

CRAZY 311

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 311 12 Days Of Sex-mas: EP1

Introduction: Wife plans 12 sexual adventures for herself & husband.

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.

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THE FIRST DAY OF SEXMAS...Wednesday December 14th

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.

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Chapter 312 12 Days Of Sex-mas: EP2

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?"

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Chapter 313 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP3

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 bod."

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."

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."

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Chapter 314 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP4

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."

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Chapter 315 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP5

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."

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Chapter 316 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP6

THE FIFTH DAY OF SEXMAS...Sunday December 18th.

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 bobbled.

I walked up the stairs and to her office, but she wasn't there. I called, "Honey, where are you?"

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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.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 317 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP7

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: Hope you had a good flight...I saw you were delayed.

The second one came out 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.

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Chapter 318 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP8

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 pigtails being used as handlebars. Not wanting to cum to 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.

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 319 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP9

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.

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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 24th, 2011

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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."

CRAZY PLEASURE

Chapter 320 12 Days Of Sexmas: EP10

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 d