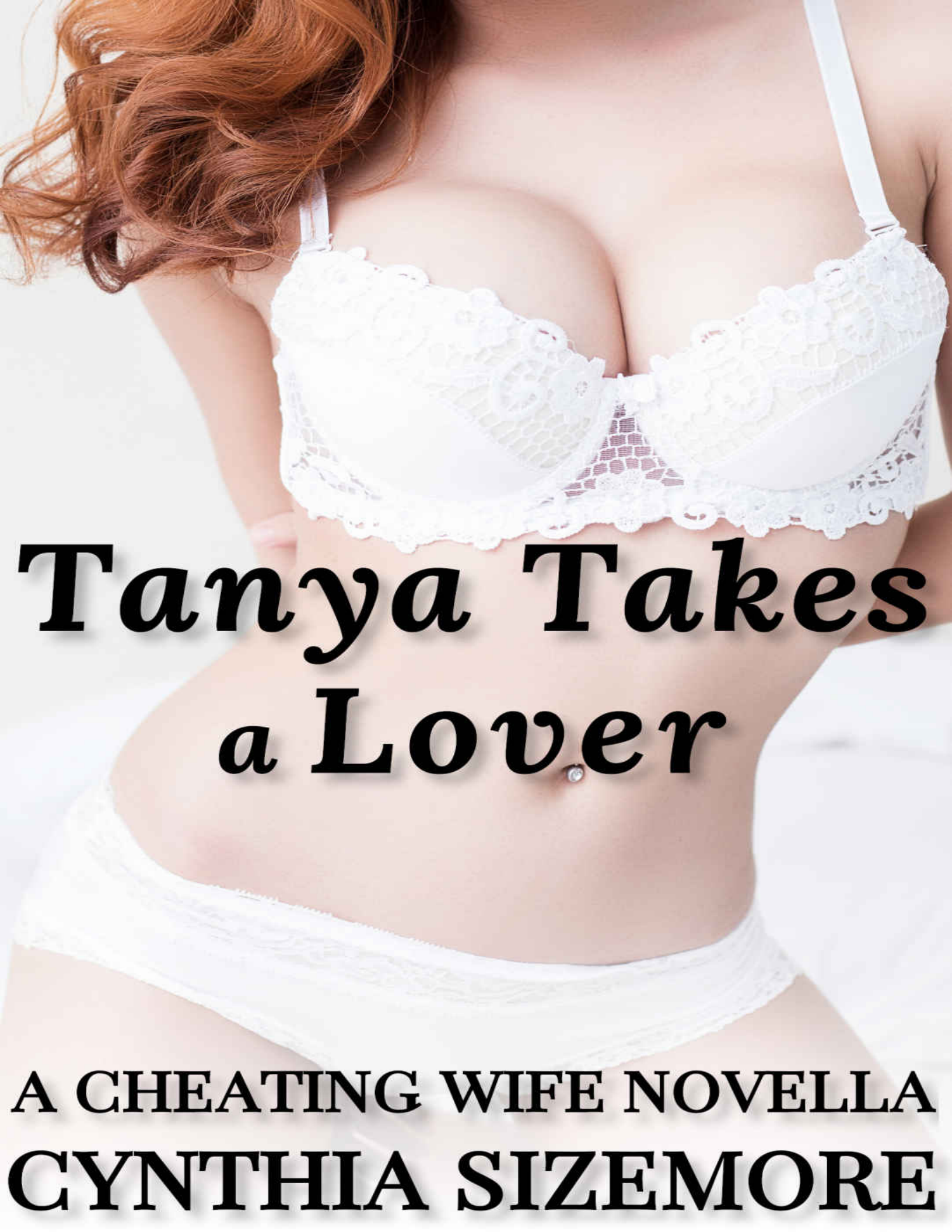


Tanya Takes a Lover

A CHEATING WIFE NOVELLA

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

TANYA TAKES A LOVER

By Cynthia Sizemore

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TANYA TAKES A LOVER

Chapter 1

Tanya liked to describe herself as "normal." The kind of woman who liked to gossip with the girls, help out at church bake sales, and drink pumpkin spiced lattes in the fall. She was in good shape, but not too skinny. She did Pilates, yoga and spin classes, but not religiously. She watched her weight, but wasn't so afraid of carbs that she couldn't have fries or a doughnut from time to time.

She still dressed in skinny low–rise jeans, which had been popular when she was in college, even if the girls in their early twenties now favored what she would have called "mom jeans."

In short, she knew what she liked, and wasn't going to change for anyone else. So what if she was "basic" or "normal"? It was enough for her, and it was enough for me, too. I probably would have described myself in the same way that she had: I liked to browse memes on the internet, talk sports with my friends, and work out at least three times a week.

Ok, to be honest, lately it had been more like twice a week. Or only once. And recently, not at all.

One area where we *weren't* average — at least at first — was sex. Tanya and I had had absolutely **explosive** sexual chemistry from the very first time we were together.

Back then, when we'd both been just out of college, it had seemed like there was always something new to discover in our

relationship, some exciting way for our bodies to come together that would yield either pleasure, frustration, or something in between.

In the old days, we tried a lot of different things: toys, role play, at least a dozen different positions — even anal. The one thing that we never tried — the one and only thing that Tanya emphasized was totally off limits — was introducing another person into the bedroom.

That, Tanya had told me, in no uncertain terms, was *totally* taboo.

Anything was permitted between a man and a woman in a committed relationship, in her view, **except** for introducing someone else outside of the couple.

I completely agreed. At least that's what I told her at the time. But the reality was much more complex.

In truth, I was aroused by the idea of seeing Tanya with another man. There were complex personal reasons for this interest of mine, which I attribute to the fact that an old girlfriend of mine, my very first love, had told me in graphic detail about the process of losing her virginity to an older man.

I had been left with a feeling of inadequacy but also arousal as she (my girlfriend Kaitlyn) had talked about her experience. Unlike what I've heard from other women since then, Kaitlyn had had a very positive first–time experience.

"He almost couldn't get inside me," she'd said, her words echoing in my brain, "but he was so kind and so gentle."

I had wanted to ask her about his size, but I couldn't quite bring myself to do it. It was like being a kid, scared of the dark, and wanted to look under the bed for a monster and knowing it wasn't there, but being afraid to do it all the same. Except, in this case, I was afraid that the monster really did exist.

Finally, one day, as we were lying on the bed in her apartment, I'd finally gotten the courage to ask the question.

In retrospect, Kaitlyn had been very patient with me.

"I guess he was a little bigger than you," she'd said.

"How much bigger?"

I tried to remain casual, but I think Kaitlyn knew that this was an important question for me.

"Does it really matter?"

That sort of evasion is, of course, the kind of thing that tells a guy all he needs to know. If he'd been smaller, she would have emphasized this, instead of telling me that his size didn't matter at all.

And if it *really* didn't matter, why be so evasive?

Finally, Kaitlyn had admitted the truth: that her previous boyfriend, Lorentz (who had been an exchange student from Germany) had been about 8" long and extremely thick. This had proven a problem at first, but later had been a source of extreme pleasure for Kaitlyn.

I became obsessed with Kaitlyn's sex life while she'd been dating Lorentz. I'd press her for more details almost every time we made love. I knew I was taking things too far, but I couldn't stop myself. I even surprised her once, on our six–month anniversary, with a large, flesh–covered dildo that was of the approximate dimensions she'd described to me. It was even uncircumcised, like he was.

We had a lot of fun with that dildo. I still have an image of one particular afternoon burned into my mind's eye, when I had convinced Kaitlyn to simply close her eyes and imagine that Lorentz was fucking her again. I'd taken control of the dildo as she'd laid back on her bed, her legs spread as I worked the tip of the enormous phallus into her tight tunnel.

The sounds that she made that afternoon as she thought of her previous lover, her eyes tightly closed and concentrated as she directed me to go faster or slower, those sounds banished any thought in my mind that size was not important to women. Even though she tried to convince me that she was happy that I was so good at using my hands and mouth to make her come, I became convinced that I was not enough for Kaitlyn.

Ultimately, we broke up because of it. Because of my own insecurities. I simply couldn't stop talking about how she deserved a more endowed lover, and eventually I encouraged her to seek one out, a guy friend of hers who was supposedly hung.

She managed to seduce the friend in question — it wasn't hard for a woman like Kaitlyn — and afterwards, grew emotionally distant from me.

Finally, after returning my calls and texts only sporadically for two weeks (and this after we had practically been living together!), Kaitlyn finally told me what I'd known from the beginning: it was over. She'd started dating her friend, the one who I'd encouraged her to cheat with.

Thus my first attempt at cuckolding ended in disaster. I blamed myself for the failure of this relationship for months afterwards. If only I'd been able to keep my mouth shut! Maybe Kaitlyn and I would have still been together.

Another thought nagged at me, however: what if I'd (unconsciously) driven Kaitlyn away because I'd been too afraid of intimacy (and the possibility of rejection) ? What if my cuckold fetish was really a way for me to avoid the risks that went along with being in a committed relationship?

But then there was Tanya. Maybe Tanya was right about herself and her tastes. Maybe she really was "basic." But sometimes "basic" can be just what you need. Just like sometimes a cheeseburger hits the spot better than *saltimbocca alla romana*, and after my rather "complicated" relationship with Kaitlyn that had ended in disaster, I was ready for something simpler.

Things were a lot simpler with Tanya. Perfect, in fact. For one thing, I was the first and only lover she'd had, so I didn't have to worry about how I measured up to the other men she'd known. This was a big relief for me, even if I was still haunted by the images that Kaitlyn had left in my mind of the benefits of a large endowment.

Like I said before, even if the dynamics of our relationship were more boring, the sex between Tanya and I was amazing. Even what was commonly referred to as "vanilla" sex was highly satisfying, just like vanilla ice cream had come to be the dominant flavor because it really is so good.

***

I'd met Tanya at the University Bookstore, the day before classes started the fall semester of our senior year.

I had found the aisle that had the books for the Introduction to Philosophy class that I needed to graduate. The one that I *should* have taken freshman year, but had put off out of anxiety. I hate reading, you see. I'm the kind of guy who's much more comfortable in the world of numbers. I majored in math, and my goal was to become an actuary. So I had no use for a philosophy course (unless it was one of those philosophy of mathematics courses that I saw listed for graduate students but did not, unfortunately, count towards an undergraduate degree). And yet I had to take this particular course, or I'd be unable to graduate.

Tanya, as it turned out, had been in a similar position, though not for the same reason. She'd transferred to our state college from a smaller community college, and her advisor had overlooked the fact that she hadn't already taken the philosophy course for her liberal arts requirements. She was studying Psychology, not because she wanted to be a psychologist, or even work in mental health, but because she found the classes fun and interesting. Like me, she had

no use for philosophy, and, on that evening before the semester would begin, was now staring at an empty bookshelf with dread.

"Shit. Are there any more back there?"

She bent down to check the depths of the shelf, and I took a moment to glance down her tank–top.

Nice chest, I thought, before reflexively jerking my glance away.

Later, she told me that she'd noticed me checking her out, and had thought it was "cute."

In the moment, however, we were both worried about not having the required book.

"I guess we should ask about ordering it," I said.

"Maybe," she said, standing up again, "maybe I'll just get it online."

"It's at least worth a shot to see if they can get used copies for cheaper," I said, "then at least you know what price you're trying to beat."

She smiled. Right then and there, I was smitten.

"Let's go ask together," she said.

We stood side by side at the counter while the salesclerk looked up the ISBN number of the course textbook.

"Looks like we can get it by next week," she said.

"But we need it before then!"

Tanya's face was filled with worry. I could sense her anxiety rising.

"Come on," I said, "I've got another idea…"

She looked at me with interest, but followed me out of the store and across the street to the library.

"They have all the textbooks on reserve here," I said, "you can only check them out for two hours at a time, but if we study together, that makes four hours total. I'm Adam, by the way."

Her face went from confusion to elation. When Tanya's huge smile hit me for the second time that day, my initial attraction to her was reinforced. I wasn't going to let this opportunity pass me by.

"I'm Tanya," she said.

Approximately four hours later, after she'd invited me to eat dinner with her in the dining hall, Tanya and I were making out furiously in her dorm room bed.

That is, until there was the sound of a key turning in the door. Just as I'd put my hand under her shirt and was about to get the chance to finally feel those breasts that I'd been lusting after for the entirety of our very brief acquaintance.

"Whoops," she whispered to me, "that's Sarah, my roommate. Guess I'll see you on the first day of class!"

I mumbled a hello to Sarah as I passed her a moment later on my way out the door.

We managed to finally consummate our budding friendship (what was it, really? We weren't "going out" — that was for sure) about two weeks later, after she'd casually dropped a hint that her roommate was gone for the weekend after we'd met up to study together in the library.

We burst through the door of her dorm room and in a matter of seconds were totally naked except for our socks. Tanya stood in front of me, blonde, slender and beautiful, her breasts in perfect proportion to her figure, not sagging and not small, but rather pert with pointy nipples that stood out at a pleasing angle.

My mouth closed on one of them and she let out a long sigh.

"You're the first boy I've had in my room," she whispered.

A few minutes later, when I was poised to enter her, I was surprised to discover that I would be the first boy who had been inside *her* as well. I was as gentle as I could be, though in the excitement of feeling her tight walls enclose me for the first time, I ejaculated rather quickly.

So be it. It was perfectly ok with Tanya, who wanted to get used to having something so large inside her.

That's not to say that I was large, exactly. More like completely average. I was about 5 ½ inches long, and not especially thick, but if the largest thing you've had inside up to that point has been a tampon (Tanya didn't even own a dildo when I met her), 5 ½ inches is going to feel like a monster.

I later asked Tanya to estimate how big I was. She guessed 8 ½, which goes to show how much psychology plays a role in many women's estimates of penis size.

In any case, being the one to deflower this beautiful young woman gave me a much–needed ego boost after my previous disappointing relationship with Kaitlyn.

Soon, I forgot all about the torment and longing I'd felt listening to Kaitlyn talk about her experiences taking Lorentz's purported 22 centimeters (which I'd long ago converted to inches — it comes out to an impressive, and almost unbelievable 8.66").

***

Sex with Tanya just got better and better, and as Fall semester of senior year drew to a close, and we were still hooking up almost every weekend, I decided that I'd be an idiot not to make this relationship official in some way.

So I asked her, one night as we lay next to each other in my tiny twin bed, if she'd be my girlfriend.

To my surprise, she giggled.

"Wait," she said, turning towards me and propping herself up on an elbow, "are you telling me that I'm not *already* your girlfriend? We talk every day, and we sleep together like twice a week."

"Yeah," I said, a little flummoxed, "I know that. I guess I just want to make it official. Like, I want to be able to introduce you as my girlfriend."

“Who do you want to introduce me too, exactly?”

“I don’t know,” I said, “friends. Family.”

“Are you asking me to come home and meet your family for Christmas?”

She had an irresistible twinkle in her blue eyes. I didn’t know what to say. So I said “yes.”

About a year later — after I’d started a graduate program and she’d gotten a job in sales at a small furniture manufacturer (turns out English degrees really are flexible) — she said “yes” to another question, this time, one that I posed: *Will you marry me?*

And that is the short version of how I ended up marrying the young woman who I met in front of an empty shelf at the university bookstore.

Chapter 2

Now, almost ten years later, though I still adored Tanya, it was clear that the spark was gone from our marriage. Don't misunderstand me, please! I'm not saying that Tanya and I didn't love each other anymore. Or that we didn't make love to each other. Just that the spirit of experimentation and joy that had once infused our lovemaking and our time together had largely given way to routine.

We didn't have any children, though we hadn't yet entirely ruled it out. Tanya still wasn't sure that she could commit to being a full–time, stay–at–home mom. I tried to tell her that I didn't expect her to do that. That there were good daycare providers in the city, and that we could easily hire a live–in nanny if she wanted. I certainly made enough money.

Those things didn't interest Tanya, however. In some matters, she was highly traditional. If she had a child, she wanted to stay at home and take care of it. Her mother hadn't worked, and she didn't want to work either. The problem, then, was that she was afraid of losing her independence, her identity, if she gave up her job to become a mother. Since that first job in sales, she'd moved into Human Resources, and now headed up the HR department of one of the larger software companies in the mid–sized Midwestern city we lived in. For my part, I passed my actuarial exams with flying colors and had bounced from one employer to another for the better part of a decade, earning 20–30% raises each time.

We were well–off. We took vacations every year. We had a huge house.

But *something* was still missing.

So we got a dog. A rescue puppy, a 12–week–old golden retriever and German Shepherd mix, who soon threw our lives into a lovely chaos.

That was enough for us, for about the next eight months. But then, one night, we both noticed simultaneously that something unprecedented had happened in our relationship.

We'd stopped having sex.

As we came in from a long walk in the autumn rain with Roger (the dog), we stripped out of our raincoats and both flopped down on the bed. I started making a fire in our bedroom fire insert (I'd insisted that we have a house with real wood–burning fireplaces; I loved the romance of it), and Tanya went into the bathroom and took a long, hot shower. She emerged thirty minutes later wrapped in a bathrobe.

She was beautiful. It was objectively true. But in that moment, while I was attracted to her, I wasn't aroused by her.

"Hey babe," she said, yawning as she took the mug of chamomile tea I'd prepared in the meantime, "thanks for building the fire. Roger looks happy."

Roger, for once, was flopped down contentedly next to the hearth and not vying for our attention.

"Yeah," I sighed, sipping my own mug.

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

"Hmm," she said, "it's Thursday evening. Don't we usually…"

I looked into her eyes, and didn't see the usual spark that accompanied "date night." She must have seen the same lack of interest in my own gaze, because a moment later, she said.

"But, you know, we don't *have* to…"

"Of course not," I said.

I leaned down and kissed her forehead.

"Wait," she said, "did we do it last week?"

"No," I said, after a moment, "I don't think we did."

"Ha," she said, "are we in some kind of rut? When *was* the last time we did it?"

Neither of us could remember.

"Well," I said, "I guess it's normal, isn't it? Nothing to worry about."

"Of course not," she agreed, "the passion always ebbs and flows."

"Yes," I said, "and every couple deals with it differently. Some people have kids. Maybe we got a dog because we somehow knew…"

A huge grin crossed her face. Then she suppressed a giggle.

"What?" I asked, "what's so funny?"

“Nothing,” Tanya said, “I’m not laughing at you. I’m remembering something that Karen told me.”

Karen was her friend from work, an attractive woman in her early forties.

“What did she tell you?”

“She and her husband do something called ‘hotwifing.’”

I knew exactly what this was. A thrill ran down my spine.

“Oh?” I said, playing coy, “and what is that, exactly?”

“Karen sleeps with other men. Sometimes Bob watches, sometimes she just tells him about it.”

“So does Bob...sleep with other women?”

“No,” said Tanya, “Karen says he doesn’t want to. He gets off on knowing that she’s getting off.”

“That’s very interesting,” I said.

“Do you really think so? Your tone of voice makes it sound like it’s something you’ve thought about before…”

“I have,” I said, “but not with you.”

“Not with me?”

“You remember Kaitlyn?

“Yeah. I mean, I never met her, but I remember her name of course. Your only serious girlfriend before me. How could I forget about her?”

"Well," I said, taking a deep breath as the feelings from so many years ago started to well up inside me once more, "we had a pretty...complicated relationship, and I guess you could say that it included elements of 'hotwifing.'"

"But she was your *girlfriend*, not your wife. Unless there's something you're not telling me."

She smirked, sipping from her cup.

"Yeah," I said, "it wasn't exactly equivalent, but it was similar."

For the first time in our marriage, I admitted to her what Kaitlyn and I had done. I left out the part about how I believed that our experimentation had been responsible for ultimately destroying our relationship, too.

"So you really *liked* her talking about...being with other men?" she said.

I nodded.

"I loved it. Some of our best sex happened when she was telling me her fantasies about being with other guys."

"That's very interesting…" said Tanya, setting her cup down.

"Unfortunately…," she continued, "I never got to 'sow my wild oats' in college, so I'm afraid that the most I'd be able to tell you about would be making out with my high school boyfriend Jeff behind the bleachers."

I felt my cock stir. Suddenly, I was in the mood again.

"And just how far did you get with Jeff?"

"More like how far did *he* get with *me*," she replied, laughing, "to be honest, I wasn't that attracted to him. I just wanted to see what it was like to kiss a boy. I liked it, but I didn't like him. And to answer your question: second base. I let him put his hands under my bra, but stopped him there."

I was rock–hard. Tanya noticed.

"Oh my God," she said, looking down at my erection, "you're...really into this, huh?"

I sighed, shrugging my shoulders.

"What can I say? You got me."

"Well," said Tanya, facing me and looking down at my erection, "I think it's pretty amazing that we can still discover things about each other, all these years later. It's kind of hot that I seem to have stumbled upon a new way to turn my husband on."

I nodded.

"How about we do something about this?" she smiled, touching my erection, "and I'll do my best to indulge this little...interest of yours?"

"Oh God," I said, my voice already hoarse with desire, "that would be so hot."

"Mm," said Tanya, "great. I've got an idea. Why don't I give you a nice old–fashioned handjob while we cuddle. That way I can whisper naughty things in your ear…"

"Please," I gasped.

A moment later, we were laying side–by–side on the bed. Tanya's hands were on my shaft and she leaned on her side and whispered in my ear.

"Bob loves to see Karen make love to larger men. Is that what you're into, too?"

The bluntness of this question surprised me, but it was extremely well–placed.

"Yes," I gasped, my erection springing up under her hand.

"Wow," she said, "I guess we really found something that turns you on. That's hot."

"I'm glad you think so," I managed to sputter, as the feeling of impending orgasm started to overtake me.

I did my best to hold back. I wanted to prolong this conversation, to explore more fully the new avenue in our relationship that seemed to be opening.

"I've never been with a larger guy than you," said Tanya, "I never thought about it one way or another, to be honest. I thought that dick size was something that men were hung up on, not women. Karen told me she felt the same way. That is, until…"

"Yes?"

I was desperate to hear. The understand the truth of Karen's desire, and perhaps also Tanya's.

"Well, that is, *until* she found this really nice guy named Chris who she hooks up with a lot. He's still in college."

She wrinkled her nose, not exactly in disgust, but disapproval.

"So naughty," she giggled, "a woman *her* age hooking up with a 20–year–old. But she says he's a good lover. He's really thick. And he's got a lot of stamina. At first she wasn't sure how she even felt about his size, but once she got used to it, she said it's better than any sex she's ever had with Bob…"

"How...big is he?"

"I don't know," she said, continuing to stroke me, "she didn't say exactly. Just...really big."

"Would you ever...want to try something bigger?"

"Theoretically?"

"Sure, let's start there."

She paused, as if thinking it over, while continuing to stroke me.

"Theoretically...I'd love to see what the fuss is about. Karen obviously loves it…"

In that moment, I couldn't hold back anymore. I erupted onto Tanya's hands and my own chest.

"My, my, my! Seems like that was quite exciting for you."

"You have no idea," I sighed.

She stared at me for a few moments before getting a wet cloth from the bathroom and tossing it to me. Then she went into the bathroom and washed her hands.

"That was fun," she said, when she'd emerged, "I love it that we can still find new things to talk about. But I hope you know that my old rule still applies: anything goes as long as it's between the two of us. I'm not considering becoming a 'Karen' anytime soon."

Part of me was disappointed. But another part was secretly relieved.

"Oh," I said, "of course. I completely understand. It's just a fantasy for me, too."

"That might be true now, but it sounds like you actually acted on the fantasy when you were with Kaitlyn. How did things go?"

There it was. I was forced to answer the question. I didn't want to lie to my wife. I *couldn't*.

"I convinced her to have sex with a larger guy," I admitted, "and a few weeks later, she dumped me."

"Aw," she said, frowning and running her hands over my forehead as if I'd been a child, "that must have been hard for you to deal with. But then again, if she hadn't broken up with you, we'd never have met."

"That's true," I said, "I guess I can be grateful to her for that."

"But it also goes to show," said Tanya, seriously, "that that threesome business, or hotwifing or whatever is just a ticking time bomb. Even for Bob and Karen. They've managed it well so far, but what's going to happen when Karen develops serious feelings for one of those college guys? It's not good for their marriage. Not good…"

And that was Tanya’s last word on the matter for a while. That is, until Sean came into the picture…

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Chapter 3

Who was Sean Gilchrist? At first glance, he might not have seemed like a very remarkable guy. He was thirty–one years old (approximately the same age as Tanya and I) and managed a coffee shop in the office building where Tanya's firm had its headquarters.

Tanya had been going to the coffee shop every morning for the last year or so, when she'd started getting up early to take Roger out in the mornings. She hadn't wanted to give up her late nights, so she was missing out on sleep, and something had to give. So, she decided to up her caffeine intake.

She was such a regular, in fact, that Sean had instructed his baristas to have her drink — an iced coffee in the summer months and a pumpkin spice latte when the weather got cold (I told you Tanya was "basic"!) — ready for her when she sailed through the door on the way to the elevators.

Sean must have had **dozens** of regulars. But I suspected that they didn't get the same treatment that Tanya did. I *knew* they simply *couldn't* have.

If this had been the only way that Tanya knew Sean, their friendship wouldn't have ever developed in the way that it did. But it just so happened that there was another arena of life where their two paths crossed: at church.

Sean, you see, wasn't only the manager of a small coffee shop. On the weekends, he came alive as the choir director for First

Baptist, the church that Tanya had been attending since our move to this city several years ago.

I say *Tanya* had been attending, because *I* didn't care much for organized religion, personally. Tanya herself wasn't exactly a fervent believer, but she'd been raised in the faith, and going to church felt like home for her, so she dutifully went every Sunday, even if she was prone to forget about Wednesday night Bible study.

I accompanied her on Easter and Christmas. Everyone, except some of the older ladies, seemed to accept this arrangement. No one tried to convert me or anything like that. They were all very warm and welcoming.

It was during those infrequent visits to First Baptist when I caught glimpses of what I would later think of as Tanya's secret life. She may have been a force to be reckoned with as an HR director, but at church, she was just another part of the team.

At church, **Sean** was in charge.

Well, not literally, of course. That was Pastor Jackson. Sean was basically second in command, however. He directed the choir, of course, but he also organized most of the other events as well. He was respected as a manager and a man of God.

Which is why when certain rumors about Sean began to spread in their tight–knit community, Tanya wasn't sure what to think about them at first.

"You know that guy Sean, from church?"

"Sure, 'coffee shop Sean,' right?"

"Yep."

"Well," she said, leaning in across our kitchen table one Sunday afternoon after we'd just gotten home from a particularly long church service, "I just heard the most *scandalous* gossip about him from one of the older ladies."

She paused, lost in thought for a moment.

"Come on, tell me!" I said, "you can't just say something like that and then not follow it up!"

"You know how he's not married, and everyone is always saying that a man like him needs a wife?"

"Yeah, I can imagine," I said, rolling my eyes on the inside as I thought about church lady gossip, "usually when the director of a church choir is an attractive unmarried man, it's pretty clear what's keeping him from settling down…"

"It's not like that at all," she said, clicking with her tongue, "and even if it were, it wouldn't matter. A lot of members of our church are just fine with homosexuality."

"Ok," I said, "then how is it, then?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," she said, "he's apparently the opposite of a closeted gay choir director."

"He's an openly gay choir director?"

"Very funny. No, not at all," she said, stirring her iced tea.

I took a moment to glance at her cleavage. Our conversation about hotwifing, even if Tanya had quashed any hopes of it

happening in real life, had reawakened my lust for my wife.

God does she have great tits, I thought.

"Anyway, if you want to know what I heard…"

"Ok, I'm sorry, go ahead!"

"What I *heard* is that he's quite the stud in bed."

"What do you mean?"

I was instantly listening intently. Any sign that my wife gave of interest in another man activated the cuckold part of my brain.

"I mean, he leaves ladies very satisfied. And he's very discreet, from what I hear."

"Discreet how? Like these women are married or something?"

"Mm–hmm."

"Scandalous. How does he keep from getting caught? I mean, if there's more than one, it can't be a secret for long. And aren't they jealous of each other?"

"It's obviously not a secret, at least not anymore, otherwise *I* wouldn't know about it, would I?"

"I guess not," I said, "but how does this work?"

"I don't know," she said, leaning in conspiratorially now as if someone could overhear us in our own home, "but I heard that he helped Sofia work through some issues in her marriage."

"Work through issues? By cheating?"

She giggled, shrugging her shoulders.

"Apparently, Sofia couldn't orgasm just through intercourse alone. Until Sean came over to give her a little help, that is…"

"What? How could you possible know this? I assume Sofia isn't the one who told you?"

"Nope. A nice older woman. Grace."

"Grace? The black lady with all those flamboyant hats? *She's* the one giving you all of this dirty gossip?"

"That's right," said Tanya, blushing a little, "I guess she may be old, but that doesn't mean she's not interested in the fundamental questions of human existence."

"And sex is a fundamental question?"

"Isn't it? Just as much as life and death and God and all that stuff."

The philosophical turn of the conversation had suddenly started to kill the erection that had begun to form in my pants.

"Right," I said, "but I want to know more about Sean. What's he got that...helps all these women with their problems, or whatever?"

"That's the thing," she said, leaning in once again and whispering, "he's apparently...pretty big."

"You mean his…"

"I'm talking about his *penis*, yes," she said, pronouncing the "p" with an almost comical aspiration.

"Wow," I said, "with gossip like this, I think maybe I should start going to church again."

"You're welcome anytime, and you know it," she said.

She took my hand in hers.

"I was thinking about that little fantasy of yours…"

Oh God. It couldn't be...

"You mean?"

"Yes. But don't get too excited," she said, frowning, "I'm not going to *actually* do anything with Sean. But I have to admit that I find him attractive. And I know that you like to hear me talk about that…"

The next moment, our lips were locked. A moment after that, we had both stood up from the table, and our hands were all over each other.

"You want him, don't you? You want to cheat on your husband," I whispered.

"Yes," she yelped, as I kissed her neck.

"Not really," she added quickly under her breath, "it's all just role playing, right? This is just pretend."

"Of course," I assured her.

"I want to cheat on you, honey," she moaned, "I want to go up to Sean some night after choir practice. I want to slip a hotel keycard into his jacket pocket. I want to tell him to meet me in the room in an hour…"

"Fuck, Tanya. This is driving me crazy."

She smiled up at me, then reached down to grasp at my turgid dick.

"I want to look really nice for him," she continued, her lips brushing my ear as I felt her chest press into my own, "maybe put on some garters. That black lingerie set. You know the one…"

I did know the one. It also happened to be very similar to the one she'd worn on *our* wedding night.

"I'd be so excited in the room, waiting for him. I might have to touch myself. I wouldn't be able to help it…"

I imagined my wife on her back in the bed, running her fingers up and down her wet slit.

But she had a different idea about the way the scenario would play out. To be honest, I was a little surprised at the kinkiness of it.

"I'd probably wait...on my knees at the door," she said, moaning a bit as she unbuttoned my pants, "so I could take him in my mouth the second he came over the threshold."

"Oh God," I groaned, "this is turning me on so much."

"Me too."

She looked up at me, grinning.

"Let's go to the bedroom."

I nodded.

A moment later, Tanya was on her back on the bed, and I was inside her, thrusting into her with abandon. I wasn't going to last long, but I got the feeling that it didn't matter to Tanya.

"Yes," she moaned, "fuck me…"

"Tell me… what you want to do with him…"

"I want… him to take me from behind...on the hotel room floor…"

This image, of my wife on all fours, taking Sean's large cock in her garter belts, was almost too much for me.

"I'm going to come…"

"Don't hold back, baby. I don't want him, too, either. I want him to fill me. No condom."

This last line sent me over the edge. I exploded into my wife, completely emptying both my physical and emotional reserves.

"That was super hot," I sighed, "were you satisfied?"

"Yes, very much so," she said.

I was certain that she hadn't had an orgasm, but I decided to take her at her word.

We lay together for a while, each taking in what had just transpired. I would have given anything to know what Tanya was really thinking in that moment.

Finally, she flipped over on her side and kissed me several times more.

"It's so fun to explore fantasies like this with you," she said, "especially because we both know that they're only that: fantasies."

The fact that she kept reminding me that this whole thing was "*just* a fantasy" told me that maybe it was actually more than that. I

couldn’t allow myself to really believe it, though. Tanya was simply too tied to the idea of marital monogamy for that.

No, I would have to wait to really experience Sean and Tanya together for that.

***

As it happened, I soon got my chance to see my wife interacting with her fantasy man in the context of her “secret” life at church. It happened the next Sunday, when Tanya casually mentioned that they were having a charity rummage sale after the service, and that I was welcome to stop by and help out. I might even find something interesting to buy.

I’d immediately agreed. Even though I was very well–off now, I’d grown up without a whole lot of money, so I was used to buying things used, and I could never pass up a deal. Plus, I quite enjoyed fixing up old electronics, especially audio equipment, so I often spent time trolling second–hand stores for deals.

Of course, I also had the ulterior motive of being able to seem Tanya and Sean together.

Tanya was already there when I arrived, having stayed at the church all morning during and after the service. Now, it was 1:00PM, and she and the other congregants were setting up for the rummage sale in the basement.

When I entered the basement, it was a flurry of action. Volunteers arranged clothes and toys in makeshift displays on folding tables, while others counted money in a cashbox. The crowd was

mostly young and middle–aged women, with a few husbands and children here and there.

At the center of it all was Sean.

I'd seen him before a few times, leading the choir during the Christmas and Easter services, but now — in light of the rumors surrounding his sexual talents — I saw him in a new way.

He was tall, but not taller than me (I was proud to be 6'2"). He was very muscular, however, and must have spent all the time that he wasn't working at the coffee shop or church at the gym. That's not to say that he was *only* muscular, however. His fitted shirt still revealed a small bit of pudge that betrayed his affection for post–service donuts and high–fat coffee drinks.

He'd shaved his balding head, and wore a neatly trimmed goatee. He wasn't perfect. But he was still imposing, if only for the way in which he directed everything that happened around him with confidence and warmth. He stood, holding a clipboard and issuing orders as women approached him with questions about where to place this or that item, or what price to charge for it.

He was in control. He was the clear leader in this situation.

Beside him, taking notes on another clipboard, was Tanya. Like I said before, it was rare to see her in this role. She was used to being in charge at work. Used to having an assistant standing next to her and taking notes, not *being* that assistant for someone else. But I could read from her demeanor that she had enthusiastically embraced this role. She loved giving up control. I had known about

her submissive side in the bedroom — we'd experimented over the years with a little light bondage — but I'd never really been able to embrace my dominant side. I guess maybe we were both people who ultimately enjoyed giving up control, so meeting a person who enjoyed taking control — in life or in the bedroom — was thrilling.

I stood in the doorway of the basement for a minute or so, watching Sean and his lovely assistant (my wife, who looked absolutely gorgeous in one of her best Sunday dresses) as they leaned together, discussing the questions brought to them by the stream of volunteers.

They certainly seem intimate already, I thought to myself.

But wasn't it still entirely possible that their relationship was strictly platonic? Of course it was. Even if there was some kind of mild flirtation between them (the fact that Tanya had smiled and laughed several times already since I'd started watching them suggested that there was) that didn't mean that they'd crossed any lines. Or that they ever would.

How many relationships like this are there out there, between a married woman and a man who finds her attractive, which never result in any kind of infidelity? Probably millions. People like attention. They like to be found attractive. They like to flirt. This is the same if you're a man or a woman. And it doesn't have to mean that you're ever going to be unfaithful to your partner.

Of course, watching them together, I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like if I hadn't been in the picture at all. Would

Tanya have lost her inhibitions then? Instead of being at church, would she already be with Sean in a motel room somewhere?

"Adam!"

Tanya called to me from across the room, beckoning me towards her and Sean. The spell was broken.

"Hey," said Sean, extending his hand to me, "I'm sure we've met before, but let me introduce myself again. I'm Sean Gilchrist."

"Adam Holgren."

"Tanya's told me a lot about you."

His strong hand still held my own. Only now did he slowly let it drop. The smile seemed plastered on his face. Like a lot of these evangelical types, his friendliness was so extreme it seemed to border on aggression. I tried not to let it bother me.

"Likewise. She's always gushing about how much she loves choir."

"Guilty!" said Tanya, giggling, "I'm so glad that two of you are getting a chance to chat."

"I don't want to interrupt anything," I said, "I'm actually here to shop."

"Oh no you don't," said Sean, shaking his finger at me playfully, "we're not selling anything for another hour. If you're here now, you're going to work."

"I guess that's only fair."

And that is how I found myself folding clothes at a table full of women, including the aforementioned Grace, the woman who was

the source of the rumors about Sean's prodigious sexual appetites and endowment.

Naturally, I wanted to see if she'd mention anything about Sean. I wanted to see if she'd repeat any of the rumors that Tanya had relayed to me. Unfortunately, however, our conversation mainly centered on how politicians these days had lost faith in the lord, and not on the fact that the choir director had made a name for himself by seducing married women.

That is, until another women — who I later learned was named Jeanne — made a comment about Sean's organizational ability.

"Mmm–hmm," said Grace, casting a sidelong glance at the choir director, "he'd like to organize his way into some bedrooms I think…"

"What's that supposed to mean?" said Jeanne, obviously a little surprised.

"I ain't sayin' anymore than that. Y'all can reach your own conclusions," said Grace, glancing over at me for a moment.

Then, suddenly, a light went on in her head.

"Hey," she said, "didn't you say you're Tanya's man?"

I nodded.

"You better keep an eye on her and Romeo over there. He's got a thing for them married women. *Especially* the ones that look as good as her."

I smiled.

"Thanks," I said, "but I know Tanya, and I know that she's a very good girl."

"It's the ladies who look good on the outside who do the nastiest things," said Grace, laughing out loud, "don't ask me how I know that, though."

"Grace!"

Jeanne was clearly scandalized, but I laughed at her self–deprecating humor in the spirit it had been offered.

That evening, when the sale was over, I waited while Tanya and Sean discussed some details of the clean–up.

"Honey," she said, seeing that I was looking through some of the remaining items with a bored look on my face, "you don't have to stick around. Just go home."

"Ok," I said, checking to make sure that Sean wasn't in earshot, "but you'd better be home soon. No sneaking off to hotel rooms…"

She rolled her eyes, then smiled.

"Stop it," she said, "you're in a house of the lord. No comments like that allowed!"

We kissed goodbye.

"I'll see you back home in an hour or so," she said.

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When Tanya arrived home more than two hours later, I was waiting for her in the living room. Her hair — so it seemed to me — was a bit mussed, and she had a huge smile on her face.

"Hey hubby," she said, as she tossed her purse onto a chair and closed the door, "did you have fun today?"

"Not as much fun as it seemed like *you* were having."

"Oh, I don't know about that," she said, coming over and plopping into my lap where I sat on the couch, "I saw you chatting with Grace and Jeanne. Those two can be a lot of fun…"

"They were," I said, "but not as much fun as you were obviously having with Sean."

"Hmm," she said, as I drank in the scent of her perfume, my gaze fixed on her cleavage, "I certainly did have fun. I'll admit that."

"And just where have you been for the last couple of hours?"

"Maybe," she said, leaning in and whispering in my ear, "I was cleaning up with Sean and about fifteen other volunteers. Maybe we organized the leftover merchandise to give away, and counted the proceeds of the sale. Maybe Sean and Pastor Jackson drove the cash to the bank while me and some of the ladies swept the basement and cleaned the bathrooms."

"Maybe?"

"Mmm–hmm."

Our lips met again. This was a fun new game. Suddenly my desire for my wife was inflamed to a point it hadn't been in months.

"Or maybe," she said, tracing a finger down my chest and towards my hand, "maybe Sean pulled me aside and into the little

office that the janitor used to use. It's got a desk and a lamp and a couple of shelves. Not much else."

"Now why," I croaked, surprised at the sound of my own voice which had been affected by my arousal, "would he do that?"

"He told me that he wanted to discuss something with me in private. Maybe, that is…"

"Maybe. But why would you, a married woman, go along with something that obvious?"

"It doesn't matter if the excuse to get someone alone is obvious, as long as it's an excuse," she said, taking my hand and placing it on her breast, "I didn't need to *really* believe that he just wanted to talk. I just needed some kind of plausible deniability for going off alone with him for a few minutes."

I was rock hard now, my erection straining through my pants as she sat on my lap, her breast firm under my grasp.

"And what happened when he got you alone?"

"Well," she continued, "*maybe* he kissed me, for the very first time, and leaned in and whispered in my ear how badly he'd been wanting to do it. How he'd longed for me, every day since the first day I came to choir practice. Maybe I was flattered that he said this, even if I knew that he'd probably said similar things to half a dozen other women at the church. Maybe I was flattered *because* I knew that he'd said similar things to a lot of other women. *Maybe* the idea of being with an experienced man who knows what he wants is a major turn–on to me."

"And what did he want?"

My voice was croaking again, despite my best efforts to sound neutral.

"He obviously wanted to get inside your wife's tight little pussy," she said, accentuating the last dirty word which seemed so incongruous with the church outfit she was still wearing.

"Oh my God," I groaned, "and… did you let him?"

"I find that it's best to make a man work a little harder for it," she said between kisses, "so I just gave him a little taste…"

"What do you mean?"

"I let him finger me, until I almost lost control. His fingers were nice and thick and long and he knew exactly what he was doing. Maybe."

"Maybe. Of course. What happened next?"

"Maybe he teased your wife's clit and fingered her tight tunnel so expertly that she exploded in a matter of a few minutes. Maybe she had to bite down on his other hand while she came because she was afraid of being heard by the church ladies outside the door."

"That's so hot."

"Mm," she said, dropping down on her knees in front of me.

What was she doing? Was she about to give me head? She hadn't done that spontaneously in a very long time.

"Maybe I dropped to my knees like this," she said, reaching up to unzip my pants as I sat on the couch, "and maybe I took out his

long, thick cock and looked up at him, just like this."

My eyes met hers as she gave me a mischievous look, taking the head of my cock into her mouth and licking the underside gently.

"Oh God, Tanya. You're driving me crazy."

"Good," she said, stroking my shaft as she continued her narration, "just like I did to Sean. Maybe."

She took me in her mouth again, deeper this time, bobbing up and down as the images of her and Sean in the basement office flashed through my mind.

She didn't *actually* do it, of course. Right? This was still all an elaborate fantasy.

"Are you imagining it, honey? Are you imagining me sucking off Sean, just like I'm doing to you now? There's one difference though, of course…"

She licked the underside of my shaft, going all the way down to my balls. She was teasing me now. She hardly ever took this kind of care with a blowjob, at least not that I could remember. She was bringing me right to the edge, then stopping just short of making me come, as if intentionally.

It really might have been intentional. After all, she was my wife. We'd been together for a long time, and she knew exactly how my body would respond to what she was doing.

"What was the difference?" I managed to gasp out.

“You know,” she said, after sucking me with only her mouth for a few more seconds, “just think about it…”

“His...size?”

“Mmm–hmm,” she said, moaning on my shaft.

“Was he big.”

“MMM–hmm,” her moan was pleasurable and insistent.

I couldn’t hold back any longer. I started to spurt into her mouth. She quickly pulled off my shaft and I sprayed a line of cum across her cheek.

“Where… did he come?”

She smiled up at me, slowly wiping the cum from her cheek with a finger.

“We couldn’t leave a mess. That would be evidence of what happened. So I swallowed *everything* that he gave me. Maybe.”

I leaned down and gave her a kiss, tasting my own salty cum on her lips.

“Did you like that, honey?” she asked, a twinkle in her eye.

“Maybe,” I said.

Chapter 4

A few days later, I asked Tanya if she'd gone to Sean's coffee shop that morning. My tone was innocent. I wasn't trying to get her to talk dirty again. Honestly.

"Of course I did, honey," she said, "I see him every morning, you know? Some afternoons, too."

"Afternoons? I thought you gave up caffeine after 11:00AM."

"I did. But he serves up more than just caffeine."

The inflection in her voice suggested that she was trying to make some kind of innuendo.

"What did he serve you up today?"

"Hmm," she said, "I bet you'd like to know that, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe I'll tell you later…"

I came up behind her, embracing her as my rock–hard cock fell between her ass cheeks.

"Come on," I said, "I can't have my wife keeping secrets from me."

"It's not a secret," she said, "because it didn't really happen. This is all a fantasy, remember?"

"Yes," I said, "of course."

But was it, really? The story she'd told me after the church rummage sale had been entirely plausible. Convincing, even. There

was really no reason to doubt it. And she also had ample opportunity to see Sean during her working day, that is, of course, if he were able to leave the store for long enough.

He's the manager, I thought to myself, *I bet he can get off whenever he wants*.

I smiled to myself at my own private little double entendre, wondering if Sean had really been "getting off" with my wife during the workweek.

There was a delectable tension in the air between us that night at dinner, and afterwards when we took Roger for his evening walk. It was like the old days, when we'd been dating. We both enjoyed the new game we'd invented. Or at least I thought it was a game.

Back at home, ready for bed, we went about our normal routine. But once we were lying next to each other, looking at our phones before falling asleep, Tanya turned to me with a devilish look in her eye.

"Oh, I almost forgot. I wanted to tell you all about what happened today when I saw Sean on his lunch break. Would you look up in my side of the closet? There's something there that I think will help me tell the story."

This women genuinely surprised me. She knew how to keep me guessing. I loved that about her.

I gave her a look of wonder, then turned and leaped out of bed and walked to the closet. Up on the top shelf on her side was a box. I took it down and saw the printing on the outside:

LARGE LIFE–LIKE DILDO

"What is *this*?" I asked with astonishment, even though I knew the answer.

"Doesn't it say on the box? Open it up and bring it over."

I opened the box and removed a large, flesh–colored dildo that looked an awful lot like a real cock. It felt enormous in my hand. It definitely dwarfed my own member.

This wasn't the first time that Tanya and I had played with toys. We'd used a couple of vibrators before, but those had been smaller, around the length of my own penis, but slimmer than it. Tanya had always insisted that the fun of vibrators came from exactly what gave them their name: the vibrations. The other dimensions of the toy hadn't mattered too much to her back then. At least that's what she'd said.

"Do you like it?"

Her eyes twinkled as I approached the bed, holding the artificial phallus in my hand like some kind of offering.

"I thought you'd appreciate a visual aid. I think it's about the same size as Sean's. Maybe a little smaller."

She winked at me.

This is still just a game, I told myself, *she doesn't **really** have any idea what Sean's cock looks like. Just sit back and enjoy the fantasy*.

"How do you want to do this?" I asked her.

"I want to put it inside me," she said, laughing a little as if my question had been ridiculous.

"I mean," I said, "do you want me to...operate it...or?"

"I'll take it," she said, putting out her hand, "I can use it as a prop while I tell the story of what happened this afternoon. Why don't you have a seat in the chair. You can pretend like you're in the one in my office and watching it all unfold…"

I nodded, taking a seat.

"Don't feel bad if you want to touch yourself, honey," she said, pulling off her pajama bottoms and then her panties, "I'm going to be masturbating too, after all."

"Alright."

Whether or not the experiences that Tanya had been relating to me were real or just the products of fantasy, one thing was certain: she had undergone some kind of fundamental change over the past few months. *Something* had caused her to suddenly want to experiment with her sexuality, and it couldn't have just been the fact that our love life had become a little routine.

If Sean really *hadn't* been the cause, what had?

I rubbed the rapidly forming bulge in my pants as I looked over at my wife, who had now removed her top as well and was teasing her nipples with one hand while she rubbed the shaft of the oversize dildo across her slit with the other.

"He came up to my office on my lunch break," she said, "because I asked him to. At first I was a little embarrassed. Afraid that someone would see him and recognize him from the coffee shop, and wonder what he was doing coming to my office alone in the middle of the day. But finally I decided that if anyone asked, I'd just tell them the truth: that he was my church choir director, and was there to help me out learning a part for a solo. It's partially true: I *am* going to sing a solo next Sunday."

"You could just have him deliver a coffee. Personally."

She smiled.

"That's not a bad idea. But anyone who knows him might think it was a little weird that the manager of the store was doing personal deliveries."

"Alright," I said, "what happened after that? Purely theoretically, of course."

"Yes," she said, pinching her nipple in a way that I never would have thought to do, "this is… all… just a fantasy, of course."

Her breathing became more rapid in a way that seemed to suggest that the last comment had heightened her arousal for some reason. Was she getting off on the *idea* of deceiving me? Or was she getting off on the fact that she was *actually* deceiving me?

Either way, it was working for me. I unbuttoned my pants and pulled out my erection, which was already throbbing.

"We didn't have much time, and we both knew it," she continued, beginning to work the tip of the dildo just past her outer lips, "so as

soon as the door was closed, I dropped to my knees. I know what you're probably thinking. Don't I usually need foreplay? Don't I like having my own needs met before I cater to a man's? That's certainly been true in *our* relationship, honey. But when I met Sean, that seemed to change, instantly. All I care about when I'm with him is how I can please him."

She pulled the dildo out for a moment and brought it up to her lips.

"Do you know what? I think it might have something to do with his size. What do you think, honey?"

I gasped as she opened her mouth and took the first third of the gigantic dildo into her throat, gagging a bit at first, but then seeming to enjoy fellating the fake phallus.

After a couple of seconds, she pulled it out again.

"There we go. It's nice and wet now."

I watched as Tanya guided the large rubber cock back down to her slit. She closed her eyes and moaned a little as she guided it inside her, just a millimeter at a time.

"I sucked him...on my knees...until I was dripping wet. Going down on him makes me feel so small. So vulnerable. So feminine. I love it. I love feeling him in my mouth. He's so hard and so soft at the same time. I loved the little sounds he made while I knelt in front of him. He looked down at me and ran his fingers through my hair, praising me and telling me what a good girl I was. I think the fact that we knew each other from church made the whole thing

even more exciting. It was so wrong. Plus, although he knows that I'm married, he has no idea that you're into this whole cuckolding thing. He just thinks that I'm straight–up cheating with you."

She had started full–on fucking herself with the dildo now. I watched carefully as her lips stretched to accommodate its girth. She was only taking about half of its length, which reassured me somewhat, because (I reasoned), if she'd *really* been fucking Sean earlier that day, surely she'd be used to something his size? Sure she wouldn't need to be stretched as much as she obviously did.

"I looked up at him," she continued, moaning a bit as the pace of her self–fucking accelerated, "and I told him that I needed him inside me. I was finally ready for him. He didn't waste any time. A moment later, I was bent over my own desk, and he was pushing himself inside me. I had to spread my legs pretty far apart to make room for him. He's...so...*thick*…"

She lost herself in moans for a moment. I had lubed my shaft with precum and was now stroking my rigid shaft in time with the dildo as it plunged into Tanya's cunt.

"It took a little while for him to work his way inside me, but he was very gentle and encouraging as he went. I was grabbing onto my desk for dear life, trying hard not to cry out as he began to thrust. It felt so good...to finally… be *filled*. Like this was what sex was *supposed* to feel like, you know? A little like everything that you and I had done was just a preparation for this, which was the main event. He read my mind. He knew that I was having a hard time

keeping quiet, because — just like in the office at the church — he reached around and covered my mouth."

She started to moan now, as she buried the very realistic–looking dildo balls deep in her wet cunt.

"God, it was so hot. You would have loved to see it, honey. You would have loved to see your innocent little wife bent over her very own desk, being taken by a dominant man with a big dick…"

She was right. God, how did she know exactly what I wanted to hear? It was like my greatest fantasy come true.

At the very same time, though, a feeling started to form somewhere in my gut, far away from my cock, which was hard and angry in my hands, eager to blow its load.

The feeling amounted to this: why was she so enthusiastic about this fantasy, if, indeed, that is all it was? Why was she dwelling on details like the size of his penis? Was she doing it *just* to turn me on, or was it because it gratified her as well?

Later, I would wonder why it mattered to me so much if she was also getting off on it. Wasn't that every man's dream? That his wife would be aroused by his own personal fantasies as he was? Shouldn't I be happy that Tanya and I seemed to be seeing eye–to–eye on the possibility (if not the reality, as far as I knew) of a cuckold relationship?

"Would you believe I came almost immediately, honey?" she moaned, continuing to fuck herself harder and harder with the fake dick.

Her other hand was on her clit now, circling it furiously. It was clear that she was nearing another climax.

"I came...so hard on his big cock… but not until...he said one… of the filthiest things… I've ever heard…"

"Oh God, Tanya," I groaned, my legs feeling weak and my head starting to spin.

It was like I was in a dream. I felt the biggest orgasm of my life building inside me.

"He told me… that I was a size queen slut… who needed big dick every day…then he started...slapping my ass..."

She shrieked the last few words of this sentence as she climaxed. At that very same second, I shot my own load, the first spurt jetting high in the air, describing and arc of the sort that I hadn't been capable of shooting since high school. I couldn't hold back. I unleashed five, six, seven more spurts of semen, making a terrible mess on the bedroom carpet.

After Tanya's contractions had subsided, she exhaled sharply and looked over at me, her face glowing.

"Well, babe? Did you like my prop?"

"You know that I did," I sighed, the wind having been knocked out of my sails, "you used it very effectively."

"Mmm," she said, "I'm glad you think so. Maybe next time, I'll have you use it on me."

"I think I'd like that," I said.

Only later did I stop to consider where a nice, "basic" churchgoing lady like my wife would have heard a phrase like "size queen slut." Surely it wasn't part of her normal vocabulary?

Perhaps Tanya wasn't so "basic" after all. Or perhaps she had been reading erotica.

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This new fantasy life of ours was exciting, but I still couldn't help the nagging suspicion at the back of my mind that something was different about Tanya. She had been staying later at work sometimes, and volunteering at the church a little more often than usual.

Once or twice, when I'd remarked on this fact, she'd joked that she was "seeing Sean."

"I know you're seeing him, in a literal sense," I told her, "but are you *seeing* him? Like for real?"

"Like is he really appearing before my eyes? Sometimes. Like at choir practice, for example."

She'd try to brush it off. Like I was just being paranoid.

"Of *course* it's just a fantasy," she'd insist.

She had almost convinced me that my newfound suspicions were all in my imagination until one day in November when she came home from a long night at choir practice with visible scratches on her chin.

I remembered Sean's goatee. Did he still have it?

“Hey,” I said, planting a kiss on her face which she (seemingly reluctantly) accepted, “everything ok tonight? How was choir practice?”

“Huh? What?”

She seemed confused by my question.

“Uh, I just asked how choir practice was. You know. Where you just were?”

“Oh yeah,” she said quickly, “the thing is...I didn’t go. I got a call from my father. My mom is in the hospital.”

“What? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t have time. I was too busy booking a flight to Albany to see her.”

“Is it bad?”

“They think so. She had another round of scans on Tuesday. The routine stuff that she gets every year. But this time, it looks like the cancer is back. And it’s spread to her brain, kidneys and liver. She had no indication that any of this was happening, except for a little fatigue and some minor aches in her joints. This terrible.”

“I’m so sorry.”

I held her close. Her mother, who was only in her mid–sixties, had had breast cancer in her forties, but had beat it back and had managed to live for years afterwards. Now, it seemed, the disease had come roaring back.

I was suddenly filled with a sense of guilt that I had ever suspected her. What I had taken for beard burn from Sean might have been caused by anything — maybe her nervously scratching or tugging at her face while she talked on the phone with her parents.

All of my personal insecurities and hangups were suddenly put into an entirely different perspective, and I felt like a bad husband for ever even entertaining the idea that my wife might have been cheating on me.

The next morning, Tanya was on a plane to New York. The next day, her mother was taken into intensive care. A week later, she was in hospice.

Tanya called me from her parent's house and told me that she was going to stick around for another week. She'd taken leave from work.

"Thank you, Adam," she said on the phone, "if it wasn't for you, and the people at church, this would be even harder than it already is."

"Oh? Have you heard from the people at church?"

"Yes," she said, "they're praying for me, of course. And Sean sent this wonderful card."

"Already? Sean has your parents' address?"

My surprise was genuine. I wasn't even sure that *I* could track down my in–laws' address without a little searching around.

"Yeah," she replied, sighing, "he's really thoughtful that way."

"Wow," I said, "I guess so. So do you want me to come out there?"

"No. Not yet. Not until —," she burst into tears.

I waited a moment for her to calm down again. I wished I could have been there to console her.

"I understand," I said, as calmly as I could, "I'll make sure that things are taken care of at work so I can leave on short notice."

"Thank you," she said, "I love you."

"I love you, too. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

***

Tanya ended up being in Albany for another week before her mother passed. When I finally got the news, I booked the first flight I could and headed for the airport that morning.

The funeral was going to be on a Tuesday, and today was Friday.

To my surprise, at the airport, I saw Sean.

He was ahead of me in the security line, so I could observe him from behind without him knowing any better.

Of all the people to see at the airport. On all the days, I thought to myself.

I watched Sean move through security, then disappear off into the airport to the left, towards the same set of gates where I was heading myself.

When I made it to the gate a few minutes later, I was shocked to see Sean sitting at the same gate as my flight.

Could it be his flight, too? What a strange coincidence.

I began to wonder if it *was* a coincidence.

I decided to wait before texting Tanya to ask what was going on. I wanted to be sure that Sean really was going to the same place I was. Besides, Tanya had enough on her plate right at the moment, and didn't need me to make myself the center of attention.

I took a seat out of sight of Sean. I didn't want him to know that I knew that he was on the flight, in case he really *was* going to see Tanya, for whatever reason.

***

We landed in Albany without Sean ever seeing that I was on the plane. He'd sat near the back, and I had been in the front, so I was able to board after him and get off before him.

As soon as I got off the plane, I moved off to the side and waited for Sean to walk out in front of me. He strode confidently towards the taxi and rideshare area. A moment later, he stepped into an Uber, that whisked him away.

Coincidence, I told myself, *but a damn strange one*.

I picked up my rental car and drove to Tanya's parents' place. She greeted me at the door with tear–stained eyes. It was awful to see her like this.

This kind of thing wasn't supposed to happen. Not so quickly. Not when Tanya (and her mother) were so young, at least relatively speaking.

My father–in–law, Hank, was clearly devastated.

"Thanks for coming, Adam," he said, taking my hand with the same firm handshake he always used, which this time however lacked vigor.

"Of course," I said, moving in for an awkward man–hug.

Hank was a career army officer who had started a lawn care business after his retirement. He wasn't big on displays of affection, but this time he sank into me. I almost thought he was going to start crying.

"We're staying upstairs," said Tanya, "in my old room."

"Got it."

I brought my suitcase upstairs and put it in the small room that still had photos of my wife in high school.

She was very pretty back then, I thought, looking at a framed photo of Tanya in a cheerleading uniform, *I guess I'm a pretty lucky guy*.

The next day or so was a flurry of activity, accompanied by both laughter and tears as Tanya's relatives began to trickle in from across the state. Her brother — who lived in town and worked for Hank — came over the morning after I arrived, and asked if "the guy who's doing the music" had made it to town all right.

"Yeah," said Tanya, "he got in last night. He texted me from the airport."

So *that* was why Sean had been on the plane. It hadn't been a coincidence after all. He was going to lead the music at my mother–in–law's funeral.

"I forgot to tell you, honey," said Tanya, turning to me as we sat at the breakfast table, "Sean offered to lead the music for the funeral service. He even flew out at his own expense."

How generous of him, I thought to myself, *I'm sure he doesn't have any kind of other ulterior motive...*

I knew, however, that that would be absolutely the wrong thing to say in this situation.

"That's really sweet of him."

"It is. I can't express how much it means to me."

We sat there for a moment in silence before Brad (Tanya's brother) asked me about my job. I'd explained to him several times what I did, but he still seemed mistrustful of the fact that someone could earn so much money doing calculations in an office. It wasn't that he didn't know about the existence of white–collar jobs, it was more that he couldn't fathom that calculating insurance premiums and underwriting costs could be so lucrative, or so complex.

I had long since given up on trying to explain the mathematics behind my work. Instead, I tried to give him a sense of the scope of the data I had to work with: the probability tables, the statistics, the economic data and trends.

Sometimes, I had a feeling that he was only pretending to be interested, so I also tried to ask him about the lawn business. I knew for a fact that some people died or lost limbs during riding mower accidents every year. More people than you might think.

This is the conversation we were having when Tanya slipped off into the dining room, which adjoined the kitchen where we were sitting. She closed the door, but the door frames in the old house were all slightly warped due to the settling of the foundation over many years, and so the door didn't close completely.

As I sat there, half–listening to what Brad was saying about his new zero–turn mower, I watched Tanya take out her phone and call someone.

Her face, previously frozen in a stoic mask, suddenly sprang to life as she spoke in a hushed voice to the person on the other end of the line.

Why was she suddenly so happy?

Was she talking to Sean?

I felt my feelings of jealously surge up. What was happening here, anyway? In what world was this kind of thing appropriate? It was obvious that Sean had crossed some kind of line in the church as well as in my marriage. Shouldn't such a prominent member of the church community go out of his way to avoid even the appearance of impropriety? Especially when it came to a married woman in the congregation?

I stood, on the verge of shoving the door open and bursting into the other room.

"So anyway, it's a lot safer than the old one. I really doubt there's any way that someone could get under it to lose a hand or something…"

"Yeah, yeah," I said dismissively.

Brad gave me a sour look.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to bore you. You're the one who asked, after all."

"I'm sorry," I said, catching myself, "I was listening. I've just got a lot on my mind."

"Hell yeah. Me too! My mom just died."

"I know," I sighed, sitting down again, "I know. You're the one who has ever right to be preoccupied. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"It's ok," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, "these things are hard for everyone."

"They sure are."

***

The funeral service took place at 12:00 in the afternoon, and was followed by a reception in the church basement. I had to admit that Sean had done an excellent job with the music. I had been moved myself, though I hadn't been especially close to my mother–in–law.

I began to recriminate myself for my suspicions about my wife's fidelity. Sure she'd indulged my cuckold fantasies, but that didn't necessarily mean that she had really been unfaithful.

Even if she had already cheated, did I really have a right to be upset with her for this? After all, I'd encouraged it. Why was I now starting to regret it?

The luncheon was not quite the somber event I had imagined. Lots of people stuck around for it to reminisce about Charlotte (Tanya's mother). Sean sat at another table, making small–talk with several blue–haired older women, and never once so much as cast a glance in Tanya's direction for the next two hours or so.

It's all in my head, I thought to myself, *or is it? Maybe he's being extra careful not to talk to her because he knows that I'm watching. Maybe he's...*

I tried to snap out of it. This level of suspicion, and the angst that accompanied it, was too intense to sustain for very long. I needed to focus on something else. I owed that much to Tanya. Clearly, after her mother had died, fucking the guy that made her coffee couldn't possibly have been her top priority.

Two hours later, it was time to say goodbye to the guests. The close family members — and Sean — stuck around to help fold the chairs and tables and put them back where they belonged.

During this entire clean–up procedure, the tone was suddenly somber once more. It was all business. The chairs and tables were

stowed away, but Brad was deep in a conversation with a woman who I took to be a caretaker of the church.

That was when I glanced off to the side and noticed Sean disappear into a side room. A few minutes later, almost casually, I saw Tanya follow him.

Could it be? Were they sneaking off for an intimate moment together?

Their shared disappearance had been so artfully done it almost seemed coordinated.

I made my own subtle movements across the room, towards the hallway down which they'd both disappeared. I slipped out of the same doorway and tiptoed down the hall, going as quietly as I could. At the end of the hall, I could see a door.

I opened it. It led to another set of rooms that seemed to be used for storage. At the end of the hall, however, was another door, and I thought I saw shadows playing on the other side.

Could they be there?

I moved closer, until I suddenly realized that the door was open a crack and I could see Sean and Tanya, locked in an embrace.

I froze. It wasn't overtly sexual — her arms were around his waist and his were wrapped around her back while her head lay on his chest — but it was a quite intimate position for two "friends."

I could hear that they were talking, in low tones, but I couldn't make out the words, and I was afraid that if I got any closer, they'd

hear me, and whatever chance I had at figuring out exactly what was happening here would be gone forever.

So I waited, trying to discern exactly what was happening through the small crack in the door.

They stood there, hugging each other close, for another minute or so, then I saw Tanya put her head up, staring up at him.

Slowly, Sean's lips moved down, and met my wife's in a tentative kiss, that suddenly became more passionate.

It didn't *look* like they did this all the time. It *looked* like I'd somehow happened upon an intimate moment that went just a little too far.

This impression was strengthened by the fact that, after a few moments of passionate kissing, Tanya pulled back and put her arms to her side, smoothing down her dress and wiping her face. She turned towards the door, looking directly out through the crack, and for a moment I was afraid that she might have seen me.

I stepped back into the shadows, instinctively.

A second later, I heard the clacking of Tanya's heels on the concrete floor of the basement as she walked calmly passed me and into the hallway from where she'd come.

I waited a few minutes longer for Sean to appear, but there was no sign of him. He must have used a different exit.

The perfect crime.

But if they had been sleeping together, why had the kiss seemed so hesitant at first? Was it merely because they were in a public place? Or was it perhaps possible that everything Tanya had told me before now really *had* been the product of fantasy, and that only now was she beginning to explore the potential of consummating her relationship to Sean.

When I was sure that the coast was clear, I returned to the basement area, only to find that everyone had gone upstairs. Only a single older woman remained behind. We made small talk for a few minutes — she had been a close friend of Charlotte's — and then rejoined the others upstairs.

There would be another, shorter graveside ceremony for close family members only later that afternoon.

When the time came, I was both relieved and a little disappointed to see that Sean hadn't been invited.

As I watched Tanya's anguished face while her mother's urn was lowered into the earth, I forgave her in my heart. Anyone could get carried away in an emotionally vulnerable moment like this. And hadn't I encouraged her to fantasize about Sean, anyway? Even if she'd technically broken our marriage vows, it had only been a kiss, and her hesitation, combined with the fact that she'd quickly removed herself from the situation, told me that maybe she had merely gotten carried away, swept up in the emotionally turbulent atmosphere of the funeral.

Chapter 5

It took a long time for our sex life to come back after the funeral. For my part, I didn't push things at all. It was more than clear that Tanya needed time to process what had happened. At the same time that our time together diminished, Tanya began to spend even more time at church, attending the Wednesday night Bible study along with the choir practice on Thursday nights religiously.

I wondered, of course, if she was *really*going to those Bible study meetings, and I also wondered if Sean were involved in them, even though they were separated by gender according to church guidelines. Sean was so involved in everything at that church, it wouldn't have surprised me if he had found away to flout the rules and show up at the women's meeting.

But I didn't give voice to my suspicions, because I didn't want to insult my grieving wife.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, about six months later, she turned to me one morning when we were working in the yard together and asked me if I wanted to "help her with something" upstairs.

At first I didn't catch the innuendo, but when she winked at me a second later, I didn't waste any time in following her into the house and making love to her in our bedroom for the first time since the funeral. It was slow, tender and loving. It certainly didn't *seem* like she'd been secretly having sex this entire time. It seemed almost as if she were doing it for the first time again.

When we finished, we lay next to each other for a long time.

"I'm glad that you're...feeling better about things…" I said finally, breaking the silence.

"I am and I'm not," she sighed, "I don't think I'll ever really feel better about losing my mother. But I've come to see that life goes on, and that I need to rely on my faith."

"Was there one particular thing that helped you come to that conclusion?" I asked, which was the closest I was going to get to asking her if she was sleeping with Sean.

"Not really. Church. Bible study," she said, running a finger through my head.

"Pastor Jackson, of course. Surprisingly, Grace, too! She and I talked a lot about how she lost both parents, her sister and her husband in the space of two years. Just awful. But somehow she manages to stay optimistic. To live one day at a time."

"And Sean?" I asked, finally venturing to mention his name.

She broke out in a huge smile that was almost infectious.

"Him most of all," she said, "he's been my rock through all of this. I really owe him a lot."

I'm not going to lie. Hearing that *Sean* was her "rock" and not me hurt. It stung. As much as I loved the idea of her sleeping with him, I didn't like the idea of him being an emotional support in my wife's life. I couldn't understand how she could have thought that

saying something like that to me *wouldn't* hurt my feelings. Had she been trying to rub it in?

"Well," I said, "I'm sure you can find lots of ways to repay him."

She clearly detected the injury in my voice, because she immediately stopped her caresses and sat up in bed angrily.

"What's *that* supposed to mean, huh? That you think I'm going to sleep with him?"

"Oh come on," I said, ready for a fight, "I'm your *husband*. I've been here for you through all of this — thick and thin — and I'm somehow not your 'rock'?"

"I didn't say that, did I? For your information," she said drawing her arms into herself now in a defensive gesture, "I actually *do* think you've been very supportive. Up until now, that is."

"So why did you go out of your way to tell me that a man that we've both fantasized about…"

"A man that *you've* fantasized about. You're the one who's obsessed with his big cock."

This enraged me for some reason, even though there was clearly a grain of truth in it.

"*I'm* the one who's obsessed with it? Come on — you're rewriting history. You even bought a dildo that's his same size."

"I only did that to play into your fantasy, Adam. Your sick, perverted little fantasy of your wife cheating on you. Just like your girlfriend back in college. Did that end well for you? Well, did it?"

This stung. My memories of Kaitlyn came flooding back. Why had I opened up to another woman about this fantasy? Was it all about to happen again?

I stood up, putting on my trousers quickly.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm taking Roger for a walk."

I got the leash, and a few minutes later, Roger and I were on a long walk through the drizzle without raincoats. Not a problem for the dog, but I was soaked.

I didn't even care anymore.

Let her cheat with him, I thought, *let the two of them be happy.*

I remembered the stolen kiss I'd witnessed after the funeral, and wondered how many more there'd been since that one.

And how much of the fantasy sexual encounters had been real, or had become real over the course of the last few months.

But as I walked, my anger slowly subsided. By the time I had reached home, almost an hour later (Roger had thrown himself on the ground, panting about forty–five minutes in; he wasn't used to walking this long or this fast at a single stretch) my anger had turned into something else.

Lust.

Yes, I decided that I wasn't going to tell Tanya about the fact that I knew about the kiss. I was going to apologize to her and try to make things better. My desire to see her happy with a larger man

(and experience the details of this sexual bliss through any possible means that I could) overrode my desire for respect as a husband or a man.

It sounds strange, I know. But there's something about the idea of a woman experiencing sexual fulfillment at the hands of a superior man that seems like an inevitable law of nature. I even reasoned to myself that, after all that she'd gone through with her mother's early death, Tanya *deserved* to get dicked down by her well–endowed barista–cum–choir director.

It was my job, I decided to facilitate this affair from the sidelines, and to stay out of the way as much as possible. No matter how much it hurt me, it would turn me on more.

"Hi," I said, when Roger and I came through the front door to see Tanya nursing a cup of tea.

"That...was a long time for our pupper," she said, grabbing a towel in an attempt to stop him before he shook himself and covered the entire living room with water.

The attempt was only partially successful, but our collective clean–up efforts broke the ice, and we were able to relate to each other once again.

We both apologized, and agreed to try to talk about our feelings more often.

"If you want me to stop going to Bible Study…" she said, her offer confirming my suspicion that Sean had somehow weaseled his way into the female–only sessions.

"Of course not," I said, "you need it and you need church. Now more than ever."

"Thanks," she said, sighing, "I know. I'm sorry for anything I've said that's hurt you. You know that *you're* my *true* rock, and always will be."

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

***

And so it went for the next few days. I had agreed not to be suspicious anymore, but of course I was. This time, however, I was not motivated by an urge to catch my wife cheating because I wanted to prove that she was a bad person. No, I was motivated by the voyeuristic impulse to see her sexually satisfied by another man.

It was almost as if I didn't consider us a married couple anymore. If my worst suspicions were true, than neither did she.

It remained to be seen, however, just to what extent my suspicions lined up with reality. I snapped into action.

I mentioned before that I'm a pretty well–off man. I also happen to be in a business — insurance — that uses a lot of private investigators to try to catch fraud.

So I had quite a list of names of people who might be able to help me indulge my sick little fantasy of watching my wife cheat on me.

Of course I couldn't hire anyone through my company, but I knew that plenty of the people we worked with took extra jobs on a freelance basis, and it wasn't long until I found the perfect person who was willing to help me out: a black woman in her mid–50s named Natasha.

Natasha was, in many ways, the perfect private eye, precisely because she played on people's stereotypes. They expected to see a white guy, maybe in a fedora, sipping a coffee during a long stakeout. They didn't expect to see an obese black grandma pushing a walker down the street.

We quickly discussed the details of the job. She would watch my wife after church and Bible study. If she (Tanya) went anywhere except home, Natasha would follow her. If the two of them — Sean and Tanya, that is — engaged in any kind of "intimate contact" (this was Natasha's delicate phrasing) — she would record it.

For evidence during the divorce, of course, she assured me. She saw in me a jilted spouse, not a perverted husband who wanted to watch his wife cheat on him.

"You don't even have to watch it," she said, "if it comes to that. And I pray to God it doesn't."

"I'm fairly certain that it will," I said, shaking my head a little.

"You poor man," she said, patting my hand, "I'd feel sorry for you if I didn't deal with so much of this every day that I know that the man is just as likely to step out on his woman as the other way around. You'll hear from me after Bible study."

***

After Bible study that Wednesday night I was glued to my phone. Natasha hadn't told me exactly *when* she'd let me know what had happened, just that she would.

So when Tanya walked through the door, only a little later than usual, I had no idea what might have happened. To be more precise: I had an *idea*, but *only* an idea. I didn't know anything for sure.

"Hey babe," she said, coming over to the couch where I was sitting to give me a hug, "did you miss me?"

"You know I did," I said, pulling her in close to me and holding her there, hoping to catch the scent of betrayal.

But all I could smell was her shampoo.

She didn't break the embrace. She kissed me on the lips, in the eager way she did when she wanted to initiate sex.

So this is the game you're playing, I thought to myself, *anything to assuage your guilt*.

She fell into my lap, and we made out like teenagers for a few minutes before Tanya whispered in my ear.

"Let's go upstairs."

She led me by the hand into the bedroom, where I slowly unbuttoned her blouse under more kisses. She giggled, almost nervously, as if we'd been doing it for the very first time.

I spent several minutes fondling and licking her nipples as she let out little moans and yelps of pleasure. I tried to ascertain if she was particularly sensitive (due to prior stimulation by Sean), but she seemed to react normally.

The light in the bedroom was dim enough that any tell–tale beard rash from Sean's goatee would have been all but invisible.

I placed her on her back on the bed, and began to kiss down her stomach, reaching down and unbuttoning her slacks as I did.

Tanya lifted her bottom, helping me to remove her slacks and her panties in one smooth motion, casting them onto the bathroom floor.

I wish I'd paid better attention when she'd gotten dressed that morning. I wish I'd remembered if she was wearing the same pair of panties now as she had been then.

"Come here," she said, reaching down and putting her hands on my cheeks.

I stretched my body up towards hers, meeting her kiss. She reached down and fondled my cock through my pants.

"I bet this guy is ready for some action," she said, smiling, "let's get him out…"

She unbuttoned and unzipped my pants, reaching into my underwear and stroking my cock.

"You're nice and hard for your wife," she whispered, "and I'm *very* wet for you. In fact, I want you inside me. Right. Now."

I pulled back and rubbed a thumb across her full lips. She sucked it eagerly, her eyes closed.

"I'm not in such a hurry, though," I said, "there's something else that I want to do first."

She opened her eyes, looking at me in surprise.

"Is that right?"

"Mmm–hmm," I said, kissing her neck and then rapidly down her chest.

"Oh, you're going to…? You don't have to…"

It was odd for Tanya to tell me that I didn't "have to" perform oral sex. It wasn't only that I already knew that this act was optional, it was that Tanya usually really loved it when I went down on her, so the fact that she was suddenly acting like it was not big deal, something that she could take or leave, was highly suspicious.

I knew what I had to do: I had to lick her pussy.

"But I insist," I said, kissing just below her belly button and then her inner thighs, "I have to taste you."

"Are you sure, babe? I want to feel your hard cock inside me so bad…"

But it was too late. My face was pressed against her fragrant wetness. I licked at her slit eagerly, drinking in as much of her juices as I could.

There was an odd flavor among the other familiar ones. Something a bit acrid, with a strange tang. A bit salty.

Her fluids were much more viscous than normal.

I licked her clit eagerly, drinking in as much of this new, unfamiliar taste as I could. It wasn't unpleasant so much as different.

"God, that feels *great*, babe," she moaned, spreading her legs further apart and pulling me closer to her.

Suddenly, the truth hit me like a baseball bat to the head. It was totally obvious.

I was eating another man's creampie.

I was ingesting Sean's semen, which he'd deposited into my wife just a few minutes earlier.

"Oh yes," she moaned, "don't stop doing what you're doing. It's just perfect. You're so good to me…"

I lapped up another mouthful of the spunk. Knowing what it was didn't make it any more pleasant (if anything, less so), but I was able to rationalize what I was doing as the price I paid for my fetish: if I wanted Tanya to be able to cheat on me without knowing that I knew, I was going to have to do things like this once in a while without letting on that anything was different.

A moment later, Tanya's pelvis thrust up into my face, tensing for a long while before relaxing as the rest of her body contorted and she moaned in climax.

Roger, from somewhere else in the house, whimpered.

"God that was good, babe," she cooed, pulling me back up for a kiss.

"You tasted different today," I said, as innocently as possible.

Even if I wasn't going to come right out and *tell* her that I knew, that didn't mean that I couldn't play a few mind games. What was the harm in that? She'd been playing mind games with me, after all.

"Really? I guess it must have something to do with where I am in my cycle," she said.

Tanya had an IUD, so pregnancy wasn't a concern. At least I didn't have to worry about her getting pregnant with Sean's baby. Still, the fact that she'd been careless enough to take his load, completely unprotected, seemed incredibly reckless to me. Like she'd *wanted* to get caught.

The tone in Tanya's voice hadn't betrayed any sense of concern. If she was acting, she was an expert.

She still found ways to surprise me, after all our years of marriage.

"Now let's do something about this," she said, touching my cock again.

I nodded, helping her guide it to her slit, pressing into her warm and creamy depths.

It was a strange feeling. She was clearly not as tight as usual. Was it due to the fact that she'd just had an orgasm? Or had Sean really "stretched" her in some way? Was such a thing really possible?

Whatever the reason, when I pumped into my wife, I felt a distinct lack of friction. I thrust into her again and again. She moaned in pleasure at first, but soon I sensed that she was impatient for me to finish.

Images of Sean pleasing her flashed through my mind. But instead of spurring me on towards orgasm, I felt myself going limp.

A look of concern flashed across Tanya's face.

"Everything ok, babe?"

Now my erection was gone. I pulled out.

"Yeah," I sighed, "I guess I'm just tired or something."

"It's ok," she said, soothingly, taking my cock in her hand, "let me see if I can help."

I flopped onto my back on the bed as she took hold of my erection. She grabbed the bottle of lube from the nightstand and smeared some on her hands.

A moment later, I was rock hard again as her hands glided up and down my shaft.

Was this my future fate? Would I be unable to get hard from intercourse with my wife, but be instantly hard the second she pleasured me in some other way?

"That's it, that's good," she said, "just relax and think about your favorite fantasy. Think about me...and him…"

"Who's him?"

This was the first time that she'd mentioned Sean since our fight about him.

"As if you don't know," she said, laughing, "as if you've been thinking about *anything* but his big, hard cock sliding inside me. Stretching me…"

"Fuck," I sighed, trying in vain not to let her know how easily she'd read my mind, "that feels so good."

"I know it does, honey," she said, "and I know that you love imagining Sean and I...making love. His cock so big and hard. I know you love to think about his size. Did you know that he's even bigger than the dildo that I bought? I mean…"

Here she stopped to chuckle.

"Theoretically, of course. Your well–behaved church lady wife would never do something so naughty as to fuck her choir director. But if I did, you'd like to watch, wouldn't you?"

"Tanya," I said, "did you fuck him?"

"What difference does it make if I did or I didn't," she laughed, "the fantasy of it is going to haunt you forever, won't it? What if I told you that we'd been fucking for weeks. For months, even. What if I told you that every time you think I'm at Bible study, I'm on my back on a hotel room bed, or sometimes bent over it, taking every inch of his magnificent cock…"

"Tanya, damn it… I'm so…"

I had almost lost the ability to speak. I was on the edge, and she knew it. She smiled at me and then stopped stroking me entirely, removing her hand.

I twitched involuntarily, crying out for her to continue.

"Please, Tanya."

"Just admit it, Adam. Admit that you really want this to be true. Admit that you *want* me to have an affair with him. For him to be my lover."

"I admit it," I gasped, "I — …"

"Yes?"

The lust, the pure intoxication of this moment led me to make an admission I swore I'd never make.

"I had you followed. Tonight…"

She looked surprised for a moment, then composed herself.

"By who?"

"A private detective. I work with a lot of them you know."

"I know," she said, "catching fraudsters and so on. So you're jealous? Jealous of the wife who you've urged, who you've practically *begged* to cheat on you?"

I looked down at my cock, which was still fully erect, sticking out angrily between my legs, the lube glistening on the shaft.

"A little jealous, yes," I finally admitted, "but I also wanted to know the truth. About what's been going on with you and Sean."

"That's not all, though, is it? This is about more than just 'truth.'"

She teased the underside of my cock with her fingertips, then squeezed my balls playfully. I was so close to coming that I thought I'd burst.

"It's true," I admitted, letting everything spill out now, "I wanted...I want to watch. Or at least listen."

"So you want to hear the kind of sounds your innocent wife makes when she's being stretched to the limit by a big cock?"

"Yes…" I gasped, as she teased my taint with one hand, just barely stroking the head of my cock with the other as she looked down at it, as if amused by my relative lack of size.

"Do you want to hear the sounds I make when his dick is in my mouth, honey? The way I beg for it, even when my mouth is full? I love swallowing his cum. Almost as much as I love letting him come in my unprotected pussy…"

She was whispering now as she stroked me. Even though her touch was light, I couldn't stand it anymore. I erupted, shooting a spurt of sperm into the air.

Tanya withdrew her hand almost instantly, ruining the pleasurable experience of orgasm and leaving me aching for more as I leaked out another few dribbles of cum.

"Did you like that, honey?" she asked, her demeanor changing completely, "did I do a good job playing the role?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know. Being your fantasy!"

"But I thought…"

"You thought I was really cheating with Sean? Come on. I'm cheating on you just as much as you really hired a private eye to follow me tonight."

This latest twist threw me for a loop. I really *had* hired a private eye, after all. And I really *had* eaten another man's creampie out of her pussy when she'd come home. Not to mention the kiss that I'd seen with my own eyes…

What kind of game was she playing? She was trying to pretend that it had all been a role play, a harmless game of the sort that she'd always thought was permissible between married couples?

I decided to play along for the moment. I didn't really know what else to do.

"Ha ha, yeah," I said, "private eye. Like I'd ever do that…"

She smiled.

"I'm going to get cleaned up," she said, "that was a lot of fun. I know we haven't had a chance to indulge this side of our sex life for a long time, but I want to make it up to you. I think we both deserve a little fun after all."

"You're right," I said, inwardly completely befuddled but outwardly trying to preserve the appearance of calm, "I'll do anything I can to help you get back to normal."

That's when my phone, which had been on the nightstand the whole time, buzzed. I knew that it was probably a message from Natasha.

Once Tanya was in the bathroom, I grabbed my phone.

Nothing tonight, read the text, *subject went to bible study. continue assignment?*

Yes, I replied, *continue until notified to stop*.

She responded with a "thumbs up" emoji.

What was going on here? Had Tanya suspected something and been playing it safe? Had she been able to evade Natasha somehow? It would seem that Natasha would have reported as much if that had been the case.

Had she simply not felt like fucking Sean that night? Maybe they had sneaked off somewhere in the church to fuck while Natasha had assumed they were in a different room?

Had I imagined the creampie? Had it really been due to her cycle?

I tossed and turned so much that night that Tanya asked me if something was wrong.

"No," I said, "I've just got a lot on my mind."

"That's ok," she said soothingly, "me too."

Chapter 6

I met with Natasha in person a few days later, at a fast food restaurant far from my office.

"I've been following this lady all over town," she said, turning her laptop towards me as she clicked through dozens of surveillance photos of Tanya, "and it seems like she's squeaky clean. She spends a lot of time at that church, it's true, but I made my way into the choir and even the Bible study, and I can't see anything going on between the two of them. Not that they're not friendly. They're definitely that. But if there was any hanky–panky, I don't know when it would have happened."

"Could you keep watching her? Just in case? Something doesn't seem right about this," I said.

"I always tell my women clients to follow their intuition. If they think their husband is cheating, he probably is," she said, "so why shouldn't it be the same for the men? Just don't drive yourself crazy with this jealously crap. If you're going to divorce her, just do it. It might be healthier for both of you in the long run."

"I don't want a divorce, though," I said, "I just want…"

She looked at me questioningly.

"...never mind," I continued, "just keep watching her."

"Of course," she said, "it's your money. How about this: I'll prepare a digital report for you and send you an e–mail link around this time next week."

“Perfect,” I said.

***

That night, when I got home, Tanya greeted me at the door. She’d come home early — something that was a little unusual for her — and clearly had something on her mind.

I was about to find out what.

“Hey, babe,” she said, kissing me, “I just took Roger out for a walk, so you don’t have to worry about that.”

“What’s he doing? I was looking forward to seeing him.”

“He’s in his crate, working on a new toy that I got him. I thought you might like to spend a little time with me...upstairs…”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” she said, beckoning me to follow her.

When we got to the bedroom, she led me to the edge of the bed and had me sit down.

“Wait here,” she said, disappearing into the bathroom, “I’ll be right back.”

I loosened my tie as I sat there in anticipation. She came out wearing a sheer black negligee, one that I’d never seen before. She looked incredible.

“Uh–uh,” she said, teasing me, “don’t touch. Not yet…”

She pulled out the chair that was usually in front of her vanity and sat down on it, facing me.

"I thought I should give you an update on my adventures with Sean," she said, facing me.

I noticed that she had picked up the dildo — the huge, realistic–looking one that she'd pleasured herself with before — from the vanity when she'd gotten the chair.

She was now holding it, examining it.

"Yes," I said, "what have you been getting up to with him?"

"It hasn't been easy," she said, laughing, "finding a way to be alone with him. People at the church have gotten a little suspicious. Maybe the other choir ladies are getting jealous…"

She started rubbing the dildo across her lips.

"But where there's a will, there's always a way. And the Lord does work in mysterious ways…"

She began to tongue the dildo, as if it were a cock. In that moment, I could imagine her pleasuring the head of Sean's cock. This was exactly what she wanted me to do, of course.

"I went to the bathroom," she said, "and he followed me in. It's one of those gender–neutral handicapped stalls."

A shiver of excitement went down my spine. This actually seemed like something that Natasha might have — theoretically — missed. Even though I had perfect confidence in her surveillance abilities, a lot of her tricks relied on the fact that people didn't know that they were being watched, or didn't expect *her* to be watching

them. If neither of those two things were true, maybe she was easier to deceive than either she herself or I knew.

Or maybe this was all part of an elaborate fantasy that Tanya had concocted to please me…

"I was on my knees on the cold floor, waiting for him," she continued, "and as soon as he was there, I had his cock out of his pants and in my mouth like this."

She shoved the dildo into her mouth, gagging on it as she took it deeper into her throat.

Suddenly, she took it down to the root — all the way to the fake balls — and held it there for a moment before pulling it back out and flashing me a smile.

"Betcha didn't think I could do that, did you?"

I shook my head.

I was fully erect, and couldn't stand it anymore. I took my cock out of my pants and starting stroking it as Tanya continued her story.

"It's almost sacrilegious," she continued, tonguing the cockhead again and running it along her lips, "the way I *worship* his cock. I feel like I'm practicing idolatry. But I just can't get enough of it. The taste. The heft. The sounds he makes when I take him deep. The way he touches my hair and tells me that I'm a 'good girl.'"

She began to deepthroat the dildo again. At the same time, she pushed her panties aside and began to rub her clit.

"I always play with myself when I go down on him," she continued, "I get so turned on, I can't help it. I get so wet for him, I can't stop myself from masturbating, even if he tells me I'm not allowed to."

For some reason, the thought of Sean ordering her around, telling her what to do or not do in bed, turned me on incredibly.

"What if you disobey him?" I gasped, stroking my prick.

"He spanks me, or fucks me extra hard. Usually both," she moaned.

The dildo was between her legs now, and she was working it into her wet pussy, an inch at a time.

"He had me stand up and bend over the sink. I saw my own face in the mirror, and looked up and could see the lust in his eyes when he entered me from behind. We both needed it so bad, and we knew we had no time at all to get what we wanted. It was going to be a hard, fast and rough fuck, and that was fine with me."

She had buried the dildo to the balls in the meantime, and was moaning softly now between words.

"He grabbed a handful of my hair and whispered in my ear to take his cock like a good girl… I bit my lip as he entered me. The taboo nature of what was happening meant that I was even closer to orgasm than I would have been if we'd been at a hotel. I exploded around his cock almost the moment he bottomed out inside me. But he wasn't done with me yet. He spanked me hard and called me his good little slut. He asked me what the other

church ladies — and my husband — would think if they could see me bent over like this, being used like the size queen slut I am."

There it was again. That kind of dirty language that I couldn't even have imagined her coming up with on her own. But now I wasn't so sure. My mind was a mess of suspicion, lust and hope, and I was on the edge of orgasm, imagining this rough, filthy fuck in a church bathroom.

"He slammed me into the sink," she said, "it was like he didn't even care if we got caught or not. Before I knew what was happening, I was coming again. And again."

She closed her eyes, bit her lip, and seemed to climax again, right in front of me, as if reliving the moment. I ached with longing as I watched the orgasm ripple over her body. I wished I'd been there to see it.

If any of this had really happened.

"I told him he needed to hurry. That he should come inside me. Fill me up. He told me he wanted to hear me beg for it. In a loud voice."

"Shit, Tanya," I moaned, "did you? Could you? What about the other people?"

My cock at full attention, I was caught up in the story now.

"I know. He was testing my limits. Pushing me on purpose to see how far I was willing to go to obey him. But I was determined to go all the way. Do what ever it took to please him, no matter how risky or embarrassing it might be for me. So I begged him, honey. I

begged him loudly to please flood my pussy with his sperm. To shoot it inside my tight wet unprotected cunt…"

In this moment, I ejaculated. I couldn't help myself. I coated my hands as I watched my wife climax once more, shoving the dildo in and out of herself at a rapid pace, her eyes closed, one hand on a nipple.

"Oh God!" she cried, her face red with the exertion of orgasm.

In that moment, Tanya looked more beautiful than I'd ever known her. I thought back to the day that we met, in front of the empty shelf at the college bookstore. I thought back to our first night together, and to our wedding day.

I thought back to that stolen kiss I'd witnessed between her and Sean in the church basement after her mother's funeral. Had it been a momentary slip–up in the heat of the moment, something that had gone no further?

"Isn't it amazing?" she said, looking into my eyes, "the things that a husband and wife can do — just the two of them — together? Bet you never thought I could fulfill your cuckold fantasy without cheating..."

In that precise instant, as Tanya opened her eyes once more and looked directly into my own and said these words, I decided that I didn't *want* to know the answer. Whatever it was that was happening now, between Tanya, me and Sean was great the way it was. The truth — whatever it was — would only ruin it.

When I got Natasha's report, I resolved to simply pay her bill and then delete the files.

A week later, that's exactly what I did.

Changed your mind about your old lady, huh? came Natasha's text to me.

Yeah, I replied, *some things I think I'm happier **not** knowing*.

Did Tanya have a lover? Was she a pious church–going woman who had slipped up a single time, or was she a "size queen slut"?

I don't know for sure. But we sure were having a great time pretending. Knowing for certain would have killed the fantasy.

That's my decision, and I'm sticking to it. At least for now.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

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.

HER OLD FLAME

Melinda is everything her husband Steve has ever wanted: she's smart, feisty and voluptuously curvy. The kind of woman with a healthy appetite for the finer things in life — in the kitchen and the bedroom. The fact that she's an Italian–American from Queens only makes her seem more exotic to a guy from the suburbs of Dallas.

But Steve goes digging into Melinda's past, he begins to uncover some uncomfortable secrets about an ex–boyfriend named Carlo. Carlo is the opposite of Steve in every way: he's tall, confident, dominant and very well–endowed. Luckily, Carlo is behind bars serving a sentence for a crime of passion he committed protecting Melinda's honor. So he's not a serious threat to the couple's relationship.

Or is he?

When Carlo is transferred to a prison nearby, a stunning series of events will turn Melinda's old flame into a towering inferno...

HER OLD FLAME is a 50,000–word cuckold novel the explores themes of cuckold angst, netorare, clean–up, alpha males and what happens to beta males when they accept their place in the natural hierarchy.