

A wedding anniversary gift..

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On their third wedding anniversary, Alice is surprised when a Mr F. phones her for a rendez-vous

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1. Alice Reynolds received a phone call in the middle of her presentation. She was having an interactive discourse on a new pharmaceutical product. It was her husband, Mac. She excused herself in front of the marketing panel and got out from the air-conditioned conference room. "Mac?" "Mrs Reynolds?" The voice at the other end of the phone was light and joking; Alice could imagine Mac with his teasing smile. "Mac! I'm in the middle of a presentation on the Herbal Skin Toning . Can we talk later?" "No we can't, Mrs Reynolds. I want to talk to you now." "Ok, ok... What is it?" "Mrs Reynolds, you are distracted and not taking me seriously." Mac's voice had regained its apparent seriousness. She had heard this reproach often in the last months but being head of the Marketing Team was no easy task. Alice sighed and yielded. After all, it was their third wedding anniversary today. "I am sorry. Tell me, honey, what is it?" "Mr Reynolds is under hostage. The ransom price is a one night date with her lovely brunette wife. I want to fuck her till the early morning hours. I will send you a parcel with further details on how you should meet me tonight." Alice frowned as the line was disconnected. She felt a sudden surge of wetness in between her thighs. What new game was Mac up to? 2. At 2 p.m. in the afternoon, her secretary knocked on her door with a brown, well-sealed parcel addressed to Mrs Reynolds and clearly marked as private. "This has just been received madam." Her secretary looked at her blankly as she handed over the bag. Alice locked the door before proceeding to the unravelling of the mysterious package. There was a white envelope along with a black plastic bag inside. The bag contained a pair of silky red underwear, a short revealing black dress and black fishnet hosiery. The envelope read: " Dress up in these. A taxi will pick you up at 6.30 p.m.sharp and lead you to me. Mr F." Alice was restless for the remaining part of the day. She wanted to run home and have sex with Mac straight away but reality called out to her through the dozens of emails she had to respond to. 3. After her bath, Alice climbed up their bedroom. It was neat and untouched. She shrugged her shoulders; maybe Mac had planned a real good dinner. The taxi stopped at their door at the time specified. The driver gave her an envelope as she entered. It read: " Come over in Room 41, ask the concierge, he will lead you to me. Mr F." They came to a stop in front of a cheap hotel. The kind of hotel where people stopped by for casual sex. She got out and numbly reached out for the door knob. As soon as she stepped in, a thin blond boy in his early twenties

introduced himself as the concierge. He then said: "Mrs Reynolds? Mr F is waiting for you in room 41. Second floor, at the far right end" She turned red at the mention of her name associated with a Mr F. Mac was crazy. She hurried up the dusty red carpet, at the direction the concierge pointed. The hotel itself tried to look elegant with its red velvet carpet and chandeliers, yet Alice could not escape the fact that this place was profane. She knocked against a half-dressed smiling whore on the staircase. Her lipstick was smeared across her face. She could hear the plaintive whines of women as they were being stuffed by hard cocks. In a room that had been left slightly ajar, she caught sight of a blonde woman in her late thirties sucking a black cock. The whole atmosphere set her senses on fire. She finally stopped in front of room 41. She went in and closed the hard wooden door behind her. She turned her gaze steadily towards Mr F. 4. "So you are finally here, Mrs Reynolds." Alice sat down and looked up at him. His green eyes misted over and he licked his moist lips as she neared him. The sight of his handsome familiar face made her smile. And horny. She would play along, she decided, at whatever game he had chosen for their special day. The room had a king sized bed in the far end, a table in the middle and a large mirror in the wall, directly facing the table. "I am here, as you see, Mr F. I will spend the night with you in this brothel instead of being in the arms of my husband." Mr F. nodded, and then gently dragged her chair facing his. He gently leaned over her and covered her mouth with his, caressing her hair and throat. The kiss was teasing at first, but she moaned as he gently bit her lips and licked them. The kiss turned into a wild one. He unzipped the black sleeveless dress. He motioned her up and pulled her close to him, in between his legs, until she felt his hard cock against her. Her breasts were at level with his mouth and he reached inside her dress, squeezing her tight nipples. "Mac..." He suddenly let go of her and pulled her by her hair down till she bent down and her lips reached his. "I'm Mr F." he said fiercely. "You will be punished for this mistake." He smeared her lipstick over her cheek with a finger. He then ruffled up her hair and tore her dress as if it were a mere bandage with the table knife. He cupped one breast out of her silky bra and motioned her to sit again. By now, Alice was so wet she had trouble keeping her role. "You're now like the perfect bitch." Mr F. whispered in her ear, gently licking her earlobe. She shivered and glanced at her reflection into the mirror. Her brown tits stood out wildly. Her perfect red lipstick was carelessly sprawled over her cheek. Just like that whore, she thought. Mr F. rang a small bell and seconds later, the concierge came. Alice felt hot and troubled as she felt the young concierge's eyes over her naked breast and perfect body. At the same time, she could not avoid the thrill of the whole situation. Her silky panty felt terribly wet. "Concierge, stay back until we have finished taking our entrée." Mr F. said. The concierge nodded, rather uneasily. The dinner was impressive; Alice had not expected such luxury. The entrée consisted of quiches with mushroom along with Cabernet wine; the main dish consisted of grilled lamb chops and a vegetable soup. Alice was nervous and blushing at first, but then each time she looked across her reflection in the mirror, she turned horny. They shared light talks about the food and the hotel as they ate under the silent gaze of the concierge. From time to time, Mr F. reached out to caress her wet cunt. When their meal was over, Mr F. ordered for the dessert and waved the concierge off. They were finally alone in the room. 5. Mr F. locked the door and said softly: "I want to make love to you now." Alice nodded. He slowly got up and drew her up on

her feet. The dress fell down smoothly over her tanned legs. She was a sight with her red lacy underwear, left breast cupped out of the bra and the black fishnet hosiery. The high heels gave her the allure of an elegant prostitute. Mr F. made her sit on the table, directly facing the mirror, and pushed her legs apart. The high heels were shaken off, his tie was undone and the shirt was removed. He began by spreading whipped cream; their dessert, on her breasts. "How do you feel like with dessert on your tits?" he asked. She looked at herself in the mirror and moaned. "Pretty, but not as pretty as when cum drips over my tits..." He laughed and then licked her tits clean, gently biting the tight brown nipples until she whimpered. He looked up in her moaning face and whispered: "There's more to come." He next took up the bottle of olive oil. He generously poured out the thick pale green liquid from the curvaceous bottle over her belly. It dripped down her thighs and panty. She sighed and closed her eyes. Her lover had surpassed himself in erotic fantasy tonight. Mr F. proceeded by pulling off the bra and the panty. He poured more whipped cream over her breasts and asked her to look at her reflection in the mirror. She was an odd sight with the whipped cream and the oil dripping down over her pubic hair. And it drove her even hornier. "Lick me clean." He smiled and did as requested. He sucked her breasts and kissed her all the way down her belly. He swirled his tongue in her navel until she moaned. He then pushed her legs apart and got on his knees. Like this, she realised that she would have a perfect view of herself as he sucked her cunt. He began by licking her inner thighs and outer lips. He then sucked her clitoris, making her let out several loud cries. Slowly as he sucked her centre of pleasure, he slid an oiled finger in her cunt hole. She held her breath for a moment. Their eyes met briefly as his head came up. Alice smiled. He bent down again, licking her clitoris while fingering her at a rhythmic pace. Slowly, he even brought his lips inside her cunt hole, tongue-fucking her. Then one finger in her ass and two fingers in her vagina, he got up and kissed her mouth. It was the best oral job he had done, Alice thought half dreamily. After several long minutes of pleasure, she screamed off as her orgasms came, over his tongue. 6. A short while after she had recovered, Mr F. asked her to get down on her knees. He freed himself from his pants. A big hard cock waved off in the dim candle light. Alice giggled as she in turn poured down cream over his cock's head and over his dangling balls. She teased the tip of his hard cock, and then slowly licked off the cream from his balls. He groaned and pushed his cock over her lips and cheek. The whipped cream did a fine mess on her face. "Wait till your cum mixes with the cream. That's what I would love." she whispered. "That's enough," he groaned. "I want to fuck you now." He dragged her up and lifted her up in his arms. She let out a loud laugh. "Hey, I'll fall!" "No you won't. I'm not your scrawny husband! Mr F. is a seducer." he whispered in her ear. He laid her down on the bed and shoved her legs apart. He slowly inserted his cock inside her cunt hole. She whimpered. He got out of her hole. Then pushed in slowly again. Minutes later, he thrust in again and set out a slow, regular pace. She sighed as she embraced her arms over his back. "Fuck me, fuck me, Mr F..." her voice was ragged and whining. He groaned as he pushed in deeper and deeper. His balls slapped against her thighs and ass as his cock went in deeper. Their lips met briefly with each thrust. After a long while, she screamed off as another set of orgasms shook her body. Seconds later, she got up and pushed him back on bed. "Now my turn to drive you crazy." she whispered. Alice sucked his wet cock, letting her

saliva drip down over her chin and mouth. Mixing with the remains of the whipped cream on her face, she looked like a nasty bitch. He groaned as she performed a deep throat with him. He finally cummed on her mouth, as she had wanted him to. Cum dripped down over her chin and throat. She grinned and laid a small kiss on his lips. "Thanks for my anniversary gift. I love you." Alice whispered. "My sweet wife, you're the best. I love you being adorable at home but out of control in our fantasy times." He smiled as he reached out for a Kleenex tissue to wipe her face clean. They shared one last kiss and slept in each other's arms. *