# Becoming My Husband's Secretary

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*I never realize that being my husband's secretary would lead me into a secret life of adultery.*

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My husband, James, secretary quit last year after marrying one of his clients. And he was struggling to find a suitable replacement. He had hired a number of secretaries, but they just kept quitting sometimes not even working a full week. James is a major distributor of swimwear and leisurewear for women, which is imported from Brazil. Most of his clients are in coastal areas of the United States and Mexico and sales are seasonal and very competitive.
We have been married for twenty years and our sex life has cooled somewhat over the years. I worked as a legal secretary, while our children were still home and he was building his business. When he told me the problems he was having locating a new secretary for his office, it only seemed natural that I would suggest I could fill the position. Especially, since I felt real guilty about spending over $20, 000 on slots the last time my mother and I went to Atlantic City.
James said it just would not work, because his secretary had to wear the clothes that he sold and his secretary had to be somewhat flirty. His clients would be uncomfortable with his wife being his secretary. Damn was I mad, I still look good for a forty-one year old woman and have kept myself fit visiting the gym three times each week. My friends and strangers have told me I look ten years younger than my age. Just how hard could it be? We are not talking about legal document here or court dates or legal research. Heck, I could work under my maiden name; no one would be the wiser.
I was determined to be his secretary and we had a few disagreements about it for a number of weeks. Then one day, during the heated discussion, he said, "Do you realize all my secretaries have always dated my clients as part of their job requirements?" I was stunned, but shocked even myself when I said, "And I am not good looking enough for the job?" We both were quite for a very long time.
"Honey, you really need a good secretary that will be looking out for the best interest of the company and none of your clients have every met me, I can use my maiden name, and if you will not hate me for it or be to jealous, I can go out for dancing and dinner with like the best of them." "I just don't see why it would be such a problem."
James was still very quite. I pressed forward, "You told me your largest buyer will be here next week, and if you don't have a secretary by Monday, at least let me fill in until he leaves."
"I see you really want to do this, he quietly replied.
“ Tomorrow after work come over to the office, and I will show you the clothes and let you try a few on. You may want to change your mind."

The next day, my mind was whirling; I don't know what had gotten into me. James has always said I was stubborn and headstrong. The thought of dating someone other than my husband really started to sink in and I was surprised at it
affect on me. Images moved through my mind, I felt myself kissing a stranger in a close embrace. I found myself getting wet just thinking about how exciting it would be. I have always dressed very conservative and never even thought seriously about being close to another man before. But, somehow, this adventure seemed naughty and exciting.
I showered late and fixed my hair and make-up, before heading out for James' office. He had moved his office into an industrial park district about the time his secretary had quit. The parking lot was empty, except for James' BMW. I used my key to open the locked office door and immediately started surveying the front office. The office had a very tropical beach theme with mirrored walls and pictures of models in some of the clothes he sold.
The secretary's desk was all glass with a single phone on it. James must have heard my arrival. "I am back here", James shouted. I walked though his office back into the warehouse, and found James picking out clothes. "There is a outfit for each day of the week and it probably will be best if change here and not at home. We don't want the neighbors talking." Well if you are ready the dressing room is over in the corner next to my office door.
The dressing room had a make-up table, and plenty of hangers. As I undressed, I noticed that the clothes I would be wearing were very short and exposed lots of skin. The first outfit consisted of a short skirt split up the side to the hip and a halter-top that tied around the neck. There sure was not much to the clothes and as I looked at myself in the mirror, I could not believe how hot I looked and how
transparent the cloth was. I could not find any panties that went with the Monday clothes, and my panty line stood out. Taking another look in the mirror, I realized the outfit had to be worn without panties. Well, if some uneducated dimbo secretary could do it so could I. James was not going to force me out of doing this. I had spent way too much time at home. As I removed my panties, I realized I had become very wet. I was getting excited about being in front of strangers dressed so revealing. Thank God, I have been tanning at the gym or my legs would look like crap without hose.
"Are you going to take all evening or have you changed your mind?" James called out. Even though it was only James, I felt so naughty going out displaying myself. Walking very sexy over to James, I put my arms around him and passionately kissed him. "Now do you think your wife have what it takes to be your secretary?" His hands on my hips felt so good and his hard-on against me drove me wild. I unbuckled his pants, unbuttoned his shirt kissing his chest as I unzipped him. He was untying my halter letting my breast hang free. I took him into my mouth, he was harder than I recall. I could not believe how turned on I was. But today, I was a new woman. James moved me and lifted me onto the warehouse table. I was burning up with passion.
I could not help but to play with my breast, getting my nipples harder as he finished undressing. I felt my wetness moisten my skirt. "You have better hurry, I can't wait," I said, as I moved my hands down to my clit and started rubbing. Wow, oh wow, I felt so good. James had recovered sporting a

wonderful hard on.
He moved on top of the desk and I pushed him down. I quickly straddled him, rubbing his cock up and down my slit and across my clit before I guided him into my wet warm hole. His hands felt so good on my breast, and as I moved up and down, out of nowhere a flash of me fucking one of his clients entered my head. I could not keep my moans quite as I kept thinking about another stranger inside of me. "Fuck me, Fuck me, Oh God, it feels so good." James started rubbing my clit, and it sent both of us over the edge. " Oh yes, Oh YES, OH YES, I climaxed again and again. It seemed like it would never stop.
In my daze of coming down from the wonderful thunder of climaxes, I heard his muffed voice. "Are you OK?"
"Yes, just give me a minute," I mummer. Resting for a while on top of him, feeling the bliss of our love and his handsome hairy chest.
We finally got enough energy to get dressed. I dressed back into my normal clothes and we went out for dinner. It was a wonderful evening, like old times. We had wine, joked and laughed. He teased me about enjoying wearing the sexy clothes, and I teased him about his clients may not able to carry on business if I gave them big hard-on. It felt so comfortable about talking about his clients and both of knowing I would be dating some of them.
On Sunday, while I showered, I got an impulse to shave my pussy leaving a small short strip of hair just above it. It was something James had asked me to do a number of years ago, but I was to embarrass thinking about what my doctor would think when I had a pelvic. I was surprised that it made me look so very appealing. James quickly noticed the change when we went to bed that night, his almost instant hard-on was too much for me to resist. Even though we needed to be work the next day, we were like kids; he ate me into a wonderful multi-climax, and I even shocked myself sucking his dick until he climaxed into my mouth, and swallowed his cum for the first time during our marriage. The images of him being one his clients had entered my mind, and as I licked and swallowed cum that had oozed out of my mouth. OH, IT WAS SO WONDERFUL.
James had left before I woke for the office; I quickly showered, fixed my hair, and managed to get the office by 9. James was talking on the phone when I went into the warehouse. "I will be right over, my secretary is here now, and she can hold down the office." He seemed a rush as he told me; he had to go to the bank to make an international wire transfer. "John Williams appointment is not until 11. I should be back by then."
I got changed into my "working clothes"; it sounds rather poetic calling them that now. My desk was already full of notes from phone calls that day.
I organized the notes and was in the process of getting James files organized when I heard the door open. A very handsome man in his mid thirties said, "Hello, sweetheart, I am John Williams, I am a little early for my appointment with Mr. Martin, but I thought he may be able to see me early." "He just stepped out for moment, but said he should be back by 11, if you would care to wait"
"I don't mind waiting, the scenery in here brightens my day.' It was then that I realize, I gotten use to wearing James' clothes my legs were spread wide with the files in my lap. I knew immediately that he

could see my pussy. My nipples immediately started to get hard, and felt a pleasant rush of warmth move through my body.
"Oh, you are so kind. You don't mind if I finish these files before I get you something to drink, do you?" One thing I knew how to do was flirt. I let myself be exposed to him every chance I got as I finished up the files.
"How long have you been married?" My heart sunk, how could he have known I was married to James. "Your wedding ring is very impressive"
"Oh, I have been divorced for a year or two, just can not get use to taking it off," I lied.
"With a rock like that I can understand."
Trying to change the subject, "How what would you like to drink, Mr. Williams?" "Some of that California red wine, James keeps in the frig, would be nice."
Just as I thought the red wine was on the bottom self of the frig. Oh, God this felt so good being naughty, I just could not believe how wonderful it felt. I squat down spreading my legs to get the wine. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my reflection in the mirror. My ass was exposed and my excited pussy lips had spread showing my now very wet opening and were directly pointed in his direction. He had to know now that I was turned on.
Opening the small bottle of wine and handing it to him, I noticed his hard-on.
"I will call Mr. Martin, to see if he is going to be late, he should have been here by now." Sitting with my legs crossed, exposing a lot of leg, I noticed in the mirror my nipples were so hard one could see their color.
"Mr. Martin, Mr. Williams got here a little early for his appoint, when can we expect you back into the office?"
"Damn, I am stuck in traffic on the freeway. How are you doing, is everything going OK?"
"Yes, everything is fine."
"I may be here awhile, there is a small bar and grill on left about a block away,
I have a tab there, probably need to take him to lunch, and I will try and met you guys there."
Now this was going to be an experience, going to lunch looking like a stripper. "Mr. Martin, is detained in traffic and may be awhile, there is a bar and grill down the street he will met us at, and suggest we go ahead and order lunch."
" I know the place, Jennie, took me there a couple of years ago, they have great steaks."
Jennie was James prior secretary.
"OK if we take my pick-up, little lady?"
Knowing he wanted to get a closer view and knowing he was a major client of
James, how could I refuse?
When he opened the truck door, I knew immediately that with heels, it was going to be almost impossible to step into the high truck cab.
"Say little lady, I probably need to help you?" Before I had a chance to think about it I felt John's hands on my bare ass as he lifted me up into the truck, his finger entered my pussy.
The moan I released was not expected. And he was kind enough not to mention it.

I have never cheated on James in all the years of our marriage. And even though we had agreed that I would date his clients, we had never discussed if it would be ok for me to fuck them or if it was expected.

However, I was so horny now, I did not care. I needed a cock. My skirt had slid to the side while we drove to the bar and grill. I did not even try to hide my totally exposed pussy. I could feel the leather seats getting wet from my pussy. He stopped trying to hide the fact that he was enjoying looking at me.

When he put his hand on my leg, I just moved closer. As soon as he parked in the far back side of the bar and grill. I unzipped his pants, and released his cock. I licked the pre cum off and started sucking with all I had. His hands on my breast felt so wonderful, and he knew how to work my nipples. Fearing that he would come, before I had a chance to climax. I asked him to move the steering wheel up out of the way so he could fuck me. I moved my skirt out of the way and saddled him. OH GOD, his cock felt so GOOD as it slid into my pussy. His cock was a bit smaller than James, but it was so hard, I did not care.

“John, please play with my clit,” I whispered into his ear.

As his finger slide across my clit, I felt the heat move across my body. I knew he was getting close because he started really working on my clit.

“Fuck me, you slut, don't stop, fuck-me.”

That did it- I started climaxing. As I climaxed I felt his hot cum hit my pussy, and I did my best to move my pussy to milk every drop of cum he had to give.

"GOSH, you are one hot slut. I never had a woman work her pussy like that."

I cleaned myself up with a napkin from my purse and from his glove box he used someone else's panties to clean himself. I refreshed my make-up and hair before going into the bar and grill. As I entered the bar and grill, I wondered if I looked like I just been fucked, I know I smelled of sex. I begin to worry that James might also, smell me and could see that I had that “just been fucked” look. What did he expect anyway, with me dressed like this. However, I knew how jealous he could be. A few years back he had put a man in the hospital for weeks for just putting his hand on my leg. James is a large man and very physically fit, working out almost everyday. Maybe, John will double his normal order and James will overlook this one side step.