

A Millionaire's Gardener

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He wasn't around for her birthday... She was not amused.

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She adjusted her earrings he had brought home from his travel to Japan. The reflection of the mirror proved her majestic features to be very well emphasized by the black Armani ball gown she had bought just for this evening. Once again, she was forced by the unwritten laws and codes of the Swiss high society to play the happy wife of her successful husband. She was already horrified to meet all these hypocrites who pretended to be friendly and kind. But somewhere deep in their heart everyone knew they were only friends as long as the income corresponded to the common standards of this level of society. A knock at the door of her hotel room and the familiar voice of her husband made her shift her focus from her earlobes to the door. They had rented one of the most extravagant suites of the Hotel Les Trois Rois in Basel. The bottle of 1964 Barons de Rothschild was still resting in its ice bucket, waiting to be cracked. The ice had already melted a long time ago. "Faye, darling, are you about done?" he asked, "we're being expected." She drank in the sight of his perfect appearance. Her teeth bit her lower lip as her depraved mind pictured him lifting the skirt of her gown, pulling the bottom of her thong aside, plunging his massive cock all the way inside her pussy without a warning, and ravishing her body, making her scream until his steaming cum dripped from between her legs. She sighed, and rolled her eyes, thinking that this would only ruin her pretty gown. What a shame, though. Too long had it been since the last time she had felt his manhood fill her. Her thoughts drifted off to the time when they had first met: He was a promising PhD student of materials science - more precisely the effects of nano-coating - starting his work on his thesis at the University of Oxford. He had come from the University of Grenoble in France in order to accomplish his PhD at Oxford. Given that she was currently working as a waitress in his favorite diner by that time, she was one of the people to frequent him on a regular base. From the first time she saw him, she knew that this man would leave his marks in her life. He had hardly presented his PhD defense, as he got invited to participate in a Swiss project. A spin-off project of the University of Basel had to be raised. A truly ambitious team was about to establish a facility, specialized in applied research and production of nano-coatings. He should be their man, no one else. As a financial backup, they had negotiated an agreement with one of the eldest families of Basel. It was one of the many reasons why the founders of the mentioned project – among which her husband – were obligated to participate in certain occasions. For reasons of appearance, she had to come along to whatever event they were

invited to. Apart from the millionaire's balls, her husband also had to take part of numerous meetings and congresses all over the world. At first, she was willing to support him in his every action, for she knew he made this for her and their family they were about to found. They were so in love with each other. She also remembered assisting the inauguration of her husband's company while feeling the first waves of contractions, as their first child was about to see the light of day. Her husband had left the ceremony to violate every possible form of applicable traffic laws concerning speed limits to drive her to the hospital. Her mind drifted back to present. "I'm coming, Jonas, don't make your wife hurry," she said playfully. She spun around, walked towards her one and only Jonas, and kissed him on the lips. "Let's go, Darling," she added. She acted all night long as she had accustomed to during the past nine years. She was the perfect, well-educated wife, just a dull copy of all the other ladies that were part of the ball. She often identified with Rose DeWitt Bukater in Titanic. But well... She did it for her husband, and they didn't really have a choice, did they? She loved him way too much to let him down this way, and she knew that all he did was made for the good of the family, which now counted two children of seven and nine years of age. On the other hand, she also felt unnoticed by Jonas. All he thought of was his job, his travels and their children. He was a very exemplary father with both of their children, but had also started neglecting his wife who was getting more and more frustrated every day. On top of that, he used bad excuses for not having to sleep with her ever since she had told him about her desire to try anal, justifying his unwillingness to try it by characterizing this variation of intercourse with attributes like dirty, filthy or disgusting.. Many times she was forced to use her various toys so stretch her tight ass to relieve the pressure of her desires. This evening was no different. Once back in their suite, Faye tried to transfer her still present craving desire for hard rough sex to her husband. First, she adjusted her miniskirt in such a way that a great part of flesh of her well-shaped thighs was visible. She then sat on the bed, facing her husband, and spread her legs as wide apart as her miniskirt would allow to. Jonas could clearly see that she had already dropped her thong a while earlier. He drank in the sight of these soft swollen lips that were impatiently starving to be looked at, licked, touched, fingered and fucked. "C'mon, sweetie, don't be silly," he objected, "you know we have to get up early tomorrow morning." She pressed on, didn't give up, tried to convince him by pressing her generous D-cups onto his chest, by pinching his erect cock that seemed so hungry for love as well. But he remained stubborn. No way to persuade him, no way to awake his carnal needs. There was no place for sexuality in his life, not anymore. A deep feeling of resentment hit her heart. She had been rejected too many times during the past months. This massive frustration, she had become familiar with, had often made her question her appearance. Had she lost her sexual attraction? Wasn't she good enough for him anymore? Was he seeing someone else? The wildest questions flashed through her mind, making her feel worse with every recurring one of them. Or did he simply not love her anymore? She tortured herself into sleep with her husband apparently not grasping a single hint of it. He had already fallen in his peaceful slumber. Was he really being so ignorant towards his beloved wife? The next morning, they quickly took their ride home. As always, Jonas would examine the texture of his Koenigsegg CCX right afterwards. He had coated the car body all by himself, using his own materials that provided enhanced protection against scratches, and

was self-cleaning as soon as water flowed over its surface. After five years, the texture was still in an immaculate state – complete success. He grinned to himself, feeling the results of his very own genius under his hand. He knew very well that the company would have been a huge failure without his outstanding inventive talent. His narcissistic moment didn't last forever, for he had to get prepared for a business travel to Kyoto. He had been invited to give a significant speech about a recent breakthrough in his researches. It would take place in a symposium where the most renowned contemporary physicists and chemists would listen to his carefully chosen words. He yet still had to choose the right combination from his wide selection of tailored suits. He quickly checked the clock face of his handmade mechanical Patek Philippe to estimate how much time he wanted to invest in choosing his suit. Five minutes would be largely sufficient. He didn't really have to wonder what he might be wearing, for he had acquired a high expertise in this field during the past years. In fact, he already knew what to select, and shuffled his fingers through the smooth fabric of all his suits until he found what he was looking for. After finishing his preparation, he thought everything through. He had planned this whole trip down to the tiniest details with meticulous care. New connections were about to be made, new contracts, new partners... His eager anticipation was even boosted by Faye, encouraging him to give a good speech, and wishing him good luck. A warm goodbye was exchanged, kisses that spoke volumes of unsatisfied animalistic needs. He drank in the sight of his voluptuous wife, wearing a cheeky smile one last time before walking towards their front yard where a cab was already waiting for him. "I love you," were his last words before leaving. Her gaze lingered on the white cab that was now driving away. Could it really be possible that he had forgot about her birthday? She felt a lump filling her throat. She would turn 33 on that very day, and he hadn't even bothered to speak the two words that were dictated by common social norms to celebrate one's birthday. She sighed, and headed back inside. Once back inside, Faye decided to follow her routine of morning workout in their basement, where they had installed all sorts of heavy workout machinery. Usually, she'd run about half an hour on the treadmill to get warm, then she'd stretch her muscles, and make her usual tour. This time was no different. Actually, the only difference from her usual day life was that her children were staying at their Grandparent's for the week. She was done with exercise at around noon, the perfect time for enjoying a substantial lunch, so she checked the fridge for anything to eat. She didn't care for what. But there was absolutely nothing. Not even leftovers of the delicious meat loaf she had prepared two days before. After thinking for one minute or two, she figured she could ask Jack, the gardener Jonas had hired three years before, if he was up to have a pizza ordered with her. It had been barely three years ago, when Jack had just finished his gardening school with the best possible grades at the age of nineteen, as Jonas and Faye discovered the potential of this young man. They had hired him without having to think twice. For a reason, Faye found yet inexplicable, she had felt a strong attraction towards that juvenile young lad from the first day he had started working at their house. During the past years, this attraction had grown stronger and stronger. It had started with relatively innocent images, of which she thought were just tricks played by her own mind. Eventually, she had accepted her fantasies to be a part of her twisted little mind, and started filling her sexual imagination with pictures of Jack ravishing her love-craving ass.

Especially during the past months, she had made use of these sordid ideas of hers while stretching her tight hole with one of her vibrators. She adjusted her robe to allow young Jack a good view of her cleavage before walking up to him. He was mowing the lawn of their backyard which it would have been large enough to bear half a golf yard. "Jack, may I ask you a question?" she asked, making sure he'd catch a good view of her feminine curves. He kept his eyes skillfully transfixed to hers. "Yes, Mrs Faye. What is it?" She took a deep breath of desperation as a reaction to his obvious ignorance to her sex appeal. "Come on, Jack. I told you a thousand times: don't call me Mrs. Call me Faye!" Not that she minded being called Mrs Faye, it was that hearing this formulation coming out of this innocent boy's mouth was too much for her to bear. Over the years, he had acquired a typical high-society way of talking whenever he would speak to either one of his employers. His almost arrogant use of language and melody almost made Faye melt whenever she heard him calling her Mrs Faye. "Allow me to remind you of the fact that it was Master Jonas' wish that I'd be calling you Mrs Faye. But now that Master Jonas is not present at the moment, I will come back to your repeated offer. So shall it be... Faye." The way he was talking to her sent shivers down her spine. First, she tried to fight the urge to lick her lips right before his eyes, but then she decided to go for it, and wait for his reaction. He didn't seem to notice, although he had perfectly well observed her doing so. Just like so many times before, she cursed him for his outstandingly high level of professionalism. How could it be possible that such a handsome, young, hormone filled man could resist her charms? They agreed that he'd order two pizzas as fast as possible, and they'd have lunch in the warm sun of late spring that was shining right onto the vast patio. Fifteen minutes later, he arrived at the mentioned place, holding to plates with one steaming pizza each. "And here's the pepperoni with extra cheese for you, Faye," he said, gently putting down the plate right in front of the spot where Faye was sitting. His movements were slow enough for Faye to lay an eye on his arms and hands. She took a good glance of the outlines of his forearm muscles. They were sculptured from his year-long exercise with the great diversity of his gardening inventory. Thick veins were pressing through his tanned skin. If she hadn't worn her Ray-Bans he would have undoubtedly seen the sparkle in her eyes. She was truly amazed by this young man's stature. She unconsciously pressed her legs together. A warm feeling started arising from her loins. Her mind got lost in a sultry little imagination including the table she was sitting at, facing her subject of desire. During the whole lunch, she didn't say a word, for her thoughts turned in a vicious circle of guilt and carnal pleasure, taking turns blaming herself for her perverted hunger for this young boy, and picturing him mercilessly pounding in and out of her asshole. She had a hard time arguing with herself if it would be worth it, and what would be at stake. On one side there was her yet still passionate love towards her husband, and she wasn't really intending to break her loyalty in any way, but he was the one who actually made her mind spin around those sultry fantasies by neglecting her need for sex. Then, there were the children with whom she had to act responsibly, and it was out of the question to peril the good of the family just to satisfy the need for sexual escapades of a single individual. Also there was the Jack-factor. Assumed they'd actually engage in intercourse, would he tell on her? Or would he keep his mouth shut? Suddenly she remembered that it was her birthday, and that her own husband had apparently

forgotten about it. Wouldn't it be appropriate to treat herself with a little something in exchange for the lack of warming love from her husband? She decided to make the move. Her imagination immediately started to construct a tactic to seduce her seemingly unapproachable subject of desire. She got distracted by his voice: "I hear it's your birthday. I have prepared a cake for you, Faye. Would you like me to get it for you? It's in the kitchen, waiting to be consumed." She had barely heard the word consumed as she had succeeded planning her move. She stood up before Jack even expected her to reply to his question. She told him that she had to go to the restroom, and that she'd take it out on her way back. She bit on her lip by thinking of the brilliancy of her plan. He would melt like an ice cream cone in the sun of July. She returned to the patio, holding the plate with the self-made marble cake - her favorite. It even had a candle stuck in it and a skillfully designed writing of icing, saying: Happy birthday Faye. He had really put some work into it. Jack insisted on cutting the cake for her. She just smiled, and handed him the knife over. She leaned back in her chaise longue. It had been a gift from her husband for their fifth anniversary, genuine L e Corbusier design. She adjusted her sunglasses to make sure her eyes were not to be seen. A quick pause before she proceeded in her little plan was taken. It was not a pause caused by hesitation, more by a wry, self-satisfied virtual grin. She reached out her hand to take her glass of water. Not for a drink, no, the clumsy girl she was accidentally spilled a great amount of the contained water all over her chest, revealing her ample breasts not to be supported by any kind of undies. "Oh my god, I'm soooo clumsy," she said, using an unusual melody, "would you mind helping me, Jack." Jack who had observed the entire situation offered her a napkin to dry her now sticky dress. As usual, he was not showing any signs of discomfort around Faye who was obviously acting like a love-hungry feline. So she tried another assault: she wiped her soaked dress all the while pulling the collar further down to grant Jack an even better view of her bust. She let out a sigh that turned into a silent moan. To her resentment, Jack proved all her expectations wrong, still remaining perfectly stoic as if nothing worth noticing was taking place. This damn little prick! Would it be possible that now that she had finally gathered the courage to make her move, he turned out to be homosexual? "I sincerely hope that Master Jonas does not mind me witnessing such a frivolous behavior of yours. I allow myself to comment that you should not act in this particular way around me, Mrs Faye, " he said keeping his professional calmness all the way through. He had called her Mrs Faye again. There was no way he could not have done this on purpose for the one and only aim to tease her. A voice in her head stated Jack: one, Faye: zero. The more her appeals to his young needs failed, the more her initial frustration turned into challenge. A hint of aggression flooded her body as well as the childish obstinacy to own a desired toy. She bit her lower lip, and licked it afterwards, letting her train of thought race at full speed through her mind, now willing to try every possible way to attract young Jack's full attention. A shot of adrenaline warmed her body from her belly, causing her heart to beat faster and faster. Jack had already gulped down his piece of cake, and suggested he'd return to his daily labor. Faye let him go, and watched him moving away, focusing her gaze on his buttocks. She now had made up another, yet even more daring plan. She changed into a skimpy black dress with almost no thing to cover her legs. It didn't leave much to the imagination of how what was contained in it might look . To make her silky legs look even longer, she

put on her pair of black high heels she usually wore for sexual purposes only. Taking one last look in the mirror, she was absolutely sure this would trigger Jack's attraction to the slutty little MILF part of hers. There was no way he could decline such a dish. She walked over to him, holding two glasses of freshly poured Moët & Chandon impérial in her hands. He was inspecting one of the three mahoganies for any symptoms of diseases or parasites. "Since it's my birthday, Jack, why don't you raise a toast to my honor?" she suggested while handing him his glass. He smiled to her offer, already raising his glass in the air. "I formulate these words in order to celebrate the birthday of my mistress Faye. I wish you all the best for this particular day. May your wishes be fulfilled, whatever they may be." Faye stepped closer to him. She placed her mouth right next to his ear, and whisper: "I think we both know what my wishes are." A soft yet determined grin flashed over his lips. "I don't know, Mrs Faye, you ought to be more precise." She pressed her breasts against his chest, making sure he wouldn't miss to notice their natural firmness. "I love it when you call me Mrs Faye." "I know that, I've been observing your every reaction to my words for months," was his arrogant reply, "so you've finally gathered your courage to make your move?" Faye guided her hand down to softly squeeze Jack's crotch. "I'd say you satisfy my needs here and now," she whispered. "With all the respect, Mrs Faye. You sure are one slutty wife." They started to make out. She guided his hands to her body, making sure he'd grasp a handful of breast. Her hunger and lust for this young man made her suck on his lips, eagerly bite them, and covering them in a thin film of saliva using her tongue. She felt his hands slide under the collar of her dress to cup her bust. She could tell he was enjoying the feeling of her soft flesh under his palms. He quickly found her nipples to play with, and make them harden under the touch of his fingertips. She let out a squeal of delight as he ripped apart her black dress from her cleavage downwards to expose her breasts. Once both of them were out, he began his oral assault on them, kissing them, licking them, gently nibbling on the nipples while constantly massaging the free breast with the palm of his hand. How long had it been since she had felt such an experted tease on her breasts for the last time? Three or four months? The slutty part of her had already lost track after two weeks of sex deprivation. She pulled his shirt over his head to find a brawny body almost perfectly matching the fantasies that had been surging from the depth of her wicked subconscious for the past months. She had her hands all over his chest, running them through his small patch of hair and over his smooth skin. She squeezed his pectorals to check them for their consistency, almost feeling every fiber under her fingertips. He truly had the body of an Adonis, laboriously forged by three years of constant hard work in the garden of his employers. Faye laid her head on his chest to listen to his heart beat, afraid that it might be just a dream, and thinking the only way to find out was to listen to his heart. A feeling of relieve occurred to her as she sensed the steady rhythm of his heart – symbolizing the insurance for being awake. Two strong hands found their way under her hair, and started their soft caressing. She returned the favor by kissing all her way down to the zipper of his pants. Both his pants and undies were pulled off his legs at the same time by an eager spirited move of her hands. His cock – happy to be released from its obviously too tight bond – oscillated a few times in the warm air before finding its stationary position from which it was immediately taken by Faye's hands. She stroked, kissed, licked and sucked this hard rod of Jack's

like a cock-crazed vixen. Moans of approval came out of his mouth, encouraging her to proceed. Many were the times she brought him to the verge of a mind-blowing orgasm, but then stopped right before that one crucial point, leaving him to comment her actions with frustrated moans. Eventually, she figured making love was like riding a bike: No one ever forgets how to do it. When she let go off his cock, he was all over her. No need to take off her inexistent panties, no need to rip off her dress either, for it granted full access to her already dripping wet pussy. First, he started licking her labia, hardly even touching them while getting bolder with every time his tongue made contact with them. Before long he was sucking her clit right into his mouth. She was positively surprised, as he made proof of not only being a talented expert in gardening; a dream she had hoped to become truth. He kept licking and sucking on her clit, taking turns in being gentle and aggressive while tracing the outlines of her drenched cavity with two of his fingers. As he finally plunged them inside in one slick motion, exactly knowing where to look for her g-spot, she arched her back, and let out a matching cry of lust. Jack knew perfectly well how she enjoyed receiving the pleasure she had been craving for so long from another man than her husband. She didn't care about cheating him anymore. In fact, she was thinking that he'd had it coming. He withdrew his fingers from her pussy, receiving groans of protest that quickly turned into delightful moans as he started circling around her brown star, steadily coming closer to its entrance with each turn. Faye was indeed delightfully surprised to find out about his interest in playing with her asshole; a feeling she had been waiting for since too long. The pleasure she was experiencing was far more intense than in her solo sessions since she was not in charge for her own delight this time. She tried her best to relax her sphincter as Jack gently pushed his fingers inside her tight hole; first only one, then two, and after a while a third one, all the while still using his talented tongue to play with her clit, giving her something else to concentrate on whenever she'd feel any pain. Since she had done pretty much of previous work stretching her asshole, she found it to be rather easy to accustom to the new intruder, now probing her anus. "Express your desire, Mrs Faye. I'm only waiting for your order to be spoken," he said, using his usual professional tone he knew too well to make his mistress even hornier. "How about you get your steel slick with my juices first. And then you ram it all the way inside my slutty little asshole? And make sure you fuck me deep and hard," she requested. He grinned. "Your wish is my command, Mrs Faye." She was all his, handed to him on a silver plate. The wife of his employer and master, in love-craving desperation. A feeling of power he wasn't yet familiar with caused him to grin devilishly before he dipped his cock deeply in his mistress' privates. A loud moan came out of her mouth, and he felt two arms and two legs wrapping around his back, pushing him in even more. He grabbed her ass cheeks with both his hands, and massaged them. He slowly made his way to her anus with one hand before penetrating it again, one digit at a time, for he didn't want her relaxation to subside before he'd carefully insert his manhood in this tight orifice. Not many thrusts had to be effected before Faye was demanding her deepest desire from Jack: "And now, fuck my dirty little asshole, Jack!" He retracted his cock from the depth of her dripping pussy. Before obeying to her order, he ripped off the remains of her once pretty dress designed by Karl Lagerfeld, and turned her around. Her firm ass was now facing towards him. He placed the tip of his juice-lubed dick right at the entrance, and started applying a fair amount of

pressure on it. Little jolts of pain shot through her body, but not as much as she had initially been worrying about. By the time Jack had pushed his cock all the way in, the pain had already turned into pure pleasure. As if he had sensed her pain subside, he gently started moving in and out of her. From afar, only two different pitches of guttural moans were audible. Two voices, being testimony for the true pleasure of two people united in the deepest passion of making love. Faye turned her head to say: "You truly enjoy fucking a frustrated millionaire's wife's asshole from behind, don't you?" "I am just doing my best in fulfilling my mistress' desires, Mrs Faye," he answered, yet still master of his way of expression. "How about, you plunge in two of your fingers in my cunt, and make me cum?" Jack didn't have to be asked twice, and indeed this was exactly what Faye needed to be sent over the edge of her mind-blowing orgasm "Oh fuck, yeah! I'm cumming," she screamed, "Cum with me! Shoot it all inside my ass!" This made it for him as well. He shot a huge load of cum all inside her, just like he had been asked to. They lay down in the lawn side by side, breathing hard in their total exhaustion. She cuddled up to his body, laying her head to rest on his chest. His cum was dripping to the ground in a thin stream from her freshly used hole. "By the way," he said, and grabbed an envelope from the pocket of his trousers, "this is from your husband." She hastily opened the envelope to find a letter in it. Short but in carefully handwritten letters, probably India ink. To you Faye, the love of my life. I hope you enjoyed my little gift. Happy birthday! In love, Jonas. She didn't take too long to grasp the entire meaning of this letter. It had all been plotted, from the very beginning: Her husband who was apparently neglecting his sexual duty towards his wife, her falling in desperate frustration over being sexually unnoticed, and Jack playing along in all stages of this game. In this very moment, she realized how much her husband really loved her, and how much he was willing to sacrifice for the one and only reason to make her happy by fulfilling her deepest desires, whatever the cost. A small tear left the corner of her eye. "I love you," she whispered in the air of late spring.