

Windmills 2

Following that first day, when Steph showed me her new, gym toned body, and demonstrated her superior physical power, things began to change in our marriage. It wasn't just the dynamic of our sex lives either, the whole nature of our relationship changed. I don't think it was the fact she could (and did) now take full control in bed – it was the fact I loved it. This was something quite different and fed into the dynamics of life together outside the bedroom.

It wasn't like I used to be undisputed head of the household and all that had suddenly changed. Steph had always made more money than me and we had always made out decision together. The important stuff, like about the kids or where to live. But I had always kind of had the final say. I guess it was just the natural pattern of things, one that we'd always followed without thinking or discussing things. [But once she started regularly kicking my ass on the wrestling mats, usually before carrying me to bed and dominating me, other aspects of our lives started changing too.](#)



I mean, I had always harboured secret domination fantasies, I watched videos online and things but I never thought it would be a reality of my life. But now Steph had taken full control of our love life, quite literally, I really began to lean into it and open myself up to those parts of me I'd never allowed before. Steph for her part helped with her renewed sexual appetite. The reality was we had never had this much sex. Not even when we were young. We were discovering a whole new life that neither of us had even realised we wanted. And it was exciting. For both of us. She thought up new ways to use her body and mine and we both delighted in playing together and indulging this new part of ourselves.

It wasn't just the wrestling either. I had started to worship her. Both literally and figuratively. After one energetic bout of wrestling, Steph stood over me, then, with a curious look on her face, she put her foot on my face. I'd never had a thing for feet but within seconds, **I was kissing and licking her foot and sucking on her toes, flat on my back, naked with my hard-on sticking straight up in the air.**



She looked down with me with a pleased look in her eyes, before she pulled her panties to the side and sat right on my face. She rocked herself to orgasm while I worked hungrily at her lips. When she came, she stood up, looked down at me and said,

“What do you say?”

I gazed up at her and responded,

“Thank you... Mistress”

With a pleased smirk, she turned and walked away, leaving me nude on the floor, my face covered in her juices, hard as a rock.

I worshiped her figuratively too. I thought about her all the time. I was infatuated again, like when we were kids. I daydreamed about her when she wasn't around.

My adoration of her, combined with her weight loss, gave her a new confidence. Her clothes changed, her attitude changed. This didn't go unnoticed. Within 6 months, she was promoted twice. She had always made more money than me but the difference was becoming obscene. It started to make my job look more like a hobby.

Our role reversal gradually developed. Little things changed. I looked more and more to her when there were decisions to be made. She would initiate sex more. We spoke about it one day. We had gone for a walk in the hills. Steph, now as was common, was showing off her awesome body. Along with her hiking boots, she wore a pair of daisy dukes and a teeny weensy bikini, showing off her huge boobs and beautiful, fitness model body. I imagine most people, upon seeing us, assumed I was loaded and had a young trophy wife. They would never guess we were the same age and she was the breadwinner.

After we walked a while, me generally dropping back so I could stare at Steph's amazing ass, [she found a nice spot with a great view and sat down. I went to sit next to her but she pulled me down onto her.](#)



We sat admiring the view for some time, me sat sideways on her lap. Then I started kissing her neck and fondling her huge tits. Suddenly though I became mindful of how we were acting and said to her,

“Steph. Do you think this is a bit weird.”

“That you stopped grabbing my tits? Yeah.”

I laughed.

“No, how we’re acting. Our new sexual dynamic.”

“I haven’t heard you complaining....”

“Oh my God no. It’s been insane. This is the best sex we’ve ever had. Its just, I don’t know. The way you look and your success and then there’s the wrestling too.... I guess I’m starting to feel, I don’t know, that I’m not at your level. Like I’m unworthy.”

She pulled my head down to her neck and wrapped her strong arms around me. I actually started to cry softly.



I don't even know why. I guess I'd been carrying those feeling around more than I knew.

"Sweetheart", she began, "My beautiful man. I love you so much. You've the love of my life. When we were kids, I remember sitting like this, with me in your lap. At the time you were much bigger than me and you got better grades. So you were stronger and more successful. I don't remember feeling threatened and unworthy. I was just proud of you and happy you were mine. We've entered a new phase of our lives. Sure that dynamic may have changed but it's always me and you versus the world and I hope you're proud of me."

"I'm more than proud of you. I'm obsessed by you. I think about you all day, every day. When you're not there I walk around in a daze. I just don't know if what we're doing is weird..."

"Kinky sure but who gives a shit. Most couples who have been together as long as us haven't had sex in years. We've found something that turns us both on and we are having the best sex of our lives. Who cares if it's a little kinky."

"It really turns you on as much as me?"

"Oh my god. The other day I was in my office and I started thinking about you on the floor with your face between my thighs, I had to go and masturbate in the toilet!"



“Really?”, I burst out laughing.

“Oh my god yeah.”

With that we started kissing. Me in her lap. It got hot and heavy fast. I stood up, then turned and sat down back in her lap, straddling her legs. Steph had one hand on my ass and another on my back. My rock hard cock was pressed into her tight stomach as she held me very firmly and we started gyrating together.

I broke off the kiss and wrapped myself around her very tightly, like a man adrift clinging to a raft; burying my face in her neck, then whispered in her ear...

“Mistress...”

“Yes?”, she whispered back.

“Pick me up and press me against a tree”

She let out a pleased moan and we resumed our kissing and gyrating. After a minute she stood up... the thrill of being carried alone was nearly too much... the she walked to a nearby tree and slammed me against it. I instantly blew my wad in my pants.



My head collapsed back to her shoulder and Steph stepped away from the tree. She casually wandered to a good spot where she could enjoy the view and just stood there for a while, holding my large body around her's and enjoying the view and knowledge that after 17 years of marriage, she can make her husband cum in his pants. I in turn simply enjoyed the post orgasmic come down. The feeling of absolute safety that I got being held in my wife's toned arms and the warmth of her body, which had become the centrepiece of my world.

Suddenly I woke up.

We were moving. Steph was walking, I was still wrapped around her.

"Babe?"

"Oh her there sleepyhead."

"What happened?"

"You were a little tired. I was holding you and then realised you had nodded off. I'm just taking us back down to the car."

"How long have you been carrying me?"

"Oh about 20 minutes. We're probably only about 10 minutes away."

"Want me to get off?"

"Well you already did that..."

I laughed again.

"You know what I mean."

"No it's OK. I want to see if I can do it."

With her mind set to it, Steph continued her steady pace down the hill. With me wrapped around her. It wasn't easy. She had to take a couple of breaks, whereby she would find a felled tree or something about the right height, then put me down on it. [We would stay in our position, with me arms around her shoulders and legs around her waist, she would give herself a minute... then lift me again and carry on walking.](#)



By the time we were back at the car, she was really struggling and her gait was noticeably uneven. Seeing the grit and determination on her face, I couldn't help but be in awe of her. This is how she was kicking ass at work, this was how she had developed her incredible strong body. Once again, even after our conversation, I was awash with feelings of inadequacy. I just don't think I have that kind of inner strength in me, that drive and steel. At the same time though I couldn't help the reaction, unbelievably my dick was hard again. Steph felt it. Just before we got to the car, she leaned into my ear and whispered...

"I'm going to fuck you so hard when we get home.... mmm... I've been taking it easy on you so far. But I'm not going to anymore. I'm going to fuck you into the middle of next week"

With this she gripped my ass very hard and stuck her tongue in my ear. I nearly came again... but managed to control myself. She let me down for the first time in 30 minutes and I was a little wobbly on my feet. She held out her hand and guided me the final few feet to the car. She held out her hand and I took the keys from my pocket and handed them to her. She walked over to the passenger door and opened it for me. I was a little taken aback but for some reason it turned me on a little. I clambered in and she closed it after me. She walked around, got into the drivers seat, fired up the engine and drove. She rested her hand on my leg while she drove. The role reversal again caused this sense of ambivalence in me. Part of me was panicking, thinking this was wrong. I was supposed to be the alpha provider. The other part of me looked across at this goddess, her perfect tanned skin, her huge tits, her beautiful face... I wasn't on her level and I should be grateful that she wanted to have sex at all, it was right she was in charge, leading our relationship and assuming the role of the dominant partner, I also couldn't get around the fact

this was seriously turning me on, that deep down I had always wanted a female led relationship and now my beautiful, adoring, caring wife had taken this role by the horns. Surely this was everything I could ask for? With this thought I settled back into my seat and enjoyed the sensation of this beautiful woman, who looked so youthful (she truly did look about 30, it wasn't just my infatuation) softly stroking my thigh while she controlled our large, powerful SUV.

She went through with her promise too. After parking, she got out and walked round the car, strangely I sat there waiting. Neither of us had discussed it but it was another sign of us slipping into this new relationship dynamic. She opened the door and I got out. As soon as we had opened the house door, we shouted... KIDS? **Realising nobody was home, she swept me into her arms and began kissing me, while she crossed the living room and the headed up the stairs.**



She followed through on her promise and did indeed fuck me into the middle of next week. By the time she was done, I think I was close to going blind. I had cum 3 times and she must have had 10 or 12 orgasms. She had squeezed me and twisted me and pinned me in every erotic position she could imagine. She had carried me and thrown me and pinned me. She had comforted me and cuddled me and matched the domination with her loving, tender touch. It was incredible. I wanted more but ultimately my body gave out. It was an amazing day.

I already mentioned she was dressing differently and I loved it. It wasn't just the bikinis, in her time off she was wearing things she never would have worn before. Shiny, wet look leggings, hot pants, short dresses and high heels, really low cut tops which showed off her huge boobs. But I especially liked the way she was dressing professionally. When she went to work before, she usually wore trousers and a baggy shirt. Now she was wearing skirt suits. The skirts were always tight and fairly short. Steph liked showing off her fit, toned legs and her large, gym sculpted ass. I thought it made her look amazing and powerful.

There was one in particular that drove me crazy. [It was the shiny kind of gold one. It reminded me a lot of the outfit that Jennifer Tilly wore in Liar Liar.](#)



Whenever she wore that I couldn't look at her if the kids were around, for fear of my inevitable physical reaction being spotted. How much they knew of what was going on between us was a bit of an unknown. They were 16 and 14, so were in the phase of life when they just wanted to be with their friends, they couldn't think of anything worse than being in with their parents. This, of course, was a blessing and gave Steph and I the run of the house more than we'd ever had before.

Steph knew I loved that outfit. She wore it one morning and, as I lay in bed and she put the finishing touches to her hair and makeup, I couldn't help but stare at her. She was so fucking sexy and I told her so.

"Is that right?", she playfully asked,

"Yes, I think that's my favourite outfit of yours. You look so fucking hot"

"Mmmm", she let out a pleased moan, then stood from the dressing table stool and crossed the bedroom, sliding open one of the drawers.

"You know what I think would be sexy for you to wear?"

She asked as she pulled out some white, lace panties from the drawer.

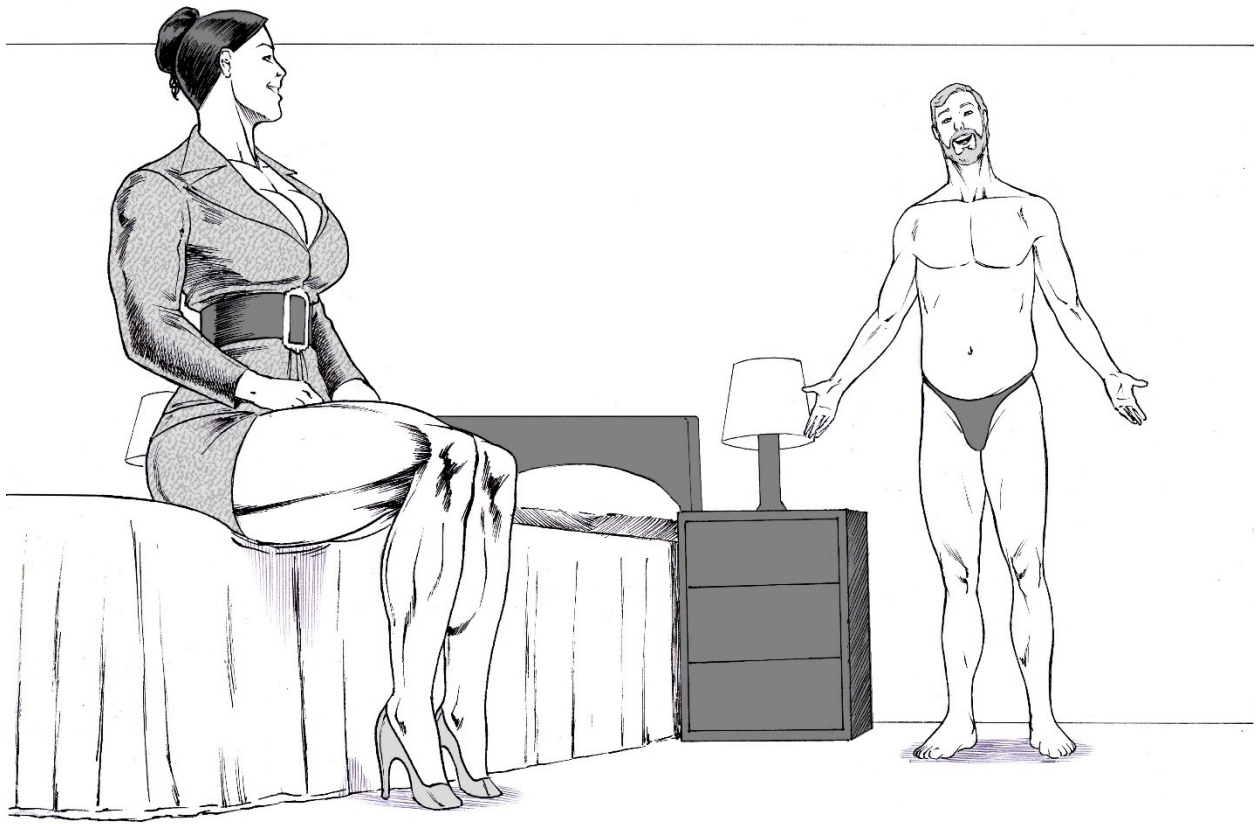
I chuckled, "Are you for real?"

She raised an eyebrow and nodded.

I pulled back the cover and walked over to her. Uncertain but also drawn to her like a moth to a flame, I took them from her and said, still a little unsure, "Ok".

I took them from her hand and walked into the bathroom, looking at her, my gaze unsteady, her eyes meeting mine with total confidence.

I showered, then dried myself, tentatively reaching for her panties. I took hold of the band and slid them on, first one leg, then the other. I looked at myself in the mirror. I turned to one side, then the other. I opened the door, Steph was sat on the side of the bed. I stepped nervously toward her. She cocked her head and raised her hand. I stopped my approach. **She raised an eyebrow and twirled her finger in a circle. I understood and slowly rotated in front of her.**



“Mmmm. Very nice”, she commented.

“I look ridiculous”, I laughed.

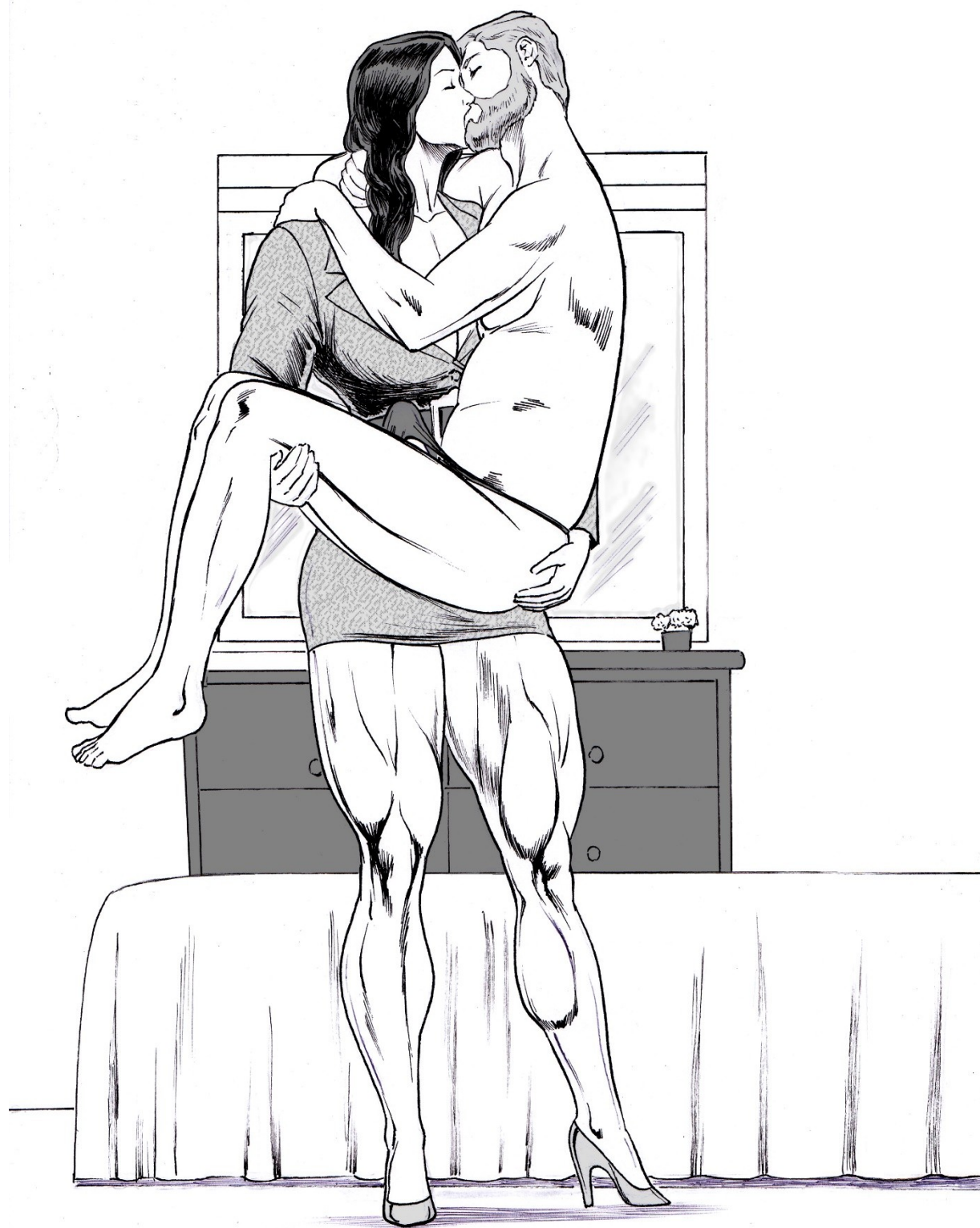
She giggled... and patted her lap. I walked to her and sat down sideways. She, fully dressed and me, wearing only her panties. *With her in her heels, her knee was raised, so my feet didn't touch the ground. I wrapped my arms around her shoulders as she angled her inviting lips up to mine.*



Inevitably, I got a huge erection. She stroked her hand gently along the length of my shaft, teasing me through the lace of her panties. Within 10 seconds I gasped as I came, filling her underwear with my jizz. She broke the kiss and smiled up at me.

“Well I guess I’m not the only one who thinks those are pretty sexy on you”, she teased.

She wrapped her arms around my back and under my knees, then stood up and carried me back to my side of the bed, where she laid me down, then bent over me and kissed me deeply.



“Mmm. Get yourself cleaned up... then put on a clean pair from my drawer before you go to work”

I grinned back at her and nodded my acquiescence. Then, with one last kiss, she turned and walked out, looking hot as hell. I did as I was instructed and after my shower, I selected a pair of electric blue panties, which fit well. I put on the rest of my clothes and left for work as if all was normal, thinking to myself... well maybe this is our new normal.