

Happily Married

Married life is great, don't get me wrong. I'm not unhappy or anything like that. I don't regret the decision to tie the knot with my husband George. I love him, will probably always love him. We've been together for ten years, eight of them as husband and wife, and I love him just as much now as I did on our wedding day. More, even.

It's just that, well, things get repetitive, you know?

The sex is good! I'm not saying it's not satisfying or fun.

Just, after all those years, you get to know someone and they get to know you, and the sex becomes predictable and ordinary. Like the fire fades from wild and exciting to calm and cool.

For some women, that's just fine. They don't need spice and exploration in their sex life. Good for them.

But not me.

Ever since I lost my virginity as a teenager, and experienced my first ever mind-blowing orgasm, sex has been a huge part of my life. From committed relationships filled with it, to having a sex friend for an amazing summer, to those few months when I went off the rails and fucked a different guy every weekend for a few months. Sex is a big part of who I am.

My husband, knowing this, made the first few years of our marriage very exciting for me. We fucked practically every night, played about and tested a whole slew of kinks and fetishes. We did all *kinds* of stuff together.

We even have regular sex now. And it's good sex! It's not bad or anything like that.

It's just not exhilarating any more.

It's not *new*.

You know what I'm talking about. The 'honeymoon' part of a relationship, when you're learning all about your partner's kinks and desires, learning their body and their ticks, what makes them feel good – and then learning the same about you.

In terms of sex – it's the golden part of any relationship.

My husband, my lovely, amazing George, knows my body *too* well. He knows how to get me off, knows what to say and do. In a way, our sex is almost mechanical. It's efficient. It's good, he gets me off plenty, but it's not *wild*.

Unfortunately, for all the kinks and things we've tried, my darling husband has never wanted to try swinging or 'sharing'. It's his biggest flaw – jealousy and possessive insecurity.

Which meant that me finding some hunk to play with on the side was an impossibility. Until recently, that is.

"Hypnosis?" George asked, eyebrow raised.

"Erotic hypnosis," I cooed. "Something new for us to try out, if you want to. I've been reading up on it and some of the things we'll be able to do..."

I didn't say any more. The trick was to get *him* to ask what we could do sexually with hypnosis – make him interested in asking the questions and learning more. Like I've said, when you're as close as me and my husband are, you know exactly what makes them tick – exactly what to say to pique their interest.

"What things?" George asked, sounding sceptical.

I smiled. Scepticism was fine. Even if he wasn't so interested in the hypnotic kink, he'd at least be willing to give it a try once. Just as long as he wasn't firmly against the idea – like he was with me getting fucked by other guys – he'd humour me and try the kink out.

With excitement in my voice, a small speech I'd rehearsed began flowing from my lips.

Part one of the plan was a success.

"There's nothing manlier than confidence," I whispered into my husband's ears. "Nothing more arousing than a man who exudes confidence and certainty."

George lay there listening, eyes closed, mind somewhere far away. His body was relaxed, calm. His breath slow and even.

Getting him into the trance had been surprisingly easy.

I'd read guides online, learned everything I could, had a list of points memorised – what to do, what not to do, things to look out for, tips on how to talk to the hypnotised person. With all the information I'd had to absorb, I'd figured the whole process would have been tedious and difficult.

Turns out, not at all.

"You're a man, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes," my husband answered.

"You want me to be aroused by you, don't you?"

"Yes," he repeated.

"You want me to see you as confident and manly and arousing, right?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to know the best way to show how confident and manly you are?"

A pause. My heart thumped heavily in my chest, the only sound in the silence that followed. Finally, George answered.

"Yes."

I smiled.

Before ending the trance, I gave my husband some subtle little changes – increased sensitivity for his cock, heat and arousal to get things going, a flare of confidence for him to take control.

When he woke up, my darling quickly had me kneeling before him, his cock in my mouth.

I put more effort into sucking his cock that I had in far too long. And, judging from how hard he came – the grunting and panting and gasping sounds he'd made as I sucked him dry – I'd say it was one of the best orgasms for him in just as long a time.

If I wanted to hypnotise him more – and I certainly did want to do that - I needed to 'convince' him that it was in his best interests to allow me. An amazing orgasm and the promise of plenty more should do just that.

After going to get a glass of water – much as I love sucking cock, the unpleasant taste of cum has always been a downside – I told my husband that I was going out.

To my utter joy, he stopped me.

George walked up to our bedroom, searched through the closet for some clothes, then handed me a particularly skimpy top to wear.

The boost of confidence I'd given him, paired with my more cunning hypnotic suggestions.

Before today, he'd never have wanted me to wear something so revealing out – didn't want other guys to stare at me, ogle me. But, thanks to the hypnotic suggestions I'd given him, and the flare of confidence, and perhaps the satisfaction of a great orgasm too, now he actually *wanted* them to look.

What better way to show his confidence, after all, than to let other men gaze knowing they'd never have what he had. Me.

For now, at least.

Part two of my plan, a success.

Part three was far more slow going. Weeks of little suggestions here and there, hypnotic sessions followed by me giving a hundred and ten percent in bed. Had to keep the hubby

happy, make him believe that the erotic hypnotism was working in his favour.

He still thought the whole thing was a little weird, but not enough for him to want to stop.

If he knew what I was really doing, he'd be pissed.

Still, a part of marriage is growing and evolving together, sharing your life with someone else and both of you changing as people together. My husband, bless him, was like a rock in that department. Always so unwilling to change, unwilling to see the world from a new perspective. In a way, it's my duty as a wife to help him grow as a person, right?

Over the weeks I'd been hypnotising him, my husband had certainly gone through some changes.

He was still the same person. Still the man I love so dearly.

Just a little more open minded.

Or a lot more open minded.

First, I gave George voyeuristic fantasies. Made him see the beauty and eroticism in watching the woman he loves get off by herself, him simply watching as I played with myself. Sending him little pictures and videos of myself masturbating while he was at work was certainly fun on my end, and titillating for him.

Then I gave him more intense voyeuristic ideas. Like having me masturbate in public, some light exhibitionism. The more aroused he got at the thought of strangers desiring me, the better.

And, when the time came, I pushed those thoughts a little further.

How arousing would it be, I made my husband think, to watch his wife with another man? And, obviously, I gave him the answer to that question too.

Very.

Now, I know what you're thinking. If fucking other men was my end goal, why bother with all the hypnosis stuff? I'm plenty attractive, it'd be easy enough to get most any guy in my bed – why bother with hypnotising my husband when I could just have an affair and keep it secret?

The answer is simple. I'm not a cheater.

What I was doing wasn't setting things up so I had an excuse to cheat on George. I was simply giving him a new perspective on things.

At the end of the day, if he still didn't want me fucking other men, even after all the hypnotism, I wouldn't.

Luckily for me, that was not the case.

I have a very hunky co-worker that's been interested in me for a long time. Good-looking, charming, funny, a huge bulge. We'd flirt at work, he'd make tempting offers that I'd always refuse. We'll call this flirty, attractive friend of mine 'Chad'.

So, when my husband finally came to me, confessing his desire to watch me with another man, Chad was the first person on my list.

I invited him over, told him my husband was out of town.

He was grinning ear-to-ear as I let him in, eyes roaming my body without pretence. Checking me out, and letting me know he liked what he saw – full curves, lean figure, tank-top with no bra and a skirt with no panties.

I could almost feel his arousal, his desire for me.

With a sly smile, I took his hand, led him to my and George's bedroom.

As I entered, I glanced momentarily at the not-quite closed closet door, gave the small, open crack a little wink.

The arousal in the room was almost overwhelming.

I turned to Chad, opened my mouth so say something – make a little joke about him finally getting what he'd always wanted.

Before a single word escaped my lips, he leaned in and kissed me.

A deep, passionate, hungry kiss.

And, just like that, the heat took over.

My lips parted, our tongues mingling. His hands groped at my body, one pulling up my skirt, the other tearing down the straps of my tank-top.

By the time the kiss broke, I was left panting – exposed.

I got only a single glance at Chad's face, his wild, hungry, aroused eyes, before he picked me up and tossed me on my bed. My and my husband's bed.

A surprised squeal escaped my lips as I landed on the mattress with a little bounce.

The squeal was cut off instantly as Chad mounted me, his lips finding mine again.

Something big and hard pressed into my thigh.

The feel of it sent shivers running through my body. Tingles of electric pleasure.

When Chad's hand reached between his legs, guiding his huge cock to my very much wet pussy, I moaned in pure heat. My head turned slightly as Chad's cock-head pressed to my opening, my eyes locking on the slightly opened closet door – to the pair of eyes I knew were watching, but which I couldn't see.

And then Chad pushed forward, his cock spreading me open, filling me up completely.

All thoughts of George disappeared.

For the next two hours, only one name filled my mind and escaped my lips – and it wasn't my husband's.

I stood, naked. My body was sore, my breasts covered in saliva the rest of me in sweat. Cum trailed down my legs – not all of it my own.

Chat left, grinning confidently – smugly.

When he was gone – the sound of the house's front door slamming shut – I walked over to the closet, opened it slowly.

My husband stood there, blushing.

He was naked too.

And, judging from the look of things, it hadn't just been me and Chad who'd climaxed during our intense fucking.

My eyes drifted down from my husband's face to his crotch.

He was hard.

One thing I very much love about my husband. He has a very quick 'reload' time. Make him cum, and he'll be hard again in no time.

I smiled at him, stepped forward and took hold of his cock – tugged it and pulled him out of the closet, led him to our soiled king-sized bed.

Chad had been fun – amazing even. But I wasn't quite done yet.

No, this was far from over.

It was just the beginning.