

A close-up photograph of a woman from the chest up. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, blazer over a light-colored, vertically striped shirt. The shirt is open at the collar, revealing a black bra. She has red lipstick and is holding a pair of thin, gold-rimmed glasses in her right hand, with the temples of the glasses resting on her lips. Her left hand is holding a black clipboard with a silver clip. The background is dark and out of focus.

# The Therapist and the Cuckold

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# The Therapist and the Cuckold

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## The first session

In the five years since she had first become a therapist, Sarah Armstrong had learned that most patients fell into one of two categories.

The first kind came to her for help. They would share a little about themselves, and then ask for her feedback. That feedback would often spawn more questions, leading to a discussion. Their sessions were a back and forth, a meeting of the minds aimed at solving their problems and taking steps to improve themselves.

The other kind of patient came to her in search of a sympathetic ear. All they really needed was someone to let them vent without the fear of their friends or family learning about their problems. In those sessions, Sarah would rarely say more than a few words, usually just enough to get them started. As much as she loved helping everyone she could, it wasn't nearly as interesting to sit back and not actually participate in the conversation.

The patient sitting on the couch across from her was the latter. His name was Gerald. He was in his late forties, tall and muscular with a handsome face. It was clear that he worked out regularly, given that she could see the outline of his chest muscles through his loose-fitting shirt. He was balding a little on top, but he hid that fact by keeping his hair cropped really short. Sarah rarely noticed her patient's physical appearance, but he looked rather good for his age.

Today was their first meeting, and he had spent most of it babbling on about his work. He was a CEO of a Fortune 500 company, and as such, he couldn't talk to anyone about his interactions at work. He had sought her out because he knew that whatever he told her would be protected by doctor-patient confidentiality.

Sarah shifted in her wingback chair and glanced at the clock. There were only ten minutes left in their session, so she decided to see if she could interject herself into the session a little more.

"You've told me a lot about your professional life today," she said when she felt a slight lull in his monologue. "What about your personal life? You mentioned that you are married. How is your

situation at home? Does your wife offer you any support with these day-to-day struggles?"

Gerald chuckled to himself.

"My wife has been a bit preoccupied lately," he said.

"With what?" Sarah asked.

He chuckled again, but this time he lifted his hands up and rubbed his face firmly. She could sense his hesitation in wanting to share, but in her experience, that usually meant there was something important that he was holding back. After thinking it over for a few seconds, he opened up.

"My wife and I are part of an unusual lifestyle. Have you ever heard the term 'cuckold' before?" he asked.

Sarah remembered the term from one of her classes on sexuality that she had taken ages ago, but her recollection was vague. Still, she could tell this was important, and it sounded a lot more interesting than listening to him drone on about corporate culture.

"I believe so," she said. "Isn't that the same thing as swinging?"

"Not exactly," he replied. "When couples say they are swingers, it usually means they both sleep with other people. In our case, my wife is the one who is allowed to sleep with other men, while I remain monogamous with her. So I would be a cuckold, and she would be called a hotwife."

"I see," Sarah said, slipping her glasses on and writing a quick note to remind herself to look into the idea more. "That seems like a very one-sided arrangement, though."

"Not at all," he said perfunctorily. "I actually enjoy it a lot. I'm usually there to watch as it happens, and it's a huge turn on for me. I get off on it as much as she does."

Sarah felt herself being drawn in. There was no question that she was very conservative sexually. She had only been with one other man before her husband, and the two of them rarely ventured outside of a handful for sexual positions. It was intriguing to delve into the life of someone leading a very unorthodox lifestyle.

"You watch them? So you go out on dates together?" she asked.

"Most of the time, yes. Sometimes she will go out on dates alone, but usually the three of us will go out for drinks. They'll flirt a bit in

front of me, and by the time we get back to the house, they're ripping each other's clothes off. When he's done with her, I reclaim her as mine, and we have some of the most intense sex ever."

"I see," Sarah said, the idea rolling around wildly in her head. "And how is this arousing for you?"

"I'm not really sure," he admitted. "I guess it's just my way of being submissive. I spend all day in the boardroom taking control of difficult situations. When I'm watching my wife give herself to another man, it feels as if I'm surrendering all of my control. I'm powerless, and that fills my head with all sorts of crazy emotions. The jealousy becomes a turn-on for me."

"You said she's been preoccupied lately, though. What did you mean by that?"

Gerald seemed to hesitate again for a moment.

"That's a little harder to explain. As I said, I get to watch her with her dates most of the time. She's allowed to go out on her own without me, but she usually prefers to have me there. She likes to see how turned on I am by it, and that doubles the thrill for her. Every now and then, though, she will take a little more interest in certain guys. It might be a particularly good-looking guy, or someone who is particularly skilled in bed. We always start off meeting the other guy together, but with these guys, she will get their number and keep talking to them. She loves to flirt with them over text and show me the conversations, and she'll sometimes plan solo dates to have some time alone with them. Eventually she always gets bored of them and stops seeing them."

"So I take it she's been seeing one of these guys lately?" Sarah asked inquisitively.

"Yeah," he said with a heavy sigh. "We went out with him a month ago. He had a really big cock, which is a big turn-on for her, and he knew how to use it. She had a really good time, so they kept flirting after the first date. She teased me a few times, and even made me go down on her while she was sexting him one night. Then they went on a solo date, and I knew this was going to become a fairly regular thing when she came home and told me that he was even better in bed when I wasn't there. I guess he was a little nervous



while I was in the room, but when it was just the two of them, they fucked for hours. Since then, she's been out with him a half dozen times. She even spent the night with him once, which is pretty rare for her."

"It doesn't sound like you're very happy about that," Sarah said. "Are you worried she might leave you for this guy?"

"Not at all," Gerald snickered. "I mean, I guess I am a little bit, but that's all part of the game. Sometimes you have those moments of angst where you where you just want to call it all off and stop doing it, but you know you can't. It's that same feeling of being powerless and submitting to her desires. Like I said, she always grows bored of them and comes back to me, and when she does, it's a rush unlike anything else. It's about knowing that she will always be mine, and no matter how well anyone else fucks her, she will always come back to me."

Sarah's mind was spinning. She had so many more questions to ask, but they would have to wait. The session was over, and her next patient would be waiting outside.

"I'd like to talk more about this next time," she said. "I think there's a lot to unpack in this fetish of yours."

Gerald nodded. They set up their next session for the following week, and he left.

For the rest of the afternoon, Sarah struggled to focus on her patients. Her mind kept going back to Gerald and his crazy lifestyle. There were so many unusual sexual proclivities out there, and she knew that it shouldn't be surprising that someone would get off on something like that, but the idea still captured her attention in the oddest way.

The thoughts were still bouncing around in her head when she stepped from the garage into her kitchen. Her husband Paul was cooking a pair of juicy, thick steaks with a side of asparagus. He had a bottle of red wine open, and he poured her a glass after giving her a quick peck on the cheek.

"I have to tell you about the craziest thing I heard today," she said as she took a sip of the rich Merlot.

"Ah, I love hearing about the weird ones!" he said excitedly. "Let's hear it."

"This guy told me that his wife dates other men, and he stays monogamous with her. I guess he gets his kicks from watching her with other guys, but he's not allowed to do the same with other women."

"He's not allowed to, or he doesn't want to sleep with other women?" Paul asked.

"Well," she said as she pondered the distinction, "I guess he doesn't want to. That's a different way to look at it. Isn't that weird, though? Watching your significant other with another man?"

"I will admit that's a little different," he said, "but whatever floats your boat, right?"

Paul seemed to be much less surprised about the whole thing than she was. Perhaps she was overreacting, but she still couldn't wrap her head around the whole thing.

"I guess it just caught me by surprise," she said finally.

Their conversation meandered on to other topics, and Sarah pushed the idea to the back of her mind.

Later that night, after their bellies were full and their minds drowsy from the wine, the two of them slipped into bed. Sarah was lying on her side facing away from Paul when she felt his hand on her bare thigh. He rubbed her leg slowly and sensually, his hand slipping up under her silk nightie. She could feel her body begin to tingle.

Sarah felt Paul's breath on her neck, and then the soft, wet kiss of his lips. She sighed softly, letting out a little moan as his hand slipped around her thigh and grazed her pussy. His fingers were magical, touching her with just the right pressure. She parted her legs to give him better access, and he pulled up closer behind her.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked over at the wingback chair positioned in a corner of their bedroom. It was just like the one in her office, covered in a similar floral fabric. Her eyes drifted closed, and that's when her imagination took her somewhere that she never would have expected.



In her mind, she pictured Gerald sitting in the chair in the corner of their room. He was watching them, watching her husband touch her in the most intimate way. It was such a shocking thought, but before she could push it away, Paul slipped his finger inside her and she gasped loudly. In her mind, Gerald began touching himself.

Sarah found herself growing even more excited as she imagined the spectator in the room. She moaned loudly, wanting him to hear how good it felt. His phantom eyes were locked on her, his hand rubbing his cock through his pants furiously. When Paul's hand came up and clasped her breast, she cried out lustfully.

Her eyes opened, and she was once again aware that the chair was empty. Behind her, she could feel Paul's erection pressing against her buttocks.

Sarah wasn't usually very vocal in bed. Her vocalizations had already captured Paul's attention, as he pawed at her more fervently than normal. Something had come over her, and she couldn't stop herself.

"Fuck me," she begged her husband, wanting to give their phantom guest a show.

The words felt so primal in her mouth, and Paul responded in kind. He pulled his boxers off and moved around until his cock was pressed against her pussy. With just a little pressure, he slipped inside her easily. That was when she realized she was dripping wet.

Her eyes slipped closed again, wanting to see Gerald in the corner, but this time she saw something vastly different. Gerald was gone, replaced by Paul. In her mind, her husband was no longer behind her. He was watching as another man took her from behind.

The stranger fucking her wasn't anyone in particular. It was just a faceless, nameless man burying his length inside her while her husband watched helplessly from the corner.

Her belly tightened and she cried out, wanting Paul to see her arousal. The tightening continued, until she realized that it was an orgasm blossoming deep inside her. Paul could make her cum with his fingers, but she couldn't remember the last time she had achieved orgasm from penetration like this.

The stranger tightened his grip on her, pushing himself inside her even more forcefully. His hands clutched her body and he erupted inside her, carrying her over the edge into her own explosive climax. Her mind swirled and faltered, then slowly drifted back into a state of calming bliss.

When Sarah opened her eyes, the chair was once again empty. Paul was behind her, his cock slowly growing shrinking.

"That was amazing," he whispered behind her.

"Yeah," Sarah muttered. "It was."

She wanted to tell him about what she had imagined, about the crazy thoughts that had been twisting around inside her head while they made love, but she didn't dare. He would be so upset if he knew that she had been thinking about another man inside her, so she pushed the thought down and buried it deep inside her mind, hoping that would be the end of it.

As it turned out, it was just the beginning.

## Second session

Over the course of the next week, Sarah found herself thinking more and more about Gerald's unusual fetish. The more she researched the topic, the more she realized how widespread and prevalent the idea was. There were entire websites dedicated to men watching their significant others with strangers.

She also took some time to research the psychological aspect of it. There were a small handful of articles that addressed the issue, and many of them focused on issues of intimacy within the relationship after such experiences. The overall tone of the articles was very negative, but it sparked a lot of other questions that she felt might be a good starting point for her discussions with Gerald.

The thoughts still clouded her own mind, and she worried about the twisted fantasies that she had experienced that first night. She made love to Paul a few more times that weekend, and the idea seemed to pop into her head each time. The feeling wasn't as intense as that first night, but the idea had stoked an unusual curiosity that worried her a little.

When the day finally came for Gerald's next session, Sarah found herself a little giddy at exploring the idea she had been pondering.

Their session started off the same as the week before. Gerald launched into another monologue on the evils of Corporate America, complete with personal anecdotes of all the shrewd and duplicitous behavior of his colleagues.

She allowed him to ramble on for a bit, but she wanted to make sure there was plenty of time to explore the more personal aspects of his life. She waited until they were about halfway through their session before she guided the conversation where she wanted it to go.

"I want to go back to the subject of your lifestyle," she said when she felt an appropriate break in the conversation.

Gerald smirked a little. It was as if he expected her to return to the topic.

"There's really not much to discuss there," he said.

"Is your wife still preoccupied with her other lover?"

The question made him wince a little, and Sarah immediately knew why he was avoiding it. The subject did bother him a bit, and that was all the more reason to tackle it.

"She is," he admitted. "That's okay, though. As I said last time, these episodes are always short-lived. I expect she will get bored of him sometime in the next week or two."

"I did a little reading on the subject," Sarah pressed on, "and there are many experts who think cuckolding relationships show a problem with intimacy."

"I could see how someone would think that," he replied thoughtfully, "especially if you were on the outside looking in. But I also think that every relationship is different. For some people, it might inhibit intimacy. With my wife and I, I feel like it enhances our connection."

"How so?" she asked.

"Well, first, I guess I don't consider sex to be the same thing as intimacy. People have casual sex all the time without feeling any attachment to the person. How does it differ if the individual is married? Society says we shouldn't do things like that, but if married

people want to have casual sex and it makes them happy, then who is it hurting?

"For Crystal and me, we both tend to be very hypersexual. I find myself looking at almost everything in my life through a sexual lens. It's not to the point of being an addiction, because I know better than to act on it, but I am naturally drawn to things that stimulate my sexual senses. If I'm at the store, I'll pick the checkout lane with the most attractive cashier so that I can talk to her.

"I even thought about that when I chose my therapist. I wanted someone who was well qualified, but I would be lying if I said that I didn't check beforehand to see that you were young and attractive. It's just a part of my nature."

Sarah was caught off guard by his honesty, and for a moment, she wondered if she should be offended. Still, she kept her composure.

"You do realize that a relationship between a patient and therapist would be inappropriate, correct?" she said flatly.

"That's isn't what I was suggesting," he said with a booming laugh. "Besides, haven't you figured out by now that I have no interest in sleeping with anyone other than my wife? When I do fantasize about other women, I imagine them with a bull, not myself."

Sarah wondered if he had imagined her with another man, but quickly chased the thought away. It hit a little too close to home.

"You still haven't told me how that enhances your intimacy with your wife," she said, circling back.

"I would argue that we are more intimate than most couples. Everyone has desires. We see other people and find them attractive, but we choose not to act on it. That doesn't mean the desire isn't there. Most people hide those thoughts from their spouse, so as to avoid causing jealousy. My wife and I aren't afraid to share things like that."

"But you said that she doesn't allow you to sleep with other women. Do you share your desires with her, or do you just suppress them?

"I share them," he admitted, "but most of the time my desire revolves around her, not other women. I tell her when I see a man

that I would like to see her fuck. A lot of men have these thoughts about their wives with another man. The only difference is that I'm not afraid to admit it to her."

"I still don't understand how seeing her with another man could satisfy your personal desire," she said firmly.

"Let me ask you a question," he said, with a beguiling look on his face. "Your husband turns you on, right? He likes to see you get off?"

"I don't think that's an appropriate question to ask," Sarah pushed back. "These sessions are about your life, not mine."

"I understand that, but I want to try to help you understand my fetish. Will you humor me for a few minutes?"

Sarah was still hesitant, but she wanted to understand his mindset. Perhaps it would help her understand her own fascination with this idea, as well.

"I suppose he does enjoy that," she said, thinking back to the way he had touched her a week ago.

"Has he ever watched you touch yourself?" he continued.

"I don't believe so," she admitted.

"Really?" Gerald said with a shocked expression. "So you have a very vanilla relationship then?"

"I don't think that's necessarily a bad thing," she quipped back.

"Not at all," he said, brushing it aside. "Let's speak hypothetically then. If you were lying in bed, maybe wearing some sexy lingerie, or maybe even nothing at all, and you started to touch yourself, do you think that would turn him on?"

"I suppose so," she agreed hesitantly.

"So how would it be different if there was another man touching you, instead of you touching yourself? He's still seeing you receive pleasure. He still knows that at the end of the night, you belong to him and you will always come home to him. Maybe he will see a different side of your pleasure, or learn a new trick to get you off that he had never considered before. The other man is just a tool, a sex toy to get you off and give him a show. Does that make sense?"

The crazy part was that it did seem like a reasonable explanation. That was how she had felt when she imagined Paul sitting in a chair

in the corner of the room while another man fucked her. She wanted to put on a show for him, to let him see and hear how turned on she was.

Still, she couldn't imagine Paul actually wanting to watch another man fuck her.

"I don't think my husband is the kind of man who would enjoy something like that," she said, removing her glasses and rubbing her eyes.

"Have you asked him?" Gerald pushed.

That was when Sarah realized that she had been so consumed by her own struggle with this idea, that she hadn't even considered the possibility that this was something that might turn on her husband as well. She suddenly remembered how Paul had touched her the night she told him. It had felt different somehow, but she thought it was because of where her mind had gone with the idea. Wasn't it possible that Paul had been imagining the same thing while he was making love to her?

"You don't have to answer that," Gerald said before she could collect her thoughts. "Maybe I'm wrong. I just tend to think that most people have a lot more kink inside them than they care to admit. Then again, as I said, I do tend to hypersexualize things."

Perhaps he had seen something in her face that betrayed her internal struggle, but it felt as if Gerald knew exactly what was on her mind.

"I think our time is up today," she said sharply, wanting the session to end. "Let's pick this up again next week."

Sarah rushed to make his next appointment. She tried to keep her cool, but she could tell she was coming across as flustered. After Gerald had left, she closed the door and sat quietly in her seat for a few minutes. There were a lot of crazy thoughts going on in her head, and it would be a while before they began to finally calm down.

When she finally got home, she was eager to ask Paul about the idea, but she also wanted to make sure to wait for the right moment. She finally summoned up the courage just as they were both climbing into bed.

"Do you remember the guy I told you about last week?" she said.  
"The one who likes to watch his wife with other men?"

"Yeah, a cuckold, right?" he said.

"Yeah," she agreed. "Today he told me that he thinks a lot of guys would be turned on by it, but they either won't admit it or have never thought if it. What do you think? Is that a turn-on for you?"

Paul stopped and seemed to ponder his answer thoughtfully.

"I've never really thought about the idea," he said finally, "but it would be interesting. I don't think I would feel jealous. I don't know how I would feel."

The answer was as imprecise as it was vague, yet she still understood what he meant. It was the same confusion she was feeling over all of this, and it made her feel better that it was equally confounding to him.

Sarah was struck with sudden inspiration. She rolled over and reached down for her husband's cock. He was actually already half hard, which was a good indication that he was enjoying the idea. She kissed him firmly for a few minutes, then pulled away and began whispering in his ear.

"Would it turn you on to watch another man fuck me?" she hissed.

Paul seemed to stop short, surprised by the bluntness of her words. He didn't say no, but he also didn't try to stop her. There was something there, so she continued.

"Watch him kiss me? Touch me? Undress me? Run his hands all over my body?"

With each word, Paul's cock swelled against her hand. His breathing had deepened and she could feel his mood change.

"What kind of man would you want?" he replied back.

"Someone strong and confident. Maybe even a little cocky? Someone who's going to grab my body and fuck me hard and fast."

Paul felt like he was close to cumming, but she kept stroking him.

"I want to fuck you," he said.

Sarah ignored him and pressed on, tightening her grip. It just took a few more words to carry him over the edge.

"And I want to have a big cock."



Those were the words that finished him. Paul grabbed her arm as a stream of cum shot from the tip and landed on his belly. As he erupted, Sarah could feel his entire body trembling with excitement.

As he drifted back, Paul appeared dazed and confused.

"What the hell was that?" he asked languidly.

"I don't know," she chuckled, "but I think you liked it!"

Paul didn't reply. Instead, he got up and pushed her back onto the bed, diving between her legs. His tongue brushed across her clitoris, swollen with arousal, and she gasped sharply and clutched his hair.

Sarah tried to focus on how good it felt, but her mind kept wandering to wicked places. She imagined what kind of guy she would want to fuck her in front of Paul. Was there anyone she knew that she would want to fuck? There were a few cute neighbors, but it was probably a bad idea to sleep with anyone that close. There was a guy at the shop where she took her car for repairs who was pretty cute, and she had always felt a little flustered when she saw him.

Paul's tongue grazed her clitoris again, and she realized she was dripping wet again. Not only was this a turn-on for him, but her mind seemed to love the idea as well.

He licked and sucked, tugging at her labia. Her body felt like it was in a heightened state and lifting higher every second. Soon she began to tremble, which developed into a quiver. Soon her whole body was lifting off the bed as she clutched at her husband to keep his tongue where she needed it. The orgasm started in her belly and spread through her body slowly, each second adding another part of herself until she was crying out in a forceful eruption.

Then Paul's tongue was gone. He was above her, his lips pressed firmly on hers. He felt hungry for her. Then she felt his cock, as hard as a rock, pressing against her pussy.

How could that be? It had only been a matter of minutes since his climax. He never recovered that quickly, yet now his length was pushing inside her. He left her lips as he sank down into her, and she could feel his ragged breathing in her ear. He wasn't making love to her. He was fucking her, and he was fucking her hard.

"My cock isn't big enough for you?" he panted.

Sarah couldn't understand. His words sounded upset, almost frustrated, yet he was so turned on, he hadn't even gone soft after his orgasm. It was as if he had something to prove. She wanted to tell him that she loved him and she loved the way he made love to her, but it didn't feel right. Somehow, she knew that wasn't what he wanted to hear.

"I love your cock," she whispered back, "but I want a bigger one inside me."

His fingers dug into her flesh and he pounded even harder against her body. It felt so raw, so carnal, and she didn't want it to stop.

It would soon, though. Paul began grunting, then pushed as deep as he could as his cock unleashed a second load of his seed, this time deep inside her pussy.

When he was done, he rolled away and fell onto his back beside her. The two of them struggled to catch their breath, while their minds swam with confusion.

"What was that?" she asked incredulously as they both stared at the ceiling.

"I have no idea," he replied, "but it was pretty intense. Is that something you really want?"

"What do you mean? Sleeping with another guy?"

"Well, I actually meant a bigger cock, but yeah, that too," he said, chuckling softly.

"I don't know," she said. "Maybe we should sleep on it and talk about this tomorrow."

"Okay," he agreed.

But they didn't talk about it the next day, or the day after that. The subject just floated silently in the air, like an elephant in the room that no one wanted to address.

Despite their lack of communication, Sarah couldn't stop thinking about it. Every time she saw a cute guy, she found herself wondering if he was good in bed, or more importantly, if he had a bigger cock than her husband.

Size had never really been important to her, but after Gerald had mentioned how much more pleasurable a big cock was for his wife, she began to wonder if she was missing something. Curiosity took

over, and on her way home from the office on Friday, she decided to stop at an adult shop she always passed on the ride home.

Sarah had never been to one, never even considered it, and it took a considerable amount of bravery to step through the door. It was pretty open inside, filled with a variety of merchandise. The back wall was covered with shelves of adult videos. The wall to the right housed a bunch of toys that seemed to be designed for men, from cock rings to bondage tools. The other wall was filled with dozens of vibrators, and the center of the room was occupied by racks of lingerie and sexy outfits. There were no other shoppers at the moment, which helped her anxiety.

The shopkeeper, a skinny woman with short hair and tattoos all over her neck, greeted her with a warm smile.

"Welcome!" she said. "Let me know if you need any help."

Sarah nodded and headed for the wall of vibrators and dildos. She had no idea that there were so many different kinds. Some were shaped like cocks, while others were just long and thin. There were even a few shaped like eggs that weren't made for penetration. The idea of having something vibrate on the outside without actually going in seemed a bit unusual, but in a way, it made a lot of sense. She didn't masturbate often, but when she did, her focus was usually on playing on the outside.

She took a few minutes to look them all over before settling on one that had a realistic look. It was fairly big, several inches longer than Paul's cock, so she could see if size really would make a difference.

Sarah turned to head toward the cashier when she spotted a particularly sexy bit of lingerie, and she grabbed that as well. It wasn't exactly clear when she intended to wear it, but something inside her told her to buy it anyway.

Once she had paid for everything, Sarah hurried out the door and headed for home. Paul was in the kitchen getting dinner ready, so she snuck upstairs and hid the bag deep in the corner of her closet where he wouldn't see it. She would eventually tell him about it, and maybe even let him use it on her, but they had to really talk about this first.

### Third session

By the time she climbed out of bed on Wednesday morning, there had still been no discussion of the crazy encounter the week before. There were still dozens of crazy thoughts bouncing around in her head, and she tried to sort through them as she climbed in the shower to start getting ready for her day.

The strange situation with Paul had been at the forefront of her mind all week, and she was emotionally exhausted from trying to understand it. On top of that, she had not yet had the opportunity to try her new toy. She felt almost irritated by that, as if she needed to find some closure to the question of whether or not size mattered.

Sarah realized that she was actually looking forward to her session with Gerald today, and she shifted her thoughts to what she wanted to address with him. She had to make sure to keep their sessions professional, since they were for his needs and not hers. Still, she hoped she could learn something that might help her open the lines of communication with Paul. That block was yet another sign that this whole cuckolding thing was detrimental to a healthy relationship.

As she dried herself off in front of the bathroom mirror, Sarah took a moment to appreciate her naked body.

Gerald had already indicated that he found her attractive, but he had stood fast by the statement that he wasn't interested in having sex with her. It almost felt like a form of rejection, but perhaps he was lying to himself. Would he actually say no in the face of temptation?

Sarah was struck with a moment of inspiration. It would be inappropriate for her to actually do anything with a patient, but she could still try to tease him. Perhaps with the right bait, he would realize that letting his wife sleep with other men was just a steppingstone toward infidelity on his part, as well. She was trying to think outside the box, and this idea seemed both useful and maybe even a little fun for her.

The first step would be to make herself feel as sexy as possible. She shaved her legs, even taking the time to touch up her clean-

shaven pussy. Then she went to her dresser and pulled out her favorite bra and panty set, with a decadent black lace stitched over a white silk.

She still had to maintain a professional look for her other patients, so she went through her closet in search of the perfect outfit that was both sexy and professional. She decided on a white silk blouse that was just sheer enough to show off a faint hint of her underwear, and a black flowing skirt that came down to just below her knees. It wasn't too crazy, but she loved the way it looked on her. She finished off her look by wrapping her hair into a bun and slipping her glasses on. The final result made her look like the world's sexiest librarian.

When she was finally ready, she grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

Gerald was scheduled for the last appointment of the day, which made her morning drag even more than usual. When his appointment finally came, she checked herself in the mirror one last time before opening the door to her office and inviting him in. He gave her a quick look up and down, then slipped into his chair u tv without a word.

His indifference frustrated Sarah even more, but she kept her cool and focused on the subject at hand. She was prepared for him to launch into his usual spiel about work, but he had something else on his mind.

"My wife went away to Florida for the week with her boyfriend," he said with a hint of frustration.

"You don't sound very happy about that," Sarah said.

"It really depends," he admitted. "On the one hand, it turns me on to think she is probably lying on the beach with him right now, with his cum still dripping out of her pussy from their morning fuck. On the other hand, I haven't gotten to watch them together in almost a month now."

"And you still think this is a healthy relationship?"

"I do," he said. "When she comes home, it will be that much more thrilling when I take her back."

"What if she doesn't let you sleep with her when she gets back?"

"She always does," Gerald replied confidently.

"Tell me about how the two of you got involved in this idea?" Sarah said, feeling her own curiosity peeking in.

"It all started with a bunch of alcohol," he said with a hearty laugh. "We had been dating for almost a year when we got really drunk one night. She asked me what my craziest fantasy was, and I told her. She immediately wanted to find someone, so we went online and looked at some personal ads. There are lots of them out there, although I can tell you it's hit and miss with actually meeting someone. These days, we rely on people we know more than random strangers. It's safer that way, too."

From there, Gerald began telling her about the array of kinky experiences he had shared with his wife. Sarah listened intently, hoping to find some way to talk to Paul about how she was feeling. His stories were informative, but more than anything, they were arousing. She began picturing herself as his wife, with Paul taking Gerald's place in the story. She could feel herself getting wet, and she struggled to hide her interest.

Gerald seemed to sense it, though. As he went on, he began to go into more detail, as if he were trying to draw her in. He would tell her how many times a certain guy made his wife cum, or how one stranger fucked her in the back of the car while he drove them home. With each story, he always seemed to come back to the size of their cocks. It was as if he was obsessed with that one defining detail.

They were nearing the end of their session when Sarah decided to touch on that topic, both for her own interest and to better understand his mindset.

"I notice you seem to always focus on the size of the bull's penis," she said, keeping her professional composure. "I do realize some women find size to be an important factor, but studies have shown that the vast majority of women prefer a more average size. Is there a reason you're so focused on that detail? Is it your own interest, or is that something that your wife prefers?"

"I think it's a little bit of both," he said. "For me, it's a dominance thing. There's an idea that men with bigger cocks are better suited

to reproduction, in an evolutionary sense. It's the epitome of sperm competition."

"Sperm competition?" Sarah asked, feeling lost.

"When you look at humans in a purely biological sense and take out all of the societal implications, the most successful males are the ones who are more likely to impregnate a woman. Men with large cocks can reach closer to the womb than an average man. If a fertile woman had sex with two men, one with a big cock and one with a little cock, the bigger man is more likely to impregnate her. He would be the better man."

"But humans aren't strictly biological beings," she pointed out.

"That's true," Gerald admitted. "We have society to tell us the importance of things like bonding with our partner and sharing a connection. Those things are great, but they're based in the higher levels of the mind. Sex is a primal urge, a base instinct. It's pleasurable so that we keep doing it, and we keep doing it so we can reproduce. Thus, a man who is more capable of impregnating a woman is always going to stimulate the base instincts of her mind, even if there are protections in place to make sure that doesn't actually happen, like birth control."

"I see," Sarah said as she turned the thoughts around in her mind. "What about the women who prefer an average size penis, though? How do they fit into all of this?"

"That's easy," he said. "Average sized men know they have to offer more than just reproduction to keep their women. They become more nurturing and take care of their partners, like I do. We offer more than just pleasure. We offer stability and safety. I think if you offered a woman the chance to experience a big cock, though, without the fear of losing their partner, most women would jump at the opportunity."

Once again, Sarah felt like he was reading her mind. She thought about what had happened in bed with Paul last week, and how he had responded when she said she wanted to feel a bigger cock. She thought about her new toy, still in its bag in her closet. If she had it here with her, in her office, she could have used it as soon as Gerald left. She was certainly in the mood for it right now.



Still, she didn't like the idea of Gerald knowing he had gotten into her head, so she tried her best to play it off.

"I'm still not sure I buy that," she said reluctantly as she picked up her appointment book to schedule their next session.

Gerald wasn't done, though.

"I know you said you don't like to answer personal questions, but would you humor me and let me ask one, like you did last week?" he said as he sat forward on the couch.

Sarah felt her stomach tighten nervously. She knew she should say no. This wouldn't lead anywhere good, but her curiosity got the best of her. She set her book aside and took off her glasses, setting them on top of it. Then she put her hands in her lap and looked at him.

"Go ahead," she said.

"Does your husband have a big cock? Or better yet, have you ever been with a man who did?"

Sarah tried to remain cool, but she could feel herself growing flustered again. Why was this getting to her so much?

"I've only been with a few men," she said, "so I don't really have much to compare. I would say most of them have seemed pretty average, though."

"Then why is it so hard for you to believe that a well-hung man might be able to give you pleasures that you've never experienced before?"

Her stomach fluttered nervously, but she still kept control of herself.

"I will grant you that it's a possibility," she said finally, "but my husband is very adept at pleasuring me. Why would I risk my marriage for a possibility, though, when I'm quite happy with what I have?"

"My wife was quite happy with my small cock, too, until she was ravaged by her first stud. Now she's well beyond that."

"I'm sure it's not that small," Sarah quipped back.

Sarah had no idea why she had said that. Perhaps she was trying to bait him again, or maybe she really did think he was over

exaggerating his deficiency, but the words tumbled out before she could stop them. Gerald didn't even miss a beat, though.

"I guess you'll just have to take my word for it," he said as he stood up and started to put his jacket on.

Sarah felt herself sliding down a slippery slope. She had already told him things about herself that were well beyond the doctor-patient relationship, but when she looked up at him sliding his coat on, she was struck with the sudden urge to take it further. He had already pulled her into his twisted mindset, and he had done it with such a cocky indifference.

Sarah felt all of her aggravation coming to the surface. She had dressed in her sexiest outfit to catch his attention, and nothing had come of it. She could feel the silk between her thighs, rubbing her clitoris. She remembered the toy at home, and how much she had wanted to try it. She remembered the way Paul had cum when she told him she wanted a bigger man. All of the tension came together, and her mind went off the rails.

She knew she should stop herself. Even though his session was technically over, it was unprofessional. She knew she was about to cross a line, but she didn't care.

With two words, she would change everything.

"Show me."

Gerald had been adjusting his jacket, but when she said that, he stopped cold and turned slowly to look at her.

"What did you say?" he asked, a smirk crawling across his face.

Sarah's voice of reason was screaming at her to stop, to tell him she said something else. This was madness! Yet she couldn't help herself.

"Show me how small it is," she repeated in a flat, clinical tone.

"I thought you said it would be inappropriate for a patient to have a relationship with his therapist?" he asked, calling her out on her own words.

"I just said show me. I didn't offer to do anything with you," she smirked back. "The crux of your argument is that your wife could never be happy with you because your manhood is too small. I'm curious to see if that's true. Perhaps you'll help me prove my point."

Sarah knew she was spitting out bullshit in an attempt to rationalize her request, because the truth was that she was incredibly curious. This cuckolding stuff had been bouncing around in her mind so much lately. She had tried to push the thoughts away, tried to be good, but she wanted to know more. She wanted to know if he really was as insignificant as he said he was, or if this was all just an act, a part of his twisted little mind game. Perhaps he wouldn't even do it.

"Are you sure?" he asked after pondering it for a moment, giving her one last chance to back out.

"Yes," she whispered softly. "Show me."

Gerald didn't argue with her any further. Instead, he turned to face her while still standing in front of the couch on the opposite side of the room, several feet away from her. His eyes watched her intently, studying her reaction as he reached for his zipper. A victorious grin crossed his lips and he slowly lowered it, then began working his belt loose.

Sarah could feel her heart beating out of her chest. She bit her lip involuntarily as her eyes focused on his crotch. Inside her head, the voice of reason was still screaming at her to stop, to turn back before it was too late, but she tuned it out and let her primal desire take over.

Gerald slipped his thumbs inside the waistband of his boxers and slowly pulled them down. As the edge passed over the lump in his pants, she got her first glimpse of his cock. It was still soft, like a baby just woken from its nap. A purple bulbous head capped off what looked like maybe an inch of shaft. Granted, it didn't appear very big, but even her husband looked minuscule when he wasn't hard. That wasn't any indicator of true size.

Sarah shifted nervously in her chair. Once again, she felt the silk of her panties touching her in the most sensitive of areas. As much as she didn't want to admit it, staring at another man's cock was turning her on.

"Do you believe me now?" he asked.

"It's still soft," she said. "Every penis looks like that when it's flaccid."

"First off, stop calling it a penis," he said. "It sounds so cold. And second, I would need some sort of stimulation to change that fact."

"I'm not going to touch you," she said firmly, turning her eyes up to meet his.

His hand began pulling at it, kneading the soft flesh to harden it.

"You don't have to touch it," he said. "A visual stimulation would suffice."

His smirk was in full force. Gerald knew exactly what he was doing. He knew this was wrong, yet he was just as prepared to push the limits as she was.

Sarah's voice of reason continued to scream, but the primal growl of her desire was enough to drown it out. As one of her hands came up and rested over her heart, she was unsure of what she would do for him. Her hand slipped down across the silk blouse, pulling the fabric tight enough to show the curve of her breast below.

It was a feeble attempt to arouse him, something that she realized immediately. Gerald even laughed at her nervous gambit. He was showing her his manhood, and she thought that just the implication of her body under her clothes would be enough to satiate him?

"I need more than that," he said smugly.

Despite his retort, Sarah could see his cock growing a little plumper, and that emboldened her. She knew she would have to push her own boundaries.

As she summoned her courage, her other hand came up to her chest. She found the top button of her blouse and slipped the plastic circle through the slit below. Her fingers moved to the next one, unfastening each one as she watched him touch himself.

When she reached the third button, just below the edge of her bra, Sarah looked down. The fabric of her shirt had started to part just slightly, and she could see the band of the cute lace bra in the widening V. Maybe a part of her knew she was going to do this when she dressed herself this morning. It excited her even more to know that she would be showing him her sexiest underwear.

Sarah looked back up and found that Gerald was no longer tugging at an amorphous lump of meat. His cock was half erect,

swelling with each button she unfastened, and he was now stroking it slowly and deliberately.

His eyes were fixed on her, and she could see the lust in them. It made her feel sexy and desirable to have a man looking at her like that. He had sworn up and down that he only had eyes for his wife, but he seemed ready to jump her if she were to offer herself to him.

She finished the last button and pulled her shirt off. Then she sat back in her seat to let him see the lacy bra she had chosen, along with her bare stomach below it. Her dress still covered her lower body, but she had already shown him enough to bring him to full power.

"You still don't want to fuck me?" she asked, running her hands over her body invitingly.

"No, I don't," he said firmly. "A woman as beautiful as you deserves a real cock, not some insignificant little dick like mine."

His words reminded her of the entire reason for this encounter. She looked down at his manhood, hard as a rock. It certainly wasn't what she would call small, and her words came instinctively with no filter or hesitation.

"You're bigger than my husband," she mumbled harshly.

Gerald laughed at her.

"I guess you've been missing out then," he replied cockily. "This is nothing for a woman like you. Your body is built for sex, and a body like that deserves only the best. I'd love to see a well-hung bull showing you what sex should really feel like. He would make you cum harder in one hour than you probably have in your entire life."

Sarah remembered her toy once again, and wondered if it could really feel that much better. Her imagination began to twist and turn until she lost all control. Her hand slipped into the space between her thighs, folding her skirt in with it. She wanted to touch herself, but there was too much fabric in the way, so she pulled the skirt up. It didn't matter that Gerald would be able to see that her panties matched her bra. At this point, she would have shown him her entire body if he asked, but he was consumed with watching her squirm in her seat as her fingers pressed the soft silk against her clitoris. She was driving herself crazy, while Gerald continued to jerk himself off.

"Cum for me," she begged him as she touched herself.

Gerald gasped sharply at his words. She could tell he was close, and she had driven him ever further toward the edge. His body grew tense, ready to explode.

Sarah couldn't remember the last time she had been this aroused. The indirect pressure of her fingers through her panties wasn't enough, though. She pulled them aside and pressed into the softness. That made her entire body tingle, until she closed her eyes and began wiggling her hand back and forth across her delicate button.

The feeling grew stronger with every passing second until the orgasm flooded through her body like a tidal wave. She began shaking in the chair, a soft moan escaping her half-parted lips. Just as quickly as it had started, it was over.

She came back to her senses slowly, and when she finally opened her eyes again, she saw Gerald standing in front of her with a smile on his face. His hand was still around his cock, but she could see the sticky white cum dripping from his fingers. He had cum in his own hand as he watched her.

Their eyes met, and he flashed her a proud smile before turning to grab some tissues from the end table nearby. He cleaned the mess off of his hand, then tucked himself away and made sure he was put together.

"Same time next week?" he said with that same evil smirk, then slipped out the door and closed it behind him without waiting for an answer.

Sarah was still laying back in her chair, her body half naked. She could smell his cum in the room, and it made her feel both ashamed and aroused.

What had she done? She had crossed a line, in more ways than one. Not only was her behavior unprofessional, but she had been unfaithful to her husband. Even if she hadn't slept with Gerald, she knew that she had gone too far.

Sarah finally got up and cleaned herself up, making sure there was no indication of her misbehavior. Once she had redressed herself, she slipped into the bathroom to clean herself up.

As she gathered her things and prepared to head home, Sarah found herself consumed with questions of fidelity and cuckolding. The thoughts raged in her head. How would she tell her husband? Would he be mad, or turned on? Maybe both? All she knew for sure was that she had to tell him.

When she got there, Paul was almost finished with dinner. Sarah headed straight to the wine rack, pulled down a fresh bottle, and started to open it.

"Rough day at work?" he asked with his usual warm smile.

"I guess you could say that," she replied as she poured a glass.

They sat down to eat, but did so in silence. Paul didn't push her. He simply waited until she was ready to share with him. By the time they finished the meal and she had enjoyed a few glasses, she was there.

"Something happened today," she said somberly as they sat at the table.

"Does this have anything to do with that patient you've been telling me about?" he asked.

"Yes," Sarah replied meekly.

"Did you sleep with him?" he asked, looking directly at her across the table.

"No, nothing that bad!" she cried out defensively.

Paul chuckled, and Sarah furrowed her brow in confusion. There was no inflection in his voice to indicate if he was upset with her. It was her job to read people, yet she had no idea what her own husband was thinking right now.

"It wouldn't have been that bad if you had slept with him," he said after a moment.

Her confusion grew. She looked up at him, hoping to find something that would make this moment a little less perplexing.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Ever since you brought it up the other day, I can't stop thinking about it. Thinking about how heated things got between us that night. Thinking of why it turned me on so much. I don't really have an answer, but I found myself fantasizing about it. I've even wondered what it would be like if we really did it. It would be so hot



to be there, watching another man take you in such an intimate way."

"What if you weren't there?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I would prefer to be there, but I've also found myself wondering if your patient was trying to use this as a ploy to sleep with you."

"He doesn't want to sleep with me," she added solemnly as she looked away.

"You offered?" Paul asked. His eyes felt like they were probing her.

"I asked him if that was what he wanted, and he said no. I didn't offer it, though."

"What if he had said yes, though?" Paul pressed. "Would you have offered it to him then?"

"I don't know," she replied honestly.

There was a moment of silence between them. It felt so odd to talk to her husband about sleeping with another man. This was all so crazy, and she couldn't even begin to comprehend what it all meant. She was lost in thought when Paul brought her back to the thing that had started their conversation.

"So what happened?" he asked.

Honesty had worked well so far, so Sarah summoned her courage and gave him an answer.

"We were discussing his fetish in our session. I've been thinking about it a lot too, and I think there was a part of me that wanted to know more about it. He kept saying how much his wife liked men with bigger cocks, and saying how small he was. He was about to leave when something came over me and I just blurted it out. I asked him to show me how small it was."

"I see," said Paul. "So I assume he showed you?"

"Yeah," she answered, feeling her cheeks start to burn. "He was soft, though. I told him there was no way I could tell like that, so he asked me to turn him on by undressing. I took my shirt off and started running my hands over my body, And I got so turned on that I started playing with myself while I watched him jerk off. By the time I finished, he had cum all over his hand."

"And that was it?" Paul said, his tone still flat.

"Yes, that's it."

Paul sat quietly for a minute and pondered what she had told him. Sarah could feel her heart racing again, unsure of what his response would be. The only thing holding her together right now was that he didn't seem angry.

"So was it small?" he asked next.

"What?"

"His cock. Was it small?"

"I... I don't know," she stammered. "I've only been with a few guys, so I don't have much to compare it to."

"Was he smaller than me?" Paul asked firmly.

"No," she said, her answer meek and quiet in comparison to his question.

There was another pause as he weighed her answer. Then he continued, still showing no sign of emotion.

"Did you mean it when you said you wanted to feel a bigger cock last week?" he continued

"I don't know," she answered honestly. "I've been thinking about it a lot since last week, and there's a part of me that's really curious about it. I even stopped at that adult store we always drive past and bought a big dildo last week so I could try it and see. I don't know why I keep having these thoughts and I want to keep being honest with you, but I really don't want to upset you, either."

"I'm not mad at all," he replied plainly. "In fact, I'm probably more curious than I was before."

Sarah felt a moment of relief as the worry left her body. Still, there was a question of where this was all leading. Before she could voice her query, Paul had another question for her.

"This toy you bought... did you like it?"

"I haven't even had a chance to try it out yet," she said.

Their eyes met, and she saw the corner of his mouth curl up slightly. A memory popped into her head of Gerald asking if her husband had ever watched her play with herself. They both had the same thought, that this was an opportunity for both of them to explore this further.

"Wait here," she said, then hopped up out of her chair and hurried upstairs.

Sarah pulled the bag out of her closet and dumped the contents out on the bed. She picked up the dildo first, looking closely at it for the first time. The surface was covered with veins that gave it a realistic texture, and the silicone was tinted to imitate the skin color of a black man. She held it in her hand, feeling the weight of it, and for a moment, her mind started to imagine what it would feel like inside her. That was enough to make her tingle, but she would have time for that later. She quickly rinsed it off in the bathroom before hiding it under her pillow, then turned to the lingerie.

It was a two-piece baby doll set. The top half was a bralette made of red and black lace in a swirling pattern, with a sheer red skirt stretching below it. The matching panties were barely there, just enough to cover the important parts.

Sarah slipped out of the outfit she had worn to entice Gerald and put on the first lingerie she had ever worn. It felt a little ridiculous, and didn't seem to actually cover much of her body, but when she looked in the mirror, she smiled at the sexy mistress staring back at her. She felt like a new person, wild, free-spirited, and ready to explore her sexuality.

She emerged from the bathroom right as Paul came in to check on her. He stopped in his tracks, his eyes widening in disbelief as he looked at the stranger before him.

"You look amazing," he said, moving toward her hungrily.

Sarah held up her hand and stopped him before he could touch her, then pointed to a wingback chair in the corner of their bedroom.

"Sit over there," she said. "I want you to watch me play."

Paul mulled the idea for a moment, then turned toward the chair with resignation on his face. Her outfit alone was enough to stir his desire, and she could only imagine how he would respond when he saw what she had in store.

Paul sat down in the chair and gripped the arms firmly. He was wearing a pair of thin basketball shorts, so she could already see the effect she was having on him. The outline of his growing cock was

clearly visible. He reached down and rubbed his growing erection, while she prepared to give him a show.

Sarah climbed up on the bed and leaned back into the mountain of pillows. One hand slipped down between her legs and she squeezed her thighs longingly around it. The other hand moved up and squeezed her breast, pinching her nipple through the soft fabric. It felt oddly similar to the way she had shown off earlier that day for Gerald, but the memory only fanned the flames of her desire. It seemed only fair to share her thoughts with her husband.

"This is how I touched myself for him today," she purred excitedly. "Do you think he liked watching me?"

"I'm sure he did," Paul replied, his voice cracking.

This was all so new to both of them. It seemed as if he was unsure what to do or say, so Sarah decided that she had to take the lead.

"I was so turned on watching him play with himself. Will you let me watch you, too?"

Paul nodded. He slipped his shorts off, and his cock sprang free. He immediately wrapped his hand around it and began moving along the shaft in slow, deliberate strokes.

"Yes, just like that," she cooed.

Sarah slipped her panties off and spread her legs wide. Her fingers slipped down across her smooth pussy, spreading her pink lips to let her husband see all of her. She pinched her nipple again with the other hand and gasped sharply as a jolt of electricity shot through her body. Her body felt so alive as her fingers found her clitoris.

It was a struggle to keep her eyes open through the pulsating pleasure, but she wanted to see the expression on Paul's face as he watched her. Her eyes drifted down to his lap, where his cock would disappear into his hand with every stroke. When he would pull back on it, the bulbous head would emerge from his grip, like an adult jack in the box. Gerald's cock hadn't disappeared like that when he touched himself, which only emphasized that her husband was in fact smaller than him.

"I want you to watch like this while another man fucks me," she said. "I want you to play with yourself while he takes my body and uses me. I want you to see how hard I cum when he stretches my pussy and touches me deep inside, where you could never reach."

Paul's hand stopped, squeezing the shaft to suppress an impending orgasm. It was amazing how easily she could arouse him with such talk, and it made her feel powerful. She loved teasing him.

Sarah reached under her pillow and wrapped her fingers around the silicone dildo, then pulled it out. Her heart began to race as she slipped the length along her slit and dipped the tip between her labia.

Paul's eyes widened as he saw the size of her new toy. He let out a labored sigh, and continued to struggle with his own self-control.

With a little more pressure, the tip slipped inside her, stretching the first inch of her vagina. She was trembling with anticipation at finally feeling the sensation she had wondered about for so long.

"It's so big," she stammered as she pressed it deeper.

The size hurt a little, but her muscles began to relax around the shaft. Her eyes rolled back and she lost sight of her loving husband watching from the chair in the corner. Even though she couldn't see him, she knew he wouldn't be able to take his eyes off her.

"I wish you were this big," she added.

Her hand was working the toy in and out, moving deeper with every stroke. Soon she could feel it touching places that felt new and foreign, places where her husband's size could never reach.

Sarah moaned lustfully as she experienced a new type of pleasure. It was like nothing she had ever felt, a level of desire she had never known. Within a few minutes, her body began to tense. Her pussy felt wetter than she had ever felt before, and she could feel her juices flooding around the shaft. She climbed higher and higher until her body exploded into an earth-shattering orgasm and she let out one final gasping cry.

The toy slipped from her pussy as her body went limp. There was a moment of nirvana where her body felt like it was vibrating. Then Paul was over her, kissing her and grinding his body against throbbing pussy. The energy had been sapped from her body, but

somehow, she found enough to return his lustful hunger with a frenzied kiss.

"Fuck me," she muttered.

Paul didn't respond. His cock slipped in, and it was amazing how different he felt. He was so much smaller than the dildo, yet there was something more erotic feeling his raw flesh pressing against her inside.

His thrusts were hurried and furtive, yet there was an unmistakable passion behind them. Despite the size difference, Paul's manhood was even more rigid than the silicone shaft that had stretched her to her limits. She could feel how much he needed her, and it took her to a new level of mental arousal.

Paul only lasted a few minutes, but that was enough. His cock spurted inside her with a force that she could feel against her cervix, and that triggered her second orgasm. They both came together in a glorious climax.

When it was done, Paul rolled off her onto the bed. They both stared at the ceiling, panting like they had just run a marathon. The room was silent as they both absorbed what had just happened.

Eventually, Paul got up first.

"I think I need some more wine," he said as he slipped on his boxers and left the bedroom.

Sarah threw on a robe and joined him downstairs. He had poured her a glass as well, and she joined him on the couch. They snuggled up and sat together silently for a moment, neither of them really sure what to say.

"That was crazy," he said finally. "I don't think I've ever been that turned on. What did you think?"

Sarah sipped her wine and looked back at him. Their eyes met, and she saw a mixture of excitement and nervousness in them. She knew exactly what he was feeling because she was feeling the same struggle within. It had felt so good, but it had also felt so wrong. Her mind felt like a battlefield between her primal urges and her intrinsic moral values. She wanted to do more, but she knew she shouldn't. The only thing that could make it okay would be if they both agreed it was something they wanted.

"It felt amazing," she said. "You felt amazing. I've never felt you that hard before. It was incredible."

"I was so turned on watching you play with yourself. I kept imagining it was another man doing it to you, picturing him on top of you, driving himself deep into my wife's pussy. By the time you finished, I had almost blown it at least a dozen times. All I could think of was taking you back from that mystery stranger. Making you mine again."

Sarah felt her heart race as she listened to him. Paul was admitting that he was a cuckold, that he loved the idea of watching her with another man. It was an idea that had sounded so crazy a few weeks ago, but now it seemed almost inevitable that this was where their relationship was heading.

"What about the toy?" he asked hesitantly. "Does size really matter?"

Sarah giggled nervously. She could still see the acceptance in his eyes, so she decided honesty was the best approach.

"It felt good," she admitted. "Really good, in fact. It took a little time to get used to it, but it made my whole body tingle as soon as I had it inside me. The plastic felt a little weird, though. I definitely got more turned on having a real cock inside me afterward, but yes, I did enjoy the bigger size. Is that wrong?"

"There's nothing wrong with knowing what you like," he said.

There was a confidence in the way he talked that made the whole idea even more enticing. He clearly wasn't worried about losing her, even though he couldn't offer her the size she was craving. Was he really prepared to share her with another man, though?

"So what do we do about it, then?" she asked him.

"I think I know the answer to that question," he replied, the corners of his mouth turning upward into a wry smile.

"I want to hear you say it," she pushed.

Paul took a deep breath and looked at her with those loving eyes that she had fallen in love with so many years ago.

"I want you to find a man with a big cock and let me watch as he satisfies my wife in ways that I never could."

Sarah's heart fluttered. She set her wine down and pulled herself up to him. Her lips pressed firmly on his and the two of them dissolved into an amorous embrace.

Her hand brushed across his crotch and she felt a fresh erection stretching his shorts.

"Already?" she said with a teasing smile.

Paul didn't respond. He pushed her back onto the couch and moved over her, ready to feel his wife's most carnal pleasures again.

Sarah gave into him. The last thought that passed through her mind before his cock slipped through her wetness was that she could definitely get used to this new side of their relationship.

#### The fourth session

The week that followed was filled with heated lovemaking and nervous anticipation. Paul didn't ask her where she was going to find this mystery man, because they both knew that the answer to that question would come from her next session with Gerald.

On the morning of their meeting, Sarah once again picked out an outfit that was both professional and sexy. She did her makeup, brushed her hair meticulously, and sprayed herself with a misting of perfume.

Paul watched her leave, giving her a brief kiss on the cheek. Their intimate moments the night before had been particularly intense, and she knew he would be waiting at home with breathless anticipation to hear what would come next for them.

Sarah pushed through her day until she finally got to that last time slot. Her heart was racing as she walked out to the waiting room and saw Gerald sitting there patiently. He looked up and flashed her a devious grin, then got up and led the way back to her office.

"How are you doing today?" she asked in a very calm and professional tone.

"I'm doing great," he replied.

His smile came off a bit cocky, but Sarah did her best not to let it bother her. It was clear that last week was on both of their minds, so Sarah decided to jump right in.



"Did you tell your wife about what happened last week?" she began.

"I did," he sniped pointedly. "Did you tell your husband?"

He raised his eyebrows, and his smug smile tightened.

"I did, actually," she replied calmly.

"Well, since we both told our significant others about our bad behavior, and we're both still here, then I guess we both have an interesting story to share. Would you like me to go first?"

Sarah shrugged and gestured invitingly, setting her notebook aside so she could listen and focus on him.

"She came home from her trip on Sunday night. I was feeling very pent up still, despite our little episode, so I was really happy to see her. We went out for dinner and as soon as we got home, we were all over each other. She started telling me all the naughty things they had done on vacation, like fucking him on the beach or in a parking garage. She had even let him fuck her in the ass a few times, which she never lets me do. One thing led to another, and we ended up going at it for a few hours."

"I thought you were going to tell me about admitting to her what had happened?" Sarah said impatiently.

"I will get there. I thought you might like to hear that part first, though."

He was conceited and self-righteous, thinking that he was teasing her, but the truth was that she didn't really care about his wife. Sarah had never met the woman, and it was clear that she wasn't the type of woman she would want to get to know better. Her interest was in Gerald and what he could offer her, and that meant she needed his wife's approval.

"Anyway," he continued, "after we were done, we were lying in bed talking about the past week. I told her something interesting had happened, and gave her all of the details on our encounter. She was very intrigued by the idea of converting someone to the hotwife lifestyle, and probed me with questions."

"What kind of questions?" Sarah asked.

"She asked if you had a lot of experience with men. When I told her that your resume was limited, she asked if you were attractive,

and I told her you were. Then she asked me if I wanted to fuck you."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her that I sometimes felt the urge to touch and feel you, but that I knew that would be inappropriate."

"Because I'm your therapist, or because you're married?"

"Both," he admitted. "I was very truthful with her. I told her that you had expressed no interest beyond discovering your own personal sexuality, and that I was drawn to the idea of corrupting you. She was a little upset that I had let it go so far without talking to her first, but she was so caught up in the idea of bringing an innocent wife out of her shell that she decided to let it go. In the end, her curiosity allowed her to forgive me."

Sarah couldn't wrap her head around the idea that Gerald's wife would be critical of his bad behavior while she was off on a vacation with another man, but there was still a lot about this whole thing that still didn't make sense to her. That didn't dampen her interest, though.

"How did you leave things with her?" she asked.

"She gave me her blessing to be your sexual guide, if you will. I'm allowed to have fun with it, as long as I keep my hands to myself and don't touch."

Sarah's thoughts began to twist into knots. She had never felt any sort of attraction to Gerald, but the fact that his wife would refuse to let him share in the same fun was as equally confounding as her being upset about what had already happened. There was a part of her that wanted to let him fuck her now. It was the urge to have something just because you know it's not allowed. It felt delightfully naughty.

Gerald could tell she was flustered. He smirked knowingly, then changed the subject quickly to avoid pushing her too much.

"Enough about me, though. Tell me what happened with your husband."

Sarah took a deep breath, then began her story. Knowing that he wanted every detail, she took her time and shared every feeling and emotion she felt as she went through it. Gerald was enrapt with her

story, leaning forward in his chair and hanging on every word. He listened silently for most of it, until she reached the part where they were lying in bed discussing it afterward.

"It sounds like you told him that bigger felt a little better, but not significantly better. Did you actually mean that, or was that just to coddle his feelings?" he asked, sounding almost like a therapist himself.

"I meant it," she said. "The bigger size felt good, but I knew it was plastic. It felt cold and impersonal, especially compared to how passionate he was with me."

"So it's not the size you disliked, but the fact that it was a toy and not a real person," he countered.

"I suppose that would be an accurate statement," Sarah admitted.

"Now what if you had a man standing before you with a cock as big as that dildo. A man who would look at you with the same desire as your husband, if not more. A man eager to be your first bull, a man eager to corrupt you, to take you in front of your husband and show him how much you prefer his ample manhood. You don't think that would be more pleasurable than what you felt with our husband?"

"I'm not saying that's impossible," she acquiesced. "In fact, we discussed it afterward and came to the same conclusion. We both agreed that the only way to truly know if size matters would be to invite another man to be with me."

A beaming smile slowly dawned across Gerald's face. He had won, and now he knew it.

"Does that mean you're here for my help?" he asked.

Sarah nodded slowly. His grin widened even more, until it was almost creepy. Her inner reason was screaming at her again, but she ignored it. She knew exactly what she wanted, and this was the way to get it.

"Your timing couldn't be any more perfect," he said. "I'm hosting a party at my house this Friday. There will be several couples there looking to expand their sexual horizons, as well as a few bulls to make things interesting. I think I know the perfect man for you. Will you be able to attend?"

Sarah didn't have any plans, but if she did, she would have changed them. This was exactly what she wanted.

"I can make that happen," she said.

They ended their session early on that note. Gerald gave her the address and time of the party, and left her with one final suggestion.

"Wear something sexy, and be prepared to take it off if the mood strikes you."

To say that Paul was excited when she shared the news would be an understatement. He swept her up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom, then pleased her in every way imaginable for hours. She fell asleep that night content and happy, but also excited for the coming weekend.

On Friday, Sarah decided to cancel her last few appointments so that she would have time to go shopping. Nothing in her wardrobe would be appropriate for a swinger's party, or whatever this was, so she wanted to make sure she had the perfect outfit.

After a few hours at the mall, she settled on a tight, fitted dress with a plunging neckline that dove just below the bottom of her breasts. Her cleavage, while not ample, was displayed beautifully, and there was no need for a bra to hold her girls in place. The snug bottom half ended halfway down her thigh. It left little to the imagination, and looked sexy as hell.

As she finished up her purchase to head home, it dawned on her how little she actually knew about this party tonight. Would there be a lot of people there? What if she saw another patient besides Gerald there? What if she wasn't attracted to the man that Gerald had picked out for her?

She chased the thoughts aside and headed home. Paul was flitting around the kitchen nervously, preparing a light dinner. Sarah wasn't hungry, but she knew she had to eat something. Thankfully her husband had opened a bottle of wine to soothe her nerves.

Paul seemed as nervous as she was. He was doting on her, ready to get her anything she might need to relax and feel comfortable. He seemed almost submissive, which seemed appropriate. The impression that she got from Gerald was that the husband was

expected to be obedient to the needs of his wife and her bull. Somehow, her husband had slipped easily into that role.

After they finished eating, Sarah disappeared upstairs and left Paul with the downstairs guest bathroom to get ready. She took a bath, shaved, applied some lotion, then set to work on her hair and makeup. It wasn't long before she was sliding into the dress.

The back had a zipper that started at the top of the dress and ended just above her ass. She couldn't zip it herself, so she headed downstairs while holding it in place.

Sarah was surprised by how handsome Paul looked. It had been a long time since she had seen him in a suit, which made her appreciate him even more. He saw her coming down the stairs and jumped to his feet with a grin that told her she had picked the right dress. He looked like a kid at Christmas who had just opened his favorite present, and that handsome joy was the perfect reminder of why she loved him so much.

"You look amazing," he said, rushing to zip up the back of the dress.

When he was done, he moved in front of her and they looked at each other with anxious anticipation.

Despite having just done her lipstick, Sarah gave in when he leaned down to kiss her. She considered denying him, telling him that he would have to wait, but she could play that game later. Right now, she wanted to enjoy the man that she loved.

His hand slipped down and cupped her ass, then paused. Paul pulled back for a moment and looked at her with a curious gaze.

"What's wrong?" she said.

"You look great, but there's one thing that's not quite right."

He led her to the couch and sat down, then guided her so she was standing in front of him. Then he pulled the hem of her dress up and slipped his fingers into the waistband of the black lace panties she had put on under it.

"You shouldn't be wearing these tonight," he said in a tone that was both confident and subdued.

Sarah felt her heart skip a beat, loving the naughtiness of all of this. She bit her lip and nodded, and her husband slipped her

panties off so that she would be better prepared for her bull later that evening.

They got in the car a few minutes later and drove across town silently. The sexual tension was palpable.

For her part, Sarah felt a bit out of her element wearing such revealing clothing. The air on her exposed skin served as a sharp reminder of how much she was revealing of herself, but it also stimulated her excitement. She had never done anything like this, and in a way, she felt like she was unleashing her inner goddess. Tonight would be the night that she opened herself up to new sexual possibilities and embraced the carnal desire that she had always felt lurking below the surface.

The directions led them onto a street lined with mansions, each one locked off from the world by a gated entry. When they found the right number, Sarah found herself in awe.

She knew Gerald was wealthy, especially given his position, but the house in front of them was like something out of a movie. There was a small call box beside the entrance, but before Paul could say anything, the gate began to creak open to let them in.

A long driveway led up to a circular driveway that rounded in front of the house. There were a dozen cars parked along the edge of it, so Paul pulled in behind the last one and killed the engine.

"It's time," he said, and they both got out of the car.

Gerald was waiting for them as they approached the door. As soon as he saw Sarah, his eyes lit up just like her husband's.

"Now that doesn't look very professional," he chortled.

"I guess that depends on what profession you're talking about," she shot back as they reached the top step.

Gerald nodded in agreement before introducing himself to Paul with a firm handshake. For a moment, it felt like two peacocks trying to outdo each other. Then he turned to Sarah and took her hand, kissing the back of it lightly.

"I hope I didn't surprise you with the gate," Gerald said as he turned to lead them inside. "I've been waiting anxiously for you. I was almost afraid you might not show."

"I guess I'm full of all sorts of surprises."

The front door opened into a massive foyer. Two wide staircases curved up toward the upstairs on each side. To the left and right, large doorways led to massive living rooms filled with the kind of decor suited to an extravagant mansion like this one. There were people in both rooms clustered into small groups here and there, talking and laughing happily.

It was far from what Sarah had imagined. Everyone was clothed, although most of the women were dressed in outfits just as sexy as the one she had chosen. No one was having sex out in the open. In fact, it looked like an ordinary dinner party.

"Can I get you something to drink?" Gerald asked as he led them straight ahead into a kitchen area with its own separate wet bar.

"I would love some white wine," Sarah said.

"I'll take some red," Paul chimed in.

Once they all had their drinks, their host led them off into one of the rooms. They found an unoccupied couch and sat down.

"This is not what I expected," Sarah admitted as she took a sip of the lightest Chardonnay she had ever tasted.

"Don't let it fool you," he said, chuckling again. "It's still early, so people are just getting to know each other. There are some potential connections brewing, though."

Sarah looked around again, and this time she began to notice a few things out of the ordinary. The first thing she noticed was that a lot of the groups were made of an odd number of people, often an average-looking couple seated with an incredibly attractive male. One group was made up of a couple and a woman, who seemed to be hitting it off quite well with the wife while the husband sat back and listened to the two of them.

Another group was made up of two couples and two other men. The wives sat on one couch with their new friends while the husbands watched from the opposing couch.

"Where's your wife?" Sarah asked, suddenly realizing that Gerald was by himself.

"Oh, she's upstairs somewhere with her boyfriend. She probably won't be down until much later this evening," he said in a very resigned way.

"I see," she said flatly, lifting her wine glass to take another sip.

Paul and Gerald made small talk while Sarah took it all in. The wine went quickly, and their host disappeared for a moment and returned with the bottle and an ice bucket.

"This will probably help your nerves," he said, pouring a fresh glass. "Jeremy is on his way and should be here shortly."

As they continued to wait, Sarah enjoyed the attention that her dress was getting from Gerald. He tried to keep his eyes on hers, but the sideways glances down at her cleavage were unmistakable. She decided to have some fun with it.

"Do you like my dress?" she asked Gerald.

With the free invitation, he could now look at her body properly without trying to be polite. She felt his eyes as they moved up and down her form. She even ran her finger along the edge right next to her breast, pulling it back to give him a hint of the curve below.

"I do," he said. "You look quite stunning. I have to say, it is going to be difficult to follow my wife's rule."

Sarah giggled, feeling a little naughty. She still wasn't attracted to him, but it felt good to know how much he wanted her. Perhaps she could give him a good tease next week if he could actually make this happen.

Gerald's eyes finally pulled away from her and looked toward the foyer, where someone new had just stepped in.

"Here's Jeremy now," he said.

Sarah felt her heart stop. This was the moment, the first time she would see her potential lover. Would he be enough to convince her to violate her marriage vows? Would he make her want to fulfill this crazy fantasy?

She turned and looked toward the front door, and was immediately surprised by what she saw.

The man in question had stopped to talk to another woman. The two of them looked like they were familiar with each other, as if he had been her bull at a previous party. He was at least six feet tall, with a powerful, muscular body. His face was handsome and clean shaven, and he was dressed in an expertly tailored suit. Everything about him was exactly as she had pictured, except for one detail.



He was black.

Sarah often found black men attractive, especially when it came to celebrities or athletes, but it wasn't something that hadn't come to mind in the weeks since she had first started imagining this fantasy. She always pictured a white guy, like her husband but more fit and hung.

Now that she was staring at this stranger, the man that Gerald wanted her to fuck, the color of his skin added a new level of excitement and taboo to the entire evening. She had never been with a black man, and tonight she might find out if they really did make better lovers.

Sarah could feel her pussy beginning to tingle as she looked at him. He was quite attractive, and if he was as well-equipped as Gerald had indicated, then he would definitely be able to make her feel things she had never experienced before.

She pictured his hands on her. She imagined his lips against her. She thought about how he would touch her, how he would feel on top of her as he pressed inside her. Her heart began to race in anticipation.

"What do you think?" Gerald asked behind her.

Sarah glanced over at Paul, who seemed just as surprised as she was. He looked at her, and when their eyes connected, he smiled hesitantly.

Sarah realized that she had an ingrained filter that always stopped her from making comments about other men that she found attractive. The last thing she would want to do is make her husband feel threatened, so she would always hold back how she really felt for his benefit. Over the past few weeks, she had come to realize that that wasn't what he wanted. He wanted to know about her inner sexual feelings, and tonight she would get to test it out. This was the moment, the time when she would finally take off all of her filters.

"He's perfect," she said confidently as she looked into her husband's eyes and bit her lip.

Paul seemed to stop breathing for a moment from the shock of her bluntness, but when he realized that she was going all in, a

smile dawned across his face. He was as excited as she was.

"Please excuse me," Gerald said. "I'm going to go bring our guest over here."

He stood up and whisked off toward Jeremy, leaving Paul and Sarah alone. She didn't know what to say, but luckily her husband was ready to share a thought.

"I never imagined he would be..." Paul began.

"I know," Sarah said. "Is it bad that I like that?"

Paul looked a bit surprised, but he shook his head.

"Not at all. I like it when you know that you want something."

She flashed a devilish smile and giggled like a little girl.

Gerald got to Jeremy just as he was finishing his conversation with the other hotwife. He gestured toward the couple and exchanged a few words, and soon they were crossing the room.

"Jeremy, I would love to introduce you to Paul and his wife, Sarah," their host boomed.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," he said, first shaking Paul's hand firmly before taking Sarah's and blessing it with a kiss. "Gerald didn't lie when he told me you were quite beautiful."

"I'm going to let you three get acquainted," Gerald said. "Please excuse me."

Jeremy took a seat on the couch next to Sarah while their host departed to check on the other guests. Sarah could feel her heart racing, and she was completely unsure of what to say. Jeremy was quite personable, though, and he was quick to break the ice.

As they chatted about a variety of topics, Sarah found herself beginning to relax. She learned that Jeremy was a finance executive, and single with no kids. He was flirty and friendly, reaching out to place his hand on her knee at just the right moments. Her body began to tingle as her anxiety was slowly displaced by a carnal desire that she had rarely felt before. She held herself back, though, letting the alpha male take her where she wanted to go.

She told him about their relationship and how long they had been married, and that segued perfectly into more intimate discussions.

"Gerald tells me you have been feeling a bit curious lately," he said. "I'm sure there are plenty of ways for you to find another man."

What brings you to a party like this?"

"Well, I wasn't quite sure where to start," she admitted. "When I discussed it with Gerald, he suggested that you might be a good candidate to fulfill my needs."

"And what needs would those be?" he asked, pushing her to be more open.

Sarah hesitated, but was soon overcome with boldness.

"I want to feel a big cock, and my husband is only average," she said surely.

Jeremy laughed, and Paul turned bright red. Still, their new friend persisted.

"There are plenty of men here with large cocks," he said. "Just look at this woman over here. She's found two of them."

Sarah had almost completely forgotten they were in a room with other people. She followed his gaze and saw another woman sitting on a couch between two studs, while her husband watched from the opposite couch. The mystery woman was already making out with one as the other traced his hand up and down her inner thigh.

"What sets me apart from them that you might want?" he asked her.

Sarah thought for a moment, back to her conversations with Gerald. She had told him that there was one thing the toy couldn't offer her.

"I want to feel passion," she said, returning her eyes to Jeremy. "I want to feel the desire of someone who can't get enough of me. Someone who wants me as much as my husband."

Their eyes met, and she could see it in the way he was looking at her. She could see a fire in his eyes, and it made her feel amazing. It stoked her desire, and she knew that she would do anything to feel this man inside her.

When he leaned in and kissed her, she melted into his embrace with no resistance. His lips were firm and powerful, and she pressed back with a fierce intensity. One hand came up and cupped her head, while the other slipped into the small of her back and pulled her closer. It felt intimate and loving, reminding her of her first kiss with Paul.

When he finally pulled away, her mind was swimming. Her eyes drifted open and he smiled back at her. Then she turned and looked at Paul, ready to see his reaction. His hand was firmly cupping his growing erection through his slacks, and his face was both alarmed and aroused. When he saw her smile, he responded with his own belated grin.

Sarah looked back at the other woman and realized that they had moved quickly over the span of a kiss. She had pulled out one of their cocks and was sucking it firmly while the other played under her dress.

"I don't think I can do this here," she said, suddenly feeling very self-conscious.

"There are some rooms upstairs," Jeremy suggested. "Would you like to go see them and we can see how much you would like to explore?"

Sarah nodded, and the three of them got up. She could feel the wetness between her legs already as she followed Jeremy toward the stairs with Paul trailing behind. They were halfway up the steps when Sarah stopped and tugged back on her guide's hand.

She paused and looked around until she saw Gerald standing a short distance away in the foyer. He was waiting, watching her ascend toward her new adventure, and she knew that he wanted to see it as much as her husband. Without a word, she looked at Paul, who had been watching her as she looked back. Their eyes met and he knew exactly what she wanted. He nodded in agreement, and she beckoned to Gerald to join them.

The upstairs was just as plush and luxurious, with Jeremy leading her past several rooms with large beds and grandiose furniture. There were also several doors closed, barely masking the lustful cries coming from behind them. With the master of the house in tow, their destination was obviously the master bedroom.

The biggest room in the house did not disappoint. A huge sleigh bed stood in the middle of the space, with vaulted cathedral ceilings reaching up to the top of the house. There were two chairs positioned in the corners of the room facing the bed, and Gerald directed Paul to sit in one while he took the other. Sarah looked

around at them, taking it all in, until Jeremy grabbed her by the hand and pulled her into another embrace.

Everything else melted away except his warm lips on hers and his strong hands in the small of her back. He pulled her close, and she felt the first tease of his growing cock pressed against her belly.

As their kiss deepened, Sarah slid her hand down off of his hip and around the outline of his shaft, feeling it through his slacks. It felt big, easily as big as the toy, and she let out a whimpering sigh in response. He really did feel perfect in every way.

One of his hands moved down and cupped her ass, pulling her closer. He was hungry for her, and she loved it. When the other hand went up to the zipper on the back of her dress, she made no attempt to stop him.

Jeremy pulled the zipper down and the fabric of the dress loosened around her. He stepped back, pulling the dress forward off of her shoulders, then dropped to the ground and slipped it off. With no bra or panties, she was left naked in front of all three men.

Jeremy moved back toward her, but this time it wasn't for a kiss. He spun her around so that she was facing away from him, then slipped his arms around her and grasped her naked body. One hand cupped her breast, while the other slipped down over her smooth mound and pressed in between her legs.

He turned her to face her husband first. Paul's face was blank, lost in his own flurry of emotions. She could see the jealousy and arousal, swirling around like a tornado in his head.

"Tell him to show you his cock," Jeremy whispered in her ear. His lips were on her neck, tasting her bare skin as he kissed his way down to her shoulder. "Tell him to show you how much he likes seeing you with a real man."

Paul took a deep breath and wet his lips. She could see how much this filled him with angst, but he made no attempt to stop her. In fact, his hand was gently massaging his erection through his pants again.

"Show me your cock," she commanded in a hushed voice. "Show me that you don't want me to stop."

Paul nodded, then began unbuckling his pants. Sarah could feel Jeremy's fingers just beginning their exploration of her sex, feeling the wetness between her labia. As Paul pushed his pants down and his cock sprang free, her lover chuckled behind her.

"I have so much more to offer you than that," he said.

Sarah wanted to see it. She wanted to see how much bigger he was, but first, she wanted to leave her husband with one final parting shot.

"It's so small," she giggled playfully. "Let's see if he has more to satisfy me."

Sarah pulled away from Jeremy and turned to face him, then dropped to her knees. As she began unbuckling his belt, she glanced over and saw Gerald stroking himself in the other chair.

Sarah could never have imagined how much she loved being the center of attention. There were three men staring at her naked form, and all of them were hard as a rock, just for her. All of them wanted her, but as Jeremy's pants fell to the floor, she realized that he was the only one she wanted right now.

Jeremy's cock was truly massive. It was several inches longer than Gerald's, and almost twice as long as her husband. Sarah reached up and wrapped her fingers around the shaft, feeling the weight of it. Then, she did what came naturally when she was on her knees staring at a hard member. She leaned forward and sank her lips around his head.

All three men gasped audibly, the loudest coming from above her. He reached down and ran his hands through her hair, moving with her as she savored the taste of his warm flesh. A part of her mind told her that this was wrong, that she shouldn't be pleasuring another man, that this was something she should reserve for her husband. But deep down, she wanted to fuck this man that she had just met, and she wanted it with every fiber of her being.

Jeremy pushed lightly on her head, urging his cock deeper into her mouth. Sarah tried to relax her throat and let it happen. Thankfully, she found she didn't have much of a gag reflex. Paul's smaller size had never really tested it, and she was grateful it wasn't an issue.

She pulled back to catch her breath, gasping heavily, then plunged back down on it and sucked hungrily on him. Her hands came up and gripped his bare ass, feeling the power behind his movement. She once again pictured him taking her, those gluteal muscles flexing with every thrust.

Sarah looked up as Jeremy removed his shirt to expose another set of impressive muscles. His upper body was tightly toned, with rock hard abs and sculpted pecs. She reached up with one hand and ran it across his taut body, curling her fingers to feel their firmness.

Suddenly, the weight of what she was doing hit her. She saw her pale white hands over his dark skin, and it reminded her that not only was she about to cheat on her husband in front of him, but she was going to do it with a black man. It made the entire thing a million times more erotic in her mind. She became weak with desire, and her cravings for him grew even more intense.

Jeremy stopped her and hauled her to her feet, pulling her into another kiss. She once again felt his cock pressing against her belly, but this time it was his bare skin pressing against hers. She could feel it flex, and she knew he wanted to be inside her as much as she wanted it. He wasn't done preparing her, though.

He pushed her back onto the bed, then leaned down and kissed her breast. He paused to pull her nipple into his mouth, and when his teeth grazed the delicate tissue, she gasped again. Then he released it and moved down across her belly, kissing his way toward her mound.

Sarah turned her head and looked at Paul. His cock was still out, his hand bobbing up and down in his lap. His pace was slow and metered, betraying how hard he was struggling to hold back his orgasm. When Jeremy's tongue brushed across her clitoris and sent a jolt of electricity through her body, she let out a sharp cry. His tongue circled back and pressed its way between her swollen labia, and she smiled sexily at her loving husband. That was almost too much for him, and he stopped completely for a moment to breathe and regain his composure.

Sarah turned her attention back to her lover. Jeremy was licking her pussy in light, delicate strokes. Every now and then, the tip of

his tongue would dart inside her pussy, touching nerves that seemed to reach throughout her entire body. Her eyes slipped closed and she ran her fingers through his hair, losing herself in the moment.

Sarah felt a tightness begin to spread through her body. Everything else faded away, and all she could feel was his tongue exploring her sex. The feeling moved into her belly, where it blossomed and grew into a warm, throbbing sensation.

"Fuck, that feels so good," she cooed. "Don't stop!"

Jeremy dug in more, speeding up his movements and drifting across her clitoris more frequently. He found a sweet spot that made her toes curl, and began flicking the tip of his tongue across it rapidly. Sarah's back arched and she cried out even more loudly as her body erupted into a full-fledged climax.

Jeremy backed away and stood up. As Sarah came down from her sexual high, she saw his cock bobbing in the air, inches from her pussy.

"Tell me what you want," he said with a dominance in his voice that was unmistakable.

"I want you," she said, reaching for his cock.

Jeremy swatted her hands away and moved closer, the tip just an inch away from her body.

"I want you to tell me exactly what you want," he commanded.

"I want you to fuck me," she urged. "I need you to fuck me. I need to feel you inside me."

The words felt so foreign in her mouth, but so right. She had freed a part of her that she never even knew existed, and right now, all she wanted was to be a total and complete slut.

Jeremy smiled down at her knowingly.

"Do you want me to wear a condom?" he asked as he brushed the tip of his cock across the outside of her pussy.

It was a question that Sarah had never even anticipated. She should have thought about protection, but the answer was obvious. She wanted to feel a real cock. A condom would make it feel like she was still using her toy, and what she was craving from this experience was the sensation of flesh against flesh, a bare cock pressed against the well-lubricated walls of her pussy.



"No," she whispered to him.

"Are you sure that's what your husband wants," he added, smiling smugly and nodding toward the chair in the corner of the room.

Sarah turned and looked at Paul, who seemed frozen in the overwhelming rush of hormones and emotion. His face didn't give her an answer, so she made one for him.

"It doesn't matter what he wants," she purred. "He's just here to watch."

Paul's eyes widened, and his grip tightened on his cock. She knew he was so close, and she could tell he was fighting his own body's need for release, but that only confirmed that she had given the right answer.

Jeremy just chuckled and rubbed the tip of his cock between her lips to wet it. Then, with the tip planted inside her slit, he placed his hands on the back of her legs behind her knees and pushed forward. Her pussy spread wide open for him, and his cock glided through her lubrication easily.

Sarah had felt her pussy stretch the first time she used the toy, but having a real man with a real cock was much different. Jeremy's manhood filled her even more than the dildo, but his fleshy member had some give to it, and it made her so wet.

Despite the ease of his penetration, Sarah still felt her head swirl in a phantasmagoria of pleasure and lust. He pressed himself deep inside, then began pushing into her in slow, metered thrusts. In an instant, she realized that she had gone beyond the point of no return. She was lying on a bed, letting a stranger take her pussy in the most intimate way possible. She had become both a cheater and a hotwife, without an ounce of regret. Jeremy's cock felt amazing, like nothing she had ever experienced before.

With just a few strokes, Jeremy's body was slamming into hers. His entire length filled her pussy, touching places even the toy had been unable to reach.

After several minutes, he slipped his hands under her hips and pushed forward. Sarah slid across the bed as he crawled up onto it. His body leaned over her until he was lying on top of her. Their lips

met in a passionate kiss, and he continued to grind his cock into her wantonly.

It only took a few minutes before her muscles began to vibrate. The sensation grew quickly from a tremor to an earthquake as a second orgasm shot through her body. She cried out loudly, knowing that both her husband and Gerald would hear how much pleasure she had found in their fantasy.

Jeremy slowed his pace, but stayed on top of her. Sarah wrapped her legs around him and clawed at his back with her nails. The two of them moved in sync, their bodies writhing and undulating against each other. Sarah had no idea how long they stayed in that position, but it felt like an eternity in heaven being below him.

By the time Jeremy finally moved off of her, Sarah had already lost count of how many orgasms she had experienced. His cock did something to her that no man had ever done before. He could make her cum within a matter of minutes. He knew that he had control of her, and now he began to grow more forceful with her.

As Jeremy moved back onto his haunches, he grabbed Sarah by the hips and flipped her over onto her belly. Her muscles felt like jelly, so she simply went along with it and let him use her as his own personal fuck toy.

She could feel Jeremy moving behind her, so she pulled her legs in under her and got up on her hands and knees. When she looked up, with her ass jutting toward her lover behind her, she was staring directly into her husband's eyes.

Paul looked at her with the same lust that Jeremy was showing her. She had never seen her husband so awestruck, and his cock looked slightly bigger than usual. He was clearly enjoying this as much as she was.

As Jeremy pushed inside her from behind, Sarah felt her mouth curl involuntarily into a circle. She gasped for breath, then cried out as her body finally relaxed for a moment. The new angle allowed his cock to press further and deeper into her pussy.

His hands gripped her hips for a few strokes, then things changed suddenly. Jeremy grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her back until she was upright and leaning back against him. His other arm

slipped around her body and clasped her breast, while his hips continued to drive his cock in and out of her in a steady rhythm.

"Tell them how much you like it," Jeremy whispered into her ear, his breath causing the hairs on her neck to stand on end.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked around. For the first time, she noticed Gerald sitting in the opposite corner, stroking his cock just as dutifully as her husband. A mischievous smile crossed her face as she watched the two of them.

"Gerald was right," she gasped breathily. "Bigger is so much better. I wish I had a man with a real cock to fuck me every night like this."

Both men slowed their pace, and that made Sarah giggle. They had both become her toys, ready to do anything and everything she asked of them.

"Tell them where you want me to cum," Jeremy grunted from behind her.

She could feel his cock getting harder, and she knew that meant he was close. As much as she knew she could go all night, she still had her husband to keep her entertained. It was time to let Jeremy finish his duties as her bull, and there was only one way to finish off such an incredible experience.

"I want him to cum inside me, baby," she said as she looked directly into her husband's eyes.

Paul just nodded in agreement, unable to speak. Sarah giggled at how excited he was, but she didn't have time to enjoy it. Jeremy slipped his cock out and guided her down onto the bed.

He moved over her, his beautiful body hovering above her. The light in the room was dim to create a mood, but there was just enough to see his perfect physique as he spread her legs and kissed her.

His manhood filled her pussy again, moving in measured strokes. He would pull out until just the tip was still inside, then push down into her with a subtle force. She could feel every inch of him.

Sarah felt the first notes of another orgasm begin to swell. She kissed him harder, pulling him down until his body pressed against her. His hips still worked her pussy, but she could feel a connection

with him that made the experience even more intense. This was what she had been craving when she used her toy, and now she could feel that spark while enjoying the sensation of his massive manhood filling her entire vagina.

Her body grew more tense, and Jeremy felt it. His breathing deepened, and the stiffness she had felt earlier returned.

"Cum with me," he whispered, just quietly enough so that the words were only between them.

It felt incredibly sensual to know that this stranger was so in tune with her body. He could feel her, and he wanted to share his final climax with her. The mental arousal carried her body higher, and she felt the pleasure begin to creep through every fiber of her being.

"Yes," she sighed, then clawed at his back

Jeremy's composure changed. He clutched her body, pushing deeper with every drive. With one final push, he buried his cock deep inside her and let out a deep grunt.

Sarah felt him unleash inside of her. She had never felt her husband's orgasms like this. The fluid shot into her, showering her cervix with his seed. It was enough to send her over the edge into an earth-shattering orgasm.

The two of them cried out in unison. Their bodies tightened around each other, and for a moment, it felt as if they were one.

The hazy fog cleared from her head a few moments later, and when she opened her eyes, she was reminded of where she was and what she had just done.

Jeremy rolled off of her and onto the bed, struggling to catch his own breath. Sarah looked over and saw his cock standing up from his body. It was still hard, and his purple head was glistening with her juices. She could feel her hormones surge, and she knew she wanted more. It was her turn to ride the bull.

She got up and moved quickly, straddling his body. Before he could object, she plastered her lips against his and silenced him with a kiss. Then she reached between her legs and guided the tip of his cock back into her wanting pussy.

As she lowered herself onto it, she lifted herself up so that her weight would push it all the way in. Then she began to move and

gyrate on him, letting it massage her inside. She didn't know what had come over her, but she had never ridden Paul like this. Jeremy had found a side of her desire that she never even knew existed.

Where he had made love to her, Sarah was now fucking him with all she had. Her entire body moved over him, while his hands came up and clutched at her bouncing breasts. Even the way he touched her turned her on like nothing else.

His cock grew extra hard again, and Sarah realized that he was close to cumming a second time. Paul had never gone more than once in a night, so the fact that her bull was ready to blow again, just minutes after filling her pussy, was a testament to his skills as a lover.

The feeling brought her to yet another climax, just as Jeremy reached his own peak. His cock spurted inside her, not as strong, but still palpable.

Sarah felt her pussy tighten around his cock, milking it one last time before a warm wetness spread between their bodies. She suddenly realized that she was squirting, something she had never experienced before. She gasped for air as all of the sensations pulsed and moved through her body.

Then she collapsed forward on Jeremy's chest and went limp.

He gave her a few minutes to finally come down, then guided her back onto the bed. She felt his lips one last time as he gave her a tender parting kiss, and then her mind faded for a minute.

She could hear Jeremy moving around and gathering his clothes. She could hear the three men talking, even though she was too incoherent to understand what they were saying.

She finally opened her eyes when she heard the door close, and looked up to see Gerald and Paul at the edge of the bed admiring her. Both of them had pulled up their pants, but it was clear that they were both still completely hard.

"I bet the two of you want to cum now, don't you?" she said as she found her second wind and sat up.

Both men stammered for an answer as Sarah climbed off of the bed and casually strolled toward them. It didn't matter that she was completely naked. All of her modesty was gone.

She approached Paul first, slipping her fingers around the noticeable bulge in his pants.

"Can I play a little before you have your turn?" she asked, sounding delectably naughty.

"Yes," he replied with a husky crack in his voice.

He took a seat again as his wife turned toward their host with an evil glint in her eye. She approached him slowly, then took his hand and placed it on her pussy.

"Do you feel his cum dripping out of me?" she purred sexily. "You made this happen to me. I would never be here if I hadn't met you. You still don't want to fuck me?"

"I really shouldn't," he said, tripping over the words as they rolled out of his mouth.

Sarah pulled away from his hand and sauntered over to the bed. She planted her feet shoulder width apart and bent over the bed so that her ass stuck out toward him. Then she looked back over her shoulder and bit her lip sexily.

"Please?" she begged with a slight lilt in her voice.

She had no idea what had come over her, but her sexual urges had been unlocked and she wasn't afraid to pursue them. This wasn't just about getting Gerald to fuck her. She wanted to show him that cuckolding was just a doorway to infidelity, and convince him to break his unfair promise to his wife. The fact that he would be choosing another woman over his own bride was a nice little bonus that made her feel even more desirable.

Gerald hesitated for just a moment, then moved toward her while unbuckling his belt again. Sarah looked forward, her eyes trained on a painting over the bed of a beautiful tropical beach. She felt his hand on her hip, followed by the pressure of his cockhead against her labia. With a gentle nudge, her pussy swallowed his length.

"Mmm, that feels so good," she cooed. "Can you feel his cum inside me?"

"Yes," he whispered hoarsely.

For the first time, Gerald had lost all of his cockiness. He was under her control, a cuckold just like her husband. He had become submissive to her.

"Too bad your cock isn't as big as his," she continued. "It felt so good. You were right, though. Size does matter, and you don't have enough of it to satisfy someone like me."

Gerald grabbed her clumsily. It only took a few minutes before he stopped and sputtered in orgasm, adding his load to Jeremy's seed inside her.

He stepped back, his cock going limp almost instantly. Sarah stood up and turned to look at him with victory in her eyes.

"I'll leave you two alone now," Gerald said. "I'm sure your husband is very eager to have his turn."

The sureness was back, and Sarah could see a hint of something in his eyes. She didn't know what to think of it, but she let him go and turned toward Paul as the door closed.

They stared at each other silently. Sarah felt a moment of anxiety as she wondered to herself if she had taken things too far. It was one thing to fulfill her husband's fantasy and satisfy her curiosity, but Gerald fucking her had never been part of that plan, even if it was just a brief moment.

Paul stood up and approached her. A beaming grin dawned on his face, and as Sarah returned his joy, he leaned down and kissed her hungrily.

"That was the hottest thing I have ever seen," he said when he finally pulled away from her lips.

"Yeah? You liked it?" she asked.

"I loved it. It was so intense watching you let go and open up like that for them. Now it's time for me to take my wife back, though."

Sarah hurriedly removed his clothes, eager to satisfy him. Once she had him naked, she pushed him back onto the bed and plunged her mouth down around his manhood.

Paul ran his hands through her hair, urging her movements. He wasn't usually very vocal during sex, but he gasped and moaned as her tongue danced around his shaft and teased his length. It only took a few moments before he pulled her up into a kiss and led her up onto the bed.

Her husband moved over her like a cat pouncing on its prey. He pressed her legs apart and pushed inside her, and just like that, she

remembered why she would always be his.

His touch was familiar and loving. It was the same feeling as sleeping in your own bed after a long trip. All the love they had shared over the years displaced the craziness she had felt moments before.

Paul's body enveloped her, and he pushed as far as he could. Sarah couldn't help thinking how insignificant he felt after Jeremy and Gerald, but she would never let go of him for anyone else. He was her husband, her love, her man. He had allowed her to explore her desires, and for that, she would always be grateful to him.

Just like Gerald, Paul didn't last very long. He had spent the entire night in a state of arousal, wanting to feel that release, and now he could finally let it go. He stopped and let out a guttural moan as he added his own seed to that of the two men who had come before him. Then he kissed and cradled her, the two of them enjoying a quiet intimate moment in a stranger's bed.

They basked in the quiet serenity of the afterglow of their adventure for a while. Their energy was drained, but eventually the desire to get to their own bed won them over and they got up to dress themselves.

After Paul had zipped her back into her dress, they stepped out into the hallway. They just happened to find Gerald talking to a beautiful blonde woman a few doors down. As they approached, she flashed them a smile, then gave him a brisk kiss and hurried down the hall away from them.

"I'm assuming that's your wife," Sarah said as they reached him.

"Indeed," he smiled. "She's off to have some more fun."

"Were you truthful with her about what happened in that room?"

"I was," he said flatly.

"Everything?" she pressed.

"If you're asking if she knows I fucked you, then yes, I told her," he replied smugly.

"And she wasn't mad?" Sarah asked, her voice lifting up a little more than she liked.

"Not at all," he said. "In fact, she gave me permission to fuck you tonight, as long as I convinced you to fuck a bull first."



His grin was self-righteous, and Sarah felt her frustration brimming inside. She had let him fuck her to get him to cheat, and now she realized his wife had known all along that would happen.

After stewing for a moment, she took a breath and realized that perhaps she was wrong.

"I guess a hotwife and cuckold relationship can be as strong as a monogamous relationship," she admitted. "I do have to say that the communication between the two of you is some of the best I have ever seen in a relationship."

"I'm glad to hear that. I guess we both helped each other."

They left with a final hug. Although her sessions with Gerald became much less frequent, he did occasionally pop in to see her. Sarah and Paul became a regular fixture at his parties, and in the end, their relationship grew stronger as they shared all sorts of crazy nights together.

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Other books available on Amazon by [Alex Skylar](#) :

### **[Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor](#)**

Lisa and Shane had planned for a nice romantic ski getaway in the mountains of New Hampshire for their first anniversary. When they meet their ski instructor for the weekend, however, Shane suggests pursuing his fantasy of watching his wife with another man. While Lisa is hesitant at first, she gives in to her urges. The result is a weekend of sexual exploration that neither one of them will forget.

Warning: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

### **[Cheating with Permission: Return of the Ski Instructor](#)**

This story is a continuation of Cheating with Permission: The Ski Instructor: When Shane spent his anniversary weekend watching his wife fulfill his sexual fantasy by sleeping with another man, he thought his cuckolding experience would be a one-time thing. Months later, Lisa tells him that she has been in touch with her bull, and he wants to go on a weekend camping trip with them. Shane knows he will be a cuckold once again, but his wife has plans to take his fantasy to the next level. Will he be able to handle her unbridled sexuality and the accompanying humiliation?

WARNING: This 14,000- word erotic short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme humiliation, creampie humiliation, and group sex.

### **[Losing the Bet](#)**

Chris had always dreamed of seeing his wife Melody with another man. After using her for a wager over a late night game of pool, he ends up getting his wish. But when Melody and her friend Kristen decide to test the boundaries of his fantasy, will he get more than he bargained for?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and a threesome.

### **Cheating with Permission: The Latin Lover**

When Mia went out for some salsa dancing with her sister, she never knew it would change her relationship with her husband forever. At first she felt guilty for getting too close to a stranger, but when her husband encouraged her to explore her sexuality and test her boundaries, her curiosity takes control. How far will she take it?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story explores the world of hotwives and cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of cheating and exhibitionism.

### **Taking the Game Further**

Things have been tense between Sarah and her husband as they struggle to get pregnant. One night while they are out for drinks, they start a new game: Sarah flirts with other men while her husband watches. While the game distracts them from their problems for a little while, a big fight eventually causes Sarah to take the game a step further with a handsome stranger. How far will she take it, and how will it change her marriage?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story explores the darker side of cuckolding, and includes graphic descriptions of sex, cuckolding, and humiliation.

### **The Night Before the Wedding**

Stephanie's fiancé loved to watch her with other men, but she had rarely gone out on her own. For the night before their wedding she plans an exciting sexual adventure for herself that will leave her in bliss, while relentlessly teasing her soon-to-be husband. What sort of trouble will she get into on her own, and what surprises will she have in store for her husband?

WARNING: This 11,000-word erotica short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, bondage, group sex, and humiliation.

### **Taking his Wife**

Her name was Keira, and she was absolutely gorgeous. The only problem was that she was married. It was easy to become friends with her and gain her trust, but I wanted more than that. Could I convince her to give in to her base sexual desires and to give herself to me, a wealthy black man?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and interracial sex.

### **The Reluctant Cuckold**

When my wife Kim wanted to bring her younger sister Anna along with us on our anniversary trip to Miami, I hoped I might have the opportunity for some fun with the two of them together. Those dreams were dashed when her younger sister met a black man named Joe. After a game of strip poker and a lot of alcohol, I soon realized that my wife had an equal interest in her sister's new friend. How far would the three of them go as I watched helplessly?

WARNING: This 9,700-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, group sex, and interracial sex.

### **College Cuckold**

When Eric and Elise first went away to separate universities, they were just an ordinary couple. But the first time he visits her at school, he decides to play a game. He pretends he has never met her before, while encouraging her to explore her sexuality with her friend Tyler. Elise plays along, and the ensuing adventure creates a new dynamic in their relationship. How far will Elise take it, and how will Eric handle becoming a cuckold?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cheating, and anal sex.

### **Revenge Cuckolding**

When Eva found her boyfriend's secret stash of cuckolding porn on his computer, she was furious at first. So she decided that the best way to get even would be to carry out his fantasy right in front of his face with the help of her friend Jon. Would the reality of it be too much for him to handle, or would her revenge turn into a fun night for both of them?

WARNING: This 11,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme public humiliation, and cheating.

### **While You Were Away**

Chris had always fantasized about watching his wife Kylie with another man. One night after a few drinks, a spontaneous moment leads to their first foray into the world of cuckolding and leaves both of them wanting more. When Chris leaves town on a short business trip a few weeks later, he gives her permission to explore the idea further, but how far will she take it without him there?

WARNING: This 14,000 word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, hotwife behavior, humiliation, and voyeurism.

### **My Fiance Prefers My Best Friend**

A week before their wedding, Scott's future wife Katie learned of the unusual nature of his friendship with his best man Kevin, as well as his fantasy of watching her with another man. When he gives her his blessing to explore her sexuality and desires with his best friend, they begin a sexual adventure that will shape the future of their relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of hotwives, cuckolding, and humiliation.

### **The Cuckold Honeymoon**

When Scott and Katie head out to the island of St. Lucia after an exciting lead up to their wedding, they find that the island offers them some great opportunities to further explore the cuckolding lifestyle. A friendly cab driver named Joe takes them on a wild adventure that pushes their sexual boundaries, leading to a honeymoon that neither of them would forget.

WARNING: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of interracial cuckolding, humiliation, and group sex.

### **My Wife Prefers Her Ex**

Several months after their adventurous honeymoon, Scott's wife Katie suggests they explore the cuckolding lifestyle further. Her friend Mina wants to experience a well hung man, so she invites her ex-boyfriend Mike for group date. Scott finds himself both excited and nervous about the possibilities of the night ahead when the four of them head out together.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, anal sex, group sex, and unprotected sex.

### **Cheating With Permission: My Boyfriend's Family**

For Amanda, it started as just a simple camping trip with her boyfriend Andy, his best friend, his brother, and his dad. When Andy suggested fulfilling his fantasy of having her sleep with his best friend while spending the night in tents, the thrill and excitement of cuckolding him for the first time with his family around kindled her sexual desires. But when his brother catches her in the act, how far will she go to cover it up? What happens when a woman is given the freedom to explore her darkest sexual fantasies?

WARNING: This 13,000 word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and group sex.

### **The Cuckold Experiment**

Bill teases his wife about being curious about sleeping with a black man, but has never told her he'd secretly love to watch her with one. When they are approached by a pair of sexy black students to participate in a research study, neither realizes right away that they are being given the chance to make both their fantasies a reality. Will Kara give in to her deepest sexual desires and violate her marriage vows for the sake of research, and how far will the experiment go?

WARNING: This 8,500-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, and anal sex.

### **Cuckolds and Cuckqueans**

It started off with a simple suggestion. Mark knew his wife often struggled with her sexual interest in women, so he encourages her to explore her sexuality with another woman. Things start off great, but when she decides to try bringing home a handsome male cop as well, it pushes and warps the boundaries of their relationship. Will she be able to handle watching her husband with another woman, just as he watched her with another man?

WARNING: This 19,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, cuckqueaning, and threesomes.

### **Raising the Stakes**

After he loses his job, John and his wife Melinda place an ad to downsize some of their belongings. Two well-built black men answer the ad, and offer John an unexpected bonus: the chance to watch his wife with not one, but two other men. Will John's shy wife let two strangers convince her to push her sexual boundaries and explore a new side to her marriage?

WARNING: This 8,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

### **The Hotwife Party**

This story follows the events of Raising the Stakes. After John introduces his wife Melinda to the world of hotwives, the two of them decide to host a party for couples and bulls. Where will the night take them, and how far will Melinda allow herself to be pulled into the fantasy world?

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and group sex.

### **The Hotwife Party: Ella's Journey**

After a drunken night with her husband and his best friend leads Ella into the world of cuckolding, she decides to confess her exploits to her best friend, Gina. Little does she know that Gina is a hotwife herself, and will lead Ella down a path to new and forbidden desires. When her friend invites her to a hotwife party, how far will she take her husband's fantasy, and will she be able to control herself when faced with the temptation of a sexy black bull?

WARNING: This 16,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of interracial sex, cuckolding, humiliation, group sex, and anal sex.

### **Shannon's Cuckold**

I had always wanted to watch my girlfriend Shannon with another man. When we set up our date with Michael, I knew I would be pushing her sexual boundaries. I had no idea she would also be pushing mine.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, interracial sex, humiliation, and male bisexual exploration.



## **The Nanny's Cuckold**

After struggling to raise his son on his own after the death of his wife, James decides to hire a live-in nanny named Allie to help out. Nothing seems out of the ordinary – until he overhears her having sex one night. When Allie catches him and confronts him about it, he expects her to be angry, but instead she leads him down a path into the world of cuckolding that will change his life forever.

WARNING: This 10,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

## **Capturing the Hotwife**

Lily wanted to find the perfect gift for her husband, Justin. While he had always wanted to see her with another man, her shyness always seemed to get in the way. Then one day, she decides to do a boudoir photo shoot for him. When she discovers that Eli, her photographer, is the man of her fantasies, the only question in her head is how far will she take her husband's fantasy.

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, bondage, and voyeurism.

## **The Right Way to Cheat**

Sometimes, all it takes is a chance encounter to show you a whole other world that you never even knew existed. For Alexis King, that moment comes when a handsome stranger walks into her diner and leads her down the road to infidelity. That one day would take her down a slippery slope of lustful sex and illicit affairs that would eventually bring her to Mr. Cole, her billionaire boss with a penchant for cuckolding. With her marriage collapsing, could his knowledge of non-traditional relationships be the key to finding her own happiness?

WARNING: This 60,000-word novel contains graphic sexual descriptions of infidelity, cuckolding, humiliation, and interracial sex.

## **The Cuckold and the Rope Party**

Brian and Liz had been married for over a decade, and lately the sex had been lacking. Brian wants to find a way to spice things up, so he asks his friend Ian if they can attend one of his monthly bondage parties. Liz is hesitant at first, but when it becomes obvious that she wants Ian to do more than just tie her up, Brian gives her the freedom to take things as far as she wants. With her husband's approval and a room full of people watching, how far would Liz let Ian go, and how will Brian respond to watching his best friend take control of his wife?

WARNING: This 9,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of bondage, cuckolding, group sex, and humiliation.

## **The Hotwife's Massage**

When Anna decides to use her husband's gift of a free massage, she has no idea that the masseuse is her well-endowed ex-boyfriend, Matt. While she thinks it won't be an issue, she later finds herself unable to control her thoughts about him. It doesn't take long before she confesses her thoughts to her husband, but she is surprised to find him turned on by the idea instead of being upset with her. When she comes home the next day and finds another gift certificate waiting for her, she decides that it's time to make her husband's fantasy a reality, both for her pleasure and his.

WARNING: This 8,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and infidelity.

## **The Blind Date: A Cuckold's Tale**

Sam has dated a lot of women, but none of them have been able to handle his fetish for being cuckolded. When his friend suggests a blind date with an charismatic woman named Allie, he decides its best to be upfront about his habits. How will she respond to his unusual tastes, and how much will she be willing to try for a man that she has just met?

WARNING: This 5,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and humiliation.

### **From Housewife to Whore**

Eric's wife Jillian was very conservative, but when financial difficulties drive them to extremes, she decides to try out for the amateur night at the local strip club. That opens both of them up to a new side of their relationship, and eventually leads her to audition for an adult film. How far will she go to get the part, and how will it affect her relationship with her loving husband?

WARNING: This 25,000-word story contains graphic sexual depictions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

### **From Housewife to Whore 2: Corrupting Allison**

Eric had already enjoyed watching his innocent housewife Jillian develop into a prominent adult film star. Now, years later, they have moved into a quiet suburb in California. Their new neighbors, Allison and Jacob, come over for dinner one night, and it turns into a wild night when Jacob recognizes Jillian from her films. At first, Allison is fine with letting her husband have some fun with the woman of his dreams, but it doesn't take long before she decides she wants to explore her own sexuality. With some guidance from Eric, she learns how to fulfill her husband's hotwife fantasies in the most wicked ways possible, taking his fantasy to places he never could have imagined.

WARNING: This 20,000-word story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and anal sex.

### **Away on Business**

As a top-level executive, Mark was often forced to travel on business for a week at a time. On one particular trip, his beautiful wife Amber begins flirting with the idea of going to dinner with another man. Mark loves the idea, and encourages her to flirt and tease her host.

When he gives her permission to go further, though, how far will she go to feed her husband's cuckolding fantasies?

WARNING: This 15,000-word story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, cuckolding, and anal sex.

### **Fighting for the Girl**

It always happened the same way. A nightclub and a beautiful woman, and the guy that was trying to take her home. Shane wanted her though, and he knew that if he could just win the fight, he would be the man in her bed at the end of the night. Would he be in excruciating pain at the end of the night, or lost in a state of ecstasy?

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, humiliation, and pregnancy risk sex, as well as graphic violence.

### **Welcome to My World**

Ever since she had caught her husband John cheating on her, Bella had found it difficult to trust men. When she meets an enigmatic billionaire nicknamed the Beast of Belton, she assumes he is just like the others, but more she learns about him, the more she realizes that she can't judge a book by its cover. Her mysterious new lover draws her into his secret world and helps her learn to love again, even as her past tries to destroy their happiness.

WARNING: This 20,000-word romance novel contains explicit descriptions of sex and bondage, against a background of fairy tale romance.

### **Elise's Friend with Benefits**

I often shared my girlfriends with other men, but that changed when I met Elise. She was the picture of perfection, and my interest in cuckolding was quelled by the fear of losing her to a better man. That all changed one night while she was away on business in

Arizona and told me about an old friend who used to entertain her on her trips before we met. Chris sounded like the perfect bull, and her words stirred my dormant fetish. The resulting encounter was like nothing I had ever experienced before, and would forever change the nature of our relationship.

WARNING: This 12,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, mild humiliation, and creampie.

### **My Ex-Wife's New Boyfriend**

I have always wanted to watch my wife Sarah with another man. Unfortunately, that opportunity didn't present itself until after our divorce. When Sarah discovers my interest in her relationship with her new boyfriend, it opens up a new kind of connection between us. Our lives become intertwined in a strange game of master and servant, but how far will she take it?

WARNING: This 19,000-word story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding, extreme femdom, and extreme humiliation.

### **My Ex-Wife's New Boyfriend 2: Her Coworker**

When my ex-wife Sarah and I rekindled our relationship, we agreed that she would be allowed to date other men, as long as she shared the details with me. That allowed her to start a torrid affair with her coworker Paul, a fit black man with a lot to offer her. He pushes her to new and extreme levels of kinkiness, until her boss discovers their illicit relationship and threatens to expose them. How will she put him in his place, while guaranteeing her own pleasure?

WARNING: This 13,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of interracial sex, pregnancy risk, cuckolding, and humiliation.

### **The Birthday Cuckold**

Ethan had always wanted to watch his girlfriend Devon with another guy, but she always brushed the idea off as a joke. After some subtle pushing and a good dose of alcohol, she decides to try out his fantasy on the night of his birthday. How far will she go to make her man happy on his big day?

WARNING: This 6,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cuckolding and cheating.

### **Kate's Dates**

Kate loves her husband more than anything else in the world, but after twenty years of marriage, the passion has started to fade from their relationship. Her sexual frustration pushes her to confront him, and he doesn't shy away from her disappointment. Instead, he suggests that she go on a date with another man to find the release she has been craving. At first, she thinks he doesn't want her, but when she steps out for the night with a guy from her gym, she learns that there is much more to it. Her husband is aroused by her infidelity, which soon leads to a variety of sexual adventures that she never would have anticipated.

WARNING: This 32,000-word short story contains graphic sexual descriptions of cheating, stag/vixen relationships, group sex, and drug use.