Cuckolding Hubby

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Delivery boy gets lucky

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My name is Samantha, but everyone calls me Sam for short. I am a 32 year old married housewife, and my hubby Steven and I have no kids, yet! I'll explain the yet part later. We'd been married for six years when this story took place about a year ago.

I had really noticed that our sex life was taking a down hill slide. The first few years of our marriage it seemed like we fucked all the time. I was always open to trying new and exciting things, and I never denied hubby anything, and I mean anything! I loved sucking his cock and swallowing his cum, and I loved to fuck. I was into anal, and loved the feeling of his hard cock going in and out of my ass, as I masturbated myself to orgasm after orgasm. Speaking of masturbation, I was also never afraid or ashamed to masturbate in front of him or strip for him, or anything sexual. And so, I thought to myself, what could be wrong? Didn't he find me sexy or a turn on anymore? Was he having an affair? What the hell could it be? I had to find out.

Looking in the mirror, I found it hard to believe he wouldn't still find me sexy. At 31 (Then) I was actually in better shape from working out three days a week, than I had been the day we'd married. My 36D tits barely sagged, my tummy was flat and my ass nice and firm as were my legs. My blonde hair was a bit shorter, now shoulder length, rather than down my back as I'd worn it for years, but for my age I thought it made me look sexy! I knew I could walk into any club and turn the heads of a dozen men, so why wasn't I turning my own hubby's head any more? At least I had satisfied myself that it wasn't my looks!

Next, I thought about him having an affair. I just couldn't see that as being a possibility. Steven owned his own successful business, and rarely traveled out of town; maybe three or four times a year max. He was home every night no later than six pm, and I could always reach him during his lunch hour. He was home every weekend, and almost everywhere he went I was with him, so how could he even have the time to have an affair? I still hadn't eliminated the affair thing, so I decided to check out one other thing, his home computer.

The next day, after he'd left for work, and after another night of no sex, I grabbed my coffee, went into

his study, and sat down at his computer desk. I flipped on his computer, and started looking. I didn't find anything unusual at first, so I went to his internet explorer, and searched the history. What I found there really did shock me! He'd visited dozens of web sites, and it wouldn't have bothered me if a few had been porn sites, after all men tend to be a lot more visual than women, and him looking at a few dirty pictures really didn't bother me at all, but! There were only two sites he seemed to be visiting quite regularly, almost every night, and usually quite late at night, after I had to be asleep!

The first site was called; Submissive Lovers; the second was called; Cuckolding Hubby's.

What the hell was cuckolding?

I had to see, so I signed onto the second site. I was disappointed to see it was a pay site you had to join, or already be a member of, and since I had no idea what Steven's user name or password might be, I couldn't enter the site! The start page, or entrance to the site told me enough though! Men who were submissive, and got off on having their lovers / mates fuck other men in front of them? I needed to know more, so I did a google search of cuckolding, and what I found really shocked me! My answers turned into dozens of questions, as I learned all about cuckolding men and relationships. Could this be Steven? After all, he was a successful businessman, always a take charge guy. We weren't rich by any means, but we were well off. I had always let Steven make most of our personal decisions, and he seemed to always be in charge, so how could he desire to be a cuckolding husband?

As I read and discovered more, I learned more. It seems that Steven's profile in life more than fit that of a man desiring to be submissive during sex, and even to the point of being cuckold. Was this what my own husband truly wanted? Was this the lifestyle that would satisfy his lust and desires? Was this what would strengthen, and improve our own relationship and help it last for the many years I wanted it to? I had to know. After all my research, I did a search of Steven's computer for the word cuckold, low and behold, I was greeted by dozens of pictures, and articles in a sub directory under program files called simply; cuk. Cuk for cuckold I guessed! There was over a hundred pictures, and all of them involved two men and a single woman. 99% were real pictures, taken by real people, not models! There was also dozens of articles, including some that Steven had written himself!

By the time I had finished looking at all of the pictures, and read a good percentage of the articles, I found myself very turned on! My nipples were hard, and rubbing against my blouse. I knew my pussy was wet, without even having to touch myself! Turning off Steven's computer, I retreated to our bed room, and got out my little pink vibrator, and proceeded to give myself half a dozen orgasms! After I settled down, I decided that it was time to test the waters and see if this was all just a big fantasy of his, or was it something he really wanted.

When Steven got home that night, things pretty much went as usual; dinner, a little TV, and then off to bed. I didn't fall asleep, but instead pretended to be asleep. After about thirty minutes, I felt Steven slipping out of bed. I gave him another few minutes, and then I snuck down stairs, and looked into his study. He hadn't bothered shutting the door all the way, knowing what a sound sleeper I usually was. He was sitting at his desk, and up o the computer screen was a full size image of a woman on her hands and knees on a bed. Behind her was a stud with a huge cock, and he was fucking her doggie-style. In the background was another man watching, and jacking off! Although his back was to me, I could clearly see Steven's arm movements, and I knew that he was jacking off to the picture!

After a few minutes of watching Steven masturbate, while I myself was pinching my nipples under my nightie, and rubbing my clit under my panties, I watched Steven orgasm! His cum shot up in the air and landed all over the place, but mainly all over him. I watched in amazement as he scooped up a glob of his own cum, and licked it off his fingers! My God I thought; was he bisexual too? That thought suddenly soaked my pussy even wetter than it already was! Why I don't know, but that thought seemed to put me in an even more excited state, and turned me on even more!

I suddenly snapped back to reality as I watched Steven grab a towel off the floor, and begin to clean himself up. I quickly retreated back up stairs to our bed room, and by the time Steven got in bed, I was breathing normally, and I appeared to still be asleep. As I really drifted off, I had hundreds of thoughts going through my head of things that might be in our future. I was also horny as hell!

The next morning, after Steven left I first masturbated myself to several satisfying orgasms, and then I made plans. The first thing I did was go buy a new nightie. It was a light grey, and so sheer that I might as well have not been wearing anything at all. The matching panties were thongs, and gave a clear and complete view of my ass from behind, and were so transparent in front, that again I might as well have been naked, but they served to separate my body from skin touching, and actual penetration, and that's exactly what I wanted. Next I went to our guest room, and stripped the bed, and replaced the sheet with the new black satin sheets, and bright pink comforter I'd just bought. I then filled the room with candles, and scented oils, and set up the new stereo with a CD of soft songs which would repeat over and over again. And so the stage was set, and now all I had to do was wait!

The hours passed slowly, but just before it was time for Steven to leave work and head home, I got ready. I took a long, hot, shower, scrubbing myself clean from head to toe, pussy to ass. I then dried, and perfumed myself top to bottom, and slipped into my sexy nightie and thong. I'd ordered take out from a place we both loved, and was hopefully expecting it before he got home.

Hearing a car pulling into the driveway, I looked out. it was the take out delivery guy. He was young looking, and sexy, so I didn't bother to cover up. When I answered the door dressed or rather undressed as I was, you should have seen his eyes! At first I thought he was going to faint! I invited

him in as I took the food and laid it out on the coffee table in the living room. I would have loved to have seen his face, as I bent over exposing my ass, while setting the food down. I was discovering a new me! After getting my purse and paying him, I could clearly see his hard on through his tight jeans.

Standing in front of him I didn't say a word, but I slid down and kneeled in front of him. With no protest from him, I unbuttoned and unzipped his pants and slid then and his boxers down to his ankles. His hard cock sprang out in front of me. Looking up at him, I told him we needed to make this quick, because my husband was due home any minute. I then swallowed his cock whole. He arched his back and moaned. Memories flooded back into my mind of all the cocks I'd sucked before hubby's and how excited it made me. He was young, eager, and horny, and it took less than five minutes before I was swallowing his hot load! As I helped him pull his shorts and pants back up, and stuff his still hard cock back inside, I promised him more at another time, and all he could do was smile and say yes mam'!

It was almost comical watching him scramble out of the house, and even more so when both he and hubby had to stop as he tried to back out of the driveway, and hubby tried to pull in! I waited at the door, the fresh taste of the delivery boys cum still in my mouth!

As Steven walked in, I greeted him in my sexy nightie. His mouth was open. I informed him that the delivery person had just brought our dinner, but before we would eat, I wanted him to go up stairs and shower, then come back down in his boxers. He started to say something, and I bent him over to me and gave him a big french kiss. I could still taste the cum in my mouth, and I hoped he could too. When I broke our kiss, I didn't give him a chance to speak or question, or protest. I told him that I wasn't requesting he go shower, I was ordering it. For the first time in our marriage, he didn't question, he just did as he was told!

When he came back down stairs, he looked humble, and turned on. His cock was straining at his boxers, but I pretended to not notice.