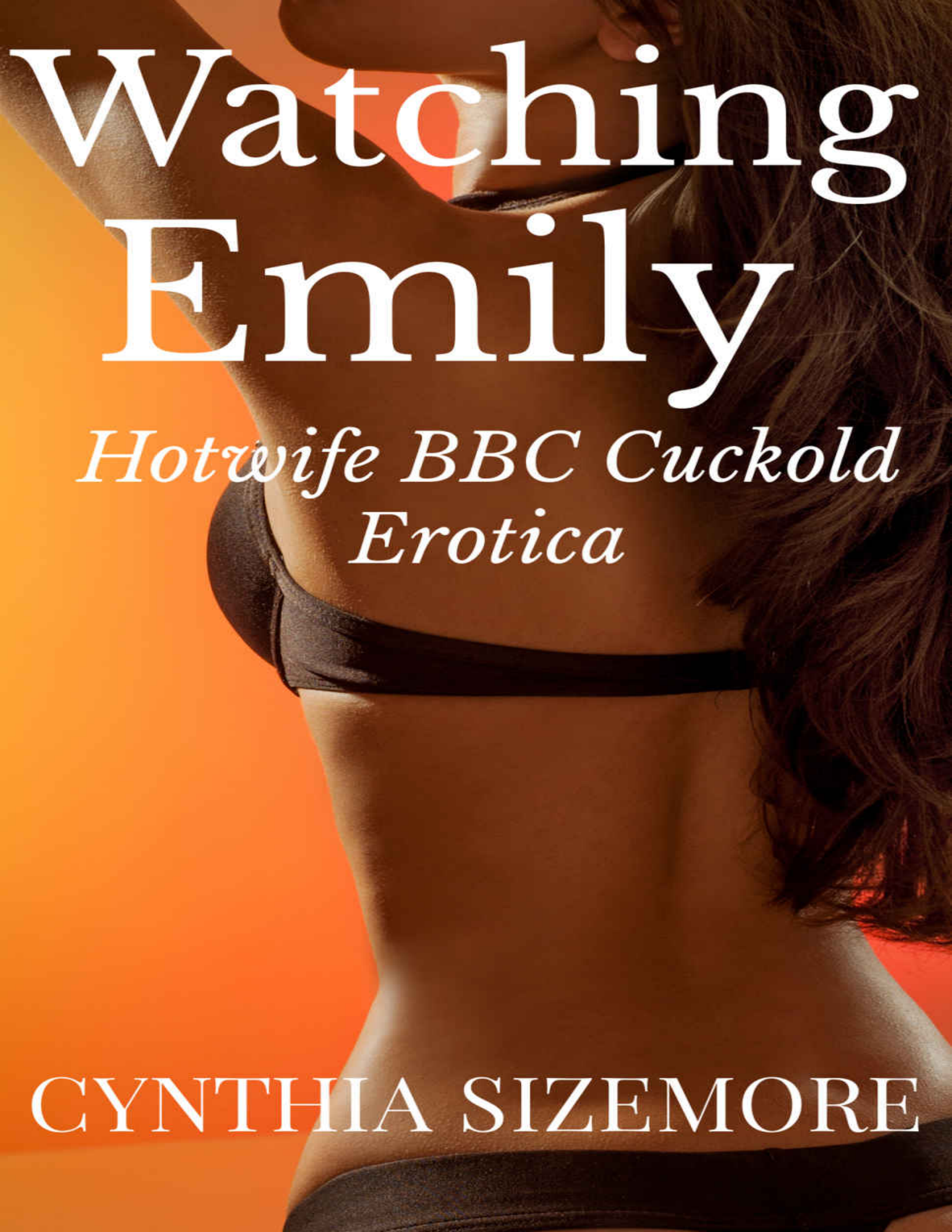

Watching Emily
Hotwife BBC Cuckold Erotica
CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

Watching Emily: Hotwife BBC Cuckold Erotica

by

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Watching Emily

Crouching over the laptop in my office, I clicked on the folder that contained the video files from the nanny cam in our bedroom, trying to mentally prepare for what I was about to see.

It was hard to believe that our marriage had reached this point, but here we were. It began when I noticed that Emily had put a password on her phone. Not like a short four-digit passcode, I'm talking like a full-blown *passphrase* of some sort. It seemed like total overkill. Who was she trying to keep out of there anyway? The *FBI*?

When I made a joke about it to her, she got defensive, which immediately set off my inner alarm. She was definitely hiding something. But what?

Emily had never been an incredibly sexual person with me. We had intercourse regularly, but I was always the one who initiated it, and it was clear that I was also the one who enjoyed it the most. Emily never climaxed during intercourse, and the few times I asked her about it, she'd always said that it didn't bother her that much. She enjoyed being intimate with me and making me happy, and that was all that really mattered.

But all of a sudden, even that stopped. She told me she wasn't interested, or she had a rough day at work — it was always something. Then one day I surprised her at her office around lunch time, and her friend Becky told me that she'd gone out.

Gone out? To *lunch*? *My* wife? The one who packed her lunch every morning and was fanatical about saving money? That's when I *knew* something was wrong. But I didn't want to let on yet that I knew. I had to be sure.

That's why I got the camera.

Now it was time. Time for the moment of truth: was I a paranoid husband, or was my beautiful wife really betraying me?

My heart pounded as the video began. The camera was set up to record both sound and motion, so the first thing I heard was the sound of Emily talking to someone on the phone.

"Come now," she said, "I'll be alone for at least an hour."

I didn't have to wait long to have my suspicions confirmed. I watched as my wife stripped out of her work clothes, standing in our bedroom in only a red bra and panties. I marveled at how attractive she still looked after all of our years of marriage. She had always been a stunner, but the fact that she took up yoga in her thirties meant that she looked better than a lot of women just out of college.

Now she was waiting for someone. For a lover.

My heart pounded as a thousand different thoughts flitted through my brain. Should I turn off the video? No. I had to know exactly what Emily was doing if I was ever going to really understand her.

She stepped out of the frame for a moment. She must be going to answer the door, I thought. In her bra and panties!

The video stopped, but when it started again she was in the bedroom, leading a man by the hand.

A very tall and handsome black man.

Our neighbor, James, to be precise.

I stopped the video. I was hyperventilating, but something else was happening as well, at the same time: I had a raging hard-on.

You see, watching my wife with another man was one of my ultimate fantasies. Nevertheless, I didn't know what it would be like to actually face it in reality. I was coming face to face with my most intimate fears – that my wife would leave me – and my most intense fantasy (that she would cuckold me with another man).

I wanted her to fuck another man, not fall in love with him! And wearing sexy red underwear like that for a man certainly suggested that she was in love with him.

I took a deep breath and started the video again. I watched in high-definition color as they passionately embraced, James' hands

roaming all around Emily's body. After a few seconds, she broke the embrace so that she could start unbuttoning his pressed oxford shirt. James was an account executive at one of the larger investment firms in the area.

He must be on his lunch break, I thought, *but why weren't they at* his *place?* He lived next door and was single. He didn't even have a steady girlfriend. In fact, it seemed like we saw him with a different woman every week.

You might be thinking that something doesn't add up here. Why would James want to go after Emily, my wife, when he could have absolutely any hottie in the neighborhood? Why go for the 30-something when you could fuck a new hot co-ed every day?

There was a very simple answer: not only was Emily gorgeous, she was also *way* out of my league – always had been. In fact, she'd confessed to me a few times already that she'd been relieved to have the male attention drawn away from her a bit after being married. It never stopped entirely, of course. But once she was with me, she at least had an excuse not to give men her phone number or entertain their stupid pickup lines. She had always been bad at just telling guys to get lost, and now that she was married, she didn't have to. She could let the ring do it for her. I deflected the unbearable desire of the other men, which seemed like more than enough to sustain our relationship, even if the passion didn't go both ways. I was always passionate about her, of course. But it never seemed totally reciprocal. Almost as if I could have been any guy at all. This, I reasoned, was why she was about to cheat on me with our neighbor.

"Oh God," she moaned, in a whisper loud enough to be picked up by the microphone clearly, "I can't *wait* to finally see your cock in person. The pics made it look so good."

This was definitely a change. My wife had never so much as said the word "penis" in front of me. She basically pretended like it wasn't there during sex, at most referring to it as "it," as in: "is it in yet?", which is a question that I got more frequently than I'd like to admit.

But this exchange also told me something else. If she hadn't actually seen his cock, this must be the first time they'd been together! I was going to witness my wife have sex with another man for the very first time in her life. And not just any other man. A man with a big black cock.

"I know you need it," he growled in a low, gravelly voice, "and you're going to get it. Just get on your knees and if you're a good girl, I'll show it to you."

I watched with a sweet mixture of horror and arousal as my innocent young wife dropped to her knees, looking up at her lover and regarding him with a look of awe and lust.

"Please?" she said in a breathless, girly voice, "may I please have the honor of servicing your big, black cock?"

What had gotten into her? That kind of kinky talk would have totally turned her off a few weeks ago. I was forced to confront the possibility that I didn't know my wife at all. All I knew was how my wife had behaved sexually with me. Apparently she was fully capable of acting very differently with other men.

"What's my name?" he asked, smiling down at her as he unbuckled his trousers.

"Daddy…," she whispered, in a particularly submissive tone.

Daddy? They haven't even slept together and she's already talking dirtier to him than she ever has with me? She'd always told me that she hated that kinky stuff. Not so with James, apparently.

I had a perfect view of my wife's face as she waited patiently for her lover to reveal his big, black cock in all its glory. She didn't have long to wait. He pulled down his boxer briefs and his trouser snake sprang out at her, almost slapping her in the face. The look of surprise and delight on Emily's face was like nothing I'd ever seen.

"Oh my God," she said, giggling a bit, "I can't believe that's real. Is it going to hurt?"

"It's real," he said, "and as far as hurting you with it, I'm only going to do that if you want me to. I promise to be gentle at first."

She smiled at him, giving him a look that conveyed both complete submission and incredible lust.

"I've never had one anywhere *near* this size," she said, "to be honest, I'm a little scared. But also really, really fucking turned on."

"It's ok," he said, running his fingers through her hair as she knelt in front of him, "I have a lot of experience introducing women to the BBC. They're all a little scared at first, but they all learn to love it."

I tried to remember the last time I'd heard Emily use the word "fuck." I couldn't. The woman on the video looked exactly like my wife, but talked and acted nothing like her. It was like the prospect of getting on her knees for a big dick had completely changed her personality. I had to wonder if all women were like this around James. He had certainly strongly implied that that was exactly the case.

"Can I touch it, Daddy?"

My God, it really was a different Emily. She usually only touched my cock to help guide it inside of her when I couldn't find the hole. And she only did it as quickly as possible, as if she wanted to pretend that it wasn't even there. I couldn't imagine in a million years her ever asking directly for *permission* to touch it. The two of them had clearly established some kind of dom/sub dynamic already via texting, and I was witnessing its first consummation.

I had to admit that I felt lucky to be seeing my wife's first time with her lover. It felt like a special privilege to me, for some reason. Other husbands might have immediately stopped the video and called a divorce lawyer, but I simply couldn't take my eyes off of it. I unbuckled my pants and took out my own cock, which looked tiny compared to James' absolute monster.

"Remember the safeword, baby girl?"

"Yes, Daddy," she said, looking up at him in lust, then glancing at the hard dick only inches from her face with a look of indescribable anticipation, "I'm supposed to say 'yellow' to slow down, and 'red' to stop. And if I can't talk, I can tap your leg three times like this."

She tapped his leg and giggled girlishly.

"That's right, baby girl," he said, "Daddy likes to be safe when he's playing rough."

"I know, Daddy. And now," she said, licking her lips, "may I please, please put your cock in my mouth?"

"Since you asked so nicely…"

"Thank you, Daddy!"

She reached up and gently bent his shaft down towards her lips, opening her mouth slowly and licking the underside of the gigantic phallus before slowly putting the first part of the head into her petite mouth. Even though the circumference of his cockhead was visibly smaller than her mouth, she somehow managed to take the first third of it between her lips, all the while maintaining eye contact with her "Daddy," who grabbed a handful of her hair now.

"That's a good little slut," he said, "keep pleasing Daddy's big black cock."

"Mmm," she moaned, signaling clearly that the dirty name only turned her on more.

I can't explain why, but hearing Emily being called a "slut," and seeing her positive reaction to it, drove me absolutely crazy with lust. I started stroking myself in time with Emily's efforts at taking the big black cock into her mouth. I simply never thought my wife would be capable of such wanton lust.

I watched as Emily grabbed his shaft in one hand, her fingers barely spanning its impressive girth. James was pushing her down on his rod in time with her thrusts, not forcing her, more like guiding her in a dominant way.

"That's a good girl," he moaned, "take that big black cock. I know this is what you wanted. You've been talking about it for weeks."

"Mmm-hmm," she moaned, stroking him now with her spit for lube.

Even if she couldn't take more than the first quarter of his length into her mouth, she still did an impressive job trying to pleasure him.

"Yes," he encouraged her, "take it just a little deeper now. Open wide for Daddy's big dick."

She looked up at him obediently, straining her jaw as he began to push his thick black meat a bit further and further with each

thrust.

"I'm gonna choke you with it now, baby girl. Are you ready? Are you ready to choke on Daddy's big black cock?"

"Mm-hmm," she moaned, a look of desperation on her face.

I knew that it wasn't desperation about the fact that he was using her like a dirty whore. I might have thought that a few weeks ago, if I'd never seen this side of her. No, my sweet, innocent wife Emily was *desperate to be choked with a dick* – and a gigantic one at that!

"Good girl," he said, "I'm going to count to three, then we'll try to put it down your throat. Ready, baby?"

"Mmm-hmm," she sounded even more desperate now, eager to prove her worthiness by choking on his gigantic dick.

"One," he said, taking hold of her head with both hands, "don't forget to take deep breaths through your nose, ok?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Two."

She let go of his cock now, letting him take total control.

"Three."

I watched in a mixture of awe, lust and humiliation as my petite, formerly innocent wife swallowed a cock the size of her arm. He held her down on it for several seconds. It seemed like he wanted her to gag. It made sense – he hadn't exactly made a secret out of his intentions.

Emily's eyes watered and her makeup began to run. Finally, she gagged, and he responded by immediately pulling his cock all the way out of her throat.

"Such a good girl," he said, grabbing his erection with one hand as she gasped for air.

"Thank you, Daddy!" she gasped.

"You love this big black dick, don't you?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Is it everything you imagined? Everything that you've been lusting after for the past six months."

Six *months*? She'd been texting James for that long? When did it turn sexual? Or had it been that way from the beginning? And if

that was the case, why did it take them so long to finally consummate the relationship?

That wasn't the only question that I didn't have an answer to, of course. And in the moment, it didn't seem to matter much.

"What do you want now?" he asked her, as if they'd rehearsed this scene already during their dirty text messages, which they probably had.

"I want you to slap me with your dick, Daddy. You promised me you'd choke me and slap me with your cock."

"How bad do you want it, baby girl?"

"I want it so bad. Please, please slap me with your dick."

"Good girl," he said, grabbing my innocent wife by the hair with one hand while he smacked her face with his huge cock with the other.

She shut her eyes in concentration as he assaulted her with his erection.

"You love this treatment, don't you?"

"Yes," she moaned breathlessly, "yes, Daddy!"

"I knew it. I knew you weren't just submissive on the phone. Some girls are, you know. They act like they want to be broken by a big black cock, but then they back out at the last second when the reality becomes too intense for them. Not with you. It was clear that it was more than just a fantasy for you. It was something you needed. Desperately."

Emily? ***"Needed", "desperately", "to be broken by a big black cock"?!?***

This was DEFINITELY a different Emily. Did she have an identical twin sister who had been using our house?

I watched as the woman who was identical to my wife smiled enthusiastically as she received a beating with a large, black phallus. He wasn't really *hurting* her of course, just communicating to her who was in charge. And she clearly loved it.

"Get that pussy wet for me," he growled, "play with it for Daddy. But don't you dare come. You're not allowed to come until Daddy gets his nut."

"Yes, Daddy..." she groaned, putting a hand between her legs.

I couldn't see exactly where it had gone, but I could surmise that she had followed his orders and was playing with her clit.

"Get these nuts in your mouth you little snow bunny whore," ordered James.

Emily opened her mouth eagerly, moaning in pleasure as she licked his sack, almost as if the act herself was causing her immense pleasure. I knew that seeing my wife degraded – and pleasured – like this was certainly doing a number on me. I was edging myself now, so close to coming but wanting to stave it off for as long as absolutely possible.

After she spent a few moments giving his nuts a tongue bath while playing with her pussy, Emily couldn't take it any more than I could.

"Please fuck me. Please break in my little white pussy," she begged.

He chuckled.

"With pleasure, you little whore. But you know the rules: you don't come until Daddy gets his. Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," she said, looking up at him and biting her lip as she stroked his cock, "I just want to be a good girl for you."

"Ok, honey," he said, "it's time to show you why BBC is the best."

I couldn't believe this was about to happen. For years I'd fantasized about my wife taking a big cock while I watched. I'd read stories about it. Visited porn sites. Even dropped a few hints now and then…

Something occurred to me, and I paused the video. I *had* dropped a few hints about wanting to see her with another man. Did she pick up on them? I wasn't always careful about deleting my browser history when she borrowed my laptop. Could all of this just be a way to satisfy *me*? Could Emily, in her own way, be living out *my* fantasy?

It almost made sense. *Almost*. I pressed play again.

There was still one part that didn't fit: the fact that she seemed to be having the time of her life. She stood and embraced him again,

and they kissed passionately as he lay her on the bed, stripping off her bra and panties and kissing her neck.

The camera was concealed in the headboard, so I had a perfect view from this angle as James moved up and down my wife's body, exploring it with his hands and tongue as he prepared to fuck her for the first time. He was taking his time. Enjoying himself. Enjoying *my* wife. Enjoying Emily.

Emily was enjoying him, too. Her sighs and soft yelps of pleasure filled my ears as he began to return the favor she'd done for him a few minutes before. His head disappeared between her legs, and I watched as her entire body quivered as his tongue worked its magic. He had her right on the edge. I could tell, because she began to make some noises that I'd never heard her make with me. Just when it seemed like the dam would break and Emily would climax (a sight I was beginning to think I'd never actually seen, not for *real* anyway), James came up for air and reminded her of the rules.

"Don't forget, slut. You don't get yours until Daddy gets his."

She moaned in frustration, grabbing the sheets and wriggling.

"Then hurry up and put that sweet monster inside me," she pleaded.

"I guess you're wet enough," he said, standing and getting himself into position.

She was on her back, her legs spread, positioned directly in front of the camera. I could see more or less exactly what she saw, just from a higher angle. And what I saw was James putting his monster cock right up to her pussy lips and slowly, gingerly working it inside just an inch or so at first.

"Oh God. Oh God…," moaned Emily, her breathing accelerating, "fuck that's big. Oh my God, James. Oh my God."

"What's my name, bitch?," said James, reaching down and giving her a light slap on the face.

I waited to see if she would use her safeword, or at least say "yellow." She did not. Instead, she did the very opposite.

"Thank you for slapping me, Daddy," she said, "your name is Daddy."

“That’s right,” he said, pushing her legs back even further.

All of the yoga Emily did was paying off now. Just not in the way I thought it would.

“Take this fucking dick you whore,” he growled.

“Oh yes, Daddy. Break my tiny little white pussy with that big black cock. Use me. Abuse me. Please. I need it so bad.”

“I know you do. You little snow bunnies are all the same. Such prim and proper ladies when your husband’s around, then on your knees for black cock the second he turns his back.”

“Yes, Daddy. You’re exactly right…”

“I know I’m right,” he said, “even if it took me half a year to finally convince you to give up that pussy for me.”

“I should have done it sooner, Daddy. I didn’t understand how amazing it would be. Fuck. Fuck, Fuck!”

She pounded the bed with her fists as she spread her legs as wide as she could.

“Is it...is it all the way in?”

James let out a low chuckle.

“That’s just the head, baby,” he said, “there’s a lot more dick to go.”

“Oh God,” she moaned, as he pushed forward a few inches more, “I...I...can’t believe there’s more.”

“Look down here,” he said, gesturing for her to direct her gaze between her own legs, “do you see how much more cock I’ve got.”

I wish I could have seen my wife’s expression, but unfortunately she was facing away from the camera. All I saw was James’ reaction. He gave her a sly smile.

“Don’t be scared, baby. It’s just cock. This is that big black dick you’ve been begging for for months. You’re finally going to take me balls deep, on your husband’s bed, just like you always wanted to. You pleaded to be broken by this dick, baby girl, and now it’s what you’re getting.”

“Yes, but...”

“If there’s a ‘but,’ you can always use your safeword. You know I’ll respect it.”

She was silent for a moment.

"Yes, Daddy," she said finally, "it feels good. I *want* you to break me. It's just that I've never felt so...so *full*."

"That's what all the little snow bunny size queens say," he laughed, "but they all get addicted to the feeling. After I've properly broken them in of course."

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "please keep breaking in my little white pussy."

I never thought I'd hear my wife utter something so dirty. I couldn't hold back anymore. I shot my load all over my hands. I cursed loudly and paused the video, suddenly feeling a bit disgusted with myself. What was I doing, spying on my wife?

But wasn't I justified? After all, she was cheating on me!

How would I be able to look Emily in the face again next time I saw her?

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As it turned out, I found it surprisingly easy. Maybe because the next time I saw her she was in a great mood. It was around 5pm on a Wednesday, and I'd come home from work early, maybe with the subconscious hope that I would catch her and James in the act. But when I opened the door, all I found was my wife Emily, fully clothed in her work outfit, her makeup and hair neat, sitting in the livingroom typing on her laptop, with a huge smile on her face.

Probably because she just got finished swallowing James' cum, I thought to myself, not without a bit of pleasure.

"Hey honey," she said, "do you have any plans for this weekend? Anything you'd like to do?"

"No," I said, "why, do you have something planned? Something away from home?"

I assumed that she wanted to set up her next meeting with James, and just needed an alibi.

"Well," she said to my surprise, "I actually thought that we could stay home and maybe have a little 'date night.'"

I raised my eyebrows in surprise.

"Really?" I asked.

"Mmm-hmm. I know I've been neglecting you lately and I'd like to make it up to you."

She leaned in and whispered in my ear.

"And I've got a surprise for you, too..."

I tried to imagine what she meant. Was she referring to the new bra and panty set I'd seen her wear in the video? Or did she intend to come clean about cuckolding me because she knew it was one of my fantasies? I puzzled over this in my mind as I answered her.

"Wow," I said, "my sexy wife has a surprise for me? That sounds exciting."

"Mmm-hmm," she said, "I think you'll like it."

She turned back to her work, but not before winking at me.

"I've got to go into the office again tonight," she added, "but let's definitely both keep Friday night free."

Ah-ha. There it was. I was pretty sure I had an idea about why she wanted to work late. As the taillights of her car disappeared into the night, I looked next door to see if our well-endowed neighbor was home. There was a light in his front window, and I could see the silhouette of a large man on the shade. Just then, a car pulled into his driveway and a young woman in her mid-20s got out.

A booty call, no doubt. Just James about to create another size queen.

I closed the blinds and went back into my office, remembering the video on my computer. I still hadn't finished watching it. I had to admit that I was very curious about how Emily's first encounter with James had ended. I grabbed the lube and the Kleenex, turned down the lights in the office, and fired up the video.

James was still pushing his enormous cock, little by little, into my petite wife, who was making noises that expressed an exquisite mix of pleasure and pain. I couldn't see her face since she was on her back looking in the same direction as the camera lens, but I could see his outsized phallus disappear inside her, a centimeter at a time. The look on James' face as he impaled my wife was one of concentrated enjoyment. He knew exactly what she needed and how to give it to her.

“That’s a good girl,” he said, “take Daddy’s big black cock. I’m almost all the way in.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she moaned, “you’re so much bigger than my husband, Daddy.”

“Your husband’s little white cock can’t compete with Daddy’s can it?”

“No, Daddy!”

Finally, James bottomed out in my petite wife. A smile spread across his face as he realized he’d conquered another white pussy. Slowly, gingerly, he began to break her in on his black cock, going very slowly at first and then imperceptibly faster. I watched each stroke of his gigantic dick, listening to every sound that Emily made.

“I’m so close, Daddy,” she panted as he increased his pace and began to fuck her more forcefully, “I don’t know if I can hold back.”

“What’s my rule? You don’t come until Daddy fills that pussy. And Daddy’s not done with it.”

“I know, Daddy,” she moaned, “I’m just not sure how much longer I can hold back. You’re doing such a great job breaking in my white pussy.”

“I think it’s time for another position,” he said, pulling his cock out of her completely, “roll over, slut.”

Emily rolled over onto her stomach, sticking her ass in the air. She was pointed towards the camera now, but her head was to the side as she wiggled her ass at her lover.

“Do you like this, Daddy?”

“You know it,” he laughed, giving her a hard slap and then shoving his cock inside her so hard that she gasped.

“Oh God, Daddy...please fuck me.”

“I’m going to get my nut now,” he announced, “going to fill that tight white pussy.”

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head up so that she was looking directly at the camera. I was now looking into my wife’s eyes as she was being owned by another man.

“Yes, Daddy,” she begged, “fuck me with that big black cock. I need it so bad.”

He pounded her now from behind, ruthlessly stretching her formerly tight pussy.

"You won't be able to feel your limp-dicked husband when I'm done with you," he laughed.

"I can barely feel him now," she moaned, "he's so small, he could never fill me like this."

"That's right. This pussy is my property now," he said, "tell me who this pussy belongs to."

"It's yours, Daddy. My pussy is your property now. I want you to fill me, please. I need your cum inside me so bad."

"Keep talking dirty to me you little whore," he growled, pushing her down now so that she was face down in the sheets.

All I could see now was my wife's ass in the air as she was mercilessly and relentlessly fucked by James' gigantic black cock.

"Here it comes," he groaned, "I'm going to nut inside this tight little white pussy. Fill you up good."

"Yes, Daddy. Please fill my white pussy," she groaned.

He held her down and I watched his cock twitch several times as he groaned, unloading his huge balls into her tight cunt.

"Oh fuck," she moaned, "I'm going to come now. May I please come for you, Daddy?"

He slapped her ass twice, hard. She cried out in pleasure and pain as she climaxed. I'd never heard her make those kinds of noises before. I realized that I had probably never even seen her come. It was a beautiful site to see her so beside herself. I loved watching her.

But I wasn't prepared for what I heard next.

"I love you, Daddy," she whimpered, her body finally relaxing as the orgasm left her.

James smiled.

"You don't love *me*," he corrected her, "you love this," he said, slapping his big dick on her ass.

"Mmm, maybe you're right," she said, "maybe I'm getting a little carried away. But that was the best I've ever felt in bed. I never knew sex could be like this."

"That's what all you little sluts say."

"I'm jealous of the fact that you have so many other girls, Daddy."

"I know," he replied, leaning down and giving my wife a kiss on the mouth, "but that's just the way it is. Daddy needs a constant supply of fresh white pussy."

"I understand," she said, climbing off the bed and standing next to him, looking up at him submissively, "I just hope you'll save some of this big black dick for me. I'm beginning to think I need to be filled on a regular basis."

"I *know* you do, baby girl. I *know* you do."

The rest of the video was uneventful. They laughed and flirted as they both cleaned up in the bathroom and got dressed. James said goodbye, and I watched Emily undergo a slow transformation back to the woman I knew, straightening her hair and redoing her makeup for about twenty minutes before finally leaving.

I couldn't believe it. Not only was my wife cuckolding me, but it certainly seemed that she had serious feelings for her lover as well. She'd even told him that she loved him – even if it was in the heat of the moment, right after he'd filled her tight little cunt for the very first time.

But now there was this matter of "date night." What possible reason could she have for suggesting it? Was she doing it out of guilt? Was she planning on letting me down easy? Asking for a divorce?

The rest of the week went by in a blur. I saw Emily, of course, I even had several conversations with her, but the subject of "date night" seemed to have been forgotten, so much so that I almost brought it up again to see if it was still on. But I held my tongue. I knew Emily would do whatever she had planned, or, if she had changed her mind, there was no point in mentioning it again.

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Then it was finally Friday evening. Emily was already home when I pulled into the driveway at 6:00PM. I pulled into the garage

and entered into the kitchen. There was a note on the table in Emily's flowing, girly handwriting.

Come upstairs for your surprise, honey. --Emily

I smiled, but my heart pounded at the same time. Ever since I'd seen the video of her with James, I felt like I didn't know my wife anymore. As arousing as watching her take James' gigantic cock had been, it had also been unsettling in the extreme. She was clearly not the sweet, innocent woman I'd married. But who *was* she?

I walked up the stairs slowly, giving her plenty of time to hear me coming. What was she up to? Was this all just because she had a guilty conscience about cheating on me?

Finally, I stood at the door to our bedroom. I opened it and walked inside…

Emily was standing there in her bra and panties, the same I'd seen her wear on the video. Her hair looked wonderful and her makeup was perfect.

"Hi honey," she said, smiling at me and taking me by the hand, "why don't you have a seat in that chair over there."

"Emily," I said, "what's this all about?"

"Just sit down and you'll find out," she said, leading me to the armchair.

I gave her a wary look. She kissed me on the forehead.

"Don't play dumb, silly," she said, smiling at me, "you already have an idea about what's going on."

"Emily," I said, "I don't know what you're talking about."

In truth, I had a very good idea what she was talking about. But how did *she* know that *I* knew? My heart seemed that it would pound out of my chest.

"I invited someone here tonight. He'll be here soon. But first, is there anything you'd like to explain to me?"

"I really don't know what you're talking about…"

"Ok," said Emily, reaching into a drawer on the nightstand, "I suppose you have no idea who put this hidden camera in our room?"

I was busted. I knew it.

"Alright," I said, "you were acting so strange, I had to know what was going on. I admit it. I planted the camera."

"And did you watch the video?"

"Of course I did."

"Then you already know almost everything that James is going to tell you. But what you didn't know is that I knew the camera was there all along."

"You *knew*?"

Even though the possibility had already occurred to me, I was still shocked to hear her admit that she'd fucked another man on video, knowing the entire time that her husband would be watching.

"That's right," she said, "I saw it right away. It wasn't hard to spot that something was strange about the headboard. Did you really drill a hole in it? In the antique headboard that I inherited from my great grandmother?"

I nodded sheepishly.

"It's ok," she said, "it's not such a big deal."

She sat on the bed facing me.

"At first I was furious. It was an absolute breach of trust."

"Why were you acting so strange, then? You gave me reason to distrust you. And it turns out I was completely right to do it."

"I admit I have to take some responsibility for this situation too," she said, "I wasn't upfront with you about what I was doing or why."

"And now you will be?"

"Yes. Now I will be. Here's the thing. It all started back when we met James at that barbecue last summer. Remember?"

"Yeah, of course. The one at the Johnsons' place."

"Exactly. Do you remember what we'd been talking about the night before that barbecue?"

"Not really," I said, wracking my brain.

"We'd been fooling around in bed, and you'd asked me if I'd ever thought about being with a black guy. I admitted that I had thought about it, and you told me you thought it was really hot. You even dropped some hints about wanting to watch me with a black guy, and told me that if I ever wanted to try it, you wouldn't be mad..."

"I guess I remember that," I said.

"Well that wasn't the only time you've said something like that to me," she continued, "in fact, you talk about it so much it started to weird me out. I started spying on your web browser, and I saw that you watch videos of women cuckolding their husbands with black guys. And you buy stories online about the same thing. A lot of them."

"Yeah," I said, "you're right..."

"I found it all really strange and confusing. I had a lot of things to think about. To sort out. Why would a husband want to see his wife with another man? It didn't make sense to me at all."

"I understand that..."

"Let me finish, though," she said, raising her hand, "I started thinking about it a lot. I started doing a lot of reading of my own. And yeah, I started flirting with James. Just innocent stuff at first. I'd find a reason to ask him about something in the neighborhood. Like who the best plumber was, or what service he used for cleaning. But pretty soon I had to ask him about all of the girls that we saw coming and going at all hours of the night. I just had to know why he was so popular."

"I think I know," I said.

"You do. One thing led to another, and soon we were full-on sexting. I've never done that with anyone before, but I have to tell you, it was exhilarating. I felt guilty about it at first, but I remembered how much you loved this cuckolding stuff, and I managed to tell myself it was all in good fun, in the spirit of our marriage, even if I hadn't discussed it with you first."

"You're right about that," I had to admit, "the idea really turns me on. I just wish you'd told me first so that I could have seen the texts."

"You still can, if you want," she said.

I felt myself getting hard. This was one of my ultimate fantasies.

"So I was coming around to your desires. Starting to understand them. And feeling closer to you as well in the process. Was I acting kind of strange? Yeah, I bet I was. But you were acting strange too, honey. Dropping all of those hints about me fucking other guys. Do

you know what most women would think? What the first thing that would pop into their heads would be if they heard their husbands talking like that?"

I shook my head. I had no idea what she was getting at.

"They'd think that their *husband* was having an affair, or contemplating it, and was just trying to make himself feel less guilty about it. That's what they would think."

The silence in the room was deafening. I couldn't believe that Emily could possibly think that of me, and I also couldn't believe that I hadn't already thought of it myself. I struggled to find the words to ask for her forgiveness, but I couldn't.

"Emily," I started, then trailed off again, "Emily, I..."

"I know you wouldn't cheat on me," she said, "I know that now. But back then, I didn't know what to think. And when I found that camera, well...I didn't know if you were gathering evidence for a divorce or what. So I thought to myself, one night after flirting with James for a really long time, 'what the hell? He wants to be a cuckold? I'll make him one!'"

I felt a curious mixture of shame and arousal.

"So that's what happened, honey. That's how things got to the point of what you saw on the video. So I'm asking you here tonight, right now: do you want things to continue this way? Do you want to be my cuckold, baby? I'm not asking for a divorce. I'm not even asking you to move out. I'm just asking you to obey a few simple rules that James and I set out for you. The most important one is this: you may not fuck me without James' explicit permission. Do you understand?"

I didn't need to think this one over for very long. It was my ultimate fantasy!

"Yes!" I replied, leaping out of my chair, "I understand."

"Good," she said, "James is on his way over here from the office. He's decided that you should be allowed to watch us on a regular basis. He thinks it will be good for the relationship in the beginning. For the new dynamic in our marriage. Would you like that, honey? You've seen us on video, would you like to see him fuck me in person now?"

I nodded my head vigorously.

"Excellent," she said, "sit back down and enjoy the show."

I dropped back into the chair, in total shock at the turn my life had taken over the past few weeks. It was a welcome turn, to be sure, but also a partially unfathomable one.

A few moments later, I heard the front door open.

"That's James," she said, "he knows his way up here already. He's been here before – remember?"

Of course I remembered. I also loved the way she was teasing me.

James' footsteps were audible on the stairs. I gulped. I was about to meet my wife's lover face to face.

He opened the bedroom door and stepped inside.

"David! So glad you could join us. I supposed Emily explained the rules to you?"

I nodded.

"Good. Stay there in that chair and don't even think about touching Emily without my permission."

"Yes, Sir," I said, nodding vigorously.

"We're off to a good start," he said, embracing Emily, "this is the last time I'm going to address you directly. It's time to focus on Emily."

"Yes, Sir," I said.

Emily winked at me.

"Have fun, honey."

I watched in rapt attention as the two lovers shared a long, passionate embrace, kissing like they were teenagers in the darkness of a movie theater for the first time. I noted how Emily was actually the first one to escalate things. She moved her hand down onto James' bulge and giggled a bit as she stroked it.

"I want to see if I can get it even bigger than last time," she said, smiling at him.

It was like I wasn't even there. But I was there. Watching them. Watching Emily.

The next thing I knew, she was on her knees, servicing his cock once again. If anything, it looked even bigger in real life than it had

on video, and the real-life Emily looked even more cock-crazed than her video counterpart. I could hear her slurping, watch the look on her face as she did her utmost to please her lover. It was all so much more real, so much more intense than it had been on video, and soon I had a stiff erection in my pants.

I almost asked them permission to take it out and jerk off, but it quickly became clear to me that the two had all but forgotten about my presence in the room, so absorbed were they in their lovemaking. I took out my prick and began to stroke it. It looked absolutely pathetic next to James'.

Emily had James' balls in her mouth now, looking up at him sweetly as he stroked her hair.

"Good girl," he said, "get that big dick nice and hard and wet. It's going to go inside you soon you little slut."

"Yes, Daddy," she panted, redoubling her efforts for several minutes until even James was on the edge.

"Hold on," he said, "I can't take it anymore. If you keep going like that, I'm going to bust in your mouth, not in that cute little white pussy."

"Well, I don't want that," she said, "I just stopped birth control yesterday, like you asked, and I need you to be the first man to come in my unprotected pussy."

"That's right, baby girl. That's my pussy now, and I want it to be totally vulnerable to me. Completely unprotected."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, "would you like to play with your property now?"

"I do believe I would," he smiled, lifting her to her feet and leading her to the bed.

He kissed her passionately for several minutes, fondling her breasts until she seemed weak at the knees, practically melting for him. Then he had her lay back on the bed.

This time, I had a side view of the action. I watched as he put her legs up on his shoulders and pushed his gigantic cock into her in a single smooth yet slow motion. Her eyes remained fixed on his, seeming to fill up with a light all their own at the same rate as she was filled with his magical dick. Finally, he had bottomed out inside

her, and began to thrust. It was clear that he meant business. He wanted to show me and Emily who was boss, who called the shots in this three-way relationship: the man with the **big black cock**.

"You love this dick," he growled, "say it. Tell me you love getting fucked like this."

"I love it," she panted, tears in her eyes, "I love it so fucking much, Daddy."

"I know you do. You need this. You little white girls crave being broken by big black dick."

"Yes, Daddy. We're all the same," she moaned, "I want you to break me like you do all your girls. I want to watch you fuck them, too, Daddy. I want to help you find other cute girls and teach them how to please you."

"Good girl," he said, "you've really learned fast."

"I just want to please you," she moaned, "please don't stop fucking me."

He fucked her harder and faster now, their thighs slapping together and filling the room with an obscene rhythm.

"Don't you forget the rules, you little slut," he growled, pumping her harder and harder, "you don't get off until Daddy nuts inside you."

"I haven't forgotten," she groaned, "I want your cum so bad, Daddy. I want it in my unprotected cunt. Please give it to me. Please?"

"Fuck," he moaned, throwing his head back and closing his eyes, "this white pussy is so good I can't fucking resist it anymore. Here it comes, baby girl..."

He pulling her closer to him held her there for about a minute as I watched his thigh muscles spasm. She gripped him with her legs, thrusting her pelvis up at him as she climaxed. I will never forget the look of absolute bliss on Emily's face as she accepted her lover's seed into her fertile womb.

For my part, I couldn't take it anymore. I shot my load all over my hand, then sheepishly sneaked off to the bathroom to clean up while they basked in the afterglow. I left the bathroom through the other exit that went into the hallway, and went downstairs to fix

some drinks for everyone – should they choose to join me in a few minutes.

As I did so, I thought about things. About the direction my life had taken in the last few weeks. About how fast everything had changed, and about how perfect it all seemed. It was going to be a whole new life. A whole new marriage. A new beginning for the both of us. The three of us. It was going to take some getting used to. But one thing was for sure. I loved watching.

Watching Emily.

THE END

ALSO FROM CYNTHIA SIZEMORE:

SNOW BUNNY SIZE QUEEN



When Stephanie (an attractive neighbor a few years his junior) gets his mail by mistake, Jason Jones doesn't miss the chance to strike up a conversation with her. Stephanie is intrigued by Jason's past as a college skier, and wonders if she could be a **"snow bunny" herself**. Perhaps one that doesn't ride the *slopes,* but rather ...*something else* entirely?

After all, she's never been with a black guy before, and the bulge in Jason's shorts is making her wonder if the rumors she's heard just might be true...

As her flirtatious behavior escalates, Jason seizes the opportunity to show this hot white housewife what she's been missing. But is there more to the situation than it seems?

Has Stephanie's husband been in on the plan since the beginning? Is Stephanie a cheating size queen, or is she a devoted wife, helping her husband get what he wants?

One thing's for certain: after Stephanie's first time getting it **hard and unprotected** from a black man, her life and her marriage will never be the same.

Taken by Her Black Professor

By Cynthia Sizemore



Prof. Lorrain is known for more than just his entertaining lectures and sage advice on academic and personal matters. There are rumors that it's not just his *intellectual* endowment that's impressive. Not only that, he has a reputation for offering former students rough, primal, and extremely satisfying postgraduate encounters.

Jessica, one of his favorite students, sets out to discover if the rumors are true, and if they are, if size *really* matters or not. It's a pressing question for her because her boyfriend Christopher is somewhat lacking in the size department.

After years of admiring him, this aspiring size queen is determined to stop at nothing to get closer to her big black professor.

Even if it means pushing Dr. Lorrain until his dominant side comes out.

Read along as Jessica goes **behind her boyfriend's back** to have a series of first-time experiences that **only** Dr. Lorrain can give her.

About the author

Dear Reader,

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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.

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Cynthia