

A Good Wife

Chapter 1

I breathed out a satisfied sigh, my head on his bare chest.

It rose and fell, heart thumping a fast rhythm inside. Warm and smooth, with only the faintest layer of sweat.

Our room was musky. Filled with the scents of sex and pleasure. Dark, with only a dim lamp for illumination. And quiet, save for his breathing and mine.

Every inch of me felt tired. Drained. A long day at work topped off with a night of bouncing on my lover's cock and moaning his name. My throat felt raw, back and thighs aching. But it was a good kind of aching. A good pain. Post-sex bliss, my mind hazy and dizzy in the best possible way. I knew if I closed my eyes, I'd be asleep in an instant.

So I kept them open. Waited, a smile on my lips.

Flynn's heartbeat changed quickly. Slowing from wild and rapid to a calmer, gentled thump-thump, thump-thump.

I sensed it. The exact moment he drifted off.

His hand - the one that'd been gently squeezing my ass - relaxed. His breathing slowed, head tilting to one side. In moments, he was snoring softly.

I made sure to move slowly as I lifted my head off his chest.

For as hard as I might work, I *did* have an office job. Tedious and annoying, but nowhere near as burdensome as Flynn's construction work. Where I spent my days with spreadsheets and databases, sipping coffee and enjoying the occasional snack, Flynn spent his under a harsh sun - doing the kind of manual labour that put strong, meaty muscles on a man.

He deserved his sleep. Me waking him up just moments after he'd drifted off? That wasn't an option.

I moved my head away from his chest, laid down it on the pillow next to him instead. And, slowly and carefully, I pulled the blanket up over us both.

Didn't want my future hubby to get cold during the night now, did I?

Unfortunately, the orgasmic afterglow I was experienced began to fade as I covered Flynn's torso up and tucked him in. The hazy satisfaction gave way to my usual, annoying mind. My brain pushed away the dumb pleasure, began doing what it did best.

He's holding something back.

Of course he was. Everybody had their secrets, even long-term lovers. Flynn was entitled to his privacy.

He wanted to say something, ask you to do something.

Perhaps. But he hadn't. It wasn't my place to push...

What if he's worried he'll offend you? What if you're not compatible?

My lips pursed.

Stupid brain!

It was always doing this! Always *thinking* about stuff. Not just thinking, but *overthinking*. Give me a few minutes of silence and my brain would go crazy with a billion stupid thoughts. Too many questions, and never any answers.

Yes, Flynn had his secrets. His hidden kinks. Yes, he probably wanted to do new and different things in bed. And yes, he was most likely afraid to tell me. That didn't mean we were incompatible. It didn't mean we weren't meant for each other. The only thing it meant was that he was too embarrassed to talk to me about them!

Both of us, we'd grown up in conservative, traditional environments. Had been raised in a way that made us see sex as a taboo topic. Not the type of thing you brought up in conversation.

As much as we'd both grown up and away from those roots, some of the feelings we'd been taught to have remained.

Flynn had difficulty talking about sex.

Most men did, I figured.

Most *people* did.

It was more than just our upbringings. It was human nature.

My fiancé didn't want to upset or offend me. He didn't want me to look at him differently, to judge him. Whatever kinks he had, he wasn't certain I'd be okay with them. So why risk it?

I closed my eyes, told my brain to shut up.

It was sleep time.

All that stuff - my lover's kinks and his unwillingness to share them - would have to wait.

"You should look at his search history," my co-worker said, eyes on her computer screen. "Find out what kind of porn he watches."

"And what if he's right to worry?" I asked, crossing my arms. "What if it *is* bad? What if I *do* start judging him, and it harms our relationship and-"

"You're doing it again," she hummed.

I sighed, shook my head.

"Why can't it just be simple?" I asked aloud, though it wasn't a question I expected my co-worker to answer. "He tells me what he likes and it's not too bad, and we try it and I enjoy it? That'd make life so much easier."

"I dunno," she shrugged, eyes not moving from the screen.

"I should confront him. Make him tell me what he's into. We're getting married in six months, for God's sake. He should be able to tell me his kinks. I want him to! Whatever it is, I'll give it a try for him. It's not a big deal."

"I met a guy once," my co-worker said. "Said he wanted to take a dump on my chest and rub it in."

My brain, being the piece of shit it was, planted that image right in my head. I choked, heaved, tried not to vomit.

"Never spoke to him again after that," she continued, as if she hadn't just put that shit – literally – in my head. "Real shame too. Good looking guy. Nice smile."

"Uh-huh," I managed to say, pushing the image away. "I'm gonna go back to work now."

"Good idea," she replied, the corner of her lips twitching up.

I walked away from her desk, went back to my own.

When it came to actually working, though, I found myself unable to. My brain was doing its thing again; throwing a thousand thoughts at me at once and seeing what stuck.

What if Flynn's kink was really gross? What if it *did* change how I looked at him?

My heart lurched in my chest.

Much as I didn't like admitting it, even to myself, there *were* things that'd make me uncomfortable when it came to sex. Kinks that would gross me out, make me unhappy to fulfil. There were things I wouldn't want to do.

But, at the same time, I wanted Flynn to be happy.

I wanted him to have a fulfilling sex life.

How many marriages ended because either the wife or husband were unhappy and unfulfilled at home and so they strayed into another person's arms? How many ended because of the strain and tension that lack of honesty and trust caused?

If Flynn didn't trust me enough to accept him – all of him - now, how could we ever hope to go the distance together?

Or, was I taking things too far? Overthinking it?

Could we have a normal, totally healthy relationship without delving into Flynn's secret kinks?

Surely we could. Right?

I looked down at my keyboard. The thing I was supposed to be typing on, doing my job with. And, in that moment, I wanted nothing more than to headbutt it.

Stupid brain. Constantly bothering me with stupid thoughts.

I needed to work. I *had* to work.

But I couldn't! Not with all this shit in my head!

And, of course, the moment I thought the word 'shit', that same image popped into my head once again.

God dammit!

Laying on a sofa, my feet up on one armrest while my head rested on the other. A laptop on my lap, and a bottle of water squeezed between my breasts and bra – with a straw connecting the bottle to my lips.

It was comfort. Pure and simple.

No need to get up. No reason to move any part of my body save my fingertips, which were operating the laptop's touch-pad.

I slurped up some water, eyes on the laptop screen.

My brain, for once, was quiet.

It wouldn't last long, I knew. But, for just a few minutes, I allowed myself to relax and read.

Hypnosis.

It was an extreme solution, granted. Most people would've gone with something more subtle, more 'normal'. But then, I wasn't 'most' people. Not by a long shot.

There were two problems, and hypnosis would help solve both.

Problem number one; getting Flynn to open up about his kinks and his hidden desires. With hypnosis, I could urge him to relax and feel comfortable, slowly guide him into opening up. He'd be a lot more open to revealing his secrets if he wasn't fully conscious.

And problem number two; me actually going through with my fiance's kinks. If he was into stuff that was off-putting for me, it'd create a wedge between us. To avoid that, I could hypnotise *myself* so that I'd be willing to do whatever he wanted. No. Not just 'willing', but *eager*.

He'd be able to experience his kinks and wouldn't ever feel unfulfilled in our marriage. If anything, we'd grow closer than ever!

And so, I stared at my screen, read up on hypnosis.

I learned what I needed to learn, looked up all the information I could. I filled my head with nothing but thoughts about hypnosis and plans of action.

In the end, it took days of research before I felt comfortable enough to even *consider* going through with it.

And a few more minutes after that before I started doing it.

There were several terms I'd seen to describe what I was about to do. 'Self-hypnosis' and 'auto-hypnosis' were the obvious ones, but there were also several 'meditation' terms that described the same thing.

Basically, I had to close my eyes and slip into a state of near-sleep. I had to know what I wanted to accomplish before hand, and I had to guide myself into it without thinking too much.

Me. Not thinking too much.

Yeah, that wasn't going to work. Not a chance.

But I gave it a try all the same.

First, I tried sitting in a stereotypical 'meditation' post. Legs crossed, hands over my knees, head bowed. I even tried throat humming. And, to be fair to myself, I *did* last a good

ten minutes before throwing in the towel.

After that, I tried laying down. I put on some relaxing music, cleared my mind, relaxed. And woke up from a nap four hours later.

It wasn't until I went over my notes, did some extra research, that I figured out what I was doing wrong – what I *should* be doing instead.

Every mind was different. In order to hypnotise myself, I needed stimulus that would work for me. Just because some people could sit on the floor and hum themselves into a trance, didn't mean that would do anything for me. The more I read, the more I thought. And the more I thought, the more ideas I had.

In the end, what worked best for me was music.

Annoying, bass-filled, headache-inducing dubstep.

Low volume, with no vocals. It wasn't the kind of music I listened to, or even liked. Whenever I *did* listen to it, I always got headaches. Not the achy, painful kind. More like a numbness. The kind of headache that made thinking difficult and sluggish. It made me dazed and zoned out, a sensation I didn't much like.

But it was exactly what I needed.

I set the music playing closed my eyes, kept repeating the same mantra over and over again in my head.

I'd do anything Flynn wanted me to.

I wouldn't question it. Wouldn't judge it.

I'd do whatever he wanted me to.

I wouldn't question it. Wouldn't hesitate.

I'd do whatever he told me to.

I wouldn't think. I wouldn't reject.

Over and over again, repeating those sentiments. I lost myself in the words, forgot about everything else. Time stopped existing. The rest of the world didn't matter. I could think of nothing else. Nothing but the feeling, the desire I had to be a part of my fiance's kinks.

Before I knew it, I was blinking up at the ceiling.

The music had stopped.

It took me a few moments to register that I was awake. And then a few more for me to recognise where I was, what I was doing.

I checked my phone – I'd been listening to the dubstep through earphones – and saw that the playlist I'd put on had finished.

But... That couldn't be right.

The playlist was two hours long. I couldn't possibly have gone through it all. I'd just laid down a few minutes ago, I'd only been here for...

I checked the time, and my eyes widened.

Two hours had indeed passed. In the blink of an eye.

I closed my eyes, tried to *feel* if the plan had been successful. If I'd hypnotised myself.

It was an odd sensation.

Somehow, without being sure exactly how, I knew it'd worked.

I'd actually done it! I'd hypnotised myself!

Convincing Flynn to let me hypnotise him had been as simple as asking him while wearing a low-cut top. I loved him more than words could every hope to describe, and I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him. But he *was* still a man. Flash a lil' cleavage, imply that he'd get a lot more, and he'd do just about anything I wanted him to.

Luckily, it was much easier hypnotising someone else than it was hypnotising myself. I followed the instructions I'd seen online and led my lover into a relaxed trance.

A few basic question later – asking his name and age and things like that, simple

stuff for him to answer – and we were ready.

“Talking about sex can be difficult,” I said softly. It was important that I not sound accusing or confrontational. “Especially when it's about the things you're interested in. You don't want your partner to be turned off, or to judge you. And that's completely fine. It's normal to hold back like that.”

I took a deep breath, readied myself for what came next.

“But,” I said, watching Flynn's face closely, “you don't need to worry about that stuff with me. I love you, Flynn. More than anything. I'll accept you no matter what. Just like you accept me. If I had a secret kink or desire, you'd want to know about it, wouldn't you?”

“Yeah,” Flynn whispered.

“Just like I want to know what your secret kinks and desires are,” I said, voice soft and encouraging.

Flynn frowned, eyebrows narrowing.

A person's mind was a complicated thing. It'd take more than one trance to change much – for me and Flynn both. If he had several kinks, particularly if they were ones he didn't want to share, it'd take multiple trances to urge them out of him. But smaller ones? I was certain I could get him to confess in just this one trance.

“You don't need to tell me right now,” I said. “You don't need to tell me everything. When we're getting naughty, I see it in your face. There's something you want to ask me, something you want me to do. You've been so close to saying it so many times. So very close. But you always stop yourself, don't you?”

Flynn's head moved in a slow nod. “Yes,” he breathed.

“We're not doing anything naughty right now,” I noted. “We're not here at all. It's just you, and my voice. No need to worry about killing the mood, no need to be embarrassed. You can be open. Honest.”

I kept going, kept soothing him in every way I could think of. From making him think he was on his own, to assuring him I'd never judge him for his desires, to telling him that I'd do anything he wanted me to. When I was relatively confident in success, I bit the bullet and asked the question.

“All those times you stopped yourself,” I spoke calmly, heart thumping in my chest, “what is it that you wanted to say?”

Flynn didn't answer right away.

I could see the conflict in his face. The silent war inside his head between answering and not.

Finally, his face relaxed, his mouth opened.

“I want...” He said, eyelids flickering, “to fuck your mouth.”

Dead silence followed his words.

Oh, I found myself thinking. *Oh my*.

His cock slammed into the back of my throat.

I gagged, fought down the urge to cough and choke. Braced myself as Flynn's cock pulled back, slammed forward again.

His balls slapped my face, cock bulging in my throat.

Again and again, fucking my gullet without mercy. My jaw was locked open, painful and uncomfortable. My lips spread around his shaft as he pulled back and thrust forward over and over again. I could feel it all over my body, those thrusts. Every time he slammed forward, my entire body jerked with the motion.

I was laying on my back, head over the edge of the bed.

His hands on my cheeks, holding my face in place.

Drool dribbled down the corners of my mouth, painting shiny lines all over my face and ending up in my long hair.

My lungs *burned*.

If I tried to breathe at the wrong moments, I'd choke and splutter and suffocate on my fiancé's cock. I had to time it perfectly with his thrusts, desperately sucking in air and gasping as he pulled back, holding it as he thrust forward.

The mattress shook underneath me.

I didn't have the ability to think or focus. All I could do was hold on for dear life as Flynn fucked my mouth relentlessly.

Until, eventually, he came.

I felt it shooting down into my stomach. Felt the warmth of each spurt of semen. I gulped as best I could with his fat cock still in my throat, drinking down the flood of cum he shot into me.

And yet, as he pulled back for the final time – plopped his cock out of my mouth – a flood of cum spilled out, drenched my upside-down face. I gasped for air, spluttered and choked.

Lacking the energy to get up, all I could do was lay there. Breathing heavily. Exhausted. Spent. Used.

I did nothing as Flynn cleaned his cock with my hair.

I *couldn't* do anything.

My body wouldn't let me.

My *mind* wouldn't.