

Secret Agent Sweetie



Julie Harris

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Secret Agent Sweetie

By: Julie Harris

Chapter 1: Caught up in the Fantasy - Life as the Wife to a Crime Lord

There were dozens of candles flickering all around the room. A hint of lilac and vanilla was in the air. The lights were turned down low. Candlelight dancing through the dark to provide a warm and calm romantic setting. Soft music playing in the background – a melody of piano and harp, blended as one. I could hear the ocean waves softly crashing up against the beach out beyond our property. The moon was at its peak - a full moon, providing a natural glow to the landscape outside.

My husband was a man of many things, one of which was a romanticist. He loved to set the mood and control the environment around him. Everything around us was under his control. He knew what got me excited and he knew how to get my juices flowing.

Like many nights before, today was another blissful night in which I was living my dream. There I was on my knees kneeling at the foot of the bed. My head bobbing back and forth. Mouth full, unable to speak. Chery red lips sliding over his large erect cock. My red tipped fingers wrapped around his member stroking him ever so gently. My other hand gently massaging his swollen testicles.

Able to breathe only through my nose, I took short breaths in unison with each trust from his hips. I could feel his manhood throbbing in my mouth. His breathing increased as I got him more excited. I kept sucking on his member, harder and harder, looking forward to what was about to happen.

My mouth was stretched wide open with his cock pushing forward. All the way in, he kept pushing, until his balls slapped my cheeks. He held it there for a few seconds. Then, out it would come for a slight moment. Then back in, lunging. In and out, in and out with a powerful rhythm.

I could feel his strength as he advanced his hips toward me. I didn't mind that I was like a lit-

tle doll being positioned to please him. It would be much easier if I relaxed my throat muscles and just went with the flow of his thrusts. It got easier over time and now it just seems routine for me to have his cock shoved down my throat and his balls bouncing off my face.

There in that moment, my purpose was to please my man. I grabbed his buttocks and feasted on his wonderful manhood. Naked. My breasts bouncing with each powerful thrust. On my knees with my husband fucking my face, I couldn't think of anything I'd rather be doing. Thrust after thrust, never ending. He was a stallion in the bedroom and could stay hard for hours.

After a while, his trust becomes increasingly deliberate. He grabs my hair and takes ahold of my head shoving it towards him as his pace increases. I lose track of time and become nothing more than a plaything with a sole purpose of sucking on his cock.

My oral skills were as good as any lover. Practice makes perfect. With both hands cupped around his sack massaging and caressing, I was always able to fulfill my womanly obligations.

After what seemed like hours, he lunged forward with one powerful thrust. With his cock shoved deep down into my throat, he held me tight against his pelvis. Semen being sprayed into me, filling my belly. I felt his manhood throbbing

as wave after wave of hot semen shot down my throat. In between breaths, I quickly gulped down his treasured seed. For a moment he was tense and focused on giving every last drop to me. After a few minutes, he pulled out to rest for the next round. I proceed to lick up any precious drops that I may have missed, gently licking his retreating cock, and thanking him for the privilege of pleasuring him.

Finally, after a few seconds, he relaxed. He was done as I licked his retiring member clean. We took a brief pause as I felt his cock shrinking in my mouth. I made sure that I swallowed every last drop of cum and licked him clean. I had grown to love the taste of his man-seed. In fact, I looked forward to it every day in the morning and when he got home in the evenings.

I eventually learned to enjoy giving my husband sexual pleasure orally. It was an honor to have him fuck my face and cum down my throat. After countless times of giving blowjobs, I looked forward to swallowing his seed each day.

“Thank you, my love,” I said as I looked up and smiled.

He looked down at me and smiled back. “You are the perfect wife, my dear,” he replied. “You take care of me, and I shall make sure that your ex-wife and family are safe from any harm.” As long as you are unconditionally mine, no harm shall fall on your ex-wife.