

While My Husband Watches 2: A Wife Sharing Romance (The WHILE MY HUSBAND WATCHES Hotwife Series)

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mind-blowing thrill for him, and the memory is still getting his cock hard when he strokes himself. For me, however, things have gone downhill. After years of being more or less satisfied with my own fingers and my two dildos (Butch and Slim!), I'm finding it harder and harder to get aroused on my own. It's strange, almost disturbing. I mean, I've been touching myself since I was thirteen, and I've done it even when the sex with Jonathan and me was still good. But now . . . now my own imagination just isn't enough, most of the time. I can't understand it. I really can't. It's not that I want to fuck Alex the painter again. Heavens, no! Listen, I love Jonathan, and I understand the dangers of fucking another man even once, let alone twice! But now that we've done it once, now that we've crossed that line, I can't help but think about doing it again. Not with that goddamn painter, but with someone else. Someone new. Am I a horrible person? Maybe. I don't know. All I know is that I constantly find myself looking at these rough, working-class men out there: delivery guys, bartenders, construction workers, cops, firemen . . . looking at them and imagining them in my house, in my bed, in my cunt. I don't know what it is. Maybe it's because both Jonathan and I grew up in wealthy families, are quite wealthy ourselves now, have ALWAYS been wealthy . . . yes, maybe there's an elitist sort of appeal these middle-class men have for me. Or maybe it gives me a sense of comfort, a feeling of distance, knowing that these men come from vastly different backgrounds, live in different worlds. It's almost inconceivable to me that they would threaten the stability of my marriage from an emotional standpoint. In a strange way, it seems safe to fuck these sorts of men, men who aren't bankers or lawyers, men I'll never run into at a country club or a nice restaurant. So is that it? Is that why I can't help staring at the UPS guy's thighs and ass as he bends down in those brown shorts? Is that why I'm fixated with the cop's "gun"? The fireman's "pole"? The mailman's "package"? Now I laugh at myself and shake my head. It is a beautiful summer's day, and I am sitting inside, in our living room, a cup of lukewarm tea on the coffee table in front of me, the sun shining through the slats in the window. I am supposed to be working from home today, but I am too distracted by my own thoughts, by my concerns about my marriage interspersed with these half-baked fantasies of fucking a farmer or banging a butcher. Half-baked fantasies that are not enough to motivate me to get my dildo out, but are perhaps enough motivation to lead my mind down that path again, that path where I imagine Jonathan hiding in the kitchen or behind the living room drapes, his familiar cock standing straight out, harder than it has been in years, his eyes darting back and forth as he jerks himself off . . . jerks himself off as he watches. Watches me. Now I begin to feel some life beneath my robe, warmth between my legs, and I shift on the couch. Although that evening with the Russian painter ended with Jonathan coming like a geyser all over our polished oakwood floors, we didn't bring up the possibility of trying it again. I don't know why, really. I know that at the end of that night, when I kicked that no-name painter out of our house, out of our lives, even as the man's cum dripped out of me . . . yes, when I went and hugged my Jonathan, all spent and wasted as he knelt on the floor, we shared a moment of real bliss, a true connection, a reminder that no matter what goes on around us, it's always about the two of us. That's what a marriage is. The marriage is ALWAYS the most important thing in your life. And only now, as I feel my clit start to stiffen, my pussy lips start to tighten, my nipples start to prick up, all on their own . . . only now do I truly admit to myself that the moment after we both came—Jonathan on his own, and me with the painter's cock deep in me—was a moment I want to recapture. Now I slump down on the couch and place my feet against the edge of the coffee table. I open my robe and spread my legs, taking a deep breath as I start to rub the insides of my heavy thighs. I can feel myself slowly getting wet, and along with the arousal I feel a deep sense of relief, that perhaps I am back to being me. But as my fantasies start to take over and my finger moves down to my crotch, my clit, my cunt, I hold on to the thought that I have indeed changed, and the only way to get back to being the NEW me is to get Jonathan and me back in that situation. That situation with me being fucked hard, with reckless abandon, by some no-name guy, while my husband watches. And as I plunge my fingers deep into my pussy and arch my head back, I smile up at the ceiling and repeat the words: While my husband watches.

2 My fingers are soaked with my secretions and I am close to coming when I hear an unusual sound at the door. It breaks me out of my fantasy, and I quickly put my legs together and cover my exposed crotch with my robe. Is someone there? I walk to the front door, but it is closed. Then I see

a bunch of envelopes on the floor. The mail? Odd. I mean, yeah, we have a mail slot in our front door, but the mailman never uses it. He knows we have a box off to the side of our driveway that we like to use. I hate having the mail all over the floor like this, in the foyer. Irritated, partly because I was close to coming and am still hot and impatient, I open the door and look for the mailman. We know the guy well—he's been coming here for years. Maybe he's just getting old. I step outside now, dressed in my robe, nothing but shorts and a t-shirt underneath, old bra, frayed cotton panties, no shoes. I look for the mailman, and now I see him and gasp. Wow, it certainly isn't old Albert! No, this one is new. He is leaning into his van, and I can only see his ass in those silly, dark blue shorts that the mailmen wear during the summer. But silly shorts or not, his ass is round and tight as fuck! I glance down at his legs, taking in their bronze sheen, the muscular calves that look like he does a lot of biking, running, or straight-up squats. I can imagine him now, squatting, with no pants on, his cock and balls hanging down grotesquely as he sits there on his haunches, legs spread wide. I imagine myself ordering him to turn around so I can see that naked ass, reach under him and rub his balls, pull on his massive cock. All the while looking at that bronze, muscular ass sticking up in my face. Damn, I have not seen an ass on a man like that in a long time, I think as I stroll out into the driveway, feeling my wetness start to coat my inner thighs. No, my husband Jonathan is a handsome man with a nice physique—broad shoulders, a strong chest, a reasonably flat stomach for his age (he is forty-five—three years older than me), and thick arms. But Jonathan has always had a flat, insipid, almost nonexistent ass, like so many men.

**"I did it for the best of reasons, I tell myself. I did it for my marriage. .
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Six weeks after her first cuckold experience, she finds that she is **yearning** for another session, with **another man**, another working-class **stranger** that she will use as a tool for her satisfaction, an instrument for her pleasure . . . and all of it while her husband watches.

But when the man she chooses declines, she decides that no matter what, this man **will** take her today, while the cuckolded husband watches.

But to what **lengths** will she go to get **what she wants**?

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