

## Becoming A Slut Wife: Maria

I first saw Maria in my third year of college. I was Engineering major, but I was also taking classes in Art to get my electives out of the way. I had signed up a class called Developmental Figure Studies because the girl I was engaged to was taking the class and she had talked me into it. It is amazing how naive you can be sometimes; I thought the class was going to be charcoal and pencil drawings of figures like bowls of fruit and vases and the like so imagine my surprise when a young woman wearing a bathrobe came into the room, dropped the robe, sat down in a chair and struck a pose. She was extremely attractive and I found myself thinking that I was going to really like this class. Sarah, my fiancée, dug her elbow in my ribs, "Hey! Save those looks for me."

I wasn't sure but I thought that the model witnessed the exchange and had smiled.

Two weeks later I showed up for my last class of the day and found a note taped to the door of the classroom; the instructor had been called away on a family emergency and the class had been canceled. I headed on home to the apartment that I shared with Sarah and when I let myself in I found that she was currently sharing the apartment, and a little something else, with the student who lived across the hall from us. The apartment had been Sarah's to begin with so I walked past the surprised couple and started moving my stuff out of the apartment and into my car. It was a little awkward what with the guy trying to get his pants on while trying to apologize and Sarah grabbing at me and saying, "Wait - you don't understand, I can explain" and drivel like that. I mean, how much explanation does a mouth on a cock need?

I got a motel room that night and moved back into the dorm the next day. The next thing that I needed to do was to cancel both classes that I took with Sarah, but as it turned out I only dropped one of them. On my way to the Registrar's office I stopped at the cafeteria at the Student Union for lunch and as I sat down at a table I noticed the model from the art class sitting at the next one over. She looked as good in her clothes as she did out of them. I started eating as I reviewed the notes that I had taken in my last class and I heard a voice say, "Excuse me" and I looked up to see the model. "Can I ask you for a favor?" I motioned her to take one of the vacant chairs and she sat down. "Actually, that was the favor. I wanted to know if I could sit with you."

I put my notes down, my curiosity in full play, and she said, "I recognized you from the afternoon art class and you were the only one in here that I recognized that had an empty chair at his table." I looked over at the table she had just vacated and then back at her. She caught the look and said, "I know, that's why I needed to move. There are two guys coming through the line and they would have headed right for my table. They are crude, obnoxious and they are constantly hitting on me. They apparently think that just because I pose nude that I'm a slut or something. I just want to avoid them. Do you mind terribly if I hide behind you?"

I grinned and told her she could take cover behind me any time she wanted. We introduced ourselves and started making small talk when we were interrupted by two jock types who sat down at the table uninvited. Ignoring me they both turned their attention toward Maria and she looked helplessly at me. One of them said, "So sweetie, thought about it? You gonna give me a taste?"

I stood up and back handed him as hard as I could and he and the chair he was sitting in went over backward. I put my foot on his throat and pushed down hard and pointed a finger at the other guy who

was just starting to come out of his chair and said, "Sit! And stay there unless you want me to crush this asshole's larynx."

The guy sat down and I said, "If either one of you assholes ever comes near my fianc,e again or if I hear that you've said even one word to her I'll come after the both of you with a baseball bat. Do you understand me? Are we clear on this?"

The guy sitting at the table wide-eyed nodded his head yes, "Then get this piece of shit out of my sight" and I took my foot off of the guy's throat. He started to scramble quickly to his feet and I pointed a finger at him and said, "You had best come up slow and easy unless you want to go back down hard again."

The look on his face was murderous, but he apparently got the message. After the two of them had walked away from our table Maria said, "I guess I found the right person to hide behind, but tell me - was I asleep when you proposed and I said yes?"

I grinned, "Don't knock it, it worked and not only with them, but with everybody who heard it. When word gets around about your violent boyfriend you should have a lot less trouble with the creeps. Now, I got to go so lean over the table and kiss me and that will convince the doubters."

She leaned toward me and I leaned toward her expecting a quick peck on the lips, but the tip of her tongue teased my lips and I held the kiss about three times as long as I had expected to. When we broke she said, "Maybe I knew what I was doing when I said yes to your proposal."

For some reason when I got to the office I didn't drop the figures class.

I was both dreading and looking forward to the figures class. Dreading it because I'd have to be there with Sarah, and looking forward to it because of seeing Maria. That little peck on the lips had affected me more than I would have thought possible. Sarah was waiting for me in the hallway outside the class room, "Why did you leave? I can explain. It was all just a mistake." She started to say "If you'll just give me a chance ..." but I cut her off, "There was a mistake and you made it. There isn't any way you can explain away having another guys cock in your mouth."

I pushed past her and into the classroom. I took my seat at my easel and about two minutes later Maria came in and took up a pose. The truth of the matter was that I was wasting my time in the class. No matter what I drew it never looked like what I was trying to draw; it always looked like something Salvador Dali might have done. When class was over Maria put on her robe and walked over to me. She looked at my drawing, looked at me and then back to the drawing, "I see that you have captured the essence of the real me."

Then she smiled, "Buy you a cup of coffee at the union?"

I said yes and she told me she would meet me there. Sarah was in the hallway waiting when I came out, "So that's it. Got the hots for that slut."

I turned to walk away, but then stopped and turned back, "The only slut I know is you!" and I headed off to the student union.

Maria and I started dating and the day before graduation I asked her to marry me and she accepted. We

were married in a small civil ceremony and then with newfound job and new wife I set out to catch the golden ring, to get my share of the American dream. Two years later the economy was in free fall and I was out of a job. I was working two part time jobs trying to hold things together and barely managing when Maria told me over dinner that she was going to start modeling for art classes again. My first instinct was to say, "Like hell you will! No wife of mine is going to take off her clothes in front of strangers."

But even before I opened my mouth I knew how stupid it would sound. God knows how many people had already seen her naked and who had nude drawings of her hanging on their walls. Two days later I came home from my morning job and found Maria nude on a chair in our living room. Sitting in a semi-circle around her were seven people and they were all busily sketching away. I raised an eyebrow, but said nothing; there would be time to talk about it when every body was gone. Her arguments were persuasive. The college paid her one hundred dollars an hour to sit for art classes three times a week so she made three hundred a week. If she freelanced she could charge each student twenty dollars an hour, which meant that she made one-forty from just the one class today. She had set up sessions of one hour for Monday, Tuesday and Thursday with a limit of eight students per class. "I've already got at least six students signed up for every class and all it cost was the effort it took to move the living room furniture into the dinning room. Give me a couple of weeks and you can quit one of your two jobs."

I wasn't too keen on the idea. When she was doing it at the college there were some built in protections like campus security and lots of people around if she had to holler for help. I asked her what she would do if one day only two or three males showed up and decided that they would rather play than paint? She laughed at me, "I've been doing this for over five years and I've never had a problem."

Yeah, I thought, except for the one you had the day we met.

Maria was a very popular model and as word got around more and more people wanted to use her for live studies. She expanded to two one-hour sessions on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday and started a one-hour session on Wednesday and Friday for still photographers. Once a month on a Saturday she would schedule a three-hour session at an outdoor location for the still photographers and we would make it a picnic. It wasn't all good of course; there was always someone who wanted her to pose seductively, or do some mild porn, but for the most part all the artists she dealt with were good people.

Six months went by and then one day I noticed a change in Maria. Following her late Monday class she always seemed to be irritable and out of sorts. I began to pay closer attention to her moods, but on all other days she was fine; it was just on Mondays that I saw her upset. I tried to ask her about it once, but she said that nothing was wrong and so I let it go. By then I was back to working full time on a pretty good job and it got a lot more of my attention than my two part time jobs had and I put Maria's Monday mood out of my mind. I figured if she had a real problem she would come to me with it and until she did there wasn't anything I could do anyway.

Another six weeks went by and then one night I came home from work to find her lying on our bed and crying. I tried for half an hour to get her to tell me what was wrong, but I couldn't get her to talk so I went into the kitchen to fix us some dinner. She wouldn't come down and eat so I put the leftovers in the fridge, cleaned up my mess in the kitchen and then parked myself in front of the TV. About an hour later Maria came into the room and sat down in a chair across from me, "How much do you love me?"

When you hear those words it's almost always bad so I said, "You know I love you honey, what's wrong?"

"You won't love me after tonight. I just hope you care enough about me not to hurt me."

She took a deep breath, wiped a tear from her cheek and said, "I've just destroyed our marriage."

For the past five months she'd had a guy in her late Monday session who had paid her twice her going rate to sit for him an extra half hour after the others were gone. He could only make it to the Monday session because of his work schedule. She had been leery of doing it until she had seen his drawings of her. He had real talent and so she had agreed to the extended session. The first two weeks had been no problem, but the third week was, at least for Maria. The guy had come to the session in shorts and a tee shirt. Where he sat in relation to where Maria sat when she posed was right where she ended up looking most of the time.

Halfway through the regular session Maria noticed that the guy had a hard on. This was normally nothing new; Maria saw tented trousers all the time so to her it was just a form of appreciation or admiration, but this was different. The head of this guy's cock could be seen by Maria because it was only one inch from sticking out of his shorts. It was big enough that it lifted the leg of the shorts enough that she could see right up them. It seemed to Maria that the longer the session went on the closer the head of the guys cock came to completely coming out in the open. She couldn't pull her eyes away from it and she wondered if she should get up and go over to him and whisper to him what was about to happen. But she knew that both of them would have been greatly embarrassed and it didn't seem as if anyone else had noticed so she decided to just sit there and be silent.

When the rest of the artists had gone the guy had moved to a different chair for the extra session and his cock disappeared. The following week the same thing happened and again Maria was mesmerized by the sight of the large cock trying to escape into the sunlight, but again he changed chairs for the extra session and the cock disappeared. The next week was a repeat except that now Maria was hoping it would come out and in fact she even tried to coax it out. She moved her position just enough so that the guy (his name was Terry) could look right at her pussy. She held her pose and watched the cock, but the cock just wouldn't make that last half inch or so.

The end of the regular session did not bring a change of seats that time and Terry stayed where he was. He shifted position a couple of times to get more comfortable and when he did the leg of his shorts pulled up and an inch or so of his cock came out in the open. Terry didn't seem to be aware of it and since he and Marie were the only two there in the room she didn't mention it.

The next week he was in jeans and Maria was surprised to find that she was disappointed. Watching the cock trying to escape the confines of Terry's shorts and guessing at its actual size had broken the boredom for her. At the end of the regular session when she and Terry were alone in the room she was shocked to see Terry unzip his pants and take out his cock. From his waist up he was hidden behind his easel and Maria couldn't see his face, but she now knew that Terry had known about her looking at his cock all along. He gave his cock a couple of strokes and then went back to the drawing that he was working on. Terry said nothing and made no attempt to get up and approach her so Maria just sat there and posed and stared at Terry's cock jutting up out of his lap. Every once in a while it would twitch, but the rest of the time it just stood there, a proud tower of flesh.

For the next six weeks the scenario was the same. Neither Maria or Terry ever mentioned it, but at the end of every regular session Terry's cock would come out and wave in the breeze while Terry sketched and Maria stared. Maria admitted that she stared because it was a very nice cock; about eleven inches

long and very fat and the only cock Maria had ever seen was my average six incher. She hadn't harbored any ideas of going after it; she stared because she was fascinated by both the cock and Terry's behavior. He never said anything and he never seemed to look at her looking at him.

Then last week Maria did something she had never done before. Without putting on her robe she had gotten up and walked over to Terry and stood next to him and looked at the drawing he was working on. It took her breath away. On the 3' x 3' pad were six panels and each panel depicted an easily recognizable Maria in a sex act with a faceless man with a very large cock. One panel showed her getting fucked dog fashion, another showed her jacking off a large cock with both hands and yet another had her sucking a large cock. She didn't know what to say and finally she said, "Is that how you see me?"

Terry was slow to answer, but when he did he said, "Only during the extra session. During the regular session I see you differently" and he flipped back through the pad and she saw herself in virginal white in a series of different clothes the most stunning of which was her in a wedding dress complete with veil and train. She didn't know what to say; she just stared at the drawings until Terry said, "It's time for me to go. Will you do me a favor?"

Maria looked at him and he stared back into her eyes, "Will you put it away for me?"

She had looked from his face to his cock and then back to his face and then she had taken his cock in both hands and struggled to get the hard thing back into his trousers. Then he had taken his pad and gone out the door. Maria spent the next week wondering if he would be back on the next Monday and she was both surprised and relieved when he showed up. She didn't know why, she honestly had no interest in him. When the extra session started he had called to her, "Maria, could you come here a minute please?" and she had walked naked over to him. "Would you take it out please?"

She had hesitated and then she had gone to her knees, unzipped him and had taken out his cock. It was soft when she brought it out, but she could feel it growing in her hands. She didn't understand it, but it seemed to have some sort of power over her. She began to slowly stroke it and soon it was fully erect and she looked up at Terry, but he was concentrating on his sketchpad. She had looked back down at the large hard cock she was stroking and then she had bent her head and had taken him in her mouth. She sucked on him for five minutes and when he came she had swallowed all his juice, licked him clean and then she had gone over to her chair and struck a pose.

Her eyes never left Terry's cock and she watched as it slowly grew to its full erect size and fifteen minutes before the session was to end she'd gotten up and walked over to him to look at what he had done. It was another six-panel rendition of Maria in various sexual activities. She had looked at each of the panels and then had said, "That one" and she had pointed at the panel that showed her being fucked from behind. Then she had turned her back to him, bent forward and put her hands on the arm of a chair and waited. He had moved behind her and she felt his huge piece of meat slowly enter her pussy and then he had fucked her. When he had cum he'd pulled out and she had turned and licked him clean. "Next week?" she had asked and he had nodded his head yes and had gone.

Tonight she had done it again. She had taken out his cock, stroked him until he was rock hard, sucked him until he came in her mouth and then had gone to her chair and waited. Just before the end of the session she had chosen a panel and then he had fucked her. This time however when she went to lick his cock clean he had gotten hard again and she had lain down on the floor and he had fucked her for a second time and she would have gone for a third, but I was due home soon.

"I didn't mean to do it and I don't know why I did it. Something came over me and robbed me of any good sense that I might have had. I can't even claim that I was hypnotized or under some kind of spell. I knew what I was doing, I just didn't know why. It was stupid, stupid, stupid and it wrecked what we had. I love you honey, you know I do and even knowing how much you love me and knowing that I can't live without you, I still did what I did" and she started crying again.

Well, I did love her and as stunned as I was by her revelation I was still pretty sure that we could work things out and I told her so.

"No honey, you don't understand. As much as I love you and don't want to hurt you, when he left he said "See you next week" and I said "I'll be waiting. And I will baby; I will be waiting for him. I'm going to do it again. He'll pull out that cock or have me do it for him and I will. I know I won't want to and I won't even know why I'm doing it, but I will baby, I will."

All I could do was sit on the couch and stare at her as what she was saying hit home - my wife had become another man's slut.