

# Cuckolded Slowly, She Taunts Me In My Dreams

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Published on Lush Stories on 30 Jun 2012

*My dreams remind me of my ex-wife's dalliances*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/cuckolded-slowly-she-taunts-me-in-my.aspx>

The unexpected weekend romp with my ex-wife disturbed my sleep for a couple of nights. I dreamt bizarre sexual dreams. I don't remember them all, of course, but one in particular left me shaken: simply put, in the dream I sucked another man's cock. Now I don't care if you're gay; I couldn't care less. But I don't want to roll that way myself. But there I was, in the dream, with a big fat cock in my mouth. The man probed my cheeks with his oversized cockhead and tested my gag reflex with his length. There was nothing I could do, but suck for all I was worth as he firmly gripped my head and slowly but steadily jackhammered into my mouth. When he finally exploded like a volcano, his cum gushed into my throat and dribbled down my chin...and in my dream I heard Cindy laughing. I awoke with a start, looking around the room and feeling around the bed, but no one was there. The dream had been so real I felt I could taste his cock. The clock read 3:13. I stumbled into the bathroom and took a piss in the dark. Then I grabbed a toothbrush and some toothpaste and furiously brushed my teeth as I groggily tried to figure out why the hell I'd had such a dream. I mean, what the fuck? Why couldn't I dream about banging Angelina Jolie or perhaps the entire squad of the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders? I had to dream about deep throating some unknown dude. Some masked man. Shit. Some pasty saliva escaped my mouth and dribbled down my chin, reminding me of my dream and where I'd been in some nether world of the mind. Disgusted with myself I wiped it off and a memory flashed unbidden in my mind. Cindy and I had gone to a New Year's Eve costume party. I had gone as Batman and she had gone as a stunningly hot Catwoman. Every dude at the party (and probably half the women) had surely wanted to fuck her. She had periodically wandered off socializing while I had done the same. From time to time we'd touch base with one another and then we'd go separate ways again. I was driving that night so I had little to drink. Cindy, on the other hand, was having a great time. She's a big flirt under normal conditions; when she's had alcohol she's lecherous. More than once I saw someone push their luck. If she didn't like the guy she'd slap his hand and play nasty cat. If she liked the guy she laughed and curled into him like a happy kitty. I didn't interfere. It was a big party and it was all in fun. What could happen? As midnight approached I began looking for her. I thought it best to kiss my wife when the new year dawned. I eventually wandered down a hallway and saw Catwoman coming down the stairs (from the bedrooms area? What the fuck?) with a well built

"cop". They were cozily laughing and didn't see me at first as they made their way down the last few steps. Neither of them had a drink in hand. Hmm... After they reached the foot of the stairs they turned toward the hallway that I was just exiting. I remember that moment clearly. One of his hands had dropped from the railing to her ass as he made the turn, but his face was temporarily turned away from me. Cindy saw me and recognized me almost instantly. Despite her costume and makeup I noted how startled she was. She recovered quickly and said, a little too loudly, "Well, Batman, what a surprise!" The "cop" was slower on the uptake so his hand lingered a bit too long. Cindy tried to unobtrusively knock his hand away while turning toward the guy to make introductions. She must've already told him that her husband was dressed as Batman because his expressions went through a range of emotions in microseconds: shock, embarrassment, fear, recovery, etc. It would've been funny if it had been someone else being cuckolded, but Batman was not amused. I was a little bit curt with our cop, then took the very tipsy Catwoman by the hand and led her away. We might've had a little chitchat about how she'd spent the past hour, but we ran into some close friends and a potential client almost simultaneously as I pulled her along the hallway. They took us completely out of our confrontation. One thing led to another and then it was 11:59. Sixty seconds later Cindy locked her mouth against mine and probed my mouth with her tongue like she was trying to tickle my tonsils. At the same time she pressed her thigh between my legs and her pubis against my thigh and hip. When we broke our kiss she whispered into my ear, "Fuck me, Batman." All was not forgiven by any means, but we didn't linger at the party. She damn near gave me a blow job on the drive home. Back at the bat cave we shagged like teens on prom night and then dropped off to sleep. I kept thinking I'd bring up New Year's Eve, but didn't manage to do so. Then two nights later we were deep into foreplay when she said something shocking. Since early in our marriage we'd learned to say naughty things during sex and then we transitioned to wickedly naughty story telling while probing, teasing, squeezing, and sucking. It was a blast. Nothing was off limits in that environment. But still, when she teasingly started whispering about bringing another man into our bed and--this is the shocking part--having me suck his cock, I was stunned. I didn't show it that night, and instead of disrupting the mood I just led our naughty talk in a different direction, but...damn. Where did that come from? Turned out our "cop" from the party was a trainer at a local gym that catered to an affluent clientele. He got Cindy a part-time job there as both a tennis instructor and trainer. They spent a lot of time together but I never really got to know the guy and never caught them shagging. He was very well built and confident--cocky in some situations--but I just never had the time to learn more. I was traveling a lot then as well as now, so I couldn't do much about what she might be doing. I actually solidified my cuckold fantasies in that era so their potential coupling was actually a turn on. Then when I was home we also got into that naughty story telling and well built, well hung men figured primely in those stories. She probed for a reaction for me with several stories involving me gagging on cock. I never told her those stories were not my style because she always got so turned on by them. So quite suddenly, as I stood in the bathroom brushing my teeth after that cock sucking dream, the subconscious thoughts had all come full circle and made at least some sense. I went back to bed, concentrating fiercely on Angelina, but images of the cop and Catwoman kept coming floating across

my mind's eyes and her laughter tickled my ears.