

## My Husband Ray

We had been married just over a year when I noticed that my husband, Ray, seemed to have gone off sex. It wasn't that he had gone off me it was just that every time I initiated sex with him, it seemed that either he was too tired, didn't feel like it or couldn't get an erection. At first I suspected that he might be having an affair, but doubted this as he is not very outgoing and is a bit shy with women.

I found out the reason by accident when I was clearing out some papers from the room he uses as an office at home. Tucked in the back of the drawer were numerous men's magazines. They had all been well read judging by the state of them. I was annoyed at first, mostly that Ray had been spending his time reading these magazines rather than paying attention to me. I was intrigued enough though to look through a few of the magazines to see just what Ray found interesting in them.

It amazed me that so many of the letters were from men who, it appeared, enjoyed seeing their wives having sex with other men, especially when the men were better endowed than the husband or were better lovers or both. I'd always thought that if a wife had sex with another man it would be grounds for divorce, not something the a husband would get excited about. Reading all these letters opened my eyes and made me think again about my relationship with Ray. Presumably Ray found this exciting and I wondered if this was the way to rekindle our sex life.

I didn't say anything about the magazines at first to Ray but checked the drawer at regular intervals. Sure enough new copies turned up and I also noticed that often they would be left open at the letters pages, especially where it concerned what I had come to learn was called wife watching.

I admit that the constant reading of the same theme in these letters affected me and I began to have fantasies about teasing Ray by flirting with other men and possibly letting them have sex with me. I wanted to bring the subject up with Ray but knew it was something that I would have to be tactful about. He isn't the most confident person, especially when it comes to sex. He isn't very well endowed and I felt that the initiative would have to come from him. I did feel however that I could help him by changing the way I dressed and acted and see how he reacted to it.

I was pleased by the look on Ray's face when I showed him my purchases the following Saturday. I had spent most of the day at the shops and had bought what amounted to several new outfits, including new underwear. Ray's eyes lit up when I tried on my new mini skirts, the longest of which came to mid thigh.

He also loved my skimpy panties and lace bras. We agreed that I should wear one of the outfits to a party we were going to the following weekend. It was after my fashion-show that Ray and I had sex, the first time for several weeks. Ray was like a man possessed as he pushed the little skirt up my thighs and, without even removing my pants, entered me. I played with my clit as Ray pounded into me but even with this stimulation he came before I could.

As Ray withdrew from me I continued to play with my clit. He lay beside me and watched as I held the flimsy panties to one side and teased my hard little bud then ran my fingers down into my wet hole and back up to my clit again. It was probably something that I had read in one of the magazines that made me reach out to Ray with my wet fingers and run them over his lips.

Ray was surprised at first, we had indulged in oral sex but he had never gone down on me after we had made love and so tasting his own cum off my fingers was a new experience for him. He didn't complain though so I began dipping my fingers into my vagina and then wiping the sticky mess onto his lips some more. Soon I had Ray literally eating out of my hand as I fed him his own cum. Eventually I got him on his knees with his face between my legs, giving me a good eating. I had already fed him most of what he had deposited in me but he gave me a great orgasm as he licked and sucked at my sloppy used hole.

Our sex life improved after this, with Ray eating me out after fucking me becoming a regular part of our lovemaking. We were also having sex more often. I was wearing sexier clothes and this seemed to have an effect on Ray, especially when we had been out for the evening and other men had been getting glimpses of my exposed thighs and, on one occasion, my stocking tops and perhaps my panties.

When we'd get home in the evening I always brought the subject up of the other men who had been looking at me. I knew now that this excited him and I knew that I was going to get fucked when he got me home. I must admit to teasing Ray as I told him about the men looking at my body, I even made up instances to tell him about when nothing had actually happened. I was really just leading him on till I got him to let me fuck another man. I knew with the attention that I was now getting from men that I could have my pick whenever I wanted, but I wanted to do it with Ray making the first step.

I felt that it was time now to move Ray onto the next stage in my plan. I stopped him having intercourse with me, we still had sex, quite often in fact as my flirting and teasing with other men aroused Ray so much, but I got him to masturbate himself while I watched or I would do it for him on occasions. I also

began to tease him, gently at first, about his penis size. I started introducing words such as 'little' and 'small' and 'cute' as I spoke about his cock, telling him to wank his cute little cock as he licked my pussy.

It sounds cruel but Ray seemed to love it, and his fist would become a blur as he wanked himself off. I always made sure he cleaned up properly after he came and this would entail licking up his spunk from wherever he had shot it, whether it was the bed, the carpet or just into his hand. I knew that I had full control over Ray now and that he would go along with anything that I wanted.

It was while Ray was between my thighs one evening, his tongue up my pussy that I decided to push him one stage further. I was having trouble reaching an orgasm and was getting frustrated so I pushed Ray away and told him to fetch me his magazines from his office. His face was a picture to see, like a little boy caught with his pants down. He tried acting innocent at first, denying all knowledge of them, but when I insisted, he went away red faced and got them.

As he handed them to me I decided to tease him further by asking him if he enjoyed reading about wives playing around and wondered if it turned him on. He denied it at first but then admitted that he found it interesting when I pointed out that all the magazines were open at pages relating to wife watching.

I got Ray to talk about it for a while and we read some of the letters together. I then told him I'd like to watch him wank as he read them out loud to me. He seemed keen and as he read I watched his hand jerking up and down his erect penis.

My own hand strayed down to my clit and we masturbated together as Ray read out the letters. We came at the same time, Ray shooting his load across my legs as my fingers brought me to a shuddering orgasm.

It didn't take much after this to get Ray to admit that he would like me to fuck another man. I said that I would do it for him so long as he wouldn't get jealous and would still love me and to prove it he would have to lick my pussy afterwards. Ray eagerly agreed, and I was like the cat that had the cream. My husband wanted me to screw around and would be there for me afterwards to clean me up with his tongue, what more could a girl want?

It was two weeks later that I was unfaithful to Ray for the first time, and it was great. A girl friend from work was having a small party at her apartment and she invited Ray and I, however I told Ray that I wanted to go alone, and he agreed. I spent over an hour getting ready, with Ray helping me to bathe and get dressed. I found it a special thrill to let Ray pick my underwear

for my evening out.

We both of us knew that another man would probably be removing it later that night.

When I got to my friend Katie's apartment everyone assumed that Ray and I had had an argument, but I told them that I had left him at home with some chores to do, which was true, and that he was quite happy for me to come out on my own and enjoy myself. Some of the guests found this strange and others found it amusing, but most of the men saw it as a green light to try and chat me up, which was great. I knew most of the people there because most of them were from work. By the time I had the fourth or fifth drink brought to me I was feeling quite light headed.

I believe that I was the only female on her own at the party and so I had my choice of all the single men and was never short of a dancing partner. As the drinks flowed so the inhibitions were lost and the men wasted no time in groping me as we danced or chatted. I could feel myself getting wet as one man after another nuzzled my ear or ran his hands over my ass.

I wasn't very choosy that evening and went to the bedroom with the first man who asked me. I decided not to get undressed and let him fuck me with my skirt pulled up around my waist. I took off my panties as he dropped his trousers around his ankles. He was bigger than Ray and it hurt a bit as he pushed his cock into me, actually it hurt more than when Ray took my virginity on our wedding night. It didn't take him long to cum, but just the extra length and width of his cock had made me cum twice before he pumped me full of his seed.

There wasn't much romance about it, as soon as he finished he rolled off me and pulled his trousers back up. He kissed me on the lips and thanked me, which I thought was nice and I just lay there with my legs apart and his warm cum running down the crease of my bum as he went back to join the party. I lay there for a few minutes savoring the feeling of having been fucked properly at last, Ray had never been able to make me cum when we fucked, I always had to use my fingers or, lately, get Ray to use his tongue on me.

It was when I sat up and tried to straighten out my clothing that I noticed two things. The first was that he had taken my panties with him, presumably as a trophy, and the second was that I now had a large, wet cum stain on the back of my skirt. I tried to clean myself up as much as possible but it was quite obvious from looking at me what had happened.

Minutes later, when I rejoined the party, I realized that I had no chance of hiding the fact that I'd been fucked. He was standing with a group of friends

laughing and joking, but also holding my little white panties in his hand. I decided to brazen it out and walked over to him and reached for my pants. He held them out of reach until I asked for them and said 'please'.

He gave them to me then and I actually slipped them back on while all the men watched. Unashamedly I took my shoes off and, as six pairs of male eyes watched, I pulled the panties up my legs and thighs holding my skirt up to straighten them at the waist. All the guys there had a good look at my pussy as I arranged my panties and I felt truly liberated now and also quite slutty.

I asked my lover to run me home but he made me wait till he had finished his drink. I stood there with cum still running down my thighs and drying on the back of my skirt as I waited for him to take me home to my husband.

Ray was in bed when I got home. I think when he saw me walk into the bedroom he knew what had happened. I looked down at him as he lay there and I knew that our life wouldn't be the same after this. I still loved him but I felt superior to him now. I reached down and pulled away the sheet that was covering him. He was naked and he had an erection and was holding it with one hand, his fist almost covering the little organ. I felt pity for him that he was always going to be laughed at, secretly or openly, by women and other men because of what he let his wife do with others.

Ray began to stroke himself as I watched, unable to see the contempt in my eyes, or maybe he could see it and in a strange way found it exciting. I undressed as he slowly wanked himself. When I was naked I stood by the bed and told him to look at my pussy. His eyes moved down and I knew that he could see the tell tale signs that show a woman has been fucked, in this case that his wife had been fucked, the matted pubic hair, the red puffy lips hanging loose, the dried semen on her thighs. Ray took all this in and his hand moved faster and faster on his cock.

I knelt beside him on the bed, sitting back on my heels and spreading my thighs for Ray to see my open cunt hole. His hand was now a blur as he wanked himself. I ran my hand down my stomach and through my pubic hair till I was fingering my hard little clit. I slipped one finger inside my open hole then brought it up to my mouth and sucked it. This action brought Ray off and he was shooting a thin stream of cum onto his belly as I licked my finger. Again I felt contempt for this little man, that he had got so excited by his wife's infidelity that he had cum all over himself.

When he had finished jerking off his little penis I straddled his face and lowered myself down so that his

nose and mouth were covered by my hot, wet pussy. I could feel Ray's tongue as he ran it around my slit then up inside my hole. I pressed down further not bothering whether he could breathe or not, just wanting to satisfy myself, wanting to smother him in my lovers cum. I came quickly but carried on until I came again, then I let Ray free from between my thighs.

I looked down at him, his face between my knees, and I knew that he now realized that I was in control of our marriage and our lives. Ray knew his place now and accepted it because he knew that he could not compete with other men and that I wouldn't be satisfied with his inadequate little cock any more.