**A Night on the Town**

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**Chapter 1**

It had been an interesting time in Stuart's life since "that night". He had questioned Elizabeth numerous times, trying to get an answer as to whether or not the events she described were true but, being the cheeky person she was, she always played coy and was non-committal in her answers. Stuart had even spoken to Jayne, Elizabeth's best friend, and asked her but was met similar responses. The one upside of the whole thing was Stuart and Elizabeth's sex life had never been better!

As a married couple with 2 kids, their sex life for the past few years had been somewhat stagnant. They had settled into a routine of about once a week, sometimes fortnightly. The only time they really let their hair down and had time to fully enjoy each other was on the rare occasions they found a babysitter and had a night away - usually in a hotel after a nice dinner or a movie. This was when Stuart saw some of the Elizabeth he had heard about early in their relationship. Elizabeth had a healthy sex life when she was younger - nothing outrageous but a lot more exciting than Stuart's which, until he met her, consisted of his right hand and a solitary visit to a brothel - which was both a waste of time and money. Originally, he had hated hearing about her escapades - it drove him crazy with jealousy.

Once, early on in their relationship, they had been out at a function for Stuart's work and had run into an ex-boyfriend of Elizabeth's whom she had some particularly interesting experiences with. All night, Stuart was thinking about those stories and how angry it made him, to the point where he wanted to go and punch the guy in the mouth. Elizabeth had seen the anger, but Stuart brushed it off as anger at how she had been treated at the end of the relationship, hiding the true reasons. Elizabeth was a smart woman however, so the stories had stopped. As they grew older together, had 2 wonderful boys, worked through all the typical issues a married couple have around the 7 to 10-year mark, Stuart had been a lot more open to hearing about his beautiful wife's past. He started prompting her for bits of information - a question here, some innuendo there - and slowly Elizabeth had started to share them with him again.

Since the story about Bill, everything had changed. Elizabeth had come out of her shell. Where Stuart used to be the instigator for their weekly sex, Elizabeth was now like a woman possessed. She was groping him in the kitchen while he was washing the dishes, the kids sitting metres away watching TV. She was sneaking into his home office during the day and surprising him with deep, passionate kisses or sucking on his ear lobe and breathing heavily into his ear while he was trying to type emails or write documents. At night, it was all he could do to keep up with her. Almost every night ended with the couple sweaty and thoroughly exhausted after riding each other to orgasm.

Elizabeth had also developed a habit of sending Stuart dirty messages throughout the day while she was at work - describing what she wanted to do to him when she got home or what she wanted him to do to her. Other times she would tell him about a customer that she had just served, describing what she would do if she could. This drove Stuart wild as he had developed quite a fetish for imagining his wife with another man. That was why the story about Bill had been such a turn on for Stuart - and why it was killing him to not know if it actually happened or not.

A few months after Elizabeth recounted her experience with Bill, Stuart began to plan a special weekend away for them. It had been a while since they had a kid free weekend, Elizabeth's favourite comedian was performing soon and it seemed like all the stars were aligning. He organised her Mum to come and stay with the kids and made her promise not to tell Elizabeth - he wanted it to be a surprise. He organised a room at her favourite hotel and got front row tickets for the comedian's show. It was going to be a great break from their day to day lives.

**Chapter 2**

Elizabeth was exhausted. She had just finished an 8-hour shift. Retail was not the most exciting career but it was flexible and that was what mattered with kids. As she pulled into her street, she was trying to decide if she had the energy to make love to Stuart that night. She definitely wanted too - she seemed to always want to lately - but it had been a LONG day. Maybe she would give him a hand job while she whispered things into his ear. He always liked that.

She grinned at the thought of his rock-hard cock in her hand, her tongue slowly tracing around his ear as she breathily told him about something - and someone - she did in the past. Since her story telling adventure of a few months ago, she had become a lot more comfortable telling him stories, true or not. That experience had ignited something deep inside her that she had forgotten all about. She loved Stuart more than anything in the world and pleasing him physically gave her such joy - not to mention plenty of her own pleasure.

As she drove into the driveway and opened the garage door remotely, she noticed a strange car in the garage. Small and silver, she had no idea whose car it was and why it was there. Just then, Stuart stepped out from under the garage door with a suitcase, a suit bag and a big smile on his face. She stopped the car as he walked around to the driver's door. Opening it, he leaned in and stuck his tongue in her mouth, swirling it against hers. His hand began to slide up her thigh, causing her legs to open slightly, however it then moved to her hip and she heard a "click". Suddenly, he pulled away from her, leaving her out of breath from the sudden, very enjoyable assault. Her seatbelt retracted.

"I have a surprise for you. Your Mum is here to watch the kids because we are going away for the weekend."

Elizabeth was taken by surprise - money had been a little tight since they took a family holiday earlier in the year.

"I have packed everything so all you need to do is get out of the car, swap sides and let's get going!"

Still reeling from the kiss, Elizabeth slowly climbed out of the car. As she stood up, Stuart put his arm around her waist and pulled her in close, kissing her again. This time his hands went straight to her ass, squeezing it firmly as their tongues danced again. He pulled her in close, letting her feel his growing dick pushing into her. She melted, unable to resist such passion. She wrapped her arms around his neck, losing herself in the kiss. He finally broke away and grinned ear to ear - he knew what he could do to her with just a kiss and he had done it. He took her hand and led her around to the passenger side, opened the door and closed it behind her. He then put their luggage in the boot and they were off. She hadn't said goodbye to the kids so she video called them from the car - they weren't too fussed as Nana had promised pancakes for breakfast and McDonalds for dinner.

As they drove, Elizabeth began asking where they were headed. Stuart took the opportunity to play coy - never giving straight answers, talking in riddles or just flat out ignoring the question. Elizabeth was getting frustrated - she hated surprises and this was driving her mental. After 30 minutes of driving in the general direction of the city, she reached over and started rubbing his inner thigh, gently brushing against his cock through his shorts. In a sweet voice, she pleaded with him to tell her where they were going. Stuart smiled and took her hand off his lap, putting it on her own leg and patting it, repeating to her as he had done the whole trip so far.

"Soon my love, soon."

Giving up, Elizabeth pretended to sulk, crossing her arms and staring out her window. Finally, they exited the freeway and after a few turns, they pulled up outside her favourite hotel. She looked at him in shock - it was not a cheap hotel, even with his company discount, but the rooms were incredible. A valet came and opened her door and she climbed out. Another valet was already taking the bags from the boot. Stuart appeared at her side and took her by the hand, leading her up the steps to reception. They checked in and the concierge showed them to their room. He hung their bags in the closet and closed the door behind him. Elizabeth was shocked - even though they had stayed at this hotel before, this room was breathtaking.

On the second to top floor, one half of the room was all windows, providing an amazing view of the city. There was a king size bed - not two single beds held together by a fitted sheet, but a proper king size bed. The bathroom had a very large shower with both rainfall and handheld shower heads and a spa bath in the corner that looked large enough to fit 4 adults comfortably. She looked at Stuart who was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"I take it you like the room?"

Elizabeth lunged at him, ready to devour him on the spot. He grabbed her by the hips and spun, making sure she landed on the bed on her back while he landed on his left elbow, propping himself up. He kissed her again as she wrapped her arms around his neck. He started massaging her right breast, rubbing it through her bra and work blouse, squeezing it. She moaned in his mouth. She broke their kiss and stared into his eyes.

"Fuck me, NOW!"

Stuart smirked, knowing how much he had turned her on for her to talk that way. He sat her up and took her work blouse off, tossing it across the room. He then laid her back down and buried his face in her cleavage, licking and sucking her breasts. Even without touching her nipples, burying his face between her tits always drove Elizabeth wild. He began kissing his way down her stomach, reaching down in the meantime and awkwardly taking off her shoes and socks without looking. When he got to her work pants, he undid the button and clasp, causing Elizabeth to raise her hips so he could take them off. She slid them down her legs and tossed them in the general direction of her blouse. Then he resumed his kissing, all around her navel and onto her panties. He could feel the heat radiating from her. She opened her legs as wide as they would go and waited for him to taste her.

**Chapter 3**

Stuart was having a rough time. Here he was - a beautiful hotel room, his amazing wife half naked on the bed, begging him to fuck her, legs spread waiting for him to dive in head first and eat her out just as she liked. But the problem was they had to be at the show very soon - Elizabeth loved this particular comedian and with front row seats, he didn't want her to miss out. He kept kissing her panties, making sure to kiss around her pussy, never directly making contact. His wife was squirming on the bed, ready to take matters into her own hands if he didn't stop teasing, as she had done many times before. So, with a sigh, Stuart stood up, adjusting his cock in his shorts as he did so.

"Sorry to disappoint you babe, but I have another surprise yet and I don't want you to miss it."

With that he walked over to their bags and opened them, taking out shirt and slacks for himself. He turned to see her still lying on her back, but propped up on her elbows, staring at him in disbelief. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I promise this will be worth it. Go have a shower and then get dressed. I packed everything for you. I will be back in a minute."

He hung the shirt and slacks up in the closet and left the room. Once outside the door, he stopped in the hallway and leant against the wall. He was so turned on right now - all he wanted to do was go back in the room and spend the night inside his wife, but he knew it would be better if he spent all night building her arousal. He went downstairs to reception and organised some chocolates to be delivered to the room while they were out. He called the town car company he had organised to take them to the comedy show, giving some final instructions. He headed back upstairs, hoping Elizabeth was in the shower already, not knowing if he had the will power to keep his hands off her if she was still on the bed.

He opened the door to their room and heard the shower running. Walking towards the bathroom, his breath caught in his throat. Elizabeth was standing in the shower, body glistening with water, and the handheld shower head in her hand. She had turned the water to jet spray and was pointing it at her clit, pounding it with pressure. Her eyes were closed and her head thrown back. He could see her legs wobbling slightly, obviously enjoying the sensation. He was instantly hard again, feeling very voyeuristic watching his wife get herself off in the shower. He was about to grab a seat to watch the finish but then a thought struck him - she had taking great pleasure in getting him to the edge of release and then backing off multiple times - maybe it was her turn!

He moved into the bathroom and lifted the toilet lid, making sure it made a big noise when it hit the cistern. Elizabeth jumped, shocked at the noise. Stuart pushed his rock-hard cock down and began peeing.

"As great as that was to watch, we don't have time now. You need to hurry or we will miss the next surprise".

He flushed the toilet and washed up, leaving her stunned in the shower. A minute or two later, the shower turned off and he heard the door open and close. Smiling to himself, he started getting dressed. He heard Elizabeth chuckling in the bathroom - he wondered if she had found the items he had packed for her in the toiletry bag. He finished getting dressed and sat down to put on his shoes and socks. She walked out of the bathroom and stood in front of him, her hands on her hips and her feet shoulder width apart, a big grin on her face. She had found the pale blue G-string and bra set he had packed for her and was standing in front of him in just the G-string. Small and lacy, he could see her pubic mound through the material. His heart skipped a beat - despite having seen her in these numerous times before, the sheer sexiness of her took his breath away each time.

"Where are we going that you think I need to wear these?"

He shrugged his shoulders again and shook his head, not answering. She rolled her eyes and went back into the bathroom. She emerged 15 minutes later, hair straightened, matching bra and panties on. She walked to the wardrobe and found the blue dress he had packed for her, short, snug around the waist, leaving a lot of cleavage on display, and the chunky heels. She took them out and put the dress on, pausing for him to do up the back. As he slowly dragged the zipper up, he kissed her back the whole way, causing her to shudder. Once the zip was up, he brushed her hair away from her neck and kissed her, just below the left ear, with a slow, sloppy kiss, gently pressing his tongue to her neck. She yelped, ticklish as ever, and moved away. She sat on the chair and strapped on her heels. She stood up and did a little twirl for him, making sure she met his approval. Stuart felt himself slowly nodding, completely taken in by her beauty.

After getting dressed and performing a little twirl, Elizabeth noticed her husband's body language. His eyes were slightly closed, like he was tired, but coupled with his short, sharp breaths, his hands slowly opening and closing by his sides and the fact he hadn't blinked in about a minute, she knew he was as turned on as she was. Seeing him eyeing her like a piece of meat made her even hornier than she already was. Her interrupted shower session coupled with the make out session on the bed had her on the edge - she needed to cum and she needed it now. So did Stuart by the looks of him but he blinked a few times, shook his head and walked over to the nightstand.

He came back to her with her favourite bracelet and she held out her wrist as he put it on. He kissed her quickly on the cheek, told her how beautiful she looked and that it was time to go. She grabbed her clutch, took his offered arm and they left the room. Riding down in the elevator, Elizabeth looked at him in the mirror. Navy shirt, opened at the neck, light grey slacks, brown belt and matching brown shoes, jacket slung over his shoulder - her husband scrubbed up wonderfully. She leant her head on his shoulder.

"Have I told you lately how much I love you?" she asked him

She watched him smile in the mirror and lean his head on hers.

"Yep - and it's only half of how much I love you!" he responded.

Laughing, she replied as only she could - "You wish, Jellyfish."

The elevator door opened and they stepped into the lobby. As they walked toward the lobby doors, the valet's opened them, allowing them to pass. Elizabeth caught one of the valet's checking out her ass, making a whistling motion with his mouth as she passed. She couldn't help but smile - despite Stuart's assurances that other men did check her out all the time, she never believed him.

Distracted, she looked where they were headed and stopped short. Sitting in front of the hotel was the nicest car she had ever seen. Not sure if it was a BMW, Mercedes or something else, she watched Stuart shake the hand of the driver and turn back to her. He waved his hand, gesturing for her to get in. She slowly walked forward and, as gracefully as she could, slid into the rear seat. As she felt the supple leather on her thighs, Stuart walked around the other side and climbed in next to her. As they both buckled in, they had a quick kiss - both wanting it to last longer but both acutely aware of the driver. He started the car and they pulled away from the hotel. Stuart took her hand in his and smiled.

"I hope you enjoy tonight. I know you are worried about money, but I have been planning this for a while, so don't stress. Just enjoy yourself. You do so much for me and the boys, it's the least I can do to spoil you occasionally."

His thumb was stroking the back of her hand as he spoke and she shuddered, another tiny ripple of excitement climbing through her body. Her G-string felt like it had just come out of the wash - it was stuck to her pussy, absolutely soaked. She could not remember being this turned on in her life. If whatever they were off to do took too long, she may just drag Stuart to the closest secluded spot and take him right there!

**Chapter 4**

The car ride was very quiet. Stuart held Elizabeth's hand the whole time, his thumb gently tracing patterns on the back of her hand. She eagerly looked out the window, trying to work out where they were headed. Earlier, Stuart had given the driver instructions to take the most circuitous path to the venue as he could, trying to keep her off guard. Finally, after about 10 minutes of circling the venue via different side streets, they pulled up out the front. The driver came around and opened Elizabeth's door - as she stood up to get out of the car, Stuart ran his hand up her leg, gently squeezing her ass. She stumbled slightly, shocked at the sudden contact and the driver caught her, holding her steady. Stuart hopped out laughing, informing the driver that she hadn't even had a drink yet!

Elizabeth swatted him with her clutch, thanked the driver and headed for the doors. Stuart slipped the driver some money and arranged to be picked up after the show. He slid his arm around Elizabeth's waist.

"Any idea what we are doing here?"

Elizabeth looked at the building in front of her. At least 75 years old, the exterior was extremely old and rundown. It was a two-storey building, the windows upstairs had been blocked out and there was no signage. She shook her head.

"None whatsoever. Can I at least get a hint?"

Stuart chuckled and started walking her to the doors. He opened one and let her inside. It was dark in the lobby but off to the right there was a staircase leading up to the second floor. Directly in front of them were two sets of double doors, very old and ornate, with long brass handles running vertically along them. Stuart again opened the door for his wife and followed her through into a large, levelled theatre. Directly above them was the balcony seating, still empty at this stage. In front of them were a series of descending steps - the first level just chairs, below that some tables suited for 4 people orientated to face the large stage at the front of the room. Some tables were already taken, people sitting enjoying a drink and some nibbles. On the lowest part of the room, there were a small number of booths, with the high backs a half circle.

Stuart led them right down the front, to the booth directly in the middle. The table in the booth was a half circle, opposite in shape to the back of the booth. It had a long white table cloth on it, with a tasteful centrepiece of flowers in the middle. Stuart motioned for Elizabeth to sit and once she was settled, he moved to the other side and sat next to her. The seats were extremely comfortable and, despite being over six feet tall, the back of the booth was still higher than Stuart's head. Elizabeth was looking around, a look of excitement on her face. A waiter appeared in front of them with menus - they would have dinner before the show began. Elizabeth ordered a steak and fries; Stuart went with the burger. He ordered a bottle of wine her favourite wine for Elizabeth, and a beer for himself. Elizabeth turned to him.

"Enough is ENOUGH, mister! What are we doing here?"

Stuart looked into her eyes, loving the way the sparkled, admiring the colour of them.

"Well my love, we are here to see a comedy show."

Elizabeth looked puzzled for a second then squealed, jumping slightly out of her seat and reaching for her clutch. Within and instant her phone was in her hand, her thumbs furiously typing.

"OH MY GOD. Are we seeing this?"

She turned the phone screen towards him, showing a website with the comedian's face and the title of his new stand-up routine. Stuart nodded and Elizabeth squealed again. She dropped her phone, grabbed his face with two hands and kissed him, hard. Her tongue snaked into his mouth, twisting with his. He knew this would be her reaction. She had mentioned multiple times how much she enjoyed his comedy and that, not only did she think he was hilarious, but that she found him ridiculously good looking. As she kissed him, Stuart wondered if she was still as turned on as she had been earlier. He slowly ran his hand up her leg, feeling her parting her thighs slightly as he did.

As he got close to her pussy, he could feel the heat radiating from her. He brushed his fingers across her lace covered mound, making her moan in his mouth. As she opened her legs more, there was a gentle cough near them. They broke their kiss and looked - a waitress had returned with their drinks.

Elizabeth was mortified. Here she was, tongue in her husbands' mouth, legs parted, his hand up her dress and the waitress standing there watching them. She was relieved to note the table cloth had covered his wandering hands from view. The waitress looked at them smiling, her expression one of amusement. Stuart apologised, explaining that tonight was a surprise for his wife and it was her favourite comedian - and her hall pass. Elizabeth blanched - what did he just say? The waitress laughed and nodded, saying something about how he was her favourite comedian also. Elizabeth's face was on fire with embarrassment, so she missed most of the conversation, until the waitress, after pouring a glass of wine for Elizabeth leant down towards her and whispered.

"A good choice for your hall pass. He is simply amazing in bed and has the cock and stamina of a horse!"

With that they were alone again at the table. Elizabeth must have reacted more than she thought to the waitress' comment because Stuart immediately asked her what was wrong. She took a long sip of her wine and told him. He threw his head back and laughed, loudly. He leant over to her, his hand finding it's way up her dress again.

"And just when I thought you couldn't get any wetter. Tell me, my love, what are you thinking about now?"

His hand started lightly stroking her thigh, not close enough to touch her mound again but still enough to give her tingles. She shook her head and took another drink. This was turning into a very interesting night.

**Chapter 5**

Soon enough the waitress returned with their food. After placing it on the table in front of them and asking if they needed more drinks, she winked at Elizabeth and walked away. Elizabeth blushed profusely. She turned her attention to her meal and tried to think about something other than how horny she felt and how nice Stuart's leg felt resting against hers. They ate their meal, making small talk - the meals were very good so they didn't speak much.

A different waiter arrived with another beer for Stuart. As he cleaned up the empties, he left a napkin in front of Elizabeth - it had the name of the comedian and a phone number. Confused she looked around and saw the waitress from earlier. She was smirking and pointing to the napkin and then the stage. Elizabeth almost choked - was this the phone number of the comedian? She quickly slid it into her clutch before Stuart noticed and went back to her meal. Her head was spinning, and not just because of the wine she was drinking at an ever-increasing rate.

Three hours ago, she had just finished work and was exhausted. Now she was sitting in a theatre, all dressed up, about to see a show, horny as she had ever been and her celebrity crush's phone number was apparently in her purse. Meanwhile her husband was sitting next to her, rubbing his thigh along hers, making her already wet pussy drip even more. Where this night was headed, she didn't know but she knew she was going to enjoy it.

After dinner was finished, the lights in the theatre went down and the MC for the night came on stage. He was funny and how the crowd laughing - some crude humour, some self-deprecating humour and a joke about a man and a donkey that made Stuart spit beer across the table. Next was an up and coming comedian who they had not heard of before. She was great and had the place rocking. She did some comedy songs, made a joke about being single in the age of Tinder and finished with a joke about her period. The crowd was in high spirits and ready for the main act.

Elizabeth had finished her first bottle of wine and was well into her second when the headliner came on stage. Stuart looked sideways at her - if he wasn't mistaken, she couldn't take her eyes off his crotch. The comedian welcomed the crowd and thanked the performers who went on before him. He launched into his act and it was incredible. Stuart thought at one stage he was having an asthma attack he was laughing that hard - and he didn't suffer from asthma. Elizabeth was roaring with laughter next to him.

The comedian involved the audience a lot, at one point having the lights shined onto their table and talking to them directly. He commented on how lovely Elizabeth looked that night and how lucky Stuart was. Elizabeth's face went a shade of red Stuart had never seen before. The act continued and at one stage the comedian was telling a joke and had his back to the audience. He bent at the waist and looked back over his shoulder for the punchline. The whole place erupted. Elizabeth was leaning forward, hunched over the table, shaking with laughter. Stuart leaned in and whispered in her ear.

"Is that the position you want to be in while he pounds you from the back?"

Elizabeth stopped laughing and looked from Stuart to the stage and back. Her face was flushed, part from laughter, part from something else. She thought about her husband and his fantasy of watching her with another man. Here in front of her was her celebrity crush. Had he seen the napkin? Stuart was looking at her with the same look from the hotel room - like a predator sizing up its prey. It had the same effect as last time - her pussy throbbed. Elizabeth looked down at the table, back to the stage, then to Stuart. She leaned over to him, placed her mouth to his ear and whispered.

"I wouldn't be looking backwards because I would be too busy with your cock in my mouth!"

As she spoke to him, she slipped her hand under the table and found his dick, hard as iron, through his pants. She began rubbing it through the material, causing him to shudder this time. She worked his length, back and forth, under the table cloth, completely hidden from sight. She was looking straight ahead at the stage, not giving away what was happening beneath the table. Stuart was panting, so aroused he was out of breath.

Elizabeth unzipped his pants, and finding him not wearing underwear, freed his cock. She couldn't see it but from touch, it was as long and wide as she had ever felt it. She began working him, spreading the copious amount of pre-cum around the head and the top of the shaft. Then she began stroking, long slow strokes, having her hand go all the way to his lap and then all the way back until just her pinkie was around the head. She did this for a minute or two, trying to not make her shoulder move and just using her wrist. Then, as the comedian entered a part of his routine where all the lights went down bar the spotlight on stage, she sped up, really working his cock hard. Stuart was gripping the edges of the table, staring straight ahead without blinking.

As the head seemed to grow even bigger in her hand, he turned to her and kissed her, moaning in her mouth as he came under the table. Spreading his legs wide as to not get any on himself, he began shaking slightly - obviously it had been an arousing day for him also. Elizabeth gave two or three final strokes then wiped her hand on the table cloth and took another drink of wine. She smirked as she watched her husband try to wrestle himself back into his pants - he had been trying all day to tease her but she had just turned the tables on him. Stuart took a long, long drink of his beer. He sighed contentedly and leant back into the booth.

After some dessert and the rest of the comedian's set, they readied themselves to leave. As they walked past the bar, the waitress waved to Elizabeth, a big grin on her face. Stuart saw his wife blush and, once they were outside, asked what that was about. Elizabeth said she would tell him later. They approached the driver of their car and Elizabeth asked how far it was back to their hotel. The driver told her they had taken the long way earlier and that it was probably a 20-minute walk. Elizabeth told Stuart to pay the driver and that they would walk back to the hotel, as it was a nice night. Stuart did as he was asked and the driver waved goodbye.

Elizabeth slid her arm into Stuart's and they set off. They walked in silence for a little bit, enjoying the weather. After 5 or so minutes, Stuart dropped his arm and took Elizabeth's hand in his - she always enjoyed feeling her small, delicate hand being enveloped by his much larger, strong hands. She looked up at him and smiled - she never realised you could love someone as much as she loved him.

Elizabeth had an interesting past with relationships. She had been engaged when she was very young, she had also been tricked into being the "other woman" by someone she met online. Her last relationship before Stuart had been with a much older man. He had a daughter and didn't want any more kids - Elizabeth was desperate to be a Mum. They had split on bad terms and she swore off men. She was single for 2 years and threw herself into her career and travel. Then, on a night out with friends for New Year's Eve, she had spotted Stuart across the dance floor. She was smitten. They had talked and danced all night. When she was talking, he would run his fingers along her arm, making her whole body tingle. Then at midnight, he had kissed her and it was like she had her own private fireworks display in her head!

Things moved quickly from there - moving in together, falling pregnant, having a baby, getting engaged then married. They had rushed head first through all of life's big moments and she didn't regret a thing. As she recounted all of this in her head, her past, meeting Stuart, how much she loved him and how much he clearly loved her, she had an unrelenting urge to show him just how much he meant to her.

As they passed an alleyway, she dragged him into it. He asked what the hell she was doing. She stopped about halfway, pushed him into a doorway and started kissing him, passionately. Her tongue was going crazy in his mouth. She took his hands and placed them on her tits, prompting him to squeeze them. She moaned in his mouth. She could feel him growing hard - he had only unloaded maybe 30 minutes before but he was rising fast. Knowing one of her past experiences in particular turned him on more than the others, she pulled back from the kiss, smiled and dropped to her knees. She took him out of his pants again and put him straight in her mouth. She could still taste a little bit of his previous explosion in the club. Putting that aside - she really didn't enjoy the taste - she went about giving him the sloppiest and best blowjob she could.

**Chapter 6**

Stuart was in absolute awe. He had planned for this night to be all about Elizabeth. He had planned to tease her, arouse her, work her up in to such a state that when he finally gave her the release she needed, it would blow the roof off the hotel. Instead, despite all the teasing and touching, he had first been given the most amazing hand job under the table in the front row of a packed theatre and was now getting the best blow job of his life in a dark alley way in the city. He gently brushed some of his wife's hair away from her face, so he could get a better view of what she was doing. He was so hard, even after only coming about half an hour before.

Elizabeth had once told him a story about picking up at a club while out with Jayne and, while walking to another club down the road, she had taken her man into an alley between buildings and given him oral - just like she was doing now. Stuart was so turned on but knew he was not going to cum anytime soon.

As much as he wanted to enjoy this for as long as he could, he wanted more to get her back to the hotel room and give her the thundering orgasm he had been planning. He reached down and placed his hands on her cheeks, turning her head up to look at him. When she made eye contact, his cock in her mouth, covered in her saliva, he almost fainted with happiness. He lifted her off the ground and kissed her deeply, tasting himself on her tongue and lips. He shoved himself back into his pants and said to her.

"I am going to fuck you like you have never been fucked before!"

They practically ran out of the alley and headed to the hotel. The valet's opened the doors when they arrived and they rushed to the elevator. The doors closed and they attacked each other, lips and hips mashing together. They rode up to their floor without parting and once the doors opened, rushed to their room. Stuart struggled to get the key in the door in the excitement but finally succeeded. Once the door closed behind him, Elizabeth shoved him up against the door, kissing him again. She practically ripped his shirt off and tossed it aside, then began working his belt. She kissed his chest and gently bit his nipple, eliciting a yelp of pleasure.

Once the belt was undone, the pants followed and then she was on her knees again, her hands, tongue and lips all competing for a piece of his cock. Standing stock still with his pants around his ankles, Stuart knew if he didn't stop her soon, he was going to cum again and he didn't want that, not yet. And so, he tried to lift her head up to look at him, but she shrugged him off and kept sucking. Finally, Stuart pivoted away from the door and took 4 steps backwards, collapsing on the couch, creating some space between them.

Elizabeth reached up her dress and all of a sudden, her soaked G-string was in her hand. She threw it at him and rushed towards her husband. Then she was on him again, kissing him, tongue dancing in his mouth, her hands once again working his cock. Stuart finally got his shoes and pants off. Elizabeth lifted her dress and stood on the couch, feet on the outside of his legs. She kept lifting her dress until he saw her pussy. She was wetter and her clit was larger than he had ever seen. He held his cock straight up, expecting her to ride him. Instead she put on foot on the back of the couch and took his head in her hands, burying it in her snatch.

Stuart's face was instantly drenched in her juices. Elizabeth had never been this forceful. He began licking and sucking, all the while Elizabeth was rubbing herself on his face. He kissed her lips, taking care to try and avoid her clit. He dragged his tongue from the entrance to her pussy all the way up to her clit, stopping just below it. Elizabeth began to buck her hips against his face, frustrated that he was avoiding her pleasure button. Stuart reached up and inserted a finger into his wife, curling it inside, looking for her G-spot. He kept kissing and licking his way around until he finally took her clit in his mouth and started sucking. He sucked it against his teeth, using the hardness to put more pressure on it. He then started flicking it with his tongue, drawing circles around it. He felt her starting to tighten around his finger, so he began pumping it, hard. He pursed his lips on her clit and sucked, not letting go and applying constant pressure. She came, coating his face while yelling in ecstasy.

Thinking she would want to rest, Stuart went to stand up, but Elizabeth had other ideas. Spinning around, she stepped off the couch, lowered herself and began riding his cock, reverse cowgirl style. Still in her dress, the hem up around her waist, she leant back and removed it over her head. Elizabeth took his hands, rubbing them over her bra covered breasts. Making circular movements with her hips, she started licking and nibbling his ear. Finally, she sat up and started bouncing up and down, driving his cock into her as hard as she could. Stuart was holding her hips, driving up to meet her with each thrust. He looked at his wife in awe - even after 12 years together, she could still surprise him.

"Fuck me baby, fuck me like I have never been fucked before. Fill me with your huge cock, make me cum again. MAKE ME SCREAM!"

Stuart was in heaven. He thought he had been turned on "that night" when his wife spent almost an hour teasing him with a tale of being taken by another man. But now here he was, the love of his life riding him like her life depended on it, screaming to be fucked - this was another level. He took his left hand and began rubbing her clit, doubling her pleasure. Elizabeth continued bucking up and down, her thighs slamming into his. She leant forward at the waist, changing the angle slightly, making her moan louder. Stuart removed his hand from her clit and grabbed both her breasts, mauling them with his hands.

Suddenly Elizabeth had another orgasm, screaming his name as she came on his cock. Not slowing down, Stuart told her he was close. Quick as a flash, Elizabeth was on her knees, Stuart's cock in her hands and she pumped him hard. Just as he started to come, she pointed his cock at her cleavage and he exploded, coating the top of her tits and her neck. Stuart collapsed back onto the couch, completely exhausted. He looked at his beautiful wife, hair messed up, covered in his seed, thighs glistening with arousal and he had no words. She climbed onto his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. Kissing him deeply, she then took his face and buried it in her tits, coating his face in his own cum. Stuart yelled and lifted her off the couch, carrying her to the bathroom, Elizabeth screaming with laughter the whole way. They showered together, taking extra interest in each other's wet bodies and then collapsed into bed, completely spent.

**Chapter 7**

Elizabeth woke early the next morning. Laying there listening to her husband breathe, she could not have been happier. As she turned over in bed, the soft sheets rubbing against her naked body made her pussy throb - maybe Stuart would get another riding this morning too. As she picked up her phone from the bedside to check for any messages, she noticed the napkin in her clutch. She took it out and looked at it. Suddenly, she made a decision. She began composing a text message...