Read To Me

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A husband discovers his wifes secret hobby of erotic writing.

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It’s the heart racing like crazy I missed most. The excitement of love and sex pushing me over the top. It had been a long time since I felt that with Mike. I realize it was as much my fault as his. During sex I usually just let him work hard. I admit I still liked the fact that he did that, took the time to lick me down below and to caress my body before making forceful love to me, but it had become so predictable. Without the excitement that got my heart racing like earlier in our marriage it was simply time for bed, or breakfast or whatever, after he finished inside me. Like I said, I know I share some of the blame. It’s been a while since I let him cum in my mouth and it’s been a very long time since I let him even have a second go. Quite frankly after eight years of marriage writing down my fantasies had become much more exciting than sex. My heart raced when I wrote about strange men and sometimes women seducing me into exciting sexual adventures. I masturbated furiously between my own most graphic story episodes. I even began submitting some of my stories to erotic websites. Reading comments people posted about my stories made me feel exciting, and made me feel good.

Then, a few months ago, after one of our usual brief roll togethers before sleep I returned from the bathroom dressed in my nighty to find Mike still sitting up with the light on. “Read to me,” he said.

“What?”

“Read some of what you’ve been writing lately to me,” he said again.

“What...wait...how?” I stammered and slipped under the safety of the covers.

“I know about it.” He said, “I’ve been reading the erotic stuff you’ve been posting online...it’s good, I like it.

“NOooo, I couldn’t...how did you...”

“Never mind about that. Just go print out a your latest story, I know you’ve been working on one, and read it to me right now.”

“NO!” I said flatly, stubbornly crossing my arms across my chest as I remained flat on my back beneath the covers, but my heart was starting to race.

It was nothing for Mike, so much bigger and stronger than me, to rip back the covers and flip me over onto my stomach. His hand went to my hair and pulled it into his fist but kept pressure on the back of my head to push the side of my face into the pillow. He put one of his legs across my lower back so I couldn’t move. I could feel the heat of his breath on my neck, and as his other hand cupped between my legs, he said quietly but firmly into my ear, “I love you, Cindy, I want all of you, even your secret naughty parts.” His fingers pressed against the lips of my vagina, and as he moved them against me he pushed them slightly into me and I felt myself gush into his hand, onto the bed. It felt like a river, his cream mixed along with my own juices, and the sensations turned me to putty. “Especially your secret naughty parts,” he breathed into my ear.

He kept moving his fingers in a most wonderful way as he pulled my head back by my hair, up away from the pillow until my lips parted. He brought his slick sticky fingers up and hooked three of them into my mouth. The tangy salty taste surprised me at first, but then I began sucking and used my tongue to lick them clean. “Now, are you going to get something of yours to read to me?” Mike said.

“Yes, Michael.” I said, my heart racing.

I printed my latest draft and sat in the plush chair in the bedroom. I warned Michael first that even though it was all made up, complete fiction and fantasy, I used real names in my drafts and then changed them before posting the story. This story embellished fantasies about my boss at work and my heart continued racing as I was in effect confessing those fantasies to my husband.

At work, I was in charge of customer relations for a major airline and I answered to the Vice President of Public Relations, Grant Williams. Michael had met him a number of times and liked him. One year they were part of the same foursome in the annual employee/family golf tournament. Grant was tall, dark and handsome enough in real life, but of course in my story I made him appear even dreamier. One thing I didn’t exaggerate was the way his penis appeared at times beneath the draping of the fine dress slacks he usually wore.

I read to Mike about how, whenever Grant came into my office to ask a question or find a report, my eyes darted repeatedly to peek at the shadowed outline of his impressive bulge. At times it was so prominent that I could see the ridge of the head. It was the hardest part of my day to act cool and professional.

Sure there were times when I did flirt with Grant, but I kept it measured and controlled, just enough to

let him know I was not only pretty and smart but spicy too. It was all in a sweet teasing just-out-of-reach attitude.

Everything up to that part of the story was true. The part about loosing control of my flirtation with Grant one day while we were in the office kitchen taking a coffee break together was when the story turned to fiction. In the fantasy part of the story an emboldened Grant put his hand on my lower back, and with no negative response from me, slid it down over the contour of my ass as he whispered a teasing question about how naughty I just might be. “There was no thought involved...” I read to Mike, “...in the way my ass pushed back against his hand, just an innate response almost to say, ‘Naughtier than you think.’”

Michael got out of bed and walked over to the chair where I was sitting, his engorged cock wobbling stiffly straight out from his body. He took the pages from my hand and set them on the lamp table. He bent over to kiss me and reached his fingers down to my pussy to feel my wetness. After moving them firmly against me in big circles he pushed two of them into me. By then I had my hand wrapped around his cock and stroking. He straightened enough to bring his cock closer so I could suck it.

It was like that, his cock in my mouth with his fingers working my vagina furiously yet skillfully, that I reached my first orgasm with Michael in over two years. My heart raced, my mouth opened in moaning aching ecstasy, freeing his cock as all focus went to where his fingers made sloppy wet noises against the amazing flood between my wide spread legs.

When I recovered his cock was right there at my lips and I sucked it purposefully, making love to it with my mouth like I hadn’t in many years, licking the head then deep throating it with more effort than I ever have before. It only took a minute or so, even at this his second time of the night, for his cum to explode in my mouth. I swallowed it all and kept sucking until he pulled away.

“Wow,” he said. “It’s been a long time since you did that.”

“Yeah,” I said, “but I liked it, it was good.” Mike scooped me up out of the chair. I put my arms around his neck as he kissed me. I kissed him back slipping my tongue into his mouth. The kiss escalated, our tongues and parted lips actively passionate. In the past when I took his load in my mouth he never kissed me after. It’s probably the reason I stopped fully blowing him. He carried me to the bed and set me down and pulled the covers over me to tuck me in.

“You don’t want to hear any more of the story?” I asked.

“Do you want to read more?” He said.

“I was just getting to the good part.” I said smiling up at him. He lifted me out of bed and carried me back over to the chair.

“Read on,” he said and kissed my forehead. So I did.

“Later that day, about 4:30, Grant came into my office and said he wanted to go over some new ideas for script templates for the customer service staff. I frowned because I knew that if I were to have any input it would take us way past quitting time, but I certainly didn’t want to risk having lame scrips for my staff to follow. ‘Don’t worry,’ Grant said, ‘We should be able to knock this out in no time.’ In fact the ideas were good and we efficiently completed the scripts. We were done before 5:30, just after the office emptied out for the night.

“After I straightened my desk and was ready to take off my heels to put on my sneakers, Grant stuck his head back in my door. ‘So can I buy you a drink?’

“‘No...thanks, I better be getting home.’ I said. He stepped fully across the threshold, leaned against the doorframe and there it was again, the unmistakable outline of his cock hanging beneath the fabric of his pants.

“‘So are you going to tell me how naughty you really are?’ He said with a bold confidence that took me aback.

“‘Not very naughty lately.’ I said, still pretending to be organizing my desk.

“‘It can’t be right for a girl like you to not be naughty, can it?’ he said and came closer

‘It’s just that...what do you mean a girl like me?’

“‘Pretty, young, so smoking hot,’ He said.”

Reading that part was a little embarrassing. I wanted to stop and edit it. I looked at Mike who sat smiling broadly with his arms up and his hands behind his head. I continued.

“He was close enough now and bold enough to put his hand on the small of my back again.

“‘Grant, I don’t think...’ I turned toward him, before I could finish my sentence he brought his other hand up to the side of my face and kissed me. I kept my mouth close, but my lips remained soft. I finished my sentence when he pulled his lips away, ‘...that this is such a good idea.’ He remained close, his lips just an inch from mine.

"'Do you have a better idea?' he said, and brought his lips to mine again."

I stopped reading, my mouth had gone dry. I told Mike I needed something to drink. He went to the kitchen and returned with a vodka tonic for each of us. I was growing embarrassed and didn't want to keep reading so I sipped it slowly. 'Do you really want me to keep reading?'

"Yes," Mike said.

"This time when Grant kissed me my body went against his. I left my arms hanging by my side but I let him pull me into him, and I allowed my body to fit snuggly curve for curve. I wanted to feel that cock against me and when I did I let my mouth open against his lips and met his tongue with mine unleashing in me a hunger, my hunger, that had been dormant for so long.

"I felt an intoxicating power over him for the speed he swelled and hardened against me. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled him tighter. Then, a moment later my hand was there, my fingers wrapping the fabric of his slacks around the shaft before I sank to my knees and opened his belt and pants to release it.

"Immediately there was a drop of precum, I smeared my thumb over the end and put my lips over the prominent head and danced my tongue against the underside. I wanted to make him cum, I wanted to impress him, to blow his cock quickly, swallow his cum and show him how naughty I could be.

"In only a minute or two I succeeded. Stroking the length of his cock with my hand, and once or twice taking him deep into my throat, I most urgently worked on the firm helmeted head with my mouth and tongue. It was not much longer before his cock grew even harder. With my finger tips I felt his balls tighten as I lightly touched them. His hips begin to thrust involuntarily. With a groan and a grunt he filled my mouth with so much cum I could barely swallow it fast enough to keep it all in.

"'Christ Cindy, that was...damn...unbelievable.' He was leaning against the desk, his semi-hard cock hanging over his balls in a wonderful arc. I sat back with my tush on my heels.

"When he bent over to pull his pants up I said, 'You better be taking those off because our work is far from done here.'

"I came forward again and licked a last bit of cum from the end of his cock, then turning my head sideways slid my lips along the bottom side of it until I nuzzled my cheek against his balls. I sucked one into my mouth. As I slid my lips back along the underside of his fabulous cock toward the head I could already feel it begin to harden again. I sat back on my heels again and began unbuttoning my

blouse as I held his eyes with mine."

“OK stop,” Mike said. Looking up from the page I saw Mike tent polling the bed cover, his hand slowly stroking himself. He flipped off the covers to reveal his third impressive hard-on of the night. “Come on, be my little cowgirl.” he said, gesturing with the fingers of his hands to draw me over.

I rode him for a long time, long enough to have three powerful orgasms. My heart raced just the way I like it from the first one to the last. I thought he might have cum without me knowing because it seemed as if he was loosing his erection, but he rolled me over into missionary and slid back into me. With my arms and legs wrapped around his body Mike fucked me in full long hard strokes making me think more than once that this is why he was my man. Finally he rolled me over again, propping me up on the pillows and fucked me hard doggy style. By now we were both coated with sweat and I was ready for him to finish. I pushed back against him with encouraging moans. He grabbed my hair and began banging into me even harder, suddenly calling me his dirty slut wife. I begged him to fuck me harder. He pushed his thumb into my ass, something I normally protest against, and told me to use my fingers on myself. He said he wanted his dirty slut wife to cum for him again.

Touching myself triggered my most intense orgasm of the night. I was no longer thinking at all. Mike continued to pound into me and I began screaming into the pillow with each thrust. By the time Mike pumped his load into me, my body was quivering, my screams reduced to nothing but whimpers. A moment later I became aware of my still racing heart only then beginning to level off.

On Friday night Michael picked me up from work and took me out to dinner at a romantic restaurant we hadn’t been to before. It had a nice menu, an efficient and inconspicuous waiter staff, and great wine. We talked earnestly, yet with some teasing and flirtation. We talked as if we just met, about work, about new places we’d like to travel and about movies we’d like to see. Mike looked as handsome to me as he ever has. When he said he would like to take me to a club where we could dance I was surprised. We’ve only ever danced at weddings.

“Tonight?” I said.

“No, dancing might be a bit much after a long day at work. How about tomorrow night?”

“Really?”

“Yes, I want to show off my beautiful wife.”

“That’s nice, I’d like that” I said with a satisfied smile.

“Tonight I want you to read to me again.”

“That works for me,” I said with a bashful smile, immediately feeling flush.

“Yeah,” Mike said, “I noticed.”