

# REAL LIVES, IMAGINARY LOVERS

***Briterotic***

*Where will their shared erotic fantasies lead?*

Incest/Taboo

4.66

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I've been married for five years to a woman that I love dearly. We're both thirty-five years of age and we don't have children. You never know what the future will bring, but I suspect that we may have missed that boat. Sex has always been good, but it has become less regular over the past couple of years. I suppose, like many couples, after the first flush of excitement, our love life has dwindled.

We make love once a week at best now, it's pleasurable but predictable and not usually as intense and exciting as it once was. It's not that I fancy my wife any less than I used to; I still find her sexually attractive. She's shapely, has blue eyes, tousled light-brown hair in a long bob style and she looks hot when she dresses up to go out in her heels, stockings and a tight dress. That happens less often than it used to; we tend to stay in more at weekends than we did previously. We're reasonably well off, so we could afford to go out much more often, but I suppose we've got ourselves into a bit of a rut.

I think we both still enjoy the idea of sex; we often flirt with each other. I wear a suit and tie to work and she still looks well turned out and attractive each morning when she dresses for the office. I watch her sometimes as she walks out of the front door in her heels; a slow, measured, sensual stride on the way to her car. If I get the chance, I'll stand and watch her as she opens her car door and slides elegantly into the driver's seat, her tight knee-length skirt clinging to her hips and thighs and riding up provocatively as she lifts first one leg, then the other, into the footwell.

She knows I'm watching her, that's when I always think to myself that I must fuck that woman when she gets home tonight. But then nothing happens; we both get home at about six and fall into the usual routine of cooking a meal, a glass or two of wine, watching TV, then going to bed and reading for a while before turning the bedroom light out and falling asleep.

Sometimes, I wake up early with a throbbing erection; usually around five o'clock. When it happened in the first year or so of our marriage, I'd 'spoon' her from behind and press my hardness into the cleft of her buttocks. She'd murmur her approval, peel off her knickers, open her legs wide and feed my cock into her warm, wet pussy. After that blissful first year of sex on demand, she started to groan tired disapproval and push me away. Now I don't bother her, and if I'm feeling extremely aroused, and sure that she's sound asleep, I wank secretly into a tissue.

In fact, I masturbate quite a lot. Sneakily into the toilet while she's out in the garden; and into a tissue in the bedroom if ever she goes out alone anywhere without me at the weekend. Sometimes, I take a pair of her soiled knickers from the laundry basket and sniff them while I come. I've even worn them, or wrapped them around my cock, while I spasm and gasp as my semen ejaculates beyond the confines of the tissue; I end up having to wipe the residue off the bedroom carpet with a damp cloth.

The thing is, she's always there, front and centre in all of my masturbation fantasies, usually with another woman, but, sometimes I imagine her fucking her male boss, or going down on the cock of

the young office junior. Sometimes, she talks about them when she tells me about her day at work. I like to wonder if she's fucking one or both of them; the feeling of arousal mixed with jealousy can be exquisite, the arousal usually wins out and I want to take her upstairs and play with her pussy while I tell her all of my fantasies about her. I imagine her coming time after time, begging me to tell her more about how I like to think of her being fucked by an assortment of men and women.

To be completely honest, It's the idea of her in bed with a woman that really gets me going. It can be almost anyone: her friends, her work colleagues, my work colleagues, her hairdresser, our neighbours, a woman that works in the local shop, the postwoman, and this is really kinky, her sister-in-law and my mother's younger sister. I draw on all of these fantasies when I'm fucking her; if only she knew what I'm thinking about while my cock is inside her, would she be turned on I wonder? What does she think about when she comes? She must surely be fantasising about something or someone as we screw each other. Not always perhaps, I don't fantasise every time I fuck my wife, but when I do, my God it can be so fucking erotic.

Lately, I've begun to think about this more and more, almost to the point of obsession; it turns me on to imagine what her fantasies might entail. Then, something happened last week that brought all of my idle thoughts and sexual musings about her into sharp focus. I'd got home from work a little earlier than usual and the house seemed quiet. As I climbed the stairs, I thought I could hear muffled sounds coming from the bathroom. I couldn't quite make out what I was hearing, so I stopped dead halfway up the stairs and strained my ears. I couldn't believe it when I realised that it was the unmistakable sound of my wife having an orgasm. There was no doubt about it; the urgent but stifled, sexy little gasps and groans were definitely the sound of her reaching a climax.

Without thinking, I crept silently back downstairs, opened the front door very quietly, then closed it noisily and shouted 'Hello.' She called out a greeting in return, trying hard to keep the surprise and shakiness out of her voice. I wanted to give her time to regain her composure, so I went into the lounge to wait for her to come downstairs. I heard the toilet flush and the bathroom door being unlocked and opened. She said that she'd be with me in a minute after she'd got changed.

That was clever, she clearly wasn't ready for me to see her guilty-looking demeanour, so she played for time. My cock twitched as I imagined her in our bedroom, wriggling out of her tight skirt with pussy juice dribbling down the inside of her thighs. I remembered that she was wearing hold-up stockings; I'd seen her put them on as she was getting dressed for work; the memory did nothing to quell my sudden ardour.

I decided to play it cool and pretend that I was none the wiser about her pleasuring herself in the bathroom, but my eye caught sight of a women's magazine lying open on the coffee table. I picked it up to see what she'd been reading before she'd gone off to play with her pussy; it was an article titled: "Why should men have all of the fun?"

The article was about female masturbation, how common it was becoming and how normal it ought to be. There were tips about how to go about it, why women should not feel ashamed and how it could open up a whole new world of private sexual fantasy, that could be savoured and called upon, to delight yourself and your partner whenever the opportunity arose. Several women had been interviewed about their experiences of masturbation, and what they thought about when making love to their men.

We live in enlightened times after all. It's May 1997, and I'm delighted that many women have reintroduced stockings to their lingerie collection, as several photographs accompanying the article

have rather nicely illustrated. The article piqued my interest and it was obvious that it had given my wife an idea or two about self-induced sexual satisfaction.

I heard her coming downstairs so I closed the magazine and put it back on the coffee table. When she came into the room in tight jeans and a close-fitting top, her cheeks were still slightly flushed and she was pretending a little too much that everything was normal. She had no idea that I had caught her masturbating, but she must have known that I'd seen the article that she had been reading because she'd left the pages of the magazine open; now they were closed.

I decided to probe a little to see whether she would crack and confess to masturbating. I was beginning to wonder whether, like me, she regularly pleased herself when she got the chance. To my knowledge, she'd only played with herself in bed when I'd asked her to because it turned me on so much, but for all I knew, she might be as prolific a wanker as I was. Somehow I doubted it, but it was an arousing thought, and I was keen to find out.

"I haven't seen you with a copy of that magazine for a very long time, anything interesting in it?"

"Oh! Mandy at work gave it to me; I was just flicking through it, there's not much of interest in it though"

"Oh, okay, I'm sorry, I picked it up and I've lost your place now; what were you reading about?"

"Like I said, nothing really, just skimming through."

Her face coloured again, she turned away from me to hide her blushes; she tried to escape into the kitchen but I followed her.

"I'll get tea started while you go and get changed," she said.

"Actually, don't throw it out just yet."

"Don't throw what out," she replied innocently.

"The magazine, an article on female masturbation caught my eye, I'd like to read it."

"Oh, I didn't notice that."

It was such a blatant lie that I expected her bum to burst into flames. I embraced her from behind and pressed my growing erection into her shapely buttocks.

"You should read it too; you might learn something useful."

"Do you think so? It's not something that's ever really occurred to me."

"Well there's always a first time; maybe we could read it together in bed? You never know, we might come up with a fantasy or two of our own."

"Don't get your hopes up, lover boy."

She shrugged me off and made herself busy preparing a meal. Despite feigning indifference, I could tell that she was interested. When you've lived with a woman for five years, you know when she's giving off signals that she might let you fuck her if you play your cards right. I went upstairs to change into jeans and a T-shirt; when I got back down to the kitchen I opened a bottle of wine and

poured us both a glass. She looked pleased and relieved, as though she really needed a drink to get her through the rest of the evening.

After clearing the table and loading the dishwasher, we watched TV together and quickly finished the bottle; I opened another one and filled her glass. We didn't usually open a second bottle, but I sensed an opportunity; there was a mild erotic tension in the air, and I wanted her as uninhibited as possible in the hope that she might open up about her fantasies and confess to being in mid-orgasm when I'd arrived home from work.

By ten o'clock, we'd watched the latest episode of the drama series that we were following. It had been quite racy; there was an erotic lesbian scene this week; very tastefully done and incredibly arousing; at least I thought so, and so did my wife; she didn't say as much, but she was sitting in an armchair sideways on to me. I wanted to watch the scene again; she didn't object to me playing it back. I saw her nostrils flare, a vein pulsed on her temple and her breasts heaved slightly. I knew not to suggest that she'd been turned on by the thought of two women making love, she'd only deny it, and it might spoil any chance of getting intimate with her later on in bed.

As soon as the TV programme finished, I asked her if she thought she might be in the mood for sex. She could tell that I really wanted it; the combination of too much wine and the erotic scene that we had just watched must have overcome her usual weekday evening reticence because she said yes straight away. For the past couple of years, we'd only indulged in sex on Sunday mornings or special occasions like birthdays and valentines.

I couldn't help wondering if the magazine article, and her obvious delight at making herself come in the bathroom, had each played a part in arousing her libido. In bed together, we started kissing and fondling; it quickly became steamy and physical. With our tongues in each other's mouths, I had my fingers inside her; she had a tight grip on my cock. She whispered that I was big and hard, and she wanted me inside her. I eased myself up ready to lay between her thighs and enter her, but she pushed me onto my back and straddled me.

She had a sultry look of arousal on her face as she slid her wet cunt slowly over my erection until she was impaled, up to the hilt; she gasped and closed her eyes. At first, she sat upright and gyrated her pelvis as she fucked me. She was very wet, but she still put the middle finger of her right hand in her mouth before using it to massage her clitoris. It was a deliberate act of sexual provocation, done for erotic effect; it aroused me enormously. I felt my balls tighten; she rode me slowly and sensuously; I reached up and squeezed her nipples; she threw her head back and began to massage her pussy vigorously with her right hand.

Her breathing became shallow; she murmured and moaned her obvious pleasure and then took hold of my wrists and pinned them down on either side of my head; she had a dreamy, intoxicated look in her half-closed eyes as she did so; it was as though she was somewhere else, somewhere in her imagination. With my wrists pinned to the bed, she was leaning over me; she started thrusting her pelvis hard enough to make the bed creak. I knew that I could break her grip and force her onto her back but, just as I contemplated doing so, she let go of my wrists, dropped to elbows and lay herself on top of me. I decided to take the risk of asking her what she was thinking about as she fucked me. I only managed to get three words out, "What are you," before she clamped a hand over my mouth and silenced me.

With her head resting on the side of my neck, she started to fuck me hard. She grunted and groaned as her buttocks rose and fell rapidly, thrusting at me in a way that overwhelmed me and my cock. By now, I was certain that she was arousing herself with a sexual fantasy that involved a

person or persons that were not currently present. She fucked me vigorously for what seemed like a long time; I kept absolutely still, my passivity seemed to turn her on, and it helped me avoid coming too soon. I loved the thought that she might be imagining that she was fucking someone else; it was incredibly erotic.

With her face buried in the side of my neck, her feral grunts and groans of satisfaction became louder. Her hips thrust her cunt up and down along the length of my cock; she was fucking me like there was no tomorrow; I couldn't last a moment longer. My balls contracted and I shot my load into her tight, muscular hole; growling with intense pleasure as I did so. She usually found it difficult to come through penetration alone, this time was no exception, so I reached down between her legs to finish her off with clitoral stimulation. This time though, she slapped my hand away and finished herself off; the message was clear enough, she was in control.

I stayed hard while she stroked my cock slowly up and down with the walls of her vagina. Her breathing was heavy, her face wet with sweat, but she looked triumphant as she pinned my wrists again and slowly rode me to a standstill. Eventually, she collapsed on me again and lay for several minutes with me still inside her. I tried to tell her that she was magnificent but she clamped her hand over my mouth again.

A few minutes later, with my cock slowly subsiding inside her, she lifted herself off me and went to the bathroom. When she returned to the bedroom, she put on her sleepwear, skimpy shorts and a T-shirt, and got into bed. I went to the toilet and by the time I got back into bed, she was asleep. I was left alone with my thoughts; I couldn't help feeling that something had changed between us. I had to know what she'd been thinking about as she fucked me so vigorously; she must have been fantasising about something or someone.

I was determined to find out what had got her into such an aroused state and made it my business to do so. Unable to fall asleep straight away, I went downstairs to find the magazine article that she'd obviously been reading before she locked the bathroom door and pleased herself earlier on. The magazine passed itself off as a sophisticated read for the modern professional woman but, in reality, much of the content was salacious and titillating. The piece was loosely based on research into women's experiences of masturbation and what they said they fantasised about when they made love to their sexual partners.

The main message of the piece was that women were becoming more aware of their own sexual needs and more adventurous in fulfilling them. Nancy Friday's books from the seventies were referenced, and the article made the argument that women were just as likely to be aroused by sexual fantasy as men, if not more so. It also pressed home the message that masturbation should not be the sole preserve of men and that it was perfectly normal and healthy for women to play with their pussies; Amen to that.

The text was full of examples of how individual women had discovered the art of masturbation and how it had changed their sex lives for the better. Sex aids featured heavily, particularly vibrators, and women were encouraged to make a point of owning one. The article finished with the words:

"So, if you have not yet discovered the pleasure of the self-induced orgasm, if you are curious about what it will feel like and you are somewhere private and alone as you read this, why not let your mind run free, conjure up a hot fantasy and enjoy yourself? You never know; it might be the beginning of a lifelong love affair."

Those words must have been ringing in my wife's ears as she climbed the stairs to the bathroom earlier this afternoon. My cock twitched as I wondered how she went about it. She must have decided that she needed to be somewhere secure with a lock on the door. Did she sit on the toilet with the lid down? Did she sit on the edge of the bath, or was she standing with her legs apart? Was the gusset of her little lace knickers already soaked with her pussy juice? By now I was semi-erect, I had to know about the knickers so I sneaked back upstairs to the landing and opened the lid of the laundry basket.

I remembered that she was wearing white knickers and nude hold-up stockings when she got dressed for work that morning. She usually wore tights for work, so the sight of her in stockings was a bonus and was still etched in my memory. When she got undressed in the bedroom before she fucked me, she was wearing black knickers. Both pairs of knickers, together with the stockings, were on top of the pile of dirty washing. I took the white knickers and went back down to the lounge with a feeling of arousal spreading through my groin and chest.

Holding them to my nose, I could still detect the damp scent of her pussy; it was scintillating, I felt lightheaded. Despite it being just twenty minutes since she'd drained me of semen, my cock was soon fully engorged. I started playing with myself in the certain knowledge that I could easily come again. Breathing in the lovely scent of her sex from the gusset of her knickers, there was no question that she'd been turned on and had become very wet while reading the article.

As I began to stroke my cock, I pictured her with the top two buttons of her blouse undone, her hand inside, cupping her breasts, arousing herself by squeezing her nipples before feeling the urge to touch her pussy. Her hand moved up underneath her stretchy tight skirt and over her stocking tops, the hem of her skirt riding up over her thighs, her fingers pressing into the gusset of her knickers. She would be gradually more aroused as she contemplated masturbating before I came home. She would be thinking of erotic scenarios involving people that she found desirable.

Eventually, she would get to the last paragraph and she would read it almost like an instruction. She'd be so far gone that she'd hurry upstairs to the one room in the house where she could lock herself in. She'd hurriedly pull up her skirt to her waist and pull down her knickers until they fell to the floor, laying on top of her high-heeled feet. She would free her right foot and open her legs wide, leaving her wet knickers draped over her left foot and its four-inch heeled shoe. She would prop herself against the bathroom wall with her left hand and reach between her thighs to massage her pussy with her right hand.

She would push her fingers rapidly in and out of her soaking wet hole while her thumb circled her clitoris. The pure joy of the erotic sensations that she would be feeling would make her nipples hard and her legs tremble. She would catch sight of herself in the bathroom mirror and would feel even further aroused by the eroticism of her image as she pleased herself. She'd think how desirable she looked and she'd tell herself that most of the men she worked with would love to fuck her, and she would be right. She'd imagine herself among the shelves of the company's archives being kissed and fingered by a good-looking male colleague while she masturbated his large cock. She'd see strands of his semen shoot against the dusty contents of the shelves as she milked him dry, then she'd push him to his knees, press his face into her pussy and face fuck him until she came.

The fantasy would take her past the point of no return; her stifled noises would become louder as she gave up listening for the sound of me arriving through the front door. She would focus entirely on her sensational toe-curling orgasm that made her breasts tingle, her stomach leap and her legs start to buckle. The pure ecstasy of her secret orgasm would leave her head spinning and her hips jolting.

She'd be brought out of her ecstasy by the sound of the front door closing and me calling a greeting to her. Her heart would be pounding as she called out to me and then listened to hear whether I was coming upstairs. When she thought the coast was clear, she'd pull her knickers up, smooth her skirt down, quietly unlock the bathroom door and tiptoe into the bedroom, where she would sit at her dressing table, press her fingers into the soaking wet gusset of her knickers and vow to herself that, from now on, she'd masturbate at every opportunity and she would buy herself a vibrator as soon as she could.

I had no idea how accurate my imaginings were, but I couldn't have been far away from what had really happened. It was an erotic enough scenario to have me oozing what little semen my balls had managed to produce since my wife had emptied them earlier. After my orgasm, I fell asleep on the settee for a couple of hours. When I finally climbed into bed my wife murmured, "Where have you been," before she immediately fell back into a deep sleep. When I next awoke it was morning; she was sitting at her dressing table getting ready for work. I needed to get my skates on, but I didn't want to rush off to the bathroom before I'd had a chance to mention the events of the previous night.

"Good morning, what day is it today?" I asked with a sense of irony.

"Thursday, why?"

"Are you sure, I could have sworn that we had sex last night; we don't have sex during the week these days, so it can't be Thursday."

"Well, if you behave yourself and play your cards right it might happen again, maybe even tonight if you're lucky."

"Rest assured, I'll be on my best behaviour. By the way, what were you thinking about last night when you were laying waste to my cock?"

"Oh, this and that."

"I'd love to know; it must have been very erotic."

"It was, but you don't get to find out that easily; you'll have to work for it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you want to know my dirty secrets, you'll have to tell me yours first."

"I'd love to. How about tonight?"

"Perhaps."

"Oh I see playing hard to get now are we?"

"Why not? I think you're going to love being teased and denied, and if last night was anything to go by, you seem to enjoy letting me take control."

"Well, it won't be so easy for you tonight."

"I haven't agreed to anything happening tonight as yet; you'll have to agree to my terms first."

"What are they?"

"I'll let you know later. What time will you be home this evening?"

"Why, do you need me out of the way for any reason?"

"Maybe."

"Well, I should be home about six."

"Good."

"Why good?"

"It gives me a little time on my own to wind down after a busy day."

She thought she was being clever with her private euphemism for making herself come, not realising that I knew that she was masturbating when I arrived home yesterday evening.

"Hadn't you better get a move on? You'll be late for work at this rate."

I was naked; she noticed my cock beginning to engorge, a process not in the least bit hindered by watching her open a new pack of barely black holdups and unfurling them up her legs before smoothing and adjusting them.

"Now who's thinking dirty thoughts?"

"I can't help it when you flaunt yourself in your sexy stockings."

She knew exactly what she was doing.

"Well, that'll give you something to look forward to tonight. If you're very, very good, I might keep them on in bed."

It was then that I noticed the waste bin was full of tights.

"Why are you throwing out all of your tights?"

"Because I've realised that they're horrible passion killers. I'm going to wear stockings all of the time from now on; they make me feel sexy and available."

"Oh, really. Are you having an affair with someone?"

"Would you like me to?"

"Perhaps."

"Now who's being coy?"

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By the time I had cleaned my teeth and showered, she had left for work. I didn't get the chance to watch her ease her shapely legs into her car. I felt jealous of my middle-aged next-door neighbour; my wife told me recently that he often watches her from his bedroom window as she gets into the driver's seat in her high heels and tight skirt suits. She confessed to me that if she knows he's watching, she'll deliberately let her skirt ride up higher than it would normally; then she leaves the



car door open for half a minute or so while she smooths her skirt down and strokes her right leg from her ankle up to her knee.

I've seen her do it, it's incredibly erotic. She's a natural tease and very good at it. When we were first married, she'd love teasing me to distraction with her sexily clad body, before walking me upstairs to bed with my erect cock in her hand, pulling me on top of her and letting me ride her into the early hours. I had a full erection as I drove to work daydreaming about those early days of marriage; full of sex and eroticism. With what had passed between us yesterday and this morning, it felt as if those heady days were on their way back. My chest filled with excitement and I was still hard as I pulled into a parking space in the large car park.

When I spotted a female colleague walking towards my car, I desperately tried to will my erection to die down, so that I could get out of the car without an embarrassing bulge in my trousers. It didn't help that, in her pencil skirt and heels, she was a foxy little piece that I would love to have fucked, and indeed often had in my fantasies. She gave me a friendly hello as I emerged from the car with my briefcase held awkwardly in front of my groin. Thankfully, my penis soon started to behave itself and I don't think she noticed my predicament.

I stayed semi-erect all day long in the open plan office, well not quite all day. There were several moments when my shaft was so hard that it felt like concrete and I had to stay sitting at my desk until it had died down enough for me to be able to move. I just couldn't stop thinking about my wife and what I'd be doing to her later. The fact that she wanted me to tell her what I thought about when I came had driven me to distraction. I pondered just how much it would be safe to admit to her.

I didn't envisage any problem with confessing to fantasies of her fucking male colleagues, friend's husbands, neighbour's husbands, her male dentist in his surgery, a gas meter reader in the cupboard under the stairs, a plumber on the kitchen floor, her chiropodist on our settee, an ex-boyfriend in the back of his car; the possibilities were endless, I'd imagined them all and more. Once I'd got my fingers on her pussy, I would even feel brave enough to tell her how I sometimes imagined fucking her colleague Mandy or being sucked off by the pretty young girl that I'd walked with from the car park that morning.

I could probably get away with my fantasy of fucking her best friend and maybe even my mother's younger sister who was only five years older than me. Some of my fantasies were definitely off limits; there was no way that I'd confess to imagining fucking her mother as I came inside my wife. Nor would I tell her that I often had thoughts of her and her mother eating each other's pussies; that would probably mean instant divorce.

The real dilemma was how to tell her that ninety per cent of my come fantasies, and almost all of my masturbation fantasies, were about her with other women. Last night when we watched the lesbian scene on TV, I thought she was really turned on, even though she tried not to give herself away. I would need to start off by saying that it seemed to me that women often found other women attractive. Then I could drop careful hints that I found the thought of two women together a very erotic proposition. If I got it right, by the time we got into bed, she might be secretly hoping that I tell her that I fantasise about her with other women.

The rest of the day at work passed in this vein, my mind was definitely not on the job and I couldn't wait to get home. I was certain that she would masturbate again before I got there. She was usually home by five-thirty so she'd have half an hour, before my arrival, to lean against the bathroom wall with her legs wide apart and her fingers in her cunt. I could imagine her afterwards, sitting in the

lounge with a cup of tea, still in her work clothes and pretending that she'd been reading the newspaper as I came through the front door. She'd look so demure on the surface but, underneath the facade, her vagina would still be tingling as it seeped pussy juice into the gusset of her panties.

I was a little wide of the mark. When I got home she was still in her tight skirt and heels, like I'd imagined, but she wasn't trying to look innocent; far from it. She was sitting on the settee with her legs crossed, dangling a high heel from one foot and drinking a glass of wine. There was a post-orgasmic flush on her face and an expression that told me that she knew something that I didn't; only of course, I did.

She gave me a smirk and looked at my groin; right on cue, my cock started to grow. It was the thought of her masturbating in secret again; it turned me on so much. I wanted to ask her how she went about it, but that question would be for later on in bed; I didn't want to blow my cover just yet. She asked me to check on the ready meal in the oven while she set the table. She poured me a glass of wine and made it obvious that we would be getting an early night, and that I would be expected to spill the beans in relation to my sexual fantasies. I felt so hard and aroused as I watched her eat. She played teasingly with her hair and ran her high-heeled shoes up my shin.

"So, did you have a good day at work?" I asked her.

"Yes, very good thank you, how about you?"

"I spent all day thinking about you and trying to hide my erection."

"Mmm, I like being lusted after, did you avoid sticking your erection in that pretty little young colleague that I know you have a thing for?" She smiled teasingly as she said this.

"It was a struggle, but I managed it; how did you know that I'd got a thing for her?"

"Don't be silly; you couldn't take your eyes off her at your office Christmas dinner. She really pumped your tyres up because you fucked me senseless when we got home."

"Ah, right, guilty as charged, but don't think that I'll tell you all of my dirty fantasies when we're in bed later."

"Yes you will darling, it'll be like shooting fish in a barrel,"

"How so?"

"Once I get my hands on your needy cock you'll confess to anything."

"Oh, really, well by all means let's talk about where your hands have been just recently."

"What do you mean?"

She looked guilty and a little wary, but she couldn't possibly know that I knew that she had been playing with herself before I came home. We continued our sexual sparring throughout the meal. When we'd finished eating, she suggested it was still too early for bed, but we could bide our time with a little affectionate teasing and foreplay on the settee. I was still in my suit trousers and formal shirt with the tie removed, and she looked immaculate and very desirable in her tight skirt, blouse and heels. She sat on my left and crossed her legs, her skirt rode up her thighs and revealed just a glimpse of stocking welt.

She slipped a finger under the tightly stretched hem of her skirt and slowly eased it even higher so that a good two inches of lacy stocking top became visible. Her lovely shapely legs and heels had my cock twitching, I wanted to put my big warm hand up her skirt and caress her pussy, but I'd had an idea on the spur of the moment.

I switched on the TV and video player and found my DVD of the film 'Bound.' My wife hadn't seen it yet; I'd watched it and masturbated to it when she was out at her book club meeting about three weeks ago. I'd been waiting for an opportunity to watch it with her, but I'd wanted to ensure that she'd had a couple of glasses of wine beforehand so that she would be feeling uninhibited. Now was the perfect opportunity to introduce her to some of the most erotic lesbian scenes in cinematic history. If the first twenty minutes of this film didn't leave her craving pussy, nothing would.

"I'd like you to watch the first few minutes of this film before we go upstairs, I hope we'll both enjoy it."

She looked at the illustration on the DVD case.

"Mmm, I think I can see what the appeal is for you. Still, if it makes you horny, all the better for me I suppose."

She was playing it cool; she didn't want me to think that she might be curious about sex with a woman; I knew that she was. We kissed passionately as the film started, and gradually, as the story progressed and the astonishing sexual tension between the two lead actresses became apparent, we did less kissing and more watching. Ten minutes in, we had stopped kissing altogether, she dug her elbow into my erect cock and I squeezed her knee and stroked the inside of her thigh.

I could tell that she was mesmerised by the unfolding seduction of a lesbian by a straight woman. Her breathing became deeper and she gripped my knee tighter. When Jennifer Tilly took hold of Gina Gershon's middle finger, licked it and guided it underneath her skirt and into contact with her pussy, my wife gave an involuntary gasp. My suspicions were confirmed, I could feel her trembling with arousal. I reached under her skirt and sure enough, her knickers were soaked.

We kissed, our tongues wrestling for domination; she broke the kiss and stared at me with such longing in her eyes.

"Let's go upstairs; I can't wait any longer to hear what you think about when you come."

It had worked, although she wasn't going to admit it just yet; she had been highly aroused by the lesbian sex scene and I was confident that once she was close to orgasm, she'd confess to a desire for sex with a woman.

I carried her upstairs; she put her hands around my neck and kissed my cheek. She felt so light and compliant that I could have carried her forever. I put her down next to the bed and slowly started to remove her clothes. After unbuttoning her white blouse, I slipped it off her shoulders to reveal her lovely breasts confined in lacy white bra cups. I gave the clasp a squeeze and it popped open, her nipples were rock hard. The zip and button on the waistband of her tight skirt gave me no trouble; the skirt fell to the floor. I peeled her knickers down her thighs to her feet, she stepped out of them and I put the damp gusset to my lips and nose. My wife looked utterly stunning in her barely black holdups and black high-heeled court shoes.

I quickly removed everything that I was wearing. As I pulled my tight, thigh-length boxer briefs down, my erect cock sprung up from the waistband and slapped against my abdomen. I stood in

front of her with my cock swaying from side to side like a metronome.

"I want this inside me," she said as she wrapped a possessive hand around my manhood.

"Whoa, easy tiger, we don't want this over before it's begun. Let's lie down together on the bed and fondle each other while I tell you some bedtime stories."

She laid on her back, still wearing her glorious stockings and heels like I hoped she would. I nuzzled close to her ear and lightly stroked her pussy. She took hold of my erection again, this time with an expert caressing grip, putting light pressure on the glans with the heel of her palm; it was sheer ecstasy; I wondered if any other men's cocks had enjoyed the attention of her well-practised hand since we'd been married. The thought aroused me; I was ready to tell her my sexual fantasies in all of their sensual detail.

"Are you sure you're ready for this? Once I've told you what I think about when I come we can't put the genie back in the bottle; once it's said, it can't be unsaid."

"I'll stop you if I find any of it too shocking and depraved; that should give you plenty of leeway," she joked nervously.

"Well, before I start, you'll be pleased to know that almost all of my come fantasies revolve around you."

"That's reassuring but I'm feeling very kinky, so I'd especially like to hear the ones that don't involve me."

"Okay, very well, let's start with some obvious ones. Like your work colleagues for instance."

"Mmm, I'm all ears," she said as she squeezed my cock.

I kissed her and gently squeezed her clitoris before slowly working my fingers into the folds of her pussy. She gasped and then murmured her satisfaction.

"I like to imagine that you're working late and there's just you and your boss left in the building. You look really sexy as always in a skirt suit, but this time, your skirt is much shorter than usual, and the hem is more than halfway up your thighs. He's had his eyes on you all day long and you know it. You've teased him by getting closer to him than usual so that he can smell the combination of your perfume and natural body scent. It makes his cock twitch, he desperately wants to fuck you."

"Mmmm, I like the sound of this."

"Now you're at the photocopier, pretending that you need to adjust one of your holdup stockings; you make sure that you're in his line of sight. He can't resist you any longer; he comes up behind you and presses you against the warm side of the large humming photocopier; your abdomen is squashed flat against it, you can feel its vibrations in your pussy and his hands are squeezing your breasts. You moan with delight, he presses his erection into your buttocks, and the reverberations in your cunt make you even more desperate for cock."

"Oh, Jesus Christ, this is amazing."

"You've driven him wild with desire; he rips off your knickers and bends you over so that you're bracing yourself against the photocopier with your arms. You can hear his zip fly being pulled down

and a rough hand spreads your legs further apart. Your pussy is as wet as fuck, which is just as well because he's very well endowed. He slides his large cock into you, stretching your cunt walls open."

"Oh, ohhhh."

"You know that he'll come quickly, so you reach down and massage your clitoris so that you can keep pace with him. Sure enough, he lets out a grunt and bellows his orgasm loudly into the deserted office. You follow him with a jolting orgasm, you dangle on the end of his cock before falling onto your knees. He turns you around and puts his still-hard cock into your mouth, the taste of your sweet pussy on his bulging dick sends you into raptures and you masturbate yourself to another orgasm while you suck him off."

"Oh fuck, I don't think I'll be able to last the pace; I'm practically coming already. Tell me another then make me come; I want to come, don't worry, I know I'll be able to come again later, I just know it, I can feel it."

"Okay, you asked for it. You're back in the office for this scenario. You're looking hot again in a pencil skirt and you're wearing a suspender belt and stockings. Your skirt is just tight enough for suspender bumps to be visible when the material stretches across your thighs as you bend or sit. Your young office junior, what is he nineteen?"

"Mmm, only just eighteen, the beautiful boy."

"So you fancy him then?"

There was a short pause... "Yes."

"Well, he can't stop ogling your backside and thighs. You've spotted the telltale signs of an erection stretching against the material of his trousers. It's lunchtime, the office is almost empty, and you feel sorry for his predicament because you know that you've deliberately teased him and are responsible for his erection. You ask him if he's got a girlfriend and he says no. You ask if he'd like you to be his girlfriend and he looks shocked and stammers something incoherent. You take the key to the archive room from your desk drawer and you say you'll meet him there in two minutes."

"Mmmm, the lucky boy."

"Indeed. You wonder if he'll be brave or curious enough to turn up, he does and you lock the door behind him. The look on his face is priceless as you unbuckle his belt and unzip his fly. He tries to kiss you but you push him against the shelves and tug his erect cock from the confines of his trousers. You turn him around and tuck his arms against your body with your left arm; with your right arm, you reach around him and pump his willing young cock until he groans and shoots strands of come against dusty old files on the shelves in front of you. You wipe your come-covered fingers on his shirt tail, turn and sway your sexy, unattainable hips to the door, unlocking it before leaving him to clean up his mess."

As I build towards the end of the fantasy, it's obvious that my wife is building towards her first orgasm.

"Oh, Jesus. Oh, fuck, you dirty-minded bastard, that was so fucking hot, oh God, I'm commminng."

With that, she released a shuddering orgasm that lasted an age until she jerked and spasmed with the aftershocks. Her breasts heaved as she sucked air into her lungs.

"Put your cock inside me and tell me more. Please, I want more, don't stop now."

We both stayed on our backs and I slid my rock-hard penis into her vagina; it was a position that we often used because my wife usually needed clitoral stimulation, as well as penetration, to come. My fingers probed her pussy, working slowly around the hills and valleys of her slippery wet vulva. She begged for more of my fantasies.

"Oh, God. Tease me, tell me more, I want to hear more of what you think about when you come. Tell me what you think about when we make love and you come inside me, please, I love this, tell me your kinkiest thoughts. Tell me one that involves you and another woman."

"Okay, let's see, you already know about my pretty young colleague, I've had her several times in my fantasies while I'm fucking you."

"Oh, Jesus. Tell me about her."

"No, I've got a better one. We have our friends Sam and Janet round for a meal. We all get a bit tipsy and you start flirting more than usual with Sam. After we've finished eating and got through several bottles of wine, you're sitting on the settee between Sam and me, Janet is in the armchair. She's looking slightly drunk, but very foxy with her long black hair, her lovely fulsome curves in her tight dress and her 'follow me home and fuck me shoes.'"

"Mmmm,"

My cock pulsed; my wife had just murmured her arousal at my description of the desirability of her best friend; things seemed to be on the right track.

"You're in that straight, pale yellow, knee-length skirt and matching blouse with taupe high heels. Now you're really flirting with Sam and me, you've got your arms resting along the inside of our thighs with your elbow digging into our groins. We've all been laughing and making suggestive remarks when suddenly, the mood gets serious. You press your elbows into our cocks and make us both hard"

"Fuck, oh yes, what happens next?"

"I look at Sam and give him a faint nod, which I hope he will realise is my permission for him to touch you if the mood takes him. You can hear a pin drop, none of us speak as I put my hand on your knee and kiss you just under your right ear. Your skirt has ridden up and you haven't attempted to preserve your modesty; the hem is just high enough to reveal half an inch of stocking welt. Sam looks at your pretty knees and lovely thighs and then he looks at me. I nod again and he puts his hand on your left knee."

"Oh my God."

The fantasy was going down well. I pinch my sexy wife's left nipple and circle her clit with my fingers as I continue, she murmurs her approval and her vagina walls squeeze my cock.

"I kiss you again, on the lips this time. As I do so, my hand slides further up your thigh until it reaches a suspender clip just under the hem of your skirt. Sam follows suit with his hand along the inside of your left thigh. You open your legs wide and you shudder with arousal, you've never, in your wildest dreams, expected to be in this position. You break your kiss with me and turn your head to kiss Sam; it's a long passionate kiss with tongues. As you're kissing him, I look at Janet, she's very aroused and she's watching everything that is being done to you. I slide my hand up over

your stocking tops until my knuckles are grazing your panty gusset; the hem of your skirt is almost around your hips. Your legs are spread as wide apart as you can manage to get them. The tops of your stockings, your suspender clips with their small, soft satin ribbons, your smooth silky thighs and your wet knickers are all on display. I look back at Janet again and her eyes are glued to the large wet patch on your gusset."

"Mmmmm."

"Sam is beside himself with arousal; I know what he wants to do, so I hook a finger around the gusset of your panties and pull it toward me, exposing your pretty, wet, hairy little pussy. I nod at him again and he slips his fingers inside you. You gasp and then pull him into an erotic kiss as he starts to finger fuck you."

"Fuck I'm going to come."

I stop massaging my wife's pussy so that she can stay with me until the end of the fantasy.

"Oh, please don't stop," she says as she gyrates her hips with my cock still filling her cunt.

"I'm just letting you pace yourself until we get to the end."

"What happens, what is Janet doing while you and Sam are fucking me?"

"Mmm, good question, she's been watching you intently; she sees your pleasure as I massage your clit while her husband thrusts his fingers into you. She can see that you're close to coming and she can't help herself. She pulls her dress up to her waist, puts both hands inside her knickers and starts to masturbate. One hand is moving rapidly as she thrusts her fingers in and out of her vagina, the other is slowly massaging her clitoris."

"Oh, God. Oh, God, fuck me, please fuck me now, I want to come,"

"Not yet. Is the thought of Janet masturbating in front of you turning you on?"

"Oh, you bastard."

"Well?"

"Touch me again and I'll tell you."

"Okay."

I start to massage her pussy again, very softly and slowly at first.

"Oh, that's wonderful, don't stop, please don't stop."

"Well, are you turned on by what Janet is doing?"

"Oh, God yes, yes, she's really turning me on."

"So, where was I? Oh, yes. Janet starts to masturbate herself with both of her hands inside her knickers. Sam and I are fucking you with our fingers inside your vagina; the thought of two sets of men's fingers inside you at the same time driving you wild. You demand breathlessly that we both unbutton our jeans and get our cocks out. We do as you say and you begin to masturbate both of us as we pay attention to your pussy again. Janet is starting to make a lot of noise as she fucks

herself. You're still masturbating Sam and me, and you're beginning to feel that, with our cocks in your hands, you're in control."

"Oh, yes, fuck yes, I am, I am."

"You start to masturbate us both rapidly, I still stroke your pussy but Sam's head suddenly falls back against the settee and he shoots strands of come onto his chest as you keep pumping his cock."

"Oh, sweet fucking Jesus, you dirty-minded man."

"When he finishes coming, you continue to lay waste to my cock, you tilt it away from me as I come and I shoot my load onto our wooden floor."

"Make me come, make me fucking come you bastard."

"Not yet. You haven't come yet in the fantasy either. Sam and I are spent, you've milked us both dry. You've watched Janet masturbate herself to a delirious orgasm and it's turned you on immensely. You feel supremely aroused and in control; you beckon her to you with your finger and tell her to come to you on her hands and knees. She eases herself off the armchair and crawls toward you, her ample cleavage is on view as her breasts sway with her movements."

"Hurry up, tell me that she makes me come."

"Just before she reaches you, she spots a pool of my come on the floor in front of her. She looks up at you and then back down at my semen, and then she lowers her head to the floor and sucks it up into her mouth. You tingle all over with anticipation and open your legs wide again; will she kiss you first or go straight for your pussy?"

"God, oh God, yes. What does she do; tell me."

"She kisses you; she kneels between your legs and plants her soft lips on yours. You can taste me in her mouth as your tongues swirl together in an erotic dance."

"Oh fuck yes."

"Then she lowers her head between your thighs and gives you the most perfect, exquisite pussy licking that you've ever had. I unbutton your blouse and pop open your front fastening bra; I nod to Sam again and we massage your breasts and squeeze your nipples as Janet's accomplished tongue makes you come long and loudly; just like you're going to do now."

I put just enough pressure on my wife's clitoris at the same time as thrusting into her from underneath. Still impaled on my cock, she gyrates, jolts and jerks her body as she surrenders herself to a screaming, feral orgasm. We cling together in the afterglow and then, to my amazement, she tells me that she wants more. I'd never known her to come more than twice in the same session before now.

"I want more; I don't feel as though I'm finished yet; your fantasies are so hot, I'd like to go again," my wife said as she began to play with her pussy, "My word, you're very still hard, I know you've come because I felt you shoot your load into me."

"I've never felt so aroused, why don't you play with us both and I'll tell you some more come fantasies."



"The last one was spectacular; do you really imagine all of that while you're fucking me?"

"Not always every detail, but Janet's head is always between your thighs as I empty my load into you. Do you often think about other women when you come?"

"... Not often, a few times over the years, but I've tried to block out those thoughts because I always felt guilty and depraved afterwards; as though there was something wrong with me."

"Let me assure you that there's absolutely nothing wrong with you, it's perfectly normal and quite common for a straight woman to have lesbian fantasies."

"I'm beginning to realise that now."

"And what about when you masturbate? What do you think of then?"

"What?" My wife looked taken aback.

"I know that you pleased yourself before I came home from work the last two afternoons."

"How, how did you know?"

"I heard you mid-orgasm as I came through the front door on Wednesday afternoon; it was very erotic. It was the magazine article wasn't it?" The one you pretended not to have read."

"Okay, yes, I confess, it really fired my imagination; I felt as though it gave me permission; before I knew it, I was on my way up to the bathroom with my fingers inside my knickers."

"And what were you thinking about?"

"Nice try, but we're listening to your fantasies tonight and I want more of them."

"Most of my come fantasies are of you with other women."

"That's not a problem for me."

"Good, I'd hoped that you were curious about having sex with women, it turns me on more than anything."

"I know now that I've always been bi-curious and I love the idea."

"Right, well let me tell you about you and your sexy, mid-forties book club friend."

"You mean Sonia don't you?"

"Yes, Sonia in her tight leather skirts and high heels. I can't tell you how often I've masturbated about you two after she's picked you up to drive you to one of your monthly meetings."

"Mmm, I like the sound of this."

"I often imagine that she pretends that she's forgotten her copy of whatever novel is being discussed. So, she drives you back to her house to get it, but when you get there she asks you to come in and have a quick tour of her house. She's been giving you a lift for the past six months. It started not long after she joined and now, much to your satisfaction, it's become a regular event. You've found yourself more and more attracted to her as the months have passed. Each time you've

been bolder with your eyes as you watch her sexy leather skirt ride up her shapely thighs as she works the clutch pedal."

"Mmmm, yes. How did you know that I love watching her legs when she's driving?"

"I guessed, but I'm glad you're not denying it. Anyway, she invites you in and gives you the 'tour,' she seems in no hurry to find the book. You don't mind because your pussy is beginning to tingle as you watch her prowling seductively in her satin blouse, tight leather skirt and high heels. With a gleam in her eyes, she suggests that you skip the meeting and she offers you a glass of wine. You accept and before long, you're sitting next to her on her settee discussing women's underwear. She's told you before that she's started selling for a high-end woman's lingerie company, and now you're going through her catalogue together."

"Tell me that I'm wearing stockings."

"You are, and with her trained eye, she knows it too. You look at her catalogue together and she asks what kind of suspender belt you are wearing, you tell her it's just an ordinary mid-priced one from Marks and Spencer. She asks if you'll let her see it and, although you feel a little intimidated by her, the thrill of lifting your skirt to show her your pretty pussy, with its swollen labia straining against your knicker gusset, is too good an opportunity to miss. The act of you lifting your skirt confirms to her that you're prepared to let her fuck you; her eyes are greedy for your cunt, and she makes a half-hearted attempt to give you the benefit of her professional advice. You hear her mention metal clasps and six straps, but your head is swimming and your knicker gusset is becoming wet before her eyes. In one smooth movement, she parts your legs, lays you down on your back, pushes her tongue into your mouth and her hand inside your knickers."

"Fuck, I'm coming. Oh God, oh yes, yes, oh I'm commmmminnnng."

My wife's third orgasm was as intense as the first two. After a few minutes of recovery where we kissed and fondled each other, she told me that she really wanted Sonia to fuck her.

"I'd love to be fucked by her, she's so fucking sexy."

"What, you'd actually like her to fuck you for real?"

"... Yes."

"Wow."

I wasn't sure whether she meant it or if she was just teasing me. She had a glint in her eyes and she'd fully understood now just how much the thought of her in bed with a woman was turning me on. I set out several more of my fantasies for her and played with her pussy as I did so.

I told her that I often imagined her hairdresser, in her tight T-shirt and micro miniskirt, pressing her thighs and hips into my wife's arms and shoulders as she cut her hair. She would tell my wife that her husband, a shop fitter, was away for the night, working on a job over two hundred miles away. My wife would flirt mildly with the long red-haired, twenty-five-year-old woman. As she left the salon, the hairdresser would press a business card into my wife's hand with her home address written on the back. In my fantasy, that evening, my wife would tell me that she had arranged to visit her friend Helen for a chat and a glass of wine.

When she got to the hairdresser's place, she'd follow her up a narrow staircase to her first-floor flat. The hairdresser's miniskirt would be so short that my wife's eyes would be glued to the woman's

swollen labia as they pressed against her little white cotton knickers. The hairdresser would be filled with lust for my wife in her tight Angora woollen jumper, skin-tight jeans and four-inch stilettos. She'd strip my wife, take her to bed, and fuck her energetically for the next two hours. I'd imagine them lying together licking each other's pussies and coming intensely several times.

After arousing her with erotic thoughts of her hairdresser, I thought about confessing my fantasies about my wife fucking her attractive, blonde-haired sister-in-law, or my sexy, petite, aunt with her black bobbed hair and tight little skirts. The thought made me very hard again, something that my wife noticed. She asked me what I was thinking about at that moment, I thought that my fantasies about her fucking family members might be a step too far, so I lied, and said that I was imagining her meeting the very beautiful and hot managing director of her company at an in house conference in a large hotel.

The tall, elegant, woman in her early fifties would take a fancy to my wife as they sat drinking at the hotel bar after dinner. She would ply my wife with several drinks and she would become quite tipsy. They would both be dressed up in smart, expensively tailored, close-fitting dresses, heels and stockings with suspenders. The woman would place a hand on top of my wife's thigh and make a point of pinching a suspender clip between her fingers and murmuring her approval into her ear. In an assertive whisper, she would say, "Get your sweet little pussy to my room in five minutes, no excuses," as she slid sexily off her bar stool and swayed her gorgeous hips and buttocks towards the lift.

When my wife knocked on the door of the room, it would open to reveal the imposing managing director in a black basque, suspenders, stockings and high heels. She would tell my wife to come in and, with some urgency, would strip her to her suspenders, stockings and heels. The woman would attach a large strap-on cock to her pelvis; my wife would look on in trepidation, but her pussy juices would start to flow, and then her new Mistress would command her to bend over the dressing table.

My wife would be so wet that the large phallus would slip inside her with ease; it would force her cunt walls apart; the woman would give her an almighty fucking. My wife would come three times on the end of the strap-on before she obeyed her managing director's command to lick her pussy. The woman would pin my wife to the floor and face fuck her, and then she would bind her wrists behind her back and fuck her relentlessly into the early hours.

She would tether my wife's ankle to hers and make my wife sleep with her for the rest of the night. In the morning, when they awoke together she would tell my wife that she had become her bitch and she would make her perform cunnilingus on her in the shower, before giving her one last fucking with the strap-on; my wife's face pressed down on the dressing table, fully clothed, with the hem of her dress up around her hips.

My wife slowly built towards her fourth and final orgasm as she listened with eager, lustful enthusiasm to these fantasies. Towards the end of the last fantasy, I could tell that she was very close to coming and, as soon as I mentioned the part about her becoming the managing director's bitch, she begged me to take her from behind. So I turned her over and thrust my hard cock into her cunt as she fingered her clitoris and came screaming into her pillow.

"Oh my word, that was absolutely awesome, you filthy-minded man, I've never known anything like it, you've fucked me to exhaustion. I feel so, so kinky, my body is spent but your fantasies are still fucking my mind."

"I'm glad you enjoyed them. You can add them to your brand-new collection of masturbation fantasies. Talking of which, I'm really looking forward to hearing what you think about when I fuck you."

"Well, I don't think I'll match you for scope and inventiveness, but I'm planning something that I hope you're broad-minded enough to appreciate."

"Sounds intriguing, I'm looking forward to it."

"Good, I hope I can pull it off, I won't be home until eight o'clock tomorrow night so don't wear yourself out wanking while you wait for me."

"But it'll be Friday night, why so late?"

"I'm not telling you, it's my secret. I read in that magazine article that the very best fantasies have an element of truth about them so that the person listening to the story doesn't know whether it's fantasy or reality."

"And?"

"Well, if I get home late, you'll be curious about where I've been and what I've been doing, and you might just be wondering if one of your fantasies has actually happened in reality."

"Wow, you devious bitch, you're making me hard again."

"Well the shop's closed for tonight; I'll be asleep soon and you'll have to think about the leather-skirted Sonia's soft tongue in the folds of my pussy if you want to come again."

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I must have slept well because I didn't hear my wife getting up. She was sitting at her dressing table in barely black stockings, black lace knickers and suspenders. She'd encased her beautifully shaped breasts in a matching bra and was applying her makeup. When she finished, she put on a fine-knit, close-fitting, burgundy-coloured jersey dress that followed her curves and showed tantalising hints of suspender bumps. She climbed into her black velvet court shoes with their four-and-a-half-inch stiletto heels. She looked incredibly desirable, really stunning, and I had mixed feelings as I imagined her fucking her boss once the rest of the staff had left the office.

My cock started to swell as I realised that, dressed as she was, she could probably fuck whoever she chose and they'd be grateful. I quickly put on my dressing gown so that I could stand at the front door and watch her sexy, slow, swaying progress to her car, before she swung her lovely shapely buttocks into the driver's seat, followed by her sexy stocking-clad legs into the footwell.

By now I was fully erect, what really tipped me over the edge was watching her look up at the next-door neighbour's bedroom window and give a little wave as, with one leg in the car and the other still planted on the driveway, her dress pulled taut across her thighs as she deliberately showed plenty of leg. As usual, she let her hem ride up her thighs as she settled herself with the car door still wide open, but this time she gave her dress a little extra tug so that her stocking tops were on view.

Back upstairs in the bedroom, I pumped my cock and came quickly in the certain knowledge that my next-door neighbour would be doing exactly the same. The thought of us both masturbating, as we each thought about the image of my wife that we'd just seen, made my orgasm even more

intense. I realised that I was destined for another day of inconvenient erections at work. My mind raced and my thoughts switched between jealousy and arousal at the thought of my wife fucking one of her male colleagues, or perhaps a female friend or acquaintance, maybe she'd arranged to call on Sonia after work.

I couldn't stop myself from speculating about what she would be doing straight after work. Had my recent graphic fantasies of her fucking other people led her to think that I wouldn't mind her doing so in reality? I wasn't sure; she was so good at teasing when she put her mind to it. Was that all it was? Was she just going for an innocent drink after work with her friends; just so that she could play with my head and deny me gratification until later in the evening, when she would expect me to beg her to tell me her fantasies while she fucked me?

I didn't know, and I suspected that was exactly what she wanted. There was no doubt that she'd have the upper hand tonight. She had done this to me before, several times during our first couple of years of marriage. She'd tease me with ambiguity and indifference, leading me to think that the last thing on her mind was sex, and then she'd suddenly take me in hand, literally, and lead me upstairs by my throbbing cock. She'd toy with me and deny me an orgasm until I was desperate to come, and then she'd sit astride me and make me shoot my load into her as she brought herself to orgasm with her fingers.

I'd been waiting patiently, trying to avoid masturbating myself, saving myself for her. The time was ten-past-eight and I was beginning to worry that she might not come home at all. I'd convinced myself that she was fucking someone else, but eventually, her car pulled onto the driveway. I watched her get out of her car just as provocatively as she'd got into it earlier when she left for work. She glanced up at the next-door neighbour's front window; he must have been spying on her because she stopped, lifted the hem of her skirt, pretended to adjust a suspender strap, and then nonchalantly made her way to the front door.

"Hello, darling, have you missed me?"

"Yes, you know I have; you wanted me to miss you."

"Well, I've had a very busy day; I'll tell you all about it later. Get me a glass of wine would you, I need to rest my feet a moment, these heels are killing me," she said as she hung up her raincoat; she kept her killer heels on though.

"What sort of a day have you had sweetie; I hope you haven't tired yourself out thinking of me in your wonderful erotic fantasies?"

"To tell you the truth, I've hardly been able to think straight for wondering what you had in store for me tonight."

"Oh dear, what's wrong? Oh you poor thing, am I being a bit of a tease? I'd stop but I know you love it so much," she said as she stroked my face and kissed my cheek.

She put her handbag down under the coffee table and sank onto the settee with a sigh.

"Come and sit next to me."

I joined her on the settee, sitting on her right; she took hold of my left hand and placed it on her right thigh, on top of a suspender clip.

"Mmm, that's it; you know how I love it when you do that in the car or under a restaurant table."

"You look utterly stunning in that dress and heels, so fucking desirable; did you get propositioned by anyone?"

"... Yes, I did actually."

"Who by."

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Yes, I would as a matter of fact."

"If you're good, I might tell you later when we're in bed, after I've told you my come fantasies."

She was good at this, she'd tantalised me with a hint of sexual impropriety, and then she'd frustrated me by declining to tell me the details until a time of her choosing. My rapidly hardening cock started to show its outline through the material of my trousers, she noticed and gave it a playful squeeze. I tried to kiss her but she put a hand on my chest.

"Not yet lover boy, let's snuggle together and finish this bottle of wine first. Put that DVD on that you showed me last night; that should get us both well and truly in the mood."

I did as she said and sat down beside her again; she lifted her legs up over my left thigh, and I put my hand under the hem of her dress, just above her knees.

"You can feel my thighs and play with my suspender straps but don't try to touch my pussy."

"You love making me wait don't you?"

"Yes."

We watched the first twenty minutes of 'Bound' again, this time she had no qualms about showing her arousal.

"This is so hot; I've never seen anyone as sexy as that Violet character; she could seduce anything that breathes; I'd die happy if I could spend one night with her."

"Will you be thinking of her when you masturbate?"

"I might, but she's not the only woman on my mind at the moment, as you're about to find out; come upstairs with me now."

We'd polished off the bottle of wine much faster than usual; we were both a little light-headed as she stood up from the settee and pulled me to my feet. The bulge in my trousers was obvious, she didn't hesitate to take advantage of the fact that my hard cock was a convenient handle. She unzipped my trousers and pulled it out before making her slow, sexy way out of the lounge, into the hallway and up the stairs with me in tow, being led by my cock.

"Take all of your clothes off and get onto the bed."

I did so and she lay next to me, still fully clothed. It was very erotic lying naked next to my sexy, fully-dressed wife. She was on my right, propped up on her left elbow, her breasts pressing into my right arm and my cock in her right hand.

"Don't try to touch me, I'm going to play with your cock while I tell you my come fantasies. If you're good and you meet my expectations, I'll let you undress me and get into bed with me for the special story that I'm going to tell you later on."

I wondered what she meant by 'special story,' but I didn't ask for an explanation, instead, I asked about her expectations.

"What are the expectations that I have to meet?"

"That you come only when I tell you to and not before, okay?"

"Yes,"

"Good, let's get started."

I was beginning to realise that my wife would make a formidable mistress. I made a mental note to explore the possibility with her sometime. She started to manipulate my cock with her warm fingers.

"In my first fantasy, three of my friends and I have been on a girls' night out at the pub down the road. There has been live music, we've been drinking, dancing, eyeing up all of the men and generally having a good time. I've invited them back here for a nightcap before they share a taxi home. I didn't tell you that I was going to invite them back because it was a spur-of-the-moment idea."

"Tell me which friends."

"Helen, Shirley and Karen."

"Mmm, I'd fuck any of them, no problem."

"Easy Tiger. We're dressed casually but sexily in tight jeans, jumpers and heels and we're all a little worse for drink. My friends get it into their heads that we should all play strip poker, including you. You protest but I can see that a part of you is very interested. You're a little intimidated being in the company of four half-drunken women, about to play a game that will involve you taking your clothes off."

"I'd be scared but very turned on at the same time."

"I know. You insist on a rule that we only go as far as our underwear. That means that we girls keep our knickers on and you go no further than your underpants. You're bare footed and the only other items you are wearing are jeans and a T-shirt. You're also completely sober and you've worked out that in our jeans, shoes, knickers, bras, and tops, we've got twice as many items of clothing to lose, so you're very likely to be the first one to be stripped of their clothes."

My wife was caressing my cock with a slow hand; I was rock hard and completely at her mercy.

"Inevitably, you don't win any of the hands of poker and, very soon, you're down to your underpants. My friends, uninhibited by drink, have stopped their joking now and they've got their eyes on your semi-erect cock and your balls, bulging in your close-fitting, mid-thigh-length underpants. We're all sitting on the rug in a circle. Shirley surprises us by demanding that you take your underpants off; you object that we'd all agreed the rules before we started. Shirley says that that was before she knew what a lovely body you'd got. She launches herself at you, taking you by surprise, and knocking you onto your back. You struggle to fend her off, but before you can

recover, Helen and Karen have thrown themselves at you and, within a few seconds, the three semi-clad women have got you pinned down."

"Fuck."

"I'm stunned and I don't move until Shirley tells me to pull your pants down. For a split second, I'm unsure whether to defend your honour or to join in on the side of my friends and expose your impressive cock. Seized by kinky, erotic thoughts, and plenty of alcoholic bravado, I choose the latter. I grip the waistband of your underpants and peel them down to your knees, revealing your beautiful, half-swollen cock. My friends have suddenly sobered up and are very aroused, there's a lustful, lecherous gleam in their eyes, they've still got you pinned down. Helen looks at me and says, 'Fuck him.' I hesitate for a moment, I've already lost my high heels and T-shirt in the poker game. Helen says again, 'Go on, fuck him,' she's full of lust and looks very determined. I obey her by pulling off my jeans, massaging your cock to its full size and straddling you.

"Oh, Jesus, fuck that's hot."

"Once I start thrusting at you, there's no need for the girls to keep you pinned down, you've surrendered to us completely. I'm so turned on by the kinky nature of what is happening, that I come quickly. Shirley, Helen and Karen are masturbating with their hands inside their knickers. As I ease myself off you, Shirley notices that you're still very hard, your cock is standing gloriously erect at its full, throbbing seven-inch length. She realises that you haven't come, so she straddles you and fucks you hard until you both cry out as you come together; you're still hard when she's finished so Helen and Karen both have you in quick succession."

"Fuck. That was awesome."

"The next fantasy is a short one about the office junior, Glen. Sometimes when I come, I'm thinking about how I've been out in the car with him on an office errand. I bring him back here, make him strip and tie him to our bed before fucking the living daylights out of him. When I come with you inside me, I imagine that I'm fully dressed with my skirt around my waist and I'm face fucking the lovely young man."

"Mmmm, lucky Glen. Would you like to do that to him in reality?"

"Maybe."

"You're such a fucking tease, tell me more."

"You'll love this one; I'm parked in the underground car park of a building where I'm going to deliver a training talk to the staff at one of our branches. It's the last week before Christmas which might explain why a man in a Santa outfit comes out of the lift doors and makes his way to a car parked near mine. He grins at me and asks if I've been a good girl; I say that I have, but only because I haven't had a chance to be naughty. Five minutes later I'm being very naughty on the rear seat of his car while he fills my cunt with his cock and pumps copious amounts of his warm semen into me."

"Oh, God. That's exquisite torture; how do you do it? How do you keep me so close to an orgasm without letting me come?"

"Skill, dexterity and lots of practice darling. I'll let you come soon, I promise. Anyway, Santa, with my knickers in his pocket, makes his merry way to wherever he's going and I'm late for my talk. I hurry



to get the lift up to the third floor and I'm ushered into a room full of bright-eyed expectant colleagues. I deliver my twenty-minute talk, with Santa's semen dribbling down the inside of my thighs and into my stocking tops."

"Oh, fuck, finish me off, make me come."

"Oh dear, are we getting desperate? Go ahead, you have my permission." my wife says nonchalantly as she pumps my cock and makes me shoot my load onto my chest.

My orgasm is intense and messy so I go and clean myself up in the shower. When I return to the bedroom, my wife lets me undress her slowly. She looks imperious and very much in control as I take her garments off one by one. As I unclip her stockings, I take the opportunity to run my tongue along the moist valley between her swollen labia. She sighs with pleasure and then we get into bed together so that she can continue her erotic fantasies.

She tells me that she's got a couple more come fantasies for me and then she'll tell me a story that will blow my socks off. I say that I'll just need a few minutes to recover before I get hard again; she says that's nonsense and she begins to massage my cock as she tells me about her fantasy of being stopped for speeding by a good-looking policeman. She turns out to be right, I can feel myself getting hard almost immediately.

"So the Policeman makes me get into the front passenger seat of his patrol car and he starts to write out a ticket for a speeding fine and three points on my license. I give him my best innocent smile and tell him that I'm very sorry and I've learned my lesson. I cross my legs in my tight, short skirt, and then I ask him if there's anything I can do to make up for my naughty driving. My skirt is pulled so taut across my thighs that he can see the outline of my suspender straps and clips. I might also have undone a couple of buttons on my blouse so that he can get a good view of my breasts, snugly encased in my pretty lace bra."

"Mmm, the lucky bastard."

"He unbuttons his fly and pulls out the biggest cock I've ever seen, even before it's fully erect it looks huge. He crumples the speeding ticket up in his large fist and says that he can make it go away if I suck his cock. I agree without hesitation; I want that monster in my mouth, I can only manage to swallow about two-thirds of it, so I pump the bottom third with my hand. He gets hard and decides that he wants to fuck me, so he slides over to the passenger seat, I raise myself so that he can slide underneath me, rip my knickers off and lower me inch by tingling inch onto his huge member."

"Wow, you dirty fucking bitch, you're going to bring me again at this rate."

"That's the idea, honey. Anyway, my cunt walls are stretched to their limit as I slowly sink onto his hefty manhood. We fuck for ages in this position but he can't get a good run at me so he tells me to get out of the patrol car. He forces my tight miniskirt up to my waist and pushes me face down on the bonnet of his car. He almost splits me in half as he pounds my vagina from behind with his huge cock. We both come long and hard before he stands up, tucks his massive truncheon back into his trousers, slaps me on the arse and gets back into the driving seat. He throws the crumpled speeding ticket out of the window as he drives off."

"Oh, God that was incredible. Have you honestly been thinking about these fantasies when we're in bed together, when you come?"

"Not every time, but often enough yes. I'm sure you don't fantasise every time we make love."

"That's true, but don't break the spell; tell me more."

"This is probably my favourite; it involves Angela."

"What, your brother's wife Angela?"

"Yes, my sister-in-law, the lovely Angela with her long legs and long blonde hair. I've always had a thing about her, but I would never try to fuck her in reality. I couldn't bear the thought of being responsible for my brother's wife cheating on him, but she is my favourite fantasy. I was thinking about her when I fucked you hard two nights ago."

"Jesus, I've fantasised about her often enough myself, I wonder if we've ever both been thinking about her at the same time as we've come?"

"I hope so; from now on, I want you to call me Angela whenever we're fucking and you're thinking about her; It'll be so hot. So, anyway, we go on holiday together, me, you, my brother and Angela; somewhere hot and sultry. You two men go scuba diving or sailing or something, leaving me and Angela trying to stay cool in the shade in our bikinis. Even in the shade, around midday, it gets too hot for us so we go back to our room and put the air conditioning on. We cool off nicely and Angela says she's beginning to feel a bit chilly, so give her an affectionate cuddle from behind. We're both looking at each other in the full-length mirror that we're facing."

"Mmmm, what a lovely sight that must be."

"It's as though the two people in the mirror are different people, they're not really us, they're somehow detached from reality. They can do whatever they like without suffering any consequences. As long as we keep looking at the mirror we can satisfy our longing for each other. I untie her bikini top and let it fall to the floor, and then I reach around and slip my right hand into the waistband of her bikini bottoms, and my left-hand caresses her beautiful breasts. She sighs and presses herself against me, I tangle my fingers in her pubic hair and she moans softly. She reaches behind her with her right hand and pushes it down inside the waistband of my bikini bottoms. We plunge our fingers into each other's wet pussies at the same time and we both groan with pleasure. My hard nipples are pressing into her back; we keep facing the mirror and watching each other's heightening arousal. With my fingers inside her cunt, I make Angela come first."

"Mmmm, that's so dirty."

"She pushes a small armchair in front of the mirror, and then she pulls my bikini bottoms down and sits me on the chair. She opens my legs wide, kneels between them and licks my pussy. The sight of her beautiful blue eyes looking up at me, and the thick tresses of her long blonde hair flowing all over my thighs, sends me into orgasmic delight; she makes me come, twice."

"Oh God, I'm coming again, ahhh, fffuck."

I savoured the afterglow of my orgasm as my wife cleaned me up with her tongue; she kissed me with my salty come still coating her lips. After a few minutes, she asked me what I thought of her come fantasies and her confessions that she often fantasised about women.

"Did you ever suspect that I fantasised about women?"

"I hoped you did. I've read that lots of women do and I hoped that you were one of them."

"Well you're in luck, I am. Darling, I'd like another drink before we continue; I think I've earned it; be a good husband and go and get a bottle of wine and two glasses."

We sat with our pillows propped up against the headboard and caressed each other's abdomens and upper thighs while we drank the wine.

"You know these last couple of days have been a revelation; we ought to write our fantasies down, you never know, we might be brave enough to publish them someday; if not, we can keep them to read in our dotage."

"Yes, we could have great fun writing new sexual fantasies together. Oh, by the way, did I mention earlier that I visited your mother this afternoon?"

"No, you were quite secretive about what you were doing after work, I thought that you were playing erotic mind games with me, you know, letting me think that you might be fucking someone."

"Who says I wasn't?"

"You're very good at teasing me."

"You're so easy to tease; I've hardly started; you're not going to know what's real and what's fantasy from now on."

"Okay, tell me about my mum first though, how was she and why did you go to see her?"

"Because I like her and I hadn't seen her for quite a while. I took her some magazines and chocolates; we had a glass of wine and a good catch-up with each other."

"She's always telling me how much she likes you. Did you go straight after work?"

"Yes."

"What time did you leave?"

"Oh just before eight I think."

"So you were with her for three hours or so?"

"Yes, that's probably about right. Why the Spanish Inquisition?"

"Oh, no reason,"

I didn't want to admit that I had seriously wondered whether she'd been fucking someone else, but she'd obviously been at my mother's the whole time. I didn't know whether to be relieved or disappointed.

"Was she okay; what did you talk about?"

"Oh, this and that. She looked very well, she's a very fit and attractive woman. She'd just got home from work when I turned up, she was still in her office clothes and she looked fabulous, so elegant and sexy."

"Steady on, that's my mother that you're talking about."

"Oh, don't be silly; you should appreciate her for what she is; she might be your mother, but she's also a glamorous woman. She looked very hot in her close-fitting, sleeveless, black shift dress and black stiletto-heeled court shoes. She had a beautiful burnt-orange silk scarf around her neck. I told her how good she looked; she could easily pass for a woman in her mid-forties. How old was she when she had you?"

"Nineteen."

"So she's fifty-four now; God, I hope I look that good when I'm her age."

"I'm sure you will; you looked absolutely stunning today in your jersey dress; it's so beautifully cut; you looked the absolute epitome of a 'femme fatale.' It was just tight enough for a tantalising hint of suspender bumps. It caressed your curves in all of the right places, you were completely irresistible; I imagined you having to fend off admirers all day long, or not perhaps."

"I know, your mother said exactly the same; she told me that I looked irresistible too; and sexy. She'd already given me a hug and a kiss when I arrived but she couldn't resist giving me another squeeze in the kitchen after she'd poured the wine. It was lovely of her; her body is so slender and firm, I was quite taken aback."

My cock twitched as she spoke; I imagined my mother and my wife in an embrace that started innocently and lingered long enough for mutual desire to take over. My cock twitched again as I imagined them kissing in my mother's kitchen. For the sake of my sanity, I had to change the subject fast.

"Did you see Tony?"

"No, your mother said that he was away in Brighton until Sunday night. He's at one of his business conferences again apparently."

"No change there then?"

"No, I think your stepfather spends more time away than he does at home these days."

I was relieved that I'd managed to push images of my wife and my mother kissing each other out of my mind.

"What else did she have to say?"

"Oh, we discussed all sorts, she asked about you of course and I told her that you were well, and, more importantly, that you were behaving yourself. She laughed and said that you always were a good boy, but you had the devil in you sometimes; if only she knew."

My wife left her comment hanging; I realised of course that she was referring to my recent obsession with sexual fantasies, which is exactly what she intended me to think.

"She was grateful for the chocolates and the women's magazines. She asked me if there was anything in them that she should make a point of reading. I showed her the article about female masturbation and she was very interested. I thought she might find it useful, what with your stepfather being away so much."

I didn't know what to say, my cock spasmed this time, and I couldn't prevent images of my mother masturbating from invading my mind. I wondered what was wrong with me; I'd never previously

thought of my mother in a sexual sense; well, okay, I had, but only very fleetingly, much more curiosity than lust. Now I was in unknown territory; I felt aroused and disconcerted in equal measure.

"You've gone very quiet; is something wrong?"

"N-no, no, not at all, carry on, what did she say about the article?" I desperately wanted to know and didn't want to know at the same time.

"Well, I read bits out to her and she listened intently, then she asked me if she could read it for herself, so I made myself busy pouring her another glass of wine and pretending to be preoccupied by the other magazines that I'd brought along. When she finished reading it her cheeks were a little flushed and she asked if I minded her telling me that she had found the article reassuring."

"Why did she find it reassuring?"

"Are you deliberately being a bit dim? She found it reassuring because she masturbates often these days."

My cock was triggered again at the thought of my mother with her hand between her thighs.

"She told me that your stepfather hadn't been near her in three years. Apparently, he suffers from erectile dysfunction, he won't talk to her about it, or go to see a doctor; your mother is sexually frustrated and desperate for cock."

At this point, my mind was racing with lustful incestuous thoughts and my cock began to swell.

"I-I see."

"She said that she hadn't had cock for over three years, well she didn't put it quite like that, but that's the gist of it. Anyway, she went very red and told me that she'd recently bought a vibrator through mail order. She asked me if I'd got one and of course, I said no, so she asked if I'd like to see hers and I said that yes I would, because I was very curious."

My wife gave me a sly grin when she emphasised the word 'curious.'

"She went to fetch it and I joined her on the settee to look at it. She put it in my hand and turned it on, I squealed and we both giggled like schoolgirls. I made a promise to myself to buy one when we go shopping tomorrow morning. When we'd stopped laughing I felt brave enough to ask her what sort of fantasies she'd had whilst using it. She looked embarrassed and I thought I'd gone too far, but she started to tell me about how she imagined going to bed with one of the young solicitors where she works."

"Fuck!"

"Yes, I think that word came into it. I asked her how old he was and she said late twenties. I told her that she was amazing and that she would have no trouble seducing him if she put her mind to it. In fact, I told her that she should ask him if he'd like to fuck her; I'd put money on the answer being yes."

"My God!"

"She asked about our relationship."

"What did you say?"

"I told her the truth, that we had a very healthy sex life that had gone stratospheric in the last couple of days since I came across the magazine article. She asked if we used fantasy during sex play, so I told her that we did and that we both thought masturbation was healthy in a loving relationship. When she asked what kinds of fantasies we used I gave her some examples."

I was beginning to wonder whether what my wife was telling me was all fantasy. I strongly suspected that it was but I played along anyway; whether it was fantasy or not, I was finding her tale extremely arousing.

"My God, what did you tell her?" I asked with some trepidation.

"Don't worry, she's very broad-minded. I think I surprised her though, she was probably just expecting me to say that we sometimes indulged in role play, but I told her about your fantasy of my boss fucking me against the photocopier, and mine of Father Christmas fucking me in the underground car park."

"Jesus, what did she say?"

"She flushed with embarrassment; it was obvious that she had more than a passing interest. She thought that they were very erotic and she asked if we had any fantasies about you with other women. I told her that we did, and then she surprised me by asking whether we had ever fantasised about me with other women."

"What did you say?"

"I told her yes, of course. I wasn't going to lie to her."

"How did she take it?"

"Well, we'd already moved closer together, her elbow had grazed my forearm and I had touched her hand a couple of times."

As we lay side by side in bed, propped up by pillows, my cock felt heavy and ready to harden. My wife's hand was resting on my hip, out of sight, underneath the quilt, and my hand was on her abdomen; I could just feel her pubic hairs brushing against the backs of my fingers.

"Your mother and I moved even closer together; I could feel her arm, hip and thigh pressing against me. Then she asked me whether I fantasised about fucking women when I masturbated. Of course, I told her that I did and I asked her if she did the same."

"Fuck me."

"She said that she did; I asked who she fantasised about; sadly, she didn't go into detail but she made a general reference to younger women at work; she also mentioned a young cleaner that she had employed a couple of years ago, and her thirty-something, married next door neighbour. Then she dropped a bombshell, she asked me if I'd like to go to bed with a woman for real. I was thrown for a moment and I didn't answer straight away. She put her hand on top of my thigh, right on top of a suspender clip. She made an appreciative noise, I asked her if she approved and she said that she did, very much. She said that stockings made a woman's pussy accessible, I'm not easily shocked but that really surprised me."

My cock surged to its full size and I felt my balls tightening.

"Then she took hold of my hand and placed it on her thigh to show me that she was wearing stockings too. We sat still for a moment, just looking at each other. I think considerable arousal must have been written on both of our faces. She asked me if I was intending to seduce her. I gave her one of my enigmatic smiles and said 'Perhaps.' She pressed me again on whether I wanted to go to bed with a woman and this time I said yes. The sexual tension between us was almost unbearable. We'd been sitting together on the settee for a while and our dresses had ridden up almost as far as our stocking tops. Her sexy little knees and slender, shapely legs were driving me wild with desire. I knew in that moment that I was going to have your mother."

"Oh, God, this is such a fucking arousing fantasy."

"Fantasy?"

"Yes, come on, you're not going to pretend that this actually happened are you?"

"I'm not pretending anything. Anyway, don't interrupt because I'm coming to the best bit. I was so turned on, I just had to have your mother, so I did what Violet did in the film; I took hold of her hand and slowly raised it to my mouth. I put her middle finger between my lips and made sure that it was good and wet, and then I slowly pushed her hand up under the hem of my dress and inside my knickers. Your mother slipped her finger inside my vagina and curled it upwards, we kissed, and her lips were like warm honey; oh, God, it's making me so wet again now just thinking about it."

I tangled my fingers in my wife's hairy bush and willed her to take hold of my cock. She let out a sigh and continued with her story.

"I was enjoying the feel of your mother's lips on mine; when she found my most sensitive spot, it was like an explosion; I think she knew exactly what she was looking for because she smiled knowingly and probed my G-spot with her long middle finger. I just completely let go and I came within seconds. It was the most incredible orgasm; she was so expert with her fingers, she played with my pussy as I enjoyed coming down from the ceiling, and then she asked me if I'd like to go to bed with her."

"Oh, God, you filthy minded bitch."

"I said something like 'Is the pope Catholic?' And she took me by the hand and led me upstairs. We stripped each other down to our stockings, suspenders and heels and got onto the bed together. She told me that she'd always had a thing for me, and I told her that the feeling was mutual. She asked me if I was sure about what we were about to do, she said she didn't want me to feel guilty about you, about me fucking my husband's mother. I told her that I didn't feel guilty and I thought that there was a good chance that you'd enjoy me telling you that I'd seduced and fucked your mother. When I told her that, I noticed that her expression changed; she had pure lust written all over her face; I took advantage of the situation and teased out her feelings for you."

My wife moved her hand and tangled her fingers in my pubic hair, my rock-hard penis rested across the back of her hand; the feeling of being touched but not quite being touched was incredible. I was willing her to grasp my cock, but exquisitely aroused by her not doing so.

"I asked her how she would feel if you enjoyed me telling you that I had fucked your mother. Her chest was heaving; it was obvious that she was beginning to think some very kinky, perverse thoughts. She didn't answer but she kissed me hungrily and pulled my hand into contact with her

pussy. She opened her legs wide and I teased her pussy for several minutes; she was gagging for it but I wanted to make her wait. All of a sudden she said, 'Tell me,' I asked her 'What do you want me to tell you?' She said, 'What's my son like in bed.' I told her that you're amazing and that making love to you was very fulfilling and erotic. I knew what she was going to ask next so I pushed my fingers inside her and massaged her clit with my thumb, she spasmed and moaned with pleasure. I asked what else she wanted to know about you, she didn't disappoint me, she asked the question that was bound to be on her mind."

"What was that?"

"She asked me to describe your cock."

My wife was thoroughly enjoying teasing me, she took hold of my cock; all the evidence she needed about whether I was turned on at the thought of her fucking my mother was in her hand. I had to admit that she'd been very clever by using her fantasy to make me reveal my incestuous thoughts.

"My, my, what a revelation; I think we've both just found out that you want to fuck your mother? Well, you'll be delighted to know that she desperately wants your cock. When I told her that it was rock hard and seven inches long, she came three times in quick succession. We stripped naked and got under the quilt and spent the next two hours fucking each other and fantasising about you. She was absolutely insatiable, and a little kinky; at one point, she let me tie her wrists together with her silk scarf. I invented fantasies about her seducing you, and you fucking her in various positions in just about every room in her house. She really loved the thought of you bending her face down over her dining table, in her stockings and heels, and fucking her to a standstill."

"Oh, fuck, you dirty, depraved bitch, you're making me come to thoughts of me fucking my Mother."

My wife had a smug, triumphant look on her face as she pulled the quilt down, pumped my bursting erect cock and watched me shoot my come in thick strands all over her breasts. Semen dripped from her hard nipples; now she was wild with desire; she pulled me on top of her; I was still very hard, she enveloped my cock with her cunt, massaged her clitoris and we fucked until we both came, before laying together, both completely spent. We made the journey from perverse orgasmic fulfilment to deep sleep in a matter of minutes.

I felt elated at having confessed to her that I wanted to fuck my mother. I'd only come to fully know my incestuous desires in the last hour or so, but it felt as though I'd known all of my life. I fell asleep in the sure knowledge that my wife would tease me to many more orgasms with her fantasies of me and my Mother.

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My wife was already up when I awoke the next morning. It was Saturday, we'd be going to the supermarket and I remembered that she wanted to buy a vibrator. In the shower, I thought of her fantasy about my Mother and my cock began to swell. The memories of her fantasy and the thought of fucking my Mother made me so aroused that I masturbated and watched my semen mix with the shower water and slide down the drain hole.

We had a leisurely breakfast and talked about our amazing night together. I told her that her story about my Mother was an outstanding fantasy; so erotic and perverse, that I loved it and wanted to hear it again soon.



"Which fantasy was that?"

"You know, you seducing my Mother."

"I did seduce her; it wasn't a fantasy."

I laughed, we got up and cleared the breakfast things and got ready to go out; my wife went to the cupboard in the hallway to find her ankle boots, and she called out to me.

"Oh, by the way, I don't think I told you last night; I've invited your Mother to lunch with us tomorrow. I thought that we'd eat at the Rose and Crown then come back here for the afternoon and see what takes our fancy. I told her to 'dress up' if you understand my meaning; she told me what she would be wearing, you won't be disappointed. She's staying overnight so we'll have plenty of time in each other's company," my wife gave me a sly, knowing look, "I think she's very excited about 'seeing' you, if get my drift."

I ignored her innuendo; I thought that she was taking the fantasy and her teasing a little too far.

"Oh, that'll be nice," I called back, "I haven't spent much time with her since Christmas. Won't Stepfather be home on Sunday though?"

"Yes, but he's off on another business trip on Monday so I don't think she's bothered at all about seeing him."

"Right, that's fine by me. Who's car are we going in this morning?"

"Mine, I don't know what I've done with my car keys; can you have a look in my handbag?"

I went into the lounge to find her handbag. There were a couple of items of material poking out of the top of the bag and I had to remove them to find her keys. To my surprise, I found myself holding a scarf, that I thought I recognised, and a pair of knickers, that I definitely didn't recognise. There was a heady scent coming from the scarf; it was burnt-orange in colour and looked as though it had been knotted at some point. I held it to my nose and knew immediately that it was my mother's; Chanel No. 5, unmistakable.

The knickers were pale pink, not a colour that I'd ever seen in my wife's lingerie drawer; and I'd been in there often enough to know. They were heavily stained in the gusset; tentatively, I put them to my nose, the scent was intoxicating and it wasn't my wife's. As I stood there in disbelief, it suddenly dawned on me that my wife had been telling the truth all along. It wasn't a fantasy; she had fucked my mother; it was all real; they had been to bed together, my mother had asked my wife to describe my cock, my mother had orgasmed numerous times to fantasies of being fucked by me, her son.

My heart pounded, but I felt elation in my chest; my future had shown itself to me; I was going to enter into an incestuous relationship with my mother.

My wife came into the lounge with a broad grin.

"Now do you believe me, lover boy?"

There were no words to express the deeply erotic, incestuous lust that I felt.

She noticed that my cock was bulging against the front of my jeans.

"Oh dear, have you been thinking about your mummy? We can't let you wander around the supermarket in that state, you'll be arrested. Come here; let me take care of it for you."

My wife, in her high healed ankle boots, opaque black stockings and short denim skirt, was a glorious sight on her knees in front of me with my erect cock in her mouth. Her breasts wiggled provocatively to the rhythm of her bobbing head until semen oozed from her lips and trickled down her chin.

Just three days ago, we had begun to share our sexual fantasies. I had started out thinking that I would have to coax hers out of her slowly and gently. So, I was pleasantly surprised and delighted when my wife told me that she wanted to fuck another woman; but I could never have guessed that the woman she chose to fuck would turn out to be my mother. Nor could I, in my wildest dreams, ever have imagined that my mother would confess to lusting after my cock and be so willing for me to bury it in her cunt. Nothing will ever be the same again.