**Believe it or Not**

by[Vegemiteman](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3236162&page=submissions)©

**Chapter 1**  
  
Stuart knew it was going to be an interesting night. He was laying on his back in bed, completely naked with hands tied behind his head to the bed frame. Laying on the bed next to him was wife, Elizabeth. She was dressed in a singlet top and panties, hair loose across her shoulders. They had the house to themselves and were making the most of it. When they had gotten to the bedroom, Elizabeth had put an eye mask on her husband, heightening his excitement. He felt her move away from him for a few moments, hearing her tell him to stay put.  
  
He then felt her return, her hand running across his ass. As she took his shirt off over his head, she had kissed and licked his nipples. As she pulled down his pants, she had kissed his cock through his boxers, causing it to jump. She had pushed him onto the bed and, as she took his boxers off, she ran her soft hair across his thighs. As he reached for her, she took his wrists in an iron grip and placed them on the bed frame above his head, making him grip the wooden frame. She then wrapped something around his wrists and pulled it tight. When she took the mask off, Stuart saw that she had brought some special rope, smooth, strong and not something that would leave a mark if he struggled.  
  
As he turned to look at his gorgeous wife, she smiled at him with a look of pure lust in her eyes. She climbed onto the bed next to him and mounted him, rubbing her still covered mound up and down his rock-hard cock. She kissed him with a fervour he had not experienced in a long time, her tongue attacking his, her face pressed tightly to his as she took the back of his head in her hand. She broke their kiss and pulled the side of her singlet over, exposing one of her magnificent breasts. She then used her hand to guide his mouth to her nipple, where he happily latched on and began to kiss and suck.  
  
Elizabeth threw her head back in pleasure - she had had her super sensitive nipples sucked before but no one did it as well as Stuart. She continued to grind her mound into his dick, feeling the tell-tale signs of precum on the outside of her panties. She could also feel the heat between her legs, her pussy burning with desire and wet like very few times before in her life. She knew if the grinding and attention to her nipples didn't stop, her plan would come crashing down as she wouldn't be able to contain herself much longer.  
  
She rolled to the side, her nipple leaving his mouth. She adjusted her pillows more comfortably and snuggled up beside him, her exposed tit resting on his side. He looked at her like a hungry animal, wanting to devour every last piece of her. Part of her loved it, that look of absolute passion in his eyes but another part was glad he was tied up because her plan wouldn't work if he jumped her and she knew when he was in this state, she was going to get an absolute pounding if she let him free.  
  
She had been thinking about tonight since they had first made plans to have a kid free night weeks earlier. She had got the rope delivered and hidden it, ready to use when the time was right. She had gotten her hair done just how he liked it, straightened and loose, not in her normal ponytail. She had trimmed her bush also, not bald as she knew he liked the feeling of her soft, downy pubes but just enough to expose her pussy somewhat. Then she had waited all night to spring her plan into action.  
  
They had ordered in and watched a movie - content to not worry about going out but just enjoying each other's company. After a couple of drinks during the movie, she had stood up, taken his hand and walked him to the bedroom. Once he was blindfolded, she had quickly stripped down to her panties and thrown on a singlet, an outfit she knew drove him crazy with desire. Stuart loved her in lingerie but his favourite attire for her in bed was a loose-fitting singlet and panties. She had chosen his favourite - a pair of lacy, Brazilian cut panties that showed off most of her butt and was almost a G-string without being completely wedged in her crack. Once she was dressed appropriately, she had put her plan in motion.  
  
Stuart looked at his wife, wondering how he got so lucky. He tried to move his wrists, but the harder he pulled, the tighter the rope got. He reached his head over, trying to kiss his wife, but she leant away, putting a finger to his lips. He kissed it, trying to get it into his mouth to suck it, but she removed it quickly. She pushed his head back onto the pillow. Slowly, she began to run her fingers across his chest, gently but firmly tweaking both his nipples, causing him to moan loudly and his cock to jump. She ran the palm of her hand down across his stomach, over his mound and down his thighs. She cupped his balls and gently squeezed, causing more precum to leak from the end of his dick. She then ran her hand up his cock, marvelling at how hard he was. She gripped it firmly and started to stroke him, slowly and deliberately, not going fast, teasing him.  
  
Stuart was rigid, his hips off the bed, trying not to explode. He desperately wanted to roll over and fuck his wife - he was too worked up now to make love to her. If he had his way, she was going to get fucked good and proper. She let go of his cock and turned his head to her, kissing him again. As their tongues entwined, she moaned in his mouth, her hand running through his hair. She broke the kiss and looked deeply in his eyes...  
  
"I have to confess something. Do you remember when I went on that girl's weekend with Jayne? When we went to see the strip show?"

**Chapter 2**  
  
Stuart nodded, not really comprehending why she was bringing this up now and not really focusing on the words, too turned on to listen properly. It had been a few months prior, Elizabeth and her best friend of 20 years Jayne taking a weekend away to themselves - no kids, no husbands, no responsibilities - just copious amounts of alcohol, some male dancers and a room full of screaming, horny woman. She had got home the next day, completely hungover and rather dishevelled. She had gone to work for a few hours, come home, said goodnight to Stuart and the kids and gone straight to bed. She had told him the next day she had lots of fun, had drunk way too much, wasn't all that impressed with the strippers and that she loved spending some quality time with Jayne.  
  
"Did I tell you about the guy Jayne met, Ted?"  
  
Stuart shook his head. She hadn't mentioned anything about any guy. Just as he was wondering where this was going, she started to run her hand over his body again - up and down his torso, down his thighs, gently brushing the tips of her fingers against his balls, tweaking his nipples when brushing across his chest.  
  
"Well after the show, we wanted to have a dance and some more drinks, so we went downstairs to the main bar. Most of the other women from the audience were down there too, so it was pretty full. We went to the bar and got some cocktails and started to look around the crowd. There were probably 4 women for every guy in the room and some of the women were already out on the dancefloor, drunk as hell and dancing like crazy. I went off to the toilet to pee and because of the line, I was gone for ages."  
  
Continuing to rub her hand on him, Stuart's cock was like a tap - precum was almost continuously leaking now. He wanted a release but he was also enjoying the sensations so much.  
  
"When I got back, Jayne was talking to some guy. He was tall, dark hair and good looking in a rugged kind of way. Not exactly my cup of tea, but a good-looking dude. They were standing close to each other, talking into each other's ears as the music was very loud. When I got over to them, Jayne threw her arm around me and introduced me to him. He shook my hand and asked if I wanted a drink. Before I could answer, Jayne shouted "YES" and he got us more cocktails. As we got our drinks, another guy came over to us. I spotted him cutting through the crowd and couldn't take my eyes off him. He was beautiful. Strong chin, shaved head and the most amazing blue eyes I had ever seen."  
  
Stuart went completely still at this moment. He had confessed to Elizabeth once that he was very turned on by the thought of her with another man. He was certain neither of them could or would actually go through with it, but thinking about Elizabeth surrendering to another guy, touching him, having him touch her, certainly made him hard. Elizabeth had more experience when they had met - a serious relationship or two, a couple of long term, not so serious ones, and a few flings as well. Her and Jayne had been a bit wild in their younger days. Initially when they first started dating, Elizabeth had been very open with Stuart about these experiences but he had not been able to handle that, becoming jealous a number of times.  
  
This had hurt her, so she stopped talking about it. As they moved on in life - having 2 kids, getting married - Stuart had matured and now loved hearing about them. Elizabeth was reluctant, worried he might start acting jealous again and also, as she got closer to 40, she looked back at some of her experiences and cringed. Still, when the time was right, she would sometimes share a story with him. These times usually had the desired effect and drove Stuart crazy and made the sex even more amazing than it was normally.  
  
Elizabeth felt Stuart go still and knew she had him exactly where she wanted him. She knew about his fantasy and had formulated this plan to make the most of it.

**Chapter 3**  
  
"He came over to us and introduced himself as Bill. He was Ted's cousin and they had been at the races that day. He was wearing blue suit pants, a light grey shirt with the sleeves rolled up and his arms and shoulders were almost tearing the shirt. I could see the bottom of a tattoo on his left forearm just coming out from under his sleeve."  
  
Elizabeth sighed quietly and was moving her legs, causing her thighs to rub. She knew the effect it was having on Stuart and that was causing her to get more and more aroused herself. She closed her eyes just as Stuart looked at her, his mouth slightly open.  
  
Stuart looked at her in shock. He had never heard her talk about another guy like this before. The details, the sigh in her voice when she described his arms, the way she was moving her legs, causing her thighs to rub together - she was seriously turned on by this guy. Stuart didn't know how to react. He was legitimately torn. He was worried about where the story was going - had anything happened? If so, why hadn't she told him? If something had happened, how did he feel about it? Was it everything he had been fantasizing about or was it the end of his marriage? The other side of him was as turned on as he could ever remember. His cock felt like it was going to explode - he could never remember it being so hard. It was leaking precum at an alarming rate now, he could feel it puddling on his stomach. His cock was almost constantly twitching, jumping up and down almost in time with his heartbeat, which was very quick.  
  
He wanted to hear more, he wanted to ask questions, he wanted to bury himself inside her and fuck her till she screamed and her eyes rolled into the back of her head - he just didn't know what he wanted first. Elizabeth's hands, soft as silk, now felt like they were actually made of silk. Each touch was like a soft electric shock - making him jump slightly, making his cock twitch and leak more. It was the most agonising and pleasurable experience of his life.  
  
"We got talking and they brought us more drinks. Jayne and Ted really hit it off - they were touching each other's arms, holding their lips very close to each other's ears when they spoke. I think I even saw her run her hand across his crotch at the bar at one stage. Bill and I were just chatting away, sipping our drinks. He was a really nice guy -- even over the loud music, he really listened to what I was saying, you know? Anyway, they asked us to dance so we said yes. The dance floor was packed but we found a spot and started dancing. You know I am terrible and Jayne isn't much better but the music was great and we were having fun. Ted had his hands all over Jayne, squeezing her ass, rubbing up against her. During one song, he had his thigh between her legs and she was grinding on him while they kissed. The look on her face made me think she was gonna cum right there."  
  
She ran her palm over Stuart's cock, holding it against his stomach as it leaked more. She could feel his heartbeat pulsing through the veins in the shaft. She looked at him to check he was OK and saw a mixture of lust, concern and curiosity on his face. She continued to stroke his shaft with her palm.  
  
"Bill and I were dancing but not touching, just enjoying ourselves. I had my back to him and he must have been knocked from behind because he ran into me and placed his hands on my hips to steady himself and me from falling over. He apologised and as he went to take his hands off my hips, I took them and put them back there. His hands felt so strong as he held me while we danced, just swaying in time to the music. He began running his hands up and down my arms, slowly, gently. It felt like little shocks of electricity were coursing through my body. It felt so good. I slowly backed up until his hands were more on my stomach than hips and I was pressed right up against him. I leaned my head back on his shoulder and we danced like that for ages."  
  
Elizabeth adjusted herself, trying to move closer to Stuart, pushing her crotch into his hip, gently grinding.  
  
"He kept nuzzling his chin against my cheek, his lips just grazing across the skin. I kept checking on Jayne and her and Ted never even seemed to come up for air - his hands were all over her tits and ass and her hand was in his pants. Bill laughed when I pointed it out. All of a sudden, a slower song came on and Bill turned me around so I was facing him. I put my hands around his neck and we danced to two or three slow songs in a row. We just stared at each other -- those blue eyes were something else. I could feel his cock growing in his pants, pushing into my stomach, so I started grinding up against him, teasing. I knew it was wrong, I kept thinking about you at home, probably asleep on the couch, but I just couldn't stop. It felt so good."

**Chapter 4**  
  
She looked over at her husband. He was just staring at her. His chest was going up and down in time with his cock twitches. His mouth was still open, presumably in shock. He hadn't moved or said a single word in the whole time she had been telling him the story. She wasn't sure if she had gone too far - was he really ok? Was his cock still hard because she was rubbing him all over or was he actually turned on by the story? She wasn't sure but she had to continue - the whole plan rested on it.  
  
"Anyway, we were all pretty worked up by this stage. Bill was subtlety touching my hand, my arm, my back as we walked to the door. The guys asked if they could walk us home so we agreed - I don't think Jayne was going to let Ted out of her sight by this stage. We left the bar and walked back to the hotel. Jayne and Ted were in front of us, holding hands and practically running the kilometre to the hotel. Bill and I were walking normally, talking about things in general. He asked about my job, I told him I worked retail and it was good because it gave me time to spend with my kids and made it easier on my husband for work. When I mentioned you, he looked at me with a little bit of shock but let it go. I knew then I had done the right thing. Everything that happened on the dance floor was done but now he knew - I was a happily married woman to the most amazing man in the world! We continued to walk and talk - it was a bit cold so he gave me his jacket. I couldn't help but smell it - it smelt incredible. You know I don't normally like fragrances but this, this was something else. Musky, with a hint of cologne. I am not sure if my nipples got hard from the smell or the cold but they were certainly up."  
  
With that, Elizabeth raised herself up on her elbow and lowered her exposed nipple to Stuart's mouth - this was going to determine if she continued the story or stopped. If he refused her, she knew she had gone too far. That thought was dispelled as soon as he locked his mouth on her tit and sucked like his life depended on it. He went at her nipple like it was going to save his life. The waves of pleasure coursed through her body, causing her to shiver. She ran her hand through his hair, pulling his head into her breast more. He sucked and licked like a wild man. Finally, she pulled back, satisfied she should continue. Stuart's breathing had gotten even heavier. She had been worried that maybe her confession would cause his erection to go away, but the cock ring she had purchased for tonight was not going to be needed - he was still as hard as concrete.  
  
"Anyway, we got back to the hotel and couldn't find Jayne or Ted anywhere. I opened the door to the hotel room and there was Jayne, on the bed on her back, holding her legs in the air while Ted absolutely pounded her. They didn't hear the door open or didn't care but Jayne was moaning like she was dying, telling him to go harder. I was mesmerized - Ted's cock was huge. He was ramming it into her like a piston - I am not sure how she wasn't getting split in half. I couldn't stop looking until I felt Bill take my hand and pull me back through the door, saying something about giving them some privacy."  
  
"There was a bench outside the room, so we sat there. It was cold and I was shivering, so Bill put his arm around me. I laid my head on his shoulder. He asked about you - what you were doing tonight, why you weren't out with us. I told him that you were home with the kids, that you had wanted me to go out with Jayne and have some fun, even telling me I had a hall pass for the evening. When I said that, Bill seemed to sit up a bit straighter. He looked at me and asked if you had really said that. I nodded and said you were the best and that you had a wild sense of humour and imagination. Bill shook his head and said that if he ever had a wife as sexy and amazing as me, he wouldn't let her out of his sight. I looked up at him, at those blue eyes and in that moment, I don't know what came over me, but I kissed him."  
  
Elizabeth stopped. She had always told Stuart that kissing to her was a very intimate act - not something to do lightly but something that with the right person, made her incredibly horny. The fact that she had just admitted to him that she had kissed another guy was a serious step in their marriage. How would he react?

**Chapter 5**  
  
Stuart couldn't hear anything but the blood rushing in his ears. Had his wife, the mother of his children, the only woman he had ever been with, just admitted to kissing another guy? She had already told him they had danced, that she had rubbed up against his hard cock. That didn't bother him too much - he knew when his wife was drunk, she was very touchy and friendly and dirty dancing was one of her favourite drunk activities. But kissing another man! This was a whole new level. He was so conflicted. He wanted his hands free so he could grab her, shake her and ask her if this was all true. He wanted his hands free so he could grab her and ravage her. He wanted his hands free so he could cover his ears and stop listening. His stomach felt weird - part jealous, part horny, part terrified. His legs were shaking. What was happening here - did he want it to continue or not? He had lost the ability to speak and just continued to stare at his wife.  
  
Elizabeth watched multiple emotions flicker across Stuart's face. She was getting worried. He still hadn't spoken, his legs were shaking, he was trying to work his hands free and his breathing was getting heavier and heavier. However, his dick was still twitching and looked bigger than she had ever seen it in their 12 years together and the puddle of precum had started to run down his hip and onto the bed. As for Elizabeth, her hands hadn't stopped moving across her husband's body and her legs were still rubbing together, like she was trying to start a fire. If how hot her pussy felt was any indication, she may have actually done so. She decided to continue the story.

"So, we were kissing and my head was saying stop but I couldn't. His lips were so soft and his tongue was so strong."  
  
With that, she leaned over and started sucking and licking Stuart's ear lobes, knowing how much he loved it.  
  
"Soon enough, his hand was on my tit, gently massaging it. I found myself moaning, I was so turned on. You know how much I love my tits being played with."  
  
She rubbed her tit against Stuart's shoulder, the hard nipple teasing his bicep. Stuart looked at it hungrily, wanting it back in his mouth.  
  
"I was getting so wet. I could still hear Jayne screaming in the room, Bill was massaging my tit and my hand dropped into his lap. His dick was straining against his suit pants. I began to rub it through his pants..."  
  
At this, she began rubbing her palm against the head of Stuart's dick, rubbing the precum all around it.  
  
"I undid the zipper and freed it. I started to wank him, rubbing him up and down. He moaned in my mouth, saying my name. It was such a turn on."  
  
She kissed Stuart, jamming her tongue in his mouth as she started to wank him too, slowly so as to not make him cum. Stuart started bucking his hips, thrusting into her hand. He was moaning like he was possessed, like a caged animal trying to escape. Elizabeth checked on the ropes, making sure he was still captured. His hands couldn't move but his fingernails had scratched into the wood of the frame. She moaned into his mouth, loving how turned on he was. With her free hand, she took her panties off.  
  
"His cock was just staring at me, and I am not sure what came over me but I dropped my head and took him in my mouth. I cupped his balls with one hand inside his pants while the other held him in my mouth as I sucked and rubbed my tongue around the head. He put one hand on the back of my head and held it there, applying just the slightest of pressure."  
  
She slid down the bed, wiped some of the precum off and took Stuart in her mouth. He went completely still, holding his breath. She slowly sucked and fondled his balls, again trying to get him to the edge without sending him over. She moved her head from side to side, her hair running over his thighs and stomach. She looked up at him, cock in her mouth, and smiled around his member. The look on his face was priceless - she very rarely gave him head and usually only with a condom, so this was an unexpected treat. She let him slide from her mouth, his shaft coated in her saliva. She kept fondling his balls as she worked her way up the bed.  
  
"As I sucked, he reached down and put his other hand up my dress - he was rubbing my ass. He wiggled his hips a little and all of a sudden, I could feel his fingers on my pussy. He rubbed me once or twice then pushed my panties aside."  
  
She was now straddling Stuart's chest, her pussy sitting between his nipples. His eyes were transfixed on her pussy, not blinking. Elizabeth smirked and took the singlet off over her head.

**Chapter 6**  
  
Stuart didn't know what day it was, who was Prime Minister or what his name was. He was beyond reasonable thought. Here he was, tied to the his marital bed, the love of his life sitting on his chest, naked, her pussy inches from his face and wetter than he had ever seen it, telling him about giving another man oral sex outside of a hotel room while he rubbed her pussy, all while her best friend was getting ploughed like an animal inside. He still wanted to yell, scream, ravage Elizabeth, blow the biggest load of his life but couldn't find a way to do any of it. This was equally the best and worst moment of his life.  
  
"I was so wet that his fingers just slid straight into me. He pumped me with two fingers and rubbed my clit at the same time. It felt amazing. I moaned all over his cock and started sucking harder. I was so close to cumming!"  
  
With that, she moved forward and placed her pussy right in Stuart's face.  
  
This was Stuart's favourite thing in the world - having Elizabeth sit on his face. The act felt like pure submission - even more so now with his hands tied up. Elizabeth had all the power - she controlled whether or not her could lick and kiss her or not. She controlled whether she just hovered there while he pleasured her or if she ground herself onto his face, covering him with her juices as she rode his face to orgasm and squeezed his head with her thighs. All of those thoughts flowed through Stuart's brain as he inhaled her musk - that smell of pure arousal. He stared at her clit, protruding out, the little nub that only appeared when she was REALLY turned on, showing him how aroused she really was. He knew she wanted him to taste her. He knew HE wanted to taste her - but should he? With everything that he had just heard, should he give her that pleasure? Just then, he felt her body weight shift, her hips rotating slightly as she leant forward and she put her tits in his hands, still tied up.  
  
He heard her moan as her squeezed them, saw her pussy contract in pleasure and he lost all other thoughts and ploughed his face forward, taking her clit between his lips and flicking it quickly with the tip of his tongue. He knew the pressure from his lips combined with the quickness of his tongue was what she loved and he was right. Elizabeth let out a very loud moan, pushing her hips down, crushing herself onto her husband's face. He continued to lick while bounced up and down, fucking his face. Because of the angle of his arms, her thighs were not covering his ears like normal and she resumed her story, breathing heavily like she was trying to talk while sprinting.  
  
"He tasted so good in my mouth and his fingers were working my pussy so well. I kept sucking, he kept fingering until I finally lifted my head and moaned - he made me cum so hard."  
  
With this she began bucking harder on Stuart's face, getting closer to orgasm in the here and now while cumming in the past.  
  
"I just kept cumming, over and over while his fingers worked me. I heard Jayne cumming too, screaming out in pleasure. I was wanking his cock so fast that he finally said 'I'm gonna cum.' I jumped off the bench and knelt in front of him. I wanked him, rubbing my thumb over the head of his dick until he roared in pleasure - I pointed his dick down my dress and he came all over my tits. There was so much of it. I felt it run down between them, under my bra and down my stomach."  
  
Elizabeth cried out, finally cumming on Stuart's face. She ground herself into him, rubbing her pussy all over. She kept going, obviously having a prolonged orgasm. Finally, she rolled over next to him, collapsing on the bed. She laid there still for a little while, panting, trying to catch her breath. She could feel Stuart's eyes on her, wanting a conclusion to the story and, probably more importantly, his own release. She looked at his cock, still hard, still twitching, and smiled. She rolled onto her side and continued.  
  
"I still felt like I was cumming, even though both his hands were mauling my tits as he came. The waves just kept going. Finally, we both stopped and just sat there, me on the ground, him on the bench. We were both panting, exhausted. I couldn't hear Jayne anymore either. Finally, he helped me stand up and kissed me again, long, slow, passionate. He gave me the hankie from his jacket pocket but there was too much of him all over me. The door to the room opened and Ted and Jayne appeared - Ted was zipping up his pants and Jayne was standing there with just a sheet wrapped around her.  
  
We all stopped and just looked at each other. Ted and Bill said they better be going and Ted gave Jayne a kiss on the cheek and they left. I walked inside with Jayne staring at me the whole time. She asked what happened and I told her. Finally, I took my dress off and Bill's cum ran from my throat to my navel. Jayne was shocked. We were both exhausted and fell into bed."

**Chapter 7**  
  
Elizabeth knew she had him right where she wanted him. Slowly, she sat up and reached for the ropes holding him to the bed. She felt his sharp intake of breath, in anticipation of finally getting his hands on her. Before she undid the ropes, she looked him dead in the eye.  
  
"Baby, I know your fantasy is to see me with another guy. I am sorry you weren't there when it happened. I have wanted to tell you for so long, but I was scared, embarrassed and worried. I wanted to do it right, to explain what happened in my own words and in my own time. If I take these ropes off, are you going to be ok?"  
  
Stuart looked at his wife. He was past aroused now - he felt like he was at a whole other level that no one had ever been before. His cock was so hard it hurt; the purple head massively engorged. His arms ached from being tied up above his head for so long. His face was soaked, his legs were stiff and his stomach felt terrible. But above all else, his balls were so full that if he didn't empty them now, he thought they might pop. So, putting all other thoughts aside for the moment, he nodded his head, still unable to speak. Elizabeth undid the ropes and laid back down. Stuart rubbed his wrists and shoulders for a minute, getting the feeling back, feeling her watching him the whole time. He then rolled onto his side to look at her. She was so beautiful - still flush from a tremendous orgasm, hair all splayed out on the pillow, her tits sitting there, going up and down in time with her breathing. Then the thought of another man's cum running down between them entered his head and he lost control.  
  
He sat up, moved to her feet and grabbed her legs. Just as she was about to open them, he shifted his hands up to her hips and rolled her onto her stomach. Her pulled her hips up until she was on all fours and rose behind her. He lined his cock up with her entrance and plunged in, bottoming out on the first thrust. Elizabeth rocked forward, yelping, part pleasure, part pain. Stuart withdrew all the way and plunged back in, bottoming out again. Elizabeth yelped again, this time much more pleasure than pain. Stuart continued, amazing himself that he didn't cum on the first thrust. He smacked Elizabeth on the ass, causing another yell of pleasure from her. He gripped her hips and started slamming into her, ramming himself into her at speed.  
  
Elizabeth was yelling "Cum for me baby, fill me up." as he drove into her again and again, digging his fingers into her hips. He kept pounding and her Elizabeth getting louder, another orgasm surprisingly occurring. He bit his lip to ride it out, wanting all her attention when he finally came. Elizabeth kept cumming, flowing down her thighs and onto the bed. She stopped yelling and started grunting, taking the pounding from her husband and enjoying it while coming down from a second orgasm.  
  
Finally, without a word, Stuart withdrew his cock, rolled her back onto her back and thrust back in, filling her again. From his kneeling position, he watched her face, even more flushed, eyes closed as she grunted in pleasure. He began to feel the tell-tale sign of ejaculation starting - the pressure in the balls, the shaft feeling like it had fire running through it. He pulled out and launched, sending rope after rope of his seed all over her stomach and chest. He bellowed, louder than he ever had, cumming more than he ever had. He kept going, sending it all over her until finally he was done. He collapsed next to her, face down, not moving.  
  
Elizabeth laid there, covered in her husband's cum. She was panting - she had only ever cum from doggy style once before, very early on in her relationship with Stuart. It didn't shock her though - the pure animalistic intensity Stuart just displayed would have made any woman cum. She composed herself and looked over at Stuart. He was lying face down, not moving, barely breathing. She shook his arm and he finally turned to look at her. He looked angelic. His face was sweaty, his hair stuck to his forehead. He had a smile on his face from ear to ear. She had never been more in love with him than in that exact moment. But part of her was still worried - what would he say?  
  
Finally, Stuart had the energy to sit up. He grabbed a nightshirt from the floor and used it to lovingly clean up his wife, wiping her down of his seed. Elizabeth sat up and looked at him expectantly.  
  
"I..." he stopped, unsure of what he was going to say next.  
  
"I love you. Always have always will. But I need to know, was what you just told me true? Were you with another man?"  
  
He wanted an answer but didn't know which one - yes or no?  
  
Elizabeth leaned over and kissed his cheek, caressing the other side with her hand.  
  
"Wouldn't you like to know......?" with that, she got out of bed and went to the bathroom to clean up. When she returned, Stuart was fast asleep, snoring quietly.  
  
Epilogue  
  
Elizabeth grabbed her phone and quickly messaged Jayne.  
  
"It worked. I have never seen him so horny. I have never been so horny either. The sex was incredible. Thank you so much for helping me come up with it. Worked out well that Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure was on TV that night lol. Talk soon -- I am going to need your help for the next one!"