

Matrimonial Bliss

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A wealthy couples indulgences...

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Matrimonial Bliss

My wealthy husband has discovered my favorite treat. Sex for hire. A business transaction where anything goes and they leave. But only after we are finished enjoying their skills fully. The no strings, zero jealousy, and no competition experience. My tastes are expensive and range from a gorgeous stud for the weekend to several of them and occasionally a woman or two for his enjoyment. He likes to watch and prefers it to joining into participate unless there are woman involved. He allows me to be in complete charge of the action with the ladies hired. I direct them to his tastes as an extension of myself. He returns the favor with the men i choose or just lets my imagination run wild. Better than a dozen roses, twelve men dressed in red and all with amazing massive thorns to unwrap. My standard anniversary gift. He has a box seat to the action and calls the shots to the largest parties so that i can relax and glory in the pampered sexual attention. Sitting in a lush armchair by the bed and sipping brandy while choreographing a sex ballet. Not an easy task by any means. Our service provider has exquisitely beautiful employees and we have become regulars of all their specialties. John, my lovely husband; they give him so much shit for his name. He golfs once a week with the owner of the escort service. i am a consulting equivelant to the secret shopper earning discounts for my evaluations of the employee performances. ***** It all started with my massuesse. He did housecalls. i wondered if this was due to extended services that were not advertised on the menu. i didnt want to ask and offend him. My husband had no problem being offensive and assured me the man was replaceable. A private conversation between the two men and a handshake sealed my upgrade. The massage started as usual but when he hit the spots i had informed john were my turn ons it escalated. And John who was normally in the den ignoring the interaction, joined us by sitting in his armchair reading a book. His presence comforted me and made me feel safe with the extra male attention. Anything i didnt like or any overly aggresive pain i didnt demand and my bouncer would intervene as well as cancelling his check. The massage was amazing a female version of the happy ending. i thrilled to catching my husband peering over his unread book. A look of lust on his face i hadnt seen since our first date. He later told me the sense of power he experienced purchasing my pleasure. Not power over the employee but power over me and that was something he enjoyed tremendously. He fucked me like a teenage boy and reminisced the details. He has elevated his status from love of my life to owning all of the men i have ever or could ever love or be attracted to. An uncompareable position to obtain.

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