

Dream Cums True

Hun, can I tell you something that's just driving me crazy?

Why sure baby, what is it?

I think I'm turning weird.

What do you mean Stephen, weird how?

I love you to death, I think I'm a good husband, and I adore the ground you walk on. You know that right?

Yea and I love you too, sweetheart.

Well, lately I've been dreaming a lot about you.

You're sweet, was I sexy?

Oh yeaaaaa. That's just it..... So sexy, that I woke up and my dick was throbbing with pleasure. I mean I was imagining in my dream you on our bed waiting for me. You looked so happy and your face was glowing. You were just beaming with sexuality.

A wet dream huh?

More like a fantasy fulfilled. Let me explain.

OK

Please don't leave me if I tell you this.

I won't leave you dear, tell me.

Like I said, you were lying on our bed, and you looked so sexy with your legs slightly apart, and then I saw it.

What?

Your pussy was filled with cum. You had a date that night and your boyfriend had just left. I was in the other room waiting for him to finish so I could be with you.

Just staring at me smirking, you said nothing.

The dreams have been progressing each night and this morning I dreamed that.

When did this all start?

Well, to tell you the truth, I read a story on the internet about six months ago about a guy who liked his wife to screw around and tell him about it. I've always been the jealous type and never thought such a thing would turn me on, but apparently it's become an obsession with me.

So you read this story and have been dreaming about me doing these things like in the story.

Right, exactly, only a lot more.

Really, like what?

Not only do you date guys, but you are also dominating. You make me do things and enjoy humiliating me.

Are you pulling my leg? What has gotten into you?

Honest, every night it keeps getting wilder.

It's only a dream dear. I know you love me. I would never go out on you, I love you.

When I dream it's like real and I am turned on like never before. I don't even want to wake up it is so exciting. Like I've been fantasizing about this for years and now it's finally happening.

So now that you have had all these nasty dreams, what is it that's keeps making you have them over and over? Do you want me to be like that?

I don't think so.

Well, I hope by you telling me about it, they will stop. I've got to get ready for work. No more dirty thoughts OK?

I'll try.

I wonder why Stephen is dreaming about me messing around with other men. He's never said anything about it before and has always been jealous of guys looking at me. I'm going to ask Silvia if her husband has ever talked about this wife dating thing.

Hi Silvia, how was your weekend?

Pretty good, Kurt had a few friends over for the super bowl and we all had fun. A couple ladies were cheerleading in their skirts, flashing the guys. Harmless fun for sure. How was yours.

Good, Good. I'd like to ask you a question.

Sure.

Has Kurt ever talked about you going out with another man, you know, messing around?

Oh course, most men get off on their wife being a slut. It puts lead in their pencil, if you know what I

mean. It's great pillow talk.

You're kidding.

Remember when you were dating and you wanted to make your boyfriend really passionate, like jealous; you'd flirt with a guy and ignore your boyfriend. How it would drive him crazy and when you were together he'd be so attentive and do anything you'd tell him. How he wanted to screw you all night to make you happy.

I do, your right. But, we're married now.

Doesn't matter, men are all the same and now they're just big kids. They want you prim and proper, but a whore in the bedroom. We'd still be pregnant and barefoot if it was up to them.

I'm confused. We said vows to be faithful and you're telling me they really want us to be sluts.

That's right, nasty, sexy, and a slut. Look it up on the internet. There's a bunch of sites about slut wives and cuckold husbands. Kurt has shown me a few of them. I've never considered actually doing something like that. You never know if they really mean it. I use it to get him going sometimes by just insinuating I have a lover.

I'm going to do some research, see ya.

Stephen, come to bed. I need to talk to you about your dreams.

Sure Amy, what's up?

I went on the internet and researched this subject, dating wives. They are called hotwives and they play around with their husbands consent and actually involve the husband in getting her ready. They usually make the husband wait at home or watch from a chair if the guy will let him.

You read that?

Yes, and I can't believe all this stuff is out there and apparently quite popular.

It's totally fascinating to me. Just talking about it has me hard as a rock, see.

My goodness, you are excited. So what do you imagine me doing with these men?

Kiss me and I'll tell you.

Smooch, smooch.

By the way, you smell wonderful tonight sweetie.

Thanks dear.

Ok, well, I see you flirting with this guy at the restaurant lounge we go. I waited and watched you openly touch him on his arm and chest. Then you whispered something in his ear. I couldn't wait any

longer and came over and tried to hug you. I wasn't able to get too close as he kind of cut me off. I sat down and listened to him chat you up.

Were you mad?

Yea, kind of, but I was also getting turned on thinking about him possibly kissing you.

Jealous too?

Maybe, but I knew you were going home with me, so I wasn't worried.

No. Are you sure?

So anyway, we get home and go to bed like this and I ask you what you whispered to the guy. You started stroking me.

Yea, just like that and then you whispered in my ear you said, you wanted him. You want him to call you on your cell. You wanted to go out with him alone and have some fun.

Stephen your cock is throbbing.

Just squeeze it, don't move your hand. So you ask me Amy if that would be alright with me; if you went on a date. I then see you getting ready and ask me to pick out your panties to wear for him. I see you leave the house and tell me to wait up for you.

Just like that.

It's a dream. Each time it's a little different.

Then you see me on our bed with his sperm running out of my pussy. OOOOh my, you just came all over me Stephen. That really got you off. You do like the thought of me messing around. I can't believe you.

I told you I was turning weird.

Silvia says you're not weird, just a pervert like most men. They want their wife to be a slut in the bedroom.

Yea, I'll second that, but my dreams add a third dimension.

You better watch out what you wish for my dear husband. I might just consider your little scenario to shut you up and who knows I might like it. Really though, you couldn't handle me doing something like that could you?

I don't know Hun.

Go to sleep now. Sweet dreams.

Amy, see it happened again. Now that you know, it's worse. I almost came in my sleep.

What did you dream this time?

You went on another date and you made me wear your panties while you were gone and then you made me watch as you had sex with him in our bed. After the third time, he left and you made me lie on the bed while you stroked me through the panties and made me lick your pussy, full of his cum. You wouldn't let me cum till I licked it all out of you, but it wouldn't come out, I kept trying but I couldn't reach it. You took forever before you let me cum. It was torture.

Jesus, you're making me hot now. Feel me, please and tell me more dear.

Moving my hand over your breasts and down to you V, I hear you breath getting quicker. I feel you legs open and I slide my fingers over your lips and feel the moisture seeping right through the fabric. You are so warm and I can smell you scent, you hair, your skin, your excitement. I kiss your lips.

Tell me again, what he did to me.

He didn't have a face, but he did have a big cock and he took delight in fucking you for almost an hour before he came in you the first time. You were babbling about how much you loved his cock and how wonderful it felt going deep inside you. I could see you having spasms and yelling for him to cum in you. Your legs were wrapped around his and your arms were squeezing him, like you were holding on for dear life. He pushed hard into you and held still. You were moaning, your eyes closed, and then you made this face like you were in pain, your mouth open wide and you had trouble breathing. Finally you relaxed, but held him tight, not letting him move.

Now taking your panties off you pull me on top of you and say, please fuck me Steve and tell me more.

Well, apparently you've done this before, because you kiss him and tell him he always makes you cum so much better than I do. You look at me and smile then tell him how good his cum feels in your tummy.

Oh God, fuck me Stephen, yes, harder. Fuck me, OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.

After a minute or two you push me off you and jump in the shower. I'm just laying there wondering what just happened. Coming back in, you put on some makeup, start dressing for work and then ask me what we're doing this weekend. I say nothing planned, but would like to go out for dinner and listen to a good band playing at the Hideout. You Kiss me good bye and say you like that idea.

I have these dreams all week, but don't say anything to Amy for fear she will get mad at me. I really do enjoy the dreams and am starting to think Amy likes the idea of being a naughty wife. I can feel her in the morning checking my dick before she gets out of bed. I've also been checking the history on the computer and she's read dozens of stories about cuckolds, female domination, and instructional sites. I can't tell for sure, but it looks like she is chatting with people and doing a lot of emailing. She's also gone shopping and I can't believe how sexy her new underwear is. Not the thong stuff, but nice satin and lace, stretch nylon panties and bras. A few new dresses have been hanging around too. Amy really hasn't said much about my dreams, except occasionally she'll rub my cock through my pants and whisper things like how big was that guy, or do I like cream pie. I couldn't figure her out, but I'm sure liking her new look.

Thursday night I wanted some loving, but she just told me she wasn't in the mood. My dream that night was really explicit. I woke up humping the bed. She woke up too and just laughed at me.

Amy was really cheery Friday morning and gave me a big kiss before she left for work. I got tied up on a bid I was doing that had to be done before the weekend, so I called Amy and told her I was going to be late for our night out and if she wanted I'd meet her at the restaurant as soon as I got done. She didn't mind and said she would just have a drink and wait in the lounge for me.

It was around 7:30 when I finally left work and went straight there. I walked in, but couldn't find her at the bar. It was sort of dark in the place and sat down to wait for my eyes to adjust. There she was in a booth with a young guy, totally absorbed in conversation with him, occasionally laughing. She was wearing a peach colored loose skirted dress with tight low cut bodice. Her light brown hair, long and silky flowed over her shoulders. Her hoop gold earrings highlighted a beautiful necklace. She looked gorgeous.

I tried to catch her attention, but she never even looked at me. I didn't think I should just interrupt her conversation, so I stayed back and waited for her to look around.

Finally she got up and walked right by me and winked. I followed her to the bathrooms and said Hi, see you have an admirer. She laughed and said his name was Peter and was staying at the hotel out back because he just moved here and hadn't had time to find a place. I tried to kiss her but she stopped me. With her finger on my lips she said she was having fun and would I mind if she let things play out with Peter. She really liked him and then she squeezed me through my slacks and kissed me. Please she whispered in my ear.

I became hard immediately. I see you like that idea.

I didn't know what to say.

You know what is going to happen tonight don't you? You know Peter wants me and you're not going to stop him because you want him to fuck me. You want me to make love to him and be that slut wife you dream about. I know you love the thought of it, but tonight it is going to happen for real. You are going to be a cuckold. That is what you want isn't it?

Oh God Yes, I say.

Amy kisses me again and whispers in my ear. Please be a good husband and wait for me. You have one hour to change your mind. I'll give you a present later when we get home..

Ok I said.

Amy danced for an hour on and off with her new friend. She had a few cosmos, but wasn't drunk, considering she had eaten only a few wings that I knew of. Around 9:30 she walked out the door with her friend, arm and arm. I slowly followed and see them on a balcony walk above me. They stop, lean on the railing and kiss, her arms around his neck. She looks down at me and has a big smile ear to ear. They make out for a few minutes and I see him open the door and she steps inside. The door shuts.... All is quite.

I was going crazy as the hours clicked away. Finally around 1:30 I see her standing by the exit. We

walk outside and I give her a hug telling her I was worried about her. She looked ravished but very content. Driving home she has her head on my shoulder and is quiet as a mouse, but she is rubbing me through my pants. I'm stiff as can be.

In our bedroom, Amy just stands next to the bed and puts her arms around my neck. She is moving her hips side to side and she starts unbuttoning my dress shirt. She runs her hands over my chest and tweaks my nipple. Amy then unbuttons my pants and they fall to the floor. My dick was hard as a rock. She doesn't touch it. I tried to unzip her dress, but could only get it half way down. She slides down my briefs and then I feel her reach under her dress and pull down her panties.

Amy wiggles a little and then as they fall, she picking them off her foot behind her. Still only inches from me, she raises the panties to my face and rubs the crotch over my lips.

Do you smell him? Can you smell my lovers cum in my panties?

Yes, Yes, I smell it I say, barely able to talk. My heart is beating so fast.

You are a cuckold now. I fucked another man tonight. You knew it was going to happen and you didn't stop it. I saw you from the railing. You could have interrupted us, but you didn't. You watched us kiss and I saw you rub your pants, still you said nothing. So here I am used and full of cum. Taste it on my panties. This is what you've dreamed about, what you wanted me to do, isn't it?

God yes, I love you so much.

Well, I just loved his big cock.

Moving the panties down from my lips you start to rub my cock with the wet nylon.

It was just like you dreamed Stephen. He made love to me for hours and kept getting hard again. He made me come so many times, I lost track.

You step away from me and hold out the panties and tell me to step into them. I do it, you pull them up and you push me back on the bed. I can feel the wet panty crotch on my balls.

You climb onto me and straddle my waist with your legs and move you pussy right over my cock. Moving slowly back and forth you tell me about Peter. Your dress draped over my body and tickling my chin, you say again he is really hung.

Steve, Peter has huge balls to match his wonderful cock. He really likes me, I can tell. His cock stayed hard almost all night. I didn't want to leave, but I knew you were waiting for me. Do you feel how loose he made me dear?

Oh God what are you doing to me.

Just teasing you a little like I know you want me to. Can't you feel how open I am down there? He really pumped me full you know. I'll be leaking for days.

Moving forward you lift up your dress and move your knees to above my head straddling me. You let the skirt go and my head is trapped between your legs and covered by the satin dress.

You smell like a combination of perfume, sweet pee, pussy juice, and cum. It's intoxicating, my head is spinning and I lose all sense of time and place. Your wetness engulfs my mouth and I'm lapping away in the loose folds of your pussy. You are wide open and oozing a slippery mix, which I can't seem to swallow. It sticks to my tongue and throat and won't go down. I savor the flavor and imagine his sperm swimming around in your womb.

I feel you shake and come on my tongue and fall to the side of me. I move over you and can smell him on your neck and face. I pull your dress off and you flop down almost asleep now. I kiss your breasts and they taste of him as well. I pull my panties aside and slip my cock head into your pussy.

I see a hickey on your neck, and one on your breast. I imagine him sucking on your skin, making you feel closer to him as he fucked you, slowly and then hard till you came for him again and again. I imagine the feeling he must have had cumming into your silken glove, deeper than I've ever been. How you must feel taking cock from a young energetic man, fucking you over and over. You feeling his desire for you, his need to make you his, to be as close as possible to each other, man and woman. United physically and mentally to achieve a true union of passion. I push into you and my cock explodes, squirting into your already cum filled vagina.

I feel the sun on my face and open my eyes to see Amy standing by the bed, beautiful as ever in her nightgown. She is just glowing with excitement.

Smiling at me, Amy says, wake up sleepy head.

I stare at her and try and clear my head. Then I remember pieces of the night before. I start to ask her if last night really happened, but couldn't get it out before she said breakfast was ready and walked away.

I get up and wash my face and sit down at the kitchen table with her.

Amy asks me if we could rent out our pool house.

I thought for a minute, then said heck yea, we could use the extra money and maybe even have her or him help out around the house for us.

Good, she said. Then says, around noon she needs a ride to the restaurant to pick up her car.

We both showered, did a few chores and then as I was dropping her off she said she was going shopping and would call me later. Then she kissed me and casually said she was busy tonight.

I just stared at her and felt my cock stirring.

I have a date Stephen. She kissed me again and was gone.

I drove home and started to wonder why I ever told her about my dreams. Amy had made the bedroom up perfect as usual, but left her panties from the night before on my dresser. There was a note on top. It read I have a date today and tonight and thought you might need some extra stimulation while you waited for me. I won't be home till late so I hope you don't get too lonely. Maybe you should take in a movie. Please wear these panties for me and if you're good I'll tell you all about my date when I get home.

The phone rang around 6:00 and she asked me if I was OK. I told her it was kind of shocking for me and hard to really get a grip on what she was doing so quickly after last night's activity. She told me she was a changed woman now and liked the freedom to date other men. As her cuckold I was to think about how happy she will be in the arms of her boyfriend and not to masturbate..

She pulled in around 1:30 again and came right up to bed and stripped off and jumped right on top of me naked.

How are you? Did you have fun, what did you do, where did you go, I say.

Were you a good boy and wear my panties for me today?

Yes, see.

Ok, good. Well, you probably want to know what is going on.

It would be nice.

Well, you sharing your dreams with me opened up my eyes to the way things work in your mind and I did a lot of reading about it. I thought about it and have been corresponding with men and women who are in the lifestyle, they call it. They gave me pointers and suggestion on what you might like and how I should behave from now on. You know, like how to really make it enjoyable for you. Who are you dating?

Peter of course. You saw how he ravaged my body the other night. How could I let a man like that get away? We spent all our time together today just having fun. Tonight we went out to dinner and then back to the hotel. Take off those dirty panties.

Thank you.

Amy straddles me while I'm lying on my back. She starts rubbing her pussy lips over my penis. She is dripping again and I feel my balls itching from all the cum leaking out of her.

She kisses me and I can smell him on her breath. So how do you like the new me she asks?

I'm just blown away.

It's what you wanted isn't it? Me going on dates and having my lover fill me with his cum. Put your dick in me and feel it. I'm dripping wet from all the love juice he pumped in me. I love the feeling of his cum in my tummy. Your dick is all wet from my lovers cum, doesn't it feel wonderful?

Oh God yes, you feel so good. It's just so hard waiting for you to come home, I miss you.

I can hardly feel you baby, but let me fuck you, just stay still, OK? she asks.

Yea.

I have a solution to that problem. Peter just started a job locally and needs a place to stay. I asked him

usually eat her cummy pussy till she comes all over my mustache and I'll jack off into her panties she wore that day. She usually makes me smell them before she'll let me stroke my dick with them.

Amy has also gotten me into all sorts of lingerie. After talking me into shaving my legs and balls, she asked me to wear stocking and a garter belt for her. Usually she'll dress me up and then go see Peter for an hour or so and make me wait for her. Occasionally I have to sleep that way and she'll slip out of Peter's bed after a morning romp and wake me up with a sloppy cream pie for breakfast. All is well, except for the girls at her work. They can't believe how good she had it and are so jealous of her.

Last month, Amy stopped taking birth control pills. She told me they were making her sick. She was afraid of breast cancer and blood clots. At 29 she feels 10 years on them was way too long. She asked me if I thought a diaphragm would be Ok, because she knows how much we both like Peter to cum in her pussy. I agreed with her and now that she is fertile again, her libido has really taken off, if that's possible. She just can't seem to get enough of Peters cum. I swear there's not a day goes by she isn't leaking his sperm into her panties for me to enjoy. She loves his youthful stamina and the large amount of cum he can produce daily. She tells me how she can feel him throbbing when he cum in her and once she jerked him off and it almost hit the ceiling before falling down into her hair and all along her back and cheeks.

Yesterday she went shopping with her girlfriend and come home with a really soft and pink bra for me. She sprung it on me that night as she was teasing me about keeping Peter waiting. She said that if I wore it she would be back in an hour and would have a surprise for me. I let her put it on along with stockings, and panties. She told me to check the cups of my bra after she went to Peter's bed.

Man she sure knows how to get me going. After the TV program ended the bra started to feel weird pressing against my chest. The soft nylon made my nipples hard as a rock, along with my cock of course. She had left me in bed all dressed up, I started messaging my chest through the bra and felt something. Oh yea, she told me there was something in there. I pulled out her diaphragm. Wait a minute, that's the only one she has and I have it. Oh God I think to myself, I'm sweating. She just finished her period last week. This is her fertile time. She wants a baby, she wants his baby. I can't stand it my dick is hurting thinking about what she is doing next door

Having a panic attach Stephen, I hear from the doorway. I look at her and she is smiling ear to ear.

I want his baby. I want Peter to make a baby in me. I just make love to him and told him I was fertile. He came in me Stephen. I'm full of his sperm and I'm fertile right now. Lay back now and taste his sperm in my vagina. Peter's rich and fertile sperm swimming in my womb looking for my egg. Taste it and share with me the conception of our baby.

I can't believe you. It's so exciting for me. You want his baby, not mine. You want to have another man's child and cuckold me in the most intimate way.

Ouch, I felt it. I felt my ovary release an egg. Do you believe it? What better timing. Hold me my dear cuckold. I can't wait to be pregnant with Peter's child. I love him you know. I know you do.

I will always love you, and will raise as many children as you want.

You kissed me and we snuggled up, me holding your tummy from behind and think to myself, dreams can definitely cum true.