

His Fantasy Realized

By: Victoria Brynn

~ ~ ~

His Fantasy Realized

By Victoria Brynn

This story is Copyright© 2014 by **Victoria Brynn**. All rights reserved.

His Fantasy Realized is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Fantasy Revealed

"So when are you going to tell me your fantasy?" Claire asked as she flipped the pancakes and sausage links. The intoxicating aroma of morning coffee assailed her nostrils as she sipped at the bitter wake-me-up. Unlike her husband who took his coffee with cream and several sugars, she liked her strong and black.

"I was going to wait until tonight," her husband Brad answered, taking a long drink of his coffee. He looked at her standing there by the stove, her long reddish-blond hair cascading down her back, wet still from the shower twenty minutes earlier. He could see every dip and swell of her body and couldn't tear his eyes away from her. "But I suppose I can tell you now."

"Finally!" Claire sighed. It had been two weeks since her husband helped her fulfill her fantasy of having a threesome with another man and to see him have sex with another man as well. They made a pact to do their best to fulfill each other's greatest sexual fantasy and until now Brad had been tight-lipped about what his was. "So what is it?"

"I'm a voyeur," Brad said casually. Prior to two weeks ago he would have been nervous as all hell admitting to his wife that he loved watching other people have sex, but since he joined her in a threesome with his best friend Phil he had a whole new outlook on sex and life. He wiggled in his seat. Not out of nervousness, but because his ass was still a little sore from the pounding his wife gave it last night. They tried a new strap-on that was a bit too large for his liking, but it made Claire happy so he let her ram it in.

"What do you mean you're a voyeur?" Claire asked. "What in the hell is a voyeur?" Her voice was like sweet music to his ears. He found her naiveté an incredible turn-on. It made his balls tingle and his dick want to push itself inside of her.

"It means I like to watch other people have sex," Brad explained. "I get off seeing others fucking."

"Oh, I see. And how exactly do you plan on fulfilling this fantasy of yours? Do you have a bunch of people lined up to have sex so you can watch?"

"Actually..."

"Really? You're kidding me. Who are you going to watch having sex?"

"We," Brad smiled. "We do this together, remember?"

"Ok, so who are *we* going to watch having sex then?"

"There are three couples that I've found in the last month that are exhibitionists – that is, people that liked to be watched having sex. At least I believe they liked to be watched considering they leave their bedroom curtains open and the lights on."

"So, we just go to their house and watch them have sex? That sounds awful risky don't you think? I mean, what if we're caught? What if they call the police on us?"

"We'll be doing more than watching, sweetie. And I've been going to these houses once or twice a week for the last month. They are way off the road and secluded. I've never been seen yet."

"What else will we be doing?"

"We'll be having some fun while we watch. I've got a bag of goodies in the trunk of my car that I use when I go out now. I can thank you and Phil for that."

"What sort of goodies?" Claire asked as she stacked the pancaked up on a platter and patted the sausages with a paper towel to get rid of some of the excess oil. She took the platter and her coffee and sat down at the table opposite her husband.

"Just a few toys I like to use to help me get off."

"So when are we going to invite Phil back into the bedroom?"

"When you're able to take the purple monster in both holes," Brad joked. He was referring to a gag dildo he bought her a few years ago when she was going through a particularly long bitchy spell. According to the website he ordered it from, it was called the Kink Kong dildo – an apt name for a fifteen inch long, three inch wide flexible jelly toy.

"Then I guess I have some stretching to do," Claire said looking at her husband over the top of her coffee mug.

"You want Phil again that bad?"

"I do. And I want to see you with him again as well. You make such a cute couple. So, do you really know these people we are going to peep in on, or what?"

"I know their names and what they like to do sexually. That's all I really need to know about them. It's not like we are going to be joining them."

"So what do they like sexually? I assume they don't just do it missionary and call it a night," Claire asked taking a bite of her buttery, syrup covered pancake."

"I'd rather it be a surprise. I want to see your reactions to what these people do. If you like it, who knows, maybe we can do some of it too. And I'm serious, if you can take the purple beast all the way to the balls in both holes I'll ask Phil back personally and we can have as many threesomes with him as you want."

"And you'll have sex with him? Suck him off?"

"I will."

"Then you have yourself a deal," Claire smiled.

Brad sat there staring at his wife of five years with her hair hanging wet, and eyes wide with excitement. He wanted to cover her lips with his own, to explore her mouth with his tongue. She never ceased to amaze him. He had just told her he wanted to take her out peeping in on others having sex and she accepted it as if was the most natural thing in the world.

He stared at her with such lust he wanted to bend her over the table and take her. He wanted to shove his cock up her ass – something she hated until Phil eased her open. Now, she let her husband take her ass as much as he let her take his. He stood up and walked over to her. He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers and when they opened for him his tongue swept inside. She tasted of sweet maple from the syrup she so loved to drown her pancakes in and the bitterness of the coffee she downed like water. It was a taste that went straight to his groin and fired every nerve in his body.

Brad cupped Claire's face in his strong but gently hand as he lifted her to her feet, never breaking the kiss.

Claire's knees went weak at the passion and forcefulness of the kiss. She was putty in his hands as he lifted her from the chair, his hands groping her ass and breasts as their tongues danced together. Her breasts suddenly felt full and moisture flooded the crotch of her thong. He nibbled at her lower lip, teasing it, tugging it between his teeth. She clutched at his wrists, unable to do more than hang on and hope she didn't fall.

Brad broke the kiss and stepped back. His eyes burned with the intensity of his lust as he pulled her robe open, exposing her large breasts and goose-bump covered skin. Without word he spun her around and pushed her down over the table, brushing her robe out of the way. He tugged her panties down and gave her ass a playful slap. He lost his robe altogether, leaving him standing there in his boxers. He pulled his hard cock out and rubbed the tip along Claire's dripping wet snatch.

Skin slapped against skin as Brad fucked his wife with pure, raw passion. His fingernails dug into her hips and scraped along her sides and back. He grabbed her wrists and pulled her arms back as he plowed into her hard and rough. The force of his thrusts jarred the table, spilling coffee and knocking over the bottle of syrup.

When Brad came, it was with the force of so much pent up lust. His seed blasted the walls of Claire's pussy, painting them white in baby-making paint. He held his cock inside of her until it was limp and slid out of its own accord leaving Claire bent over the table sweating, breathing hard, and moaning softly from the exquisite fucking she had just received.