Wife in Loverland, Part One - Journey to Loverland

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Published on Lush Stories on 29 Jan 2013

A successful husband finds his wife most thankful

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/wife-in-loverland-part-one-journey.aspx

My husband was always a good guy, a bread winner who always came through for his family. He was very smart and seemed destined for more than a standard nine-to-five. Thus, it was no surprise when he invented something that he was able to sell and say bye-bye to the grind. The only surprise lay in how comfortable we truly were.

It was like a whirlwind, buying a large, posh new home, new vehicles and a family vacation. We went from cold Ohio to the tropics for ten days. On the last night, our eldest daughter watched the kids and afforded us an evening to ourselves. We found ourselves tipsy, after a wonderful meal, walking along the beach.

We chatted, still in disbelief over how our lives had changed, how we would be able to have time with our family and not worry about finances anymore. My husband had earned us a great, new life and I wanted to show him how much I appreciated that.

I had a large beach bag I'd been using as a purse and produced a large, soft blanket and laid it on the beach. We lit a joint and watched the waves in perpetual motion, crashing on the shore, then rolling back out to sea.

We were in a non-commercial, semi-private resort and were alone on the beach. I stood and peeled off the the loose sun dress I'd been wearing, revealing the Victoria's Secret pink bra-pantie set we picked out together. I laid him back on the towel and pulled out his hard cock. I stroked it and looked deep in his eyes, “This is all about you, to show you how much I appreciate what you've done for our family.”

I took him in my mouth, slathering his cock with my saliva. I was positioned to his side and he grabbed my hips and moved them over his head. He cupped my ass and pulled it down toward his chin, moving the material to the side for pussy access. His tongue lightly danced around my clit,

making me unbelievably turned on and wet as he then began darting in and out of my puss. All this time I had been sucking his hard cock and in turn being sucked and licked, I jumped off his face and assumed the position, my face buried in the blanket while my ass stood proud and open for him.

He seized my hips and drove his cock in to the hilt, elevating my passion. He pounded my pussy furiously, knowing I was close to cumming. He took a finger and wet it in his mouth, before inserting it in my ass while his cock ravaged my hot puss. This was too much and I began cumming for what seemed like minutes. I collapsed on the blanket in his arms to recover and enjoy some afterglow.

My husband hadn't cum and as we'd been married over a decade, I knew his kinks and the subtle things it took to make all the difference. I reached in the beach bag and produced a bottle of suntan oil. I squeezed some into his hand and onto his cock. I began licking his nipples as he worked his penis. Squeezing some more oil into my palm, I reached between his legs, smearing it on his asshole. I took two fingers and inserted them, much to his pleasure.

I worked his ass and sucked his nipples as he feverishly stroked his own cock. “This is just the beginning, baby,” I told him. “I want to give you anything you want sexually for making our lives so great. *Anything*.” I guess that drove him over the edge, as he grabbed me by the hair and positioned my face over his bursting cock. He sprayed hot, white cum over my cheeks and lips, while I continued working his ass. He finished, spent, lying on the blanket next to me. He looked over at me and said, “Anything?”

I nodded.

“Good, then this is only the beginning.”