

A Day In The Life

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Published on Lush Stories on 13 Nov 2007



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A husband learns that his fantasies are better left at that.

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A Day in the Life by Harddaysknight © I walked in the door after a week at corporate headquarters in New Jersey. It wasn't my favorite place to visit, but I did enjoy the lifestyle my position provided. "Hello, Gorgeous!" I smiled as I strolled into the kitchen, surprising my wife preparing dinner. "Did you miss me, or did you find a little something on the side?" I had been suggesting to my wife of 17 years that she try having sex with another man. The thought always gave me an incredible erection and seemed to fuel my carnal desires. I guess I had been rather persistent about the idea for the past six months. Denise, my wife, was in great shape for a woman any age and looked younger than her 40 years. Our 15 year-old daughter had begun to complain about her mother's youthful appearance. She said that she never knew if boys stopped to see her, or if they were trying to get a chance to see Denise. This always made me smile. I can remember being 16 and lusting after my friends' mothers, aunts, and older sisters. Giving birth twice had only served to make Denise a bit rounder in the ass and fuller in the tits. She was one sexy woman. I don't really know exactly when I started thinking about Denise in bed with another man. It just grew on me over the years. Whenever we attended any social function men would fawn over her. Denise never gave the impression she was available in any way, but did smile and seemed flattered at the attention. I would be across the room and beam with pride. I knew what the other men wanted. They would give anything for a chance at my wife. If she danced with a man I would get an erection. Knowing that the guy wanted desperately to get into her panties set me off. As time went on, the thought took root and grew. Imagine my beautiful, faithful wife being drilled by some stranger. She would be receiving her second cock of her life and it made me hard just thinking about it! "Dan! I missed you!" Denise laughed as she kissed me. "You are a little earlier than I expected." "The flight landed 15 minutes early, my bags weren't lost, and the traffic was very light. Hence, here I am," I grinned as I squeezed her ample chest. "Did my babies miss me?" "You know they love your mouth and hands on them," Denise admitted as she put the silverware on the table. "You know how to make them feel special." I slid my hand under her skirt as she leaned ahead to place some silver across the table. I noticed something different immediately! I spun her around and pulled her skirt up above her hips. Denise had no underwear on and her pussy was as

bald as a baby's! "Wow! Since when do you go around without underwear? And when and why did you shave your pussy?" I asked. "Not that I am complaining." "Do you like it? It didn't take you long to find out about it!" she chuckled. "It is supposed to make me look sexier and a little slutty." "Have you been reading Cosmo again?" I joked as I ran my fingers over her beautiful pussy and played with her clit. She was getting wet as I stroked her. "You have a beautiful pussy. Suppose we hold off on dinner and go to the bedroom and see just how good it feels. The kids are at your cousin's party today, aren't they?" "They are. They will be staying two extra days so they won't be home until Sunday," Denise responded. "I can't go to bed with you now, Dan. I have an... appointment for this evening." Denise was an insurance agent and it wasn't unusual for her to have an evening appointment. I was disappointed that she would schedule one the very evening of my return, but I tried not to show it. "Going to sell a nice policy tonight? I asked. "That's my wife." "Not exactly, Dan. It isn't a business appointment," Denise looked nervous as she continued. "You know how you have been after me to have another man? You have talked of little else for the last half year." I felt my cock harden even more as her words began to register. She was going to have sex with another man! I was excited. I also noticed a strange tension form in my stomach, but I dismissed it as natural. "You mean you are going to finally let another man fuck you, Darling?" I gushed. "Are you going to some motel or something?" "I am glad you are taking this so well, Dan. I really was a little concerned that the reality of me being another man's slut would make you angry," Denise confessed. "I didn't call you a slut, Denise. You are simply a beautiful woman enjoying an encounter with a strange man," I explained. "You are certainly no slut!" "Sit down and listen to me, Dan. I am a slut and you will agree when I am done with my story. I see you're all hard and excited about this," she smiled as she looked at the lump in my pants. I sat down at the kitchen table and Denise took a seat across from me. I watched as she composed herself. She fiddled with the silverware for a minute before she began. "The day after you left on your trip I had an appointment with Nancy's cousin, Steve Morgan. He was interested in term life. I went to his house, which is in a nice section north of here. He is a single guy your age and rather good looking. As we discussed his needs, he made a few comments about what he felt he needed the most. I kept trying to direct his attention back to the policy choices. I had determined he should go for a straight life policy and forget the term. As you know, I make more money on those policies, but I really did feel it was more suited to his situation." "This guy made a pass at you and you are going to see him tonight to consummate it?" I guessed. "No, Honey. Please let me tell you everything as it happened," Denise requested. "I was having a difficult time getting him to concentrate on the numbers I was showing him and I finally got a little exasperated." "What will it take to get you to listen to my explanations?" I asked him as we sat next to each other on his sofa. "I will buy the damn policy right now if you will have sex with me!" he stated quite calmly. "You are a beautiful woman and I want you more than I have wanted anything for years." "I was flabbergasted, to say the least, Dan. I had never resorted to sex to sell anything. I never had sex with anyone but you. You know that," Denise continued. "I sat there stunned for a minute or two. Then I started thinking about how you wanted me to have sex with another man. He was handsome and single and he certainly was more than willing." "I told him if he would sign the papers and give me a check, I would give him

another hour of my time to do as he wanted!" blurted Denise. I thought I would cum in my pants when Denise told me that! She was the perfect housewife. She always dressed conservatively and conducted herself professionally. Now she was telling me she agreed to let some strange guy have her. I felt a little dizzy as I tried to assimilate everything Denise was telling me. My sweet, innocent wife was doing this for me. My cock was throbbing. "Are you going to give him that hour this evening?" I croaked. I was thinking about the ride I would give her when she returned home. "Let me continue, Dan, please," Denise pleaded. "This is not very easy for me to tell. As you might guess, he signed the papers in record time and handed me a check. Then he looked at his watch and then spoke to me." "It is now 11:34. You will be free to leave anytime after 12:34, if you so desire. I think you might stay a little longer." "Steve took me by the hand and led me to his bedroom. Then he unzipped my dress and slid it off me. I just stood there, not knowing what I should do," Denise almost sobbed. "I was such an inexperienced woman. I was afraid he would laugh at me for being so unworldly. I made my mind up right then to make him think I did that sort of thing all the time. I wanted to be the best fuck he ever had!" I went from almost shooting a load in my pants to almost shitting a load in my pants. This was my sweet wife, the mother of my two kids, talking like some tramp! "I helped him slide my panties down and then I undressed him. I tossed his shirt to the side and then dropped to my knees and untied his shoes. He kicked them to the side and then I unbuckled his belt and pulled his zipper down. He had a big bulge in his jockey shorts and a wet spot in front. He stepped from his pants and I knew I had reached the moment of truth. I slowly began working his underwear down. His cock was caught in them and it pointed downward before it finally sprung free," Denise whispered as she remembered the experience. I was mesmerized as she told her story. My mind was numb and my cock was still throbbing as I saw her every move in my mind. "It popped up and hit me in the face, Dan. It was really hard and longer than yours by a fair amount. The end was all wet and sticky and it left a streak across my chin and lips," recalled Denise. "Steve told me to suck his cock and called me a little slut. That hurt my feelings and I looked up at him to complain about his choice of words. He just grabbed my hair and forced his cock against my mouth with his other hand. You know that I very seldom suck on your cock and I never let you come when I do," Denise reminded me. As if that was necessary! How well I knew it. She always acted like my cock was something that was best kept below her waist. I could count on one hand the number of times she had sucked it and she was pretty drunk every time. Now this guy was making the mistake of trying to get her to do it when she was sober. I realized it would give her an increased appreciation of my consideration and my gentle husbandly behavior. "I opened my mouth and started sucking him, Dan," revealed my darling wife. "I was determined to leave there with him feeling I was the best ever. He started pushing more and more of his cock into my mouth. I told you it was longer than yours by a couple inches? It seemed like he did that for hours but it was really only a few minutes. I finally figured out how to relax my throat and then it was easy. He slammed the entire thing down my throat and I was able to lick his balls a little every time he bottomed out in my mouth. I don't know when it happened, but I gradually noticed his hands were pinching my nipples and I was deep-throating him on my own!" she smiled; as if she were revealing a wonderful new skill she had learned. The vision of

my wife sucking this guy's cock somehow wasn't as exciting as I had anticipated it would be. My cock was no longer throbbing so much. "Steve called me a cock sucking slut while I had him buried in my mouth. Then he groaned and erupted when he was way down my throat. I never even tasted the first blast. I came off a little for some air and he filled my mouth next. I never knew a man could ejaculate so much sperm!" chuckled Denise. "Then he pumped a few more shots all over my face. When he was done he had me stand up and look into his mirror. He told me to take a good look and tell him if I was not a cock-sucking slut that loved cum. You know what, Dan?" she asked. I was unable to speak so I just shook my head. "I had to admit that I was all those things. His sperm tasted pretty good and I watched myself scoop it off my face and feed it into my mouth. I was such a slut!" beamed Denise. "You would have been so proud of me. I was even thinking how happy you would be when I told you what happened." I found my voice and asked, "Did you get dressed and come home then?" "Steve still had half an hour left and he still had a hard on. You know how you always go soft after you cum? It seems that some men are able to have several orgasms. He told me to get on my hands and knees on his bed, like the bitch that I was. It sounds strange, but the names he called me made me feel hornier and sluttier," Denise grinned. I was reeling as I sat at my kitchen table listening to my wife describe how she had sucked a cock much longer than mine, swallowed cum, and then got fucked like a bitch in heat. She was getting more and more glib as she continued. You would have thought she was telling me how our daughter had scored the winning goal in a soccer match. "His cock felt too big at first, but I adjusted to his size," Denise continued. "He held my hair in one hand and spanked my ass with his other. I never came so often or so hard, Dan. He was a machine! When he erupted again, this time deeper in my pussy than anyone had ever been, I almost passed out. It felt wonderful. Then he put his nasty cock in my face and told me it was a slut's job to clean a cock that had just fucked her. By the time I had it cleaned up, he was hard again! Did you know that some men could be so virile? I didn't!" "It was time for the kids to come home from school when I finally left. He must have fucked me six times, besides the time he came on my face. He laughed as I dressed to leave. He told me he knew I would stay longer than an hour. Then he told me to come back the next day. That seemed presumptuous to me, at the time," laughed Denise. I was slipping lower and lower in my chair as Denise babbled on about her lover and his virile ways. I determined right then that it was never going to be allowed to happen again. "I slept like a baby that night. I knew you would be happy, too. Then I started thinking that you would probably want me to go back and get fucked some more. It would prove it wasn't a one-time thing, some sort of fluke that would never happen again. You know what I mean," stated Denise. "Dan, he was waiting for me when I got to his place. He told me he knew I would be back to get another good fucking. We went at it like minks for a few hours again. Before I left, Steve even fucked my ass. It hurt at first, but now I have learned to relax and enjoy it. I had some great orgasms with his cock in my ass, Dan. I wonder why you never tried it with me?" she mused. My cock felt like it had disappeared into my shrunken scrotum by this time. I knew if I were given a physical at that moment, there would be some debate as to my gender. How could the bitch do this to me? "To make this story a little shorter since I don't have much time, I went back every day. You'll love the stories I have to tell you about the ways I was fucked and the things he

made me do. On the third afternoon, Steve was slamming me doggy style. My head was buried in the pillow so I wouldn't scream so loud with my orgasms. Steve was really "laying the pipe" as he likes to say," laughed Denise. "I felt something tapping my head and looked up to see a cock even bigger than Steve's pointed at me. It was the most beautiful cock I had ever seen. It was longer and much thicker than Steve's, probably almost twice the size of yours," Denise estimated. My stomach was knotted like nothing I had ever felt before. I was nauseous and my head was pounding. If I had the strength to get my gun, I would have finished myself off right there. "I looked back at Steve and he told me to suck that cock. It seems that he had bragged about my cock sucking to a friend and the friend wanted to find out if I was that good. When you think about it, it is really quite flattering. Your wife is becoming famous for giving great head. I do have to admit to you, Dan, that I had a lot of trouble swallowing the new cock. It was huge and I could feel it throb with every beat of the guy's heart. You will be happy to know that even though I didn't get it all down my throat, the guy told me I had done better than any whore had ever done before," Denise swelled with pride as she spoke. "Then the guy absolutely covered my face and tits with cum. He made Steve look like a little squighter! I was blinded by the cum in my eyes. I started scooping it up and slipping it into my mouth. When I could finally see again, Steve was blasting a load into my cunt and both guys were looking at me in amazement. The new man told Steve I was the nastiest slut he ever saw. I knew you would like that, Dan," Denise allowed. "Dan, do you feel okay? Did you have some of that food at the airport? You know that always upsets your stomach," Denise admonished. "I am almost done with my story. You'll be able to go to bed and rest then while I'm out on my date." The goddamn whore might just as well take a sledgehammer and split my head open! I could no longer form any words. Drool was strung all the way from my chin to the table. "Steve introduced me to the guy with the huge cock. I think you know him, Dan. He is Harrison Brown and can he ever fuck!" exclaimed my wife. "He said he works for the same company that you work for. I thought Steve had me stretched out, but Harrison had to work about ten minutes to get his monster in my cunt. The sensations were incredible. He actually had the head of his cock through my cervix by the time he came, almost an hour later. I was sweating like crazy and I actually passed out a few times. I thought I had done it all and could die happy right then," Denise recalled fondly. "It wasn't until later, when those two studs double teamed me that I knew what true ecstasy was. Having a big cock in your ass and a really huge cock in your cunt at the same time is the ultimate, I think. Dan!" My head hit the table as I fell to the floor. Harrison Brown was my main competitor for the promotion I was trying to get. He was a real pussy hound and always bragged about how big his cock was and how the women were never happy with their husbands after he fucked them. Denise helped me up from the floor and almost carried me into the bedroom. She helped me sit on the bed and then had me lay back. "I'll finish my story before I leave," she told me as she began to undress me. I was too weak to help, or resist. Where did I keep my gun? Did I have any shells? I was almost certain I didn't! "Harrison and Steve want me to be the hostess for a card game they're having tonight. They told me that I was way too sweet to keep to themselves and they wanted to share me with some friends," Denise positively glowed as she spoke. "I knew you would be proud of the way I changed and I am so glad I took your suggestion, Dan This is so much more exciting and

enjoyable than being a plain housewife. Harrison insisted I shave my pussy for the evening's activities. My goodness, Dan, I don't remember your cock being so tiny," gasped Denise as she removed my underwear. "Was it always so little or is it that I am used to big cocks now?" she questioned. I groaned as more spittle leaked out the corner of my mouth and across my cheek. My cock disappeared completely, much like a turtle pulling its head into the shell. "It is just as well that you are under the weather. Steve and Harrison told me I am their slut now and that you are not allowed any of my pussy without asking their permission. They said you would be turned on by that, especially since you were the type that wanted your wife to be fucked other men. They said you would be content to suck my pussy when I came home filled with their cum." That sounded like that asshole, Harrison Brown! He would tell everyone in the company how he fucks my wife and I am only allowed to eat his cum out of her stretched cunt. All my work over the years was for naught. I was truly fucked. Then I remembered that several of my coworkers played cards with Harrison every week. The entire company would be fucking my wife! It couldn't get any worse. "Harrison had me go off the pill, Dan. He told me it would be the ultimate erotic experience for everyone to know he made me pregnant and for you to raise his child. I am amazed at how well he understands your feelings and is so willing to help," marveled Denise. "He is a very astute man and very compassionate. He told me his boss was going to be there tonight and that if I fuck him when Harrison tells me to, he will probably get a big promotion. It is the least I can do for a man that is so good to us, isn't it?"

I crawled off the bed and began to search in my closet for my hunting knife. I've heard of men finishing themselves off that way. I really didn't want to do it, but I was positive I was out of ammunition for my .38. I saw the knife in the corner and reached for it. Denise beat me to it! "What the hell are you thinking of doing, Dan?" she demanded. "Are you going to cut my head off and toss me in the bay for doing exactly what you wanted?" I wiped my mouth and croaked, "I was going to do the honorable thing and do myself in. I can't go to work now. Shit! I can't stick my head outside the house. It is my fault and I admit it, but I can't live with it." "You are so pathetic, Dan!" groaned Denise. "I just made all that shit up so you would realize how foolish it is to start something over which you have no control. I shaved my pussy for you, Stupid!" Suddenly my stomach unknotted and I stopped drooling. As I stood, I grabbed Denise's skirt and ripped it off her. There she stood, completely stunned by my actions, her bare pussy beckoning to me. I roughly pushed her over onto the bed and dove into her snatch. She climaxed within a minute. I pulled my head from between her legs and moved up to her head and offered my cock to her mouth. "You know I don't do that, Dan. You're lucky I ,, agh!" As she talked I pushed my cock into her mouth and began moving her head back and forth on my shaft. I had been so close earlier that I cut loose my load in record time. "You lying slut! Swallow it all!" I shouted. Denise's eyes got real big but she did as I told her. In fact, she kept sucking long after I released her head. She drained me and got me hard again! "Now fuck me with that big cock," she demanded. Later as we lay exhausted in our bed, holding each other, I whispered in Denise's ear, "I knew all along that you were making up the whole thing." "Well good, Dan. Then you should have no problem explaining how you got that black eye!" laughed Denise as she leaned over and kissed what I suddenly realized

was a very tender area.