

Serving Up My Dirty Little Secret

I've been married now for just shy of ten years. I met my wife at college and it's been the two of us ever since. Now I'm not going to claim that I've never looked at another woman, I am a man after all, but looking is all I've done.

It helps of course that Tricia has always been very accommodating in the bedroom. Her parents were hippies and she's inherited some of their open minded approach to sex. After a few years she wore me down and got me to admit there are a few kinky things I enjoy myself. I was pretty reserved in those early years, but when a woman, leans back on the bed and fingers her pussy while begging you to tell her what turns you on... we'll you start talking.

And like most things, once you start, it just gets easier. Particularly once she started role playing my dirty little fantasies.

Of course it all started out pretty tame. The first one she got me to admit was a Sexy Nurse fantasy. It's embarrassingly clichéd, but believe me Tricia in a short white nurses uniform with her cleavage showing isn't something any red blooded male will walk away from.

Once she got the first admission out of me, Tricia just kept digging and bit by bit my real fantasies came to the surface. Each time I admitted to a new fantasy Tricia would just give me a sexy little grin as she stored the information away. And sooner or later she would make it happen for me. Nothing seemed to shock her. It was almost as though she got off on fulfilling my fantasies.

Like I said, it's been almost ten years now and Tricia had teased all of my fantasies from me. Except for one. The one dirty secret I managed to keep from her since the day we met. My nastiest, dirtiest fantasy. The one that made me tremble and my cock twitch even to think of it.

Of course after all this time Tricia knew me very, very well. She knew I'm holding something back and she piled on the pressure, trying to worm it out of me. But I've been too scared to ever let her hear this one. I don't care how open minded my wife is, there have to be some limits. She would never look at me the same.

Tricia tried every trick she knew to tease my secret out of me. She started with her old standby of spreading her legs and teasing her pussy while I watched. Once she had my attention firmly fixed, she licked and sucked on my throbbing cock for most of thirty minutes trying to wear down my resolve. I ended that attempt by pinning her down on the bed and fucking her sexy body until she was the one doing the begging.

Silly me, I thought I had won. But women are nothing if not persistent. And hot sex probably isn't much of a deterrent for my wife. She just changed her tactics. Since teasing wasn't working she just started guessing.

She started with the obvious stuff so I just laughed and ignored her. But she had an answer for that. When your wife asks you if your ultimate fantasy is to take it up the ass from every member of the local football team... well you can't just let that go unanswered can you? She suckered me right into her little mind game. Once I started saying no to her outrageous suggestions I was stuck. If I didn't answer

the next time, she would take it as a yes.

It became a ritual. She would make one guess a day, night after night for weeks. Until finally the inevitable happened.

"Cream pies!" Were the words from her mouth that greeted me as she walked into the house one evening after work.

"Huh?" I gazed at her blankly, wondering if this had something to do with dinner.

"You know..." She gave me one of her sexy grins. "When a guy eats the cum out of a woman's pussy. Is that what you're jerking your cock to at night when you think I'm asleep? Do you want clean my cunt?"

My wife has a filthy mouth when she wants to. I've never heard another woman speak like her and it wasn't the first time I was left staring at her, red faced and unsure how to respond.

"Well?" She arched her eyebrow waiting for my denial. Our game had been going on for months now. Every night she would come up with one of the nastiest things I'd ever heard and I would promptly say no.

I stared at her, my mouth working silently as my brain ran feverishly through possible answers that might get me out of this mess. I took too long.

"Oh my god!" She screamed. "You do! You want a cream pie!"

There was no point in denying it now. The damage was already done. I just stood there, red cheeked with embarrassment as my wife giggled and gave me a familiar sexy grin. My stomach lurched, but my cock twitched.

The worst didn't happen. There was no explosion. No horrified reaction. In fact, after the initial triumphant laughter, she didn't mention it again for a week. I'd almost convinced myself that having found her answer; she wasn't going to pursue it any further. How many times can a man be wrong?

"So do you want me to sit on your face, or would you like to crawl between my legs?" Tricia grinned down, sitting astride me, mounted on my cock as she was. I groaned as I thrust up into her. She giggled, squeezing my shaft tighter, milking my cum.

And now her daily game was replaced by a new weekly game.

"Do you want to lick your own cum, or someone else's?" She breathed the question into my ear the following week as her hand squeezed my rigid cock.

I didn't answer her questions of course. I was in deep enough trouble already and had determined not to dig any further. But that just spurred Tricia on. Just as before, she became determined to get an answer out of me. First came the research. She would email me stories that she had found with a single question attached.

Will you suck it out like he did?

One guy or lots?

Do you want to watch them pump me full before you clean me up?

I didn't respond to any of them. I pretended to ignore them completely. But the truth is I saved every single email in a special folder, so I could read them again when ever the mood took me. And it was taking me more and more often. With my wife's constant prodding I was starting to obsess about the idea of licking her cum filled cunt clean. Imagining how it would feel to be between her legs lapping at her sticky pussy. Wondering how she would taste.

Once she decided she'd weakened me sufficiently, Tricia moved onto the second stage of her campaign. I started to get pictures in the emails. The first one she sent was an extreme close up of a swollen red pussy with cum dripping out of it. I stared at the image in shock for several seconds. My cock reacted instantly, swelling in my pants. Now Tricia didn't ask a question, but the single sentence sent shocks through me.

Something for you to look at when you're reading the stories.

She knew. She knew I was keeping the stories. Maybe she had found the folder, I don't know. She was my wife after all. I didn't keep her locked out of the computer. It really didn't matter how. All that mattered was that she knew. And now that she was certain what my fantasy was, she wasn't going to stop until she got a full confession out of me.

My heart thudded in my chest and I hurriedly pulled my hand from my crotch, beads of sweat forming on my brow.

I didn't say anything to Tricia, but the photos continued to arrive. She sent a new one each day. Sometimes they were accompanied by a story. Other times she had a question to ask, or an observation to make. Look how stretched she is. It must have been a huge cock!

Have you ever seen so much cum? You'd be between my legs all night eating it up!

Do you know anyone with a cock that big?

Tricia was getting into my head and she knew it. I lay next to her at night wondering what it would feel like as I crawled between her legs, smelling the cum in her pussy. And every night as I lay awake, my hand moved to my cock. Even knowing that she might not really be asleep I couldn't help myself as I squeezed and stroked my prick.

But I still resisted. I didn't answer her questions. I didn't play her game. Until she revealed her ace.

The final picture she sent was not so different to many of the previous ones. Another close up shot of a puffy, well fucked pussy. I stared at the creamy white cum oozing from between the pink lips. The picture quality seemed a bit lower than usual, but the raw sexuality couldn't be denied. My cock was instantly hard as I studied the mated brown pubic hair, glistening with gobs of white cum.

And as I stared, I pictured myself there, lapping the sperm from this well used cunt, feeling the woman writhe beneath me as my tongue probed at her inflamed sex. Tricia's mind games had sunk me so deep into my fantasies that it was several moments before I looked to see what her email said. As always it

was short and to the point.

This is what I look like after I've been fucked. Are you going to clean me?

I read and re-read her words, my pulse racing. Two days ago Tricia and I had had sex in the morning before work. I've been snipped and being married so long we don't worry about condoms any more.

That morning Tricia had woken me up with one of her expert blow jobs. She usually saves them for special treats, or when she wants something, but when I wake up with a rock hard cock and a hot, wet mouth sucking on it, I don't ask too many questions.

It didn't take me long to roll her onto her back and thrust my cock into her very welcoming pussy. There was nothing slow or romantic about it. We both had jobs to go to and Tricia had me wound so tight by this stage that almost anything would set me off. I remembered cumming inside her. I remembered cum dripping from my cockhead as I pulled out, rushing to get to work on time.

Obviously Tricia hadn't rushed. She had had enough time to take some snapshots with her cell phone before she left for work.

I stared at the photo of my wife's sticky, cum filled pussy again. My hard cock was pressing uncomfortably against my pants. This time it wasn't just a game. She would do it, just like she had fulfilled all my other fantasies. Weeks of teasing were about to end. All I had to do was finally admit my dirty secret. My palms were sweating. With a trembling hand I hit the reply button. I only wrote one word.

Yes.

Afterwards I desperately reassured myself that this was just another fantasy. No different to all the other little role plays we had done over the years. Besides, the idea only appealed to me when I was all worked up. There was no way I was going to taste my own sperm after I had just cum. And once again, I was very, very wrong.

Tricia greeted me with a smile and a hug when I got home. She didn't say a word about my email, but I knew she had read it. Her blouse was unbuttoned more than usual, and she took every opportunity to rub herself against me. Every time she caught my hungry eyes fixed on her ample cleavage, she gave me that naughty grin that promised both pleasure and trouble.

She worked me expertly. Teasing me with glimpses of her flesh and gentle caresses that excited without ever offering any relief. It wasn't until several hours later when I was in bed that she finally made her move. I was laying there watching TV and trying to ignore my frustration when the bedroom door opened and Tricia walked in.

I glanced casually in her direction and did a quick double take. She was naked and walking slowly towards me. Now I may be biased, but my wife is hot. She's tall, with long brown hair and a chest that no man can ignore even when she's wearing clothes. When she isn't... well you can't look anywhere else.

Tricia gave a low chuckle as she sauntered closer, her breasts swaying slightly. She knew she had me hooked and was enjoying my squirming. When she reached the edge of the bed, she leaned forward and

grabbed the covers, pulling them swiftly off me and exposing my indecently erect cock. For a moment she just looked without saying a word. When her eyes returned to my face there was a look of exhilaration there. She could sense victory.

"Not too late I see." She mocked as she casually tossed a packet of condoms onto my chest. "Suit up, pussyboy. Tonight's a dry run."

"Since when do we need these?" I asked. She grinned triumphantly.

"I've been doing my research remember." She laughed. "If you want me to prepare you a tasty cream pie, we need lots of cum, but we also need you horny. Our anniversary is a month away. By then I think we'll have all the cum you could possibly eat." My cock twitched at her words and she smirked as I hurriedly slipped a condom over the throbbing shaft. Within moments, Tricia was sitting astride my condom covered cock. My hands squeezed her hips, guiding her up and down as she rode me. She grinned down at me, her breasts bouncing as she rode me. Suddenly she leant forward, her nipples grazing against my chest. I groaned as her pussy squeezed tighter round my cock. Her lips brushed against my ear as she whispered to me.

"You never told me who's cum you wanted to eat from my pussy hmmm?" She leant back again, holding herself still as I squirmed beneath her. "Well?" She demanded, easily moving with me as I tried to thrust deeper into her.

I knew what I should say. The safe answer, but days and weeks of teasing had worn down my will, left me crawling in the dirtiest depths of my fantasy.

"Nick I gasped." Frustrated beyond reason, beyond thought.

"Nick!" Tricia squealed, her hips undulating, still teasing me. "Your best friend Nick?"

I whimpered and nodded, biting my lip as a wave of shame flooded through my body. Tricia giggled, riding me faster.

"You want to eat your best friends cum." Tricia giggled, then moaned, moving up and down on my cock. "You want to eat your best friends cum from my pussy." I nodded helplessly. "Say it! Tell me what you want." She hissed.

Something inside me broke finally. After all my resistance, my slow battle to hold onto my secrets, now that I had spoken, I gave in completely.

"I want to lick Nick's sperm from your sticky cunt." I moaned, thrusting up into her eager sex. Tricia stared down at me, her eyes bright with excitement as she listed to me.

"I want you to fuck him and make me suck his cum from your used pussy." I groaned, my cock jerking and spasming, shooting the first load into its latex sleeve as my filthiest, nastiest fantasies poured from my mouth.

Tricia hurriedly slipped off me and carefully removed the condom. I lay gasping for breath on the bed watching the sway of her buttocks as she padded from the room.

With my admission, Tricia put the last stage of her plan into motion. She continued to "milk" my cock every three days. And in between she teased me unmercifully with glimpses of flesh, tantalizing lingerie and a barrage of pictures and stories.

But there was a fundamental change in her behavior towards me. Before she had been teasing the fantasy out of me, now she was role playing it. Again and again I was faced with knowing smirks and sly comments. Every time she or I mentioned Nick, Tricia would giggle, then give me a look that promised trouble.

A week after the milking began, she casually announced over breakfast that she was putting together an anniversary party.

"Don't forget to invite Nick." She said. I glanced at her suspiciously and she giggled.

"Who knows, you might get lucky." She shot me a naughty grin. "Or maybe you both will." She smirked.

The next time she approached me for my "milking", she didn't mount my cock as she had done previously. Instead she moved further up my body and settled her crotch over my face.

"Cucky cum lickers don't get to fuck pussy." She teased as she reached back with one hand to cup and squeeze my cock. My tongue quickly found her wet sex.

"Mmmm, that's a good pussy boy." Tricia moaned, rubbing her crotch over my face. "Feel how wet I am? Imagine how much wetter I'll be with Nick's cum oozing out of me."

I shuddered and groaned into her crotch, my tongue thrusting into her pussy as I licked and sucked her. Her hand deftly worked me towards orgasm, delaying my release until I had fully satisfied her.

"Our anniversary is still three weeks away." She dangled the cum filled condom over my face as I lay panting for breath. "You're going to be eating a lot of cum after the part." Her laughter made me shiver.

After that she made me lick her every night. Always teasing me, asking me what I thought Nick would taste like. Making me beg to lick her. Calling me her cum loving pussy boy.

One night while we were eating dinner, she paused and looked at me.

"Get down and start licking." She ordered me. I was so well trained now that I barely even hesitated before sinking below the table and burying my head between her legs. She kept me there until she had finished eating.

Every third night I got my release. Another load of cum in a latex package. Each time she told me how many days were left before the anniversary. She was slowly turning herself into everything I had ever fantasized of. I loved and dreaded it.

A week before our anniversary, she upped the ante again.

"I hope Nick has a nice thick cock." She said, her hand barely moving on my shaft, forcing me to thrust my hips and hump her hand. "Maybe he'll be able to go more than once, hmm." She teased. I groaned,

red faced and panting. "Or perhaps I could fuck someone else. Would you like that huh? To be cuckolded by all of your friends? Ten cocks, one for each year of our marriage. More cum for the pussy boy to suck." She laughed as I trembled and squirted into the condom, giving her the answer she needed.

By the time our anniversary party arrived I was reduced to a perpetual sexual haze. Even with my regular milking, I couldn't seem to think of anything else. Tricia was reveling in her slutty role and playing it to the hilt. She seemed set on serving me up my ultimate fantasy in all its filthy, nasty glory. I looked forward to the evening with both anticipation and trepidation. Up to now the whole thing existed only in my head, now somehow Tricia was going to make it seem real.

The party started early in the evening. Tricia had worked hard to gather all of her and my friends for the occasion and our house was full to bursting. The entire downstairs area was given over to the party.

Tricia played the consummate host, flitting from group to group; making sure everybody had what they needed. But she never lost sight of the real goal. Every time she was talking to one of my male friends, she turned up the flirting, resting her hand on their arms, flashing her naughty grin, and leaning in just a little so they couldn't help but stare at her cleavage. I watched her with a mixture of anger and excitement.

"Mmm, Nick is looking sooo hot tonight." Tricia whispered in my ear. "And he can't take his eyes off me." I ground my teeth. Tricia laughed, a low, dirty laugh, her hand casually brushing across my crotch. "Oooh and he's not the only one who's hot is he pussy boy."

And she was off again, working the crowd, flirting with every man in the house. It was becoming more blatant too, the other women were starting to notice. Several of them shot glances in my direction and I noticed quite a few of them, wrapping her arms firmly around their own partners. In a brief moment of sanity I wondered if Tricia's dedication to playing out this fantasy might be doing damage to some friendships.

Then I saw her dancing with Nick. She was pressed up against him, his hands were blatantly cupping and squeezing her ass cheeks. I felt my cock swell in my pants as I watched. I knew I should stop it, but wasn't this all just part of my fantasy?

The party had been going for several hours now, with lots of alcohol consumed. It was starting to thin out though. Several of the married couples were clearly uncomfortable with Tricia's increasingly blatant sexuality and began making their excuses to leave. Nick and my other single friends weren't going anywhere though. They each took turns to dance with Tricia and each time they tried to go just a little bit further with her. Several of them were left with obvious erections after their dance was finished.

I returned to the living room after saying goodbye to another couple only to find Tricia missing. Trying to be as casual about it as possible, I toured the house, quickly noticing that Nick was also nowhere to be found. My heart started pounding in my chest. We were only going to role play, weren't we?

In each room, people greeted me with uncomfortable smiles and stilted conversation. They could tell something was happening. Tricia's flirting and now my agitation made it obvious. But did they know what was happening? Did they know that Nick was fucking my wife, in my own house?

I struggled with the mixture of emotions swirling through my body as I un-tucked my shirt in an effort to disguise my rather obvious erection. Finally I couldn't take it any more and moved towards the stairs, intending to end this game.

Tricia's friend Stephanie intercepted me before I reached the first step. It was almost as though she had been waiting for me. She was an old friend. She put a restraining hand on my arm and shook her head slightly. Her smile was hard to read.

"Have another beer." Was all she said. I caved, not ready to make a scene.

When I returned to the living room with a beer in hand, I saw that Nick had returned. There was a smug grin on his face and still no sign of my wife. A mental head count told me that at least two other of my friends were unaccounted for. Ten men she had said. One for each year of our marriage. She had just been teasing though, surely? Just role playing.

"More cum for the pussy boy." Her words echoed in my head and I bit my lip.

My beer was swiftly followed by another as I watched man after man, ever so casually trooping up the stairs to visit my wife. Stephanie settled herself down next to me on the sofa and handed me a third beer. She watched me, her face a mixture of compassion and amusement as she sipped her own beer.

"So just how hard are you right now?" Stephanie murmured. I felt my face flush. "No point in being coy. It must be obvious to everyone now what's going on and I know Tricia has been planning this for weeks. Let's face it there's only one reason you would let her."

I closed my eyes wondering how we would ever face these people again after this. How I would ever face my wife.

"I'd never have guessed you were such a dirty bastard." Stephanie continued, her words slurred by alcohol. "I wonder how many guys she's had now? It's got to be at least eight or nine."

I opened my eyes again and looked directly at her. She seemed amused rather than vindictive.

"Tricia wanted me to pass a message on to you. She said..." Stephanie paused, struggling to keep her face straight. "Cucky will have all the cum he can eat."

I bit my lip, stifling a gasp as my cock throbbed. Stephanie watched me, obviously entertained by my reactions.

"I think we have time for one last beer." She said, standing up and walking away from me. "I'll get it. Give you a chance to cool off. Don't want you squirting in your pants."

I trembled, hands sweating, cock throbbing. My head was clouded with alcohol and lust as I tried to picture what was happening upstairs. Jealousy and disgust warred with arousal. I let my head fall back and closed my eyes.

The house was quiet when Stephanie woke me. I still had a beer bottle clutched in my hand.

"Enjoy your meal." Was all she said, barely able to smother her laughter.

I almost ran up the stairs our bedroom. At the door, I finally hesitated as the enormity of what had happened tonight began to sink in. Bracing myself for what I might find I opened the door.

Tricia was lying naked on the bed, her hair mussed up, her body a sticky mess of fluids. I walked slowly towards her, my eyes taking in all the details. As I got closer, she glanced towards me and moved her legs apart, giving me a clear view of her puffy, enflamed pussy lips.

My friends hadn't contented themselves with filling her sex with cum. They had covered her in it. Her breasts, her face, her body was coated with white fluid. She grinned up at me.

"Eat me pussy boy." She said whispered hoarsely.

It was more than I could bear, my cock throbbing painfully after hours of teasing, I dived in, pressing my face against her cunt, my tongue licking her, tasting other men's cum as she writhed beneath me. She grabbed me by the hair and pulled me up her body.

"Clean all of me sweetheart." She moaned. "Lick up ever last drop."

I shuddered with disgust as I obeyed her eagerly, my lips worshipping on her naked flesh. She tasted of sweat and cum. Every lick made my cock twitch with need. I burned with shame and humiliation as I remembered what had happened tonight and who's cum I was tasting.

Tricia pulled me away from her by my hair and pushed me back onto the bed. She mounted me, kneeling up over my face, letting drops of pearly white cum drip from her used sex onto my drip lips.

"Here it comes." She giggled, looking down at me, then sat herself down firmly on my face.

Her knees clenched tightly round my head and I found myself unable to move. Knowing what she wanted I pushed my tongue into her, probing and tasting her well fucked cunt. She moaned in approval, reaching back and unzipping me.

I gasped in relief as my cock sprang free and writhed to her touch as she deftly jerked it with one hand, her thumb rubbing against the slit of my cock head, spreading my pre-cum.

"Suck it all out of me." She hissed, pushing her crotch harder against me.

I did as she instructed, desperate to please her, desperate to taste every last drop of cum in her body. My tongue was already tiring, but I knew she wouldn't give me any respite until she was satisfied.

Finally I felt her muscles tighten and contract as her orgasm approached. Her grip on my shaft became almost painful as her mind focused entirely on her own pleasure. Encouraged I thrust my tongue deeper into her, sucking her juices into my mouth.

She came with a yelping sound, her body shuddering as her crotch humped my face. Her hand worked my cock dexterously, coaxing jets of cum from it.

Fueled by alcohol and fantasy we fucked like bunnies for the rest of the night. She couldn't get enough and my cock wouldn't stay down. Every time I came, she fed my semen to me and my cock stiffened up

again.

It wasn't until the next morning that my head was clear enough to start questioning what we had done. Tricia seemed unconcerned however, cheerfully making breakfast and bringing it to me naked while I was still in bed. She must have caught on to my mood though.

"It's just as well I saved up so much of your cum." She said, a naughty smile forming on her lips. "It must have looked like I took on a whole football team!"

"What about Nick?" I looked at her suspiciously and she laughed.

"I really had you suckered huh?" She grinned. "We played video games. We bet, and I lost a lot. I owe all your friends several beers."

I felt a knot inside me relax as she explained the ruse to me.

"No body had any idea what was going on in your mind." Tricia grinned. "Well, apart from Stephanie..."

I blushed remembering what Stephanie had said to me last night. How was I going to face her?

"I had to let someone in on it, to make it convincing." Tricia giggled. "Someone who could just make you certain I was up here fucking all your friends. Once confirmed your fears, your brain did the rest."

"And you can't say you didn't enjoy it." She teased. "Maybe if you ask me nicely enough, we'll do it again some time, huh pussy boy? Or should we do it for real cucky?"

That's my wife, she loves to tease and she loves to role play. But she knows the limits. At least that's what I tell myself. Of course I still haven't been brave enough to check the refrigerator where she was storing all my cum...