

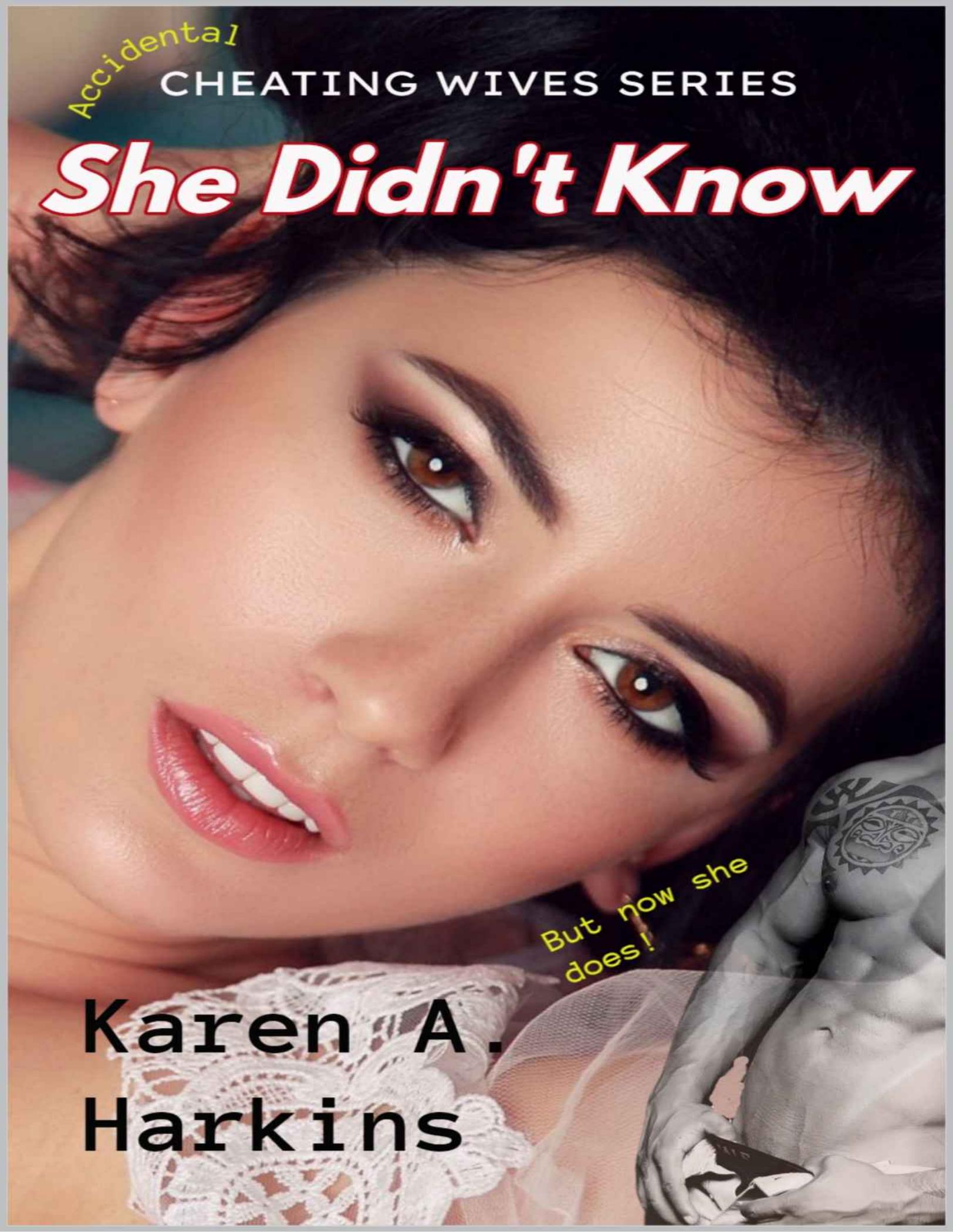
Accidental

CHEATING WIVES SERIES

She Didn't Know

But now she
does!

**Karen A.
Harkins**



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Karen A. Harkins

Accidental Cheating Wives Series

She Didn't Know

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Karen A. Harkins

First Edition 2022

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Introduction

Hello, my name is Andy. My therapist told me that writing this down would help me reconcile the events that have occurred recently in my life. I have struggled to make sense of the events and how I should go forward.

This story is mainly about my wife, Emma. We have been married for just over 2 years. She is a small but beautiful woman. The last time I saw her on a scale, she was wondering if she had put on too much weight. She is 102 pounds. Emma is only five feet, one inch tall, so her weight is wonderfully distributed. Her B cup breasts are sometimes best fit into a C cup. They ride high with no sag and are capped by nipples that grow to over half an inch. She is very fit and toned due to the walking she does now, and the sports she played in high school.

As for me, I'm the staff architect at a company that builds power substations. I'm an average guy in almost all aspects. Five feet nine inches tall, brown hair, average build. Average *everything*. However, I do have a knack for my work, which I enjoy. I travel maybe once a month or so with a guy I work with, Doug.

We live in Houston, Texas. Emma was brought up in a strict religious home. She was a virgin when we were married, which is rare these days, as we all know. Needless to say, Emma presented some challenges in the bedroom. I'm not complaining, mind you. Just informing you. The first thing was that she had no familiarity with what worked or didn't work well. For either of us. That put me in the driver's seat as far as initializing sex, along with any positions. Emma was not adventurous in the bed, so I learned it was best to stick with standard missionary position sex. I reasoned that later I would be able to cultivate a more adventurous nature to our sex.

The next thing was... well, how incredibly tight she was. Emma is a small woman, as I mentioned. But she also has a vagina that is small even for her size. Most guys, including myself, would be thrilled to have a wife with her attributes. But the first reality check was on our honeymoon. It was a tremendous struggle to fit inside her. And when I did, she was so tight that she would squeeze out my penis if I didn't keep constant pressure applied. I pulled out the first time I had an orgasm with her, which amazed her. I spurted on her stomach. She had never seen a man ejaculate and was fascinated.

I'm afraid that I inadvertently started the sequence of events that has led me to writing this. Doug and I were traveling to Phoenix to work on a proposal. Doug was an account manager, while I handled designs. Over dinner one night, he asked how my new marriage was going. Doug was a few years older than me and is married to Kelsey. Doug is a good co-worker and is very confident and persuasive. He is also quite proud of his penis size. He will make occasional references to it and is not shy in the urinal with keeping it out before he turns around. I wouldn't say he is big. He is huge.

Anyway, I made mention to Doug one time of trying to overcome the challenges of Emma's tight pussy. Guys being guys, I suppose I was trying to impress him with my own size. I now believe I made a critical mistake. He didn't inquire deeply or otherwise obsess, but later I remembered how intently he listened. But that would all be realized later, as I went over events in my head and with my therapist. At the time, it was just a small part of the conversation we had at dinner in Phoenix.

Mile high surprise

Several months later, we had to make a trip to the Newark, New Jersey area to conduct a site survey for a potential job. Emma had never travelled much and asked me if she could come along. I mentioned it to Doug, who thought it was a good idea. He wanted to bring Kelsey but said that it would have to be another time for her due to her job.

As we stood in line to board, men would steal glances at Emma. This was nothing new for me to observe, since Emma is very beautiful. She has luxurious raven colored hair and has a wonderfully fit body. She is proud of maintaining her toned body and doesn't mind the looks.

The evening flight from Houston to Newark was going to take several hours. It was finally time to board.

"Enjoy your flight" said the young flight attendant as we boarded.

"I'm planning on it" Doug said to her with a smile. The young stewardess seemed flattered and smiled.

We trundled back to our row. Doug had the aisle seat, and Emma would be in the middle. It was virtually a full flight, so we didn't have the opportunity to spread out.

A little bit more about Doug may be in order at this point. Aside from his huge penis, Doug is a handsome guy who is maybe six feet two inches tall. If anything, he might be slightly taller. He has a lean but muscular build. I wondered if Emma was attracted to him, but I didn't catch her stealing any looks at him. I did know she appreciated men who were in good shape, and Doug fit that bill.

Before takeoff, the young flight attendant came by. "Would you like a blanket and pillow?"

"Yes please." Emma reached out and took them, one for both of us.

The plane backed away from the gate.

"The cabin lights will be off during the flight" the intercom announced.

After takeoff almost all the lights were off. Emma and I settled in to try and nap. Doug normally didn't sleep on our flights, so I wasn't surprised that he stayed awake.

I dozed off and woke up some time later with Emma tugging at my arm. I looked up at her and I could tell she was... flustered?

"What's wrong, baby?" I asked her.

"I... um, I... well, I think I saw something I shouldn't have" she stammered.

I sat up and asked her quietly what was bothering her. She bit her lip.

"Where's Doug?" I asked.

When I said his name, her eyes got wide, and she looked over her shoulder.

"That's uh, well, that's just the thing..." she said.

"What? Say it, honey."

"She got close to me and whispered, "I woke up and went to go to the restroom. I was headed to the back, and I glanced over in the area where they keep the snacks" she said and paused.

"And?"

"I saw Doug and the stewardess."

"Ok... the young one?" I asked.

"Yes. Her. She was, um, well, she was doing something with his thing... and..." she trailed off.

"Honey, what? His thing? Are you...?" I interrupted myself. It occurred to me that Doug had an eye for the ladies and had hinted

one time that his wife not only knew about it, but encouraged him to share his... gift... with others.

“What did you see?” I asked.

She bit her lip again and looked down. “I didn’t know they could get that big” she whispered.

Oh no. She had seen his huge cock. I didn’t want to make it worse and ask what the stewardess was doing with it.

“Well, look, try not to let it get to you. We’ll talk about it when we get to the hotel. Are you okay until then?” I asked her.

She meekly nodded her head.

Back to normal

To her credit, Emma gave no sign of her... flustered state... to Doug. We made our way from the airport to the hotel. Emma and I spoke as we put our luggage away. As usual, Doug and I had reserved adjoining rooms. The type that had two doors separating them. This helped us with comparing our notes after work, but tonight the door would remain closed.

"Do you want to talk about what you saw on the plane?" I asked her.

Emma kept putting her things away and took a few seconds before replying.

"I, um, I may have overreacted" she said.

"But what did you see?"

"I saw the stewardess... sucking on him. I think I was just so surprised. I didn't know Doug was so... um, would do such a thing."

I thought about several things to say, as well as what not to say. Emma was not into oral sex, so I wondered if she was repulsed by what she had seen.

Did I say the right thing? I don't think so.

"Well, let me just say that you shouldn't feel bad about being surprised. Doug definitely has a huge cock. And from what he tells me, his wife doesn't mind him sharing it."

"Really?" she asked. "I mean, I know he's big... but, um, she... doesn't mind?"

"From what he has told me on our trips, she doesn't seem to mind. You never know what goes on behind closed doors. I think she makes allowances for him."

Emma was quiet at that point. She seemed to be weighing this new information. She continued to put her things away, lost in thought. As for myself, I was relieved that the conversation seemed to put an end to the matter.

After a good night's sleep, Doug and I fell into our normal routine of working on the road. Emma was bored after the first day, but she always enjoyed sitting in with Doug and I at dinner and listening to the recap of the day.

On our third and last night, as was customary, the drinks flowed a bit more liberally. Nothing out of control, but enough to wind down. It had been a long week for me, so I had a few more drinks than Emma and Doug. As soon as we got back to our room and my head hit the pillow, I was sound asleep.

Showing her something

I don't know how long I was asleep, but I had a slow wakeup. It was dark but something had woken me. My eyes opened slowly, and I didn't move. I just looked around.

I heard a light knock at the door separating our room from Doug's. Emma was approaching the door, quietly. I heard her whisper, "Doug, what is it?"

I heard a faint, "Open the door. I want to show you something."

Emma was wearing her oversized t-shirt and panties, as she usually did for bed. She looked back at me and quietly opened the door. Now I was quite awake and interested in what was going on. I almost called out to her, but I decided to see what played out. Another mistake.

Emma was having a whispered conversation with Doug at the door that I couldn't hear. She slowly opened the door just wide enough to slip through. She closed the door, but not completely. It was a noisy latch.

Seconds turned into minutes. I finally had to see what was going on. Emma was so conservative, but I had a bad feeling about this.

I peeked through the door and ducked lower so I would not be as easily spotted. Emma and Doug were on the couch having a conversation.

" Doug, I need to get back to bed. I won't tell him about this" she said.

Doug stood up. "You can go back when you look at it" Doug said.

"I told you that's not a good idea" she said. I could tell she was flustered.

"You just need to uncover it" Doug said.

Doug was standing facing Emma. I had a side view of him and with dread I looked at the growing bulge straining to escape his boxers.

"Just have a look" he said and looked down at the bulge that was growing obscenely large.

Emma's hand went to her mouth, and she bit her lip, looking at the growing shape. The shape that threatened to emerge on its own accord if it grew much more.

"Doug, I, um... that is really, but I uh..." she stammered, and started to stand up. Doug stood in front of her, so close that if she attempted to stand up, she would contact his massive erection.

"Just have a look" Doug said.

Emma's eyes were wide and glued to his cock. Her mouth opened slightly. She was speechless.

"What about Kelsey?" Emma asked.

"If Kelsey was here she would be encouraging you" Doug said. "We can call her if you want to."

Emma sat there in silence, and I could see the wheels turning in her head. Her eyes were at the same level as Doug's lewd erection.

"I guess looking would be okay" she said, very meekly.

My pulse increased and to my amazement, my own erection grew when she said it would be okay.

I watched in silence as my beautiful wife raised her hands up to Doug's waist band and started pulling his boxers down. The longer she pulled it down, the more of his thick shaft became visible. I could tell she was utterly amazed as she continued to pull the shorts down and his cock kept going down his leg. As she pulled it over his huge cock head, his shaft was now hard enough to flop up and hit her in the chin with an audible, meaty slapping sound.

"Holy shit..." Emma cursed, which she never did. It further turned me on.

Emma couldn't take her eyes off his gently swaying cock. She was staring into its one eye, mesmerized.

"Touch it" Doug said, quietly.

Emma could only stare at his cock.

"Touch it!" Doug said, forcefully.

Emma never responded well to that sort of talk. I expected her to come out of her trance and storm out. But to my amazement, her hand started to rise. Doug grabbed her hand, placed it on his crown and let go as she tried to wrap her fingers around his enormous girth. She held it without moving for a moment and then slowly started stroking his length.

I was horrified at how turned on I was. I couldn't even stroke my much smaller cock, for fear I would cum immediately.

As she stroked it, Doug slowly thrust his hips forward and the head bumped against her open mouth and lips. Emma gasped and pulled back, as if waking from a trance. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Doug, I think we've done enough. I... I am very impressed... but we're both married..." she said, trying to stand up. But his big cock now rested on her small shoulder and the weight of it seemed to keep her in place.

"Emma. Andy told me about your background. I know you haven't really sucked on cock, but I think you would like to suck on mine."

Doug grabbed her hair with one hand, held his obscenely huge cock with the other, and guided it to her mouth. I heard her mumbling, trying to speak, as his huge head entered and filled her mouth. Her hands were pushing back on his thighs but were not strong enough to overcome his strength. I was mistaken. I noticed she wasn't pushing as she started rubbing his muscular legs.

I watched my tiny wife slowly lick the great head. It appeared she was trying to lick out the precum from his slit. I admit that I was

jealous. Not of her sucking his cock. I was jealous of his size and her fascination with it. She did not act this way with me. She licked him as if it were the most delicious thing she had ever tasted. It was a much larger shaft, slit, and set of testicles. How could she resist? The more I watched, the less I could blame her.

Her mouth sucked on the swollen cock head and then she slid her mouth and tongue down to his scrotum. Doug was holding her by her hair and I saw her tongue begin to lick at his huge sack, weighted down by what looked like two golf balls.

"Maybe Kelsey can teach you some techniques. But you're doing okay."

This seemed to inspire Emma. She started licking and sucking with more passion. She let out a couple of moans as Doug fed his cock head in and out of my wife's mouth. She was making smacking noises as her saliva flowed and started to lubricate his cock, or at least the top part. He was too big for her to take very deeply.

Emma pulled him out of her mouth for a minute and licked and kissed his shaft. Affectionately.

"You don't need this" Doug said, and he pulled her t-shirt over her head. Emma gave no resistance and was now almost nude, sitting on the edge of the couch, marveling at his fully erect cock. I could tell she wanted to please it. The site was utterly carnal and sensual. I had to admit that Doug was simply bigger than me in every aspect. And more fit. This was not lost on Emma as she suckled on his head, one hand at the base of his shaft, the other rubbing his flat stomach. She was cooing and moaning as she smacked, licked, and stroked him.

"Mmm. Get ready. I cum a lot" Doug said. I looked at those big testicles and knew he was going to put my two squirt ejaculations to shame. It was humiliating, and I was horrified to admit that I was proud of Emma at that moment. She was going to make that big thing cum.

Doug's warning put her into overdrive. She sat up and redoubled her efforts to milk him. Doug grunted like an animal and put both of his big hands around her small head. Locking her in. But it didn't look like that would be necessary. Emma was working his head like a porn star. I was amazed and had no idea this sort of sexuality was within her.

Doug growled and I saw him tense up. To my amazement, I could see his big shaft pulsing as he started to cum. Emma's throat was contracting with her gulps. I was dumbstruck at how much he was gushing into her willing mouth. I was amazed she could swallow so much but within 5 or 6 pulses it overcame her ability to swallow and started leaking out of her mouth, down her chin, dripping on her bare breasts, whose nipples were proudly erect. She put an arm under her breasts to catch all the sperm.

Meanwhile I couldn't help myself and started cumming. I was able to collect my load in the palm of my left hand. It reminded me of just how inferior I was to Doug.

Emma kept swallowing until he was spent. She dutifully cleaned him up, taking care to lick inside his big slit. She looked down at all the cum on her chest. She surprised me again.

"Damn that's a lot of fucking cum... Jesus, Doug!" she said that as she started to collect the cum on her chin and chest with her fingers, licking them clean, obviously not wanting to miss any. I thought back to the few times I had cum on her. She was fascinated, but seemed perplexed at the thought of tasting my cum. I suppose she had needed a firm hand to bring this side of her out. I had failed.

Emma resumed licking and sucking on the head of Doug's cock. He was still hard. My smaller penis was shrunk back to an inch or two of length, but what started next made me begin growing again.

Doug took his cock out and smacked her in her open mouth. She stuck out her tongue and it made a lewd, wet sound. He stopped and sat down beside her.

New owner

She let out a small gasp as he reached over and started rubbing her wet pussy. She moaned and opened her legs again looking down at his rubbing. It occurred to me that all three of us were watching Doug's big fingers rub the length of her labia.

He brought his fingers up and tasted her juices.

"Mmm. You taste good."

He reached back to her pussy, which brought out a longer moan from her.

Emma looked back down as he rubbed her clit. She pulled her legs up by her knees, spreading herself wider for him. Doug leaned in and kissed her. She was almost in a frenzy of lust, moaning into his mouth as his big tongue violated her in front of me.

Doug broke away from her mouth and looked down at her drenched pussy.

"Let me see..." he seemed to say to himself.

"Oh God!" Emma moaned. She was about to cum.

She pulled a pillow up over her mouth and seemed to be moaning and cursing as his finger seemed to find her g spot, and his thumb was working her clit. She started cumming on his hand. She dropped the pillow and looked up, her neck corded in effort and a silent scream. Her toes curled. Her tiny pussy was gripping his finger, which was almost as big as my penis. When she started coming down from her orgasm, she gasped for breath and leaned over to kiss him.

But he wasn't finished with her. His thumb pressed down hard against her clit, and he penetrated her again with his finger. His finger squelched in and out of her and I watched my sweet Emma

lose control, cumming and squirting on Doug's hand. He finally stopped. She was limp and breathing hard, with a light sheen of sweat on her skin. She had never looked so beautiful to me.

I realized that he sexually owned her now. I had never witnessed such a carnal and sexual sequence of events. I was humiliated at my pride in Emma, and my inferiority to Doug. I mistakenly thought the show was over.

"Lift your hips up" Doug commanded.

Emma obediently lifted her hips up. Doug removed her panties. He wasn't gentle. Now Emma was completely nude, sitting on the edge of the couch. Her breasts were rising as she heaved in air and her eyes got big as she realized her panties were off and Doug seemed to be intent on fucking her.

He leaned down to her, pushed her back into the seat and began kissing her neck, breasts, and nipples.

"Doug, not this!" Emma said, as her hands caressed his hair and he sucked and licked her elongated nipples.

He didn't reply. He pushed her down on the couch and deliberately spread her legs and positioned himself on top of her.

"Please Doug, we need to stop" Emma pleaded, quietly.
Insincerely?

Doug ignored her and slid his cock against her pussy. He slid the length of it up and down, over her clit. The weight of it was giving her intense stimulation. She started moaning out loud.

"Put it in. If it will fit" Doug commanded.

"Doug, please..." Emma trailed off. I watched her tiny hand grasp his shaft and guide it to her hungry pussy lips.

Gaining entrance to her little pussy was a slow process. I hoped that they would give up after a few minutes of trying and save her tight pussy for me, her husband. But they worked together and had muffled discussions as they worked to fit his flared cock head inside her. He would grunt and lean in. She would moan and reposition her

hips. I could only stare and bear the shame of my own erection. I watched my wife give herself totally to a superior man.

Their mutual moans announced his entry. Only the head was in. He tried to piston deeper, but she was too tight. When he pulled back, her labia clung to the edges of his flared crown.

Emma was looking down at the coupling. His cock was so long that he was at least 8 inches away from fully rooting himself inside her.

"It's too big! Oh, fuck! Ahhhh!"

"Fuck that's tight!" Doug commented.

He was flexing his gluts, trying to thrust his way deeper into my wife. She was yelping and moaning and cursing. Emma was taking short, controlled breaths. It occurred to me that she was making sounds like a woman in a delivery room. But this delivery was going in, not out.

Both were sweating with the effort. I will spare you the dialogue. It was dirty and erotic. And for all their effort, Doug was apparently stuck with only half of his great cock wedged inside her.

"Let me try something else" Doug said.

Emma looked exhausted from their efforts and confused. Doug put her little legs up onto his shoulders and used his weight to drive into her pussy. She started screaming but he muffled her screams with a pillow. I saw there was only 2-3 inches outside of her pussy. I was in awe that he had fit his massive cock so deep in my wife's tiny pussy.

I thought he might be causing her serious harm until I noticed she was throwing her hips back at his thrusts and then her toes curled again, and her legs started shaking. She was cumming on him again. She was making deep but feminine moans.

"Oh fuck, little Em, that feels so good when you cum on my big cock."

"Whose pussy is this?" Doug asked her.

This was my last defense. I knew she would never renounce my marital claim on her.

"Fuck! Oh God! Uhhhhhh!" she gasped.

"I asked you- whose pussy is this?" Doug asked and rammed all the way down to his base. He had somehow done it. His huge cock had to be up in little Emma's rib cage.

"It's... your... pussy... it's yours!" she yelled out as he thrust in and out.

Doug leaned down and started a tender soul kiss with her. It was amazing to see him embedded in her and Emma was gulping in breathes as she kissed him with tongue, lips, teeth, and saliva all mixing.

Doug tensed up and I could see the telltale pulsing at the base of his cock as he started filling my wife with his cum. I could only imagine what it must feel like for her. After 5-6 pulses he started to pull out, but she clung to him and mewed and begged him to stay inside her. Plugging up his cum. Not all of it. Quite a bit had leaked out and pooled on the couch.

I just realized that I wasn't sure if she was on birth control or not. She had been making me wear condoms recently. If she wasn't taking birth control, I was quite certain that she had just been impregnated in front of me. And I had done nothing. Except masturbate and cum.

Doug enjoyed the kisses as he remained embedded for a few minutes. Then he slowly started to back out of her. It was like a magic trick. It just kept coming out. That huge cock. Emma and Doug were both looking at the sight, Emma's mouth was open, and she was making soft, feminine noises. When the big crown started to emerge, her pussy clung to it, but it emerged with a wet popping noise, and a steady stream of cum followed.

I slunk back to our bed, reeling from what I had witnessed. Humiliated. Turned on. Proud of Emma. How could I think like this? I wasn't angry at either of them. I could not rationalize my thoughts.

Emma came quietly back to our room, went in the bathroom, undoubtedly, to clean herself up some. But to my surprise she came out very quickly. Out of the corner of my eye I thought I saw a streak of cum running down one thigh. *She wanted to sleep in his cum. He really did own her.*

I didn't get much sleep that night. It was easy to say I felt bad the next day as we travelled home. Their behavior was normal. If I hadn't seen them the night before, I would have no idea that Doug had claimed and now owned my wife's pussy. It made me wonder if this had happened before.

Round and round went my thoughts. I wasn't mad at either of them. They showed no signs of continuing their mating. *Was she pregnant?*

Conclusion

With all those thoughts swirling around in my head, I decided to get some help. I went into therapy, and I think it is starting to help me. My therapist is a pretty lady. Her name is Maria. It was awkward bringing up such carnal descriptions and humiliating feelings to a woman, but she seemed to have genuine empathy. I told her about Doug and where we worked. She was taking a lot of notes.

Maria told me that I was not alone with my feelings and that many men would do the same thing in my place. As she described the psychological characteristics of voyeuristic cuckolds, I found myself getting aroused in the office as she spoke. She noticed and told me not to feel bad and to embrace my emotions. She gave me the idea of writing things down, so here I am.

My story hasn't ended yet, but you should probably know that my wife and therapist are both pregnant now.

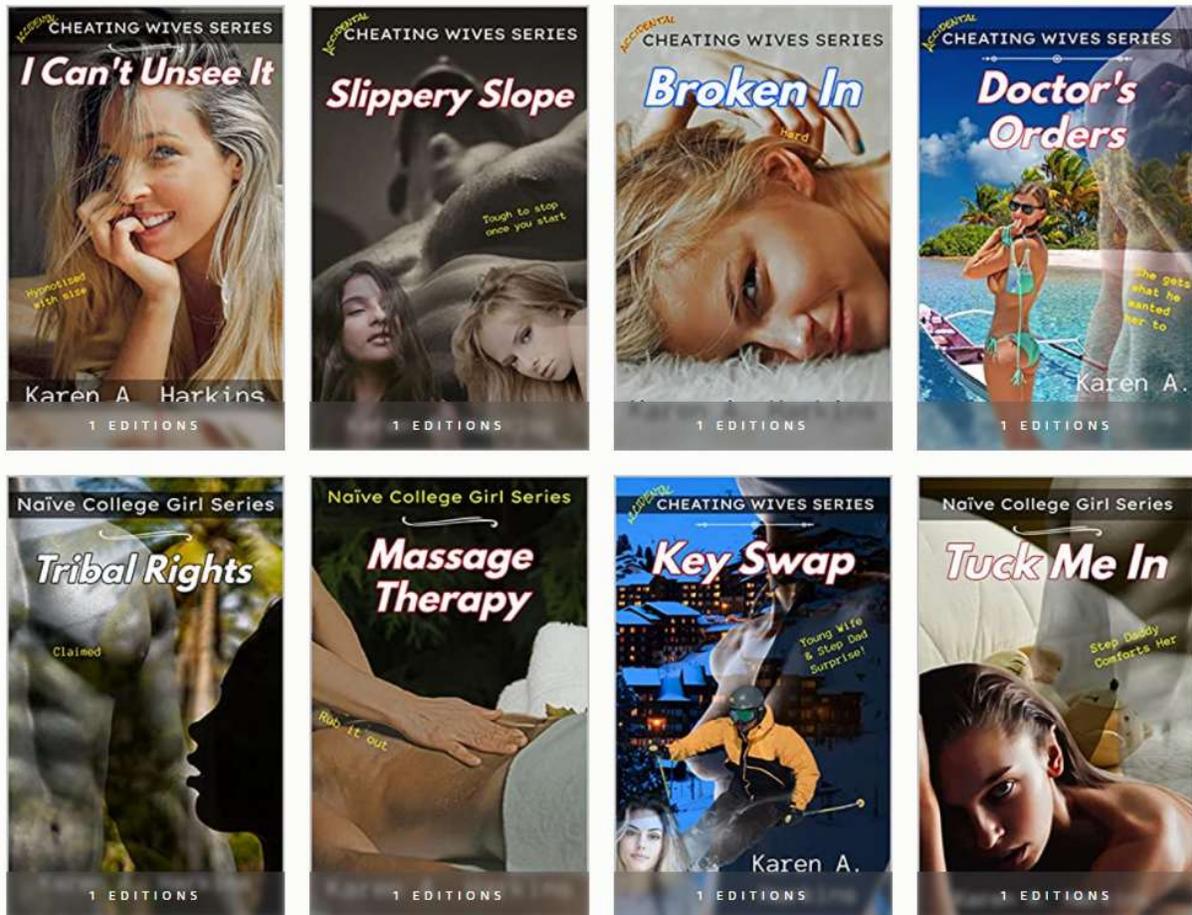
Afterword

I sincerely hope you enjoyed my story! I'm always open to feedback and other ideas for adventures, so feel free to follow me [here](#) or drop me an email at karenharkins.write@outlook.com!



Also by Karen A. Harkins

Please check out some of my other books and follow me [here!](#)



An excerpt from Doctor's Orders:

As I creamed on his massive shaft and his cock leaked more precum, the wet squelching sound of our coupling became louder and lewder. Another nude couple walked by and stared in awe. They gave some words of encouragement, but I was lost in my lustful focus and couldn't hear what they said.

Soon he found his pace and natural stroke length. My breasts swayed in rhythm with his strokes. I started to say things to him. I'm not sure what all I told him, but I know I was encouraging, challenging, and begging him. This was as nature intended. All my previous misgivings were gone. Joey had been right. I needed to be displayed. To attract a mating partner worthy of my breeding pedigree.