House Husband 5

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The continuing story of a House Husband.

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HOUSE HUSBAND 5

CHAPTER 1

I woke up slowly and looked at my watch. I'd been asleep for five hours and I didn't feel refreshed. I felt dirty and depressed and didn't know why.

I rolled onto my side and pressed myself against Sal's backside. She whimpered in her sleep and pulled away. I lay there, as close as I dared to get, without disturbing her, gathering my thoughts and thinking about what went on earlier.

I was getting an erection, just a lazy knob really and I pressed myself against Sally again. I wanted to snuggle up against her, to be one whole on the bed and not two separate halves.

"Don't!" Sal whispered, "Let me sleep," and she pulled away again.

"Want a cup of tea?" I asked her.

"Not yet, I just want to wake up slowly and see how I feel. You have one though, I just want to lay here alone for a while, do you mind?"

"Of course not, I'll make myself a cuppa and some toast. Then I'll have a shower and comb my teeth."

That didn't get a comment from Sal, so I went down made the cuppa and the toast.

I wasn't in good spirits. For some reason I felt down and it appeared to me that Sally was in the same frame of mind.

"Better off in our own spaces for a while," I thought.

If there was one thing I certainly was, it was hungry. It wasn't a healthy appetite that I had, like one has after having done a good day's work and deserved a good meal, to refuel.

I was starving. I tried to work out when we'd last had a proper well balanced meal and the last "Proper" meal had been in a restaurant a few days before. Yesterday all we'd had was a few biscuits tea, coffee and some wine.

"Not much to fuel our games with," I thought.

I made tea and toast for myself and ate the toast quickly. Then I made another couple of slices and had another mug of tea.

I quietly went upstairs and had a long hot shower, soaping myself all over using the sponge, paying special attention to my naughty bits. I finished the shower with a thirty-second blast of cold to wake me up and close my pores. Thirty seconds is a long time under a cold shower, I find, but well worth it.

Sal was sitting up in bed when I entered, the duvet pulled up over her breasts and she held it in place with an arm.

"Cuppa?"

Sal gave me a wan smile and asked me to bring up a glass of water with the tea.

"I feel dehydrated," she said.

I took up the tea and water and placed it on the bedside table, saying, "Your tea, Mistress."

"Don't!… don't say that!" She said and burst into tears.

I sat on the bed saying nothing, not daring to touch her and being unsure of what to do, so I just sat and waited.

When she stopped crying, she got some tissues, leaned back in the bed, head resting on the pillows and blew her nose, got some fresh ones and wiped her eyes then gripped the tissues tightly in her

hand.

“Sorry,” she said. “I lost it, I really lost it last night didn‘t I? I hurt you. I could have done you damage and myself as well. I lost control, I’m sorry, really sorry.”

“It was a joint effort,” I said. “We both lost it and we both forgot the key word, “No”. We got carried away and I could have hurt you as well. Did I?” I asked.

“No, but I hurt myself, I’m very sore down there,” she said. “It was the dress, it made me very sore. That bloody dress!" She said. “Who would think that such a beautiful dress could cause pain?" She smiled, then laughed.

She drank the water, not sipping it. She drank it straight down in one go, gave a sigh and rested her head against the pillow again. I could see her starting to relax.

“The tea’s good,” she said. “I need it and I really needed that water. I’m going to have a long bath, then see how I feel. I might go back to bed."

Sally would be in the bathroom for at least an hour, soaking herself in the bath, examining herself and cleaning herself up.

"She must be a real mess," I thought.

Twenty minutes later, I heard the bath water draining away.

“That’s quick,” I thought, *"Something wrong?"*

I was about to go upstairs when Sal came down.

“I’m okay," she said, "Don’t look so worried! I’ve had a good cleanup. I’m a bit sore, but no real damage. I want another cup of tea, some more water and some toast. Then I’m going to have another bath, a real one, a long one, with all my oils and potions in it, I’ll be in there at least an hour and I DON’T want to be disturbed, sir.” she laughed.

We drank tea, ate toast and chatted for half an hour. She was sore and I was sore as well, our soreness blamed on the dress.

“Can’t blame the dress,” Sal said. “It’s an inanimate object and it wasn’t exactly made for that job was it? Next time we’ll do things differently and more carefully.” she said, with a wink.

“Oh, there WILL be a next time then?” I asked.

Sal said, “Oh yes! But not yet, we both need to chill a bit, and I want time to get 100% fit."

"You’re on your own for a few days, I’m afraid and I want to phone around a few of our shops and see if they’ve got any “Seconds” that I can maybe take up to head office. If I get to I see them about my TV/Rejects shop ideas, if they’re interested.”

“My clothes are your clothes. Enjoy them any time, day or night, except for those dresses!"Sally said. "I might just sit and watch you sometimes if you like? I’d like to see what you do when you’re on your own.”

“Right now, I’m going back up stairs to finish my toilette. Do not disturb, on pain of death!”

CHAPTER 2

I realised it was 7am, I’d completely lost track of time. I was well fortified so started on the chores. I stripped the bed, removed the duvet cover and dragged everything down stairs. There were panties, stockings a suspender belt, there was also the cotton camisole, the skirt and the Victorian blouse to deal with.

"Too much for one load," I thought.

I divided it all up into two piles, the bedding and the cotton blouse in one pile, and the panties and other bits and pieces in another. A much smaller pile, so I put the pillow cases in with the frillies, to even things up a bit.

In went the first load and I set it on a hot wash, which would take an hour or so. I cleaned up the bedroom.

The first thing I did was remove the unopened wine and the dress, it lay in the corner, a sad and sorry sight.

I took them downstairs, wondering what to do with the dress. I didn’t know if it could be salvaged or notand whether washing it would be a good idea.

It was stiff with cum stains in places, but still retained its beauty and I rubbed it over my face, breathing in the scent deeply, hoping that the dress could be saved.

I vacuumed the carpet and gave the area where my cum had landed a special going over with a stiff brush first. The stain came out.

“It’s mostly water," I thought. *"With a few million wiggly things swimming about in it”*

I could hear Sal in the bath, she was humming, there was the occasional splash of water, a sigh, then an “Oh shit!”

"Lost the soap," I guessed with a grin.

I left her to it.

I had a quiet five then changed the washing over and hung the bedding and the blouse out on the line.

Sal came down. She was dressed in one of the cotton nighties, the pink one which I’d ironed earlier, a towelling robe and flat slippers on her feet.

She looked good, clean, refreshed and most importantly, happy.

“I’ll phone the shops, find out about any seconds they might have and ask them to hold them back, if they have some. If they do, we’ll collect some later on. I’ll phone Mrs T as well I think and come to some arrangement over our holiday period”

“You’re slipping into work mode,” I said.

“No I’m not. I’ve got a bee in my bonnet about this and I just want to see if there are any seconds available at the moment, that’s all.”

Sal phoned up the nearest shop, it was only a mile or so away and within easy reach. We could walk there if we had to.

After a brief conversation, she hung up, phoned another number and had a longer conversation. Then said, "Good bye."

"Right, our local shop doesn’t have anything suitable. They only had a couple anywayand they passed them down the line to another shop, about twenty miles away. That shop acts as a collection point for the seconds within the area, then passes them on to the main depot, where they get returned to the manufacturers, or whatever.I’ve arranged to pick up some rejects tomorrow, I’ll have a look at them there, then bring them home here. Do you want to come?”

“Yes please," I grinned. "I’m really interested to see how your transportation systems work.”

“Yeah, right!” She replied, with a laugh.

Sally phoned Mrs T. They had quite a long conversation before she hung up.

The upshot was that Mrs T wouldn’t work for a couple of weeks, while we were on holiday and that her seventeen year-old grand daughter was going to stay with her for a few months. She was happy about not having to go back to her home and was actively looking for work.

So, Sal had invited her along for the trip tomorrow, so long as she dressed well and becomingly.

CHAPTER 3

“Greasy Spoon?” I asked.

“Yeah! That‘s a great Idea! I‘ll get dressed, but I am going back to bed later," said Sal.

"A heart attack on a plate will do us both good. Get your drawers on! Lets go!” I said.

Ten minutes later, we were out of the door, dressed in jumpers, jeans and trainers. Ten minutes after that, we were in the greasy spoon and ten minutes after that, we were tucking into full monty breakfasts, with mugs of tea and plates of toast.

The greasy spoon was good. It was clean and basic. Gingham tablecloths on Formica-topped tables. Tomato-shaped sauce bottles and all the rest that goes in such an establishment. Not a place for fine dining, but they did a bloody good fry up.

We went home replete and Sally went back to bed again.

I crept upstairs unto the bedroom and pinched a nylon half slip out of Sally’s underwear drawer. I didn’t have time to be fussy, so grabbed the top one and crept back downstairs with it. The cum-stained dress was turning me on and I wanted a quickie.

I pulled my trousers and underpants off and knelt by the dress on the floor, stroking myself in the cool nylon slip until I was fully erect. I stared at the dress, thinking about how it came to be so cum-stained and soaked in Sal's pussy juices.

It didn't take long, I could feel myself starting to cum. I dropped the slip, wrapped the cum stained dress around my cock and instantly shot my load into the folds of that dress. Several shots and the dress was a soggy mess again. It only took a couple of minutes, but it was intense. The slight tenderness in my cock, adding to the sensation. I knelt, with my head resting in the corner of the walls and the dress on the floor in front of me, catching my breath.

I was going to have to try and save that lovely dress I thought. Perhaps I could get away with giving it a light wash. After all it was a VERY high quality dress and I assumed, made to take a lot of wear and tear.

I straightened up, took the frillies out of the machine and put the dress and half slip in. I wasn't going to seek Sal's advice, she might say throw it away, or say that it couldn't be done. She might even hate the dress after what it had been through. So, for the sake of the dress (And my own future pleasure) I put it on the lightest wash I could, with only a little detergent and softener and I hoped for the best.

I waited the twenty minutes or so for the wash cycle to complete, then examined the dress. It looked okay, but it was difficult to tell when wet. I got a hanger and hung it on the washing line, to dry in the gentle breeze.

Then I went up to bed for a well-earned snooze. I was happy, Sal' was happy. We were both full of food, sated after some great, if painful sex and I was going upstairs to sleep alongside my lovely wife.

Life was pretty good I thought.

To be continued…