

A Good Wife

Chapter 2

So, my husband-to-be had a thing for throat-fucking.

All in all, not the worst kink he could've had. Sure, it left my jaw aching and my throat raw, and I'd be feeling it for a day afterwards, but it was manageable. In a way, it was actually good for me. Like giving head, only without the effort on my part. Silver linings 'n' all.

I could live with it.

But, deep down, I knew there must be more.

Hypnosis was a nuanced thing. Sure, it gave me the keys to my husband's mind and let me make a few minor changes to my own. But it wasn't absolute. It wasn't like I hypnotised him and suddenly his every thought and desire were mine to know. It was far deeper, more complex.

The face-fucking thing? That was just the least of my lover's kinks. The one he was most comfortable with me knowing.

As for the rest? I had no idea.

But I was determined to find out, help make them a reality.

Every day, while I was alone for a few minutes, I did the self-hypnosis thing. Closed my eyes, entered that disconnected state of mind, repeated my mantra to myself. Every day, I strengthened the hypnotic command I'd given myself.

Whatever kinks my husband had, I'd fulfil them.

Whatever he wanted me to do, I'd do.

A little extreme, perhaps. But marriages were expensive – so I only planned on having the one. If me being open-minded and accepting of Flynn's kinks was what it took to keep our relationship strong and healthy, that's exactly what I'd be.

All I needed was to keep my lover on board.

I could hypnotise myself a million times, make myself a willing participant in whatever my husband's kinks were. But, if he wasn't open to sharing those kinks, it'd all be for naught.

At the end of the day, it was Flynn who needed the hypnosis more.

Just gentle nudges to help him open up.

Nothing bad. It wasn't like I was trying to brainwash him or anything. All I was doing was helping the love of my life feel more comfortable being open with me.

"Everyone has secrets," I said, holding Flynn's hand. "Things they don't want to share. Everyone has things they don't feel *safe* sharing. People like to think that the longer you've known someone, the more they'll trust that person to share their secrets. But, in reality, it's the opposite."

His eyes were closed, head lolled back in bed. To a casual observer, it'd look like Flynn was simply sleeping.

"The longer you've known someone, the more you risk by sharing certain secrets. If you've known someone for years, telling them your darker desires might make them look at you a different way – make them judge you. Leave you."

Me? I didn't have any weird kinks. Nothing that'd make me afraid to tell Flynn about. I didn't have any secrets. But I understood why *he* did. It was a hard thing, risking a loving relationship and a lifetime of happiness just to share a secret kink. He'd probably given up on the idea of ever living out those kinks and fantasies, so why risk everything by telling me them?

"It's understandable. It's normal to have secrets."

But, for as much as I knew and understood why, I couldn't let my soon-to-be husband keep those secrets from me. Too many marriages ended because one partner or

the other wandered into the arms of another – someone who fulfilled them in a way their spouse couldn't. How much of that was simply down to a fear of sharing kinks?

"It's understandable. It's normal. But it's not *healthy*."

I squeezed Flynn's hand reassuringly.

"The closest couples in the world, the ones that stay together forever - they're the ones without secrets. They're the ones who know everything there is to know about each other. Those are the happiest people alive. You want us to be happy, don't you Flynn?"

"Yeah..." He said in a soft murmur.

"You want us to be close, don't you?"

"Yes..."

"I want us to be close. I want us to be together forever. I love you, Flynn. More than anything. I don't want there to be secrets between us. I don't want wedges in our marriage."

Love was a powerful thing. It changed people. Made them *want* to change. Just like I was changing myself for Flynn, I knew he'd be willing to change himself for me. Together, we'd become our best selves.

"I love you. I might not know everything about you – I know you have your secret fantasies. But I love you regardless. And whatever those fantasies might be, I'll accept them. No matter what."

In that, I'd given myself no choice.

"Do you love me, Flynn?"

"Yes," my fiancé answered, facial expression morphing from serene to something else. Eyelids fluttering and lips quivering.

"I love you too, baby," I cooed. "So, so much."

So much that I was willing to submit myself to *anything* for him. Whatever his secrets were, I'd accept them. I'd participate in them. For him, there was nothing I wouldn't do.

"I love you with all my heart," I told him, truth in every word. "And I trust you with all my heart. I trust you completely."

A marriage couldn't exist without trust.

"Do you trust me, baby?"

"Yeah," Flynn answered, head twitching.

He was close to waking up. Too close.

"Good," I sighed, letting go of his hand. "Good."

And, reluctantly, I began the process of ending the trance. Bringing him back to reality.

He wasn't quite there yet. Wasn't ready to open up and share another of his secret kinks with me. But he was getting closer. Every session, every time I hypnotised him, my lover's resistances wore down. Soon, he'd open up to me. Soon, he'd share his next big kink with me.

And, like the good wife I intended to be, I'd fulfil that for him.

Five months. In five months, we'd be husband and wife.

Just the thought of it made me giddy with excitement!

To be a wife. Happily married with the man of my dreams. How many girls dreamed of it growing up? How many actually got to experience it – true happiness – in their lifetimes?

I was lucky.

More than lucky.

I was *blessed*.

As I walked into the shop, I was flanked by my mother and my best friend – my Maid Of Honour. The two women who'd help me pick out the perfect wedding dress for my

big day.

As soon as we entered, I felt my eyes bulge.

For a small shop, it was absolutely *filled* with white wedding dresses. On the walls, on racks, on mannequins – they were everywhere! Modest dresses that covered chest and arms completely, more modern ones with v-necks and form-fitting fabrics, there were plain dresses and dresses with floral prints, there were dresses with long trains and others with no trains at all. From elegant to risqué, and everything in between.

My jaw dropped open, and behind me my mother let out a little, excited squeal. My best friend just rolled her eyes.

Behind the small shop's counter were two women. One middle aged and the other on the older side. Both with practised smiles on their faces.

We got down to business right away – chatting with the shop's owner, talking about the type of dress I wanted and when the wedding would take place. The younger woman walked around the shop as I talked to the older, picking out dresses and leaving them in a neat pile on the store counter.

"We have more in back," the older woman smiled. "Shoes, veils and garters too. Bridal lingerie, you name it. Everything you'll need for your big day."

An hour later, and I was still trying to decide on a dress.

I had three laid out before me. The finalists of a long and brutal elimination process. A traditional, conservative dress with a long tail and veil. A regular dress with wavy patterns. And a more 'mature' dress with plunging neckline and a slit up the leg.

It was an impossible decision.

Old-school, modern, or exciting?

I couldn't choose.

What would Flynn like?

A wedding was, after all, about *two* people. So many people considered it to be the 'bride's big day', but it wouldn't be much of a wedding without my husband being involved.

I stared down at the dresses, tried to picture myself in each of them, imagined how my future husband would react.

And, as I did, the strangest thing happened.

An image flashed behind my irises. A brief flicker of a fantasy. Me in the mature wedding dress, veil over my face with a cock in my mouth.

But, it wasn't just in my mouth. I wasn't giving head.

I was being face-fucked. My husband's fat cock spreading my lips wide, tip pounding the back of my throat. My face barely visible under the white veil – it was lifted only high enough to allow Flynn's cock access to my mouth.

In that image, I saw saliva dripping down onto my chest. I saw my husband ravishing my mouth, uncaring. I saw desperation and wildness.

I trembled.

For a moment, my knees felt weak. Too frail to hold me up. I teetered, balanced myself before I dropped to the floor.

It wasn't an image of two lovers. Newly-wed husband and wife.

It was the opposite. An image of selfish desire and sadistic pleasure. A man using a woman for his own gratification, not caring in the slightest about her discomfort.

That image – it didn't make me horny. I didn't get excited thinking about it. If anything, I dreaded it.

And yet, I knew it was what my husband would want most.

I *knew* it was his kink – his desire.

And it was a wife's job to do as her husband desired.

Words echoing in my skull, over and over. A repeating command that I'd given myself. On order that couldn't be refused.

I'd do whatever Flynn wanted me to.

Whatever he wanted.

I wouldn't question it, wouldn't refuse.

And, just like that, I knew which dress to buy.

Only there was one small problem.

"This one doesn't have a veil, does it?" I asked, pointing to the 'mature' dress. "Do you have any that'll go well with it?"

Flynn gripped my hair roughly, tilted my head back and forced me to look him in the eye. A domineering smirk on his face, narrowed eyes and a firm jaw. The look of a sadist, pure and simple.

"Open," he commanded.

And, obediently, I did. Opening my mouth wide.

His grip on my hair tightened as he pulled my face towards his crotch.

"Unzip it."

Slowly, trembling, I raised my fingers to the jeans' zipper.

"No," Flynn barked. "Not with your hands. Use your whore mouth."

I flinched.

But, feeling my own words echoing inside my skull, I obeyed. Leaning forward, I took the zipper between my lips. Gripping onto it as firmly as I could manage, I began lowering my head – tugging the zipper down with me.

"Fuck," Flynn groaned.

When the zipper was fully down, I turned my attention to the button – the only thing holding Flynn's jeans up.

Not something I'd be able to undo with my mouth.

But I tried all the same. Struggled with it for a good minute or two, sensing Flynn's frustration growing with every second. Eventually, he had enough of waiting and yanked my hair back.

I gasped, winced in pain.

"Useless," Flynn muttered, undoing the button himself.

His jeans dropped.

And, a few seconds later, his boxers were around his ankles too. His big, meaty cock stood up – tip pointing to the sky.

"Stop staring," Flynn told me, "and start sucking."

I gulped, nodded my head.

If this was anything like the last time, I wouldn't be 'sucking' for long. But, compelled by my lover's command, I lifted myself up, took hold of Flynn's cock with my lips – dragged it horizontal, and pushed forward – sliding it into my mouth and down my throat.

When Flynn let out a satisfied gasp, I shuddered.

For just a few minutes, things were that simple. Me taking care of my lover's cock. Sliding it in and out of my mouth, sucking and teasing it, gliding my tongue along and around its length. Simple, if bitter, work.

Then came the force.

The hair-gripping, merciless pounding.

It was as if Flynn stopped seeing me as his bride-to-be. Stopped seeing me as *human*. My face become nothing more than a fleshlight for him to get himself off with – and not gently.

He slammed his cock down my throat, grip on my hair so tight that I couldn't pull away. With every thrust, his balls slapped my chin. My throat was forced wide, Flynn's cock filling it completely.

And all I could do was kneel there and take it.

It was oddly difficult to look at the picture Flynn sent me.

My eyes would flick to my phone's screen, I'd see it, then immediately look away. Disgust and revulsion and shame washed through me, painting my face red and making my gut twist.

And yet, I couldn't *not* look.

I didn't have it in me to close the picture. Not while my lover wanted me to see it. I couldn't go against his wishes like that.

So, I forced myself to look. To stare.

It was a picture of me.

On my knees.

My face a mess.

I was plastered in Flynn's cum. My messy hair was damp with it, my forehead coated, one of my eye-sockets filled to the point my eyes were forced shut, droplets of it dripping from my chin. But it was more than just cum. Saliva smeared my cheeks and chin, a clear contrast to the white. And black tear-trails from running mascara, lines down my cheeks and jaws – adding to the disgusting mix of fluids on my face. Topping off the image was my open mouth, tongue cradling a frothy white mix.

It was degrading. Humiliating.

Why had Flynn insisted on taking a picture of me like that?

The idea of someone else seeing it - one of Flynn's friends or something – made me queasy.

As I stared at the picture, I moved my hand – gently massaged my aching jaw. Ever since we'd done *that* last night, my throat'd been raw and my voice cracked.

Finally, when I couldn't look any more, I closed the image.

I promised myself that I'd get Flynn to delete the photo, make sure he did. But, deep down, I knew I wouldn't.

This was what Flynn wanted.

It was my job to give him whatever he desired.

A serene, peaceful expression. Calm, relaxed. Seeing my fiancé with that look on his face made me smile and my heart flutter. I couldn't help but fall in love with him all over again, seeing that handsome face with its utter contentedness.

I leaned down, kissed his forehead.

"I love you," I whispered to him.

He didn't say the words back, of course. He was too deep in a trance for that. But, all the same, it felt nice to say.

"I love you," I repeated. "So much."

And I did. Too much, perhaps. How many wives would go so far as I currently was?

"I've hypnotised myself, you know," I said, sitting down on the bed beside him. "I'll let you do whatever you want to me. Anything at all. Because I love you."

Face-fucking. It was only the first of Flynn's kinks. He had more.

The wedding was five months away. Before then, I wanted to know everything. I needed my husband to be an open book to me. No secrets, nothing held back. Total honesty and total trust. In order to make that happen, I had to push forward – get Flynn to open up more.

"I will do *whatever* you want me to," I told him. "Anything and everything. You can make your wildest dreams a reality. You can live out all your fantasies with me. On me. All you have to do is tell me what they are. Let me be everything you want me to be."

Predictably, Flynn resisted.

"It's okay!" I said. "Everything is okay... It's just you and me here. Just us two. No need to worry. No need to think. Just relax for me, baby. Listen to me... Everything is fine..."

Why was he being so *difficult*?

Most guys would've been over the moon to know their lover wanted to do *anything* for them. Why wasn't he jumping for joy at the idea of me fulfilling his every fantasy?

The answer was obvious. He was worried how I'd react, what I'd think, upon learning his kinks.

"You were scared to tell me about your face-fucking kink," I huffed. "You thought I'd judge you for it, and that I wouldn't want to do it. But I did, didn't I?"

"Yeah," Flynn answered.

"We've been having a lot of fun since you told me, haven't we?" Or, at least, one of us had. "You've been enjoying fucking my mouth, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"You didn't want to tell me, but you did. You trusted me enough to tell me about it, and – as a result – you've enjoyed yourself a lot. Right?"

"I... I guess," Flynn murmured.

"You want to enjoy even more, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"Then trust me. Let me prove it to you. I'll do whatever it is, baby. Let me pleasure you. Let me satisfy you. Whatever you want, I'll do it. I promise."

I inhaled a deep breath, leaned down, whispered softly in his ear.

"I don't have a choice. I *have* to do whatever you want me to. So do it. Do whatever you want. I'm yours. All you have to do is tell me what it is."

No resistance this time. A good sign.

"You don't have to tell me everything. Not yet. For now, just share one kink with me. One that I don't already know. Can you do that for me, baby?"

"Yes..."

"Do it," I told him. "Tell me a kink."

He was silent for long few moments. His mind processing, making its decision. Finally, he spoke.

"Painal," Flynn whispered.

"Anal?" I asked, eyebrow raised. We'd certainly tried *that* before.

Flynn's head twitched. A feeble attempt at shaking his head.

"Pain-al," he repeated.

"Huh," I said, lips pursing.

What the hell was 'painal'?