

# Best Wife Ever: 12 Days of Sexmas...Part 2

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*The riveting 2nd half to a wife's very loving 12 day Christmas marathon!*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/wife-lovers/best-wife-ever-12-days-of-1.aspx>

6. THE SIXTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Monday December 19<sup>th</sup>, 2011 I woke up expecting some sort of hot kinky sex, but found the bed empty. I felt a surprising wave of disappointment to not see her in bed. I yawned and could hear music downstairs, so I grabbed my robe and made my way to the kitchen. I could smell the delicious aroma of bacon. Once I reached the kitchen my morning got even better. Alexis, naked except for her apron to cover her precious parts, was frying bacon and making pancakes. Breakfast had never been so sexy. She smiled, grabbed the coffee and sauntered over to me, leaned over to give me an ample peak at her firm breasts, and poured my coffee. Once my coffee was poured, she returned to the stove and finished making breakfast. I sipped my coffee and just admired my beautiful wife and her determination to continue to make our marriage spontaneous. She finished the last of the bacon and made me a plate. She returned to the kitchen table and handed me a plate with bacon, pancakes and toast. She smiled and said, "Good morning, baby. This is an interactive breakfast." "Interactive?" I asked confused. Then, without a word, she dropped to her knees, crawled under the table and took my cock in her mouth. Stunned, yet again, I took a bite of bacon as my wife slowly sucked my cock. I grabbed the sports section of the paper and checked the scores while I had breakfast and got a slow blowjob. Another of my dreams was to be watching football, with a beer in one hand, a plate with steak in front of me while Alexis gave me the exact same luxurious blowjob. Alexis pleased my cock with such tenderness; I doubt I would have come if we stayed in these positions for the whole day. I would have just continued to be in a perpetual state of pleasure. Alas, after fifteen minutes I was finished breakfast and decided my wife deserved some pleasure too. I said, "Get up here, baby." She crawled out from underneath the table with a smile on her face, "Did you enjoy your breakfast?" "It was delicious and very relaxing," I replied, "but I think it is time for you to have the same luxurious breakfast." "I already ate," she replied, before adding to clarify, "breakfast I mean." "Well, then I guess I should have dessert," I smiled, lifting her onto the table and spreading her legs. I moved to her pussy and gave long, wide licks of her still dry pussy lips. The wetness soon came and I continued with long up and down strokes, eager to get her off. I felt her lean back and I was surprised when I saw a yellow banana in my face, "Fuck me with this baby, while you suck my clit." Not one to disagree with my wife's pleasure, I took the long, curved fruit and slipped it inside her now very damp pussy. Moving my head up a bit, I moved up and

concentrated on her clit. Tentative at first with the fruit, I began to pump my wife's pussy with it when she demanded, "Fuck me, baby, fuck me fast." As I obeyed her request, her breathing got heavier and I knew the double pleasure of my mouth on her clit and the banana in her pussy was going to get her off soon. "Oh God yes, don't stop baby, don't you dare fucking stop," she screamed as she got closer and seconds later exploded all over the make-shift fuck toy. Taking charge, I let go of her clit, pulled out the banana, pulled her off the table, bent her over the table and slid my cock inside her just fucked pussy. She hadn't even finished climaxing when I began to pound her from behind. Her loud moans continued with each thrust. "Oh yes, baby, fuck me, I want to feel your cum deep inside me." One of her hands held onto the table for grip while the other reached for the banana and she sucked her juices off the long, yellow fruit. The sight was hot, obscene and so out of character for my wife that it had my balls bubbling and three more hard deep thrusts was all I needed to fill my wife with my seed. I continued slow pumps into my wife as I finished my orgasm. Once spent, I fell back on my chair and my wife turned around peeled the banana and took a bite. She smiled, "I figured that with you leaving at five in the morning tomorrow you may want to go to bed early, so I better get the sixth day of Christmas done early." "You continue to surprise me, baby," I replied, watching her eat the banana that was just buried inside her. I know by peeling the fruit it was still clean and so forth, but it still seemed so naughty. Again foreshadowing even more naughtiness, she teased, finishing the banana, "Oh baby, there is so much more to come and I definitely indeed meant the pun." She sat on my lap, her wetness leaking onto my leg and leaned in for a sweet, soft kiss. We both eventually unwrapped ourselves from our lust and got ready for work. As I drove to work forty-five minutes later I knew I had the best wife in the world.

### 7. THE SEVENTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Tuesday December 20<sup>th</sup>, 2011

After yesterday's morning sex, I went over 24 hours without any action. Last night, Alexis worked late getting her Christmas pageant ready for Wednesday and I packed and went to bed early. I was leaving for a two-day conference in New York and would not return until Thursday evening. I was getting so used to her surprises, I expected some sort of action in the morning, or on the drive to the airport, but it was all business. Hugs, kisses, promises to call tonight. The day itself was uneventful. A two-hour delay at the airport, a painfully bumpy flight and a stupidly expensive cab ride and I was in downtown New York. That afternoon I did some shopping, bought Alexis a couple of sweet New York trinkets she would love. I took a risk, buying her an expensive gold dress that I was sure she would love. Although my track record at buying her clothing was spotty at best (the wrong size, unflattering colours, etc), I was pretty confident this was perfect. I assumed she already had a dress for this year's formal New Year's Eve Party, but in case she didn't this would be perfect. I had a great supper at an overpriced steakhouse and retreated to my room around 7:30. As I collapsed on my king-sized bed, I checked my phone for messages and learned it was dead. I grabbed a charger and plugged it in. I noticed three missed calls from Alexis, one from Jarrod, a colleague, and five missed text messages all from Alexis: The first one was while I was in the air. Alexis: Have a good flight...I saw you were delayed. The second one came at around lunch. Alexis: I am having a cucumber salad for lunch. What else can a cucumber be used for? My cock twitched at that sexual innuendo. The third came after her school day would have been done. Alexis: I am so horny right

now...I am going through withdrawal. L I was too I realized my growing cock pointed out. The forth text was from a couple hours ago. Alexis: Called you twice. Turn on your phone so I can turn you on. Now fully erect, I checked the last message. Alexis: I found out what else a cucumber can be used for...too bad you didn't answer my last call. She wouldn't? Would she? A week ago I would have said no, but now...hmmmm...maybe. I tried calling her back, but it was my turn to get no answer. I sighed and texted her. Sorry baby, my phone died. Back at the hotel now. Probably just going to watch porn and wish you were here. J Of course, I didn't watch porn, I watched a hockey game. I was just dozing off when my cell rang. It was Alexis. "Hey, baby, how was your day?" she asked. "A travel day. Long, frustrating and tiresome," I replied. "Too bad I wasn't there to make you feel better," she teased. "Don't start something you can't finish," I threatened. "Hmmmm, is that a challenge?" she asked. Unsure what she meant, I decided to play along, "Yes, it is." "Game on," she replied. "Do you know what I am wearing right now?" "I am going to go with a monkey suit," I joked. "Haha, you perve! That probably would turn you on," she teased. "Anything you wear turns me on, baby," I countered. "You don't have to suck up baby, you already have me." "Just stating the facts ma'am," I replied. "Anyways, the answer to my simple question is absolutely nothing," she said. "Hmmm," I moaned, envisioning her on our bed naked, before adding, "not even stockings?" "Nope," she replied, "as naked as the day I was born. Question." "Yes," I replied, used to her changing subjects randomly with one word: question. "If I was to dyke out with one of my friends, who would you like it to be?" "W-w-what?" I stammered. "I think my question was pretty clear," she rebuked, teasing me. Realizing there was no good answer to this question, I answered, "I refuse to answer based on the reality that whoever I say could lead to dire consequences for me later." "Good call," she teased, "but I already know the answer." "You do?" I asked. "Jenna, correct?" she hypothesized, correctly. "She would be a decent choice," I answered, before adding, "but she still doesn't light a candle to you, my dear." "Hmmm," she moaned into the phone, "that's it Jenna, lick my pussy." "What?" I repeated like an imbecile. Ignoring me, she continued, "Oh fuck yes, Jenna, your tongue feels so good on my pussy." Briefly my mind wondered whether this was real or just role playing before I decided who cares and with my free hand struggled to release my growing cock. Her breathing increased and I knew that she indeed was having her pussy pleased, although I assumed it was by her hand or toy. "Oh god Jenna, why didn't we start doing this long time ago? Your face buried between my legs is fucking hot." I heard a muffled, "I don't know," which confused me even more. I was pretty sure it was all just a fantasy, but there was just enough lingering doubt to confuse me. My free hand went to my cock as my wife continued talking to me, "Fuck Jeremy, Jenna has my cunt so fucking wet. Too bad you weren't here to watch...maybe join in." Deciding to play along, I said, "Oh baby, if I was there I would do more than just watch." She moaned, "Oh really, baby? What would you do? Shove your cock in my mouth while Jenna pleased me? Push her out of the way and shove your big cock in me? Or would you fuck Jenna from behind, pounding her so hard her face was shoved deep inside my wet cunt?" I couldn't believe her words or her using the word cunt again. Her moans were increasing and I responded, "I would shove my cock in Jenna's mouth and get it nice and hard." "Hmmm," she moaned, "and then?" Realizing she was getting turned on by my dirty talk, I continued, "When I would have both you sluts

on your knees, your tight asses high up for me, and I would go back and forth fucking each of your whore cunts.” Her moans continued as I got more detailed, “I would do five quick strokes in you and then five in your best friend. I would do three more in you and three in your wet friend. I would slap your ass while I buried my cock deep in your blonde friend and repay the favour when I buried my cock deep in your wet cunt.” “Oh god, baby, keep talking, I’m close,” she moaned. Deciding she wanted to be dominated verbally, I said, “I would then throw Jenna onto her back, spread her legs wide and shove my cock in her. While I fucked her, I would order you to straddle her and lower your soaking wet cunt on her pretty face and pull your hair leading you to her clit. You would suck on her clit while your husband’s cock filled her cunt so completely.” “Oh god yes, baby, that is so fucking hot,” she moaned. Knowing she was close, I went for the kill, “I would keep drilling her, until I could no longer hold it and I would pull out and shoot my load all over your face, Alexis, just as your friend’s tongue got you off.” “Aaaaaaah,” she screamed, clearly coming. I was right behind her as I shot a load of cum all over myself a few seconds later. She heard my grunt and moaned, “You coming too, baby?” “Yessssss,” I grunted into the phone. Silence suddenly filled the room except our heavy breathing from miles away. Finally, she spoke, “Well, that was fun.” “Indeed, it was,” I replied. We talked for a few minutes and agreed that we probably wouldn’t have a chance to talk tomorrow. I was in a meeting from eight until at least five and that was followed by a supper with a potential group of clients. Alexis had her Christmas pageant tomorrow and wouldn’t get home until late. After the show, it was traditional for the girls to go out and celebrate the end of the exhausting and demanding Christmas pageant. As she was about to hang up, she said, “There will be a present for you when you get back to the hotel tomorrow.” “There will?” I asked, “What is it?” “You will have to wait and see,” she replied, “but I expect you to use it tomorrow night, understood?” “OK,” I agreed, not knowing what I was agreeing to. We said our goodbyes and I finished watching sports highlights before hitting the hay.

8. THE EIGHTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Wednesday December 21<sup>th</sup>, 2011 It was a long day. The meetings were boring for the most part, but did show positive signs for the future. Anyway, I didn’t get back to the hotel until almost ten at night and indeed there was a package on my bed when I entered my room. I was so tired and more than slightly drunk, that I thought about waiting until tomorrow to open it, but I remembered I promised Alexis I would use it. Also, I was pretty curious what she could possibly be sending me. I opened the package and realized it was a pink pussy. A sex toy for men. I can truthfully say I had never used such a toy. If I didn’t get a mouth or pussy to please me, I used my hand. I noticed there was a note. Hey baby, I hope you like your present. It is a pocket pussy...now if you look closely you will notice that it is actually a perfect replica of your wife’s sweet CUNT. I paused and took a closer look at the toy. Having spent a lot of time between my wife’s legs, I could identify it in a police line-up of pussies, so when I took a close look I noticed it did indeed look identical to her sweet box. I returned to the letter: I won’t even get into the amount of work it took to get a replica Alexis’ pussy, but it was extensive. Now go order some porn, grab the lube that is in the box and fuck me. Kisses Alexis I couldn’t believe it. She had made me a back-up pussy. A travelling Alexis. It was too good to be true. I did as she told me. Flipping through the porn options I found one called Submissive Sluts and ordered the 12.99 fuck film. As the film started, a hot

babysitter was caught masturbating by the father of the child she was suppose to be babysitting and soon was made into a fuck-toy for the man. Lubricating my cock generously, I grabbed the pocket Alexis and slowly penetrated it. The feeling was surprisingly tight and incredibly real. I slowly moved by hand up and down, masturbating myself with Alexis's pussy. I watched the scene on TV as the babysitter was now being face-fucked, her pigtailed being used as handlebars. Not wanting to cum too quick, I stopped and just allowed the odd feeling of the plastic pussy to warm me. The babysitter was soon riding the man's cock and I returned to slow strokes. The pussy was so tight, that I could feel an orgasm beginning to build. I kept up the slow pace until the guy shoved the slutty babysitter onto the floor and without any lube buried his cock in her ass. She screamed in pain and I began to furiously stroke my cock. I closed my eyes, imagining it was Alexis riding me and exploded my cum into the fake pussy. It was then I noticed there was a small opening for the cum to exit and my cum was leaking out the top and onto the bed. Figuring fuck it, I continued pumping my cock until the last of my cum had slid out. When I opened my eyes, the babysitter was riding the cock in her ass, her moans implying she was no longer in pain. I shut the movie off, pulled the fake cunt off me and cleaned myself and the toy up. I travelled a lot and it was clear, like my Mastercard, I would not be leaving home without it.

9. THE NINTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Thursday December 22 th , 2011 I arrived home around eight in the evening and once in the house I saw flower pedals on the floor. Now usually that is what a man does, but it was clear I was to follow them. I dropped my travel bag on the floor and followed the pedals that led, as expected, to our bedroom. As I approached the bedroom, I noticed it was dark except for the flicker of candles. I reached my door and was stunned to see my wife, on the bed, her legs in white stockings spread wide, a few strawberries were on the bed leading to her pussy which was covered in whipped cream. She smiled, "I hope you are hungry." "Famished," I replied, reaching the bed and popping the first strawberry in my mouth. Between strawberries, I kissed her stocking-clad legs, my red lips leaving subtle marks on her white stockings. She moaned, "I haven't come since the last time your cock was in me." "Well, we better change that," I replied, popping another strawberry in my mouth. I continued the slow kisses, deciding that tonight I was going to make love to her, not fuck her. The difference was subtle, but noticeable. I got to her thighs, where the stockings ended and her white flesh began, and popped the last strawberry in my mouth. She moaned loudly with anticipation when my lips touched her inner thigh. She said, "There are three more." Confused, I asked, "Three more what?" "Strawberries," she smiled devilishly. I looked around and saw none, although I thought maybe there might be one in her whipped cream. Upon closer look, I saw none and said, "No there aren't." She smiled, "Keep looking stud." The light bulb suddenly went on. My little minx of a wife had put strawberries inside her cunt. "Ohhhh," I responded, letting her know I finally had caught on. I reached her whipped cream covered pussy and began to clean her. The whipped cream, mixed with her wetness, was a savoury delight. Once I had licked her pussy area clean, I looked at her beautiful shaved pussy. She teased, "I hope you have room for more." "Oh, I think I can find room." I slid a finger inside her and pulled out a strawberry. It was covered by her shine. I made sure we were making eye contact when I popped it in my mouth. "Hmmm," I said, "that is the best strawberry dip ever," and it was. I repeated the naughty strawberry retrieval a second

time. When only one strawberry was left, I slowly pulled it out, which was a little tougher as it was deep inside her, and then instead of eating it, I brought it to my wife's red lips. She opened her mouth and ate the juice-covered strawberry. My erect cock accidentally hit her pussy and she twitched. Taking the moment as a sign, I slid my cock inside her and as our lips met, we made love. Our lips never parted while I slowly made love to my wife for an eternity. Twenty minutes turned into thirty, which turned into forty, before either of us were close to achieving orgasmic bliss. I finally broke the kiss, "I want us to come together baby." "Hmmm, me too," she replied, and we both focused on making it happen. I began to fuck her faster, and her hand went to her clit. She rubbed herself furiously attempting to speed up her orgasm. Feeling my balls beginning to boil and hearing her moaning getting closer to her orgasm, I asked, "You close, baby?" "Yes, baby, just a few a few more hard thrusts," she moaned loudly. I obliged and after five deep thrusts our mouths crashed together again. In unison, my cum and her juice collided and we moaned into each other's mouths, euphoria hitting at the exact same time. At this moment we were not man and woman, we were two lovers becoming one. Nothing had ever been so sweet and pleasurable than this moment and we both knew it. We held on tight as our dual orgasms spread through our bodies before collapsing on the bed, drenched in sweat. "I love you," I said. "I love you too, baby," she purred, my cock still in her. We stared into each other's eyes for a couple of minutes, knowing just how special we were to each other.

10. THE TENTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Friday December 23 th , 2011 Alexis, off work and on Christmas holidays since after the Christmas pageant on Wednesday, slept in while I headed to work to file a last minute report. It was early afternoon when Alexis called me. "When will you be home?" "A couple of hours," I admitted. "Ok, I am going to Jenna's for a couple of cocktails before the Christmas party." My mind reeled as it automatically replayed our little phone fantasy from a couple days ago. "Sure, what time will you be heading to the party?" "Around 5:00," she answered, "Cocktails are at five and supper follows at six." "All right, should I just meet you there?" "Sure," she said, warning me, "and don't be late." "I won't, I promise." "And I left your clothes on the bed," she added. "You're dressing me now?" "I always have," she responded. "Touché. Anyway, I am going to hang up now so I can get this bullshit report done, so I can make it to your Christmas party." "Kisses," she finished and hung up. I finished the report, drove home, showered, and put on the suit she left me. I arrived on time and much to my surprise, Alexis wasn't there yet. I texted her and she texted back that they were running a bit late and to grab a drink. I ended up having two before Alexis showed up looking radiant and slightly tipsy. Beside her was Jenna, looking just as radiant and just as tipsy. Alexis sauntered over and kissed me. She whispered in my ear, "I am really fucking horny, baby." "How many drinks have you had?" I asked. "Just three," she answered, "but I would sure like you to get me a fourth." The next couple hours were anti-climactic. Supper, awards and speeches followed much as in previous years, and other than my wife's hand on my lap, it was just like any other teacher party. Lots of talking about stuff I didn't know about or care about. Finally, the mundane crap ended and the dance started. As soon as the music began, a now very tipsy Jenna grabbed a very tipsy Alexis' hand, "Come on, we are dancing." I watched the two on the dance floor in their diva dresses. They were incredibly hot to watch and I couldn't get the thought of Alexis and Jenna in a nasty lesbian

twosome out of my head. I would never cheat on Alexis, but the thought of watching those two in lesbian passion had my cock stiff again. A couple of songs in, Alexis waved me onto the dance floor and I joined the girls for a dancing threesome. Throughout the next few numbers, both groped me in subtle ways, although neither so naughty it could be taken as anything more than dance floor rules. Either way, it kept me hard as a rock and once a slow song played, I pulled Alexis close for some alone time. We danced in silence for the first half of the song, before Alexis finally asked, "So are you happy to see me or is that a gun in your pants?" I smiled, "The weapon is loaded and ready to go off." "Well," she considered, "we better find a place to disarm that weapon." She grabbed my hand and led me out of the room and paused, looking for a place for us to be alone. I saw some stairs and pointed. She quickly dragged me up the stairs to a secluded dark area. As soon as we reached the top, she unzipped my pants, pulled out my cock and began sucking. She was clearly drunker than I thought as she bobbed back and forth on my cock with reckless abandon. I moaned after a couple of minutes, "If you don't stop, I am going to come." She didn't stop and I soon shot a load of cum down her throat. She continued the fast paced assault until every drop was spent before standing back up and shoving her tongue down my throat. The kiss was passionate and hot and I could taste the lingering aftertaste of my cum. Once she broke the kiss, she said, "Same place, one hour." "S-s-sure," I stammered as she walked away and back down the stairs. I looked at my watch. That had taken four minutes. Apparently, I had just given a whole new meaning to the word quickie. The next hour was a couple of drinks, a couple of dances and a lot of listening to generic bullshit from Alexis' colleagues. Finally from the dance floor, an even drunker Alexis gave me a look and I politely excused myself. A couple of minutes later we were indeed at the same place, but this time she lifted up her dress, to reveal she was commando, and demanded, "Shove that big snake of yours in me, baby." I pulled out the generously labelled snake and easily slid it inside her sopping wet pussy. Like her an hour ago, I pumped my snake in and out of her hard and fast; like me an hour ago, she was incredibly horny and breathing heavy after only a couple of strokes. I kept up the rapid drilling and she, like me an hour ago, came in only a couple of minutes. I kept pumping in and out as she held onto the wall for dear life as her orgasm shuddered through her. I was about to quit, thinking we had a limited time and I had got my wife off, when she demanded, "Keep fucking me, baby. I want to feel your cum inside me. I want to walk around with your juice deep inside me while I am on the dance floor." Hearing such a slutty declaration, I doubled my efforts to shoot a second load in my wife, this time in her pussy. Having already come just an hour ago, it took more time, but was helped by my wife's continual naughtiness. "Yeah baby, cum in your slut. Fill my cunt with your hot juice," and later "you would like that wouldn't you, baby? Knowing your cum is leaking down my legs while I am on the dance floor." I indeed loved the thought and soon filled my wife's pussy, her cunt, with my cum. As I flooded her pussy, my wife purred, "Oh yeah, baby, that feels so good. Fill me completely." Once done, I pulled out and she dropped to her knees and cleaned my cock, a mixture of my juice and her juice. A minute later, she stood back up, kissed me one last time and disappeared back down the stairs. I leaned on a wall for a minute to catch my breath, before returning to the party. I grabbed another drink and watched my wife shaking her thing on the dance floor. I imagined my cum leaking out of her pussy

while she danced. The thought had my well-pleasured cock on the rise again. A couple of hours later a very drunk Alexis and I headed home. I was ready for one more go, but I knew from experience that Alexis had passed from the stage of drunk enough to be extra horny to so drunk she had no sexual drive left. I helped her into her bed and we both crashed knowing we had a three hour drive to do tomorrow.

11. THE ELEVENTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Saturday December 24 th , 2011

The alarm went off at 9 a.m. which was way too early after our late night, but we hadn't packed or even wrapped our presents for my family. Three hours later, we were fed, showered and packed. Alexis, finally completely out of her stupor, said, "So, I got you one present early." "You did?" I asked. "Well," she smiled, "it is for both of us, but I thought it would make for a fun drive." "Reeeeeeeally," I teased, curious. She handed me a remote control. "Is this a universal remote that turns on anything?" "Well, not anything, but definitely someone," she teased, her smile dripping with sexual sweetness. "What?" I responded, confused. "Turn it on," she suggested. I did and my beautiful wife gave a quick flinch. "Ooooooooooh," I said, catching on. She moaned ever-so-softly, "It is a vibrating egg. You have the power to tease and please me as you wish." "Wow," I said, dazed. "Wow, indeed," she repeated. "By the way, there are five speeds; you have it on low right now." She kissed me and said, "Now let's get on the road." "Of course, my lady," I replied. I teased my wife with the toy. On and off, on and off, but never going past speed two, during the first hour of the drive. Her face was flushed and I could tell she was beginning to get frustrated with the constant teasing. Once we reached the first town, she leaned forward and said, "Let's go find a place to play." Instead of agreeing, I shook my head and said, quoting my little horny minx, "All good things come to those who wait, baby." "You bastard," she replied, slapping me teasingly. "Slut," I countered, turning the speed up to three. "I stick with bastard," she countered back, attempting to hold in a moan. I smiled, turning the remote up to four, "You can come anytime you want baby." She sighed, "Keep driving then." An hour later, unable to control the buzzing in her pussy, she lifted up her skirt and said, her frustration impossible to ignore, "Damn you, Jeremy. I am going to come right now." "Go ahead, baby," I replied and watched her begin to rub herself. I kept watching the road and checking on my masturbating wife. She moved her hand frantically on her clit and I ordered, "Slap your clit, baby. Spank yourself." She obeyed without hesitation and with each gentle slap her moans increased until she let out an earth shattering scream, especially loud in the confines of a car. Her leg actually twitched as the orgasm spread through her. Instead of turning down the toy, I finally moved it to full blast. "Yooooooooou fucker," she moaned, the toy in her pussy continuing to quake her body. A few minutes later we were passing a town and I decided it was a good time for a bite to eat. As I pulled in, she pulled down her skirt and ordered, "Go through the drive-thru." "I need to take a piss," I countered. "Go through the fucking drive-thru," she repeated, undoing my zipper. Pulling my cock out of my pants, she began to suck my cock as I pulled into the McDonald's drive-thru. As I approached the order speakerphone, I asked, "What can I get you, baby?" She quit sucking my cock, gave me her order and returned to my erect cock. Reaching the speakerphone, I ordered our food and continued to the pay window. This McDonald's had two windows: one to pay and another to get your food. There was no way my wife was going to blow me and allow others to see...was she? When there was only one car before me to pay, I warned, "We are



next, baby.” She ignored my warning and didn’t move when I began rolling forward to the till. A nerdy looking kid with enough acne to play connect-the-dots announced my amount before realizing what he was witnessing. “That will b-b-b-e 12.65.” “Just a second,” I replied, my wallet is in my side pocket. I awkwardly reached for my wallet, while the whole time my wife kept my cock in her warm cocksucking mouth. The nerdy boy watched in voyeuristic glee while I struggled to retrieve my wallet. Finally able to get it, I opened it and handed him a twenty. He reluctantly looked away and put the money in the cash register. Returning my change, he avoided looking at me and watched my wife bob up and down on my cock, now with much more aggressiveness. I took my change and said, “Have a good day.” He mumbled something incoherently as I rolled forward. Her frantic sucking was beginning to really get me going, but I didn’t want to cum until I got passed the second window, so I ordered, “Baby, slow down.” She instantly obeyed. A minute later I rolled to the second window and my wife again resumed a fast-paced sucking. A brunette, probably in her early twenties, gasped when she saw my wife in my lap bobbing up and down like a complete slut. Attempting to show my dominance, I took the food from the girl and ordered, “Slut, I told you to slow down.” The brunette gasped a second time and turned around to grab the drinks. My wife obeyed again and when the brunette handed me our drinks I said, “You know, a good slut is hard to train,” and pulled away, leaving the brunette with her mouth dropped wide open like a Bugs Bunny cartoon. I pulled into an open stall and said, “Now make me come, baby.” Instantly she returned to her determined accelerated cocksucking and within two minutes I was releasing a powerful stream of cum down her wanton throat. Once she had finished cleansing my cock, she returned to her seat and opened the McDonald’s bag, as if nothing happened. She popped a fry in her mouth and teased, “Hmmm, cum and fries, delicious.” Deciding to test her theory, I took a fry, opened her legs, lifted up her skirt and slid the fry up her still glistening pussy lips. I popped it into my mouth and agreed, “I concur.” She exploded in laughter and I followed. We ate the rest of our fatty meals before both agreeing we needed a bathroom break. I pulled out and we hit a gas station further down the road, not wanting anyone to make the correlation between the cocksucking slut in the car and my wife. Before she got out of the car, she opened her legs one last time and pulled out the surprisingly large egg that had been inside her for a couple of hours. My wife smiled and handed me the sticky toy that was inside her. “Clean it for me, baby.” Without hesitation, I licked the toy clean of her juices. She smiled, “You are so pussy-whipped.” “And you are such a slut,” I countered. She slapped my leg, taking the toy back, before responding demurely, “Your slut baby. I will always be your slut.” She kissed me quickly and got out of the car. I followed, again thinking the obvious thought, “I am the luckiest man in the world.” That night, at my family’s, she behaved like the sweet, loving wife she is. It wasn’t until we were in bed, close to midnight, that she said, “One more day in the 12 Days of Sexmas.” “So it is,” I said, my voice unable to hide the disappointment. “And I have saved the best for last,” she teased, rubbing my cock. “You have?” I asked, unable to even guess what she could possibly have left, especially at my parents’ house. “Oh,” she teased, rubbing my cock fast through my pyjamas, “you have no fucking idea.” I moved my hand to her pussy and she slapped it away. “Oh...all good things come to those that wait, baby.” She quit touching my cock and turned over, before adding, “Good

night, baby.” “You bitch,” I responded, realizing she was leaving me high and hard. “And you love it,” she closed. I closed my eyes knowing I indeed did love it...I loved everything about her. I tossed and turned for a bit wondering what my beautiful bride could possibly have in store for me tomorrow. 12.

THE TWELFTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Sunday December 25 th , 2011 My family has a Christmas tradition every since I was a kid. Open presents ridiculously early, have a massive breakfast and then go back to bed. So at 6:30 in the morning we were in my parents’ living room with my parents, my two siblings and respective spouses, and their three children. By 8:30 we were having breakfast and by 9:00 Alexis and I were back in bed. Alexis kissed me gently, “I can’t believe it! You bought me a dress I like.” “Everything happens eventually,” I replied. “With that in mind, are you ready for part one of your special last day of Christmas?” she asked, reaching for my limp cock. “Here?” I asked, in my old bedroom in my parents’ house. “HmMMM...” she teased, putting her hand inside my pyjamas. She ordered, “Get naked, baby.” I discarded my clothes and my wife did the same. She stood up and went into her travel bag, pulling out an odd little gadget. Returning to the bed, she smiled, handing it to me, “This was what I used to please me when we were on the phone on Tuesday.” “What is it?” I asked. “It is called a we-vibe2,” she explained, “and it contacts both my g-spot and my clit.” “Well, you don’t need me anymore.” “Of course I do,” she responded, kissing me gently, “who else would mow the lawn?” “Hardee-har-har,” I quipped back. She crawled to my cock and took it into her warm mouth. She sucked me slowly, allowing me to grow in her mouth. As usual, it didn’t take long to become fully erect between her sweet lips. Once erect, she took my cock out of her mouth, spread her legs, turned the toy on and slid it into position. She smiled, and drew me in with her finger. I obeyed, like an obedient puppy. Although awkward at first, I slid my cock inside my wife’s pussy and slowly began fucking her. The vibrations were both enthralling and annoying. It was a unique sensation, unlike anything I had ever felt from sex. It definitely seemed to be working on Alexis. Her moans were clearly getting hard to control for her and as they began to increase. I suddenly worried my parents would hear...or worse my siblings’ kids. I slowed down and she looked up and said, “Noooo, faster, baby.” “If I keep this pace you will scream so loud the whole house will know I am fucking you.” “Grab my panties,” she requested. I reached for them, confused, my cock slipping out of her. Putting my cock back inside her, she demanded, “Put them in my mouth.” “Really?” I asked, surprised by the request. “Yes, really,” she teased. “You are going to fuck me hard and deep until you cum deep inside your wife. And I will scream uncontrollably like I always do when you get me off, baby, so you better gag me.” Shocked by the suggestion, yet slightly turned on by it, I put her pink panties in her mouth. Seeing her so subservient was hot and I did as she suggested, I fucked her hard and fast. The fast pumping, mixed with the odd buzzing, had me feeling oddly tingly. I could tell Alexis was getting close by the look on her face and the muffled moans and I decided to get her off quicker as I pushed on the toy. Her back bent and she came a couple of seconds later. I too was close and seeing my wife so desperate to scream, but being muffled by her panties was just enough to get me off too and I sprayed my seed deep inside my wife’s pussy. Both exhausted from the sex and the early morning wake-up call, we collapsed onto the bed and fell asleep naked and in each other’s arms. Three hours later we were wakened up by the sound of kids screaming and playing. We showered, got dressed

and spent the afternoon with my family. Just before supper, Alexis whispered in my ear, "Meet me in back in the room in a couple of minutes." I announced we were going to pack so we could get on the road after supper and disappeared with a credible excuse. Once in the room, Alexis closed the door, dropped to her knees and pulled out my cock. She sucked it hard and fast for a couple of minutes before stopping. She looked up from her submissive position and shocked me yet again, "Baby, your second gift of the last day of Sexmas is something new." "OK, what is it?" I asked curious. "I want you to face-fuck me, like in the porn movies," she revealed. "What?" I responded shocked. "Face-fuck your wife like a dirty slut in your old bedroom," she offered, stroking my cock with her hand. "Are you sure?" I asked, trepidation lingering. "Yes, I'm sure. I want you to fuck my lips and feel your hot seed fill my mouth," she begged, so hot and slutty. I shoved my cock in her mouth and began to slowly pump my cock in and out of her red lips. After a minute or two of this slow fucking, she squeezed my ass cheeks and I began to move faster. The hotness of my wife and her sudden submissive nature was a huge turn-on and I began to enjoy fucking her face. My cum beginning to boil, I held her head with both hands and began to really fuck her face. With each deep thrust, I heard the sloppy sound of sex, which just made it hotter. In less than a minute of fast pumping between her lips, I shot a second load into my wife on this glorious Christmas Day. Once done, I fell back on the edge of my bed and watched as my wife crawled over to me and took my cock back in her mouth. She slowly sucked my cock for another minute before standing up and saying, "We should probably get back to your family." Before I could say anything, she was gone. After dinner, we said our goodbyes and began the long drive home. Once home, both exhausted, we left our luggage at the entrance and got ready for bed. When I returned from the bathroom, my wife had one last surprise for me. Instead of warm pyjamas, she was in dark brown stockings and nothing else. I stared at her in my underwear, as she explained, "I got one last present for you." I walked to the bed and asked, "What could you possibly have left to give, baby?" "Oh, there is one thing," she hinted. Still clueless, I stared at her, joining her on the bed. "It is time for the trifacta," she announced. "What is the trifacta?" She stunned me with, "Filling me with your cum in each of my three holes." I stammered, "W-w-what?" "Baby, your final present is my ass," she revealed. When I just stared at her with my mouth open, she added, "Baby, please take my anal cherry." "Y-y-you sure?" "Yes, baby. I have been preparing for this for a while," she explained, reaching for my cock. She took it in my mouth and got it nice and ready. She then said, "Grab the lube from my nightstand." I went to the night-stand, still in a complete daze at what we were about to do. This has been a deal breaker since we first met. I opened her drawer and gasped. Besides lube were a couple of anal plugs. I grabbed the lube and returned to the bed. She took the lube and generously coated my cock. She then got on her knees, took a good grip of the headboard and asked, "Baby, can you take the butt plug out of my ass?" Shocked again, I crawled behind her and finally saw the toy in her ass. I pulled it out and was stunned at its size. She had indeed been preparing her ass for this moment. I was so in awe of my wife and what she was willing to do for me. Once out there was a pop and a gasp from Alexis. I placed my cock between her ass cheeks and paused. She looked back and said, her voice hinting at her nervousness, but also at her determination to please, "Merry Christmas baby, now please be the first and only to make love to my

ass.” Suddenly realizing she was giving me something she couldn’t have before, her virginity, we both having had various lovers before we met, I knew she needed this as much as I wanted it. She wanted to give her entire being to me. I slowly pushed forward breaking through her tight entrance and into her virgin ass. The sensation was something I had never felt before. It was so tight and warm. I could tell she was tense and I took it extra slow. Once most of my cock had disappeared between her ass cheeks, I lingered inside her, scared to move or go any deeper and truthfully enjoying the tight warmth. Alexis looked back and said, “Keep going baby, I want all of you in my ass.” I obeyed, slowly pushing forward until the last of my cock had disappeared inside her. “Now fuck my ass, baby,” she begged. “I want to feel you fill all three of my holes in the same day.” The thought of coming in her ass was the ultimate turn-on, the ultimate submission and the ultimate gift. I began to slowly fuck her ass, careful to not hurt her. Once in a consistent slow rhythm, Alexis began to moan and enjoy her first ass fuck. She begged, “Faster baby, fuck your wife’s ass, faster.” I obliged again, and began to fuck her ass hard. Each deep thrust had Alexis give out a whimper of pleasure and pain and she began to get animated, “Oh God yes, baby, fuck my ass, fill my ass with your cum.” The tightness of her ass, the eagerness of my wife to please and her naughty word choice was too much and I shot my third load of cum inside my wife, this time in her no longer virgin the perfect trifecta. Once spent, I flipped her on her back and dove into her pussy sucking on her clit while sliding two fingers inside her cunt. Within a couple of minutes my wife was screaming loud and squirting onto my lips. Once her orgasm subsided, I crawled up and we kissed again. Both way past exhaustion, we began to fall into slumber in each other’s arms. I held her close, never wanting to let her go, never wanting these 12 days of complete sexual bliss to come to an end. I was just drifting into sub-consciousness when Alexis said one last thing, surprising me one final time, “If you think the 12 Days of Sexmas was amazing, you should wait to see what I have in mind for New Year’s Eve.” The End...