My cuckold fantasy

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My Wife and her Boss turned me into their bitch - Part One

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This is only the second story I have written here. The first was non-fiction, every word and emotion was true. I wish I could say the same for at least parts of this second story; while the emotions are true all of the details are manufactured inside my head which has been working through this fantasy, evolving it in my mind over many years as I stroke my cock to thoughts of serving my wife and her hung dominant lovers.

My wife is not kinky, for most of our years together has not been very sensual and is not very knowledge about sex or comfortable discussing it. In my fantasy this changes unexpectedly as she begins to get more sexually adventurous and more demanding of me. She starts staying out later at work and returning very horny; sometimes coming home and asking me to go down on her before she is even out of her clothes. I notice that she tastes different, that her pussy juices are thicker but when I ask about it I am told that it is because she is so horny for me and wants me to lick to another orgasm while encouraging me to lick all the juices from her pussy.

I don't yet know it, but the source of her new found sexual liberation (and the thicker juices) is an affair that has been going on with her boss. It started a year ago, when on a business trip they went to dinner and she drank more than she had planned. When my wife gets drunk she always gets horny and is easier to talk into doing things she otherwise wouldn't consider. She was drunk the one time I got to fuck her ass.

The affair has been going on and they have been getting less discreet about it in the office. He would regularly fuck her in his office and everyone at her job seemed to know why his office smelled like pussy, her pussy. In fact she has become such a whore for him that she has serviced several of her co-workers and some customers visiting from out of town all at the direction of her boss. It was with his encouragement that she decided to tell me about what was going on so they would no longer need to sneak around and they can fuck in our home, in our bed.

One day like so many others she came home, dropped her things on the table and called for me. I could tell by her voice that she was horny and wanted me to service her pussy with my tongue and I

quickly removed my clothes and laid on the bed waiting for her to sit on my face. Right as I laid down she entered the room and climbed onto my head, grinding her pussy into my mouth as she roughly squeezed my nipples. I began licking as her pussy flooded me with thick goopy juices that seemed to come from deep inside of her. But this time it was different, it was thicker and there was more of it. I started to move her off of me so I can get my head free to ask her what was going on, to make sure she was OK when she pushed me back down and pinned my head down with her powerful thighs. She began to talk, more like shout as it was hard to hear through her legs pushed against my ears.

She said "I have been fucking my boss for the last year and it has been amazing". She went on to say shocking things, telling me details of how her boss fucked her, how he used her in ways I never experienced, how he fucked her like a whore. Even worse she told me how she has fucked other men for him too, and how I was eating 3 loads of their cum from her as she spoke. She told me how his cock was 3 inches longer than mine and at least twice as thick, filling her in ways I couldn't imagine. I was crying, I was shocked, humiliated, scared, but I was also undeniably horny as hell as my cock stood at attention dripping with precum. She knew the emotions I was going through but also knew that if I was that turned on than her boss may have been right; that I was a cuckold waiting to be made and that she really could have it all.

She stayed there, pressing her engorged labia to my mouth until she had at least four orgasms and her pussy was empty and licked clean by me. When she finally freed me from under her ass, I was crying as seeing her released a flood of emotions. She came over and grabbed my cock, rubbing it as she looked me in the eyes and told me that she loves me, that she will always love me but that she needs to be fucked in a way that I could not. That she never understood this before that drunken night she first hooked up with him, that size did matter as well as knowing what to do with it and he knew so much. He knew how to fuck her like a slut, to take control and use her as he wanted. She had never experienced anything other than the gentle lovemaking we have repeated twice a week for so many years and she was hooked. While she was stroking my cock and telling this to me I came harder than I ever did and realized that I understood what she was talking about. I realized that she did need this, that I was not the man to give it to her, and that I liked that she was taking control. I realized that I have always known I was submissive, that I was intended to serve her, that there were more powerful men that I that could fuck the way she deserved to be fucked.

Over the next week we spoke about this every night as she revealed more details of her affair to me. I quickly realized that more than anything else, I wanted to see them together. I needed to look into her eyes as she took his big cock deep insider her, to see how she reacts. I needed to understand how my shy wife was so easily turned into a slut for his superior cock. She knew I needed to see this as it was hard to hide what happened to my cock each time she would share these details, or by how I now willingly lapped his sperm from her pussy after a long days work. After a week of this, she asked me if I would like to watch them fuck. I said yes without hesitation and she looked me in the eyes and

told me that he would be over the next night at 8PM. She also told me that if I wanted to watch them together, I would need to agree to do whatever was asked of me. I agreed to her terms without understanding what they really meant.