SHARING my submissive *Wife*



A CUCKOLD SIZEQUEEN STORY BY

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

SHARING MY SUBMISSIVE WIFE

By Cynthia Sizemore

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SHARING MY SUBMISSIVE WIFE

SHARING MY SUBMISSIVE WIFE

(A Cuckold Wife–Sharing Novel)

Introduction

Sharing my Submissive Wife

Introduction

For as long as we'd been married, my wife Kara had hinted that she wanted me to take more control in the bedroom. I have to admit that this didn't come naturally to me. It wasn't that I didn't fantasize about it, it was just that when it came to actually *doing* it, there were several problems: first of all, I wasn't sure exactly *what* she wanted me to do, second of all, I wasn't sure if I was physically capable of doing it (due to certain limitations which I'll explain later) and third of all, I knew for a fact that what she was craving was psychological as much as anything else, and I *certainly* didn't have a domineering or dominant personality. I was too much of a happy–go–lucky guy!

Kara and I married when I was 25 and she was 23. We were both somewhat late bloomers, I suppose, because we were both each other's firsts: she confessed to me that she'd fooled around with a couple of other guys in college (and even with a girl) but hadn't gone "all the way" with anyone but me. I never pressed her for details about what exactly she meant by that; for me it was enough to know that I had been the first man inside her.

Our sex life had always been a bit awkward, even if it was mutually satisfying. We'd worked at our compatibility in bed. Nothing came naturally. I had no idea what I was doing (having never been with a woman before Kara) and so Kara naturally took the lead, even though she was scarcely more experienced than I was.

Kara was a beautiful woman. Her father was of Italian heritage and her mother was German. She had the gentle curves and dark hair of the women of her father's home country, and the proud bearing and pale skin of the women in the north of where her mother was from. Her breasts were smallish, but far from tiny, and

she had small, prominent pink nipples that got very sensitive when she was aroused.

Though she'd been raised in the US like I had been, she learned both languages (Italian and German) alongside English growing up. Even though her proficiency was not completely native–like, she was still good enough to impress natives of both countries.

As for me, I was your standard white American mutt, a mixture of heritages that allowed me to celebrate pretty much any ethnic holiday I wanted to with at least as much justification as anyone else. My favorite was St. Patrick's day, and that's when our story begins.

I should also say that I'm not bad–looking myself, but I am a bit overweight, and a bit lacking in some other departments as well. I'm about 5'9", so not tall by any means, but tall enough to still beat Kara by a few inches. She always told me that she was happy with me the way I was.

Chapter 1

Like I said, it all started on St. Patrick's Day. We were celebrating with a few pints of Guinness at a bar downtown in the large American city that we live in (hint: it has a large Irish–American population, and a river that gets dyed green every year).

As often happens when she's a little bit tipsy, Kara began to get very flirtatious and handsy.

"I can't *wait* to get out of here," she whispered, "I mean, I'm having fun at the bar, but I'd rather be alone with you."

Her eyes burned with desire.

"What are you in the mood for?" I said, smiling at her suggestively.

I happened to be in the mood myself.

"Mmm," she said, "what I'm really in the mood for is for you to use one of our toys on me."

"Any certain toy in particular?"

"The flesh–colored one. The one that looks like a real cock," she giggled.

"The really *big* one?"

"That's right."

"I thought you said it was too big for you."

"Did I say that? I guess I did. But I'm kind of drunk now, and I'm thinking about you fucking me with it."

"Is that right? I guess we better pay the tab then…"

A few minutes later, we were in an Uber heading home, and a few minutes after that, we were in our bedroom, tearing each other's clothes off.

"God I want you," moaned Kara, lifting the tacky St. Patrick's Day t–shirt I'd worn as a joke.

“Is it because I’m one sixteenth Irish?” I joked.

“It’s because you’re my husband,” she said, kissing me passionately.

I loved her kisses. She grabbed my hands and pulled them around her, then took one and placed it on her butt.

“Maybe you can give me a St. Patrick’s Day spanking,” she said mischievously.

“I’m pretty sure that’s not really a thing,” I laughed.

“I’m pretty sure green beer isn’t a ‘thing’ either, but that’s never stopped anyone from drinking it.”

“Ok,” I said, a bit self–conscious, “I’ll try.”

“That’s all I ask.”

I kissed her again, and then she pulled her jeans down and draped herself across my lap.

“I’ve been craving this,” she sighed, “I really need you to show me my place. To remind me who’s in charge, you know?”

“I know,” I said, suddenly very shy, “I’ll do my best this time.”

“Remember what I said about talking too much.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“Remember what I said about apologizing. It ruins the moment.”

I cursed myself silently. We’d tried scenarios like this several times, and I just wasn’t able to pull it off. I didn’t have it in me to be a “dom,” at least not the way that she had told me she needed it. I’d tried to spank her in the past a few times, and she’d told me that it just didn’t work. Either I didn’t do it hard enough (and left her unsatisfied) or I did it hard enough, but was too apologetic about it during and afterwards.

When it really came down to it, the problem was that I just wasn’t that authoritative in bed. And I was fine with that. I had fun

with Kara, and I know that she had fun with me. I don't think she was ever lying about that.

I just think that she was always looking for a bit more.

That drunken St. Patrick's Day, I resolved to give it another go.

I slapped her ass, hard.

"There you go, you little…"

I dropped my voice, unsure of myself:

"Slut," I whispered.

She burst out laughing.

"Ok," said Kara, "I thought it was worth a shot. I'm sorry I asked. I know you're just not comfortable, and I have to accept it. It's ok."

She stood up once more, and sat in my lap, draping her arms around me affectionately.

"Kara," I said, "I'm sorry… can we just…"

"I'll never mention it again, honey," she said, nuzzling my neck, "why don't we do something else instead."

"Do you want to do that thing that you mentioned at the bar?"

"Mmm," she said, "I guess I'm pretty drunk because I'd somehow forgotten all about that."

"You still want the big one."

She paused for a moment, giving me a drunken smile.

"Yeah."

I ran to the closet, rummaging in the box where we kept the sex toys. I had purchased the large dildo in question for Kara about six months ago. It had been my idea. I had always wondered if she might enjoy something on the larger side, because I myself was probably about 4 ½ inches completely hard. She had always insisted that size didn't really matter to her, that it mattered to me more, and to men in general more than it did women.

I believed her, but on the other hand, I also wanted to see if she might be wrong. After all, if she'd never actually been with a well–endowed man, how would she really know what she was missing? So I'd bought her the dildo, without her permission.

It was a little awkward bringing it up. I explained to her that I thought it would be a fun thing to try, but it was clear that she'd been taken aback.

"Sure, we can try it," she'd said, taking it in her hands and looking at it a bit quizzically before placing it in the box with the other toys.

In the intervening months, it had languished there, and I'd never mentioned it again.

Neither had she. Until tonight, that is.

I turned towards her, brandishing the 8–inch shaft of fake flesh in my hand.

"Mmm, that's the one," she giggled, "do you think I can take it?"

"I don't know," I said, "but I think it will be fun to find out."

"Why don't you go down on me a little first?" she said, smiling.

She knew that I loved to pleasure her. I lived to make her orgasm. And since I couldn't do it with my penis, I did it with my mouth, or a toy. Tonight, hopefully both.

She eagerly took her panties down her legs, and I gazed at my wife's neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair before diving passionately between her legs.

"Oh Alex," she moaned, "you're so good at that…"

"Thank you," I said, coming up for air, "I love doing this."

I teased her clit with my tongue while slipping a finger barely partway inside her. She moaned and cooed, bucking her hips up towards me in desire as she clung to the bed sheets with her hands.

"That feels so good," she groaned.

I lifted my face off again, continuing to stimulate her with my finger as I looked up at her.

"Do you feel like doing something really dirty tonight?"

"That depends on what you have in mind," she said, moaning a little as she rubbed her back against the sheets.

"I was thinking," I said, "that you could think about being with someone else while I go down on you. And while I'm…fucking you."

"You mean fucking me with the dildo?"

"Exactly."

"So the guy I'm imagining is…I mean, it's his cock?"

"That's right."

"Mmm," she said, after pausing for a moment, "that *is* really dirty. I guess I could try it…"

"You don't have to if you don't want to," I said, kicking myself as I realized how wishy–washy and, hence, unattractive that made me seem, "I mean, do what you want."

She giggled a bit.

"Maybe I'll imagine that he's dominant, too. That he knows how to manhandle me."

"Yeah," I said, excitedly, "imagine that he's your dream dom. A guy who can really give you what I can't."

"Alright," she said, "you win. I'll be dirty."

She reached down and tousled my hair as if I'd been a child, then pushed me down somewhat forcefully back towards her clit. I immediately began teasing her again with my tongue as she moaned.

It could have been my imagination, but she seemed to climax almost instantly, crying out in ecstasy as she punched the sheet with one hand. It was a powerful orgasm.

"God," she moaned, "I need the…I need the dick, please."

It was clear which dick she meant. Not mine. The big flesh–covered eight–incher.

I knelt between her legs, brandishing the monster, which I'd covered in lube from a bottle on the nightstand.

"Oooh, that's so big," she sighed, looking up at me in desire, her face still flushed from orgasm, "I hope it fits. I mean, I want you to *make* it fit."

"Remember," I said, "it's not *me* tonight. It's him. Your fantasy lover."

"Oh yeah," she said softly, closing her eyes, "I forgot about that. You're so *naughty*. Ok, I'll just close my eyes and imagine him."

"That's what I want," I said excitedly, both happy that she was going along with my fantasy, and filled with nervous anticipation about what was coming.

"I'm ready," she said, biting her lip.

I began to gently rub the huge phallus up and down her pussy lips, then slowly pushed the head inside her.

"Oh… wow," she said, "please, keep going. I need it."

I pushed the shaft even further, remembering how timid I tended to be, and how often she'd urged me to get rougher with her, even though it wasn't in my nature.

"More."

Her tone was insistent.

I pushed the dildo to the hilt now, and watched as my wife's features opened up as she was penetrated.

"Oh God. It's so big," she gasped.

"Too much?"

"No," she said firmly, "it's…great."

I slowly pulled it back out of her, amazed at her body's natural ability to accommodate a member twice my own size.

“Fuck me,” she pleaded, “I need it.”

I began to thrust the artificial phallus into her eager cunt, pumping it in and out slowly.

“Harder,” she begged, her breathing quickening, “faster.”

I obeyed her immediately.

“Yes,” she panted, “oh God, yes. I can’t believe how good it feels.”

Her head was thrown back now, her eyes still closed, in the throes of ecstasy caused by the large cock of her imaginary lover.

“I need more,” she groaned, gripping the sheets, “give it to me faster, and don’t fucking stop. Don’t fucking stop giving me that big fucking cock.”

I had seldom heard her use language like that. It was electrifying to see how passionate my filthy little idea was making her.

Was it possible that she hadn’t been eager to use the dildo before because she had been *afraid* of her own reaction to the massive phallus? Did she know in advance how much she would love it, or at least suspect it?

Had she refused to use it before merely out of an abundance of caution for my own feelings? Even though *I* had been the one to suggest it in the first place?

“Harder,” she urged, “I’m so close.”

I was hesitant at first. I felt like I was already slamming the fake penis into her almost as hard as I could, and the last thing I wanted to do was hurt her. But when I saw the insistent look on her face as she reached the verge of ecstasy, I began to slam it into her harder and harder.

“Yes,” she moaned, “harder! Faster! Deeper!”

She let out an adorable squeak as her hips tensed up and then released in what seemed to be an incredibly powerful climax.

"Oh my GOD, YES!!"

I had *never* seen my wife orgasm like that. Perhaps this was how she always made herself come on her own, (I didn't know how often she masturbated, even though she knew that I had no problem with it, and, in fact, encouraged it) but this was a new level of pleasure that I'd never seen her experience.

It was simply incredible to witness.

She slowly began to come back to earth, opening her eyes as if awakening from a sound night's sleep. She flashed me a huge grin.

"That was so good, honey. Thank you so much."

"No problem," I said, "but shouldn't you be thanking your imaginary lover?"

"Oh, that," she said, as if the whole thing had been an afterthought, "I mean, that was pretty hot, wasn't it?"

"I thought so. I'd love to hear what you thought about."

"I'll tell you if you really want to hear," she said, a bit hesitantly, "but I want to make you feel good, too, and I'm too sore to put you inside me, she said."

"So why don't you just give me a handjob?" I asked, "that way you can still talk. I want to hear all about it."

"Ok," she said, sitting up, "I feel kind of silly. I mean now that I've come. That was great, though."

"You don't need to feel silly," I said excitedly, pulling down my pants and revealing my erection, "I just want you to be honest."

Honest. I knew that might be a fateful word. But I still needed to hear what she was going to say. Maybe because my cock was so hard. Maybe if I had come first, I wouldn't have pressed my wife so urgently for the truth.

Maybe it was something that she needed to get off her chest, too.

She squirted a bit of lube onto her hand and began to stroke me, her face still a bit hesitant.

"Well, I imagined that I was with a guy," she said, "a tall and handsome guy."

"A real guy you know, or someone you imagined?"

She hesitated.

"Are you sure you want to hear this?"

"If you're asking me that, it must be a guy you know."

"Ok," she sighed, "it's a guy I know. My advisor from grad school."

"Dr. Ford?"

"That's right," she sighed, "you remember him. He was only like ten years older than me, and he was tall, in great shape."

"Well," she said, "I never told you this before, but I had a crush on him."

"Oh God," I moaned, incredibly turned on by my wife's revelation.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I'll stop if you want. Maybe I should stop."

"No," I said, "I want to hear this. I need to hear this."

"Well," she said, stroking me a bit faster, "I actually knew the woman he was dating at the time. Margret, you remember her?"

"Mm hmm," I nodded, remembering seeing her advisor with an attractive slim brunette.

"One time, she confided in me that Dr. Ford liked it really rough in bed."

"Oh," I said, intuiting where this was going.

"And that's not all," she continued, blushing for a moment.

I could tell what she was going to reveal next was embarrassing to her, but also a source of pleasure.

"Tell me," I insisted, my voice a bit hoarse.

"She told me, that he…"

"What?"

"That he had a really big penis," she said, giggling a bit, "and so…when you were fucking me with that toy just now…I was actually imagining."

"Him fucking you?"

"Mm–hmm," she nodded, stroking me faster and faster as if she herself were becoming aroused again, "I imagined him manhandling me. Using me like his submissive little fuckdoll. Giving me the rough treatment that I crave."

"Oh God," I groaned, unable to take the pleasure any longer, beginning to shoot several ropes onto my wife's hand.

"Wow," said Kara, "you really liked that story, huh? I feel kind of bad telling it. I hope you know that it was just a fantasy and that I would never…"

I put my finger to her lips.

"Honey," I said, "I'm not worried at all. In fact, I thought it was the hottest thing I've ever heard. Even if you wanted to look up Dr. Ford on Facebook or something, maybe see what he's up to these days, I think it would be amazing."

"What?" her face took a look of panic, possibly even fear, "I couldn't. Honey, that would be terrible for our marriage."

"Come on," I said, "it would just be a little harmless flirtation. It could spice things up a little for us in the bedroom. But if you're really that uncomfortable with it… just forget I said it."

Her face slowly returned to normal, but she remained silent. I wished that I could have known what she was thinking. Was she seriously considering my offer?

"Let me go get cleaned up," she said, standing and heading to the bathroom, "it's getting late, and we've both had a lot to drink

tonight.”

I nodded.

Chapter 2

The next few days and weeks passed fairly normally. Neither of us mentioned what had happened the night of St. Patrick's Day. Maybe it was due to the alcohol. Was what we'd done merely a crazy one–off thing, the way some couples might do a little sexual experimentation on vacation and then never do the same thing again? Or was it the opposite: had we done something that was so profoundly connected to both of our most intimate fantasies that it was almost traumatic to mention directly.

Was it possible that Kara had been so drunk that she'd forgotten it?

No, I decided. She'd only had a couple of drinks at the bar, and she was completely coherent throughout.

She remembered. *She'd* been the one that wanted to try something bigger.

During those uncertain weeks, I almost forgot her fantasy about Dr. Ford, too. As strange as that sounds: a husband forgetting about a crush that his wife confessed to him.

Until one Sunday night, when we were cuddled up on the couch trying to agree on what show to watch.

"What about Mad Men?" asked Kara.

"Really? We've already seen that."

"I know, but I kind of have a thing for Don Draper."

"Do you, now?"

"Yeah, I do. Do you know that he reminds me of Dr. Ford?"

Dr. Ford. There was the name again.

I felt the adrenaline rising in my blood.

"Oh, yeah… I can see the resemblance I guess," I said.

"It's not so much the physical resemblance," she said, "though there is that, of course. I meant more his entire way of carrying himself. His authority."

"Oh? I guess you'd know more about that than I would. I only met the guy a couple of times."

"I know," she said, "it's a shame. You'd really like him, I think."

"Well, if my wife likes him, I'm sure I would, too."

"Your *wife* might like him for other reasons than *you* do ," she said slyly, putting her hand on my leg.

Then she turned away for a moment, adding almost casually, "did you know he's single now?"

"No, of course not, how would I know that?" I asked, wondering how *she* would know it.

"I kind of…stalked him on Instagram."

"Oh really?"

I couldn't believe it. Was she actually thinking about it?

"Yeah," she said, lacing her fingers through mine and staring off into space, "I have to admit that I scrolled through a lot of his pictures. He's still in great shape."

"And how did you feel when you did that?"

Suddenly, she seemed bothered by my question. What had I done wrong?

"I just remembered the good times in his class," she said quickly, "what I learned from him. That's all."

"Oh."

"Hey, let's watch that!" she said, pointing to a show I'd never heard of.

She was obviously trying to change the subject.

"You know," I said, "I really meant that it was ok to flirt with him if you want. It would turn me on, and be really fun to talk about

in the bedroom. It's really ok with me."

She simply nodded, her lips moving faintly towards a smile. What was she thinking?

We watched the show in silence, then she announced that she was going to bed.

Dr. Ford wasn't mentioned again that night.

***

A few days later, however, she was sitting at the breakfast table, looking at her phone and giggling.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Dr. Ford," she said.

"Did he post a joke or something?"

"No," she said, "he's just really witty. He wrote something funny to me, that's all."

My heart began to pound.

"So you're messaging him?"

"Yeah, I mean, we're talking."

"Did you message him or did he message you?"

"I added him as a friend, then he sent me a message."

"I see."

It still wasn't clear to me exactly what kind of exchange was happening. Were they actually flirting, or was this some kind of harmless case of a professor catching up with an old grad student?

As it turned out, that was only the beginning. I had no idea how deep things would go.

Pun *entirely* intentional.

***

One night, Kara announced that she was headed up to bed a little earlier because she wanted to "do a few things" before she

went to sleep. I didn't think anything of it. I came up about 15 minutes later to find her wearing a lacy bra and panty set with garter belts, an outfit that she'd bought for our wedding anniversary a few months ago.

I opened my mouth to say something. I was surprised, because nothing about her demeanor before going upstairs had suggested erotic interest in the slightest. Usually, when she was in the mood, she made it obvious (like at the pub on St. Patty's day).

Her look of surprise (or was it guilt?) when I walked through the door told me that this outfit was not actually meant for me. As strange as it seemed in the moment, it was obvious that Kara was dressing up for someone else.

It feels stupid to say now, but it never even occurred to me that she might have been sexting with her old professor.

"What's…all this?" I asked her.

My confusion must have been legible on my face.

"Oh. I didn't think you'd be up for a while. Was the show already over?"

"I got sick of watching about halfway through. What are you *doing*?"

I tried not to sound upset, but I was completely taken aback.

"I'm…"

For a moment, it looked like she was trying to think of an excuse.

"The truth is," she stammered, "I'm taking some pictures for a friend."

"You're…"

Stupidly, I was still baffled as to the identity of this "friend," though it should have been manifestly obvious.

"For Dr. Ford," she said, looking at me, her eyes as beautiful as always.

"Well," I said, "that's not what I expected."

I couldn't tell what I was feeling in that moment. Part of me was extremely excited. But part of me was also hurt. She'd crossed a line.

Or had she?

"You told me you wanted me to flirt with him," she said, "so I did. And one thing led to another…"

"And so you've been *sexting*?"

"Well…yeah," she said, a bit sheepish, "isn't that what 'flirting' means nowadays? I thought you'd be happy. You said you would be."

"Yeah," I said, still trying to wrap my mind around what was happening, "I mean, I'd like to see the messages, if that's ok with you."

"Sure," she said, perking up a bit and seeming less like a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

She gestured to the bed.

"Why don't you lay down there and make yourself comfortable. I'll show you everything."

She tucked herself in the crook of my arm on the bed and handed me her phone. There were no secrets between us now. I began to read her correspondence with her professor for the past month or so.

Things began rather innocently, but quickly took a sexual turn, one fueled entirely by Kara. I had never witnessed my wife this forward in real life. There must have been something about the digital medium that made her fearless. Either that or it was her certainty (completely justified, I might add) of being a highly desirable woman.

I scrolled through messages of them reliving moments during the time she was a student. She confessed that she had wanted him

to have his way with her in a classroom or his office. He admitted that he'd thought about the same thing.

Then, eventually, the text roleplaying turned into a picture exchange.

"Kara," I said, when I saw the first picture she snapped, of herself in our bathroom mirror without her top on, "you took that right here!"

She laughed.

"Well, yeah," she said, "did you think I was going to go across town to do it?"

"Did you do it while I was around?"

"Yeah. You were actually right here, where you are now, on the bed."

"Wow."

I didn't know myself if I was upset or excited.

Kara reached down towards my pants and took all the doubt away, from both of us.

I had an erection.

"Mmm," she said, "I think you're going to like the rest of our exchange."

I scrolled down. There was a photo of Prof. Ford smiling at the camera, clad only in his boxer briefs. It was impressive what good shape he was in for a man his age (though he wasn't that much older than me, I remembered).

But what was more impressive was the size of his package.

"I guess his old girlfriend wasn't lying," I said.

"Just wait," she said, grinning at me.

I scrolled down a bit more. I saw a picture of my wife trying to take a picture of her own ass in the mirror, bending over in a short skirt that I knew she'd worn to work a few days ago.

Then, without warning, I stumbled upon the tool of my undoing.

There it was.

Dr. Ford's cock. Huge, erect and powerful, jutting out at least 8 inches from his body, curving upward slightly and coming to a point in a thick mushroom head.

It was, in a word, perfect.

I'm a straight man, but even I couldn't hide my awe at the specimen of manliness I saw on display in front of me.

"That's just…wow…" I said.

"I know," said Kara, beaming at me, "it looks so much better than that dildo."

"I bet it would feel better, too," I blurted, "to you, I mean."

"Ha," she laughed, "yeah, I bet it would."

The next thing that came out of my mouth was completely spontaneous, and I wished I hadn't said it as soon as it escaped my lips.

"Would you like to try it?"

There was a long, awkward silence.

She took the phone out of my hand slowly, looking uncomfortable.

"I think this kind of talk," she said, "isn't good for our marriage. I'm going to block Dr. Ford and erase his pictures."

"What?" I said, genuinely surprised, "but I thought that you were having fun!"

"Maybe too much fun," she said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means," she said, looking into the distance for a moment, "it means that I was actually thinking for a moment about going through with it."

"You mean you'd like to fuck him?"

She nodded slowly.

"Is that bad?"

"No," I said excitedly, "not bad at all. But if you do it, I'd like to be there to watch."

She scrunched up her nose.

"It's called 'hotwifing'," I said, "it's fairly common. There are lots of men out there who like to share their wives."

"Share? That makes it sound like I'm a piece of property. A tool or something."

"That's not what I meant," I said, "I mean, there are lots of guys who like to watch their wives have sex with other men."

She regarded me for a long time, as if in disbelief.

"And you think…that you'd like to do that?"

"I'd love to do it," I blurted, "I mean, let's face it. I'm not the biggest guy. And I know that you want to be with someone more dominant."

"It's true," she said, "but I just don't know if I can separate sex and emotion. I mean, I love *you* honey!"

I paused for a moment, not yet sure of what I was going to say. Then it came to me.

"I know that," I said, "but what if that's not a bad thing? I mean, you obviously have feelings for your old professor that go way beyond just lusting after his body and his big cock. Doesn't that make the idea of actually sleeping with him even more appealing to you?"

"Well yes," she said, "but.."

"But nothing," I blurted, "I think you should explore this with him. While I watch. It will be fun for all of us. We'll all be in it together."

She was silent for a few moments.

"You're really serious, aren't you?"

"I really am," I said.

"Ok," she said cautiously, "let's see what he has to say about it. Obviously it's not just up to you and me."

"Obviously."

Chapter 3

Obviously, Dr. Ford, or Chris, as he was called with his first name, didn't have any problem fucking my wife. Why would he? He was single, and she was gorgeous and kinky. Kara already knew that he liked it rough, from conversations with his ex–girlfriend and all the flirtation that they'd already done online. His kinks seemed to be very compatible with hers, and so I was excited that I was going to get the chance to see my wife finally completely satisfied.

What I wasn't prepared for, of course, were the implications this encounter might have for our relationship. I was too much in my own head, imagining the ecstasy that Kara had experienced with the huge dildo being multiplied to infinity when she was taken by a real man.

Dr. Ford arrived right when he said he would: exactly five minutes after 6:00 on Friday. He stood on our doorstep wearing a three–piece suit and holding a bouquet of flowers. I could see why he reminded Kara of Don Draper.

I opened the door, extending my hand to him.

"Alex," he said, "so good to meet you. Kara's told me a lot about you."

"I think we might have met a couple of years ago."

I knew for a fact that we had, but I also knew that he'd probably forgotten.

"Sure," he said, obviously faking it, "how've you been?"

"Good," I said, "won't you come in?"

He stepped into the house. This was it. A threshold had been crossed. In every way.

Kara was there to take the flowers from his hands and put them in a vase. She gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek in greeting.

When she returned, Chris and I were sitting in the livingroom.

“So you’re sure you’re ok with this?” he asked me, a note of concern entering his voice, “because once we get started, I’m only going to stop if Kara uses the safeword. Some husbands think that they want to introduce their wives to big cock, but they’re not prepared for the actual effect it has on them. I mean, every woman is different, but some of them love it so much that it basically ruins sex for them afterwards.”

I nodded.

“Sex with anyone *smaller*, that is,” he added, as if that wasn’t entirely clear from the first statement he’d made.

“I’m sure,” I said, “I mean, I think her pleasure, the possibility of her pleasure is totally worth it to me.”

“You’re a great guy,” said Chris, “and Kara is lucky to have such an open–minded man.”

Kara appeared beside him, running her fingers over his shoulders as if they’d been lovers for years.

How was she so comfortable with him already?

“Shall we get started?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Good,” he said, “do you remember the safeword?”

“Mm–hmm. Yellow to slow down and red to stop.”

“That’s right.”

“Well, ok then, professor,” she said, flashing him a sultry look, “what are you waiting for?”

He answered her coquettish rhetorical question by pulling her across his lap, right there in the living room, and yanking up her black cocktail dress that she’d put on for the occasion.

“Black garters and black lace panties,” he said, “just like I asked you to wear. You’re a very good girl, indeed.”

“I just want to please you, Sir,” panted my beautiful wife, breathlessly.

He placed a hand on her ass, squeezing it for a moment, as if evaluating it. Then he drew back, giving her a sharp spank.

"Oww," she cried.

I could tell that his first spank was much harder than any of the ones that I'd ever given her. And he was just getting started.

"I can tell you probably haven't had a good spanking in a long time," he said, "your husband doesn't keep you in line, does he?"

"No," she said, "he doesn't."

"I know, because if he did, you wouldn't be over the knee of a dominant older man."

Before she had a time to reply, his hand cracked down on her ass several more times, causing her to squeal in delight, pain, or some kind of mixture of both.

I was finally starting to understand what she'd been trying to tell me that she needed. It wasn't the act itself, it was the entire attitude of calm composure that her former professor exuded. Something I wouldn't have ever been able to imitate.

I wondered if his easy sense of confidence came from his profession, his previous experience, or from the monster that was in his pants. I would never know, I realized, but it was something of a puzzle to me.

He spanked her a few more times, this time letter his hand linger a bit longer each time on her bottom.

"Let's get these off," he said, unfastening her garters so that he could pull her panties down to her knees, exposing her sex.

The room was suddenly full of the scent of feminine arousal. It was unmistakable, and a bit strange, given the fact that I was used to experiencing it in the intimacy of our bedroom, or, at the very least, only with Kara. Having another man suddenly in the room with us, and knowing that this other man was the one who was occasioning the release of this heady fragrance, was a feeling I hadn't been prepared for.

Oh God, I thought, *this is really happening. She's really, really into him. And she's going to fuck him.*

This was no fantasy. Not anymore. This was **reality**.

And the reality of the situation was about to slap us both in the face. Kara literally, me figuratively.

After he gave her a few more slaps on her bare bottom, Dr. Ford commanded her to get on her knees. My wife eagerly obeyed, looking up at him in devotion, her eyes on him and him alone, as I continued to watch from the armchair across the room.

"Are you ready?" he asked, stroking her hair gently.

"Yes, Professor," she said, pawing at his package through his slacks.

He loosened his necktie as she unfastened his belt and began to undo his trousers as well. In that moment, in the tone of her voice as she said the word "professor," I realized that it was his title as well, his former position of authority over her as an arbiter of knowledge which conferred such an erotic charge on their relationship.

There was no way for me to compete with *that*. That much was certain.

He sat up slightly and she took his pants down entirely. This was the point at which what I described metaphorically as "reality" literally hit my wife in the face.

The reality of his huge, erect phallus, which sprang forth from his pants and slapped her across the cheek through the sheer force of being released, causing Kara to squeal in laughter and delight.

"I still can't believe how big it is," she laughed.

"Sorry about that," said Prof. Ford.

"You never have to apologize for slapping my with that cock," she said, laughing a bit, "it's an honor."

“That’s a very good girl,” he said, “now why don’t you show your husband what you can do with a cock like this?”

She grinned up at him and then enclosed her mouth around him, taking the first third of his cock deep into her mouth.

It was a truly impressive effort. A third of his cock was roughly equivalent to two–thirds of my own, and she’d never even tried to deepthroat me, even though my endowment was quite meager. It was clear that his dominance was fueling her submission and therefore her willingness to please him.

“Look at how much she loves it,” he said, directing his gaze towards me, “she’s lost in the moment, just focusing on pleasing my cock. A lot of women find it meditative. I think Kara might be one of them.”

Kara popped off his massive phallus for a moment, grinning up at him again.

“I think I might be one, too. I could do this all day.”

“Sometime we might try that,” said Prof. Ford, “but I think your husband is probably anxious to see how this look inside you.”

I felt compelled to speak for some reason.

“Oh, no,” I said, apologetically, “you can do whatever you want. I mean I don’t have a particular schedule…”

“Good,” growled Professor Ford, reaching down and taking hold of Kara’s hair possessively, “because that’s what I was going to do anyway.”

Kara let out a long, low moan. I could tell that she loved this kind of treatment. She had both hands on his shaft now, stroking it eagerly as she tried to take his cock even deeper into her throat.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, “you’ve gotten very good at this. Have you been practicing?”

“Maybe a little bit with the dildo,” she confessed a few moments later as she came up to catch her breath.

This revelation was so shocking to me (though I'm not sure why, exactly) that I completely missed the tense of the Professor's statement: "you've **gotten** very good at this." Not: "you **are** very good at this."

What basis did he have to make this comparison? I didn't connect the dots at the time, in that moment. No, it would be a bit later when the truth about what I was actually witnessing would smack me mercilessly in the face.

He reached down and spanked her a few times as she continued to fellate him.

"You're being such a good girl," he said, "I know that Alex is enjoying the show. Aren't you?"

I nodded.

"Good. Don't forget that this show is all for you. This was your idea, wasn't it?"

I didn't answer. I wasn't sure anymore. Had it been my idea? Or had it been Kara's? Had the entire situation really grown organically out of my insecurities and the purchase of the oversize dildo so long ago? Or had Kara somehow known all along that this was something that she wanted, and had just been waiting for an opportunity to suggest it to me, making me think that it had been my idea all along?

I had no idea. All I knew was that my wife was on her knees in the living room, sucking a huge cock like a professional porn star while I watched.

"That feels so good," he said, "fuck I've missed this."

He'd *missed* this?

This this time, I knew something was going on. My face must have shown my astonishment, because Ford picked up on it, too.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, seeming to actually mean it, "I thought Kara would have told you. She used to suck my cock like this in my office once in a while between classes."

"She didn't…" my voice was hoarse and my mouth was dry and the weight of the revelation hit me.

We had been married when she'd been in grad school. That meant that my wife, my sweet sexy innocent–seeming wife Kara had been *cheating* on me?

It was a good thing that I was already sitting down, because I'm sure that the power of this revelation would have caused my knees to buckle.

Just then, Kara turned to look at me, wiping some saliva off her chin.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, "I figured you wouldn't mind finding out about it, given your little fetish and all. You're not mad, are you? We can stop if you want."

She gave me a concerned look.

Stop? Right at the moment when my greatest fantasy (and, to a certain extent) worst nightmare, was coming true?

"Did you, uh…" I started, "did you sleep with him?"

"I didn't fuck her, if that's what you mean," said Prof. Ford, "and we certainly didn't do any sleeping. She merely received regular corrective spankings from me and gave me fellatio afterwards as a way to prove her worthiness. That's all."

She shrugged her shoulders as if to say "nobody's perfect!"

"I thought you'd find it kind of hot," she said.

"I *do*," I said, "I do find it hot. It's just…finding out about it now…in this situation…is kind of rough."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You always talked about how much you wanted me to try a bigger cock."

But you cheated before you knew that I was into it! I wanted to shout.

I knew, however, that this was, on some level a dream come true. I would get to see my wife pleasured in a way that I could

never hope to match. It was good for everyone.

So, I swallowed my pride.

"I do, honey. I do want you to try it. Keep going," I urged them.

"Good," said Dr. Ford, "because I'm anxious to finally take things to the next level."

"Where should we do this?" he asked Kara.

"How about right here," she said, giving him a playful smile.

"On the carpet?"

"That's right."

"Ok," he said, "fine with me."

She flopped back onto her back, pushing her dress up and then kicking off her panties, so she was laying there, ready for him. He stood from the chair, his erection jutting out angrily in front of him, then fell onto her like a wild animal.

Passionate. Determined. Possessive.

Dominant.

He laced his fingers through her hair and raised her head, bringing her lips to his and planting a hungry kiss on them which she immediately reciprocated. This encounter was already fundamentally different from the way Kara and I made love: I was usually timid, afraid of hurting her, afraid of going too far.

While it was clear that Dr. Ford wasn't going to intentionally hurt Kara, it was just as obvious that he was the one in control. He was taking what he wanted.

And right now, what he wanted was to fuck Kara.

"I want you so bad," she whispered as their kiss broke.

"I know, sweetheart," he said, "are you ready to be a good girl?"

"Yes," she said, "it's so big. I don't know if I can take it. But I'll do my best."

I have to admit that I stood up at this point and moved to the couch so that I could get a better look at what was happening.

From the side, I saw my wife, so small, petite and fragile–looking by comparison to Dr. Ford, who loomed over her, pointing his huge cock right at her exposed slit. Her legs were back as far as I'd seem them go, her ankles' position next to her ears a testament to her many hours in the yoga studio.

She was staring into her former teachers' eye as he continued to grip her hair with one hand and guide his cock with the other. Once the tip was properly aligned, he dropped one hand to the floor to support his weight.

"Please," she begged, "I'm ready. I've waited so long for this."

"Me too," he said.

My gaze switched from my wife's face to the huge phallus slowly slipping inside of her over the next few seconds. At first, her expression looked pained. Then she seemed concentrated.

There was another look of pain as he was about halfway in, but when he bottomed out completely, holding himself there, Kara's face showed surprise and then profound pleasure.

"That spot…you're filling me so much…I've never…" she stammered.

Ever the professor, he had an explanation.

"You've heard of the 'g–spot', right? Well, many women actually have another spot, located a few inches further down, called the 'a' spot. It can only be reached by really large cocks…"

"Spare me the lecture please and fuck me!"

He nodded, leaning down to kiss her before beginning to slide his huge prick in and out of my wife's clenching cunt.

There was no possible way to compete with a man like him. It had been obvious from the moment that I saw his erection on my wife's phone, but it was completely undeniable now, as the motions

of his thick shaft coaxed noises from my wife that I'd normally only heard her make in the throes of orgasm.

"Oh my God, I can't believe it," she moaned, "he's so big. You're so big."

She seemed to be talking to both of us at one.

"I love it," she moaned, "I feel so full."

His face took on a grim determination as he began to fuck her harder and deeper, as if trying to test her limits, to see how long she could stand being filled with his massive prick.

"I'm coming," she said suddenly, almost matter–of–factly at first, "I'm coming. Don't stop fucking me."

He showed no signs of stopping, pounding her continuously, his arms on either side of her now, giving it to her hard as sweat dripped off his brow onto our carpet.

I have to admit that I had my own hard cock in my hand now, stroking myself as I watched this incredibly primal scene unfolding in front of me.

A moment later, Kara shrieked, her entire body trembling for several seconds before she flailed, striking out against him and crying. For a moment, I thought she was hurt, and I actually stood instinctively to help her, until she suddenly fell limp again and looked up into Dr. Ford's eyes, the glow of a woman satisfied suffusing her face.

"That was…the best orgasm…I've ever had in my *life*," she said.

"I aim to please," he grinned, "but now I want you from behind."

"Oh my God," she said, "you're not finished? I don't know how much more I can take."

"If you can't take it," he said, "you can always use the safeword, remember?"

"Oh I wasn't *that* serious about not being able to take anymore," she said.

"Good."

He pulled out of her and then quickly positioned her on all fours, shoving himself into her from behind. She was facing me now, where I sat, my cock out. He grabbed her hair from behind and pulled it back. I was a little startled by how rough he was being, but I remembered that they had a safeword, and anything that happened between them now was totally consensual.

It was merely the rough treatment that she'd craved, that I hadn't been man enough to give her. I now understood why, and knew that I would never be equal to a man like Dr. Ford.

And I was beginning to be ok with that, even if it hurt a bit to see the transformation on my wife's face as he pushed into her from behind.

"Oh God, Professor," she moaned, her eyes rolling back, "I can't believe how big you are."

"Tell your husband," he laughed, beginning to pound her harder, one hand holding her hair securely while the other rested on her ass.

"He's huge," she sputtered, looking me in the eye for a moment.

"Whose cock do you prefer inside you?"

He was really twisting the knife now, but I loved it.

"Yours," she moaned.

"So you don't want to fuck your husband?"

"No," she moaned.

He slapped her ass hard, twice in a row, once on each cheek.

"Kara," he growled, "I don't want your husband fucking you ever again. Not without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she panted, her eyes already rolling back in her head as if she were on the verge of another orgasm, "I won't ever let him fuck

me unless you tell me."

This was it. The moment that my wife had officially been conquered and taken from me. But if that wasn't bad enough, what came next was an even greater sign of her submission to the better man.

"Professor," she moaned, looking directly into my eyes, "I want you to come inside me. *Please*."

Somehow in all the excitement I'd missed the fact that Dr. Ford wasn't wearing a condom. And now, here was my wife, not telling him to pull out (as she would have had it been me), but rather encouraging him to come inside her.

For all we knew, she was fertile. She wasn't on any kind of birth control.

"Tell him," he moaned, pumping into her faster, "tell your husband what you want."

He spanked her a few more times, fucking her with a primal fury now. It all seemed so right.

So perfect.

An alpha male claiming his mate, while the inferior beta provider was relegated to the position of spectator, jerking off on the couch.

I wish I could say that I tried to stop them. Tried to halt the conception of my wife's child with this man who had basically been a stranger to me up to a few minutes ago.

But I didn't. I loved watching Kara take his huge cock. I loved the fact that she was about to orgasm again. I loved the fact that he was going to deposit his seed deep inside her.

And I loved the fact that they were both rubbing my face in it.

"Oh God," moaned Kara, "I'm coming!"

He drove his shaft deep, holding it inside as she contracted around him, and I realized in that moment that he was also

climaxing. I imagined the torrents of hot thick semen that were being pumped into my wife's vagina in that very moment, the work of a penis made to impregnate young, beautiful women.

Not like my own, which had brought me to where I was now: watching a man who had conquered my wife both physically and psychologically years ago merely cementing his biological bond with her by trying to produce a child.

Kara let out a series of short, sharp moans as he filled her, her face a mixture of pleasure and pain as he slowly withdrew.

That was the moment that I ejaculated as well, filling my hand with my sperm, holding it there awkwardly as the loving couple basked in the aftermath of their affections.

"That was…beyond words," she said, falling to the floor and laying on her side.

He fell down next to her, cradling her head in his hands as he gave her a tender kiss.

"That was incredible," he said, "you were so good."

"I only want to be your good student," she said.

Fuck. It was true. Suddenly, everything about my relationship to Kara made sense. She'd been in love with her old professor all these years, and had only been waiting for an opportunity to be near him again.

The huge dildo had been the opening that she was waiting for.

Chapter 4

I'd be lying if I said that the next few weeks were easy. To be truthful, however, they weren't all bad. More like bittersweet.

Kara and I didn't really talk about what had happened. I mean, we did talk about it, but not about her infidelity prior to my encouragement to her to explore larger men and flirt with her old professor.

We didn't talk about her going down on him after her daily spanking while she was still his student.

What we *did* talk about was how much the encounter in our living room had turned us both on, and how much we wanted to repeat it.

Then, one night, everything came out.

"This time, I want to do it here, in our bed," said Kara as we were lying side by side in the bedroom.

"That would be hot," I agreed.

"You'd have to be over there, of course," she said, beginning to work the large dildo inside herself as she nodded towards a chair facing the bed, "I'd want you to be able to see it all, of course."

"Of course," I agreed, grabbing my own cock and stroking it as I watched my wife fuck herself with the extra–large dildo that was still just slightly smaller than Prof. Ford's actual endowment, "I can't wait to see the two of you make love again."

"Mmm, good," she said, closing her eyes and opening her mouth slightly as she fucked herself, "I just keep thinking about his strong arms holding me down and just giving it to me, harder than I could ever imagine."

I realized, in that moment, that we had been following Dr. Ford's directive not to have sex without his permission, without even discussing it together. It might have been something that she and Dr. Ford had agreed to in the heat of the moment, but it seemed to

have been a binding agreement — for all of us. I certainly hadn't tried to touch Kara in the intervening time since she and Dr. Ford had made love.

I had simply, instinctively, obeyed the order of a superior man. So here I was, stroking my cock as I lay next to my masturbating wife.

Her eyes were still closed and she was moaning now.

"I love how dominant he is," she sighed, "not rough. Well, he *is* rough. But rough just the way I like it. The way I need it. That perfect combination of affection and authority."

"It was really hot to watch," I confessed, "I liked how enthusiastic you were when you sucked his cock. It makes sense that you'd done it before…"

She stopped fucking herself for a moment but didn't open her eyes. A smile crossed her face.

"Yeah," she sighed, "those were some good times. Sometimes it was hot and fast. Primal. He would grab me and fuck my face. I loved it. Other times, he would sit back and let me take control. I would tease him forever. Worship him. Edge him. Just stay on my knees for as long as possible, trying to prove to him that *I* was his best student."

She began to fuck herself again now.

"He was in an open relationship with his girlfriend, and she knew about us. That didn't stop me from being competitive, of course. I wanted to be better than her in every way. She just had one condition. That he couldn't fuck me."

So *that* was why she hadn't done it with him already. It had nothing to do with me.

"What about me?" I whispered, "we weren't in an open relationship."

"I know, honey," she said, smiling in a way that cut me to the bone, "that's why I'm so glad that you love being a cuck. So I can

tell you the truth now. The thing is, I always suspected it about you, anyway."

"What?"

"Yeah, honey. You'd always ask me if you were big enough, for example. You understood my submissive fantasies and my need for domination, but you couldn't follow through."

She had a point. Maybe she knew me better than I knew myself.

She fucked herself in relative silence for about a minute longer, biting her lip as she seemed to be getting closer to orgasm. I decided that now was the time to try to get a little more truth out of her.

"Is…Dr. Ford going to wear a condom this time?" I asked.

This question only seemed to arouse her more, or maybe it was just a coincidence, but she let out a high–pitched moan before she answered.

"I like feeling him without it," she said breathlessly, working the entire length of the dildo in and out of her sopping wet vagina, "I don't want anything between us."

"But you're not protected," I said, stating the obvious.

"That makes it so much better, don't you think?" she moaned, "the element of danger. He could knock me up. He might have already done it."

She looked over at me, seemingly coming out of her fantasy world for a moment.

"You know you love it," she said, "the idea of him knocking me up. I mean, just look at how hard your cock is. You're getting off on the idea of him coming inside me. Admit it."

I kept jerking, slowly.

"Yeah," I said, "I admit it, but don't you think it's not the greatest for our marriage?"

“No,” she said, closing her eyes and fucking herself even harder with the dildo, “I think this is the best our sex life has ever been. Don’t you?”

I wasn’t sure what to do with that remark. Mercifully, however, I didn’t get a chance to reply, because in the next moment, she climaxed.

As I watched my beautiful wife flush red with pleasure as she held the dildo pressed inside her to the hilt, imagining, no doubt, being filled with the potent seed of her dominant lover.

In the same moment, I climaxed as well, shooting my own seed onto my hands, wasting its procreative potential. It seemed only right.

Chapter 5

Dr. Ford arrived again right on time, and this time, he brought something for me: a bottle of my favorite whiskey. I was so thrilled that I almost gave him a hug, but I extended my hand instead at the last minute, suddenly feeling strange about the idea of hugging the man who might be impregnating my wife in a few minutes.

Dr. Ford was in a shirt, tie and sport jacket, which he threw casually onto an armchair in the living room as if he'd owned the place, before turning to me to ask about Kara's whereabouts.

"She's upstairs waiting for you, just like you requested," I said, holding the bottle in one hand.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll head upstairs, then. Why don't you pour yourself a glass and then come join us?"

I nodded, heading to the kitchen. Normally, this would have been a bottle that I would save for a special occasion, but under the circumstances I needed a drink fast. I poured myself two fingers, neat, and drank down the golden liquor as quickly as I could, taking no time to savor the flavors of oak and caramel that teased my tongue. My immediate need sated, I poured another glass and resolved to drink this one more slowly.

Special occasion? What was I thinking? If my wife being fucked in our marriage bed *wasn't* a special occasion, than what, exactly, would have qualified?

I shook my head, at nothing in particular. At myself, more than anything probably. At my own masochism.

Then I walked upstairs to the bedroom, where Kara's moans were already audible.

When I arrived, I saw my wife bent over our bed, her hands tied behind her back with Dr. Ford's necktie, and her black lace panties around her knees. He was spanking her with one hand and fingering her with another, alternating cheeks, turning each of them

a bright pink that began to match the hue of the cheeks on Kara's face, which were flushed with excitement and arousal.

"Oh God, Professor," she moaned, "that's it. Make me your good girl."

"You're a very good girl. Are you ready to take your professor's cock?"

"Please," she moaned, "I need it so bad."

I reflected on the fact that there had barely been any time for them to engage in foreplay. I'd been downstairs only a couple of minutes at most, and Kara was already clearly (and genuinely) desperate to be fucked. I knew her well. I was acquainted with her signs of arousal, which were undeniable.

"Not yet," he said, teasing her.

The he looked up and saw me standing in the doorway.

"Oh," he said, "your husband has decided to join us. Please, take a seat over there," he said, pointing exactly to the spot in the chair beside our bed where Kara had predicted I would sit.

Had it been arranged? Or had they both instinctively known the proper place for a beta male to sit.

Why was I having thoughts like that? There were only two chairs in the room, after all. It was a 50/50 chance.

I sat down, viewing the couple from the side, as they got back to business. Dr. Ford's spanks became more affectionate as time went on, his hand lingered longer and longer on Kara's reddened backside as his fingers worked their magic in her pussy. The entire time he spoke words of encouragement to her in soft, low tones. His voice exuded authority, and she responded it it instinctively with every bone in her body. This was obvious from the way she arched her back, wiggling her ass out and pushing towards him, as if to take more of his fingers inside her.

"Oh please," she begged, "please put it in me now? I'm so close. I just need it."

He grinned.

"I guess you've waited long enough," he said, unbuckling his belt and pulling down his trousers, freeing his enormous member, which sprang immediately to attention.

Even though it was the second time I'd seen his cock in person, it was still an awe–inspiring sight. I couldn't bring my gaze away from this, the instrument of the destruction of my marriage. It was so long and thick, so perfectly curved, its round mushroom tip glistening with precum. This was the product of millions of years of evolution, I knew, and was designed for one purpose and one purpose only: to deposit semen in the vagina of a willing female.

What I was going to witness would be a scene as old as time.

Dr. Ford must have sensed my gaze, because he looked over at me, smiling as he aligned his prick with my wife's wet hole.

"It's ok to look," he said, sliding himself partway into her and eliciting a gasp of encouragement from my wife.

"Yes, Professor. Oh yes. I'm so close."

He turned back away from me, and towards the task at hand: fucking my wife. Taking a handful of her hair into his hand, he began to thrust into her, giving her short, fast and hard strokes. It seemed impossible for him to last more than a minute or two at this pace, both for reasons of his cardiovascular endurance (which actually seemed quite good) and the sheer sexual stamina that would be necessary to fuck such a beautiful woman that hard and that fast.

But he was not me, as I already well knew, and it turned out to be Kara who climaxed first, shrieking in delight and pleasure as she flailed against the sheets, her arms still tied behind her back. He talked her through this powerful orgasm, calling her his "good girl."

Then, when the storm had subsided for the moment, he untied her wrists and bent down towards her, giving her a deep kiss as she turned back to meet his gaze. The entire time, he remained buried to the hilt in her vagina, which was still throbbing with pleasure.

“I’m not done with you,” he said, holding a handful of her hair possessively.

“I hope not,” she whispered.

He helped her to her feet and had her lay on her back on the bed, her legs spread wide. He scooted her hips to the edge of the bed, and for a moment I thought that he might have been preparing to go down on her. That is, until I saw him position the head of his swollen cock once more at the entrance to her engorged tunnel.

“I’m sore,” she said, as he pushed into her, “but it feels so fucking good.”

“Let’s make you even sorer,” he said, “in the best way possible.”

He grabbed her wrists and held them over her head as he began to fuck her hard, using her hips only. It was as if the fantasy that she had confessed to me a few days ago was coming true: her desire to be held down and fucked by him, to be shown her place as a submissive to this alpha male.

“God you feel good,” he moaned, “guys your husband’s size never really understand how good a pussy can feel, because they can never really fill it.”

He tossed off this humiliating remark completely casually, as if it were a fact that everyone knew.

“Oh my God. Oh my God. Don’t stop!”

Could it really be? Was my wife about to have yet another climax?

Almost before I could even formulate this thought, she really *did* climax again. Right in front of me. It was unmistakable. Don’t forget — I know her well, and I know all the signs.

“Oh fuck,” sighed Kara, staring up into Chris’s eyes, her face flushed, “that was incredible.”

Chris, aka Dr. Ford, had done nothing in the meantime to slow his pace, continuing to fuck my beautiful young wife with a fierce look of determination.

“Oh Professor,” she moaned, “I can’t…oh my God…I don’t believe it.”

That’ s right. Kara came *again* on his cock, about thirty seconds after her previous orgasm. This was getting ridiculous. I had never been able to give her orgasms this closely spaced. Not that she had ever even shown interest in them. One (or maybe two, on a good night) had always been more than enough for her.

Now, however, she seemed insatiable.

“Don’t stop fucking me,” she moaned, “please give me that big, beautiful cock, professor!”

“I’m not going to stop,” he growled, bending down to give her a kiss on the lips as he continued to pummel her pussy mercilessly.

She climaxed again, a minute later.

Then a minute after that.

She wasn’t talking now. She was barely coherent. Her head had lolled to the side and her mouth was half open. Her eyes were glazed over in pleasure.

“I’m close,” he announced, “I’m going to fill you. Are you ready, honey?”

She simply nodded, looking up at him, completely cock–drunk as he slammed himself into her harder and harder until he finally pressed his head against her cervix and shot a massive load of sperm directly towards her womb.

He held himself there until the contracts had subsided.

Suddenly, a wave of emotion overcame me. I left my glass of whiskey on the table and left the room, closing the door quietly behind me.

I went into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. To my surprise, the erection that I had been sporting throughout the entire encounter was suddenly gone. I didn’t have to wonder why. I knew.

I took out my cock and gave it a couple of tugs, trying desperately to restore some life to it. It was no good. The scene I had witnessed had killed all of my illusions about my marriage, about who I was, and about who Kara was. I had been so thoroughly outclassed that I couldn’t even jerk off anymore. I went totally limp just thinking about the two of them fucking.

This impotence would take a long time to get over. Of that I was sure.

Chapter 6

What happened next would probably require a book in itself, but I will do my best to relate what happened in the space below.

My newly acquired inability to perform in bed only made our need for Dr. Ford greater. Even the dildo didn't do it for Kara anymore. Not after she'd had the real thing.

I begged her to stop seeing him. She agreed. I even got her to go to marriage counseling with me. She went to two sessions, but told me that it just wasn't working for her anymore.

I knew exactly why.

About three weeks after our last counseling session, she confirmed what I already suspected: that she'd continued to see Dr. Ford behind my back ever since the first night he'd fucked her on our living room floor, even after she'd told me that she'd stopped.

I didn't know what to say. What *could* I say?

"I want to leave," she said.

"To be with him?"

"Yes," she said, "won't you give me this chance?"

"What about me?"

She looked at me with a trace of the old affection that we'd shared, mixed with a bit of sorrow, and not a little condescension, like the look of an older girl turning down a younger, inexperienced boy for a dance.

"Maybe he'll let you watched us once in a while if you're lucky," she said.

That was the most I could hope for for a while.

She moved out. I was devastated.

***

I left all of the things that Kara hadn't taken with her exactly where they were when she'd moved out, and set about trying to live my life without her.

If you love something, let it go, wasn't that the old wisdom?

I had no idea if it would apply in this case, but I decided I would give it a shot.

Strangely enough, Kara's absence actually healed my impotence in a way. I began to have erections again, almost every night. I was hornier than ever. But all I could think about when I masturbated was my wife together with Dr. Ford, her older, dominant lover.

Him giving her everything that she craved: a spanking over his lap, his long, thick penis inside her, multiple orgasms, and, of course, a baby.

Yes, I came over and over again to the thought of this man impregnating the woman who was still, technically, my wife. I knew that I had lost out, but this kind of consolation was still available to me.

It was almost enough, too. I had *almost* forgotten that Kara and Dr. Ford were real, and not simply figments of my erotic imagination.

Almost.

***

Then, one day, my phone rang. It was Kara.

"Look," she said, "I feel like shit about how things ended between us. I want to make it up to you somehow."

"Kara," I replied, trying not to give away how excited I was to hear from her, "you don't have to. I understand completely. More than you probably know."

"No," she said, "I want to. And I talked to Chris about it. He's really possessive, but he says that he's ok with you coming over once and a while and doing clean–up duties when we're finished."

"Clean–up duties?"

I was confused. Did she want me to clean up her bedroom?

"Yeah," she said, her voice a bit unsteady, "like, you know, going down on me? After he's come inside?"

"I see," I said, trying not to hide the disappointment in my voice.

"I mean, if you don't want to, you don't have to, I just thought, maybe it could be a way for you to stay involved in our lives."

"No, no," I said, "you know that I want to. You know how much I like going down on you."

"I know," she said, and I could almost feel her smile through the phone.

There was my wife. There was Kara. Our old rapport seemed to be coming back.

"The thing is," she said, "we just got finished making love, so if you want to, you could come over now…"

She gave me the address. Fifteen minutes later, I was standing on the doorstep of her lover's house.

"This is quite a dramatic reversal of roles," said Dr. Ford, opening the door for me.

"I know," I said, "what can I say? Unfortunately, I don't have any flowers. Or whiskey."

"It's ok," he said, smiling as he ushered me inside, "I think she'll understand. Kara's upstairs in the bedroom."

I raced up the stairs, happy to find Kara there behind the first door I opened, reclining on her back, covered in a silk dressing gown (one I'd never seen before, incidentally. Did they go shopping together already?), her legs parted slightly, as if she'd been waiting for me.

"Alex, honey," she said, "I'm so happy to see you. Come here."

I strode over to her and she pulled me in. For a kiss on the cheek, not the lips, unfortunately. I can't lie. It hurt to be treated

that way by the woman I was still married to.

"I'm so glad Chris said this was ok," she said, gently indicating that I should get to work, "Chris's cock is so amazing, but I really miss your tongue. And I bet you miss it too! I know how much you always used to like going down on me."

"I do miss it," I said, moving into position between her legs and lowering myself down between them.

The scent was not immediately appealing. In fact, I almost gagged.

"Is something wrong, honey?"

"No," I said, trying to reassure her, "it's just different from your usual smell."

"It's not bad, is it?" she asked, concerned.

"No," I replied, "it doesn't bother me, really."

I took a deep breath and began to lick her clit, doing all of the things that I used to do to make her come. I couldn't help but think back to the good times together, especially the night of St. Patrick's Day, when she'd told me that she wanted to try the big dildo. I still wasn't sure exactly what had happened in our relationship, or how, but I knew that she seemed to be happy now, and I was happy with the opportunity to pleasure her again.

So I gave it my all, licking her clit and even her lips, tasting Chris's cum on my lips, swallowing a good amount of it in the process, trying not to gag on the ripe smell of what could easily have been a load that had been inside her for hours.

It was all to please her.

And after a few minutes of my greatest efforts, Kara started making sounds that were like music to my ears.

"Don't stop, honey. Don't stop. Oh Alex. I'm so close!"

I gave it my all, Chris's cum practically pouring out of her pussy now and onto my lips and chin as I brought her to ever new heights,

trying to help her up past the plateau and onto the summit.

Finally, she reached it, clenching her legs together and bucking her hips as she climaxed.

"God, honey. That was so good," she sighed, stroking my head, "I think we should have you over every time afterwards."

"I'd like that," I said, sighing as I cuddled her there.

Even if I couldn't have sex with her anymore, I was happy just being nearby while my wife got what she needed.

This was our happily ever after.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

HER FIRST 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…

Also by Cynthia Sizemore

HANNAH'S BBC THERAPY

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

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

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

BECCA GETS BLACKED

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

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

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

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

Now Mike must make a choice: stay with Becca and accept the humiliation that comes with watching her and her new lover, or strike out on his own, accepting that his marriage is over.

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

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