jealousy and regret coursed through my body as I watched them kiss, Mark's massive tool disappearing into her petite body over and over again.

I shot a large load all over my own stomach and my hands.

As my orgasm subsided, the reality of the situation slowly began to creep into my consciousness.

Sarah, my wife, was having the best sex of her life. With another man. And I was just sitting there watching.

Even if I somehow got them to stop now, the damage had already been done. Sarah had already experienced orgasm twice at the hands of another man. She'd already felt his touch. His kiss.

Not to mention the fact that she'd now experienced an incredibly thick cock for the first time. There would be no going back to the stage of innocence that we'd started the day in. Sarah knew the truth about size now, and it was a truth that would be with her for the rest of her life. I'd never be able to compete with Mark.

Even if we never saw him again, our relationship would never be the same.

These were the thoughts going through my mind as I watched Sarah come for a third time. Now Mark seemed close to orgasm, too.

After Sarah's third climax had washed over her, Mark suddenly pulled out and stripped his condom off. He stood up to his full length, and put a hand on the back of Sarah's head.

Was he going to do what I thought he was going to do?

Sarah always wanted me to come inside a condom. She was squeamish around cum and wasn't even that crazy about giving blowjobs, even though she would do it, out of a sense of duty.

So imagine my surprise when she opened her mouth eagerly for Mark's cock, taking the tip of it inside her as he thrust into her mouth.

"Does size matter, Sarah?" he asked her, looking down as he thrust into her mouth.

She didn't answer. The answer was obvious, but he clearly wanted to hear her say it.

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned, his cock still filling her mouth.

"I didn't hear you," he said, pulling out and stroking his cock in front of her face as she gasped for breath.

"Yes," she said.

"Yes, what?"

She looked over at me now, an apologetic look on her face.

"Yes, size matters," she whispered.

"Louder."

He was stroking himself more vigorously now.

"Size matters," she said more loudly.

In that moment, a thick rope of cum arched through the air and landed on my wife's face, coating her forehead and the bridge of her nose. Then another and another and another, until Sarah's entire face had been coated, and cum was dripping down her chin.

I'd asked to try coming on Sarah's face once or twice when we first started dating, but it had become apparent rather quickly

that it was just not something she was into. Now, however, she was not only into it, she was *enthusiastic* about it.

Her eyes firmly closed, she grinned up at him.

"Wow," she laughed, "you were certainly quite...productive."

She opened her mouth and took his cock inside, licking it off and cleaning it with her tongue.

No, she was far from reluctant. She *loved* this.

"Let me get you a towel," said Mark, turning around and walking into the bedroom.

Sarah and I were alone for a moment. The smell of Mark's cum filled the air. There was a nervous tension between us as Sarah sat there on the couch, her eyes closed.

It was clear.

Mark had, well, *marked* her.

(Excuse the bad pun).

"Sorry if I got carried away there," Sarah said after a minute, "I mean, you know, with that size thing. I just said it because I thought that's what he wanted to hear. In the heat of the moment."

"Sure," I said, "I get it."

"You don't sound so sure of that."

We heard the toilet flush and the water running in the other room.

"No," I said, "I *do* get it. You like to please. And you wanted to please him."

"Yeah," she said, "I feel bad that you didn't get to participate. I'll make it up to you later, ok?"

"Ok."

"Good."

Just then, Mark returned, throwing Sarah a damp towel, which she used to wipe off her face.

"Well," he said, "who's thirsty? I think I could go for some water this time."

I was relieved to see that he was wearing pants again. I didn't want to have to look at the monster cock that had just potentially changed my sex life forever for the rest of the night.

In that moment, I also remembered that I was still naked from the waist down and covered in my own cum.

"Where's the bathroom?"

"Down the hall on the right," said Mark.

"Thanks."

\*\*\*

When I returned, Mark and Sarah were both sipping sparkling water and talking. Sarah was still naked, but had let her hair down now. She looked absolutely radiant, her locks spilling down over her shoulders. I wondered if Mark had requested that she take it down. I remembered his comment earlier about women's hair.

They did look a little bit like the satyr/faun couple in the sculpture. In any case, they were chatting like a couple. About what, I couldn't quite hear yet.

Probably something art related. The fact that she shared *this* with him as well suddenly filled me with another swell of jealousy.

"So, should we get going?" I said.

"Honey," said Sarah, "what about staying here? Mark says we'll have to wait for an hour for the next train, and I don't really feel like going out again. I'm tired."

"It's really no problem," he said, "that bed in there is big enough for the three of us."

I stared at Sarah, trying to read her face, and trying at the same time to send her the signal that I was not so crazy about the idea of sleeping at Mark's.

"Come on, honey," she said, "we'll get some sleep and then leave as soon as the trains are running again in the morning."

"Ok," I sighed, feeling the sleep filling my eyes already, "that makes sense I guess."

And that is how we found ourselves sleeping side-by-side in Mark's large bed, Sarah in between Mark and I.

He had been right: the bed was gigantic, and he had individual duvet covers for each of us, so it was as if we had been sleeping separately.

\*\*\*

Sometime during the night I woke up to sunlight streaming through the window. Why was I still so tired? I grabbed my phone from the floor next to the bed and saw that it was 4AM. I remembered that we were in Berlin, in the summertime, when the nights were surprisingly short.

Then I turned to the side and my heart sank when I saw that Sarah and Mark were missing from bed.

In that exact same moment, I heard noises coming from the living room.

It was the sound of flesh hitting flesh. A clapping sound, followed by a short, sharp female gasp. It took me a while to realize what was happening.

He was spanking her. Mark was giving Sarah, my wife, a spanking. As I've mentioned before, being with a dominant older man was one of her biggest fantasies, and we both knew it.

I crept to the door and peered out into the living room. Sure enough, there she was, bent over his lap as he smacked her ass, one hand laced through her hair.

"Say it louder," he ordered.

She mumbled something that I couldn't understand.

He slapped her ass again, leaving a red hand print. I knew that she was loving this.

"I'm a good girl, daddy!" she gasped.

"Louder."

He spanked her again. She let out a moan, arching her back and sticking up her buttocks. I could tell she wanted him so bad...

"I'm a good girl, daddy!" she said, almost shouting.

"Tell me what you want," he ordered, slapping her ass and then slipping a finger inside her, slowly working it in and out of her tight pussy as she squirmed on his lap.

"I want to suck your cock."

He spanked her again.

"You want to do *what*? Say it louder."

"I want to suck your big cock, daddy!" she moaned.

"That's a good girl," he said, "now you'd better do what you promised."

She climbed up off his lap and dropped to her knees in front of him, taking his cock into her mouth as if she were starving for it. I heard the sound of gagging as she struggled to take him into her throat.

I'd never seen Sarah this enthusiastic about cock sucking, or about any kind of sex for that matter with me. It was like I was watching a different person entirely, a woman who I didn't know who only happened to bear a strong resemblance to Sarah.

I stood there in the doorway, watching in surprise and horror as my wife worshiped this older man's cock.

Mark was running his hands gently over her hair, giving her words of encouragement and calling her a "good girl."

Then, suddenly, he looked up and made direct eye contact with me. I realized that the entire apartment was, of course, as light as day, since the sun was up and we were on the top floor of the building. Of course he could see me standing there like an idiot, with my dick literally in my hand (I had started jerking off again – I couldn't help it. The scene was objectively erotic, even if it was my wife who was on her knees sucking cock like her life depended on it).

Mark winked at me and then put a finger up to his lips, telling me not to make a sound. I wasn't sure why he did that. But I didn't plan on interrupting the encounter and pulling Sarah out of the moment. It was my chance to see how she acted when she thought I wasn't watching.

After a few more minutes of Sarah bobbing up and down on his thick rod, Mark decided it was time to change things up.

"Stand up, babe," he said, reaching down and giving her ass a slap.

She obeyed quickly, and he bent her over the back of the couch, giving me a side view of the action as he slid his cock into her.

I realized, in that moment, that he wasn't wearing a condom. Of course he wasn't. She'd gone straight from sucking him to taking him in her pussy.

"God that feels good," moaned Sarah, grabbing the couch to support herself as her older lover thrust in and out of her.

He laced his fingers through her hair again and used his other hand to slap her ass.

"Tell me you love my big cock," he growled.

"I...love...your...big...cock...daddy...!" she yelped, her words coming in time with his thrusts.

"I know you do."

"You're stretching me out so good," she moaned.

The sounds of their thighs slapping together echoed off the hardwood floors and the bare walls of the apartment.

"Damn right I am," he said, punctuating his statement with another slap to her ass.

She moaned, arching her back as he fucked her. She looked so beautiful like that. Completely submissive to him. Exactly what she'd fantasized about.

I wondered if she realized that he wasn't wearing a condom. I wondered if she even cared.

"God," she moaned, "don't stop. I'm going to come."

"Come for me. Come like a good girl," he commanded.

She let out an adorable shriek as she climaxed. He didn't show any signs of slowing down, though, continuing to thrust harder and harder into her from behind.

"Tell me to come inside you."

A shiver ran down my back. She wasn't on the pill. He wasn't wearing a condom. Was she really going to just let him do this?

Slap! His hand cracked down on her ass.

"Please come inside me," she gasped, "...daddy."

"I'm going to come inside your unprotected pussy now," he announced, "that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, daddy," she moaned, looking over her shoulder at him, "please come in my unprotected pussy."

I couldn't help it. In that exact moment (probably at the same time as Mark), I shot a load. I shot onto Mark's beautiful hardwood floor, and *he* shot his into my wife's fertile young pussy.

He held himself inside her for a long time afterwards, leaning down and meeting her lips as she looked back at him over her shoulder.

It was a deep, soulful kiss. The kind that we'd shared a few times before. I knew Sarah. I knew that she was in a blissful, post-orgasmic state of complete satisfaction.

She gave him an adorable smile when the kiss finally broke, then said.

"I hope we weren't too loud."

"We were perfect," said Mark.

That's when she righted herself a bit and turned in my direction. When her gaze caught mine, a look of shock and remorse filled her face.

"Brandon..."

I couldn't help it. A single tear spilled down my face. After watching them fuck so passionately and coming myself, the eroticism of the situation had given way to a terrible anxiety.

My wife had just fucked another man.

Made *love* to another man.

**Without a condom.**

"Brandon," she murmured again, "I'm...sorry..."

"I think I'll sleep out here," announced Mark, "maybe you two should try to sleep in the bedroom."

Sarah nodded, covering herself with a duvet cover that she must have brought with her from the bedroom when she had followed Mark into the living room for their second fuck session.

Heck, maybe it hadn't just been their second, but their third or forth. What did I know? I was just the cuckold husband. A third wheel.

She approached me, her face filled with pity.

"Brandon," she whispered, taking my hand, "things got...out of hand. I'm really, really sorry."

I didn't know what to say. I practically *couldn't* speak.

"It's ok," I muttered, not convinced of my own statement, "let's go back to bed."

"Ok," she said.

It was five in the morning, after all.

We curled up together on Mark's bed, just the two of us now, me spooning Sarah, who cried softly in my arms.

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed, "I didn't mean to hurt you..."

"Shh," I said, "it's ok..."

It wasn't ok, though. Not really. But I didn't want to have a big discussion about what had happened when we were still in the home – the *bed* – of the stranger who might have just ruined our marriage.

Eventually, Sarah's sobs subsided, and she fell into a deep sleep in my arms. All of those orgasms, all of that *fucking* must have exhausted her.

I lay awake for a long time afterwards, thinking about what I had just seen and heard. It was like tearing away a veil of illusion that had hung over our marriage and our life for as long as we'd been together. The illusion that we could make up for lack of sexual experience by experimenting together. The illusion that satisfying a fantasy was a harmless, low-stakes and fun thing.

The illusion that size didn't matter, and that my average-sized penis could compete with a cock almost twice as long and thick.

The illusion that her sweet husband would ever be able to compete with a dominant older man who spanked her and made her call him "daddy."

What made all of this even worse was the fact that it turned me on so much. Even as I lay there, spooning Sarah, my cock got hard as I remembered her bent over the couch, begging for Mark to claim her, to deposit his seed inside her unprotected pussy.

My cock pressed against her naked ass, between her cheeks. I thought I could feel Mark's sperm spilling out of her, onto the sheets. For a moment, I considered pushing forward and entering her from behind while she slept.

I felt the sudden need to reclaim her.

But she wasn't awake, and it wouldn't be right. If there was another encounter between us (this thought depressed me, the thought that our sexual relationship might now be over) it would have to be on *her* terms, not mine.

Finally, I fell asleep.

## Chapter 4: The Train

When we finally woke up, it was 11AM and the apartment was silent. I was dreading having to talk to the man who'd just fucked my wife, so I was relieved to see that Mark had left a note for us.

*Thanks for a great time. I had to go to work. Help yourselves to breakfast. Hit me up the next time you're in Berlin. You have my number. Mark*

Next to it was a pile of fresh rolls, some butter and cheese.

Sarah came out of the room a few minutes after me, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

"He's gone," I said, showing her the note.

"It's just as well," she said, yawning, "I think I'm going to take a shower."

"Good idea."

While Sarah was in the shower, I munched on a roll.

Everything had changed, from one day to the next. What had started out as a fun fantasy between husband and wife had culminated in an encounter that might have ruined our relationship forever.

But was it *really* ruined? Could I find a way to live with the fact of having watched my wife be pleased by another man?

Why not? Why was it so unacceptable to me? Wasn't her pleasure important? Hadn't it been obvious that she had been satisfied on a profound level by her encounter with Mark?

Shouldn't I be *happy* for her?

That seemed like a strange thing to think, but in a way, it was true. I had also enjoyed watching her with Mark, after all. Even as I replayed the scene of them fucking for the first time on the couch in my head, I felt myself getting hard again.

In the middle of these thoughts, Sarah emerged from the bathroom, her hair up in a towel. Her face was ashen.

"Brandon," she said, "I just wanted to say...I'm so sorry. I know things got out of hand last night. I crossed a line. Several lines."

I sighed.

"Let's talk about it later," I said, "I think we should try to get you Plan B somewhere. There must be a way to buy it."

"Yeah," she said gravely, "good idea."

We spent the next hour or so trying to navigate the system of pharmacies, but we finally found one that was open, and had a youngish female pharmacist who spoke English. Sarah had a chat with her, and a few minutes later, the woman handed her a box of pills.

Sarah took them on the train, washing them down with a bottle of water.

"I'm going to delete Mark's number," she said.

"Ok," I said.

"I'll throw away his card, too."

"Are you going to forget his name and where he works, too?"

I couldn't help my sarcastic tone. We both knew that she could look him up online at any time if she were inclined to establish contact with him again.

Sarah buried her head in her hands, sobbing.

"That came out wrong," I said, "I'm sorry."

"No," said Sarah, sobbing, "I'm sorry. We never should have done this. We should have known..."

"Well we did do it," I said, "what are we going to do about it now? You can't unfuck him."

"I know," she said, turning her head to look up at me with tear-stained eyes, "but I can make it up to you. As soon as we get back to the hostel."

I kissed her immediately, feeling an incredible, electric surge of passion pass between us. It was more electrifying than the first time

we'd made love.

It must have looked strange to the other people on the train, if they'd been paying attention: the two of us, making out like we were in high school, with the package of morning-after contraception on the seat next to us.

I didn't care how it looked, and neither did Sarah. I slipped a hand down her shirt, feeling for her nipple.

"Brandon," she said, giggling, "what are you doing? People are going to see..."

"Remember, we're on vacation," I said, "and what happens in Berlin, stays in Berlin."

She laughed, and almost giddy laugh, as if the emotional weight of the situation had been lifted from her shoulders.

"I want you," she said, "I want you to reclaim me."

"I will."

A few minutes later, we pulled into the station where the hostel was. I took Sarah by the hand, leading her across the platform to the exit, then through the doors of the hostel and up to our room.

I pushed her back onto the bed and hiked up her skirt. Even though she'd taken a shower, the garment still reeked of sex.

I began to kiss down her stomach.

"Oh God, Brandon. I want you so bad."

I was going to make sure that she had an orgasm before I reclaimed her. I kissed her inner thighs, slipping a finger into her wet cunt.

I could actually feel a difference. Mark really had stretched her. Or else it was my imagination...

She was also very wet. Squishy, even.

I realized that she was probably still filled with Mark's sperm.

"Oh God, Brandon," she said, "don't stop..."

I was really about to do it. I was about to eat my wife's lover's creampie.

I plunged down into her muff, licking her swollen lips as she pushed her mound up towards my mouth.

"Fuck babe. I'm already so close."

I licked her clit, then down across her lips, suddenly tasting a mouthful of warm, salty and slightly slimy liquid.

Mark's sperm. I was eating his sperm.

As disgusting as it was, I was instantly turned on because I immediately thought about how erotic Sarah had looked, bent over the couch, being fucked by Mark's long thick cock as he pulled her hair and slapped her ass.

Sarah might have been thinking about that same scene, because in almost the same moment she climaxed, flooding my mouth with her juices and even more of Mark's sperm.

I choked it down, swallowing the load of her older lover, pleased at the fact that I'd been able to make my wife climax.

"God, Brandon," she sighed, "that was incredible."

I moved up, and wiped my mouth off with the back of my hand, looking down at my beautiful, sex-tossed wife. Her hair was down and had dried almost completely now.

"Brandon," she smiled, her eyes still swollen from crying on the train, "make love to me."

"Should I get a condom?"

"Why bother. I just took those pills."

I pressed forward, entering her almost immediately. She was still wearing her skirt from the night before.

"Yes," she moaned, as I entered her.

"Did you miss your husband's cock?"

"Yes," she moaned.

"Are you sore from getting fucked by Mark's big dick?"

"Yes," she moaned, as I pushed her legs back and began to hammer into her.

"Did you like being spanked and fucked by an older man?"

She hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Yes," she moaned.

I slammed into her furiously, passionately. I bent down and kissed her.

"Do you think," I whispered, "you can still love your husband?"

"Yes," she said, the tears coming to her eyes, "I still love you, Brandon."

In that moment, I climaxed, flooding Sarah with my own sperm, which now mingled with whatever was left of Mark's.

I had done it. I had reclaimed her.

I collapsed onto the bed, holding her close as we lay in silence, listening to each other's beating hearts.

"Do you think you can forgive me?" she asked, after a while.

"I don't know," I said, "but I do know that *that* – what happened just now – was amazing."

"I thought so, too," she said, "it's funny, but I feel closer to you now than I ever have before."

"I know," I said, "I know."

\*\*\*

The next day, we went to one of the lakes on the outskirts of Berlin. It was a beautiful day. We brought a lunch and our bathing suits. After swimming for an hour or so, we stretched out on our towels and lay in the sun.

"Well," I said, "you had your big-city adventure, didn't you?"

"I sure did," she sighed.

"It was pretty fun, wasn't it?"

"It was."

"It's going to be hard to go back tomorrow, isn't it?"

"Yeah," she said, turning to me and smiling, "but we'll always remember this trip, won't we?"

"I don't know how we could forget."

## Epilogue

It's been almost a year now since our trip to Europe. Sarah is deep into her PhD program, and might be going abroad again to conduct research – this time, to Greece. I might go with her, or I might not. It will depend on whether or not I can get time off work.

Sarah and I are just as happy as ever, but now it's a different kind of happiness. It's not the naive contentment of a couple that doesn't know any better. It's a happiness based on knowledge. Knowledge of ourselves and the other person.

I understand things about Sarah now. I understand her needs in a way I didn't before. And I think she understands them, too.

We've had a lot of conversations about what happened that day (and night) in Berlin, both in and out of the bedroom. While Sarah admits that she'd love to experience a large cock like Mark's again, she also realizes that it wasn't *only* his size that made him such an appealing lover. It was also his dominating presence, his knowledge, his self-confidence and experience.

For my part, I realize how much I actually enjoyed being put into the position of voyeur by a dominant man. How much I loved watching my wife be completely satisfied by an older, well-endowed lover.

Sometimes, we talk about doing it again. We fantasize about finding another guy like Mark, or possibly getting in contact again with the man himself. I know he'd probably be happy to see Sarah again. To get the chance to experience her tight young pussy. Her obvious passion for him. For his knowledge, experience, and his cock.

We even went so far as to buy Sarah a large dildo, which she's taken to calling "Mark." Sometimes she uses it while I watch her from a chair in the corner. She talks dirty, and moans for "daddy." It's all incredibly filthy, but also extremely erotic. Something she never would have done before our trip to Berlin.

Will we ever do it again? I'm not so sure. Even though the fantasy remains extremely attractive to both of us, the emotional fallout from the first time was almost too intense. Watching Sarah with another man again might be pressing our luck too much. Even seeing her playing with such a large dildo sometimes conjured up almost intolerable jealousy within me, even if it made my cock rock hard. While I loved the passion of "reclaiming" Sarah – both after she had been with Mark, and when she was with the dildo called by his name – it was a roller coaster of lust, humiliation, desire and shame.

I think, ultimately, that the formula we came up with on that fateful day has served us well up to now: what happens in Berlin, stays in Berlin.

But will we take another trip to Berlin someday? The *real* Berlin, or the Berlin of hotwife fantasies?

I can't say for sure...

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.

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— XX

Cynthia

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## **Also by Cynthia Sizemore**

### **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 that 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.

## HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA

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

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

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

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

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

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