The Hidden Eros (Part 1)

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A husband and wife's secret fantasy unveiled

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Everyone has some fantasy that seems too risky or impossible to make into a reality. You know, one of those naughty sexual thoughts that always seems to pop up into your head when making love, but rarely sees the light of day. This is the story of my wife's dark desire finally coming into the light. Fortunately, I found it to be my own secret fantasy as well.

My wife Vicki and I have had a healthy relationship for the last 4 years of our marriage, plus the 3 years prior to that when we dated. Our sex has always been good, sometimes mind blowing. But about 6 months ago it seemed like some of the fire had left our lovemaking, like we needed a little more.

One night in bed we began messing around. We were both in our underwear, as was our usual bedtime apparel, touching, kissing, and fondling one another. I began by giving her light kisses, caressing her body where I know she liked it. After a few minutes of foreplay I moved my mouth down her ear and neck while my fingers slid expertly under the rim of her panties. I made my way through the light patch of her pussy hair before landing on her soft clit. I began rubbing her the way I know she liked, but after several minutes it seemed like it was going nowhere.

“Talk to me” she said.

Not sure what exactly she wanted I searched my mind for something sexy to whisper into her ear. The first thing that came to mind was a scene from one of our porn movies where a woman was having wild sex with two well-hung studs. I could recall Vicki's visible arousal when watching that particular scene, and how good the sex was afterward, so I began weaving a little magic.

“I want you think of another man in bed with us” I said. Not sure exactly how she would respond to the suggestion. Vicki gave me a giggle and an agreeable moan, so I began moving my fingers down further into her pussy, bathing them in her moistening vagina.

“I want you to think of me lying here next to you, and him between your legs, his mouth on your

pussy. Do you like that?” Her body moved sensually against my hand, and she let out a raspy “Yes... oh yeah baby. Tell me more.”

By now I could feel her nipples getting hard as one of them brushed against my chest. I took a moment to suck on them, one by one. Firstly I loved giving my wife all the pleasure I could when we made love, but it also gave me some time to think of what to say next. I could feel her pussy getting very wet now, dripping her sweet nectar down the two fingers I had inside her.

Oddly enough, I could also feel myself getting quite turned on by talking about this. My pulse quickened as the image appeared in my mind of this other man in bed with my wife, licking her pussy. My cock was now fully erect, straining the material on my boxer shorts and pushing firmly against Vicki's leg. It was not the thought of another man in my bed that turned me on, but by my wife's arousal of the suggestion. I liked that she wanted to be a slut. I liked that she was letting her sexual beast out and sharing it with me.

By now I could tell Vicki was ready to fuck me. I had stoked her sexual fire to the point where she would want nothing more than to fuck like crazy. But instead, I wanted to see where this fantasy would go, and how far I could take her.

I pulled off my boxers and she did the same with her panties. I sat up next to her in bed and began fingering her some more while I looked down on her gorgeous body.

“He likes licking your pussy Vicki. I want you to stroke my cock while I watch him lick you.”
Vicki's hand reached up and grabbed a hold of me without argument, slowly stroking the length of my cock. Her entire body squirmed from the pleasure my hand was graciously returning to her.

For a moment I didn't recognize this wild woman I had in bed with me. It amazed me to think that she had kept all this sexual energy bottled up for so long, and I was now helping to deeply satisfy those needs. Vicki's breathing became more intense, and her moans of pleasure became louder until I thought that she might be ready to have an orgasm.

“Come here and fuck me baby” she half begged, half demanded. “I need you to fuck me good!”

With some things, you don't have to ask me twice. I quickly slid over between her legs, gabbing a firm hold of one of them, while I steadied my throbbing cock near her swollen pussy with my other hand. Before thrusting inside her, I thought I would add some narration and keep our little fantasy going. We both seemed to like it so far, and I still wanted to see how far she would take it.

“I want you to think of the guy that was licking your pussy just now,” I said. “I want you to imagine him

here between your legs, and me lying next to you on the bed watching. Do you want him to fuck you?”

She nodded and begged be, “Oh yes! Please, just fuck me.”

I began slowly gliding the head of my cock into her steamy folds, then halted for a moment. “Are you thinking of him?” She nodded. “I want you to keep thinking about it. I want you to think of that guy you always want to fuck but never do. I want you to imagine him inside you right now.” And with that I thrust my throbbing dick, balls deep inside her.

Her moans that night were louder than I think I've ever heard her before. We fucked hard for over an hour, while I purposefully moved in new ways and used slightly different positions to make her body believe it was another man. Vicki had two orgasms that night before we stopped. There was no doubt in my mind it was due to the vivid role-play, and the unearthing of her secret desires.

The following night we both came home from work, and almost immediately we were in bed again like teenage newlyweds. We began the same role-play scenario, imaging another man in bed with us. This time Vicki brought out one of her dildos from the closet to help with the fantasy. I laid on my back while she got on all fours next to me and sucked my dick.

Vicki typically isn't one to give oral sex very often, so I was quite surprised when she initiated it. I grabbed her 10 inch dildo and moved in into position behind her. “Looks like our friend wants to fuck you while you suck my dick. Would you like that baby?”

She didn't have to say a word. Vicki began rocking her ass back and forth, fucking the huge dildo I was holding. All the while she was trying her best to continue sucking on my dick. It was a bit awkward for her at first, but Vicki quickly picked up a nice rhythm of sucking and fucking.

We changed positions several times that night, continuing to pleasure her with either the large dildo or my cock; sometimes both. I was so turned on the whole time thinking of her fucking another man, it actually shocked me. Fortunately when I was able to use the dildo on her it provided me with a little break, or I wouldn't have lasted as long as I did.

After the amazing sex that night we lay together in bed and I asked Vicki “So who is the guy?” At first she was silent, undoubtedly nervous about the idea of telling her husband about a man she was thinking of fucking. I reassured her it was okay to tell me, and that I wouldn't be mad about it.
Just one word came out of her mouth as if that was all she dared. “Conner” she muttered, almost inaudibly.

“Ahh Conner, the guy you used to work with.”
“Yeah, we dated a little before you and I got together, you know.”

The wry expression on her face told me there was a little more to it than just a date.

“Used to date huh? You mean slept together?”

“Just once, or... maybe twice” she explained. “That's all in the past though.”

“Well, you obviously still think of him a little,” I reminded her.

“Ever talk to him? Message him on Facebook or anything?” I asked.

“Well... yeah. I have a few times, I guess. Just to say hi you know,” reassuring me of her fidelity.

“I know he's single and lives about an hour away in Springfield.”

I hesitated for a minute, unsure what to say next. I knew what I wanted to say, but a part of me resisted. A part of me didn't want to cross the threshold of sexual taboo, but another more primal part of me won the fight. “Well maybe we should invite Connor over for dinner and a movie. You guys could catch up on things and I could finally meet him.”, I said in a half joking tone and a wink of my eye.

Vicki looked at me and smiled, I think reading my mind a bit. My heart raced at the thought, and at my wife's agreeable reaction to this idea, if just hinting that we carry out our threesome fantasy. The last two nights of acting out our fantasy were so fun, imagine how the real thing would be!

“I'll message him on Facebook,” she said. “See what he's up to this weekend.”

She looked at me sideways, “Are you planning what I think you're planning?”

“I don't know.” I said “Would you like to actually fuck two guys at the same time? Would you like to fuck me and Connor?”

“Uh, yeah!” she said with a laugh.

Then turning a bit more serious she asked “But would you be okay with it?”

I was never really presented with this question before, so I had to think about it. I didn't want some

rude, jerky guy coming over to my house to fuck my wife, then flip me off as he peels out of my driveway on his Harley.
“I'm not sure.” I said. “It really depends on if I like this guy or not.”

“Last time I knew Connor he was a really sweet guy. He's very talkative and fun. I think you'll like him.” she said.

“Well, I think we should take it one step at a time. Maybe we can invite him over without mentioning anything about our fantasy, just to get to know each other. Then we can decide what to do from there.”