

My Secret Wank?

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In which I squeeze my cock whilst imagining my wife...

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/my-secret-wank.aspx>

I have been inspired recently by my wife for whom I have written a few dirty stories and by some of the fantastic contributions to Lush. I only discovered this after my wife told me what a good writer I was and I innocently searched for sex stories. As I say, I have recently written a few short stories for my wife, which has spiced up our sex life beyond imagination. We have always had a reasonably good sex life, but since I began sending her notes it has become even better. I think the first time I wrote a note was a day following a session where my wife asked me what I was thinking about. I really felt I could not tell her the honest truth, despite the fact that I really wanted to. So, the next day I took the plunge and did so, writing her a vivid description of how I imagined her flirting with other men and how that thought turned me on immensely and gave me intense orgasms. To my delight she was equally turned on. She asked me about my wanking habits and confessed to being thrilled that she was the muse for my masturbatory sessions. Our discussion continued and I have written her a couple of notes since that have escalated such that they now form the basis for our immensely enjoyable sex sessions. One of these sessions took place two nights ago after I sent her a note during the day describing how I imagined her being subjugated by a stranger with a massive cock. By the time we got to bed (kids, dogs, dinner permitting), I noticed how very wet she already was and I inhaled the scent of her desire. She acted the dutiful slut, allowing me to fuck her mouth as she expertly sucked my cock until she was literally begging to be taken. She came so hard as she rode my cock whilst I kneaded her sexy arse and lightly fingered her brown hole. I described to her how I imagined her being a naughty, filthy slut, sucking and fucking a faceless stranger with a huge cock. I then turned her over, pulling up her legs against my chest and forcefully fucked her with hard strokes looking into her eyes as she told me how turned on she was by the story. I quickly exploded, pumping a huge load into her willing cunt. We both collapsed exhausted. I must admit I was still extremely horny, but she was understandably in need of rest. As she dozed off, her back to me and sexy arse jutting towards me, I began to imagine her being the naughty girl I had earlier envisioned. My hand slipped down to my semi-erect cock. Afraid to wake her, I slowly tugged the foreskin over the head as it filled with blood and pulsated in the cool air, heightening the pleasure. Unable to properly stroke, I squeezed the shaft, slowly imagining her being a naughty cock-craving slut, flirting with a younger

colleague, teasing him. I imagined her refusing his advances until at some point, after a work outing, she succumbed to his advances, sucking his cock in the back of her car and becoming addicted to him, meeting him at every available opportunity to sate her desire for his sexual prowess. This mental accompaniment to the slow squeezing of my cock brought me to the edge again and again, but the fear of being caught wanking as my wife shifted in her slumber acted as a restraint. This, in turn, increased the pleasure as I mentally sought an escalation in her slutty behavior. It brought me to the edge again until eventually (and this lasted perhaps 40 minutes) the thought of her begging him to fuck her harder sent me over the edge. The orgasm was intense. In that moment as the control was gone, I managed to turn over, jets of hot cum soaking the sheets beneath me. Drool was dribbling from my mouth as I attempted not to breathe too loudly or shallowly, lest I give myself away. I quickly fell asleep in a pool of sticky, wet semen. Did she know what I was doing? Was she aware, faking sleep? Was she dreaming her own dirty thoughts? It is anyone's guess.....