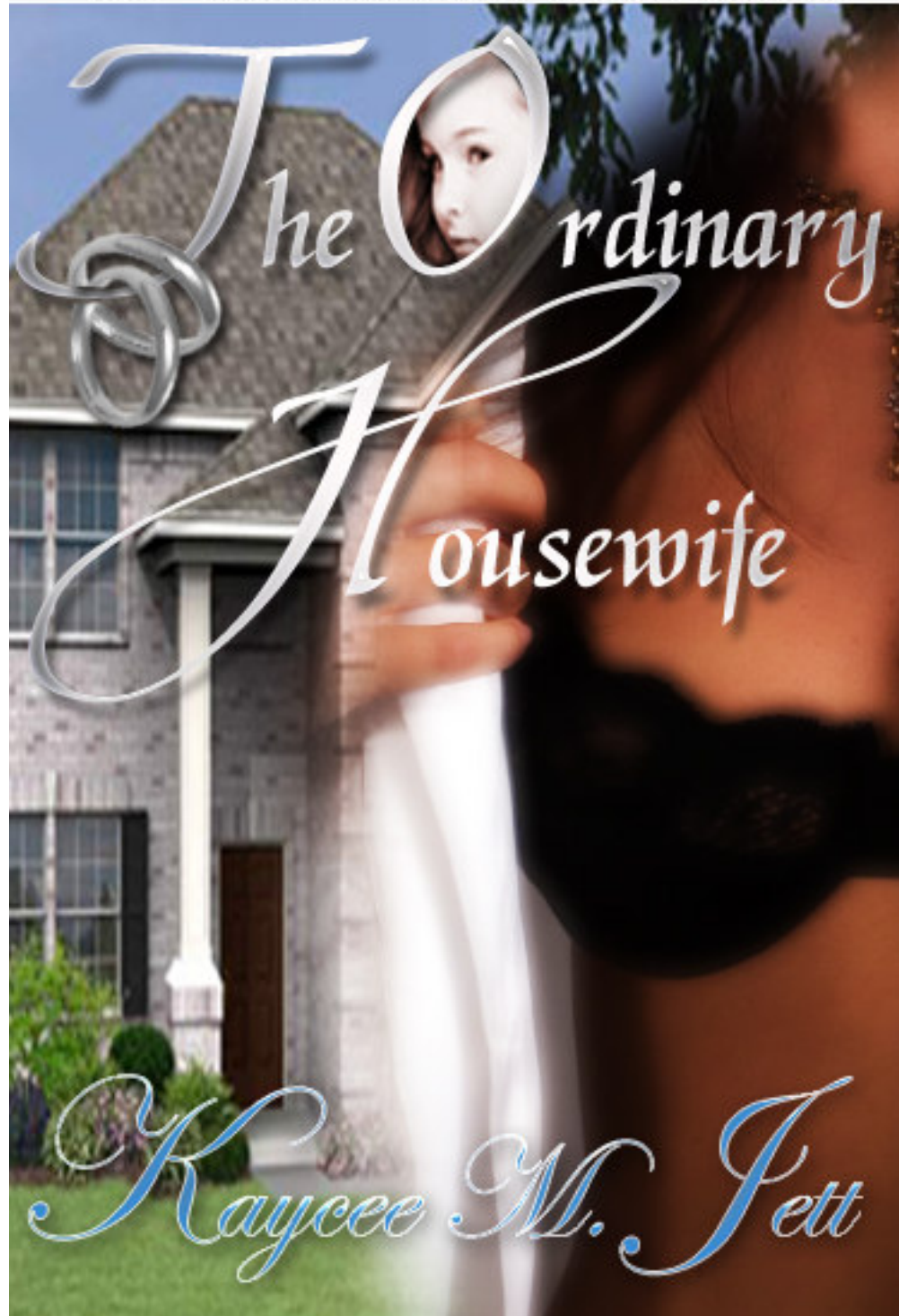




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*The Ordinary Housewife*

THE ORDINARY HOUSEWIFE

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THE ORDINARY HOUSEWIFE

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**Warning**

**This e-book contains explicit scenes and adult language. It is intended for mature audiences only.**

The Ordinary Housewife  
by  
Kaycee M. Jett

I dedicate this book to the man of my dreams.  
Without your inspiration, this book would not have been possible.  
I love you.

The clock flashed five o'clock as Nora groaned and rolled out of bed. She glanced over to her snoring husband as she slipped her silky pink robe onto her shoulders and tied the sash. Five o'clock comes early when you live an ordinary life... or so it would seem.

She tiptoed on silent feet to the bathroom that she shared with Paul. Sighing loudly, she turned on the shower and slipped the robe from her tired body. It fell silently to the floor as she stepped over it into the quiet recess of the shower. She gently lathered her hair as the warm water rushed over her still weary body. She inhaled deeply and let the steam from the shower fill her senses. This was the only time during the day that she could be alone in her thoughts.

She quickly recounted the day's schedule several times, as if trying to instill its importance in her mind. A loud sigh escaped her again as she rinsed the soap from her hair and stepped from the still steaming shower. She tied the sash on her robe around her slender waist as she gently leaned forward and wiped the mirror with her sleeve. She stared at herself in awe at the woman that stared back at her. *Could that really be me?* she questioned the woman in the mirror. She shrugged in reply before gently pulling on her jeans and tee shirt, and then headed downstairs to the kitchen.

\* \* \* \*

The enticing aroma of bacon wafted throughout the house as the sounds of many feet shuffled above her. Her family was predictable in their daily routine. As she prepared their breakfast, Paul prepared for work and the children got ready for school.

Paul was the first one downstairs, as usual. He opened the door to retrieve the daily newspaper as he had done every day for the last ten years. When he walked into the kitchen, Nora was silently pouring juice into the four glasses on the table. Paul walked over to her and gave her a gentle peck on the cheek. He settled into his chair at

the head of the table and opened his paper to the business section.

Without glancing up from the paper, he said, "It looks like it might rain today."

"I guess you had better take an umbrella then."

Paul nodded curtly as he glanced to the coffee pot in a silent manner, indicating that he was ready for a cup. As if on queue, Nora silently strolled over to the pot and poured the steaming coffee into his waiting cup. He gave her a slight smile as he lifted it to his lips. "Smells good, Nora," he complimented and went back to reading his paper.

The sounds of feet bounding down the stairs and squeals of happy laughter made her smile. Chance was chasing his sisters again. Even though Chance was only seven years old, he could still bring Amy to her knees. Amy was ten and she loved to play with Chance. Maddie, being only five years old, found no humor in being chased around the house and tickled when she was caught. Paul glanced up from his paper and shook his head as they ran happily into the kitchen and around the table.

"Okay, boys and girls, settle down and eat your breakfast. The bus will be here before you know it," Nora scolded in mock anger, wagging her finger at them. She could never truly be angry with them for too long. She loved them more than life itself. They were the reason that she got up each morning and followed the same routine.

As the children ate their breakfast in hushed silence, Nora watched her husband. Paul was a good man, a good father, and a good husband. She loved him with all of her heart, yet she felt like he took her for granted. She was the wife and mother, and that is how he thought she should act. He expected her to manage the household affairs, the children's care and well-being, the shopping, and the cooking. She always had dinner on the table promptly at six o'clock and the children bathed and in the bed by eight. She dutifully stood by him in everything that he did. Often, she would long for his touch or a loving word from him but all she received lately had been a gentle peck on the cheek as he was off to complete yet another brief. She kept her desires to herself. She longed to tell him what she wanted, but kept silent for fear of losing him. She sometimes felt she would go crazy with need.

Paul glanced at the clock on the wall. "Oh, shit! I'm going to be late." He grabbed

up his briefcase, kissed each child on top of the head, and headed for the door. He paused long enough to give Nora one last look and a gentle kiss on the lips.

"Be careful, Paul. I love you," she said as he walked hurriedly out the door.

"I love you, too." He smiled and disappeared around the edge of the house.

She waited until his little red car pulled out of the driveway, heading towards town before she went back inside the house. She sighed as she closed the door behind her.

"Amy! Chance! The bus will be here in less than ten minutes, so you had better get in gear," she shouted as Maddie came running into the room with her shoes in her hands.

"Mommy, will you put my shoes on me today? Chance is getting his coat on and Amy is brushing her hair." Maddie pouted and batted her beautiful blue eyes.

"Why, Maddie, I would be most happy to help you with your shoes." She smiled as she put the little sneakers onto Maddie's tiny little feet.

No matter how hard she tried to be mad at Paul, she just could not bring herself to it. It was her fault that Paul didn't seem to notice her anymore. She didn't have a typical job; she just stayed and made their house a home. She took care of the kids, the cleaning, the cooking and the errands. She didn't go out of her way to enhance her looks. She never dressed up in elegant or stylish clothes. Why should she? She was just a homemaker, nothing more, nothing less. She breathed heavily as she watched her children board the bus for school. Now she was truly alone.

\* \* \* \*

Nora cleaned the morning dishes as she watched Oprah on the television set. She loved to watch Oprah. It made her feel like she was the one spoken to. The show's topic caught her interest. Oprah had several women on the show who wanted to learn to be open with their husbands about the way they felt and things that they wanted their husbands to know about them. Nora pulled her chair directly in front of the television



set so that she didn't miss a single word. She felt like they were talking directly to her. She sat entranced at what she was hearing, taking every word to heart. *Could she possibly do that?* Her mind wandered as she flipped to another channel.

Nora went about her day as she usually did, cleaning one room at a time. She paused several times in her chores as she thought about the Oprah show and all the information she had learned. *Why couldn't I be one of those women who have the homes they want, the families they desire and the love life they always dreamed of? I want to have it all.* She had reached the ultimate decision. *I am going to seduce my husband tonight, whether he likes it or not.* With a smile on her face, she tossed her dust rag into the cleaning closet and went upstairs to put her new plan into action. She suddenly found herself singing a new song, one with an exciting tempo that made her temperature rise in anticipation.

Nora locked the door to her bedroom even though no one else was at home. She had plans to make, and she wanted no interruptions. Paul never came home early, but she didn't want to take the chance. She wanted the afternoon to prepare for his seduction.

She looked at herself in the mirror and studied her reflection. She was not an unattractive woman. She had big, beautiful green eyes surrounded by lush black lashes. She had full lips that pouted ever so lightly. Her smooth skin and high cheekbones accented them and brought out their beauty. She had soft, beautiful hair the color of chestnuts with a hint of red-gold. She released her hair from the clasp at the back of her head and shook it free as it fell softly around her shoulders. She had often wondered what it would be like to be a blonde, although she never had the courage to dye it. She smiled at herself and determined that she liked what she saw staring back at her.

She slid the jeans from her hips and stepped out of them. Putting the tee shirt over her head, she stood back to study her body in the mirror. She looked at her long slender arms and her beautiful pink skin. She glanced at her breasts and admired them openly. They were a bit on the small side, but were quite pert and very easily aroused. She nodded her head in approval as she studied them. Paul never seemed to mind that they were not large. In fact, she thought that he rather liked them the way they were.

She continued to study her features in the mirror. She ran her long fingers over her gently rounded stomach and smiled. Her gently protruding belly was a badge of honor for her three beautiful children, and she wore it proudly.

Nora ran her hand even further down her body to her hips. After three children, her hips just never were the same. Still, she was proud of them. She felt like a real woman. Her hands gently moved over her hips and down her buttocks to her thighs. She studied them for several minutes as she struggled to remember if they had always had those little dimples in them. She could not remember.

She stepped back and looked at herself again in the mirror. She smiled and gently touched herself, imagining that it was Paul. She closed her eyes and let her hands roam freely over her body as she reveled in the sensations that she was bringing to herself.

“Oh, Paul,” she whispered excitedly.

She gently touched her face and imagined that it was Paul showering her with kisses on her neck. She imagined that he nibbled on her ear and caressed her small breast with his soft hands. If only he would touch her like this.

She opened her eyes wide and sighed. She was determined to make him want her and make him see what she wanted. She would make him see her as his lover and not just his wife, an ordinary housewife.

\* \* \* \*

The clock ticked slowly as Nora watched it impatiently. She had showered again and was eagerly waiting for Paul to come home. Earlier in the day, she had arranged for the children to go to their grandparent’s house for the night. They would be all alone. She had even prepared little surprises for Paul during the day.

The house was filled with sweet smelling candles and beautiful flowers from the garden. When Paul came home, he would see the note on the hall table instructing him to follow the clues that she had left for him. At the end of the clues, he would get the

prize.

The clock downstairs rang out six o'clock. She knew Paul would be driving up any minute now. Butterflies danced in her stomach, and her heart raced as she mentally prepared herself for Paul's seduction. Would it go as she planned? Would she get to act out her fantasies? She inhaled deeply as her heart pounded in her ears. She shivered excitedly as she heard his car pull into the driveway. It was too late to back out now. She licked her lips and waited.

\* \* \* \*

Paul walked up the path to the front door and noted the darkness in the house. He slipped the key in the lock and opened the door. As the door swung open, he glanced around at the candles and the flowers that filled the room. *What is going on here?* he thought.

"Nora!" he called out as he put his briefcase on the floor by the table. He spied the note on the table. It was next to the dish where he kept his keys, and he picked it up.

Paul stared at the note in his hand in peaked curiosity. *What is happening?* he thought. The only thing on the note was a little red heart and the word kitchen on it.

Paul slowly walked to the kitchen. He stood there and looked at the beautiful table filled with aromatic flowers. *Strange*, he thought, *I never noticed all of these flowers before.* He continued to the table where he found a small plate filled with strawberries, cherries, chocolate and whipped cream. He dipped his finger into the whipped cream and brought it to his lips. "Ummm!" he sighed as the sweet taste filled his mouth. There beside the plate was another note. It simply read:

"Bring the plate and the chilled wine from the 'fridge and follow the flowers."

He went over and opened up the refrigerator to find the bottle of red wine on the top shelf. Taking the bottle in one hand and the plate of sweets in the other, he followed the scented flowers up the stairs. He smiled to himself, eagerly anticipating the fate that she held for him when he got there. He hardened at the thought of his wife and her

eagerness to please him. He stood quietly outside the bedroom door where the flowers abruptly ended. Straightening himself, he gently pushed the door open.

Only candles that were placed in strategic places illuminated the room. He opened his eyes wide and tried to make them adjust to the darkness of the room. Stepping inside, he paused long enough to set the plate and the wine on the dresser beside the door. He stepped further into the room and closed the door behind him.

As he stood by the door, he watched as she stretched her long slender arms over her head. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her legs were long and shapely; the soft look of her skin and the dreamy look on her face drew him closer. He paused beside the bed as she stretched and shifted seductively for him.

Her back arched gently as she stretched for him. Her pink tipped breasts looked delicious and made his mouth water in delight. He reached out to her but paused. This was her game, and he wanted to see how far she would go with it. He was amazed at his sudden act of willpower, but even so, he let his gaze linger on the gentle swell of her belly. He stood there admiring her intense beauty letting his eyes travel further down her body. She had shaved her mound bare; the lack of hair there surprised and excited him. She never shaved there... just neatly trimmed.

He watched her slide her hands over her soft body; the gentle smile of pure bliss on her face enticed him to move onto the edge of the bed. He paused and watched in sexual hunger as her fingers gently brushed over the tips of her nipples. They hardened under her soft fingertips and he groaned in excitement. Her hands slipped further down her body and between her legs. She moaned softly and let her head fall back against the pillows. Paul watched her silently as he indulged in his wife's little fantasy. He watched in utter fascination as she pleased herself. Struggling between passion and fascination, he watched her slowly move against her hand and moan softly at the contact she was making with her long fingers. Her tiny breasts moved with her body as she slowly rocked back and forth on the bed, moaning in pleasure. He smiled as she jerked and became still, her pleasure spent. Now, he was ready to touch her, and she was ready to let him.

Paul moved closer and leaned into her, his warm mouth brushing her lips lightly with a gentle kiss that held so much promise. His eyes sparkled mischievously and locked with hers as he slowly removed his now cumbersome clothes. She sighed deep and long as he slowly leaned over her and the last of his clothes fell to the floor. She ran her delicate pink fingertips down his tanned chest and paused when they came across his darkened nipples. She heard the quick intake of his breath against her cheek. Smiling, she continued her trek even lower, tracing the hard lines of his sinewy muscles on his taunt stomach. He quivered beneath her touch. Paul's mouth claimed hers in a fiery kiss full of passion and promise. Her tongue mingled with his, dancing and exploring the deep recesses of his hot mouth. She knew her hand found its mark when he gasped deeply and pulled back to stare intently into her hungry green eyes.

Nora excitedly licked her lips and rolled so that Paul was beneath her roving hands. Smiling wickedly, she removed her hand from his stiff member and grabbed both of his wrists. She licked her lips again as she lifted his arms above his head. His eyes widened and she felt his heart hammering wildly in his chest. She withdrew from the bed as he muttered in protest.

"All in due time, Paul. All in due time." She sashayed slowly over to the dresser where Paul had placed the chilled wine and the plate of sweets. When she looked back, he saw the hungry look in her eyes. Suddenly, he knew what it felt like to be a wanted man.

She turned slowly back toward the bed and eyed him hungrily. She knew what she wanted, and before the evening was over, she was going to have it. She smiled and licked her lips sexily, as Paul's cock twitch in anticipation. His face was full of passion as she eyed him.

She climbed on the bed and showered his chest with hot kisses that burned deeply into his soul. Taking a small slice of the fruit, she brought it to her full lips and delicately licked the sweet substance that dripped from it. Paul trembled as he watched his wife, feeling as if he were seeing her for the very first time.

She continued to blaze a fiery path from his chest to his rock hard cock. She took

delight in the fact that it was dancing for her, and for her alone. She reveled in the notion that she could have this much power over him and inwardly smiled.

She drew her lips over his engorged cock with a gentle sucking rhythm. Paul clenched his teeth together as her tongue gently teased and tickled him. Her mouth strokes were gentle and deep as she continued to dance upon him with her tongue. She sucked a little harder as she kneaded the muscles of his inner thighs. He tried to grab her hair with his hands, but she lifted her head a little and shook it with a strict no. Paul had no choice but to lie back and let his beautiful wife have her way with him. It was almost more than he could bear.

Nora continued her passionate assault on her husband, letting him know just what she wanted. She wanted to be in control. She was so full of fire that her body burned with white-hot desire.

Paul could stand it no more. He growled deep in his throat. In one swift move, he pinned her beneath his rock hard body. He grasped her shapely buttocks in his hands and pulled her feverish body against him as he thrust his tongue into her mouth. Nora did not resist him. She completed her plan of seduction and was now ready to fulfill his every dream. Claspings her fingers around his neck, she pressed her slender naked body against his, so close he could feel her mound pressing hotly into him. He pressed his leg between hers as she rubbed against him.

Soft sighs escaped her lips as his tongue danced fiercely with hers. He gently nipped at her lower lip and sucked it into his hot mouth. She moaned loudly and much to his surprise, she nipped him back. He growled in a fevered pitch as he felt her passion and wetness grow. He demanded more from her.

He pulled his lips away from hers and raised his head. She looked up at him with hungry passion filled eyes and smiled.

"I love you, Paul," she whispered softly, her breath tickling his face.

"I love you," he whispered to her as he gently kissed her soft lips.

She was breathing hard, her hair a wild mass of chestnut tendrils that clung to her damp forehead. He leaned back from her to admire her beautiful body lying

beneath him on the bed. Her small breasts were just the right size for him to pull into his mouth and worship with his tongue. He could smell her heady scent that was heavy laden with desire. He looked forward to running his tongue between her shaven folds and tasting her sweetness. He would make sure to bring her intense pleasure so that she would enjoy every single minute of his passionate worship of her.

The soft pads of his gentle hands caused goose bumps on her skin as he moved them over her shoulders, across her neck, and then down between her small breasts. Her nipples hardened at his touch as tiny dimples swelled on them.

Paul smiled and continued his passionate tour of her quivering body. She moaned loudly and rolled her head back gently on the pillow, exposing her beautiful neck. She sighed in invitation as she writhed beneath his hungry hands.

He gently caressed her ribcage and down her stomach, only to stop at her bare mound. There was a tingle in her breasts and a hot need between her quivering thighs as she arched to get closer to his soft hand and his rock hard shaft.

Nora forced herself to breathe, holding back the tremor that coursed through her body as he slid his hand between her thighs. She was unable to control the juices flowing freely from her body as his hand continued to build her passionate need for fulfillment.

He continued to rub his hands over her body, pushing her almost to the edge of her release. Then he pulled back from her, and with a wicked gleam in his eyes, he smiled. Her body screamed for a release that he had no intentions on giving just yet.

Paul instinctively lowered his face to her moist heat. She heard him as he inhaled long and deep, her scent driving him insane with need. He groaned deep in his throat as he buried himself between her soft lips. Moaning loudly, she writhed beneath him as his lips touched her swollen folds. She screamed in passion as his tongue and his mouth worked magic inside her. Her body shivered and her heart soared as her husband took her to heaven.

She moved to the rhythm of his tongue and quaked as it raked across her swollen nub. She desperately grasped the silk sheets on the bed as her body thrashed wildly

with excited passion. The need to have her husband love her passionately grew with each passing minute.

He moved his lips to her inner thigh and began to lick her with long slow licks, making sure that his wet tongue touched every inch of her burning skin. He was driving her insane and she screamed in raw pleasure. She struggled to remain in her right mind as he began the long slow trek back up to her tiny breasts. She longed for him to roll her nipples between his strong fingers, kneading and squeezing them until they hardened under his touch.

White-hot heat raced through her veins as her body begged for release. When his fingers latched on to her nipple, she groaned low in her throat. Her eyes rolled back and her lashes fluttered softly as she savored the hunger that coursed through her body. She shook and trembled as her orgasm drew closer. The coiling wave of heat pulsed from the top of her head to the tip of her toes as a mind-blowing release came upon her.

Paul smiled wantonly as he relished in the aftermath of her thundering release. He was not through with her yet. The seducee was now the seducer, and he had every intention on fulfilling her every desire. His dark passionate eyes twinkled as he looked at her. Pressing hot little kisses along the inside of her neck, he watched her writhe in passion.

Paul kissed her passionately, and as his tongue delved into the dark recesses of her hot mouth, she thought she would go crazy with need. He pulled back to look at her and she was breathless with desire. She stared up at him wantonly as she played with the dark hairs on his tight chest, a look of contentment on her face.

Paul loved at the feel of Nora's soft hands on his body. They roamed freely over his chest and moved gently across his dark nipples. When her silky palms slid across his chest, his heart flipped in return. Nora's breath quickened. She must have felt the same, because her heart flipped as well. Gently, she kneaded Paul's handsome body with her gentle hands. She had no control over them, as they seemed to be moving on their own.

He gasped as fire licked at him and his body threatened to go up in flames. He



closed his eyes, fighting the urge to turn the tables and take her. Her hands set his skin on fire with need and wanton desire. His erection stood painfully tall, his hands curled into tight fists at his side. The heat of passion shimmered in his dark eyes, and he could not speak. He silently willed her to continue with her sinful journey over his body.

He was on fire, and she could not wait to touch his stiff cock. He was large and rock hard. Just the thought of him entering between her thighs made her quiver with need.

Paul started massaging her tense and screaming body in a slow and guided process of intense desire. Everywhere his hands touched burned with red-hot flames. Her breasts ached, and she needed him to touch them. She was hot and ready for him to fill her body with his thick shaft. Her insides ached with a fire that burned hotly for her husband. He was the only one that could quench the scorching flames that licked her excited and tortured body.

Nora reached between her legs and stroked the head of his shaft as her hips wiggled back and forth in want. His staff hardened even more and fueled her fire with his excited moan. She gently played with the crown as she watched in awe at his reaction to her mere touch.

"You, my love, are playing with fire," he panted. Grabbing at the sheet, he willed himself not to lose control.

"I want to play with fire tonight, my darling," she whispered as her hands continued their curious adventure on his shaft. She wanted Paul's heart and his body. She wanted to fill his every thought and desire. She took his mouth in haste as her tongue furiously tangled with his in a heated kiss that left them both weak in the knees.

It took all the control he had to keep from ravishing her voluptuous body when he tore his mouth away from hers. Her brilliant eyes sparkled and darkened with desire, her breath coming in short and ragged gasps. Paul was amazed at how beautiful his wife was, and at how a simple kiss could drive him wild.

Paul glanced at the plate that was beside them and chose a piece strawberry. He brought the succulent red berry to her lips and slipped it into her mouth. She nipped

lightly at his fingers with her teeth and sucked at the delicious fruit slowly as he watched in curious and heated desire. He thought he would go crazy with the need. She was so damn sexy and it was tearing him up inside, waiting to be in her as he desired.

Her breathing was shallow, and her nipples were hard and erect. Her face was flushed with excitement and her body hot with need. She simply looked at him with want-filled eyes and made a silent plea.

Paul lowered his handsome face and started to kiss a trail from her neck to her small breasts. "What do you want me to do now, my angel?" he whispered as his tongue moved down to tickle her navel.

"Please make love to me, Paul. I want you inside of me now." She whimpered as she grabbed his buttocks and pulled him to her. "Please, I must have you now," she pleaded desperately.

Paul needed no further invitation as he plunged deep into her wet channel. She screamed with pleasures as he moved within her. "You feel so good inside of me," she cried, biting back the unspent tears of self-doubt.

Slowly he began to pump in and out of her. "Baby, you feel so good – so tight. You feel like silk." His body quaked and shivered with need to release, but he pulled back and looked into her eyes. "You are mine; you were made for me."

Nora raked her painted nails from his buttocks up to his back. It grew harder to maintain his control. She dug her nails into his back and impatiently thrust her hips up to meet his. Their skin was wet and sticky as he rocked inside her. He drove into her hard and fast, the pounding of their hearts could be heard above her loud screams of pleasure.

Nora's tears of joy streamed freely down her flushed cheeks. He pumped back and forth into her tight body. As he felt her climax, he went spiraling over the edge with her. She trembled and quaked in his arms as her body coaxed every drop of milky juice from his body. Sparks flew in his mind as his orgasm shook his body to the very core. He rolled onto his side, taking Nora with him, his staff still throbbing deeply inside her.

As their breathing slowed and their hearts steadied their rhythm, she smiled and

looked into his eyes. "I wanted to show you that I wasn't just your ordinary housewife, but a passionate lover as well," she whispered against his lips.

Paul stroked her face as he whispered, "That you are, baby. That you most definitely are."

They both drifted off into a peaceful sleep with happy, fulfilled smiles on their faces.

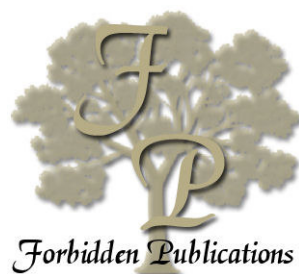
## AUTHOR INFORMATION

Kaycee M Jett

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I am a happily married to my soulmate and a mother of 5. I live in a small town in central Mississippi where nature is beautiful and the weather is often harsh. I have been an avid reader for as long as I can remember. I finally ran out of room to store my books and I can't bear to part with them. Imagine my delight when I found eBooks and my little Dell handheld... The possibilities are endless now and so is my storage capacity.

I have always dabbled in writing and at the encouragement of my best friend, I decided to take a chance and enter a short story in a contest. Imagine my surprise at being chosen as one of the winners. With a gentle push (more like a shove) from my friend and her constant pep talks, I have decided to take on the world and continue writing. Hugs to you, sis!



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