

Frank often suspected his wife was masturbating in the ...

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Published: September 8, 2010, 6:08 pm

Frank often suspected his wife was masturbating in the shower; she was just TOO happy sometimes, while drying off and getting her clothes on. Well, after today he'd know for sure. He had bought a specially rigged clock at one of those spy stores. There was a tiny hole with a tiny camera hidden in the clock, and it recorded onto a super 8 tape. You also had the option of running a wire from the back of the clock to your vcr input so you could tape it on a regular tape and/or view it on your television.

It was Saturday and his wife was out at her exercise class. He knew she would come home wanting a shower, so he worked fast to do what he wanted to do. He disassembled the clock so that he could take out the camera/recording assembly. Then he popped out the tiny lens.

He then opened the back of the shower clock/radio that they already had, and moved around the innards until he could make the new parts fit. He didn't worry about the super 8 tape recorder, just the camera part with the outgoing wire. He drilled a small hole in the front of the clock radio and popped in the lens. It was so small that it was hardly noticeable. Then he closed up the back and pulled the wire through the small hole he drilled in the back.

After lining up the clock radio in it's holder on the wall of the shower, he drilled a small hole in the wall and put the wire through. He put some silicone around the wire & hole and slid the clock into it's old place in the holder - it looked as if it had never been disturbed. Then he walked out of the bathroom and into the living room, where the entertainment center just happened to back up against the wall that the room shared with the bathroom. He drilled a small hole and pulled the wire through from the clock/radio in the shower, out through the living room wall and plugged it into the "input" on the vcr.

He turned on the tv, hit the tv/vcr button, and voila, a nice clear, though black & white, view of the shower. He should be able to see from her shoulders to her knees the whole time she was in there, but would not be able to hear anything.

He hit the tv/vcr switch just in time to hear her car driving up the driveway and put it on a baseball game.

"Hi, sweetie," he said, seemingly absentmindedly, never taking his eyes off the game.

"Hi, hon, I'm gonna take a shower."

He heard her drop her gym bag in their bedroom and kick off her shoes. Then she went into the bathroom and he heard the water go on while she undressed. He waited until he heard the opera music coming out of the clock radio over the sound of the water; then he knew it was safe.

He clicked the tv/vcr button and there was his wife, gorgeous as ever. Her giant 38D's just inches from the lens. She ran her hands over her body as the water poured over her. She turned around and he saw her hair cascade over her shoulders as she leaned her head back to let the water saturate her thick, dark hair.

Then she turned back around and raised her breasts up with cupped hands, letting the water wash over the underside of her massive breasts. It was fascinating watching his wife perform the mundane task of showering, simply because she didn't know she was being watched. There was no pretension or self-consciousness.

She washed her face and her hair and then applied conditioner. Then she poured some body wash onto a pouf and began lathering up her skin. Her skin was so smooth and beautiful, and her body tight & firm from exercise.

She lathered up her arms and legs, and then began on her back and chest. She lingered over her chest, this is what got Frank's attention again. He watched her move the pouf in big circles over each of her breasts, and then in increasingly smaller circles over her nipples. She ran the pouf under her breasts and over her flat tummy. She moved it in lazy circles, sometimes reaching all the way down to her mound.

Soon she was back up at her nipples again, soaping them up as the water rinsed the lather away, over and over. Her nipples were getting harder and soon she had moved the pouf down to her crotch. She scrubbed her

pussy with the pouf and then reached behind her to wash her backside. After rinsing off the pouf, Frank saw her lift the hand-held shower massage off its holder and move it all over her body, rinsing her hair, her skin, under her breasts, and between her buttocks. Then came the good part. She stepped back a little, put one foot up on the ledge of the tub, and moved the shower massage to her lathered up pussy. She held the lips of her pussy apart while she rinsed the soap off. She moved the shower head back and forth and back and forth just inches from her clit. When it was all rinsed, she switched the shower head to the "pulse" option and all but pressed it to her clit. Frank almost had a heart attack when he saw this! He thought he was going to see some finger action and here she was practically humping the shower head! It was so exciting to see how she pleased herself when she thought no one was watching. Frank leaned back in his recliner, put his feet up and pulled his hard cock out and started yanking. He watched his wife's hips moving back and forth against the pulsing stream of water and her hand squeezing first one huge tit and then the other, pinching the nipples and pulling. It wasn't long before they both came; by the motions of her body he could tell that she was coming so hard that she HAD to be making noise. So THAT'S why she cranks up the opera in the shower! He came hard too, shooting his cum up into the air and it landed on his stomach. He put his cock back in his pants and lay in the chair, exhausted, while he watched his wife rinse her pussy and then wash her feet. He saw her reach towards the clock and thought she might suspect something, then he realized she was just turning off the radio, as he heard the opera go off. He switched back to his game and watched, uninterested, as he heard his wife drying off, getting dressed and humming happily to herself.