Wives Going



BLACK

a BBC bundle

CYNTHIA SIZEMORE

WIVES GOING BLACK

By Cynthia Sizemore

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BRIE GETS BLACKED

Introduction

It was just after she got back from a long weekend visiting her mother in Colorado that I noticed something different about Brie. She had always been a pretty happy person, but lately the concerns about her mother's health had taken some of the spring out of her step.

But when she got back from that weekend visit, she was her old happy self. Even more than that: she was positively giddy.

I didn't know what to make of it at first. After all, there had been no improvement in her mother's condition. I knew that for a fact because she had updated me several times with dispatches from her mother's hospital room, where the 68–year–old was being treated for stage IV lung cancer.

No, this change obviously had to do with something else entirely. My 35–year–old was suddenly humming to herself, doing the chores as if she didn't have a care in the world.

Something had changed about her. So much so, that I simply had to ask.

"What's gotten into you?" I asked her that Monday night, coming up behind her and nuzzling her neck as she did the dishes, "did your doctor put you on some kind of new medication?"

She'd been seeing a doctor for anxiety recently, which mainly stemmed from her mother's illness. But the pills she'd been given so far just made her zone out, not giggle with happiness while she was doing the dishes.

"No," she said, "I'm just… what can I say? I'm feeling happy for the first time in a long time. Like whatever happens to my mom, it's for the best. There's nothing I can do to control it. It's sad, but it's also just the way things work."

"Wow," I said, looking into my wife's beautiful blue eyes, "did something happen while you were in Colorado? Did you talk to a therapist or something?"

"What? No," she said, sort of laughing it off as if what I'd said had been totally ridiculous, "I just feel like I've found…a new inner

peace. I don't know how else to describe it."

"Ok," I said, still more than a bit confused.

That night, I went to pick up our son, Jamie, from basketball practice. Jamie was, biologically speaking, only Brie's son (not mine), but I had adopted him officially when we got married, when he was three years old, so he knew me as his father.

Brie had given birth to Jamie when she was only 20, only just married to her first husband, Kyle. Kyle had been an unreliable father and husband, however, and the two had already been having problems when Kyle's car went left of center one night after he was leaving a bar and struck an oncoming semi, killing him instantly.

This shock had still been apparent in the way Brie carried herself when she and I started dating about eight months later. Even though Kyle hadn't been the best husband and partner, she'd still loved him, and losing him so quickly was difficult to bear. So I guess you could say that I was used to seeing a more subdued side of Brie.

With time, though, she'd found ways to manage her mood, and we had formed a very healthy and happy small family. We'd tried for children of our own (not that Jamie wasn't "our" child — he certainly was!) but it became clear that I was unable to impregnate Brie.

Brie understood. At least she said that she did. She carried the fact of our infertility with the same quiet sadness that she had her first husband's death. And, now, her mother's terminal illness.

Until today, that is.

The more I thought about it, the more suspicious I became. It just wasn't like her to be so demonstratively cheerful all of a sudden. It was almost as if she couldn't help it. Like it had been caused by a force outside of her.

As if she were under a spell. Or on drugs.

As I pulled into the high school parking lot, another possibility, the most logical one, hit me in the chest like a sledgehammer.

It was as if she were *in love*. And not with me.

Jamie came out and threw his gym bag in the back before climbing into the passenger seat next to me. Our relationship had

always been pretty good, and I was proud of the fact that I'd been able to be a stable male influence in his life.

"Is mom back from visiting Grandma?" he asked, a note of concern in his voice.

"Yeah," I said.

"How is she?"

"Mom or Grandma?"

"Both I guess."

"Grandma's still not doing well," I said, "it looks really bad."

"I figured that," he said somberly.

"But Mom…," my voice trailed off for a moment, "Mom seems to be doing great, actually."

"Doing great?" he snapped, "how can she be 'doing great' when Grandma's in the hospital?"

"I don't know," I said defensively, "she just seemed like she was in a good mood when she got back from the airport is all."

"Ok," he said flatly.

The rest of the drive was passed in silence.

It was just a passing mood, I told myself, a by–product of her grief about her mother's illness. People sometimes laugh at funerals, don't they? That doesn't mean that they're suddenly in *love*, does it?

Besides, Brie had been the most loyal wife I could imagine. I never saw her even look at another man. She wouldn't even tell me what celebrities she found attractive. She seemed to be entirely focused on me and me alone.

Not that she was *overly* sexual with me, either. Our love life was mostly bland, but very satisfying for us both. At least, from *my* perspective.

If I really stopped to think about it, I didn't actually know a whole lot about my wife's desires and sexual proclivities, as funny as that is to say. I did know a few things, however. First of all, that Kyle had been the first and only man she'd been with before she met me.

Second, that he had not been very well–endowed compared to me, and that had actually made a difference in their relationship. She had not been able to reach orgasm through penetrative sex when she was with him, but with me it was no problem.

As you can imagine, this was a major ego–boost for me. I was proud of being able to satisfy my wife. For my part, I'd been with several women during college, and all of them said that I was the biggest man they'd ever been with. This wasn't always a good thing, however. There were at least two who found intercourse to be uncomfortable. The ones who didn't however, loved how I filled them. A couple of them even sought me out for hookups after our relationship was over.

Growing up, I never considered myself particularly big, but faced with the evidence I had to admit that I was. I even measured myself once: I was just over 7.5" hard, which, according to some studies I found, put me near the upper 97% in penis size. It would be very hard to outclass me in that department, and I became smug about it. Especially on the rare occasions when Brie would let something slip about it in bed. She might say something like "I love how you fill me," or "I still can't believe how big you are."

Brie hadn't really had enough experience for you to call her a "size queen," but it was clear that she loved the fact that I was on the larger side. I was very happy to be able to please her in that department.

I mention all of this because it became important in the course of our marriage.

Chapter 1

The morning after she got back from Colorado, Brie still had a smile on her face. She was also practically glued to her phone. It was clear that she was texting with someone. Was she *trying* to make me suspicious, or was she so carried away by her newfound happiness that she simply couldn't help it?

I watched her from across the breakfast table, where I scrolled through the news on my iPad. Jamie was still asleep. Basketball practice had (unofficially) started for the year, but classes weren't actually in session yet, so he was taking advantage of the ability to sleep longer in the mornings.

"Everything ok?" I asked.

"What? Of course," she said, tapping at the screen of her phone with both thumbs without even looking at me, "everything is great."

"You've been texting an awful lot this morning," I said, trying not to sound accusatory.

"Mmm…what?"

"I just said…," I repeated, then sighed loudly.

I couldn't help myself.

"Tyler, honey, what's wrong?"

She turned the phone over so I couldn't see the screen and then looked me in the eye.

"Nothing," I said, "you just seem kind of..preoccupied. Like you're not really listening to me."

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, a look of concern spreading across her face, "was there something you wanted to tell me?"

"Not really," I said, "I just noticed that you're texting a lot."

"Oh, yeah," she said, a guilty look crossing her face, "just updating my sister on my mom. You know."

"Seemed like you were smiling a lot."

"We were just reminiscing about something that happened when we were growing up," she said.

That seemed to be a plausible enough explanation. I decided to let it go for now, but I didn't forget about it.

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Over the next couple of days, I kept a close eye on Brie, or as close an eye as I could, given the fact that we both left for separate jobs every morning.

Nothing seemed at all out of the ordinary that first week. In fact, her giddy mood also seemed to recede. Concerns about her mother took center stage now. She even seemed not to be texting as much as before. Maybe she really *had* been texting with her sister. Or maybe she knew that I had been suspicious and was now at even greater pains to conceal her true activities.

It was an unusually hot August, even for the era of global warming, and our air conditioner struggled to keep up with the demand for cool air. Especially upstairs. Where the bedrooms were.

This meant that we were both sleeping almost naked on top of the sheets most nights, tossing and turning, trying to get comfortable.

I knew that sex was probably out of the question, but the second night that she was back, I had to give it a shot. We hadn't been intimate since a week before her trip to visit her mom, and I have to admit that my balls were practically aching. Since we'd been married, I'd mainly avoided masturbation. Maybe it was due to my strict religious upbringing, but I was pretty sure that it was always healthier to have a "natural" climax than to make myself cum with my hand.

Brie, however, rebuffed my advances.

"No," she said, more forcefully than my half–hearted nuzzling had really required, "are you kidding?"

"I know it's hot," I said, trying to be as seductive as possible, "but it's been a long time since you've been filled. Hasn't it?"

I hoped that this not–so–oblique reference to her love for my size would stoke something inside her.

"Honey," she said, "I'm just not into it. You know. My mom."

“I know,” I said, “I understand. I’m sorry.”

We lay there for a few moments in silence, watching the spinning ceiling fan that seemed unable to accomplish anything but circulate more warm air.

“You’re too good to me,” she said abruptly, turning towards me with tears in her eyes, “I know that you deserve better. You deserve a woman who can give you everything that you need…”

She started to cry.

“Wait, wait!” I said, “Brie, honey. This isn’t that big of a deal. Your mom is dying. Trust me, I understand. I’m not going to die of a hard–on.”

I cradled her in my arms for a moment, but then let her go again as the heat became immediately uncomfortable.

She looked up at me.

“Thanks, honey. I’m glad you understand. I know that you have needs, and I’m sorry that I haven’t been great at meeting them lately.”

“Just give it time,” I said.

That was the last we spoke of it for a while. I remember, however, glancing over at the nightstand several times during this conversation and seeing her phone light up.

Someone was texting her.

Chapter 2

It wasn't until another week after the Colorado trip that I finally got suspicious enough to take action. I'm not exactly proud of what I did. It wasn't the type of thing that a husband who really trusts his wife would do, but then again, Brie wasn't exactly acting in a way that inspired trust.

Once again, she seemed to be unable to tear herself away from her phone. I knew that it wasn't about her mother. Or, at least, not *entirely*. When she *was* texting with someone about her mother's condition, the familiar somber look entered her face. When she was talking to the mystery person who seemed to have recently entered her life, her entire countenance changed.

That Wednesday night, as I watched her face light up in the glow of the messages she was receiving, I finally decided to do something.

"I'm going to run to the store," Brie announced, "Jamie needs to take a lunch tomorrow and we're out of bread."

"Ok," I said.

"I might also go by the gym afterwards," she added casually.

This was strange. She was going to the gym? In the evening?

"Really? Why?"

"Why not? That place is open 24 hours a day."

"Sure, but you never go at night!"

"I know," she said, "but there's a yoga class there that Karen's been raving about. I think I'd like to check it out."

"Alright," I said, trying not to sound the way I felt.

As soon as she was gone, I opened up my laptop and logged into the "find my phone" site. From here, I could see all of the family's cell phone locations. We had initially registered for the service so that we could keep track of Jamie. Now, the indicator for Jamie's phone showed it right where it was expected to be: in the northeast corner of our house (his bedroom).

My phone was in the kitchen (where I was sitting), and Brie's phone was travelling down the driveway and onto the main road that led to the highway near our house.

My heart pounded as I watched the pulsating icon on the screen turn onto the on–ramp going the opposite direction from the grocery store and gym.

Great. This was one of those times when I didn't *want* to be right.

Jamie came downstairs while I watched Brie's phone travel six exits north, to a part of town that had, in recent years, become "hip" again after a wave of gentrification had raised property values there.

It was a neighborhood where we'd gone out to eat once or twice, but had never spent any significant amount of time.

I found myself making excuses for Brie as I watched her phone's indicator blink. She seemed to park and go into a building.

She must have been buying something at a specialty store. Maybe a gift for her mother. Or one of her friends. Maybe for Jaime or me. She was always thoughtful like that.

I became agitated, though, as I saw her phone's indicator stop moving. She was spending an awful lot of time standing in one place. Or else she had set her phone down somewhere.

I got on google street view and looked at the front of the building.

It was an apartment complex from the 1930s — a beautiful red brick building that had been renovated several times but still had lots of its old–school charm.

I told myself it was a glitch. That neighborhood had been changing so quickly that it was entirely possible that the building had been torn down and replaced with shops, or that a shop had opened in the space on the ground level.

I couldn't find any evidence of this on google, but that didn't mean it wasn't the case.

I stared at the star that indicated the position of Brie's phone for almost ten minutes. No movement.

What the hell could she be doing that was taking so long?

My heart was racing. I sensed that she was doing something illicit, something connected with her recent change in mood after her trip, but I couldn't explain why. There was no rational reason for it, it was just an intuition.

I tried to talk myself down.

She might have stopped to use the bathroom, I thought.

But why would she have stopped there and not at a gas station closer to the off ramp of the highway?

Maybe she's dealing with something related to her mother.

It was true that her mom used to live in the same city as we did (where Brie had also grown up) before moving to a retirement community, and then an assisted living facility in Colorado when her illness had become unmanageable.

I knew this was a flimsy excuse. Brie's mom had been in Colorado for almost seven years now and had tied up most of the loose ends of her life before moving.

Still, she did have friends here, and maybe Brie was visiting one of them for a long heart–to–heart about her mother's illness.

I finally convinced myself that this was the most likely explanation. But even so, I couldn't help but try to see what Brie herself would tell me about her activities that evening.

It was 11PM by the time Brie got back. I was already reading in bed. Her hair was wet — she must have showered at the gym.

She also had a big smile on her face.

"How was yoga?"

"Wonderful," she sighed, slipping out of her clothes.

I watched her get undressed, my cock hardening at the sight of her curves. She was a beautiful woman.

"I feel so centered. So at peace…"

"Well I'm glad you went," I said.

She changed out of her sports bra and into a t–shirt and panties, flopping onto the bed next to me with a sigh of satisfaction.

“I’m glad I went, too. My mom’s condition has really been taking its toll on me recently, and it’s time that I did something for myself.”

“Yeah,” I said, “I can understand that. It’s good that you’re exercising.”

She smiled, looking off into the distance.

“Yeah,” she said.

Then she turned towards me and gave me a quick kiss on the lips and said goodnight.

Chapter 3

The yoga sessions, or whatever they were, continued that week. Each time she left, I would track her phone. Each time, she would stop at the same apartment building as before, spending 30–40 minutes there before going to the gym.

So she *was* doing yoga, but also something else that she wasn't telling me about.

Finally, after the third time this pattern repeated itself, I decided that I had to take action. I couldn't stand the suspense anymore. If it really was completely innocent then I would feel like a suspicious, paranoid fool. But if Brie was cheating on me, then I would also be a fool.

The only solution to my problem was to follow her. And since I already knew where she was going, it wouldn't even be suspicious. All I had to do was make sure I arrived at the building about ten minutes after she did. Then maybe I could get some answers.

It didn't take long for me to put my plan into effect. It was 9:00 in the evening, and Jaime was finishing his homework at the kitchen table, when Brie came into the kitchen in her yoga clothes and announced that she was going to the gym. She kissed both of us and then left.

About ten minutes later, I told Jaime that I had forgotten something at the office and that I was going to leave for an hour or two. He was fifteen years old, so definitely able to handle being home alone. In fact, he seemed happy to have some time to himself with both mom and dad out of the house.

"Don't forget to finish the dishes," I reminded him.

"I won't, dad," he said.

A few minutes later, I was parked a block away from the address where Brie had been spending her evenings. If the pattern held, she would be here for around half an hour (give or take) and then she'd head to the gym for her yoga class.

I had to know what was going on.

I got out of the car. It was a warm and extremely humid late–summer evening, and the sound of window air conditioning units hummed.

I had a closer look at the building where Brie was spending so much time. It had been recently restored, but for some reason the interior hadn't been retrofitted with central air. Or maybe some of the apartments had it and some didn't. This was evident from the fact that certain apartments had their windows open, the warm glow of lights spilling out into the night, while other apartments' windows were blocked by air conditioning units.

The building was perhaps ten stories tall, and had an iron fire escape, complete with a ladder, on the side. The fact that the ladder had been lowered to only a few feet from the ground, and that there were plants and even the occasional chair on the escape told me that the residents were ignoring the fire codes and using the narrow stairs as a kind of balcony.

Some of the apartments had *actual* balconies, too.

For a long time, I stood on the street, staring at the building, wondering where Brie could have been, and what she could have been doing.

Then I remembered the tracking app. I opened it on my phone, and watched Brie's phone light up on the south side of the building, near the fire escape.

My heart pounded. There was no way for me to tell which level she was on, but I could at least know what side of the building she was in.

Feeling like a criminal, I walked over the alley and stood under the fire escape, looking up. What would people think if they saw me standing out here? They'd probably call the police.

This wasn't a high–crime area, but it had used to be. Nowadays it was a hip, up and coming neighborhood, where the rents had skyrocketed. Probably lots of the recent transplants wouldn't take too kindly to a random man standing in the alley, trying to figure out his next move.

It was at that moment, however, that I heard her.

Brie.

At least I thought it was her. It only lasted for a moment. It pierced the hum of the air conditioners.

Her laugh.

High and light, the laugh that I hadn't heard in so long. The kind of joy that I'd read as symptomatic of some kind of disturbance in our relationship.

It happened so quickly, it was there and gone so fast, that I felt that there was a chance I had imagined it.

Why would Brie be here, laughing? It didn't make sense.

Unless…

Then it was there again. This time a giggle. The kind of giddy sound she'd made in our first days of dating.

A pang of nostalgia and horror gripped me at the same time.

Could this be the sound of a woman in love?

My heart pounding, I stood transfixed in the alleyway, my eyes darting from window to window above me, trying to intuit where Brie's laughter had come from.

Just then, however, a man opened one of the windows above me and stuck his head and arms out, then proceeded to light a cigarette.

This startled me enough that I turned and started walking back to my car, but not before hearing another sound that I was almost certain had come from my wife.

A moan.

A low moan of sexual delight.

As I walked to my car, my cock began to harden. I knew that moan. It was unmistakable. It was a sound that I hadn't heard in a long time.

When I got to my car, it was difficult to sit due to my erection.

Why was the idea of Brie cheating on me so arousing?

The fact that she was spending so much time here meant that she was, at the very least, being deceptive about her activities. And if I really had heard what I thought I'd heard, that meant that she was breaking her marriage vows in the most blatant way possible.

Images flashed through my mind of Brie and her lover. What did he look like? What did he have that I didn't have?

I had no way of knowing how to picture him. I didn't know what kind of man Brie would have been attracted to. Weren't most of the people that lived in buildings like this young hipster types?

Brie had never been into younger men.

I sat there for another few minutes, behind the wheel of my car, lost in thought and in my own fantasies.

I thought for a moment about waiting for Brie to emerge from the building so I could confront her. I knew that she wouldn't be in there much longer.

I was burning with desire to know once and for all what was happening, but at the same time, I had to admit to myself that I wasn't ready for what I might find out. I knew that something significant was going on, that Brie wasn't acting like herself.

I just wasn't ready to admit to myself how far it had probably already gone.

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That night, when Brie got home, I decided to try an experiment.

"How was yoga?" I asked.

"Wonderful, as usual," she said, her complexion practically glowing.

"It seems like you're really enjoying it."

"Yeah, I really am."

"That's great."

I embraced her, kissing her hard enough to let her know my intent.

"Honey," she said, "just what do you have in mind?"

“I think you know…”

She laughed, a little nervously, but not dismissively.

“It’s been a long time since we made love,” I continued, “and you seem so happy lately, I thought you might be in the mood.”

“I know it’s been a long time. I’m kind of tired tonight is all.”

“I understand,” I said, “but how about you just relax and let me do the work.”

“I guess that’s alright,” she said, a note of hesitancy entering her voice.

I kissed her deeply, then took her hand.

“Let’s go to the bedroom…”

A few minutes later, I was on my knees on the floor, kissing my way down Brie’s thighs as she gripped the pillows, already sighing with pleasure. She seemed much more turned on than she usually would have been at this stage in our foreplay.

I loved going down on her, and she loved it when I did it, but usually there was a long, slow burn to our cunnilingus sessions. This time, however, she was positively burning with desire.

At the same time, she was still strangely apprehensive. Suspiciously so.

“Are you sure you want to…go down on me? I mean, we could make love.”

“You said you were tired,” I reminded her, “and I just want to make you feel good.”

“Ok,” she sighed, closing her eyes and biting her lip for a moment.

Was she thinking about something else? *Someone* else? Her mysterious lover, whoever he was?

I noticed that her sparse pubic hair was completely matted, as if she’d been wet for hours. This could have been from the yoga, of course. I wasn’t sure if she’d showered at the gym or not.

It also could have been the result of a lovemaking session with another man, I thought.

Brie surprised me by crying out the moment that my tongue touched her clit.

“Oh God,” she moaned.

“Everything ok?” I said, slipping a finger into her dripping wet pussy.

“Mmm,” she squealed, “yes, I’m just feeling *very* sensitive tonight is all.”

This in itself was suspicious. Even though Brie took a long time to warm up, after having an orgasm she would often get incredibly sensitive, so much so that any more touching was practically unbearable for her. This was especially true when she’d had multiple orgasms.

I was beginning to understand what might have happened in that apartment building. Brie had reached orgasm multiple times.

I became erect as I teased her clit again with my tongue, extremely gingerly this time.

“Is this ok?”

“Mmm, yes,” she squeaked, “God. That’s good…”

Slowly, carefully and sensually I took my time, teasing her clit, then burying my face in her labia, reaching my tongue between them and into her wet tunnel as far as my tongue would go. This indirect stimulation avoided her highly sensitive clitoris.

It seemed to be *exactly* what Brie needed.

“Just relax, honey,” I said, “like during one of your yoga sessions. Just think of anything that makes you happy.”

“Ok,” she moaned, her voice trembling.

I worked for a few more minutes in silence, keeping her right on the edge. We had been together long enough that I knew how to read her responses, how to tell when Brie was close. I wanted her on the edge, but I didn’t want her to know that I was keeping her there on purpose.

I wanted to see if I could get some information.

“Thinking about someone special?”

“No…,” she moaned, “just you honey.”

“It’s ok,” I assured her, “I want you to imagine your dream lover. It’s just a fantasy. Don’t worry.”

Instead of responding, she moaned.

“That’s right,” I encouraged her, “imagine it’s just you and him right now.”

I teased her g–spot with a finger.

“He’s sliding inside you. Giving you every inch of his cock.”

She gasped. She was close now.

“Think about him taking you, honey. How does it feel?”

“So good,” she moaned, biting her lip right afterward and gripping the sheet tightly.

Her eyes were pressed closed, and she was pushing her hips up and into my face. She was very, very close.

“How big is he?”

I knew this wasn’t a question she was at all interested in thinking about when she wasn’t aroused. She’d always claimed that she didn’t care at all about the size of a man’s penis. But I was interested in seeing how she reacted when she was aroused.

Besides, as long and thick as I was, I knew there were very few men who could compete.

She didn’t answer. I flicked her clit carefully with my tongue, timing my movements with my massage of her g–spot.

“Is he big? Thicker and longer than me? Is he, honey?”

“Oh God,” she cried, finally reaching climax, “YES!!”

As she ground her pussy into my face, then pressed her legs on either side of my head so hard that I lost my hearing for several seconds, I couldn’t be sure if her “yes” had been an affirmative answer to my question, or simply an affirmation of her own pleasure.

I suspected that it had been both.

Could it be that she'd found someone bigger? Could it be that I'd been dethroned in the size department?

Afterwards, we lay next to each other in silence.

I was still hard, my cock in my hand.

"Thanks, honey," she said, "I know that you didn't come yet, but I'm just so tired."

"It's ok," I said, "maybe you can just help me masturbate?"

"Help you how?"

This wasn't something that we'd ever done before.

"I don't know," I lied, "I guess…you could tell me a fantasy…"

She blushed.

"I guess I could try," she said, "I'm not much of a storyteller."

"Just tell me something about what you were thinking about just now."

"Ok," she said hesitantly, "it's just a fantasy, though, ok?"

"Yes, of course," I assured her, "no judgement. I promise."

"Ok," she said, sighing a bit, "it's a very romantic fantasy. He's a pilot. I meet him…at an airport bar."

A tingle went down my spine.

This might be close to the truth. Her change in mood had, after all, corresponded with her trip to Colorado…

"And he buys me a drink and he's just a little bit flirtatious. He's wearing his uniform. I love a guy in uniform."

"Go on," I said breathlessly, fisting my cock.

"And he's such a sweet man, and such a good talker that he's made me forget all my problems. The next thing I know, I'm sharing a cab into town with him and he's convinced me to come up to his hotel room."

I was filled with jealousy as she painted this scenario of her infidelity. At the same time, I was rock hard, my arousal making me probe her for more details.

“And we’re kissing in the back of the cab. He’s so gentle. Yet so masculine. He makes me feel safe. Secure from all the horrible things in the world.”

The jealousy was overwhelming now. Why didn’t she feel that way with me? Why was this so easy for her to talk about? It didn’t seem like a fantasy that she was coming up with on the spot.

“The next thing I know we’re up in his room and he has me on my back on the bed. He’s kissing me on the lips and running his fingers through my hair. He whispers in my ear how beautiful I am, how much he wants to make love to me. I can’t believe it. I can’t believe this is happening. How good it feels to forget everything…”

“Oh God,” I groaned, “keep going.”

“It’s just a fantasy,” she said, “you know that, right?”

“Of course,” I said, “that’s why I want to hear it.”

“Ok,” she said, seemingly reassured, “his hands and lips are all over me now. My clothes are off, and I barely know how it happened. He’s teasing my nipple with his tongue while his hands are probing my wetness. He slips a finger inside me. I want him *so* bad.”

My cock was slick with precum by now, my own orgasm close. I did my best to hold off. I desperately wanted to know how the fantasy played out. What was the secret of my wife’s new–found satisfaction?

“He has my panties off now, and I’m practically begging for him to fuck me. I reach down between his legs, and feel him for the first time. He’s hard. And he’s huge. I can’t believe how big he is, in fact. I tell him that there’s no way it’s going to fit inside, and that he’s going to hurt me if he tries. He’s so much bigger than you, that your cock seems average by comparison.”

“But my hands are gripping his cock, feeling his amazing girth, and I want him inside me so bad. He leans down and strokes my hair and tells me not to worry, that he’s going to make sure that it doesn’t hurt. He’s going to take his time with me.”

“Oh God,” I said, “you must have been so turned on.”

“I was,” she sighed, then caught herself, “I mean, I would be. This is just a fantasy.”

“Of course,” I said, “keep going.”

“He really did take his time. He pushed my legs apart gently, and slowly pushed past my resistance, giving me lots of opportunity to get used to his size before he put even more into me. When he finally bottomed out inside me, he looked me in the eyes again and told me that I was beautiful. I felt so full, so special, and so safe that I actually climaxed right then and there. My climax left me extremely sensitive. It always does. But also so wet that he could move easily within me. He started fucking me, honey.”

She didn’t seem to notice that she had slipped into the indicative past (that is, describing real events) and was no longer in the realm of imagination. She was telling me about something that had really happened. There was no more attempt to deny it, or at least not much of one.

“Every stroke he took seemed to bring me to another climax. I had never felt that full. Connecting with him felt so *right*, like the one thing that had been missing from my life up to that point. It was so perfect. Emotionally and physically. When he finally came inside me…I was begging for it.”

I noticed for the first time that Brie’s hand was between her legs now. It wasn’t just me who was getting off to this filthy fantasy.

“He just filled me, honey. It felt so good. I didn’t even think about birth control…”

In that moment, I climaxed, shooting a powerful stream of semen into the air, followed by three more spurts. It was the best orgasm I’d had in years. But afterwards, I was overwhelmed with shame. What was I doing? Getting off on my wife’s infidelity?

Then, a feeling of dread washed over me. What if it really *was* true? What if I actually had reason to be insecure about my size. Even if I was larger than 97% of other men, there was still that 3 percent. What if Brie’s lover was one of them?

This thought haunted me over the next few days.

Finally, I decided that I had to do it: I had to follow her to “yoga” once again. This time, however, I decided I was going to get closer. I was going to figure out just who she was seeing, and why. I was also going to confirm my nagging suspicion that the moan that I’d heard that night really had belonged to Brie.

Chapter 4

Jamie was in his room listening to music when Brie left the house that evening, calling up to him with a lightness in her voice that had become all too familiar of late. What had started out as a welcome change from her recent dark moods had now become a painful reminder of what I was increasingly convinced was her infidelity.

“Bye, honey,” I called to her from my office.

“Bye,” she said.

The door slammed shut. I waited exactly one minute after I heard the garage door close to strip off the first layer of clothes I was wearing and get ready for my “mission.”

Under my clothes, I had dressed completely in black. I was aware of how suspicious I would look if Brie – or anyone else, really – saw me in this outfit. But it was what I was convinced was necessary to carry out my plan.

A few minutes later (just after Brie had, herself, arrived), I was parked outside the mysterious apartment building.

The night was warm once again, and once again, light streamed out of some of the apartment windows overlooking the fire escapes.

I got out of my car and crossed the street, looking nervously around me. I went into the alley and was pleased to find that the ladder of one of the fire escapes had been dropped to the ground.

This was my way up. If only none of the residents opened their windows, or decided to duck out onto the escape for a cigarette.

I pulled myself easily up the ladder, and to my delight it held my weight easily, with minimal wobbling. I got onto the the first escape, and sat, waiting.

I knew I was going to have to get lucky if I wanted to catch Brie in the act. This would all be for nothing, and I would be risking trespassing charges or worse if I didn’t discover anything.

Something in my gut told me that I would, however.

For a few moments, I sat there, dressed entirely in black, my heart pounding, wondering what kind of mess I'd gotten myself into. Wondering how I could have been stupid enough to think that something like this would work.

Almost ready to climb back down and go home and just confront Brie directly about my suspicions. Like a man.

But then, I heard it.

It was unmistakable.

Brie's moan.

Just like the other night. Just like the night that I'd gone down on her, that she'd admitted to fantasizing about the pilot. Hell, she'd practically admitted to really being with the pilot.

There it was again. A little farther up. I slowly stood up, trying to make as little noise as possible. I walked up the steps of the fire escape to the next floor, scanning the row of lit windows, my ears pricked for any sound of my wife.

"Yes," came her voice, as if calling to me, "please."

She was still a little further up. I could tell.

I crept up yet another flight of clanky fire–escape stairs, hoping that that the sound wouldn't give me away. It was a ridiculous fear, I realized, because although the high–pitched sound of my what I took to be my wife's voice rang out about the hum of the window air–conditioning units, the low humming sound produced by their simultaneous operation would have easily drowned out the sound of my footsteps for anyone inside the building.

Just as my head popped up to the height of the windows on the next floor, I simultaneously heard and saw the source of the voice that I had heard.

It was, as I had expected, Brie.

At first I didn't recognize her, though. What I saw was this: an open window on a well–lit room with hardwood floors and retro woodwork. It was a small, one–room apartment with a kitchen on the far wall.

For some reason, at the same time I saw the man and the woman, I also noticed a blue pilot's uniform, pressed and hanging on a clothes hanger which in turn was hanging from a hook on the wall.

This was him. Brie's fantasy man had been real.

It is hard to describe how traumatizing it is to watch the woman you love kissing another man. That is exactly what I saw in that moment, however.

Brie, her eyes closed, her mouth pressed hungrily against the lips of her lover, who had his large black hands on the small of her bare back and was moving them slowly down to her ass.

Brie was braless, but was wearing a pair of black lace panties that I had never seen. This was the reason for me not recognizing her at first, but the other reason must have simply been that in this particular context — and with this particular lover — Brie seemed to have been entirely transformed. Another person.

Her lover's right hand was on her breasts now. He was teasing her nipples while pulling her closer, his left hand cupping her ass cheek.

He broke their kiss for a moment.

"God, you have an amazing ass," he said in a rich, deep bass.

Brie smiled up at him. He was a full head taller than her, and she had to crane her neck. He was probably a few inches taller than me as well. I looked my rival up and down. He was a black man, perhaps in his mid–forties. His head was shaved bald. He had his shirt off, but was still wearing a pair of black boxer briefs.

My eyes drifted down to his package. I knew what large cocks looked like in underwear. Heck, I had one myself that I was pretty proud of.

His, however, was next–level large, already.

I swallowed hard, my mouth going dry and my own cock hardening at the prospect of seeing Brie make love to this man with a member larger than my own.

For the next few minutes, I forgot where I was entirely (standing on a fire escape like a pervert, with my hand down my pants), and

simply enjoyed the spectacle of what was playing out before my eyes.

Brie's hands moved from around her lover's neck down to his package. She was stroking him through his briefs as he caressed her buttocks, slipping his hand under her panties now.

"I want you," she moaned, "God, I want you."

"How much time do we have?"

"I don't know," she said, "and I don't care. I can miss yoga. I'll just shower here and head home at the normal time."

"It's up to you," he said, "you know I love having more time with you."

"Take all the time you want tonight. I'm yours," she groaned, melting into his arms and his kiss.

A pang of jealousy shot through me. I could have stopped things right then and there if I'd announced my presence. But that would have almost certainly meant that I'd be arrested, or beaten up by my wife's lover (who was much more muscular than I was) or probably both.

You couldn't just stand out on someone's fire escape and look through their window and expect not to get in trouble.

I thought for a moment about going down to Brie's car and waiting to confront her there. That would have been better for my mental health, perhaps.

But right then, in that moment, I wasn't able to think about the future. All I was able to do is think about what was playing out in front of my eyes.

They kissed for a few more minutes as her lover's hands found their way between her legs, probing her wetness and causing her panties to travel further down her buttocks until they had cleared them entirely.

"Time to take you to bed," he murmured.

"Please," she moaned.

To my surprise and hers, the pilot picked up my wife in his arms, holding her close to him and carrying her a few feet to the bed on the east wall that took up a large portion of the room.

He dropped her there playfully and she shrieked in delight. I had a side view now, and watched as the gigantic pilot loomed over my wife, his dark black skin contrasting wonderfully with her own pale beauty.

Their lips met again, then their mouths opened and their tongues played together. If ever there was a heartbreaking scene, it was this one. Their connection seemed so real. So loving. Their connection was beyond being merely physical, it was clear. This wasn't a case of a wife who just wanted to blow off a little extra sexual energy by getting some dick on the side.

No, the way Brie kissed her lover told me one thing.

Brie was in love. And the feeling seemed to be entirely mutual.

"Take me," she begged, looking up at him and breaking their kiss, "please. I need to feel you inside me."

"You said I had plenty of time this time," he reminded her, giving her a roguish smile.

The next moment, she was gasping as his tongue teased her nipples. She closed her eyes and bit her lip.

"You're so good to me," she moaned as he continued to kissing her breasts while he fingered her.

"You're wet," he remarked.

"I know," she moaned, "I want you so bad. Please put it inside me."

"Yes, ma'am," he grinned, "I'd never refuse something like that to a lady."

He pulled himself up for a moment and slipped off his briefs, freeing his gigantic black cock.

I gasped. I couldn't help it. He was probably a full three inches longer than me, and maybe twice as thick. His cock was simply unbelievable. What's more, it was beautiful. I'm not gay, and have

never been attracted to men, but I couldn't deny that the long, veiny black flesh that shot up between his legs was like a perfectly proportioned work of art.

Brie clearly thought so, too. She reached down and stroked him, begging him softly with her gaze as her petite hands spread the precum all over his shaft.

Would he use a condom? I remembered that Brie wasn't on birth control.

"God, I never get tired of looking at it," she said, entranced by his cock, "will you let me suck it later?"

He grinned.

"Maybe if you're a good girl. I thought you wanted it inside you?"

"I do," she sighed, parting her legs and pointing his shaft down towards her throbbing wet cunt.

She cried out in pleasure as he pushed the first inch or so inside her.

"It's amazing how much easier this is now than the first time, in the hotel," he said.

"You're stretched me out so good," she gasped, "nothing else compares now."

Another pang of sadness shot through my body. I had my cock out now, completely ignoring the fact that I was in public and jerking off in the dark on a fire escape.

"Oh God," moaned Brie, her eyes closing now as he forced a few more inches into her, "yes!"

She seemed to be on the edge of orgasm already. I couldn't believe it.

It was true, however. She was coming. I never got tired of watching her climax, and this time I had a perfect view as her pale face reddened with exertion and her lips parted, letting out a high–pitched moan of pleasure like the one that I'd heard on that first night that I'd followed her here.

"I love your cock," she cooed, "oh, Peter. I love it!"

Peter. Peter the pilot, I thought. So that was his name.

“You feel so good,” he moaned, “God, I love making love to you.”

I noticed the phrase he’d used. “Making love.” Not “fucking.”

But that was what he started to do, now. Now that Brie had been sufficiently warmed up by her first orgasm, he began to give her his full length. Slowly at first, then faster and faster.

I watched in awe as his slick shaft penetrated my wife, who was moaning wantonly now, writhing beneath him as he pinned her to the bed with his gigantic prick.

“Take it, Peter,” she moaned, “it’s all yours. Oh God, I love it.”

“Tell me you won’t fuck him again,” he growled, for the first time taking on a somewhat rougher tone.

A shiver went down my spine. I knew who “he” was, of course. “He” was me.

My wife’s lover was demanding that she withhold sex from me.

“Yes, Peter,” she groaned, “I promise. My pussy belongs to you now. I won’t let him touch it.”

“Good,” he said, lacing the fingers of one hand through her hair and pulling her up for a kiss as he fucked her even more fervently, “I don’t want any other man taking what’s mine.”

“It’s all yours, Peter,” she said, her voice quivering with desire, “just take what you want.”

This drove him to pound her even harder than before, slamming the frame of the bed into the wall so loudly that the neighbors couldn’t help but have been disturbed. Not that it mattered to the happy couple, Peter and Brie, who seemed so wrapped up in their lovemaking that the entire world around them had disappeared.

I watched as this well–endowed black man gave my wife yet another orgasm. Then another. After this third climax, which seemed even more powerful than the first two, Brie was literally crying in pleasure, tears streaming down her face.

“Should I stop, babe?” asked Peter with concern.

His chest was glistening with sweat. It was a hot night and they didn't have air–conditioning, after all.

"No," she panted, "I'm sorry. It's just that sex with you is so… *emotional*. It's more intense physically, too, but it's just so overwhelming."

"It's ok," he said, pulling out of her, "I understand."

"No!" she said fiercely, "I *want* you inside me. I need to be overwhelmed by that big, beautiful cock."

He smiled, pushing back inside her and then giving her another long, sensual kiss on the lips.

"I want you to do something for me," she said, looking up at him with tear–stained eyes.

"Anything, baby," he said, his rich baritone dripping with desire.

"I want you to come inside me this time."

Peter's eyes widened.

"Are you sure, honey?"

"Very sure. I need this so bad. It would mean so much to me. Please."

"I'd love to," he said, a huge grin breaking out across his face after a moment of contemplation.

With that, he began to fuck her harder than before, slamming his rod home as the entire bed shook under the force of his mighty strokes. Brie moaned and squealed in ecstasy, begging for him to fuck her harder, deeper, to put his seed inside her.

I was so aroused by the scene that I didn't stop to think about the reality of what I was watching: my wife begging for another man's cum in her unprotected womb. She might have been fertile in that very moment. She was on the older side, but, at 35, by no means unable of conceiving another child.

"Fill me, Peter," she moaned, "I need your cum inside me."

A look of determination passed across Peter's face as he plunged into my wife again and again, his thick black rod burying

itself to the root each time as his balls slapped against my wife's flesh.

"God you're a sexy woman," he moaned, "here I come!"

"Yes!"

Brie exploded in ecstasy as her lover plunged himself home for the final time. I could see his shaft pulsing inside her in the way the skin in her stomach rose and fell. He was pumping her full of his potent seed, and, what's more, it was an act of pure love.

"Thank you," moaned Brie, when he had finished, "thank you so much."

"My pleasure," he said, slowly pulling out, then collapsing onto the bed next to her and stroking her head gently.

She turned towards him, putting her back to the window now, and murmured some words that I couldn't understand.

They lay like that for about five minutes, kissing and talking. Sometimes Brie let out a giggle.

I should have left. I should have realized that the position I was in, standing on the fire escape stairs, my cock in my hand, stroking it slowly as I watched my wife and her lover whisper sweet nothings, was conducive neither to my physical nor my psychological well–being.

Something kept me rooted to the spot. An awful urge to see just how far things had gone, to see just how much of Brie I'd already lost.

Besides, if she hadn't headed home yet, she wouldn't know that I wasn't there.

After a few minutes of relatively light kissing and cuddling, it seemed that the libido of the two lovers had been awakened once more. Brie's hands had wandered down, and she was clearly playing with Peter's cock. I couldn't see it yet.

Then I saw her whisper something in his ear. He nodded.

Brie jumped up from the bed, a look of glee on her face as she run to her purse. She rummaged through it for a moment and found

what she'd been looking for: a rubber hair band, which she used to pull her hair back into a ponytail.

When I saw that Peter had taken a seat on the edge of the bed, his thick shaft already standing at attention again, I realized what had made Brie suddenly so happy.

She was going to give Peter a blowjob. She was going to suck his big, long, thick, beautiful black dick while her cuckold husband watched from the window.

She dropped to her knees while she was still a few feet away from the bed and crawled over to him, a mischievous look in her eyes.

"You naughty girl," he chuckled, pulling her up for a kiss when she finally reached him.

"Can I please suck your cock?" she purred, "I want to taste you so bad. I want to taste *us*."

I had never seen this filthy side of my wife. Sure, she'd given me plenty of blowjobs in the past, but never this enthusiastically and eagerly. It was as if she was doing something for Peter that caused her herself incredible pleasure.

I realized, in that moment, that this must exactly be the case. She loved pleasing Peter that much.

I watched as she caressed and kissed his shaft all over, going down to his balls and licking them before taking the fat head of his prick into her mouth.

"Oh yeah, babe," he moaned, "show me what you can do with that mouth."

She slicked down his rod with her lips and tongue, spreading saliva down its length so that she could supplement the actions of her mouth with those of her hand.

Peter's head was back in pleasure as he savored the attentions of my wife. After a while, he reached down and grabbed her ponytail, controlling the speed of penetration.

I watched in awe as my wife began to take his cock deeper and deeper. She'd always claimed that I was too thick for her to even try

to deepthroat, but here she was, going to town on another, much–larger man and taking almost half of his shaft into her throat.

Even though tears of exertion returned to her eyes, she would not be swayed by them, so determined she was to please her partner.

“Oh God, yes. That’s it,” he moaned, the sweat dripping off of his muscular, bare torso, “you love that big black dick, don’t you?”

Brie pulled off for a moment, grinning up at him.

“I love sucking your big black cock, Peter,” she said, “I want you to come for me.”

“Where do you want it?”

“Where ever you want.”

“In your mouth,” he panted, “I want to watch you swallow it.”

“Yes sir,” she said.

She opened her mouth wide and began to stroke his thick prick onto her tongue, looking up at him in devotion. I couldn’t believe what I was seeing, and I couldn’t tear my eyes away.

I stroked myself in time with Brie’s ministrations of Peter’s cock.

“Oh God, Brie,” he moaned, using her name for the first time, “I think I’m in love!”

Something about hearing him use my wife’s name, and declare his love for her pushed me over the edge. I shot a stream of cum which, to my horror, splatted against the frame of the open window through which I’d been observing the couple.

I couldn’t stop it now, however, not any more than I could stop what was going on between Peter and Brie inside. I watched in pleasurable horror as Peter filled my wife’s eager mouth with his thick warm cum.

She looked up at him and then swallowed it, slowly, making a show of cleaning off her fingers and chin. Then she took him in her mouth once more and sucked out the last few drops.

It was the sluttiest thing I’d ever seen her do, and I knew that she’d done it all for one reason and one reason only: love.

All of a sudden, I felt sick. I was filled with the dread of a man who'd just been betrayed, and I no longer knew how to process the feelings that I'd just experienced or the scene that I'd just witnessed.

To make matters worse, I was dressed in black and covered in my own seed, standing on a stranger's fire escape.

I finally realized it was time for me to beat a hasty exit. I needed to get the fuck out of there. And fast.

But not too fast, I realized, as I slid on my own semen, grabbing hold of the railing and steadying myself before I plunged headfirst over it and into the black night below.

"What was that?" Peter said.

I heard footsteps approaching the window.

Fuck.

Luckily, before I slipped I'd made my way partway to the stairs on the other side of the fire escape, and so I was no longer standing right outside the window.

I froze, not moving a muscle, as Peter stuck his head out the window, looking back and forth. Fortunately he was still blinded by the inside lights, I realized, and wouldn't be able to see anything as long as I stayed completely quiet.

After a couple of tense seconds, he disappeared.

"What was that?" I heard Brie say, a note of concern in her voice.

I didn't stick around to hear what he answered. Instead, I went back down the steps as fast as I could go. A minute later, I was back in my car, pulling back out into the street and praying that Brie wouldn't somehow beat me home.

Chapter 5

All the way home, images of what I'd seen plagued me. In my mind's eye I saw Peter's huge black glistening rod penetrating my wife. I heard her calling his name. I watched her climax again and again.

It was a curious feeling of lust and apprehension. I sensed that things were going to come to head between Brie and I that evening. It would have been impossible for me to pretend that I didn't know something. My own behavior would have betrayed me. Of that I was sure.

So I waited for her in our bedroom, ready for some kind of confrontation. I wasn't sure yet what I was going to say. What I was going to do.

Was I mad? You bet I was. I was furious. But at her, at Peter or at myself?

But as upset as I was, I was also incredibly turned on.

That's why I was sitting on the edge of our bed, my erection jutting out from my boxers, when Brie came in. She'd already been in to see Jamie right after she came home.

She looked down between my legs and raised her eyebrows.

"What's got *you* so excited?"

"I don't know," I said, "you."

"Ha," she said, "but I've been gone all evening. Where did you go? Jamie said you were gone as well."

I noticed that her hair was wet. She must have showered, either at Peter's or at the gym.

She sat down next to me on the bed, kissing me.

This was a strange turn of events. What about her promise to Peter? Was she having second thoughts about him? Had it just been something she'd said in the heat of the moment?

Her words echoed in my mind.

"My pussy belongs to you, Peter."

It didn't matter if those had been her exact words or not; they captured the sentiment perfectly.

I kissed her back, breathing in her scent.

"Would you like to…you know?" she said, "do what we did the other night?"

"You want me to go down on you?"

"Mmm–hmm," she said, nodding.

My heart was pounding. This was *quite* unexpected. I thought about how Peter had filled her, and wondered if all of his sperm had come out in the shower. The thought of eating another man's cum repulsed me, but for some reason, I wanted nothing more in that moment than to go down on my wife.

Her pussy was warm and wet and smelled of the strong musk of Peter's cum. The shower hadn't done away with the scent.

"Oh God, yes. Thanks, honey. That feels so good. I'm so sensitive down there."

"You taste great," I said, which was surprisingly true.

Did I really enjoy the taste of other men's cum, or was there something else about the situation that aroused me to this extent?

I pushed my tongue between my wife's labia, lapping with vigor at her swollen, well–fucked cunt.

"Fuck, it's so good…," she moaned.

She ran her fingers through my hair.

"You're so good to me," she sighed, "I don't deserve this."

She was right. She didn't. And I didn't deserve to be cheated on. So why did it turn me on so much?

"Brie," I said, after a few more seconds of teasing her clit with my tongue, "I know everything."

"What?" she moaned, stopping and looking down at me in shock.

"I know about Peter. Peter the pilot."

"Fuck, honey."

“It’s ok,” I said, teasing her pussy with one hand, “it’s alright.”

“How?” she groaned, thrusting her hips up to meet my lips again.

Instead of responding, I just stimulated her clit.

What was happening? Were we actually having a conversation about this?

“You were acting weird,” I panted, coming up for air, “I tracked your phone.”

“You shouldn’t have done that,” she moaned.

I tasted the salty, musky tang of Peter’s cum in my mouth.

“You shouldn’t have cheated,” I said, after swallowing down my first mouthful.

“I know,” she sighed, pressing my head into her cunt, “but he was visiting his mom in the same nursing home where I was visiting my mom. And they both have the same kind of cancer. And I was booked on his flight home. The one he was flying.”

I lapped at her cunt, drinking in Peter’s sperm. I gagged a bit, but powered through. I wanted to hear the whole story from her, even if I’d already put it together myself.

She moaned a bit, clearly reliving this first encounter.

“We met at the bar,” she said, “it was so great to meet someone in the exact same situation that I was in. And it didn’t hurt that he was so handsome. And that he has a place in town…”

“Is he married too?” I managed, between mouthfuls of Peter’s sperm.

“Not anymore,” she gasped, gripping the sides of my head with her thighs, “he got divorced about five years ago, but is on good terms with his ex. They have a son together. About Jamie’s age.”

I pushed a finger deep into her cunt and began to fuck her with it. I was furious, but I was also incredibly aroused. What’s more, I had understanding, on a human level, for my wife’s weakness. It wasn’t that she was a bad person. She had been in an emotionally difficult situation, and had simply been looking for emotional support

and found it easily. The same had probably been true for Peter. It wasn't like she'd gone looking for a big black cock to suck. She'd just found one.

I thought about this as I licked another glob of cum from her pussy, swallowing it as quickly as I could. What did Brie think about me, her husband, being so willing and able to consume her lover's creampie?

"Don't stop," she moaned, "whatever you think of me now, *please* don't stop!"

I kissed her clit while I teased her g–spot with my finger. I pressed my entire face against her labia. I didn't stop.

But I had to know.

So I stopped, just for a moment.

"Do you love him?" I asked.

"What?" she moaned, beside herself with arousal.

"You heard me," I said flatly, "do you love him? I just want to know. I'm not going to judge you. I understand the reasons that you had to do what you did."

"I don't know," she moaned, "just keep licking me."

"That's not good enough for me," I said, resolved not to let her weasel out of the question so easily, "I need to know. Do you love him? Yes or no."

She paused, then pushed my head back down into her sopping cunt.

"YES!" she moaned, "I admit it! I love him!! Ok????!"

In the same moment, her hips bucked up against my mouth, flooding it with another burst of salty cum. I chocked it down, swallowing every bit, grateful that the truth had finally come out.

At almost the same time, I brought myself to climax, my free hand on my throbbing cock. Big, but not big enough for my insatiable size–queen wife.

Epilogue

That night, we had a long talk. I told Brie everything. Well, *almost* everything.

I left out the part about actually *seeing* her with Peter. I simply admitted that I'd followed her and that I'd heard her moaning while I stood in the alley. I made something up about calling the airline and finding out which pilots had flown on the night that she'd come back from Colorado, and then cross–referencing the names with the real estate records corresponding to the building where I'd watched her and Peter.

It was a plausible enough lie. After all, she'd mentioned the pilot thing during our mutual jerk–off session, so that part wasn't so far–fetched.

By the time we'd finished confessing to each other, it was 7:00AM. The sun was starting to come up.

"So what do we do now?" she asked, "I can't do this to Jamie. He already lost his dad. He can't lose his stepdad, too. You're the only real dad that he's ever known."

"What do we *do*?" I said, "I don't think we need to 'do' anything."

She looked at me questioningly.

"What do you mean?"

"You're going through a terrible time right now. Your mom. Her cancer. Breaking up the family would only compound that. It's not easy for Jamie either."

"I know," she sighed, "but can you ever forgive me?"

"I'm not *going* to forgive you," I said, "because I know that you're not going to stop. You can't. You love Peter, and he loves you."

She nodded her head sadly.

"It's the truth," I said, "and we should face up to it."

"You're right," she said, tears coming to her eyes, "I'm so sorry — it just happened! I didn't mean to hurt you. He was there at the right time, and he just… he just…"

She broke down.

I put my hand on her shoulder.

“…he just *understood* me. He got it. He knew what it was like to see a parent go through something like this. Because his mother was the same age as mine, and going through the exact same thing.”

“I know,” I said, “I get it.”

“But if you leave,” she started.

“I’m not going to leave,” I said, taking her hand, “I’m going to stick by you and Jamie, for as long as you need me.”

Her face was puzzled.

“But what about Peter?”

“You can keep seeing Peter,” I said, “as often as you want. All I ask is that you and I…”

Her eyes were watery now. She was genuinely touched.

“Yes?”

“All I ask is that I can clean up afterwards once in a while. And that you sometimes tell me about what happened.”

“I can do that,” she said, nodding quickly, as she wiped tears from her eyes, “you’re such a good man. For putting up with this.”

“I’m not putting up with it for your sake,” I assured her, “this whole thing arouses me in a way that I don’t entirely understand. That I don’t necessarily *want* to understand. But all I know is that this is what you need, now. This is what’s going to help you get through what’s happening to your mother, and I want to stand by you while it happens.”

She looked up at me, the tears coming faster now.

Then she was sobbing, pressing her small body against mine.

“Oh, thank you. Thank you, sweetheart! No one has understood me the way that you do. No one except …”

“I know,” I sighed, “no one except Peter.”

“That’s right,” she said, pressing herself into my chest, “no one except him.”

And that, Dear Reader, is how we left things. Brie went to see Peter several times a week, and I watched from the fire escape every chance that I got. A couple of times, I came close to being caught, but instead of putting me off the whole enterprise entirely, those close calls actually made me come back for more.

I watched Peter take my wife in every single position imaginable. I watched their sex get more frequent, more uninhibited and desperate as their mothers’ respective illnesses worsened.

They took a trip together, with my blessing, to Colorado. Peter paid for the ticket.

When they got back, I ate three days worth of creampies out of Brie’s cunt, while she related every last filthy detail.

But the sex couldn’t work miracles, as great as it was for the two people involved, and for the silent voyeur watching it (me). Reality soon caught up.

Peter’s mother died that January. Brie’s mom followed her that March. At the funeral, Jamie asked me who the tall black man in the pilot’s uniform was who kept exchanging glances with his mother.

“That’s a friend of your mother’s,” I said, “an old friend.”

This answer seemed to satisfy the young man. And, after all, it was more true than either of us could ever know.

It wasn’t easy for me, watching my wife with another man. But the more I watched Brie take Peter’s big black cock, the more I realized that they were a match made in heaven.

There was nothing I could do to stop it, so I might as well stick around, as long as they both would let me.

BETH GOES BLACK

Chapter 1

“Your new boss seems nice,” said my wife, Beth, as she removed her earrings that night, placing them carefully in the jewelry box on our bedroom dresser.

My eyes ran over her body. Those hips. That butt. Tight and curvy as ever. Maybe *more* than ever.

Beth was small and full–figured, just over five feet tall and maybe 120 pounds. How tiny she’d looked standing next to Derrick, the boss in question!

The contrast between them had been striking. She, a petite brunette white woman with blue eyes. He, a tall, muscular Black man in a well–fitting suit with huge hands and a wide, confident stance. She was thirty, and we’d been married for five years.

He was — how old *was* he anyway? It was hard to tell. Definitely not more than forty–five.

I’d seen them talking to each other for almost half an hour at the office Christmas party. Lost in each other’s eyes.

I couldn’t help but wonder if he had wanted to take her under the mistletoe…

I snapped back to reality.

“Yeah, Derrick is usually nice,” I replied, yawning a bit due to the late hour, “but he can be kind of an asshole sometimes.”

“Really? I didn’t get that vibe at all. He just seemed like a confident guy who knows what he wants.”

“Yeah,” I said, “that he is. That’s why he’s the new division head.”

“Sometimes bosses have to be seen as assholes in order to get things done,” said Beth, slipping out of her dress and unsnapping her bra, “that’s why I’d make a terrible manager.”

“Good thing no one wants you to be one,” I said.

“Actually,” she added, rubbing lotion into her face, “some people would say that my job was *all* management, all the time. I don’t really

think of it like that, though."

Beth was an elementary school teacher, and loved her job.

"I guess managing twenty–five eight–year–olds is a little different than managing twenty–five engineers," I chuckled.

"Yeah," she said, "the *eight–year–olds* are a lot more cooperative. And rational."

I had to laugh at that.

After we had both finished getting ready for bed, we lay next to each other reading for a while, as we normally did.

Then, something unexpected happened.

"Bryce," said Beth, turning to me suddenly and putting down her book, "would you like to…you know…"

I thought that I *did* know, but I just couldn't believe that she might be suggesting it. After all, how long had it been? It seemed like my wife had just given up on sex. *I* certainly had.

That is to say, I'd given up on *asking* for it.

"Yeah," I said, unable to stop a huge grin from breaking out across my face, "I'd love to."

I savored the feeling of her soft lips against mine as she pressed herself to me. My cock was instantly hard. I'd become so used to jerking off that being this close to the act of sexual intercourse with my wife put me in the emotional and physical state of a teenager. I felt both incredibly excited and uncertain about my own performance.

"God I want you," I sighed, my hands running up underneath her negligee and feeling her soft thighs.

"Yes, baby," moaned Beth, pulling me in closer as I kissed down her neck, "mm…"

She was wet.

Oh God, was she wet!

In the past few years, whenever she'd acceded to my entreaties to make love, one of the clear signs that her heart really hadn't been

in it was the fact that we'd had to use copious amounts of lube, and that she'd been dry even during foreplay.

I slid a finger inside her.

"God, that feels so good," she moaned, "it's been too long."

Finally, I thought, *finally she gets it. After all the couples therapy. After all the pleading. The begging. The bargaining.*

She was tight. God, was she tight and wet! That was normal for a woman her size, but probably doubly so for a woman who hadn't had sex in probably half a year.

"That feels so good babe," she said, "keep doing that."

I was fingering her and rubbing her clit. I wanted to ask her what had brought on the sudden change, but I also knew better than to try my luck.

I was about to get laid. God damn. I was about to finally have sex with my wife again!

I ran my fingers up and down her wet slit, teasing her mound with my palm as she moaned.

"Oh Bryce. That's so good, baby…"

I teased her breast with one hand, tweaking a nipple as I continued the massage with the other.

"I need you," she moaned, "I want you inside me…"

My cock was straining against my boxers, already spilling precum everywhere.

I took them off quickly and positioned myself on top of my wife, who spread her legs and guided me inside her. It was an incredible, impossibly tight fit, comparable to the very first time we'd done it. I flashed back to that night: our third date, a year out of college. I'd been the first man she'd ever slept with, believe it or not. She had been 23 and a virgin. Being the first man inside her had felt like an unbelievable privilege, something sacred. Up until the sex had dried up…

None of that mattered now. Not in this moment as I moved inside her, pushing deeper and deeper.

“God yes,” she moaned, “I need this so bad. Fuck yes, Bryce.”

I almost couldn’t believe my ears. Had my prudish wife really said the word “fuck”? In *bed*, too? She was the type of girl who would censor her swearing even when there were no children around.

Normally when we made love, she remained completely silent. Abnormally so. To the point that I wasn’t sure if she was even enjoying it, and to judge from our conversations during therapy, she often wasn’t enjoying it.

Not now, however.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of something else while I moved inside my impossibly tight wife. If this was going to be my one shot with her for the next six months, I needed it to count.

I needed to rock Beth’s world.

“Oh God, Bryce,” she moaned, “I’m so close. Keep going. Just like that…”

I opened my eyes, watching her blushing face as she neared climax.

I couldn’t believe it. It was really going to happen. It really was.

Beth was going to come.

“Please fuck me. Oh Mr. Bryce Alex Johnson, fuck me, please.”

Bryce Alex Johnson? I don’t think she’d *ever* called me that before. Maybe on our wedding day.

“Oh yes. I can feel it starting ooh God…”

And then she dissolved into a puddle of sweat and moans, the flush spreading across her sweet and sweaty face.

A feeling of relief swept through my body. I’d done it. I’d brought my wife to climax.

In that moment, I erupted inside her, feeling like a million dollars.

Laying beside her a few minutes later, basking in the incredible afterglow, I finally ventured to ask the question that I hadn’t dared to a few minutes previously.

“What…brought this on?”

“I don’t know,” she said, smiling up at the ceiling as she held me close, “I really don’t know. Maybe it was something to do with the fun of getting all dressed up and going to a fancy party.”

“Mmm,” I said, “you did look great in that dress. Did you enjoy the looks you were getting from the guys?”

“What?” she said, a tone of playful indignation in her voice, “they wouldn’t be looking at a woman my age. Not with all those cute twenty–three–year–old college interns around.”

“Which one did you mean,” I laughed, “Rakeesh or Robert? We haven’t had a female intern at the firm for the past three years.”

“Ok, maybe they were secretaries. Whatever. I was just saying that there were a lot of beautiful women at that party.”

“That might be true,” I said, “but you were *definitely* one of them. Hell, I bet even Derrick couldn’t get his eyes off your cleavage. That must have been why you were talking for so long.”

“Oh,” she said, a little annoyed for real now, “you think that’s the only reason why any man would like to talk to me? To stare at my tits? When’s the last time *you* took the time to ask me about my hobbies?”

“I know about your hobbies,” I said, trying not to sound defensive, “why would I ask about them?”

“Sure,” she said, “you know *what* my hobbies are. But Derrick was asking deeper questions. Questions about *why* I love to knit, for example. He was really interested.”

“I’m sure he was,” I said, beginning to feel jealous.

Was her conversation with him what had caused this sudden increase in libido? I couldn’t help but find the timing *very* coincidental.

Chapter 2

The holidays came and went, and soon January was upon us. Miraculously, Beth and I had made love three more times over the break. It was almost enough to make me want to call off our couples counseling and declare our marriage saved.

Almost.

I was back at the office, but Beth wouldn't have to return to school for another week or so. A lot of people think that teachers get a lot of breaks, but I can tell you first–hand that this is only true on paper. Every day that week, Beth was going into school, prepping for six or sometimes seven hours a day for the new semester.

Not only that, she actually gave her own classroom a deep cleaning because she didn't trust the custodial staff to do the job as thoroughly as she liked.

The office was pretty empty that week, because plenty of employees elected to take their vacations the week after New Years, but Derrick and I were always there.

"Hey, Bryce," he said, one day after we ran into each other in the hallway, "there was something I was meaning to ask you. Do you think I could haven Beth's phone number?"

He must have seen the suspicion on my face, because he immediately laughed and shook his head.

"No," he said, "it's not like that. Sorry. Let me start again. I wouldn't just ask for another man's wife's number. You know my son, Deshawn? He's in second grade. He's having a terrible time in reading, and I think he might be dyslexic. Beth and I were talking the other night at the party about this new pedagogical method that she's been researching. Something that's supposed to make it easier for dyslexic kids to learn to read. I just can't remember the name."

"Sure," I said, "that does sound like something she'd be interested in."

“If you want,” he said quickly, “you can just ask her for the information and pass it on to me. I don’t want to overstep my boundaries.”

“No,” I said quickly, “it’s ok. She’s full of information about stuff like that, and probably has a lot more she’d want to tell you than just the name of the method. Got your phone?”

He pulled out his phone and I dictated the number to him.

“Thanks, bud,” he said, “I promise I won’t abuse this privilege.”

He slapped me on the back.

“I didn’t know you were married,” I said, just before turning around.

“I’m not,” he said, “my wife’s been dead for four years.”

“Oh shit,” I said, “that’s terrible. I had no idea.”

“It *is* terrible,” he sighed, “but don’t worry about it. I’m over it now…or at least over it as I *can* be. I have to *tell* myself that I’m over it in order to function.”

His eyes got watery for a moment, and his voice almost broke.

“I didn’t mean to bring up bad memories…”

“No no,” he said, his familiar jovial tone returning, “it’s a natural question. No harm done. Just realize how lucky you are…”

“I do realize it,” I said.

“Good.”

And with that, I went back to work.

Chapter 3

I'm not sure exactly when Derrick sent the first text to Beth, just that I noticed that she was spending a lot more time with her phone than normal. She did have a lot of friends that she texted with, and she also used it as her primary mode of keeping in contact with her mother, but lately it was practically glued to her hand, and her face lit up every time she got a new message.

"Hey," I said, a hunch gnawing at me, "did my boss, Derrick ever text you? He was asking me something about literacy pedagogy…"

"Oh yeah," she said, a bit sheepishly, "he did."

"And did you tell him what he needed to know?"

"Yeah," she said, suddenly very enthusiastic, "his son Deshawn sounds so sweet. And he's totally adorable."

"You've met him?"

"It feels like I have," she said, "Derrick sent me a few pictures. And he's told me so much about him."

"I see," I said, feeling a surge of jealousy.

"Something wrong, honey?"

"No," I said, "it just sounds like you're becoming friends with Derrick?"

"And what if I was? What's wrong with that? I love helping kids, and his son really needs help. I'm even thinking about tutoring him."

"I don't know if that's such a good idea."

"What? Why not?"

"Because he's my boss," I snapped, "don't you think that things might get a little too…complicated?"

"Complicated how?"

"Like what if your tutoring doesn't work? What then?"

"Derrick seems like an understanding guy. He knows that dyslexia is a lifetime challenge and that teachers aren't miracle workers. But he's willing to do whatever it takes to help his son

succeed, and I really respect that. There aren't that many fathers out there who are so dedicated."

"He doesn't really have a choice," I said, "he's raising Deshawn by himself. His wife died."

"Yes, I know," she sighed, "it must be so hard for him. He's such a good dad…"

"You seem to know an awful lot about his personal life," I snapped, "just how much have you two been texting?"

"Honey, are you jealous?" she laughed, looking over at me with her deep blue eyes, "I think you are!"

"Well, what would you say if the roles were reversed?"

"If *you* were texting with Superintendent Hayes? I guess I'd be a little surprised!"

"You know what I mean."

"Honey," she said, standing up and walking over to me and giving me a kiss, "you have *nothing* to worry about."

"I'd better not," I said, trying to play it off as a joke.

"You don't."

Chapter 4

My suspicion didn't leave me, however. Being an engineer, I began to think things through rationally. To break things down into steps and discrete, logical procedures. That was how problem solving happened.

My first two observations: It was important to have trust in a marriage. That was certain. But it was also important to hold each other accountable.

I decided to check the phone bill. That would tell me what numbers Beth was messaging, and how often.

Logging into our cell phone provider account one day after work, I felt my heart drop through the floor.

Beth was exchanging dozens of messages a day with Derrick. Sometimes close to a hundred.

This was ridiculous. It *had* to stop. If Beth wouldn't admit to the extent of her emotional involvement with Derrick, then I would have to fight it from the other end.

I walked up to Derrick's office and knocked on the door. Like a lot of bosses, he had an "open door" policy, meaning that he encouraged us to seek him out anytime with our concerns.

"Come in," he called, "it's open."

I opened the door and walked in confidently, ready to confront him about his relationship with my wife.

"Bryce!" he said, rising from his desk, "it's great that you came to see me. It will save me an e–mail. And besides, I prefer to deliver good news in person anyway."

This caught me off guard. I was speechless for a moment.

"Good news? Derrick, I —"

"That's right," he said, "I just got off a Zoom call with corporate. They were looking for suggestions for the McCormick account. A new lead engineer. I suggested you, and they were all in agreement. You're going to take the reigns. Are you up for it?"

“*What*? Are you kidding?”

“I know it must come as something of a shock. But I probably don’t need to remind you that you’ll make close to 50% more if you take our offer. And to be honest, I think the guys at corporate *might* go even higher if you play hardball. They need someone good on this job.”

“I don’t know what to say,” I stammered, “of course I want to do it…”

“I knew you would,” he said, smiling at me, “you’re perfect for it. Your background, your expertise…”

“They’re going to send you a new employment contract. This means that you’ll be in the management sector now. So things will be different. A *good* different.”

“Thanks, Derrick,” I stammered, “I really can’t thank you enough.”

“Trust me,” he said, “just saying ‘yes’ is enough for me. If we don’t have someone good on the McCormick account, we’re screwed. Just between you and me, Lyle Miller really fucked things up when he was in charge of it, so we need someone who can mend fences, so to speak. I think you’ll do great.”

“I will do my best,” I promised.

“I know you will,” said Derrick, “now why don’t you go home and celebrate with Beth? I know she’ll be thrilled to hear the news.”

“About that,” I said, “it seems like you’ve been texting with her a lot…”

“Oh? Is that right?” he said, his eyebrows raised in what seemed to be genuine surprise, “I guess maybe we have.”

“It’s not a big deal,” I stammered, “just something I noticed on the phone bill.”

“No,” he said seriously, “it *is* a big deal. She’s your wife. I probably got carried away. I didn’t mean any harm. I’ll erase her number.”

“You don’t have to do that…”

“I want to. I’ve clearly overstepped my boundaries. I just get so lonely sometimes…”

“Thank you,” I said, suddenly feeling like I was being unreasonable, “and I’m sorry to hear that. About the loneliness, I mean.”

“It’s quite alright,” he replied, “quite alright.”

Chapter 5

Beth was happy to hear about my promotion, and if she seemed disappointed about the sudden lack of contact with Derrick, she didn't show it.

As Ronald Reagan liked to say, "trust, but verify," so I logged in to check our phone bill every day that week.

Like he'd promised, Derrick hadn't texted my wife a single time.

It seemed to have been a fleeting passion.

That's what I thought anyway, until one day when I came home an hour earlier than usual to find Beth's car in the driveway. This was the day that she normally stayed late at school for the monthly meeting with the other first and second–grade teachers, so I was a little taken aback.

I was even more taken aback when I walked into the foyer and heard a groan coming from the upstairs bedroom.

It was Beth.

My blood ran cold. Was she there? With *him*?

As if in answer to my question, I head her call out, as clear as day "I wish you were here with me," just before letting out yet another cry of desire.

I tiptoed up the stairs and stood just outside the locked bedroom door.

"Oh God, yes. Give it to me, baby. I need it…"

I heard the bed creak, and the sound of a something entering her quickly. It wasn't loud enough to be an actual man, however — especially not one the size of Derrick.

"Yes," she said, seeming to respond to a question, "yes, baby. Yes, *Daddy*."

She must have been on the phone with him. I was filled with a sudden surge of betrayal. At the same time, however, my cock was rock hard.

I should have kicked the door in and told her we were getting a divorce. That's what a rational man would have done.

But something about hearing my wife in the throes of passion like this made me stop dead in my tracks.

I took out my cock and started to stroke it.

"Yes, Daddy," she moaned, "I want you big black dick. I need that cock so bad."

She stopped for a moment, giggling.

"It looks so good. God, I just want to treat you like you need to be treated. How long has it been?"

It *had* to be Derrick who she was talking to.

Of course. They'd been caught texting, so they'd just switched to a means of communication that I couldn't monitor on the phone bill. They were using an app.

You lying bastard, I muttered to myself, thinking of Derrick, *you cheating bitch*, I added, thinking of Beth.

But I didn't do anything about it.

"That's too long," she giggled, "I promise to make sure you *never* go that long without being satisfied again…"

"Yes, Daddy. Stroke it for me. Stroke that big black cock. God, you're like twice the size of Bryce…"

I cringed, looking down at my own hard cock. That couldn't *literally* be true, could it? That would make him like, what, 10 inches?

"I'm not kidding," she giggled again, "you look bigger and thicker than this dildo."

She didn't even *own* a dildo! Did she? I realized that my wife must have been keeping quite a few secrets from me.

"God, I can't wait to feel that monster inside me," she groaned, seeming to begin to fuck herself again, "I just need to feel you deep and hard. I need it so bad."

"Oh, Daddy. Yes. I will take your BBC. I promise to be a good girl for you…"

The absolute filthiness of what was coming out of my innocent wife's mouth, combined with the fact that she was clearly aroused by my boss's large endowment sent me over the edge. I ejaculated into the palm of my hand just as Beth seemed to climax as well.

I stood there for a few minutes, rooted to the spot, a mixture of disgust, self–loathing and rage filling me as I heard her whispering and giggling into her phone for a few minutes.

Pillow talk after video sex.

"Shit," she said suddenly, "I can't believe how late it is. I always lose track of time when I'm talking to you. I've gotta get cleaned up before he comes home."

I suddenly realized that I would have a lot of explaining to do if she came out into the hallway and saw me literally standing there with my dick in my hand.

I walked as quickly and quietly as I could to the guest bathroom and shut the door quietly. We never used this room, and Beth would have no reason to go in there at all, especially if she was concerned about being caught by me.

A few minutes later, I heard the shower in the master bedroom start up. It was safe for me to leave.

After I'd cleaned myself up, I walked back downstairs and sat at the kitchen table, my head in my hands.

*What the **fuck**!?*

My wife was cheating on me with my boss. My wife, the girl who was so innocent that she had been a virgin up until the age of 23, when she met me. *She* was calling my boss "Daddy" and begging for his big black cock.

It would have been unbelievable if I hadn't heard it all with my own ears. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the whole situation.

I closed my eyes, and imagined the sight of them together. God would that be fantastic. The visual alone would be completely erotic.

I shook my head. What was I thinking? Why was this turning me on so much?

I was hard again. Ready to fuck. Even though I knew that there was probably a snowball's chance in hell that Beth would let me near her tight wet pussy that night.

I wanted to punch the wall in frustration. I wanted to confront her, to confront both of them. But at the same time, I was also filled with another urge.

The urge to see just how far they would take this thing.

I wanted to watch them. In those few minutes, while Beth was in the shower, I made up my mind: I wouldn't say anything to either of them, and I would bide my time. I knew that they would be doing the same: waiting for the perfect opportunity to finally physically consummate the emotional relationship that they'd already begun.

Chapter 6

My promotion meant that I would be traveling a lot more, which I knew would be a very welcome fact for Derrick and Beth. The problem, however, was that I was going to have to *really* travel. In other words, there would be no way to "fake" a trip in order to stay behind and catch them *in flagranti*. I suspected that they wouldn't dare to try anything beyond video sex with me still in town.

Sure enough, about a week after I caught Beth engaging in mutual masturbation with him, Derrick called me in my office on the phone and announced that I would have to travel to New York that weekend to check on the McCormick site.

I had known that this trip was going to be necessary *sometime* this year, but I didn't expect it to be *this* soon. Still, it didn't seem to be a useless trip made up for the purpose of getting me to leave town, because the on–site engineer called me a moment after I got off the phone with Derrick and confirmed that my presence was sorely needed.

It was settled, then: I'd be flying out on Friday afternoon.

I imagined how overjoyed Beth and Derrick must have been. How fate had sent them this perfect opportunity to finally be together.

The night before I was going to leave, I watched Beth carefully. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary. There was nothing in her nighttime routine that suggested that she was preparing for a forbidden rendezvous the moment I went to the airport. No signs of her being overjoyed at the prospect of finally experiencing bliss in the hands of her "Daddy" — Derrick.

I never in a million years would have believed that my wife could have been capable of this level of deception. A deception completely without visible remorse as well.

Before we said goodnight, Beth looked over at me with that same expression she had the first night she met Derrick.

"I guess I'd be a bad wife if I let my husband go off on his business trip…unsatisfied," she said, smiling at me.

My cock became erect. As mad as I was, as upset as I was at the entire situation, I just couldn't help myself.

She reached down and felt me. It was an uncharacteristically forward move for a woman who usually preferred to be more passive in bed.

"You're hard, aren't you?" she said, stroking me, "I guess we should do something about this."

Even though I knew that it was probably all a show put on for my benefit (or else to assuage her guilt about planning to be unfaithful to me).

"I wouldn't be against that," I said, smiling.

"Do you like it when I stroke you like this?" she asked.

"I do," I said, "I'd like it even better if I were inside you."

"Mmm," she said, "me too. But for tonight, let's just do this. I think I'm getting my period."

"Really? Didn't you like just have it?"

"Maybe," she said, "I'm not really sure. Anyway, I'm feeling kind of bloated and crampy."

"Ok," I said, not believing her but also being so horny that I didn't want to spoil the mood by calling her out on her lie.

"Mmm good," she said, stroking me a little faster, "just imagine poor old me, waiting up at home for you to come back. I'll be so lonely in this big bed all alone. I don't think you've ever taken a trip for work since we got married!"

I thought back on it. She was right.

"True," I said, "I guess this promotion will mean I'll be traveling a lot more."

"Yeah," she said, "just remember. Stay away from all those sexy moms in the airport bars. I know how those places are. So many lonely businesswomen who would *love* to get their claws in an engineer."

"Don't worry," I said, "they have nothing on my cute brunette wife. She's all I'll ever need."

I kissed her as she continued to stroke me.

“And you don’t have any strange men over here,” I said, testing the waters.

“Mmm honey, I never would.”

“You’re never just a little bit curious?” I asked, my breathing getting ragged due to the skill of her stroking.

“No, honey. Everything I need is right here in my hand.”

I had to hand it to her. Her acting was really convincing.

“Sure it’s…big enough for you?”

“Of course, honey!”

“You’ve never been tempted at all…curious even… about something bigger?”

“Oh no,” she said, “this is more than enough for me. You know how tight I am. How hard it is to stretch me out. I think if you were any bigger it would be impossible for me to handle. I like you just the way you are…”

“Do you even…fantasize about something larger…just theoretically?”

I was having trouble getting the words out. Beth could obviously tell how much this was turning me on.

“You like this, huh?” she said, smiling at me as she stroked me a little faster.

I nodded.

“You like imagining your wife with a larger man?”

If I had been in a normal state (that is, not extremely aroused and being stroked by my beautiful, busty petite wife), I would never have admitted anything of the sort. But men sometimes think with their “second head” (as my father would have said) and so I found myself admitting to my deepest desires.

“Yeah,” I said.

“Interesting,” she said, smiling as if she’d just played a winning move in chess, a move whose strategic importance was not

immediately obvious and would only be understood by her opponent long after it was too late to do anything.

She looked down at the sheets covering my cock as she stroked me.

“Maybe…theoretically…you’d like to watch me on my knees, taking a nice big cock in my mouth?”

God, I thought to myself, *has she been like this all along? Have I just not understood or noticed this side of Beth? Or did Derrick bring all of this out in her?*

“I think I might enjoy that,” she continued, smiling at me, “I mean, it would be easier for me to be in control of that situation. I wouldn’t have to worry about him hurting my poor tight little pussy…”

I couldn’t take it anymore. I shot my load all over the sheets and my underwear, letting out a long groan. Beth had a look of triumph in her eyes. Triumph and satisfaction.

If I hadn’t known better, I would have thought that she was happy about having pleased her husband. I knew, however, that she was happy at the fact that she had extracted very important information from me: that I was turned on by the idea of her being with another guy.

In effect, I had given preapproval to her infidelity. She could now excuse what she was about to do as completely justified, even if it was still done completely without my consent. Furthermore, all of the phone and video sex that she’d had with Derrick — all of her lusting after his large member and (even worse) the clear emotional yearning she felt with him — had been justified in retrospect.

She was, in her own mind, a free woman.

Feelings of guilt and anger began to overtake me. I stood up and went to the bathroom where I washed the cum off my hands and stomach.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I should talk to her. I should tell her that I knew about everything. Make her beg me not to divorce her.

I *should* do that. But something just wouldn't let me. In the back of my mind, there was a truth that I simply couldn't acknowledge: the idea of Beth cheating on me, especially with Derrick, was a *major* turn–on.

Chapter 7

That night, I could barely sleep. I finally drifted off just hours before my alarm went off. I had to be at the airport by 9:00 am, which normally would have been no problem, but the fact that I'd only slept a few hours meant that I was feeling incredibly sluggish.

Luckily, I had packed the night before, so I jumped into the shower quickly and then grabbed my suitcase, giving the happily sleeping Beth a quick peck on the cheek before heading down the stairs and out the door.

*She's probably going to be on the phone with him the **second** I start up my car,* I mumbled to myself.

I cursed again as I pulled out of the driveway. What was I doing? Going on a business trip when I knew almost for a fact that my boss was just waiting to fuck my wife behind my back?

At the same time, I knew that there were a lot of people counting on me. There was no way for me to back out of the trip, short of faking an illness.

It was too late for that now.

Reluctantly, with images of Beth and Derrick together flitting through my mind, I pulled out of the driveway and made my way to the airport.

I parked the car and made my way through security.

I walked to my gate, and then slumped into a chair and dozed off until my boarding group was called.

I got onto the plane and found my seat. Suddenly, my phone buzzed.

It was a text from Beth.

Have a great trip, honey!! Did you make it to the airport ok?

She was checking up on me. Making sure the coast was clear. That must have meant that she wasn't with Derrick yet.

My heart fell. If I got into off the plane now, I might have been able to catch them. But that would have meant abandoning the trip.

As I thought about the passion that I'd heard in Beth's voice when I'd caught her talking to Derrick on her phone. Fucking herself with that mysterious dildo that I still hadn't found.

What I wouldn't have given to have been there and seen it with my own eyes. Their first touch. Their first kiss. That first time he slipped himself inside her.

The look on Beth's face as she experienced his size for the first time.

I put my head down on the seat in front of mine. Just then, my phone buzzed.

This time, it was a phone call from Miguel Lorenzo, my contact on the McCormick project.

"Hey, Bryce," he said, an edge of worry in his voice, "glad I caught you. You didn't take off yet, did you?"

"No, but I'm on the plane."

"Oh ok. I'll keep this short. We've run into some setbacks. The county inspector just shut us down."

"What? How is that possible?"

"Looks like some of our subcontractors didn't do their due diligence," he sighed, "they tried to cut too many corners. And now that whole thing is going to be on hold for at least a month until we figure out what the hell is going on."

"So my trip…?"

"Pointless, at this point. Take the weekend off. I mean, if you wanted to stay on the plane and just enjoy a few nights at the hotel, I'm sure corporate wouldn't have a problem with that. But you're not going to be of any use to us here."

"I see," I said, standing as the other travelers filed past me on the way to their seats.

"I'd say get off that plane if you still can. I'm really sorry to do this to you. I told you the second that I found out."

"I'm getting off now," I said, smiling at a large middle–aged woman pushing her way down the aisle.

I hung up the phone and then caught the eye of a flight attendant who was standing in the emergency exit row just a few feet in front of me.

“Excuse me, ma’am,” I said, “I just had an emergency come up. I’m going to need to get off the plane if that’s still possible.”

“Oh,” she said, her face filled with concern, “I’m so sorry to hear that. Yes, it’s still possible. The captain hasn’t sealed the doors yet. Just give me a moment to clear the aisle.”

“Thanks.”

She picked up a phone and communicated with another attendant, who made an announcement requesting the other passengers to make way for me.

There were some grumbles as people had to cram themselves into rows of seats with other passengers already sitting in them, but everyone complied.

I felt like a celebrity, not like a man about to watch his wife cuckold him.

I nodded and smiled graciously as I threaded my way down the aisle and off the plane, thanking the attendants profusely as I passed back down the ramp and out into the airport.

On the plane, about to take off now, I texted to Beth, as soon as I was clear of the gate *I love you.*

Chapter 8

My deception complete, I raced to the parking lot and jumped into my car. In less than half an hour, I was back home.

I knew that there was a chance that they'd be at his place. Or a hotel. Truthfully, it would have been a lot smarter of them to get a room a few towns over (or downtown), where no one was likely to notice them.

But, as luck would have it, as I drove past our house, I saw Derrick's black jeep parked in the driveway.

He wasn't even trying to hide it. It was completely blatant. They didn't care at all. They were so secure in their conviction that I was on that plane and would be gone for the weekend.

I knew that *I* would have to go out of my way to avoid being seen, however, so I parked on the street a few blocks away and made my way back to my house on foot, leaving my suitcase in the car so that I could travel lighter.

I took a shortcut through my neighbor's yard a street away that led into my own backyard. I was suddenly grateful for the fact that we'd never built a privacy fence. I was able to approach my house easily from the back.

I unlocked the sliding door, patting myself on the back for having chosen such a heavy, smooth–functioning model that opened completely silently into the kitchen. The blinds were open, so I knew that they weren't waiting on the other side of the door.

I slipped off my shoes as soon as I got inside, then closed the door quietly behind me.

I could already hear Beth's giggling from upstairs.

Shit. They were already in the bedroom.

They hadn't lost any time, had they? He must have been sitting in his car waiting for her to give him the signal to come over.

I crept to the foot of the stairs, listening to small snippets of conversation. Beth's voice was now joined by a lower, masculine one.

I knew it already. It was Derrick.

“Damn,” he said, “you look great.”

Was she stripping for him? Modeling her lingerie?

I got on my hands and knees to distribute my weight more evenly and avoid creaking on the stairs as I pulled myself ever higher, towards my own bedroom, the very bedroom I had left only a couple of hors previously.

I was overjoyed to see that the bedroom door had been left open a crack. The two lovers must have been in such a hurry — and so secure in the fact that I was presumed to be traveling away from them at hundreds of miles an hour — that they had neglected to shut and lock the door.

Luckily for me, Beth and Derrick were too wrapped up in each other (literally) to see me as I knelt on the carpet in the hallway, peering through the crack in the door. I was down low enough that they would have to have been looking for me specifically to notice my presence, and at the moment, they didn’t notice any one but each other.

Beth’s arms were extended up around her lovers neck as he bent down, craning his neck to kiss her. She was kneeling on the bed, which raised her a few inches above her normal height, but the two still strained to bring their lips together.

“This is a little more awkward than in my imagination,” giggled Beth, “I think my neck is going to get stiff.”

“Please allow me,” Derrick countered chivalrously, grabbing her under the buttocks and lifting her into his arms easily.

“Wow,” she gasped, “you’re so strong.”

But before she could say anything else, their lips were pressed together once again, and their tongues intertwined.

This was nothing like the filthy, nasty sex that they had been imagining during their video call. This was something different.

It was like watching two people in love finally coming together.

I realized that this was even worse than hearing her call him “Daddy” and talk about his big cock. This was something more profound and infinitely more dangerous for my marriage, which, I realized, was now basically over.

Given this fact, I decided that I should document my wife’s infidelity, for the purposes of showing it to my attorney.

At least that’s what I told myself. I knew somewhere deep inside that I was also hoping to capture this magic moment, to relive it in private over and over again, no matter how traumatic it proved to be.

My cock was hard as I watched the two lovers begin to explore each other’s bodies. Derrick held Beth securely as she pawed at his biceps, admiring them and whispering soft sweet things that I couldn’t catch.

For his part, Derrick’s hands were all over my wife’s ass, though he also managed to take one of her full breasts into his hand and tease her nipples, causing her to coo softly and rub her mound against the huge bulge in his pants.

Finally, he dropped her gently onto her back on the bed and loomed over her, kissing her gently and sensually on the lips and nipples as he removed her clothes. At the same time, she was working hard on his belt, which was quite large and tightly enough fastened as to exert quite a bit of resistance to her dainty fingers.

With a bit of help, however, she finally had him unbuckled and was pawing greedily at the bulge. My own cock was out now and I was stroking myself with my left hand while I wielded the phone in my right, capturing as much of the encounter as I could.

I realized that the gravity of the situation I was witnessing hadn’t fully hit me yet. I was still too shocked — and aroused — to accept that my wife, who had only ever made love to me before, was about to make love to another man for the first time. Not only that, I realized that even if they stopped short of consummating their relationship in this exact moment, her betrayal of her marriage vows to me would be just as great. Because what I could see in her eyes, in her every word and movement, was proof of one thing:

Beth was a woman in love. And not with me.

Derrick had her clothes off now. Beth was completely naked, on her back on the bed, and he was kissing down her chest as he parted her thighs gently. She moaned in anticipation and delight as his trail of kisses got ever closer to her lower lips. Finally, I watched her face as his head disappeared between her legs and he began to make love to this most intimate of parts of her with his lips and tongue.

I glanced into the full–length mirror opposite the bed, which allowed me to the see the action from a different vantage point. I saw Derrick's bald head gently rising and falling as he pleasured Beth, whose face was contorted in the kind of expression I associated with her orgasm.

"Oh God, baby, yes," she moaned, "I'm going to come for you."

"That's a good girl," he purred into her mound, "come for Daddy."

"Only if you promise to fuck me," she squealed, pressing her thighs together around his head.

"I promise," he replied, his voice muffled by her thighs.

She closed her eyes and her face flushed as she bit down on her lip. Beth looked absolutely beautiful when she orgasmed.

Scenes of our first few times together flashed through my mind. I remembered our wedding night, and the rain on the window of our hotel in Marseilles, the third night of our honeymoon when I thought that nothing could compare to the intensity of our two bodies coming together, that we would need nothing but each other for the rest of our lives.

A tear came to my eye as I realized that this had been an illusion. At least for her. Perhaps that moment really *had* been the greatest peak of passion that I would ever experience. But I was now witnessing Beth surpass any moment of ecstasy that she had enjoyed with me and move into a new realm, a realm of the senses that she shared only with Derrick.

"Damn that was hot," he said, once her hips had stopped ululating.

“That was amazing,” she sighed, “I’m dizzy. I need a minute.”

“Take your time, baby,” he said, his voice a resonant bass, “we’ve got all weekend.”

“I can’t believe it,” she gasped, “I can’t believe it’s really finally happening. After all those nights of texting. Those video chats. I never thought it would be real. But now here you are. Here *we* are. Together.”

“Believe it,” he said, “it’s real. All of it.”

He ran his fingers down over her breasts and stomach again, caressing her.

Why was I sticking around and watching this? I had the evidence that I needed. More than enough to prove my wife’s infidelity and her guilt in the dissolution of our marriage. Right now, I should stand up and tell them that they’d been caught. Derrick might try to hit me, of course, but I was fairly certain that the element of surprise would allow me to escape before he was able to catch me.

In that moment, I knew the answer. I wasn’t going to leave because I had an intense desire to watch the final consummation of their illicit liaison.

I wanted to watch Beth take his big, black cock.

A few minutes later, I finally had my chance.

Chapter 9

They exchanged soft, short kisses and whispers of tender words that I could not understand while they lay next to each other on the bed, Derrick's body hanging halfway off it while Beth was comfortably on the mattress. He was shirtless, but his bugle was still concealed by his boxer shorts, his pants having been discarded on the floor of the room during their extended cunnilingus session.

Beth seemed desperate to feel him. Both her hands were rubbing him, and she smiled at him in disbelief.

"I can't believe I'm going to see it in real life."

"Are you scared, babe? You seemed kinda scared on the video chat."

She nodded, biting her lip and giving him a coy look.

"We can take it really, really slow."

"I know," she said, "but I want it all. I want to learn how to take you. All of you."

"Alright," he said, "but you need to let me know if I'm hurting you."

"What if I *want* it to hurt, just a little?"

A few months ago, I never would have imagined in a million years that I would hear my wife saying such incredibly sexual things to any man, me included. But here she was, confessing to her own forbidden, illicit extramarital desires.

"Are you finally going to let me suck it?" she asked, sitting up on the edge of the bed now.

He stood, raising himself to his full height and looming up next to her, his crotch perfectly parallel with her face.

She swallowed hard and looked up at him.

"May I? Please, Daddy?"

"Yes, baby," he said, his deep voice resonating throughout the room once again, "get me nice and hard."

He reached down and stripped his boxers to the knees with a single stroke. Beth gasped in surprise and delight as his long black member flopped out and slapped her on the cheek.

I almost gasped myself when I saw the slab he was packing in his shorts. Beth hadn't been kidding or exaggerating in the least when she'd said he was perhaps twice my length and girth.

I was completely outmanned. There was no way I would be able to compete with a cock like that one, any more than I would have been able to beat Derrick (who was probably 6'4" tall to my 5'10") in a boxing match.

Nature had simply given us different endowments. We were unequal, and I was beginning to realize that I was ok with that.

Beth held his member in her hands for a moment, admiring it as she felt its weight.

"It's way bigger than my dildo," she said in awe, "I honestly thought that it would be about the same size."

"Well it's a good thing that you got that toy so you could prepare yourself for the real thing."

"I don't think *anything* could have prepared me for this. Not Bryce's little thing, that's for sure."

I felt a shiver go down my spine at the mention of my name.

"Forget that little man for now," he said, "just focus on us."

"Yes, Daddy," she said, looking up at him as she took the tip of his cock into her mouth for the first time.

What followed was a session of what I can only describe as "worship." I'd heard the term "cock worship" before, but I never really understood what it entailed. Not until I watched my own wife — the woman who I had thought I would spend the rest of my life with — pleasure my boss for the better part of half an hour.

She started out gently, sensually, exploring every inch of his dark black dick with her lips and tongue, massaging the length of his shaft with her soft mouth, letting his masculine hardness experience the contrast of her feminine tenderness.

He ran his fingers gently through her hair as she tasted him, whispering words of encouragement as she worked.

She looked up at him frequently, communicating with her eyes. Eventually, she began to establish a rhythm, taking his head deeper and deeper into her mouth while she stroked his spit–slick shaft with both of her hands. I was genuinely astonished at the depth to which she was able to accommodate his large member. Had she been practicing sucking the dildo as well?

It didn't seem that far–fetched, based on what I was seeing. In fact, it seemed highly probable. He had most likely given her instruction via video, telling him exactly how he liked it so that their first time together would be truly magical.

Derrick was moaning and sighing now as she kissed down the underside of his shaft and began to lick his balls, first one, then the other, each of them the size of plums in her mouth. She moaned and sighed, as if the act of sucking itself was giving her immense pleasure.

For all I knew, it was. I knew that a woman in love could feel pleasure at being the vehicle of her lover's pleasure, in much the same way that I often derived satisfaction at making my wife come.

"Enough," he said, finally, "it's time. I need to be inside you."

"Yes, Daddy," she whispered, letting his cock fall out of her mouth as she lay back on the bed.

He bent forward, pulling her ass to the edge of the bed and parting her legs.

I was breathing fast now, so close to the edge of orgasm.

I watched as he positioned the head of his cock at the entrance to her swollen pussy. I'd never seen her this wet before. Never seen her so wide open.

"Give it to me now. Please."

Her tone was pleading. Desperate.

He pushed forward and she cried out, I didn't know if it was in pleasure or pain. Derrick obviously also didn't know, because he

stopped, too, then pulled back and asked her if everything was all right.

“It’s perfect,” she sighed, collapsing back into the sheets.

He pushed the second third of his cock into her, parting her lips and causing her hips to quiver.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “I can’t believe how big you are. I think I’m… I don’t believe it…”

“Just relax, babe.”

His voice was soft and reassuring.

“Just breathe through it.”

She nodded and bit her lip, the tears coming to the corners of her eyes as he pushed all the way inside her, bottoming out before slowly sliding back out and readying the next stroke.

In three or four more strokes, she was there again.

Beth was coming. It was an incredible sight, to see my petite yet stacked white wife enjoying her first (and probably last) black cock. The contrast was, as I had predicted, incredible: her pale white skin being penetrated by this column of black flesh thicker than her arm.

“Oh yes. Take it. Take me, Daddy!” she wailed.

Derrick began to increase the pace of his thrusts now, talking her through it.

“That’s it,” he said, “just relax and enjoy it. Relax and enjoy the fucking I’m going to give you. Just breathe with me. Like we practiced on the video, ok?”

She nodded, whimpering a little as she looked up at him submissively.

All this time, my boss had been training my little white wife to take his big black cock. For how long?

“I need it, Daddy,” she gasped, “oh yes. Please give it to me. I want to take it all the way.”

He grabbed her legs now, and stood up to almost his full height, pushing them back to hit an entirely different part of her.

“Oh fuck,” she groaned, reacting to the new angle, “I never thought… I never felt it like that…”

“That’s cause you’ve never been with a real man,” he growled, his voice taking on a mocking tone.

It was as if he knew that I was there, watching them, and he was ready to rub it in my face. The man who was my boss was also now giving my wife the fucking of a lifetime.

I looked on in awe as I watched this absolute masterclass in pipe laying that unfolded before my eyes. He thrust into her with her legs to the side, then above her head, then on the other side. In each and every position, he gave Beth a powerful, shuddering orgasm.

I almost thought that she was going to ask him to stop, that’s how intense the pleasure seemed. After a while, the orgasms came so rapidly that I quickly lost count. It seemed like she didn’t even have a chance to come down from one climax before another began.

“Oh God, I can’t believe it,” was all she was able to say as her lover brought her to one orgasm after another.

No longer did she need to “breathe through it.” She didn’t need his coaching. Not anymore. She had simply submitted to him entirely, and was allowing him to take control of her body and her pleasure.

“God you feel good,” he moaned, “I’m going to come soon.”

“I want you too,” she squealed, “I want your cum inside me. Please, Daddy. Please.”

“Let’s try something,” he said, pulling out and the grabbing her and flipping her onto her hands and knees.

He was going in doggy–style. Even though they had started their encounter with the tenderness of lovers who were finally able to come together, they were ending it like two people in absolute lust for each other, two people who felt the primal urge to breed.

He grabbed her hair as he slammed himself into Beth from behind, pulling it back as she moaned in encouragement.

“God damn,” he growled, “I can’t believe how tight you are. This is my pussy now, you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy!” she moaned enthusiastically, thrusting her hips back against him, “it’s yours.”

“You don’t let your husband’s little dick near it ever again. You understand?”

“No, Daddy. It’s all yours,” she groaned.

“That’s right.”

He gave her a spank and then let out a yell as he emptied his huge balls into her at long last, pumping my small wife full of his potent sperm.

That was the moment that it occurred to me that he wasn’t wearing a condom. Beth wasn’t on birth control. We’d been toying with the idea of having a kid (though we hadn’t really started trying, due to our marital issues) so we didn’t use protection. Besides, we had sex so infrequently it was rarely an issue.

Now, however, it was a *huge* issue. My hung boss had just deposited a massive load of cum directly into my wife’s vagina.

In that moment, however, I was too aroused to think about that rationally. I dropped my phone onto the soft carpet, then shot my load into my hand.

I grabbed my phone and slid on my knees silently down the hall to the guest bathroom that we never used, then slowly, carefully clicked it shut.

I locked the door as an insurance policy, then began to hatch an evil plan.

After I had wiped my hands off on some toilet paper (I didn’t dare use the faucet in case they heard), I sat on the bathroom floor and pulled out my phone.

Trip canceled, I wrote, *I went to the office for a few minutes. Coming home now.*

Chapter 10

Only a few seconds after I pressed “send,” I heard a cry of despair come from the bedroom, followed by a “fuck!”

“What the hell,” said Derrick, “what did he say?”

I heard him pick up his own phone. He was probably calling Miguel to confirm.

“Ok. Ok, thanks. Yep.”

“Shit,” he said.

I couldn’t make out the rest of what they said to each other. I only heard Derrick’s footsteps on the stairs a few minutes later, then his car peeling out of the driveway.

I couldn’t help but feel a little snug at having put a damper on their romantic weekend. Sure, they’d finally gotten to make love, but now they wouldn’t be allowed to lay around in bed whispering sweet nothings in each other’s ears while they nibbled on grapes and sipped champagne.

No, now Beth was going to have to face the consequences of her betrayal.

I listened carefully. I didn’t hear her move from the bedroom. What kind of game was she playing?

Just then, my phone buzzed.

*That’s a surprise. Why don’t you come upstairs as soon as you get home? I’ve got a surprise for **you**, too!*

*What the **fuck**?*

I sat for a moment in stunned silence, staring at my phone.

She wasn’t making any kind of effort to clean up. Derrick was gone, but she was still there.

I waited a few minutes then, swallowed hard and stepped out of the bedroom, walking down the hall with heavy footsteps.

It would probably be weird that she didn’t hear the door, but I didn’t know how else to fake it without going outside and coming in again, and that seemed too risky.

“Hey, babe,” she said cheerfully, reclining on her back in her negligee on the bed.

My eyes darted to the dildo lying on the bed next to her.

It was long and thick and black, but nowhere near the size of Derrick.

So this was how she was playing it.

“The truth is,” she started, “after our little…encounter last night, I started craving a little something myself.”

This didn’t make any sense. I had been ready to have sex with her the night before. She was the one who turned me down.

“I thought your period was starting,” I said, regarding her suspiciously.

“I thought so too,” she said, “but I checked my phone. It’s not due until next week. I must have just been feeling a little funny. It happens from time to time.”

“Ok,” I said, “but where did *that* come from?”

“Oh, this?” she laughed, “I was going to show it to you when you got back from the trip. After our conversation about size, I thought you might be into me trying it, so I went out . You said the idea of me with a larger man turned you on, after all…”

She had me there. I was trapped. I had to admire how quickly she’d thought up this plan, and in only a couple of minutes. It was completely plausible, or would have been, had I not had a long video of her and Derrick making love.

I sniffed the air. I could smell the sex.

“I’ve already been…having fun,” she said, blushing a little, “I couldn’t help it. Want to join me?”

She tapped the bedsheets, which I knew were still wet with her and Derrick’s lovemaking.

I loosened my tie and flopped down on the bed next to her, kissing her. She kissed back, as passionately as ever. Something about the fact that she had just been kissing another man made this kiss the sweetest in our entire marriage.

My arousal seemed to increase in proportion to the depth of her betrayal. The fact that she was now lying to me, trying to cover it all up, made me suddenly incredibly hard.

“I want you,” I gasped, almost beside myself with desire.

This hadn’t been my plan — to the extent that I had had a plan when I decided to text her from the bathroom. I had imagined storming in and throwing her infidelity in her face, showing her the video and telling her to pack her things and get out of our house.

Instead, here I was, making out with her and more aroused than ever by it.

“I want you, too, honey,” she whispered, “but I’m too sore for sex. I want you to go down on me.”

I felt a shiver go down my spine. Surely she didn’t think that I’d fail to notice that another man had come inside her? That I wouldn’t taste Derrick’s sperm?

Was that what she *wanted*? Was she playing a perverse game of her own?

Why did I find myself, without arguing or asking questions, moving down the bed until my head was between her legs? Why did I find myself opening my mouth and licking her sopping wet pussy.

“That’s it, Bryce. Oh shit that feels good. It’s so tender from the dildo still. But your tongue is great.”

I almost gagged as the first gob of Derrick’s sperm hit my tongue. It took all I had to choke it down and swallow it.

Then, however, after that first mouthful, the second one was easier. And the third, and the fourth and so on.

“That’s so good,” she said, “I made kind of a mess out of myself with the dildo. There’s a lot to clean up.”

I moaned my affirmation into her cunt.

“That’s it,” she said, “a little deeper. Get your tongue down in there, Bryce.”

I stuck my tongue as deep as I could into her cunt, scooping out every last gob of Derrick’s spunk, even though I gagged while I did it.

She *must* have known what she was doing. There was simply no other explanation for why she was behaving this way.

“That’s so good,” she groaned, “a little lower. I need you to clean my ass, too.”

This was a first for us. She’d never asked me to lick her ass before, and it had never occurred to me to do so. Why was she asking for it now, just after cuckolding me? Was she trying to rub her infidelity in my face — literally?

I shifted down, tasting her tight rosebud for the first time. It was different, but not unpleasant, much like the sounds that were now coming from Beth’s mouth.

“God yes, babe,” she moaned, “oh shit, I’m so sensitive. You’re going to make me come. Keep licking my ass. Go deeper, babe…”

I pressed my tongue forward, trying to burrow as deeply into her hole as possible as she bucked her hips against my face. She was close. Very close. I could feel it.

“Eat my ass, Bryce. That’s a good boy.”

She’d never talked to me like this before. It was totally foreign. But I wasn’t thinking about that now. I was thinking about how hard my cock was, and how good it felt to be doing something so degrading. Either I was discovering something about myself, or else Beth had figured out something about me. One way or another, I was eating my wife’s ass after she’d been creampied by her lover, and I was loving it.

“Here I come. I’m coming, baby. Don’t stop…”

And so Beth reached a powerful climax with my tongue in her asshole. I could feel every contraction through her anus. It was a different, but not totally unexpected sensation.

When it was over, I fell over onto my side, my erection tenting my pants. She grinned at me and unzipped them, taking it out.

“I know everything,” I said, as she closed her hand around my shaft.

“Oh yeah?” she said, looking at me with her innocent eyes, “what do you mean?”

“You and Derrick,” I panted.

She grinned at me.

“Everything?”

“Everything,” I said, unable to muster the amount of anger that really would have been warranted by the situation.

“So you must have guessed that you just cleaned up his cum from my pussy?”

I nodded.

She laughed.

“You did such a good job, honey. In fact, such a good job that I should let you cum now.”

“Please,” I begged her, on the edge of an incredibly powerful orgasm.

“Not so fast. We’ve got to get a few things straight first,” she said, chuckling again.

“Anything,” I said.

She stopped, letting my cock stand red and angry while she looked at it with amusement.

“First of all,” she said, “we’re *not* getting a divorce, ok?”

“Why not?” I was genuinely shocked.

“Because I need you around to pay the bills, silly.”

“That’s not fair…”

“I didn’t *say* it was going to be *fair*, honey,” she laughed, “just that it would be better for both of us.”

“Ok,” I said, my cock doing the talking for me.

“Something else,” she said, “I feel really bad about the way that I’ve treated you. I really do. It was wrong of me to get so emotionally involved with another man. But I really couldn’t help it. You believe me, don’t you?”

She fixed me with her beautiful blue eyes. They were watery. She looked so repentant. Innocent, even.

“I could see how it might happen,” I said, “the two of you had such a connection that night. You started talking, and the rest became inevitable…”

“It was fate,” she said, her voice breaking, “true love. Like in the movies. He just *gets* me, you know? In every way…”

“I understand,” I said, my own voice cracking, “I don’t like it, but I understand…”

Why had I said that? Something inside me couldn’t help it.

“So what…will we do?” I asked her.

“You can still live here,” she said, “just move into the guest room. You can do the chores, pay the bills. Who knows? You might even be changing diapers someday.”

“And what do I get out of it?”

“*Get* out of it? Well, if you do a good job, I guess I could let you clean me out after Derrick and I make love. You really seemed to like that.”

“I did,” I stammered, “I enjoyed it.”

“Good,” she said, “because that’s the only sexual contact you’re getting from me from now on. Derrick said so. He probably wouldn’t have even wanted me to let you see me in this nightie.”

“But —,” I said, looking at my stiff cock.

My heart ached as I watched her stand and straighten the fabric of her negligee, letting it fall back into place around her curves.

“Sorry,” she said, “you’ll just have to finish yourself off. I’ve got to go call Derrick and tell him the good news. But first I’m going to take a shower. It’s been a long morning!”

What had I just agreed to? This wasn’t what I had in mind at all. *I* was supposed to be the one in control. *I* was going to take the two of them by surprise. To confront them with their terrible breach of trust. To show them what horrible people they were…

Horrible why, exactly? Because they had fallen in love?

I began to stroke my cock while I heard Beth singing under the shower.

I closed my eyes and imagined Derrick pressing into her for the first time. I saw Beth's face again, the way she'd closed her eyes as her lips parted in ecstasy…

A moment later, I exploded all over my hand. As I grabbed the tissues to clean up, I slowly realized what I had agreed to.

Even though I knew that I could still get out of everything, that it wasn't too late for me to back out of what I'd said to Beth, I couldn't deny that it all made a certain kind of sense. Derrick was superior to me in a lot of ways. It was hard to disagree with the idea that Beth had simply landed a better man. What about me, though? Would I be able to land a better woman?

I thought about it for a while. I might not have been as tall and hung as Derrick, and certainly not as confident, but I still made good money and was in decent shape. I could carry on a conversation. I wasn't a bad catch by any means.

I sighed and closed my eyes, listening as Beth stopped the water. Her phone rang, and from the other side of the door, I could hear her talking to Derrick.

"No," she said, "no. Everything's fine. No, I'm serious! I took care of everything. Yes. Yes. Just come over here, and we'll all talk about it together…"

That was the moment that I knew: I could never be happy in a normal relationship. It wasn't a coincidence that I'd found a woman who ended up cuckolding me. If I broke free of Beth and Derrick, I'd just find another Beth.

I couldn't fight it. I might as well embrace it.

And that is the story of how I moved into the guest room of my own house, so that my boss could move in with my wife.

Almost every night, I would listen to them make love. A couple of times, I tried to record it. I captured some audio, but never a video as clear as that first time.

In many ways, that's ok with me, because I know that nothing — no other audio or video recording, that is — could ever possible

match the purity and passion of my wife's first encounter with a big black cock. The cock of the man she loved: Derrick.

That video became a friend to me, and in the worst moments of the coming months and year, it was my solace. Neither one of them knew that I had stored it on my phone. Hell, neither one of them even suspected that I had made it.

Yes, dear reader, neither one of them knew that I had captured that most intimate of moments: **Beth going black**.

BELLA GETS BLACKED

Introduction

My wife Isabella (or “Bella” as she was known), was still as beautiful at the age of 30 as the day I met her. If only I had been able to get *her* to believe that, too, maybe none of this would have happened.

It all started shortly after the birth of our first child, Grace. The pregnancy had been difficult: Bella had been forced to stay on bed rest for the last trimester, and she’d ending up gaining about 15 pounds more than the doctors had recommended.

To make matters worse (in her eyes, at least), she was never able to really establish breastfeeding with Grace (at least not on a regular basis), so the pounds didn’t “peel off”: they stuck around.

None of this bothered me in the slightest. When I looked at Bella, I saw a woman in the prime of her childbearing years: dark–haired, brown–eyed and voluptuous. Her waist was still slim; most of the weight had accumulated around her buttocks and thighs.

To me, she was still gorgeous. But in Bella’s own eyes, she was now undesirable. She had an ideal of her own body that corresponded to the way she’d looked in college, around the time that we’d started dating. No matter how much I assured her that she was perfect the way that she was, I’d still catch her looking at herself critically in the mirror, agonizing over the stretch marks and skin discoloration that had come along with being pregnant.

She couldn’t wait to get back to the gym as soon as Grace was old enough to go to daycare.

Finally, the day came. It was a few weeks after Grace’s first birthday, and Bella was finally comfortable leaving her with someone else for a few hours a day.

“This time, I’m going to be really serious about it,” she said, “I’m going to hire someone.”

“Hire someone?” I asked, not fully grasping her meaning.

“Like a personal trainer. I think I’m at the stage in life that I can’t just go to the gym and mess around. If I want to get back into shape I’m going to have to target specific areas.”

“I think that’s a good idea,” I said, dressing for work in our shared bedroom as Grace began making cooing sounds from the nursery, “I mean, you know that you’re fine exactly the way you are, but if you think it’s going to help you, I think it’s a great idea.”

“Thanks, honey,” she said, “you’re so sweet. I think that Kayla knows a woman, Shelia, who specializes in this kind of thing. I’m going to get her availability.”

“Perfect.”

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This is how it all began, then. With a personal trainer for Bella, and a big misunderstanding. Or *was* it a misunderstanding? Had Bella been concealing the truth from me all this time on purpose? Or subconsciously?

In any case, over the next few weeks, Bella dropped off Grace at daycare and went to the gym when I was at work. At first she did it just once a week (an initial consultation at first) and then twice a week (she explained to me that she had to start slow or she’d run the risk of hurting herself).

Soon, she settled into a three–day–a–week rhythm, going Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Sometimes these days would change, depending on her mood.

I could tell that my wife was feeling happier and healthier. She no longer made disparaging remarks about her own weight. She seemed more outgoing and confident. She was a joy to be around. Even though I like to think that I’d been understanding about her dark moods just after the pregnancy, I still had to admit that a happy Bella was better than a depressed one.

I should mention here that the one area in which this new positivity didn’t seep through was our sex life. Bella had had a difficult birth, and a major tear during delivery. She was completely healed now, of course, and her OBGYN had given her the go–ahead for vaginal sex long ago, but she’d never been completely comfortable in her own body again.

We'd tried to have vaginal sex only once since she'd had the baby. It had been awkward from the very beginning, and I'd slipped out several times. She'd apologized profusely, and I'd assured her that we could take our time with intimacy, and not to stress out about it.

She did recognize, however, that I was still a man with certain… needs… and so she consented to giving me handjobs.

We fell into a sort of routine. Every Friday night, she'd get out the lube and stroke me off while we talked dirty to each other. I'd tell her about things that turned me on, and she'd do her best to continue the fantasy while she finished me off. It was a good way to reconnect sexually in a way that was comfortable to her.

At first, most of the fantasies I'd tell her about came from our shared past together.

"Do you remember that time that we did it in the park after being at the bar with Mark and Jessica?" I might say "that was so amazing…"

And she would take it from there, narrating a scene or reminiscence as she stroked my cock.

Eventually, however, I ran out of things to talk about in our own past, and so started sharing my more personal fantasies with her. She assured me that this was ok, and that she found it fun to hear about what turned me on.

One night, I told her a story about the only other girl I'd dated besides her: Marie, my girlfriend freshmen year in college. Marie had been a year older than me, and, while this doesn't make any difference in the grand scheme of things, when I was 19 and she was 20 it made her seem like she was in an entirely different generation.

Especially when it came to sexual experience. Marie had been *my* first, I told Bella, but I had not been *her* first. Far from it, in fact.

Naturally, I was interested in finding out how many other lovers that she'd had, and how I stacked up to them. Instinctively, I knew that I couldn't be very good in comparison. I was inexperienced, for

one thing, I wasn't in particularly good shape, and I had a penis that was slightly below average. Marie had always assured me that none of those things mattered. That it was about the whole person for her, not something silly like the size of his cock.

One day, I had asked Marie point blank if she'd ever been with a guy who was bigger than me. She had told me the truth: she'd been with several guys who were much bigger than me.

"That was a devastating blow," I told Bella, who sat next to me, stroking my cock, "and for a long time, I couldn't get over it. I couldn't even get it up around Marie for a long time after she told me that, and it almost caused us to break up. It would have, too, if she hadn't been so understanding."

"Aww," said Bella, "that's sweet of her. But are you sure you want to talk about this? I mean, it doesn't sound like much of a turn–on, to be honest."

"No," I said, "that's the funny thing. It actually did become a turn–on to me, in a weird way."

"Ok," said Bella, clearly curious, "it's your handjob, honey. Tell me more, and I'll see if I can make up my own sexy story for you."

"Well," I said, "it's a little bit embarrassing to talk about, but it really turns me on."

"I promise not to judge you, honey."

"Thanks. Ok," I continued, as Bella stroked my lubed cock with one hand, "so eventually, I had to know. Who was the biggest guy that Marie had ever been with? She told me that his name had been Jamal, and that she'd met him when she was working at a makeup counter in the mall as an 18–year–old, right out of college. Jamal was tall, extremely muscular, tattooed, and black. All things that scared her as an 18–year–old white girl from the suburbs who had only had one boyfriend up to that point. But he turned out to be a very sweet guy. After he got her number, they went on a couple of dates, and finally, they ended up at his house."

"He was a very gentle lover, at least at first. They kissed sweetly for a long time while soft music played, and he did everything in his

power to make her feel comfortable. He touched her between her legs more softly and sensitively than any man ever had before, trying to prepare her for what was coming. Marie told me that he was an expert at slowly building excitement. He focused on her for a long time, finally kissing down her thighs and tasting her sweetness. She was so tense and excited that at first she'd had trouble relaxing, but when he'd started pleasuring her with his tongue, all of the tension melted away and she was left with nothing but desire. Hot, burning, desire."

"Wow, honey," said Bella, "you're a good storyteller. I feel like I might be getting kind of turned on myself."

That was exciting to hear. I had almost accepted the fact that my wife would no longer be interested in sex, and the hint of the promise of future intimacy was enough for me to concentrate hard on putting off my own climax until I could finish the story. I thought that if I could turn her on, maybe she'd consent to have intercourse with me once more…

"She hadn't seen his cock yet," I continued, "but she had a feeling that he was really big. She'd felt it through his clothes a couple of times while they kissed, but had been afraid to actually touch him with her hands. Now, on the edge of orgasm from the tonguing he had given her, Marie boldly reached down between his legs, too shy to look at his organ, but emboldened to touch him. She needed him inside her. Wanted him…"

"She told me that she couldn't believe what she was holding in her hands. It must be impossible. How could anyone be that big? She finally looked down, and saw the long, thick cock that Jamal was sporting. He grinned at her. He loved introducing women to his BBC."

"What?" asked Bella, interrupting my story.

She seemed genuinely puzzled.

"What's a BBC?"

I blushed. I kicked myself for using a term that I only knew from pornography and erotic stories.

“It’s an acronym. For Big Black Cock…”

She giggled.

“So it’s that common? Common enough that people have to have a name for it?”

“I guess so,” I said, “I mean, it’s not like every black guy has a huge cock. Most of them are average, just like most white guys are average. But from what I learned from Marie, it seems that the black guys who *do* have large endowments are really skilled at using them.”

“Interesting,” said Bella, a thoughtful look coming into her eyes, “I wonder if that’s really true.”

“It’s probably just a stereotype that has some basis in reality,” I said, “that’s all. It’s not like you can just expect *every* black guy to have a big dick.”

“No,” said Isabella, “I guess not. But it does make you wonder…”

Any other husband might have paused at stoking his wife’s fantasy about large cocks, but I wasn’t “just any” other husband.

“Should I go on?”

“Mmm…please,” said Bella.

What had started out as *my* fantasy was quickly becoming hers as well. At least it seemed that way.

“Well, Marie stroked it a little, and told him that she didn’t think it was going to fit inside her. He just smiled and said not to worry; that he’d done this before with girls like her. She bit her lip and nodded. She was so turned on that the fear of being hurt by his gigantic tool was completely swept away by her desire.”

“Honey,” said Bella, shifting a bit where she sat, “I feel like… like I might…”

“What?”

“Well,” she said, looking at me with a mixture of lust and apprehension, “can I ride you? While you finish the story?”

I nodded eagerly. This was more than I'd hope for. Was I reawakening Bella's lust?

She quickly removed her pajama bottoms and underwear, slowly lowering herself onto my rock–hard prick.

It was the first time that she'd suggested intercourse since the baby. She seemed to suddenly *want* it.

Had it simply been long enough since the baby that her libido was making a comeback? I knew that her body must have healed by now.

I suspected, however, and even secretly *hoped*, that the details of my story might have been awakening her interest.

I looked into her eyes as she began to slowly ride me.

"Tell me more, honey," she said, an urgent tone entering her voice, "tell me what happened next between Marie and Jamal."

It felt so good being inside my wife again after such a long time experiencing only her hand that I could barely hold back. I knew, however, that if I shot my load too early the moment would be gone, and the opportunity to reawakened her sleeping libido would be lost.

"He had some lube on his nightstand," I said, "I remember her mentioning that. He put some on his shaft, and had her stroke him, getting him nice and slick. She told me that she couldn't even close her hand around his shaft. That's how thick he was. She felt so intimidated, but also so amazingly horny. He kept whispering sweet things to her. Telling her that she was a good girl. He also said that after he fucked her, she'd never be the same…"

"Oh God," moaned Bella, "did he really say that?"

"That's what she told me," I said, closing my eyes and trying my best to hold back my orgasm, despite the fact that my wife's slick tight pussy was sliding up and down my shaft in such as tantalizing tempo.

"Shit, honey. I can't believe it. I'm going to cum…"

She bit her lip and bucked her hips, climaxing under me. I couldn't hold back anymore, and in the same moment, I unleashed a torrent into my wife.

It was the first satisfying encounter we'd had since the baby.

"That was really fun," she said, after she'd slowly pulled herself off my cock and collapsed on the bed next to me, "I never thought it would be that fun to hear you tell a sexy story."

"Well," I said, blushing a bit, "it wasn't even my story to tell. And I didn't finish it! But I'm really happy that you enjoyed it as much as you did."

"I really did," she said, sighing, "that was the first time I've been turned on since…"

"I know."

She beamed at me and then kissed me on the lips.

"Don't worry," she said, "you can finish it some other night."

Chapter 2

But somehow, that night never came. At least not over the next few weeks. In fact, all of our sexual contact — including the handjobs that she was giving me, probably just out of a sense of obligation — stopped.

I noticed it, of course. I didn't think anything of it, however. This lull in our already–mediocre sex life happened to correspond with a period of unusual fussiness from Grace. So Bella was as busy as ever.

She kept her gym appointments, of course, and as the weeks went by and the pounds melted away, her body became ever more toned and shapely. She was not overly muscular, but did have some definition in her arms and torso. She had retained her beautiful butt, which stuck out as invitingly as ever when she walked.

My wife was still a knock–out. At least to me. She remained the center of my fantasies. My yearning.

On day, after she'd returned from the gym, I couldn't help but comment on the glow that suffused her entire body.

"You look great, Bella," I said, "whatever you and that woman are doing is really working."

"What woman?"

She seemed genuinely confused.

"What do you mean? Your personal trainer, of course!"

She grinned.

"Oh," she laughed, "didn't I ever tell you? Shelia wasn't taking any new clients. But she was nice enough to give me Darryl's name."

"Darryl?"

"Yeah, that's right," she said, "he came highly recommended, and he's great at what he does. The results speak for themselves, don't you think?"

She spread out her arms, indicating her new body.

“I guess I can’t argue with that!” I said, “I’m just kind of surprised that you were working with a man this whole time and never mentioned it.”

“I’m sorry, honey,” she said, “I didn’t think it was that big of a deal. And besides, you never asked.”

“It’s not that big of a deal, I guess,” I said, “I just wish you had told me.”

A moment of silence passed between us as she unpacked her gym bag. What was she thinking about?

“Tell me about Darryl,” I said, “does he have a lot of clients?”

“I don’t know, really,” she said, “he’s never said. I know that he worked with some of Shelia’s friends, and that’s why she recommended him. All I can really say for sure is that he’s in great shape himself, and he’s an excellent motivator.”

“How old is he?”

She looked at me.

“What is this, some kind of interrogation?”

“I’m just curious,” I said, trying not to be defensive, “I just found out that my wife has been spending three hours a week alone with a strange man, and I’m just trying to get some information.”

“We’re not alone,” she said, her tone becoming a bit more combative, “we’re in the middle of a gym with a lot of other people.”

“Ok,” I said, “I didn’t mean to sound paranoid. I’d just like to know what’s going on.”

“Well,” she said, “if you want to get to know him so badly, why don’t we have him over for dinner?”

I frowned. This took me aback.

“Really? Why?”

He would be the first person besides our parents who we’d had to the house since Grace was born.

“Yeah, really,” she said, “it would be fun. I could show off one of the recipes that he gave me. One of those high–protein low–carb

dinners."

"What recipes?"

"Haven't you noticed how my cooking has changed since the baby? You've lost a few pounds yourself."

I frowned, looking down at my pot belly.

"I guess maybe I have."

"You *definitely* have," she giggled, "I think *you* owe Darryl a thank you, too."

"Well," I said, "I guess there's no harm in showing gratitude. And I have to admit that I'm curious about this guy that you've been spending so much time with."

She smiled, moving in towards me for a kiss and nuzzling my nose.

"Thanks, honey," she said, "you're going to love him, I know it."

In that moment, I wondered if it might be Bella who "loved" Darryl, or at least had a crush on him. I had to admit that my mind was reeling. The erotic part, to be specific.

"Hey, one more thing," I said, "is Darryl a black guy?"

"Why do you ask?" she said, smiling, "are you thinking of that dirty story you told me a while back?"

This was the first time that she'd mentioned the story since that exciting night.

"No," I lied, "just curious."

"Well, yes," she said, "he does happen to be black. In case that matters."

"Not really," I said, my heart beating quickly.

"But as to whether he has…what did you call it?"

She paused theatrically, raising her eyebrows.

"Oh yeah. A 'BBC'? I really couldn't tell you. You'll have to ask him yourself, honey!"

She winked at me.

What was going on? My head was spinning. Was she actually interested in Darryl, or was she merely teasing me? Did she know about my fantasy of watching her with a hung black guy? It had probably been obvious from the way that I told Marie's story.

Marie's story of being with Jamal for the first time had obviously been arousing to her as well. Was there a chance that she would indulge my fantasy?

The thought was so erotic that I didn't even begin to consider the possible emotional fallout from such an event. I just wanted to be there. To watch Bella fulfilled. *Filled* by a **big, black cock**.

***

Darryl arrived right on time, standing on our doorstep with a bouquet of flowers and a bottle of wine.

"Wow!" I said, opening the door, "Bella will love these! You really didn't have to, though."

"Hello," said Darryl, "my mother always told me to make a good first impression. I'm Darryl."

"Nice to meet you," I said, taking the flowers from his hand and then transferring them to my left hand to offer him a shake, "I'm Jason."

"Jason, nice to meet you," he said, flashing me a grin as he returned my firm handshake.

He was tall, much taller than I'd expected, and appeared, of course, to be in excellent shape. It only made sense. It was his job, after all.

"Bella's in the kitchen," I said, ushering him in, "making one of the recipes she said that you gave her. She's really excited for you to try it. We are so grateful for all the work you've put in with her. It's made a great difference in her self–esteem."

He seemed a little embarrassed, but also grateful for my praise.

"Thanks," he said, "but don't forget — I'm a professional. She's paying me. And *she's* the one that put in the work. I was just there as a motivator."

“Well,” I said, “you did a great job motivating her. Whatever you did really worked. Bella can’t stop talking about how proud she is of the progress she’s made.”

I brought the wine and the flowers into the kitchen, where Bella was bent over the stove, tasting the sauce anxiously.

“Oh my God, he’s here *already*?” she said, “he’s too punctual!”

“Well,” I said, “he did come when you told him to.”

“Yeah,” she said, “but nothing’s ready yet. You’ve got to stall him for a few minutes!”

“No problem,” I said, giving her a peck on the cheek before I returned to the living room, where Darryl had taken a seat on the love seat.

Although he seemed completely comfortable in his surroundings, Darryl’s face was serious.

“To be honest, Jason,” he said, “I don’t usually accept invitations like this from clients. You can probably understand the kinds of… blurred lines that can happen in a profession like mine. I like to keep those lines clean.”

“But in this case?”

“But in *this* case,” he continued, smiling suddenly and shaking his head a bit, “Bella was just so damned *persistent* that she convinced me to make an exception.”

“She’s like that,” I said, “she has a way of getting what she wants.”

“So you know what I’m talking about,” he laughed.

“I do indeed,” I said, chuckling to myself, “can I get you something to drink? A glass of that wine you brought, maybe?”

“No,” he said, “that’s for you and Bella to drink sometime to celebrate something.”

“But we’re celebrating something now, aren’t we?”

“Sure,” he said, “I guess we are.”

A few minutes later, the three of us were in the kitchen, raising our glasses in a toast.

“To Bella,” said Darryl.

“You’re so sweet,” said Bella, still wearing her apron, “thanks so much for coming over. And thanks for the wine.”

“My pleasure,” he said, his glass hanging in the air.

“Oh, whoops, my bad!” said Bella, clinking her glass against his, and then mine, “cheers!”

“Cheers,” I said, “to you, honey.”

She blushed.

“Wow, that’s a great wine,” said Bella, after her first sip.

“Glad you like it,” said Darryl, “my uncle’s a sommelier. He taught me everything I know. It’s from the Russian River valley. A little place he and I went during a trip out west last year. Not too many other black people out there, that’s for sure!”

“I guess not,” said Bella, “that’s in California, right?”

“Correct,” he said, “I’ve got family down near San Francisco, so I try to get out there once a year at least.”

“That’s so cool,” said Bella, “we haven’t been able to do much traveling recently. You know, since Grace.”

“I imagine there’s a whole lot of other things that you haven’t been able to do like you used to since she came along,” he said, “babies are a lot of work. I’ve got two nieces and a nephew and I’ve seen it all first hand!”

My pulse quickened. What “other things” was he referring to? Was I just imagining a sexual innuendo where there was none?

Why did the idea of Darryl and Bella flirting turn me on so much? I didn’t have any evidence that it was even happening. Or had happened. Just my own lurid fantasy.

Dinner was delicious. Bella had cooked a simple chicken and vegetable dish that positively burst with flavor from the Cajun spices that Darryl had carefully specified in his recipe. I would never have

thought that it was anything approaching “healthy,” but both she and Darryl assured me that it was.

The conversation at dinner was lively. Darryl was an outgoing and friendly guy. He had a master’s degree in economics and was working towards his PhD part–time at the local public university, doing personal training a few days a week just to make ends meet. It turned out that Bella was his only client currently.

“Really?” said Bella.

“Uh–huh,” he said, “between the class I’ve got to teach and my dissertation, I only have time for one client. And I’ve got to work out anyway, so I might as well make some money while I do it!”

“So that’s all I am to you,” teased Bella, “just a paycheck?”

“Sure,” he countered, giving her a devilish grin, “what else would you be? I mean, don’t get me wrong, you’re a beautiful woman. But I would never step into another man’s territory.”

“That’s not what I meant,” shrieked Bella, a little tipsy, and slapped him playfully on the arm.

“Jason, you have nothing to worry about,” said Darryl, grinning at me, “she’s just playing around. I have this effect on a lot of women, but I always keep my professional distance.”

This slightly cocky teasing had really gotten under Bella’s skin. She was like a schoolgirl who’d been teased by the most popular guy at school. She was both flustered and charmed.

“Oh, you!!” she sputtered, drawing back her hand again, as if to slap him.

Then she abruptly stood up from the table and began gathering the dishes.

“Can I help?” called Darryl after her.

“*You* stay right there,” she said, still pretending to be exasperated.

With Bella gone, a slightly awkward silence filled the room.

“Look, Jason,” said Darryl after a moment, “I really wasn’t trying to flirt with your wife. I sometimes get carried away. If I’ve

disrespected you, I'm sorry."

"To be honest," I sighed, "it seemed to me like she was the instigator, not you. I can't blame anyone for flirting with Bella. I mean just look at her."

"She is beautiful," he said, "just like her name says."

"That she is," I said, "and since we're being honest…"

I lowered my voice, looking towards the kitchen, "I really wouldn't mind it if you wanted to do more than just *flirt* with her."

"What?"

His voice was suddenly serious. Aggressive, even.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

Darryl's brow was furrowed.

"What exactly are you suggesting here, Jason? I was just joking around…"

"Nothing," I said, "I just mean…if you wanted to try to take things further with Bella, I'd be ok with it."

"I can't believe what I'm hearing," he said, growing angrier, "you're just like all those other white guys, huh? Want to see a black guy with a big dick fuck your wife?"

I blushed. I couldn't help it. He was right.

"Christ," he said, "I'm more than just a guy with a big dick. I have an advanced degree. I speak three languages."

Even as I recognized the truth in what he was saying, I was inexplicably excited by the fact had he'd admitted to having a big cock.

"I understand that," I stammered, glancing guiltily towards the kitchen, "forget it. It was stupid."

He glared at me, his eyes burning.

"You know what?" he said, "maybe I will. I'm so sick of all this cuck bullshit from you white guys that I have a mind to really do it."

"What do you mean?"

“I mean I’ll really do it. I’ll seduce your wife and make sure you watch.”

“Hold on,” I said, “this is going too far.”

“Is it?” he snapped, “you were the one to bring it up in the first place. At the dinner table of all places. I know it’s just a twisted little fantasy for you, but have you ever thought about how it would play out in real life? For Bella? For you? For Grace?”

He paused.

“Hell,” he continued, “for *me*? Do you think I’m just some guy with a big dick, no better than an animal, here just to perform for your benefit? Don’t you think that I want what you have? Christ.”

“Darryl,” I said, “I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean to strike a nerve.”

“No,” he said, “you cucks never do, do you? You think it’s about your wife’s pleasure, but it’s really just about your own personal gratification. Well, you know what? I think you deserve a good dose of reality.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

But before Darryl could answer, Bella came through the door with a beautiful cheesecake, and the anger melted from Darryl’s face.

For the rest of the night, he was his old charming self, but every time Bella made any kind of remark that could be seen as flirtatious, he flashed me a look.

What had I done? I had clearly miscalculated the situation. I started kicking myself for my presumptuous behavior.

But would Darryl really follow through on his “threat”? Was he really going to try to seduce Bella, and, more importantly, would she go along with it?

Finally, dinner had winded down, and it was time to go. Darryl made his excuses and refused an after–dinner drink.

“I’ll see you tomorrow at the gym,” he said to Bella, smiling.

Then he turned to me and winked quickly, careful to make sure Bella didn’t see.

God damn it, I thought, *what have I done?*

Chapter 3

After that night, I watched Bella as closely as I could, monitoring her routine and her behavior around the house for any signs of change. I knew that Darryl probably wouldn't have to try very hard to seduce her, at least in a vacuum. What I mean to say is, it was abundantly clear from her behavior during dinner, and the way that she talked about him, that she was extremely attracted to him. Whether or not she could be brought to act on these feelings still remained to be seen. Darryl was a very attractive man, but Bella was quite old–fashioned deep down. I didn't think that it would be very easy for her to cheat. She was too much of a "good girl" for that.

I was sure of it.

Or was I?

It started one Wednesday when she came home from the gym 40 minutes later than usual. I only knew this because Bella's phone "checked in" to our smarthome network and security system automatically, every time that she returned to the house. I had the master app on my phone. Usually, I turned the notifications about Bella off. But recently, I'd turned them back on, so I would know exactly when she was coming and going.

That night, at home, I tried to get information out of her casually.

"Did you have a good workout today, honey?" I asked.

"What?"

"You know," I said, "did Darryl wear you out?"

"Jason," she said, fixing me with a withering gaze, "that makes it sound dirty."

"Well," I said, "did you get dirty? From sweating so much, I mean!"

"Yes," she said slowly, as if sensing that there was a subtext to my questions, "he actually kept me over time for a few minutes to show me some new stretches."

"Oh? Is he interested in making sure that you're super flexible for some reason?"

She frowned. This time, it was clear that I'd gone too far.

"Ok, Jason," she said, "what would make you say that? You think Darryl is interested in me?"

"Well, why wouldn't he be?"

"Because he's a professional, that's why," she snapped, "I'm sorry you're so *fucking* insecure that you can't let me have this *one* relationship that means so much to me without turning it into something sexual."

"Bella," I stammered, "that's not what I meant to do. I was just teasing you, that's all."

"No you weren't," she said, tears pouring from her eyes, "this all has to do with that…fetish of yours, doesn't it? You love the idea of Darryl's big black cock, don't you?"

Terror seized me. She was onto me. But how? Had it been that obvious?

"Well," she said, sniffling, "I'll have you know that Darryl and I have a lot in common besides working out. He's not just some big thug with a huge cock. He's going to be an economics professor."

I knew I shouldn't say anything. That I should just drop the subject. But I couldn't resist.

"So you're saying that *you* know for sure that he has a huge cock, huh? How exactly would you know that?"

She bit her lip, furious, breathing hard through her nostrils.

"Get out."

"What?"

"Get the fuck out. Now."

"Come on, Bella," I stammered, "I was just joking. It was crude, I admit."

"I want you out of the house for tonight," she said, folding her arms and planting her feet, "I will not be disrespected like this."

"Bella," I said, trying to grab her hand, "just give me another chance. I'm sorry."

“We’ll see,” she said, “I’m tired now. We can discuss this tomorrow morning. But for the time being…”

Her eyes narrowed, filled with fury.

She was serious! I couldn’t believe it.

“…get the hell out of here, before I call the cops.”

“Bella!”

“Out.”

And the next thing I knew, I found myself sitting in my car in the driveway, shaking my head in disbelief. What had just happened?

Sighing, I drove five minutes away to a motel and booked a room for the night. Luckily, the clerk also had a toothbrush and razor for me. The clothes I was wearing would have to do for the time being.

I turned on the TV and stared blankly at a golf game for about twenty minutes before I picked up my phone and texted Bella.

Babe, I wrote, *I’m sorry. Let’s talk about this.*

No answer.

Fifteen minutes later, I tried again.

Think about Grace. We need to work this out.

Again, no answer.

I flipped through the channels, unable to settle on something, so I just watched the news for a while. About five minutes to 11, my phone buzzed.

I practically leaped to grab it and read the text, but was startled when I saw an unknown number.

What did you, Jason? You made a big mistake. My job just got a whole lot easier. Darryl.

I was instantly seized with panic. And arousal.

Darryl knew about what had happened. But how? Obviously, Bella had told him…

For about five whole minutes, all I could do was sit staring at his text on my phone.

Finally, I got up the nerve to write back.

This is none of your business. Stay away from her.

The reply came quickly. It was a photo of my front door.

Too late, the caption read, *remember what I told you at dinner, big guy*.

I immediately called Bella.

It went to voicemail.

Fuck.

It was already clear that she'd reached out to him for emotional support. That was bad enough, of course.

But would she *really* actually *sleep* with him?

I wasn't sure what I wanted the answer to be. I opened the front door of the motel room and looked out into the night. A few miles away, not too far across the city, my wife was entertaining another man in our home.

Images flashed before my eyes. Darryl and Bella laughing and talking. Darryl and Bella kissing. Darryl's hand on her waist. Now her hips.

My cock began to stiffen.

Back in the room behind me, my phone buzzed. I turned and walked calmly over to the table and picked it up.

It was Darryl.

Going good so far, dog.

Attached was a photo of our kitchen table with two glasses of wine on it, each about half full. One of them had a smudge of lipstick on it.

Fuck. Fuck. FUCK!

I bit my own knuckle to keep from crying out as I stared at the phone. I should go over there now. I should slam the door open and demand that Darryl leave my house.

At the same time, I knew that a physical confrontation with Darryl was out of the question. Not only was he in incredible shape,

he was also about three inches taller than me. I wouldn't have a chance.

Besides, another part of me was extremely curious. How far would Bella take things, and what kind of evidence would Darryl send me?

I sat up for the next two hours, staring at my phone where it lay on the nightstand, plugged into the charger. I didn't know what would be worse: finding out that Bella had given into temptation and had sex with Darryl, or finding out that nothing actually happened.

The uncertainty was killing me.

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I didn't remember falling asleep, but when I opened my eyes again, light was streaming through the motel room window. It was 8:07AM. I would have to get moving if I wanted to make it to work on time.

I made it to the office, looking fairly presentable given the fact that I was wearing the exact same clothes from the day before (which I had actually slept in). Luckily, I'd been able to give my shirt and pants a quick once–over with the iron before dashing out the door.

Optimistic about my prospects of making up with Bella, or at least not yet ready to fully commit to living in a cheap motel, I decided not to book another night.

Work flew by quickly, and it was a good thing, too. Otherwise I would have been thinking obsessively about Bella and Darryl, and what might have happened between them the night before. As it happened, however, we had three back–to–back conference calls with clients which kept me busy all day.

I was so busy, in fact, that it was only when I jumped into my car to go home that I remembered that I wasn't sure if I'd be welcome there.

I looked at my phone for the first time all day and was surprised to see a message from Bella.

Let's talk, she had written, *you can come back home*.

Chapter 4

When I walked through the front door, I was surprised to find Bella standing in the kitchen with Grace on her hip and a huge smile on her face. She was in her workout clothes: a tank top and yoga pants. She looked great, and seemed to be in a mood to match.

“Hey, honey,” she said, “how was your night?”

“Not so great,” I said, “I slept in my clothes in a cheap motel. What’s with you? You seem rather…chipper.”

“I am,” she said, putting grace in her high chair, “I did a lot of thinking last night.”

I bet that’s not all you did, I thought, but didn’t verbalize this for fear of igniting another argument.

“Darryl actually came over,” she said, after she’d strapped Grace in and we’d both taken seats at the kitchen table on either side of her, “and he helped me think through some things in our relationship.”

“Did he?” I said, trying not to take on a sarcastic tone.

“Mm–hmm,” she said, “he helped me understand that my needs in our relationship are important, too. I should be more assertive about them.”

“I thought he was your trainer, not your therapist,” I snapped, unable to hold back my feelings, “and what were you doing drinking wine with him?”

She smiled.

“He told me that he sent you that picture. You’ll have to excuse him. He’s like that sometimes.”

“Like what?”

“He’s very territorial. He doesn’t like to share.”

“Share what? You?”

She smiled.

“For example.”

It was silent for a moment between us, while Grace cooed, chewing on a toy.

“I should just come out and say it,” said Bella, “I’m attracted to Darryl. And he’s attracted to me. So if you want our marriage to continue, you’re going to have to accept that.”

“Bella,” I said, “this is ridiculous. How would you feel if I told you that I had a crush on a girl at work and that you were going to have to accept it?”

“Let’s face it,” she laughed, “that would never happen. Because you’re the one who wants to see me with another man. You don’t care about those girls at work.”

She was right. Of course she was right. How did she know me so well?

“So what are you telling me,” I said, “that you’re sleeping with Darryl?”

“No,” she said, “he was a perfect gentleman last night. But I am saying that I’m going to date him. Starting tonight.”

“What!?”

“That’s right,” she said, “he’s taking me to his favorite restaurant. It’s that Italian–Asian fusion place that opened last year. I need you to watch Grace while I’m gone.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“Oh, so you can’t look after your own daughter for a few hours? That’s too much for you?”

“It’s obviously not that,” I said, “it’s the fact that you’re going on a *date* with another man. We’re married, Bella!”

“I know,” she said, “and if you want to keep it that way, you’re going to have to accept this. Now, what do you think?”

I sat there in stunned silence.

“Well?” she said.

“Ok,” I muttered, “I’ll do it.”

“Great!” she said, “he’s going to pick me up in about an hour. I’ve got to get ready. Grace’s food is right here, and you can eat whatever’s around. You’ll be fine.”

I sighed as Bella got up from the table, practically racing upstairs to the shower.

What was happening? And why was it turning me on so much?

I spoon fed my daughter the contents of an entire jar of yams, but she wanted more. Halfway through a jar of pears, I heard the water stop upstairs.

I imagined my wife preparing for her date. Was she shaving? Using some kind of special lotion? Perfume? And what kind of underwear was she wearing. Was she planning on Darryl seeing it, or at least considering the possibility?

My mind was racing.

About half an hour later, Bella appeared at the bottom of the stairs, wearing a short black cocktail dress with a plunging neckline. I remembered that she’d bought it for a friend’s wedding reception, years ago, and it looked even better on her now, especially given her recent weight loss and newly toned physique.

I couldn’t help myself.

“You look beautiful,” I said.

“Thanks!” she said, “I hope Darryl likes it.”

“I don’t see how any man couldn’t like it,” I said.

“You’re so sweet,” she said.

Suddenly, there was the sound of a car horn in the driveway.

“That’s Darryl,” she said, “punctual as usual.”

She gave me a peck on the cheek.

“I’ll text to make sure everything’s ok,” she said, “but you know what you’re doing.”

“Of course,” I said, “we’ll be fine here. Have fun!”

“Thanks!” she said, walking over to Grace, who was playing on the floor and giving her a kiss.

“Don’t wait up for me,” she said, “but we shouldn’t be too late.”

And then the door slammed behind her. I could still smell her perfume lingering in the air.

What had just happened? Had I really just told my wife to have fun on her *date*? She was treating me like a babysitter, not her husband and the father of her child.

How had things gotten to this point?

Grace and I spent a quiet hour together. She was a very charming baby, with such an engaging personality that I almost forgot about the fact that her mother — my wife — was out to dinner with her personal trainer.

Then it was time for bed. She went down perfectly, despite the absence of her mother. I decided to text Bella preemptively to let her know.

Grace is sleeping like an angel, I wrote.

Great! came her almost immediate response, *things are going well here too*.

I didn’t reply. What was I supposed to say? “Great, I’m glad that you’re getting along with the man who you’re going to cheat on me with?”

A couple of minutes later, my phone buzzed again.

We’re coming over, she wrote *do me a favor and sleep in the guest room tonight? And would you mind taking the baby monitor in there with you so you can make sure everything is ok with Grace?*

What the *fuck*? Now she was simply telling me that she would be sleeping with Darryl, under my own roof, in my own *bed*?

Bella, I responded *don’t you dare bring him back here*.

Or what? she wrote, *face it. There’s nothing you can do about it, and I know you’re going to enjoy thinking about us together, even if you won’t be allowed to see it.*

God *damn* it. The adrenaline surged in my veins. I knew that she was right. Not only was there nothing that I could do to prevent

what was about to happen, I also, on some level, *wanted* it to happen.

I wanted Bella to experience the bliss of Darryl's cock.

I decided to go along with the plan. The guest room was actually on the first floor. Grace's room and our bedroom were on the second floor. I looked at the baby monitor receiver, which I had kept so that I could listen to grace after she went to bed. I would take it with me when I went to sleep in the guest room.

Then I remembered something. We had another transmitter and receiver set, identical to this one, but which broadcast on separate bands.

I rummaged through a drawer upstairs and found both pieces of the set. As luck would have it, they were still charged.

I placed the transmitter in the master bedroom, near the bed, but nestled between some bottles of lotion and books in such a way that I hoped would be inconspicuous.

I was going to listen to everything that happened that night.

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A few minutes later, everything was prepared. I was in the guestroom, with the lights out, monitoring both baby monitors — Grace's and the one that I'd put in the master bedroom.

I didn't have to wait long before I heard a car in the driveway, and then the sound of keys in the lock.

Bella's giggling mingled with the low, smooth tones of Darryl. I couldn't make out exactly what they were saying, because the guest room was on the other side of the house as the front door, even if it was on the same floor.

After a few more minutes of conversation, I heard a long, protracted silence, followed by more giggling from Bella. She sounded nervous this time.

Had they just shared their first kiss?

My mind was reeling now.

I knew that I should have gone out of the room that instant and demanded that Darryl leave. Even if that was impossible (and I knew very well that it was) I should have at least left and gone to a hotel in order to preserve my dignity.

What we had here was a clear case of “alienation of affection.” I had an open–and–shut divorce case, if I wanted it. I even had texts from Bella basically admitting to being on a date with another man.

What I mean is that I had every opportunity to get out of this situation, but I didn’t. And not only because I was concerned about who would look after Grace while Bella was getting her first taste of BBC.

I wanted desperately to be there, in some capacity, when she finally consummated her relationship with Darryl.

My cock was already fully erect as I listened out into the silence.

Darryl was saying something again. His voice was low and confident.

Bella answered something. I could almost hear the desire even if I couldn’t understand the words.

What if they did it right there in the living room? What if my plan didn’t work at all?

About thirty seconds later, however, I heard Darryl’s heavy footsteps ascending the staircase behind Bella’s lighter ones.

They were headed to the bedroom.

Just then, the baby monitor in my hand began to pick them up. I jumped at sudden burst of noise, then adjusted the volume.

“You’re sure he’s not going to come up here? He got a gun or anything?”

That was Darryl.

“I’m sure. And don’t worry. He’s got an old hunting rifle somewhere, but he doesn’t know how to shoot it. Plus, he’s not interested in stopping us. I mean, I told him basically everything and he just went along with it. He *wants* you to fuck me.”

“Cuck,” laughed Darryl.

The way he said the world contained such a note of derision that I felt absolutely humiliated in that moment, even though I knew that no one could see me.

The sound that I heard next practically tore my heart in two. It was unmistakable: Bella's lips against his. Her soft moans as his hands explored her body.

Her sighs.

"Oh, Darryl," she whispered, "I've wanted to do this for so long…"

"Me too," he said, his voice a baritone whisper.

A few more minutes went by, as Bella's arousal increased.

"I can't believe how good you are at that. Oh my God," she moaned.

Was he going down on her? Fingering her? What was happening?

"Oh God," she groaned, "you're going to make me come."

"That's it, baby," he said, finally breaking his silence, "come for me."

She shrieked in climax. It wasn't easy to bring Bella to orgasm, at least not for me, and especially after Grace had been born, so it was especially surprising to hear her get off so quickly with a new partner.

Not only that, but as far as I knew, they hadn't even moved on to the main event.

Bella's breathing slowly returned to normal. Then I heard her say, distinctly and calmly, a few words that would haunt me for a long time.

"I want to see it. I can't believe how big it feels."

She let out a nervous giggle.

"You're finally ready to find out what the hype is about?"

"Yes," she said, almost pleading.

There was a rustling of clothing, then what I took to be the “big reveal.”

“Oh, WOW,” she said, laughing nervously, “this is…much bigger than I imagined.”

“Glad you’re not disappointed,” chuckled Darryl.

“No, not disappointed,” said Bella hesitantly, “a little intimidated, to be honest.”

“There’s nothing to be scared of,” said Darryl, “I promise to take it slowly.”

“Thanks,” said Bella, “don’t get me wrong. I love it. This is just outside my realm of experience.”

“Well I love nothing more than introducing women to new experiences. I’m honored to share this one with you.”

“You know just the right thing to say,” cooed Bella.

They kissed once more. From the sounds of it, it was long and deep.

“I want to get better acquainted with this monster,” said Bella playfully.

A moment later, I heard Bella moaning softly. Her voice was muffled, however.

It took me a while to realize what she was doing.

She was going down on him. Sucking his cock.

This was especially painful to me, because I couldn’t remember the last time she’d been willing to perform oral sex on me. It had been only handjobs since Grace was born. She had told me that she simply didn’t enjoy the act, and, since we were already married, hadn’t seen the point in performing it.

But this, *this* was clearly beyond a mere performance.

Even though I couldn’t see it, the noises told me in no uncertain terms that Bella was sucking Darryl’s cock with enthusiasm.

There were sounds of slurping, moaning, and even gagging as she pushed herself to the limit to prove her worthiness to Darryl as a

partner.

Darryl was moaning now too, soft and low, whispering encouraging words that I could barely make out.

“That’s it,” he said at one point, “worship that big black dick. You know you want to.”

The oral worship of his BBC went on for longer than I thought possible. How could any man hold back for so long when he had a woman as attractive as Bella servicing him.

Now Darryl’s moans took on a different tone. Was he finally about to climax?

“That’s it, Bella. Be a good girl and get those big black balls in your mouth. Worship them, too.”

I heard Bella moan, her mouth full.

“I’m going to see if this pussy is ready for me,” announced Darryl.

I imagined her already knew the answer. This was just a pretense for him to explore her warm, wet pussy with a finger. Not that he needed any kind of excuse for that, Bella was practically begging for it.

“Where do you want me,” gasped Bella, coming up for air after a particularly long bout of choking on Darryl’s cock.

I was leaking precum now. I felt like my entire body was on a hair trigger. I might be able to ejaculate without even touching myself. At the same time, I was incredibly ashamed that I had been brought to this point: a glorified babysitter who had to listen through a baby monitor while his wife was ravished.

What made it even worse was the obvious fact that I could turn it off at any time. That I probably should have, for the sake of my own sanity.

But I couldn’t bring myself to do that.

“Where do you want me?” asked Bella, hesitating.

“On your back will be easiest the first time,” said Darryl.

“That’s it. Spread those legs for me. Reach down and hold it open nice and wide.”

“Oh God,” groaned Bella, “you’re so thick. I can’t believe it.”

“Just relax,” said Darryl, “just breath and look into my eyes. You can do this.”

Bella let out a short shriek, either of pleasure or pain, or a little of both.

“That’s it, baby,” Darryl said, “the head is the thickest part. Just relax and imagine opening yourself for me. You can do it.”

“I want to so bad,” moaned Bella, “I want to take you all inside me. To give myself to you.”

“I’m gonna take it, baby,” he said.

She let out an even louder moan.

“Oh my God,” she gasped, “you’re completely filling me. Holy fuck.”

Then, for the next several minutes, my wife was completely incoherent, a mess of moans and sighs as Darryl thrust his cock into her.

She had at least three distinct climaxes, but to be honest, the entire time he was inside her, it sounded like she was having one, long, continuous climax.

While Bella had been rendered entirely unable to speak, Darryl had still retained his powers of speech. And what he said only seem to drive Bella even crazier, even as it drove the reality of this humiliating situation home for me.

“You love this big black dick. I knew you would,” he growled.

A few minutes later, he whispered, loudly and clearly enough for the monitor to pick it up:

“This pussy belongs to me now. It’s my property. Your pathetic little cuck husband isn’t going to come near it.”

She didn’t have to agree with him verbally. Every movement and sound that her body made demonstrated that she totally accepted what he had to say.

She was his now.

I had lost.

Something about this realization was both incredibly humiliating and incredibly erotically liberating. I had my hand on my cock now and was stroking in time with Darryl's thrusts, which were becoming more insistent and powerful now as his own orgasm approached.

"Get ready," he said, "I'm coming inside you. This is my pussy."

"Oh yes," groaned Bella, "I'm totally unprotected for you…I'm so ready…"

She was whimpering with desire now.

I heard him groan in pleasure. In that moment — perhaps the exact same moment that he was filling my wife with his potent semen — I shot a spurt of my own, completely useless semen into the air of the guest room and heard it land with a splat on my stomach.

As satisfying as my orgasm was, after about thirty seconds, I was filled with disgust and self–loathing once more. The sounds of Bella and Darryl's post–coital cuddling were still audible on the baby monitor.

I reached over and shut it off, then fell into a long and dreamless sleep.

Chapter 5

I woke up to a text from Bella.

Good morning from upstairs, it read, *Darryl slept over. Could you check on Grace for me? I fed her once last night.*

I shook my head. How had it come to this?

Ok, I wrote *but I think Darryl should leave now. What the hell are you doing, anyway?*

He wants to stay for breakfast, she replied *I told him that you make really good omelets, and he's dying to try one.*

A sting of humiliation hit me.

I was going to have to cook breakfast for my wife and her lover?

I don't think so, I shot back *I'll look in after Grace, but after that I'm getting a hotel. You'll have to make a choice. Darryl or me.*

I looked at the message in satisfaction and pressed "send."

She wasn't going to keep pushing me around like this. Not in my own home.

I stretched and went into the guest bathroom to quickly freshen up, before going upstairs to check on Grace. Of course, doing so necessitated walking past the door of the master bedroom, which remained tightly locked.

I knew that a man with any kind of self–respect would have burst through that door and thrown Darryl out of bed and told him to get out of the house.

I should have thrown Bella out, too.

But I knew it would have been completely futile. Darryl would have easily overpowered me, and Bella would have just laughed.

I changed Grace's diaper and put her in a clean outfit for breakfast. Then I walked back downstairs and put her in her playpen in the dining room.

Suddenly, my phone buzzed. I fished it out of my pocket to read Bella's message.

Darryl says you can watch next time, if you're a good little cuck and cook us breakfast.

My heart felt like it would beat out of my chest.

This was a different kind of manipulation altogether.

My cock sprang to attention as feelings of lust, anger and humiliation swept over me.

Images of black on white skin flitted through my mind. I imagined Darryl's cock, impossibly large, stretching Bella while she moaned in ecstasy.

I would be so easy to give in. To just accept my place and my humiliating position.

My phone buzzed again. It was from Darryl.

Don't forget that this is what you wanted, cuck.

I was trembling now. I walked into the kitchen and sat down for a minute. I felt like I needed a drink, but it was way too early for that.

I took a deep breath, then I stood and went to the refrigerator.

I was going to cook the best breakfast ever.

***

I did my best to stay out of sight when I served breakfast. I placed the food on the table in the dining room and retreated into the kitchen as soon as I could. I couldn't bear to meet either Darryl or Bella's gaze. What I was doing was so incredibly emasculating I felt like I shouldn't even be allowed to look them in the eye.

For their part, they acted like I wasn't even there, for the most part.

There were one or two times when Bella told me to get more coffee, or fetch the salt shaker, but that was it. Darryl didn't even look in my direction.

All the while, Grace cooed happily from her playpen. Eventually, Bella got up and brought her to the table, where Darryl fawned over her.

They looked like a happy family.

Darryl must have thought the same thing, because he leaned across the table and gave Bella a long kiss while she was hold Grace.

“You make a beautiful mother,” he said.

“Thanks,” she said, blushing.

I tried not to stare from the kitchen door. I was practically overcome with anger and lust now.

“Honey,” said Bella, “why don’t you take Grace to day care. I’ll clean up after breakfast.”

It was strange to hear her address me directly, after almost an hour of her practically pretending I didn’t exist.

“Sure,” I said, glancing at Darryl and making eye contact with him for the first time that morning.

He smirked cockily.

I grabbed Grace and then went upstairs to pack her things for daycare. Downstairs, I heard Bella giggling like a school girl and Darryl’s voice taking on the same low, flirtatious tones I’d heard before.

I headed out of the house with Grace. It was about a twenty minute drive to the daycare, so by the time I made it back to the house I’d been gone 40 minutes.

Going in to work that day was out of the question, of course.

When I entered the house, the first thing I noticed was that the breakfast dishes had been cleared and the kitchen cleaned.

Of course, all I could think about was Darryl’s promise, which had been relayed through Bella: that I would get to watch this time.

I knew that I would be losing all self–respect, and all of Bella’s respect as well (or what was left of it) if I actually stayed in the house while Darryl was still there, as he obviously was, because his car was in the driveway.

I stood there for a moment in the kitchen, staring into space, as the sound of Bella’s moans began to fill the room, echoing down the stairs from the bedroom above.

“Oh yes,” she groaned, “I still can’t believe how good it is…”

My cock was immediately at attention. It was so hard it was almost painful.

Self–respect was overrated, I decided.

I slowly walked up the stairs, getting closer and closer to the source of the sound.

“God yes,” moaned Bella, “just slide that monster into me.”

I mounted the top of the stairs and looked into the bedroom, making immediate eye contact with Bella, who was on her hands and knees on the bed, with Darryl behind her.

The look of concentration on both of their faces told me that they were in the act of penetration.

“Jason,” said Darryl, a tone of mocking condescension in his voice, “you’re just in time to watch. Come in and have a seat.”

Chapter 6

I think a lot about that day now, now that things have changed forever. I try to imagine what I could have done differently, either in that moment that I entered the bedroom, or at any moment prior to that. Probably it had all gone wrong when I'd decided to tell Bella that story about my ex–girlfriend Marie and her BBC experience.

Most certainly I should have immediately pitched a fit when Bella failed to tell me immediately that her personal trainer was a man.

And I *definitely* shouldn't have consented to having Darryl over for dinner that night.

But here we were.

I felt myself propelled by and almost magnetic force to a chair near the bed. I could see Bella and Darryl from the side. I had the perfect view of their two bodies (hers: curvy yet slightly toned, pale and feminine; his: tall, muscular, masculine and the color of dark chocolate) locked in the first stages of coitus.

It was also in that moment that I saw his cock for the first time.

I actually gasped. The thing that was jutting out from between his legs didn't seem real. It seemed simply impossible.

Darryl saw where my eyes were and grinned.

"I knew it," he said, "you're just like all those other white cucks. Obsessed with the black man's cock. What does that way about you, huh?"

He slid it a bit further into Bella's cunt, which, improbably, stretched to take it.

The thing was the size of Bella's arm. Bigger than her arm. It seemed like it was almost the size of *my* arm.

Bella, for her part, had barely registered my presence in the room. It was like she was in a trance. A cock–drunk state.

Her eyes were rolling back in her head. Darryl had a handful of her hair in one hand, and was using the other to guide her hips as he pushed himself even further inside.

“Well?” he said, grinning, “what do you think?”

“How…,” I stammered.

“Go ahead, Jason,” he said good–naturedly, “ask me. I know you want to.”

“How big is it?” I blurted.

He grinned as he bottomed out in my wife’s tight cunt. She squealed in pleasure.

“Oh God, Darryl. Please fuck me. Please just fuck me now.”

It was as if she were having an out–of–body experience, one occasioned by her lover’s enormous endowment.

“Just a minute sweetheart,” Darryl said soothingly, leaning down to whisper in her ear, “I’m having a conversation with your husband.”

“My…husband?”

Her glassy eyes turned towards me, then back to the doorway, where she’d been looking before.

“Who cares about him,” she said shortly, “just ignore him.”

“He asked me a question,” said Darryl, “and I think it’s polite that I answer him. I am in his house, of course.”

The sarcasm in his voice was unmistakable.

“To answer your question,” he said, turning to me, “I’m about 10 ½ inches erect on a bad day, closer to 11 on a good day. And about as big around as a can of coke.”

I could see that.

I looked down at the bulge in my pants. This guy was literally *twice* my size. There was simply no way I could contend with his physical (or intellectual) endowments.

“Don’t even try to compete, Jason,” said Darryl, as if reading my thoughts, “just sit back there and witness the way that a woman like Bella really needs to be fucked.”

“Yeah, honey,” said Bella, panting so hard I could barely make out the words, “shut up and let him fuck me.”

I didn’t reply. I simply nodded.

Darryl gave me a smirk, then turned his full attention towards Bella. He laced his fingers through her hair, massaging her scalp as he took hold of her. It was a dominant, controlling move, but from the way Bella pushed her head back against his hand and cooed, I could tell that she loved it.

At the same time, he was slowly stroking in and out of her tight, clenching pussy, giving her about half of his length at once. His entire shaft glistened in the light of the room, testimony to my wife's obvious arousal at being penetrated by her superior lover.

"God yes, Darryl," she moaned, "I'm going to come already. Oh my God, I'm going to come."

The way that she announced this fact had a note of panic and not only pleasure. It was as if the pleasure he was giving her was so intense that she was *scared* of it.

I realized in that moment that this was probably true. That Bella was getting something from Darryl that was not only so physically intense, but also so *emotionally* intense, that she had not idea how to deal with it.

She was as much out of her depth as I was.

This hunch was confirmed just a few seconds later. Darryl thrust into her a few more times, deeper and deeper, and Bella squeezed her eyes closed as he tightened his grip on her hair, slapping her ass with the other hand.

"Spank me, please," she begged, "oh God…Darryl…I can't believe it…"

And then she couldn't speak anymore, but her eyes and mouth shot open, communicating everything that I needed to know about her internal state, even if the specifics of this state would remain forever illegible to me.

I could watch her orgasm unfold as her body contracted. It was truly amazing. At the same time, Darryl maintained his intense concentration, thrusting faster and faster, but spanking her more and more sparingly.

Now it was Darryl's turn to come, and there was no question where his seed was destined for: Bella's unprotected womb.

"Fuck me," she demanded, her voice low and hoarse, her eyes glassy, "*fill* me. Fuck…"

"Tell me you want this cock," he growled.

"I want your big black cock," she moaned, "I want to show my husband how much better your huge black dick is than anything that he could offer me."

"Good girl," said Darryl, "I'm about to nut. I'm going to claim this tight, white pussy…"

With that, I watched as his powerful glutes flexed. It was as if his entire lower body worked together in the act of pumping my wife full of seed.

Bella, for her part, seemed to be reaching yet another climax as he shot his warm load directly onto her cervix.

"Thank you," she panted, "thank you for filling me. That was… incredible."

"You're very welcome," said Darryl, giving her a playful slap on the ass before slowly pulling his long, thick cock out of her soaking–wet tunnel.

"Don't waste that last drop," said Bella, smiling at him.

He got off the bed and came around to the front of Bella, where he fed her the end of his enormous rod, so that she could suck him dry.

I was so hard it hurt as I watched Bella eagerly suck the last drops of his semen from his rod.

Bella looked over at me, catching my eye as I sat with my pants down, my cock in hand.

"Honey," she said, pulling his cock out of her mouth for a moment, "could you help me with something?"

"Yes," I stammered, unable to conceal my eagerness to do whatever she asked.

“Darryl and I were talking earlier,” she said, “and we thought it would be good if you helped with clean–up.”

I didn’ t have to ask what she meant. I stood up and lay back on the bed, between Bella’s legs as she remained on her hands and knees, sucking Darryl’s cock.

She lowered her sopping wet pussy onto my face, and my mouth was immediately filled with Darryl’s sperm. I was so turned on, I didn’t even think about how disgusting and humiliating it was to be eating another man’s sperm. I simply licked and sucked at her clit and lips while I stroked my raging erection.

All the while, Bella continued to slurp on Darryl’s shaft. I knew that he must be getting hard again. I couldn’t help but moan in pleasure and excitement as I choked down her lover’s sperm.

Bella, for her part, sat up even more, smashing her pussy directly into my mouth, grinding against my lips and tongue as her arousal became even more evident.

I stroked my dick furiously, on the edge of my own massive orgasm. I loved the fact that Bella was responding to my efforts. It proved that I could still turn her on — in my own way.

Darryl, who had been relatively silent, suddenly spoke.

“You can’t see it,” he said, “but your little husband is stroking his tiny dick. It looks like he’s going to cum. Well, this is as close as he’s getting to your pussy from now on…”

“Mmm–hmmm,” said Bella, agreeing with him wholeheartedly even though her mouth was full of cock.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I moaned into Bella’s muff as I shot a large load of cum (though not as large as Darryl’s, obviously) all over my hand and stomach.

After the feeling had faded, I was immediately overcome with a sense of shame and regret. What was I doing? What had I been drawn into?

I realized in that moment, however, that I had been just as much at fault for what had happened as Bella and Darryl had been.

While the spell had been broken for me, it seemed that Darryl and Bella were just getting started again. I pulled myself from under Bella and wiped my mouth on the back of the hand that wasn't covered in my semen.

Then I sat up, looking Darryl in the eye as he slowly and sensually pushed his cock between my wife's eager lips.

"We'll call you if we need anything," he smiled, "but I think you'd better go get cleaned up. Don't come back in here unless I tell you to."

I nodded, defeated. I knew now that it wouldn't do me any good to protest. I had lost. The only question was what Bella and I's life would look like now, after Darryl.

Epilogue

That afternoon, I picked up Grace from daycare and took care of her in the evening while Darryl and Bella went out for dinner again. Once again, I listened to them make love in the master bedroom through the baby monitor. On the one hand, I was grateful for the fact that they hadn't found it yet, but on the other hand, it was extremely painful to listen to their intimacy.

They made love at least three times that night. The sounds they made and the words they exchanged ranged from rough to romantic, filthy to loving and everything in between. Once again, I was disgusted at first but as I became more aroused, the disgust fell away.

Finally, around midnight, as Bella climaxed for one final time, I did as well, and the old feelings of remorse returned.

The next morning, I decided I was going to move out. I packed a small overnight bag, and was on my way out the door when I ran into Bella coming out of Grace's room.

She was wearing a bathrobe that allowed me to catch a glimpse of her underwear. It was a white lace bra and panty set that I'd never seen before. It must have been something special that she'd bought just for Darryl.

She instinctively tugged her robe closed and folded her arms.

"Where are you going, honey?"

"Where do you think?" I snapped, "I'm moving out."

Her face filled with concern. She reached out and touched me on the arm. I couldn't help but enjoy the physical contact.

"No," she said, "don't do that. We need you here."

"For what?"

"Well, don't you think that Grace deserves to know her father?"

I hesitated.

"Yeah, but…"

“But what? Darryl can move in and sleep in the master bedroom with me. You can stay in the guest room.”

“What do I get out of this arrangement?” I snapped.

“Well,” she said, smiling, “for one thing, you can stay married to me. For another thing, you can keep listening to us on the baby monitor every night while you jerk off.”

I must have had a shocked look on my face.

“What are you talking about?” I stammered.

“Oh come on,” she laughed, “the light on that thing is bright as day. Did you really think we wouldn’t notice it, you little perv? It’s obvious that you love that Darryl is fucking me. You loved cleaning me up the other night.”

“I don’t like it,” I said, blushing in shame.

Bella reached down and grabbed my cock through my pants.

“You don’t love watching his big, thick, black cock stretching my tight holes?” she asked, smiling.

I felt the blood running to my erection.

“I…”

“Just admit it, honey. Be honest for once in your life.”

Her hands traveled from tip to base of my hardened member, smiling cruelly at my obvious arousal. I was leaking precum all over my pants as she stood on her tiptoes, whispering in my ear.

“Just imagine it: the four of us a happy family. You go to work and take care of Grace. Darryl works his job at the university, and in the evening, after you prepare a nice meal and Grace is in bed, you settle down to listen to us make another baby.”

“Bella,” I moaned, “stop…”

“But you don’t want me to stop,” she said, “this is exactly what you want. You want to listen to Darryl fuck me for hours, filling me over and over again, and then you want me to pick up the baby monitor and tell you that it’s time for clean–up duty…”

What can I say? I found this offer impossible to resist.

And that is the story of how Darryl moved in with us and became the man of the house. It's not the life I would have predicted for myself, but it's the life I've got. I've even learned to enjoy my place in the new hierarchy, even if it's at the bottom: as the beta cuck that I am.

THE END

Thanks for reading!

Dear Reader,

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

E-mail me here.

— XX

Cynthia

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Also by Cynthia Sizemore

BECCA GETS BLACKED

Mike’s wife Becca is a modest country girl who has a hard time owning her own sexiness. He’s very proud to be married to her and gets a thrill out of showing her off at company functions.

But when Mike’s workplace bully, a rival scientist named Steve, takes a look at Becca and likes what he sees, their marriage will never be the same. The handsome, intelligent and totally alpha Steve has one asset that Mike doesn’t: a BBC. And that doesn’t have anything to do with British television, even if Becca is naive enough to think so.

Soon, Steve is dead-set on seducing Becca right out from under Mike’s nose. Before long, he’s not just bullying Mike in the boardroom, but in the bedroom too, where he introduces the sweet, inexperienced and fertile Becca to everything her sheltered upbringing has kept from her.

Becca, comparing the size of her two lovers, sees a clear difference: Steve is the superior man.

Now Mike must make a choice: stay with Becca and accept the humiliation that comes with watching her and her new lover, or strike out on his own, accepting that his marriage is over.

One thing is for certain: after Becca gets blacked, nothing will be the same…

EMMA'S FLING

When a happily married wife meets her old lover again for the first time in a decade, will she be able to resist the spark that brought them together back then?

Michael's wife Emma had what she calls a "fling" with his friend Paul before finally settling down with Michael. Even if the tall, handsome and well-endowed Paul inspired raw, uncontrollable passion in Emma, he just wasn't "husband material" in the same way that Michael is.

What Emma doesn't know is that Michael witnessed her first encounter with Paul, which took place during a wild summer night that all of them have been thinking about ever since. Michael can't

get over the physical chemistry that he witnessed back then. He knows that he'll never be able to please Emma the way Paul could.

A decade later, Emma and Paul meet again during a New Year's Eve party. This time, everything is different. Or is it? After another night among friends, three people's lives will never be the same again.

EMMA'S FLING is a 21,000-word novella featuring a cheating, fertile wife, netorare, cuckold angst and clean-up scenes. It explores the emotional fallout of extramarital affairs and the reality of cuckold fantasies coming to life.

HER OLD FLAME

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

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

Or is he?

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

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

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA

When Alan's beautiful, voluptuous wife Jessica takes a new job with a law firm in the city she grew up in, a mysterious man from her past suddenly reenters her life.

Mark Howard isn't just the same man who wooed Jessica when she was young and innocent, he's also her new boss. Not only that, he's the consummate alpha: a ruggedly handsome, successful attorney and war veteran. The perfect dominant masculine counterpart to Jessica's fragile femininity.

Alan, who harbors a secret hotwife fetish, presses his wife for information about her past connection to Mark. Jessica is reluctant to reveal the depth of her emotional attachment to her ex, but gradually some of the naughty details of their encounters begin to trickle out.

Specifically, one particular outsized detail that makes Mark an extremely memorable lover. Soon, all Alan can think about is the possibility of Jessica rekindling her romance with Mark, but this time with him watching as they go all the way…

As Jessica grows more intimate with her new boss (and old flame), Alan helps overcome every obstacle in the way of making their shared hotwife fantasy a reality.

But will Alan be able to handle the sight of another man turning his young, fertile wife into a size queen, and him into a cuckold? Will the three characters be able to balance their individual passions, or will Alan be simply swept aside and replaced by the better man forever?

HER FIRST BULL: JESSICA is a 50,000-word, explicit, raw and emotionally poignant wife-sharing cuckold novel. It is a stand-alone installment in the HER FIRST BULL series by Cynthia Sizemore.

HER FIRST BULL: REBECCA

After his seemingly innocent wife Rebecca relates an uncharacteristically hot hook–up story from her college days, Louis can't stop thinking about watching her with a well–endowed lover.

Rebecca is reluctant to entertain her husband's desires at first, but when her old flame Chris comes into the picture, she suddenly becomes much more open to exploring a cuckold relationship. It doesn't hurt that Chris is tall, handsome, dominant, and, most of all, incredibly hung. Before she knows it, Rebecca is a confirmed size queen.

After several hot encounters between Chris and Rebecca, the couple's marriage is put to the test. Louis finds himself torn between the pleasure he gets from watching his wife and her lover and the incredible jealousy he feels as the two slowly grow more and more emotionally intimate. To make matters worse, Chris and Louis strike up a friendship of their own. How can Lou resent Chris for taking his wife when he can see for himself what a nice guy Chris is?

HER FIRST BULL: Book 1 – Rebecca is an explicit, raw, and emotionally poignant 22,000–word novella. It is an exploration of the pleasures and pitfalls of cuckolding, the merits of large men and the emotional minefield that awaits couples who venture into unknown territory.

It is also a love story. A tale of two people who find their soulmates in the last place they expect…

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