

House Husband 2

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The further adventures of Sally and me.

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PART 2 Chapter 1 I crept in between the sheets. Sally had taken over most of the bed but I managed to squeeze in beside her. She gave a little whimper and moved over a little. I snuggled up to her, feeling very much in love with this beautiful lady. I turned away from her, if she wanted to sleep then sleep she would and if I relaxed, my erection would pass and I too would soon fall asleep. I dreamt of summer days, beaches and sunshine, of pretty girls in summer dresses, of Sal and I strolling along a beach at sunset, all romantic and silly stuff like that. I awoke with a start at 6am, Sal' was still asleep, her hair over the pillow, her breasts showing through the flimsy nightdress and the sheet down around her waist, she looked rested and relaxed. "Time for me to make her breakfast," I thought, "But first, a cup of coffee." I brought the pot of coffee up, added cream and sugar to both cups, placed one on each bedside cabinet, then kissed Sal' awake, just gentle kisses on the lips and forehead and a very light lick of her ear lobe. "Wake up Sal.'" I said gently, "Almost time to get up, your coffee's beside you." Sal' opened one eye, looked at me, looked around the room and decided to open the other eye. Her day had begun. "The coffee smells great," she said, "I feel great as well! I had a fantastic sleep and feel great." " So you feel great then do you?" "Yeah," she said "G R E A T! Great! I have something for you after I've had some coffee and before I get dressed, what time is it?" she asked. "About 6.15," I said. "God!! I don't have a lot of time. I have to be on the road soon, but before I get up, come here. How does a quick, a very quick blow job appeal?" "Oooh... Yes Please!" said I, as I got on the bed. "Just lay back and enjoy" she said. "I want to take something of you away with me when I leave and your cum in my tum will be just the thing, close your eyes, relax and think of England." Her lips and tongue slid over my quickly erecting penis, Her hand slid down my throbbing cock and pressed down on my stomach, making the cock longer, and the skin tighter and much more sensitive. "It isn't going to take me long to cum," I thought. "I'm in charge," she said, "Don't touch me, and try and keep still." My loins gently thrust upwards, just a little and not enough for her to complain about, and quite suddenly I was Cumming, great spurts of it, into the back of her throat. She swallowed hard again and again, drawing every last drop from me and all of a sudden it was over. I was wrecked, I wasn't used to such a passive role and my vulnerability, by just laying there was a real turn on and also showed my trust in her. Not one drop of cum had escaped her pretty lips, she didn't even need to dab them dry! What a woman! "That's it I'm afraid" she said with a smile, "I'm off to work

shortly. How about some scrambled eggs, smoked salmon and a small glass of champagne before I go?" "Okay," I said, "Give me 15 minutes." 15 minutes later the food was on the table. Sal' came down looking really refreshed, smart in her fresh business suit, blouse and stockings. Freshly made up with just a hint of lipstick, face powder and with her hair tied up in a bun. "Very professional," I thought and told her so. Breakfast was over. Sal looked happy and content, but I could see that she was eager to hit the road and get the job done in as short a time as possible. "Must go now sweetheart," she said. "I'll see you in two or three days, then we'll have a break together. Thanks for the breakfast" she said. "Especially the first one!" She giggled. "Bye for now," and she was off. It being Monday, Mrs T was due to arrive to do the cleaning, but I decided to lay on the bed for half an hour, to rest a bit and gather my strength and my wits about me. I lay there just thinking nice thoughts about Sal' and the possibility of a holiday soon. Off the bed into the shower, then dressed, just as Mrs T arrived. I was running a bit late, so hadn't prepared her coffee, so she went upstairs to change while I made it. "Who's been a naughty boy then?" she asked. "Not me," I replied, "Nothing funny, but I was with Sally 'till about an hour ago, she stopped over for the night." "Ah," said Mrs T. "I could smell the hormones, the bedroom is full of them. Do you want me to change the sheets?" "Naa," I replied. "Sal' will be back in a couple of days, they'll do until then." "Anything sticky that needs washing?" She asked with a grin. "Sorry," she said, "That was a bit too personal, I withdraw the question. I assume that you won't require anything from me, except for the cleaning today then?" "Thanks Mrs T, but no thanks, not today." "Oh by the way," she said, "Mind if I bring another load of washing over next time. Just ordinary stuff, nothing fancy, if you know what I mean?" "That'll be okay, but after that Sally will be home for a while, so better not bring any more after that." Mrs T said that she wouldn't need to, as her grand daughter had managed to get her a decent second-hand washing machine through her boyfriend's parents, who were getting a new, all singing, all dancing one. "These things always seem to work out don't they?" She said, "I didn't expect to have another washing machine for ages. I hope you won't mind not seeing mine and my nieces' smalls in your machine again, as well as that skirt that you liked so much as well of course." "Oh, I'll miss seeing and feeling them, very much, you both have some lovely clothes, especially the underwear. You both have very good taste, but the memory will linger on," I said with a laugh. PART 2 Chapter 2 Sally arrived home just as Mrs T was leaving on Wednesday. I'd just paid Mrs T her well-earned money for the month, with a little bonus on top. They said a few words in passing and then bade each other farewell. I gave Sal' a long lingering kiss, pulling her towards me, pressing our bodies together, one hand on her back, the other on her ass. She pulled my head towards her face and gave me a deep French Kiss, while lifting her right leg up behind her, film star style. "That's for the neighbours," she giggled, as we went indoors. "You look a bit tired," I said as she flopped onto an armchair and slipped her shoes off with a sigh. "Yes, I am a bit, but the good news is that I now have three weeks off! Three whole freaking weeks!" She repeated with a shout. "Let's go away for a week or two, anywhere warm will do and somewhere where there are people like us. The same age group and the same tastes. We might let our hair down a bit. I just want to forget work for a while and have some fun." "Sounds good to me," I said, "Actually, I've been thinking about a break. I know how hard you work and I can't help you much in the way of finances,

but what about a trip to a tropical island somewhere? Somewhere far away, where the sea is warm the drinks are cold and dancing is on tap as it were?" "That sounds great," Sal said. "Leave it to me. One of my clients owns a yacht in the Mediterranean and a travel agency, as well as the dress shops. He might be able to help or give advice and we could book through him. The yacht isn't for hire, that's just his own personal toy, but he might have connections down there that we could use?" We talked around the subject for a while and had a couple of drinks, then Sal leapt up and said she was going to have a bath before slipping into something comfortable for a while. "Don't disturb me," she said. "I need to be in there alone for a while. I just want you to stay where you are, have another drink or two, watch the TV or read a book or something. Consider the upstairs out of bounds until I come down." Sal was obviously happy. Three weeks off and the thought of a decent holiday had made her forget her weariness for a while and she had a girlish excitement within her. I could hear splashing water, some humming, some more splashing and humming, then a different sort of humming. It sounded like a vibrator! I didn't know she had one of those, but in the bathroom?? An hour and a half had passed. I was drinking more than I should but didn't really care. Sal' had moved from the bathroom to the bedroom and the scent of perfume, powders, bath oil and warm water drifted downstairs. That was a very good sign. When she didn't put the extractor fan on, she knew that the bathroom aromas would drift downstairs and get me interested. Sally walked into the room and delicately cleared her throat, her hand covering her mouth, I looked away from the TV and straight at the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. "Fucking Hell Sal!" I nearly said. Instead I swallowed my tongue and said nothing, I just sat there looking at this vision of beauty in a pale yellow summer dress of the 50s style, with lots of petticoat underneath, making the dress flair out. The dress showed a lot of cleavage and it was obvious that she was wearing a bra of the same era underneath. A cross your heart type thing that lifts and separates. She had on sheer stockings and shoes that matched the dress. The shoe heels were quite high and made her legs look amazing. "Do you like the retro look?" She asked "Look, what about the suspenders and stockings, do they go well with the dress?" She asked, as she slid the dress and petticoats up one nylon-clad thigh. "Bloody Hell!" I said "Shit, shit, shit, you shouldn't ever do this to me again, you'll give me a heart attack. God! You're Gorgeous! Stunning!" PART 2 Chapter 3 "But why dress up like this now?" I asked. "I want to make a few heads turn this evening, like I made yours turn just now," she giggled. "We'll go for a walk along the seafront, to get some air, stop at a little restaurant and have something to eat and a glass of wine, then a stroll back here and watch TV, if you want to that is?" She giggled. "Oh!" She said, "That reminds me, just say TV to me in the morning will you? Don't worry, it's to remind me about something at work and I might ask your advice about it. It's not important though, just an idea that I have." We strolled along the seafront, Sal' in her summer dress, with an added chiffon scarf around her neck, looking like something out of a Hollywood movie and the bearing that goes with it. She was used to wearing fine clothes and carried them well, without looking anything but natural and relaxed. The restaurant was quiet, the décor and the lighting subdued. The waiter, having no doubt spotted how well dressed we were, especially Sally, placed us at a window table, where we could get a good view of the sea and the passers by. No doubt the waiter thought we might attract other customers in. A bit of class in the window might

act as a magnet, I guessed. We ate slowly, enjoying the pate and the fish. Sipping the wine and enjoying the steak. Finishing off with ice cream, coffee and fresh fruit and nuts. We lingered for a while, with a brandy, before heading home hand in hand. Indoors again, sitting side by side, Sal's dress still looking fresh, the petticoats just showing just above the knees, her nylon-clad legs stretched out before me and crossed at the ankles. "Do you think I looked nice?" She asked. "Bloody fantastic!" I said. "Never seen you look so good." "Why thank you, sir," she said. "You liked the dress?" "Yup!" "You liked the petticoat?" I smiled, "I freakin loved the petticoat and the stockings and the shoes. I loved all of it!!" "What about the panties?" "I loved them! Fantastic! They looked great on you, honestly!" "But you never saw my panties did you?" She asked "Yes, you showed them to me after the stockings." I replied. "No I didn't," she said, "And shall I prove it to you?" "I'm sure I saw them, but go ahead and show me again. I like looking at your panties anyway." "Lift up my dress" she said. So I did, lifting the yellow material to her waist. "See them yet?" She whispered. "No" said I. "The Petticoats are in the way!" "Then lift them up, like the dress, but you can feel the material first. Does it feel nice?" She giggled. "Lovely" I said. "It feels so silky and soft." "Aren't we girls lucky to be able to wear such things? While all you men can wear is trousers and boxers?" "Hmmm," I thought to myself, "Where is this leading?" "Yes" I agreed. "You are very lucky indeed" I said, as my hand brushed over the soft material and felt the stiffness of the lace. "Now, she said, "Pull up the petticoats, right up to my waist and tell me what you see." "Bloody hell! You're wearing my boxers, one of my oldest pairs! What are you wearing those for?" "I wanted to see your expression when you found out. I've been wearing them all evening and you never suspected that the woman on your arm was wearing your old boxers under that pretty dress and petticoats did you?" She laughed. "Horrid things, how do you men wear them all the time?" "We just do," I replied. "It's a man thing I guess." "I'll take them off," Sal' said. "Then you can see what awaits underneath them." Sheer yellow panties, hi leg, so her backside was encased in the silky nylon as well! Jeez! This was getting too much. I had a raging hard on. Sal' was playing games with me, mainly due to the drinks I suspected, but she was having fun and so was I. PART 2 Chapter 4 Sal' took the panties off and tossed them to me. "I'm going upstairs to change for bed," she said, "Fifteen minutes for a clean up and a change into my nightie, then I'll come down again." "Look after the panties," she said, "You can inspect them, but do NOT open your fly!" And she was off upstairs. The panties got a good inspection. Many of my senses were bought into play, one at a time. Firstly feel. They felt so sheer and silky soft, between my fingers, on my cheeks, the back of my hand and even under my chin. They felt cool, silky and very very sexy. I wanted to wrap my cock in them, but didn't dare, Sal' might catch me and call all future games off. Secondly, smell. I sniffed them, her musk wasn't strong, but it was there. The gusset smelt strongest of all, but the elastic around the crotch also smelt of her. I put the panties over my head, closed my eyes and breathed in deeply through my nose. The gusset resting over the tip of my nose, the smell was heaven, and I could lick the nylon at the same time. Two sensations at the same time Wow!! Taste was next. A whisky glass with nothing but warm tap water in it, the gusset soaked for a few seconds, before being sucked dry by me, Sucking wasn't enough, so I soaked them again and chewed them, sod any damage! I wanted to chew them to pieces, chew every last bit of moisture out of them, chew and suck

every last drop of Sal's essence out of them. Sal' came down then, looking stunning in a long white peignoir and nightie. White mules on her feet which were clad in white stockings. No doubt there was a suspender belt and panties under there as well. "You like the panties then? You naughty boy!" She giggled. "You've taken weeks out of their life." "I'm going to watch TV for a bit. I'm on holiday!! Yippee!!" She said. "You go up and have a shower, or a bath, but don't be too long. When you've finished, just wrap the towel around yourself and come back down. Do NOT go in the bedroom, on pain of death!" She ordered. "I'll have a drink waiting for you when you come down. Be quick and no wanking!" A quick shower and I was down in 10 minutes, still dripping, bare footed and with only a towel around me. "Just the time for the vicar to call," I thought to myself. I laughed at the idea and told Sal, who asked me if we should phone him up. We pretended to watch a bit of brainless TV for a while, both of us with a hand under our coverings. Both getting aroused and struggling to keep under control. Just as I was about to lose it, Sal, said, "Time for bed?" "What a good idea! I wonder why I never thought of that?" I said with a laugh. "There's a change of routine in our love making tonight, okay? If either of us don't enjoy what the other wants us to do, we'll call a halt to it straight away agreed?" She said. "If one says "Stop" we stop, don't say "No" unless you mean, really mean NO! There will be no anger, no serious pain, nothing that soils the body, no piss or shit for example. This is for fun only. Now, let's go up to bed, if you agree?" I agreed without hesitation. I agreed with the conditions. I didn't want to hurt anyone, especially Sal'. Sex should be fun and we could find our own fun in our own way. On the stairs, Sal' said, "You up for it?" I said, "Yes." Then she kissed me deeply and said, "Right, go in there and put on what I've laid out on the bed for you. Don't be scared, it's nothing scary, and it's just for fun." PART 2 Chapter 5 I went into the bedroom, the light was on, but very dim. On the bed were a pair of satin panties, a suspender belt, stockings and a thigh-length satin cami top. I soon had the suspender belt on. It looked just like Mrs T's, pretty, black with satin at the top of the straps. I slid the stockings up my legs, one at a time and very slowly, for they were very fine, 15 denier I should think, tan in colour and without seams or lace tops. Basic tan stockings really but finer and longer than usual. The panties went on next, French knickers, lots of lace around the legs and a thin elastic waistband. They fitted me well, though rather larger than I would have thought to have worn of my own choosing. After the knickers were on, I attached the stockings to the suspender belt. This way of doing things saved bending over to put the panties on after the stockings had been attached to the belt so I found. Next and finally, came the cami top, this was black as well. So, here I was in my bedroom, dressed in black cami, knickers, suspender belt and tan stockings. Wondering what the hell my wife was up to. She was fulfilling many of my fantasies all in one go. I climbed into bed, too shy to open the door to Sally, so I dragged the bedding, (It was satin!! How did that happen??) up to my chin then called out for her to come in. She entered the bedroom. "Oh! You're in the bed rather than on it as I expected. Are you shy?" she asked. "Yes, I am rather. I've never done this before." "Not in company anyway," Sal said with a wicked grin. With that she pulled the sheet off the bed, it slithered to the floor in a shiny pool of liquid satin. "Stand up," Sally said. "Let's look at you. Not bad," she said, "Not bad at all and oh my! How big your cock is! I would love to lick and suck it, then let you come in my mouth, like the other morning. That first breakfast really did

set me up for the day," she said with a smile. Sally felt my prick through the satin of the cami and the panties. "Boy oh boy!" She said. "I'm going to enjoy that later, but not yet, not for a while." Sally sat on the edge of the bed with me standing up and facing her. "Come here," she said. "I'm going to pull your panties down, but only so far, then I'm going to take my peignoir off, you can put it on if you like and then you are going to give me the best fucking that you can, but I don't expect it to be as good as I want, so you might have to keep trying until you get it right. I will expect four cums from you tonight and I'll endeavour to help you achieve that in any way that I can, with your agreement of course? You can say "NO!" at any time, as I will, if I feel I need to, and things will stop dead." Sally pulled the panties down an inch or two, until my prick was sticking up above the elastic. My erection was quite painful, so she kissed the tip then licked the underside of the glands. I was nearly coming, but Sal, whispered, "Not yet" and pulled the panties further down. The waistband was now pressing tightly against the base of my cock, with my testicles still inside the silky panties. Sally was gently rubbing my cock and balls. My cock was constricted by the waistband and it became harder and harder. Blood was flowing into my prick, but wasn't able to flow out again and I didn't know if the constriction would restrict my cumming. Sally put the peignoir on me, I didn't ask her to, she just did it. The silky chiffon slid over my body and down my arms. It felt wonderful, especially the sleeves, which were covering my arms right down to the wrists. "Now," Sally said. "You are going to fuck me. Fuck me hard and long, keep the waistband where it is, it'll help with size, sensations and perhaps hold you back a bit. Take them down if you think it's harming you though. It's just to try and prevent you cumming sooner, rather than later." "Right," she said. "I'm going to lean over the bed and you can take me from the rear. I want all of your swollen cock up me for several minutes. I want you to go as deep as you can and I want to feel all my insides full of cum. I want to feel it running down my legs, even before you withdraw. I want you to play with my clitoris at the same time and it would be great if we came together. No matter if we don't though, as long as we both cum during each session." So here I was, wearing stockings suspender belt, a cami, a pair of silky panties, tight against the base of my cock and wearing a peignoir as well! I was on my knees behind the most beautiful woman in the world, who was wearing a long satin nightie, pulled up around her waist, while her pussy, moist and pink, was waiting for me. I ran my fingers gently over her pussy, which twitched in response. I licked my fingers, then rubbed her pussy again. I licked and kissed her pussy deeply, burying my face deeply into that honey pot. My face was slick with her juices. I pressed my face hard against her, this time rubbing the juices onto my face, before giving her a final lick. I got to my feet, crouched behind her and slid into her. She shuddered, her pussy closed around my cock, drawing it in. I was thrusting hard, the waistband had done its work well, so I withdrew and pulled the panties right down over my hips. Sally was wearing stockings and a suspender belt, both, like the rest of her outfit were white. Pretty but sturdy suspender belt, with sheer white seamless stockings. These had lots of lace at the top though. I could feel her stockings against mine as I pressed myself into Sally. I tried to press myself against her and her stockings as much as I could. I wanted as much contact with her and her silky softness as I could get. Sally pressed back, her knees well apart, her body pressed down into the bed and her buttocks and pussy doing their best to point into the air for better access. I couldn't

reach her clit and told her so. I was leaning backward from the waist up for better penetration. So Sal went there herself, frigging away, while I pistoned away, shoving it in deep, then almost withdrawing and in between, giving her short but very rapid strokes, so that she was in a constantly changing pattern of stimulation. I wasn't far from cumming and neither was she. So I thought just one more little trick to see what happens. As I was near to cumming and my balls and shaft were slick with Sal's love juice, I collected some on my forefinger, then licked it, (God! That tasted good) then did the same again with my finger, and firmly placed it on her butt hole and gently pressed. Sal' whimpered and shuddered, but didn't say "No" So I pressed again, spitting on her butt and easing my finger in. Sal' went wild, berserk, she screamed, pushed backwards hard against me, then pulled away a bit before pressing back against me again, her butt hole was gripping my finger as in a vice. She screamed, "Noooooo!" Followed a split second later by, "Yes! Yes! I mean Yes!!" Then she came, shuddering, shaking and panting. That was enough for me. I shot my load deep into her pussy, wad after wad of it. My whole being was shaking, come running down her legs onto her stockings, cum running down my shaft and onto my balls. My stockings shiny with cum. I scooped up more with my finger and again slid it into her butt hole, but the fires were dieing down now. She seemed quite happy to just grip my finger tightly with her anus. It was over now, for a while. We lay on the bed, covered in sticky cum. Sal' dipping a digit into her pussy, then licking her finger. Quite relaxed about it, just casually licking her finger clean, as though eating ice cream. Her final act was to lick me clean. She sucked my cock, licked my balls, opened the cheeks of my arse, just to make sure there was none between the cheeks she said. We lay there for a few minutes, naked on the bed getting our breath back, too worn out to say much. I reached for the satin sheet on the floor and covered us both with it. We lay there under the satin and drifted away in each other's arms. The clean up could wait for a few minutes...