**Julie and Tom**

by fischer\_mike

**Julie and Tom - Part 1**

*Tom ups the ante on his shy wife*

Julie lay on her bed. She felt confused and ashamed. The shame was for many things. It was for the loud orgasm she just had, for the pictures on the laptop screen, and for getting wet from the comments that men had posted below the pictures. She felt like crying. She should not have looked without her husband. But ever since she knew that Tom had posted naked pictures of her on ‘adultism’ she kept checking the site. Three times per day Julie counted the likes and read the comments. Three times per day she was filled a mixture of guilt, shame and outright horniness. She took her phone and flipped through pictures of Tom. It calmed her. Seeing pictures of him reminded her of their love.  
  
She looked at the laptop again, at the album of her nudes and semi-nudes that Tom had put online. The post was getting more popular. She was starting to feel proud. It made her realize, once again, that she looked better than most women. Together with pride she felt unease. Ever since she was a teenager her body and looks had been a concern for her. Not in the conventional way. She did not have low self esteem because she thought she was ugly. More the opposite, she had always felt that she looked too sexy. She was long legged, skinny and had big breasts. She had been a good, modest, catholic girl; trapped in a hot babe’s body.  
  
Thinking of her teenage years made her feel bad. She was partly ashamed of how prudish she had been, but also ashamed of how Tom made her show of her body nowadays. She remembered how guilty she felt when she discovered masturbation. How she had traveled to a different city to go confess because she did not want the priest in their town to know. Julie remembered how bad and helpless she had felt when she slowly got more and more addicted to fingering herself. She recalled the endless hand washing to get the smell of her fingers, and the sense that everyone could look into her head and see her dirty thoughts.   
  
In retrospect, her relation with Tom, or at least their sex life, had evolved around a similar pattern. When they met she had been a virgin, and a highly skilled masturbationist. She had fallen for him like a Hollywood cliche. The first time she saw him, Julie decided she would do whatever it took to make Tom hers. Little did she know what that would mean. It was clear to her that Tom loved her. It was also clear that Tom had an adventurous idea of sex, but he took things slow. The first times they were in bed together he allowed her to switch the light off. He was the more experienced one. She was green as grass, on a voyage of discovery. After a few nights Tom told her that she was beautiful, and that he wanted to see her while they made love. He was sweet and persistent, so she relented and left the light on. It was the first time she came with Tom inside her.  
  
It had continued like that. Tom would have a new idea.” A new step in her development”, he would sometimes say. She would resist, but he would gently push the idea. He would flatter her, or he would make fun of her prudishness. Every time she had tried on of his ‘suggestions’ her orgasm had been more intense than ever before. He reminded her of that as well. He knew all her buttons, and she loved him too much to keep refusing. It scared her sometimes. How far would he go? She could not understand it. This is need, this strange urge to show her off, to share her body with the world. But, as with masturbating in her teenage days, she could not resist the thrills her body could give her.  
  
She remembered the time he had taken her to a remote beach. Once there, he asked her to take of her top. And she, Julie, the woman who had hated buying bikinis because they felt immodest had gone topless for him. Some of the pictures he had taken that day were now online. She had felt the warm rays of the sun on her naked breasts, and loved it. He had led her into the dunes. There he stripped down, and asked her to take off her bottoms as well. She had done that too. She had been worried at first. What if someone else walked in the dunes? He responded very sweetly. He reassured her that no one ever came to this spot. After some time she started to relax. The warm sun on her body was like an aphrodisiac. A week later he had taken her to the same place again. That second time they had fucked like rabbits in the hot sand.  
  
Her phone beeped. Tom had sent a message, “On my way home. Love you.”  
  
She knew he would be there in thirty minutes. She opened her laptop again and went straight to their adultism account. She read the latest comments. “I would so like to lick that pussy.” And, “I just came in my pants at the office, thanks.” She imagined a random guy sitting in an office massaging his crotch beneath the desk because of her, for her. She felt herself getting aroused again. She looked at her photos of Tom. She remembered the fantasy he had told her about last week. He had told her in detail how wanted to find her when he got home. She decided to give him what he wanted once more.  
  
She sent a text back to her husband, “I will be waiting on the bed.” She had used exactly the words he had, and knew he would know what to expect.  
  
She took off her clothes and put them away. She took her new lingerie out of the drawer. It was red and small. She put on the string. It just covered the little triangle of hair that she had left above her vagina. She put on the bra. It was strapless, and it pushed her big tits up. She felt it made her look like a slut, and she knew Tom loved it for that. Julie walked into the bathroom to do her makeup. She chose the smoky look of a high class temptress around the eyes, and bright, glossy, red lipstick. She looked in the full length mirror at her reflection. She was still not really comfortable with the bimbo that she saw. But she also felt a joy, a freedom and a guilty pleasure.   
  
She heard the garage door open and close. Her heart jumped; he was home. She walked over to the drawer, and took a set of handcuffs. Not the cute ones with the fur, but the cold metal ones. She closed one cuff around her left wrist, and walked to the bed. She knelt down on the bed facing the door. Her knees were on the edge of the bed in exactly the way he had told her. She heard his footsteps on the stairs. She took a deep breath, and put her hands behind her back. She closed the handcuff around her right wrist. The footsteps were getting close to the door. She opened her mouth, ready to receive Tom’s cock.