

A Good Little Wife Part III

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A GOOD LITTLE WIFE PART III

The very fashionably dressed Marie Claudet looked serene on the outside, but she was a seething mass of impatient passionate desire on the inside in a place where it could not be readily seen. Tonight was the night that the Reverend Harris was to visit her at her home.

She had purposely given most of the servants the evening off and they were swift to disappear before she changed her mind. Only two trusted retainers of her mother's entourage remained to ease her appointment with the handsome man of the cloth.

When she was certain no one was watching, Marie slipped her hand beneath her gown and ran her fingers the length of her quivering pussy lips. A quick check of the wet hand under her nostrils confirmed that she was scented perfectly should the good reverend decide to bless her female opening with his talented tongue.

She had allowed the new German maid Heidi to drain her female juices before tea with her skilled massage technique. She even gave her permission to stretch her sphincter muscle to inspire a more welcoming entry should the well-hung Reverend avail himself of her anal offerings. She was putty in the hands of the strong German farm girl with the cute blond hair in a seductive pony tail.

All the muscular, but very attractive, Heidi knew was that her mistress was expecting company. She had no idea exactly who the lucky fellow actually was. Marie had dismissed her as well for the evening because she did not want to fall victim to some sordid blackmail scheme. She was not over

suspicious of Heidi but one can never be too careful where jealous husbands are concerned.

Before her Mother and her very own rotund banker husband departed for the business meeting that had been planned for some weeks, Marie had given her husband “special” attention under her mother’s watchful eye using her most skillful oral talents and she had even allowed him entry to her rear entrance for a spirited ass pounding. Of course, she was careful to pretend how reluctant she was to give up her brown eye so as not to arouse the middle-aged man before his departure. The poor man had no idea it was his wife’s way of saying “sorry” in advance for her anticipated lapse in fidelity this very evening.

For some strange reason, the sight of the Reverend Harris arriving in front of their upscale home in the city made Marie more nervous than she would have expected. She hoped he would find her appealing in the way that males tend to desire females to act and tend to their needs. Marie was much besotted with the Reverend Harris or to be more accurate with his impressive huge member that seemed to be always at the ready for intimate consultation.

The flowers that he placed in her hand just inside the door were “picked from my own garden” as he so gallantly advised her. They took drinks in the drawing room with tantalizingly slow banter about local gossip. Marie observed that the Reverend had a slow growing tent in his trousers before very long and her confidence grew apace with his arousal.

When she showed him some interesting photos of her in her younger days at the beach, he leaned over her shoulder and peered intently down her cleavage at the edges of her pink tinged rosettes of nipples. She felt them begin to expand just with the realization of his attention.

“My dear Reverend, I must show you the rest of the house. There is a lovely Monet hanging in the upstairs bedroom that has been in my husband’s family for many years. Come follow me, I will be your guide.”

The horny churchman took the arm of his devious hostess and escorted her up the circular staircase to the sleeping quarters. Their inspection of the Monet was culminated quite quickly and they both staggered to the large bed with their arms and legs wrapped around each other like a husband and wife just coming home from a night at the theater.

Marie stayed still and passive as the Reverend undressed her. Soon, she was down to her skimpy French knickers and her gold flecked shoes that had cost her husband a fortune. She held the Reverend’s cock in her hand with a very gentle and respectful touch. It was on the verge of being rock-hard with just a bit of flexibility still remaining. The glistening drops of pre-cum dotted her fingers with sticky liquid.

“Get on your hands and knees, my dear!”

She was delighted at the assertiveness of his instructions. A glance over her shoulder confirmed he was giving her rump a very thorough inspection. His fingers began to play her cheeks and even

pushed up into her dripping slit and her frightened brown eye.

“It is time to pay for your naughty ways, little slut!”

Marie gasped as the spanking began. She wanted it so bad but she was afraid to ask the spiritual leader for his wise discipline. She feared he might think her a little too loose with her desire to give and receive such kinky pleasures.

A look in the mirror on the ceiling confirmed that her bottom was fully reddened before the Reverend elected to address her rump with his rampant cock. The touch of his swollen bulb on the sensitive rear portion of her very wet slit made her push her ass back for her long-awaited impalement.

The church leader’s cock slid into her pussy with notable ease. Her sense of being a bad girl was heightened by the insertion of the Reverend’s thumb straight up into her tight little brown eye.

Marie was more than whining now. In fact, she was shouting and yelling out the filthiest words she could utter in her beloved French language. The Reverend recognized them for what they were and he marveled at how the young girl could have learned such a dirty vocabulary living a sheltered life. Of course, he had no idea it was her very own mother who passed this knowledge on to her female child.

After a very satisfying romp, they relaxed on the soft silk sheets.

Marie realized this was the first time she had been taken by the Reverend in an actual bed like normal lovers. It made her purr with excitement and her feminine juices seemed to bubble non-stop even though she felt a sense of fully sated pleasure.

She leaned over and sucked the Reverend’s well-exercised cock into her greedy mouth. Her lips kissed his shaft with tender baby kisses all the way from the little slit at the end to the very base that ended in a forest of curly pubic hair. She didn’t mind the hair at all. The touch of the strands against her face made her feel like she was a very bad girl and that served to accelerate her lust level to an explosive area of danger.

Marie was so steeped in her private puddle of depravity that she went lower and started to suck the Reverend’s balls with careful gentleness and a great deal of suction. Her saliva was flowing in torrents right down onto the already stained silk sheets. She knew these sheets would have to be burned to hide the extent of her unfaithfulness.

The Reverend Harris had serviced many of the needy females of his parish but he had never come across one with the erotic skills of Marie Claudet. It was almost as if she were a courtesan, a professional seller of female favors. Actually, he was not far off the mark as Marie was groomed to please men from a very early age at 16. Her mother had decades of experience in pleasing men and expecting her rewards to be most generous.

Marie allowed the Reverend's ball sacs to escape from her lips with an audible pop that made her smile in appreciation of how the erotic sound fanned the flames of her undeniable lust.

Her lips and now her tongue trailed down below the Reverend's balls and she entered into that mysterious land of hidden recesses and puckered cave entrances. The taste in her mouth was salty and the musky scent of the Reverend's nether regions stirred her honeypot even further.

"OH, my dearest Marie, no need to do that. I have never been touched back there by human tongue and it probably would not be seemly for a man of the cloth."

The Reverend's speech was a bit shaky as he voiced this demure and Marie noted that he shifted his position to enable her to reach his rear entrance with little difficulty.

"Please, sir, allow me to taste your essence and hold it deep inside me. You have given me the greatest of pleasures, now it is my turn to make your pleasure memorable."

She flicked out her little pink tongue and started to rim his puckered anus with devious intent to open up his rear passageway for the entry of her determined licking efforts. Marie was transfixed by the sounds the Reverend made as soon as she began her kinky saliva laden exploration of his tight brown eye. It was not so much the steady groans but the shrill gasps as she dug deep inside his rectum with her strong pointed tongue.

Marie reached around in front and grasped the Reverend's pre-cum dripping cock with her hand and started to stroke it with a well-practiced rhythm that would certainly lead to an anus quivering earth shattering release of his pent-up creamy cum.

At this moment, Marie felt that she was in control. She was the one who was fucking her copulation partner straight up the chocolate highway. She was the one who had her fingers literally on the trigger of his final orgasm. He belonged to her at that moment and she knew he would do anything she wanted just to reach the promised land of full release.

She realized at that moment the extent of her submissive nature and how she wanted nothing more than to please the men and women she offered her body to. This reversal of roles was confusing to her. It was not that she did not like the scenario; it was more that it was strange territory to her. She was so much more accustomed to taking orders than to manipulate her partner to her physical will.

The Reverend Harris shot a line of white creamy cum straight across the bedroom and right onto the print copy of the "Mona Lisa" that her mother loved so dearly. Marie hoped that she would be able to remove the sticky cum without any serious damage.

Marie was suddenly shy. She did not want to look the Reverend Harris in the eye and feared she had incurred his displeasure with her wanton behavior. She sat on the edge of the bed with her hands covering her breasts and pussy like a decent God-fearing female of good up-bringing. The Reverend was flat on his back panting as if he had run a long race. He put his hand under her chin and lifted her

face for a deep, inside the mouth, kiss.

It was as if her rash behavior was a bond between them. The Reverend felt closer to her than any other female he knew including his own mother and his intended bride. Marie could still taste the musky scent of the clergyman's nether regions and she had a puddle of his cum buried deep inside her vagina.

When she opened her mouth to speak, he merely put his fingers on her lips and kissed every square inch of her face and neck and he simply stated in a voice no longer shaky,

"I love you more than any man has ever loved a woman. You are my perfect Eve and I hold you in the safety of my deliriously happy heart."

Marie spooned her body into his handsome figure and slowly drifted off to sleep.