

# The Night Hubby Was Out of Town

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Melissa closed the door and walked into the front yard that looked like it hadn't been cared for in a long time. Pulling her mobile phone from her handbag she called a taxi cab with a number she had programmed in so she would have it when needed. "Hi can I please get cab?" she asked when the operator answered. "Yes Madam, pick up address please." "Shit. Hang on a second okay?" she replied realising she didn't know the address. Jogging in high heels was never easy she thought. Past the front gate she could see the street sign. "It's Calloway Drive," then doubling back to look at the house, "number 52." Ten minutes later Melissa sat in the back of the cab holding her head. Pushing her dress down her legs she knew this was going to be one hell of a headache. The driver must have known she was in no mood to chit chat and left her to her hang over in the back. Melissa started to think back to how she ended up with that guy, but decided maybe it was best to leave last night in the past. Back at home Melissa opened the solid oak front door, kicked off her heels and headed straight for the bathroom. Grabbing two tablets from the drawer she swallowed them with a glass of water before looking back up at herself in the mirror. With her hair all dishevelled and make up worn off the edges she thought to herself that she looked like hell. Reaching her hand backwards she unzipped her dress and let it fall to the ground. She not only felt unclean and needing a shower, but dirty in the other sense of the word. She was about to take off her underwear and have a shower when she remembered that she hadn't checked the answering machine. Clicking the button she sat down on the couch after walking back to the lounge room, still feeling the effects from the copious amount of wine she had consumed the night before. "Hi honey. I have been held up here due to a problem with the product launch. So I won't be back until probably Monday now. I'll call you tomorrow okay. Bye." Sinking into the couch Melissa's conscience was working overtime. Hearing his voice on the answering machine brought back the vivid words and emotions of the fight that took place before he left. In the light of day and without a glass of wine in her hand, things seemed different from the night before. Melissa stood up and walked back to the bathroom and turned the shower on. The warm water felt cleansing on her skin. She lathered her moisturising gel onto a sponge and spent the first five minutes washing her entire body. Melissa took her time washing her long brunette hair after that. The next ten minutes Melissa did nothing but enjoy the water. Deciding she needed to get out Melissa turned off the water and wrapped her Egyptian cotton towel around her hair and another around her body. Exhausted she fell onto her bed deciding five minutes could be spared before getting dressed. Melissa awoke some time later to the sound of her mobile phone and a sore neck from sleeping in a

strange position. She wasn't quite sure if she was upset at falling asleep on her bed or at being woken up. She slowly dragged herself into an upright position and reached across to the chair where her handbag was laying, pulling her phone out. Melissa clicked the flashing message – "Hi sexy. You were great last nite! Ps: Are you missing something?" Melissa couldn't believe she gave him her mobile number. She must have had more to drink than she thought. And what was he talking about with the missing something. Melissa decided to ignore him and he might go away. She lay back on the bed and stretched out her muscles. She always felt better after a shower. Getting up to change, Melissa put on her panties while deciding what to wear. The phone went off again. "Something important? Missing I mean..." was all it read. Melissa decided again to ignore him and he might go away. While still deciding what to wear, the phone chimed a third time. "I wouldn't have thought you would want me to keep this..." Melissa had to put an end to this. Dialling the number she was planning what she was going to say. "Oh hello Sexy. So you do want it back?" a rough voice said on the other end. "What are you talking about?" Melissa replied. "So did you have a good time last night?" he asked changing the subject. Melissa paused thinking of the best way to get rid of him for good. "Listen last night was last night and I would really like it if you would not call me any more okay..." she tried. "Okay then hun. So you're letting me keep it then? Or at least pawn it for some cash?" "Enough with the riddles! What are you talking about?" she blasted. "Your ring. You left it here my dear," he replied before letting out a dry chuckle. Melissa looked down at her hand and panic set in as she realise her diamond wedding ring was not where it should be. "Fuck!" she cursed with one hand over the phone. Raising her hand again, "I'm coming to collect it okay," she finally said. "What's the address again?" In her car on the way over she kept on cursing herself for such a stupid mistake. When she arrived at the address she wasn't sure how to handle this guy. Remembering parts of the previous night she recalled he was a strong man who knew what he wanted. She was worried for a moment, before collecting herself confidently and getting out of the car. The grass in the front yard was long and scrappy and there were empty beer bottles interspersed throughout the yard. The front area had a small strip that was concrete with a solitary chair with an overflowing ashtray next to it on the ground. Knocking on the front door, she waited trying to recall what he looked like again. She knocked again, more forceful this time after he had not answered. Grabbing hold of the handle she turned it, surprised it was unlocked. Walking into a cluttered lounge room, the smell of cigarettes filled the air. She could see dirty dishes on the kitchen table and coffee table, but no person in sight. "Hello..." she offered, "is anyone home?" "I'm in the room sweetie," the deep voice replied. The door was ajar and Melissa walk to it and pushed it inwards. Dave lay in his bed naked. He smiled as he saw Melissa though the doorway. "You all cleaned up again my dear?" he said. Melissa took one step into the room and the seedy smell hit her. She looked over at the disgusting man on the bed with a sheet covering his bottom half as he stubbed out a cigarette into the ashtray on the bedside table. "Yes. It's amazing what a shower can do," she replied. "Maybe you should try one too." "Nah, I'm not one for showers. I have maybe one a week," he said laughing out loud. "Unless you're offering to have one with me hun? Maybe wash the spots I can't reach too well?" he said laughing again. Melissa was trying to work out the smell in the room. The cigarette smoke was chocking, but it was

the smell of sweat from a disgusting man that caused her the most problems. "I'll just take my ring and go alright. I appreciate you calling me and returning it." "Not so fast my dear. What's the hurry? Hubby going to be home from work soon? You need to have dinner on the table for him," he said with a wry smile on his face. Melissa thought quickly, "Actually yes he will be. So if you don't mind I will take my ring and go." "I'm not sure I want to give it up that easily," he said playfully. "What's it worth to you sweetheart?" "Don't play games. Just give me my ring," Melissa bluffed. "I don't think you're in a position to be giving orders sweetheart," Dave said. He looked her up and down relishing the memories of having her body hours before. Melissa remained silent. "So, what's it worth to you?" he asked again. "What do you want?" she replied in a stern tone. Dave snapped back, "Right. Fuck off then! If you're not going to play the game then you can just go." Melissa feared he was not going to give her ring back without something in return. "Alright, alright," raising her hands in a subduing manner, "Tell me what you want?" using a softer tone than before. Dave smiled. He knew he had her where he wanted her. "Now let me see... what do I want?" he said emphasizing the "do". "I want you to..." he paused to be dramatic, "do a dance for me. You know like those exotic dancers who take their clothes off." Melissa said nothing contemplating her next move. "Fine. If you don't want to play the game..." he said. "Alright," she replied back as she began to sway her hips. Dave smiled knowing he was going to enjoy playing with her. "Unbutton your blouse my dear," he said. Melissa obliged knowing the quicker she did what he wanted the quicker she could get her ring and leave this disgusting place. Dave then pointed, "your skirt as well." Melissa jiggled her hips as she slid down her grey skirt. Now in her white underwear Melissa felt dirty again as this man looked her up and down. "Don't stop dancing," he ordered. Dave was getting aroused again not only from the view of this attractive woman in her underwear only a short distance from him, but also because of the control he had over her. "Now take those off as well." Melissa tried to dance for him as she unhooked her bra. She then slid her panties down while swaying her hips rhythmically. Dave felt his manhood growing under the sheet and did nothing to hide it. Melissa could not help but notice his hard on and said, "Happy now? Can I get my ring and go?" Dave laughed. "No my dear. It looks like a very expensive ring. I want a whole lot more before I part with it." Melissa shuddered inside. She knew she would have to sleep with him again to get her ring back. The smell of sweat once again filled her nostrils as she accepted what she would have to do. Walking to the bed she seductively climbed on with all fours. Grabbing hold of the sheet she pulled it down to see his hard cock. Melissa knew she had no choice. Crawling to him she could see the sweat beading on his skin. Diving her head down Melissa took his cock in her mouth. Gliding her tongue up and down, Dave moaned in pleasure. "You know how to suck cock don't you? I'm beginning to think you are a bit of a slut," he said. Melissa took his cock deeper and deeper before releasing it as she looked Dave right in the eyes. "If I do this, you will give me my ring back?" Dave pushed her head back onto his cock. "Yes my little slut. I promise I will. Now focus on the task at hand," he said laughing. Releasing her head he knew she would not fight him. Melissa worked feverishly on his cock and took it deep in her mouth before releasing it to suck along the side of his shaft and using her tongue to pleasure him. After a few minutes of devouring his cock Melissa built up the pace and could tell he was on the edge. She looked up again saying, "Shoot

your load in my mouth,” before smiling at him. On the outside she was trying to look like she enjoyed it while on the inside she felt disgusted being with this filthy man. “No my dear. I want you,” was all he said. Melissa shuddered again inside. Dave pushed her head away before getting up and moving around the bed behind her. Melissa didn’t move a muscle. Dave felt turned on again like the previous night while he was studying her pussy. Leaning down he licked the lips of her pussy before sliding two fingers in her. Melissa jumped a little not expecting him to do that. “Why so jumpy my dear. You can get rid of the act. I know you are a slut.” Melissa didn’t move but let him explore her pussy while she held herself on the bed in that position. “I want you to say it my dear,” he said as he slid his finger in and out of her pussy. “Say what?” Melissa replied as her body was starting to deceive her as the wetness started to fill her pussy. “That you’re a slut. I know you are,” he said as he pulled out his fingers to study the juices that had just began to coat them. Dave wanted her now. He could not wait any longer. He wanted his cock to be like his fingers were. Climbing onto the bed he guided his cock into her pussy. “Say it,” he demanded. “I’m a slut. You know I am,” Melissa replied hoping it would all be over soon. Dave started to pound her pussy. He did not have the inclination to take his time. “I knew you were a dirty slut from the first time laid eyes on you last night.” Melissa could feel the juices inside her start to build further as Dave’s thick cock was grinding on the inside of her pussy. Dave grabbed onto her ass as he was riding her from behind. The sweat from his body started dripping on her back but Melissa was now beyond caring that a dirty man was fucking her, for the second time. “This is what you wanted isn’t it,” he said. “You left that ring here on purpose.” Melissa didn’t say anything but she was starting to let out a little moan as her pussy was being filled by a large cock. Her pussy was tingling and her emotions churned inside her. “Tell me what you are,” Dave demanded as he slapped Melissa’s ass. “I’m a dirty slut,” she said slightly panting. “Whose slut?” he said reaching forward grabbing her shoulders to pull them back as he fucked her. “Yours,” Melissa said, “your dirty little slut.” Melissa’s defences had worn down and she started to enjoy herself. She liked being the bad girl sometimes and that bad girl was now coming out. Melissa conceding only turned on Dave even more. He grinned from ear to ear as he pounded Melissa’s pussy. Hearing her start to moan increased his speed. “Fuck you are a fucking little slut aren’t you,” Dave said as a rhetorical question. “Fuck you’re wet too you filthy hoe.” With eyes closed, Melissa grabbed onto the sheet for dear life as she enjoyed this thick cock hitting that spot over and over. “Fuck yes,” she cried as an orgasm took over shaking her whole body. Letting out a groan of pleasure she enjoyed the moment. This only urged Dave on even more as he thrust his cock deeper into her wetness as the squelching noise grew louder. “You’re going to cum again my bitch,” he said, “I’m not finished with you just yet.” “Fuck me harder,” Melissa shot back. “Fuck your little slut.” Melissa had become someone else. She felt her juices dripping from her pussy down her thighs. Suddenly her head jerked back as she felt Dave grab her hair. Melissa squealed a little in pain but mostly in pleasure as this dirty man was sweating over her back profusely with his cock inside her. “You are a good wifey aren’t you? But I bet you don’t fuck your hubby like this?” Dave said. Melissa just moaned not able to speak as she again climaxed on his cock. Dave pulled back even harder on her hair as he was about to reach his own orgasm. “Are you ready for my sweet cum again inside you?” he said. “I want to taste it,” immediately came from

Melissa's mouth. "I want to taste your cum. All of it." Dave pulled his cock out with a slurping noise as Melissa spun around on her knees facing him. Dave knew his cum was ready to explode as he aimed for Melissa's face. "Cum in my mouth," she said. With two single strokes of his cock, Dave started to shoot his hot cum into Melissa's willing mouth. Closing her eyes Melissa held her mouth open accepting all of what Dave had to offer. After copious amounts of hot cum squirting into her mouth, Melissa was about to open her eyes. Before she was able to, Dave spewed more cum over her, this time on her forehead and her right eyelid, then all over her cheek and chin. Dave chuckled, "Now you look like a dirty slut." Melissa wiped the cum from her eyelid as she opened both eyes to see Dave with his cock still in his hands. Smiling Melissa swallowed the mouthful before putting her cum covered fingers in her mouth and licked them clean. Dave moved off the bed and said, "I'm getting a beer. You know where the bathroom is to clean yourself up," as he walked out of the bedroom. In the bathroom cleaning her face Melissa could hear Dave come back in the bedroom. "Do you want to stay for round two sweetie?" he said. Melissa felt terrible because she actually contemplated it for a second. "I need to get going," she replied. "Can I please have my ring now?" Dave laughed a full belly laugh as she saw some sweat drip off his forehead and onto the carpet. "Sure sweetie. You've earned it," he said before laughing again.