



Happy Anniversary

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Published on Lush Stories on 29 Aug 2011

A surprise awaits Travis when he arrives home from work.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/oral-sex/happy-anniversary.aspx>

Thank you to Wellmademale for coming up with the challenge to write a story based on the above photo.

Maggie stood in the middle of her bedroom and peered into the full-length mirror, fluffing her long blonde hair and blowing the side-swept fringe from her eyes. She smiled as she gave her outfit a final once over. The mismatched collection of garments clashed and fit together perfectly all at the same time.

Her shoulders were draped in the pink bolero she'd worn on her first date with Travis at an Italian restaurant three years ago. The way he'd looked at her that night from across the table had made her so nervous. It had surprised and thrilled her when he called again the next morning to ask her on a

second date.

She smoothed her palms over her pale blue floral dress, happy with the way the strapless style highlighted her slender figure. Maggie remembered the way it had tangled about her knees on the dance floor at her birthday party two years ago. Travis had brought tears to her eyes by stopping the DJ in the middle of her favourite song so he could propose to her in front of family and friends.

The silver stilettos she'd slipped her feet had once added the finishing touch to the killer black dress from their engagement party. A pair of pink thigh-high stockings completed her ensemble, a sentimental favourite of his that had originally accompanied matching lingerie on their wedding night.

Anticipation swirled in her belly as she contemplated the evening ahead. She'd left her teaching job early this afternoon to give herself time to prepare and couldn't wait to see the look on his face when he first set eyes on her.

She wandered down the hallway and stepped into the kitchen. Peeling wallpaper and garish orange curtains decorated the space. A retro dining table sat in front the window, the afternoon sun bouncing off its lime green top.

Maggie pulled a bottle of milk from the refrigerator, unscrewed the cap and set it on the table beside the bowl of Froot Loops she'd poured earlier. She'd offered to make him dinner to celebrate their one year anniversary and chose the first meal she'd ever prepared for him; breakfast after they'd spent the most amazing night together. Cooking had never really been her forte so she'd order his favourite takeout later when they were done...celebrating.

She let out a quiet laugh and leaned against the bench to survey the room. A musty smell filled the air and the floorboards creaked underfoot. The kitchen appliances barely had any life left in them and one of the cupboard handles had come off in her hand just this morning. Despite all this, she couldn't remember a time in her life when she'd been happier. Although they'd taken on a huge project with the house, their shared vision and combined efforts would see it turned into a home in no time. She smiled and drew her lower lip between her teeth. Well, that was the plan, anyway.

The squeaking front door signalled his arrival. Maggie jumped at the sound and pushed off the bench, her heart pounding as her blue eyes scanned the room. She'd chosen her clothing carefully but hadn't put any thought into how to show it off for maximum impact.

His footsteps down the hall prompted a spur of the moment decision. She leaned back on the dining table in the hope a suggestive pose would send an irresistible invitation. The heel of her hand clipped the cereal bowl and sent Froot Loops skittering across the table. Maggie cursed under her breath and

scrambled to stop the bowl from falling. She toppled the open milk bottle over; the colourful cereal floated to the table's edge and slid to the floor. "Oh, crap. *Crap.*" She bent to clean up the mess.

"That's the best welcome home I've had in a while."

Maggie closed her eyes and pressed her lips together, trying not to laugh despite having just ruined her plans for a slow seduction. Of course he'd choose *that* moment to walk into the room.

"Just...bend a little further," he said.

She peered at him from under the arc of her arm, laughing openly now. "You're sick."

"I'm not the one flashing a pink thong at a poor defenceless man."

She straightened and turned to face him, smiling while she took in his rumpled appearance. He was anything but defenceless. Stubble lined his jaw and his coffee coloured hair was all tousled and gorgeous. He'd rolled the sleeves of his white shirt up on his forearms. The top two buttons were undone and his tie loosened. His blue eyes were warm when they met hers.

He'd started his twelve hour shift as a detective with the city police at six this morning. His days often left him exhausted. She always found herself wanting to help him relax as soon as he walked in the door.

"*This* thong?" She lifted the hem of her dress to give him the front view.

He grinned and strolled toward her. "Yeah. That one."

She snagged the sides of her underwear with her thumbs. "I can take it off if it's bothering you."

He stopped before her and stroked her cheek with the back of his hand. "It's probably for the best."

Maggie pressed a lingering kiss on his jaw. "Whatever makes you happy." She shoved her panties down and stepped out of them. "How was your day?" She lifted his tie over his head and tossed it aside.

Travis slipped his hands under her dress and cupped her bare bottom. He pulled her against him and nibbled her earlobe. "Doesn't matter anymore."

The touch of his lips made her shiver with pleasure. She threaded her fingers in his hair and kissed

the corner of his mouth. “Hmm...I made you something to eat.”

He chuckled and stroked the curve of her ass. “Don’t take this the wrong way,” he said, brushing his lips across hers, “but your presentation sucks.”

Maggie laughed. “It was an accident.”

“It’s all right.” Travis slid his knee between hers and urged her legs to part. He trailed his fingertips over the sensitive skin of her inner thighs. “I’m not hungry for food anyway.”

She moaned softly and swept her hand over the front of his pants, giving his erection a firm rub. “Is there something else I can get for you?”

He left a trail of kisses over her cheek and growled against her ear. “You can get naked. That’d make me the happiest man alive.”

“Would you like to do the unwrapping?” She cupped his chin and turned his head so she could get at his mouth. Her lips pressed to his and she sighed. His scent intoxicated her, masculine and warm. The roughness of his jaw drew a tremor from her. Maggie leaned against him and closed her eyes, sinking into the kiss as it deepened and grew in intensity.

Travis urged the pink bolero off her shoulders, pushing it down her arms. “First date,” he said against her mouth, his voice husky and deep.

Her eyes drifted open. She smiled and touched her tongue to his, lightly, gently. “You remembered.”

“Uh, huh.” He gave her a long, hard kiss then reached around her to tug at the zipper on her dress. “You wore this the night I proposed.” He pulled the loosened material down the length of her body and groaned at his discovery. “*No bra*. Mags, you’re killing me.” His fingertips skimmed her nipples and his expression grew all hot and needy.

She held his hand as he helped her step from the bundled clothing. “I knew you’d approve.”

His eyes roamed over her naked flesh, his attention dropping to the stockings hugging her thighs. “I remember those were wrapped around me on our wedding night.”

Maggie met his gaze and moved closer to him. She hooked her fingers over the waistband of his pants. “I love you,” she said. “I love that you remember things like that.”

Travis sank his hands into her hair and tilted her head back. "I love you." He kissed her throat and the underside of her chin. "I love that you do these things for me."

"There's more, much more." She nipped his lower lip and got to work on his buckle. Maggie slid the belt from his pants and flung it to the side. She pulled down his fly and delved inside to stroke him, smiling when his fingers tightened in her hair. "I'm going to lick you," she said, rubbing her nose against his, "and suck you," her lips travelled over his cheek and came to rest beside his ear, "until you come in my mouth."

"*Fuck.*" He groaned and dragged her mouth to his, his lips ravenous as they travelled over hers.

Maggie's skin heated and her stomach dipped. His passion took her breath away. His tongue probed her open mouth and his hands closed over her breasts. Her nipples ached under the touch of his thumbs. She kissed him back and shoved at his boxer briefs. Her fingers wrapped around his erection and she caressed his cock until her hand grew slippery with moisture.

Need built inside her to the point she couldn't take it anymore. Maggie gave his lips one final kiss and dropped to her knees.

Her mouth closed over the head of his cock and a long sigh travelled through her. She slid slowly down the length of him and he let out a hoarse moan, resting one palm at her temple while the other smoothed her hair from her eyes. She moved her mouth back up his shaft, taking her time, applying pressure with her lips, loving him with her tongue.

Maggie kissed the tip of his cock and licked at the head before surrounding him again and gliding back down. She slipped her hand between his legs and cupped his balls, massaging gently while the fingers of her other hand encircled the base of his cock. He thrust against her and groaned.

Even though she knew he enjoyed this and he craved the heat of her mouth, it was always as much for her as it was for him. She loved the silky smoothness of his cock, the power of his rigid length pulsing in her palm. His musky scent heightened her desire and his groans of pleasure spurred her on. She revelled in his responsiveness to her touch.

"Mmmm." She hummed against his shaft and glanced up at him from under the fall of her hair. His jaw was clenched and his eyes hot and intense as he stared down at her. Kneeling before him naked while he still remained fully dressed merely intensified the passion building inside her. Maggie let his cock pop from her mouth and continued to stroke him with her hand while she dipped beneath him and tongued his balls. Her wet mouth slid over him, lapping, teasing. Her lips worshipped his sensitive skin.

Travis swore and bucked against her. He cradled her chin in his palm and urged her back to his shaft, easing his cock between her lips with a guttural moan. His fingers slid into the hair at her temples, holding her firmly in place. Moisture pooled in her mouth and she whimpered in anticipation.

His hips thrust against her, his cock filling her mouth and retreating, over and over. Saliva coated his skin and clung to her lips. Maggie caressed his ass, running her hands over his taut muscles. Her palms swept over the backs of his thighs, dipping between to hold him close.

The power of his thrusts increased, his firm hold keeping her right where he wanted her. Her eyes wanted to close so she could savour the moment, but the need to watch him took over. Her attention lifted to his face, travelling over his tense features.

Their gazes clashed. He gave her the look, *that* look that told her he was about to reward her efforts. His thighs grew rigid and his thrusts went deeper. She gripped his legs and held on tight.

Maggie saw the instant it came over him, knew right when it was about to hit. This was the part she delighted in most; the anticipation, the expression on his face and the way he immersed himself in the moment. His mouth dropped open and his eyes glazed over. He let out a loud groan and thrust one final time, his thumbs stroking her temples while his body shook with the release. His cum hit the roof of her mouth, spurting to the back of her throat. She breathed hard through her nose, swallowing and moaning against his slick skin.

His hips lifted and a raw moan tore from him. He jerked again and she swallowed more, holding him to her as his belly tensed and the last drop left him.

“*God*, Maggie.” His voice was hoarse and his breathing ragged.

She tasted him on her tongue, slid her mouth up his shaft so she could lick the remnants from the tip. Maggie kissed the head of his cock. He trembled under her ministrations and she smiled against his moistened flesh, adoring the fact that his one weakness was her.

With a final kiss farewell she let him help her to her feet. It surprised her to discover her legs weren't all that steady. Travis pulled her against him and wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight. His hands swept up and down her spine, smoothing over her skin. Maggie shivered and lifted her face to his, smiling when he pressed his lips to her forehead.

“Happy anniversary,” she said, slipping her hand under his shirt to seek out his warm belly.

"The first of many." Travis stroked her jaw and kissed her mouth. "Come to bed so I can return the favour. I want you comfortable, I plan on taking my time." He linked his fingers with hers and pulled her in the direction of the bedroom.

Maggie flashed him a smile and followed along behind him. Happiness rushed through her because she knew, with absolute certainty, that it was only going to get better from here.