

< Jane's Husband's Story >

I've been a police officer for over 15 years and have been through all sorts of things, but I've never experienced a humiliation like this.

Two police officers were knocked unconscious in a single blow, unable to subdue a single prostitute. We were caught off guard, but the woman's fighting skills were also extraordinary. Not only did she take down my junior colleague, who had trained in MMA for a long time, in an instant, but her grappling moves were also incredibly proficient. And her towering height, which would overwhelm most men... She's definitely not an ordinary prostitute.

But, strangely, I felt a very familiar aura from her. Her hairstyle and clothes were different, but she looked so much like my wife, Jane.

I know. Just thinking this is so disrespectful to my wife. How dare I compare a filthy prostitute to my noble wife... But I can't think of anyone else with such extraordinary fighting abilities and physique besides my wife.

But why would Jane do something like that? She, who despises infidelity more than anyone, would lick a strange man's private parts in a public place? Impossible. It's just an excessive delusion.

Lost in these thoughts, I came to my senses and found I had arrived home. I opened the door lock and went inside to see my wife and Yoon Seri sitting on the sofa, watching TV. They were so engrossed they didn't even notice me come in and were just talking.

Husband: I'm home.

When I greeted her, my wife finally noticed me and replied.

Jane: You're late, aren't you?

Is it just my imagination? My wife usually doesn't just sit on the sofa and answer so casually. Normally, when she hears me coming in, she comes to the front door to welcome me. Well, it must be because we have a guest.

Husband: Superintendent Yoon Seri, you're here too. It's been a while.

Seri: Yes, it's been a while.

Yoon Seri responded. Her vibe had changed strangely since I last saw her. Her makeup was heavier, and a subtle, seductive aura emanated from her face. She used to be as strict as Jane, but now she felt somewhat... lighter. Looking closely, her outfit was also quite revealing. She was wearing a black bustier that exposed her navel and cleavage, a brown leather miniskirt, and black stockings. It was an outfit that looked like she had just come from a club.

My wife and Yoon Seri focused on the TV again. What they were watching was a Netflix reality show that had recently caused considerable controversy.

It was a game where an actor seduces a participant's fiancé, trying to get them into bed, and the participant receives 100 million won if the fiancé resists the temptation. The fiancé has no idea this game is happening, so it's a dangerous game that could shatter the trust with their partner, but apparently, applications are flooding in because of the generous prize money.

My wife used to despise this show, calling it a program that encourages infidelity. She once lamented that she couldn't understand why young people were so enthusiastic about such shows.



But that same wife was now so focused on the show that she forgot her husband had even come home.

Seri: If a hottie like that is in front of you, you can't help but cheat. Hehehe... That woman's face

already looks like she's in heat, don't you think?

In heat? That's a bit of a crude expression.

On the TV, a well-built fitness trainer was seducing a participant's wife. As he touched her here and there under the guise of a massage, the woman's expression grew increasingly flushed.



As he skillfully stimulated her erogenous zones and persistently targeted her body, she eventually allowed a kiss and began to actively indulge in the trainer's lips.

What was surprising was Jane's reaction. She was staring at the TV with an expression as if she were being sucked into the screen. Looking closely, she seemed to have a faint blush as well. Jane didn't stop Yoon Seri at all, even when she used vulgar expressions, and even seemed to agree with her.



Husband: ..... Why on earth is a trashy show like this so popular?

At my lament, the two of them turned their heads to look at me at the same time. Jane's gaze was as unfamiliar as a stranger's. It wasn't the calm eyes of my usual wife. There was greedy, wild energy in them. Yoon Seri answered my question sarcastically.

Seri: Boomers, I swear... Still thinking it's a virtue to suppress your instincts, bound by things like ethics. Ugh...

Jane: You'll have to understand. My husband is a bit old-fashioned. Even though he's not like that on

the inside at all. Hehe...

Jane chimed in with Yoon Seri's words. Her voice was laced with ridicule. I was so flustered I couldn't say anything. Jane saw my expression and smirked.

Jane: What? Am I wrong?

Husband: .....

Seri: Aha. So, you're a hypocrite? Hahaha... And here I thought you were a devoted husband who only had eyes for his wife.

My wife nodded at Yoon Seri's words. The two of them looked at each other and exchanged a meaningful smile. I was annoyed by their behavior, so I shot up from my seat and went into my room.

'What the hell is wrong with them? Do they have some misunderstanding about me?'

I was boiling inside at my wife's incomprehensible behavior. I sat at my desk, lost in all sorts of thoughts, when my eyes suddenly landed on the ashtray.

'What's this? A cigarette butt?'

I used to be a smoker, but I had quit for a while because my wife hated the smell. I had no reason to use the ashtray, but there was a butt in it. What on earth is going on? Too many strange things are happening today.

As my thoughts spiraled, my wife came in.

Husband: ..... What is it?

Jane: I brought you a glass of sikhye. The weather's hot, so drink this and rest.

I took the sikhye my wife gave me, but my anger hadn't subsided, so I snapped at her.

Husband: Why don't you go watch TV? Why did you bring this?

Jane: Oh my... My dear is very angry, isn't he? Was I too mischievous... Hehe...

Oh? But honey, what happened to your face?

My wife saw the cut on my face and made a worried expression. It wasn't even a big cut, but she hurriedly brought a first-aid kit, carefully applied medicine to my wound, and put on a bandage. My anger subsided a little at my wife's devoted care.

Husband: It's nothing. Just a little scuffle. Anyway, what did you mean by that earlier? You made it sound like I'm someone who has dirty thoughts on the inside.

Jane: Ah... I was just teasing you. I did it because your reaction was funny, but I'm sorry if it upset you.

Husband: You should know when to stop. What will Superintendent Yoon Seri think of me? And by any chance, did you smoke in my room?

Jane: No? Of course not. Seri wanted to smoke earlier, so I just lent her the ashtray.

Husband: Yoon Seri? Didn't she just recently confide in you that she was worried her son might have learned to smoke from some bad friends? And now she's smoking herself?

Jane: She said she and her son even smoke together now and have gotten much closer. Hehe... Their mother-son relationship has become stronger through smoking, so in the end, it turned out well.

I was dumbfounded watching my wife say such absurd things with an excited expression. To think those words would come out of my principled wife's mouth. She's really not herself today.

Anyway, my body has been feeling increasingly sluggish for a while now. Is it because I'm tired... But just a moment ago when I came into the room, I was at the peak of my anger, and now suddenly the tension is gone, and my mind is hazy. It's strange. Come to think of it, the sikhye tastes a little different from usual, too. As I put down the glass of sikhye, my wife asked.

Jane: Does it not taste good?

Husband: Hmm... I'm not really craving it today.

Jane: But I made it myself. You should drink a little more, at least for the effort I put in.

Husband: Sorry. It's not going down well, so I want to stop.

Jane: Hmmm... Is that so...

My wife made a suspicious face for a moment, then she took a large gulp from the glass of sikhye, filling her mouth. Then, she suddenly pressed her lips against mine.

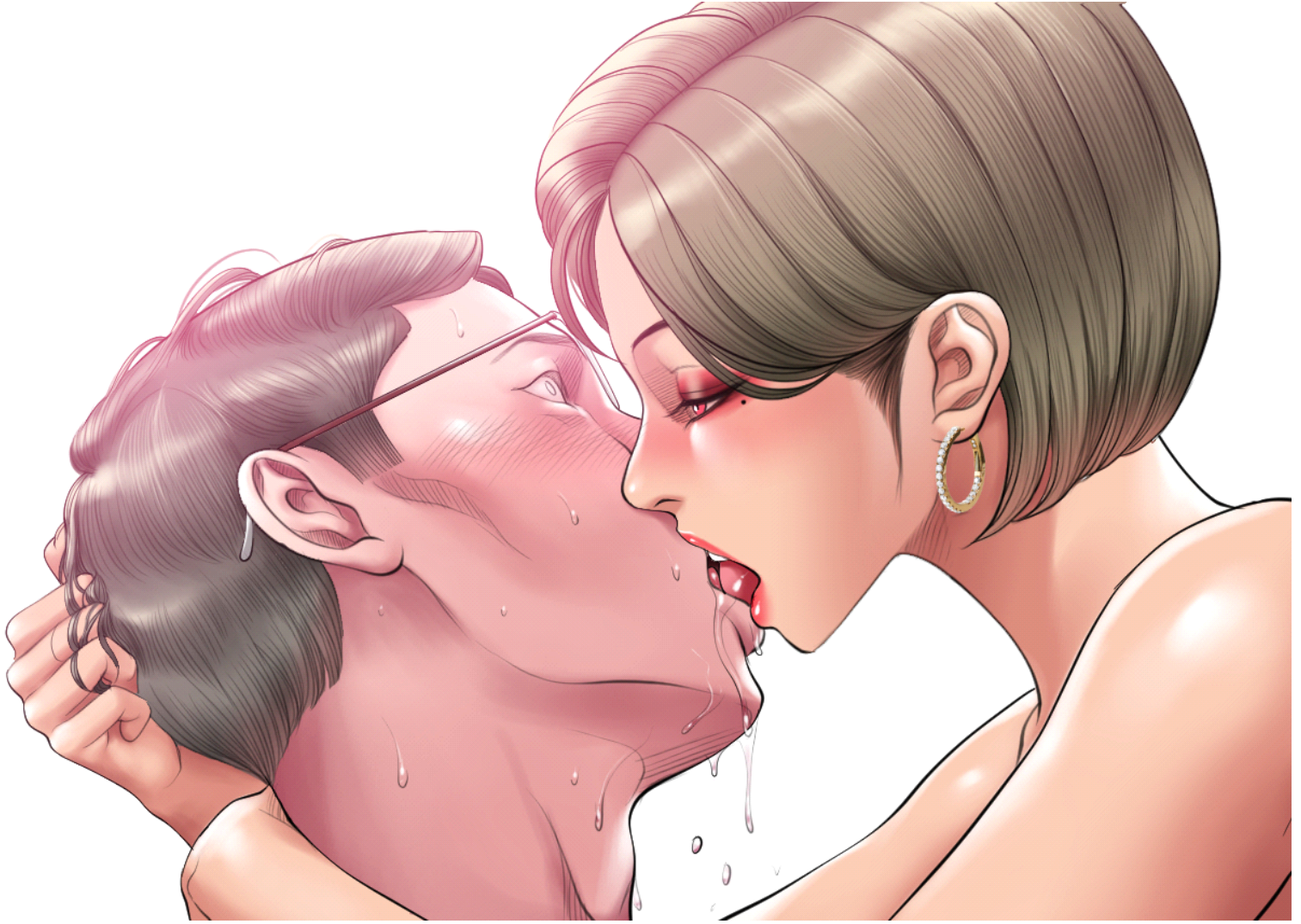
Husband: Mmph!

My wife kissed me, slowly pushing the sikhye into my mouth. Her bewitching tongue movements quickly weakened me, and I couldn't even put up a proper resistance as I gulped down the sikhye.

Husband: Gulp... Gulp... Keuh... Gulp...

Normally, Jane isn't affectionate or skilled at skin ship. Even when we kissed, their tongue would be overly stiff and their movements clumsy, so I never had a good experience. But this kiss was so sensual. My wife's tongue was so soft and sweet that the sikhye, which had tasted bland just

moments ago, now felt incredibly sweet. It felt like a python that bewitches humans was coiling around my tongue, sending shivers through my entire body. To make me feel this level of ecstasy with just a kiss... Is this really my wife?



Once I swallowed all the sikhye, my wife slowly pulled her lips away.

Jane: Seriously... you're such a high-maintenance man.

My wife said something incomprehensible, rinsed her mouth with the water beside her, and spat it onto the floor. It was strange behavior, but I was in no state to question it. My body went completely limp, to the point where I couldn't even gather my thoughts. My vision blurred, and my wife's voice echoed as if in a cave. This is strange... but... it doesn't feel bad...

I felt my wife unbuttoning my pants. As my erect member was revealed, my wife stared down at it with a scornful gaze.

Jane: Just one kiss and you're already dripping precum... Pfft! How pathetic.

My wife, wearing a wicked expression I had never seen before, felt like a different person. She shouted to Seri, who was outside.

Jane: It's done, come on in!

What? N-no... What on earth are you thinking... St-stop...

I tried desperately to resist, but I couldn't even make a sound, let alone move.

Yoon Seri walked into my room, smoking a cigarette. She stared at my shameful state and spoke in a low voice.

Seri: Wow... you managed to cheat with a pathetic dick like this? You've got some skills.

Jane: I know, right. How dare he not know his place. To think I considered this kind of person the love of my life, I'm so embarrassed I could die.

My wife shared a cigarette with Yoon Seri and showered me with ridicule. I couldn't understand a single word they were saying. I cheated? What kind of misunderstanding is this?

Jane: But in a way, I'm grateful. Since this person crossed the line first, I have nothing holding me back anymore. There are so many men in the world with great bodies, handsome faces, and impressive dicks, so it's a relief I don't have to waste my youth on someone like this.

Seri: Still, Chief, aren't you being a bit too promiscuous lately? Hehehe... You're so into that affair group chat these days, you're on your phone all day. How many have you met?

Jane: Not as many as you'd think. No matter how hard I looked, I couldn't find a partner who could surpass Alex. It's hard to find someone with such a massive dick and masterful technique... I just had one-night stands and broke it off with all of them.

Seri: Pfft! Still, don't be so possessive. There are more than a few female officers who are jealous because you've been hogging Master Alex all to yourself lately, Chief. Hehehe...

Am I dreaming... Vile words that even common criminals wouldn't utter were endlessly pouring from their mouths.

Jane: Honey, can you hear me?

Husband: .....

Jane: Your eyes are trembling, so you must still be conscious.

My wife suddenly climbed on top of me, trapped my member between her thighs, and slowly began to move up and down. The rough texture of the stockings was slightly painful at first, but I soon got used to it, and an indescribable orgasm washed over me. She controlled the pressure of her thighs with an unbelievably skillful technique, teasing my member, and I wondered where on earth she had learned it. Then, she pressed my face into her armpit.

Husband: Ugh....! Hmph....!

A sour body odor hit my nose. It smelled like she hadn't showered for two or three days. My wife was someone who never neglected her workouts and martial arts training, but she was always clean and had never smelled like this before. It wasn't a terrible stench, but it wasn't a scent I particularly wanted to smell.



Jane: Hehehe... you seem to be in a lot of pain, don't you? Don't worry. You'll gradually come to like this smell..

My wife gently stroked my head and spoke in a languid tone.

Jane: This is your favorite scent... When you smell it, your sexual desire will boil over, and you won't be able to hold back.

Now, slowly breathe in and out to the count. As the numbers go up, you will gradually fall for this scent.

One...

Husband: Sssh...

Jane: Two...

Husband: Haaaah...

Husband: Three... that's right... you're doing well...

Four.....

Five.....

Husband: Sssh.....

Haaaah.....

Sssh.....

Haaaah.....

I repeated breathing in and out to my wife's count. It wasn't because I wanted to. I was unconsciously responding to my wife's commands, regardless of my own will. Surprisingly, just as my wife had said, I started to like this smell more and more as the numbers went up. The sour, onion-like smell soon began to feel more fragrant than any flower, and eventually, it gave me a supreme pleasure that was beyond comparison. I breathed heavily, craving my wife's body odor.

Husband: Hnnng....♡♡ Haaaaah.....♡♡♡ Hnnnng....♡♡♡ Haaaaah♡♡♡

Jane: Oh my, you're completely addicted, aren't you? You're so overcome with pleasure you don't know what to do. Hehehe...

Of course, it wasn't just my wife's armpit that was giving me supreme pleasure. Her elastic thighs, moving bewitchingly, also played a part. It felt like my brain was melting into mush from a pleasure I had never experienced before in my life.

Jane: You know. I don't want you to apologize or reflect at all. Because... I don't care whether you see other women or not. Rather, I'd prefer if you don't meddle in how I live my life from now on. I don't want to shatter the happiness I've worked so hard to find.

Husband: .....

Jane: I don't want to cheat in secret, but I don't want to break up either. Isn't that too boring? I want you to feel unbearable jealousy watching me have sex with other men. And at the same time, I want you to be extremely aroused by my lewdness. A pathetic life where you can only masturbate in anger while smelling your cheating wife's underwear... that's the life that suits your station.

Husband: Hnngh.... Haaaah.....

Jane: Now, when you reach your climax, the things I've said will be deeply ingrained in your values. Try to hold it back if you can.

Husband: Hnnng..... Knggh.....!

An extreme sense of fear washed over me. This wasn't just empty talk. Jane's commands were powerful enough to instantly create a perverted sexual desire I never had. I desperately resisted, trying to hold back my ejaculation.

I couldn't believe how this had happened. We weren't a couple without problems, but I hadn't done anything to Jane to deserve this kind of retaliation. But in my current brain, pickled in pleasure, logical reasoning was impossible. All I could do was resist the instinct to cum.

Jane, with a cold face, increased the speed of her thigh job. Like a seasoned seductress skilled at drawing out semen, Jane focused solely on stimulating my member.

Husband: Kuaaah...!

I couldn't hold it in any longer. Jane's technique was several levels above my endurance. My wife, who had always been like a log in bed... When on earth did she become so lewd?

Jane: You're lasting longer than I thought.

Jane reached out her finger and began to stimulate my anus. It was extremely humiliating, but Jane's finger work was so masterful that it far surpassed the shame. Just a few seconds after Jane's finger went in, I ended up spewing semen.

Husband: Uuuugh..... Kuaaaaaah♡♡♡♡♡

Pshhh! Spurt.... Spurt.....

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Jane: Oh... you came a lot for you, didn't you? Hehehe...

It's your first time having your anus developed, so you must be very embarrassed, right? Don't worry. You'll forget everything that happened today...As soon as Jane finished speaking, I felt my consciousness slowly fading to black.

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