

Sketching Her Secrets



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I had been an artist for twenty years before I ever sketched my wife the way I did that night.

Julia and I had been married twelve years. We were solid—best friends, still attracted to each other, still curious. The idea of opening our marriage had started as late-night talk after too much wine. What if we tried? What if we let someone else touch her while I watched? What if I could capture it—not with a camera, but with the thing I did best?

Daniel had been a family friend for nearly a decade. Reliable, good-looking in a quiet way, divorced two years earlier. We trusted him. When we finally told him what we were considering, he listened without judgment. When Julia said she was interested in exploring with him, first, under my eyes, he simply nodded and said he would be careful with her.

That was how we ended up in our bedroom on a rainy Thursday evening, the lights low and warm, a large sketchbook open on my lap, charcoal already staining my fingers.

Julia stood at the foot of the bed in a simple black robe. Daniel sat on the edge of the mattress, still dressed, waiting. I was in the armchair across from them, pencil poised.

“Whenever you’re ready,” I said quietly.

Julia let the robe fall. She was naked underneath—soft stomach, full breasts, the dark triangle between her thighs already looking flushed. She walked to Daniel, straddled his lap, and kissed him. I began to draw.

The first sketches were of the kiss—her hands in his hair, his palms sliding down her back to cup her ass. Then she sank to her knees between his legs. I watched her unbuckle his belt, free his cock, and take him into her mouth. My pencil moved faster. The curve of her cheek as she sucked. The way her eyes flicked up to him. The wet shine on her lips when she pulled off to catch her breath.

Daniel’s hand rested gently on the back of her head. He didn’t push. She set the pace, taking him deeper each time, soft wet sounds filling the room. I sketched three versions of that moment—her on her knees, profile, then from slightly above so I could capture the concentration on her face.

When she stood again, Daniel guided her onto the bed on her back. He spread her legs and settled between them. I watched the head of his cock press against her, then sink in slowly. Julia’s mouth opened on a quiet moan. My charcoal recorded the arch of her spine, the way her breasts shifted, the grip of her fingers on the sheets.

He fucked her in long, steady strokes. I filled page after page—close studies of where their bodies joined, the stretch of her thighs, the expression on her face every time he bottomed out. Julia looked over at me once, eyes dark and glassy, and smiled. That smile went into the sketchbook too.

Daniel pulled out and moved up the bed. Julia turned her head and took him into her mouth again, tasting herself on his skin. He reached down and rubbed her clit while she sucked him. I sketched the wet line of saliva connecting her lips to his cock when she paused for air.

I sketched her tongue circling the head. I sketched the moment she looked straight at me while she did it.

They shifted again. Daniel put her on her hands and knees. I moved my chair for a better angle and drew the strong line of his body covering hers, the way her breasts hung and swayed, the flush spreading across her back. He reached under her and worked her clit until she came with a broken cry, pushing back onto him. I captured the tremor in her thighs.

He turned her onto her back once more. This time he hooked her legs over his shoulders and fucked her deeper. Julia's hands gripped his arms. Her moans grew louder, less controlled. I sketched the way her mouth stayed open, the way her eyes half-closed in pleasure. When she came the second time her whole body tightened and a soft, helpless sound left her throat. Daniel kept moving through it, slower now, watching her face the same way I was drawing it.

He pulled out and stroked himself, kneeling between her spread legs. Julia looked up at him, then at me, and opened her mouth.

That was the image I had imagined for months.

Daniel came with a low groan. Thick ropes of cum landed across her tongue, her lips, her chin. Some missed and streaked her cheek. Julia kept her mouth open, eyes on me, while the last pulses landed on her tongue. She held it there for a long moment—white against the pink of her mouth—before she finally closed her lips and swallowed. A little remained at the corner of her mouth. She didn't wipe it away.

My pencil never stopped.

I drew her exactly like that: on her back, legs still open, breasts rising and falling, cum in her open mouth and on her face, eyes looking toward the artist who was her husband. I drew three versions in rapid succession, afraid the moment would disappear before I could fix it on paper.

Daniel sat back on his heels, breathing hard. Julia stayed where she was, soft and used and glowing. I set the sketchbook aside, stood, and walked to the bed. She reached for me. I kissed her, tasting the salt of another man on her tongue, and felt my own cock ache against my clothes.

"Do you want me?" she whispered.

"Yes."

I undressed quickly. Daniel moved to the side of the bed to give us room, still watching. Julia pulled me down between her legs. I slid into her easily—she was soaked, open, full of everything that had just happened. She wrapped her legs around me and held on while I fucked her with deep, possessive strokes. The knowledge of what I had just watched and drawn made every thrust sharper. She came again with me inside her, quieter this time, face pressed to my neck. I followed soon after, burying myself deep and filling her.

We stayed joined for a long minute. Daniel had the grace to look away while we recovered, then quietly gathered his clothes. At the door he paused.

"Thank you," he said simply. "Both of you."

Julia smiled at him from the bed, still naked, still marked. "We'll call you."

When the door closed I reached for the sketchbook again. Julia curled against my side and looked at the pages with me. The charcoal studies were raw and honest—her on her knees, her on her back, the exact shape of her mouth when it was full of cum, the way her body looked when another man was inside her.

"They're beautiful," she said softly.

"You're beautiful," I answered.

She traced one of the drawings with a fingertip. "I liked knowing you were watching. I liked knowing you were keeping it."

I kissed her temple. "There will be more pages."

She laughed quietly, a little tired, a little wicked. "Good. Next time I want you to sketch me while he uses my mouth and you use the rest of me. Or while I'm between both of you. I keep thinking of new ones."

I set the sketchbook on the nightstand, the pages still open to the image of her open mouth, and pulled her closer. Outside the rain kept falling. Inside, the scent of sex and charcoal hung in the air, and my wife's secrets were no longer only hers—they were ours, fixed in line and shadow, ready for the next time we decided to add another page.

We fell asleep like that, her head on my chest, the sketchbook within reach, the door already open to whatever we would dare to draw next.







