

Torture of Imagination

The torture of imagination and waiting was both exciting and painful. My wife left me, an hour ago, tied spread eagle and naked on our queen bed. My eyes were covered with a blindfold. My cock and balls were constricted with a leather cock ring snapped together under my scrotum and around my cock, with a ball spreader strap prominently presenting each of the hard egg shaped nuts of my testicles for her amusement.

She'd left to go answer the doorbell. Unfortunately, my hearing wasn't good enough to make out what voices said, but I heard the lower rumble of a male voice in greeting at the door and her mellifluous voice in answer at the door before they faded deeper into other parts of the house. Much later I'd hear loud, urgent and passionate sounds from the family room on the other side of the master bedroom wall.

My cock and balls ached filled with heat and engorged to burning iron with the thoughts of another man pleasuring my beautiful blonde wife. Lori is tall at 5' 9" and curvy with nice hips and 36DD breasts, with a still narrow waist and nice long legs that looked great in jeans or nothing at all. When she had left the bedroom it had been in mostly nothing at all, just a lace panty and sheer silky robe. I was sure from the sounds that even that small amount of clothing hadn't lasted long.

My fantasies of the last few years had been full not of me being with other beautiful women, but of my beautiful woman being with other men. Most times when I'd brought the topic up in role-playing fantasies she'd dismissed the idea out of hand, sometimes to the point of ruining her mood and frustrating my then immediate ambitions, but every once in awhile she'd played along and fueled my fantasies.

Oh, how I remembered those rare occasions. She'd once told me how she could still taste her lover's cock as she kissed me. She rarely liked to give oral sex and certainly not to the point of my ejaculation, so the tease of her having sucked another's cock and tasted his cum was wildly sexy. It left me with visions of her orally pleasuring another man that could cause an uncomfortable erection almost on demand. I'd awoken many times at night painfully hard with dreams of her beautiful full lips and pink tongue worshipping the hard shaft and full glans of another man.

Once these thoughts took root it was hard to stop thinking of her exploring sexual pleasure with others. I'd encouraged her when she traveled for business. I'd sent her off with condoms and even a vibrator. I knew other men found her attractive with her blue eyes, high cheekbones, full lips and coiffed blonde bob. She mostly preferred slacks and tailored blouses in her professional dress. Slacks showed off slim legs and a nicely heart shaped backside with curves that belied her mid-forties age. No unsightly bulges spoiled her lines even in her late forties. She always looked ten years younger than me. And tailored blouses covered but didn't hide her full breasts. Yeah, I knew other men looked. When I was younger I was more inclined to jealousy. Now it made me want her more and made me want her to have more.

I don't think she'd ever done anything when traveling. She'd occasionally rewarded me with naked self-portraits of herself poised on a hotel sink top or with some hot phone sex, but she always denied interest in other men. Maybe if I had encouraged her when she was younger. She even told me that once. Now she was mostly conservative and while she intensely enjoyed sex when engaged in it, when not aroused she mostly saw it as dirty, risky and definitely private.

It hadn't stopped me from thinking of her being serviced by a man that met her archetypes. I knew what

she found attractive from her comments about various actors or public figures. I knew she liked men taller and bigger than herself. Since she's not short that means men well over six feet tall. I'm 6' 1", but that's probably on the lower edge of her ideal. Tall and powerful actors or athletes often attracted her attention or comments. She liked lean or chiseled brunettes like Daniel Day Lewis in *The Last of the Mohicans*. She liked dark Greek or Latin looking men like Carlos Bernard playing Tony Almeida in *24*. She liked NFL running back or receiver builds like Bruce Campbell in the new Old Spice commercial. I think she likes the build and the power but she commented frequently on African American athletes' attractiveness. I focused more on the size of her archetypes. I always imagined that everything would scale up. She liked strong chests, flat stomachs and big biceps. She liked athletic legs, like skating powerhouses or sprinters. I figured big men should be well endowed.

I'm not tiny with an 8" cock and nice full, circumscribed glans. But I envisioned her lovers with longer, fuller cocks and heavy pendulous ball sacks that would slap her bottom hard as they thrust together in passion.

I'd used my knowledge of her archetypes in fantasizing with her, and occasionally struck the right chord to make her lose her inhibitions. And that's what I ultimately liked was the thought of her in unbridled passion and pleasure. I wanted her to lose her reserve and caution.

Lori can be an unexpectedly sexy tiger in bed but she has to be in the right mood. She'd once kept me hard for a full afternoon of teasing and pleasure, never quite bringing me to climax. She'd teased me with stories of her fictional lovers. I'd responded by practically begging to lick her lover's cum from her pussy. She'd been shocked the first time I described wanting a cream pie, but she knew what it was. I liked to look at naked women to get in the mood, but normally I'd be thinking of wanting to see Lori like that or doing that. She liked to get in the mood by reading sexually explicit stories. She liked stories of being controlled or dominated, where she was excused from the wrongs of having sex with others by mind control or authority. If the stranger making her submit was in uniform, all the better.

More than once I'd made her promise to make me eat her out after I had come in her pussy, but the sexual urgency always left me after I had climaxed. I'd tasted my cum on her a few times but it wasn't the same as licking her when I was still hard and wild with passion. It might sound odd, but I concluded it would be easier to taste another man's cum before I had experienced my own release than to enjoy the same spread with my own cream. My fantasies grew to include my wife sitting on my face with her lover's seed commingled with her nectar, riding my tongue to another orgasm. And that's how I became obsessed with enjoying another man's cream pie from my gorgeous wife's pussy.

She'd shared her fantasies with me too. I wasn't that intrigued by anal sex, but she was at least curious to try and had some attraction to the submission involved. I knew she wanted me to be more dominant in the bedroom. She liked to be spanked and I would sometimes oblige, but it was hard to be dominant in the bedroom when our roles outside the bedroom are more equal and friendly. If anything I'm more obsequious and trying to please. Lori is really the classic example of a wife who is also a best friend. A sexy and desirable best friend, but we're together because we like spending time together and talking as much as fucking. We've always enjoyed sex, but it's smaller part of our relationship now than when we were younger.

So how did I come to be tied-up and waiting for my wife while she has sex in the family room?

I hit on the idea that the way for her to enjoy the sexual submission she wanted was for her to have another man, an athletic and domineering man. She could have someone willing to require her to do

things that she might not do for me. It would not be cheating with my permission. In my mind it offered fewer future problems than a total reversal in our marital roles behind the bedroom doors.

I'd suggested it for years, in both serious discussions and in fantasy role-playing. The idea still didn't take root with her until she met through work a former Army officer, now head of security at one of her clients. He was big. He was authoritative. He was athletic in build. She'd talked about him in that way of someone she found interesting. Her stories from work repeatedly mentioned his name, Sam, in a positive light. She'd described him to me as someone she found attractive. She'd occasionally done this through the years about various contractors or coworkers. I didn't think that much of it.

But today, unbeknownst to me, he also let Lori know he'd like to see her naked when they'd been out for drinks as a team after a weekend project that required him to give Lori and her crew access to the client's building on a Saturday for remodeling work that had to be done outside of normal office hours to avoid disrupting the client's normal business operations. The restaurant next door was a convenient place for a quick bite and they had good margaritas, one of Lori's weaknesses. A margarita or two does a lot to put Lori in the mood. He apparently hit on her at the right time. She'd said yes, gave him our address and told him to follow in half an hour. (These details I only found out later.)

That had given her enough time to arrive first, shower, shave and change. And of course to prepare me, tied, naked and spread eagle on the bed. I didn't know what was coming. I didn't realize what was happening until the doorbell rang; well actually it took me longer than that to really figure it out.

Of course at the sound of the bell I had a rush of panic and embarrassment.

Lori leaned down and said, "Don't say a word. That will be Sam. I'll take care of him." She walked down the hall to the front door.

Then hearing a male voice come in the house, my body flushed with sudden heat and anxiety. I pictured how Lori was dressed, or more precisely undressed. Then as realization dawned, the anxiety turned to lust, fueled by imagination and longing.

I can't fully describe how exquisite the ache and anticipation is. My cock grew to become painfully full. The straps of the cock ring firmly constrained my sack and cut into the tender skin. I could feel each heartbeat pulse through my genitals.

With each hint of sound through the house I grew harder and hungrier for release. I longed for better hearing. I wanted to know exactly what they were saying and doing. I wanted to see her lips on his cock. I wanted to see him penetrate her pussy. I wanted to see her eyes roll back in delirious pleasure. I wanted to hear her urgent squeals of lust. See her hips rocking to meet his thrusts.

With each picture in my mind my cock swelled larger. The straps cut deeper and the delicious ache in my balls made me think more wild thoughts. I couldn't believe my wildest fantasies were being played out so close by.

Just as I'd spanked Lori at her instruction to fulfill her lusty side, she'd learned to torture my balls during sex. A firm squeeze would make me ache. Some sharp slaps on my scrotum could make me wince and my cock jump with the intense ache to follow.

Now with my cock and balls tightly bound, the good ache was definitely there. I wanted to see and

taste my wife's sex so badly.

I heard voices back in the hallway again, but still not distinct enough to make out the words. They sounded happy and languorous. They were in no rush. I was painfully waiting but it seemed like forever until I heard the door close.

And then there was pressure on the bed as Lori knelt and slipped the blindfold off my eyes. She was naked. Her chest was still flush and red as her pale creamy skin was prone to look after sexual excitement. Her hair was tousled and mussed. The bright red lipstick I'd seen her put on was mostly gone. And I could see bite marks on her neck, on her breasts, and even hickies on her stomach, all of which drew my eyes to my wife's bush. Her pussy lips were bright red and engorged and shiny wet with her secretions overlaid with the creamy white of his cum.

She bent down and kissed me hard with an open mouth. "I can still taste Sam. Do you want a taste?"

"Yes," I whispered into her lips. She probed my mouth with her tongue. I was almost dizzy with passion. I could smell her sex but wasn't certain I could taste anything different.

"I did it for you. Do you want me now?" She firmly squeezed a ball between two delicate fingers.

I moaned, "Oh, yes!"

"Are you hard for me?" She slapped my balls and made me jump.

"Yes."

"Is this what you wanted?" She ran her finger nails up my cock.

"Yes."

"Are you surprised?" She spread the drop of pre-cum she found at the tip around the circumference of my corona, the bottom edge of my firm helmet.

"Yes."

"You have to ask for it." She squeezed the other ball.

"I want to lick your pussy."

"Is that all?" Her fingernails scratched across the tightly stretched skin of my ball sack.

"No, that's not all. I want to lick you clean."

"Be more specific." Her fingers pressed hard against my perineum.

"I want to eat his cum from your pussy. I want you to dance on my tongue. I want your cream pie." There I'd said it and it wasn't role-playing anymore.

I loved giving oral and my favorite was when Lori would dance on my tongue like a stripper

performing a lap dance. Now she offered added spice.

She swung her leg so that her knees were straddling my head. Her hands gripped the headboard. Her breasts hung down and I so wanted to squeeze and suck them but my arms were bound and further restrained by the weight of Lori's ankles across my forearms. And then the object of my desire was above me. The fragrance of her arousal was strong and subtly different. My cock ached of its own desire.

I extended my tongue and stretched to reach, but was denied until Lori rotated her hips forward and down, dragging my tongue from the bottom of her lips over her clit.

The salty cum mixed with her feminine nectar. The cum was stickier and thicker and clung to my tongue. She ground down on my mouth. I licked deeper. She mewed above me. I sucked on her lips and tasted more cum.

"He's big." She pressed harder against my lips and squeezed my head with her bare thighs.

"I could barely get my lips over the head of his cock."

I suddenly pictured where her lipstick was left behind and moaned as my tongue probed deeper. I'd never been so hard or aroused.

"You like your wife being a slut for you?"

"Oh, yes," I mumbled through her muffling nether lips.

"Eat me."

I did, hungry and hard for her sex.

"I bet you wanted to see me suck him."

I nodded as I licked. I moaned into her cunt.

"I bet you want to see me fuck him."

"Yes." My face was soaking wet with her lubrication and sticky from his cum.

"I let him fuck me in the ass."

I'd never been harder or hungrier for her body. She worked my tongue and mouth with her intensely erotic dance. I could barely breath, buried in her folds. She was dripping wet, rare for after sex. She was normally one and done, but not today.

Her fragrance filled my nostrils. Her fluids and his soaked my face and coated my tired tongue. Suddenly her movements were hard and sharp. Her sounds urgent and high pitched. She pulled my head to her pussy with desperate hands smothering me even deeper between her legs.

She shuddered and quivered on my tongue. Her legs shook uncontrollably and another wave of

commingled fluids filled my mouth as the contractions of her orgasm squeezed more cum out over her lips. She collapsed backwards legs akimbo and still half laying on her back across my chest.

She moaned in appreciation. "Now you're my little cum-licker, aren't you?"

"Yes."

She rolled off me and ran a hand down my chest and stomach to cradle and caress my balls and stroke my cock. Pre-cum dripped from the tip. She collected it with her forefinger and stuck it in my mouth. I licked her finger clean.

She stroked my painfully hard cock with one hand and squeezed my balls with the other.

"It's your turn now. Cum for me. Cum hard." She stroked harder and faster. After being teased and bound for so long I couldn't last long. I struggled to meet her fist with my hips. I was so desperate to cum it was awkward and spastic.

"Come on, cum for me. Let me know you like me spreading my legs for another man."

My cock was suddenly burning as my orgasm exploded into her hand. She milked my cock. I couldn't stand the intense sensation. "No, no more," I cried in panic.

She continued anyway. It was my turn to shake uncontrollably. She milked the last bit of cum from my cock and then brought her hand to my mouth.

"Lick me clean," she commanded in a soft voice.

I licked her palm, sucked her fingers as my cock burned and balls ached with their bindings.

The salty cream was cloying and sticky, but I swallowed as my head spun from a desperately pounding heart.

"That was a big load of cum for you. You really do like this. Maybe next time I'll let you watch."

Maybe a man should be jealous, but I wasn't. I did want to watch. I wanted to see his big cock fill her holes. I wanted to lick his cum from her pussy again. I could hardly believe my fantasy was now a reality, but it didn't quench or cure the desire. I wanted to see and hear it all.

I said so, "I want to see you spread your legs for him. I want to see him fill your pussy. I so want to lick your clit while he fucks you."