



The Homecoming

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He comes home to a warm welcome!

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/quickie-sex/the-homecoming.aspx>

"I will be home in about an hour, Amy. I want you to be upstairs in our room when I get home. I want you to have the spreader bar and ankle restraints holding your legs wide apart and your wrists in the restraints held up by the hook I installed in the ceiling beam. I want you wearing your blindfold as well. Do you understand these instructions?" I said. "Oooh, John! Feeling frisky tonight? Ok, I will do as you say," she said. "Good girl," I said and hung up the cell phone.

_____ I had been called away on business for a couple of days, trying to salvage someone else's fuck up on a multi-million dollar project out-of-town. I didn't want to go, but when you are told by your boss that "you are the only one I can count on to fix this", you're pretty much stuck with the responsibility. So I had said goodbye to Amy and told her to be good. She had been to the store and I had taken care of any bills or other home affairs before I went so she really didn't have anything to worry about until I got home. "Just keep the place running and I will see you when I get back," was what I told her. It was about an hour and a half by the time I pulled into the driveway - traffic was heavier than I anticipated. But that would work to my favor. I unlocked the door and stepped inside the house. Taking off my coat and shoes, I went upstairs and got my "working clothes" out - black leather pants, a white open-front sleeveless shirt, and black pull-on square-toe boots. I got dressed in the bathroom so that Amy could hear me but had to wait just a little longer. When I was ready, I went into the bedroom to see my Amy. The bedroom was dimly lit by the overhead lighting dimmed down, and accented by the two candles she had lit on our night stands and the three she had lit on the dresser. Standing in the center of the room was the object of my desire, my lovely Amy, looking as alluring and delicious as ever she was. She had followed my directions to the letter, her hands raised over her head and held there by the leather wrist restraints while her ankles were held so far apart she had trouble standing upright. She had the blindfold on and was standing there, softly swaying and waiting for me. I slowly walked up to her, taking in the whole scene while it

was still fresh and new. I got close to her and her sweet scent found my nostrils - a mixture of her perfume and her own musky, sex smell. Coming up, right up to her without touching her, I breathed her in once more. "Have you been a good girl, Amy?" I said in a low throaty voice. "Yes, John," she whispered, her voice quivering with excitement. "I have missed you, Amy," I said. "And I have missed you too. I have missed you so much," she panted. I reached my hand up and softly stroked her cheek, while she laid her face in my hand and purred. Then I reached behind her head and grabbed a handful of her long blonde hair and pulled her head back. She gasped at my sudden action and I covered her gasp with my mouth. She opened her mouth to me and my tongue entered to find hers. As I embraced her, our tongues embraced as well and she moaned into me. I kissed her hungrily, claiming her once more as my own and asserting my possession of her. I broke our kiss and she sighed, "Oh, John!" "I know, Amy. But I am home now," I said. I pulled away from her slightly and with my fingertips at the back of her neck, I slowly ran them over her left shoulder and down her chest to trace small circles around her areola. She moaned as my fingers left a trail of fire across her skin. I saw goose-bumps raise on her skin and felt her shudder as I touched her. I continued on my way, and Amy arched her back as my hand left her breasts. I traced a slow trail down her taut stomach and as I neared her mons, her breath quickened into panting. "You are wet, my dear," I said, as I noticed the wetness of her pussy reflected by the candlelight. "Yesss," she said. I touched her pussy and she jerked and gasped then opened her legs for more. I traced a soft line down her slit, not entering her but letting her feel my presence at her velvety opening. She pushed her hips forward in an attempt to get my fingers in her, but as she moved forward, I moved back, never giving her what she craved. "John, please, don't tease me," she whimpered. She stomped a foot in frustration. I smiled "I just want to make sure you are ready for me Amy," I told her. "I am. I want you so much! I want you inside me!" She whined. I obliged her then, slipping my two middle fingers into her warm, wet pussy as I rose to kiss her once more. She spread her legs as wide as she could and pushed forward as my fingers began churning inside her hungry hole. She gasped and panted and moaned as she felt me fondling her pussy lips, her clit, and plunging in and out of her. "Oh my God! Oh John! Oh!" She cried as I fingered her. I stabbed at her pussy with my fingers roughly, but she was so hot and so sex-starved that she only wanted more. "Fuck me, John! Fuck Your slut! Oh yess, Fuck me! Fuck me!" She cried. My hand was flying in and out of her and she was bucking into every thrust. I sawed in and out of her pussy as she rose higher and higher towards her first orgasm of the night. I could feel the pressure building up inside her. I knew she wouldn't last much longer. "OH, FUCK! Oh GOD I'm going to CUM! Oh please, John, please make me cum! Please!" She cried loudly as she reached her peak. "Wait for it," I commanded. "OHHHH!!!" she wailed. But she held it back. I continued to plunge in and out of her with one hand, but I added another level to her distress when I used the thumb of my other hand to massage her throbbing, swollen clit. "JOHN! PLEEEASE! Oh Fuck! Please, please, please," she cried louder this time. "Then cum for me Amy, CUM NOW!!" I said. "OHHHHHHHHMMMMYYYYYGOODDDDD!" She screamed as she threw her head back. Her whole body went into convulsions as her orgasm roared through her body. She jerked and bucked, her wrists holding her up as her legs gave out on her. One orgasm after another raged on through her

sweating, panting body. I kept plunging into her pussy as she came all over my fingers and her juices ran down my arm. "Who are you slut? Are you my whore? Are you my filthy whore?" I said, goading her higher and higher. "YES, John! Oh Yes! I am your whore! I am your filthy, fucking whore! Fuck my pussy, please!" She screamed as the words brought her to the peak again. Finally she had wrung herself out and hung there, her legs quivering as they struggled to hold her up. Panting she stood there, her body glistening as sweat ran down her body in little rivers and her hair hung stringy and matted with sweat. I moved around behind her and nuzzled into her neck, kissing her neck and nibbling on her ear. I wrapped my arms around her and drew her close to me as I reached around and began playing with her tits. "John," she purred, pushing her ass back against my growing bulge. As her breathing returned to near normal, I took the fingers that had only a few moments ago been deep in her pussy and put them to her lips, smearing her juices across her sweet lips and into her mouth, She licked her pussy juice off my fingers eagerly, savoring her own taste. "Mmmmm," she said as she licked my fingers. "How do you taste little one?" I asked. "Delicious, Sweetheart," she replied. "I believe I'll have a taste then," I said. "Nooo, John! Please! Wait! Wait!" She said. But I wasn't about to wait. She had come down from her first orgasm and I wanted to start her up the next hill before she had cooled down too much! I moved around in front of her, kneeling in front of that heavenly mound and parted her lips, revealing her wet, pink insides. I touched her clit and marveled at how that little bud could send her into such delirium. I flicked the little nub a couple of times as Amy moaned each time. I placed my mouth over her pussy and began lapping up the sweet juices that ebbed from the still pulsing hole. "Oh Jooohn," she hissed as she spread her legs again. "Ohhhhhh!" I held her pussy open as I licked at her soft pink interior, teasing her pussy and sucking and nibbling at her clit. Amy squirmed and wriggled under my tongue and I had to grab her ass with both hands to hold her still. I used one finger placed at her asshole to make her push forward into my face further allowing me to get deeper into her. "Ahhhhhh," she moaned. As I ate her, she hung from her wrists as she gave herself over to the sensations I was creating in her pussy. Her pussy was drooling now, and she writhed and twisted under me as I continued to devour her. She opened and closed her hands and tossed her head back and forth, the only movements she could really do bound as she was. She was just on the brink of another orgasm when I suddenly pulled away and stood up. "John, please," she whimpered and looked at me like I'd just taken away her Christmas present. I reached up and pinched her nipple hard, making her gasp. "You want me to make you cum again, don't you?" I said. "Oh please," she begged. "Please?" I taunted. "Oh God, yes. Yes Please make me cum. I want your cock so bad," she said. I looked at her and smiled slyly, "You don't get my cock yet. I'm not done playing with you." I walked over to the nightstand and got out the Magic Wand vibrator. I plugged it in and brought it close to her wet slick slit. I clicked it on a second before I touched it to her pussy and when I did, she just about bent double! "FUUUUCK!! Oh Fuck, John! Oh Fuck! Oh Fuck! Oh Fuck!" She screamed as the vibrations coursed through her. She spread her thighs and then tried twisting away from the device but in the position she was in, there was no escaping the dreadful vibrating devil. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming! Oh Shit!" she said. And sure enough, I started to see her ass cheeks quiver and a flow of sweet nectar burst from around the head of the buzzing monster. I let her

cum and then I pulled it away from her for a brief reprieve. But I didn't let her rest for long. I brought our full-length mirror over in front of her and removed her blindfold. Standing behind her I grabbed her chin and held her face still. "Look at that nasty slut in the mirror! Look at what a dirty little whore she is! Tied up with her pussy slobbering her cum," I said, gruffly shaking her head. She looked at her reflection in the mirror with me standing behind her. "And still you want more, don't you? Don't you slut?" I said, shaking her head again. "Yes...please. Please fuck me...please I want you cock...oh please!" She begged. I took the spreader bar off of her ankles and then took her arms down from where they had been holding her up. I grabbed her by her arms and half dragged/half-walked her to the bed, throwing her on top of it and then climbing up myself. I rolled her onto her stomach and fastened her wrists together behind her back quickly. "Get that ass in the air!" I said as I slapped her ass cheek hard. She raised up to a kneeling position with her head flat on the bed. "Spread your legs wide," I commanded. She spread them obediently. I spread her pussy and began thrusting my hand into her again. "Oh, God! Oh fuck," she moaned, "Please let me cum. Please." I started fucking her faster, and harder. "You are such a slut," I growled. "begging me to cum." "Please, please John. Please use me," she begged as she held his fingers in the tight, wet grip of her pussy. "Please use your filthy whore!" Close to her ear, my voice was a hot, clipped whisper. "I'm going to fuck you slut. I'm going to make you beg. I'm going to make you moan. I'm going to fuck your pussy - MY pussy - so hard you won't be able to walk straight for a week! You are begging me to fuck you but soon you will be begging me to stop!" She arched her back at my words, pushing her ass back against my roughly groping hand, she moaned. "Oh yes, yes, take me, take me your way. Fuck me with your cock, yours love, take me, take me!" I got behind her, between her widely flared legs and grabbing a handful of her blonde hair, I began rubbing my aching cock up and down along her slippery slit. I swatted her ass a couple of times with my free hand just to keep her attention. She gasped at the swats in between moans as my cock brushed her hungry empty pussy. "Ohhhhhhhh," she moaned, biting down on her lower lip as my cock began its invasion of her pussy. Deeper, deeper until my balls slapped her pussy and she felt my hips pushing against her ass. "FFUUUCCCKKK," she gasped, squirming she felt me filling her up. "Is this MY pussy?" "Yes...y-yes...y-yessss," she moaned loudly as I began pumping into her "What did you say? Louder. Is this MY pussy?" "Ohhhhhh YES, Darling, yours, your pussy, your pussy!" She lay there, her face pushed hard on the bed with a corner of her pillow clenched between her teeth, her ass high in the air and my cock skewering her like some twisted shish kabob. "Oh God, John, ohhhhhh!" Lunging forward, I plunged into her velvet depths, filling her with my cock in one long, slow stroke. She grunted as she felt me bury my cock in her, pistoning in and out of her with the sound of our bodies slapping together, her moans and cries, and my grunts providing a musicality that resounded throughout the house. Bucking like some erotic cowboy riding a wild mare, I fucked her hard, growling with passion as I took from her what was mine, took from her what she had happily surrendered. And then I felt that all too familiar, tightening in my balls, the spark that comes just before the eruption. Taking a firmer hold of her hair and the other hand grasping her hip bone I made the last few thrusts even more savage than the rest. 3... 2... 1... "NNNNNNNGGHHHHGHHH!!!!!!!!!!!" I roared, every muscle in my body tensing suddenly as my cock

