

# *The Man Who Makes Your Wife Cum*

A Short Story By  
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I'm the man who makes your wife cum. You don't know me though you may suspect I exist. No matter. Your wife comes to me again and again.

I met her at the office (or at a church function, or in a lounge when she was out with the girls, or...) I commented on her looks, but nothing overly sexual. In the office, I'm careful because of all those annoying sexual harassment rules, but I pick my spots to comment on her clothes ("Is that a new dress? It really sets off your eyes.") or hair ("Wow! You got it cut. Looks great!") Do you compliment her? Do you notice?

I make a point of listening to her problems, her gripes, her frustrations with work, or whatever. Women crave for someone to listen to them. I wait

for that particular bad day she's having and invite her to lunch. Nothing fancy, just another chance to listen and show I care. I look across the table to see a beautiful woman. Sure, she has flaws, doesn't everyone? Yet her qualities shine through. I'm sure that's why you married her. You still look at her and admire her, don't you?

A few more lunches like that and I can detect her changing attitude towards me. Of course, I remain the gentleman. Perhaps she has begun to fantasize. Have you detected any upswing in...ahem...'activity' in your bedroom?

Soon the day arrives. I make an excuse for dinner and ask her to accompany me. Maybe at first she declines. That's okay, because next time she'll say yes. I know she will.

In the meantime, she's looking at you. When was the last time you regaled her, taking her out on the town? Our first dinner will be romantic except nothing will happen. I'll take your wife home with nothing more than "I had a great time. You're great company," and perhaps a chaste kiss on the cheek. She will tell you a story about being with the girls or something like that, and you'll believe it even if you smell the hint of cologne she's wearing—one she saves for "special" occasions.

It may not be until our third dinner date that she agrees to visit my place for a drink. I've worked at linking this evening with a celebration, perhaps a

group success in the office. Dinner therefore will maintain this celebratory mood. At my apartment I give your wife a tour, but of course not the bedroom, at least not yet.

I open a bottle of good champagne (or her favorite wine) and toast to what we're celebrating. A few glasses will get her to open up about home—and you—more than she's done before tonight. I listen.

Maybe tonight will be the night. If not then soon. I'll see the signs: body proximity, willingness to drink more to loosen up, and her eyes. Even if sex is not on the agenda, I'll initiate contact, maybe a back rub ("You seem tense...relax...")

Whether this time or next, she will move closer at some point and we'll kiss. I'll be tentative, not push it, ever the gentleman. Her tongue will be my signal.

Your wife's signal is strong this evening! Her tongue attacks mine and I reciprocate. My, your wife is aggressive! She goes right for my belt. However I don't do likewise; instead keeping my hand at the nape of her neck and lightly caressing her there.

Now I show her my bedroom.

She undresses for me, modestly at first mainly (I believe) because of her conservative bra and panties. I like that, but now I know to buy her some Victoria's Secret lingerie for our upcoming "special" occasions. I'll get

virginal white; she is a virgin to me, yes? I especially love how she blushes when removing her bra. Do you comment on her lovely breasts as I do?

I caress her breasts, spending time at her nipples, exploring their sensitivity. I tell her how beautiful she is. I don't go directly for her cunt, though I'm dying to feel how wet she's become. I spend time kissing her belly, swirling my lips all around her navel. She tells me how ticklish she is and urges my head downward. I bypass her vulva and kiss her legs down to her toes and back.

Ooh, your wife is rather playful, but you know that already, right? She's quickly reverting to her initial aggression and wants to show me how good she is at fellatio.

I say teasingly, "Ummmmm. Where did you learn that?"

She looks up to meet my eyes, bats her eyelashes and says, "Learn what?" She's a sweetheart!

I pull her up to kiss her again as what remains of our clothes hit the bedroom floor. It's my turn. My tongue is the first part of me to discover how amazingly wet she's become. By the time my tongue tires she is whimpering and begging for more.

Let me assure you, I'm no bigger nor better looking than you are, but how she responds! Your wife may be more comfortable letting me take the lead in the missionary position, where another may be bolder and ride me

cowgirl. No matter, it's all about her. I climb between her parted thighs and enter her willing cunt, and she gasps at the moment of insertion. Maybe she is realizing the giant line she crossed by being here in my bed, but the die is cast and she pulls me all the way into her.

Your wife made no demand I wear a condom. Would that upset you if you knew?

I go slowly. Your wife is so hot and having her lying under me is making me want to pop right away, but that would not make the lady happy, would it? It is all about her, after all. As slowly as I'm moving inside her, she is urging me to go faster. Her legs and arms are wrapped around me and pulling me tightly to her, almost keeping me from thrusting, yet I still do.

She keeps crying, "Goo—goo—goo" like a baby. Her back arches, eyes flutter, mouth agape. Her underlying low harmonic moan grows to a powerful wail; trembling, her legs further tighten around me as her body convulses. Her vagina has swollen so much from arousal and orgasm that I doubt she's felt this tight since her prom night. Was she yours that night, or someone else's?

We find every opportunity to be together. Sometimes we skip lunch and go right for "dessert." She shaved for me! She wants to be smooth for my touch. Did you wonder what was going on the first time she shaved and waxed herself smooth? Did you like it? Did you think it was for you?

I'm the man who makes your wife scream. Eventually she may either be consumed with guilt or begin to want more from me. Either way, it will be over between us.

Then I'll find another fine woman who needs me. I'll think of her husband and say to myself, *I'm the man who makes your wife cum.*

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