Dinner is Served

By ThinkKinkyThoughts

Published on Lush Stories on 21 Oct 2012

He got more than the dinner he asked for

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/dinner-is-served.aspx

As I pulled into the driveway I could barely get the truck in park before I opened the door. After the conversation that I had on the phone with my girlfriend a little earlier, I knew I was in for a treat for dinner. When she offered to make me whatever I wanted for dinner tonight I decided to spice things up a bit with a request that I had been wanting to make for quite some time. This seemed to be the right time, as I could tell that she was in a particularly amorous mood and would be more than willing to play along. “I don’t care what you cook”, I said, “as long as you do it wearing that hot little maids outfit we found online.” She tried to sound mildly offended but I could hear that familiar playful tone in her voice that told me she was ok with playing out this little scenario. “Well, if you think I’m going to serve your desires you’d better be ready to serve mine.”

Somehow I should have known that there would be more to this than just a simple suggestion. But now that the game had begun, I figured it should be played all the way through. "I am sure I will be willing to serve your desires also," I said, "but it better be a good dinner you make." I knew at that moment we were both going to have our desires fulfilled...and then some!

When I walked in the door she was standing there with a glass of wine for me and in her sappiest “June Cleaver” voice she said “How was your day, dear?” As she leaned in to kiss me she placed her hand on my chest, then slid it down my chest and rested it on my cock which was already getting hard just from the anticipation of what was in store. “I can’t wait to make dinner for you dear," she said “I bet you will be begging for seconds!” At that point neither of us could keep from laughing at the exaggerated “good little housewife” persona. With her hand still pressed against my cock she kissed me again, driving her tongue deep into my mouth to meet mine. It was all I could do not to spill the glass of wine she had placed in my hand. As I tried to slide my free hand down the front of her jeans to feel how wet I was certain she already was becoming, she grabbed my hand and said, “Not so fast...I have a few things in mind for you first. I can’t have you distracting me while I cook your dinner, now, can I?”

"Go to the kitchen and wait for me," she said. "Oh, and I expect you to be naked when I get there.

I went to the kitchen and began stripping as I had been instructed. As I unzipped my jeans and slipped my boxers off, I heard her coming down the hall to the kitchen. I turned to face her as she burst into a big grin with her eyes fixed on my rock hard cock. I knew she was pleased with what she saw. In one hand she held some silky ropes, in the other a silky black pouch. "Go to the table and bend over it facing the kitchen," she said.

I went over to the table and bent over it as she instructed. As she walked around to the front of the table her hand slid up my thigh, across my ass and she allowed her nails to lightly trace across my back with a little giggle. Knowing how much I like to have her scratch my back., she knew it would drive me crazy. With one hand she pulled my left arm until it was fully extended toward the corner of the table and slipped the loop she had conveniently made ahead of time over my hand. She tightened the slip knot, then tied the rope to the table leg. She slowly moved to the other side of the table, our eyes locking on each other. She had a big grin on her face as she enjoyed the look in my eyes that told her I was beyond aroused and would be perfectly happy for her to just skip dinner and get to the “dessert” she obviously had planned. She pulled my other arm toward the corner of the table until it too was extended and my chest was now flat on the table. With my hands tied in place, she moved around to the back of the table and stood behind me, admiring her work so far. She slipped her hand between my legs again to tease my hard cock a little and then slid her hand down my left thigh and pushed my leg a little closer to the table leg. She wrapped the silky rope around my ankle and tied a knot so that the rope was snug. She then tied the rope to the table leg and slid her hand back up my leg, lightly grazing my balls as she moved to the other leg and started to slide her hand down again. She stopped at my thigh for a moment and moved her other hand to the other thigh. Still crouched down from tying my left leg she centered herself between my legs and began to caress my balls with her warm, wet tongue. I felt my cock stiffen even more and moaned in protest when she stopped as she slowly backed away and went back to tying my other leg to the table.

I found myself in a position bent over the table, unable to move hands or feet. My ass pointing outward and unprotected. She stood behind me admiring her work for a moment and then slid her hand down my back and across my ass, then slowly down to caress my balls and finally trace up one side of my cock and back down the other. Unable to move, I let out a moan that told her that I was ready and willing for her to have her way with me.

Coming back around the table, she placed a ball gag in my mouth, securing it behind my head. I was now hers to do with what she pleased, tied in place, gagged, and open to her ravaging.

“This should give you a good view as I cook dinner for you. It will also keep you out of the way so that I’m not distracted by you. By the way, did I mention that when I’m done cooking your dinner, you don’t get to eat it until after I get to fuck you? Seems fair to me, after all I told you to be ready to serve my desires too.” I could tell she was not only enjoying our little role playing, but was getting turned on by

the idea of fucking me with her favorite cock. She walked back around behind me, but I was unable to see what she was doing since I was tied in place.

I felt her drop some lube into my open ass crack, then slide her fingers slowly inside my asshole. She lubed me up carefully. "While I cook for you I want you getting ready for me to drive my own big cock into your ass," she said. Taking her fingers out, she replaced them with a large butt plug. Pushing a small button on the end, it began to vibrate in varying patterns.

She came back around in front of me, holding a small remote control that would allow her to change the pattern and intensity of the vibrations in my ass. We had talked about trying one out but I had no idea that she had bought it to surprise me. “This will let me keep you occupied while you are waiting for me to finish your dinner and then fuck you.” she said. She leaned down and kissed my forehead, said she would be back in a bit, and then she left me there in the kitchen so she could get herself ready.

After a few minutes with the plug vibrating in my ass it began to stimulate my prostate, keeping me fully turned on, hard, and unable to do anything about it as I was tied in place and gagged on the table.

A few minutes passed and she returned. She was dressed in a black latex corset, thigh high latex stockings, thigh high platform boots and a maids uniform. She stood in front of me letting my eyes take it all in. “Just because I’m your maid and it’s my job to cook for you tonight doesn’t mean you get to just watch and have all the fun with something vibrating inside you. If you want your dinner to be any good you are going to need to provide me with a little inspiration while I’m cooking. Unable to speak with the gag in my mouth, all I could do is look at her with my eager eyes. Lifting the skirt of her maids uniform, she revealed that she also wore a pair of latex panties with an 8 inch strap on cock attached to it. I knew she would bury this in my ass in the position I found myself in. She produced a small egg and slowly reached into the waistband of the panties, sliding the egg between the lips of her pussy that I could only hope was wet and eagerly awaited my cock later.

"I will give you this small remote," she said as she placed it in one of my tied up hands. "You must keep me satisfied by changing the patterns and intensity of the vibrations while I cook for you. Don't drop it, because if you do, you won't be doing your job and I will punish you later," she continued.

I knew my job. She went to cooking. I worked at making sure I kept her vibrations changing, intensifying, then slowing down. She did the same of me with the remote she controlled for the plug in my ass. As I watched her cook and played with different settings on the remote I could tell when I found one that she liked, even when her back was to me, by the way her body tensed when I hit the right setting. It said all I needed to know. Occasionally I would stop the vibrations intentionally to get

her to turn around to see what had happened. As soon as she made eye contact I would push the button send a pulse of the strongest vibration to the little egg pressed against her clit. She would smile and then return the favor with the control for the plug in my ass.

As she cooked some of my favorite things (steak, mashed potatoes, and a side of steamed carrots, I caught glimpses of her cock, bouncing underneath her maids uniform. The more I saw it, the more I became eager to have it buried deep in my ass. By now I could really care less about food, I wanted to skip right to “dessert”.

Dinner finished cooking and she carefully arranged my dinner on a plate. Turning to me holding the plate in her hand, clad in her latex and maid's uniform, she said, “I’ll let you decide, do you want your dinner now, or is there something else that you might want first?"

The look on my face told her that food was the last thing I wanted right now.

She placed the plate a few inches in front of me on the table. My dinner was served, but as she had said before, I wouldn't have it until her desires had been served.

She slowly removed the maid's uniform, pulling it up and over her head, her cock now uncovered and standing ready for use. She dropped her uniform to the floor and stood in front of me. She was a vision in black latex, the corset fit tightly around her, pushing her tits up. The latex stockings tightly fit around her legs, with her high heeled thigh high boots making her stand tall. The panties between her legs held her hard cock. I could see the slight bulge where the egg that vibrating against her pussy was resting and couldn’t wait to find out just how wet and tight it was under those latex panties, but that was going to have to wait. She had other plans.

Taking a bottle of lube off the table next to me, she squirted some into her hand. She rubbed her lube filled hand up and down her cock in front of me, lubing the shaft of the cock fully. She moved behind me, her hands once again resting on my ass and then slowly moving down between my legs, one hand lightly squeezing my balls, the other stroking my cock from base to tip, her finger lightly teasing the tip. Her hands slid back up my ass and slowly, she pulled the plug from my ass. My ass was now available for her taking.

I felt her press herself up against me, her body tight and powerful behind me. The vibrating bullet still inside her beneath the strap on panties, she said, "turn the vibration setting all the way up for me as I fuck you." I obeyed, using the remote I still had in my hand. I felt her body tense against me as the vibrations began to tease her clit at their strongest setting.

Sliding her hands over my back as she pressed close to me, she slid her cock inside of me, burying it

deeply. Slowly, she began to move in and out of me, driving herself deeply as she did so, slowly. Her pace began to increase. As she fucked me, the egg vibrated inside her, the base of the strap on cock driving against her clit below. Her pace increased, her own lust increasing as she got pleasure from fucking me.

Her cock drove deep against my prostate, my ass eagerly accepting it, my cock harder than ever before as I was tied in place while she took me.

Her pace changing as she became more turned on, I knew fucking me was going to make her cum and I wasn't going to last much longer after being so hard for so long.

With her cock buried deep inside of me, pressing hard against my prostate, with her hips gyrating and driving the egg and base of the cock against her pussy, she began to moan, to shake, and buck against the orgasm that was building. Her movements drove me to cum hard from the prostate stimulation as we both were fully pleasured.

Our bodies spent, our muscles began to relax and she collapsed on top of me. Breathing heavy, we were spent. A few moments, passed, and she slowly pulled her cock from my ass.

She removed the gag from my mouth allowing me to have a full breath and the ability to speak again. Leaning forward, her lips pressed against mine, her tongue lightly parting my lips and meeting my tongue in a slow and sensual kiss. No words were necessary to know that we both enjoyed it.

As she untied my hands and then moved around to my feet she slipped back into that "June Cleaver" voice and said "Ready for dinner now, dear?"

I definitely had an appetite now.