A Birthday Gift From My Wife Pt. 1

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Published on Lush Stories on 07 Jun 2011

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/a-birthday-gift-from-my-wife-pt-1.aspx

I finally decided to try and make my contribution to this site after being a long time reader. Any and all feedback is welcome good or bad. I hope you all enjoy!

I awoke rather late today, as it was both a Friday and my birthday. Normally I would have work, but I typically take off on my birthdays and with the luck of it being on a Friday this year I get the entire weekend to enjoy it. I looked over to my wife's side of the bed and noticed it empty. She usually can't sleep in as long as I do and likely has been up for a couple of hours already. I began to smell the scents of breakfast being made; bacon and eggs my favorite, maybe even some biscuits as a bonus too! I get up; pull on my underwear and head toward the delicious smells toward the kitchen.

As I enter the room I look over at the stove and see one of the most beautiful woman that I've ever seen cooking breakfast. As she finished up fixing the plates of food and turned around to set them at the table she noticed me still standing at the entrance way and smiled a big sexy smile at me.

She had long red hair that came down a few inches past her shoulders, captivating green eyes, and what looked like the smoothest creamy white skin I've seen in a long time; all covered by nothing more than two small pieces of white cloth wrapped around her top and hips, fastened by a single knot of thread each, hiding her 34C breasts, ass and what I'm sure was a clean shaven pussy. The top unable to hide her erect nipples as they poked through the thin fabric; the cloth wrapped around her hips didn't quite complete its loop around this goddess's body, leaving a gapped slit to reveal her entire left thigh and just a hint of her left cheek. And between those two little white sheets of cloth was the most perfectly toned, flat stomach.

"Good Morning Master." She says still smiling as she sets the plates down on the table. "You woke up a little earlier than I expected. I was instructed by your wife to have waken you with a birthday blow job."

I was still standing still and rather confused as I was trying to process what was going on so I asked, "Master? My wife left you instructions?"

She walked over to me and explained as she escorted my stunned body to the table to sit and eat my breakfast. “Yes. Your wife thought you might enjoy having your own personal sex slave as your birthday present, so here I am.” And she again flashed me another one of her bright smiles. “Now you start on your bacon and eggs while I go and get the biscuits out of the oven. We want to be sure you have enough energy to do what ever you want, to me, as much as you want this weekend.”

“The whole weekend you say?”

“Uh huh. Your wife figured since you had the whole weekend to celebrate, that she would let you enjoy your gift for the entire weekend too.”

“Sounds good to me.”

As she opened the oven and bent down to take out the biscuits, the small slip around her hips rose up revealing the lower part of her ass and an absolutely delicious looking, clean shaven, pink pussy. Just as I had thought. Right then I knew what I would be finishing off my breakfast devouring. *I love my wife*, I thought to myself.

I hand her my glass, as she places a biscuit on my plate and say, “Grab me a refill of milk for me, please my slave. And take off that top of yours while you’re at it too.”

“Of course, Master.” She says, as she turns around and unties the small string holding her top in place; walking toward the fridge for the refill of milk at the same time. Once the glass is full once again she turns back around, giving me the first unobstructed view of those perky tits of hers, her nipples made harder by the cold of the fridge. When she reaches the table to replace my glass, I can’t help but lean in and give each of her nipples a quick lick and suck.

She giggles and asks, “Oooh, does Master like my tits?”

I withdraw my head and respond, “Oh yes, my slut, these are just perfect.”

I then slide my hand beneath her skirt and feel her sopping wet cunt, causing her to gasp. I slip two fingers inside her slit and then place them in my mouth, savoring her flavor.

“And that’s even better. Now since you failed to give me my morning blowjob, you can make it up to me by getting under this table and start sucking my dick. Just don’t make me cum. I have another place for that to go.”

After a quick, “Yes Master,” she crawled under the table to take her position between my legs, where I then lifted up a little so she could pull off my boxer-briefs. My now swollen cock, happy to be free of its prison, sprang up to slap the underside of the table before being grabbed by my horny slave who whispered, “Mmmm, so big.”

Now I’m not overly large or anything, but I do carry a rather respectable, shaven, 7 inch long, 5.5 inch thick cock. Or as my wife likes to describe it to her friends, “It’s the kind of meat you don’t want taken out of your cunt, unless it’s going right back in. Again and again.”

Returning to my breakfast, as my slave was starting on hers, I let out a satisfying, “Mmmmmm,” commenting more on the skilled mouth servicing me than the food. *This is going to be a great weekend*, I thought to myself. After I had finished what was on my plate, I sat for a few minutes enjoying the pleasures being administered to my cock and balls before instructing my slave to sit up on the table in front of me. Now disrobed of what little she had left, my slave sat before me with legs spread wide, and I looked down upon an absolutely beautiful, dripping wet pussy.

To which I then muttered, “My favorite part of breakfast,” before diving in between her legs where I sucked and licked and just devoured one of the sweetest, juiciest cunts I’ve ever tasted.

“OHHHHH, YEEESSSSS!!!! Thank you Master! Please make me cum for you. Please eat my pussy until I cum! OH! OH GOD YES!” Her hands quickly found the back of my head as she pulled me further into her dripping hole as she exploded with her orgasm. She relaxed laying back on the table as I continued to lap at her juices, she tasted too good for me to stop at just one; so I continued to eat her to a second and then a third orgasm, in which I added two fingers into her tight snatch while flicking my tongue across her clit while sucking it between my lips.

Finally, I decided that it was time for my own release. So I flipped my slut over onto her stomach, grabbed her by the hips, lined up my shaft with her opening and plunged into that tight, wet slit. We both moaned loudly with pleasure as I buried myself deep inside of her. I made very long, very slow strokes enjoying the feel of her cunt muscles gripping down on every inch of my pole. Every time I was buried back to the hilt I would make a slow circular grind, eliciting little mewing sounds from my slut.

“Do you like my pussy Master? Does my pussy please you?”

“Oh yes. Your tight little pussy pleases me very much.”

“Oh I’m so happy it pleases you Master. Please use my slutty pussy on your cock until it cums. Make your big, fat cock cum inside of your slave’s horny cunt. Please Master! Please!

OOOOOHHHHHH!!!!”

I moved my right hand from her hips and wrapped it in her flowing red hair, pulling her head back, and proceeded to pound into her slick cunt making her scream with delight. I nearly lost my load with her first orgasm around my cock, but my wife gave me this sultry gift to enjoy and that’s exactly what I was going to do with it. Her pussy was leaking so much cum it covered my balls and trailed down our thighs. Her slickness allowed for me to easily plow into her for another ten minutes before unleashing a torrent of my ball batter into her womb, officially claiming her as my slut. When I was finally done filling her, I had her clean me off with her mouth.

“Now go and get the shower started so we can clean ourselves up.”

“Yes, Sir.”

I watched her as she walked out of the kitchen, her ass swaying with each step and our combined love juices dribbling out of her well fucked cunt and down her thighs. *Yeah, this is going to be a great weekend indeed.*