
TOO BIG
isn't big enough
a sizequeen bundle
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Too Big isn’t Big Enough

A Cuckold Size Queen Bundle

by

Cynthia Sizemore

Copyright © 2019 Cynthia Sizemore

cynthiasizematters@gmail.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This is a work of fiction. Names, businesses, places, and events are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. All characters are 18 years of age or older.

Sharing her with his best friend

Chapter 1

My wife Lauren and I had always been close to my friend Leo. Leo and I had known each other since high school, and so it only made sense that after Lauren and I got married that he would remain an important part of our lives.

Now, after Leo's divorce, his relationship with us became all the more important. Leo's ex had been cheating on him, and this fact was not only devastating to his psyche, it also caused Lauren to feel more sympathy towards him than ever before.

Before I go on with the story, I should tell you one more thing about Leo. Something that I couldn't help but know about him having played sports with him.

Leo had a huge cock. Like, gigantic. I'm not small myself – on the larger side of average – but Leo's endowment absolutely dwarfed mine. I wasn't insecure about it. More like in awe. And of course a bit curious about what it might look like "in action."

That's the set-up for what I'm going to tell you next: the story of how my sweet, innocent wife went from only sleeping with me, to becoming a self-described size queen slut for Leo's huge cock.

In the end, I had to admit: it was all my fault. I'm the one who got the ball rolling, so to speak.

It started one night after Dinner. Leo had been eating with us more and more often after the divorce.

"You really need to just go out and meet someone else. What about trying one of those dating apps?" asked Lauren, her blue eyes sparkling with concern, "there are so many women out there who would be lucky to have you."

She reached out and touched his arm – a sure sign of her interest, I thought.

"Thanks," said Leo, "but I'm just not ready for a relationship yet. I still need some time to sort things out."

"Maybe Lauren's not talking about a relationship," I teased, "maybe she just means that you need to get laid."

"Mark!" Lauren punched me in the arm, "you know that's not what I meant."

"What do you think people use those dating apps for, anyway?"

"I assume they use them to find true love," she said, "I'm not joking!"

"Well," said Leo, "now that you mention it, it has been a pretty long time for me."

"You poor guy," said Lauren, sympathetic once more, "just hang in there. I'm sure you'll find the right girl soon."

"I think he just needs to find the right girl for one night," I said, laughing.

"I wouldn't say no to that right now," said Leo.

"You guys only think about one thing," scolded Lauren, "I think sex is so much better if it's with someone you know well."

"I think so too," said Leo, looking wistfully off into the distance, "you know, when I was with Amy..."

"Forget about her," said Lauren, grabbing his arm and looking into his eyes, "you just need to stop thinking about that cheating bitch."

She dropped her hand from his arm, but I saw how her gaze lingered on his bicep.

"Maybe Mark's right after all," she continued, "maybe going out and having a good time is what you need to take your mind off her."

"It's exactly what he needs," I said, "and some lucky girl is in for the surprise of her life when she finds out what he's packing."

Leo smiled. He secretly (or not so secretly) loved the fact that people knew about his large cock. I'd never mentioned it to Lauren, however. She looked over at me in astonishment.

"What does that mean?"

Leo chuckled, looking down in embarrassment.

"It's an open secret," I said, "that our friend Leo is hung like a horse."

Lauren blushed.

"Ok, Mark. That's a little TMI. I think you're embarrassing him!"

"No, it's ok," said Leo, looking back up at us, "it's true. But there's more to me than just a big dick."

"Of course there is," said Lauren, touching his arm once more.

***

That night after Leo had gone and Lauren and I were getting ready for bed, she brought our previous conversation.

"Poor Leo," she said, "I still can't believe what Amy did to him. I hope he finds someone to take his mind off things soon."

"You mean you hope he finds someone to fuck."

"If that's what it takes," she said, turning towards me, "do you know anyone who might be interested?"

"Just one person," I said.

"Who?"

There was a note of excitement in her voice.

"She's standing right in front of me."

Her face fell for a moment as she realized what I was saying.

"Stop it, Mark," she said, slapping my arm, playfully, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Look," I said, "I'm not kidding. It would be perfect. Weren't you just saying that sex is better with someone you really know?"

She looked at me in astonishment.

"You think I want to sleep with him?"

"I think you might like it," I said, "I saw the way you were touching his arm."

"Look…," she said, her voice trailing off, "if you're jealous of the fact that he has a big cock or whatever, you don't need to be. Women don't really care about that stuff as much as men do."

"No," I said, "I'm not jealous at all. I honestly think it might be fun for you to help him get over his breakup."

"By sleeping with him?"

"Yes."

There was another long silence.

“You want me to cheat on you?”

“It’s not cheating if you have my permission,” I said, “it’s called cuckolding, or hotwifing.”

She looked stunned.

“And...you think you could handle that? Knowing that I was sleeping with your best friend?”

“Handle it? Hell, I want to watch!”

She smiled at me.

“You’re fucking with me now, aren’t you? Is this a joke between you and Leo?”

“No, babe, I’m serious.”

She walked over towards where I sat on the edge of the bed, smiling seductively.

“You really want to watch your cute young wife take your best friend’s big cock?”

“You certainly seem to have embraced the role quickly,” I teased, puling her onto my lap, “but yes, that’s exactly what I want.”

“I’m beginning to warm up to this idea,” she said, whispering in my ear, “but how will we do it?”

“We can invite him over tomorrow night again,” I said, nuzzling her, “and I’ll leave you two alone for a while. You can flirt with him and then tell him everything. I’ll come back in and let him know that I’m ok with it.”

“And what if he’s not ok with it?”

“Look at you, honey,” I said, running my eyes up and down her gorgeous body, “do you think any straight guy is going to pass up sex with a girl like you?”

She giggled.

“Ok,” she said, “I guess guys like the way I look, or whatever.”

“Yeah they do. And Leo’s a guy. He’ll want to fuck you. I’m sure of it.”

“Ok,” she said, “I’m getting excited now. I hope it doesn’t hurt...”

“You mean...”

“His cock...”

“I’m sure he’ll be gentle.”

“Not too gentle, I hope,” she said, “I’d kind of like to try it a little rougher.”

Now it was my turn to be surprised.

“Lauren!” I said, “I had no idea my innocent wife was such a slut.”

For a moment I was concerned that she might take offense at the word I used, but then she leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“Would you like that? Would you like to see your wife be a dirty little slut for your best friend.”

My cock immediately sprang to attention. She felt it and laughed.

“That was the only answer I needed,” she whispered, “let’s take care of you right now.”

She dropped from the bed onto her knees and pulled my boxers down.

“Let me show you just how slutty your innocent little wife can be,” she purred, winking up at me before taking my cock in her mouth.

I closed my eyes and imagined her doing the same to Leo. She moaned on my cock, stroking it lovingly as she’d done hundreds of times before.

“Oh God,” she said, pulling off for a moment, “you’re so fucking big. Just imagine how big Leo’s cock is going to look sliding in and out of my mouth. Do you think I can deepthroat him?”

All I could do was groan in response. She’d never even tried to deepthroat me! Where was this slutty version of my wife coming from?

“Does it surprise you that I’m being so naughty?” she asked, as if reading my mind, “I have to admit I’m surprising myself a bit.”

“Fuck,” I moaned as she took my cock into her mouth once more, “I love this. I can’t wait to see you fuck Leo...”

She slurped on my prick for a few more seconds before coming off again and grinning up at me.

“I want him to use me, honey. Take out all of that anger about his break-up on my poor little pussy. Would you like to see that?”

I couldn’t help it. Hearing my wife talk that dirty sent me over the edge. As she stroked my cock, waiting for my answer, I shot a huge rope of cum directly onto her mouth and chin.

“Wow,” she said, as my cum continued to spurt, “that certainly got you excited.”

She licked the cum off of her fingers, slowly. Where had she learned to do that? What had happened to the sweet woman I thought I’d married?

“Now that you’ve come, I guess your mind is clearer. So tell me this: do you still want to watch me fuck Leo?”

“Yes,” I said, without hesitating.

“Ok!” she said, “I just wanted to make sure this wasn’t some kind of horny fantasy that you’d forget the second you got off.”

“It’s not,” I said, “I really want to try it.”

“Ok,” she said, “why don’t you text him and ask him to dinner tomorrow right now?”

That is exactly what I did. He responded enthusiastically almost immediately.

I had trouble sleeping that night. Finally, close to dawn, I dozed off with images of my best friend balls-deep in my wife…

Chapter 2

Dinner was unusually tense. Or perhaps that was just my imagination. After all, Leo had no idea what we had planned for after dinner.

Maybe he really could sense something, though. He seemed more at pains to entertain us than usual. To make jokes and lighten the mood as if to insist that he really was ok, that he really was getting over the break-up. I did my best to play along, but the truth was that I was totally nervous. What if he got offended? What if tonight ruined our friendship forever? Was it really worth risking a friendship just to fulfill a sexual fantasy?

"Can I help with those dishes?" Leo asked Lauren as she cleared away a plate.

I looked at her. We were both thinking the same thing: this would be the perfect opportunity for them to be alone.

"That sounds like a good idea," I said, "I think Lauren would love the help. Maybe I'll go down to the bodega on the corner and grab us some ice cream for dessert."

"Perfect, honey! Leo and I should be finished by the time you get back.

Or just getting started, I thought.

The entire way down to the corner store I tried to imagine what was happening back in the kitchen. Her flirting with him. Joking around – touching his arm like she had last night. Then things escalating a bit more. Lauren making some kind of double entendre about his package. Him not being sure what to make of it at first. Her getting even more explicitly sexual until she spilled the beans about our plan. Him deciding whether or not it was all too good to

be true, whether or not his friend's hot wife could really be offering herself to him in such a direct and obscene manner…

I was in such a dreamlike state I left my change on the counter after I paid for the ice cream. The clerk yelled after me. "Sir!!"

I nodded dreamily and slurred a quick thank you as I swiped the bills into the bag, on top of the ice cream. I watched them cling to the moisture on the outside of the package. My eyes registered the image in front of me, but my mind was focused on what was happening at the apartment. Finally, I broke my reverie and dashed back down the street to our building, taking the stairs so quickly that I was out of breath by the time I finally reached our door. I paused for a moment, straining to detect some clue about what was happening inside.

Nothing.

Finally, I unlocked the door and went in. There, in the middle of the living room, stood Leo.

Lauren was on her knees in front of him, pulling down his shorts.

"Mark," she said, looking past his legs towards the door where I stood, "why don't you put that in the freezer? Unless you want to eat it while you watch us. I think Leo and I are going to be busy for a while."

"She told me everything," said Leo, looking over his shoulder, "thanks so much, man. This is exactly what I need."

"I know," I said, "what are friends for, right?"

He grinned and flashed me a thumbs-up sign as Lauren dropped his boxers to the floor.

"Oh my fucking GOD!" she exclaimed, "it doesn't even look real!"

"Oh but it is," laughed Leo, "and it's about to be very happy to see you."

I dashed into the kitchen and threw the ice cream in the freezer, eager to get a better view of the action.

I took a seat on the couch along the wall so I could watch Lauren's handiwork from the side. My heart was pounding out of my

chest. I couldn't believe it was really happening, but here it was: my petite blonde wife was stroking a cock as long and thick as her arm.

"I want you to take out all your stress on me," she said, looking up at him as she kissed his shaft, "I want all of that frustration. All of that anger. I need you to hatefuck me. I need it rough," she cooed, licking his balls.

"I want you to treat me like a little slut. Just use me for your pleasure. You deserve it after what she's done to you. I know it hurts so bad. I want you to make me feel that. Transform your anger into passion. Let's use those negative feelings to make a positive experience for both of us."

"Oh God," he said, groaning as she began to take the head of his cock into her mouth, "I want that so bad."

Then a tone of concern entered his voice.

"You remember the safeword, right?"

"Yeah," she said, giggling a little, "yellow to slow down and red to stop. And I tap three times if I can't talk...for some reason."

She winked up at him.

"Good girl," he said, running his fingers through her hair and pushing his cock into her mouth, "now I want to see you choke on this big fucking dick. You want to be treated like a slut, and that's exactly what I'm going to do."

"Mmm…," exclaimed my wife, moaning onto my best friend's shaft as he forced it to the back of her mouth.

"Fuck, Mark," said Leo, looking over at me, "I never in a million years thought that Lauren was this freaky. But I'm fucking glad that she is."

"I had no idea either," I said, "but I want you to know that I'm 100% ok with this happening. No matter what happens."

He nodded, giving me a grin, then he grabbed his cock and pulled it out of Lauren's mouth, rubbing it against her face and then slapping her with it. She shrieked in surprise, but then smiled.

"Beg for it, slut," he commanded.

"Please give me your cock, Sir," she stammered.

"That's a good little whore," he growled, forcing his cock back between her lips and into her throat.

My wife's face turned red and her eyes began to water as my best friend used her face mercilessly, moving her head up and down on his shaft as if she'd been some kind of human sex toy. Then he pulled out and slapped her again.

"Tell me you're my personal fucktoy," he ordered.

I felt a strange sense of humiliation and arousal, watching my wife being handled so roughly yet so clearly enjoying it. She was moaning in pleasure as he reached down and hiked up the sundress she was wearing, exposing her thong.

SMACK!

He brought down his large palm across my wife's shapely ass, leaving an angry red print.

"I didn't hear you, whore."

"I'm your personal fucktoy, Sir," she said eagerly, "please spank me again, Sir. Please spank your whore."

He reached down and spanked her again several times, then slapped her face with his erection again.

"Crawl over to the couch," he commanded, "and take off those panties."

"Yes, Sir," she moaned, obeying him immediately.

She was right in front of me now. I could sense her arousal, excitement and anticipation. What was going to happen next?

She took down her panties easily, looking back over her shoulder at Leo.

"What should I do with these, Sir?"

"Give them to me," he ordered.

"Yes, Sir."

He grabbed the panties and tore them.

"Hey!" she protested, "those were my favorite!"

"I promise to buy you a new pair, slut," he said, grabbing her arms and holding them behind her back.

He was tying up my wife with her own panties. It was so humiliating. So incredibly hot. And she loved it.

"Sluts like you don't need to use their arms," he said, "I don't want you getting away from me while I'm fucking you."

“I wouldn’t dream of it,” she said, her head right next to me where I sat on the couch.

“Are you ready for this cock, whore?”

“Yes, please,” she moaned, “please fuck my little pussy with that big fucking prick. I want you to make me forget my husband’s cock forever...”

I looked down at her in shock. Even if this was all a game, that last comment hurt! Still, I couldn’t deny that I absolutely loved hearing her talk like a total whore. I wouldn’t have stopped her for anything.

He smacked her ass again, hard. Then I watched as he slipped one of his beefy fingers into my wife’s tight slit.

Her entire body shivered as she let out a low moan.

“Oh, God…,” she stammered, “I need that cock so bad. Please fill me...”

He spanked her again a few times.

“Fuck, the longer you make me wait, the hornier I get…,” she moaned, “please just put it in. I really want to feel what it’s like to take a big one.”

I watched as he began to work his huge, oversize head into the folds of my wife’s petite pussy. It looked like there was no possible way it would fit. But Leo was in no hurry, even as Lauren taunted and begged him.

“Fuck,” she moaned, looking over at me, “I can’t believe how big he is, honey. It’s like… oh shit...oh yes...”

Her eyes glazed over in pleasure as he pushed himself a few inches further inside her.

“Fuck, Mark,” she moaned, “I don’t understand what’s happening. I’m going to come and he’s not even all the way inside me yet.”

“Go ahead and come, bitch,” growled Leo, grabbing a handful of her hair tightly.

He punctuated his order with another couple of sharp spanks, making my wife’s fleshy bottom jump in a most pleasing way.

“Oh God,” she shrieked, “here it comes. Please put it in me. Please...”

Her voice dissolved into a series of inarticulate moans as he shoved his cock all the way to the hilt.

"YES!"

Her cry of ecstasy was unmistakable. She'd only made a sound like that with me maybe one time before, if ever. I watched as her pussy contracted around his cock, drawing him, impossibly, even further inside her. It was a marvelous sight, and one that seemed almost like something out of a porno: here was my petite wife, on her knees, bent over our couch, having a powerful orgasm due to being fucked with a cock the size of her arm. I couldn't wait to see how the "porno" continued. I knew that Leo wasn't done with her yet.

Chapter 3

From that moment on, it was like I wasn't even there. My wife and best friend were completely wrapped up in themselves, in their personal sexual encounter. I watched with a sense of awe but also mixed feelings of arousal and humiliation. It hurt a little to be forgotten about so easily, but, then again, I wasn't the one fucking or being fucked, so I didn't really have much of a role to play.

After Lauren came just from the feeling of Leo's cock entering her, Leo slowly began to fuck her in earnest. The aftershocks from her earthquake of an orgasm were still visibly coursing through her body as he slid his enormous rod in and out of her, muttering obscenities under his breath.

"Take this fucking dick, bitch," he snarled, "I know you want me to hurt you with this cock."

"Punish me, please," moaned Lauren, looking back over her shoulder at him, "take all your aggression out on my little pussy. It feels so good to be abused with your big, hard dick!"

I pulled out my own cock now and started stroking it. I couldn't help it. It was like watching the hottest porn movie imaginable, made even better by the fact that the two protagonists were people I knew intimately.

"Ugh, that ass looks so good," groaned Leo, "it's been too long since I've seen an ass like that."

Lauren began to throw her ass back against him, twerking on his dick. He paused and kept still as she became the one fucking him for several minutes, sliding back and forth on his cock, its entire length shimmering and glistening with her natural lubrication. He

slapped her ass now and again as she pushed it back onto his cock, and she squealed in surprise and delight each time he did so.

"Fuck," she moaned, "I need you to fill me so fucking bad. I need your cum in my pussy. Don't pull out, please."

Adrenaline shot through my veins. We hadn't discussed birth control at all, and in that moment, I realized that while I had had a vasectomy years ago, Leo had not. Lauren might be completely fertile at the moment. In fact, the chances were extremely good, given how horny she'd been the past few days and how slutty she was acting now. Her body was probably crying out to be impregnated.

I didn't know what to do. To be honest, I didn't want to do anything. Even though it was an totally unforeseen wrinkle that complicated our entire arrangement (at least as far as I was concerned), I couldn't help but find the idea of my best friend filling my wife with his potent semen more than a little appealing.

"Oh God," he groaned, "I'm not wearing a condom. Are you sure?"

"Fuck yes," she moaned, "I want it all. I don't care about anything else. Just fucking fill me, please..."

She was about to come again. That much was clear. And it looked now like Leo couldn't be far behind.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, acknowledging me for the first time in several minutes, "I just want to be filled by a big-dicked alpha male. I can't help it..."

What could I say? She wouldn't have heard me or understood me anyway, because right at that moment Leo growled and shoved himself to the hilt, finally reaching his own climax at the same time Lauren had her second. He held himself inside her as his balls contracted visibly, pumping three, four, five, six, seven powerful streams of cum into my wife's fertile pussy. There was no going back now. Nature had taken its course, and my wife had possibly just been knocked up by my well-hung best friend right in front of my very eyes.

The idea of it, and the sight of my beautiful wife, the love of my life, lying there bent over the couch, her hair disheveled, her face

flushed and with such a look of satisfaction on it as I'd never seen before caused me to lose control myself. I groaned and shot cum all over my hands, and then, immediately seized by a sense of embarrassment, retreated to the bathroom to clean up.

I stayed there for several minutes, trying to sort out my feelings about what had just happened. I decided to try to remain calm and not disturb the mood by bringing up the fact that he'd just come inside her without birth control. After all, there were all kinds of other things that could be done, right? Plan B, for starters. And there was time for that.

◆◆◆

When I emerged from the bathroom, I walked back into the living room and was a bit startled to discover that the two lovers were nowhere to be found. There were still wet marks on the couch, but Leo and Lauren weren't there.

A few moments later, however, I heard giggling coming from the bedroom.

They weren't finished yet.

I crept to the door just as Lauren's giggles turned into low moans. I peeked through the crack in the door and was immediately seized with jealously.

All I could see of my wife were her two legs and her stretched, swollen pussy, which Leo was spearing with every inch of his thick cock. If the sex before had been rough, crass and degrading, the sex now was tender, loving even. He was taking his time, kissing her as he stroked his full length into her in an irregular tempo, heightening her arousal as he kept her guessing. I knew Lauren, and I knew that this was exactly the kind of romantic sex that she usually liked.

I couldn't hear exactly what she was saying to him, but I could tell that she was telling him sweet things now. Maybe they were also nasty, but her tone had completely shifted from the one she used before during the rough encounter they'd had in the living room.

The pace and intensity of their fucking slowly reached a crescendo, until the room and hallway were filled with the sound of

flesh slapping against flesh, accompanied by my wife's moans of ecstasy.

"Fill me up again," she groaned, "put your seed in me. I want to have your big-dicked babies!"

My cock, rock-hard in my hand as I stood in the hallway, twitched as I heard this final insult. Even if it was something she had uttered only in the heat of passion, it still hurt. Terribly. But I was also so close to another orgasm of my own that I just kept stroking as I heard and saw my friend pump the contents of his balls into my wife's unprotected womb for the second time in the space of half and hour.

Once again, I retreated to the bathroom to clean myself off, this time taking a shower. When I emerged, Lauren was there, wrapped in a bathrobe and eating some of the ice cream that I'd bought.

"Leo's gone," she said, "he said he'll be back in an hour or so. I hope he's got some energy left, because I could really go for another round."

I nodded. Even though I could see that something had changed in the way that she was looking at me, I didn't want to break the spell. I had to admit that I was addicted to seeing my wife fuck my best friend's big cock, and I didn't want to do anything to jeopardize that from happening again, even if it meant endangering my marriage for good. It was simply too arousing.

"I think I'll have some ice cream too," I said.

It was going to be a long evening, but I wasn't tired at all. I knew that I was going to love being a cuckold.

THE END

She goes bigger

I sensed something was different about Ashley during date night. It was our traditional night out without the kids. We always got a babysitter and tried a new restaurant. This time, it was different. Ashley asked if I wouldn't mind going to the same Asian fusion place as last week.

"No," I said, a little puzzled, "I liked that restaurant. But what about the new Peruvian food cart we were going to try?"

"We can do that next week," said Ashley casually, "or we can go there when my parents visit this weekend."

"Sure," I said, "I guess that's fine."

That evening at the restaurant, Ashley seemed more excited than usual. Almost giddy. She'd also worn a very sexy short black dress – the kind of thing that she usually said a mom over 30 shouldn't wear. Although she was technically a "mom over 30," Ashley had turned into nothing short of a knockout in the last few years after she had shed not only her baby weight, but also the pounds she'd put on in college. She looked hotter than ever, and I was also beginning to notice how other men reacted to her. It was cool to have other men be jealous of me for a change, but I could tell that it was having an effect on Ashley, too. At first, she didn't know how to handle the flirtatious comments and meaningful looks, but she slowly developed a set of skills that most women who had been beautiful all of their lives had probably been using since puberty. She read the situation and either flirted back if the guy seemed harmless, or gave him the cold shoulder entirely if she felt at all uncomfortable. Sometimes, she liked to flirt with guys in front

of me, only to enjoy the expressions on their faces when she introduced me as her husband.

It all seemed like good, clean, harmless fun.

Until that evening.

"Hey," she said, looking up at our waiter, "don't I know you from somewhere?"

He smiled. He was a guy in his early twenties and seemed like he was probably in college.

"I know," she said, snapping her fingers, "the weight room at the gym, right? You spotted me on squats last week."

"Ok," he said, "I remember you now. I guess I'm not used to seeing this side of you."

That flirtatious remark, which clearly referred to my wife's attractive rear end, was not lost on me.

But at that point, it was still all harmless. Things got a little less so when the bill came.

"I'm going to the bathroom, ok honey?" Ashley said, touching my hand and giving me a sweet smile.

"Of course," I said, fumbling for my credit card.

"Great! I'll be right back."

But she didn't come right back. In fact, she was gone for much longer than she should have been. I began to get worried. Was she sick? Was it something she ate? I knew for a fact that she wasn't pregnant, and she wasn't on her period. What was going on with her.

When she finally came back, her face was apologetic.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "there was a line in there. You know how ladies are."

From what I could remember, the restaurant only had one unisex, handicapped-accessible stall.

"Sure," I said, shrugging.

"You're not mad at me, are you? I promise I'll make it up to you when we get home."

She gave me a playfully sultry look.

"No, of course I'm not mad," I said, "let's get going."

"Ok," she said, taking my hand as we walked to the front door.

I wasn’t mad, but I was suspicious. Especially because my wife’s lipstick and eyeliner were smudged, something that she normally would have taken notice of and corrected during an extended trip to the toilet. For a brief moment, I thought about her flirtation with the waiter.

Nah. It couldn’t be. There was no reason to think it was true. It was just some light flirtation, that was all.

When we got home, Ashley pounced on me. It was normal for us to make love after “date night,” but this was something else entirely. She dropped to her knees and sucked me with a passion that I hadn’t known from her even before we got married. It was like someone had flipped a switch in her brain. I wasn’t complaining, of course, but I did find it strange.

After a few minutes of this absolutely exquisite dick-sucking, I couldn’t take it anymore, and warned her that she had to stop if she didn’t want me to shoot my load in her mouth. She pulled away from me and lay back on the bed, hiking up her dress and pulling her panties to the side, inviting me to fuck her.

“Give it to me hard,” she whispered, “I’m already so fucking turned on I don’t care how long you last. I just need it as hard as you can give it to me.”

I slammed myself inside her and pumped her with abandon. Already on the edge myself, I knew that there was no way I’d be able to hold off for more than a minute or so. As it turned out, I didn’t even last that long. A couple of seconds later, I groaned and shot my load inside her uncharacteristically wet pussy.

“Fuck that was amazing,” cooed Ashley.

It seemed to me impossible that such a short and explosive session could have possibly been “amazing” to a woman who normally required significant foreplay to become aroused, but I didn’t ask any questions. As it turned out, I probably should have.

Chapter 2: The Discovery

I kept replaying the events at the restaurant over and over again in my mind. It was true that there was no real reason to suspect Ashley of any kind of wrongdoing. But at the same time, it seemed that something strange was going on. Why had she come back to the table after such a long time with her hair and makeup in disarray? And what had gotten her so worked up after dinner that she'd practically attacked me as soon as I got home?

I came home from work early that afternoon, while Ashley was at the gym. I decided to do a little snooping around. Not exactly on purpose, but not by accident, either.

What I found changed our marriage forever.

I logged onto the desktop computer that we shared under our family account, then navigated to MyFace, my wife's favorite social media site. As I suspected, she was still signed into her account in the browser. I took a deep breath and then opened up her home page, both excited about and afraid of what I might find. There, up in the corner of the screen, was an red indicator: Ashley had a new message from a younger man named "Jeremy."

"Hey babe, is your jaw still sore?"

I felt a lump form in my throat. All of my suspicions seemed to be confirmed. Why would Ashley have a sore jaw?

I scrolled through the rest of their conversation, my heart pounding out of my chest as I saw my wife's nude body and the stranger's lewd comments.

"That's one fine ass. Can't wait to see what it looks like bent over my bed."

Finally, I got to the messages from last night. "Date night."

“Meet me in the bathroom in five minutes,” it read, “don’t worry about your cuck husband. He’s not going to bother us.”

What the hell. “Cuck!?” Who did this guy think he was?!

Finally, I clicked over to his profile.

“Jeremy G., Bull. Discrete. Local. Hung. Guaranteed to please.”

My wife was seeing a bull. A man who specialized in fucking other men’s wives. To say I was shocked would have been an understatement. I could hardly believe that MyFace allowed this kind of content. But here it was.

I scrolled around his page. Everywhere there were comments from women who praised his “services.” There were comments from husbands as well who wrote things like “Jeremy made our cuckolding dreams come true.”

I couldn’t believe it. I’d heard of cuckolding before of course. I even had to admit that it turned me on a bit. The idea of it, that is. I still wasn’t sure how I felt about my wife Ashley on her knees in a restaurant bathroom servicing a stranger’s cock.

Especially since, to all appearances, this particular stranger’s cock was positively gigantic.

He didn’t have a picture of his tool on his MyFace page. That would have been against the terms of service. It was even difficult to find a picture of his face through all of the pictures of his shirtless torso.

Finally, however, there it was: Jeremy G. local bull, and apparently also a waiter at Ashley’s new favorite restaurant. I didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. My wife was cucking me with a man who probably made less than a fourth of my income.

But instead of doing either, I kept scrolling. I found pictures of my wife in various poses and in various outfits. She wore a schoolgirl uniform in one shot. In another, she was a naughty nurse. I had no idea that this side of Ashley even existed. In fact, I had no idea where she’d gotten those uniforms. She’d never shown the slightest bit of interest in roleplay or anything remotely kinky except for the occasional time she might let me come on her face after a night at the bar. She was as vanilla as you could imagine.

At least that's what I thought. As I scrolled through the pictures she'd sent to her lover, I came to realize that she was vanilla only for me.

My cock was rock hard now. Without really considering what I was doing, I took it out and began to stroke it as I sat at the computer.

I found a short video of my wife fucking herself with a dildo.

"Oh yes, Jeremy," she moaned, "it's so much better than my husband's."

I was driven on by pure lust at this point. I no longer saw a cheating wife in the images before me, I simply saw an attractive young woman fucking a huge dildo and moaning for a virtual lover.

Then it happened. Jeremy logged on.

"Finally got it uploaded," he wrote, "just like you asked. It's on my private page. For now."

The next message he sent was a link. To a well-known porn hosting site.

I grabbed the mouse awkwardly with my left hand as my right remained wrapped firmly around my dick, and managed to click the link.

A new link opened in another browser window.

There, on her knees in a well-lit, surprisingly clean white tiled bathroom was my lovely young wife Ashley, looking adorable in her cute black dress.

Over her loomed the biggest, hardest cock I'd ever seen.

I watched in awe and absolute disbelief as the man wielding the cock (and "wielding" was the only appropriate term for a weapon of this power) smacked my wife across the face with it and asked her if she was ready to please him.

"Yes, Daddy," whimpered my wife submissively.

My own cock twitched, not so much at the words themselves, but at her incredibly submissive tone of voice. She sounded so incredibly aroused, and he'd only touched her face with his dick at this point. At least from what I could tell.

"Tell me what you want," the cameraman teased.

“I want the privilege of sucking your cock,” my wife moaned, almost beside herself with arousal.

He smacked her with it once more.

“Open up you cheating slut,” he ordered.

Ashley opened her mouth obediently, the camera showing a close-up of her perfectly made-up face.

“Good fucking whore,” Jeremy growled, pushing his visibly pulsating cockhead into my wife’s eager mouth.

He reached behind her and began to push her head down on his cock with his free hand.

“Choke on that big dick, bitch. We don’t have much time before your small-dicked husband gets suspicious.”

Ashley looked up at the camera with big eyes. He sensed she wanted to say something, so he pulled her off his cock, leaving a trail of spit leading to her lips.

“Don’t worry about him,” she smiled, “he’s clueless.”

Jeremy laughed, stroking my wife’s hair for a moment before smacking her in the face with his wet cock one more time. It was easy to see now how Ashley’s makeup had become so messy. Frankly, it was more surprising that she hadn’t been more of a mess when she finally emerged from the bathroom.

Once again, the sounds of slurping filled the room as my wife began to take Jeremy’s thick cock like a pornstar. I was too turned on to be as flabbergasted as I should have been as I watched my formerly demure wife taking this gigantic cock balls-deep into her eager throat.

“Show me that wedding ring while you stroke it,” growled Jeremy, taking a short break from fucking my wife’s face mercilessly, perhaps so that he could get more footage of my wife smiling up at him in devotion as she serviced his cock, “I want to remember what a cheating whore you are, and how much it turns you on to cheat.”

She smiled and shifted her wrist so that her wedding and engagement rings were clearly visible as she stroked him.

“Oh fuck,” he groaned, “I’m going to come. Are you ready to swallow my load?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned breathlessly, closing her eyes and opening her mouth, presenting her tongue to him.

I watched in fascination as Jeremy jerked his huge cock with fervor, directing its tip straight at my wife’s welcoming mouth.

“Here it comes,” moaned Jeremy, “I’ve been saving this load for you.”

I watched with a mixture of awe and arousal as this man deposited four thick spurts of cum onto my wife’s tongue and chin, following it up a moment later with three more.

“Better swallow it all,” he commanded, “then get back out there. Your husband is probably wondering what you’ve been doing in here all this time.”

Ashley swallowed and then smiled at the camera.

“Thank you, Daddy,” she said.

I couldn’t take it anymore. With absolutely no regard to where I was or what I was doing, I stroked myself to orgasm, shooting my own huge load all over my pants, and even splashing a bit on the computer keyboard.

“Fuck,” I muttered, after a moment of recovery.

I knew I had to clean up. I stood, my pants still around my ankles, and started to hobble into the kitchen for a paper towel. That’s when I noticed Ashley standing there, her arms folded across her chest.

“How long...,” I stuttered.

“You’ve got some explaining to do,” she said, looking me up and down.

I somehow regained my composure, despite the fact that I was tripping over my own underwear.

“I’ve got to do the explaining? You were the one who cheated, not me.”

Ashely stayed on the offensive.

“You were snooping on my MyFace account. You had no right to violate my privacy.”

“Violate your privacy? You were violating our marriage vows in a restaurant bathroom!”

“It doesn’t seem like it bothered you that much, from the looks of it.”

She smirked at my semen-covered hands and clothes.

“Was the video good? I haven’t seen it yet.”

“Ashley,” I started, “how could you...”

“Just admit it,” she said, putting her hands on her hips, “you loved it. You loved seeing me suck Jeremy’s big dick.”

“That’s neither here nor there,” I said, stooping to pull up my pants and regain a little dignity, “the fact of the matter is that you cheated.”

“But is it cheating if the other partner jerks off to it?”

“Yes.”

She laughed.

“You know what I think? I think that you know deep down inside that this is your biggest fantasy, but you’re too much of a pussy to just come out and say it.”

“Ashley, what’s gotten into you?”

“About 8 and a half inches,” she said, laughing.

“Don’t act so surprised,” she continued, “I saw all of the porn you look at. The cuckold sites. Those stories you read.”

“Yeah, but...,” I protested.

“Those were just fantasy? Is that what you were going to say? Well, did you ever stop to consider how I felt when I found all of those ‘fantasies’ in the browser history? It seemed like you were trying to get caught. Any idiot can use a different account or browse incognito. Just admit it.”

I was silent. I knew she was right, but I couldn’t say it.

“At first I was puzzled. Then furious. Here was my husband, with a huge fetish for something I’d never even heard of, and instead of telling me about it directly, like a real man, he resorted to leaving it on our home computer for absolutely anyone to find. My mother uses that computer when she comes to visit. How do you think she’d feel if she saw that her son-in-law was fantasizing about seeing her sweet daughter take big black cock?”

I stood there, crestfallen, as she continued.

“Like I said, I was furious. But then I started watching some of those videos. And reading some of those stories. Then, something strange happened. I stopped being angry, and started being turned on. Really fucking turned on. I did a quick search for local ‘bulls’, and I found Jeremy. The rest is history.”

We stood there for a few moments in silence.

“Ashley,” I said, “I don’t know what to say. This is so unexpected.”

“I know it’s probably a shock. Sometimes having a fantasy come true is the worst thing that can happen to a person.”

I nodded.

Or the best, I wanted to add.

“Well,” said Ashley, “the fact of the matter is that I thought you’d be at work right now.”

“Normally I would be,” I said, not catching her drift at all.

“I’m not alone, Steve,” she said.

“You mean?”

“That’s right,” she said, “Jeremy’s here, and he’s ready to finally give me the fuck I’ve been craving. He’s upstairs – in the bedroom. You were so busy whacking off to our sex video that you didn’t even hear us come in the house.”

“Are you going to fuck him?”

“You want me to, don’t you?”

I couldn’t deny it, but I also couldn’t admit it openly. All I managed to do was nod slowly.

“That’s what I thought,” she said, turning and walking towards the staircase, “I’m going up now. But don’t worry, honey. I’m not totally heartless. I’ll make sure he leaves the door open so you can watch if you want."

Chapter 3: She Goes Bigger

I stood in the kitchen, my pants around my ankles, for several minutes without moving. I was in total shock. On the one hand, all of my wildest fantasies had come true. My wife was about to be fucked by a guy with a huge cock, and I was being given the opportunity to watch them. On the other hand, I was unsure if our relationship – or our household – would ever be the same. What would happen after this? Would she leave me? File for divorce? Or was there some way to save our relationship. To integrate cuckolding into our lifestyle. I knew that other couples did it, so it couldn't be impossible. I just didn't understand the way forward.

In that moment, however, it didn't matter. All that mattered now was the primal scene unfolding upstairs. I pulled up my pants and fastened them before I tiptoed to the foot of the stairs. Up above me I could hear the faint sound of feminine moaning. Then I heard the crack of flesh against flesh, followed by a sharp cry, then another series of blows.

I heard Ashley say "thank you, Daddy!"

They were playing a kinky game. He was spanking her.

Another man was spanking my wife. In my bedroom.

I began to tiptoe slowly up the stairs, the sound of Jeremy's spanks echoing down the halls.

"I'm sorry for being a bad girl, Daddy," moaned Ashley, "I won't fuck my husband again without your permission."

She must have been talking about last night. What had seemed like a spontaneous act of passion on my wife's part turned out to be part of her kinky game with her lover.

“That’s right,” boomed Jeremy’s voice, “this pussy is my property now.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, “please claim it. Please take me.”

“Not yet,” he said, “I want you to show me what a good girl you can be first.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

The next thing I heard was the sound of slurping. It was absolutely clear what was happening. I walked up the rest of the stairs quickly and rounded the bend in the hallway that led to our bedroom. As she had promised, the door was ajar, and I had a clear view of what was happening.

There was my wife, on her knees, absolutely worshipping the biggest cock I had ever seen. It seemed strange to say, but Jeremy’s cock looked even bigger in person than it had on camera.

“That’s a good girl,” growled Jeremy, taking a handful of Ashley’s luscious hair into one hand as he reached down and gave her a few more spanks on her already-reddened ass.

After a few moments, he reached down and unfastened her bra.

“Let’s see how that cock looks between your tits,” he said.

Ashley had always had great tits, but now after she’d lost weight, they looked absolutely incredible. They were full d-cups that looked positively gigantic against her now-petite frame. I watched in awe as Jeremy’s dick began to slide up and down between my wife’s breasts as she pressed them together, looking up at him as if silently begging for his approval.

“That feels great,” he said, “I bet you couldn’t do this with your husband’s dick, could you?”

“What would be the point?” she said, laughing.

Neither of them had acknowledged my presence in the hallway yet, but they must have known that I was standing out there.

“You’re being a very good girl,” he said, “I think it’s almost time to finally break you in. To claim that pussy.”

“Please, Daddy,” she moaned, looking up at him in devotion, “break in this pussy. Claim it and take me from my husband forever.”

He pulled her to her feet, giving her a deep, demanding kiss before flipping her around so that she was bent over the bed, facing

away from me, but into the full-length mirror on the other side of the room. He pulled Ashley's head up by the hair, and she made eye contact with me through the mirror.

"Wreck my pussy, Daddy," she said, winking at me in the mirror, "I need that big cock so bad. I want you to wreck me while my husband watches."

Jeremy began to slowly work himself into my wife's vagina from behind. I was in a position where I could see the action from two angles: from behind as my wife's bull slowly penetrated her, and from the front through the mirror. Ashley's face alternated from a look of pain to a look of ecstasy and then back again as Jeremy slowly fed his monster into her tight, wet tunnel. Finally, he was inside.

"Oh God," she moaned, "I can't believe it. Oh fuck. I can't believe how good it feels to be filled like this."

"That's what all the sluts say," growled Jeremy, holding onto her hair as he began to fuck her, "all of you little whores love to take it hard from a big cock. You just don't admit it to your husbands."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "God, I can't believe it, Daddy. I think I'm going to come..."

"Do it," he ordered, "come on this big fucking cock."

He reached down and slapped her ass, ordering her again to come for him.

"This pussy is mine now," he growled, "and I want you to come."

"I'm so close...," she moaned breathlessly, her beautiful face contorted in concentration.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes, rocking backwards onto his cock as he plunged it into her again and again.

"Here it... OH GOD.... OH GOD, YESS!!!"

Her cry filled the house as she collapsed forward onto the bed, her legs quaking visibly. Jeremey showed no mercy on her, however, climbing onto the bed and mounting her from behind, continuing his all-out assault on her tight pussy.

"I'm going to claim this cunt," he growled, "it's mine."

“Claim me,” she moaned, seemingly already on the verge of another orgasm, “I need it so bad. Why the fuck did I wait so long to find out what it was like to be fucked by a real man? I needed a cock like this so bad. I never understood how much size matters until now.”

“Tell me you love this dick,” he ordered.

“I love your dick, Daddy,” she groaned, “I love it so much, and I want you to come inside me. Please fill me with your cum and claim my pussy forever.”

“Fuck you’re tight,” he moaned, “I’m going to bust soon. Here it comes!”

And with that, he held my wife face-down on the bed as he pumped into her furiously for another five or ten seconds. Then, with a primal yell, he pressed himself into her for a final time and began to pump spurt after spurt of his hot, potent cum into her young womb.

“God that’s good,” moaned Ashely, “I need that cum so fucking bad.”

“I know you do, slut,” he said.

They lay like that for a few minutes, both basking in the afterglow. Then Jeremy slowly pulled his cock out and rolled over and sat up so that he was looking directly at me, his large dick swinging between his legs.

“Well, look at that,” he said to Ashley, “your cuck husband was watching us the whole time.”

“So he was,” she said, standing up and smiling at me, “I hope he understands now how a real man fucks a woman, and why I’ll never be going back to a small cock like his.”

“I think he probably gets the gist,” said Jeremy, “but why don’t we demonstrate again?”

“I’d love to, Daddy,” said Ashely, dropping to her knees and giving me a wink before taking his cock in her mouth yet again.

“Good girl,” said Jeremy, “clean me off and get me nice and hard again. We’ve got to get ready for the next round.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, looking up at him again in devotion, “I agree.”

“But I don’t think that he should be allowed to watch us this time,” said Jeremy, looking at me, “what do you think?”

“No, Daddy,” said Ashley, reaching behind her and pushing the door gently closed.

I stood out there in the hallway listening for a very long time afterwards. I heard Jeremy call my wife a “cheating slut” at least seven more times. I heard her call him “Daddy” around twenty-three times. And I heard her climax almost more times than I could count. Finally, I walked slowly down to the kitchen. They were clearly a long way from being finished.

Chapter 4: Aftermath

I'm happy to announce that Ashley and I were able to patch things up and are still happily married. It's just that now we define "happily" a little differently than we did before. Ashley sets the rules. She gets to fuck who she wants, when she wants. She changed permanently after being exposed to Jeremy's large dick. She doesn't only fuck him now, she fucks other guys, too. There's just one rule: no one under 7 inches need apply. My wife is a size queen now.

One thing hasn't changed, however. We still have our regular "date night." And we still try to go to a new restaurant each time. There is an added twist, however: Ashley also gets to choose a new guy to fuck every week after we eat. I wait at home most of the time. If she'd not too tired, she gives me a handjob while she tells me about it.

Once in a while, though, she'll take me along when she meets a new well-endowed lover. She'll even let me watch. But only once in a while. She doesn't want me to get too entitled, after all. We've found our perfect arrangement.

THE END

Asian Size Queen Hotwife

Marie and I had been together since freshmen year of college. Now we were both 32 years old, happily married for almost seven years, both successful in our careers and happy. I thought I knew everything about her, from her difficulties in her relationship with her parents to her favorite foods. This knowledge extended especially to her sexual preferences.

Or so I thought.

It all started when we couldn't agree on a show to watch on Netflix.

"Let's try cable instead," said Marie.

"What? We still have cable? We should have canceled that a long time ago."

"I know," she said, "but it's too late to do that tonight. Let's just see what's on."

I reluctantly agreed.

Eventually, we settled on a show about four young single women in New York. One that was on the air for years, and even had two movies made based on it.

In this particular episode, the oldest one of the group, a MILF, was proclaiming her preference for large male members.

"I'm a size queen," said the character, as her friends giggled.

"So unrealistic," I laughed, "as if women really just want the biggest one they can find."

I expected Marie to agree with me. After all, she'd told me before that she was glad I wasn't any bigger because I might hurt her otherwise.

“I’m not so sure about that,” she said, much to my surprise, “I think there are reasons why a woman might want to at least try a really big cock once in her life.”

“What?” I said, laughing incredulously, “you’ve always said before that cock size was the least important part of a man’s sex appeal. And that – and I quote – if anything, ‘too big is worse than too small.’”

She smiled.

“Ok, I admit it, I said that. But can I help it if I’ve gotten a little...curious over the past few years?”

“Curious about big cocks?”

“It sounds so pornographic and crass when you put it like that,” she laughed, “but I guess that’s the gist of it.”

“Well,” I said, “I guess what you’re saying is that I don’t qualify as having a big cock.”

“No,” she said, “of course you do! But I mean, there are guys out there who are even bigger.”

“Really?” I said, “like who?”

“Are you sure you want to talk about this?”

Her tone had gone from playful to somewhat serious.

“Yeah,” I said, “it’s ok, we share everything, right?”

“Yeah, of course,” she said.

“Ok,” she continued, muting the TV, “remember that German guy Armin that Kayla was dating for a while?”

“Armin? You mean Ace?”

“Yeah, that’s what they call him. Kind of a silly nickname”

“Don’t tell me...”

“Yeah,” she giggled, “he has a huge one. And he knows how to use it, too. She said he gave her the best orgasms she’d ever had.”

“If he was so great, why’d they break up?”

“She got a job in Germany and had to move there. But he still works at the cafe down the street from here. How’s that for irony?”

I had to laugh.

“Ok,” I said, “so he’s great in bed. Are you sure it’s because of his size and not just because he’s some kind of Teutonic sex god?”

“It might be both,” she said, “and if he’s a sex god, the fact that he’s hung can’t hurt.”

“Well,” I said, “I guess if you really wanted a pass to try out a big cock, I’d be ok with you trying it with Ace. As long as I get to watch.”

She gave me a long, look. Her expression was a mixture of surprise and confusion.

“You’re fucking with me, right? You’re not one of those guys who gets off on his wife fucking other men, are you?”

“I don’t think so,” I said, “at least, I never really thought of myself that way. But I have to admit something about the idea of you experiencing something new like this has me pretty aroused.”

She looked down and saw the rising bulge in my shorts. Then she picked up the TV remote and switched it off, climbing onto my lap and straddling me, her crotch rubbing against my stiff cock.

“So let me get this straight,” she said, leaning in close and kissing my cheek, “you want to see your petite little Asian wife take a big white cock?”

“Yeah,” I said, not expecting her to add the racial element.

It was true that we were both of Chinese descent, but we’d been raised by thoroughly assimilated parents in a diverse community, and didn’t usually make such a big issue of our identity (my wife was named Marie, for god’s sake! Hardly a name that screams “Asian”). But it was clear that this aspect of our already-taboo fantasy had caught my wife’s interest.

“You want to see me on my back, taking a big German cock as deep as I can while I scratch my nails down his back?”

She had my cock out now, and was stroking it vigorously, lubing it with my own precum and a gob of her own spit. I’d hardly ever seen her this forward. It was like I awakened something inside her.

“You want to see your cute little Asian wife bent over our bed, taking Ace’s big prick deep inside her?”

“Yes,” I gasped, close to coming already, “fuck yes.”

“Come for me,” she ordered, “come imagining your petite Asian wife getting stretched by a big European cock.”

I let out a groan and shot a huge load all over her hands and my own stomach.

"Great," I said, "I guess I have to change again before bed."

"Don't act like you didn't love that," she teased, licking a bit of my cum off her hand, "but there's a good reason that I jerked you off just now."

"Because you're not in the mood to fuck me?"

"No," she laughed, "because I wanted your mind to be clear when I ask you again: do you want to see me fuck Ace? Could you deal with it?"

She fixed me with a serious gaze. She wasn't joking. This was a real possibility.

"Yes," I said, "I want to see you take a huge cock. And I think Ace is just as good a guy as any."

She broke into a huge smile.

"You're the best," she said, "I'm really excited about trying this. I have kind of always been curious, especially after talking to Kayla about it..."

"Well," I said, "we'll have to discuss the specifics of course. And Ace has to be on board with all of this."

"Trust me," she laughed, "I've caught him looking at me a few times. I don't think it'll be hard to get him into the idea. In fact, I suggest we go to brunch at his cafe tomorrow. I know for a fact that he'll be working."

"Are you stalking him or something?" I teased.

I had to admit that I was a little surprised. What had seemed like a casual conversation was turning out to be something that had obviously been simmering for a long time.

"Ha, not exactly," she laughed, "I guess I just...noticed him."

"You're such a naughty girl," I laughed.

"Well, maybe Ace can teach me a lesson. Should I dress up like a cute Asian school girl for him? He might like that. Then again, he's German, so he might be into something really weird. I'm not going to wear a latex bodysuit."

"At least there are some limits," I laughed.

Chapter 2

There were other limits too, of course, and over the next few hours, we discussed all of them before having some of the hottest, most intimate sex we'd had in years. Afterwards, I collapsed into a long and dreamless sleep, and when I finally awoke to the morning light pouring through our apartment window, I had almost forgot about our plan to approach Armin at his place of work the next morning.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" I asked Marie after we'd been seated, "they're kind of busy today, and he might resent being bothered at work. Maybe we could just get Kayla to give us his number..."

"Honey," she said, fixing me with her beautiful eyes, "look at the dress I'm wearing. Do you think any guy is going to be upset that I'm paying attention to him?"

I grinned. She looked absolutely beautiful in a tight low-cut sundress that showed off her ample bosom and killer ass all at once. I could see exactly what she meant.

"There he is!" she exclaimed, waving at him.

The tall young man walked over towards us, flashing Marie a smile of recognition.

"Marie!" he said, shaking her hand and then embracing her, giving her a peck on both cheeks, "so great to see you again."

"You too," she said, beaming at him, "this is my husband, Mike. I don't know if you've ever met."

"Ace," he said amiably, his German accent slight but present.

"Nice to meet you," I said.

"I'm sorry that I won't be waiting on you today," he said, "but I'd love to catch up when my shift's over."

“Actually,” said Marie, flashing me a quick smile, “I was hoping I could talk to you for a second right now. Alone.”

Ace was a bit confused, but nodded and led Marie away to a place behind the wait station. She stood on her tiptoes and whispered in his ear. I saw his eyes go wide as she pointed in my direction. I waved and nodded, giving my approval to the indecent proposal she was laying out.

A few minutes later, the couple disappeared into the inner recesses of the restaurant. I heard my phone buzz, and found a text from Marie.

“He’s more than game,” she wrote, “he’s showing me the back room now...”

“!!!” I wrote back, “don’t I get to watch?”

“Relax,” she said, “I’m just going to suck his cock. And I’ll have him take a video for you. We’re going to meet up for drinks at our place tonight. That will be the ‘main event.’”

Just then, our server arrived.

“Should I wait to take your order until your wife returns?”

“No,” I said, “I think we’ll just be getting coffee for now.”

My heart was pounding out of my chest as I waited for my phone to buzz. To anyone else, I would have just been another bored guy staring at social media on his phone while his wife goes to the bathroom. Only I knew what was going on somewhere in the depths of the restaurant.

Then, finally, there was a message.

I opened the photo from an unknown number, but not before checking over my shoulder to make sure no one was watching me.

What I saw felt like a punch to the gut and a dose of viagra all at once. There, on her knees, smiling up at the camera like a porn star, was my innocent wife holding the longest, thickest shaft I’d ever seen outside of porn. She looked absolutely thrilled to be about to tackle the challenge before her.

“See you soon,” read the text.

A few minutes later, Marie emerged from the back of the restaurant, alone. There was a mischievous smile on her face, but her hair and makeup were in perfect order.

She sat down and passed me her phone without saying a word.

There was a picture of the aftermath of what had just occurred. Once again, she was smiling at the camera, but this time, her face was absolutely coated in cum. I was impressed with how quickly and how well she'd cleaned up.

She placed her hand in mine, smiling at me as she caught my eye.

"Not bad, huh? We can watch the whole video together sometime. But for now, let's get something to eat. I'm starving and need something a little more substantial to eat besides German cum."

Wow, who would have thought that my demure wife could be so nasty?

"I can't wait for tonight," I stammered.

"Neither can Ace," she said, "he told me he's going to stretch my tight little pussy so good. He's apparently had a lot of experience with this kind of thing. He's in high demand because of his big cock."

I had to admit I was a bit jealous, but still completely turned on. The evening couldn't come fast enough.

Chapter 3

That night, Ace texted that he was on his way over. Everything was arranged. We'd agreed on safewords to make sure that any one of us – me included – could stop what was happening at any time.

I sat nervously on the couch, sipping a sparkling water. We had agreed that my role would be simply to be a spectator. I would also be allowed to videotape and bring the two lovers whatever they needed, but I would not otherwise be joining in.

Marie came out of the bedroom, looking a bit nervous but extremely sexy. She was dressed in an Asian schoolgirl outfit, just like we'd joked about before. It turned out that Ace had been very enthusiastic about the idea, and who were we to disappoint him?

"I love you so much," said Marie, coming over to me and kissing me on the cheek, "I'm so grateful that you're letting me do this. It's going to be so wonderful. I promise that we'll make love afterwards."

"Of course, honey," I said, kissing her back, "I'm excited too."

I was about to add something more, but just then, the doorbell rang. It was time to begin.

"Hi," said Ace, standing there in a tight black t-shirt and skinny jeans that left not very much to the imagination, "I brought some flowers."

He was holding a small seasonal bouquet.

"How polite!" exclaimed Marie, grabbing them and bringing them to the kitchen.

Ace and I stood for a few moments in silence.

"So," he said, "great place you've got here."

"Thanks," I said, trying not to be awkward, "I'm looking forward to watching you fuck my wife."

He blushed a little.

"I'm looking forward to it too," he said, "she already gave me an amazing blowjob."

"I can't wait to see the video," I said, "I only caught a glimpse of the aftermath."

"Well," he said, "I hope that we'll put on a good show for you tonight. I understand that Marie likes it pretty rough, is that right?"

"Yeah," I said, "but we've all got safewords, so you don't need to worry too much. Just do whatever you want with her, and she'll let you know if it's too much."

"Perfect," he said.

Marie returned.

"Let's get started," she said, beaming at Ace.

"Yes, let's," he said, dropping his hands to his side and taking an authoritative pose, "get on your knees and crawl over to me, slut."

Marie gasped, and at first I thought that she was offended, but then I realized that it was quite the opposite. She dropped to her knees immediately and crawled up to him, looking up at him obediently.

"Good girl," he said, undoing his belt, "I know you like it rough, so you're going to get exactly that."

She nodded.

"Yes, Sir."

pulled off his belt and formed a loop between his two hands, running it behind her head and using it as a strap to pull her head up towards his crotch.

"Take out my cock, slut," he ordered.

"Yes, Sir," she murmured.

I watched as Marie reached up and unbuttoned his jeans, then carefully unzipped them. Ace's huge, semi-rigid cock flopped out, whacking Marie in the face.

"I can't believe that's the second time today that's happened to me," she laughed.

"It looks like you need more practice," said Ace, smiling, as he guided his massive (and, as I now noticed, uncircumcised) penis

towards my wife's mouth, "I'll have to have you service my cock on a regular basis."

"Yes, please," she moaned, opening wide for him as he stuffed his dick inside.

"Remember, slut," he said, pulling the belt and pushing her down further on his dick in the process, "you can safeword by tapping my leg."

"Mmm...hmmm," she moaned, seeming to strain to take his cock even deeper.

I felt my own cock getting hard, watching my wife swallow this huge white cock.

"Good girl," he said, beginning to fuck her face, "open up for me and swallow this big white cock. Let's see how deep you can take it."

"Mmm-hhmhmm," moaned Marie, her eyes watering as she attempted to open even wider for him.

She looked so cute there, on her knees, dressed like a schoolgirl, taking Ace's dick deep into her throat.

Ace pulled out for a moment to give her a chance to catch her breath. He slapped her across the face with his huge cock and then pushed a thumb almost tenderly into her mouth. Marie sucked it instinctively.

"Do you like chocking on this big white cock?"

"Mm-hmm," she moaned, sucking on his thumb.

"I didn't hear that," he scolded, reaching down and giving her a hard spank on her skirt-covered bottom.

"I love choking on your big white cock, Sir," she moaned, a tone of pleading in her voice.

I'd never experienced her this submissive before. Usually she was the total opposite. The kind of woman who knew what she wanted and took it. I guess this whole time she was just waiting for a big-cocked alpha male to take control.

"Good," he said, pushing his cock back into her mouth.

I watched as she strained for the next several minutes to take him as deeply as possible. He encouraged her, telling her she was a good girl when she managed to take a bit more of him into her throat, and scolding her when she failed to make progress.

Intermittently, he spanked her, first over her skirt, and then on her bare bottom after he had ordered her to remove her panties.

Her face was a mess of slobber and smeared makeup by the time he finally finished with her.

"I think it might be time to finally break in that cute little Asian pussy," said Ace, coiling the belt in one hand as he stood in front of my kneeling wife.

"Yes, Sir," Marie panted.

"Are you nice and wet for me, slut?"

She reached down and rubbed her pussy, bringing her finger to her lips and tasting it. It'd never seen her do something so slutty in my life.

"Yes, Sir."

"How do you taste?"

"Good, Sir."

"Ok," said Ace, "I see your bedroom is over there. I want to fuck you in the bed you share with your husband."

"Yes, Sir."

"Turn around and crawl into the bedroom. Bend over the bed and spread yourself for me."

"Yes, Sir."

My wife turned around and crawled on all fours submissively into the bedroom, bending over the bed and reaching back to part her legs and pussy for the dominant German's cock. I heard his belt crack down across her ass, and then my wife let out a moan of pleasure mixed with pain.

"Maybe your husband wants to come in here and see this," laughed Ace.

I walked into the bedroom, taking a seat in the armchair in the corner. From my vantage point, I had a perfect side view of the action as Ace slowly pushed himself into my wife's tight pussy.

"Oh God, honey," she moaned, looking over at me for a moment, "it's so fucking big. It's almost...too...OH GOD."

I watched as he legs began to shake. It seemed like she was about to come. That was impossible, right? All he'd done to

stimulate her was fuck her face, give her a couple of spanks, and then…

"Fuck, honey," she moaned, "I'm coming all over his big white cock. I can't help it. It feels so fucking good…"

Ace smiled as he began to pummel my wife's poor pussy, grabbing onto her pigtails as handlebars as he slammed into her. He fucked her all the way through that first orgasm, and then into another.

"God," she moaned, her face flushing like she'd had took much alcohol, "I can't believe I'm coming again so soon!"

I couldn't believe it either. I normally managed to only give her a single orgasm per session, usually with my fingers or tongue. I don't think I'd ever brought her to orgasm with my cock alone, but Ace seemed to be doing it effortlessly. Again and again.

"Yes, you little fucking Asian slut," he groaned, looking down and watching his thick white meat disappearing into her tight cunt over and over again, "I know you love this big white cock."

"I love your big white cock, Sir," she moaned, already on the verge of another climax, "I want you to come and fuck me like this all the time. I need this cock every day."

I had to admit that it stung to hear my wife express such a clear preference for Ace's cock, but all I could do in the moment was sit and watching, playing with my own erection through my pants.

"Let's try something different," said Ace, pulling out of my quivering wife for a moment.

He pulled her up onto the bed and put her on her back, parting her legs and pushing his cock into her from above. She looked so small underneath this huge white hunk, his rippling muscles contrasting with her soft curves.

This position was more intimate, almost tender. He placed a hand around her neck in a dominant gesture as he began to pound her pussy.

"Oh God," she moaned, "honey, he fills so good. He's filling me up so fucking good. I need this so bad..."

I watched helplessly as my wife achieved yet another orgasm in this position, coming so hard this time that tears were streaming

down her face.

"It's so good," she panted, "it's...incredible. I love your white cock."

She looked up into his eyes and kissed him tenderly.

"Please come inside me," she begged.

I knew that she was on birth control, but this just seemed too intimate. It stung to hear her beg him like that. As if she wanted him to impregnate her.

I contemplated using my safeword and stopping the scene, but then I realized that a deeper part of me wanted to see exactly this: a dominant man claiming my wife's womb with his potent seed.

"Fuck yes you little whore," growled Ace, picking up the pace of his fucking, absolutely jackhammering her into the bed.

"Please fill me up. Please!"

It was only a matter of a few seconds before Ace groaned uncontrollably, shooting a huge load deep into my wife's eager cunt.

She reached up and held him there for a long time, as if wanting to keep every drop inside her.

"Thank you," she moaned, "I needed that so much."

Ace bent down and gave her a long kiss on the lips, before slowly pulling out. To my surprise, he moved up on the bed so that he was straddling her face.

"Clean me off, slut," he ordered.

Marie didn't hesitate for a moment. She polished his knob eagerly, fondling his balls in the other hand.

Ace turned to me and grinned.

"I think maybe Marie and I would like to be a alone for a while. What do you think, slut?"

Marie looked up at him and nodded obediently.

"It's ok, honey," she said, turning to me, "why don't you go out and come back in a couple of hours?"

I was humiliated, but also extremely turned on. I simply nodded and stood, tucking my still-hard cock into my pants as I left the room, and then the apartment.

◆◆◆

When I returned three hours later, Marie was alone, freshly showered, and sitting on the couch in her bathrobe.

"That was INCREDIBLE," she said, patting a spot next to her.

I sat down beside her. She leaned in and gave me a long, tender kiss.

"Thank you SO much, honey."

"You're welcome," I replied.

"I want to tell you everything," she said, rubbing my cock through my pants, "but first let me get some lube. I think you deserve a little relief, but I'm way too sore to do anything but jerk you off."

"That's ok," I said, "I understand."

And I truly did. Even if it was hard to hear, I knew that I wanted to know all the details of the rest of her encounter with Ace.

Even if I knew it would change our marriage forever.

THE END

On her back for his bullying boss

From the first time they met it was clear to me that something was going on between Tony and Marisa. The flirtatious banter between the two at the office party wouldn't have bothered me if not for one simple fact: Marisa was my loving wife of more than five years, and Tony was my bullying boss who made my work life absolutely unbearable.

It had been clear that Tony was trouble from the day he'd been hired for the same manager position that I'd been interviewed for. Since then, he'd been riding my ass every day, trying to find something to reprimand me for. I knew that my annual review was coming up, and I feared that he was collecting reasons to fire me.

I told Marisa about all of this, of course. She was more than sympathetic. After all, she knew how much we needed my income. If I lost my job, we'd have to ask her parents for money. And neither of us wanted to do that.

So Tony was more than just an obnoxious boss, he was an existential threat to the future of our life together. That's why I just couldn't understand that Marisa, as understanding as she was, still seemed to keep a positive attitude towards Tony.

"I know it's tough," she'd say, pressing her beautiful body against me, "but he's just doing his job. He has bosses too, you know. And they're probably telling him that he's got to get tough with his employees."

I'd try to see her perspective, just to humor her, but I knew that he wasn't "just following orders" – he enjoyed seeing me squirm.

Finally, as I'd feared, things came to a head during my annual review. He'd been noting each infraction I'd made since he'd become

the manager (no matter how silly or inconsequential), and began our meeting by reading to me out of my file. When he'd finished, he set the folder down on his desk and fixed me with his steely blue eyes.

It occurred to me in that moment that Tony was also rather good-looking. He was also in very good shape. Perhaps that was a (surely unconscious) reason why Marisa was so favorably disposed to him?

"So, Will," he said, "let me just start with the bad news first: I'm going to have to lay off about half of the staff in this office, and your name is on my list."

I was shocked. I had expected the review to go badly, but I hadn't expected to be confronted immediately with the prospect of losing my job.

"Is there any good news?"

He smiled.

"That depends entirely on your wife," he said.

"My wife?"

"Yes, your wife. Marisa."

"What does she have to do with anything?"

"Let's just say that there are ways that she could convince me to change my mind."

I flushed with rage, but tried to keep my composure, knowing that getting mad was pointless.

"No," I said, "I...I don't want whatever it is you're suggesting. I'd rather lose my job."

He smirked at me.

"Why don't you talk it over with Marisa first? Don't make any rash decisions. I'll give you until tomorrow at 5 pm to decide. You'll both come to my office if you want to keep your job."

"This is illegal. I'll report you to HR."

"Please do," he laughed, "Linda in HR is already an...intimate friend of mine…and has no problem with my management style."

Simmering with rage and sorrow, I turned and left the office, slamming the door behind me.

But the next day at 5 PM, I was back, and Maria was with me.

Chapter 2

When I'd gotten home that night, I hadn't wanted to tell her anything, but my consternation had been impossible to ignore. Finally, Marisa got the whole story out of me. She was sympathetic as usual, but didn't seem to be as upset as I was by Tony's obviously indecent suggestion.

"Look," she said, "you know I love you. Nothing is ever going to change that. So he wants a blowjob or whatever. That's not going to change our relationship!"

I was bowled over.

"Not going to change our relationship? Are you serious?!"

"Calm down honey," she said, "if all he wants is sex, this is an easy proposition. Maybe we can even negotiate a raise for you. Besides, if we do this for him, your job is going to be safe forever."

"What makes you think that? What's to stop him from demanding even more next time?"

I started to tear up.

"It's ok, baby," she said, keeping her composure, "I doubt he's going to do this again. Let's just go over there together and hear him out, ok? I want to do this. For you. For us."

After more than an hour of talking, she had finally managed to convince me. No matter what he wanted her – or us – to do, it wouldn't be that bad in the grand scheme of things. Certainly not worth risking our future over.

I'd managed to make myself believe her.

Now, standing next to her in the anteroom of Tony's office, waiting for his administrative assistant to give us the go-ahead to enter inter his "inner sanctum."

I looked over at Marisa. She seemed a bit nervous, but not at all worried. As if she knew that everything was going to be alright.

"You can go inside now," said Lisa, the receptionist.

Rumor had it that she was fucking Tony. Even though she had a boyfriend. This guy had a way of convincing women to do things. That is to say, to do him.

I almost laughed at the little joke I'd made in my own mind, but I stopped myself. But why shouldn't I laugh, though? What other possible response was there to this situation. It was like we were in the middle ages, and the feudal lord had summoned us to him.

There he was. Sitting on his desk with his legs spread in some kind of obscene power-pose.

"So nice of you both to come," he smiled, "I'm glad you decided to consider my offer."

I looked around. There were two armchairs facing the desk.

"Have a seat," he said.

I sat in one armchair, while Marisa sat in the other, carefully smoothing down her skirt and crossing her perfectly smooth legs first.

"I'm glad you decided to accept my offer," began Tony, "so let's skip straight to the point. Here's how this is going to work. I'm going to fuck your wife, and you're going to watch. Either one of you may stop the encounter at any time. But if you do so, the offer is off the table."

"And what is the 'offer' exactly?" I managed to stammer.

"You get to keep your job. Not only that, you get a 10% raise."

"How is this different from prostitution?" asked Marisa, her voice curiously matter-of-fact.

"I suppose that's a good question, since in this scenario, you'll be playing the whore," he gave her a lewd look, "and I'm not an expert on legal matters. But I can assure you that this will remain only between the three of us."

I looked over at Marisa. She smiled at me slightly, encouragingly.

It's ok, she mouthed silently, I love you.

“What do you think?” ask Tony, “you can take my offer, or leave it.”

“We’ll take it,” said Marisa, flashing him a broad smile, which took me back a bit.

“Honey,” I said, “don’t you think we should...”

“What’s there to talk about?” she asked, “we already knew what we were getting into coming over here today.”

I knew she was right, I just hadn’t expected her to be so...enthusiastic.

“So,” he said, “let’s get started. As I said, anyone can stop the encounter at any time. What will happen between us will be completely consensual. Do you understand?”

We both nodded.

“Good,” he said, “so let’s not waste any more time.”

I swallowed. This was really going to happen. I was going to watch my bullying boss fuck my wife.

“Marisa,” he said, “stand up and come over here. You,” he pointed to me, “stay in that chair and don’t move unless you’re told to.”

I nodded.

Marisa stood. I watched as she smoothed down her skirt and walked over to him.

“You’re going to be my personal toy for the next few hours or so. My personal slut. Do you understand?”

She nodded.

He reached back and smacked her ass, over her short summer skirt. Hard.

“Ouch!” she protested, but I could tell from the slight giggle that escaped her lips afterwards that she was far from uncomfortable being spanked by him.

“I require verbal consent, slut,” he said, putting his arm around her waist and pulling her closer to him, “do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” she breathed, looking up at him, her lips inches from his.

“Good girl,” he said, pulling her in for a long kiss.

She slowly reciprocated, opening her mouth and allowing him to slip his tongue into hers. This hurt me much more than I would have imagined. It seemed even more intimate than sex, and what was more, there was nothing of the awkwardness that one might associate with a first kiss. It seemed totally natural. Like they had been lovers for years.

When they broke their kiss, Marisa smiled up at my boss.

"Very good girl," he said, leaning back now against his desk, "now show me just how good you can be."

"Yes, Sir," she whispered obediently, seeming to sense what he had in mind as she dropped to her knees and began to undo his belt.

He ran his fingers through her hair, looking over at me and smiling.

"Be careful," he said, sneering, "you might lose her forever once she gets a taste of my cock."

I was secretly afraid he might be right, but this scene was also incredibly erotic. I couldn't look away from the sight of my beautiful young wife on her knees, eagerly pulling my boss's rapidly hardening cock from his pants.

When she'd finally succeeded in freeing it, holding the rapidly hardening shaft in her hand, she looked up at him, awaiting his permission to begin.

"Oh my God," she said, suddenly becoming aware of the size and weight of the member in her hand and looking down at it as it swelled even further, "is that...is that as big as it gets?"

"Almost," he said, leering lewdly down at my innocent bride, "why don't you give it a little lick and see just how hard you can get it?"

She eagerly followed his instructions, licking around his bulbous head, the size of which positively dwarfed my own, even in its semi-erect state.

"Good fucking slut," he growled, grabbing a handful of her hair and pushing her mouth further down on his shaft, "now show your husband how you choke on a real cock."

He looked up and winked at me as he sank his cock into my wife's throat.

"Don't worry," he said, "this will all be worth it when you get to keep your job."

Marisa moaned and grabbed the back of his legs as if trying to pull him even further into her throat. I'd never experienced her like this before. It was like she was crazy for dick. The only time she'd done anything remotely close to this with me was the night after I proposed to her. She'd been wild that night, but ever since then, more or less a once-a-week and only-with-the-lights-off type of girl. Blowjobs were only for my birthday, and she'd certainly never tried to deepthroat me. It wouldn't have been particularly difficult for her, either, given the relative ease with which she was swallowing Tony's much larger cock.

"Fuck yes, you're such a good little slut," he groaned, closing his eyes and throwing his head back in obscene satisfaction as my wife pleasured him, "I know she doesn't suck your cock like this."

Of course he was right, but I couldn't say anything. I was too filled with a strange mixture of excitement and shame as I watched my bullying boss choke my wife on his long, thick cock.

He pulled out of her throat and she gasped for air, still looking up at him in devotion as a tear rolled down each of her cheeks, slowly. She had exerted herself to such an extent that her eyes were watering with the effort of taking his cock.

"Get those balls in your mouth, whore," he laughed, slapping her across the face with his shaft as he pressed his huge sack onto her tongue.

Marisa leaned forward, lapping at his sack with enthusiasm as he pushed her head down further and further, until she was licking his taint.

"Alright, whore," he said, "it's time for you to show your husband how far you'll go to please me. Lick my asshole. That's right – I want to feel your slutty little tongue in my ass."

I gasped as Marisa immediately did as she was asked, without seeming to give any consideration whatsoever to what he was asking.

Tony closed his eyes once more and sighed in pleasure as I watched my wife's tongue disappear between his asscheeks. This was the same mouth, the same tongue, with which I'd shared a tender loving kiss not a few minutes before. And now here it was – here she was – rimming the man who had made my life a living hell.

"Play with your pussy while you lick my asshole, slut," ordered Tony, "I want you nice and wet for this big cock. I'm sure your husband can't wait to see what you look like when you're getting fucked by a real dick."

She reached down between her legs and pushed her panties aside, rubbing her slit eagerly, moaning into his asshole. My own cock tented my pants angrily, desperate for relief. I was too turned on by the sight before me to think about the possible consequences this would have for our marriage, or for my future sexual function.

"Good girl," he laughed, "you're a natural-born slut. I bet you can't wait to feel this monster inside you."

"Mmm-hhm," she moaned.

He pulled her by the hair so she was looking him in the eyes again.

"Say it, slut."

He slapped her in the face with one hand and she smiled up at him. She really seemed to be enjoying the rough treatment he was giving her. I was experiencing a hidden side of Marisa I'd never known.

"I can't wait to feel your monster cock inside me," she moaned, a note of desperation in her voice, "please give it to me."

He laughed and pushed her backwards, onto her back on the carpet. Then he jumped down onto the carpet himself, reaching down under her skirt and pulling off her panties with a single stroke of his muscular arms. Then he spread her legs and pushed his throbbing prick inside her. It all happened just a few feet from where I was sitting.

I could see it all: the look of lust on his face as he slowly split my wife with his obscenely large cock. The way Marisa's face moved from a look of surprise to anguish to absolute rapture as he finally plunged his prick past her defenses.

The way the flush of pleasure slowly suffused across my wife's cheeks as he began to pound her pussy, one hand firmly around her throat and the other teasing her pert nipples through her blouse.

I almost couldn't believe it, but it was true: my innocent wife Marisa was on her back for my bullying boss. And there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

But that wasn't all. I liked it.

Tony plunged his cock into Marisa harder and harder now, groaning in exertion as he slammed her into the office floor.

"Tell me you love this cock, whore," he groaned.

"I love your cock," Marisa blurted.

It stung a bit that she hadn't even tried to resist him for a moment, but on the other hand I loved seeing her cut loose like this.

He placed a hand around her neck, his gigantic palm dwarfing her petite throat. He didn't choke her, just held it there to remind her who was in charge. Her response was immediate. She began to moan and pant like I'd never heard before.

"Oh God," she moaned, "don't stop. Don't fucking stop fucking me."

I had my cock out now. I couldn't help it. I had to jerk off to the sight of my dominant alpha boss taking control of my beautiful, wet, willing wife. It was like I had no choice. My own prick looked a bit pathetic next to the gorgeous, angry monster that was plumbing the depths of my wife's pussy, each stroke changing her irrevocably and taking her away from me.

"Whose pussy is this?" growled Tony, holding her arms above her head with one hand while his other remained on her neck.

"It's yours, Sir," shrieked my wife, wrapping her legs around his powerful backside as he slammed her into the office floor.

"That's right you little fucking whore," Tony growled.

I felt a wave of humiliation flood through my body. How could I be sitting there watching my wife being completely claimed by another man, much less the man who had made my own life a living hell for the past few months?

Yet here I was, about to climax.

And from the looks of it, so was Marisa.

“Please,” she panted, “please may I come, Sir?”

“Not yet you little whore,” he laughed, “first I want you to tell your husband the truth.”

“What?”

“About us.”

Oh God. What was he talking about? Did they have some kind of history together?

Before I could say anything or react in any way, Tony had flipped Marisa over onto her hands and knees and was entering her doggy-style, from behind, as he directed her gaze towards me with one powerful hand in her hair.

He slapped her ass. Hard.

Her eyes rolled back in her head and she moaned.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Tell him,” he growled, pounding into her from behind, “tell him everything.”

“Yes, Sir,” she groaned, biting her lip before looking forward directly into my eyes.

“Tony’s been...”

She stopped for a moment.

SMACK!

My boss cracked his hand down across my wife’s ass.

“Tony’s been fucking me for months,” she moaned, “I’m sorry, honey. I couldn’t help it. After the office party.”

Tony grabbed her hair and pulled a bit tighter.

“Keep going, slut. Tell him everything.”

“I…,” she continued, “I sucked his cock in his car during lunch. While you were in the office.”

“Good girl,” he laughed, winking at me cruelly, “keep going.”

“He… fucked me in his office,” she continued, “this office, here. The one that might have belonged to you. If you’d gotten his job instead of him.”

“That’s right,” laughed Tony, “you’d be surprised the slutty things a married woman will do for a powerful man with a cock like mine. You’ve already seen some of them. But there were more.”

“Yes, honey,” moaned Marisa, “I’m so sorry, I couldn’t help it. I wanted to tell you, but...”

Marisa became lost in her own pleasure, her eyes rolling back as Tony began to pound her even harder, whispering obscenities as he smacked her ass. I was witnessing my wife submitting completely to this man who was superior in every way, and to my surprise, it was turning me on incredibly.

“That’s it, whore,” growled Tony, “come on this cock.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned, her eyes closed in concentration and her back arched as she reached a shrieking climax.

“Fuck yes,” she moaned, “God, I want your cum. Please fill me up, Sir. Please claim my cunt.”

The revelation that my wife had been cuckolding me with Tony should have hit me like a load of bricks, but it actually made a lot of sense. In that moment, I accepted this new reality as I reached my own climax, dribbling a spurt of come onto my hand as I watched Tony plunge himself once more into Marisa and pump several powerful spurts of cum into her tight, clenching pussy.

“Fuck,” she moaned, pushing back against his cock as if trying not to spill a drop, “that was the best orgasm yet, Sir. Was I a good whore for you?”

“Yes, slut,” said Tony, “do you think we should let your husband keep his job?”

“Well,” she said, pausing and looking at me with an expression of pity, “he did keep his end of the bargain. He let you fuck his wife, even though you were already fucking his wife.”

She laughed and kissed him as he leaned in over her shoulder, slowly withdrawing his monstrous cock from her petite pussy.

The kiss stung. Almost more than watching him creampie my wife.

“Do you want your job?”

Tony’s question was directed at me.

“Yes, Sir,” I said, meekly.

“Good,” he laughed, “then I guess you can keep working here.”

“Thank you, Sir,” I said, reaching for a box of tissues.

I cleaned myself awkwardly as Tony and Marisa kissed and exchanged soft pleasantries.

"Honey," said Marisa, "Tony and I aren't done here. Why don't you go ahead and drive home, and he'll drop me off later. You can do that, right?"

I nodded. What other choice did I have?

That night, I waited up for Marisa for a long time. When she finally tumbled through the bedroom door, her makeup a wreck and her clothes disheveled, I could practically smell Tony on her.

"He fucked my mouth," she said, giggling, "and he came on my face. He said he's going to send you a picture."

I grabbed my cell phone from the nightstand. Sure enough, there it was. Another trophy for my boss, another token of my wife's utter subservience to him. Marisa was on her knees, her eyes closed, smiling, her face covered with three absolutely enormous ropes of my boss's cum.

"I hope you like our new arrangement, honey," she laughed, grabbing my rapidly hardening cock, "from the looks of it, I think you do."

I nodded.

"Now why don't you just relax and I'll give you a handjob while I tell you about everything else that Tony and I have done."

I smiled and melted into the bed as my wife squeezed lube onto her hands, working my cock up to its full length. If I couldn't satisfy her like Tony did, at least I could hear about it.

"The first time," she began, looking off into the distance as if to retrieve a memory, "I was really nervous..."

I sat back and listened to her story. It was the end of our old marriage, and the beginning of a new one.

My wife and her Students

"Well, I'm getting fired," announced Anna, throwing her messenger bag down in disgust as she waltzed through the front door, "the stupid dean accidentally did a 'reply all' to the whole department, announcing that all contingent faculty will not be renewed next fall due to budget cuts."

She looked at me with a look of disgust, humiliation and rage.

"You know who's contingent? I am."

I knew, of course. She'd been teaching art history as an adjunct professor at the local university for more than 10 years. In many ways, it was her dream job. Not only was she an effective instructor, she'd also gathered quite a following on certain websites for her fashion sense and her smoldering good looks.

That's right: my wife was the 'hot professor.' The girls loved her clothes and the boys all wanted to fuck her. I can't say I blamed them. Anna was gorgeous.

"So now the dean is calling everyone, trying to straighten it all out, but the fact remains that he fucked up. They're supposed to make announcements like this during the summer, not while the semester is still on. They have to prevent people from doing stupid shit like stealing equipment or fucking students or whatever."

I laughed.

"What's so funny?" she said, her eyes reddening, "this is my career we're talking about. There's nowhere else in town for me to work. And we can't move because of your job."

"Sorry," I said, reaching out to comfort her, "I was laughing about the 'fucking students' part. Is that really something a lot of your colleagues would do?"

She looked at me for a long time, a mischievous expression coming to her face.

"Maybe it's something I should do," she said, "really teach them something for once. I bet even the football players would start to learn a lot about art history if that was an option."

"Well if you do," I said, sarcastically, "just be sure to tell me all about it."

"I will," she said, "I know you'd like that."

We'd talked about my fantasy of her becoming a "hotwife" or otherwise cuckolding me for a long time. She'd always been happy to indulge me with roleplay scenarios and dirty talk, but she'd never been the least bit willing to try it in real life. Even though she loved playing the hot teacher, she was reluctant to cross ethical lines with her real students, and the idea of finding a friend or stranger to help fulfill my fantasy didn't appeal much to her. She simple wasn't comfortable with it, and I had to accept that. I could count myself lucky that she was even willing to talk to me about it in bed.

"Of course," I said, "anytime."

She gave me a long, sad look, then walked into the kitchen.

"If you really love me," she said, "you'll make me a drink. I think I deserve it."

"Of course, honey," I said, walking over to the bar.

It was terrible, of course, that Anna was going to lose her job, but it was hardly a huge misfortune for us as a family. She made less than minimum wage as an adjunct professor, but I was one half of a thriving architecture firm and made more than enough money for the both of us. I knew, however, that it would be devastating to her sense of worth.

"Here you go," I said, walking into the kitchen and setting the drink in front of her while I massaged her back gently, "this sucks. It's terrible. And it's normal to be upset and angry. I just want you to know that I'm here for you. However you need me. No matter what."

"Thanks, honey," she said, putting her hand on one of mine.

A single tear dripped down her cheek, gliding over her carefully applied foundation.

My wife truly was a knockout. Even when she was crying.

Chapter 2

The next morning, Anna headed off to the university as usual, making no mention of the dean's incompetent e-mail, or the events of the previous day. In fact, there was no trace that anything was out of the ordinary in our lives until she came home that evening, her mood in stark contrast to the previous day.

"Hi honey," she said, "that dean sure is an idiot. It looks like he might have to resign, too."

"So you're going to keep your job?"

"Ha," she said, "nope. None of us. And a lot of us are pretty upset about it, too."

"So did any of you fuck a student?"

She gave me a long look.

"No, but something did happen that might interest you," she said mysteriously.

My cock sprang to attention. It couldn't be...could it?

"Tell me," I said, coming up behind her and kissing her neck, "has my wife been naughty?"

"A little," she laughed, "I'll tell you after dinner. But don't get your hopes up. It's nothing too extreme."

"Ok," I said, "but I still can't wait to find out.

Dinner seemed to drag on. There was a delicious tension in the air. I couldn't wait to find out Anna's secret. Had she flirted with a student? Done something even more? It didn't seem possible that she would cross an ethical line so quickly, even under such difficult circumstances.

Finally, the dishes were done and the carafe of wine was down to the dregs. Anna had kicked off her shoes, and folded her legs

under her in the armchair in the living room, her glass of wine in one hand.

"So you know how we were joking about me fucking a student," she said, stopping to take a long sip of wine.

"Yeah," I said, trying to conceal the eagerness in my voice, "did you do it?"

"Ha," she said, smiling playfully, "not exactly. I didn't fuck a student. But I did see some students fucking."

"What, really? What do you mean?"

"It must be the unseasonably warm weather or something," she said, "after class I went to my office to drop off some stuff before I headed home. When I was walking out, I passed a classroom that I assumed was empty, but I heard some strange noises, so I opened the door just a crack."

"And?"

She stopped to cover her mouth in astonishment, as if she were only now discovering the sight.

"And," she continued, "I saw Jeremy and Rachel fucking. Like, hard. No lovemaking. Nothing at all tender. This was just straight up, porno-style fucking. She was bent over the desk with her yoga pants around her knees, and he was just railing her from behind. And of course he was filming it with his phone. This generation can't just experience something. They have to document it at the same time. And who's actually going to watch it afterwards?"

"Though…," she added, "I actually wouldn't mind watching that video. They make a pretty good looking couple. Jeremy has kind of an indie look. He might be in a rockband or something. He's one of the few straight guys that take my classes out of interest. The other ones are football players who are hoping for an easy grade."

I nodded.

"So did you just stand there watching them?"

"What else could I do? I didn't want to stop them. Maybe if I wasn't going to be fired next semester I would have thought about it. But they were having so much fun, I didn't want to be the one to spoil it."

"So what happened next?"

"Well, eventually he pulled out, and Rachel turned around and dropped to her knees like a good little slut and took his load all over her face. Where do these kids learn how to do this stuff?"

"They're in college," I reminded her, "I'm sure you were just as filthy-minded as them."

"Filthy minded," she corrected, "but it took me a long time to actually act any of the stuff out that I imagined."

"Oh?" I said, intrigued, "are you interested in trying out a fantasy in real life?"

"Maybe," she said, sliding off the chair and sitting next to me on the couch, "maybe I could confront Jeremy after class tomorrow, and tell him I know all about his big secret."

"Is he big?"

"Huge," she said, giggling, holding out her hands (one of which still held her wine glass) to indicate a length of about 10 inches.

"Bullshit," I said, "no one is that big."

"Ok, maybe not," she laughed, "but he was huge. Extremely well-endowed."

"I believe you. What would you say if you confronted him?"

She reached down and patted my bulge, happy to see that I was almost fully erect.

"Well," she said, "I might tell him what I saw. And I wanted a chance to play, too."

"Oh God," I said, "that would be so hot."

"Maybe I'd tell him to treat me just like he treated Rachel," she continued, unbuckling my belt and then making short work of my button and zipper, "maybe I'd tell him he could get extra credit by bending me over the desk and fucking me with that big, hard cock of his."

"Fuck yes," I whispered as she closed her hand around my shaft, lubing it with the precum that was leaking from my tip.

"I'd even let him film it of course," she said, "if that's what he's into."

She was playing with my balls now, leaning into me and letting me look down her shirt.

“Maybe I’d just jerk him off,” she said, “like this. Tell him it doesn’t really count as cheating on his cute little girlfriend. Then slowly escalate. Get him to do more and more things with me...”

I groaned in arousal as her hand circled around my shaft, teasing it expertly.

“I’m pretty good at handjobs, don’t you think? I bet I’m a lot better than Rachel. She can’t have had much experience at her age.”

“Shit,” I moaned, as she began to play with my balls, “you’re going to make me cum. I don’t think I can stand it anymore.”

“You don’t have to,” she said, stroking me faster, “just cum for me. Give me all of that cum right now. I need it so bad.”

In that moment, I lost control. Not just in the sense that I reached orgasm and sprayed my wife’s hand and blouse with cum, but also in the sense that it was the moment that Anna began to make good on my cuckold fantasies. I never would have imagined how far she actually took it.

Chapter 3

The next day flew by. I had plenty of work to do at the firm, and so I'd almost completely forgotten about our encounter yesterday, and all of Anna's dirty talk about her students.

That is, until that evening, when Anna was in high spirits. Almost giddy, in fact.

"Boy do I have something to tell you," she smirked, bouncing over to me and giving me a kiss as she came through the door, "but let's wait until after dinner again."

"Ok," I said, feeling my cock already start to stiffen in my pants.

Could it really be true? Had she really made a pass at a student?

"Well," she said, after the dishes had finally been cleared, "I think for this one, we're going to want to go to the bedroom."

I loved the direction this was moving in.

She slowly began to undress. First her blouse, then her skirt, finally her stockings. As she did, she began her story:

"So you remember how I was telling you about Jeremy?"

"The guy with the big cock."

"That's him."

"Did something happen?"

She nodded at me, giving me a mischievous look.

"It certainly did."

She came over and pulled me close, kissing me before leaning up to whisper in my ear.

"I told him that I'd seen him in a...compromising position yesterday," she said, "and he turned red. He was totally embarrassed. It was cute."

She reached down and began to unfasten my pants.

"I said he had nothing to be embarrassed about. Quite the contrary."

"Oh fuck..."

"You better believe that got his attention," she laughed, "I asked him if he'd like to discuss this in my office."

"And did he?"

"Oh yeah," she said, "he was so eager. He followed me down the hall and into my office."

"Fuck," I groaned as she dropped to her knees and took my shaft in her mouth.

After sucking for a bit, she looked up at me.

"I'm so fucking wet, honey. I want to ride you while I tell you the rest."

I nodded quickly.

I lay on the bed and she slipped me inside her as she straddled me.

"I told him to shut the door. He did. I could already see the bulge in his pants, honey..."

"I asked him how long he and Rachel had been dating. He said they were more like friends with benefits, not boyfriend and girlfriend."

She began to bounce up and down on my cock slightly more quickly.

"And I laughed and told him that with a cock like the one he had, he probably made a lot of girls happy."

"Fuck, honey, you're so bad..."

"I know. I'm such a fucking slut, aren't I?"

I nodded and ran my hands over her tits.

"That's just what he did, honey," she said, put his hands all over my breasts after I took out his cock and started stroking it, right there in the middle of my office. You know that I keep hand lotion on my desk, and it really came in handy. Mmmm I loved the look on his face as he watched his sexy professor stroking his big hard cock. I kept telling him how big he was and how much I'd loved watching him fuck his cute little girlfriend, even if she wasn't really his

girlfriend. I told him that if he was lucky he might get a blowjob next time...”

“Shit, honey,” I groaned, reaching out and grabbing her hips to guide her as she rode me ever more quickly, “I’m going to cum.”

“Mmm, just like he did, honey. He shot a nice big load all over my tits. Fuck I love watching a guy that age come. He had so much of it and it came out so forcefully. Come for me baby. Come inside me.”

“God yes,” I groaned, thrusting up into my wife while imagining the incredibly slutty scenario she had described.

Was she telling the truth? I had no way of knowing. But I knew that I loved this new side of her. What’s more, it didn’t seem like she was doing any of this solely to fulfill my fantasy. She was leading me further down the path of cuckoldry because it was what she wanted. And that made all of this a thousand times more exciting.

“I love you honey,” I said, after she’d collapsed onto me.

“I love you too,” she said, “now what should I try tomorrow?”

“I bet Jeremy would like a blowjob,” I suggested.

“You’re probably right,” she said, “I could invite him into my office and give him a nice, long sloppy blowjob right there on my knees. What do you think – should he come on my face and take a picture to send you?”

“Oh wow,” I said, my cock starting to stiffen again already, “that would be a dream come true!”

“I know it would, you perv,” she laughed, rolling off me.

“I’m going to take a shower now,” she added, “but after that, maybe we can choose my outfit for tomorrow together.”

Chapter 4

The next morning Anna spent longer than usual on her makeup. When she finally emerged from the bathroom, my jaw dropped. She was always stunning, but her new look simply oozed sex. Her smoky eye shadow and red lipstick made her look less like a professor and more like a pornstar.

"You're really going for it, aren't you?" I asked, admiring her.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" she laughed, "to see your wife look and act like a total whore?"

"Yes," I said, "it sounds so dirty when you put it like that."

"How should I put it then?"

"That was totally fine," I said, giving her a peck on the cheek before she headed out the door.

◆◆◆

This time, my day at the office seemed absolutely interminable. I couldn't wait for Anna to reveal the salacious details of her next erotic encounter. I arrived home early and started dinner, checking my phone compulsively in hopes that Anna would make contact.

Five o'clock rolled around; no Anna.

Then it was six. I put the food in the oven to keep it warm.

At 6:15, I texted her.

How are things? Are you coming back soon?

Finally, around 7:30, I got a message. It was a picture.

I opened it, my heart pounding. My eyes fell on Anna smiling up at the camera. In her hands was the biggest black cock I'd ever seen.

I guess she'd decided to follow my instructions and give Jeremy that blowjob.

"Wow, you weren't kidding when you said he was big," I wrote, "I guess I won't expect you back for a while."

She responded with a smiling face emoji, then said "It's not Jeremy. See you in an hour!"

Fuck. This was a different well-hung guy from her class? Just how many of them were there?

Little did I know, this was only the beginning of Anna's slutty behavior. She was truly cutting loose now.

Finally, around 9:30, she came tumbling through the door, slumping into the chair and throwing her messenger bag to the ground.

"That was crazy," she said, "I think I'm going to go upstairs and take a shower. Would you like to join me?"

I immediately sprang to attention.

"Yes!"

"Good," she said, standing up wearily and taking me by the hand, "I've got quite the story to tell."

We went upstairs to the master bathroom, and Anna began to undress.

"So there's this guy who's taken a couple of my classes," she began, "his name is Jamal, and he's on the football team. He's super muscular. I think he's an offensive lineman. Anyway, unlike some of those guys, there's not an ounce of fat on him anywhere. He's totally ripped, as I found out first hand. Ha ha."

I watched as she unhooked her bra, letting her generous tits spill out. She turned towards the mirror and examined her makeup for a moment, then began to slide down her panties as she continued.

"So he's this huge brute whose job it is to tackle other guys," she said, "but he's really soft-spoken and perceptive in class. He actually wrote this incredible paper about French art nouveau, comparing some of the figure drawings to the early Italian renaissance."

“I’m guessing the incredible story you have to tell me isn’t about his academic performance.”

“No,” she said, “it’s not at all.”

“So what happened?”

“Let’s get in the shower and I’ll tell you,” she said, turning back to me.

Right before she turned back around, I noticed the clear outline of a handprint on her otherwise pale ass.

“Looks like Jamal spanked the teacher.”

“Oh yeah,” she said, “he put me in my place. It was sooo good.”

My cock sprang to attention.

“Ha,” she said, looking down at me, “it’s funny how small you look now in comparison. But I guess there aren’t many guys who could compete with someone Jamal’s size.”

“Just how big is he?” I asked, the blood running completely to my dick.

“Huge,” she laughed, turning on the water and then stepping inside.

“Come on in and I’ll tell you.”

My cock stood at full attention as I stepped into the shower next to Anna, who lathered her body, looking at me with a smile.

“It feels so good to get clean after being so filthy.”

“You’re keeping me in suspense!”

“I know,” she laughed, spinning in the spray and rinsing her body.

Then she moved in towards me, gripping my shaft lightly as she began her story.

“So I told Jamal I wanted to discuss his latest essay,” she said, “and it wasn’t too hard to start getting flirtatious once we were behind closed doors. But I could tell he was reluctant to make the first move. Younger guys are so cute like that. They have no idea what they’re doing.”

“So you made the first move?”

“I took out his cock, if that’s what you mean. And he didn’t seem at all eager to stop me.”

“Oh God,” I said, “so you just dropped to your knees and took it out?”

“Pretty much,” she said, giggling a bit, “we were discussing the aesthetics of the male body in ancient Greece, and how they considered large genitals ‘barbaric.’ I just asked him if he leaned more toward the barbaric or the civilized side.”

“And?”

“He laughed and told me he was a total barbarian. So I asked to see his club.”

“God damn, I can’t believe you actually did it.”

“Mmm, is this worse than the handjob I gave Jeremy?”

“You still haven’t even told me what you actually did!”

“Well,” she said, turning off the water, then dropping to her knees and starting to suck my cock, “I took him in my mouth, like this. And I told him that he should pretend like he really was a barbarian. Not spare me at all.”

“Fuck...”

“Mmm-hmm,” she moaned into my shaft, then came up for air again.

“I was actually a little shocked at how rough he was at first. But I quickly adjusted.”

“What did he do?”

“He told me that if I was going to act like one of his little cheerleader sluts, he was going to treat me like one. Then he grabbed me by the hair and shoved his cock in my mouth.”

I imagined my wife on her knees in her office, in front of this brutish yet sensitive black athlete.

“He told me to open up like the good little whore he knew that I could be,” she continued, after slobbering over my cock and lubing it liberally with her spit, “but I honestly couldn’t deepthroat him. He was just too big!”

“But he grabbed the back of my head and kept trying to force his cock into my mouth. When he realized I just couldn’t do it, he told me that he was going to have to use one of my other holes instead.”

My cock was twitching in anticipation of what she was going to reveal. She took it into her mouth again for a few moments of eager sucking, before releasing it again and stroking it while she continued her story.

"I was so wet at this point. I have always loved the idea of being treated rough by an athlete with a big black cock, so I was more than ready to surrender all of my holes to him. I was soaked. The next thing I knew, I was on all fours on the carpet of my office. My skirt was hiked up above my waist, and my panties were down around my knees. My student was behind me, ready to brutalize my poor tight little pussy with his enormous black cock."

"Oh God," I groaned, feeling my own orgasm building, "keep going."

"You look like you're getting a little too excited," she said, releasing my cock for a moment and then moving my hands to her breasts, "why don't we give you a break while I finish my story?"

I could only nod. My wife's tits felt amazing, as usual. I imagined what they must have felt like to the college football player who was finally getting a chance to fuck his hot MILF professor after lusting after her for so long.

Her hand reached between her legs and she began to play with her clit as she continued.

"He just grabbed my hips and pounded me, calling me all kinds of names. I was so fucking turned on I was moaning in my office, but since I'm getting fired anyway, who cares, right? He told me I was his bitch, and that I was going to fuck and suck him whenever he wanted."

She began to tease her clit slightly more quickly now, and her breathing accelerated.

"I told him he could use me whenever and wherever he wanted, and that he could bring his friends if he wanted to."

"Oh God," I said, grabbing my cock and stroking it.

I simply couldn't help myself. She slapped my hand away.

"Let me do that," she said breathlessly, taking control of my shaft while she continued the story.

“He just kept pounding me, honey. He was relentless. I lost track of the number of times I came. He told me over and over again to come on his big, black cock.”

“Oh fuck,” I groaned, “I’m close...”

She began to stroke me faster and faster, aiming the tip of my cock for her lips and chin.

“When he was finally ready to come,” she continued, “he made me turn around and beg for it. Can you imagine that? Your wife on her knees begging for cum from a big black cock all over her face?”

“Uhhh...”

The feeling in my balls was growing. I was going to shoot a huge load.

“And then he just grabbed my hair and held me in position while he hosed me down with cum. It was so wonderful, honey. I loved being coated in his thick, creamy cum. Totally owned and marked by him.”

I watched as my cock twitched several times, shooting three streaks of cum across my wife’s face and chest. Surely it wasn’t as impressive as her young student, but it was still the hardest I could remember ejaculating in years.

“Fuck,” I groaned, “that was amazing. Did that really happen exactly like you said?”

“Mmm-hmm,” she smiled, licking some of my cum from her fingers, “in fact, he took a few pictures. If you want, I can ask him to send them to you.”

“That would be amazing.”

“I thought you might think so.”

“Are you going to fuck him again?”

“Do you think I should?”

“Absolutely.”

“Maybe I’ll have him bring some friends along next time...”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Was my wife, the serious academic, really saying that she wanted to be gangbanged by the football team?”

“Maybe they could come over here.”

"Now that's an idea! Think of the scandal it would cause. But what are they going to do – fire me?"

She couldn't really be serious. Could she?

Chapter 5

On Friday evening I had to work much later than usual. Anna knew in advance, and told me she'd be home early and would have a surprise for me. For some reason, I assumed she was alluding to a special dinner, or perhaps another filthy story about her and her students. Over the past few days, the dirty talk had subsided. She hadn't had any more encounters with students – that I knew of – and her old angst about losing her job had come back with a vengeance. Most nights, she simply seemed depressed.

That had all changed on Friday morning when she kissed me goodbye.

"Don't be too late," she said, smiling at me, "or you'll miss all the fun."

Now, here I was, driving up to the house. The first thing I noticed were the cars in the driveway. There were three of them. I didn't recognize any of them.

When I stepped through the front door, I was greeted by a towering man who almost certainly must have been my wife's star student, Jamal.

"Hi," he said, a little shyly, "I'm Jamal Thomas. Nice to meet you. Professor Adams – uh, I mean, Anna – said you'd be here soon."

I shook his hand.

"Nice to meet you," I said, "where's Anna?"

"She's uh –," he said, looking around him a bit nervously, "she's in the living room."

I became aware of a low moaning emanating from the living room.

"I think I can hear her."

He nodded, smiling a little.

"She said you were into this."

"I am indeed," I said, walking through the foyer and rounding the corner.

There, I saw the real-life fulfillment of all of my cuckold fantasies.

Anna, my beautiful, hot MILF of a wife was on all fours in the middle of the room, taking it hard and fast from a skinny guy with glasses who could only have been her student Jeremy.

On the couch, watching them, was an attractive read head who was completely naked except for a blue lace bra.

"Hi honey," panted Anna, between thrusts, "this is Jeremy and Rachel. I assume you met Jamal. We're all going to fuck, and you're going to watch."

She paused for a moment as Jeremy pulled out of her pussy very slowly and then put it all the way back in.

"There's just one rule," she continued, regaining her composure, "you are not allowed to join in. This is just about me and my students. Got it?"

I nodded, flopping down in the armchair and smiling at Rachel. She was an attractive young woman, but my particular kink was focused entirely on watching Anna get off with other men, not on me cheating on her, no matter how attractive the other woman might be.

"Oh fuck," moaned Rachel, "you're giving it to professor Adams so good."

"Yeah, you love this big cock, don't you, bitch?" growled Jeremy, slapping my wife's ass and eliciting a high yelp.

"Fuck," moaned Anna, "I'm going to come again."

"Come for him," moaned Rachel, rubbing her own clit even faster, "it's so hot to watch him fuck you like this."

I felt my own erection tent my pants, and a few moments later, I was stroking myself as I watched Jeremy pound my wife.

"Here it comes," he groaned, "where do you want it?"

“Inside me,” she groaned, “I need you to come inside me. Fill me the fuck up.”

“Yes, professor,” he moaned, slapping her ass and thrusting forward in ecstasy as he pumped his load inside her.

I wondered if he was wearing a condom. Anna had stopped taking birth control a couple of years ago after I got a vasectomy. Surely she wouldn’t have been so careless?

As if reading my mind, she looked over at me, just as Jeremy was pulling his completely unprotected cock out of her swollen pussy and said, “oops!”

What was happening? Was this some kind of game?

I immediately felt myself get even harder. This was a huge fantasy of mine, but not something I’d ever expected to see play out in reality. Least of all between my wife and her students.

“Clean him off and get him ready for the next round,” she said to Rachel.

“Yes, Professor Adams.”

I watched as Rachel crawled on all fours towards Jeremy, smiling up at him as she took his cock into her mouth, gently cleaning every trace of cum off of it.

In the meantime, Jamal had reappeared on the sidelines, and he was looking much less shy now. Completely nude, he was stroking his cock, which looked even bigger in real life than it had in the pictures Anna had shown me.

“Come here,” moaned Anna, “I need that monster in my mouth.”

“Yes professor Adams – I mean Anna,” he said, striding across the room and unceremoniously shoving his dick into her mouth.

“Fuck yeah,” he groaned, looking down at her, “this bitch loves rough treatment. Don’t you?”

Anna could only moan in agreement.

“Get those hands behind your back, whore,” he ordered, looking down at her as she choked on his enormous rod.

Jamal seemed to have suddenly lost all of the shyness he’d exhibited earlier when we’d first met.

“Fuck yes,” he laughed, as he forced even more of his large prick down my wife’s throat, “your wife loves this big black dick, doesn’t she?”

He looked over at me and smiled. All I could do was nod.

In the meantime, Rachel had Jeremy back at full attention, and he was turning her around and mounting her from behind as he’d done to Anna.

“Good little fucking slut,” he growled, sliding himself into her tight coed pussy, “take this big dick like a good girl.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned.

“Save that cum for me,” groaned Anna, “I want as much as possible.”

I marveled at what a slut my wife was being. Jamal had pressed her against the carpet now and was sliding his thick rod slowly into her while she moaned in pleasure with each stroke.

“Fuck, honey,” she groaned, “his dick feels so fucking good. It’s so fucking huge...”

She looked over at me, making eye contact. She looked almost drugged. Cock-drunk.

“I hope you like your surprise,” she continued.

“I love it,” I said breathlessly, stroking my own cock as I watched Jamal work over my wife with his gigantic tool.

In the heat of the moment, I didn’t stop to consider the consequences of what was happening. All I could think about was the fact that my wife was taking two huge unprotected cocks right in front of me – totally without protection.

“God damn this pussy is good,” groaned Jamal, clearly on the edge of his own climax.

“Shoot it inside me please,” moaned Anna, “give me all of that creamy cum.”

“Fuck yes,” moaned Jamal, thrusting into her harder and faster.

That was the moment it all became real to me: I was about to watch another man possibly impregnate my fertile wife. And there was no way to stop it now.

“God yes,” he grunted, thrusting forward and emptying himself into her, “that feels so fucking good.”

Rachel immediately crawled up to him and greedily began cleaning his cock with her mouth as Jeremy took his place for the second round.

"Yes," moaned Anna, "I'm going to come again. Please fill me again Jeremy. I need your cum so bad."

This time, Jeremy was in no hurry, having come once already. He was also not feeling particularly gentle. It was thrilling to watch him manhandle my wife, treating his professor as if she were little more than a porn star, a fantasy slut designed to fulfill his carnal desires. He slapped her ass hard, laughing when she cried out, then he gripped a handful of her hair and impaled her on his throbbing spear.

"Fuck yes, teach," he laughed, "this is for all of those bad grade you gave me on my essays."

"You deserved those," moaned Anna, "but yes, please punish me with that big fucking dick!"

He answered her with a slap, then continued to plow her from behind while he held her head securely by the hair.

"Oh God," moaned Anna, her eyes starting to roll back into the back of her head as she approached yet another climax, "please give it to me. Please knock me up in front of my cuck husband!"

Part of me wanted to step in, to tell him to stop – if only for the sake of appearances. The rational part of me understood that it was pointless, of course (she'd already taken at least two other loads in her unprotected cunt), but another part of me wanted to act out this masquerade in order to save my own dignity as a man. Especially in front of these other two clearly alpha men.

The irrational side of me won out, of course. Internally, I was cheering Jamal on. Shouting my approval as he inseminated my wife before my very eyes. I realized that I wanted this. I wanted this badly. There was nothing I had wanted quite as much over the last few years.

I spilled my own seed all over the living room floor, in precisely the same instant as Jamal filled Anna.

◆◆◆

The rest of the semester seemed to fly by. Anna finished the rest of her contract with class and panache. (Except, of course, for fucking at least two other students, and sleeping with both Jamal and Jeremy several more times to boot).

She, and all of the other temporary academic staff at the university did in fact lose their jobs. But everything ended up being only half as bad as it seemed. When the fall semester finally rolled around: we had bigger things on our mind:

Anna was in her second trimester. She was having a girl.

I couldn't have been happier – either with the unborn child herself, or how she was made. I was only curious as to whether she'd be white or black – Jeremy or Jamal's. I knew for certain that she couldn't be mine, of course!

THE END

Losing Helen

By Cynthia Sizemore



At 32, Helen is in the best shape of her life. When her husband notices how her coworkers look at her, he encourages her to flirt with them. It's a harmless way to spice up their love life at home.

At least at first.

But when Helen begins to truly embrace her wild side, she discovers the answer to a question that will change her marriage forever:

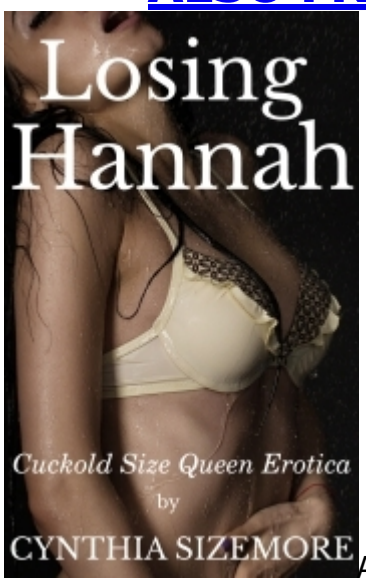
Does size *really* matter?

For Helen, the answer is a resounding **YES!**

Unfortunately for her husband (the narrator of this 14,000 word novelette), her journey of self-discovery involves turning him into a cuckold.

Will he be able to accept, and even *embrace* both his wife's new proclivities and his new cuck status? Even when Helen reveals to him that she's been engaging in kinky role play while taking it **hard**, **rough**, and **totally unprotected** from certain well-endowed pillars of the community?

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:



After a naughty conversation with a coworker at the office holiday party, Hannah begins acting strangely. Although she assures her husband Bill that "it's not the size of the boat, it's the motion of the ocean," she has clearly developed a preoccupation with the dimensions of one particular part of the male anatomy.

Soon, what starts as a casual interest becomes an obsession.

What will happen when Hannah figures out that what she's been told all her life is 6 inches is really more like 4 ½ inches?
Why is she suddenly interested in watching dirty videos on the internet? And where is she *really*going when she starts leaving the house to do "yoga" at night?

Learn the answers to these questions at the same time as Bill as he witnesses his wife's transition from **sweet, innocent young woman** to an **insatiable size queen** who loves to take it **hard, rough,** and **unprotected.**

Who thought that losing Hannah could be so arousing?

About the author

Dear Reader,

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

You can follow me on amazon to leave feedback and find out about new releases, special offers, and more!

E-mail me at cynthiasizematters@gmail.com.

--XX

Cynthia