

Boring Wife

Contributed by Administrator
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"What're you doing?"

"Checking my email."

"Oh, well I'm going shopping. Is there anything you want?"

"Yeah, a blowjob."

"No, from the store."

"Nope," he said, staring at the computer.

"Bye Sweetie."

"See you later."

Lynn went and started the car. As she was about to leave, she remembered her lipstick on her bureau. She went upstairs, got the lipstick, and poked her head into the office to say goodbye again.

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Martin didn't even notice her. He sat, staring at the computer screen, pants around his ankles, beating his meat. Lynn slipped silently into the room and stood behind him to see what was on the screen. She watched as he clicked through several browser windows, each with a different woman fucking a large dildo. Some women were thin, others fat; it didn't seem to matter. Martin stroked his engorged cock harder and faster. When Lynn thought that he was about to cum, she put her hand on his shoulder. "So, that's what you like," she said softly.

Martin jumped in his chair, banging his fist and his cock on the underside of the desk. He turned to see her glaring at him.

"Why didn't you just tell me?" she asked. Lynn turned and quickly left the room.

Martin struggled to get his pants on then shut down his browser. Damn it! I knew I'd get caught sooner or later, he thought. He zipped his pants. He wondered if he should follow her to the bedroom or just leave her alone. Better to be tossed out after trying than not to try at all, he figured. Slowly, he made his way to the bedroom. "Honey? Are you ok?" Peering in he couldn't see her.

"Go sit in the corner," she commanded from the bathroom.

Martin shivered; the tone of her voice gave him the creeps. He went and sat in the armchair in the corner of their bedroom.

"Close your eyes."

Martin obeyed. He couldn't think of anything better to do. He was busted and he knew it. Better to just sit tight and do what she says, he decided.

"Okay, open them."

Lynn stood before him, two feet beyond his reach. She wore a black push-up bra with half cups that accented her erect nipples. Around her waist was nothing but an eight inch wide black garter with six wide straps; the straps held up jet black stockings with a distinct black seam running up the back. Matching black pussy fur was the only thing that covered her cunt. Black spike heels with dainty ankle straps completed the ensemble.

Martin's jaw went slack. He didn't even know that she owned an outfit like this never mind looked so damned hot in it! "To tell you the truth, Martin, you seemed unhappy with our rather vanilla bedroom style." She strutted in front of him, making sure that her breast jiggled and her ass wiggled. "And here I find you fist-fucking yourself in front of a computer of all things. What a naughty little boy. However," she turned and glared at him, "if you like to watch, then I'll give you something to watch, as long as you don't touch. Now, take off your pants, but stay in the chair. You can play with yourself but no touching me. You touch me and this is over for good. Got it?"

Martin rode the roller coaster of emotion. He was embarrassed that he'd been caught jerking off. He was humiliated by her tone and because he never had seen her like this before. He was horny because she was a huge turn on and he wanted to fuck her hard. He wanted to bend her over the side of the bed and fuck her from behind.

"Got it?" she asked again.

"Yes."

"Good." Lynn tweaked her hard nipples and then slowly took off her bra. She watched Martin's hard cock bob up and

down in appreciation of her show. She tossed the bra in his crotch. Turning on her spike heels, she bent over, grabbed her ankles and wiggled her ass in his direction. From between her legs, she could see that he was nothing more than a panting dog. Lynn knew that she had him now. Putting one hand between her legs, she spread her pussy lips for him to see, then sunk a finger in for a quick primer. Huh, it felt good. She stood and looked back at him. He hadn't even touched his cock and the tip was drooling pre-cum.

Lynn walked over to her nightstand and opened the drawer. She pulled out a large tube of lube and an 18" soft silicone dildo. Waving it in front of him she said, "You know what this means."

He nodded, not knowing at all what it meant. Martin said nothing; there was nothing that he could say. He could barely believe that his heretofore-boring wife was about to give him this show.

Lynn smoothed lube on the fat cockhead of the dildo and then a little on her pussy. "Oh, it's cold. Can't you tell? See my nipples?" She squatted, ass on her heels, knees spread wide, and began rubbing the dildo against her pussy. "Is that what you like, to watch, Baby, huh? You like that. You like to see me use this big, fat, juicy cock on my cunt. Turns you on, huh?" She spread her pussy lips with her fingers and moaned as she pushed the dildo inside. "Oh, it feels really good." Lynn began bouncing up and down while pushing and pulling the dildo to give her long, deep strokes. "Uh, that feels good." She pulled the dildo out with a sucking pop, stood then went to the bed.

There she lay on her back, pulled her knees up, and spread her legs wide so that Martin didn't miss a detail. Then she stuffed the dildo back in her cunt and started going faster. She moaned and groaned as she used the big toy to fuck herself. She talked to it. "Oh, so big, so big, oh yeah, like that like that, ohhhhh more."

Martin felt blood pounding in his ears. He was harder than cutting rock with a stick of butter. He grabbed the digital camera from the desk and started snapping pictures. He took full spreads and close-ups of her pink pussy, her muff matted and slick with cunt juice and lubricant. "Yeah, that's it, Baby. Work it; slide it in and out. Fuck it hard," Martin said as he clicked a few more pictures. Cum dripped from his cock.

Lynn looked him in the eye. "Getting you hard and wet, Baby? You think you're going to cum soon?"

"Uh huh," he muttered as he took another picture.

"How about this?" Lynn turned over on her belly with her knees under her. Shoulders to the mattress, she reached between her legs and continued fucking the dildo. "Oh yeah! That feels soooo good." She pumped her ass up and down; her pussy lips swallowing most of the dong before spitting it back out and doing it again. With every stroke she groaned. Every four or five times she would hold it, as if trying to get it in deeper by wiggling her ass in the air.

Martin took picture after picture. He couldn't help himself and he didn't know when he might get the chance to take these shots again. Finally he couldn't resist. He had to put the camera down so he could relax a little and cum. He matched her rhythm, stroking his cock as she fucked the dildo. His thighs began to quiver; her moan became a long continuous moan.

"I'm gonna cum!" she shouted. "Oh, Oh, Oh, OH, OH, OH!! Agghh!" Lynn collapsed on the bed, the big toy embedded in her pussy.

Watching her lie on the bed, spent, pushed him over the edge. His fist flew up and down the shaft, his foreskin rubbing against the wet head of his cock making sucking sounds. He came, jiz spurting out on to the floor. He kept stroking hard, until his hot sperm was on the chair and his hand and his thighs.

"You like?" Lynn asked.

"Oh yeah. You know that I have to load these pictures on the computer so that I can see them again."

"What for?" she asked.

"To jerk off."

"Oh."

"And I want to get some more pictures as soon as we can. Would you be willing to put on a French maid's costume?"

"I don't know. I'll think about it. Besides," she said with a smirk. "There's no rush."

"Yeah there is. I want more. This was awesome!"

"Really? You want more?" she asked, feigning surprise. "When do you want them?"

"As soon as possible. I can't wait to get some more pictures. Maybe something with you stripping out of a thong bikini," he suggested.

Lynn pulled the dong out of her cunt, got up and walked into the office.

Martin followed and watched as she stood at the computer and typed a website into his browser. "No rush," she said pointing to the screen. "See?"

Martin looked and slowly sat in front of the monitor. PamsPlayhouse.com had collection after collection of a woman in maid outfits, stripper, lingerie, and masturbation with lots of different toys. Martin looked closely at the thumbs and then clicked one. When the picture completed downloading, he turned to Lynn and asked, "How did you ever come up with the name Pam?"