

Best Wife Ever: 12 Days of Sexmas...Part One

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Wife creates 12 very special days for hubby

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“Best Wife Ever!” 12 Days of Sexmas My wife is amazing. I have listened to man after man complain about their wives. I have heard that once she says ‘I do’, she no longer does the dirty nasty shit she did when she was trying to trap you. Well, if that is the case, I guess you married the wrong woman. I, on the other hand, married the perfect woman. A woman whose beauty is second to none; a woman whose smile lights up a room; a woman whose eyes melt me on the spot; a woman whose sex drive pushes me to the point of exhaustion; a woman who is so incredible and yet so unpredictable, I never know when, where or how she will please me. Case in point, last Christmas. THE FIRST DAY OF SEXMAS...Wednesday December 14th, 2011 I woke up 12 days before Christmas with my wife, a third grade teacher, already in the shower. I rolled over and there was an envelope on the bed. The envelope said DAY ONE. Curious, I opened the envelope and there was a note inside. Dear Jeremy, If you dare, get ready for the 12 Days of Sexmas. Each day will be a whirlwind of sexual pleasure. You will never know when, you will never know how, and you will never know where you will come. But I promise you...you will come. If you dare, check yes in the box below and leave the envelope on my dresser. Be warned, I plan to devour you whole until you can no longer take it anymore. ____ Yes, I take the 12 Days of Sexmas challenge and commit to obeying every demand my beautiful and irresistible wife makes. ____ No, I am a complete pussy who can’t handle the sex drive of my perfect wife. Signed, Your personal sex Goddess... Alexis My cock fully erect, I stared at the letter. I got up, giddy with the anticipation of 12 Days of sex and found a pen on the night table. I quickly checked ‘yes’ and put the envelope on Alexis’ dresser as instructed. My wife, wrapped only in a towel, emerged from the bathroom, acting oblivious to the letter she had just left me. She asked, “How was your sleep, baby?” “Fine,” I replied, knowing two could play this game. “You?” “Heavenly,” she replied, dropping her towel and revealing her glistening nakedness. Although I had seen her naked every day for the past three years, give or take the odd day, every time I saw her naked I felt like a child on Christmas morning. Her body was so tight, so perfect; I always wondered how I ever got lucky enough to marry someone so beautiful. She said it was my sense of humour and my adorable geekness (which I labelled nerd chic). I watched like a dirty pervert as my wife got dressed. A pink thong, beige stay-up stockings, a long black skirt that hid her inner sexiness, a matching pink bra that held perfectly her 38C breasts and a purple flower print blouse that barely hid her voluptuous breasts.

Once dressed, she turned to me and asked, "How do I look?" "Good enough to fuck," I replied, attempting to see what her plans were. She walked over to me, dripping with sultry sweetness, and reached down and to grab my fully erect seven-inch cock. "Is this because of me?" "Always," I responded. She dropped to her knees, opened her mouth, extended her tongue and licked my cock head. Her lips never touched my cock, as her tongue swirled around my mushroom head. I let out a soft moan and waited for her to give me one of her earth-shattering blowjobs. Instead, she stood back up, smiled and said, "You didn't think it would be that easy, did you baby?" I stammered, realizing she was leaving me high and hard, "I-I-I, um-really." She smiled, kissed me quickly and said, "Yes, really. All good things come to those that wait." She gave me one quick tug before adding, "And don't you dare jerk off, big boy. I have very elaborate plans for that cock." With that she returned to her dresser and did her make-up. Finally accepting I wasn't going to get to come this morning, I wandered to the bathroom and hopped in the shower. A long cold shower calmed down Mr. Willy and I focused on the day ahead. I worked for a marketing firm and we had a few big contracts on the go. I was working on a big cola campaign and the presentation was tomorrow. And we sure as Hell were not ready. I got out of the shower and Alexis was gone. I noticed on the bed was another note. Stud, Fuck I wanted to suck your cock whole and feel your hot seed slide down my throat. Alas, I will have to wait. Do not wear any underwear today. I want your sweet meat swaying freely in your pants. A constant reminder of your wife...the owner of your cock. Love, your wife... P.S.-If you look on my dresser you will see that I too am going commando today. My cock was stiff again. Fuck, my wife drove me crazy. I got dressed, sans my underwear, and went downstairs for breakfast. To my surprise, Alexis was gone already and another note was waiting for me...this time on the kitchen table. My fuck-toy I had to leave early. If I stayed, I don't think I could have resisted bending over the kitchen table while your plowed me with your big hard cock. Love, your fuck-toy too... I sighed. If this was her plan for the next 12 days, to tease me, she was going to kill me. My cock was fully erect again. Relieving myself was becoming a growing temptation now, but I would keep playing my wife's sick, yet hot, game. I had a quick breakfast and headed to work, happy for the distraction from the rise and fall of my penis this morning. The day flew by as I worked frantically to finish the visual part of the presentation for tomorrow. I texted Alexis. Sorry honey, but I have to work late. This project is killing me. A minute later, I received a text from Alexis. Alexis: You have to eat...Meet me at Corinne's at 5. Don't be late. I texted back. Ok, but I can't stay long. See you in an hour. Corinne's was a very nice restaurant two blocks from my office, a place that usually took two weeks to book. I worked my ass off for the next hour before saving my stuff and heading to the restaurant. I arrived a couple of minutes late and a pretty young hostess led me back to a secluded table at the back. My wife was already there with a big smile on her face. She spoke to the hostess as if they were friends, "Thanks, Bethany." I thought it was odd, but let it go. As I sat, I realized we were completely secluded from any other patrons. My beautiful wife asked, "Presentation not going well?" "We have made headway, but are still missing the big WOW moment," I sighed, no closer from finishing the project than I was this morning. Alexis' hand went on my leg and she purred, her facial expression dripping with sexual innuendo and promise, "I have a WOW moment for you." With that, she slid under the table, in this 5-star restaurant. I sat there

stunned as my wife unbuckled my belt and pulled on my pants. I mindlessly lifted up my ass and felt my pants slide to my knees. A moment later I was indeed WOW'd when her lips wrapped around my cock. We had made love outside, in our car and so forth, but nothing even remotely as public or risky as this. After a couple of minutes of slow sweet sucking, the waitress came, a pretty redhead, with bright green eyes and long, long legs and said, "Hi, I am Samantha and I will be your waitress tonight. What can I get you to drink, sir?" Her smile told me she knew exactly where my wife currently was and I instantly wondered how my wife had set up such a moment. I stammered, trying to ignore the growing pleasure down below, "Um-um-a rum and coke, Samantha." "Sure thing, stud," she replied with a wink. Any last wondering if she knew was now gone. My wife took my cock out of her mouth and peeked from under the booth, "Could you make sure to order a couple of appetizers." "S-s-sure," I responded and watched my wife disappear back under the tablecloth. She returned to my cock, continuing a slow burn. One would think she would be doing one of her famous quick blowjobs, the ones she often gave me to get my first load out of the way, before we would start a marathon session. But no, she was lavishly making love to my cock with her mouth. Usually, I come quick, but the slowness, as well as the consistent interruptions, made getting off quite difficult for me. The waitress returned with my drink and asked, "Can we start you with some appetizers?" "S-s-sure," I replied, and quickly perused the menu. I choose two, the waitress took the order and disappeared. "Can you hand me my wine," my wife asked, extending her hand from under the table. I handed her the glass of wine and her perfectly manicured hand, her bright red nails so sexy, disappeared again underneath the table. A few seconds later, I felt her lips return to my cock and moaned involuntarily when I felt the intense contrast between her warm lips and the cold liquid still in her mouth. She swirled the wine around my cockhead, bringing a new sensation to her arsenal of cocksucking skills. The feeling was amazing, but the contrast simmered the boiling in my balls. I was transfixed in a state of temporary euphoria, a sensation so hot, yet at the same time unable to reach the level of orgasm I was now dying to unleash. The amazing whirlwind teasing continued until the appetizers arrived. The waitress said, her smile so knowing I was uncontrollably embarrassed, "I will be back in a couple of minutes to take your and your wife's order, sir." As soon as the waitress disappeared from view, my wife took my cock out of her mouth and crawled from underneath the table, leaving me erect as a flagpole and desperate to cum. Ignoring what she had just done, she announced, "I am famished" and dipped a tortilla chip into some nacho cheese. I stared at her bewildered. "Are you really quitting now?" She smiled, repeating a mantra I would learn would be an underlying theme of the 12 days, "All good things come to those who wait." I went to pull up my pants, but she grabbed my hand. "No, no, no, I want it open and ready, baby." I looked at her perplexed, "What has gotten into you?" "Not you," she joked, "plus this is just the beginning, baby." The next forty-five minutes were excruciating, as we chatted about life, Christmas plans and agreed on a formal New Year's Eve gathering with her friends, never once discussing the issue at hand...my still stiff erection. Every once and a while throughout dinner, Alexis would reach for my cock to make sure it was still stiff. Once we were both done our main course, Alexis smiled, "I think it is time for dessert." Oblivious to her sexual implication, I replied, "How could you eat another bite?" "Oh, I definitely saved room for this," she flirted, and

slithered back under the table. This time she devoured my cock whole, bobbing up and down like a desperate slut craving cum. It took all my will power to not moan out loud. The waitress returned and no longer able to hide her knowledge commented, "I see your wife has already started dessert." I let out a moan and uncontrollably, in full view of the pretty waitress, came in my wife's mouth. Alexis kept bobbing on my cock until every last drop of cum had been swallowed. The waitress watched intently and finally asked, "Would you care for any dessert, sir?" Attempting to be suave, I answered, "I think I might, but what I want is not on the menu." The waitress blushed, thinking I meant her, but I meant my beautiful wife. The waitress left and Alexis crawled back up from under the table. "Hmmm, was that the best dessert ever?" I smiled back, "I think I could use some dessert too." I pulled my pants back up as my wife responded, "You don't have to, baby. This is all about you." I shook my head no. "Baby, it is all about us." I slid under the table, parted her legs open and dove in. The feeling of doing something so naughty and potentially getting caught was like being high, exhilarating and yet numbing. Unlike Alexis though, my goal wasn't to tease, it was to please. Licking pussy was something I was very good at, and Alexis had a major weakness when her clit was pressured. I also knew that extended clit play would have her scream so loud that the whole restaurant would know exactly what was happening to her. So I had to be careful. I alternated between sucking her clit in my mouth and long wide licks down her wet pussy lips. I could hear her soft moans and suddenly heard her say, "Yes, just the bill, pleeeeeease." The waitress chuckled and replied, "I'll give you a few minutes first, ma'am." "Thaaank yooooou," she moaned. After only a couple of minutes, maybe three, I knew she was close and I tapped on her clit with my tongue, hard sweet tongue spans, that had her legs tighten and her juices flow out of her and onto my waiting mouth. I savoured her juice until she let go of my head and I quickly climbed back onto my seat. "Hmmmm, this restaurant has the best dessert. I may have to get some for take-out," I smirked, my usual wit on display. She chuckled, "I think you should dine out more often." "Agreed," I replied, just as the waitress returned with the cheque. I grabbed the bill and saw that it was signed, Samantha and her phone number was on it with a heart. She smiled, "You two are incredibly hot together. If you are ever looking for a third wheel for playtime, give me a call." She winked at both of us and sauntered off, looking back once to see if we were watching her go...we both were. Alexis grabbed the bill, "We can talk about that offer some other time, and you need to get back to work." Looking at my watch I almost shit; two hours had passed. "Oh crap, time flies when you are having fun." "It sure does," she smiled back, kissing me on the cheek. "I got the cheque; get your ass back to work." I kissed her back and added, "Tip her well." She smiled, throwing me for a loop, "Who says I haven't already tipped her well?" "What?" I asked, confused by her implication. "Go," she smiled, pulling me up from my chair. "This is not done," I said, adamantly. "I never said it was," she smiled. My cock rising, I rushed out of work, before it was too late. At the door, I turned around and saw that Alexis was talking to Samantha. A million naughty conversations spun around my head, fantasies I had never seriously considered. Alexis and I had done a lot of fun and kinky things, but we had never even remotely considered adding a third member to our relationship. I was not sure I wanted to, quite frankly. There was no way I could share her with another man, but the thought of watching her with another woman, especially someone as hot as

Samantha, was very, very appealing. My cock now at full mast in my pants, I slipped out the door before any other naughty ideas crossed my mind. I got to work, and slowly let go of my fantasies and focused on my current problem...this fucking presentation. THE SECOND DAY OF SEXMAS...Thursday December 15 th , 2011 The next morning I was awoken by a warmth wrapped around my cock. I opened my groggy eyes, not having got home till after midnight, to see movement under the blanket. I let out a moan as my wife woke me up the best way possible...with a blowjob. This happened once in a while, but never got old. It also helped, since I really wasn't a morning person usually...until I had my first cup of coffee. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sweet pleasure of my wife's mouth. She used the whole arsenal in her cocksucking agenda: teasing the mushroom head, licking my entire cock with long sweet strokes, sucking my balls into her mouth, deep-throating me and using her amazing saliva trick (I can't explain it, but she somehow creates enough fluids to bathe my cock). The variety is purposely used, to make it last longer. There have been times she was pleasuring my cock with her mouth for over an hour. This time it was just over fifteen minutes when I felt the familiar feeling of an impending orgasm. My legs stiffened like they always do and a few seconds later I filled my beautiful bride's mouth with my seed. Like always, she swallowed every drop and continued her constant rhythm until I was completely drained. She crawled up, kissing my chest until she finally reached my face and we were eye to eye. "Morning lover-boy." "Morning beautiful," I replied, adding, "I so love your special wake-up call." "Hmmm, and I so love my morning appetizer," she purred back, leaning in for a kiss. Some guys would be grossed out by the possibility of tasting the odd lingering drop of their cum. And although it didn't appeal to me, it was a price I was willing to pay. Plus, I seldom noticed any lingering taste. Breaking the kiss, she asked, "So, did you get done?" "Yes," I replied, "Kevin came up with an idea around ten and we scripted it and just have to film it this morning." "Cool," she said, "will you be home for supper tonight?" "No," I replied, "the meeting is in the afternoon and then we are taking them out on the town." "Reeeeeeeally," she said, all dramatic. "Let me guess steak, beer and strippers." I shrugged, "Yes, and probably in that order." "Well, I am happy I made sure to get Day Two done early," she smiled. "If you want, you can get every day done early," I joked, slapping her ass as she got off me. "Oh, baby, this is nothing. The things I've got planned for you are...wait for it...legendary," she smiled. "Don't you dare How I Met Your Mother on me," I joked back. She shrugged and jumped in the shower. I would like to say the rest of the day was as riveting as my morning wake-up call, but it wasn't. The meeting went well, although the group were really a bunch of stiffs. Supper was good and a few beers in them loosened them up a bit, but the evening ended without an official agreement, although they did promise to come back after Christmas to discuss a contract offer. So there was the potential of a big time deal, but until they signed on the dotted line it was just that...potential. 3. THE THIRD DAY OF SEXMAS...Friday December 16 th , 2011 After the late night entertainment, I slept in till nine. Alexis was long gone, but there was a note on the bed. Good morning babycakes, I am not going to lie. I wanted to straddle you this morning and ride you like a cowgirl. Alas, I let you sleep in and am leaving to work horny as hell. Tonight I won't be home till after supper as it is happy hour at McFarlane's. So I won't see you until late...unless you decide to meet me there. If you do...I will DEFINITELY make it worth your while. Have a great day

and again...no underwear! Kisses Alexis I already knew I was going to meet her at McFarlane's. For a few reasons: 1. Her colleagues were almost all young and hot. 2. When drunk they were all very touchy-feely. 3. When my wife was drunk she became very foul-mouthed and naughty. By the time I arrived at the pub it was 5:30 and the last half of happy hour. My wife and her colleagues were well on their way to drunk as they were already onto shooters. As I arrived at the table, I heard a chubby brunette say, "And number one would be Matt Damon." "Number one in what?" I asked, interrupting their girl talk. All the girls broke out laughing. My wife stood up, walked over to me and kissed me hard. When she broke the kiss, she turned to her friends and announced, "He is my number one." "Bull shit, that is not allowed," cried out a very tipsy Jenna, Alexis's best friend, and a raving beauty. "You have to announce yours in front of your husband for cheating, Alexis." Alexis smiled, "Ok." "Announce what?" I asked. "My favourite five," she revealed. "Favourite five what?" I asked, still not catching on. "The five celebrities she is allowed to fuck if she ever meets them and it doesn't count as cheating," Jenna explained. "Oh," I replied, before adding, "wait, do I get a list?" "Of course," Alexis smiled, "although they are the five celebrities you would like to see me sleep with." A blonde I didn't know said, "Oh, Alexis you are soooo bad." Alexis smiled, "I am not, I am just drawn that way," quoting my favourite 80s movie, Who Framed Roger Rabbit? Alexis pointed to a spot for me to sit at the round table and then slid beside me. Jenna, already showing impatience, demanded, "Stop stalling, Alexis, your top five." "Fine, fine, fine," Alexis responded, "Let's see, number five would still be Brad Pitt. I know he used to be my number one, but he gets older while my list stays the same age." The girls laughed. "Number four would be Hugh Jackman," my wife revealed, her hand landing on my leg. "Why?" Jenna asked. She shrugged, her hand under the table slithering up my leg slowly, "I love his British accent." "Fair enough," Jenna agreed. "Number three and two both played James Bond. Although tough to choose one over the other, I guess Pierce Bronson is number three and Daniel Craig is number two, but they could be interchangeable," she winked, her hand now firmly on my cock. As she struggled with one hand to pull down my zipper and release my cock, she revealed her number one, "And without a doubt, and if there was it ended when I saw Crazy Stupid Love, the completely edible Ryan Gosling." "Great choices," the unknown blonde concurred. "Of course," Alexis smiled, pulling my cock out from its restrictive prison. I let out a quiet moan, but no one seemed to notice. My wife began slowly giving me a hand job under the table as the conversation continued. Jenna asked, "All right Jeremy, since you crashed this girl's night, you must play the game too." "I didn't crash the party, Alexis told me to meet her here," I said, defensively. Jenna, giving my wife a look, said, "She did, did she?" Alexis, suddenly defensive and almost fearful of upsetting Jenna, stammered, "I-I-I am sorry, he is just going away next week and well...I miss him." Jenna gave one last dagger's look and returned her gaze to me, her crystal blue eyes piercing into mine. "So your fav five. Or as Alexis already pointed out, the five you would like to see her dyke out with." I countered, "I am not sure they would be the same." "Reeeally?" Jenna asked, clearly the leader of this group. "I don't know, I would have to think about it," I responded. Jenna played with her long blonde hair, the way she twirled with it and her tone implying a flirtation if it wasn't for the fact that my wife was right beside me, my cock gripped firmly in her hand. "So, either leave, or give us a famous five." I looked at

Alexis and she gave a subtle nod. Jenna laughed, "Oh Jeremy are you ever whipped, asking permission to answer a question. Wow, Alexis I am impressed." I spoke confidently, "I am not whipped, I just love to look at my lovely wife." "You two make me sick," Jenna sighed. "All right, my favourite five," I began getting back to the conversation. Jenna interrupted, "That you want to see your beautiful wife play with." "Sure," I agreed, "Ok, since my wife seems to like British men, I am assuming she would like British women too. So at number five is Kate Beckinsale, based on the fact that her favourite chick flick is Serendipity and she is damn hot." My wife shrugged, "What can I say? I am a sucker for a romantic comedy." Her hand began moving faster as I continued, "Sticking with the British theme, number four is Keira Knightley and number three, I am pretty sure she is legal now, would be Emma Watson. She is all grown up now." "Oh, you nasty boy," Jenna teased, using a faux British accent that had my cock twitch. My wife gave a sudden squeeze, knowing exactly why I twitched. Trying to distract her, I continued, "At number two is the quirky, the hot, the often pantyhose wearing Zooey Deschanel." "Oh, is that your fetish?" Jenna flirted. I stammered, realizing I revealed too much, "Um-I-well I suppose so." Alexis added, trying to one-up the tipsy, flirting Jenna, "Yes, he loves fucking me in stockings." The chubby girl gasped, "Alexis!" Alexis smiled back, "What? I do what I need to do to please my man, don't I, baby?" I purred back, "Indeed you do, my pet." Jenna joked, "You two really do make me sick. Let's get back to our little game. So Jeremy, who would be number one on this list of your wife dyking out with celebrities?" "Sticking with the Crazy Stupid Love theme, I will go with the beautiful redheaded Emma Stone." "Hmmm," Alexis faked a moaned, "good choice baby, I would devour her whole." Her hand was now moving at a steady rate on my cock and her naughty innuendo was getting me close. Jenna asked, "Would your fav five be any different?" "I don't think so," I reflected, "all five are very fuckable." "Indeed they are," Jenna laughed. "Well ladies next stop is Malibu's and," she added, looking at me, "no boys allowed." Feeling my balls bubbling, I stiffened my legs and got ready to come from my wife's hand, while four of her friends sat around the same table, oblivious. I shrugged, "No biggie, I have things I need to do." Jenna smiled, "Good, because we are getting your wife shitfaced tonight." "Go ahead," I said, barely holding in a moan, as I began to shoot my cum underneath the table. Alexis kept pumping my cock until my public, yet secret, orgasm subsided. Once done, she let go off my cock and subtly, put her hand to her mouth and retrieved the cum that had landed on her hand. It was so fucking hot, I wanted to fuck her right here, right then. I also knew right then, right there that no matter how great my famous five were, my real number one was right beside me. The conversation continued for a few minutes and after awkwardly getting my cock back in my pants, I texted a buddy and made plans to meet at the pub. Making sure to make it clear I was the man in our relationship, I pulled her in for a passionate kiss in front of her friends before saying, "Have fun tonight sexy, I am going to meet Pete and have a few drinks." She leaned in and whispered, "Sorry about tonight, I had a naughty plan for you, but it will have to wait." I gave her a wink that implied it was fine and said my goodbyes. I headed out and ended up not getting home until 2:30 and was shocked to see she still wasn't home. I crashed on the bed, still fully dressed, and instantly hit full slumber.

4. THE FOURTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Saturday

December 17 th , 2011 When I finally opened my eyes, a hangover clearly at work, I rolled over and

saw my lovely bride still asleep. I quietly got out of bed and made her and me my hangover cure: a fruit smoothie and oatmeal...the real kind, none of that microwavable crap. I also made some coffee just in case. Once it was made, I put it on a tray and went upstairs. Alexis was awake, but not moving. I said, "Good afternoon, sleepyhead." She turned to the clock, "Is it really afternoon already?" "Yep," I replied, reaching the bed. "Sit up! I got the cure for your hangover blues." "I can't believe how late we went," she mumbled, still not fully awake. I put the tray on her lap and asked, "What time did you get home?" "It was after four," she answered through a yawn. "Wow, that is like 5 hours past your bedtime," I joked, although it was the truth. Alexis is not a night owl, but more of a get up and go type of woman...the opposite of me. "So true," she sighed, before taking a long sip of the shake. "Thank you, I so needed this." "No problem, I can't even count the times you have helped me recover from my own self-inflicted death sentence." "Seventy-three," she quipped. "Hardy-har-har," I replied. "So I was thinking we could hit a movie this evening, what do you think?" "No decisions until I eat and make sure I am not already dead and am just in some cruel limbo place between earth and heaven," she moaned. We ate in silence and once done, slowly re-joined civilization. Showered up, Alexis was more herself. She said, "Well, I don't feel perfect, but I am good enough to continue with my plan." "Plan?" I asked. "Of course, today is day four of the 12 days of Sexmas," she winked. "How could I forget," I mocked. "Indeed, how could you," she retorted, her wit as quick as mine. "So what is on the agenda today? An orgy with your teacher friends?" "Hmm, you would like that, wouldn't you," she teased, grabbing her purse. "Well, not with all of them, but a couple I could handle," I responded, acting like the stud I wasn't. "Let me guess, Jenna would be one?" she hypothesized correctly. "Well, if she begged, it would be hard to turn her down," I joked. "That I agree with," she replied, throwing me for a loop with implied lesbian innuendo before instructing, "Let's go, stud boy." "Where?" I asked, not really in the mood to be gallivanting. "That is for me to know and you to find out," she answered, flicking me on the nose. I reluctantly followed her, although I have to admit I was slightly curious. We drove, chatting about trivial work stuff and making plans for getting me to the airport Tuesday morning, before arriving at the worst place on earth for a man, especially a man with a hangover, the mall! I groaned, "Really, Alexis, you can't be serious." "Of course, I am, but don't you worry your pretty little, head my dear, I guarantee you will enjoy it," she promised. "Unless it includes a blowjob, I doubt you will be able to keep that promise," I quipped, the glass clearly half empty at the moment. She ignored my negativity and hopped out of the car. I quickly followed her and we made our way through the throngs of people searching for Christmas presents. Being the good husband I was, I already had her presents and they were amazing. I assumed Alexis had mine already too, as she was known for her militant "Christmas shopping must be done by the end of Thanksgiving weekend" regimen. We walked through the entire mall before finally reaching our apparent destination, a store called Satin & Sin. My wife smiled mischievously, "Still hate me?" "Well, that depends on why we are going into Satin & Sin." "Follow me, babe," she said, reaching for my hand and pulling me inside. I was like a fat kid in a candy store. This was wall to wall thin lingerie, naughty costumes and silk stockings. I couldn't even begin to know which way to turn. Alexis smiling said, "So tonight is role play fun." "Excuse me?" I asked, unsure what she meant. "You can choose any costume you want me to

try on here and I will. Then you can pick three to buy, one that I will wear tonight when we role play.” “Role play? Anything?” I questioned. “Anything your little heart and cock desires,” she teased. She sauntered, wiggling her ass perfectly, and reaching for a nurse’s outfit. “Want me to take your temperature?” I countered, “I know my blood is a boiling.” She laughed and disappeared behind a curtain. As she changed, I perused the costumes, choosing a few for my beautiful wife to try on. She peeked from behind the curtain, “I need some white thigh highs, baby.” I went over to the stockings area and grabbed a pair of white thigh highs with seams down the back. I gave them to her, excited to see her in the whole nurse’s ensemble. A minute later, she called, “You ready?” “More than ready,” I flirted. She revealed herself and I gasped. She looked radiant, naughty and absolutely fuckable. “Cat got your tongue?” “No, but you do,” I replied. “You look so hot I want to do you here.” “So I will take that as I should get this one?” She smirked. “1 million percent yes,” I declared. “I see you have a collection for me to try on,” she noticed. I shrugged, “Well, we are here already.” She reached for the cop’s outfit. “Hmmm, we may need to get some handcuffs too.” She winked and disappeared again. I am sure it was less than three minutes for her to change outfits, but it was enough time for me to start creating nasty fantasies in my head of me being a patient and she a nurse helping me recover. She popped out again and who knew a cop could be so hot. That said, if all cop outfits were this tight and short, I am sure the police would get a lot more positive attention. “Sooooooooo,” she asked. “I would love to use my baton stick on you,” I said, going for witty. “Well, I have a couple dangerous weapons here myself,” she replied, squeezing her breasts together. I put my hands out and joked, “I surrender, although feel free to use force.” She chuckled and reached for the remaining outfits, “I may be here all day.” Next she came out in a school-girl’s outfit, except instead of knee high socks, she still had on the white thigh highs. She sauntered over to me, “Teacher, is there any way I can improve my mark?” Her finger slid slowly down my chest, as I responded, “I don’t think you fully comprehended the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, but I think you may excel in a different type of rise and fall.” She smiled, “If we were at home right now, I would fall to my knees and wait for you to rise to attention.” “Too late,” I replied, honestly. As she walked back to change again, she added, “Of course, I would need beige thigh highs for this outfit to really work.” “Of course,” I agreed, not caring what color the stockings were. Next she came out in what was, I think, a fire fighter’s outfit, although it was too skimpy for me to be sure. I only concluded this from what she said, although all dressed in red and contrasting white stockings she was ridiculously hot, “I hear there is a fire that needs to be put out.” Quick witted as usual, I replied with similar sexual innuendo, “Actually, I think you may need my hose. It is already fully loaded.” She laughed, “This one is maybe too hot?” “Nice pun,” I pointed out as she disappeared again. She took longer this time and called out, “I need beige pantyhose, baby.” “Ok,” I replied, just as a saleswoman, in her early twenties, finally came over. She offered, “I will get some for you, sir.” “Thanks,” I replied and she quickly left and just as quickly returned. She went to the change room area and handed them to my wife. They both were in there a couple of minutes, just enough time for my mind to play nasty tricks on me, before they both came out. If the other uniforms had me panting, this one had me literally drooling. She was Supergirl. She had the cape and everything. Her firm breasts were barely being held in by the super-tight t-shirt, just the same as my

cock was barely held in check in my pants. The cute saleswoman suggested, "I think this outfit would work even better with darker pantyhose, say maybe mocha?" "I concur," my superhero wife agreed. The saleswoman left and my wife said, "Does something here need saving?" "Oh very much so," I replied, as my wife's hand reached my stiff cock. "Hmmm," she purred, "this would need a lot of tender loving care. Maybe I need to be in the nurse outfit." The saleswoman unfortunately returned with darker pantyhose and suggested, "You should try these on, and they come in the crotch-less variety." The what?" I asked. "Crotch-less, for easy access," the cute brunette suggested rather matter-of-factly. "Oh, of course," I replied, attempting to make this odd conversation casual. The brunette, thinking I hadn't caught on, explained, "That way, she can keep the uniform on while role playing as you penetrate her." I gasped and my wife replied, "Well that is very convenient, thank you Mabel." How did my wife know her name? My wife disappeared again as Mabel said, "I will pack up the other things we talked about." From back, Alexis called back, "Sounds good." "What other things?" I asked, curious. "It is a surprise," she smiled, her smile so knowing that I could only conclude it was something sexual and awesome. Mabel disappeared and my wife reappeared in the same outfit but with darker pantyhose. And I had to agree, the darker color made the amazing outfit out of this world. I desperately wanted to fuck her right then and there. She smiled, "Know all I have to do is unbutton this button that keeps my shirt tight against me," which she did and the shirt popped up a bit and I could clearly make out the hole that led to her precious hole, "and you have instant access to your kryptonite." I smiled, reaching for her, my hand going to her pussy, "And I know exactly how to make you weak at the knees." She let out a gasp as my finger slid inside her already damp pussy. She pushed me back after a couple of seconds, "Ohhh, I want to feel your kryptonite in my kryptonite, but...oh fuck it." She looked around and no one was watching so she pulled me into the change room and into a smaller stall. As soon as the door was closed she pulled out my cock, bent over and I slid into her standing up. I knew we had limited time so I didn't waste a second as I quickly pumped her cunt. She desperately tried to silence her moans as I drilled her hard and deep. The fucking gave new definition to the meaning of quickie as in less than two minutes I was releasing my cum into her. I wanted to keep fucking her and get her off, but she stood up and said, reading my mind, "Don't worry, baby, you can return the favour later." "I love you," I replied, leaning in for a kiss. Once the kiss ended, she replied, "I love you too, baby." I quickly exited the stall just as another woman was entering the change room. She gave me an odd look, but I scurried out before any scene could be made. A couple of minutes later, my wife returned back in her original outfit and said, "I'll just buy them all." "A very good decision," I replied and we headed to the till. Already wrapped in a bag was the secret purchase, and two hundred and fifty-seven dollars later we were on our way back to the car. It was easily the best clothing purchase ever. The next couple of hours included a variety of non-thrilling errands in the mall that were way less tedious after our quick fuck and the knowledge that tonight was going to be...wait for it...legendary. A couple of presents for nieces and nephews, a gift for her mother and mailing all our Christmas cards which would definitely not arrive in time. Once back in the car and on the road, I asked, "So, which outfit do you plan to wear tonight?" "Ohhhh, I have something very, very fun in mind for you tonight," she teased, her hand landing on my leg. "You

really are my kryptonite,” I replied, swerving back into my lane after drifting a bit from her touch and words. “And you are mine,” she copied, her hand giving a gentle squeeze. I drove wondering, which it would be. There were three more outfits she hadn’t tried on yet, but we had purchased: a sweet Belle dress, her favourite Disney princess, a flapper dress and a naughty nun outfit. Each outfit had different fantasies spinning in my head at a high-speed pace. My cock stayed stiff the whole drive home. Two hours later, supper, dessert and dishes done, we were in the living room watching the news when my wife said, “I am going to call Mom.” “Sure,” I replied, wondering if this role playing thing was a no-go tonight, as phone calls with her mother were not known for their brevity. Alexis left, as she always went to the bedroom to chat with her Mother, and I flipped on the hockey game. Ten minutes later I heard Alexis, the sound of heels on the hardwood floor and looked up to see the most beautiful sight I have ever laid eyes on. My wife was dressed in an outfit I had not seen earlier today. She had recreated herself as a 1950’s goddess. I have always said I was born in the wrong decade. I love everything 1950s: the music, the cars, and the fashion. Now there in front of me, slowly walking down the stairs one at a time, was my wife in a poodle skirt, the same dark pantyhose, which I assumed were crotch-less, a fluorescent pink blouse with two buttons already undone to showcase her perfect cleavage, two pigtails and a sucker in her mouth. Oh, how I badly wanted to be that sucker. Once she reached me, she put one leg on the couch clearly presenting her pussy, surrounded by pantyhose, and quoted Grease, “Tell me about it....stud.” Olivia Newton John in Grease was my biggest stroke fantasy as a kid and my wife had just made my two biggest obsessions come true in one outfit. I stammered, rendered utterly speechless by my wife, “I-I-you are electrifying.” She straddled my lap and leaned in for a passionate kiss. We made out like horny teenagers, our tongues swirling inside each other’s mouths and our breathing heavy. Once she broke the kiss, she went to my ear and nibbled it while pulling off my shirt. Once off, she explored my neck and chest completely. Kissing, nibbling, and licking every crevice. Time stood still as she made love to my entire body. Eventually, she made it to below the waist and once she had my pants off, she continued the deep exploring. My legs, my feet, my ass were explored in complete depth, the whole time purposely ignoring my stiff cock. Unable to take it anymore, it was my turn to explore. I lifted her up and carried her to the bedroom and laid her on our king-sized bed. I wanted to fuck her in costume, so my exploration was limited to the uncovered parts of her luscious body. I spattered her neck with kisses; I teased her ear with my tongue; I massaged her arms gently; I slid to her feet and sucked each toe through the sheer nylon; I kissed and licked every inch of her pantyhose covered legs...everywhere but her glistening wet pussy. Eventually, it was she who broke first, “Please, baby, I can’t last much longer. Fuck me, fuck me now.” I wanted to be able to hold onto her pantyhose ankles so I demanded, showing a bit of dominance I usually don’t show, “Get on all fours now, baby.” “Hmmm,” she moaned, quickly obeying my command, “I like a man who knows what he wants.” Getting behind her, I rubbed my cock on her pantyhose covered ass. It felt so good that I ended up teasing both me and Alexis. She began pushing back pleading, “Baby, stop teasing me. I need your cock in me sooooo bad.” Although I could have continued the slow tease forever, I obliged her request and slipped my cock easily inside her wet cunt. Once deep inside her warmth, I asked, “So

and then with a bit of struggle got my cock between the soles of her two pantyhose-clad feet. She slowly began to move her pantyhose-covered feet up and down on my cock. The feeling was so enthralling. Her silk covered feet were a new sensation of pleasure. As she got more comfortable, she began to get in a rhythm, not as fast as with her hand or mouth, but at a reasonable pace to get the juices flowing. After a couple of minutes of this, she began to talk dirty again, "Come for me, baby. Shoot your cum all over your slut's stocking feet. I want it, baby. I want your cum on my feet. Come baby, come for me, come for your slut." Her dirty talk was the final push I needed to come and when she reached between her legs and began spanking her clit while she foot-fucked me I came. I grunted, and watched as my cum sprayed straight in the air and landed on her feet and our sheets. Once I was done coming, she somehow pulled her foot up to her mouth and sucked my cum into her mouth. It was so fucking hot. She repeated the obscene move with her other foot, smiling at me as she made a show of cleansing her foot of my cum. Once done, she shocked me one last time as she moved between my legs and retrieved the cum that had landed on the sheets. It was so hot that my cock didn't shrink as it should have as I watched my beautiful wife, dressed as a 50s innocent, sucking cum off the sheets like a complete slut. Eventually, both exhausted, we collapsed together on our bed and, with my arms wrapped around her never wanting to let her go, we drifted into slumber.

5. THE FIFTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Sunday December 18th, 2011 I woke up exhausted and honestly my cock was a bit sore. I couldn't imagine making it to day 12 if this was the pace she had in mind. If I was still 19 sure, but I was no longer a teenager with unlimited stamina and a quick trigger. That said, there was no way I was going to complain to my wife about such attention. Sunday was pretty regular: sleep in, get in our church clothes, go to church, have lunch with her parents and then rotating Sunday afternoon football socials (the men watch football and the girls do whatever they do when they are together). Neither of us actually mentioned last night's rather intense love making session nor had she done anything crazy here on the fifth day of Sexmas. We arrived home after supper and my wife said, with a yawn, "Baby, I need an hour of marking before bed." "Sure, honey," I replied, kind of thankful to not have to perform tonight. I collapsed on the couch and watched the last half of Sunday Night Football. I was slightly dozing off about half an hour later when Alexis called me. I shut the TV off, figuring I would check what she needed and hit the bed a little early. I walked up the stairs and to her office, but she wasn't there. I called, "Honey, where are you?" "In the bedroom," she called out. I yawned as I walked into my room and stopped mid-yawn. On our bed was my Alexis in her Supergirl outfit, also on the bed was a Superman outfit and even more shocking was our camcorder on a tripod pointed at the bed. "You didn't think Sexmas was over, did you?" she teased, posing provocatively. "I-um-well," I babbled. "Apparently my surprise worked," she teased. "Indeed it did," I responded, walking to the bed, "and I assume this is for me?" "Of course," she replied. I began undressing and pondering this latest surprise. I had pestered her to make a video forever, but she hadn't even remotely considered it. Once naked, I put on the tight outfit that had a very convenient opening for my cock. Once I'd got it on, she ordered, "Go press record." I did and she instantly looked at the camera, "Fuck Superman, get over here I am craving some stiff steel." I walked over to the bed, pulled out my cock and offered, "Well, Supergirl, here it is." My wife crawled over to my stiff missile

and took it in her mouth. She made sure to look at the camera when she could and did she ever put on a show! She started slow, focusing on my mushroom head. She followed this by using her tongue to slide down my cock slowly, before taking each ball in her mouth. She returned to my cock and deep throated me, holding my cock in her mouth for a few seconds before she began a fast and furious assault on my cock with her mouth. Knowing I would come soon if she couldn't this fast pace, I pushed her onto her back and crawled between her legs. I popped open the buttons covering her cunt and buried my face in between her legs. I sucked on her clit and slid a finger inside her warmth. Her moans began instantly and her breathing picked up as I slowly fingered her. Unlike yesterday's nasty talk, today she was silent and just enjoying the pleasure I was giving her. I wanted this too last, so I took my time pleasing her. I licked slowly, rolling her clit with my tongue, which had her giving slight spasms of joy, but not enough to get off. After a few minutes of this, she surprised me yet again by grabbing my head, pulling it deeper into her pussy and beginning to rub her pussy up and down on my face. Her moans increased again and in less than a minute my face was coated with her cum. She held me there until after her orgasm was done and then demanded, "Get on your back, Superman." I quickly obeyed and watched my wife straddle my cock, turn to face the camera and not me, and envelop my cock. She then rode me slow and smooth, looking at the camera the whole time. I couldn't see her face, but I could hear the soft moans with each up and down rise and fall. I just laid back and enjoyed the ride. Her sweet ass moving up and down on my stiff erection was mesmerising to watch. I don't know how long she kept up this slow sweet pace but it felt like an eternity. Suddenly, she somehow tightened her cunt around my cock and started riding me faster. The pleasure quickly accelerated from a slow simmer to a fast boil as my wife got all porn star on me. Her moans became louder and she finally spoke, "Oh yeah baby, your cock feels so good in me, tell me when you are close." A minute later I warned her, "I'm close, baby." My wife quickly got off me and pulled me up onto my knees. Once I was up, she wrapped her hand around my cock and pumped my cock furiously. It was then I realized what she was about to allow me to do...another first...a facial. Just the thought of doing it was too much and I sprayed my cum on her face. The first stream hit her forehead and hair, the second her nose and mouth and the third and final blast her chin. It was the hottest moment ever and it was on tape. Once done, she gobbled my cock again and retrieved any last minute cum. Finally, she looked to the camera, smiled and said, "Movie 1-my first facial." I collapsed back on the bed and she followed. Foreshadowing a crazy next seven days, she teased, "If you think this was hot, you have not seen anything yet." I smiled and said, "If we keep up at this pace, I may not make it." She smiled back, "What doesn't kill you, makes you stronger." I countered, "I guess worst case scenario, it would be a great way to go." 2 B Finished...