



CUCKQUEAN EROTICA

He's Been  
**Talking**  
in His  
Sleep

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# **He's Been Talking in His Sleep**

**By**

**Laran Mithras**

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**When did I begin to fantasize about him lying to me that he's leaving for work when he's really going to see her?**

# CHAPTER 1

It was the hour of torture.

1:15am.

Every night, like a nightmare.

It started with some movement next to me as my husband's hips began a tiny little dance in bed. The moves became more pronounced.

He sighed, as he had for most nights the past two weeks.

It didn't happen every night, but I was awake for all of them, dreading the movements and sounds.

My torment was made worse when I hoped that maybe the dreams were over but he resumed having them on a different night.

Almost two weeks with interrupted sleep.

I dreaded this, not just for the shock of his words – barely audible – but that over the past week I had become hot listening to the sounds.

Why was this happening? It made no sense, but here I was feeling my pulse start to race, my skin begin to prickle with heat and my pussy twist inside with tension.

My clit began to ache even before his first words.

Sometimes, Dain would talk in his sleep. He'd been doing that for all four years of our marriage. Silly things. Nonsensical things. Sometimes a few strings of conversation – questions and answers.

It was startling at first, then something I regarded as adorable.

Now it was nightmare.

His lips hissed with sleeping breaths, and then, "Come... Take it off... Yeah..."

My fingers found my clit before I could stop them. What was happening in his dream? What was he doing? Was it... Rosilyn again?

Dain moved his hips with enough force to gently rock the bed.

I rubbed my clit slowly, trying to stay quiet. On a whim, I reached over between us and cautiously touched his cock.

It was so hard.

I snatched my hand back and clamped it over my mouth to stifle an aroused gasp.

I didn't want to be aroused; I wanted to be angry. I wanted to wake him up and tell him he couldn't dream about her anymore.

My brief touch had apparently stimulated him.

He humped his hips hard for a few strokes and said, "Oh, yeah... Rosilyn..."

He was fucking her in his dream, or getting his cock sucked.

I hated her.

Whoever she was.

I twisted away from him and ground furiously at my clit, trying to rub away the maddening ache and tension that threatened an orgasm over something so hideously wrong.

I wanted to yell and scream and rant at him, and I wanted to cum.

It was so infuriating. As strong as my anger became, the stronger my lust submerged it.

It had been my life for the past two weeks.

I couldn't go on like this.



I poured his coffee with as much love as I ever had.

Maybe I had become comfortable in our marriage. Maybe I hadn't been as attentive. Maybe it was me?

But I had given him his space when I felt he needed it. He owned a small commercial building in the Old Downtown. It was an old brick thing with three storefronts. A slim door in between two of the stores led upstairs to two more floors of offices. He kept his office there, managing the building on site.

Much of the time, he had little to do, but always seemed busy the first couple hours of the work day. He had told me of leases and renovations, utilities and common charges.

It was dull, really. But three offices upstairs and two of the three storefronts rented out meant I didn't have to work.

It wasn't a wealthy life, but it was comfortable.

Sometimes Dain stressed over getting the third storefront rented.

I put down his coffee as he watched the business hour on TV. Some of our money he put away into utility stocks. He watched the business news as if it was lifeblood.

I wasn't dumb; I could see the occasional stocks he had flow by on the ticker. Up or down pennies, the changes meant nothing.

Yet he watched them. He listened to the reports and the projections for the economy. He had explained once that much of what he saw and heard reflected in what he asked for rent.

It made sense, and I let him stress over it if that's what he really wanted to do.

He didn't thank me for the coffee. He pinched the handle and slowly lifted it.

I shifted in my chair, attempting to find a comfortable position and pose: I was going to confront him. I pursed my lips even though he wasn't looking. "You

were talking last night in your dreams – about some woman."

His eyes shifted over to me so fast I would've missed it had I blinked. His words were low, "Did I?"

Faced with his gaze, my composure shattered and I looked down at my coffee cup. "I think her name is... Rosilyn?"

He grunted. "I don't remember any dreaming. What did I say?"

I couldn't do it. I felt like I was a little kid poking into business that wasn't mine. "Nothing much..."

He sipped his coffee, his eyes on me. "Well, Rosilyn is a renter. I was probably dreaming that I finally rented the third unit out."

*So she is real, I thought. I lifted my eyes to his and tried to sound non-committal. "Oh? Finally? That's been vacant for so long..."*

"Yep." His eyes still remained on me, sharp. "Full building for once."

"What kind of store—"

"A bridal boutique."

I nodded as if I wasn't concerned, but I had dropped my eyes down to my coffee cup. "Oh..."

He rose and drained the last in a gulp. "Well, I have a lot of work to do this morning." He leaned over and pecked my cheek.

Swirls of thrills and chills descended my back and arms. His simple gesture threw a lifeline of hope to our marriage that all wasn't lost.

But I knew he was leaving and his office was above her store. He would be near her all day. She would be downstairs.

Would he whisper her name in his office? Fantasize about her?

Or...

Had they made a connection?

My heart crushed in on itself as I considered it. My pussy ached so bad it made me squirm.

I watched him place his cup in the dishwasher we had picked out together.

*Are you interested in someone else? Is she prettier?*

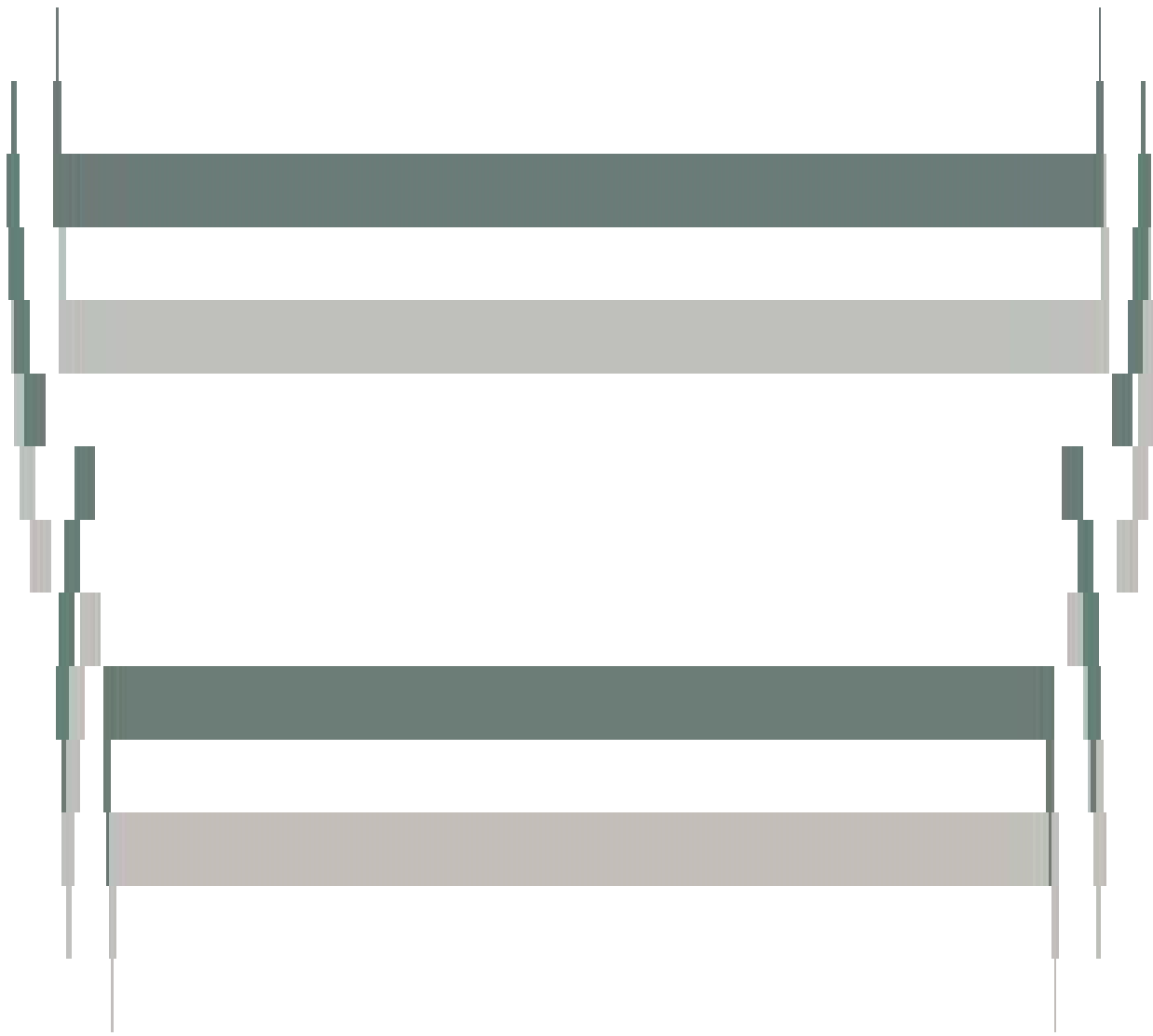
My husband's looks were rugged. Tall and more gangly than muscled, he wore his shirts and slacks so very well. His blonde hair was brushed back and he was balding a bit, but still cut a handsome figure in that whole-package sort of way.

Clean-shaven, his blue eyes were always sharp and considering. His wire-framed glasses added to his serious business-look.

He wasn't a runway model, but he was mine.

I was going to find out today and solve my little mystery. Maybe the nightmares would stop.

I took the spare key from the peg in the utility closet.



I sat in my Volvo as delicate snowflakes landed on the windshield and melted. Tiny rivulets of water slid down and skewed my view of our commercial building.

I got out and put two quarters in the parking meter. A quick twist gave me forty minutes of time.

I settled back into my car and left it running for heat. An occasional swipe of the windshield wipers gave me a moment or two of clear view.

It was after nine. All three stores had lit up inside with lights and open signs. With access from the rear parking lot, I didn't see anyone enter. But the only way up to Dain's management office was from the front. The fire escape in the back wasn't used for normal access – not with the ladder hanging several feet off the ground.

A young girl entered the new store. After several minutes, she appeared in the window of the store arranging a picture set at the foot of a bridal gown.

I had to get out and put another two quarters in the meter.

But it was while I was standing there under a heavier snow that I saw a woman come out of the new store and go into the door leading upstairs.

I caught a flash of auburn wavy hair, professionally coiffed. That was no inexpensive hairdo.

Snowflakes were in my hair and dotting my eyelashes as I watched the door shut.

I got in and turned off my car, but I just sat there wiping the melting snowflakes from my face.

*Maybe she's just giving him some papers. Or rent? Maybe she'll come out...*

I waited.

The longer I waited, the more intense the tension in my shoulders became. I felt

as if my muscles were pulling in on themselves.

I couldn't stand it.

I got out and fumbled for my last quarter. Trying to put it in the parking meter, I dropped it and it rolled down the grate and into the sewer.

I had less than twenty minutes.

I left my purse in the car and gripped the spare key.

Crossing the street, I looked into the new store. It was called A Fine Day for a Wedding. The girl was arranging the hem of the bridal gown in the window and did not look up at me.

I gripped the brass doorknob of the windowed old door. Gold bankers letters indicated the address on the beveled window.

I went inside.

The building had an old-wood smell and I ascended the creaking steps as lightly as I could.

At the top and immediately to the left was my husband's office.

Frosted glass with gold lettering indicated the suite number and that it was the management office.

His lights were out, indicating he wasn't there.

My spirits lifted in relief. Where would he be? Restroom?

I paused, considering. But I had seen the woman come up here. The stores had their own bathrooms and unless she was in someone else's office...

I clutched the spare key in trembling fingers and prepared myself. I carefully aligned it with the lock and gripped the handle with my other hand.

A fast jab and twist and I was entering the unlit office. It wasn't anywhere near dark as the two tall windows let in plenty of light – even as it snowed outside.

A pair of faces looked at me in shock.

My husband was naked, on the couch, on top of the woman I had seen.

Everything froze as if iced over.

I couldn't move.

I wanted to rage and rant. I wanted to scream abuse at the woman and scratch at her. But I just stood there, mouth open.

Dain said, "Marsha..."

Hearing my name sounded so sweet, and yet so sour. My mouth quivered. But I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. Seeing him naked on a naked woman was so stunning in so many different ways. My brain wasn't processing; in fact, it wasn't doing anything.

And then my husband pulled out of her, his erection shining and strong. It was full and enormously engorged – seemingly more so than I remembered it.

He got off her and off the couch, walking towards me. "It's not like it looks..." He shook his head and stopped himself. "No, forget that."

I looked down at his throbbing, bobbing erection. Juices covered it – his and hers. A fine silver line swung from the end of his dick.

I suddenly wanted to touch it – to... lick it. I licked my lips and swallowed hard. What are these thoughts?

He touched my arm. "Marsha."

The woman was looking at me, her shocked expression having morphed to one of curiosity. She got up and walked over to stand beside my husband, but just behind him, using his body as a shield.

She was perfect. Older than me by a few years, her body had that flare of hips worn by maturing women. Her boobs were bigger than mine, and looked far better. Her face had a hint of lines about the eyes, but little else. Her hair was dyed, but her roots still looked auburn. She might have been carefully prepared,

but she was perfect.

Of course my husband would've been attracted to her.

In that instant, I knew I was in the presence of a superior woman.

Her eyes blazed with that curiosity and her mouth hinted at a smile.

I still said nothing. I couldn't; I was panting. My heart thundered in my chest as I looked back down at his dripping erection. His manhood had been inside this superior woman – inside her pussy. The state of his hardness told me he had enjoyed it. Of course he had. Her pussy is probably better, too.

Dain shook my arm. "Marsha, go home. We should talk, okay? Go on, I'll be along shortly."

I looked at this beautiful woman who had to be Rosilyn. I met her eyes. I still couldn't say anything.

I turned away, mumbling, "Okay..."

He would come home to talk, he said. He would apologize and end it with this woman, he would promise. I had found out; the game was blown.

But my pussy ached deep up inside me. His cock had looked so happy and delicious. I so wanted to taste it...

I shut the door behind me and I heard him turn the lock.

Then my pussy clamped convulsively as he said, "Now, where were we?"

I shoved my hand down to press my fist against my clothing over my clit.

A door opened a few feet away and an older woman stepped out. Janice was her name if I remembered correctly. Older and uninteresting, but she saw my hand down there.

I fled the building.

## CHAPTER 2

I'd like to have imagined driving into the sunset and away from my life, but I was more firmly anchored to it now than ever before. I stumbled to my car.

Inside, I put the key in the ignition. I didn't turn it. Instead, I dropped my hand down and tried rubbing the maddening ache from my clit.

Someone was coming, trudging through the snow on the sidewalk.

Panting with exertion, I tore my hand away and turned the key.

The torture on the drive home robbed me of all rational thought.

I paced in the house, feeling small.

Had he lowered her back down to the couch and re-entered her? My heart and stomach felt sick at the certainty, but my nipples and pussy ached to imagine it. I wanted him to fuck her and finish it. He couldn't help but be attracted to her beauty and perfection. How could I blame him?

She was able to entice him because she was superior – even I could see that.

Still, he had been concerned enough for me that he had stopped to take care of me – to send me home with the promise of talk.

He still cared for me. Did he still love me? Did I stand a chance against that amazing woman?

I heard the key in the door.

But I heard voices. A female voice.

Her voice. "I'm serious."

"Just let me do the talking."

Her sing-song tone was smooth and beautiful. "You might be making a mistake..."

"Shh." Dain didn't like being contradicted.

They came into the kitchen where I had been pacing.

I stood there quivering, feeling the invasion of not just my husband, but now my home. I felt cheap, as if everything around me screamed my lack of sophistication.

But Rosilyn wasn't looking around; she was looking at me.

Dain muttered, "She demanded we both come to talk—"

She interrupted him, speaking directly to me, "You liked what you saw, didn't you?"

I gulped, keeping my mouth shut. Her lips were perfect, her nose, her eyes, her hair...

She squeezed my husband's arm and slowly came around him to face me. Her finger came up under my chin with a gesture that half-prodded me to look at her and half-stroked as if I were a pet. "When you left, was your perverted little pussy dripping girl juice into your panties?"

I was shaking, trembling, shivering... I nodded.

Her lips curled into a delicate smile. Her finger trailed along my jaw and then down the front of my blouse. Her whisper was so soft and smooth, "How... delightful."

Dain grabbed Rosilyn's arm in a move I interpreted as being defensive of me. "What's going on?"

She turned to him and hugged him from the side, shooting me a sultry look. She answered him, though. "I think we have a little cuckquean here. I think your wife very much liked seeing your cock covered in my pussy juice."

I emitted an involuntary whimper that turned into a moan. "No, no—"

Dain looked at me suspiciously. "Are you wet?"

"No, no..."

He stepped to me, reaching down and cupping my crotch. "You're soaked."

I whimpered again, not wanting to have to admit to myself the truth of what was happening to me.

Rosilyn said, "Strip naked and I will let your husband touch you."

Dain reacted angrily, "Knock that off. I'm not going to be cruel to her."

The woman considered him carefully, then me. "No, I won't be cruel. I'll give her exactly what she's craving. You'll see." She looked to me again, fists on hips. "Marsha, was it?"

I nodded, still gulping back whimpers, moans, sobs – I didn't know which. All I knew was my pussy was on fire. My clit ached so horribly I thought I was going to cry if I didn't relieve the tension.

Rosilyn said, "Strip. Now."

I did what I had to do; I had no choice. I stripped.

She made sure to stand in front of me, between me and my husband. "Very good, Marsha. Very good." She turned her head, not looking at him completely. "Touch her. Feel her heat." She moved to the side.

My husband had a suspicious and curious look on his face. His question to me was direct, "Are you turned on by this?" His fingers touched my evidence. I felt his fingers stiffen, then relax and begin probing. A finger curled up inside and I moaned so loudly and out of control that I had to clutch his arm or risk sagging to the floor.

He breathed in wonder, "You really are turned on by this..."

Rosilyn whispered, "You dirty little girl..."

His manipulation of my pussy in front of her increased the heat inside me until I

thought I'd pass out.

She said to Dain, "Trust me on this. Let's all get comfortable."

He didn't look so trusting of what she was saying, despite his fingers being wet with my desire.

She touched his arm as if gentling a horse. "Trust me."

He looked at me with question and concern wrinkling his features.

I loved him so much it hurt.

They led me into the living room.

Rosilyn was undressing. "Dain? Get undressed."

"Are you sure—"

"Trust me."

My husband reluctantly undressed.

Something tripped, stumbled and began sprinting in my heart. My mouth went dry.

His dick came into view, either cleaned or wiped free of the juices that had coated it a half hour before.

The woman stepped to me, her hips swaying so sexy and suggestively. "Marsha, dear. You're not doing it right."

I tried to talk. I just squeaked.

Her fingers trailed down my trembling arm. "Whenever your husband's cock is out, you should stop everything, get on your knees, and open your mouth."

Dain grumbled, "I said I didn't want to treat her cruelly—"

My heart swelled with adoration.

Rosilyn held up a finger. "This isn't cruel. I'm giving your wife exactly what she needs. She may not know it yet or think she wants it, but I bet you her pussy is convulsing right now from what I told her to do."

*Damn her, it is. I got down onto my knees and opened my mouth.*

I wanted to hate her.

She gripped my husband's dick and pulled him to my mouth. She smiled down at me and stroked him, moving the helmet over my lips. I smelled her on him and my knees clamped together so violently as I tried to squeeze my clit that I almost fell over.

I couldn't hate her; I could only admire her. I wanted to be her. I wanted to be beautiful.

She fed his cock into my mouth and I sucked like a whore. Her hand stroked him while I licked around the head. I tasted her on him.

He was looking down at me with a bemused expression on his face.

I couldn't help myself and started rubbing the aggravating anxiety in my clit. I worked at it slow at first, but was soon twirling my fingers around in a vicious circle and moaning all over his erection.

She pulled his cock from my mouth. I felt the loss, but also gratitude that they had shared this with me.

She motioned him to the couch. "Sit. Let's include your wife in this."

Doubt clouded his face again and he looked at me with concern.

I was torn.

I wanted him to reject her and profess his undying love for me. But I also wanted her approval and I knew he was attracted to her. In a way, she was a part of the marriage as surely as if she had stood there at the wedding ceremony. If he wanted her, I wanted her.

I needed her as much as I needed him.

My heart was twisting one way, but my pussy the other. Could I be a part of their beauty?

I wanted to be.

Rosilyn touched his arm. "Remember? Trust me."

He said, "So far... you've been right. Okay then."

One part of me died. Another part of me leapt with joy. It was a sick contrast that left me wet with anticipation.

He sat and she hovered over him, facing towards me.

Her words were harsh, but not mean. Just commanding. "Marsha. Come here."

I crawled to them.

"Put your husband's cock inside me."

I reached a glad and shaking hand to grip him. His shaft was so hot and hard. For her.

I wanted it in her. I wanted it sliding into her beautiful pussy. She was so pretty. She was everything I wasn't. Certainly, he deserved her.

My eyes were dry and alight with wonder as I rubbed the head around her pussy.

Her thighs trembled as she held herself up until they gave way. She slid down onto him and I let go as she settled down onto his shaft.

I was entranced.

She moved up and down, riding him while looking me direct in the eyes. The lust and pleasure was on her face as surely as her bold lipstick.

I wanted to kiss her.

She pulled off after a moment. "Suck him. Taste me on him."

I groaned with such desire I thought my throat would seize. I gripped his cock

and sucked him down, licking and tasting her juices as she rested back against his abdomen.

I couldn't see his face, but I could see hers and we kept eye contact.

She rose up a little, reaching for me. Her hand stroked my hair and I shook with appreciation. "That's a good girl. He tastes good with me on him, doesn't he?"

I finally spoke, "Yes."

Her smile spread in a genuine display of friendliness. "Marsha?"

I pulled off his dick and licked my lips. "Wh-what?"

"Would you like to lick me?"

Gone were all my doubts. "Yes, please."

She eased onto my husband's shaft again. "Lick us both."

I almost laughed with delirious delight. I applied my tongue eagerly, licking up and down his moving shaft. I licked her lips and clit. I don't know if I was doing it right, but Rosilyn didn't complain.

After a moment, she began trembling. "Yes, very good, Marsha. I think you have a place in all of this." She shuddered, steadied, and shuddered again. "That's it... Now suck my clit." Her hand cupped my head and pulled me in.

I sucked on her hardened button and her shudders turned constant. She threw her head back and began crying out. "Yes... yes... Right there, baby. Agh..." Her thighs began twitching as she let loose her orgasm.

I had an instant connection to it through my tongue and there was something so personal about it that I felt a strange bond as if I'd known her for years.

Dain asked, "Should I pull out and let her have my cum?"

Rosilyn was panting. "No, but undoubtedly she feels like you should. Or wants you to. But it will mean more to her if you give it to me.

*Damn the woman. I liked her and she was right. I wanted my husband's attention*

*and affection. But at the same time, my pussy needed to know he shot his load in her perfect pussy.*

I moaned my submission.

My husband began pumping his hips – his cock sliding up into her pussy.

The woman hummed happily and ground her hips around savoring the feel of his thickness in her.

I knew what she was feeling.

I knew how satisfying it was.

My pussy clamped on emptiness and I leaked juice everywhere. The inner flesh of my thighs was slick with excitement. I gripped his balls and massaged gently, wanting to see him stiffen and jerk as he released.

He did, growling his relief as his shaft flexed with pulses of orgasm.

I squeezed his balls – not knowing if this really made him shoot more cum – hoping that he filled her good.

Dain grunted every last drop up her pussy.

Rosilyn smiled down at me – a genuine gesture of pleasure and friendliness.  
"Marsha, dear..."

"Yes?"

"Start licking. It's starting to leak out."

And I did with an energetic effort I could never for the life of me have imagined before this day.

Their combined passion oozed out and I cleaned. My spirit soared as I tasted their release.

She twisted her head around. "Your wife is going to need some release. Why don't you set your mouth to work?"

He looked down at me. "Is... that what you want?"

I smiled incredulously at him with my face smeared with their juices. I gasped back a giggle and nodded. He's going to include me? Lick me?

My heart flapped its wings and launched into a flight I never wanted to end.

When he lowered me back down and got between my legs, I wanted to cry.

The touch of his tongue was electric and my hips lifted as if jolted with electricity. The tension inside me twisted faster than I have ever felt. I was already panting at the edge when Rosilyn rested next to me. Her hand trailed over my nipples and caused goose bumps all around them.

Her smile was angelic. "I think we're going to be very good friends..." Her mouth descended onto mine and her tongue parted my lips.

I was high in the air of whatever place I was in when the dam broke. I was blown away, tumbling over and over as crushing waves of relief wracked my body.

Creating an anchor to reality and bringing me safely to the ground was my husband's tongue on my pussy and Rosilyn's tongue in my mouth.

I drifted, slowing, as all the tension in my body left me, until the two tongues became the predominant focus of my being.

I wasn't alone.

**Thank you for reading He's Been Talking in His Sleep. I sure hope you enjoyed it! All reviews are greatly appreciated.**

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