

Girls Too:

Permission To Cheat: First Story

*Cora Speaks First*

My husband is one of the kindest people you'll ever meet - the sort of man who will stop to pick up the glove you've dropped on the sidewalk, even if he's in a hurry to enter the tall glass building where he commands hundreds of men and women from the executive suite on the 59th floor.

If you're a young, gorgeous woman, he will not only pick it up for you, he will fix you with his smile, maybe even put the glove back on your hand, all the while looking deep into your eyes, and by the time he hurries away with his briefcase and a quick look back, you will have a date set up for that very evening. My husband works fast.

You have checked for a wedding ring, of course. What savvy modern woman doesn't check the ring finger of a guy's left hand first? But he no longer wears a wedding ring. I gave him permission a few years ago to take it off, with all that that implies. I know all about the gloves he picks up, the eyes he looks into, the skirts he lifts. I not only know about his extramarital affairs, I *encourage* them. Our friends would be horrified. They would probably not remain our friends. That's why we're writing about our lives here, where no one knows us. But I feel your eyes upon *me*, especially, anonymous reader. Don't judge me, okay? I have my reasons. This is the story of how I became a cuckquean.



Cuckquean: A female version of a male cuckold. A woman who allows or perhaps even encourages her husband's infidelities. This lifestyle may or may not include the observation, participation, and/or humiliation of the wife.

Blame our neighbor Doug. Or our neighbor Tony. Or my husband's best friend, James. They are all middle aged or older men who left their wives for younger women. *Significantly* younger women. I sat in my kitchen with the three counterparts of these men, Dorothy, Joan and Beth, listening to their tales of heartbreak and agony, while my husband hung out in the bar, listening to the men's side. All this was bad enough, but when my husband's business partner, the man who helped my husband, Dick, (yeah, that's not his real name, but appropriate, right?) grow a small medical device business into a multi billion dollar company (yes, you read that right, I said *billion*) left his wife for their twenty year old secretary (these guys can come up with innovative business ideas, but when it comes to screwing around, they're surprisingly typical) I had to do some serious thinking.

Like all men, Richard has always loved looking at women. Early in our nineteen year marriage it bothered me. A lot. We would come home from a dinner party and fight for hours over the way he had ogled some woman's cleavage, while he would tell me with a straight face, "I was only wondering what that dress would look like on you."

It was my pastor's wife, of all people, that finally got me to loosen up. "All men *look*, Cora," she told me. "You can't prevent that, it's the way he's wired. Instead of fighting it, bring it out in the open," she advised. "Give him permission to share his wandering thoughts with you, rather than making them some deep dark secret he has to feel guilty about. Then have fun with

it, play with it. If you see a sexy woman coming toward you on the sidewalk, say, 'Dick, there's something you're really going to like approaching on the left.' You'll create a stronger bond with him, and he'll respect you for being so secure in his love. Works for me," she finished triumphantly. "Been happily married for fifty years now."

So I tried it. And she was right. Once I relaxed and accepted the inevitable, things grew calm between us. Not that I don't still feel a pang of jealousy when Dick stares waaaaay too long at some young woman's shapely behind, but we don't fight about it anymore.

We began to have conversations like this: "Wow, did you see that woman in the next checkout lane? She was absolutely stunning. That dress fit her like a glove!"

Ouch. Smile. "Glad you saw something that made your day, honey."

As time went on, the comments grew bolder: "Man, I'd like to see what's under that girls' sweater. I can just imagine."

With time, I grew used to these asides and began to join in, as my pastor's wife had advised: "Yes, she's gorgeous. Bet she's great in the sack too."

My husband closed his eyes for just a second and said, "Mmmmm," thinking about it. I eventually learned to see the jealousy I felt at that moment as just new proof of how much I loved him.

Then came the shattering of all the marriages around us. Infidelity of the full on physical kind felt like a cat stalking our marriage, stalking *me*, getting ready to pounce.

As always, when I worry about something, I dealt with my fears through researching it to death. If there's a mole on my foot, I find pictures on the internet of what cancerous moles look like. I dial down my worries over my kids by finding the true statistics on how many kids really get kidnapped on their way to school.

I now began researching the differences between men and women and their sexual behavior through the centuries. And I did not like what I found.

More than half the married men in America admit to cheating. That figure is weighted heavier in affluent marriages, where either his or her career, or both, are at their zenith. Seems men have always enjoyed having more than one woman, and this has been more or less accepted in various societies. The French are famous for their custom of keeping a contented wife at home in the country and a cute little mistress in an apartment in the city. In many societies, the right to have more than one female at a time comes with one's rise in stature and income. Sultans have their harems, and movie stars their groupies. With increasing status and wealth comes increasing female adoration and the willingness to trade sexual favors for the largesse the important and powerful man can provide.

My husband has risen to the very top of his profession. He flies first class everywhere, and he won't even rent a car for a couple of hours in a foreign city that's not a Mercedes or a Porsche. He exudes prestige, confidence, luxury. It's very clear, in his gaze, his manner, his speech, that he is a man who has arrived, a man who is used to getting what he wants. What, I thought, if he no longer wants me?

Time for a long hard look in the mirror. At 37, I am still very pretty, and I like to think I look young for my age. Although every person I've ever known who told me they knew they looked younger than their age, actually didn't, so maybe I don't either. Of course I use all the tricks at my disposal to stay that way. I color my hair - doesn't every woman? I work out at the gym, I get fillers pumped into my face. But Dick doesn't need any of that. His gray hair and lines only make him look more worldly wise and "distinguished." He's like catnip for young women trying to make their way in the world.

And hair color and fillers and Pilates didn't keep Dorothy's or Beth's or Joan's husbands from straying. Does my husband still want me? I ask myself again.

I think of a recent romantic evening, where Dick and I lingered over coffee after an excellent dinner of beef tenderloin and asparagus. We also lingered in the bedroom, him whispering in my ear his desire for my body. A body that is still pleasing to him, despite the ten, okay, *twenty*, extra pounds from the couple of kids we've had. At least the weight gain pushed my normally A cup breasts to a small B.

Yes, I told the woman in the mirror. My husband still wants me. But what if he also wants *more*? More variety? He is, in his own way, a sultan. And sooner or later, a sultan's going to want a harem.

I look around the room and take in the beautiful antique furniture, the deep pile carpet, the huge ceiling-high windows that frame a gorgeous view from our waterfront home. I can see our cars in the driveway from here - matching BMWs, his in black, mine in white.

I go over to my closet and walk in. Manolo Blahnik shoes on the floor. Coach handbags hanging on the walls. Designer clothes on every hanger.

I look at my fingers. Real jewels. I definitely don't want to lose that huge rock on my left hand. Or any of this luxurious lifestyle, either.

My husband provides me with so much - he's opened the world to me, taking me all over Europe, something I could never have done on my own. Could I give him something in return? Would I be willing, to keep the man I love, and his many gifts, to share him? Would giving him away allow me to keep him always?

That night I make another special dinner. We talk of his work, his Dad's health, his golf game. Then I suggest we move to the living room with our coffee.

As we settle onto the couch, I say, "Dick, I have something to talk about with you."

We've been married long enough for him to know when my tone of voice is serious. He gives me his full attention.

"Dick," I begin uncertainly. "I have been very happy for the nineteen years we've been married. We met when I was just 22, you 40, still recovering from a bruising divorce, completely cleaned out financially. So much has changed. We're established now."

He reaches over and squeezes my hand. "We are," he says. "Pretty good for two people starting out from modest beginnings, huh?"

"Yes," I agree. "And mainly due to you. And Dick....I see the women who look at you. Who can blame them? You are still so youthful, so sexy and handsome."

He smiles at this.

"And Dick..." I pause. "I see you looking back."

Now there is alarm in his eyes. "Honey," he begins. "I..."

"Shhh." I say, laying a finger on his lips. "Let me finish. The things that have been happening around us have really shaken me. I thought the marriages of our friends were so solid. So did they. Those wives never saw it coming. I'm not sure the husbands did, either. I

think they were perfectly happy with their devoted and familiar wives until the day a really special young woman promised to make them young again. Then they were gone.”

I turn and face him squarely now. “They didn’t think they could have both their wives and their secretaries. They knew their wives would never stand for it, never get over the betrayal. Dick, I know it’s only a matter of time before you meet someone you can’t resist. Maybe it has already happened.

“I want you to know that if it happens, *when* it happens, it’s okay. You can smile back. It doesn’t have to mean the end of our marriage. I can roll with it.”

Dick has not taken his eyes off me throughout this entire speech, hardly taken a breath. The silence hangs between us.

“What exactly are you saying?” he asks now. I can’t tell if he is alarmed, confused, or disbelieving. Perhaps some of both.

“You know what I’m saying. But I’ll spell it out. I’m giving you my permission to sleep with other women. To take them to hotels, on trips. Even here to the house, if that’s most convenient. I only ask a few things: that you be discreet, that you use protection, that you stop before you get emotionally involved, and that you tell me everything. Just like we’ve done over the years with your lustful thoughts about other women. I don’t want you to hide your affairs from me. There’s no reason this has to pull us apart. I want to hear about your sexual adventures as much as I want to hear about the safaris you go on with the guys - and I mean *every detail* - just

like you've shared your lustful thoughts with me in the past. If we do this right, it might even bring us closer together."

Dick lets out a breath. "You can't be serious."

"But I am. I've thought about this a long time. I don't say it lightly. The idea is new to you, so think about it for a few days. Let's not talk more about it now."

A few days later, Dick sits me down on the couch in the exact same spot. He seems nervous. "I don't know about this," he says. "I'm not sure it can work. It's true I feel some jealousy about Bob's new lover, the amazing sex he's having, how happy he looks.... And I also see how much he misses Joan, the agony he feels over what he's done to her. The anger he has to deal with from his kids. I wonder how things might have been different if Joan had been willing to make an arrangement like the one you're proposing. I feel very fortunate and grateful that you would be willing to give me such freedom without making me sacrifice your love or the life we've built together, the haven that our home life has been for me. But I don't know. I'm not sure. Let's just leave it at this: I appreciate the offer. If and when I decide to take you up on it, I promise you'll be the first to know."

*Richard Added Comments Later*

Funny, that's not how I remember it at all. You make it sound like as it was all your idea - like you were so open minded and magnanimous, graciously making the ultimate sacrifice, bestowing upon me a freedom your friends would never give to their husbands.

As I recall, you really didn't have much choice. Women were coming on to me left and right. My closest associates had succumbed long ago. I don't know what I was waiting for, but I think we both knew I wouldn't wait long. A constant stream of new T and A is just one of the perks of success in my world, like a company car or an expense account.

All the decisions you've ever made have been strategic ones, and I actually admire that. You added up all the things I've given you over the years and understandably did not want to lose that to someone who hadn't worked as hard for it as you had. You've sucked my cock for fifteen years, and not done a bad job, why should a much younger woman get all the goodies overnight just because she can do it better?

The way I remember it, I told *you*: I've got a lot of years ahead of me in which to be gloriously, sexually active. I can get all the pussy I want with the nod of my head or the crook of a finger. You? Not so much. Your body didn't magically get better through the carrying and birthing of children. The lines in your face don't make you look "distinguished" - just old. Nature is cruel that way. So you can realize which side your bread is buttered on and let me have my adventures, or you can go it alone - but either way, I'm going to be exploring my options. This is

*going to happen.* And I don't intend to be sneaking around like some naughty child. I intend to be very open about it. I won't shame you in front of your family and friends, but in my world my status will actually go *up* with a new woman on my arm every week. I want you to *embrace* this lifestyle as my *right*, as your husband. My right as a man. And like it. Or not. Only two choices you have.

We were in a weird state of limbo after that, waiting for the inevitable, floating in our marital boat, scanning the horizon for storm clouds.

Then Mary moved in next door.

*Mary.* I first saw her from my bedroom window. I was looking down into the yard next door, checking out the new neighbors. The moving van was still out front when their back glass door slid open and the most beautiful woman I have ever seen walked out.

Yes. I'm sorry if that hurts you. But she was. The Most. Beautiful. Woman. I have ever seen. Long blonde hair. Tiny waist. Hips that really fill out a bikini bottom in the exact right way. And tits. The most humongous tits.

I've always secretly been a breast man. Secretly, because I know your own tits embarrass you. They're cute, you know. Little dollops of vanilla ice cream topped with mini cherries. Very cute. But *small*. Hardly enough to fill a man's hand.

Mary, fifteen years younger than you, has the breasts of a real woman. They are everything breasts ought to be - large, soft, squishy firm, so fun to squeeze, to lick....They require *two*, big, strong hands to handle them properly.

I met her the next day when I took Biscuit and Tawny for a walk. I seldom walk those dogs, they're really your babies, but I saw Mary sitting on the front porch working on her college homework and I couldn't find the leashes and get out the door fast enough.

I let them stop and sniff the new mailbox, while I looked up at the front porch. I feasted my eyes on the bare legs below her flowery skirt. *Come on, open your legs just a little. Let me get a glimpse. Upper thigh, panty, anything.*

She looked up, as I had hoped. And when she saw our beautiful Australian sheep dogs she was off the porch in a minute, and by my side, as I had hoped. Men, if you want to get laid, carry around a baby or some lovely dogs.

How does it feel knowing that your own beloved canines were the magnets that first drew strange pussy into my bed? Oh, excuse me, it's your bed too, isn't it?

Mary went crazy over those dogs. "Ohhh, they are so *beautiful!* Can I pet them?"

*Oh god, yes. You can pet anything you want. Please do.*

The love affair between Mary and our pets ignited immediately - ours took a little longer. You didn't really have time to walk those mutts every day and groom them the way they need to be groomed. I showed Mary where we kept the leashes and dog food, and gave her a key to the back door. I paid her more than any dog walker has ever made in history, and she spent it well - designer clothes, sky high "come fuck me" shoes, and at least one red bra that I occasionally caught glimpses of when she bent over to fasten a leash to a collar. Mary quickly became almost a part of the family, walking casually through our back door every day. The dogs were always happy to see her - but never more excited than I was.

It may surprise you to learn that I actually tried to *fight* the lust I felt for her. Not because of our marriage vows - any man who's risen as high in the corporate world as I have knows rules are meant to be broken. Besides, I could tell that some part of you was just dying to be cuck'd. Or queaned, as some call it. You've got a kinky side, you know that?

But because I knew she was way too young. Young enough to be my *daughter*, for Pete's sake. It was still early enough in the game that I had a bit of a conscience about that. I just liked *looking* at her, having her around.

Mary's parents were ridiculously strict, Bible thumping Baptists, and couldn't seem to get it through their heads that she was an adult now. She would often linger at the house after bringing the dogs back, trying to sort out with us the ins and outs of being a sophomore in college, after twelve years in a parochial school. At times she would ask your advice on a

literature question, and I would help her with calculus. Sitting with her at the dining room table, bent over a math book, I tried not to look at her cleavage, but she didn't make it easy.

Mary has *no idea* of her allure for men, and so she quite innocently wears very snug and sometimes low cut shirts. Not slutty, just form fitting. As she should. Doesn't the Bible say something about not hiding one's light under a bushel? Mary's manner was shy and sweet, but her clothes shouted at me. I adopted an almost formal attitude with her, in the hope that I could tamp down the growing desire I felt for her. I also didn't want you to catch on. I didn't want to hurt you any more than was strictly necessary.

*Cora*

*Oh Richard. I could see what was happening. Do you think, after fifteen years, I don't know you?*

The wife is always the last to know, my ass. The wife always knows. Somewhere deep inside of her, if not in her conscious mind.

Her body will tell her, if nothing else. Her normally wet cunt will be dry as a desert one night during sex, and she won't understand why. Her pussy is trying to tell her something.

*Meow.*

But oddly, and yes, I know this is the sick part, some part of me was quickened by the growing magnetic attraction between the two of them, even as my stomach lurched at the thought. I was seeing Richard as I saw him when we first met, deeply attracted to me, yet trying to play it cool with an exaggerated politeness. I saw that same diffidence now when he talked with our young neighbor.

One night, after we had allowed Mary to stay for dinner, picking our brains about her studies and her post graduate plans, she offered to help me with the dishes. Richard had gone upstairs.

“You are so lucky!” she said, as she rinsed our china. “Your husband is so knowledgeable, so kind, so generous, and....so sexy.”

My ears pricked up at this. I looked at her with fresh eyes. I knew by now that my husband had the hots for her, but until then I wasn't sure if she felt the same way. I knew then that she didn't just admire him. She was absolutely *smitten*.

She clearly was fooled by his careful, distant, manner with her, and didn't understand how much she was rocking his world. But talking with her that evening, it was easy to see why he would be attracted to to this fresh, wide eyed young woman, so hungry for experience, so eager to learn more about life.

"He *is* all of that," I agreed, choosing my words carefully. "I have been very very lucky. He is a sweet, man, very attentive and romantic. He knows how to make me feel like the most attractive woman in the world."

Mary sighed at this. "The boys at school all seem so vulgar. I wish I could meet someone with some dignity, some class.....I wish I could meet someone like your husband!"

I dried my hands on the dish towel and turned to go up to bed. I knew Mary would let herself out. "Maybe you already have," was all I said.

Two weeks later there is an urgent knock on the back door. It has to be Mary, but it's so late. Almost eleven on a Friday night. Why isn't she out having a good time?

Dick answers the door, and she rushes in, dressed in what is obviously a party dress - a form fitting, low cut, satin black number. How did she get past her parents, wearing that? Her face is stained with tears. She is shaking.

Dick puts a protective arm around her shoulders. "Mary, what's wrong?"

"I had a....date." she begins. "I liked this guy so much. But he *rushed* at me tonight, without so much as a conversation first, just shoved his tongue in my mouth, his hands up my dress...." She shudders. "I want to learn what sex is like, but not like that. He just wanted to do it right there, in the bathroom of the party we went to. So....unromantic." She begins to cry again, softly.

"Mary," I ask. "Are you a virgin?"

She looks embarrassed. "Yes," she admits. "It's not something I want to be any longer. I was actually hoping this guy would be the one to change that. But I wanted to get to know him first, take my time. Then maybe, in a few months....Couldn't he at least have planned something nice, taken me to a beautiful bedroom somewhere?"

I glance at Dick. He looks angry. "You had every right to expect that," he says. "You are a beautiful young woman, who should be handled with care. Anyone who can't see that doesn't deserve to be with you. Your first time should be with someone gentle, preferably someone who

knows what he's doing, so that you will find out what sex *should* be like. It should be great for *both* of you, not just for him."

Mary looks up at my husband with what I can only describe as adoring eyes, her breasts heaving out of her revealing outfit.

"Yes," I say. "I agree. Your first lover should be considerate as well as passionate, and know how to introduce you to sex. Your first time will color your perceptions of love for a long time to come."

I pause now, thinking of what I want to say next. I know I am about to change all our lives in a profound way,

"Mary, I've grown to really care about you. We both have. You are so full of the joy of life, and I don't want to see that dimmed by a terrible, hurried experience. What I really want for you is an experienced, adept lover, skilled in the art of pleasuring a woman. What I want for you is....someone like my husband."

There is a great silence in the room. Mary and Dick are looking at me, and I know the next move is mine. I stand up. "I'm going to leave you two alone now," I say. Dick and I exchange a significant look. "I need to do a few things, straighten up, take the trash out. Then I think I might go for a long walk, it's such a nice night."

I look squarely at Mary. "My husband has a lot of wisdom to share with you, if you'll let him. He's been wonderful to me, and I don't mind sharing him with you. I hope you'll take full advantage of what he has to teach you." Then I walk out of the room.

The evening has just the right amount of warmth and coolness in it, like the delicious lattes I make for Richard on Sundays – setting them carefully on his side of the bed, the cool milk swirled atop the hot coffee. I step carefully through the grass, and throw the old coffee grounds into the compost pile. I step back and look up at the moon, full and smiling down on me. *I know what's going on inside your house*, it seems to be saying to me. *So do I*, I answer. *And amazingly, I'm okay with it. More than okay. I'm kind of proud, really. It's odd, maybe even twisted, but I am. I feel proud that I'm married to a powerful man who can attract such gorgeous women. And yet he belongs to me! And I intend to keep it that way.*

I turn and make my way carefully back to the house. I am about to turn the corner when I hear a distinct gasp. I look up and through the slightly open back glass door I see them. I did not expect them to be in his study. That he would take her in there never even occurred to me. It does not seem very erotic, especially when there is a huge bed in the guest bedroom with fresh sheets and king size pillows. Perhaps it has different associations for him - naughty secretary under the desk and all that.

But they are not using the desk. Mary is lying back on the couch, her hair fanned out around her head, looking more lovely than I have ever seen her, the color high in her cheeks, her eyes closed and lips parted. Richard has taken off his shirt and is barefoot, but still has on his slacks. As I stand there, transfixed, he slowly pulls the top of Mary's blousy dress down to

reveal a red satin bra. Ah Mary, perhaps you really were hoping something like this might happen tonight? That's the kind of bra you wear only for a lover.

Dick rubs his thumbs firmly over the cups, clearly stretching out the moment. I remember the first time he laid eyes on her, sunbathing by the pool. "How can a girl that young have tits that *big*?" he said, in a voice of wonder. Now he was about to see the breasts he had worshipped only from afar.

Slowly, reverently, as if in the presence of greatness, he slides the satin cups down.

They are indeed magnificent. Even if I was twenty years younger I could never compete with those mounds of flesh, those huge perfect areolas, topped by rosy little tips. My husband sits looking at them, drinking them in - then dips his head and tickles one with his tongue, while kneading the other gently. For a moment his control breaks and he smushes them together in one large double cherry topped ice cream cone, and licks and sucks and slurps. Mary lets out a laugh of delight.

Then he lifts her skirt. She isn't wearing any underwear. Why Mary, you little vixen. You *were* hoping for this all along! Did you know I would agree? Or did it even matter?

I watch in wonder, even a bit of excitement, as Richard lovingly explores every inch of her young pussy with his tongue. Her lips, both those above, and those below, part more and she moans. The sound takes me back to an evening, more than 15 years ago, when he did the same to me, and I think, *I'm glad, Mary, you get to experience this. Every young girl should be ushered into sex exactly this way, by a gentle and knowledgeable older man who absolutely*

*worships your body.* And it certainly looks like that's what he's doing, worshipping there, between her thighs.

I know then that I will never have him all to myself again. There will be no going back from this evening. If it isn't Mary, it will be someone else. I might be first in his heart always, but I will be a distant second, at best, in his bed.

I face the truth in that moment: *I'm too old for him –by almost twenty years.* I can color my new gray hair, shoot botox into my face, work out like crazy in the gym, get my neck skin stretched and pulled tight above my collar. And he will notice, over breakfast, and make appreciative comments about how pretty my new hairstyle is, how he loves that color on me, and how he thinks that I look really good – but the unspoken end of that sentence will hang in the air: *for your age.*

I will keep working out, keep spending the money, keep going through the pain to look my best. But any eighteen year old girl can bring him to his knees by simply lifting her skirt.

I sigh deeply. A sigh of such longing, such bittersweet loss. I am breathing faster, and I can tell it won't take me long with the vibrator to experience a bodice ripping orgasm. Why should Richard and Mary be the only ones pleased tonight?

Maybe later, once we are both fully satisfied, and Mary has been tucked into her own bed, perhaps with a glass of milk, Dick will slip into the bed beside me and we will snuggle under the covers like the old married couple we are.

