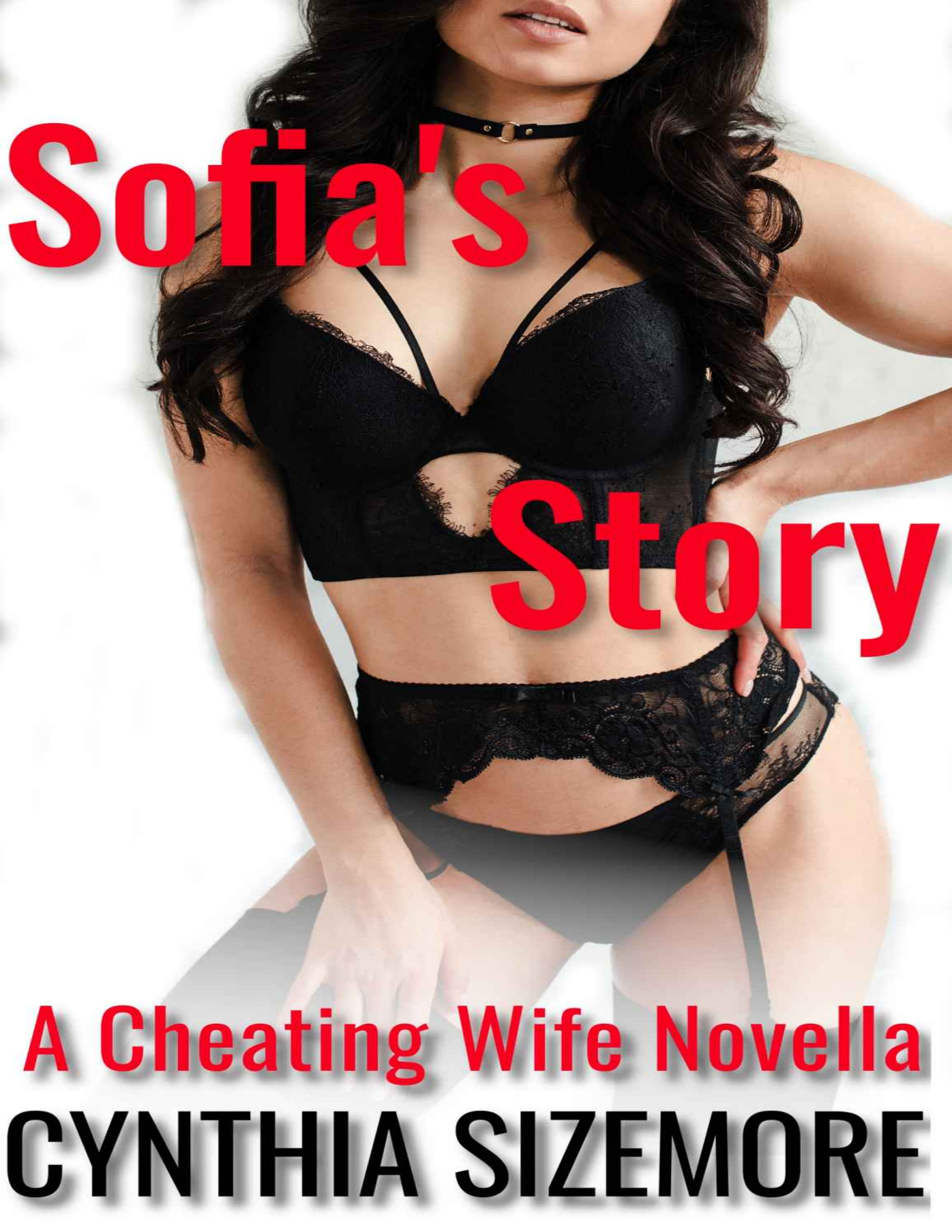


Sofia's Story

A Cheating Wife Novella

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

SOFIA'S STORY

A CHEATING WIFE NOVELLA

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Sofia looked at the calendar that hung on the kitchen wall, fingering the page on top as if she were about to flip it over, then letting it go again.

I knew the signs. Something was bothering her.

"It's the 24th already," she said, sighing.

"So?"

I looked up at my coffee, running my eyes quickly over my wife's figure as she stood in the kitchen, eyeing the calendar.

At 39, Sofia was – as far as I was concerned – still in the prime of her life. She might have had some crow's feet around her eyes, but she had an amazing figure, despite having borne two children, our sons Jake (17) and Alex (16).

Yes, we'd gotten married and had children earlier than most people. To be honest, we'd gotten married *because* Jake was already on the way. But despite the fact that the marriage had been rushed, it had been mainly happy. I had been able to finish my degree and find work quickly with a large consulting firm in our city.

It hadn't been easy, but we'd made it. Sofia, however, had never been able to finish her degree. When she'd gotten pregnant, she'd dropped out of college to raise Jake. Now that Alex had his driver's license and was able to get himself to his various after school activities, she was going back to school to finish her degree.

She'd enrolled in night courses at the local community college. Instead of accounting – her original major, so many years ago –

she'd decided on Creative Writing.

And why not? After all, a degree was a degree as far as I was concerned, and there was no real reason that she needed to become an accountant just because that's what she thought she was going to do back in college.

After a few years in consulting, I switched to IT and became a software engineer due to a weird twist of fate. I'd interned for a financial company in college, where I'd been lucky enough to learn the COBAL programming language from one of the old-timers. As it happened, COBAL programmers were in short supply, because the language, though venerable, was still used in certain very valuable high-stakes industries like banking. Most of the people that had learned the language were nearing retirement, or beyond it, so my services commanded a pretty penny.

We had more than enough money. Sofia wasn't doing this for the money.

This was something she was doing for herself.

It wasn't until that morning, in the kitchen, when she made the remark about the date on the calendar, that I realized that her new life as a student was also tied to a midlife crisis of some sort. In retrospect, it was obvious.

"What's the big deal about the 24th? Did you forget to pay a bill or something?"

"No," she sighed, "it's my half birthday. I'm 39 ½. Almost 40, in other words."

"Well, you've been *almost* 40 for a long time, then. But you still have six more months until you're *actually* there."

I was trying to cheer her up.

"I know," she said, sighing again, "I just...I made some goals for myself a long time ago. Things I wanted to do *before* 40."

"You mean… like marrying the handsomest man in town and raising two of his handsome sons? I think you've achieved that."

I stood up and crossed the kitchen, embraced her from behind and nibbling her ear.

"Stop it," she said, "I'm serious. I had things that I wanted to do. Besides being a wife and mom."

“Well, you can still do them,” I said, “but maybe not before 40. What’s the big deal, anyway? It’s just an age. A number, as the saying goes. You don’t have to make it seem so significant.”

“My mom died when she was 47,” she said, staring off into space.

“Sofia,” I said, “that was your *mom*, not you. You’re a different person. There’s no reason to expect that anything like that is going to happen to you.”

Sofia’s mother had died of a particularly pernicious brain tumor. She had had practically no symptoms. She’d gone to the emergency room with a splitting headache one day, and three hours later she was gone. It had been incredibly traumatic to Sofia, who seemed to think that this quirk of fate had damned her to an early death as well.

“I know it’s unlikely, but I am related to her, after all. When something like that happens so suddenly to a parent, at such a young age, it’s hard not to change your entire perspective on what it means to get older.”

“I know,” I said, running my hands over her dark hair, “I understand where you’re coming from. And I want to help you achieve your goals. Whatever they are. I just wish you weren’t so hard on yourself.”

“You’re very sweet,” she said, turning to me and fixing me with her big brown eyes, “but this is something that I have to do myself. No one else can help me. At least, no one in this house.”

“I see…”

“I want to write a book,” she blurted, before I could ask for further clarification.

“That’s great,” I said, “I figured you did. After all, you’re in that creative writing class.”

“Yeah,” she said, “I just… I wanted to finish it before the ‘big date,’ but I guess that’s probably not going to happen now.”

“Don’t say that. You can do it. Just write a page or so a day, and it’ll be done before you know it.”

She smiled. Her smile now was a bit more world-weary than when she’d been a 21-year-old college dropout, but I still loved it, because I loved her. No matter the lines around her mouth.

“Thank you,” she said, “that means a lot to me.”

“Of course. You know I love you.”

“I love you, too.”



I WAS VERY supportive of Sofia’s newfound academic career. I was happy, for example, to both cook dinner and do the dishes on the nights that she had to be at the university.

The only thing that I *wasn’t* particularly enthusiastic about was the fact that her class fell on the same day and time as our traditional “date night.”

Yes, for almost the entirety of our marriage, Sofia and I had had some kind of sexual encounter on Tuesday evening. We also usually did it on Saturday afternoon or evening, depending on what the boys were up to.

Often, Sofia only really *wanted* sex once a week, and so would give me a blowjob on Tuesday nights. This encounter had become somewhat rote and obligatory over the years, and I can’t say that she put much enthusiasm into it anymore, but a blowjob was a blowjob, and even an unenthusiastic one was something that I could get excited about. Of course it was better when she was more into it, but marriage involves all kinds of compromises, so I didn’t push the issue too much with her.

Now that she was at her class on Tuesday, however, I began to miss those blowjobs, no matter how halfhearted they might have been.

Sofia, for her part, didn’t show any signs that she knew something was wrong, until I finally mentioned it to her one Tuesday evening when she’d come home late.

“Hey babe,” I said, when she’d changed into her pajamas, “you know what tonight is?”

“Tuesday? Why?”

“Yeah, it’s *Tuesday*.”

She looked at me blankly. It hadn’t been *that* long.

“You know...*Tuesday*? ‘Date night’?”

“Oh yeah,” she said, a note of fatigue in her voice, “do we have to do that now?”

“Well, of course not. I just thought, it’s been a while and…”

“You’re right,” she said, “you’re right. I’m sorry. It’s been too long. Just give me a minute.”

Suddenly, I felt terrible. This wasn’t the kind of encounter I wanted. A completely unenthusiastic wife.

“Look,” I said, taking her by the hand before she could head into the bathroom, “I’m sorry. I don’t want to do this if it’s going to be...weird for you. I guess the truth is, I miss being intimate with you.”

“No,” she sighed, “*I’m* sorry. I guess all the effort I’ve put into being a student has resulted in less effort in being a wife. I promise I’m going to make it up to you.”

“You’re a great wife,” I protested, “I didn’t mean to imply anything different. Is there some way that we could, you know, make this more interesting for you?”

“How do you mean?”

“I mean, like, is there something that might...turn you on more? Something we could try?”

“I don’t know,” she said, frowning a bit, “everything is just so routine now. Sex has kind of turned into another chore. It’s not that I don’t love you. I do. I hate even saying this. But…”

She was finally saying aloud what I’d sensed for a long time. To my surprise, I wasn’t hurt. I was relieved. Talking about the issue meant that we could start to work through it.

“But?”

“But I just want something...different sometimes.”

“Not *someone* different,” she hastily continued, “don’t get the wrong idea. Just...maybe...some kind of element of fantasy.”

“Oh yeah?”

Now she had my attention. I had fantasies of my own, of course.

“Yeah. Like maybe if we did a little role playing in the bedroom.”

“What did you have in mind? Want me to be your sexy firefighter?”

She grinned.

“I might like that. But I’d like to hear what *you* might like.”

I hesitated. It was always difficult to talk about sex openly, especially sexual fantasies, and Sofia wasn’t extremely experienced

with other guys (though she'd had a couple of boyfriends before me), having given birth for the first time in her early twenties and being a full-time mom ever since.

"What turns me on the most," I said, "is pleasing you. I love to make you orgasm. To see your desire."

Seeing her desire was what I'd been missing for a long time.

"That makes sense," said Sofia, "the problem is, I'm not sure what I want. I feel like I've spent so long being a wife and mother, that I've forgotten what it means to be a woman."

"I understand, I think."

"No offense, Trent," she said, "but I don't think you *can* understand."

She didn't use my first name very often. The fact that she had just now felt strange. Like I'd touched a nerve.

"Of course I can't *really* understand," I said hastily, "I meant that I sympathize. That I want to support you."

A somewhat melancholy look came across her face.

"Thank you," she said, "that means a lot to me. But I still want to be a good wife to you. Do you want a blowjob?"

"I do," I said, "but I also want *you* to *want* to do it. And right now, it seems a little like you don't."

"No," she said, "I do. I'm glad we had this talk. Let's try something. I'll give you a blowjob, and you try to imagine a fantasy. You don't have to tell me what it is. I'll do the same thing…"

"Ok," I said, "that sounds kind of fun."

"Good," she said, smiling at me, "just a second."

She went to the nightstand and grabbed a hair tie, pulling her thick hair back into a messy ponytail. Then she dropped to her knees in front of me on the floor.

I closed my eyes and imagined that she was the college girl who had moved in down the street from us a couple of months ago, the one who smiled at me when we crossed paths on our morning jogs.

I was instantly hard. Sofia, for her part was more enthusiastic than she had been in years. She sucked the head of my cock with her mouth only at first, then added her hands. Usually, she just went through the motions, repeating the same moves over and over again to make me orgasm as quickly and efficiently as possible.

This encounter was different. She was drawing things out much more than usual. In my mind's eye, I still imagined that it was the college girl from down the street bobbing up and down on my cock, taking me deeper than ever before.

But I was also very curious about what might have been going through Sofia's mind, especially because, at one point, I noticed that she had one hand in her panties while she was pleasuring me.

Sofia wasn't into masturbation. At least she never talked about it, and I never saw her do it. So suddenly seeing her pleasure herself – during a blowjob, no less – was quite unexpected. I was so surprised that I almost lost concentration and forgot where I was: sitting on the edge of my bed, getting the best head I had in years from my wife.

I looked into the full-length mirror along the wall and saw a woman I didn't recognize: a woman rubbing her mound with abandon as she took my cock into her mouth.

Her moans traveled along my shaft up and seemed to enter my very being.

That was also a first: it was as if the act of oral sex was causing her pleasure. Even though I knew that she was touching herself, I imagined that my cock was the object of her desire, not whatever fantasy she was conjuring for herself with her eyes closed as her lips glided up and down my shaft.

"I'm close," I groaned, running my hands over her hair, then gripping her ponytail, "please don't stop."

"Mmm," she moaned, her fingers circling her clit faster and faster.

I was on the edge of exploding in her mouth, something that hadn't happened in years. Usually, she waited for the signal I had just given, and finished me off with her hands. She didn't like to swallow.

This time, however, was different. Sofia groaned in pleasure, seeming to climax herself at the exact moment that I erupted cum into her mouth.

To my utter surprise, Sofia swallowed it all, sucking every last drop from my root, then looking up at me with a smile as she wiped the last traces from her lips.

"That… was incredible," I said, "what got into you?"

“I had my own little fantasy,” she said, “didn’t you have one of your own?”

“I did,” I said, “what were you thinking about? A celebrity?”

“I’ll never tell,” she said, smiling, “but I have a pretty good idea of what you might have been imagining.”

“Is that right? What makes you so sure?”

She smirked.

“You were thinking about the little college girl from down the street. Am I right?”

I blushed. How had she known? I really was like an open book to her.

“Maybe yes and maybe no,” I said, “I’m only going to tell you if you tell me what *you* were thinking about.”

She smiled again.

“Never,” she said, “I’m a good girl. I would never admit to any kind of impure thoughts.”

“If you say so. But I’d love to know if you were fantasizing about a big strong firefighter or a handsome professor in a suit.”

“What if a professor was also a firefighter?”

I had to chuckle at that.

“Well, I guess I can’t really complain. That was one of the best blowjobs I’ve had – ever.”

“I aim to please,” said Sofia.

I had no idea what had come over Sofia, but I loved it.

That is, until about a week later, when I found the envelope.

2

The envelope in question was a large manila envelope with a flap on the top that was tied closed with red thread. It was sitting on the kitchen table one Saturday afternoon when Sofia and the boys were out of the house, visiting her sister.

It had Sofia's name on it, written across the front in black marker in handwriting I didn't recognize. Normally, I never would have touched a piece of mail with my wife's name on it. But this wasn't a piece of mail.

And the name on it didn't exactly belong to my wife. At least not anymore.

The envelope said "Sofia Manzella," not "Sofia Olsen," her married name. It was like a missive from the past.

I *had* to open it. I knew that Sofia didn't particularly like her maiden name, which is why she'd changed it when we got married. I hadn't seen or thought about it in years. So seeing that name gracing this thick envelope on my kitchen table couldn't help but ignite my curiosity.

My heart was pounding as I unwound the string holding the flap down and pulled out a stack of paper, several copies of what turned out to be the same document, which consisted of 5 or so pages, all fastened together with staples.

At the top of the page was Sofia's name. Her maiden name, that is, and the title of her class ("Creative Writing 302") and the title of her piece: "The Classmate."

Ok, so it's something for school, I thought, *that makes sense*.

I moved to put the stack of copies back into the envelope, but then my eyes fell on the first line.

He was younger than she was, but not by much. His eyes, however, held a depth of experience that went beyond his years. The same seemed to be true of his hands. They were the hands of a man who'd spent enough of his life doing blue collar work that he understood that every unnecessary movement was a waste of energy, but also of a man who knew how to work the keyboard just as well, taking words as his medium of artistic creation. She tried not to let her eyes linger on his arms during class, and she was fairly certain that she'd gotten caught checking out the bulge that rose gently from his tight white jeans, so out of style for the time but chosen perfectly to complement the tight t-shirt and five-o-clock shadow that always seemed to be at the exact perfect length. What was the harm in getting caught glimpsing a man's bulge, when she was fairly certain that he'd been stealing glances at her chest all semester? And when they'd paired off during partner work, hadn't his hand lingered a moment on the small of her back? The gesture had seemed so inconsequential as to be totally involuntary, but she knew, they ***both*** *knew, that it was anything but.*

This is the way affairs start, she said to herself, **I shouldn't be doing this. I know I shouldn't.**

This class was her oasis. Her island. The place she could go to escape from real life. Escape the responsibilities of being a wife and mother. The place where she could be a woman again: desired and desiring. And if he made that possible for her, how bad could it really be?

I set the paper down on the kitchen table without reading any further. My heart was in my throat as I took out the top copy of the story and sealed the rest in the envelope. Although Sofia and the boys were out of the house, I still had the feeling that I was doing something wrong. And what's more, even though I knew that Sofia was in a *fiction* writing course, the first page or so of writing had led me to believe that Sofia was *also* doing something wrong.

Even if she didn't actually have a crush on a mysterious classmate, wasn't writing something like this almost the same as

confessing that she wanted to cheat on me? And was it all related somehow to the incredible blowjob she'd given me on the late "date night" and her newfound interest in fantasy?

I went to the bathroom with the copy of the story and locked the door. Then I read further, skipping a few pages, hunting for overtly sexual passages that I both desired and dreaded to find.

It wasn't long before I found what I was looking for.

"I'm married," she said, as their lips finally parted. The first kiss had been incredible. Amazing. She had thought before that nothing could have beaten her very first kiss with Jimmy Davenport, behind the high school football stadium when she was fourteen, but that was nothing compared to the kiss she'd just experienced at the age of 39. Experienced. That was the word for it, because it had been as if she were completely in her body for the first time, completely immersed in the world and her desire, not standing somewhere outside herself and observing the scene, not reflecting on the fact that she was a married mother of two. But when the kiss finally broke, and the immersion was over, she felt the need to call him – and herself back to reality. "I'm married."

"I know," he replied, "and it doesn't matter. Your husband isn't here now. Your kids aren't here. You don't have to be a wife now. You can be the woman you were before you got married. You're even using your maiden name now."

A sense of dread filled me. Fiction or not, this was hitting very close to home. I wanted to stop reading there. I should have stopped, in fact. But I couldn't tear myself away from this very intimate view into my wife's desire and fantasy life.

But was it that, really? Or was it *only* that? Why did it read like a diary entry?

His hand on my cheek almost burned, but when it found my nipple, slipping her bra up so carefully, it was like it had quenched a fire. She felt a wetness begin to spread down below, as if something was being unleashed, a pent up force of nature set free for the first time in years. "I want you," she whispered in his ear, "I need you to take me. Now."

I was burning with anger and humiliation now. I couldn't believe it. My wife was describing a woman, to all accounts a thinly veiled

version of herself, who was begging another man – a classmate – to fuck her. What's more, it seemed like she'd printed out copies of this tawdry little fantasy for her entire class to read. What would her classmates think about it? What would they think about her clueless husband, slaving away at his job to pay her tuition so that she could meet up with all of them and share this filth, this smut!

Tears were in my eyes as I read. My cheeks burned. I closed my eyes and imagined Sofia, off with this other man, somewhere – I'd skipped the part that said exactly where this secretive tryst was taking place – about to break her marriage vows.

I imagined them kissing. His hands on her cheek, then her nipples. Her involuntary lubrication at the sound of his voice. Her quiet plea for him to take her.

Then something strange happened.

I got an erection. At first, I couldn't believe it myself. How could I find the idea of my wife cheating *arousing*? It didn't make sense. It wasn't right. But it was undeniable.

I was hard as iron. I unbuttoned my pants and took my cock out as I continued to read.

On her back on his bed – a strange man's bed, the first one she'd been in since her husband's back before he was her husband – she finally managed to regain that sense of immersion in what was happening that she'd felt during their kiss. She almost didn't notice the way he removed her pants, then her shirt, her bra, and finally – taking his sweet time – her panties. When he dived down between her legs, she looked at the ceiling of his tiny, drab apartment, her eyes focusing on a water stain while his tongue teased her most intimate parts, coaxing feelings from deep within her that her husband had never been able to reach before. She felt that a second adolescence was beginning. A new awakening. But she wasn't totally awake yet. Not until she was grabbing the sheets in ecstasy and shouting his name did she feel that she had actually emerged into the light of this new life. And when she came down from the first orgasm, he was grinning at her, touching her hair, telling her how beautiful she was. She looked down between his legs and saw him for the first time. She'd never cared much about a man's size before, but this time was different. He was long and thick and the head was

impossibly huge. She wondered how he would fit, but then she remembered that she'd given birth twice, so this would be nothing in comparison. Still, it was tough and slow going, but he took his time, his hand on hers as he guided himself expertly deeper and deeper into her, penetrating more than just her body. He looked into her eyes as buried himself inside her completely, then asked if she was ok. "Yes," she gasped, "thanks for asking."

I was leaking precum, stroking my shaft now, imaging my wife being slowly penetrated by her hung lover, and wondering if she could really read something this intimate, this pornographic, to a large group of people.

I also wondered, of course, if the man in question – "the classmate" – would be reading the story along with everyone else, remembering every detail of the encounter, reliving it through Sofia's eyes.

If there really was a man, that is. If there really had been an encounter.

Stroking myself with abandon, I continued to read the story.

She was filled by him, her body and soul, but at the same time, this sense of fullness was like an opening. A window being thrown open onto a beautiful field on a summer's day. A new life waited for her there, a life where she could be more than a wife and mother. She could be a lover once more. And he, her classmate, waited for her, beckoning her to jump down to him. He would catch her. It was an act of trust, and – could it be? – love. This letting go that he was asking of her. Pulling out of her with every stroke as he plunged in and out of her, until her resistance was gone and she found herself letting go and jumping out of that window and onto that beautiful field and into his open arms. He caught her, he embraced her, and she came just at the moment that he erupted inside her.

That was enough for me. I closed my eyes and imagined my wife on her back in a strange man's apartment, stretched to the limit by his sizeable manhood, begging him to fuck her. I ejaculated in a forceful stream, not thinking to move the packet of paper in front of me until it was too late and a string of semen had besmirched the pages of my wife's writing.

Shit. There was no way to put it back now.

I cleaned everything off the best I could, then I carefully folded the soiled manuscript and tucked it under my arm before stashing it in my briefcase.

She'd be short one copy, but hopefully she wouldn't guess why it was gone. I mean, how could she? Who would think "maybe my husband stole my homework so he could jack off to it?"

Then again, what kind of aspiring writer would think "maybe I'll write an explicit sexual fantasy to share with my class, then leave it where my husband will have to find it?"

I didn't think that she'd done it on purpose. Sofia was great at a lot of different things, but she had always been absentminded, especially once she had two crazy kids to keep track of. I didn't put it past her to have forgotten about the manuscripts altogether. I wondered if she'd remember to take them with her to her class.

When she and the boys returned a few hours later, I was working in the back yard. When I came back into the kitchen, the envelope was gone.

I decided not to say anything about it. It's true, she might have left it for me to find. But why?

When Monday evening came around, she went to class. I wondered if she would distribute the manuscript to the other students, and, if so, if she'd notice that one copy was missing.

I also wondered if there would be more installments to the story.

More than anything, I wondered – of course! – if the mysterious stranger, "the classmate," was based on a real man, or was just a fantasy.



WHEN SOFIA ARRIVED home after class, I inspected her face closely for some kind of clue as to what had gone on. I'm not sure what I was hoping to find. I somehow couldn't accept that the story I had read could possibly have been based on a real encounter, but I didn't rule out the idea that there was an actual classmate who might have inspired it.

Reading my wife's lurid fantasy had thrown me into such consternation that I was having a hard time concealing my level of emotional arousal. But I knew that if I wanted to find out the truth, I would have to pretend like everything was ok.

"Hey honey," I said, as she threw her backpack down on a kitchen chair, "how was class?"

"Fine," she said, a cheerful inflection in her voice.

"What did you do?"

"Where?"

"In class."

"Oh," she said, "you know. What we always do. We read each other's stories and then give feedback."

"That seems really...personal. I mean, it must be hard to hear honest feedback about your writing."

"It's not always that honest," she laughed, "people find ways of saying that you're terrible without actually *saying* it directly."

I chuckled.

"That makes sense," I said, "what about your writing? Do people like it?"

She stopped what she was doing for a moment, her hands on the the strap of her backpack.

"In general, yes," she said, "I got a lot of good comments."

"Did you read it today?"

"Mm-hm. I read a few excerpts that the teacher chose, and then the other students took copies home and will give more nuanced critiques next week."

The teacher. For a moment, my suspicions fell on him. I knew that Sofia had a thing for intelligent men, and not just any intelligent men (my job, after all, required some brains!) but intellectual men of letters.

So I had found a roundabout way to ask her more about this professor, but from what Sofia had told me, he was an older man near retirement, who walked with a cane and seemed to have serious health problems. I couldn't imagine him being the studly stranger in the story. Besides, her story had been about "the classmate" not "the professor."

“Great,” I said, “any chance that I’ll ever be able to read something by you? I don’t even know what you’re writing about.”

This seemed to surprise her.

“Oh, honey. I had no idea that you were even interested. I’ll have to think about it. A lot of what I write is kind of...personal.”

“Sure, I understand,” I said, pouncing on this admission, “but you’re also sharing it with a bunch of perfect strangers, right? And I’m your husband.”

“I know that,” she said, “but sometimes its easier to share personal things with strangers than the ones we love. That’s what my professor is always saying. It sounds strange, but it makes sense, right? I mean, I’m sure you have some secrets from me, too…”

She gave me a meaningful glance. I was tempted to protest that I didn’t have any secrets from her, but I knew that would be a lie. But before I could reply, she continued.

“...and as long as your secrets are relatively harmless, I’m ok with them! A good marriage thrives on little secrets. It adds to the mystery. It keeps the spark alive.”

She smiled at me, then leaned in for a kiss.

I had to admit that there was wisdom in what she said. And after all, hadn’t I been more interested in her and her inner life than I had in years? Not that I hadn’t been interested in sex with her, of course. But now there was an even greater attraction. Something pulling me in towards the secret core of her fantasy life (or was it a fantasy?). It felt to me like there was something there that was both wildly erotic and destructive.

Something that might reinvigorate our marriage, or tear it apart forever.



I KEPT a close watch on Sofia over the next few days, hoping for some kind of opportunity to get another glance into her private fantasy life. Unfortunately, she seemed to have her guard up more

than ever before. She answered questions about class with short replies, and she never volunteered information on her own.

She also never made the mistake of leaving manuscripts of her stories out on the table, either. Her laptop suddenly had a password. One that I didn't know.

I had almost convinced myself to drop the whole issue when I had an unexpected breakthrough one Sunday morning. I was checking my e-mail on the family computer (an older machine we had in the living room, where Jason and Alex could do their homework. We didn't believe in computers in the bedroom), when I tried to sign into Facebook.

To my surprise, instead of a sign-in screen, Sofia's account popped up. She was already signed in. Now neither Sofia nor I had ever been heavy Facebook users. So I was surprised to see a few unread messages from her friends.

I knew it was a breach of privacy, but I clicked on the icon and opened the window with her messages.

It didn't take long to recognize that she had exchanged dozens (if not hundreds) of messages with a handsome bearded man who appeared to be in his late 30s.

His display name was Charles Dawson.

Adrenaline shot through my veins as my eyes flitted over the messages. My heart was beating so fast, I didn't have time to even register their content, only the bare fact of their existence.

My wife. Messaging another man. Dozens of times a day. For how long?

I scrolled back in time. It took a long way to get to the beginning.

Finally, I found it. The first message. It had been sent by Charles.

"Hi, this is Charlie. I think you're in my writing class? Just wanted to say that I loved your introduction!"

Sofia had responded immediately. I glanced over my shoulder, to make sure that none of my other family members was witnessing this breach in privacy.

I read the first few exchanges, as quickly as I could, looking for something that would indicate the nature of this relationship. I knew, though, deep down, that any kind of exchange in this kind of depth which had been kept secret from me could not be entirely innocent.

And, eventually, I found my smoking gun.

There it was.

“I loved your outfit in class today.”

I pictured Sofia seeing this message, and staring at it for a long time, blushing. I imagined her hesitation, the way she wavered before answering. She knew that it was an attempt at flirtation. She knew that she was about to cross a line in our marriage. She hesitated.

But then she responded.

“Thanks,” she said, “you were the first one to notice it.”

“I don’t believe that. I’m sure your husband was all over you when you put it on this morning.”

I tried to imagine what outfit they could be referring to. I hadn’t noticed Sofia wearing anything particularly sexy recently, but obviously she’d worn something new that she had wanted to be noticed in.

I had failed the test, but Charles had passed it with flying colors.

From then on, the messages became more and more flirtatious. I skimmed them quickly, unable to stop long enough to really digest them, rushing closer and closer to an unavoidable, horrible conclusion…

“I want you so bad,” she’d written, a few weeks ago, “I think about you day and night.”

“Me too. I wish there were a way for us to be together…”

I took screenshots of as many messages as I could. I didn’t have time to read them all, and I was afraid that I might be caught at any moment. I simply scrolled a bit further and pressed “print screen,” my eyes resting on certain words or phrases.

It was clear: the messages got more and more explicit and detailed as they went on.

Then the pictures started.

First was my wife in her underwear, in front of our bedroom mirror. Even though I’d seen her in the same black lace bra and panty set many times, something about seeing her there, now, displaying herself for the gaze of another man drove me wild. I had the same intense feeling of anger and dread that I’d had after

reading the story, but this time I couldn't even pretend to deny it: I was turned on.

I heard a noise behind me somewhere and panicked. Were the boys back? As far as I knew, they were still at practice, or should have been.

My hands were trembling so much that I was barely able to drag the screenshot files to a dropbox folder that would upload them safely to the cloud, where I could examine them at my leisure from the comfort of my tablet. I quickly scrolled through the remaining messages and captured several more photos before clicking the tab closed and logging out of the computer, just as Sofia stepped into the kitchen.

"Hey," she said, smiling at me, "getting some work done?"

I was immediately flustered, but I tried not to show it.

"I was just...checking the sports scores," I stammered.

"The 'sports scores'? Really, Trent?"

She raised her right eyebrow.

I realized how silly this formulation had sounded.

"Yeah, the basketball game…"

"Which one? I didn't think you liked basketball…"

"Uh, the Jazz?" I said.

"You say it like it's a question."

"It's not a question," I stammered, "I just...I placed a bet with some guys at work, ok? I wanted to see how much money I'm going to lose."

She smirked.

"Honey," she said, "I thought we agreed that if you absolutely have to look at porn that you won't use the family computer?"

"I wasn't…"

"Then why are you acting so strange?"

She had a lot of nerve. Basically accusing me of sneaking around, when she was the one who had been sexting with a stranger.

"Why are you making a big deal out of this?"

"Out of what? That you were watching porn on the family computer?"

"I wasn't watching porn."

“Then what exactly were you doing?”

“I was checking the basketball score. I told you.”

“Ok.”

She clearly didn’t believe me, but it didn’t really matter now. The situation was defused for the moment, and she could think what she wanted to.

“I’m going to do some writing for class,” she said, “do you mind?”

“Be my guest,” I said, standing up from the computer desk, “I’ll be upstairs.”

“Ok.”



UPSTAIRS, my hands shook as I fumbled through my bag, looking for the tablet. Why was I so nervous? Sofia should be nervous, not me. She was the one having an affair. I was the jilted husband.

The adrenaline shot through my veins. I couldn’t decide if I wanted to confront the two lovers and beat the shit out of him before giving her the fuck of her life, or if I wanted to simply empty the bank accounts and go move to a hotel.

I sat down on the bed, my head in my hands.

Shit. What was I going to do?

I unlocked the tablet.

42 new files synced.

42. That was how many pictures they’d exchanged. I couldn’t believe it.

I opened the folder and begin to scroll through the photos. The rage inside me slowly gave way to exhilaration.

This was Sofia like I’d never known her. This wasn’t Sofia, the devoted wife and mother. This was Sofia the *slut*.

I hated myself for applying that word to my own wife. But it was somehow undeniable. The Sofia in these photos was sexually voracious. She looked into the camera with a lust and a longing that I’d never seen in her before.

I was jealous that it wasn’t meant for me, of course, but I was also incredibly hard at the sight of my wife on her back, holding her

phone up to the mirror as she pushed her panties to the side, showing her wet pussy.

She looked nothing like a 39-year-old mom. She looked like some kind of porn star. She may have been nearing forty, but her age was only visible in the lines around her eyes, not anywhere on her body. If anything, the exercise she did kept her looking even better than she had in her 20s, when the stress of being a mom had taken its toll on her body.

A moment later, I was having another rage-wank over the pictures of my wife, stroking my cock as I imagined her betraying me with her younger, handsome and hung classmate.

What had they already done together? How much of the story was based on true events, and how much on fantasy?

I shot a stream of semen onto my iPad, directly onto my wife's smile, a smile that had been meant only for her classmate.

The moment that my orgasm subsided, the rage and dread took over once more. I quickly cleaned the iPad, feeling a deep sense of shame as well. Shame at the fact that my wife had obviously felt that I was such an inferior lover as to cheat on me, and also shame at the fact that this revelation had become such an incredible turn-on for me, better than any kind of pornography ever could have been. Better than a new lover. Even if I had suddenly been able to fuck the cute college girl that I'd been casually lusting after for months, I knew that she wouldn't have been able to inflame my lust to same extent that the image of Sofia and her lover had.

What was wrong with me? I had no idea what kind of man would be so aroused by the thought of his wife cheating. It didn't seem right. It didn't seem normal. And it was against everything that I had been taught growing up about the sacredness of marriage.

3

Over the next few days, I continued to keep a careful eye on Sofia while trying not to appear too overbearing or intrusive. I was convinced that she was going to arrange a secret meeting with her lover, either before or after her class, but I wasn't sure when.

I checked the downstairs computer. She had signed out of Facebook, so no luck there. Had she discovered her own mistake? Did she know that I knew something was going on?

She didn't give any signs of knowing or not knowing.

Think, Trent, I said to myself, *there's got to be some way to catch them*.

But suddenly, I wasn't sure if I wanted to catch them in the act. Sure, that would have been quite satisfying in a certain sense. It would have made me feel morally righteous and would have allowed me to regain some sense of manhood.

However, I knew, deep down, that my deepest desire wasn't for revenge.

I wanted to *watch*. I wanted to understand what had motivated my wife to seek her sexual satisfaction outside our marriage. I wanted to see the raw animal passion that had moved her to turn herself into her classmate's personal pornstar.

I had to think of something.



IT WAS TUESDAY NIGHT AGAIN, and Sofia gave me a look during dinner that indicated that she hadn't forgotten about our "date" night, that is, the blowjob that she would give me as a way of pacifying my desire and to compensate for her lack of libido.

I knew now, however, that this was all based on a lie. She had a raging, monstrous libido, just one directed at her classmate, not at me.

Tonight, however, Sofia seemed to be determined to give one of her best performances ever.

After the boys were otherwise occupied, to the extent that we could be certain neither of them would burst in to interrupt us, Sofia told me to go in and sit on the bed. She had a surprise for me.

What could she possibly mean?

My heart was beating out of my chest as I sat on the edge of the bed. Sofia disappeared into the master bathroom, a small yet mischievous smile on her face.

She emerged a moment later, dressed in a garment I'd never seen her wear before, not even in the filthy Facebook photos. It was an almost-sheer black lace corset that accentuated her figure, making her waist appear even smaller.

"Do you like it, honey?"

"I love it."

"Good. I'm wearing it just for you."

I stood up from the bed, striding towards her, kissing her with a passion that had been unknown in our marriage for years. She kissed me back, forcefully, her tongue parting my lips and her hand wandering down to my rising bulge. I pulled her in towards me, my hands on her buttocks.

"God, babe," she moaned, "I want you so bad."

I was so turned on by this new twist in our relationship that the rage and humiliation that had been simmering inside me since the discovery of the short story (and especially since the discovery of the pictures) subsided completely.

But why was she doing this? To distract me from the truth? Out of guilt for cheating on me? I admit that even in the heat of the moment, those thoughts raced through my mind.

“I know I don’t look like a cute little co-ed anymore,” she whispered between kisses, “but maybe you can forgive me for that.”

“And I know that I don’t look much like a sexy firefighter,” I said, “but maybe you can pretend I’m someone else, too.”

“Oh?” she said, “are you in the mood for a naughty fantasy?”

“I think I might be.”

I slipped a finger under the waistband of her underwear as we kissed again.

“Who would you like me to be tonight?” I asked.

She paused for a moment.

“Maybe a mysterious stranger? Or someone you know?”

“I don’t know if it’s a good idea to talk dirty about people we know…”

The hesitation was evident in her voice.

“I didn’t say someone *we* know, I said someone *you* know. Maybe someone who I don’t know.”

“Mmm. Like a firefighter. Or a doctor. Or a soldier.”

“Exactly,” I said, moving my fingers down between her legs and beginning to explore her wetness, “or maybe your professor…”

“He’s so old!”

“Or one of your classmates…”

“Mmm.”

She didn’t show any signs of discomfort with this suggestion. She was too smart to react quickly, either positively or negatively. But the wheels were turning now in her head, I was sure of it.

Does he know or doesn’t he? I imagined her thinking, *and if so, how much?*

I didn’t know anything, of course. Not for sure. Except for the fact that she’d traded sexually explicit pictures with her classmate. That would have been enough for most guys to file for divorce. But not me. I wasn’t sure why not. I should have gotten her nice and hot and bothered, then thrown her out on the street. But I couldn’t.

Ok, I’ll be totally honest. I actually knew why I wasn’t going to do that: the idea of her fucking her big-cocked “boyfriend” (or whatever he was) was simply too arousing for me. It filled me with a kind of rage, of course, a rage that was mixed with fear to be sure, but in the long run, I was feeling like I hadn’t in years.

“Do you like that idea?” I prompted her, “fucking one of your cute classmates?”

“Oh, I don’t know…,” she said, stroking my bulge, which was now at full hardness, “those college guys are younger than me.”

“But you’re in an evening class,” I pointed out, “there are a lot of other working adults in there. You said it yourself.”

“Well,” she said, hesitating, “I guess there might be one or two cute guys in there…”

“Mmm, I thought so,” I said, “so maybe you should imagine one of your favorites.”

“I don’t have a ‘favorite,’” she said, laughing nervously, “but I guess if you’re into it, I could imagine someone…”

“Good,” I said, slipping my hand further into her underwear and gently probing her moistness.

She was wetter than she normally would have been at this point in our foreplay. There was no denying it. The thought – or memory – of getting fucked by her classmate clearly turned her on.

“I want you to imagine you’re with him. Just lay back and close your eyes…”

She nodded, biting her lip a bit and then lay back on the bed as I pulled her panties down over her legs. I was going to try something. I wasn’t sure if it would work, but it was worth a shot.

“Good,” I said, “I want to taste you.”

“Oh my,” said Sofia, “you haven’t done that in a long time.”

“I didn’t think you wanted me to,” I said.

“I do now.”

My wife’s libido really had come raging back. It was obviously due to the affair – virtual or not – with her classmate.

I was split between jealous rage and savage arousal. This strange affect must have seemed like simple passion to Sofia, who was now on her back on the bed with her legs spread as I dived between them, my tongue finding her clit.

“Oh God. Yes. Just like that.”

“It’s been too long, baby,” I murmured, coming up for air after a few moments, “I know that you need this. Why don’t you tell me what you’re thinking about?”

“I don’t know…,” she squeaked, as my tongue teased her clit once more, “I’m thinking about you, babe.”

“Come on, Sofia,” I said, “don’t be shy. It’s just the two of us here. You were thinking about your classmate. Remember? It was your idea to start roleplaying in the bedroom to begin with...”

I slipped a finger into her tight, wet pussy, teasing her g-spot as I bent back down to lick her clit again.

“Oh yes. Just like that.”

For the next few minutes, I concentrated on her and her alone. Sofia’s moans were vocal, but she wasn’t exactly forthcoming with details about what she was thinking. This wasn’t unexpected, of course. It would have been crazy to think that my wife would go from being relatively conservative about sex to being open to experiments overnight, but then again, it was clear from the messages and photos that I’d found that there were sides to her sexuality that I’d never before witness, indeed, that I might never get to see.

“Yes, I’m so close,” she said, “don’t stop doing what you’re doing. Please…”

I stopped.

“I want to know,” I said, “I want to know what you’re thinking about.”

“Not now,” she said, “I’ll tell you… I promise…”

“When?”

My thumb circled her clit slowly, keeping her right on the edge of exploding.

“After…,” she panted, “please...just let me…”

“Ok.”

I dived back between her legs and brought her to a powerful orgasm. Her legs gripped the sides of my head so tightly that my hearing became muffled. A flood of wetness entered my mouth at the same time.

About half a minute later, her legs finally relaxed, and she let out a long sigh, her entire body falling slack as she lay back onto the bed, her fingers playing in my hair gently.

“That was amazing,” she said, “simply incredible. Why don’t you come up here and kiss me?”

“I’m glad you liked it,” I said.

“I loved it,” she said, looking me in the eye as I pulled myself up next to her, “you know exactly how to drive me crazy.”

“I’m not sure it was me who was doing most of the work,” I said, giving her a mischievous smile, “you were thinking about your classmate, right?”

Her face fell a bit.

“Um, yeah, I guess.”

“That was the whole point, right?”

She nodded, blushing a little.

“It’s just...it feels so dirty. So wrong to be even talking about it.”

“Relax, babe,” I said, stroking her forehead, “it’s not like you’re actually fucking him behind my back. Just talking about it… it’s very different.”

I knew that I was twisting the knife just a little bit. She must have felt at least a little guilty about the chats and the photos. But how far had things really gone?

“I know, but…”

“Trent, you were the one who brought up the role play idea to begin with. Remember when you wanted me to pretend you were the college girl next door?”

“I know,” she said, “but that was different…”

“Why was that different? Because I told you one of my fantasies? Don’t you think it’s only fair if you tell me what you were thinking about?”

I seemed to have backed her into a corner.

“You’re right,” she said, “it’s not fair of me. I’m sorry. I’ll tell you.”

“Great.”

“So,” she said, “why don’t you make yourself comfortable.”

She stood up from the bed. What was she doing?

I stripped off my clothes, assuming that this was what she meant. My cock was sticking up between my legs.

Sofia, still wearing her corset, but nothing else, went into the bathroom and emerged with a bottle of lube.

“Lay back and relax, honey.”

I had assumed that we would be having sex, but that wasn’t what she seemed to have planned.

She spread some lube onto her hands and rubbed them together, then sat down on the bed and took my shaft in her hands, rubbing along its length.

“Does that feel good, honey?”

“Yes,” I gasped, surprised at my own arousal from a simple handjob, and afraid that I might not be able to hold out long enough to hear the dirtiest details of her fantasy.

“Me and my classmate have been exchanging looks all semester. The chemistry is incredible and there’s tension in the air to the point that the other students have started to notice it. Not only that, we’ve both written stories that feature characters that seem to be based on the two of us. Stories so erotic that they clearly make the other students and the professor uncomfortable, even if they all keep their professional demeanor. I’m certain that everyone else thinks that we should just ‘get a room.’”

This was not where I had expected her fantasy to begin. It seemed less like a sexy dream and more like a straightforward account of what might have really happened between her and Charles. Like she was telling me the truth, in the form of a lie. I was also a bit taken aback by the fact that she’d decided to narrate her filthy story in the present tense.

“Finally, one evening, he asks if I want to go for coffee. I tell him that I shouldn’t, that I need to get home to you and the boys, but he correctly realizes that this is just a lie, a way for me to save face in front of him and my own inner conflict. ‘It’s just coffee,’ he says, ‘nothing more.’ But it’s too late for coffee, I tell him, and he agrees. So we go for a drink. Just one, because I have to drive afterwards, and I know that you’ll notice if I’m too tipsy when I get home.”

Her hands glided up and down my rock-hard cock, but gently. Teasing me and keeping me just on the edge.

“We go to a bar near campus, but it’s full of undergrads and very loud, and we both feel out of place because we’re so much older than everyone else there. Especially me, of course. We wait in line at the bar for a few minutes, but before we’re even able to catch the bartender’s eye, he suggests that we just go to his place instead. I’m not sure of course, but he makes the offer even more enticing by telling me that he’s got a good bourbon there. A bottle of Weller he

found in a gas station out in the country. So I have a good excuse now. I can justify what is a very morally questionable situation for a married woman to be in with the fact that I'm going to get to try a very rare liquor."

"God…," I moaned, "you're a great storyteller…"

"Thank you, honey! That's why I'm in school for writing, after all…"

"I know," I said, "please don't stop."

"Well, as soon as we're past his door, there's another moment or two of awkwardness. We're both waiting for someone to make the first move. I think it should be him, of course, because he's the man. He thinks it should be me, because I'm older, and also married. Finally, we both look at each other and both decide, at the very same moment, to go in for a kiss. I stand up on my tiptoes and he bends down, wrapping me in his powerful arms, pulling me up to him as his mouth collides with mine. So softly, so sweetly, so insistently. Our hands are all over each other. Then we're in the bedroom. I'm on my back on the bed and I have no idea how or when, but my dress – the one with the buttons in the front – is open and he's kissing my bare chest. I'm moaning under his touch. It's incredible. His hands are all over me, not giving me time to think about anything else except for surrendering to him. He moves up to kiss my mouth again, and his hands wander down between my legs, pushing my panties to the side. He's not going to waste time taking them off, I can tell. He wants me. Needs me. His finger slips inside me, and I gasp. It's like I'm aching to be penetrated. To be totally invaded by him. Be made his own in every way."

"Did you… see his cock?"

I was no longer speaking about the encounter as if it were hypothetical, just a fantasy. I don't know if she noticed this or not, because she seemed completely wrapped up in her tale (or was it a memory?) herself. Her hand was so close to making me explode. I almost couldn't stand it. It took every last bit of my will to resist the orgasm that was building inside me.

"I...felt it," she said, "he pressed it up to my lips, which were so wet, so swollen with desire that they were practically dripping."

I realized that she had drifted into the past tense now, too. She had stopped the pretense that this was anything but fact. Hadn't she?

"He pressed forward into me and I gasped. He stopped immediately, looking up at me with such a sweet look of concern on his face. He told me to relax, and that it would work if we gave it time. I nodded, and told him that I was a little concerned that he was too big to fit…"

"He was...too...big…?"

I was so close to cumming and trying to hold back so badly that I was practically crying.

"He was huge, honey. And it felt so good, once he slipped that big monster inside me…"

I couldn't hold back anymore. I groaned, then let out a short, high-pitched yelp as I erupted cum in a spurt that reached almost two feet into the air before splatting down on my stomach. Sofia laughed as she continued to milk my cock as I emptied the contents of my balls all over my stomach.

"Wow, Trent," she said, still holding back giggles, "that was an impressive amount. I guess my little story really got to you."

"What can I say," I stammered, "you really are a gifted storyteller. I mean, if that was really just a story."

"What do you mean? Of course it was just a story. What else would it be?"

"I know," I said, "it was just that you told it so well. Like it really happened."

"Thanks," she said, and beamed with such genuine pleasure, that I almost believed that she really had simply made everything up.

I fell back into the pillow as Sofia disappeared into the bathroom for a warm washcloth, which she gave me to clean off my stomach.

"Seems like you got really excited when I mentioned his cock," she said suddenly.

This kind of forwardness was quite uncharacteristic and took me aback. I didn't know what to say.

"I guess so."

"Seems kinda gay."

She smirked at me. I was totally speechless.

"*Gay*? No, I mean, it wasn't his *cock*. I don't like *cocks*…"

She laughed, then slapped me on the shoulder.

"I'm just kidding, honey. Don't be mad. But it sounded a little like the idea of me being with a larger man was kind of exciting to you. It's ok to admit it. I won't be mad. After all, I didn't get mad when you admitted to being attracted to that little slut down the street, did I?"

"No," I stammered, "I guess I never thought about it."

"I don't believe you," said Sofia, poking me in the ribs, "you came so hard and so fast that I think you had thought about it before, and were just waiting for me to say something."

I was silent for a moment, trying to get my bearings. It was like everything had changed, the ground had shifted below my feet as I was standing on it. While I had been filled with feelings of jealously and rage before, I now began to see a possible new angle on the whole situation. What if there was some way for Sofia to have her affair and for me to enjoy it as well? Just because she was fucking this younger guy didn't mean that she was going to leave me for him. How terrible was it, after all, that a woman who had become a mother at such a long age would be interested in exploring her sexuality? Did it have to be an all-or-nothing thing? Was I actually capable of staying with Sofia while she fooled around on me?

Was this her way of suggesting some kind of...arrangement?

I realized I had been sitting with my own thoughts for too long. I had to say something.

"Ok," I said, "I admit it. I admit that I've sometimes wondered if you wondered what it would be like to be with a larger guy."

"Ok," she said, "now we're getting somewhere."

Another moment of silence went by.

"I have," she said finally.

"You have what?"

"I've wondered," she said, "what it would be like to be with a guy who was a little...bigger…"

There it was. The admission. I felt a small creeping sense of dread, to be sure. But nothing like the rage I'd felt before.

Then, even the dread went away, and I began to feel something strange. I felt at peace with the idea of my wife sleeping with another man. Of course she was interested in being with a bigger guy. Why

shouldn’t she be? Wasn’t it her right, after all she’d done for the family? Raising two kids, staying at home? Shouldn’t she have the right to live out her sexuality, to explore a bit?

Sofia was obviously watching everything I did, with the same carefulness and sensitivity she always exhibited as a wife and mother.

“I'm sorry if I said something wrong,” she said, “forget it. Forget I said anything.”

“No,” I said quickly, “I needed to hear that. I think I just need some time to...”

“Babe,” she said, her eyes filling with tears, “I never wanted to hurt you. I thought that this was all just a fun game. A fantasy.”

“Yeah,” I said, “that’s what it is.”

I pulled her close as a tear began to tumble down her cheek. What was going on here, exactly? Was she crying because she had already cheated? Because she wanted to cheat that badly? Or because she really was afraid that she’d hurt me?

“Let’s go to be for now,” I said, “we can talk this over later.”

“Ok,” she said, choking back a quick sob.

4

It took a month before either one of us brought up “the talk” again.

By that time, Sofia’s class was almost over, and she just had one more meeting before they all turned in their final projects and waited for the kindly old professor to grade them. In the meantime, both of us were overwhelmed with work and the usual preparations for the coming Christmas holidays. We were so busy, in fact, that we forgot about our next Tuesday night date. Well, to be honest, maybe neither one of us was ready to revisit that conversation we’d had, the confessions that we’d made to each other during the last “date night.”

Then, somehow, I got up the courage to mention it again.

It was just before Sofia’s final class, and she leaned in for a kiss right before walking out the door.

“Are you going to stay late? Anyone make plans for afterwards?” I asked innocently.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, it’s the last day of class. I don’t know how these things work, but I thought maybe you’d all go out to the bar or something?”

“Oh,” she said, “I think everyone’s too tired for that.”

“Well,” I said slyly, “if a handsome classmate asks you out, I have no problem if you come home a little later.”

Her face lit up in surprise. She smiled.

“You’re so bad, honey. Don’t tease me like that. Or I just might take you up on the offer.”

“It’s a standing offer,” I said, “you can take me up on it anytime.”

“Shut up,” she whispered, slapping my arm, “I’m going to be thinking dirty thoughts the whole time.”

“I hope you do,” I whispered, “have a good class.”



SOFIA CAME BACK from the final class at exactly the normal time. I have to admit that I was a little disappointed. I’m not sure what I was expecting. Sofia was much too concerned with appearances to simply take me at my word when I told her it was ok to go on a date with another man.

“Back so soon?” I said, looking up from the book I was reading as I lay in our bed.

“Yeah,” she said, “sorry to disappoint you.”

“I thought you might be the one who was disappointed,” I said.

“Stop teasing me. I’m sorry I said anything.”

“Come on, honey. It really doesn’t bother me if you flirt with other guys. I’m surprised no one tried anything with you.”

“Well, actually...”

The tone of her voice caused my heart to jump. Were we getting somewhere? Was she about to confess her affair to me? The affair that I already had evidence of, but didn’t know how far it had progressed?

I raised my eyebrows, giving her an expectant look.

“A guy did ask for my phone number. Just to keep in touch after the class was over.”

“Oh? Was he a cute guy?”

She blushed. That told me everything I needed to know.

“I think so, yeah,” she said, “his name is Charles.”

What a coincidence, I thought, *the man you’ve been sexting with*.

“Very interesting,” I said, “why don’t you text Charles now?”

“What? But we just got out of class.”

“Go ahead,” I said, “I think it would be fun. Just send him a text message and tell him that you really enjoyed being in class with him.”

“Honey,” she said, “I’m not sure...”

She went into the bathroom and closed the door. When she came out, she was in her pajamas, but she was also holding her phone in her hand.

“Ok,” she said, “I texted him.”

Just then, her phone lit up. She looked at the screen and smiled.

“Looks like he’s into it,” I said.

“He’s so funny,” she said, ignoring me as she tapped out a reply, “he’s asking me if I want to get coffee with him.”

“Do you?”

“Do I want to? Of course. Is it a good idea? I don’t think so,” she said, the smile on her face betraying her true thoughts.

“I think you think it’s a bad idea because you know that you’re going to take things beyond coffee,” I said, “but maybe that’s not so terrible?”

She continued tapping out her message, absorbed in what she was doing to the extent that she hadn’t registered what I had said.

“Wait...,” she said, turning to me, “are you saying you want me to go on a date with Charles?”

“Oh, so now ‘coffee’ has turned into a ‘date’?” I said, shaking my finger at her playfully, “you’re a very naughty girl.”

“No, I’m not,” she said, laughing a bit, “I’m a very good girl.”

“Well, it would be fine with me if you wanted to change that.”

“Is that so?”

She looked at me for a long time, lost in thought.

“What would ‘changing’ it look like to you?” she said finally.

“Well,” I said, “like...if you wanted to sleep with him. I’d be ok with that.”

“You’re kidding,” she said, a look of disgust crossing her face, “you must be kidding. This was fun for a while, but now we’re moving into some weird territory.”

“Sofia,” I said, “don’t act like that’s a surprise to you. After all, we’ve been talking about this for a while now.”

“Talking about what?”

“About you and your classmate. About you and Charles.”

“But we haven’t really been ‘talking’ about it,” she said, “I mean, not the way you mean.”

“How do you think I mean it?”

“It certainly sounds like you’re suggesting that I actually cross the line with him.”

“Cross what line?”

“Don’t act like you don’t know what I mean.”

“Ok,” I said, “what if you do cross the line. What if you do it in a controlled way.”

She looked at me for a moment. Then she laughed. It was a forced laugh.

“You’re kidding. You’re actually suggesting that I cheat on you?”

“Yeah, why not? It’s not really cheating if I give my permission, is it?”

“It’s still a violation of our marriage vows.”

“How?”

“I promised to be faithful to you. I didn’t just promise that to you, but I promised it to our friends and family. How could I look your parents in the eye at Thanksgiving if I actually...did something?”

Sofia’s hesitation, I decided, was genuine. I was beginning to think that maybe her virtual flirtation with Charles, and the prose she’d written about him, really hadn’t crossed the line into a real-life, flesh-and-blood affair. Or else she was an extremely good actor.

“People do this. It’s not so far-fetched,” I said.

“No,” she said, “’people’ don’t do this. Not like the people you and I know. Perverts on the internet might do things like this.”

“Why does it have to be perverse?” I said, trying to keep my voice neutral, “it can be about joy. About exploration. It can be something we do together. As a couple.”

“Wait,” she said, “you mean, you want to join in? Now this is getting really weird.”

“Not join in,” I said, “but I could be there. To watch. To experience the moment with you. That way, whatever happened would still be part of our relationship. Right? It wouldn’t be a betrayal of our marriage, but an expansion of it.”

A look of shock and confusion crossed her face, as if what I’d said had been both absolutely insane and entirely convincing.

“An expansion of our marriage...” she mumbled, “I mean, I guess that’s one way to think about it...”

Her phone buzzed again. We both knew it would be Charles.

“Why don’t you talk to him,” she said, “man to man.”

“What? Me?”

“Yeah,” she said, “I’m too shy to do it.”

“Too shy?”

I thought of the messages and the pictures that I’d seen. I thought of the story that she’d written. Too shy. My ass.

But maybe having me talk to him was just another way of assuaging her own conscience, of assuring herself that she was doing nothing wrong.

Still, I wasn’t sure if I’d be able to bring myself to do it.

“Yes,” she said, turning away from me and looking at her phone, “I’m too shy.”

She smiled as she read the latest message.

“I want him to know that it’s ok with you.”

“Well, I’m going to be there, aren’t I?”

“Right,” she said, “but still. This seems like something that you should set up between the two of you first.”

“Ok,” I sighed, “give me a while to figure out how to do this.”

“I will,” she said, “but please do it soon. He wants to get coffee soon...”



CALLING another man and giving him permission to sleep with your wife isn’t exactly an easy thing to do. Especially when you also know that he is not only well-endowed, but has been exchanging sexually explicit messages with her concerning this endowment for several months.

I might never have done it, but the more I thought about it, the more inevitable the whole thing seemed.

What would happen, I reasoned, if I didn’t give my permission? Would Charles and Sofia simply stop seeing each other? That seemed doubtful, given the spark I’d seen between them on Facebook and in the text messages they were now more openly exchanging. (Who knows what they were up to on Facebook; Sofia

hadn't been foolish enough to remain logged in on the family computer again).

That evening – it had been two days since our conversation on the last day of class – I poured myself a tumbler of whiskey over ice and sat in my armchair.

"I'm going to do it," I said to Sofia, as she came in through the garage, followed by the two boys who she'd just picked up from practice.

She didn't need to ask what I was going to do. She already knew. She simply nodded, a small smile on her face.

"I'll text you the number," she said.

The boys were none the wiser. They had no idea that I was about to make an appointment for their mother – my wife – to sleep with another man. And that I was going to watch her do it.

My phone buzzed.

Here's his number. I love you, Sofia had written.

My pulse raced and my heart ached. I stood up from the armchair and picked up the glass of whiskey in one hand and my phone in the other. I walked over to my office and shut the door behind me, standing in the dark in front of my desk for a few moments, listening to the beating of my own heart as the silence of the room surrounded me.

This was it. I was going to call my wife's classmate and ask him to sleep with her.

I collapsed into one of the office chairs, setting the glass on the desk after taking a long, slow sip.

Then I picked up my phone and called Charles' number. I prayed that he wouldn't pick up. But what would I do if he didn't? Leave a voicemail? That seemed crazy.

But of course Sofia had probably told him that I would call. And a moment later, I heard his voice for the first time.

Even though Charles was younger than me, he sounded confident. Experienced. Masculine. I was instantly intimidated. Taken completely off-guard just by his "hello."

"Hello, Charles," I stammered, "this is Sofia's husband."

"I know," he said, "she told me you were going to call."

"Right," I said, "well, then maybe you know why I'm calling."

“I do,” he said, “but I need to hear you say it.”

“You do? I mean, yes, I understand,” I said, still tripping over my words.

“So?”

“So...,” I laughed softly to myself, then took another drink of whiskey, letting the long finish fade for a moment before continuing, “I’d like you to sleep with my wife.”

“Sleep with her? That’s a funny way to put it. I doubt that you really want her to spend the night. Why don’t you say what you really mean?”

“I want you to...”

“Yes?”

“I want you to make love to her,” I said, finally getting the words out, “I mean, I want you to fuck her.”

“Now we’re getting somewhere,” he said.

I could almost hear his grin through the phone line. Was he mocking me? I was taken aback at how domineering he seemed. From the story that I’d read and the messages he’d exchanged with Sofia, I had pictured him as a sensitive, romantic guy. But now he was giving off dominant vibes that, quite frankly, intimidated me.

Suddenly, I felt like I was in way over my head. I wasn’t sure what was happening anymore. Was I arranging something for Sofia, or were Sofia and Charles arranging something for me?

“Do you really think you’re ready for that, though? Could you handle watching her with another man?”

There was a slightly mocking tone in his voice. It shot to my innermost core, touching something that I’d never known was there. It was like he was commanding me to submit to him, too.

“Yes, Sir,” I stammered, “I mean, I think so.”

“A lot of guys have this fantasy,” he said, “but not many guys can actually deal with the fallout.”

“I understand that,” I said, “but I think that Sofia and I…”

“If this happens,” said Charles, “it might not be about you and Sofia anymore, but about Sofia and me.”

What was he suggesting? That he was going to steal my wife and the mother of my children? The idea seemed absurd. And yet…

“Let me worry about that,” I said, “this is an entirely separate issue. Everything else is between me and Sofia.”

“Ok,” said Charles, “whatever you say.”

There was a note of sarcasm in his voice. Derision, even.

“You know what?” I said, suddenly exasperated, “she’s my wife, not yours. You’re the one who wants something from me. You can drop that tone.”

There was silence for a moment on the end of the phone.

“It’s true,” Charles said finally, “you don’t have to agree to anything.”

He paused. I felt a sense of triumph welling up inside.

“But let’s say you don’t want Sofia to sleep with me. Do you think telling her that is going to prevent it from happening?”

“Sure,” I said, “why shouldn’t it?”

He laughed.

“You don’t understand women, do you?”

“I don’t need this shit,” I said, “I’m this close to hanging up on you and calling the whole thing off.”

Charles laughed.

“Look,” he said, “the way I see it, you only really have one choice: whether you want to be there to watch or not. Now me, personally? I don’t think I’d want to sit around and watch another man fuck my wife. But that’s just me.”

“But…”

I tried again to protest but I knew it was pointless. Charles was right. To watch or not to watch was really the only choice left to me.

“Clear your schedule,” he said, “for Friday night. Drive Sofia to my place. She’s got my address. You can either come upstairs with her, or you can wait for her in the car. But I wouldn’t want to do that if I were you. She might be upstairs for a while.”

He laughed.

“See you Friday night,” he said, before hanging up the phone, “I know you’ll be there.”

I slammed my fist onto the wooden desk in frustration.

My pulse was pounding. My breath was racing. A fight-or-flight response had taken over my body. But something else was happening, too.

I was hard. So erect it was almost painful. I was angry at the way that my body had betrayed me. Intellectually, I didn't want to watch my wife cheat. But my body knew better. My body knew how entrancing the sight of Sofia experiencing pleasure at the hands of a much larger man would be.

I couldn't miss it. There was no way.

I opened the door from the study to the living room and listened. The boys must have been in their rooms, and Sofia was in ours. I stood there, taking a few deep breaths, before I tucked my erection up into my waistband and walked up the stairs to the master bedroom.

Sofia was in her make-up chair, in front of the mirror. She was taking out her earrings. Her gaze met mine in the mirror as I walked through the door.

"I talked to him," I said, my voice breaking a little, "it's going to happen Friday evening."

She smiled broadly, then stood up, turning around on her heel in an excited little spin, then practically jogging across the room towards me, giving me a long kiss.

"Thank you, honey. Thanks for talking to him. I feel so good about this now."

She reached down and the back of her hand brushed my hard cock.

"Seems like you feel pretty good about it, too," she whispered.

"I'm not sure how I feel," I said.

"Shh," she said, "come over here and sit on the bed."

"Sofia," I said, "I think we should talk about this a little more."

"That's what I'm trying to do, silly," she said, reaching for a bottle of lube on the nightstand, "now let's see what talking to Charles did to you."

She looked down at my cock.

"Get it out, honey."

"Sofia," I said, "I don't know…"

But my hands were already on the button of my pants, and a few moments later, my cock was jutting up between my legs. Sofia looked at it as she spread lube onto her hands and closed them around my shaft a moment later.

I let out a groan as she began to stroke me.

“I can tell that call got you really worked up,” she whispered, “and to be honest, it’s a turn-on for me, too. Knowing that you had to call up my future lover, giving your blessing for me to fuck him.”

She pronounced the word “fuck” clearly and distinctly, giving it an emphasis that seemed lewd for a mother of two.

“I didn’t give my blessing,” I said, “it was more like him telling me what was going to happen…”

She bit her lip, letting out a little moan.

“God,” she said, stroking my cock a little harder, “that’s so like Charles. Always in control. I love it.”

“Sofia,” I said, “I’m not so sure this is a good idea anymore.”

She smiled.

“What are you talking about?” she said, “this was all your idea to begin with. Or have you forgotten?”

“What?” I gasped, as her hand glided up and down my cock so skillfully that orgasm was practically inevitable.

What about the erotica she’d been writing for her class? The sexting on Facebook? How dumb did she think I was!

I almost blurted it out right there. I almost told Sofia that I knew everything. But I didn’t.

“You told me that it would be ok if I came home late from my class,” she whispered, “you told me that it would be fine with you if I wasn’t such a ‘good girl’ anymore.”

“God, Sofia,” I moaned, as she reached down and squeezed my balls.

She knew that move drove me crazy. She was doing it on purpose, I decided. She was manipulating me with her words, and her actions.

“And you’re the one,” she whispered, teasing the tip of my cock gently, “who called him and set up the appointment.”

I was so aroused that I didn’t have the will to dispute this account of events.

“God, honey,” she said, “think how good it’s going to look when he pushes that huge dick inside me. Think how it’s going to feel for me. I’m wet just thinking about it. I’d let you feel how wet he makes

me, but Charles told me that he doesn't want anything inside me until we're together. So that means no sex for you for a while…"

This final humiliation, the casual announcement that Sofia would be withholding sex from me at Charles' behest, was simply too much.

I erupted cum, dribbling all over Sofia's hand. She giggled a little, then gave me a quick kiss on the mouth.

"It looks like you enjoyed that," she said, "just think how much fun we're going to have on Friday night."

Her conspiratorial tone almost drew me back in. Made me think that I still had a special emotional connection to my wife.

I kissed her, and she responded with passion, pushing her tongue into my mouth for a moment.

Was she thinking of Charles?

Maybe.

"I love you," she said, "you're such a good husband."

"I love you, too," I whispered.

But I wasn't so sure she was a good wife.



On Wednesday, I got a text from Sofia while I was at work. She was in a dressing room at Macy's, she explained, and wanted to show me something.

Ok, I wrote, *go ahead*.

She texted me a photo, holding up a black negligee in front of her naked body.

I can't try it on, she explained, *at least not without underwear*.

My heart sank as I realized why she was at the store trying on underwear during a weekday.

It was for Charles. Of course it was.

Her next message confirmed it.

Do you think he'll like it?

I wanted to tell her to ask him herself, but instead I simply told her that of course he'd like it. And how could he not? How could he not

like a woman with Sofia's figure, with her curves and her breasts, even at the age of 39 ½, even after two kids.

She was hot. What they once would have called a "MILF." There was no way that Charles wouldn't be turned on by absolutely anything that she wore. But she was going out of her way to look perfect for him.

Had she ever done something like this for me? For her faithful husband? Provider and protector?

I couldn't remember anything like this. At least I'd be able to see her in the outfit. At the same time as her lover did.

But still. It was something.



That Friday evening, and Alex was on a youth group retreat. Jake was headed to friend's house to play video games.

"Is it all right if I sleep over?" he asked.

This request certainly took a load off my mind. I was concerned that I might have to leave Charles' place without Sofia in order to be able to pick up Jake on time, but here he was giving me an easy out. I had to play the stern father, however.

"How did you do on that math test again?" I asked him.

"I got an 88."

"That's not bad," I said, "still room for improvement, but not bad."

He looked at me for a moment, the anticipation filling the room.

I suddenly felt bad. I was feeling tense about the evening, and I was passing along the stress to my son.

"Of course you can spend the night," I said, "I'm proud of you. 88 is a very respectful score. But no drugs or alcohol. Jim's parents are going to be there, right? Do I need to call and ask?"

"Thanks, Dad!" he said, "you can call if you want. I don't care."

And like that, he was gone.

It was just me and Sofia now. She was upstairs in the shower. Definitely taking her time.

I sat in a chair in the living room, listening to the sounds of Sofia preparing for the big night. I imagined what she was doing up there.

Neatly shaving her legs and pubic hair. Rubbing down her naked body with lotion, taking care to moisturize every inch of her skin. Making her skin perfectly soft for his touch. She would be so feminine and vulnerable to his masculine essence.

It seemed perfect. Meant to be.

I knew that she'd been putting a lot of effort into preparation for the big night, but when Sofia finally came down the stairs, she absolutely took my breath away.

She was wearing a tight black cocktail dress that ended above her knees. It might have been considered inappropriate for a woman her age if she hadn't had such an incredible figure. The dress hugged her hips and clung to her small waist perfectly. Her large breasts almost spilled out of the front, but were held in place and pushed up by a bra that was all but invisible.

I wondered about the negligee. Was she wearing it under the dress somehow.

She was also wearing makeup, something else that I hadn't seen her do in years. She looked ten years younger, not that I'd ever been bothered by her age. She had always been incredibly sexy to me.

"Sofia," I said, rising from the chair, "you look amazing."

She blushed.

"Thank you. I just want this evening to be special. It's going to be a night that we're both going to remember forever. Don't you think?"

I nodded. It almost felt like we were sharing a fun, naughty secret. Like we were in on it together. Somewhere deep inside, I knew that this was probably wishful thinking. What was actually happening was that I was about to hand my wife over to be ravished at the hands of another man.

"Right," I said, shuffling nervously.

"You're already wearing your coat!" she said, chuckling a bit, "have you been sitting in that chair ready to go since Jake left? You must be nervous. It's so cute. You have no reason to be. I'm the one that should be nervous."

"I don't think you have anything to be nervous about. You look incredibly sexy. And after all, there's not much that you have to do anyway. It's not like you're about to watch me with another woman or something."

She gave me a puzzled look, as if the idea of turning the tables and reversing the roles was entirely inconceivable.

“But all you have to do is watch,” she said, laughing, “I have to perform.”

I thought for a moment.

“But that’s not really right, either, is it? It’s not like you really have to do much. Doesn’t the man usually do most of the work anyway?”

“Easy for you to say,” she said, frowning at me, “you have no idea the kind of work it takes to suck a cock as big as Charles’.”

I looked at her for a moment, completely shocked.

“You don’t know either, though. Right?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean you’ve never been with a man his size, have you?”

Was the facade starting to crack? Was the story she wrote based on real life? Had they actually slept together before?

“Well…,” she said, “not for a long time.”

“You mean before we got together?”

She nodded.

I knew that she’d had some boyfriends, of course. But she’d never shared details of any of those relationships. Certainly nothing as intimate as penis size.

“Let’s not talk about this now,” she said, “we’re going to be late. I don’t want to keep Charles waiting.”

In the car, there was a tense silence.

“Don’t be mad at me, honey,” she said.

“For what? For sucking a big dick in college? That was a long time ago.”

“You sound mad,” she said, “but you shouldn’t be.”

“I just find it a little odd that you never mentioned this to me before.”

“What was I supposed to have mentioned, exactly? That one of my boyfriends had a firehose in his pants? I didn’t really think much of it at the time, to be perfectly honest. It’s only been over the past few years that I’ve starting thinking about him again. It’s not like he was an especially good lover. I can’t even really remember what he looks like.”

“Sounds like you remember pretty well what a part of him looks like,” I said, trying not to sound too spiteful.

“Sure, I’ll admit it,” she said, “I thought about it. I thought about what would happen if I could take his cock and put it on a man who I truly cared for.”

This line was like a knife to my heart.

“So you care for me, but you’re not attracted to me? My cock isn’t enough for you?”

“Is this really the time to be talking about this?”

I had pulled up into a space on the street outside of the apartment building where Charles lived.

“It seems like the perfect time to me,” I said.

She hesitated, looking at me in the dark car, her face illuminated only by the street lights and storefronts surrounding us.

“Trent, honey. You are my perfect partner and provider. The best father to my children that I could have dreamed of. I will always love you,” she said, tears welling up in her eyes.

“I’m waiting for the ‘but’,” I said.

“There’s no but,” she continued, “you’re the ideal husband. You always have. And you were so sweet to support me not only in my writing, but in...this. If you hadn’t been completely on board with this from the beginning, encouraging me to explore my own fantasies, I don’t think I’d ever have the courage to do this.”

I felt my heart melting. I cared for Sofia so much. I almost didn’t care that this version of events was totally self-serving and didn’t reflect reality from my perspective. Hadn’t she been the one writing erotica about her classmate? Hadn’t she been the one who had exchanged sexy messages with him – pictures, even – *before* I had even come around to the idea that it might be exciting to see her with another guy?

“I love you,” she said, leaning over to kiss me, the tears threatening to run down her cheeks and spoil her perfect makeup job, “you understand that, right? Nothing that happens tonight changes any of that.”

I nodded, stretching down for the kiss and then, in a trembling voice, responding, “I love you, too.”

She reached out and squeezed my hand, smiling at me.

“Let’s see this as an adventure,” she whispered, “and plus. I know that you’re excited about seeing your wife with a big cock. Aren’t you?”

I had to admit that it was true. As crazy as it would have seemed to me only a few months ago, it was true.

This was going to be a fulfillment of my fantasy just as much as it was of hers.

5

The first thing I noticed was how much Charles' actual apartment contrasted with the picture Sofia had painted of it in her story. I began to think that maybe she hadn't been there before after all. This apartment wasn't "tiny and drab," as she'd written in her story.

I made a note to check for a water stain on the ceiling in the bedroom. That was another detail that I remembered from the story.

The door swung open, and there was Charles. He extended his hand to me and shook it firmly.

"Great to meet you," he said, "why don't you give me your coat."

I watched him carefully as he greeted Sofia. She leaned in for a hug, and then he gave her a quick peck on the cheek. It was clearly friendly. Intimate, even. But not overtly sexual.

Maybe they hadn't been fucking for months behind my back. Maybe this really would be the consummation of a long flirtation…

I recognized Charles from the pictures I'd seen of him, of course, but what struck me about him was the confidence (one might even say swagger) with which he carried himself. There was no sign of him being the kind of inexperienced graduate student that I had taken him for.

Sure, he was a couple of years younger than Sofia and I, but he was probably around 35, and he was obviously successful. The whole apartment gave off the vibe of someone who had lots of money and no responsibilities.

“Let’s start out in the living room,” he said, “why don’t you have a seat over there.”

He pointed to an armchair.

Then he sat down on the couch facing the armchair.

“And you, Sofia,” he said, “can have a seat here.”

He touched his lap.

She giggled, sliding down on top of him and giving him a long, deep kiss.

Shit. I wasn’t sure if I was going to be able to take this after all as I watched his hands roam her body.

“You look wonderful. Doesn’t she?”

He looked over her shoulder at me.

I nodded.

“Hey man,” he said, “try to relax. Your vibes are making me nervous.”

“Sorry,” I muttered.

Charles turned back to Sofia, kissing her again, his hand moving down to her bottom, which he pulled in against his bulge. Usually, Sofia was slow to get turned on and required a lot of foreplay. But I could already tell from the way that she was grinding her hips against him that she was ready to go. Now.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I want you. So fucking bad.”

Her voice was high and a bit breathless. Like a much younger woman. There was something so vulnerable and feminine in her tone. She was already showing a submissive side that I’d basically never seen.

“Are you ready?” he asked, “ready to see it up close?”

“Yes,” she blurted.

“Do you think he can handle it?”

He cast a glance in my direction.

“A lot of guys think they can, until it finally gets too real…”

His words echoed in my mind for a moment afterwards. A lot of guys? So he had obviously done this before.

Did that make this whole thing more tawdry? Or more reassuring? On the one hand, we knew that he knew what he was doing. On the other hand, it kind of made it sound like my wife was

visiting someone providing a service, who would just move on to the next “customer” when his job was done.

I didn’t know what was worse: the prospect that my wife might be just in it for the sexual thrill, or the possibility that she would really fall in love with this guy. Either way didn’t seem to bode well for my marriage.

But then I remembered the words that Sofia had spoken to me in the car. How she’d assured me of her continuing love. To be sure, being called a great husband, father and provider (but not, I noted, lover) was a bitter kind of compensation for being outclassed sexually.

It was, however, better than absolutely nothing.

“He can handle it,” giggled Sofia, “I mean, he doesn’t really have a choice now, does he?”

“No he does not,” said Charles in a low voice, grabbing Sofia under her butt and moving her effortlessly up and down on his lap.

Her dress was hiked up now, and her underwear was visible.

“I bought new lingerie for tonight,” she said, half moaning, half whispering as their kiss was broken, “but I was so nervous I forgot to wear it.”

“That’s really sweet,” he said, “but don’t worry. There will be other opportunities.”

A chill went down my spine. This was their first time – *our* first time – doing anything like this. So why was he assuming that there was going to be another encounter.

“Honey,” said Sofia, calling over her shoulder to me as she continued to straddle her lover, “could you get us a couple of glasses of water from the kitchen.”

“They’re in the cabinet to the right of the sink,” Charles added, “the water from the refrigerator is filtered. Thanks!”

I felt like a waiter or something. Who were they to order me around like this? At the same time, I knew that I really didn’t have a choice. I mean, I could of course refuse to get them water. But that wasn’t going to stop what was going to happen here tonight.

Not that I *wanted* it to stop, of course. I had to admit, in my heart of hearts, that I was more than a little curious about seeing how

Sofia would react to being with another man. Especially a man as endowed as Charles.

So that's why I stood up and went into the kitchen, which wasn't hard to spot due to the open floor plan of the apartment. I found the glasses where Charles had said they would be, and I filled them at the fridge before returning to the living room.

What I saw almost caused me to drop the glasses on the floor. As it was, I spilled a bit of water as my knees threatened to give out for a moment. Finally, I managed to set the glasses on the coffee table.

I had been able to recover, but not before Charles had noticed my consternation.

"Aw, poor guy. It can be quite a shock, for sure."

Sofia lifted her head from Charles' lap, a string of saliva stretching from her lips to the head of his enormous cock.

This had been the sight that had caused me to go weak at the knees.

I stared, transfixed at the sight of my wife and the mother of my children kneeling in her elegant cocktail dress as she serviced a stranger's thick prick with the mouth that I had kissed only moments before.

She was stroking it now, her hand looking impossibly small in contrast to the thickness of his shaft. He must have been close to ten inches long. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.

His cock was one in a million. How could I ever hope to compete?

The truth was, I couldn't.

Looking back on that night, I realize now that something broke in me at that moment. That was the moment when I stopped pretending that I was going to be anything but a cuck for the rest of our relationship.

It was freeing, in a way. I stopped seeing Charles as a sexual competitor, not because he stopped competing with me for Sofia, but because it became so clear that there was absolutely no way for me to come close to matching his pure natural gift.

It would have been like a little league player seeing Babe Ruth as a rival. There was something silly about it.

“Babe,” said Sofia, a look of concern on her face, “is everything alright?”

She wiped some spit from her chin. Her eye makeup was already starting to smear.

“Yeah,” I said, walking back towards the chair where I’d been sitting before and plopping down in it, “everything is fine.”

Sofia didn’t even respond. She just buried her face in Charles’ crotch again, glugging on his cock with an obscene sound that I’d never experienced except in porn movies.

She was trying to take him all the way into her throat. And she was doing a good job of it, too.

I watched in awe as the woman I’d known for approximately half of my life began to act like a total stranger. Sure, she’d given me blowjobs before. It was part of our regular marital ritual. But this was more than just a blowjob, and, to compound matters, Charles was at least twice as long and thick as I was.

Sofia had never really been into taking charge in the bedroom, exactly, but she was positively submissive now. This wasn’t just oral sex.

This was worship.

My wife was on her knees, *praying* to another man’s hard cock. I watched in awe as she ran her lips up one side of his shaft, then the other. She lapped at the bottom of his head with her tongue, then took the head into her mouth again.

“God yes. We’ve – all of us – waited for so long for this moment. I know that Sofia has been craving this dick for a long time. Haven’t you, babe?”

“Mmm-hmm,” said Sofia, opening her mouth impossibly wide as the first fourth of his shaft disappeared between her lips.

Charles sighed.

“And you, Trent,” he said, looking directly at me and using my name for the first time (I was surprised that he even knew it), “this must be like a fantasy come true for you. Finally seeing your wife getting what she needs. What she’s been craving. It’s every cuck’s dream, because you’ve been craving it, too.”

“What? It’s not my dream,” I stammered, aware of how absurd it was to be arguing with the man whose cock my wife was sucking,

“this was all her idea.”

“That’s not what she told me,” he sighed, reaching down to stroke Sofia’s head affectionately as she sucked on his testicles, “she told me that you were obsessed with seeing her take a big cock. So this is your big chance. Better enjoy it, *Trent*.”

He put an almost scornful emphasis on my name. Like he was purposely trying to antagonize me. Sizing him up, I knew that it would have been stupid for me to try to fight him. Him trying to provoke me must have been some sort of game. Part of the humiliation.

He was giving me a choice: to accept my place, or leave.

My eyes ran down my wife’s body as she bobbed up and down on his shaft. I realized that she had one hand between her legs, which were now spread as she squatted, and was running two fingers up and down her slit, masturbating herself as she sucked his dick.

“That’s it,” he said, “get that pussy nice and wet for me. She’s going to have to be a lot more turned on than she usually is with you if she has any hope of taking this cock.”

He grinned at me.

“Go ahead,” he said, glancing down at my lap, “I know you want to. It’s what you came here for, isn’t it?”

I didn’t need to ask what he was referring to. I simply unbuttoned my pants, unzipped them and took them down far enough to release my cock.

I was rock-hard and dripping precum, but I still looked pathetic next to Charles’ monster, which I caught a glimpse of now and then as Sofia came up for air.

Suddenly, after a few more long minutes of worship, Sofia turned around and looked at me.

“Come over here, honey,” she said, “I want to do a side-by-side comparison.”

This was almost too much. But I was lost in the moment now, hypnotized by the sight of my wife pleasuring her lover’s large penis.

I stood up and shuffled slowly towards them.

“Come over here,” said Charles, “I promise we’re not going to hurt you.”

I stopped, standing next to Sofia, who was still kneeling on the floor. She took his cock out of her mouth and leaned back, smiling up at me. I looked down her front, my heart aching as I saw her cleavage, held so enticingly in place by her garments.

At the same time, Charles stood, rising from the couch so that we stood side-by-side in front of Sofia. She reached out and took my cock in her left hand, her palm enveloping it almost completely.

Meanwhile, in her right hand, she held Charles' cock. His shaft was so thick that she couldn't even close her fingers around it. His swollen head jutting out obscenely, pulsing with masculine power.

As Sofia moved her hand on my shaft, I let out a dribble of cum.

Gasping, I thrust forward, trying to take advantage of this tiny moment of contact with my wife. But Sofia opened her hand and pulled back, giving a giggle as a spurt of semen erupted from my shaft, plopping onto the floor.

"Uh-oh," said Charles, "looks like your little guy is a little trigger happy."

Sofia giggled at my ruined orgasm. My balls ached.

"Take a look at exhibit A," she said, touching my shaft again with her thumb and forefinger, "compared to exhibit B."

She took Charles' club in her other hand.

"Which would you choose?"

She laughed, then dropped my cock, using her hand to tickle his balls as she pushed his shaft into her mouth even further than before, gagging as he pushed into her throat.

"That's a good girl," he said, grabbing the back of her head, "are you nice and wet for me, now? Ready to take this big dick?"

"Mmm," she moaned, then pulled off and looked over at me.

I was still standing next to them, stroking my cock. The small ruined orgasm had left me frustrated, to be sure, but had also taken the edge off. I would be able to last longer now.

"I don't know…," she said, giving me a pouty look as she licked his shaft, "you're awfully big. I think Trent needs a job, don't you?"

"What kind of job?" said Charles, staring at me.

"Getting me ready for you…"

He nodded.

"Let's go to the bedroom."

It was obvious what Sofia had in mind. She wanted me to go down on her in order to get her ready for him. This was humiliating, to be sure, but also comforting in some way. I was still part of the encounter, even if my role had been reduced to a kind of helper of sorts, and not a main participant.

Charles quickly stripped off the rest of his clothes and led my wife by the hand into the bedroom. I followed closely behind them.

Charles and Sofia made out furiously for a few moments, her hands on his cock as he unzipped her dress, taking the straps off her shoulder and allowing it to fall to the floor.

I got a nice long look at Sofia's fit body. It was no longer young, but in incredible shape. She aroused me in that moment just as much as she ever had. Perhaps even more, because I knew that she was about to share her body with another man. She was going to explore new horizons of sensuality, to go to a place that I could never take her alone.

Charles unhooked her bra now, and Sofia gasped as his fingers teased her nipples. He bent forward and took one of them in her mouth as he reached down and put his other hand on her bottom, slipping a finger under the waistband of the black lace panties and starting to ease them down over her curves.

"Lay down on the bed, Trent," he commanded, "I want to see Sofia ride your face."

I lay back on the bed, waiting awkwardly for a few minutes longer while Sofia's moans filled the room. I couldn't see exactly what he was doing, but I could hear the effects of his efforts.

"God Charles," she moaned, "I want you so bad. I want you to take me…"

"I want it too," he said, "but I think that you need to get wetter. Why don't we have your husband do his job?"

A moment later, Sofia was straddling my face, her soaking pussy against my tongue. It was a familiar taste, but I was totally unaccustomed to the position. It felt somehow demeaning, and I was certain that was why Charles had chosen it. It seemed like Charles was not only interested in fucking my wife, he was also concerned with proving his own superiority to me in every conceivable way.

I could hear Charles kissing Sofia as she ground her clit into my mouth and across my tongue. It was the closest that a man can come to being face-fucked, I thought.

I heard a slapping sound as Charles' hand connected with Sofia's ass. She let out a yelp of surprise and delight. Up to now, I'd never known her to be at all into any kind of "rough" sex. But it seemed like being with Charles was bringing out something in her that I'd never thought possible.

"Oh shit," she moaned, bucking her hips into my face even faster, "I'm going to come. I'm so close."

"Yes," urged Charles, "come on your husband's face. That little cuck is going to get you ready for my big cock."

"I can't wait," she gasped, faint moans issuing from her lips as she rode me, "he's getting me so wet for you…"

A moment later, she let out a shriek, and I thought I might suffocate as her legs clamped down on either side of my face.

"Yes," she moaned, "I'm coming so hard. God…"

I was filled with a certain pride in the knowledge that Sofia's first orgasm of the night had been at my hands. Or mouth, to be more precise.

But after the throes of her climax subsided, Sofia lifted her pussy from my face.

"Out of the way, now, Trent," commanded Charles, "I'll tell you if you're needed again."

Shocked, and a bit dazed after the experience of having Sofia ride my face, I rolled to the side as the blood rushed to my head.

It took a moment to get my bearings.

"Get up, honey. Make room," said Sofia, a pleading note in her voice.

I sat up on the bed for a moment and then stood, finding my way to an armchair beside the bed. The room was dark, but there was light coming in from the living room/kitchen.

A beam of light fell directly across the bed, where Sofia now lay, completely naked, her legs spread.

Charles climbed up onto the bed and positioned himself between her legs, aiming the head of his prick at her swollen slit. She reached

down and parted her lips, aiding him as he began to feed his prick inside of her.

“Do you want a better look?” she said, casting a glance over at me.

“Me?”

“Who else? It’s ok,” she said, “come over here. Take my hand.”

I walked to the side of the bed, looking into Sofia’s eyes as they met my own.

“It’s ok,” she said, “this is about both of us. All three of us. I want you to experience it with me, honey.”

I nodded, reaching out and taking her hand. She looked up at Charles, who smiled as he began to sink his cock inside her, sliding the first half or so into her easily.

“Oh God, Trent. He’s so fucking big. I can’t believe it.”

She squeezed my hand. As she did so, the same feeling of resignation that I’d had the very first time I’d seen Charles’ cock (when I’d emerged from the kitchen with the water) filled me.

The sight of my wife’s face as she was stretched by this stranger told me everything I needed to know about my future sex life with Sofia.

I had been shoved aside. Relegated to a secondary, “support” role.

As he began to pump, Sofia’s attention moved increasingly away from me and towards him, until she let my hand fall and locked eyes with her lover, who concentrated as he pushed his thick prick into her pussy.

“Yes. Oh God. Don’t stop,” she moaned, as he pressed her legs back and up onto his shoulders, so that he could go even deeper.

I stepped back from the bed now, and sat back in the chair, my cock in my hands. I stroked it as I watched the beautiful sight of Sofia being filled by her classmate, whose muscles rippled across his back. He clearly put a lot of effort into staying fit, and it paid off as he brought Sofia to orgasm after shuddering orgasm in that same position, on top of her with her legs spread.

It might have been a basic position, but it was anything but boring watching the two lovers copulate missionary style. Sofia bit her lip and moaned, arching her back before each orgasm as he thrust into

her, first faster, then slower. Harder, and then with a lighter touch, always in perfect tune with her body.

Watching them together, I couldn't shake the feeling that they were made for each other. The way he moved in her, so slowly and carefully at first, bringing her right to the edge of orgasm but then pulling back, letting her build up again into an even greater climax.

After about three minutes of penetration, Sofia climaxed for the second time that night, and the first time on Charles' cock. It was a magnificent sight to behold. This woman, middle-aged but in some sense still in the prime of her sexual life, abandoning herself to this younger, powerful man, who pinned her to the bed with his splendid prick, coaxing coos, moans and finally screams from her delicate voice box, until she lay back spent on the bed, the sweat sticking stray strands of her hair to her forehead.

Her face was glowing, her eyes glazed over in pleasure. Charles let her rest for a few moments before starting again. She was sensitive now after the first orgasm, I could tell, but this didn't cause him to hold back at all. Quite the contrary, in fact. And if his increased intensity was causing her any discomfort, she certainly wasn't showing it.

About half a minute after her first climax, she reached another. Then another, shortly after that one.

She wasn't making any sense now, my wife. Just moaning syllables and swearwords. Taking the name of the lord in vain and mixing it with the name of her lover.

Charles worked her over with the skill of a trained musician, playing her in and out of states of ecstasy like a violinist tracing the contours of a complicated concerto score.

Finally, when she was limp on the bed, completely powerless after all the orgasms, he pulled out of her. For a moment, it seemed like he might have finished, but I quickly realized he was still hard and ready to go. He bent down and kissed my wife on the lips, whispering some quiet words of reassurance to her that I couldn't hear.

Then he gently flipped her onto her side, and then her stomach.

He was going to fuck her from behind.

This was a position that Sofia sometimes found humiliating. We had tried it a few times over the years, but she had always complained that it lacked the intimacy she prized, because she couldn't see into my eyes.

Well, that didn't seem to matter quite as much to her, now that it was Charles that she was taking, and not her husband.

She got down on all fours and pressed her ass back and up towards him as he patiently spread her pussy lips, readying her for entry.

The change in position clearly caused Sofia to feel entirely new sensations, because she tensed for a moment, then relaxed, biting her lip as he slipped his head into her.

She was whispering to him now as he pushed inside her, and I only caught a few words.

"So...good...just...like...God...yes…"

Once again, he started slow, gently stroking her hair with one hand as he lubed his cock in her tight tunnel. But soon enough, his dominant side was back as he began to pound her pussy with abandon.

A minute later, his fingers were laced through her hair and he pulled it back, holding her head up. His other hand cracked down across her ass, spanking her hard now and growling obscenities.

"You love it, don't you? Tell me you love my cock."

"I love your big cock," she moaned, pushing her hips back against him as if trying to force him deeper.

"Tell your husband what you need."

The creeping dread came back when I heard this. For a while, it seemed like they'd both forgotten that I was even there, but now it was, once again, impossible to deny.

"I need this big dick," she moaned, "oh, Trent. Oh God. I need this cock. I need him to fuck me hard and just take what he wants. He deserves it all…"

I shrank back into the chair, stroking myself furiously. I felt humiliated, at least as much so as when I'd discovered my wife's story about her and Charles, but the difference was this time I didn't care.

I'd given up.

As Sofia climaxed again, I shot a load into my hand. The terrible tension had been released, and after the initial relief, I was slowly overcome with disgust.

What had I become? What would become of Sofia and me?

A moment later, Sofia said something that made my heart ache.

“I want you inside me. Come inside me, please. I want to take all of you.”

“You don’t want me to pull out?” asked Charles, obviously for my benefit.

“No. I need you inside me. I need you to claim me with that big dick…”

She looked up at him with tear-stained eyes, a pleading look on her flushed face as he slammed his dick deep again and again.

She was in total ecstasy, and, a moment later, so was he. He growled in triumph as he pumped his thick cum into her tight pussy.

I watched his balls contract seven or eight times as they emptied their potent contents into my wife.

She might still be fertile for all any of us knew. Sure, she was close to 40, but she didn’t take birth control. I’d had a vasectomy after our second kid.

The fact that she hadn’t merely been casually incautious about birth control, but had, rather, basically *demanded* that her lover shoot his seed inside her had been like a stab to the heart.

She’d always told me that she didn’t want any more kids. She’d always said that she was too old for that anyway, that the risks of pregnancy increase the closer you get to forty.

Was she having some kind of midlife crisis? Had she just been so overcome with passion that she couldn’t control herself?

Sofia and Charles held their heads together close, whispering sweet things back and forth as he stayed inside her.

I sat there, covered in my own uselessly spilled seed, watching the affection of a couple who now, I knew, shared a relationship that I would be entirely on the outside of, even if they allowed me to keep watching them.

Slowly, carefully, Charles pulled his cock out of my wife, who looked up at him in adoration.

Then she said something else that I’ll never forget.

“I need more,” she said, looking at him with pleading eyes.

“I gave you a lot already,” he said, “I’m going to need some help to recover.”

She smiled at him.

“Come up here and let me clean off that big, beautiful cock. I can’t get enough of your taste.”

Then she looked over at me.

“Trent, honey,” she said, “you did *such* a great job getting me ready for Charles. Do you think you could do it again?”

I looked at her in surprise. She sensed my hesitation, but was insistent.

“Come on, honey. I know that you’ll do anything to please your wife, won’t you? And right now, I need you to clean me up, just like I’m going to clean Charles up.”

“Get over here, Trent. I bet you can even make me come again. I’m so sensitive down there.”

If I had been the man I was six months ago, I would have walked out then and there. I probably should have. I wondered later if this was their little game to rub my nose (literally) in the evidence of how far I’d fallen in my wife’s esteem. But I wasn’t that man anymore.

Something had changed.

I stood up from the bed and wiped my hands on some Kleenex before walking over the to bed. Sofia pushed herself down to the edge and spread her legs. I dropped to my knees to do my duty, as Charles moved up to straddle my wife, enabling her to attend to his shaft and testicles with her mouth.

There we were. Charles dominating my wife, and my wife dominating me. Sofia taking Charles in her mouth, and me slurping up Charles’ seed out of my wife’s (quite possibly) fertile cunt.

I gagged a bit when the first dollop of semen hit my tongue.

I might have stopped there if Sofia hadn’t let out a long, low moan of pleasure that was partially muffled by her lover’s testicles.

I still had the drive to please her. To prove to her that I was still worth keeping around. In some capacity, at least.

“Yes, honey. Right there…”

I tried breathing through my mouth so that the taste and scent of Charles’ musky-smelling seed wouldn’t overwhelm me quite so

much. It wasn't that it was *totally* unpleasant, but it *was* completely new, and the fact that I knew what it was that I was swallowing made it psychologically difficult.

I was determined, however, to show Sofia that I accepted this new side of her. I knew deep down that I didn't really have a choice about it, but maybe I wanted to pretend like I did. To act like I'd chosen to be degraded in this way.

"That's good," she gasped, as my tongue swept across her clit, "right there."

"I wish you could see what she's doing to my cock," said Charles, addressing me, "you've never seen your wife like this. I can guarantee that. She's a a real pro, Trent. An expert cock-sucker. If I didn't know any better, I'd think that she'd had other experience with large cocks…"

"Stop teasing," she said, giggling as she came up for air, "*this* is the only big dick I've ever seen, or even *want* to see."

I didn't know if that made me feel better or worse. Was she saying she was in love with his cock? I guess that was better than her telling me that she was going to go all around town looking for other big dicks. As extreme as Sofia's recent change had been, it would have been completely unbelievable to think about her suddenly turning into some kind of slut. It was much more in keeping with her character to believe that she had fallen for Charles both emotionally and physically. That didn't make it easier for me, as her husband, to accept, however!

"You're doing such a good job getting me hard," he said.

Sofia moaned a little in response.

Charles must have sensed that I had stopped doing my job, because a moment later he admonished me.

"Clean her out good," he said, "eat up all that sperm."

This line disgusted me again because its utterance corresponded with the ingestion of a particularly large gob of semen, and I almost retched, but I managed to keep my composure, for Sofia's sake.

Sofia, for her part, was even more worked up now.

"God, that's good," she moaned.

Eager to prove myself worthy of pleasing her, and able to still do so, I redoubled my efforts, licking her clit in faster, rhythmic strokes.

This seemed to be working for a while. She bucked her hips up towards my face as she did when she was about to climax, but instead of the release that I was expecting, she only let out a moan of frustration and then fell limp against the bed.

“His tongue isn’t doing it for me,” she said, in a tone so faint and so pathetic that I almost couldn’t hear her, “I need your *cock*…”

She emphasized this last word like a plea, an entreaty to give her something that she *desperately* needed.

I was filled with a mixture of relief and humiliation. Relief that I would no longer have to choke down my rival’s cum, and humiliation because of my wife’s obvious preference for his cock over my mouth.

I couldn’t match his member. My oral skills were pretty much all that I could offer Sofia now in terms of physical pleasure.

“You heard her,” said Charles, “get out of the way.

I stood, slowly moving back to the doorway and standing there, my pants still around my knees from jerking off before.

I watched Charles get into position, standing on the ground while stroking his huge cock. Even in his gigantic hands, the shaft was impressive. I could see why Sofia treated it with an almost religious reverence.

I thought of what she’d been doing while I was going down on her. It had sounded like she had been taking him partway down her throat.

My wife. Completely submissive to another man.

She whispered something to him, and he bent down to hear her. They exchanged a few words, then he nodded.

She turned over on her stomach and then slid down so that her legs were on the ground but she was still supported by the bed.

Sofia had obviously asked him to take her from behind.

“Trent, honey,” she said, “would you mind if Charles and I had a little time alone?”

This caught me by surprise, as funny as it sounds. It’s one thing to let another man fuck your wife while you’re watching, but for some reason it felt like a betrayal for her to do it behind closed doors.

“Sofia,” I said, “we never talked about this. I’m not sure if I like the idea of you being alone with him.”

“She wasn’t really asking a question,” said Charles, cutting in.

“I know,” I said, “but I’m not sure if I like what’s happening here.”

Charles turned his head to look at me, his cock still poised to enter my wife. It jutted out, hanging thick between his legs.

“What’s happening here doesn’t concern you. It’s all about what Sofia wants. And she wants you out of here.”

My temper flared. I couldn’t help it. Despite the feelings of resignation and defeat, I still had some pride.

I thought about taking a swing at Charles. I actually lifted my hand slowly to strike him, but then put it down again in powerless frustration, balling it into a fist and striking it against my leg.

“Charles will take me home tomorrow,” called Sofia, “I’ll be back before the boys get home.”

I stepped out into the living room. I heard Sofia giggle, then let out a long, deep moan. From the depths of her soul. It reached to the depths of mine, too.

I wanted to cry. I almost did, too, but I took a moment to gather myself and head for the door as I heard Sofia beg Charles to fuck her harder, faster and deeper.



That night was a hard one for me. Maybe the most difficult of my life. I lay there, in an empty house, wondering what was happening over at Charles’ place. What positions was he putting her in? What new perversions was he introducing her to?

Sofia seemed so open with him. So different. It was intoxicating to think about the possibilities, but also depressing, because I knew that I had been shut out of their relationship, at least for the moment. Perhaps that would change in time.

I jerked off one more time that night, remembering how my wife had looked as she waited for Charles to penetrate her from behind, just before she kicked me out of the bedroom.

I imagined her moaning his name. I imagined him making her promise never to fuck me again. Never to let me near her pussy, which was now his and his alone.

I imagined him ejaculating inside her, claiming her with his seed.

I imagined him getting her pregnant.

This is the final image that pushed me over the edge. I shot my load into my hand and felt worthless a moment later.

How would our household deal with this new relationship?

6

The next morning. Sofia showed up early (around 7) just as she'd promised. I was sitting in the kitchen, drinking coffee. I hadn't slept especially well, after my little "dark night of the cuckold soul."

"Hey," she said, as she came through the door, "when are the boys coming back?"

"Jake by 10 and Alex probably not before noon, I think," I said, studying her face for some sign of how the rest of the evening had gone.

She walked across the kitchen and grabbed a mug from the cabinet. Then she sat down at the table next to me and put her hand on my arm.

"I'm sorry if things got a little too carried away last night," she said, "he just kind of...awakens something in me."

"Just tell me one thing," I said, staring off into space, "was that really the first time?"

"You mean, the first time that Charles and I…"

"Yeah. The first time that you fucked him."

"Yes," she said, "you saw our first time together."

There was a moment of hesitation in her voice. It was like she was weighing the possibility that I had somehow found out about the chats on Facebook. I was also curious. Curious to see if she'd fess up or not.

"But? It seems like there's something else you want to tell me."

"We...talked. On Facebook. And it got a little steamy," she said.

I almost laughed. A “little steamy”? I’d seen the pictures. I knew what she’d shown him, and it didn’t leave a lot to the imagination. I’d say they were a far cry from being a “little steamy.”

“Did you send pictures?”

There was a tense, long silence that told me everything I needed to know.

Finally, she sighed.

“Yes,” she said, “but please try to understand. Charles makes me feel like no one ever could…”

“How do you think that makes *me* feel? I’m your husband!”

“Trent,” she said, fixing me with her watery eyes, “I meant what I said when we were in the car outside his house last night. I will always love you. Even if I don’t have an erotic attraction to you. I am just hoping...that we can find a way to connect anyway.”

I sat for a moment in silence. It was all like a dream. Or a nightmare.

“I should file for divorce,” I said.

She nodded her head slowly.

“I wouldn’t blame you if you did.”

“I would win, too. I have proof of infidelity.”

“That’s not quite true,” she said, “don’t forget that you’re the one who encouraged me to do this.”

“So what? I’m not sure if that matters from a legal standpoint.”

“I’m not sure either, to be honest.”

Sofia sipped her coffee, looking out the front window.

“I don’t know what else to tell you, Trent. You know how I feel about this. I want to live here with you, but visit Charles as often as I can. At least until the kids are out of high school. I need you to try to understand that. And to get something out of it yourself. The final decision is up to you.”

I nodded. I knew that she was right. Despite her previous deception, Sofia was now laying her cards on the table. It was up to me whether I wanted to pick up the losing hand that she’d dealt me.

Then she leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“Aren’t you a little curious about what happened after you left? We’ve got time before the boys come home. If you want, we could go upstairs and I could tell you about it…



A FEW MINUTES LATER, I had my face buried in my wife's pussy, sucking out another load of Charles' cum, as she explained in great detail all of the ways he'd fucked her after I'd left: standing up and holding her on his cock, her standing up and bent over the chair in the living room.

Bent over the kitchen island.

Missionary-style on the floor in the bedroom, then again in the living room.

She'd sucked his cock after a shower, on her knees in the bathroom.

After I'd brought her to another climax, Sofia told me to take a break. She pulled me up towards her and gave me a long kiss.

"I really do love you, Trent. And if this works for you, it works for me. There are a few more things I have to tell you about last night, though…"

She smiled at me as she reached for the lube on the nightstand. I might not be allowed to fuck her anymore, but she gave a great hand job.



WHEN SOFIA TURNED FORTY, she had a group of friends from her writing class over for a small party to celebrate with me and the boys. It was a strange choice, since she had other friends who she'd known for longer and who she didn't invite, but she explained her decision by the fact that she wasn't sure if her new group of friends would mingle well with her old group of friends.

I suspected that I knew the real reason, however: Sofia wanted to keep her new life with Charles separate from her old life with me.

Around her friends from her writing class, Sofia barely acknowledged my presence, to the extent that I wondered if she'd even explained who I was.

Instead, she stayed close to Charles, hanging on his arm and his every word, laughing at his jokes and leaning in to exchange intimate

words with him, even giving him a quick peck on the cheek at one point in front of everyone.

I was relieved that the boys hadn't seen. But by the time the kiss had happened, they were both back in their rooms playing video games.

To be sure, I could have made it harder for her to forget about me. I could have inserted myself into their conversations, and made sure that everyone knew that *I* was Sofia's husband. But would that have made it better, or worse? Some of the guests must have known that Sofia was married, and not to the handsome guy in their class. They were either ignoring the fact, or they thought that Sofia and I had some kind of "arrangement," which, of course, was basically true.

So I hung back, on the sidelines, serving up drinks and refilling snack trays as the intellectual crowd mingled. I did get a chance to talk to her professor for a while. He ended up being a nice guy, who – like my own father – had worked as a longshoreman for years. He had taken up writing only at the age of forty, which explained why he was still teaching despite being more or less decrepit.

I shook my head remembering that I had once considered *him* to be my main sexual rival for Sofia.

I was looking forward to spending some quality time with Sofia, but when the party wound down, one guest stayed around longer than anyone else.

Charles.

Of course. Why not?

"Honey," she said, looking at me with her big eyes, "do you think it would be alright if Charles spends the night tonight? You could stay in the guest room. The boys will never know. We'll just tell them that he slept there, if it comes up."

She dropped his hand, which she'd been holding tenderly in her own, and walked across the room to me, leaning in and whispering in my ear.

"I promise that you'll get to clean me up afterwards. And if you're lucky, I might even be in the mood to play with your little guy…"

What could I say? I had grown to like this side of Sofia. And if I wanted to be part of the next chapter in her life, I knew that I couldn't

refuse.

“Let me get some fresh towels and linens for the bed,” I said, “I want our guest to feel at home.”

Charles smiled broadly, giving me a wink as Sofia walked back over to him and he draped his arm around her.

“Thanks, Trent,” he said, “that means a lot to me.”

Then he bent down and grabbed my wife’s ass with one hand, while he planted a long, passionate kiss on her lips.

A pang of longing shot through me, but a hope was awakened inside:

Maybe they’d let me watch again this time?



A YEAR after she’d turned forty, Sofia finally finished the manuscript of her book. It took a while before she’d let me read it. She said that it was due to her lack of confidence, but finally she confessed that she was afraid that it would bring up old feelings. Things that we’d moved past in our relationship. By that point, I had fully accepted the new arrangement: Charles slept over once a week, on Saturday, and I moved discreetly into the guest bedroom. The boys thought that the three of us were playing cards and drinking, which we really did do sometimes. Sofia spent the night at his house two nights a week, on Monday and Wednesday. We told the kids that she was going to the university library to work on her book. And some of those nights, that might have been the truth.

She never told me what the book was about until the day that she finally passed a copy of the manuscript to me, across the kitchen table, hulled in a large manila envelope tied up with red thread.

Just like the story that I’d found so many months ago that had launched our own story of exploration, infidelity, and, finally, compromise.

Sofia stood and left the room.

“I can’t stand watching other people read my work,” she said, “I’m going to take a walk.”

I nodded, unwinding the red thread the held the envelope shut, and pulling out a large stack of pages.

Heart pounding, I read the title page and the first few lines.

THE CLASSMATE

BY SOFIA MANZELLA

He was younger than she was, but not by much. His eyes, however, held a depth of experience that went beyond his years.

I set the packet down on the table and closed my eyes for a moment, overwhelmed by emotion.

Then I picked up the pages again and began to read the story – Sofia's story. I knew how it ended in *real* life, but I needed to know what her fantasy ending looked like.

THE END

YOU MIGHT ALSO LIKE…

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here (cynthiasizematters@gmail.com).

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

TANYA TAKES A LOVER

Tanya was head over heels in love with Adam, her first and only boyfriend, when she married him a decade ago.

Now, a successful businesswoman, Tanya has started to wonder if she's missed out on something by never **sowing her wild oats**. What's more, her husband Adam has confessed his fantasy of **watching her with a larger man**. With their love life becoming a bit stale, the couple begins to weave fantasies of Tanya stepping out for a little extramarital fun.

When Tanya begins to develop a crush on her friend Sean, a man from church who has a reputation for being **larger** than life (and than Adam) both in and out of the bedroom, she sees an opportunity to both make up for lost time *and* indulge Adam's dirty desires simultaneously.

But when emotions start to intervene, will Tanya go too far? Or will she respect Adam's wishes – and her own marriage vows?

TANYA TAKES A LOVER is a 20,000-word emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity, voyeurism and the thin lines between fantasy and reality.



NICOLE'S BETRAYAL

Nicole is everything that Kevin (her husband of almost seven years) could have wanted in a wife: she is loyal, intelligent and beautiful. Oh yeah: she's also hot. A perfect ten. Way out of his league.

When the secretary at Kevin's office quits unexpectedly, Nicole steps in to help out. Of course she catches the eye of a lot of guys around the office – how couldn't she? – but Kevin's dominant alpha boss, Justin, takes a special interest.

Even if he is something of a bully and a womanizer, Justin is a good boss. He also has something that Nicole hasn't had in a long time, not since her wild college days: a large endowment.

Soon, both Kevin's cuckold fantasies and Nicole's size queen proclivities are out in the open, and Nicole and Justin are headed out of town for a conference, alone. Will Nicole stick to the rules for her marriage that she and Kevin have so carefully worked out? Or will her desire for Justin make her throw their agreement out the window?

NICOLE'S BETRAYAL is a 21,000-word, emotionally intense cheating-wife novella that explores cuckold angst, clean-up, marital infidelity and voyeurism.



BEVERLY'S DARK DESIRE

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

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

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

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



SARAH'S ADVENTURE

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

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

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

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

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



EMMA'S FLING

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

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

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

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

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