The Father's Day Gift

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The true story of how I almost forgot Father's Day, and my last-minute scramble for a gift

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We pull into the driveway and I breathe a sigh of relief. We've been away for two weeks…a wonderful Florida vacation to kick off the summer, but our eight hour drive home turned into eleven due to some ridiculous traffic in Atlanta, and I am completely exhausted. My only saving grace is that the kids went home with my parents, so at least we'll have the rest of the night to ourselves. We unload the essentials from the car, vowing to finish the rest in the morning, and drag our tired bodies into the house.

I call first dibs on the shower, feeling the need to rid myself of travel grime. I turn the water on hot, flip the shower nozzle to fullest strength, and soap up luxuriously. I'm careful to remove every stray hair from every inch of my body, eliminating that irritating scratchy stubble that was starting to bug me during the last part of our trip. I wash my hair, using that shampoo with the coconut smell that reminds me of the beach, and I smile a little, remembering my trip.

Suddenly, a wave of panic rushes over me. Father's Day! It's Father's Day and I completely forgot! I haven't gotten my husband anything; I haven't even acknowledged the day. Our plans changed several times at the end of this trip and I was thrown completely off my game. My mind races, trying to figure out what I can do to salvage this…and I come up with a brilliant plan.

I step out of the shower and grab a towel, drying off a little before walking out to the bedroom.

My husband is lounging on the bed, playing around on his laptop. "Your turn, honey," I say. He gets up and stretches, gives me a quick smile, and shuts himself in the bathroom. I hear the water and the sound of him starting his shower.

I move quickly to get my plan ready. I brush out my long, wet hair and get dressed in my naughtiest purple lingerie and a matching purple thong. Then I reach under the bed for my box of toys and remove a bullet vibrator, handcuffs and an eye mask. I turn on the reading lamps for a soft glow and switch off the overhead light, place a pillow on the floor, and get in position on my knees next to the bed. I place the bullet into my panties, put on the blindfold, and cuff my wrists behind my back, with

the vibrator remote still held in one hand.

Then I wait.

He’s fairly quick in the shower, and in just a moment the flow of water stops and I hear the sound of him drying off. He brushes his teeth, and I decide it’s time to turn on the vibe. The buzzing noise is kind of loud in the silence of the house, and the vibration is enough to start the moistening my panties. I hear him turn off the water, and then there is a pause…I can imagine him listening, trying to determine what that sound is. Then the bathroom door opens.

I can’t see him, but I know he’s there, taking in the unexpected sight of his wife on her knees, cuffed and blindfolded. That’s not something he sees every day. In fact, that’s something he’s never seen, and I’m suddenly a little nervous…so I start to giggle. Not the sexiest thing I can do, but I can’t help it. Being sightless is more difficult than I thought. I can’t see his reaction.

“What is this?” he asks, a touch of amusement in his voice.

“I wanted to surprise you,” I say, trying to choke back the nervous giggles.

“Oh, I’m definitely surprised. This is not what I thought I’d find when I finished my shower.”

“Are you disappointed?” I ask, knowing full well what his response will be.

“Oh, not at all,” he says. “Do you have a vibe going in there?” I feel his hand press on the vibe, and a rush of pleasure sweeps through me. The panties are not enough to hold it tightly to me, and my body was being teased from that hint of vibration against my clit, but I had been unable to increase the pressure because of my bound hands.

“Mmmmmmmm…” I moan, pressing my hips forward, encouraging him to hold the vibe against my clit. I can feel him moving beside me, but I’m not sure what he’s doing until I feel something hard and smooth stroking my cheek. He’s taken his cock out and is rubbing my face with it. I open my mouth just slightly, inviting, but he’s taking his time, sliding his tool across my jaw, up to my ear, then back down before he finally brushes my bottom lip with the tip. I moisten my lips and wait. And wait. The anticipation is delicious, especially since I can’t see. Suddenly I feel his cock being thrust into my mouth, hard. I almost gag as it rams the back of my throat, but he pulls it right back out and gives me a second to recover before he shoves it back in. I relax my throat as my mouth is assaulted by my husband’s hard cock. I’ve never given a blow job without my hands, and it’s a bit difficult. I decide to let him do most of the work, so I relax and receive his thrusting cock with my moist lips, caressing it with my tongue as he works it in and out of my mouth. As he gets more excited, he goes deeper, and

I gag several times. Normally, he would apologize and stop, but this scenario is different. I've demonstrated my submission to him, and he's not stopping. Harder and deeper, he continues to ram his cock into my throat. I struggle to keep my balance on my knees through the assault. Saliva drips from the corners of my mouth and I wish I could see his face. He grabs the back of my head with both of his hands and gasps that he's cumming.

"Where do you want it?" he asks. Of course I can't answer with my mouth stuffed with cock. He seems to hesitate for a second, then withdraws and groans as I feel his cum spraying on my face and on my tits. I listen to his heavy breathing for a moment, but I don't speak. I've placed this night in his hands, and I don't want to lead any of it. I wait for him. I feel him move away, then I hear the water in the bathroom and assume he's cleaning up. After a moment, I feel a warm, wet cloth cleaning my face, running over my cleavage. I smile…that's sweet…he's cleaning me up too.

"What do you want?" he asks from behind me. He's kneeling too, I can tell, and he leans forward to kiss my neck.

"No…this is all for you. What do YOU want?" I reply. He reaches around me and presses on the bullet again, making me moan.

"I want to make you cum," he whispers. I hear him moving away again, and the sound of rummaging in a box makes me smile…I know he's gotten into my box of toys, and I wonder what he'll bring out for me. I hear the pop of a cap being flipped, which I guess is the lube, and I feel myself getting wetter in anticipation. Then I'm being gently pushed forward until my cheek touches a pillow. He has piled up several of them, obviously, and now I'm leaning forward onto a pile of them, still on my knees, still handcuffed and blindfolded.

He pushes my legs apart and caresses my wet pussy with his fingers, pushing two of them inside while holding the vibrator tightly against my clit. I cry out in pleasure…that's almost enough to make me cum, and I push back against his hand, trying to get myself there. Before I can reach my climax, he takes his fingers away, and I feel the smooth, silky tip of one of my toys pressing against my slit. He begins to feed it into me slowly with one hand, while his other firmly holds the vibrating bullet against my clit. It's obvious which toy he's chosen…the 7" silicone cock. It's very thick and I always struggle to take it all in, which is why he loves using it on me. My pussy is being stretched by this hard rubber cock, and my clit is tingling from the bullet…I moan with excitement as it pushes farther and farther inside me. Suddenly he stops inserting and pulls it out, then rams it back in, pushing my whole body forward into the pillows. I gasp in surprise, then he does it again.

"Oh, God…fuck me harder…" I moan. He complies, assaulting my pussy with the silicone toy, over and over again, pulling it almost all the way out before thrusting it back in as far as it will go. Finally,

my body reaches its limit with an orgasm that nearly overwhelms me. “YESSSSSS….” I gasp. “Oh…YES…” The waves continue, one after the other, the bullet teasing my body into a long, shuddering climax that I finally beg to end as the sensitivity becomes too much.

My husband sets the toy aside and turns off the bullet, removing it from my panties. He leans over my body, now sprawled out on the floor.

“Was that good?” he whispers against my ear.

“Amazing,” I reply.

“Have you had enough?”

“Yes…that was perfect.”

“Well, I’m not finished with you yet,” he growls, turning me over on my back. He roughly yanks off the purple thong and positions himself between my legs. He hooks my legs up onto his shoulders and slides his cock into me. All I can do is moan as he pistons into me for what feels like hours. I know we’re in for a long night since this is his second round, and I’m not mistaken. He finally withdraws and lifts me up. The blindfold is beginning to slip, and he readjusts it so I still can’t see, then bends me over the bed and enters me from behind. I’m sore and tired, and pretty sure I’m not going to cum again, so I’m hoping he’ll just hurry up and finish when he pauses…the sound of a buzzing greets my ears and the bullet is once again pressed against my clit as he launches a fresh assault on my pussy from behind. That little toy is magic…it only takes a minute and I feel another orgasm building up.

“Oh…oh, baby…I’m cumming again” I gasp out.

“Fuck…oh, yes!” he shouts, as we reach our climax together. Panting, gasping, clutching, sweating…it’s been a marathon of sexual sensations that neither of us expected after our long, tiring drive. But no one is complaining.

With a “click” I feel the handcuffs come off my wrists. I reach up and remove the blindfold and turn over to see my husband smiling at me. He leans over to kiss me.

“Happy Father’s Day,” I say. “Did you think I forgot? I couldn’t let the day pass without celebrating it somehow.”

He looks confused for a second, then a huge grin spreads over his face.

“You do know today is Saturday, right? Tomorrow is Father’s Day,” he informs me.

I feel stupid for a split second before I recover. “I knew that…this is only the introduction to your present. You get the rest tomorrow…”