

The Gift

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My mistress brings home a gift for me

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I sat naked, on my haunches, beside her favorite chair. The room was quite dark, except for the sliver of light streaming through the almost closed curtain. I have been waiting like this for over an hour. Sitting. Waiting. Anticipating her arrival. She promised me a gift if I did everything to her satisfaction. Like a child in a candy store, my mind filled with a thousand ideas of what was in store. I have been her butler, maid, manservant, cuckold, all rolled into one. And for the most part, I loved it. Ever since her mother died a year ago, leaving me alone, I have lived here with her, my step-daughter. She's almost 40, tall, slender, shoulder length auburn hair. Her breasts are small, but full, with pointed nipples, a neatly trimmed pussy, and long, very shapely, muscular legs. Francesca is a younger version of her mother. Perhaps, that's why I am so addicted to her. My mind keeps returning to her promise of a gift. In the past, when she has promised me something, she has proven true to her word. When announced in advance, like this morning, her presents have always been sexual in nature, like the leather collar I wear all the time, or the butt plug, firmly in place as I sit here. My favorite so far is the leather harness, which wraps around my testicles and cock shaft, keeping me in a constant state of readiness. Readiness to do anything my mistress wishes me to do. I hear a sound at the door, and turn to look. She's home! My mistress is home, ready to be served. The door opens. There she stands! But wait! There is someone with her! Another woman! My heart sinks! My hopes of showering my mistress with affection, and perhaps even my seed, explode into nothingness. In the past, when she has brought home women, they have played all night, leaving me to watch. My only pleasure being allowed to wallow in their after-scent, as I clean up. Not that it's so bad, really. I love the musky smell of a woman's cunt, and I live for the taste. But, this is the life I have chosen, so I smile as they walk in together. I rise and take their coats as my mistress explains that I am there for their pleasure, and will do anything they want. Our guest perks up at the emphasis of the word anything, and says, "You mean if I ask him to suck my toes...." Without waiting for her to finish, I drop to my knees lift her left leg, pull off her shoe and put her stocking clad foot into my mouth, running my tongue across her nylon covered toes. My mistress introduces me to Sarah, a short, brunette, with nice proportions and very shapely, muscular legs. "The pleasure is mine!" I reply as I put her leg down. My mistress adds, "Sarah is an intern with the firm for this semester and will be working closely with me." A sly smile crosses her face as I recognize the double meaning. "Yes, Mistress! May I get you both a glass of

wine?" Returning with two glasses, I notice that Sarah has been barely able to keep her eyes off my leather clad manhood, thinking to myself, perhaps she isn't strictly lesbian. At that point, my mistress takes Sarah's face in her hands and they kiss. I can see their tongues fencing, thrusting in and out of each others mouths. Sarah's hand slides under Mistress' skirt, While Mistress unbuttons Sarah's blouse, exposing a magnificent set of round, firm, young breasts, topped of f by large, dark rose colored nipples. My cock twitches as I watch the scene unfold before me. I return to my knees in front of both women, watching intently as Mistress kisses her way down Sarah's neck, across her collarbone, and up the swell of her right breast. A deep sigh emanates from the brunette's lips as Mistress engulfs her nipple, sucking hard and pulling on the resilient flesh. I notice Sarah's hand pumping in and out from under Mistress' skirt, and mistress spreading her legs, affording her guest better access. The two women slowly disrobe, their clothes strewn about for me to pick up, until all that is left are their panties. Sarah is wearing a pair of pink lace boy shorts, and Mistress a green satin thong. Mistress indicates that I am to assist in taking off the garments. I crawl over to our guest and grab the waistband of Sarah's panties with my teeth. Gently pulling, I slide the lacy piece off her hips down her legs and over her ankles. Her pussy is completely shaved, her cuntlips meaty, and the scent of her sex fills my nostrils. I linger a moment too long staring at her luscious pussy, and my Mistress slaps me on the ass. I mumble an apology as I repeat the process, again, not using my hands. Her thong is soaked with her juices, filling my head with her scent. It is just as potent as our guest, but different enough to make it easy to tell who is who. Mistress instructs me to wrap our guests panties around my cock while I stroke, adding that I must also suck on her thong. I gladly do as instructed, rubbing the pink lace up and down my shaft. Mistress reminds me that I am not allowed to cum without permission. But I must not stop! Having done similar service in the past, I know how to comply, gently stroking, but not taking my eyes off the two women as they position themselves to pleasure each other. Mistress is on top, grinding her auburn trimmed pussy into her guest's mouth as she chews gently on Sarah's meaty camel toe. Licking and slurping, the women bring each other off noisily, several times as I watch in silent fascination, wishing that I could partake. The air in the room smells heavily of sex. "Cum in her panties, now!" Mistress ordered, "Show our guest how you do it!" Removing her thong from my mouth, I answer in the affirmative. Standing over my mistress' shapely ass, I stroke harder, brushing the soft lace over my hard shaft, in full view of our guest. I grunt as my cock spews its contents into the undergarment. Unable to hold it all in the cloth, some of it drips down the crack of Mistress' ass. Sarah extends her tongue and laps up the escaped sperm, moaning at how good it tastes. Mistress then orders me to suck my semen off the sperm soaked boy shorts, but not to swallow. Sarah reaches up and squeezes the last drops of cum from my piss slit and licks her hand as she watches me lick the cooling white cream from the front panel of her panties. Mistress stands and tells me to kiss our guest. I leaned over and thrust my cum covered tongue into her eagerly awaiting mouth, feeling her suck my seed and swallow. "Thank you, Miss, for the opportunity to cum in your panties." Her answer is to reach up and grab my slowly shrinking cock, pulling it to her lips, and licking the dregs of my masturbation from the head and shaft. The sheer sensuality of her act immediately begins to revive my flagging member. The way her tongue swirls around my dark

rose colored head makes me moan. Pulling me closer, she sucks my left testicle into her mouth, moaning as she cleans the congealing sperm from it, gently washing the crinkly skin with her tongue. Then she repeats the process on the other. The warmth of her tongue and lips, and the vulnerability of my manhood make me instantly stiff. She turns to her hostess, "May I have him?" she asked. "He will do whatever you want, no matter how depraved!" Mistress answers, smiling down at me. "Won't you?" "Yes, Mistress! Of course." I reply, "Anything you want!" Smiling wickedly, Sarah requests that I lay on the floor. She squats over me and asks me to lick. I extend my tongue and feather it against her clit. She rolled her hips so my tongue drags from the top of her moist pussy all the way to the darkened ring of her rectum. As my tongue crosses over the tensed muscle of her sphincter, she moans. Grabbing hold of my now fully erect manhood, she continues to roll her hips, smearing her musky essence from my cheeks to my chin. I hear her invite Mistress to have a seat. The dry warmth of Sarah's hand is replaced by the damp heat of my Mistress' cunt as it slowly engulfs my rigid prick. Gulping air quickly, I continue to massage Sarah's puffy pussy lips and ass, I hear her say, "I love to watch people fuck! Don't you? It makes me so wet." Abruptly, she stands, offering her oozing pussy to her hostess, who eagerly accepts, pushing her face into her guests crotch, licking up the heady cream that coats Sarah's bald pussy. She continues to rise and fall on my rampant cock, warning me not to cum until instructed, as she devours Sarah's luscious cunt, bringing her guest to another delicious orgasm. "I'm so hot!" Sarah gasps, "I need to fuck someone!" Hoping it is me she is referring to, I answer, smiling, "I am here to serve you, Miss." Then she added, "In the ass!" In spite of having never been violated in that manner before, I maintain my composure. "Whatever our guest wishes." I reply. Mistress rises, and as the warm envelope of her sex disappears, I feel the cool evening air against my dampened penis. I assume the position on the floor on my hands and knees, waiting for our guest. I can hear her strapping on a dildo, wondering how big it will be and how much it will hurt. Then I feel her hand on my ass as she removes my butt plug and smears some cold liquid against my hole. I feel her moistened fingers enter me, smearing more of the lubricant inside and stretching me ever so slightly. Then I feel the cold hardness of the plastic phallus as it pushes against my ass. Pushing back against her, I feel the head of the thing as it insinuates itself inside me. It is a foreign feeling, slightly uncomfortable, but enjoyable at the same time. Once fully lodged inside, she begins slowly pistonning in and out, stretching me as she does so. Reaching around me, she grabs my cock and starts pumping it, her hand still coated with lubricant. I felt her breasts rub on my back, as she rocks back and forth, filling and emptying my ass. The more and faster she pumps, the better it feels. I begin to push back as she enters, then leaves, re-entering and leaving again. Still pumping my cock, she asks me if I like what she is doing. "Yes, Miss! It feels good being fucked in the ass by you." "Enough for you to cum for me?" "Yes Miss!" I reply as I rock into her thrusts. I watch as my mistress crawls underneath me, engulfing my caged cock in her sweet, warm mouth. Her warm, moist, lips and tongue on my glans send shivers down my spine "Lick your Mistress' cunt!" Sarah demands. I lower my face to the neatly trimmed red haired arrow pointing toward my Mistress' treasure, feathering her engorged clit. Pumping back at my anal assault, feeling the wet heat of my Mistress' mouth, and sucking the sweet nectar from her freshening cunt bring me to the edge. My orgasm is so intense,

that I think for a moment I might pass out. I grunt, my face deep in the folds of mistress' pussy, as my cock shoots its contents into her face. Her cheeks full of me, Mistress scurries over to Sarah, who has ripped the dildo off and lays on her back with her fingers splaying her hot pink cunt wide open. Mistress proceeds to drool warm cum all over her guests clit and inside her gaping pussy, some dripping down her crack to her ass. Without being told, I crawl over to the hot brunette and wipe my tongue all over her luscious, cum covered cunt. After lapping up the soft, hairless outer lips I surround her clit, sucking on it. I push two fingers into her well lubricated hole, flexing them against her g-spot as my tongue feathers against her excited nub. She moans, grabbing my head and pulling me into the soft folds of her womanhood. Reaching up with my free hand, I gently knead her right breast, feeling her nipple harden in my palm, as my other hand continues to assault her sopping sex. I lift my head to admire my handiwork. Driving in hard enough to make her breasts ripple, I work feverishly to make her cum again. The room is thick with the smell of sex, the squishing sounds of my fingers in her tight cunt fill the air, her mouth open in a constant moan, her eyes closed. She is soft, warm, and very, very wet. She reaches out for my cock, wrapping her hand around it, almost in a chokehold. I am getting closer. I can feel it in the almost painful grip she has on my manhood. She is panting! Her cunt is squeezing my still flexing fingers. I lean down and suck on her nipple, taking as much of her in my mouth as will fit, swirling my tongue around the hard nub. "Oh God! Oh fuck! Oh Yes!" she babbles as she finally breaks through, spilling her essence on my hand. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Now! Please?" she pleads as she pulls my hand from her still flowing pussy. "Yes Miss! With pleasure!" I answer as I pry her legs apart and press my cock to the entrance of her still throbbing pussy. Smiling as I watch myself slide effortlessly inside her well lubricated cunt, I slowly let myself down into her grasp. Her legs wrap around me, holding me deep inside. Her arms grab my shoulders, her nails digging in to the muscle tissue causing great pleasure-pain. She hunches her hips in an effort to get me deeper inside. I respond, pushing my hips toward her, establishing a rhythm as we rut like animals desperate to mate. After two more orgasms have wracked her luscious body, I finally let loose, my cock spilling the last drops of semen deep within her throbbing womanhood. I collapse on top of her. She lifts my head, kissing my hard, biting my lip, before directing me to nurse on her sore nipples. After we regain our breath, I pull my shrunken prick from her warm wet, dripping, pussy, asking, "Do you wish for me to clean you up?" "No. Your work is done!" she answers wiping her fingers through her slit and offering me a taste. I slowly envelope her sticky fingers with my lips, gently sucking the viscous liquid, the combined juices of our just completed coupling, from her slender digits. I turn to my Mistress for instructions. She is splayed out on a chair, two fingers buried in her own pussy, finishing off a self-induced orgasm. "Tonight was the first anniversary of your moving in and I thought you deserved a gift. You may do as you please for the rest of the night." "Then, I choose to spend it serving you both!"